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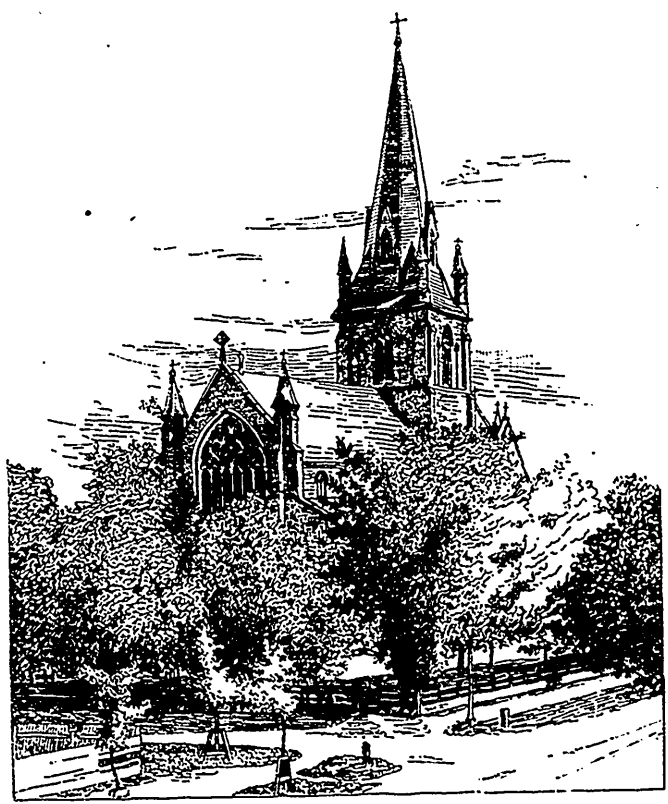
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1897

THE  
CATHEDRAL  
MONTHLY.



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

## CHURCH NOTES.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

THE 9th of September brings with it its reminder of the death of the beloved Metropolitan. His life, so beautiful in its simple strength, so true in its entire devotion to his work, and so peaceful in its close, is a perpetual inspiration to all who knew him, while his memory can never fade so long as the Cathedral exists as his monument. We are thankful that the faithful companion of his extended labors still remains with us, to receive the constant assurance of our respect and love.

THE Sunday School picnic this year, under the energetic management of the committee, assumed the proportions of a parochial gathering. With a delightful day, the kind use of Mr. Wilmot's beautiful grounds at "Beauvoir," the determination of everyone to make the children happy and to enjoy themselves, the picnic was the most successful for many years past. And best of all, the balance was on the right side.

A CHORAL service will be held in the Cathedral on Tuesday, Oct. 5th, for the last time in connection with the Diocesan Church Society. The Dean will be the preacher.

By the kindness of Rev. J. R. S. Parkinson, of St. Mary's, the Monthly goes into about fifty families in his extensive parish. We shall be pleased to have any items of parish news from them.

THE Bishop has returned in good health from his visit to England. His keen observation noted many things both instructive and amusing, of which his friends are receiving the benefit. To have been present at events of national importance, and to have taken part in a celebration unique in the history of the world, is a matter of congratulation for a lifetime. Several gentlemen from Fredericton have had that privilege. Could not one of them be induced to give a public lecture or talk on the subject?

THE singing and responding in the Cathedral have much improved of late. If every one present would take his part with a small increase of energy yet, we should add much to the attractiveness of our services. It is also to be noted that a very large proportion of our people now shew due respect by rising when the clergy enter for the performance of Divine Worship. This is right, and we hope will soon become universal.

WE shall be sorry to lose the men of the Berkshire regiment from Fredericton and from the Cathedral. Their behaviour during their stay in the city has been good, and we shall miss greatly their hearty singing in the Cathedral services. We wish the officers and men a hearty Godspeed.

THERE has been quite a large number of tourists this season, which will doubtless be increased another year. They have all expressed themselves as highly pleased with the city and its

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## A HARVEST LESSON.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DERBY.

"Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it."—Psalm lxxv. 9. (*Prayer-Book Version.*)

**T**HE Visitation of God! How different a meaning do we generally apply to these words from that in which it is used in this Psalm! Some man drops down dead suddenly; a coroner's inquest is summoned, and the verdict of the jury is, "Died by the visitation of God." Or our thoughts go naturally, this year, to our great Indian Empire, visited by the double scourge of famine and pestilence; hundreds dying of a fearful plague, and hundreds of starvation—and that in many cases not because there was no relief to be had, but because the poor souls had not the strength to crawl where it might be got, but preferred to lie still and die. We speak of it all as the Visitation of God; and surely this year the Harvest Thanksgiving services in England should come home to us with a meaning doubly real, as we compare the general condition of our own land with that of India, and we should more than ever open our hearts to every cry of suffering.

To us the Visitation of God means a terror, scourge, calamity. But the Jew had a truer view—to his eye God was always visiting, quite as often in blessing as in punishment. True, He visited to punish—the Jew was not likely to forget how, in the very centre of the Moral Law, God describes Himself as visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; or again, how Jeremiah, after describing the wickedness of the nobles, and indeed, of all the people in Jerusalem, represents God as saying, "Shall not I visit for these things, and shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" But this, after all, is only one side of the picture: God is more often spoken of as visiting to bless; the Psalmist's prayer of hope is, "O visit me with Thy salvation," or, at another time, he expresses his wonder at God's goodness, so far above what man has any right to expect—"What is man, that Thou visitest him, or the Son of man that Thou so regardest

him?" Or yet once again, when the wonder of the Incarnation begins to burst upon his dazzled mind, the old priest Zacharias can find no better words to clothe his inspired thoughts than these: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath *visited* and redeemed His people." And so, too, in the text—the Lord is always visiting the earth to bless it; His care is ever over their land. Had He not chosen it out to be especially His own? Had He not fenced it in securely? Was it not a land of fountains, and streams, flowing with milk and honey? Read Moses' description in Deut. xi. 11: "The land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land . . . which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Would it not be a good thing for us, my friends, if we were to get out of the habit of taking such a one-sided view of God's visitations? Let us ask ourselves why it is that we have got into the way of talking thus—for language is a sign of thought, and the probability is that if our language is one-sided, our thoughts of God are one-sided too. The danger is, as Charles Kingsley was never tired of pointing out, that in times of prosperity we think about ourselves, and only turn our thoughts to God when adversity comes. We have plenty of food provided for us day after day; we have got or earned the money to buy it; we can imagine ourselves without it; and so (though we are ready to allow, if asked, that in the end it comes from God, and are perhaps in the habit of muttering a grace at meal-times) as a matter of fact we are really forgetful of the constant visitation of God to bless, without which none of these necessities or luxuries would be ours.

We think so little of the commonest blessings, and take them as a matter of course. Suppose we lived in a land where the sun only appeared once in twenty years! How we should watch for it; how we should welcome it; how we should delight in its glory, and in the marvels of light and colour which it produces in the earth! Surely the Holy Spirit must be often grieved with our ingratitude. Our Blessed Lord visited our earth, and longed to bless it, and He poured out His love ungrudgingly upon the Jews and their city; but they would not receive His blessing, and despised His words, and imputed His deeds of mercy to the Evil One, and at last went about to kill Him: and He wept over their ingratitude, because "they knew not the time of their visitation." He had visited to redeem, but they refused to be redeemed. We may well take warning.

But if we are ready to recognize God's Hand in all the happiness and blessings and beauties of life, we shall be all the better prepared to recognize the same loving Hand in times of trouble and sickness. "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Only then, evil will be no longer evil, when coming from Him. How well our Prayer Book keeps this thought in mind in the beautiful Office for the Visitation of the Sick! The clergyman is to visit the sick, because the Divine Visitor is there already, and with words of love he is bidden to interpret the love of the visit of God: "Whatsoever your sickness is, know you certainly that it is God's visitation." Whether for chastening or to strengthen your faith, God has come to bless. And so, instead of praying God to go away, like the Gadarenes, who besought Jesus to depart out of their coasts, on the

contrary the prayer is, "Look down from Heaven, visit and relieve this Thy servant."

Are these thoughts too sad for this Harvest Season? I can only say that I believe if we could but carry with us into our daily lives the thoughts of the continual presence

of God and of His visits to bless—if only we will be blessed—we should lead better, truer, happier lives when in health, and be able to see the blessing which God means for us through sickness and death. I cannot imagine a better Harvest lesson than this.



## OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "*The Real Owner of Swallowdale*," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.



OLD Roger's words "*I've got to work*" held a whole volume of meaning. They told his girl-listener that in his case there could be no hope of rest; that a pause in his work would mean an empty cupboard, just when he most needed good, nourishing food to fit him for fresh effort. She knew of many such cases, and many a time she had been full of pity for the humble, willing toilers who went on the same ceaseless round, year in, year out, without even the relief of change in their mode of labour. She had talked the matter over with her father.

"It seems so horrid," she said, "that these really worthy, industrious men and women should have such hard times. If my head aches, or I feel tired and not fit to get up at my usual time, I can just lie still and be cared for. I have no anxiety for myself, nobody depending upon my work. Yet I know there are tens of

thousands of people, some weak and growing old, who must go on toiling. I believe some would stop, and never mind whether they lived or died, only they think about the old wife, or the children who will want bread if they cease working. So they go on and on, till they all but die at their posts."

The girl's father had stroked her hair and looked lovingly in her face, thinking the while that it never seemed so fair as when it was lighted up with pity for the suffering, and longing to do them good.

And he had wished he could give her the means to do all that was in her heart for the benefit of her poor neighbours. He was very liberal already, and very indulgent where his child was concerned. She was the last comfort left to him, for his wife had died years ago, and there had been one great trouble in the family, about which neither father nor daughter ever spoke to the other now—a trouble that could neither be undone nor mended. There was nothing left but to close the book on the saddest chapter of their lives. But he would listen to all else that she chose to tell him, and enter, as far as he could, into all her plans for others.

As the girl was talking to Old Roger in "The Green" on that hot July evening, her father was driving homewards, and wondering what new tale Eleanor would have to tell him over the dinner-table.

The girl had been so much interested in Roger's condition that she had hardly noticed how quickly the time passed. She knew now that she ought to be hastening homewards. The fruit and roses had to be left on the way, for some children. Yet she could not bear to leave her new acquaintance without a few more words.

"Have you no one who can take your work for to-morrow?" she asked anxiously. "A son or——"

"Nobody, Miss. I have no son. I never had one. Besides, I couldn't tell about my round and the ways of my customers to another man in the business. It's a pity to have to say it, but if I did, I might as well make the round over to him at once. There's so many fightin' for a bare livin', that when you've made a little trade you have to try your hardest to keep it. I must be at the end of my barrow every mornin', and sling my basket on my arm every afternoon."

"Every day?"

"Not Sundays. Oh, no! I couldn't part with them. What a grand thing Sunday is for those that have to work hard! *It took God to contrive Sunday and give it to such-like as me that want it badly.*"

What a ring there was in the man's voice as he said this! Then once more he rose to begin his homeward journey.

"Can you not ride? Do you live far from here? Surely some tram would take you near home! And the fares are so low!"

"I shall manage now. I feel rested, and the rain has cooled the air a bit."

He would not tell her that a penny was so much to him that it could not be lightly expended.

The girl noticed again the thread-bare clothing, the patched boots, the old hat, browned by sun and battered by rain. Yet there had been something so dignified in this old man's poverty that, whilst longing to help him, she was half afraid to offer him money.

"I hope you have some one waiting for you at home," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Indeed, and I have. Not a wife or a child of my own, but just a boy I took. His mother left him to me, and he's the very pride of my life. No, he couldn't take my work, if that is what you were goin' to ask me. I must hurry now, or he'll be wonderin' what's got me. Thank you kindly for all favours. I hope I shall see you again, Miss."

"To be sure you will. We seem quite like old friends already, do we not?"

"You make me very proud to hear you use such a word. They say friends soon forget one another, but I'll not soon forget you, Miss."

"True friends do not, and true friends are not ashamed to help and be helped by one another. It's a privilege and a pleasure on both sides; only sometimes pride comes in the way. It must not, between you and me."

With a little, quick movement she slipped something into Roger's hand, and saying, "Mind you take a tram home, and, if you can, rest in 'The Green' again on Friday afternoon, so that I may hear how you are," before the old man had time to answer, or even to realise what she had given him, the girl was gone.

"It's a penny for my tram fare," he thought; for the coin was a substantial one, he knew, though it had slipped from his hand and dropped to the bottom of his basket. "Well, God bless her. I'll not be too proud to use the penny for a ride home, and thank her too. A penny given in such a fashion is better than a bank-note or a sovereign flung in your face."

Roger's trembling fingers drew the coin from its nest of strawberry-leaves; and lo! instead of a penny it was a crown piece.

What a big, handsome coin it looked! The very sight of it acted like a tonic at first. Then Roger felt that it had been given him by mistake.

"She just meant to drop a penny in my hand, so as I might ride instead of walkin' home," he thought. "I'll use the penny, and I'll keep the rest and give it her back. I'm glad she told me where I could meet her again."

Second thoughts convinced him that the five-shilling piece was really intended for him.

"That young lady was not the one to say what she did about us being friends, and that it was a pleasure and a privilege for one friend to help another, all about a penny tram fare. Not a bit of it. She took my measure as I sat there sleepin' with weariness. She guessed that I was just pullin' on, from day to day, by turnin' over my little money regular, and that if I had a loss it wouldn't be easy for me to make it up. Surely God sent her to help and cheer me when I was broken down, and wonderin' which way to turn. I'll use the money and thank Him and her that was His messenger."

A penny was duly spent on the tram fare, and Old Roger reached Glinderses, later than usual, but wonderfully "heartened," as he expressed it, by what had happened.

Dick stood at the entrance of the court looking anxiously for his coming.

"I am glad to see you, Grandad," said the boy. "I was getting quite frightened when it got to be a full hour after your regular time. The people about here always say they could set their clocks by your going and coming."

"They'd have been wrong for once, Dick, wouldn't they?" replied Roger with a smile. "There was nothing the matter and nothing to keep me, only it was very hot and I was tireder than common, so I just went into 'The Green' to rest for a while. Would you believe it, Dick, I dropped asleep, and I might have been sleepin' yet, but a pretty young lady woke me because it was rainin', and then I had to shelter for a bit? She had to shelter too, and we had such a nice talk, and she bought the rest of my flowers and strawberries. Cleared my basket, Dick, when I was feeling down in the dumps at havin' so much left, and knowin' the things would be spoiled by mornin'. Then afterwards——"

Roger was beginning to tell of the talk that followed and of the girl's gift, but he stopped short and seemed confused, much to Dick's surprise.



"WHAT A BIG, HANDSOME COIN IT LOOKED!"

"Then afterwards?" said the lad, by way of prompting his grandad.

"Oh, we had some more nice talk, and she seemed to feel so much for me being so tired, and while it was rainin' she made me help her to eat one lot of strawberries. They did me good, for I'd not been able to eat my dinner."

"Then I hope you'll be ready for supper, Grandad," said Dick, as he drew Roger's chair to the table.

To his own surprise and Dick's delight the old man made a better meal than usual, and his spirits rose in proportion. In the afternoon he had been ready to give up. In his weakness and weariness he had felt that his strength was going all at once, the strength that was truly his only capital. If it failed him, the trifle of money with which he bought his stock each morning, and on the profit from which he and Dick had



to subsist, would be gone directly. And then what would become of the boy?

Roger did not ask the mental question "What would become of me?" His anxieties were never on his own account, but on Dick's. If there had been no Dick, Roger would have looked calmly onward, though close before him he could see the end of all earthly things, so far as he was concerned.

He had been on the point of telling the boy about the gift of the five-shilling piece. It would have been delightful to repeat the girl's sweet words, and to speak to some one of the delicate way in which she had conferred a kindness. He checked himself, not because he wished to have any reservations from Dick; but he did not want to open his eyes just yet.

Why, if he told the lad all that had passed, Dick would begin to ask himself what made the young lady give Grandad money? "He is not a beggar. She must have seen something about him that made her think he was in need," the lad would say to himself.

Dick would begin to look at him curiously. He would become conscious how poor his clothes were, how shabby was everything about him, in spite of care and cleanliness. He would notice that the old garments which used to fit him fairly a few months back, now hung very loosely about him. His limbs no longer filled them.

He would turn from the sight of the garments to his face and see how thin it was, and that all the ruddy colour had left it, no matter what the weather might be. Neither cold nor heat would bring a tinge of red to the grey, old face now. He would notice that the back was more bent, and the step slower than of old. He could not help it.

Roger thought of all this, then said to himself, "What is always right before our eyes we don't see. Dick is so used to having me straight before his eyes that he sees no difference between what Grandad is and what he was when he came to me first. I'll not wake him to the knowledge until I've done something else. I mustn't put off beyond next Sunday, or it may be too late."

Dick was not, however, so uncon-

scious of the change in Grandad as the old man imagined. To be sure, it had been a gradual one, but the boy's memory was good, and he was keenly observant. He could picture exactly what Roger's face looked like when he brought him, orphaned and nearly heart-broken, to the archway chamber. For some time past he had been conscious that Grandad's daily task was too hard for him that each day his step became slower, and his tread less firm.

The lad had qualms of conscience too. Indeed, the trouble was no new thing. It began some months before, when it had cost Grandad such a struggle to get him new clothes, because he had outgrown his others and the boys at school made game of him and called him "Guy Fawkes." At that very time Roger wanted clothes even worse than Dick did. Dick had got them, and Grandad had gone without, and still wore his old ones. They could not be made to last much longer—that was only too evident.

Grandad had always talked about having got some money after Mrs. Holgate's death, but Dick was sure it could not have been much, and it must have been spent long ago. If any of the little nest-egg still remained, surely Grandad would not have had any difficulty about getting necessary clothing for both of them.

A sharp boy, in his fourteenth year, who had taken advantage to the utmost of every opportunity offered him at school, could do more than put two and two together.

Dick's mind had been greatly exercised about his own position with Grandad for a good while past.

The lad could not close his ears to the comments of the neighbours. The dwellers in Glinderses were nothing if not frank. It was seldom necessary to ask their opinion about things in general—never with regard to those who inhabited the court.

What were neighbours good for, if not to be talked about, and to furnish food for speculation?

Dick had noticed that inquiries after Roger's health became more and more frequent. He thought little of this at first, regarding it as a token of the ever-increasing respect which Glinderses felt for its oldest resident. Grandad

made no complaint, so, boy-like, Dick always returned the same answer, "Very well, thank you." But there had been lately a something in the tone of the questioners which betokened anxiety, and meaning glances had been exchanged amongst them when he gave the usual reply.

Nothing was said in Dick's hearing, but for all that the court was "worritin'" about Owd Roger.

"The owd man's breaking up, I doubt," said one gossip. "No wonder, working as he does, and never to call a strong man."

"Aye. He's failed a deal this last twelvemonth. Anybody could see that with half an eye."

"Except them that's nearest," retorted the first speaker, looking significantly after Dick's retreating figure.

Then the pair disappeared into the cottage of one of them to have a further chat over a cup of tea.

It seemed as though Dick became conscious all at once that the neighbours must be anxious about Grandad. The frequent questions, the tone of interest, almost of pity, the meaning looks, flashed across his mind on that hot evening in July, as he noted Roger's attitude of weariness and heard how he had actually slept for a long time on a seat in the little park, and been roused at last by a strange young lady.

Certainly the meal had refreshed him, and the old man had enjoyed it, but Dick could not help being painfully conscious that his daily task was becoming too heavy for the measure of strength still left him. And to think he was toiling for him! It was altogether wrong that poor Grandad should be earning, day by day, the bread that Dick was eating. He was so willing to work for Grandad. Had he not asked him, again and again, to allow him to seek a place, and to do as other lads belonging to Glinderses had done?

Ever and always had come the same answer:

"Have patience for a bit, Dick, only

a bit longer. I shall see my way soon. Remember, you are having patience for your mother's sake, as well as old Grandad's."

CHAPTER VI.

GLINDERSSES HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT DICK.



**D**ICK HOLT-GATE little knew how many private conferences Grandad had held with his schoolmaster, Mr. Rawson. Seldom is it that a teacher is indifferent to the progress of a diligent

pupil, or unwilling to satisfy the thirst for knowledge of a lad who loves to acquire it.

Dick's schoolmaster was hardly less interested in the boy than Old Roger was. From the date of his admission to the school he had recognized the fact that, despite his poor surroundings and the humble position of his guardian, Dick differed widely in speech and ways from the majority of his scholars. Moreover, there was a breath of mystery about him, which increased the interest inspired by the boy himself.

Roger had been most careful to explain that Dick had been taught by his mother, who was "a high-larn'd lady and brought up different; though livin' in Glinderses because of losses that were no fault of her own."

"I thought the boy was your grandson," said the schoolmaster. "He calls you Grandad, sometimes."

"Sometimes, sir. That's quite true. When he lost his mother, he felt all alone in the world, though she had asked me to look after him and given

me what bit of money she had, so that he mightn't be any heavy burden to me. They say a drownin' man 'll catch at a straw, and a dyin' lady, havin' nobody else to trust, thought it better to leave her boy for me to look after, poor an' humble as I am, than to let him take his chance. It was to please the boy I gave in to him callin' me 'Grandad,' so as he might feel he belonged to somebody. He was only to have said it when we were at home by ourselves, but I expect, with being used to the word, it slips out now and again."

"He told me so, and said it was so good of you to let him call you Grandad, and he only wished you were his grandfather, though that could not make you kinder or better than you were to him."

"That was nice of him, now. In Glinderses, if the folks hear him call me Grandad, they only laugh and tell him that nobody that knew his mother would think Old Roger was aught akin to him. I've told you before, sir, she was the lady of the court."

"I have heard you say she was," replied the schoolmaster, who was a little afraid when Roger began to talk of Dick's mother. He was a busy man, and, though anxious to serve the boy and deeply impressed by the simplicity and unselfishness of Old Roger, he had not time to listen to long-winded praises of the dead and gone lady of Glinderses.

"I'm terrible afraid, sir, that I mayn't be able to keep Dick at school much longer. I wanted him to be a scholar, so as he mightn't be a disgrace to—her that's gone," stammered out Roger, in rather a confused manner. "I've put it into the lad that he must live up to what she was as far as he can."

"I am sure he has tried to do it. I should be very sorry for him to leave school yet. He is doing wonderfully well, and I have been hoping that he would gain one of the scholarships that will be awarded very soon."

"What may that be, sir?"

Mr. Rawson explained that, in order to give clever and good lads a chance of keeping at school and fitting themselves for better positions, certain sums of money had been subscribed to furnish the means. He made every-

thing quite plain to the simple old man, whose first thought was that if Dick could only gain one of these scholarships his fortune would be made. Then he realised that the money would not be sufficient to find Dick with everything, and his countenance fell again.

"Do you not think it would be a grand thing for Richard, if he were to succeed?" asked Mr. Rawson.

"It would indeed, sir, if I could only be sure of being able to keep him and clothe him accordin', whilst he was taking in so much high larnin'. Anyway, I hope you'll do your best for the boy. That scholarship might be a help to the other. I can hardly see my way yet, but I've got an idea that one as knew his mother years ago might give him a lift—that is, if I could get at him the right way."

"Then you know something of Mrs. Holgate's family or friends, perhaps?"

"I did not say that much, sir. The gentleman is not a relation of hers, and I don't even know that she ever spoke of him as a friend—for that word 'friend' means a deal, doesn't it, now?"

"It does; but if the gentleman is neither kinsman nor friend, what makes you think he would be willing to help Richard? I do not want to be too curious, but as I should like to assist the boy, I should be glad to know what chance he has of using the scholarship if he should win it."

"Indeed then, sir, all I can tell you is that the gentleman knew Dick's mother when she was at her best. If anybody in the world could have known her in her poverty without lovin' her and just longing to be good to her, he must have been made of hard stuff. Only think! there was neither man, woman, nor child in Glinderses, rough lot as they were, but would have run for her night or day. If such-like felt in that way, how could anybody that knew her in better days help wantin' to do something for her orphan boy?"

Roger's face beamed on the schoolmaster as he spoke, never doubting that his words must carry conviction.

Mr. Rawson by no means shared the old man's confidence, but he would say nothing to dishearten him. He only promised that Dick should have

every chance. Indeed, the boy's diligence would insure that, and he added, "I trust he will find another friend with the same goodwill as yourself, and greater power to do the rest."

This conversation took place some weeks before the day on which Roger fell asleep in "The Green," and now the examinations for the scholarship were over, and Dick, amongst others, was anxiously awaiting the result of them.

Poor Grandad was asking himself, "Shall I be able to hold out till the news comes? If I can only keep goin' that long, and Dick wins, and if that gentleman will make things easy for my boy, I'll be content to die, though it would be terrible hard to leave him. Still, it would be best for him, though I know he wouldn't think so. He loves old Grandad. No sham about Dick."

Roger believed in the lad, yet at this time Glinderses did not look with much favour on Dick. It had done its duty by Mrs. Holgate, and treated her with the respect due to a real lady so long as she was amongst them. But Glinderses did not hold with Dick in what it called his "stand-offishness." Who was he, that a sort of line should be drawn between him and nearly all the other boys living within the court? They might be a bit rough, and sometimes come out with words not exactly polite. The men were not very mealy-mouthed, and lads were sure to imitate them, in spite of what their mothers said. Dick had been brought up differently, and had a better chance, seeing he had no father to swear at him when he was little. What had Dick to set himself up about now, seeing he was living with Old Roger?

There had been talk of some money that Roger got along with the boy, after his mother's death.

Would anybody that looked into things in a reasonable way believe that a real lady, with money at her back, would have spent years in Glinderses? Not likely. Depend on it, that dear, good old man was slaving himself to death and going without things, so as that boy might be brought up like a gentleman.

He'd not last long, though, and then what would Master Dick do? Everybody in the court would put on black

that could scrape enough to cover them, if the old man was taken. Such a fine-hearted creature as he was. A pity that such-like as Roger ever should die. But it was what everybody had to come to, and there was a set time for all sorts.

Why didn't Dick get something to do? He was big enough. Plenty of lads in the court, whose fathers were earnin' good money, had left school as soon as ever they had passed their standards, and were adding to the family income by honest work. Who was Dick Holgate, that he should want so much scholarship?

"Who, indeed?" responded one of the speaker's hearers. "But it's quite ridickl'us the way that boy is set up by Old Roger. My lad often earns a few coppers of a Sunday, besides what he gets as reglar wage. He's as good a lad as Dick Holgate, any day. Brings home what he gets, and it helps to buy a bit of something extry for supper, or goes to'ards shoe-leather, if so be he's wantin' a new pair. Dick earns nothin', Sundays or workadays."

"That's not altogether his fault," said a gentle-faced woman, who had been indebted to Dick for many little services, rendered without thought of fee or reward. "The boy is kind-hearted, and I'm sure he's not idle, or he wouldn't offer to do little things to save one trouble, or work at them books as he does. I say to him sometimes, 'I'd rather slave at a wash-tub from morning till night, than I'd be reading and studying over books till I could hardly see, same as you do; I should want somebody to keep joggin' my elbow to keep me awake. Don't you feel tired and sick of the very sight of books?' 'No,' he says, 'I never want to fall asleep. I love the books. I only wish I had a great many more, but they cost a lot of money. Grandad would buy them for me, if he could. He's often sorry he cannot.' 'Well, everybody to his fancy. Mine isn't for books,' I says, 'so you're welcome to my share of learnin', though what use it will be to you is more than I can guess. My Jack is earning good wages, for his age, and you——' Then I stopped, for the sight of Dick Holgate's face made me so as I couldn't go on, he looked so miserable. 'That's just it,' he said. 'I want to do some-

thing and earn money for Grandad. He has been so very good to me, and now he is getting older, and I am big and strong, I ought to be working for him. He always tells me to have a bit more patience, and puts me in mind how my mother said I must be guided by him. What can I do?"

"Well, I declare! Dick said all that to you, did he? He's a truth-telling lad, anyway, so no doubt that's true; and we all know the old man is just wrapped up in him. He thinks there never was another lad so sharp as Dick, though I think you an' me could each show one that would teach Master Holgate a thing or two, though maybe not in the way of book-learning."

"There's a deal in making lads understand in good time what they've got to do," said the matron appealed to. "I made mine go a bit short at meal-times, every now and then, when they were quite little, so as they might be on the look-out to pick up odd coppers for errands and such, when they had a chance. Nothing sharpens a lad up like feeling hungry now and again."

"I could never ha' done that," said the gentle-spoken woman, who had, as the others expressed it, "stuck up for Dick Holgate." "I could take the last bit from my lips and go hungry myself, sooner than one of my children should go short of a good meal."

"Aye, you are a bit soft, like Owd Roger is with Dick," was the reply, accompanied by a chorus of laughter.

"I'm not ashamed of being like Owd Roger. I'd sooner be soft than hard, any day," said the other; and taking up her pails, which had been resting on the ground during the talk, she went indoors to prepare the family dinner.

The others took a few more minutes to discuss Roger and his boy. They agreed that the old man was killing himself to keep the pair of them and that Dick might be "quite my gentleman."

Who else in Glinderses troubled to get up on a Sunday morning and tidy up before dinner-time? Who else troubled whether their big lads went to school or church on Sunday? It was good to get the little ones out of the way, for they were only in everybody's road, meddling and hinder-

ing, whilst the best dinner of the week was being cooked. The working boys wanted a bit of holiday, and the elder girls were handy at home; but sunshine or rain, Roger and Dick went off together as the bells began to ring.

They agreed that there was a deal in habit; that when you'd been brought up to anything you'd miss it if you gave up.

They wondered how long those threadbare garments would hang on Old Roger's back, or whether he would astonish Glinderses by coming out in new ones. They allowed that in spite of his poor clothing Roger always looked respectable, and that he was wonderful particular about cleanliness. In fact, they lauded a great many excellences in their old neighbour which they never dreamed of imitating, and, with one consent, praised him as a real good man, without asking themselves what made the difference between him and themselves.

Little did the dwellers in Glinderses guess that Roger looked forward with deep longing for the dawn of each Sunday. Not merely because on that day he was not compelled to rise in the small hours, and trudge wearily, first to market, and then, with his laden barrow, from street to street and from door to door.

He tried to put all the toils and cares of the business week out of his mind, as much as the barrow and basket were out of sight, on Sundays.

As a boy, Roger had received most of his "teaching" at the Sunday Schools belonging to the oldest of the city churches. Now, at threescore years old, he was wont to speak to Dick of the old school and those who taught in it, with equal reverence and affection.

"The Sunday School was the only place for such as me in those days," he would say. "The teachers were the best of friends to us. If I've any good in me now, Dick, I have to thank my old teacher for sowing the seed of it, and to praise God for makin' me willin' to take it in, and givin' it increase as the years rolled on."

"I got a bit, a very little bit, of day schoolin' after that, and learned to write a bit, so as I hadn't to ask anybody else to put what I wanted on paper. I did a few sums, too, and I found out I could reckon pretty well

when I came to be put to it. I owed that to my Sunday-school teacher, for he was fond of me, though, being a sprightly lad, and up to any sort of fun, I often gave him a lot of trouble. He's dead and gone many a year since, but I've never left off thankin' God for givin' me such a friend as he was, and for puttin' it into people's heads to have Sunday Schools in those old days."

"Plenty of the boys make game of Sunday Schools now. They laugh at

things are all right in their way, so long as people don't forget to be honest and true in the hurry to get money. You have to be sharp and keep your wits about you in these days, when everybody's fightin' for the same thing—the poor folks to have a bit for a rainy day, or old age when it comes; those that have a little to get more; those that are rich to add to



"'I'D SOONER BE SOFT THAN HARD.'"

me for going, and both of us for attending the same old church," said Dick. "They say the teachers often know less than the boys now, and they wonder I can sit and listen, for I cannot learn from them."

"That is because they know no better. They think the only learnin' that's worth havin' is that which teaches them how to get on in this world, to get most wages, to turn a shilling into a crown the quickest way. These

the cares money brings with it, by heaping the pile higher and higher. There's better learnin' than that, Dick. The learnin' that teaches a poor man to be content with his little and 'o trust God for to-morrow, if, after doing his best, he can only see bread for to-day. The learnin' that teaches him who has something to spare to give a look round that he may help the brother who has less than enough. The learnin' that makes the richest understand that he

is only the steward to the greatest Master of all, and that when his Master calls him from this world, all he can take with him will be just the power to render an account of the wealth spent or left behind. These things have to be learned yet, my lad, and the young can be scholars, and the old teachers in the Sunday Schools, same as they were when I was a child, and both sorts be the better for it."

So Old Roger and young Dick spent their Sundays after the fashion of bygone years in the case of the man, and in accordance with his mother's earliest training, as regarded the boy. They occupied the same seats in church every Sunday the year through, and

many members of that great congregation would have felt that something was wanting had the old man, with the pale face and threadbare garments, or his bright boy-companion, been absent.

No one connected with the church had ever visited the archway chamber in Glinders' Court; but only Roger could have told why. Glinderses was not in the same parish as the church, which had a vast population around it. So, when its Rector had made inquiries, Roger had thanked him gratefully, but said he lived too far off to be visited when there were so many to be looked after. All the same, if he were in trouble, or ill, he'd not forget to let the gentleman know.

(To be continued.)

## THE DANCING BEAR.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 267.)

ONCE went to a country fair,  
And what I saw while I was there  
I do not now forget;  
This was a fine old dancing bear,  
With brownish coat of shining hair,  
Who was the showman's pet.

His master played his noisy drum  
To let the people know he'd come,  
Whereon the bear walked out;  
He first sat on his two hind legs  
(Like Toby when he's good, and begs),  
And then he looked about.

Those two hind legs! I think they were  
A very strong, uncommon pair;  
On them he stood upright!  
And when he danced 'twas with an air  
That made the little children stare  
With wonder and delight.

The bear then gave a little growl,  
Which grew into a hideous howl,  
And made some children scream;  
For when the creature stood upright  
He was of such tremendous height  
He did a giant seem.

"Now," said the man, "my little dears,  
There's no occasion for your fears—  
My Bruin will not bite;  
I taught him how to make that noise!  
Come hither, little girls and boys,  
For you may trust him quite."

Again he beat the drum so loud,  
It brought fresh people—such a crowd!  
But Bruin did not care;  
For while they laughed, he danced away,  
As if to them he meant to say,  
"I am a dancing bear!"

MARIA CORBOULD.

## A CURATE'S EPITAPH.

In Derry Cathedral there is a memorial to a young curate who died of a fever contracted in his work among the back lanes of Derry. The tablet contains the following touching lines from the pen of Archbishop Alexander:—

"Down through our crowded lanes and closer air,  
Oh, friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were!  
When thro' the fever's fire at last they trod,  
A form was with thee, like the Son of God.  
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet  
From their day's walk into the Golden Street,  
And we who watched that walk, so bright, and brief,  
Have marked this marble with our hope and grief."



THE DANCING BEAR (page 268).

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. CORBOULD.*





## THE LANTERN IN THE PARISH.

BY THE REV. H. BEDFORD PIM, M.A.

**T**HE increased opportunity that present-day arrangements afford for collecting and teaching large numbers of people at once will be thrown away unless some means be at hand for quickly holding and impressing them when so gathered together.

The power to do this most effectively is to be found in the use of the magic-lantern, no longer the toy or the mysterious pleasure-giver of our childhood, but a highly perfected scientific instrument, next to a man the most potent educational weapon of the day. And that for this reason: whereas the power of holding and leading others by the ears is given to but few and to them only for a time; the eye has been, and ever will be, the avenue the most easy of entrance, and quickest to receive and retain impressions.

Thus much in introduction, not as an apology for talking seriously about a magic-lantern, but, by re-stating a familiar truth, to show how important it is for the Church to be up-to-date in methods, if she is to maintain her claims to be a teaching and educating force in the world.

We must say at once that a magic-lantern is a necessary part of the mechanical outfit of every parish where-

in is a place to collect a fair-sized audience which needs teaching. How is this to be obtained? The usual objection is lack of funds, an obstacle sure to be overcome by patience and determination. A thoroughly efficient lantern is by no means expensive; it need not be "brass bound and extra finished," nor must it be a "double" or "triple" instrument. On the other hand, advertisements of second-hand lanterns should be avoided; they are frequently seen in weekly journals, and if answered too usually produce disappointment and disgust. A lantern must be good to be useful, and must therefore cost a fair price; a responsible firm should be dealt with, if satisfaction is to be guaranteed.

But it may happen that a parish really cannot afford to have its own lantern outfit: the only remedy in such a case is co-operation. Let three or four adjoining parishes combine and purchase a lantern for their common use, under the management of a small committee (the Vicars and churchwardens would suffice), to regulate its joint use by the interested parishes.

There seems to be no drawback to such a scheme except the unfortunate lack of power or desire for combined effort which so frequently stands between the officials of the various parishes in the same town. We venture to think that, once adopted, this plan would soon become popular. Another means of meeting want of funds is to devote the profits of entertainments—and why not an occasional collection in church?—to the "Parish Lantern Fund."

So much for the requirements of finance. It is next asked, What is absolutely necessary for a useful lantern outfit?

A single lantern, simple, and strongly made, with a lens of about six inches in focus. It may be lighted by oil or gas; if by gas, part is supplied from the ordinary main, the rest, which is oxygen, is used under very high pressure in a steel cylinder. These cylinders, with their fittings, meters, and regulators, can be hired, but a great deal of expense is saved in the end, especially in carriage to and fro, if they are purchased outright. There must be a screen on which to

project the pictures; this may be a sheet stretched on cords, but a permanently fixed screen on rollers at one end of the room is much more convenient, being always ready at a moment's notice. These are the essentials. In addition it is very convenient to have an elevated stand on which to place the lantern at the proper height for the screen; it should have a platform at one side for the operator and should be strongly and heavily made.

The working of a lantern is learned much more quickly by actual practical instruction than by following the most carefully written instructions. The people from whom lanterns are purchased are always ready to teach their use, and are quite capable of doing so. There is no mystery about a lantern, and no one need be deterred from buying one by the fear of not being able to fathom its secret in order to make it work.

No lantern is of use without slides to show in it. These can now be hired so cheaply, of such excellent quality and relating to almost every subject, that it is quite unnecessary for a parish to have a large collection of slides. At the same time much useful teaching by the lantern is often lost through a wish to save constant hiring fees, and it would be a great gain for any parish to have its own set of slides to illustrate Bible teaching in the schools. For use at Mission Services, a few well-selected hymns—and among these the Story of the Cross should find a place—and a carefully chosen series from the Old and New Testaments to illustrate Type and Fulfilment, the Sacraments and the Life of Christ and that of St. Paul, will be found of constant use. The series of slides taken from the *Doré Bible* are perhaps the best to be had at present, but it is to be hoped that photographic slides of many works of the old Masters, notably Fra Angelico, may before long be obtainable in this country. Something remains to be said as to the use of the lantern.

In our parish schools its value has scarcely been tested. For driving home the substance of lessons previously taught in class, it is a most powerful assistant. During the winter months it can be used almost

immediately after the close of afternoon school, and few scholars would object if asked to remain an extra half-hour to submit to a lantern lesson. This of course applies to both religious and secular subjects: of the latter, history and geography are easily illustrated, and in respect of the former the writer can speak from experience as to the permanence of the impression produced by a weekly glance at the Scripture lessons, in the shape of Bible Pictures, put simultaneously before the whole school.

When we approach the question of using the lantern in church we are supposed to be on delicate ground. Why? Is it not a constant helper in Mission rooms, a constant means of attracting people into unconsecrated buildings for a religious service? There is no room here to set out, much less to discuss, all the arguments for and against the use of the lantern in church, but if the chief objection is found in the possible danger of irreverence or of making a church a place of entertainment, the answer is very simple: Let it be tried. Failure or success will depend on the spirit in which it is undertaken—a spirit which is morally certain to spread through the congregation and influence their behaviour.

It will be easily understood that the conductor of a lantern service must be of the right sort—quiet, ready, able to pick out the central point of each picture and to force it home quickly in few words; for the picture is the sermon, and the conductor only a commentator.

A convenient form of service consists in a regular sequence of prayer, picture, address, hymn, and it should open with a careful explanation of the order of service. The hymns should be appropriate and short, and if possible led by a choir. Use few pictures, but let them be good ones; if coloured, the best procurable as works of art, and not the usual gaudy daubs. The service should not exceed an hour in length; in many cases three-quarters of an hour is quite sufficient. If held in church it is a good plan to block up the chancel arch as much as possible with the screen; the lantern is then placed quite out of sight in the choir and

the sheet damped to allow the pictures to show through. The addresses are then given from the pulpit. It is very important to have all the gas that is lit in the church under control from one master tap, that full light may be

obtained in an instant in the event of any disturbance taking place from any cause whatever. It is only necessary to impress upon the people that they are in God's House, and there will then be small risk of irreverence.

## FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(September 29th.)

**S**ONS of God! His mighty Army!  
Instinct with His Life, and Light;  
Robed in flame, ethereal spirits,  
Beauteous in your Maker's sight.  
Flashing like the summer lightning  
As ye speed your earthward flight.

Ye, God's ministers of vengeance,  
At His word unsheath the sword,  
Doubting not His loving kindness,  
Singing "Holy is the Lord;  
True and righteous are His judgments,  
And by all to be adored."

Chariots of the Lord's salvation!  
Swifter than the winds ye fly,  
Succouring the poor and helpless,  
Bearing righteous souls on high,  
Countless worlds, God's fair Creation  
Tending, 'neath His guiding Eye.

Standing in His holy Presence,  
Flying to perform His will,  
Nature's hidden powers controlling,  
Waging ceaseless war with ill,  
All God's "little ones" upholding,  
Serving thus—ye worship still.

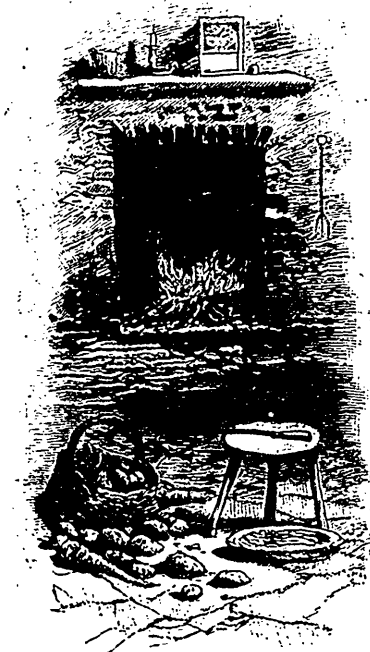
Lord, we thank Thee for Thine Angels,  
Excellent in power and might;  
Who Thy wandering sheep have tended  
Self-forgetting, day and night,  
And, as each is safely folded,  
Sharing in their Lord's delight.

Angel Hosts, Thy Throne surrounding,  
Condescend to our estate  
We on earth, Thy blood-bought Portion,  
Their glad worship emulate,  
Longing to behold Thy glory,  
Yet content Thy time to wait.

Then, for ever nearest to Thee,  
Chosen, tried, and faithful found;  
Angels, Thrones, Dominions, Princes,  
See, the saints Thy Throne surround,  
As the Bridegroom's friends, rejoicing  
That His spotless Bride is crowned.

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Lead, O Bride, the ceaseless strain;  
Alleluia! Choirs of Angels,  
Join ye in the glad refrain;  
Alleluia! All Creation  
Praise the Lord! Amen, Amen.


ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.



## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,  
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

### Potato Soup.

 ONE pound of potatoes, *1d.*; one pint of milk, *2d.*; one onion, one table-spoonful of dripping, half a tea-spoonful of salt, a quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper, one table-spoonful of pearl sago, *1d.* Total *1d.*  
Melt the dripping in a saucepan, peel potatoes and onion, cut into slices and toss in the melted fat for five minutes. Then pour in a quart of boiling water, add salt and pepper, and boil gently till the vegetables are soft—about an hour. Press through a colander into a basin, stir in the milk, return the soup to the saucepan, and when quite boiling add the sago, and boil for half an hour longer. If thickening is added to soups or *puées* that have stopped boiling, they are likely to become lumpy. A leek may be used in place of the onion in the recipe given here; and, of course, it is an improvement to use, instead of water, the liquid from boiled meat.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## VI.—ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE.

**T**HIS well-known North-London church was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield in 1838, at a time when there were only six churches (including the mother-church of St. Mary) in the parish of Islington—now the largest and most populous parish in London. Since then "merrie Islington" has lost all claim to be considered a "rural" deanery, except in name, being now practically covered by the ever-growing mass of bricks and mortar required to house the rapidly increasing population. As it was in 1838, open, verdant, and rural, the district formed the happy recreation-ground of the jaded citizen of that day.

The external structure of St. James's was modelled after the Temple of Erectheus at Athens, and the interior arrangements were of a simple nature, in keeping with the services intended to be held.

The pews are something between the old-fashioned, straight-backed, uncomfortable, family-pew type, and the more modern seat; while a two-decker pulpit lends an air of antiquity which is antecedent to the epoch of gas-lighting and water-heating. The present appearance of the interior is, however, somewhat different to the original plans, consequent upon alterations which have from time to time been found

expedient, to meet the requirements of the worshippers. The church was enlarged in 1839 and then provided 1075 sittings, of which one-third were free. In the year 1850, owing to the increasing number attending, the advisability of rebuilding the church was seriously entertained; but no new site or additional ground could be obtained, and it was eventually decided to increase the seating capacity of the church by an additional and second gallery which runs round three sides of the building, thus accommodating nearly nineteen hundred people, over nine hundred seats being free. A new organ was placed at the west end, and the church assumed very much the same appearance as it presents at the present time, the building having cost about £12,000, raised by voluntary contributions with the exception of about £1600.

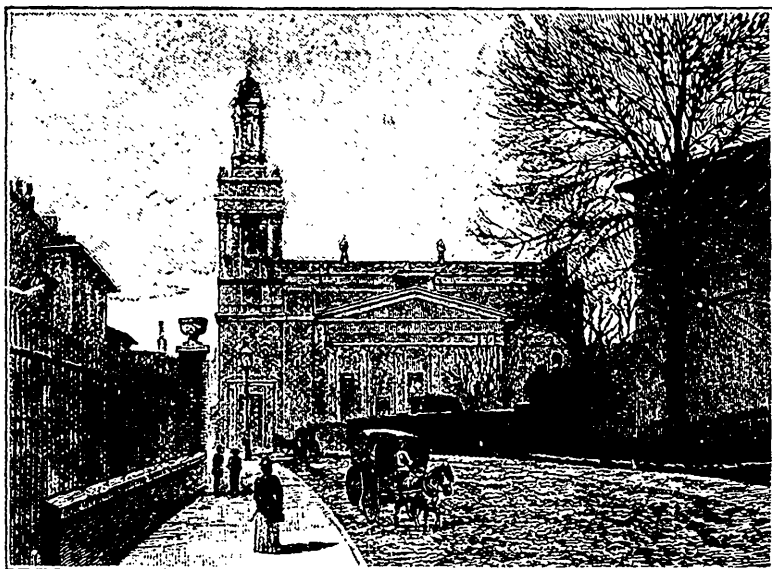
The congregational character of the services has remained practically unchanged, there never having been any choir, but each worshipper feeling it a privilege to take part in the responses and singing.

The ministry of the church has been sustained by a succession of remarkably earnest, eloquent, and gifted men, who have from time to time attracted large congregations by a faithful announcement of the Divine love.

The first Incumbent, the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A., was appointed in 1838, and the rest of his life constituted a record of work "in-the Gospel" until



THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER.



ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

his death in 1870. There are old members of the congregation who still recall with pleasure his faithful ministrations and "labour of love" for his Lord. Suitable memorials are to be seen in the church, and also in the Day and Sunday Schools adjoining, which owe their inception to his Christian zeal and fervour, and have been maintained with great blessing to the neighbourhood ever since. The Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., acted as curate-in-charge during Mr. Mackenzie's illness, and, upon his death, was appointed Incumbent. His fine, scholarly, and eloquent sermons attracted one of the largest congregations in the north of London, and under him many useful parochial institutions were inaugurated. The most notable are the Mackenzie Nurses' Home, instituted as a memorial to his predecessor, and the Parochial Lecture Hall. It would be impossible to gauge the utility of both these institutions, the former being practically a "medical mission," under the care of an honorary lady superintendent, the value of which is untold to the parish, and the latter, a centre of parochial work of every kind, from Sunday and week-day Mission services to tem-

perance meetings, gymnastic displays, and flower-shows, etc.

For nearly ten years Mr. Carpenter laboured in the parish, beloved by all, until he was preferred to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. He is now best known as the Bishop of Ripon, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Church.

His successor, the Rev. Edward A. Stuart, M.A., came to the parish, from Norwich, in 1880, and he fully sustained the reputation of St. James's, for pulpit oratory. His ministry was much blessed, and there are many who will look back upon the happy time when, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit and through the word spoken, they became followers of Him Whom the preacher sought to glorify.

The jubilee of St. James's was celebrated in 1888, and as a partial commemoration of the occasion, the means of ingress and egress were considerably improved. A Jubilee Fund was also started, by which nearly £1200 was raised, to free the Lecture Hall from a mortgage debt of £1000 and to provide a nucleus of a Vicarage Fund. The scheme was warmly taken

up some four years later, and a suitable building erected and opened free of debt in 1893, at a cost of nearly £4000. The Rev. E. A. Stuart was then appointed Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater.

Under the present Vicar, the Rev. E. Grose Hodge, M.A., who was appointed to St. James's in 1894, the work of the parish is well maintained. The Day and Sunday Schools are loyally supported by the congregation, and in the last four years some £400 or £500 has been expended in meeting the requirements of Government to secure their efficiency. The hearty co-operation of upwards of thirty men teachers, and a similar number of lady teachers in the Sunday Schools, many of whom give time in the week to the carrying on of youths' and girls' institutes and gymnasiums, render these agencies amongst the young an incalculable power for good.

Reference has already been made to the Nurses' Home, through which the sick poor are carefully attended in their own homes as well as at the institution itself, and supplied with nourishing food, well cooked. In addition there are clothing societies, locot

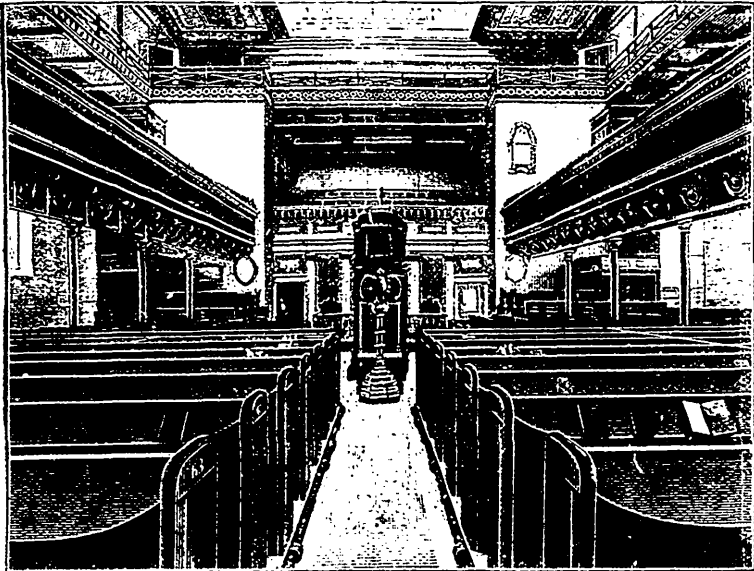
clubs, a sick benefit society, and penny bank, etc., to help the thrifty. The whole system of poor relief is under the control of a committee, to whom the district visitors report cases for investigation. A Christmas club has also been most successful for the last two years.

The coffee tavern started by the Rev. E. A. Stuart has not succeeded as such, but the building is occupied for a working girls' rest, to meet the needs of factory hands in the neighbourhood, and is used for other services on Sundays and week-days.

It has been found advisable to double the Mothers' Meetings, affording an opportunity of an evening as well as an afternoon meeting.

Great prominence has been given under the present Vicar to a development of the Temperance Society's work, and there are at least two or three meetings weekly through the winter, and open-air meetings in the summer, for this object.

A monthly *Messenger*, containing a letter from the Vicar on matters of parochial and general interest, has been inaugurated, and is distributed by the Visitors, free, to every house in the



ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



THE REV. E. A. STUART.

district—in addition to a parish magazine regularly subscribed for by many.

A large class for young women in houses of business, commenced by the Rev. E. A. Stuart, at 9 on Friday evenings, still continues its weekly meetings with much success. There are also Bible-classes weekly, for men on Wednesdays, and on Sundays for young men and women, working men and factory girls. A children's week-day Bible-class for the congregation, commenced by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, has been continued by each successive Vicar, and still meets on Saturday afternoons.

The congregation at St. James's has always taken great interest in Foreign Missionary work, and, by Gleaners' Unions, and Sowers' Bands, and the Mpwapwa Missionary Band and Working Parties, much has been done to stir up in the hearts of the people their sense of responsibility. Several members of the congregation have gone out into the Mission Field.

The congregation has always included some who come from a long distance, and the tendency to move farther out

has compelled many to sever their connection with the Church. The parish itself is poor, the surrounding neighbourhood is getting more so, and the congregation generally is less able to support the agencies of the church. Yet it is remarkable, and a cause for great thankfulness, how liberally they respond to the many appeals necessarily made to them, and how workers have been forthcoming to carry on practically every branch of work inaugurated by former Vicars, but to which the requirements of the neighbourhood have called for important additions.

The anxieties and responsibilities of the parish are neither few nor small,



THE REV. E. GROSE HODGE.

and the clergy need, and are happy in having, the warm and earnest support of a large body of lay-workers in every department.

Our portraits have been engraved from photographs by Messrs. T. C. Turner & Co., of Barnsbury.



## PRACTICAL HINTS FOR COTTAGERS ON POULTRY-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. STURGES, B.A.,  
*Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*

(Continued from page 245.)



GLANCE at some of the details of successful management may now be taken. In order to do well poultry must be hatched at the right time of the year, must be well grown, and kept in a thoroughly healthy condition. To maintain this state they must have pure air at night, through efficient ventilation, a good supply of pure water, suitable food and exercise, good houses, and shelter from rain and biting winds, and thorough cleanliness.

### TIME TO HATCH.

Reliable incubators are not yet cheap enough for the cottager to purchase, or he could hatch at any time. But he must do his best to secure a steady broody hen or two in March and April if he intends to rear the heavier breeds for winter laying, and if the lighter and non-sitting varieties not later than April or early May. The object is to get the pullets fully matured by September or October, when they should commence to lay and continue through the winter. If they are hatched later and the cold weather finds them only three parts grown, the probability is that they will never grow to a full size, and will not commence to lay till January or February, when eggs are cheap. On the other hand, a pullet of the sitting variety which has been laying all winter will want to sit as soon as a few warm days appear in February or March,

and so serve a double, useful purpose.

A watchful eye should be kept to distinguish the best layers. These will usually be found to have narrow heads and necks, with bright, large, intelligent eyes, and to be the most active among the flock, first out in the morning, and the latest to roost at night. As a rule, too, they *commence* to lay at an earlier age than the rest. These should be kept on for a second year for the breeding pen, while the sluggards should be killed before they die from fat.

### HOUSING.

For a breeding pen a house five feet by four feet, to hold eight or ten birds, is large enough. A good average space for each fowl is two square feet, and perching room nine inches long. Fowl that are overcrowded never do well. The perches should all be of one height, say eighteen inches or two feet from the floor. This prevents quarrels as to which shall have the highest perch. Ample ventilation must be provided; a through current well above the heads of the fowl is best, but draughts must be avoided. Where it can be arranged, fowl should be kept together in small numbers, separate runs being provided for each flock of ten or a dozen. When they run together in flocks of above twenty-five or thirty, nothing like so good a percentage of eggs is obtainable.



## CLEANLINESS.

The floor of the roosting house should be covered two inches deep with ashes from the hearth, finely riddled; or with dry sand, earth, or peat moss. These catch the droppings and act as deodorisers. In very warm weather the excrement should be removed daily, and in every case not less than once a week. The manure should be stowed away in a dry place, and is very valuable for grass crops or for garden purposes. Where the excrement is allowed to accumulate month after month, what wonder if the constitution of the birds is weakened through breathing foul air, and that they readily die of disease!

## INSECT PESTS.

Another branch of cleanliness is to see that the birds and their houses are free from vermin. Of the many kinds three deserve special notice.

1. The parasite which infests the body of the fowl. These should be destroyed by dusting well into the fluff and under the wings with insect-powder. A cheap and effective kind is made by mixing together equal quantities of Dalmatian insect-powder, and flowers of sulphur. More little chickens dwindle and die from these parasites, caught from the old hen's fluff, than from every other cause put together. If chickens ail, examine and apply the powder. The hens should be provided with a good dust bath, which is a great aid to their cleanliness.

2. The red mite, a tiny bug which swarms under the perches or in cracks or crevices, and comes out at night and sucks the blood from the fowl. Painting the perches with paraffin oil, if regularly done, say once a month, and lime-washing the house frequently, mixing a little carbolic acid in the wash, will keep them down, though they are difficult to dislodge if they once take hold. Many failures to obtain eggs in winter must be attributed to this source, as the fowl are subject to these pests during the long winter evenings for twelve or sixteen hours without rest.

3. The poultry-flea, which makes its presence acutely felt from April to October, even attacking the person of the poultry-attendant. These can be kept down altogether by cleanliness, by frequently changing the material in

the laying nest, and by whitewashing as directed above. If the dried leaves of the common bracken fern are used to make the nest, it is said that poultry-fleas will be absent.

## FEEDING.

Feeding poultry is an art in itself, and only brief hints can be given here. For laying fowl two meals a day are sufficient. The first should be given early in the morning (in winter as soon as they are let out). The ideal morning meal consists of equal quantities of barleymeal, sharps, or middlings, and finely ground oats, scalded and mixed together into a crumbly mass; to this may be added any scraps from the table. If small potatoes are plentiful and cheap they may be mixed with the above; but they are very fattening, and should be used with care. The evening meal should consist of hard grain: wheat, oats, barley, *dari*, or buckwheat, are all suitable. Indian corn, if given at all, should be sparingly employed, as it is too fattening for laying hens, and deficient in egg-forming materials. It is useful for the sitting hen, and for an occasional meal in very cold or frosty weather. Fresh water should be given once or more daily, in clean earthenware vessels by preference, and should be kept out of the sun. Unless the birds have a good grass run, green food, in the form of cabbages or swede turnips, should be regularly supplied. Food should never be allowed to lie about from one meal to another. Another most important item to be regularly supplied is grit, to assist the digestion of the food. Flint grit is the best, and can be bought at five shillings per hundredweight, which is enough to last a hundred fowl for a year. But any broken plates or china, or glass, if broken into pieces about the size of split peas, will answer the purpose. A small box should be provided to put it in, from which the birds will readily help themselves. It can then be easily seen when more is needed. Many fowl mope and die from indigestion and kindred ailments for want of grit.

As a last word of advice, let me caution you never to allow your laying hens to get fat, or you will have an empty egg-basket. They should be fed sparingly and with discretion, other-

wise the food is wasted and the fowl cease to be profitable. It is probable that even more failures are incurred in this way by mistaken kindness, or carelessness, than by want of cleanliness.

By using such hints as are here set

forth, and others which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful mind, the bright healthfulness of the birds will more than repay for the trouble taken, and a nice little nest-egg will be laid by for future use.

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## A VISIT TO JOPPA.

BY THE REV. S. F. HARRIS, M.A., B.C.L.,

*Vicar of Wallon-le-dale.*

**T**HE wailing place of the Jews is just outside the Temple area in Jerusalem. The wailing place of many Gentiles is about a mile from the shore of Jaffa. The former wail because they are not allowed by the powers that be to set foot within their long-lost Temple ground. The latter often wail because the elements are forbidding them to set foot on the land which has been the dream of a lifetime and the object and goal of a journey of many hundred miles.

Some of us were bemoaning our fate, as for nearly two days we were gazing upon Jaffa, longing to land, but absolutely forbidden by the roughness of the sea. The last day of the old year was the time fixed for landing at Jaffa. At about 10.30 a.m. the hills of Palestine became visible. Every eye was strained to take in the first view of the Holy Land. At one o'clock we dropped anchor, changing the disagreeable motion of pitching and tossing for the even more disagreeable rolling motion while anchored. The attempt to be amused with the performances of the deck chairs and their occupants was a very sad one. The shadow of a great disappointment was hanging over us. We had looked forward for months to visiting Jerusalem and all the other precious spots, and now there was some possibility of our having to return to England without landing at all. And only about a mile of sea as the fatal hindrance!

We slept in hope. We awoke to renewed disappointment. There seemed to be no abatement in the uneasiness of the sea. And during the morning

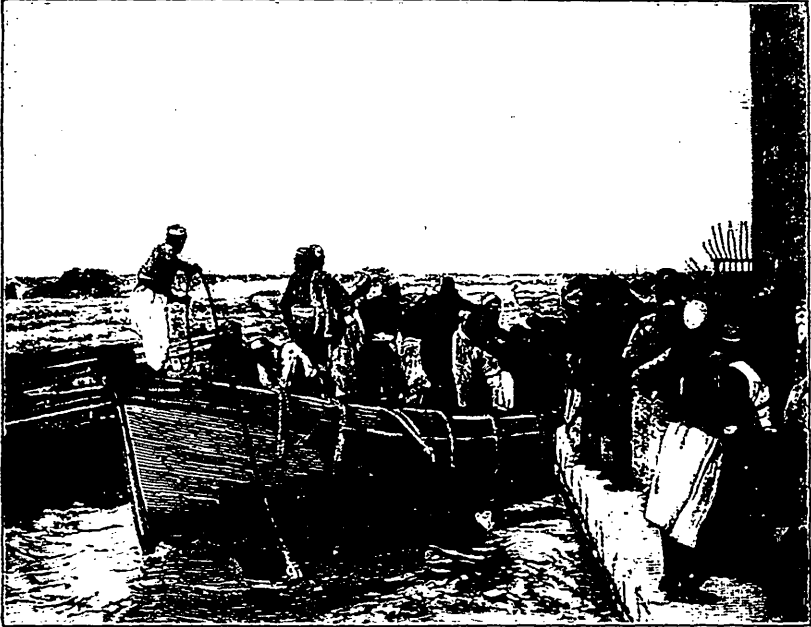
the gale increased rather than otherwise. The sorrows of Tantalus were not to be compared with ours. So near and yet so far! About noon, as the result of a conference of the authorities, nautical and other, it was resolved that we should make for Haifa, the next so-called port, about sixty miles to the north. The delay was not all loss, because thereby we had the opportunity of seeing Mount Carmel with all its sacred memories, and Acre with its historical associations. The names Mar Elyas and El-Maharrakah ("the burning" or "the sacrifice") recall the great event of 1 Kings xviii. and the prophet who was one of its central figures. Haifa itself was of interest, not only on account of its rapid progress as a town, and its railway to Damascus in course of construction, but also on account of its Mission work. But still, Haifa was not the town we were aspiring after. Jerusalem and nothing else would satisfy us. Even the proposal of landing and going to Nazareth would not in any wise compensate for the loss of Jerusalem.

When we awoke in the morning, at an early hour, we realized that we were no longer at anchor—that we were moving, and, what was better, were moving to the south—making for the same spot where we had spent the weary, tantalising hours. We came to the conclusion that this must mean that the state of the sea was more hopeful. About breakfast time we again saw the view which had become so familiar—the town of Jaffa. But this time instead of waves and nothing more there was a busy scene near the land. Boats

were there, and soon they were observed to be moving towards us. What a gladdening of our hearts! What a relief to our deepening disappointment! In a few hours, or it might be minutes, our feet would be on the shore of that country which His feet had trodden.

The story of the difficulties of landing at Jaffa has often been told. The rocks keep vessels at a distance, but at the same time form a breakwater to

niece about their experiences at Jaffa, gives the following description: "The captain lent us two sailors to carry L., and she was tossed to those in the boat quite comfortably. Your uncle could not deliver himself up so unconditionally, and though he had to submit to being projected from the vessel he could not help struggling more or less with his arms and legs in mid air, and did not tumble so easily into the boat as I did, who said to myself, 'I am



EMBARKING AT JOPPA.

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY*

the small lagoon inside. There is only a narrow opening, some ten or twelve feet wide, and through this the surf boats must make their certain way, or perish with all their living freight. But the first difficulty is in getting into the boat. Now it was close to the ship's ladder—now, by the next wave, it was carried yards away. The only thing was to do as you were told, and to submit to be regarded as a bundle to be thrown from one or two pairs of hands. The sister of Canon Liddon, in writing to her

nothing but a bale of goods, and will act accordingly."

This getting into the boats is effected amidst an indescribable tumult, as the crews of the various boats seem determined to use their lungs to the utmost in their attempt to obtain passengers, and thus to gain extra money. Baedeker observes: "No attention, however, should be paid to their noisy representations and violent gestures." And he adds a list of Arabic expressions useful on the occasion. They are very significant: "It is unnecessary," "I do not

care for you." "Be quiet," "Begone!" (a word which may be accompanied by a significant motion with one's stick), etc. And now we are making for the shore, the boatmen pulling with a will. They are grandly made fellows for the most part; and the chant which accompanies the beat of their oars is very striking. As they reach the wall of rock, "one of the dirtiest bits of reef in the world," their efforts and their screams are redoubled. They know they have only a very narrow passage to bring their boat through, and that if they do not make a good shot before the narrowness prevents their rowing, that then—well, they hardly know what then. But travellers may have the greatest confidence in their skill. And now we have passed the bar and are in smooth water.

If it were not for the babel which proceeds from the noisy crowd on the landing place, a tumult which almost forbids quiet thought, the first step on the Holy Land would be a most solemn event. As it is, we try to shut out the disturbing element, and we raise our hats as we realise that now we are really in *His* country, the piece of the earth which He chose to associate with the greater part of His Sacred Book, and especially to associate with His own wonderful earthly life. We are on the shore. This is Yafa, as it is called now, or Jaffa, or, in Bible language, Joppa. Joppa! What a crowd of Scripture memories! It was to this port that the floats bearing King Hiram's present of cedar and pine wood from Mount Lebanon for the Temple came. And when the second Temple was being built under Zerubbabel, similar materials were brought hither by per-

mission of Cyrus. It was here that Jonah, having found a ship on the point of sailing for Tarshish, paid his fare and went on board, foolishly fleeing, as he tried to persuade himself, from the presence of his omniscient Maker. It was here that St. Peter saw his "vision of tolerance." It was here that Dorcas exercised her unostentatious charity which has connected her name with many a scheme for lessening the privations of the poor.

"Jaffa" is said to be derived from "Yafa" ("beauty"). The person who gave it the name must certainly have done so from the outside of the place, not the inside, or certainly he would have awarded another designation—unless, of course, matters have greatly changed. The view from the ship as the coast is approached is certainly one of great beauty. The houses, rising in terraces, and with a pleasant variety of form, present an attractive appearance.

"Oldest of cities, linked with sacred truth  
And classic fable from thy earliest dawn,  
By name, The *Beautiful!*"

The classic fable is, of course, the story of Perseus and Andromeda. For a long time the place was shown on the rocks of the harbour where Andromeda was bound before she was released by Perseus. Sir John Maundeville, the traveller of the fourteenth century, gives another explanation of the name: "The town is called Jaffa because one of the sons of Noah, named Japhet, founded it, and now it is called Joppa; and you shall understand that it is one of the oldest towns of the world, for it was founded before Noah's flood." The authority for this last statement is Pliny.

(To be continued.)



## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

## QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in Scripture—

1. Of ten men on a journey with a cruel lie in their hands;
2. Of the same ten men in a painful position which helped to remind them of that lie;
3. Of ten men who did in the darkness what the man who led them was afraid to do in the light;
4. Of ten men who were made very angry by what they heard of two more;
5. Of ten men who declared undoubted truth, but were not believed for a week;
6. Of ten men on a journey, which was followed by their confessing a truth in which countless multitudes since have rejoiced; and in which, also, we ourselves may well rejoice if we will?

## QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

*(The Collect for Ash Wednesday.)*

1. With what passages in Psalm cxlv. and 1 Tim. ii. may the opening part of this Collect be compared?
2. Where is the proper place, what the true nature, and whence the only source of genuine repentance, according to the teaching of the next part of the same? See also, in part, the Gospel and Epistle for this day.
3. By what two principal outward signs is such repentance best shown, according to the same teaching?
4. What twofold blessing may be expected to follow; and on what only account?

## BURIED TRUTH.

In what one most encouraging respect do the recorded experiences of Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Moses, and Job; also of the prophets Amos, Elijah, and Elisha; also of the Syro-Phœnician woman in St. Mark vii.; and the nobleman in St. John iv.; and the centurion in St. Matt. viii.; and the Saviour Himself in St. Luke xxii.;—more or less closely resemble each other? In what way, also, is the same encouragement further fortified by what we read of the expectations of St. Paul in 1 Philippians and Philemon?



## Pithy Proverbs.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.  
 Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.  
 Better a friendly "No" than a grudging "Yes."

## O Father, All-Creating.\*

Words by CANON ELLERTON.  
(By permission of the Proprietors of  
*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*)  
*Smoothly.*

Music by W. JOHN REYNOLDS, Mus.D., Lond.  
(Organist of St. Michael's, Cornhill.)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the lyrics: "x. O Fa-ther all - cre - a - ting, Whose wis - dom, love, and power..... First". The second system continues with "bound two lives to - ge - ther In E - den's pri - mal hour,..... To -". The third system includes "- day to these Thy chil - dren Thine ear - liest gifts re - new,..... A". The fourth system concludes with "home by Thee made hap - py, A love by Thee kept true. A - men." and features a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking over the final phrase.

2. O Saviour, Guest most bounteous  
Of old in Galilee,  
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence  
With these who call on Thee;  
Their store of earthly gladness  
Transform to Heavenly wine,  
And teach them, in the tasting,  
To know the gift is Thine.
3. O Spirit of the Father,  
Breathe on them from above,  
So mighty in Thy pureness,  
So tender in Thy love;

- That guarded by Thy presence,  
From sin and strife kept free,  
Their lives may own Thy guidance,  
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.
4. Except Thou build it, Father,  
The house is built in vain;  
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,  
The joy will turn to pain;  
But nought can break the marriage  
Of hearts in Thee made one,  
And love Thy Spirit hallows  
Is endless love begun. Amen.

\* Composed for the Marriage of the Rev. R. H. SINCLAIR, M.A., Vicar of St. Anselm's, W.

## OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.



THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. EDITH MELLOWES, The Vicarage, Thornaby-on-Tees, co. Durham.	15		Rev. H. Mellowes Vicar.
2. MERVYN P. CROZIER, The Vicarage, Holywood, co. Down.	15		Canon Crozier Vicar.
3. GERTRUDE BINGHAM, 117, New Cross Road, Hatcham, Surrey.	13	All Saints': Rev. D. A. Townend, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
4. FLORENCE WARD, 43, Rosemont Road, Richmond, Surrey.	14	Parish Church: Canon Procter, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Lysaght, S.S. Teacher.
5. MARY J. DAVIES, School House, Minera, Wrexham, Denbighshire.	14	Parish Church: Rev. T. H. Evans.	Mr. F. Davies, S.S. Teacher.
6. DOROTHY CROSS, 46, Market Street, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire.	13	Parish Church: Canon Denton, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. J. B. Booth, M.A., Curate.
7. ANNIE ROLFE, Broomstick Hall, Cheveley, Newmarket, Cambridge-shire.		Parish Church: Rev. E. K. Douglas, M.A., Rector.	The Rector.
8. EDGAR GRAHAM LOAT, 14, Elms Road, Dulwich Village, Surrey.	11		Mrs. Loat, Parent.
9. C. W. COOK, 56, Chesterfield Road, Montpelier, Bristol.		St. Barnabas: Rev. T. J. Weight, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
10. CECIL B. ATYEO, Glenholme, Edg-cumbe Road, Redland, Bristol.	14	St. Saviour's: Rev. W. C. Prideaux, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. W. L. Lamont, S.S. Teacher.
11. EVELINE GREEN, Seed Stores, Wincanton, Somerset.		Parish Church: Rev. C. Grant-Dalton, Vicar.	Miss Green, S.S. Teacher.
12. LEWIS STEVENS, Church Street, Willingdon, Sussex.	11	Parish Church: Rev. O. L. Tudor, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors:—

ROLAND TAYLOR, Liverpool; EDITH A. G. MONK, Clapham; ERNEST PAYNE, Three Bridges; ALICE PAYNE, Three Bridges; NELLIE FENN, Richmond; MARION RAYER, Lassington; CORA WATSON, Southport; DOROTHY ROBERTS, Finchley Road; ROSANOND J. VEASEY, Maresfield; ISABEL YEOMANS, Penshurst; AGNES SIMMONDS, Kidderminster; WINIFRED M. HENDY, Bristol; STELLA J. M. P. TUDOR, Turkean; SARAH A. HUDSON, Topcliffe; WINNIE COLLETT, Bristol; ELSIE SMITH, Thorley; BERTHA GARDINER, Caterham; CHARLOTTE S. MANNING, Limehouse; STEPHANIE HUDDLESTONE, Hanwell; ELIZABETH HATCHARD, Carleor; MAY CHILD, Barrow-in-Furness; DORA HOWE, Bishop Auckland; GLADWYS E. PENNELL, Broad Clyst; HILARY M. WILKINS, Shoreham; OLIVE E.-L. WALKER, Shoeburyness; NELLIE WARD, Great Kingshill.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive:—

JANUARY.—*Bible Questions:* (1) 1 Kings xviii. 10. (2) 2 Kings ii. 15-18. (3) Jer. xxxvi. 26. (4) Acts xii. 18, 19. (5) St. Luke ii. 48-50. (6) Ps. xxxiv. 9, 10.

*Prayer-Book Questions:* (a) That the "faith" is to be confessed, and, as it were, "stood" by, by every member of the Church. See Rom. i. 15, 16. (b) See Heb. xi. 5; Rom. viii. 15; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Gen. xvii. 1; Gen. i. 1; Acts xiv. 15. (c) See Phil. ii. 5-11; especially noting, both

here and in the portion of the Creed referred to, the Divinity, Incarnation, obedience, death, and subsequent exaltation above all of "Christ Jesus." (4) See St. Matt. iii. 16, 17, xxviii. 19; 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

*Buried Truth:* See Neh. vi. 15, 16, viii. 9-11.

FEBRUARY.—*Bible Questions:* (1) 2 Kings vii. 8. (2) 2 Kings vi. 21-23. (3) St. John xxi. 9-12. (4) Acts xxvii. 34, 43, 44. (5) Gen. xliii. 33. (6) Exod. xvi. 15 (margin).

*Prayer-Book Questions:* (1) See Ruth ii. 4 (2) As coming after confessing together the "common faith" (Titus i. 4); and before proceeding to common prayer. (3) Because being, like the Greater Litany (1) a call to prayer; and that (ii) prayer especially for mercy; also (iii) repeated prayer for mercy; also (iv) in a form which seems to recognise the threefold nature of God. (4) The earlier form, being an introduction to *praise*, had the doxology in it; the later not, as an introduction to prayer.

*Buried Truth:* See Neh. viii. 13-17; Ezra vi. 15; Josh. i. 1 (all with their marginal dates); also Zech. i. 8, 10; Isa. xli. 19, lx. 13; Ps. liii. 8; Rom. xi. 24, etc., etc.

MARCH.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Heb. xii. 16, 17. (2) 2 Kings iv. 38-40. (3) Ps. lxxviii. 26-31. (4) 1 Kings xiii. 7, 8, 9. (5) 1 Kings xiii. 20-22. (6) St. Matt. xxvi. 20-25.

*Prayer-Book Questions:* (1) Both here, and in Church Militant, and in State Prayers which follow, we have prayer (1) for the Sovereign (2) for the ministers of religion (3) for people at large. (2) Note "that under her we may be godly and quietly governed." See 1 Tim. ii. 2,

and Acts ix. 31. (3) This one is *not* taken from Psalms. Compare (in Prayer-Book version) Ps. xx. 9, lxxxv. 7, xxviii. 10, li. 10, li, lxxxii. 9; and see Job. xxxiv. 29. (4) The Collects for "peace" and "grace."

**Buried Truth:** See Gen. xiii. 10, 11, xiv. 2, 8-11, xix. 18-23; Deut. xxix. 23; Hos. xi. 8. That it was prayer answered though offered by one who had brought himself into trouble by his own inconsistency. See 1 Kings xxii. 32, 33; 2 Chron. xviii. 31.

**APRIL.—Bible Questions:** Dan. ii. 1; Esther vi. 1. (2) Jonah i. 5; St. Mark iv. 38. (3) Gen. xviii. 10-12, xxxii. 10. (4) Judges vii. 9-14. (5) Song of Solomon v. 2. (6) Ps. cxxi. 4.

**Prayer-Book Questions:** (1) Note "darkness and light"; "quick and dead"; "mortal and immortal"; "humility and glory; casting away and putting on; "now" and at "last"; to "visit" and to "judge." We ought to *desire* the "grace" mentioned because we shall need it when Jesus comes to "judge." We may *hope* for it because He came to "visit" us in mercy and "grace." (2) See how "hope" in God's "word" is spoken of in Ps. cxix. 49, 74, 81, 147. (3) This collect is an example of direct and special prayer to the Second Person in the Holy Trinity, as in Acts vii. 56, 59; 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9. (4) St. Luke xvii. end of verse 21.

**Buried Truth:** See 1 Sam. x. 21-24; 2 Sam. ii. 8, 9; Esther ii. 5-7, 17; 2 Sam. iv. 11. The name "James," twice used in St. Matt. x. 2-4, and elsewhere; and made up of the initials of Jonathan, Abner, Mordecai, Ehud, and Saul (of Tarsus).

**MAY.—Bible Questions:** (1) 1 Kings xx. 14, etc. (2) Gen. xiv. 24. (3) Joel ii. 11, 25, etc., etc. (4) Rev. xii. 7, etc. (5) 1 Sam. xvii. 51. (6) St. Luke xxii. 52, 51.

**Prayer-Book Questions:** (1) "Made of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4) corresponds to "took our nature upon Him"; "made under the law" (*ibid.*) corresponds to "became obedient to the law for man"; and taking also our "place," (2) St. Stephen, "seeing" Jesus "as He was," became "like Him" in praying for his murderers. (3) The word "light"—compare "light of Thy truth" with "knowledge of Thy truth"; and "light of everlasting life" with "life everlasting." (4) St. Matt. xviii. 3.

**Buried Truth:** Acts xvi. 12, 14, 15, 40; Gal. iv. 26; Rev. ii. 18, 20; Acts xvi. 16-18.

**JUNE.—Bible Questions:** (1) Josh. vii. 3, 4, viii. 3. (2) 1 Kings xx. 29. (3) Ezek. xxix. 18. (4) Judges iv. 9. (5) Gen. xiv. 13-24. (6) Col. ii. 15.

**Prayer-Book Questions:** (1) In that He was a "living and a shining light" (see Acts xxvi. 17, 18, and compare St. John Baptist, St. John v. 35), which, like that star, led the "Gentiles" to Christ. (2) We see that prayer consists in "calling" upon God for the supply ("grant") of our wants; that this should be done in much earnestness (beseeching) and in dependence only on the "mercy" of God in "Jesus Christ"; and with the twofold object especially (1) of *learning*, and (2) of *doing*, His will. (3) See 2 Thess. iii. 16; Job v. 23, xxxiv. 29; Prov. xvi. 7; Josh. x. 21; Exod. xi. 7; Rom. viii., end of verse 31. (4) Observe in both collects "Almighty and Everlasting," and "mercifully"; and see in the "Gospel," referred to the "power" (twice) displayed in healing at once by a "word," and the "compassion" or "mercy" displayed as being ready to do so at once.

**Buried Truth:** See Amos ii. 16, and learn from it (perhaps that the Saviour was forsaken at the time of His apprehension even by the most "courageous" (whoever that was) of all His disciples.

**BURIED TRUTHS.**

THE Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from January to June inclusive is awarded to—

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The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Puzzle Corner: picnic, unto, zephyr, Zion, lane, ever.

II. PUZZLE WORDS.—Eye, Bob, ere, tat, dad, noon.

III. SQUARE WORDS.—

H O M E  
O P E N  
M E N V  
E N V Y

IV. HIDDEN NAMES.—George, Arthur, William, Fred, Annie, Ellen.

V. CONUNDRUMS.—

1. When it's in the stable.
2. Because the bed won't go to the boy.
3. Ourselves.

VI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Courtship, Marriages: Cam, Oceana, Ur, river, ti, saga, hog, infinite, press.

VII. CHARADE.—Marching.

VIII. RIDDLE.—Page.

IX. PIE.—Hey diddle, diddle, etc.

X. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Queen, Reign: queer, ultimate, ennuï, egg, nation.

XI. HIDDEN PERSONS.—Bishop, canon, vicar, curate.

XII. CONUNDRUMS.—

4. The baby.
5. She is sweet, they are sweets.
6. Gas is often turned on, and water is often turned off.

XIII.—JUMBLED PROVERBS.—

1. "Time and tide wait for no man."
2. "Time flies."
3. "Never despair."

XIV. DECAPITATION.—Nottingham: not, ham.

XV. SQUARE WORDS.—

P O S T  
O B O E  
S O O N  
T E N T

XVI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Happy, Homes: hatch, ago, palm, please, yes.

XVII. RIDDLE.—Penknife.

XVIII. SQUARE WORDS.—

P I G  
I D A  
G A P

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXV. CONUNDRUMS.

10. Why is a lady like a locomotive?
11. What bird has more than two legs?
12. Why is the letter F perpetually in trouble?

XXVI. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An architect's delight.
  2. A lady's name.
  3. A musical composition.
  4. A town in Ireland.
1. A rope.
  2. A notion.
  3. Close by.
  4. Best way to get a living.

1. No place like it.
2. Not a square.
3. The postman's aid.
4. A lady's name.

XXVII. ENIGMA.

When I'm alive and growing  
I'm spelt with letters five;  
But letters three  
Suffice for me  
When I no longer thrive;  
Alive, my colour charms the eye;  
When dead, they stack me high and  
dry!

WHAT YOU CAN DO.—There is one thing the labourer can do to raise himself in civil station, moral growth, and domestic comfort; he may empty the jug into the bucket; he and his family may consume in solids, what they now do in frothy liquors. —ELIOT BERRITT.

①



"What's this thing?"

②



"Is it a dolly?"

③



"Or is it a—?"

④



"Fix-a-z-z!!!"

### CURIOSITY SATISFIED: A PICTURE STORY FOR THE LITTLE TROTS.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

—•—

#### St. Matthew (September 21st).

"COME, Saviour, as in days of old;  
Pass where the world has strongest hold  
And faithless care and selfish greed  
Are thorns that choke the holy seed.

Who keep Thy gifts, O bid them claim  
The steward's, not the owner's name;  
Who yield all up for Thy dear sake,  
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake."

CANON BRIGHT.

## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

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.*

## IX.—AUGUSTINE AND CHURCH LAW.

**T**HE Church having been founded, organised, and endowed in the kingdom of Kent, and having acquired a publicly recognised position as a separate, independent, and self-governing community, maintaining a certain relationship to the State, Augustine deemed it wise to obtain for the Church, with respect to all these and other particulars, the definite recognition and protection of written law.

Thus he, no doubt, was the moving spirit who influenced King Ethelbert to take action in legislating on this matter.

In accordance with the suggestions which, we may well believe, were made by Augustine, Ethelbert summoned a Council of his wise men, and with their sanction made certain decrees "after the Roman Model."

These decrees were written out in the English tongue, and chiefly concerned the protection of the property and privileges of the Church Bishops and Clergy.

As Ethelbert and his Council of wise men could know nothing of "judicial decrees after the Roman Model," except what they had learnt on the subject from Augustine and his companions, we may safely assume that although Ethelbert and his Witan, as the legislative authority of the kingdom, made the decrees, such decrees were both suggested and formulated or drawn up in legal form by Augustine.

Thus Augustine was really the founder of English Ecclesiastical Law, which for centuries protected the property rights and privileges of the Church and regulated her relations with the State.

The laws so made by Ethelbert and his Council of wise men at the instance of Augustine, would, no doubt, receive additions as time went on, to meet the rapid extension and expansion of the Church and the growingly extended and increasingly intimate and complicated relations between the Church and the State in the several converted kingdoms.

That this was so will be seen from the fact that, as early as about the year 693, King Ine of Wessex summoned a Council

of his wise men, with certain Bishops and a great number of the Clergy, to enact laws, which laws affected, not only the Church, her rights, privileges, and property, but prescribed and regulated for her members various points of conduct and discipline.

Thus, amongst other things, they enforced the baptism of infants within thirty days from their birth; the cessation from work on Sunday; the strict observance of their religious rules by the inmates of religious houses; the payment of certain Church dues at the appointed times. They also prohibited in certain cases slavery, and safeguarded the privilege of sanctuary.

Later on, in 696, Wihtred, King of Kent, held a Council of his wise men at Bearsted, near to Maidstone, at which, amongst other things, it was declared that the Clergy, without compulsion and of their own free will, should reverence, and pray for, their King. The penalty for violating Church property was to be the same as that for violating the property of the King. Unchastity was to be ecclesiastically punished. Slaves were to be emancipated before the altar. A Bishop, like the King, was to be excused from taking the oath in giving evidence, and a deacon or priest, if accused of any offence, was to clear himself by appearing before the altar and using the Pauline formula "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not"; while laymen were to clear themselves by taking an oath before the altar.

The laws of Wihtred further forbade that any layman should violate any portion of Church property that had been dedicated to God, and ordained that a Bishop should be supreme in making appointments to vacant abbacies of monasteries within his Diocese.

Succeeding Bishops and Kings, in their different Dioceses and Kingdoms, held Councils, composed of the leading laity and Clergy, for the purpose, on points necessary, of revising and adding to the laws of the Church, until such laws became so elaborate that almost every ecclesiastical occasion or event that could happen was provided for.

surroundings, and as many as have visited the Cathedral have been much impressed with the beauty both of the building and the grounds, and say that our people are justly proud of their fine church.

WE again welcome the Normal School students to our midst. Twenty-five of them belong to the church, and we trust to see them regular attendants at our services, both at the Parish Church and the Cathedral. There is a Bible class, on Sunday afternoons, in connection with the Sunday school, conducted by Principal Mullin, and another on Friday evenings, taught by Rev. Sub-Dean Whalley, to which the students are cordially invited. The brotherhood of St. Andrew will rejoice to have the young men join it.

THE Synod will meet in Fredericton on October 6th, when our people will have another opportunity of shewing their hospitality and Christian fellowship. It is now four years since the Synod assembled here. And while we believe that good has resulted from the holding of the Church's legislative body in other centres, still it is time that it returned to its natural home, the Cathedral City.

THE Diocesan Church Society will come to an end on January 1, 1898, and the Synod will then be the only source of legislation and administration within the Diocese. This will mean a saving of time, energy, and means, with a concentration of working power. To many of the older members of the Church the change will be a cause

of regret. But it can work no diminution of their loyalty to the Church, or their love and support of her great objects.

A CONVENTION of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in Halifax on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 1st, 2d and 3d of October. The Dean intends to be present, if possible. It is likely that two, if not three, delegates will be sent from the Chapters in and about Fredericton.

THE Cathedral Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew meets on the 1st and 3d Friday in each month. It is earnestly requested that every member will be present on Friday 17th, to consider the sending of a delegate to the Halifax convention.

THE Sub-Dean's Bible class for young women is held every Friday evening at 7.30 in the Cathedral vestry. The Dean's Bible class for women will be resumed after the meeting of the Synod.

WITH few exceptions, all subscriptions to the monthly are now paid; those who have not yet sent in the amount, are requested to do so.

**BORN OF WATER AND OF THE SPIRIT.**

- Aug. 2 — Thomas Edward, son of George and Hannah Styran.
- Aug. 4. — Jeannie Annetta, daughter of William and Caroline Timms.
- Aug. 6. — Nora Lilian Crouch Dale, adult.
- Aug. 30. — Marguerite Ethneen, daughter of Harlem and Margaret West.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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