

Tom. Blott

JARVIS, ONT.

VOL. III.

⇒ September, 1902. ⇐

NO. 9.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HAGERSVILLE

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

JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

JARVIS

The Coronation service was held on the proper day, Saturday, Aug. 9th, and was well attended. The form of prayer prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury was used, and all the special hymns were sung. The sermon dealt chiefly with the religious aspect of the Abbey ceremonial, and contained much interesting information of an historical nature. The church was appropriately decorated. Rev. Arthur Francis of St. Cayuga took a part of the service; and Miss Eva Taylor of St. James' church, Guelph, acted as organist. The occasion will long be remembered by those present. A memento of it has been prepared in the form of a photograph of the interior of St. Paul's. This can be inserted in the souvenier form of service, and thus the parishioners will have a picture of their own church as well as that of the Abbey.

On Sunday, the 10th of Aug., the incumbent preached in St. Paul's church, Dunnville, as well as conducted service in both churches of Rev. Arthur Francis' parish, the latter clergyman officiating in Jarvis, where he is always warmly welcomed. On the following Sunday, the 17th of Aug., the incumbent took duty at Port Robinson and Fonthill, his son, Rev. E. P. S. Spencer, exchanging with him. On Sunday, the 24th, he preached in St. Saviour's church, Detroit, Mich., U. S., he having gone to that city to visit his sister and other relatives. Rev. R. Herbert of Port Dover took the duty in Jarvis. On the 31st Rev. J. R. Newell of Markdale, diocese of Huron, preached both morning and evening in St. Paul's. Such occasional changes are good for both clergy and people.

To the sum cleared by the Willing Workers' recent social may be added \$1.00, the profit on the sale of ten W. W. book-rests. A few of these useful articles are still to be obtained, price 35 cents.

The editor has received answers to Bible puzzles III and V, July, and IV and V August, from Roy Peacock.

Harvest thanksgiving services will be held D. V., on Sunday, the 21st of Sept., the preacher being Rev. W. E. White of Cayuga.

HAGERSVILLE.

During the absence of the incumbent the Sunday services were taken by Mr. C. Bourne of Jarvis, The Rev. C. L. Ingles, St. Mark's, Toronto, and Mr. H. Arrell, Caledonia.

The Womans' Auxiliary are busy in preparation for a Bazaar and concert to be held about the middle of September.

On Sunday, August 24, the Rev. A. J. Broughall of St. Stephen's church, Toronto, preached to large congregations both morning and evening.

Mrs. Broughall, on Wednesday, August 27th addressed a large meeting of the W. A. at the residence of Miss Almas, on "The ideal of a Christian woman."

THE PARISH OF HAGERSVILLE.

Little more than a mere outline can be given of our history, on account of the scarcity and meagreness of the parochial records. The first missionary in this part of the country was the Rev. B. C. Hill, who, about 1850 held monthly services in the old school house situate on the plank road between Hagersville and Ballsville. Mr. Hill, who is always referred to with admiration by those who remember him, ministered at one time to Caledonia, York, Cayuga, Nanticoke, Jarvis and Hagersville. The Reverend Solmon Briggs succeeded Mr. Hill and served the parish from 1858-1864. He, in turn, was succeeded by the Rev. Jas. Morton (1864-1868), who is now living in retirement in Toronto.

In 1868 the Rev. John Francis entered on the incumbency of Nanticoke, Cheapside, Jarvis, and Hagersville. During his tenure our present church was built on the property given to the parish by David Almas, J. P. On a stormy day in March, 1870, the church was formally opened. Despite the storm, large numbers were present from the surrounding country. The Revs. Messrs. Irwin and Green followed Mr. Francis in succession each for a short period after which Dr. Gabriel Johnson for about 10 years held the rectory of Jarvis and Hagersville, which during Mr. Francis' incumbency were constituted a separate Parish.

In 1889 the Rev. Robinson Gardiner became rector, and he in turn was followed by the Rev. F. C. Piper in 1896. In August, 1899, the Reverend P. L. Spencer, the present rector of Jarvis, began his work in this field. During his tenure the debt on the church was wiped off and the edifice was formally consecrated by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on Jan. 6, 1900. For a long time the need of a resident clergyman had been felt in Hagersville, the work in the combined parish being found too great a tax on the energy and resources of the most willing, consequently in 1901 an effort was made to secure the constitution of Hagersville into a separate parish and to provide for a resident clergyman. This resulted in the appointment of the Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, who entered on his duties as first incumbent of Hagersville on November 3rd, 1901.

All Saint's Church, a view of which appears on the cover, is a well built red brick structure, all the appointments of which are good. It contains an excellent pipe organ, and the sanctuary is furnished with a fine brass book-rest for the holy table and a beautifully wrought alms-dish of the same material. The desire of clergyman and congregation is to complete the parish equipment by the erection of a parsonage and a S. S. building.

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THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

Specially drawn for "The Church Magazine" by W. J. CARPENTER, R.C.A.

Engraved by G. LYDON.



WORRY.

*A Meditation for
the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity
(September 15).*

BY THE REV. ANTHONY C. DEANE, M.A.

THERE is a sentence in to-day's Gospel which, as it stands in the older translation of our Bible, must have perplexed many generations of thoughtful Christians. "Take therefore," it runs, "no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Worded thus, the command seems in direct contradiction to our Lord's teaching in other passages—the parable of the Unjust Steward, for example, wherein foresight is specially commended—and to be opposed also to His actual practice. Right up to the end of His earthly life He was continually "taking thought for the morrow"; even on the Cross He made provision for His Mother's future. When, however, we turn to the more accurate Revised Version, we find the words re-translated thus: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself." Be not anxious—that is, do not anticipate evil; in a word, do not worry.

Put in this way, the advice may seem more intelligible, and yet may appear by no means easy to follow. "How am I to help worrying?" may be the reply. "I am like a merchantman who has sent his ships across the sea, and I cannot help feeling anxious about their safe arrival in port. Nor is it only for my own future that I am anxious. Worry, surely, is in some degree a sign of unselfishness. There are my friends, my relations, my children, in whose welfare I am keenly interested. When there comes some critical moment in their lives, how can I avoid anxiety about them? That is impossible advice; you might as well tell me not to feel hungry. Unless I am to have no aspirations for my own future, no hopes or fears for the futures of those dear to me, I must continue to be anxious for the morrow."

Is not this, or something like it, the reply that most of us, half-unconsciously, perhaps, make to the command given us by Christ? Plainly, it cannot be the right one; so let us reconsider His words afresh.

First, we shall all agree that if we could cease to worry, it would be better for us in every way. It is a common saying that worry does no good, but this is only half the truth. Worry does a great deal of actual harm. It weakens body and soul alike. We hear it said sometimes that So-and-so was "killed by worry." In a sense, that may be literally true; any doctor will tell you that worry of mind reacts on the body, predisposing it to disease, and often retarding recovery from illness. Moreover, it injures the soul by unfitting it for present action. The temptations come which have to be resisted, the opportunities for good which have to be seized, but the person who is spending his time in brooding over the future is unready to cope with the necessities of the present. And the much-worried person neither gets much enjoyment out of life himself, nor does he contribute to the happiness of others. In every way, then, worry is a bad thing. But how are we to get free of it?

There are only two ways of doing this. One of them is to become utterly indifferent about the future, to give ourselves wholly to the joys of the moment, to eat and drink, regardless of the fact that to-morrow we die. It need hardly be said that this is not a right or a wise method. The other simply is to make our faith and trust in God more real. Worry, in a Christian, is not the sign of an unselfish longing for the happiness of those we love; it is the sign of a deficient faith. To carry all your anxieties for the morrow to God in prayer, to lay in simple confidence before Him the needs of yourself and of all whom you love—to do this, not, so to speak,

on the off-chance that your prayer will be heard, but with the absolute certainty that no word of true prayer ever was or ever will be uttered in vain—that, and that alone, is the right method. Having done it, we shall await the morrow in tranquil content. Perhaps God's answer will not be the one which, in our blindness, we ourselves should have chosen, none the less shall we feel certain that it is the best, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

"Be not anxious for the morrow—be anxious rather," our Lord seems to tell us, "for to-day.

Give your whole strength and thought to using it well. It has its own opportunities and tasks which are slipping away; seize and use them before they be gone for ever. The morrow will be anxious for itself; will bring in turn its own duties, sorrows and joys. Perhaps the particular evil you dread will never come at all; in any case, leave the future unhesitatingly to God. Pray to Him about it, but pray still more for strength to fulfil the duties of to-day; pray that, in the fullest sense of the words, He will give you this day your daily bread."

WALKING ON THE WATER.

By HECTOR MAINWARING.



RANATRA

THE nineteenth century was distinguished by an enormous development of the power of locomotion; it was the era of the steamship and the railway train. The Rev. J. G. Wood, in one of his interesting books, shows that a large number of modern inventions for the saving of labour and of time were

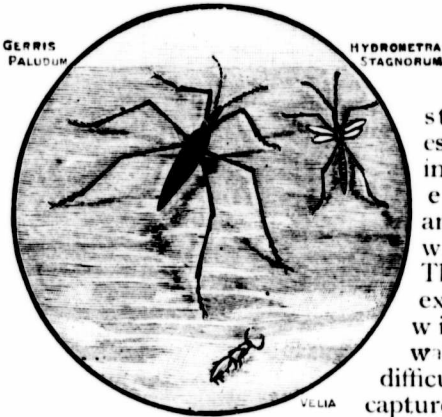
anticipated by nature. Three inventions of the close of the last century are the motor car, the aerial ship, and the submarine boat, and doubtless all three furnish evidence of the knowledge and skill of man. But devices like these are the commonplaces of insect life. Nature furnishes the working models; nay, rather, they are all infringements of nature's patents.

All locomotion, in air, or land, or in water, is merely the development of the instinctive action of walking, flying or swimming; walking being as a rule confined to the land, flying pertaining to the air, and swimming to the water. But there is one form of progression, the property of insects, which with trifling exceptions has not been copied by any other animal—namely, that of walking on the water. Ships are said to float on the sea, but as a matter of fact their hulls are to a large extent under water. The lightest swimming bird does not float on the surface of the water, but is, like the ship, partly submerged. But a race of creatures, despised even among insects, have this wonderful power, and skim what is to them the

great deep with perfect ease and safety. "Base things of the world and things that are despised" have been selected to be the recipients of this remarkable faculty. They have not been thought worthy to receive an English name, but they are relatives of the water boatmen which float in ponds and row themselves about on their backs, of the aphids which plagues the gardener, and of a still more unpopular insect whose very name had better remain unwritten.

The great order of insects to which these creatures belong contains eighteen thousand species, and is known as the *Hemiptera*. It is distinguished by a mouth consisting of a movable beak, has usually four wings, the outer pair being horny except at the ends, and the young bear a strong resemblance to their parents.

Out of all this vast host only one family of about two hundred species have the power of walking on the water. Some of these are fresh water insects, and others are marine. They are by no means all constructed on the same plan. A common British species differs little in form from its cousins which live on the land, being short and comparatively thick. Nevertheless it is quite at home on the surface of the water, and moves its legs in the same order and with the same ease as if it were walking on the solid earth. Another species, known as *Hydrometra* or the water-measurer, is a much more remarkable insect, being long and thin both in body and legs, and resting on the water on its feet with the lightness of a feather. It is fortunate that its weight does not break the thin film of the surface, for it is unable to swim, and if it falls through is easily drowned. These water-measurers and other allied species are found all over the world, and in summer



time are plentiful in streams, especially in their eddies and backwaters. They are extremely wide awake and difficult to capture with-

out a net, running away with great rapidity at the slightest alarm.

I have a vivid recollection of a swarm I saw skimming the river Loup in France on a morning in spring some years ago. They were in a backwater where the stream formed a little bay, and could, apparently, be easily seized by the hand. But the slightest shadow or movement sent them out of reach, and, having no net, I was completely baffled. I applied pressure. Pelting the stream outside with stones, I endeavoured to drive them ashore, and actually succeeded in forcing them to the edge of the sand; but the moment the hand went down they went off, and half-an-hour's work left me hot, and the water-measurers as cool as cucumbers and quite safe from capture.

Although the species of these queer insects are so few in number (for two hundred are a mere drop in the bucket), they have spread themselves over the whole world. As a rule, they dress in sombre colours, chiefly black or dark brown, lightening the gloom of their dark robes by a layer of fine silvery hairs on the under side. They are either destitute of wings or have wings ill adapted for flight. In many species the hind legs are of enormous length, but the use of this prolongation is not very clear. Some of them jump on the water as well as swim in it, but as a rule they simply walk or run. The first-mentioned resemble in their movements certain spiders, which float about on rafts, and leap from them on to the surface of the water to secure their prey. There is this difference, however, between the spiders and the insects, that the spiders only walk on the water for special purposes, while the insects spend their lives upon it.

Many insects live in ponds and in rivers, and a few have succeeded in establishing themselves on the shores of the sea below high-water mark, but usually they steer clear of deep water.

About fifteen species of our water-measurers, however, have launched out into the deep. They are odd-looking insects, about a quarter of an inch in length, with short front legs, longer middle legs, and hind legs four times as long as the whole body. As far as can be ascertained many of them never see the land, while others are found near the shore, and some even on dry land. It is a question whether they can be called good sailors, for, although they disport themselves on the sea with great agility during calm weather, they go below as soon as it becomes ruffled. The females have a curious habit of carrying about their eggs after they are laid, but there is doubtless good reason for this. If the eggs were simply dropped into the sea they would inevitably be drowned, and there is no dry land on which to place them. Consequently, the mother keeps a sharp look-out for a feather or piece of floating wood which can be used as a cradle, and feathers have been picked up far out on the ocean laden with eggs.

These insects make the time pass as pleasantly as possible on the monotonous ocean by keeping close together, and storms do not affect them, for they are excellent divers, and manage to go deep enough to avoid all dangers from furious waves. According to Dr. Sharp, not much is known of the food of these creatures, but they are said to eat the bodies of small animals, and to refresh themselves when they are able with the juices of jelly fish.

It is a strange thing that insects should be endowed with this curious power of walking on the surface of the water, but there can be no doubt that there they are quite at home and able to earn their living with ease. Nature has fitted them well for the situation they are intended to fill.

OLD RADNOR CHURCH.

BY L. DEBENHAM.

THE border county of Radnorshire is, as yet, little known to the tourist, but, in spite of its diminutive size, small population, and lack of big manufacturing centres, there are very many places of great historical and antiquarian interest in its flowery valleys and on its wild, breezy hills.

Many churches of much beauty and antiquity are to be found, and can easily be reached by the enterprising cyclist on extremely good, though often hilly, roads.

About five miles from the pretty little town of Kington, Herefordshire, stands, on a rocky height, the beautiful church of Old Radnor, or



Pen-y-craig (which signifies "the head of the rock").

After a somewhat stiff climb up a hill to the left of the road from Kington to New Radnor, at a little village called Walton, the tourist will find himself at the church, which stands on a rocky eminence, the neat schoolhouse and a few picturesque cottages below. The church and churchyard are built upon solid rock, and when it is necessary to make a grave the rock has to be blasted. A splendid view is commanded from the churchyard.

The bold outlines of Radnor Forest (which is wild moorland, purple with heather in late summer) extend as far as the eye can see in one direction; in the other lie fertile valleys, green meadows and woods rich with wild flowers. The air is singularly fresh and invigorating.

As one enters the beautiful little church a most curious font strikes the eye. It appears to be a block of solid stone, worn away in many places by stress of time.

There are several monuments dedicated to the memory of the Lewis family (whose residence, Harpton Court, is about two miles from the church), and notably that of the great statesman, Sir George Cornwall Lewis. On the same wall is a monument to the memory of Thomas Lewis, of Harpton Court, who died at the ripe age of eighty-three, "having represented this borough in eight successive parliaments, from the year 1714 to 1768."

A curious old stone, with a singularly shaped cross upon it, lies just in front of the chancel steps.

The screen, which is of oak, and of the most exquisite and delicate carving, extends the whole length of the church. It is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful screens extant, one side of it only being represented in the accompanying photograph.

In the Lady Chapel, or second aisle, is a large monument erected to one of the Lewis family, with a quaint inscription, date 1777: a female

figure leans upon an urn, on which are the words:—

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that they are past as a watch in the night."

There is a handsome east window representing the Crucifixion and other scenes in the life of our Lord; and also of that of the first martyr, St. Stephen.

The pews and fittings in the church are all of handsome oak.

In the vestry are two quaint old oak chests, and in a small inner chamber is a strange old panel. Upon it are representations in colour of Aaron and Moses, the former in his high-priest's robes, the latter with a halo on his head, after the descent from the Mount; over them are winged cherubim. Here also is a quaint window with a representation of "St. Katharina" in coloured glass.

The church has an embattled tower, and a staircase turret on the north-west side, which may be easily ascended; and the extensive and beautiful outlook from the summit well repays the climb. Tradition assigns to Old Radnor a castle or palace, the remains of which still exist in a field to the south side of the churchyard, from which it is separated by a road. This spot is surrounded by a deep ditch or moat, which was evidently the keep of the ancient castle.

A second church is annexed to the benefice of Old Radnor, and is some miles distant. This church is mentioned in Domesday Book as "*Querenture*," now known as "*Kinnerton*."

The vicinity of Old Radnor abounds with crystalline limestone, and on the roadside between the village and Kington rises a striking and picturesque group of rocks, called "*The Stanner Rocks*." These rocks are of very peculiar form, their hollows bright with wild flowers; they were known in bygone times by the name of "*The Devil's Garden*."



MACK THE MISER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., *Rector of S. John's, Ljmerick.*

Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," "The Lost Sheep," "Little Tapers," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MACK LOSES HIS TEMPER.



AS soon as the door had shut upon their entrance, Mack caught Bertha's two hands in his own. "How kind of you to come!" he he said, with excitement hardly controlled; "how gentle and forgiving! I could not sleep one wink for fear of having lost

my poetry, and the music was gone out of it. I tried to think and my thoughts frightened me. Oh, Bertha, when you want to punish me, choose any way of punishment but one. Don't stay away from me, don't forsake me."

They were standing in the dark hall, almost invisible one to another. But knowing the map of his face Bertha could half conjecture its expression. Besides, the feverish flashes of his eyes came like the break of a dark sea, while the hands that held her own were hot and dry, and moved convulsively.

The girl was surprised and a little afraid. A thought like a meteor shot across her mind, leaving her heart flurried and fitful. Could it be that . . . ? She shut the thought off and her cheeks flamed at its folly.

"Oh, when I want to punish you," she answered, "I'll think of something mutually agreeable. What would you say to the thumb-screw, for example?"

"It would be better than the rack," he said; "but, come upstairs. You have brought your brother. I see, you know the way now."

"It is not my brother," Bertha said, as she stumbled in the wake of Mack; "it is Mr. Harcourt, our new rector."

In the clatter of ascending steps, her words were, perhaps, inaudible. When the upper landing had been gained, Mack turned round with a smile upon his face.

"Is this the youth," he said, "who makes Aunt Sallies of his peaceful neighbours?" and he held out his hand with a little friendly flourish.

Mr. Harcourt crunched it—harder than he knew, as people with muscular fingers will.

"You flatter me too much," he said. "I have little claim to youth, I fear, and none to the other distinction. No; I have given up Aunt Sally."

Mack stared with his short-sighted eyes, then pulled his hand away.

"I have not," he said, frostily, "the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Mr. Harcourt laid a hand upon Mack's shoulder. "No," he said, serenely, "but you are going to have it."

"You must excuse me," Mack answered, following the clergyman, who had walked past him into the room. "I make no new friends."

Mr. Harcourt took a chair.

"Is not that rather a pity," he said.

"I don't think so. But it is certainly a pity when people don't see. . . ."

Bertha touched his arm with a deprecating gesture, but he pushed her hand impatiently aside.

"That they are not wanted," he completed the sentence with a snap and a frowned almost fiercely.

"But, my dear sir," said the rector, imper- turbably. "I see that perfectly well."

Mack put on his spectacles and surveyed him with critical hostility.

"Then why don't you go?" he asked.

"Because there's another side to the ques- tion. You don't want me, but I want you. Mr. Mack, I've come to ask you to do me a great favour."

"Then you are wasting your time."

"Oh, that does not matter."

"Possibly not. But you are wasting mine also, and that does matter."

"No, I am not wasting your time. Mr. Mack, I want you to help me. It is never waste of a man's time to tell him that. There is some-

thing in the mere request that clutches at the good in a man's heart. I believe, in asking people Ask them hard enough, and often enough, and you will get them."

"You won't get *me*," was Mack's answer.

"Not at first, perhaps, but you will come in time. You are a good man, Mr. Mack. I don't know your story, nor ask to know it, but I see you have had a great sorrow. You have been wounded, and you have crept away from the herd. That, perhaps, was the best thing to do—for a time, but only for a time. The wilderness may assuage the hurt, but it is the crowd that heals it. Come and help me a little in my parish. I want help, badly, badly. Take up the world's sorrow and lay down your own."

"I will help you," said Bertha.

"And I *won't*," Mack turned upon the rector angry, obstinate eyes. "Lead captive silly women if you will," he flashed upon Bertha a look of infinite scorn; "but leave the men alone."

"No; it's the sensible women that I want, and the sensible men, too. Good-bye, Mr. Mack; you will shake hands, won't you?"

Mack put his hands behind his back.

"May I call again?"

"Certainly. As often as you like. In future I shall put the chain on the door."

"Oh," said Bertha, "I am glad to know that. It will save me the trouble of calling."

"Exactly," Mack made answer.

With no more speech between the friends, and only a word or two from the imperturbable rector, the three descended the stairs.

With her head high and an angry light in her eyes, Bertha stepped into the street.

She did not turn her head when a curt "Good-bye" reached her, nor when it came again, with a shy, sulky entreaty, "Good-bye, Bertha."

She was full of indignation, and believed she did well to be angry.

"He was abominably rude," she burst out, as she walked by the rector's side.

"Certainly he did not err on the side of cringing servility."

"I can't understand it. What could be his motive?"



"I HAVE NOT," HE SAID FROSTILY, "THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE."

The rector half-turned. "Oh, nobody could guess," he said, with a swift, humorous glance.

The girl's colour deepened, with a dim suggestion of intelligence.

"I don't understand," she said, and quite truthfully, for the suggestion fell back upon her mind.

"Oh," said the rector, gently, "you have been very kind to him; and people, when they have few friends, do not like to share them."

They had now reached Bertha's door. "Will you not come in?" she said.

"Not now, thank you. I am due at a

meeting. But may I come very soon, and ask you for a great many things?"

"I am afraid there are few things that I can give."

"I don't think so," said the rector, "I think you are going to be one of my best helpers."

He raised his hat, smiled his bright surprise of a smile, and walked quickly away.

Full of thoughts, Bertha knocked and entered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECTOR'S RECRUITS.



FOR the next few days, in spite of piteous appeals passed under the door at mysterious hours, Bertha turned her back upon the miser. She was hurt and angry and out of all patience. So she went about her household work with diligence, and wrote long letters

to her mother, and did her best to harmonize the rather discordant family.

Cyril was now quite on her side, a help instead of a hindrance; but Sidney stood morosely aloof, resenting all counsel, suspicious of all advances. Since, however, the battle for the cigarette, he had ceased to be the master spirit. "Come, none of your cheek," Cyril would say, as emergencies arose, "you know I can whop you." It was quite true; in bitterness of spirit Sidney did know it. The only confidence he ever made to Bertha bore upon that knowledge. Cyril had gone to bed with a pain caused by geography—or fruit. Kate was out. Bertha went into the kitchen. There, performing mysterious evolutions with the weights of the kitchen balance, Bertha discovered Sidney.

"What in the world are you doing?" she asked.

"Training to wollop Cyril," answered Sidney, amid punches and grunts of tremendous energy. "I wish I could have my meat a little raw."

"How can you speak like that?" said Bertha, turning away to hide a smile; "why can't you be friends and brothers?"

"Oh, we're friends and brothers all right. But, don't you see? I bossed him all along. Only three weeks ago I got him down and sat on him for nearly twenty minutes. It was there," said Sidney, moved by the memory; and he pointed to the coal-hole.

A sense of humour is sometimes a difficulty. Bertha had to keep silence.

At last she turned upon Sidney, who had fallen back into his posturings.

"I'll tell you what," she said, "you'll never beat anybody while you smoke cigarettes. You'll be a pasty, flabby old man, with a shaky hand and a weak nerve, and no digestion at all."

"Sure, I don't want any digestion," Sidney answered, resting and breathing hard; "and I don't mind about paste and flab; but I shouldn't like my hand to shake."

"You'll shake all over if you smoke cigarettes."

"All right," said Sidney, with sudden cheerfulness. "I don't mind. Twist's only three-pence. I'll smoke a pipe."

Again Bertha had to turn away. In a moment, however, she pursued the argument.

"No, no, Sidney. The cigarette is the worst, perhaps, but all smoking is bad for boys. When you have stopped growing; when your constitution is built up; when you are a man, smoke if you like and can afford it. But for a boy—a boy of thirteen——"

"Fourteen in ten months," Sidney corrected.

"Well, fourteen if you like; it is slow suicide."

Sidney growled in solemn meditation.

"He hasn't any science," he said, "but he's longer in the reach, and stronger, and he don't mind punishment. He just rushes in and breaks down your guard."

"Science," said Bertha, "surely you both learn science, and Cyril has had no punishment of late. But he should not get into trains like that."

Sidney laughed with such hearty expression that Bertha had to join him on trust. After that they felt more friendly together. But for Sidney's earnestness much laughter was not timely.

He leaned his back against the wall, thrust out his legs and whistled through his teeth. Suddenly he straightened himself in solemn resolution. His hand searched the pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"Here," he said, producing three cigarettes; "keep these, till I ask you for 'em."

"Right," Bertha answered, "quite right. I'll put them away in my drawer."

"Honour bright," said Sidney, "you won't chuck 'em . . . or smoke 'em?"

"No, I promise."

Then it seemed to come into the boy's head that he had been too compliant. He leaned against the wall again frowning and kicking the wainscote. A clock in the town chimed the half hour. Half-past nine.

That, it had been Bertha's contention, should be the boy's bed-time.

Sidney walked to the door. "I'm going out," he said; and he did—with a bang.

On the whole, however, Bertha was well pleased. For the first time she had moved her stolid brother. If his mind, henceforth were

not open to her or even placed upon the jar, all its bolts would not be drawn against her. It was a beginning, a step, and Bertha was trying to trust to steps.

"Onestepenough," she said, repeating those words which she had made her motto. "Oh, I have never walked in darkness. Always I have seen a place for the next foot."

Then she thought with gratitude of much progress made—of Cyril, kind and docile; of Kate, devoted and sweet; of Sidney, touched by something like a thaw. No doubt there was room for improvement in all three.

But was there not room for improvement in herself?

Oh, she had been helped and led!

She sat down and wrote to her mother a very cheering report.

On the following day—a Friday late in June—Bertha relented towards Mack. Every night had brought a more moving appeal, and she could not steel her heart to further resistance. Besides, if truth must be told, there was a further motive. Without the miser's lumin-

ous exposition her work went haltingly on. And about her work the girl was very anxious. The passing of that examination had been for years her goal. Sacrifices had been made for it, progress had been achieved. To resign the hope of winning it meant for Bertha final defeat. She was apt to take things too hardily, to fix her path too imperiously, to forget too much the Hand that is on us at the Cross Ways. In such a light did she regard then the passing of that examination.

"Ah," she thought, as she knocked at Mack's door, "our motives are mostly magpies—if they are not crows."

With a trembling hand Mack drew her in.

"Thank God," was all that he could say.

Something splashed down upon her wrist, but whence it came was doubtful. She was crying, too.

But Bertha meant to lecture Mack, and she did.

"You were very rude," she said.

"Worse than rude," he answered.

"But what possessed you? It was so nice of him to come—almost before he had called on anybody... and he is so good and . . ."

"How do you know that?" he snapped upon her; and his look was ugly again.

"Because I can see it in his face—because anybody can see it who is not blind—because—"

"Oh, two 'because's' are enough," he sneered. "Your logic is convincing."

"If you do not like my logic, let us get to our Euclid."

He rose and made a place for their sitting. When he turned his face it was quite calm and very gentle.



"KEEP THESE, TILL I ASK YOU FOR 'EM!"

"Forgive me, my sunshine!" he said, "I will not be snappy again."

They worked hard, and swiftly all the dark points were touched with light. It was a wonderful lesson. After its completion they had a pleasant little talk, and then Mack saw her to the door.

"Good-bye," he said; then added with a visible effort, "tell him, when you see him, I'll teach in the Sunday School."

"Oh, will you?" said Bertha, "that will be sweet of you; Mr. Harcourt will be so grateful."

"I don't want his gratitude. It is a matter of paying my debts; I won't be under an obligation to Mr. Harcourt."

"In that case," said Bertha, freezingly, "I think you had better——"

"Oh, don't quarrel with me," he broke in.

"Sunshine doesn't quarrel, violets are always sweet." Then with difficulty he added, "he is a good fellow—I know it."

"And you're good, too," she said, "very good and self-denying. You'll be like a snail out of your shell. I am going to offer my services too. You didn't think of that, did you?"

"Oh! no," he answered, dryly, "that's a thing nobody could think of."

A sudden obstacle came into Bertha's mind.

"But won't it be a little dangerous?" she said; "you'll have to have police protection."

"I won't trouble the police," he said. "If the gentry likes to throw stones, it may. But I think the worst is over; there's no bad case of swallowing little boys against me just now. Besides, I've been about a bit of late. You see, I had to be my own postman."

With that they parted.

On the same afternoon it happened that Mr. Harcourt made his call. Bertha with some elation announced her new recruit.

"But how will he get to the school?" she said. "You know how they batter and besiege him."

"I'll go and fetch him," said Mr. Harcourt, unconsciously buttoning up his coat; "there will be two to batter, and one to batter back."

There was something so irresistible about him that all thought of danger passed from Bertha's mind. Quite comfortable about Mack, she offered her own services.

"Why you are recruit," he said, "and recruiting-serjeant both. I knew you were going to be one of my best helpers. Could we get your brother, I wonder?"

"Oh, do try," said Bertha. "If you could get him into work like that it would keep him—" Bertha stopped short and coloured a little. She felt she must not give her brother away.

"I will try," said Mr. Harcourt; "when could I best see him?"

"I hardly know, he is very little at home."

"Oh! I'll drop on him somewhere," said the Rector, cheerfully, "he is the fish I want, and I'll try my best cast."

* * * * *

When on Sunday morning Bertha entered the school Mr. Harcourt was there, and so was Mack the Miser. She gave him a grateful smile, as she passed by to take charge of her appointed class. It was a small class and a small school.

"Never mind," said Mr. Harcourt, "it'll be larger by-and-bye."

In church, at morning prayers, some one came in a little late and entered the pew behind her. He attended, as Bertha was aware, more to her than to the service. She managed, however, to suggest her disapproval, and his behaviour became impeccable. From that Sunday forwards Mostyn never missed the service.

CHAPTER X.

DICK'S TROUBLES.



DICK'S appearances at church were few and far between. Unless he had a new coat or a particularly eligible tie, the display of which seemed a public duty, the bells mostly rang to him in bed.

As the congregation came out, he was standing on the doorstep without a waist-

coat and with a cigar.

Mostyn had attached himself to Bertha, and as they approached the house Dick called out to

him: "So you mean to win that bet, do you? I suppose, Bertha, he really was in church?"

"Hush," said Bertha, "they will hear."

"Let 'em hear," said Dick, "I don't go in for being a saint."

Bertha looked at him in hardly suppressed anger. "I wouldn't go in for being a cad—quite so publicly."

Mostyn was bursting into an applause laugh, but, gauging Bertha's feelings, he refrained.

"I am not going to rest," he said to Dick, "till I have you a good church-goer."

"Then you'll sit up a jolly long time," Dick answered.

"I can't ask you to dinner, there's nothing fit to eat."

Bertha felt a little annoyed, as Dick probably intended.

Hard work and "Mrs. Beeton" had made a fair cook of her. She turned to Mostyn: "If you will take pot-luck," she said, "I think you will escape the pangs of starvation."

"Oh! may I? May I really stay?"

Mostyn hung up his hat with alacrity, and Bertha led him to the drawing-room, while Dick went away and was heard jingling among bottles. As soon as the door had closed Mostyn began to speak.

"Before Dick comes," he said, "I want to make you understand. Till lately—till we met—my influence with him was not good. I fear I led him into thoughtless ways—no real harm, I hope, but—oh! you'll understand. Your eyes see everything."

"I don't know about that," Bertha answered. "It might be as well that they shouldn't."

"I never saw anyone," Mostyn continued,

so intuitive as you. You understand, don't you, what I wish and mean?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bertha, lifting her large eyes and scanning his face with calm deliberation. "I wish I were, I wish I were. Dick is clay in your hands. He thinks he's upon the box seat, but really he's between the shafts."

Mostyn blinked a little, under her searching gaze. "Your eyes go through one," he said, laughing not quite happily, "like Mauser bullets. I thought," he said, "you were going to trust me."

"We can't make trust," she said: "it is a flower that grows, and grows slowly."

"What can I do?" he said; "what can I do to convince you? Give me a Bible to kiss."

"No," said Bertha, "I do not like that sort of thing. It is irreverent and theatrical."

"Then give me this," he said, and he caught her hand and kissed it.

"If we are to be friends," said Bertha, recovering possession of her hand, "we must be quieter: I don't like scenes out of half-penny romances."

Mostyn's eyes contracted, and his

mouth went very near a snarl. This was at least genuine feeling, and Bertha was glad to see it. Somehow it convinced her of his general sincerity. "I did not mean to be unkind," she said. "I am trying to trust you—trying hard—and I think I shall succeed."

Dick's step was audible without.

"I ask no more," said Mostyn, gravely, and quietly, "I live to win your trust."

Dick, and the smell of dinner, now came in, and Bertha ran away to see that all was right



"I LIVE TO WIN YOUR TRUST."

Her mind was somewhat troubled. Though Mostyn made no claim to more than friendship, his manner certainly suggested more. Regard for the welfare of Dick might lead her into dangerous ways. She grew a little afraid. "To be called a flirt!" she thought: "I should hate that:" and then she blushed and broke into a little laugh. "Dear me," she said, "am I as dangerous as that? I daresay he has hardly noticed me. I am only Dick's sister." But that thought didn't altogether please her. "No, we can all do something," she said to herself, meeting her bright face in the glass. "Here is my chance of helping *two* young men.

It was a very nice little dinner, and Dick was evidently gratified. "It is very kind of you," he said to Mostyn, "to take us in the rough." There was something very ducal in his humility.

That evening Dick looked into church, for about ten minutes. His going-and-coming made Bertha very hot, but this, she hoped, was the seed of better ways. When at her request he stayed in all the evening, her confidence greatly increased. She sang a she ran up to bed, and all the world seemed going well.

And so a peaceful month went by. The holidays, indeed, had come, but the boys gave little trouble. There was cricket on a bit of waste ground, and bathing in the river, and except for their fitful meals they were little at home.

Bertha made up her mind to some irregularity and much cold meat, and really all did capitally.

In the parish Mr. Harcourt was everywhere. The children were coaxed back to school; the

most unlikely folk came forward as helpers. There was a full corps of teachers now, all well drilled by the rector. The choir was gradually gathering shy youths and boys in wonderful collars. There was a clothing club, and a mothers' meeting and a thriving Bible class.

The church population being relatively small there could be no widespread effort. There was no room for the organisation of an English parish. But there was much patching and gathering of dropped stitches. And there were new efforts too. Chief among these was the "Church Lads' Brigade."

Like Father O'Flynn, the rector had a wonderful way with him. Among boys it was *most* wonderful. They could not resist his hand upon their shoulder, his little joke, his friendly voice—"not like a parson's, like another fellow's." Cyril fell a willing prey to him, and Sidney a reluctant one. Every Tuesday night saw them drilling with a will. Cyril even began to read the war news, and threw out little hints to the generals—too often neglected. Sidney was, indeed, sulky and sour, but not so sulky and sour as of old. He had got



"TELL ME WHAT IT IS, DEAR, AND LET ME HELP YOU."

a pair of dumb-bells now, and practised much in the yard. As to their significance, he dropped no further hint, and Bertha hoped the quarrel was forgotten.

Mack continued his lessons, and Mostyn his attendance at church. Bertha was helping a good deal in the parish, and the rector often came for consultations.

So far, however, he had failed to conquer Dick. Dick did, indeed, attend church now-and-then, but that seemed due less to the rector's

than to Mostyn's influence. His moods were variable, and his temper rather trying. Bertha fancied that he was not well. In another fortnight his leave would be coming, and Bertha hoped for benefit from that. He talked of a cycling tour through North Wales, and that was just the thing to set him right.

It was an evening in August. The boys were at their drill. Bertha had been reading in her room. Wanting the second volume of her book, she came downstairs wearing soft slippers and making little sound. The dining-room door was ajar, and she pushed it gently open.

At that moment she became aware of a noise—a noise that frightened her. It was the sound of sobs, hard and half-suppressed. Could the boys have been quarrelling again? Had Sidney really carried out his threat? No, it could not be that; a boy would not sob with such pain and effort. She half drew back, then, as the sound broke out again, this time with a little more abandonment, she walked into the room.

With his arms stretched upon the table, and his face bowed between them, sat her brother Dick. He wore a rose in his light coat, and the end of his little waxed moustache was sharply visible. A more pitiable example of broken jauntiness could scarce have been conceived.

"Oh," he muttered, "I wish I was dead, I wish I was dead. I wish to heaven I was dead."

Suddenly the knowledge of some presence came to him.

With a start he lifted himself, turning on

Bertha a blotched and wretched face.

"Go away," he said, "go away—you coward you miserable spy."

For answer, Bertha ran forward and flung her arms about him.

"No," she said, "when you are in trouble I'll stand by you. Tell me what it is, dear, and let me help you."

He looked at her with a look between surprise and struggling hope. "Good girl!" he said, pressing one of her encircling arms; "I did not think you were like this."

"I don't know what I am like," she answered "but you are Dick and I am Bertha, and we'll stand or fall together. Remember the old days Dick, and let them come back now."

"Dear Bertha," he said, "dear brave Bertha!" Then his face changed, the little flicker of hope died out, and left it wan as a winter dawn.

"It is of no use," he said, "it is all up with me."

"But, Dick, tell me."

He interrupted her, almost savagely. "It is of no use, I tell you. I have sown and I must reap. No one can help me."

"God can," she answered.

"Well, then, He won't, and that's the same thing. Come, don't chatter. Let me get away before the boys come in."

He tried to break away, but she held him back.

"Dick, dear Dick, is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes," he said, "one thing. Hold your tongue about it," and with that he dragged himself free. (To be continued.)

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By K. O. JONES (*Staff Lecturer, Surrey County Council*).

Baked Fish and Sauce.

BAKING fish is the most nourishing and savoury way of cooking it for an invalid, and one of the most economical ways for those in good health, as by this method the whole nutriment of the fish is retained.

Take a piece of cod or hake weighing about one and a half pounds—to be certain it is fresh see that the flesh is firm—thoroughly wash it, and place it on a greased tin, sprinkled with pepper and salt, cover with a greased paper, bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes; when cooked it will present a milky appearance

and the flesh will easily leave the bone; place the fish on a hot dish to drain in front of the fire or in the coolest part of the oven. To serve pour over half a pint of sauce made thus: melt an ounce of dripping in a saucepan, stir in an ounce of flour off the fire till smooth, add half a pint of milk and the liquor from the tin in which the fish was cooked, boil thoroughly for at least three minutes to burst the starch grains and cook the flour, add pepper and salt to taste, and, if liked, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence.



"COLNE ENGAINE."

Music by W. G. CHAS. BELLINGHAM.

To be sung to the words of HYMN 335 A. & M.

mf A - round the Throne of God a band Of glo - rious An - gels ev - er stand ;

cr Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold, *f* And on their heads are crowns of gold. A - men.

- 2. *mf* Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.
- 3. Lord, give Thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
p Their watch around us while we sleep.
- 4. *mf* So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
cres And we shall dwell, when life is past,
f With Angels round Thy Throne at last. AMEN.
REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

THE CURFEW BELL.—II.

By J. E. VAUX, M.A., F.S.A.



It is curious to notice what strange ideas grew up among the vulgar and illiterate around some of the old customs in England. Thus we are told by a contributor to "Hone's Every Day Book," which was brought out early in last century, that at Hoddesden, Hertfordshire, the Curfew Bell (so called) rang on the morning of Shrove Tuesday at four o'clock, after which hour the inhabi-

tants considered themselves at liberty to make and eat pancakes until the bell rung again at eight o'clock at night. So strictly, he says, was this custom observed that after the latter hour not a pancake remained in the town. Akin to this, it is, I believe, no uncommon thing still in some places for a bell to be rung on Shrove Tuesday morning, which is called "The Pancake Bell." It need scarcely be said that this bell is simply a relic of olden days, when it was used as a warning to the

parishioners that the time had come for the faithful to attend the Parish Church, to be shaven before entering upon Lent.

It is not surprising that the ringing of the curfew bell appealed strongly to poetic minds. Already the well-known line with which Gray's "Elegy" begins has been quoted, but there is no lack of similar references. Thus Milton writes:—

"I hear the far off Curfew sound,
Over some wide watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

Shakespeare again refers in "Romeo and Juliet" to the Curfew Bell:—

"The second cock hath crowed,
The Curfew Bell has rang, 'tis three o'clock."

This applies to the morning bell, which in some places was rung in addition to the Curfew proper, and this especially in Scotland. Perhaps Thomson, who was a Scotchman, had both bells in his mind when he wrote in his "Seasons":—

"The shivering wretches at
the Curfew sound,
Dejected sunk into their
sordid bed,
And through the mourn-
ful gloom of ancient
times,
Mused sad, and dream't
of better."

Though Tom Hood described the poet as "Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason," he was not devoid of reason when he wrote the lines above, as most likely few of us at the present day would enjoy being bundled off to bed at nine o'clock.

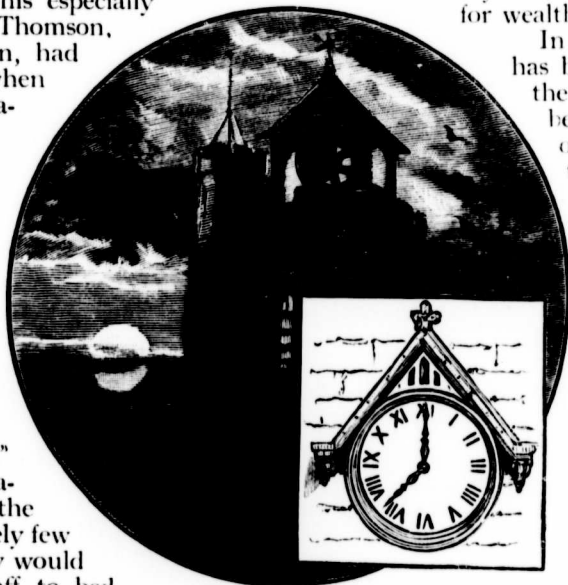
A very special use which the Curfew Bell served in olden times, and which perhaps caused its continuance after its original purpose had become obsolete, was to warn people of the danger of venturing out into the streets late at night. Things are bad enough now in London, notwithstanding our excellent police force, and we scarcely pass a week without hearing of someone who has been robbed of his or her valuables even in broad daylight, and at night, despite the crowds in our chief thoroughfares, thefts from the person are constantly occurring. In olden days the streets of London were infested with footpads, making it totally unsafe for honest people to be about after dark. Indeed I believe that at one time it was deemed criminal for decent folk to be abroad after the ringing of the Curfew.

The continuance of the custom of ringing the Curfew Bell was, no doubt, partly due to its being a convenient method of telling the time of day to those who heard it. As public clocks became more and more common the use of the Curfew Bell gradually died out. It is very difficult indeed to determine with anything like accuracy when such public clocks became common enough to be guides to the people at large and still more difficult is it to determine the date when watches were introduced, though it is quite evident that they were known to Shakespeare, who in "Twelfth Night" makes Malvolio say: "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel." Anyway, for a great number of years after Queen Elizabeth's days, watches could only have been special luxuries for wealthy people.

In connection with what has been said above about the convenience of such bells as have been spoken of as indicators of the time in days of old to those who happened to be within hearing of them, it may be noted that we ourselves, with all our cheap horological conveniences, such as Bee clocks and Waterbury watches, are by no means sorry to be within the sound of the bell of some well-ordered factory which is rung accurately at this or that hour to tell the workpeople

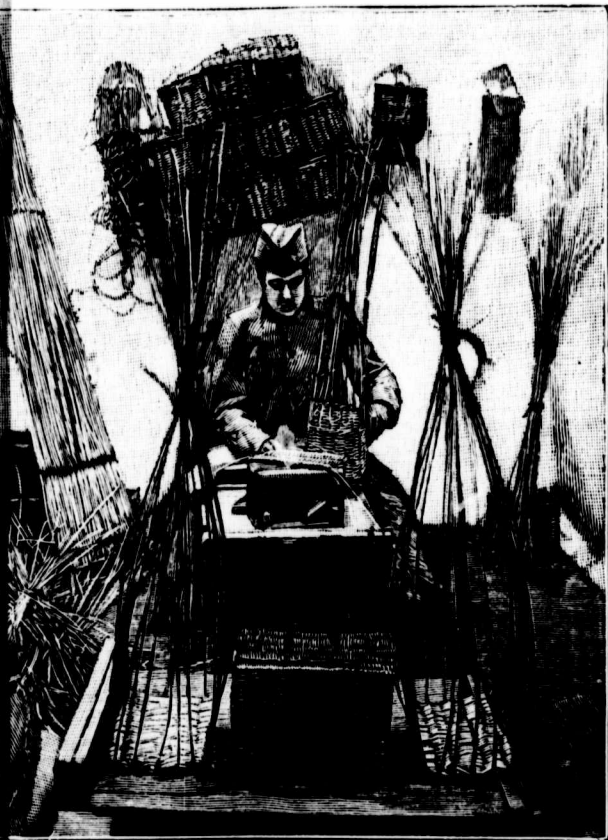
when they may leave for their meals.

Before closing our subject, a word or two must be said about the arrangements which were made in the parishes to secure the due ringing of the Curfew Bell. It would appear that in many instances the wages of the ringers were supplied by testamentary benefactions. Thus one Donne, a London mercer, left money to pay for the ringing of the tenor bell at Bow Church, Cheapside, at 6 a.m. and 9 p.m., while an old historian of Dorsetshire says that at Mappowder, in that county, land was given "to find a man to ring the Morning and Curfew Bell throughout the year." These examples are cited merely as instances of many similar bequests for the like purpose.



EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY IN PRISON.

BY THE REV. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A., *Chaplain to H.M. Prison, Maidstone.*



ments only in which these beneficial changes have been effected, viz., the Educational and the Industrial. The advances with respect to both are at once marked and decisive. As to the education of prisoners, nothing is left undone that can be done to make their residence in prison useful and profitable in the highest sense. Each prisoner who is "eligible" is, on entering, required to pass an examination in reading, writing and arithmetic, conducted by the chaplain, as to whether or not he possesses the requisite knowledge to exempt him from attendance at school. If unable to satisfy the examiner—that is, to pass the Third Standard of the Education Code—he is required to attend school, where he receives regular and systematic instruction in those subjects in which he has been found to be deficient. By and by, when he has been attending some time, the chaplain holds an "Intermediate Examination," when the candidate either passes out or is retained for further instruction until capable of doing so. The results are altogether satisfactory and gratifying, and give an average of something like 50 per cent. of those receiving instruction who make solid progress, and in every way benefit by school attendance. Some come into prison utterly illiterate, and are passed out,

DURING the Victorian era few public institutions have undergone greater, more extensive, far-reaching and beneficial changes than H.M. prisons. Nothing perhaps more strikingly shows the advance that has been made, and the reforms that have taken place in the treatment of crime and the criminal than this fact, that so recently as 1800—only a hundred years ago—death, without benefit of clergy, was the penalty for over 160 offences. The appointment also of chaplains to prisons was made compulsory only in the year 1814. Such scenes in prison life as we read of in Charles Reade's novel, "It is Never too Late to Mend," are now mere curious, antique relics of a distant past, and, in fact, the characters are happily no longer recognisable.

While this improvement or reform refers to everything connected with prison life, I shall limit myself in this article to two depart-

at the expiration of their sentence, capable of reading the New Testament, or some easy reading book, or of writing a letter to sweetheart or the old folk at home. The other week one passed out of prison, who, during his residence, had really got a liking for reading; he had attained to the Third Standard, and was determined to continue the good work thus begun when he went home by attending evening classes. Thus his mental powers had been awakened, and called into healthy activity; in a word, he was beginning to gain a glimpse of what is meant, in the truest sense, by the word education. It was once said by one of profound wisdom, "I consider that it is on instruction and education that the future security and direction of the destiny of every nation chiefly and fundamentally rests." I have great hopes of permanent good results from the solid work now done in prison in the department of education.

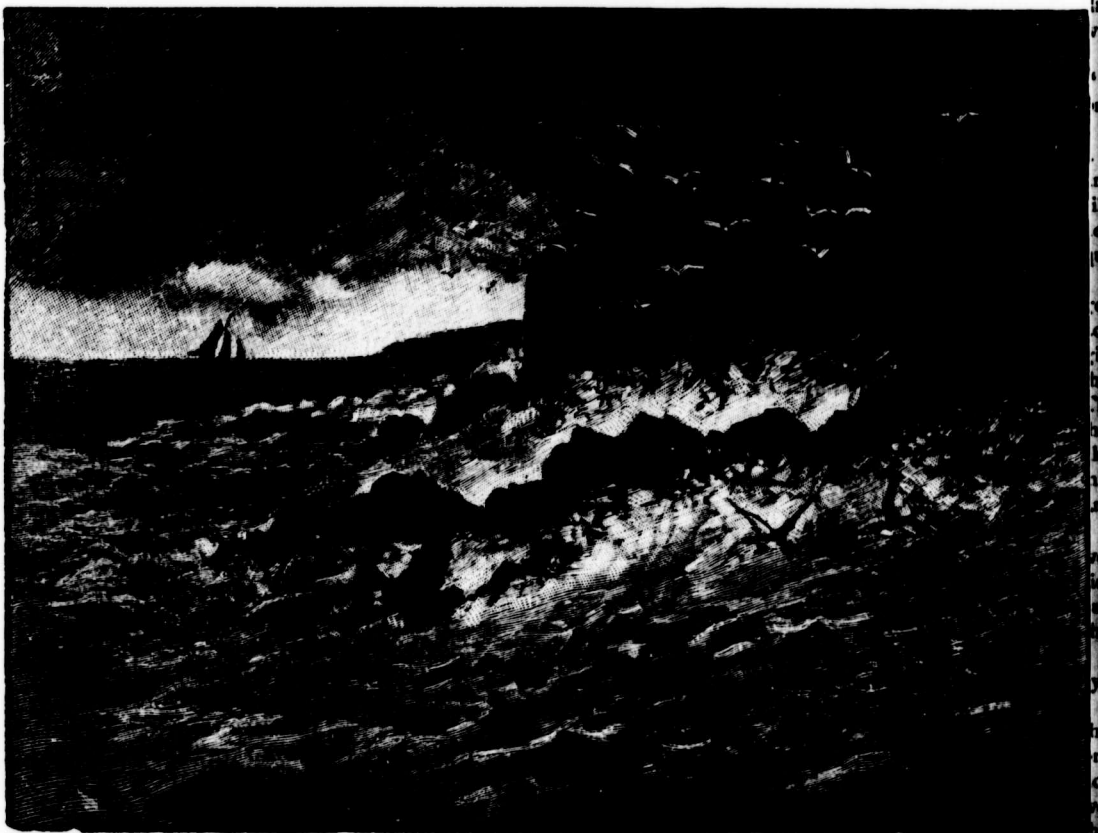
* * * Our illustration is from a photograph taken for "THE CHURCH MAGAZINE," by special permission of H.M. Commissioners.

The great world word is work,
Song of the sun rejoicing in sweet light.

And the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon a man in prison is to deprive him of work. This is so keenly felt by the prisoner that even those who are awaiting trial, and who consequently are not required to do work, will actually beg to have something given them to do, it "makes the time pass" so much more comfortably and quickly. The more work he has got to do, and the more varied it is, the brighter and happier is the life of the prisoner. This fact, in more recent years, has received the most careful and thoughtful attention of those who have the management of prisons, with no little success. A man, for instance, with ordinary ability, who is employed in the factory, and whose sentence extends over several months may, if he will, learn a useful and profitable trade during his residence within the walls of a prison. Hence it is that applications are

received by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society for tools to enable the applicant to carry on the trade he may have learned during the period of his imprisonment—as, for example, in the case of basket-making. It is altogether a pleasant sight and an exhilarating experience to walk through the well-regulated factory of a prison, and find that it is really a hive of industry, of contented, happy, and well-ordered industry. I think it is Mr. Smiles who says:—"Industry is the mother of good luck. He might have added "of good temper also, and good discipline." Nothing so quickly puts to flight despondency, and raises in the heart a great store of hope and of courage, as interesting employment, such as we find in a prison factory. Here we have a centre of industry where no one is oppressed by overwork, but where each one finds allotted to him a task which it is for his advantage and welfare that he should accomplish.

(To be continued.)



THOU RULEST THE RAGING OF THE SEA.—*Ps.* lxxxix, v. 9.

STANDING IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

By EMILY DIBDEN.

(Continued.)

"CURIOUS people, your girls!" said George. "Oh, it was only Phemie," said Clara. "She is always getting up excitements, but she is very fascinating. The one I really like though is Mysie Manisty. Poor girl, I'm afraid there is something wrong with her. She seemed so sad this morning and could hardly keep from tears."

George thought of her father's words about Alick and had a shrewd guess at the cause of Mysie's grief, but he said nothing.

The girls at the "Centre" were not so reticent, and sooner did Clara reach the room the next morning than she was assailed by a Babel of tongues.

"Do you know, Mysie Manisty has broken with Alick M'Intyre, and he is gone off no one knows where?"

"They say it is Alick that cut the straps at the works and Mysie will have nothing to say to him."

"I believe he's gone and hanged himself," suggested one, with tragic joy.

"No fear!" laughed another, "Alick would never hurt his precious self."

The appearance of Mysie with pale face and deep shadows under her eyes produced a sudden silence, and Clara plunged into a description of the Patent Mincer's qualifications.

When the "hands" had all gone, Clara drew from Mysie an account of her trouble. The poor girl burst into tears. "It's all through those Brodies, Miss Clara. They got such a hold on Alick, they made him do just what they liked. He got all sorts of fancies on his head and wouldn't listen to anything Father said."

"Last Monday, when the straps were cut again, the porter saw Alick coming out of the side door late. He said he had gone back for his knife, but Father will have it he cut the straps, and he says he can't come in his house again till he clears himself."

"Poor Mysie! That's hard for you," said Clara sympathetically, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I'm not wanting to have anything to do with a man that would do such mean things," said the girl with a proud lift of her head, "but if Alick would say that he'd nothing to do with it I'd believe him, though Father wouldn't, I know. But Alick won't say a word, and he's so stubborn that nothing would move him once he'd made up his mind."

Clara could see no way out of the difficulty, so she took

refuge in generalities. "It will all come right some day, Mysie, don't you fret."

"I'm not meaning to fret, Miss Clara," said the girl sadly. It is so easy to counsel one's neighbour to carry his burden gracefully and with an easy carriage.

It was several days before Phemie Bickstone came again to the "Centre," but as she was always erratic in her movements her absence did not cause any surprise. One evening, however, as Clara was walking slowly home, her mind full of calculations as to the amount of profit or loss to be made or suffered on a consignment of materials she had just unpacked and stored away. She was roused by the approach of the Vicar with the evident intention of saying something.

"I have just come from one of your friends," he said with a smile. "Phemie Bickstone is ill, and very desirous of seeing you." "I'll go at once," said Clara, "I noticed she was away, but nobody said she was ill."

"It is a miserable place," said Mr. Broadhurst, "hardly fit for you to go into, but I don't think there is any infection."

Clara laughed lightly. "I go anywhere in Illfield," she said, "Phemie lives down towards the Works, doesn't she?"

The Vicar gave minute instructions, and Clara went off briskly in the direction pointed out.

It was indeed a miserable place. The room in which the sick girl lay was dark and dingy. Cooking utensils and wearing apparel, scraps of food and battered tins were strewn indiscriminately about. Even the bed was not spared. Clara's first conscious impression on entering was a wonder how so fine a bird as

Phemie could come out of such sordid surroundings.

"Oh, Miss Clara, it's yourself!" cried the girl, when she saw the visitor, "and it's pleased I am to see you."

"I did not know you were ill, Phemie, or I would have come before," said Clara, seating herself on a broken chair near the bed.

"You know that Alick M'Intyre is gone, and all because of the straps that were cut," said Phemie, eagerly. "I'm not going to say that he didn't know about it, especially the first time, but he didn't have a hand in it. I don't think he knew about the second."

"But how do you know, Phemie?" asked Clara.

"I should think I'd a good right to," said Phemie, scornfully. "You know I walked out with Phil Brodie,"



"PHEMIE BICKSTONE IS ILL, AND VERY DESIROUS OF SEEING YOU."

"I've heard something about it," said Clara, "but I've heard about other people as well as Phil Brodie."

"Oh, you mean Jack Alsop," said Phemie, "I only took up with him when Phil vexed me, or perhaps it's Sandy Tomlinson, he's almost a natural, he's nothing."

"I've heard," said Clara, severely, "that you have a fresh young man about once a month."

"Oh, no," said Phemie, quite gravely, "it's mostly Phil I go with and John Brodie goes with Rhoda. But about the straps. It was Rhoda and me that did it, and we managed so cleverly that nobody saw even the shadow of us. Phil wanted me to do it again but I wouldn't. It was all very well once in a way for a lark, but when it made you and Mr. George so unhappy I wouldn't have anything to do with it, so Phil did it himself. He hid Alick's knife so that he might go back for it and he slipped in while the gate was ajar."

Clara fairly gasped at these revelations. "You, Phemie!" she said. "I never could have believed it of you."

"Indeed I wouldn't have done it if I thought you would have minded so much," said poor Phemie. "I've done with Phil Brodie now, and I'd have told you before if it hadn't been for Rhoda."

Clara was brimming over with eagerness to convey the news to George, but she waited a little to soothe the sick girl and to promise that a supply of comforts should be sent at once.

She hastened home and found Winifred sitting with the tea-tray.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, as Clara entered in something of a bustle; "George has had to go to London and he won't be back till the day after to-morrow. He says it is very important, and he hopes some good may come of it. I do wish it may. You don't know how miserable it is, Clara, to keep feeling that we may have to go away and live in some poky little villa."

Clara looked upon Winifred in the light of a child, to be petted and soothed when necessary, but never to be confided in, so she answered brightly.

"Oh, we shall weather the storm. The 'Centre' will do great things yet."

"Well, I did hope so," said Winifred, "but George says it must have cost you two years' income already, and things don't seem much better yet."

Clara was annoyed. "Oh, we work underground, like the mole," she said; "we shall produce a palace of delight one day."

"I know you are very clever, dear," said Winifred, "but I don't think women are meant to understand business."

It was four days before George telegraphed for the carriage to meet him, and Clara had to control her impatience as best she could. As Baby had a cold and Winifred could not leave him, she went alone to the station and greeted her brother with an air of mystery which she intended him to perceive and enquire about. Like many another man he failed to do what was expected of him by his women folk, and seemed quite engrossed with his luggage and papers. As soon as they were seated in the carriage, however, he turned a smiling face on his companion and exclaimed: "Good news at last, Clara. The tide has turned. We will begin full time next week. No more mourning for poor dear Winifred, no more fears for the boy's inheritance, no more expenditure of my little sister's capital!" and he grasped her arm affectionately.

Joyfully the brother and sister discussed matters during the short drive, Clara's great news dwindling into insignificance beside the still greater of which George was the bearer.

But it meant more to Mysterioso than to anybody, for when his character was cleared Alick M'Intyre reappeared, and as the Brodies thought it well to leave the neighbourhood, her father decided that the wedding might take place at the time originally planned, and the little home was chiefly furnished by the gifts bestowed on her assistant at the "Centre" by Clara and George Belton.

The "Centre," being no longer needed, ceased to exist. "It will be dreadfully dull, going back to Bournemouth after all the excitement," said Clara. "I really cannot go back to idle days again. I shall have to start business in self-defence. Besides, I hate leaving Illfield and all the girls."

"I think you had better let your finances rest a little before

you start another business," said George. "But seriously, I don't see how Illfield is to get on without you."

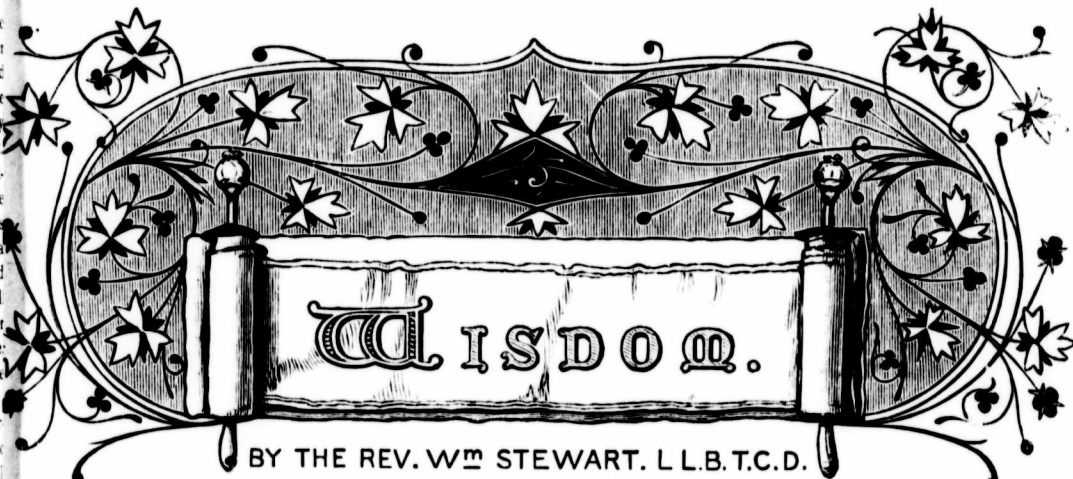
The Vicar didn't see it either, and the end of it was that he persuaded Clara to remove to the Vicarage, where she is busy in carrying out the many brilliant ideas that crowd into her mind for the good of Illfield. They are usually very expensive, but then, as George says, there are always the Works to fall back upon, and they are prospering as they never did before, and Winifred's boy is heir to a larger inheritance than his grandfather ever deemed possible.

"It is really wonderful," Mr. Hensley says, "for George Belton is the worst man I know for standing in his own light."

THE END.



HE SEEMED QUITE ENGROSSED WITH HIS LUGGAGE AND PAPERS.



"Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors. For whoso findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord."—Prov. viii 34 and 35.

WISDOM is represented as standing in her palace and calling aloud to the children of men, offering them the blessings of life and the favour of the Almighty.

The heathen, we know, have, after their fashion, been worshippers of wisdom. In that wonderful city of Athens, which was the glory of the land of Greece when the Greeks were a great nation, a splendid temple was raised in honour of the goddess of Wisdom, Pallas Athene, daughter of the King of Heaven. It stood high on a rocky hill in the midst of other beautiful buildings, and before it was placed a colossal statue of the goddess herself, not a hideous image like some idols that may now be seen in the East, but the figure of a beautiful maiden, tall and graceful, with noble intelligent features, looking forth steadfastly across the plain. In her hand she held a spear, as if to show that courage and wisdom must go together. And all the brave Athenians worshipped Pallas. And when merchants or soldiers went abroad with the sailors, as the ships emerged from the harbour of the Piræus and sailed out into the open sea, they would look up to the hill above the city of which they were so proud, and see the great statue and the spear-head flashing in the sunlight, and what, indeed, might be the last object on which their eyes rested as they left the land. The people of Athens loved Wisdom, and worshipped it.

What, then, was this wisdom-worship of the Athenians? The fact that they thought of Wisdom as a mighty goddess and worshipped her, making her the patron goddess of their

city, was a sign of good in them, and in this way: it showed that they considered knowledge and thought to be precious, even sacred and divine things; that they believed a man's mind to be the nobler part of him, and the cultivation of it to be a worthier pursuit than bodily exercises or the search for wealth. All Athenians, indeed, did not rise so high as this; but the better sort did. "What is a man?" one of these might say:

"What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more!
Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
This capability and God-like reason
To fast in us unused."

That is the true attitude of the Athenian mind. This, then, was the good in their worship of Pallas. They loved Thought for its own sake as well as for the practical fruits of it. They loved intellectual power; they looked upon it as a talent not to be neglected. This was a great thing. And in this respect we English of to-day have still very much to learn from them; for we do not value learning and knowledge and the having clear and right notions about things as much as we ought. And in practical matters a great many English people will put other persons, and themselves too, to all kinds of trouble rather than be at the pains to think. And our national affairs often go grievously wrong because very wealthy men, or sometimes very impecunious men, struggle to get into Parliament first, and only turn to the study of social questions afterwards, if at all. In this particular the "heathen" Greeks could teach us a lesson.

But there was one great fault in this wisdom-worship of the Athenians; it was an idolatry. They did not, of course, actually worship the mere image; but they took the blessing which the Almighty had given them, the blessing of their keen intellects and natural love of knowledge, and exalted it for itself alone, without any deep sense of moral obligation, any realising of their responsibility to the Supreme and Righteous Ruler of the earth. The sin and folly was not in the designing and so splendidly executing that beautiful temple and statue, but in forgetting that this, their intellectual culture on which they so prided themselves, was not the whole, nor indeed the chief part, of virtue. And they paid the penalty for their idolatry. In exalting Pallas Athene they were making much of those qualities which it was natural and easy and right for them to cultivate; but in so doing they lost sight of the principle of duty, they lost sight of the one true God. And so in time their love of wisdom became debased and fell into foolish trifling. Their wise men ceased to care

about truth, and concerned themselves more about getting the better of each other in argument, and making money as professors of unprofitable learning. And in the end the people who, by their natural gifts, should have made themselves teachers of truth and wisdom to all the world, degenerated into a nation of tricksters and hucksters and idle players whose corruption was a proverb throughout all the Roman world. So certainly of the wisdom of the Athenians we cannot say: "Whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord."

The history of these Athenians, then, stands for us as a parable, showing that practical wisdom is more a matter of morals than of intellectual culture; that, urgent as is the necessity and the duty of cultivating our intellectual powers, it is of more pressing importance that our heart should be set upon righteousness, our will resolute to serve God in sincerity. For "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

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

THE successful poultry-keeper is always looking ahead and laying out his plans for the coming months. I have asked you to do this, when, in the last number, I gave hints about the moulting time. The moult lasts, where birds of different ages are kept, from July to October, and well satisfied is the poultryman who sees it completed before November comes in. Therefore, do all you can to hasten it. The earlier the process commences the more rapidly it progresses because the warm weather is a great assistance to the birds. You can help them by seeing that their houses are quite warm, free from draughty crevices, or leaking roofs. At the same time there should be plenty of ventilation afforded by the windows or holes for ventilation being above the heads of the fowls when roosting. The perches should not be raised more than two feet from the floor, and all should be of the same height.

Another great assistance is the providing of a covered run attached to each house so as to afford the birds shelter in the daytime from rain or cold winds. If the floor of this "run" is kept dry, and covered with a few inches of sand, road dust, or peat moss, the fowls will delight to scratch among it, and it is a good plan to throw the grain among the litter so that they must scratch for it. If the whole surface is not covered with loose material a corner should be reserved for a dust bath. This is another help during their change of dress, and enables them the better to keep free from insect pests. Where the poultry have not access to hedgebanks, or loose soil, this dust bath is an essential to health, and, being always dry, is available at all times.

Now is the time to look well to the sleeping-house, also to see that it is not only warm and well ventilated, but also sweet

and clean. There is a tiny but most formidable pest, best known as the "red mite" which commonly infests the perches and the crevices of the houses. They leave these only after dark, when they swarm over the poultry and gorge themselves with blood, retiring to their haunts at break of day. Where these abound the birds cannot be healthy, and there fore cannot be expected to produce abundance of eggs. The perches should be most carefully examined. When present they may usually be found under the ends of the perches which should always be readily movable and not nailed down. This pest is difficult to exterminate, and is readily transmitted on the feet or clothing of the attendant from one house to another. The best thing I know of to destroy them is to paint the perches well with creosote—the commercial kind may be purchased at about 8d. a gallon. This penetrates into the wood, and not only kills them but renders the wood objectionable to them afterwards. A pint of this creosote mixed with a gallon of whitewash for the house is a great preventive of the pest. Many cases of failure may be attributed to ignorance of the presence of this insect, and no trouble can be too great which effects its extermination. Many people have declared to me that they were not troubled with it, and had never seen it whereas a moment's inspection has revealed the contrary. It is very tiny—a score of young ones may nestle in a space only a pin's head in diameter—hence it is commonly overlooked. At first they are of a greyish white colour, but as they grow they cast their white skins, which may be found adhering to the edges of the cracks where they live and hide. When matured they become red and are commonly found of the colour of the blood with which they are filled.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)



Y Dear Young Cousins,—

I expect most of you have been away from home for your holidays, and perhaps that is why I have not had quite so many letters this last month. But, now that you will all be going back to school again, I shall hope to hear from you frequently.

The competition this month is to be a true anecdote about an animal. Now I am sure you all have known your pets, or your friends' pets, do some wonderful things, so that all you will have to do is to write the story out clearly and send it in to me by September 30th.

I remember hearing about a clever sheep dog who was noticed by its master to keep very close to one particular lamb. The shepherd did not understand why this was, and called the dog away two or three times, but, although quite obedient, Carlo would always go back to this little creature. Still puzzled, the shepherd picked up the lamb and looked at it, but could not see that it was at all different to its fellows. Not many hours afterwards he found the poor little thing quite dead, with the collie watching over it. Evidently the dog had understood that the lamb was ill, and felt that he ought to protect it.

Once a lady was visiting at a friend's house in France, and she was awakened the first night by hearing music in the next room, which happened to be the drawing-room. She was very astonished at hearing the piano at that time of night, but did not care to go and see who was playing. Directly she saw her friends in the morning she asked them to explain it, but they laughed and said she had dreamt it. Still, she was so sure that she went to the piano and examined it, and then found—well, what do you think she found? Why, a family of mice had built their home inside the piano and at night they evidently had great games, and in running over the strings made them sound!

In the favourite hymn competition, the two hymns that were most frequently chosen by competitors were "Rock of Ages" and "Peace, perfect Peace."

Hoping that many of you, who have not already joined the Guild, will do so at once, and with my love to you all,

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN JOAN.

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

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

The best true anecdote about an animal (not to exceed 200 words).

The name, age and address, of competitor must be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alice Meads.—You should comb out the coat of your Persian kitten every day, so that it does not get into a tangle. If you do not do this and she washes herself, she will get the loose hairs down on to her lungs and may very likely get bronchitis.

Nelly Coultas.—I am so glad you were able to help that poor old blind man across the road; that is just what I want all my "cousins" to do. Just keep your eyes open to help those who are not so happy as yourselves.

Maud Tucker.—So glad that you like this page and hope you will show it to all your little friends.

Jack Merton.—I was very interested in hearing about your stamp collection, which, as you say, is a most delightful hobby. Look out for this page next month and there will be something in it to especially interest you.

For Answers to Puzzles, see Page 216.

All letters, competitions, etc., to be addressed to
CUSIN JOAN, "The Church Magazine" Offices,
 79-83, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

By THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., *Vicar of St. Augustin's, Bournemouth.*

I. Double Acrostic.

A great virtue with 2 names (initials and finals).

- (1) What every Christian soldier should do.
 - (2) Found in the tabernacle.
 - (3) We two.
 - (4) A man who doubted.
 - (5) An insect that made a panic in an army.
2. Find a proverb from Prov. I—III, in these proverbs—one word from each in order.
- (1) "A false witness shall not be unpunished."
 - (2) "My son, forget not my law."
 - (3) "A wise man is strong."
 - (4) "As he thinketh in his heart so is he."
 - (5) "Let not thine heart envy sinners."
 - (6) "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."
 - (7) "The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart."
3. Find in these chapters—St. John viii. St. Matt. iii. Rev. xii.—words descriptive of Satan which begin with the letters M. S. T. L. A.
4. Interpret these sentences—the vowels and spaces are left out.
- (1) Blssdrthprnhrt.
 - (2) Bihfthfntdth.
5. Buried Scripture names.
- (1) He builded an altar there.
 - (2) Bethel is the place where Jacob lay.
 - (3) Nothing is so valuable as a contented mind.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS. Sept. 14th.

"The Sign of the Son of Man."—S. MATTHEW, xxiv. 30.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
 And with divinest contemplation use
 Thy time, where time's eternity is given;
 And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
 abuse,
 But down in midnight darkness let them lie;
 So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
 View and review, with most regardful eye,
 That holy crosse whence thy salvation came,
 On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die;
 For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
 And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

SIR WALTER RALLIGH.

S. MATTHEW, AP., EV. AND M. Sept. 21st.

*"He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt
 of custom: and He saith unto him, 'Follow Me.' And he
 arose and followed Him."*—S. MATTHEW, ix, 9.

From worldly clogs, bless'd Matthew loose,
 Devoted all to sacred use,
 That, Follow Me, his ear,
 Seem'd every day to hear,
 His utmost zeal he strove to bend,
 Towards Jesus' likeness to ascend.

Praise, Lord, to Thee, for Matthew's call,
 At which he left his wealthy all;
 At Thy next call may I
 Myself and world deny;
 Thou, Lord, even now art calling me,
 I'll now leave all, and follow Thee.

BISHOP THOS. KEN, 1637.

FESTIVAL OF S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Sept. 29.

*"Michael and His angels fought against the dragon;
 and the dragon fought and his angels."*—REV. xii. 7.

In dragon's shape, when Satan raved,
 And with his legions Michael braved,
 Seven-headed, and ten-horn'd,
 With glaring crowns adorn'd;
 Bright Michael's troops upon them fell,
 And spurn'd the monster with his crew to
 hell."

BISHOP THOS. KEN, 1637.

*"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones
 for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always
 behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."*

—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

Thine Angels, Christ, we laud in solemn lay
 Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
 Who 'mid Thy glorious blaze
 The ceaseless anthem raise,
 And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.
 We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
 Hath left for us so oft those mansions high,
 The mercies of their King
 To mortal saints to bring,
 Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy

BISHOP HEBER.

ANSWERS TO JUNE BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

1. Wilderness, dress, went, repent. Alone, stone, sword, Lord.
2. Veil, Levi, Vile, Evil.
3. Timothy, Exodus, Miriam, Pilate, Elder, Remember, Ananias, Nebuchadnezzar, Charity, Ehud.
(TEMPERANCE.)
4. On earth peace. Ye are the Light of the World.
5. Simon Peter. Simon the Canaanite. Simon the leper. Simon of Cyrene. Simon the tanner. Simon the sorcerer. Simon, the father of Iscariot.

For Puzzles, see Page 215.



THE BOOKSHELF.

THERE is much matter for thought in *Lady in Council. Essays on Ecclesiastical and Social Problems*, by Lay Members of the Anglican Communion (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.), 10s. 6d. *The Evolution of the English Bible*, by W. H. Hoare (J. Murray), 10s. 6d. net; *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, by Prof. F. Peabody (Macmillan), 6s.; *The Apostle's Creed*, by Adolf Harnack (A. and C. Black), 1s. 6d.; *Highes on the Hill: A series of Sacred Studies*, by Andrew Benvie, B.D. (Jas. Clark and Co.), 5s.; *Education in the Nineteenth Century*, edited by R. D. Roberts, D.S. (Cambridge University Press), 4s.

Putting the Lady first, I choose from many biographies *The Life and Letters of Mrs. Lynn Linton*, by G. Soames Layard (Methuen), 12s. 6d.; *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, by Wallford Davis Green, M.P. (Putnam and Sons), 5s.; *John Knox*, by Marion Harland (Putnam), 5s.; *Lion Hearted: the story of Bishop Hannington Lite*, told for boys and girls by the Rev. E. C. Dawson (Seeley and Co.), 1s. 6d.

There is pleasant verse and some real poetry in the following inexpensive volumes: *Joy and Other Poems*, by Danske Dandridge (Putnam), 5s.; *Rose Leaves from Philostratus, and Other Poems*, by Percy Osborn (The Sign of the Unicorn), 2s. 6d. net; *The Prayer of St. Scholastica, and Other Poems*, by Lady Lindsay (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner), 3s. 6d. net; and *Lauricela: a Poem for the Young*, edited by Richard Wilson (Edward Arnold), 1s. 6d.

Of books unclassified I notice *German Life in Town and Country*, by W. Harbutt Dawson (G. Newnes, Limited), 2s. 6d.; *The Sign of the Cross*, by Harold Owen (Grant Richards), 5s.; *Wanderer's Side*, by Julian Ralph (C. A. Pearson, Limited), 6s.; *Greek and Roman Mythology*, by Prof. H. Stauding (J. M. Dent and Co.), 1s.; *The Banner of St. George: a "Picture of Old England"*, by M. Bramston (Duckworth and Co.), 3s. 6d., and the novel *Saxondust*, by Dorothea Gerard (Heinemann), 6s.

Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from The Manager, "The Church Magazine" Office 79-83, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

DUNNVILLE.

The garden party that was to have been held at Mr. J. E. Scott's residence has been postponed owing to the fact that Mr. Fax who had been engaged was unable to come.

The Parsonage Building Committee has been having several meetings, and some headway is being made. It is hoped that the building operations will soon commence. The stone, which is being supplied by Mr. James Rolston, is already on the ground.

Now that September is with us the various church organizations must get to work. The Senior and Junior Auxiliaries will be re-organised, and the Wednesday evening services will be held regularly.

The Harvest Home services will be held on the 2nd Sunday in October, when the preacher will be Rev. H. C. Dixon of Toronto; and on the Monday evening following he will deliver one of his famous illustrated lectures. A special collection will be asked for and the proceeds of the lecture will go towards installing incandescent light.

One of the foremost citizens of Dunville, who was also one of the staunchest supporters of the church, passed to his reward on the 31st of August in the person of Mr. Henry Penny. The funeral took place on 2nd September. Private service was held in the residence on Lock street, and the public service was held in Christ church, Port Maitland, in which the Rector was assisted by Rev. A. W. H. Francis. The large number who followed the remains to the old "God's acre" in the church yard showed the high esteem in which the late Mr. Penny was held. The choir of St. Paul's rendered the volemum music of the service in the Port Maitland church.

The following day the funeral of another of our congregation took place. Mrs. Rogers had been ill for some days, but it was not expected that her end would come so soon. She leaves a husband and a large family to mourn the loss of a faithful wife and mother. May God the Holy Ghost comfort them all in this hour of need.

BAPTISM—In St. Paul's church, June 30th, 1902, Vincent Percival, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Yocom of Alleghany, U. S. A.

Remember the Deanery Conference to be held here on Oct. 7th. Clergy and laity are both invited. Rev. W. E. White will speak on the Deanery Report, Rev. P. L. Spencer on the Deanery Census, Rev. T. H. Cotton on Sunday Schools, and Rev. L. W. B. Broughall on Church Attendance.

Look for a picture of the church and a history of the parish in the October number of the Magazine.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

Unfortunately on the occasion of Rev. Mr. Spencer's visit on Sunday, Aug 10th, the morning turned out wet. The full Coronation service of special Litany, Prayers, and Holy Communion (with the Coronation Hymns) was, however, held at Christ church, the congregation numbering 30; and at evensong at St. John's an appropriately adapted service was used. Interesting sermons suitable to the occasion were delivered by Mr. Spencer.

BURIALS

At Port Maitland Church and Churchyard

Aug. 20th,
Hugh Bradford, aged 70 years.

Aug. 25th,
Emaline E. Sullivan, aged 54 years

Aug. 26th,
Hullah Matlock, aged 72 years.

To the three families thus called upon, all in the same week, to mourn the loss of a dear one, we extend our earnest sympathy.

"He would say: "Be careful of the way in which you think of the dead. Think not of what might have been. Look steadfastly, and you shall see the living glory of your well beloved dead in the depths of heaven." He believed that faith is healthful. He sought to counsel and to calm the despairing man by pointing out to him the man of resignation, and to transform the grief which looks down into the grave by showing it the grief which looks up to the stars."

Hugo's "Les Miserables."

The Y. P. S. September meeting was held on Tuesday evening, 2nd, at Mr. Hornibrook's. An interesting programme was rendered including songs by Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hornibrook, Miss Spencer and Mr. Paddock, a recitation by Miss Hornibrook, and readings by Mr. Eccles and Mr. Francis. Mr. Eccles' rendering by Tennyson's "The Revenge" and his kindness in coming out to read were much appreciated by the officers and members of the Y. P. S. The next meeting will be held at Mr. Jas. Bradford's on the second Tuesday in Oct., not the first, as the first Tuesday is the day of the Bishop's Conference with the Clergy and Laity of the Deanery in Dunville and will include a service in the evening.

The offering of the two Sunday Schools for St. Mary's Bible Home, Matsumoto, Japan, amounting to \$3.24 has been forwarded to Rev. Mr. Kennedy.

The Confirmation service will be held at St. John's on Monday, Oct. 6th. at 3 p m.

Holy Communion, St. John's, Sept. 28th. Christ church. Oct. 5th.