

Fern Blott

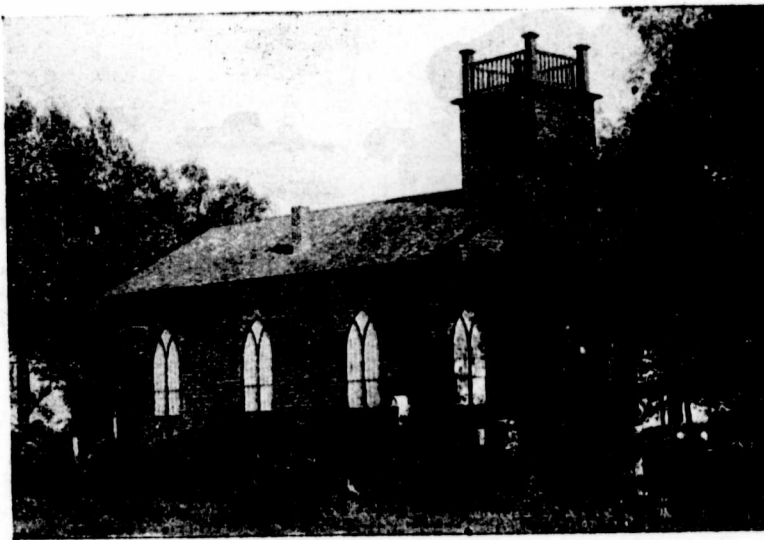
VOL. III.

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NO. 1.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



CHRIST'S CHURCH, PORT MAITLAND, ONT.

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THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

The clergy of the deanery feel pleasure in sending out the first number of volume three of the Deanery Magazine. For the sake of variety and economy a change has been made in the English portion of the periodical, the title of that part for the present year being THE CHURCH MAGAZINE. This publication presents several extremely instructive and attractive features. The local or parochial matter will be printed in Jarvis, and will be edited by the incumbent of that parish. The clergy earnestly hope that the total number of copies of the Deanery Magazine issued viz 250, will be promptly subscribed for, as only by having the whole issue kept in circulation can the revenue be made to equal the expenditure. A new and important feature of the cover will be a photo picture of one of the churches of the deanery or diocese printed each month on the first page. The editor draws attention to the Bible and Prayer Book questions, or puzzles, to be found within the magazine; and he promises to publish on the cover the names of persons, young or old, who send him correct answers. Thus in the February number will appear the names of readers who send in the proper answers to the January puzzles. The answers may be written on a post card, which should be addressed to Rev P. L. Spencer, Jarvis. Perhaps at the end of the year some special recognition of the most successful student will be made. Choirs will find the hymn tunes worthy of attention and practice. On the whole the magazine will be found highly serviceable in the family and in the parish.

This month the church which is honored by pictorial representation is that at Port Maitland.

There is sent out with each copy of the January number a marked envelope. If you have already paid your clergyman your subscription for 1902, keep the envelope. If you owe the price of subscription, be good enough to return to him the envelope and the sum of 35 cents enclosed. The envelope and enclosure may be placed on the offertory plate. Kindly act AT ONCE, thus preventing much inconvenience. Do not forget to give your name. The magazine will pay its way, if all who receive it will attend to this little matter.

It is to be regretted that the January number is unavoidably late, but subsequent numbers will be in season.

JARVIS

The news items for December are not numerous. The collection for the Divinity Students' fund amounted to \$2.60. Christmas

was, as usual, joyfully celebrated, the church decorations and the special music being attractive and appropriate. Sickness and other adverse circumstances prevented some parishioners from being present. The communicants numbered 40. Much kindness was shown to the incumbent and his family, in accordance with time-honored custom.

The S. S. festival, held on Dec. 27th, was very enjoyable, the Christmas tree proving a source of agreeable surprise to both parents and young people. The crowning act of benevolence was the presentation of a complete dinner and tea service to Mrs. Spencer in recognition of her able performance of the duties of church organist.

The incumbent has concluded a course of six illustrated lectures on the religious history of Britain. Considerable interest was manifested, and probably some good was done.

HAGERSVILLE.

On Tuesday, December 10th, Mrs. Houston of Niagara Falls, the organizing Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary in the diocese, paid us a visit. A meeting of the ladies was held at the residence of David Almas, Esq.; and after a very interesting and instructive address on the work of the Woman's Auxiliary and the missionary work of the church a branch of the W. A. was formed with the following officers:— President, Mrs. Graham; Vice-President, Mrs. Hammill; Secretary, Mrs. Kaiser; Delegate to annual meeting, Mrs. W. J. Lee. Weekly meetings will be held for work at the various homes of the members.

The Parish Guild has since its inception at the end of November last been very successful in its efforts to strengthen the financial condition of the parish. Already through its instrumentality about \$28.00 has been handed to the church wardens and \$15.00 laid aside as the commencement of a Sunday School House building fund.

Thursday evening, December 26th, was a happy one for the children of the Sunday School. On that date the annual Christmas tree entertainment was held in the Opera House at 8 o'clock; the Hall was comfortably filled and the audience were treated to a very good programme of carols, drills, songs, recitations, and dialogues, after which "Santa Claus" assisted by "his wife" distributed the gifts and candies to the children. In every way the event was a great success, the credit of which is due mainly to Miss Seymour, Mrs. Cline, and Miss Holder, who with several others instructed and trained the children who took part in the programme.

The Xmas services passed off very happily. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m.

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THE LOST SHEEP.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1900.

By Special permission of the Artist, ALFRED U. SOORD, Esq.

Engraved by H. WERDMULLER.

THE LOST SHEEP.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick. Author of "A Cluster of
Quiet Thoughts," "Little Tapers," etc.

THE cry of a lost sheep—
A little cry!—
The moan of the tide is heavy and deep,
And the winds reply.
The folded flock is nigh,
Dazing the air with a flurry of sound;
Yet that little cry comes to Him,
And its pain, piercing thro' Him,
To His heart hath wound.
Facing the scowl of the sky,
The mists that gather and creep,
And the ragged gullies, broken and dry,
Where torrents will tear and sweep,
The Shepherd follows the cry of the sheep
To the rocky bound—
Seeking, seeking,
Till the lost be found.

The cry of a lost sheep—
A little cry!—
It climbs the gulf and the starry steep,
And the thrones thereby.
The storm of the harps is high,
And the flock of the blest is folded round:
Yet that little cry comes to Him,
And its pain, piercing thro' Him,
All the bliss hath drown'd.
Quitting the guarded sky,
And the souls in happy keep,
He turns to the hands that clutch and try,
The hearts that cling and weep.
The Shepherd follows the cry of the sheep,
O'er the earth's old ground,
Seeking, seeking,
Till the lost be found.
Ah, sin must sow and reap,
And Satan's wains be crown'd!
Yet sleep your quiet sleep,
And let your peace abound:
The Shepherd follows the cry of the sheep,
Tho' all the hells astound,
Seeking, seeking,
Till the lost be found.

THE NEW YEAR.

By His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY.
From photo by [Russell & Sons.]

THIS is the beginning of the New Year. It is made to fit with the beginning of our Lord's obedience to His Heavenly Father, He obeyed His Father as a part of the sacrifice which He was to offer for us. He obeyed His Father as a part of the teaching which He was to reveal to our consciences. He obeyed His Father as a part of that

example by which He was to guide our lives. We think of his obedience—of His obedience begun when He was a little infant, helpless and speechless, and continued until He offered His life upon the Cross. And His obedience is the pattern for us to follow.

How shall we consecrate the New Year but by determined resolution that we will show our love by our obedience; that we will strive more fully every day to keep the commandments that the Lord has given us, and to love Him in keeping His commandments, not as dead letters, not as simply things to be done, but as the commandments of the loving Saviour, full of life and power for the soul—as the commandments of Him Whose love never faileth—as the expression of our love to Himself?

How shall we begin this year, but with hearts firm fixed and wills set on this—that, because we desire to love our Lord, because we have already in us some love in return for the love that He has bestowed, we will endeavour with all our might to keep His commandments, and to seek the promise that the keeping of His commandments brings? That is most fitting for the entrance of a New Year of our lives.

Let us keep the Lord's commandments, in the strong and sure hope that the Lord Himself will keep His promise, and will bless the obedience that we render, and that we shall find—and find in richer abundance as life goes on—the presence and the manifestation of the Lord within.

LOVE.

"Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the Cross a pike
Did set abroad; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like,
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine."
GEORGE HERBERT.

Father, let me Dedicate.

Words by PREBENDARY TUTTIETT.

(Reprinted by special permission of the Chairman of the Committee of Hymns A. & M.)

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
Brentwood.

mf FATHER, let me de-di-cate All this year to Thee, In what-ev-er worldly state Thou wilt have me be :

p Not from sorrow, pain, or care Freedom dare I claim ; This a-lone shall be my prayer, Glor-i-fy Thy Name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where and how to live ?
Can a FATHER'S love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine ;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how Thy dear SON
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name." Amen.

A SERMONETTE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SIMPRINSON, M.A., *Rector of Stoke-on-Trent.*



IN the great yearly exhibition of pictures called the Royal Academy, a little party of leading painters have to decide which pictures they will choose to place on the walls, and which deserve the best places.

The two pictures which had the most honourable positions in the Exhibition of 1900, are both exquisitely and skilfully painted; but it is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast. One is a group of three ladies dressed in the most expensive and the most recent fashion, gay and bright and attractive. The figures are life-like; and everyone who looks at them remarks upon the cleverness with which this painter paints. Every day the Exhibition was open, a number of people were to be found standing and talking round it; and always full of admiration. An observer might well say to himself, however, that in a few years these smart dresses would look old fashioned and out of date; and passers-by would then call to their friends to come and see what strange and curious garments people wore in the year 1900.

"The fashion of this world passeth away." It is the thought put into the reflective mind by the sight of such a picture. It is the thought which is distinctly present in the creative mind of the other painter whose picture

hung on the opposite wall of the chief room of the Academy. This second picture has a name; the painter called it "The Two Crowns," and the members of the Academy judged it to be so fine a picture that they bought it to be kept in their own collection, and to be shown to the public. The central figure is a king, a gay and handsome king, riding into his capital city on a large white war horse. He is clothed in splendid armour, and you can tell that he has just won a great victory and is returning from his conquest, like our own famous King Henry V. after the Battle of Agincourt. Behind him are riding soldiers in a long train which stretches back far beyond the city gates. The windows of the houses are crowded with spectators. Some throw flowers from the windows and wave flags and shout to welcome him, while in the street beautiful maidens cast roses before his horse's feet and look up at him with joyful, laughing eyes.

You will see that this victorious king has the world at his feet. Does he remember how hard the battle was, and how uncertain victory looked to be? Does he recollect the beaten enemy and all their sufferings and horrors in the shame and misery of defeat? Does he recall the faces of his own officers and friends, killed outright or distorted with pain, and pallid with approach-

ing death—such as he saw there after the fight?

At all events, the king's eyes have in them not only a look of joy and gratitude and triumph, but they seem to tell us that his thoughts are far away, and that he is considering other and higher matters than his past victories. Perhaps, like King Henry V., he is thinking how he can use his victories to bring the world to a knowledge of his Master, Jesus Christ, to whom he has always turned in the hour of peril, and to whom he now attributes all his victories. Is he planning a wide conquest of the heathen and Mohammedan world, and the building up of the Christian Church over all the earth? Will he try to bring the nations to the feet of Jesus?

But you will be wondering what the second crown is, of which the title to this picture speaks. So far the whole picture is full of bright colours, red and blue and white and gold. But there is a towering mass of dark shadow on one side of it, and this is a wooden cross, a cross of dark, hard wood; and on this cross is nailed the figure of Christ. You can see the huge iron nails which pierce His hands and His feet; and the head leans forward a little as if He were watching this great joyful thoughtless crowd and this silent wondering king. On the head of the conquering king is a light crown of gold; on the head of Christ is a heavy, painful crown of thorns. These are the two crowns which the painter sets before you.

"The fashion of this world passeth away." "I will give thee the crown of life." Our New Year's lesson is complete. Riches and comfort, victory and conquest—these all have their value if they are rightly used. It is no small matter for a nation to choose rulers who love Jesus Christ. It is no slight thing to find leaders who will work, not for their own interests, but for the good of all, and always with hearts fixed on that highest reward, which is the citizenship of the everlasting city of God.

"I will give thee the crown of life." The words are spoken not only to kings and emperors. They are addressed to each of my readers, to the humblest as

well as to the greatest. "The two crowns"; here lies a choice for all of us. Which crown shall we choose? When the crusaders conquered Jerusalem from the Mohammedans, the new king whom they appointed to rule over them, Godfrey de Bouillon, refused to wear a crown. He would not, he said, be crowned with gold in the city in which his Redeemer had been crowned with thorns. But how eagerly each heart desires success in this world, pleasure, comfort, distinction, which the first crown represents! How constantly each heart needs to be reminded that there is a life which is better than the life of the first crown, the life of self-sacrifice.

In the picture the king is looking and thinking. He has seen the figure of Christ crucified. He remembers how the Creator, when He had come into this world and was able to take His choice of a career, when He

could have been an earthly king or a nobleman of boundless wealth enjoying all the flatteries and pleasures of this existence—chose for Himself to be servant of all, and lived the life of a workman, and afterwards of a wandering preacher, and bore every privation, and at last died a death of shame and of agony; and told all men to take up each his cross and follow Him in the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life.



BURLINGTON HOUSE—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

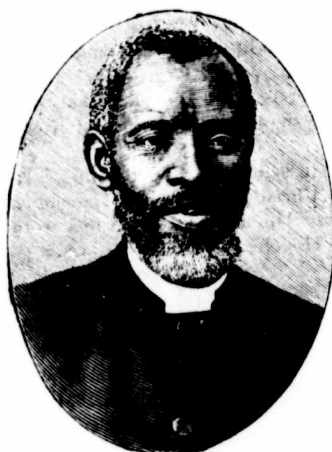
"Few there be that find it." "Many are called but few chosen." At the beginning of a New Year we recollect these sayings of the Divine Master who knew all things. And we see that He must have understood He who was Lord of all, and that in His love He is teaching us where to find true happiness.

The career of pleasure looks bright. The way of the Cross seems dark. That is because of the weakness of our eyes, which cannot see. Really the glory and the happiness is given to the wearer of the crown of thorns, for the Son of God knows and chooses the best lot; and He has the best and happiest reward in the salvation of the souls He loves. This New Year resolve to follow Him. Accept His crown, and the thorns will then turn to roses which will never fade.

THE WEST AFRICAN MISSION FIELD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP JAMES JOHNSON, D.D., WESTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

The Illustrations have been specially engraved for "THE CHURCH MAGAZINE" by H. WERMÜLLER.



BISHOP JAMES JOHNSON.

From photo by / A. Weston, London.

big that Europe and North America put together would not make one Africa. It is in one corner of this vast land that I am about to labour, in what is known as the Hinterland of Nigeria, which includes Ashantee, Benin, Yoruba country, and right away into the Eastern Soudan. A great many Englishmen imagine the Soudan to be only that country which lies immediately to the south of Egypt, in reality the Soudan stretches right across Africa to the Niger, and is divided into the Eastern and Western Soudan. Another idea held by many is that all Africans are untutored niggers, but that is a very great mistake. Before England was a monarchy, there existed in some parts of this vast country, several large and fairly well-ordered Negro States, which had developed a comparatively high standard of civilization. Some of these countries were very large; that of Songhay was nearly half the size of Europe, and the Empire of Bornu was very nearly as large, but little now remains of this ancient greatness. Gogo, the great capital of Songhay, is but a collection of about four hundred huts, in the midst of over-grown ruins, and the tombs of its once haughty monarchs are sunk to decay, while the feudal Empire of Bornu is even less important. The slave trade has been the great desolating force, and it was in the year that William the Conqueror died, that one of those great Negro kings embraced the faith of Islam

There are very few people in England who know very much about Darkest Africa, so I propose in this article to give you a short description of some of the peoples who inhabit these regions, and of the conditions under which they live. Now Africa is a very big place, so

These great Empires had their travellers and their native historians, and one of them wrote a book the year after the battle of Hastings, while a map of Africa was published in 1153, a copy of which exists in the British Museum. So that eight hundred years ago, the Mahomedans were sending scores of missionaries across the Sahara Desert to spread what they regarded as the true faith. It was not by the sword that they sought to make converts; it was by the Word of the Prophet they tried to conquer, and the cry of "Allah il Allah," "There is no God but one God," rang like a clarion through the land and caused Mosques and schools to spring up everywhere, until from the Atlantic to the Nile, millions of people might be found who would no longer be induced to bow the knee to idols. This, of course, took some hundreds of years, and today the same enthusiasm is apparent; side by side with the Christian missionaries in the Yoruba country may be found Mahomedan missionaries calling on the people to worship the one true God and honour Mahomet as his prophet.

This country has in it some very large towns: there is Abbeokuta, with a population of several hundred thousand, and Ibadan, another town, has over two hundred thousand inhabitants, while there are other thriving and popular places in which the bulk of the people are still sunk in the mire of a most depressing paganism. The question is, who is to have them, Moslem or Christian? All over the country the Mahomedans are rearing up mosques, in which to practice their religion, though it seems to me that it is a non-progressive religion, and contains in its own bosom the seed of its decay, but the Principles of Christianity seem like the British Empire, capable of an expansion that has no limit, and applicable to all men. It approves all things



A NATIVE WOMAN OF THE NIGER.

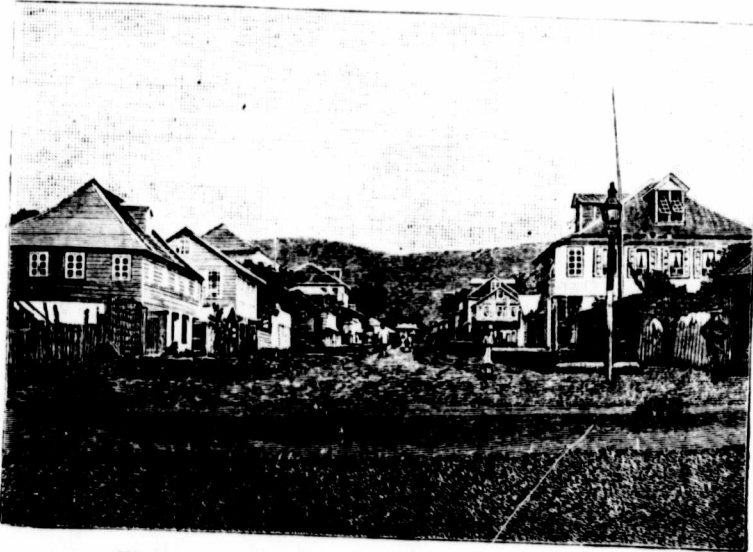
that are lawful, whether new or old, consequently in no century has it appeared quite the same. The sinful features remain the same, and help on rather than stop the growth. The chief difficulty now is to rapidly spread Christianity, for instance, not very long ago, human sacrifices were very common, though this has been largely put a stop to, not only by missionary societies, but also by the Royal Niger Trading Company, which has done a vast amount of good in that direction. At Bonny there used to be a large temple with five thousand human skulls, representing five thousand men and women who had been eaten at cannibal feasts. But though cannibalism has been almost done away with in this part of the country, there yet remains the appalling and inconceivable sin of Africa and the demoralised state of many of the rich and powerful men.

One of our Bishops was speaking to a lady missionary who was horrified at the scenes she was obliged to witness, and who had known much concerning the darker side of East London life and was almost broken-hearted, but when asked if she would like to go back to London she said, "No, they need us and more of us here." Education, too, will do a very great deal, but it will not put right the hearts of the people. When one writes on a sheet of paper with a pencil, some natives will say, "White man very clever, he make paper speak," there are, however, plenty of them who respond very readily to every attempt to try and do them good. Africa was one of the earliest fields of Christian missionary labour, a labour which caused many "at home in England" to weep over the fall of brave soldiers of the Cross on the battlefield of active service. In that

Continent there have been some of the brightest triumphs that have ever brought joy to any society for the propagation of the Gospel, and of late years a very great deal of prominence has been given to the part with which I am familiar, not only on account of the great natural wealth there, but because of the scramble among the Powers of Europe for territory.

In this connection it strikes one as so sad that, whilst nearly everywhere the people have lost their independence, and have been unable to resist the onward march of other nations over their land, yet notwithstanding the education

and better condition of life brought to them, there is still a great unrest, as evidenced by the fact that now and again a small body of Europeans are murdered, or else there is a rising demanding an appeal to the secular powers, and thrusting back for many years the willingness of the people to



WILBERFORCE STREET, FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

One thing, and one to be very plain about is this, the curse of the liquor traffic, which Europe has been carrying on with Africa; it is this which threatens severe paralysis to all Christianising work and the moral and physical destruction of those committed to our charge, and which the Great Powers have together shown themselves either unwilling or unable to suppress, in spite of the many representations made to them of its injurious and ruinous character. Trade and resulting revenue should not be suffered to stand any longer in the way of Christian progress, lest the educated and more thoughtful of these races may think that Christianity, dogged as it is by this trade in liquor, brings evil; whilst Mahomedanism, with its creed of abstinence from all intoxicating liquor, is the religion most suited to them.

(To be continued.)

NEWHAVEN AND ITS PARISH CHURCH.

BY THE REV. HERBERT McDONALD, M.A., *Rector*

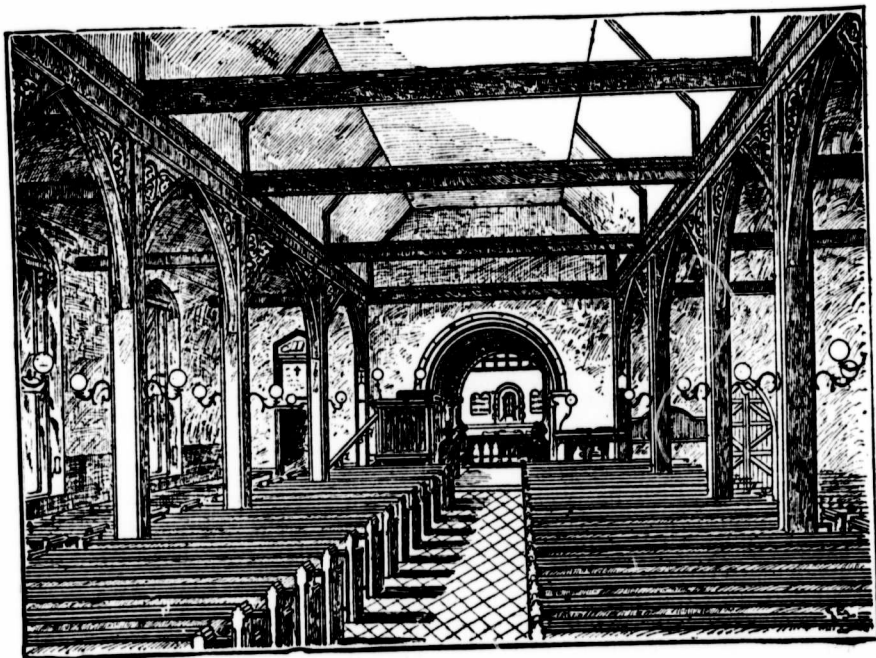
N Irish sailor's joke that this church "sails stern foremost" seems singularly appropriate, for it is almost, if not quite, unique, as an English specimen of a tower with an eastern apse immediately annexed to it without the intervention of any other chancel. The arrangement is said to be common enough in Continental churches, but the example of Yainville in Normandy, on the right bank of the Seine, between Duclair and Jurnièges, is a notable one. When, at a sudden turn of the road, it burst upon the view of the Rev. J. L. Petit, as he describes in the *Archæological Journal*,

he involuntarily exclaimed, "Why, here's Newhaven Church!" Having sketched it, he compared it subsequently with this church, when it was easy to note the extraordinary points of resemblance: the same corbelled band beneath the eaves; the same double belfry window with a banded shaft in each face of the tower; the same flat-buttressed semi-circular apse, with the same diminutive eastern window. There are, naturally, some points in which the Norman and Sussex churches disagree, yet so strong is the resemblance that there is no great stretch of probability in assigning them both to precisely

the same epoch, if not actually to the same architect, in the 12th century. The tower is extremely massive and in two stages, of which the upper seems to be an addition, though both are Norman; it is finished with a course of Norman corbels or brackets, and is roofed with a low shingled, broach spire. The interior of the tower above the arches, which support it, is quite plain, and appears never to have been opened as a lantern. The arch of the belfry window internally does not correspond with that of the window in the lower stage, from which it is suspected that they are of different dates. The western arch of the tower is of one order, square, but having a torus on its western edge, which is also

carried down below the abacus of the impost. The eastern face of the same arch has a label and two plain orders, without the torus; the impost having Norman shafts at the edges. It is evident there have never been transepts, but north and south windows with large splays. The apse is nearly semi-circular, and had originally three small Norman windows, all of which have been stopped up, but the central one was about fifty years ago re-opened; at some earlier period two pointed side windows were inserted in different positions from the old ones, and breaking through the old string course.

At about the end of the eighteenth century the nave



INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NEWHAVEN.

(of what architecture there seems to be no record) was enlarged, in the worst possible taste. In the middle of the nineteenth century the church westward of the tower underwent a thorough renovation, and its historic part is still in excellent preservation.

The dedication of the church to St. Michael and All Angels was probably suggested by its lofty position, the elevated rank of the archangel being commemorated in the dedication of such spots as St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, and the still more celebrated Mont St. Michel, in Normandy.

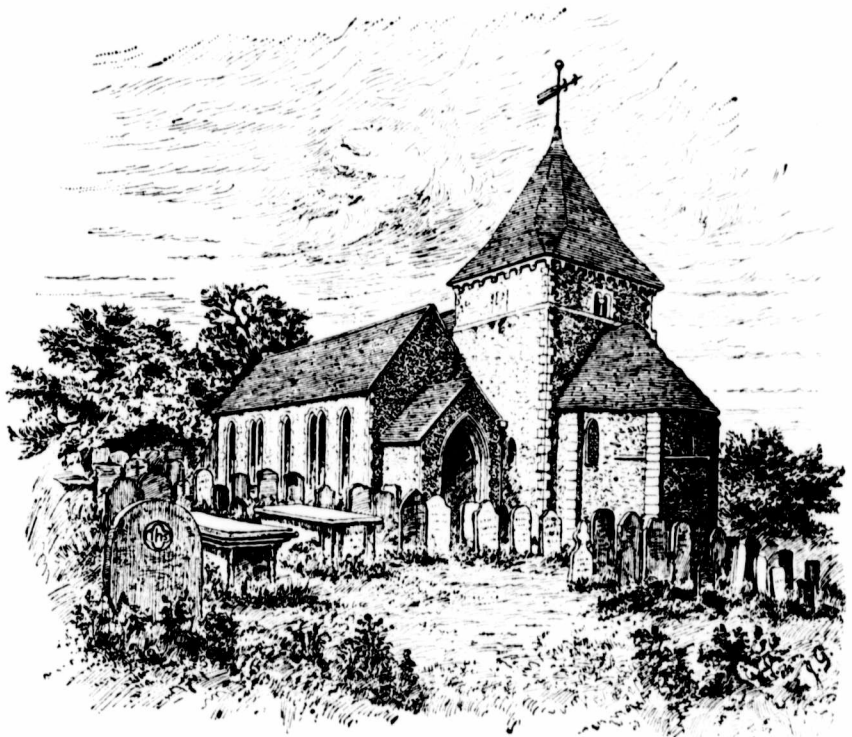
Until the time of the Tudors the town was known by its old name Meeching (possibly from the Saxon

Mecche-ynz Gladii Campus, Field of the Sword, from the Roman Camp supposed to have existed on the earthworks now converted into a fort), but at about that time the Ouse, instead of finding its natural outlet south of Meeching, had been deflected in an easterly direction by the prevalence of south-westerly gales, until, meeting the slopes of Seaford Head, it made its outfall near the present town of Seaford, and, that port losing its importance, the debouchure was once more made at Meeching, which ancient designation was gradually lost in that of Newhaven.

Mention of the church may be found in the *Taxatio Ecclesiasticus* of Pope Nicholas, 1291, in the *Nonae* return of 1341, in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of Henry VIII., and in the report of Bishop Bower's visitation 1725.

The registers are from the year 1553, and the list of rectors or curates from 1635.

The most interesting epitaph in the churchyard is that of Mr. Thomas Tipper, brewer, who died in 1784 (vide illustration). This clever, shrewd, jolly fellow brewed a very strong ale with water a little brackish, and tapped it when of a good old age; he supplied George IV. at the Pavilion, Brighton, where it was a



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NEWHAVEN.

favourite beverage of the king; the ale became popular, and known by the name of Tipper.

Here is the epitaph:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS TIPPER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY YE 14TH, 1785,
AGED 54 YEARS.

Reader, with kind regard this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenious, blunt, and kind,
And dared to do what few dared to do—speak his mind.

Philosophy and History well he knew,
Was versed in Physick and in Surgery too,
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.

He played through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.
Reader, in real truth, such was the man;
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.

An obelisk monument memorises the loss of H.M.S. "Brazen" in 1800 with her officers and crew of 105 men. The monument is sadly in need of repair.

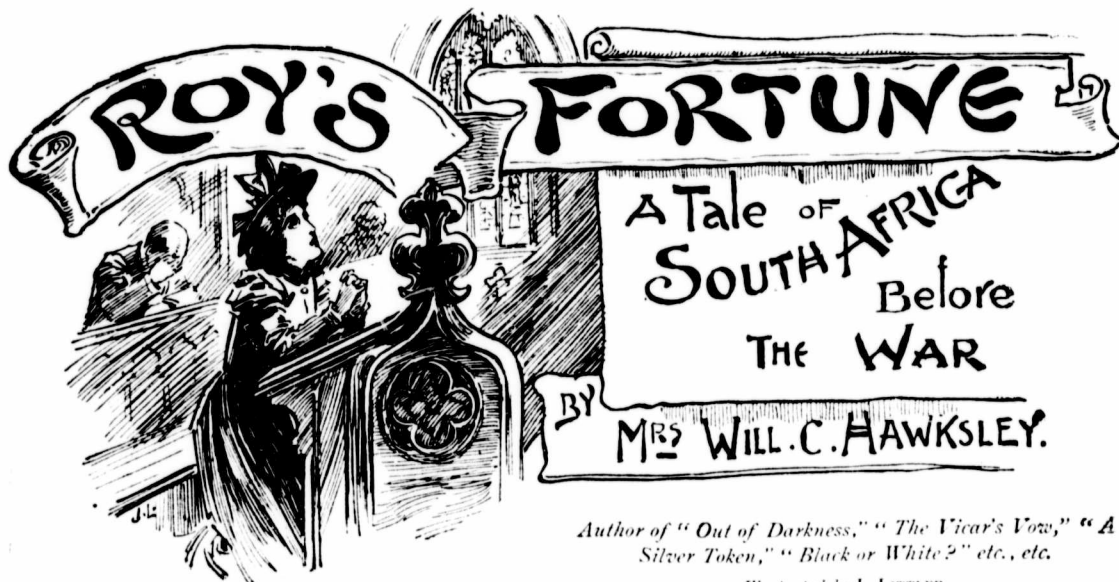
The illustrations have been specially drawn for *The Church Magazine* by Mr. John Gascoine.

IMITATION.

Every man has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking, which he spoils by too close and servile imitation of another, as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed: "I had almost marred my own natural trot by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble."



TIPPER'S TOMBSTONE.



CHAPTER I.

Thou couldst not to thy chosen friend a gift more dear impart,
Than the earnest benediction of deeply loving heart.

SUCH a sweet-faced, soft-voiced little maiden as she was, standing in the window of her father's inconveniently small, but eminently aristocratic abode in Park Lane, with her fingers toying amongst the vari-coloured pelargoniums on the balcony, and her cheeks rather more rosy than was their custom. She was listening to Ted Arnold, as he talked about nothing in particular and all things in general to her mother, Lady Bankton. And whilst she herself said scarcely anything she was enjoying that half hour very much indeed.

For although Mary Desborough was not yet fully alive to the fact, this gay and rather shallow-minded young man, with the short-cropped fair hair, and the grey eyes, which were apt to express such much deeper feeling than their owner intended, or perhaps experienced, had long ago stolen away the heart of Lord Bankton's young daughter.

"And your brother Roderick?" her ladyship was inquiring. The two families, whose places in Hampshire were divided only by a fence, had been on terms of intimacy long before Ted was born. "I suppose that the ordination takes place on Trinity Sunday?"

Ted shrugged his shoulders.

Author of "Out of Darkness," "The Vicar's Vow," "A Silver Token," "Black or White?" etc., etc.

Illustrated by J. LITTLE.

"Does it? You have a better memory than I, so I daresay it does. Poor old Roy has shut himself out of all fun more rigorously than ever of late, anyhow. I wouldn't live a life like his for the world. Should go melancholy mad or do something desperate in a week. But I suppose he likes it," snapping his fingers idly at the dachshund upon the rug, but receiving no response whatever from that phlegmatic animal.

"That's as well, isn't it, considering his—er—" her ladyship paused to find the least offensive word, "his—er—personal disadvantages? He'll make an admirable clergyman."

"A 1. He's as good as gold, is Roy. Never can imagine why the pater hates him as he does."

At which Lady Bankton smiled the smile of the wise. She believed that she very well understood how it might come to pass that handsome General Sir Edgar Arnold, one of the finest men who ever donned the Queen's scarlet, should come to detest a hunchbacked son. Though really, as she allowed to herself a moment later, now that that gallant K.C.B. had, since his retirement, blossomed out into a full blown public philanthropist, he might have learned to show, if not to feel, a little more charity towards his own flesh and blood. But there were other reasons, of course. And she looked up with a question in her eyes.

"Don't you suppose that the annoyance and

worry about your mother's money may partly account for it?" she said. "Of course I've heard particulars, like all the rest of the world."

"And a queer old world it is, too," remarked Ted, lazily. "I always have been rather staggered, I must own, by the money being left in that way. Seems a bit hard, don't it, that one brother should get half the mater's fortune on coming of age and the prospect of the rest when his father dies; and the unlucky other Johnnie—who is me—never a sou at all?"

"It was some ricultural error in the marriage settlement. Your father tried to set it aside, but failed," said the hostess, just as though Ted were not, at any rate so far, enlightened already. "I believe myself that your father especially grudges Roy his wealth because it is you who resemble your mother, whom of course you don't remember, but whom he simply worshipped. It is for just the same reason,

and because you are so like her, that you are such an idol of his," nodding her head oracularly.

Ted stared. Staring was one of his bad habits.

"Idol of whose?" he asked, reckless, as usual, of grammar. And when Lady Bankton replied, "Of your father," he simply threw back his head and roared.

"Well, that's the funniest thing I've heard this long time," he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. "Me the pater's idol! You

must forgive me, Lady Bankton. But indeed you don't understand the gov'nor."

Which did not in the least shake the lady's true conviction that she understood him very well indeed. But Ted did not wait to argue the matter. Instead of discussing it further, he got up from his chair and crossed the room to Mary's side. As he bent his tall head to speak to her, the tremulous movements of the girl's fingers increased. Seeing which, and watching her look of happiness, Ted smiled.

"I'm going," was, however, all that he said.

"Won't you say good-bye?"

She lifted her shy eyes then and let him take her hand into his own. He held it whilst he went on talking.

"Have you seen Mrs. Ducie lately?" he asked. "I don't often meet you together now. But you used to be no end thick, weren't you?"

Mary blushed a little and nodded.

"Yes. But Zarah doesn't seem—quite—" And then she laughed and began again. It's rather difficult to say what I mean, exactly. Only after her marriage she altered. Though her husband only lived such a little while, Zarah had grown into quite a different girl before he died."

Ted grinned with amusement.

"I have a sort of hazy recollection of continual slumming, and of a tame curate who was always cropping up before the wedding. Seems a bit funny to think of Zarah now in



"I ALWAYS DO," SHE SAID, QUIETLY.

that light," he declared. "What did she do with her parson eventually?"

Mary coloured painfully.

"Don't speak so, please," she said. "Mr. Davenport." But Lady Bankton's laughing voice interrupted her.

"You talk as all silly children do of their married friends," she assured her daughter, as she rose slowly and leisurely from her chair. Although Ted's back was towards her and she could not see the clasped fingers, she had a fair idea of the state of the case at this moment. And well as she liked the young man there were some things which could not be allowed. The Honourable Mary Desborough must marry some far more eligible person than good looking Edward Arnold. Though if only he had had his brother's money—money which was really entirely thrown away upon a cripple like Roderick—how different and how nice everything might have been!

In all of which worldly wisdom, Ted himself would, notwithstanding a certain unwillingness, have acquiesced. He fully intended to marry money himself, and to leave Mary at liberty to do the same. But that did by no means prevent him from liking to touch Mary's fingers, nor from lingering to look into Mary's eyes, nor indeed from loving Mary with all the heart that he possessed.

Hearing her mother's movements, however, he gave the hand a final gentle squeeze and let it go.

"Good-bye. I suppose you, little saint, are going to church to say your prayers as usual. Be sure you remember me."

But he was not at all prepared for the look with which she replied to his half earnest, half mocking words.

"I always do," she said quietly; and left the room, whilst he was taking leave of the hostess.

All the way home that straight, direct gaze from two brown eyes haunted him. And more than once he breathed a heavy sigh. For the glance had aroused all that there was good in him. Not for the first time was he to-day conscious of aspirations after a higher and nobler life than his present worldly, aimless existence. Not for the first time did he feel yearningly that

if any human being could aid him to attain to better things, that person was sweet Mary Desborough. Yet even so he was ready to admit to himself that he had not the perseverance or the energy, perhaps not the strength, necessary for the struggle which it must cost to win her.

And so, as he himself would have asked, what hope had he? He who was intended by his father to become a barrister some day, but who himself saw no prospect of any such thing until examinations could be passed without labour, and clients gained without attention? He who dawdled through the years, snatching every passing pleasure, but without an end or object except self? He whose allowance from Sir Edgar just kept him in clothes, but had to be supplemented as best—or as worst it might, when costlier matters came into consideration? No! A penniless bride was not for him.

Truly Ted Arnold, typical butterfly of the times, would never work out his own salvation, without the helping and loving aid of that Saviour, Who was even at that moment watching over him, and over many another of his kind.

Meanwhile, Mary was kneeling in the church, and at the same time obeying, perhaps too well, Ted's behest. Think of him! When did she not think of him? But here and now thoughts turned themselves more easily than at other moments into prayers.

"If only he had the least idea that the love of Christ meant something for him," she said to herself, sorrowfully. "But he just simply doesn't care, any more than Zarah does."

Out of which came the prayer, the prayer from her heart, which Ted himself had made up his mind never should be answered.

"Oh, my Lord God, do show me how Ted may be brought very close to Thee. Do let me be the one whom Thou dost choose to lead him to heaven. For the sake of Thy Son, our Lord."

And then she got up and went home, never dreaming at what a cost to herself and to others that petition should be granted. Scarcely suspecting either that it had been prompted by an earthly, as well as by a heavenly, devotion.

CHAPTER II.

"The best of what we do and are
Just God, forgive."

JUST a week later, Roderick Arnold, sitting in the shabby study where he passed the greater part of his life, turned up his reading lamp, in order to get a better light upon a letter which he held and was endeavouring to decipher.

"Money," that's the word," he exclaimed, half aloud, with an air of relief, as the stronger illumination assisted him. "If it wasn't for that money of yours I'd implore you to throw aside all your plans, the whole conventional idea of the average parson, and come yourself out here to help fight the devil in his strong-

holds. We want some-
body who can live religion,
as well or better than he
preaches it. We want ex-
ample more than precept,
in this darkest Continent.
And I suppose we want pau-
pers instead of Croesi (is that
the plural of Croesus? If
not it ought to be) to be
tempted or al-

lured to give up their English ease for African savagery. So I suppose you must e'en stick to your gold!"

Roy allowed the letter to drop upon the floor whilst his head fell back against the cushions behind him. Sitting thus, with his broad chest expanded, and his great, sad, wistful eyes fastened upon the ceiling, whilst he meditated over those last words, with the lamp light falling strongly upon his beautifully shaped hands, and less brilliantly about the fine, uplifted features, all his best points were to the fore. Yet not even this attitude, this half concealing light, could quite hide the ugly rising between

his shoulders, the shortened legs which contrasted so painfully with the size and development of the powerful upper limbs, the pallid skin and furrowed forehead of the cripple.

"If I hadn't promised my money and myself to the slums years and years ago," he was thinking, "I'm not so sure that I wouldn't take Jack Lucas at his word and go after him, to try his method of doing good. Hump and all! Hump and all!" with a half sardonic laugh.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven, and Roy glanced round at the sound. He wondered, half idly, if Ted were at home or out. Scarcely the former, however, since it was now past the middle of May, and the London season

at its brightest. And then he suddenly recollected having heard his brother promise, at luncheon, to accompany the still pretty step-mother, Lady Jane, and her yet prettier elder daughter to Manchester House. They probably started half an hour ago.

At which

instant a knock at the door, quickly followed by the turning of the handle, interrupted his train of thought. Only one person ever intruded thus, and that was Ina, the younger, and by far the lovelier of the pair of Roy's step-sisters. She was almost a child still, and had not yet altogether emerged from the schoolroom. But in the lives of both Roy and Ted she loomed large. For Ina was indeed the Angel in the House.

As she entered the room, and walked within the circle of light thrown out by the reading lamp, Roy's eyes rested upon her with pleasure.

He loved all pretty things. And Ina, in her



"YOU DEAR OLD THING."

school-girlish evening dress of pale blue spotted muslin, with her white hands and uncovered throat, was a very pretty thing indeed. She looked tired and a little worried though, to-night, as he noticed in the course of that close inspection. And rising from his own specially constructed chair, he wheeled another and a much lower seat towards her. The girl sank into it, with a grateful little smile. And throwing up her two hands she clasped them behind the knot at the back of her head.

"You dear old thing! How I love your room and you," she said, affectionately. "I declare this is the peacefulest spot in all the house. Yet certainly it isn't grand."

"Of which you know the reason," with a rather grave smile. And she nodded a response.

"How we will enjoy making some of those little homes, that we've talked about, bright with the money you've saved," she said.

For she knew, if no one else did, the cause for that feature which some called miserliness in her brother's life. She had heard long ago of Roy's design to buy up certain horrible courts and alleys in the East End parish to which he would so soon now be licensed as Curate. She had been told how there the earth oozed filth and the light of heaven scarcely penetrated, but how every inch must be purchased by gold. And she had shared the dream as to healthier buildings which should arise, in which she herself should come and go like a sunbeam visitant.

"But I didn't come to talk of these things, Roy," she exclaimed, after a moment's silence. "I'm in trouble about Ted. You know what a row there was on Tuesday when he never turned up to read through the deeds about the Vendall Orphanage that father wanted him to see? Just the same thing has happened again. Ted had promised to look over some papers before going to Manchester House, and father has been waiting for an hour. He's perfectly awful by this time." And indeed, as all the world knew, it was a serious thing in that household to disturb the temper and the equanimity of its master, professed philanthropist though he might be.

"And mother and Isabelle?"

"Gone alone, of course. What else was there to do?"

Roderick meditated for a moment in silence, before inquiring if anyone knew what had become of the delinquent.

"That's the worst part of it," Ina said. "Bolton tells me that Mrs. Ducie called for him in the carriage about half past eight. And the order given to the coachman was the Lyceum. Once Zarah gets him into her clutches—" and she gave a innocent little laugh, which went to Roy's heart like a stab. For how long would she continue thus blind to the wickedness of the world in which she lived?

"Dear Lord, through Thine own unsullied purity, keep Ina unspotted from the world," was the petition which day by day her brother linked with her name. But although innocence might last, ignorance at least must vanish. Some day she would understand as fully as he himself already knew, that just as it was in Mary Desborough to become the good angel of Ted's life, so already was Zarah Ducie to him the personification of all evil influences.

"The Lyceum! It's a first night there," he exclaimed, "so they will certainly not be out yet. I wonder if I could find Ted and remind him of his engagement with the pater. Unless it's too late?"

"Better late than never. Oh, I wish you'd try," cried Ina, clasping her hands. "I live in dread that one of these days there'll be some tremendous explosion which will drive Ted away, out of the house, altogether. What would become of him then I can't think. And father looks unutterable things to night."

Her brother pulled himself out of the arm-chair with rather a weary movement.

"I daresay he'll think me an interfering fool. But—well I'll go!"

"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?" she answered brightly. "It came in the lesson this morning, Roy."

"And I suppose you always think of Ted and me when you read that verse?" he said. At which she opened her pretty eyes very widely indeed.

"Why, of course! Are you not my own most special brothers?" she answered.

He laughed a little, but very gently. Then he kissed the top of her head, as it rested upon the back of the chair, and went out. If she chose to give the verse a personal signification, why not? Certainly life would be a different thing without this little sister, in whose heart the love of God and of her brothers seemed intertwined. Though its manifestation was rather in deed than in word. Which undoubtedly made its influence all the stronger.

CHAPTER III.

"There is a stay, and we are strong,
Our Master is at hand."

THE Lyceum was rapidly emptying when the hansom in which Roy was seated pulled up at the box entrance. The young man sprang out with more agility than might have been expected from one of his misshapen figure. But hunchback as he was, Roy Arnold was no weakling.

Standing there upon the pavement, he faced the crowd of gaily dressed folk, and was able to make his

observations. In a moment his quick glance had distinguished two dark figures shown up against the brilliant background formed by the gleam of electric light upon uncovered heads, and glistening dresses, and gleaming jewels.

The one was that of a woman, tall, dark and beautiful, dressed from head to foot in soft black chiffon, upon which jet and diamonds sparkled and scintillated. Her hand was upon the arm and her vivacious face was raised towards the laughing countenance of a

man still taller than herself, at the sight of whose closely cropped fair head and clean-shaven features Roderick rejoiced. So his quest had not been in vain. His brother had not escaped him.

But at that moment Roy had perforce to turn away in order to pay the cabman. When he looked for them again, the pair had disappeared.

With those white shoulders of Zara's still uncovered, they could not, however, have wandered far. He glanced hastily from right to left. And in another moment he saw that

they had only moved a little further down the street to the spot where Mrs. Ducie's brougham was awaiting its owner. She was already stepping in, the folds of her long skirt gathered together in one hand, as Roy caught sight of her. And he took a quick, short run in order to reach Ted before he followed her into the carriage.

There was, however, no need for haste. Evidently she did

not intend to invite the company of her present escort any further. For Ted's next action was to close the door. In another moment the horses were in motion, whilst he remained behind.

(To be continued.)

HUMILITY.

"Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low;
Whene'er thou speak'st look with a lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility."

R. HERRICK, 1660.



"WHY OF COURSE, ARE YOU NOT MY OWN MOST SPECIAL BROTHERS?"

HOW TO PLAY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

By C. W. ALCOCK,

Founder of the Football Association and of the English Cup.

A HEALTHY SPORT.



OF good old Bishop Ken it was once said that "he was a learned prelate and an excellent player at football." The same double point might be claimed for more than one learned prelate of the present day. Memory brings prominently before my mind the form of one H. H. Montgomery, conspicuous among the Harrow forwards of his time as he was subsequently at Cambridge, a keen cricketer as well as footballer, who has been doing good work for many years in the charge of souls in the far away Bishopric of Tasmania. Several others might be mentioned if occasion required. And why should it not be taken as a compliment to be described as "an excellent player at football." There is not a better game out, certainly not one which makes more for a healthy and vigorous manhood. Comparisons are odious, and it would serve no useful purpose to compare it with other sports. All the same, as a school for the development of the qualities required for success in life, it deserves well of the State. Whether the Iron Duke did give vent to the memorable dictum "that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton" or not matters little or nothing. The playing fields of the public schools have beyond a doubt done a great deal to inculcate the readiness of resource and the self-reliance which have done much to mould the English character, and made Englishmen foremost wherever endurance has been required, always reliable where danger has to be faced. Football of itself is an object lesson for the serious business of life. What better school for the abnegation of self in the first place? Combination is essential to the well-being of a football team, whether it be Rugby or Association. A player who plays for his own hand, or rather foot, and will not subordinate himself to the general good of the side is quite out of place. He will very soon receive the happy despatch in the shape of an ignominious removal from the team. He is no use to them, but rather to the opposition. The first essential in the formation of a good player is

UNSELFISHNESS, and it should be writ very large. A football team is a small army in a way. Its success depends on the absolute cohesion of the different columns, or an uncompromising allegiance to the orders of the commander, to the complete discipline, in fact, of all ranks. A Captain to be of any use must have the hearty support of every member of his side. In no sport does personal influence count for more in the success of a captain. Football is necessarily so fast, the changes are so many and rapid that fertility of resource and decision are of vital importance. In many cases the Captain is the pivot on which the whole combination hinges, but this is rather outside the real scope of his captaincy. How comparatively unavailing purely individual skill is rated in football, can hardly be better illustrated than in the disparaging description applied recently to a well-known team, "The team of many talents." They were an eleven made up of exceptionally brilliant players on paper, but it was only on paper. It will probably reassure a good many young footballers, not quite satisfied with their individual efforts, to know that it is not the Side of good players which prevails as a rule, but the Team who know each other's play, who work for each other, and who, go loyally for



AT THE GAME.

the general well being of the side to which success comes in the long run. Discipline is the key note to the character of the good footballer of to-day. When the young player has thoroughly mastered the necessity of strict obedience, he has learned the first and very important lesson.

To become a really good player requires something more, in fact a good deal more, of course. It is not everyone who has the special gift. Much will be attained by practice and experience, but not all. Pluck comes naturally, and a certain amount of nerve follows. But the judgment and skill requisite to make a first-class player, are not given to everybody. Still, as I have already said, unity of action is the great secret of success in a football team, and that is not at all difficult of attainment. A real love of the game will go a long way

to make an average footballer. Forwards require, it goes without saying, different qualifications to backs. The centre forward, the centre half-back, and the goal-keeper are perhaps the most important members of an Association eleven. The centre forward is the main-spring of the attack. He regulates, or should regulate, the character of the attack, playing out to his wings, who should in turn play to him as the exigencies of the movement demand. The centre half-back has an even more responsible position. He has to be at once an offensive as well as a defensive player, feeding the forwards, as well as in a way influencing and regulating the whole defence. The half-backs represent the mounted infantry. The two full backs, though mostly defensive and necessarily sure tacklers, as well as good kicks, should not forget that they have to play for the side. Their aim should be to place the ball where it would be of the most advantage to their own forwards. The goal-keeper should have plenty of nerve and decision, he should be able to use his hands even better than his feet. A good field at cricket generally

makes a good goal-keeper. So much for the play, of which it is only possible to give the barest outline in a brief article. Another advantage of football, and it is one of great importance for the nationalization of the game, is its economy. The requirements for the game are so few and inexpensive that it is practically within the reach of the poorest. A ground is not always available, of course, but otherwise there is no difficulty. A pound or two will indeed provide the full equipment for a football club. The simplicity of the game, too, has made it so easily understood by the people that its popularity is easily accounted for. And what vigorous healthy recreation it gives. Barring, perhaps, the goal-keeper, whose office is at times a sinecure, everybody is hard at it doing his fair share of the work, surely a better way of employing a Saturday afternoon than the tainted atmosphere of a billiard room or a tavern! What say the thousands of young artisans or mechanics, the horny-handed sons of toil who have of late years found relaxation in football? There can be only one answer.

Practical Hints to Cottagers on Poultry Keeping.

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



A HOUSEHOLD with a hobby is a happy one, and of all hobbies poultry keeping, to my mind, takes the first place. It is one which may find occupation and amusement for all the members of the home, and it has the distinguishing character of being profitable, if conducted with interest and common sense. While it is still a debatable question whether *Poultry Farming* on a large scale, mainly for the production of table poultry and eggs, can be made a profitable calling, there is no doubt whatever that *Poultry Keeping by Cottagers* is profitable. And, in addition to the recreating interest, and the "stay at home" comforts which the hobby induces, it may in very many cases, if not in most, be made to pay the rent of the cottage and in addition find eggs for the table.

The rent of cottages in the agricultural counties of England will run from £5 to £10 a year, with an average of not more than £7, and this latter sum may be readily made from a "pen" of poultry in number from 20 to 30, if they receive careful and intelligent attention, such as it will be my endeavour to point out in the regular series of monthly articles which are to follow the present introduction. However carefully a home is conducted, there are always fragments of food which cannot be consumed, and these morsels of bread and meat, to say nothing of the parings of potatoes and the leaves of cabbages and other vegetables, form a valuable addition to the poultry food. It ought not to cost a cottager more than a penny a week to keep each bird, or if one adds the little extra cost of keeping the house and run in order, not above five shillings a year, while the hens ought to produce on an average 150 eggs each, if the right kind is selected and they are treated properly. Taking summer and winter together, eggs are worth a penny each, for if they are cheap and plentiful in the summer, they are scarce in the winter, and worth in most places, 2d. each.

Now if the cottager would only select the breed most suitable to his needs and his situation, and would hatch early enough in the season, there is no reason why he should not have an abundance of eggs in winter, when the demand is greatest. The chickens hatched in March and April provide the hens which lay the golden eggs that pay the rent.

(To be continued.)

"GOLDEN TEARS."

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.



THE Germans have a pretty name for the flowers of the laburnum, they call them *golden tears*. There is a fitness in the name, for they are of the colour of gold, and, just before the flowers open, the pear-shaped buds hang in clusters like falling tears. It is a pretty idea.

And, though it is *only* an idea, nothing but a pretty name, yet like many another name, it suggests *thoughts* about real tears.

Among *real* tears, there are different sorts. For instance, there are angry tears, tears of impatience and vexation, bitter and rebellious tears, sentimental tears (such as are shed over a story-book), and many tears are *excessive*, having no moderation or restraint. Now, none of these are *good* tears. They bring no real or wholesome relief, and do no good, but rather harm. Such tears are not *golden tears*; they have no preciousness or beauty.

But there are other tears, quite different; such as tears of true *sorrow*, yet not excessive, unchecked or rebellious; tears forced from the eyes by pain, not in impatience, but as a vent and relief; tears (such as Jesus Himself shed) of grief for the death of loved ones; tears of thankful joy, tears of affection, tears of sympathy; and last, but not least, tears of sorrow for sin, repentant tears. All tears meekly shed in secret before God may be called *golden tears*, for they are *precious*.

To whom? To the weeper himself, as bringing relief; to the sufferer for whom the sympathy is felt, for they comfort him; but *more*. With reverence be it said, they are precious in *God's* sight.

We read of such tears in Scripture. Job said, "Mine eye poureth out tears *unto God*." (Job xvi., 20). Were not those *golden tears*?

When David watered his couch with his tears, those tears, though drawn from him by suffering, were yet *golden tears*, for he says, "The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping" (Psalm vi., 8). They were certainly *golden tears*, that drew God's attention and pity.

Again, David wept when driven from the worship of God. "My tears," he says, "have been my meat day and night; while they daily say unto me, 'Where is now thy God?'" (Psalm xlii., 3). When he thus wept because he could not go up to the house of the Lord, he wept *golden tears*.

Tears mixed with prayers are *golden tears*. Such were the tears of which another Psalmist says, "O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt Thou be angry against the prayer of Thy people? Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in great measure" (Psalm lxxx., 4, 5); and such the tears that Jeremiah wished for, when he mourned for his people, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" (Jer. ix., 1). Those again were *golden tears* which the Psalmist shed for the lawlessness of men, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law" (Psalm cxix., 136). And the tears of the anxious father, who came to Jesus on behalf of his child, believing, yet wishing to believe more: "And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief" (Mark ix., 24); those tears of natural affection, those prayerful, believing tears, were *golden tears*.

But what tears were those with which the penitent sinner washed the Saviour's feet (Luke vii., 38)? Oh, surely those were *golden tears* indeed!

And the tears which Jesus Himself shed at the grave of Lazarus (John xi., 35), what preciousness was there in *them*! *Golden tears* they were above all others, the *Saviour's* tears.

His servant Paul at times shed tears. He spoke of himself to the elders of Ephesus as "serving the Lord with all humility of mind, with many tears," and reminded them that for three years he had not ceased "to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts xx., 19, 31).

When he wrote to the Corinthians, filled with love and sorrow towards them, he said, "I wrote unto you with many tears" (2 Cor. ii., 4).

These tears of Paul, so tender and unselfish, and full of sympathy, tears in which the honour of God was concerned, tears for the sin and weakness and sorrow of others—these were "*golden tears*" indeed.

To turn from Scripture to daily life: a mother on her knees before God, praying with

tears for a godless child; a faithful pastor beseeching a wanderer with tears to turn to God; one weeping for sad news from a distant land, which tell of some dear one sick or in danger, but too far off for help—all these weep "golden tears."

Such tears are usually shed in secret. The Laburnum shows its blossoms in public, hanging its clusters over the path to the admiration of all who pass; but the true "golden tears" are seldom seen by man; only God sees them. "My soul shall weep in secret places" (Jer. xiii. 17).

What becomes of those secret tears? Do they flow in vain? Do they fall unnoticed? Is nothing done with them?

They are not shed unnoticed, or in vain. They are more precious than gold in the sight of God. "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle: are they not in Thy book?" This was the prayer of David, and this his faith, when in sore distress. All "golden tears"—humble, meek, resigned—for ourselves and for others tears

of faith, tears shed before God through Jesus Christ, and going up to the Father by Him—all such tears God not only regards but keeps and treasures up as precious in His sight. He writes them in His book. He will not forget them.

"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy" (Psalm cxxvi. 5). They will not always weep. Even "golden tears" will cease in God's good time. For Christ's sake (Himself once the Man of sorrows for us, but He weeps not now), for Christ's sake the mourning shall be turned into joy.

Even here this may be, if so it please God. Even in this vale of tears, He can dry the weeping eye, if so He sees good; either removing the cause of weeping, or changing thought and feeling, and giving peace, while the thing itself remains unchanged; and we know that, for all who are in Christ, the day will come when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 17). There are no tears in heaven; not even "golden tears."



"THE VISIT OF THE ROBIN."

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK).



Y dear young readers,

As we all know how sweet is a thing that is one's own special possession, we are going to set aside one page of this Magazine every month for you youngsters.

We are going to call ourselves "The Guild of Goodwill." Perhaps some of you will say, "What does that mean?" Well, you all know the sweet old Christmas greeting, "Peace on Earth and Goodwill toward Men." That is exactly what we want to carry out. Goodwill is only another word for kindness, and true politeness.

And so I want each of you who is under fifteen years of age to enrol yourself as a member of this Guild. Boys as well as girls are invited to belong, as we shall find plenty to interest them. I hope my members will write and tell me all about their pets, their hobbies, and their joys and sorrows; then I shall answer their letters in this page, and I am sure that we shall soon feel like old friends.

There are going to be some delightful competitions, some of them quite easy, so that even the tiniest amongst you can compete. Every month I shall set a new competition, giving a certain date by which all the attempts must reach me. When I have read these I shall give each competitor so many marks; then, at the end of six months (that is in June), we shall reckon up these marks, and beautiful silver watches will be sent to the boy and the girl who have gained the greatest number of marks during the time.

Now, I am sure that many of you would be delighted to have a watch of your own, so that I shall expect every one of my members to try their best every month in these competitions. Marks will be given according to the age of the competitor and the neatness of the writing, etc., as well as for its literary or good-sense merit. These competitions will vary very much, but do not hesitate to *enter for them all*, because if you only get one or two marks each month, they will all help toward your coming out top of the list in the end.

This month's competition (as you will see below) is for "The best suggestion how to increase the popularity of The Guild of Goodwill." I daresay many of you, when you read this page, will say, "I wish they had so-and-so," or "Would it not be nice if Cousin Joan would offer to do this or that?" Well, those are exactly the things that I want you to write about.

You must head your paper with the title of the competition, your name, address, and age.

As well as this series of competitions, I am able to offer a Special Prize of a lovely Paint Box to the boy or girl (member of our Guild), who sends me in the best design in water-colour for an Easter card. There is plenty of time for you to think of something pretty and original, as the cards need not reach me before March 30th.

The puzzles I expect will be very popular amongst you. The prizes for them will be given in the same way as in the watch competitions; that is, six beautiful books will be awarded to the members who have sent in the greatest number of correct answers during the six months. The puzzles will all be numbered I., II., and so on, and when you send in your answers you must head the paper with the words "Puzzle Answers," and write your name, address, and age underneath. Against the answer you must put the corresponding number of the puzzle.

Now all that you have to do in order to become an M.G.G. (Member of the Guild of Goodwill) is to send me a penny stamp and your full name, address, and age, when I will return you a dainty card of membership.

Before next month comes round, I shall hope to have had lots of letters from my "Goodwill" children, so please do not disappoint me, but write at once and enclose the penny stamp for the membership card. You can send in your competition with the application for membership if you like.

Your loving friend,
COUSIN JOAN.

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to members of the Guild.)

To be sent on or before January 31st, 1901.

"The best suggestion how to increase the popularity of this Guild." (Not more than two hundred words.)

SPECIAL PRIZES.

To be sent on or before March 30th, 1901.

I.—A lovely Paint-Box for the prettiest design in water-colour for an Easter Card.

II.—A silver watch for the girl or boy introducing the largest number of members from January to September inclusive.

For Puzzles see page 21.

Address your Envelopes to
COUSIN JOAN,
"The Church Magazine" Offices,
77, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue,
LONDON, E.C.

A MESSAGE.

BY EMILY DIBDIN.



Tick, tick, tick, tick!
 What does the charmer say?
 Does it tell of the rays of a rising sun,
 And the scent of the new mown hay?
 Does it whisper the music of singing birds,
 Or the dip of the running stream?
 Of flowers that grow on the sunny bank,
 Or pale in the forest gleam?

Tick, tick, tick, tick!
 What is the message given?
 Does it tell of the bliss of the cherub throng
 That crowd round the gates of Heaven?
 Or the glory of worlds beyond the ken
 And the reach of the sons of Time?
 Of the infinite joys and eternal weal
 That belong to that blessed clime?

To us who have passed through the mists of age
 And the deadening waves of life,
 Unheard are the tidings that come from afar
 In the din of the earthly strife.
 The whispers of sweetness, and beauty and grace
 To the little ones only are given,
 For them there is music in every sound,
 For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.
Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.

I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two brothers, these of long ago:
 Their names you cannot fail to know.

- (1) A steward who served a wicked king,
- (2) The first of months; it fell in Spring.
- (3) This without guile was he who prayed,
- (4) (And this his name) in leafy shade.

II.

Decipher these sentences; the alternate letters and spaces are omitted:

- (1) C-n-i-e-t-e-i-i-s-o-t-e-g-o-
- (2) -h-l-r-i-m-s-e-h-r-

III.

WORD-SQUARE.

- (1) A priest renowned in church and state.
- (2) A country—see Psalm Seventy-eight.
- (3) This brought the flood in Noah's days.
- (4) She hailed the Christ with grateful praise.

IV.

What musical instrument in the early chapters of Isaiah may be indicated by—51050?

V.

Distinguish the various *Marys* in the New Testament.

(For particulars of prizes see page 20.)

THE BEST FRIEND OF ALL.

BY S. E. A. JOHNSON.

A SEASONABLE STORY.



"Oh Jessie! you are ready! Don't go down before me," cried Annie to her twin sister, one Christmas morning.

The two little nine year old girls had just been promoted to a room all their own.

Very pretty it looked with its two little white beds; indeed, there seemed to be two of everything all round about it.

Auntie quite laughed the first time she looked in. She said, "One would think that everything came into the world at twin!"

You see Jessie and Annie were always dressed exactly alike.

Then their birthdays all ways came upon the same

day, and their presents were generally the same, though not quite always. Their big brother, John, often gave them different things; because, he said, their names were different. Jessie and Annie always liked best of all the presents that they received from one another. Each little sister seemed exactly to know what the other was most longing for.

Jessie was ready to go down first, though Annie had been just as much in a hurry. Nurse had gone away a few minutes before and had left the two little maids to finish dressing, to kneel in prayer

each by her own little bed, and then to read their Scripture portion for Christmas day together. It was S. Matt. 1, 18-25.

Jessie was in a great hurry to get downstairs that morning, and Annie was just as anxious, only she had been making too much haste. As she was putting on her holland apron, she pulled it so hard that the button flew off to the other end of the room! Then she had to go and find nurse, who was dressing baby, and ask for another apron.

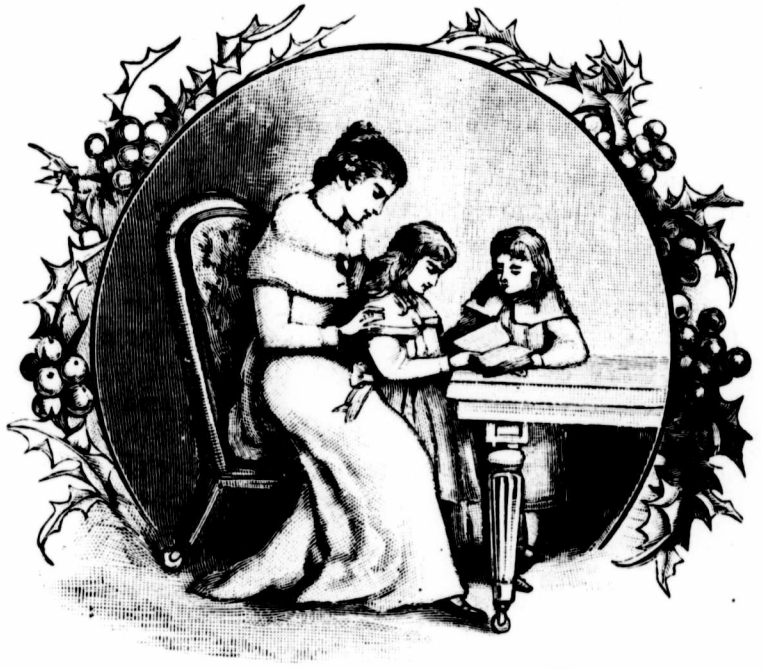
"If it was not Christmas Day, Miss Annie, you should just fetch your workbox and sew that button on yourself," said nurse severely.

Nurse never could see why little girls should be rough and careless when they were particularly happy.

Jessie and Annie nearly always had breakfast downstairs. Their father and mother were such busy people during the day that they liked to make sure of seeing their little girls in the morning.

I daresay you can guess what it was that made those children in a hurry to get downstairs on Christmas Day.

Their mother did not like the plan of putting presents in a stocking or under their pillows, or even on the dressing table. She particularly wished her little girls



"WILL YOU WRITE IT IN FOR US?"

to think of God first in the morning, not of presents.

So they had to wait for these till they were quite ready to go downstairs.

Christmas Day breakfast tables are generally different to breakfast tables on other days. On most *birthdays*, even, only one plate is full of presents; on Christmas Day, in some homes, every plate is full. Of course, on the twins' birthday two plates were full of presents, generally just the same number and often nearly the same size.

But, on their last birthday John had sent Jessie a pretty little pair of scissors that folded up, and Annie a birthday text book. That book had made Annie busy

indeed the first month she had it. More than fifty names were in it now; father mother, John, the servants, uncles, aunts, cousins, and some little friends had written their names in it.

Every morning Annie used to look at the text in her book, and so made quite sure that she was not forgetting anyone's birthday. She then offered up a little silent prayer for the one whose birthday it might happen to be, for Annie was a praying child.

So the birthday book, as well as the apron button, prevented her being ready so soon as her sister that Christmas morning.

Jessie often wished that she had a birthday book too. She little thought that downstairs on her plate, waiting for her to come, lay a parcel. Upon it was written, "With John's loving Christmas wishes," and inside was a little blue book with gilt edges.

Annie's birthday book was red.

"Do wait for me, dear," cried Annie again. "I must see what the text is in my birthday book before I go down. Come and look too."

So the two little sisters, arms thrown round one another, read together the text for Christmas Day. "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"I wonder why *that* is chosen for Christmas Day," whispered Annie.

Jessie thought a moment; then she said, "I expect it is because the Lord Jesus was born into this world

just as if He was our brother, dear; and because He is better than any brother ever can be."

Those children were taught always to speak of the Lord Jesus.

"It was good of Him to come," went on Annie. "He had no nice home like ours."

"What a pity no one's birthday comes on Christmas Day in my book!" said she. "All my five lines are empty. I wonder whether they will be always."

"Would it be wrong to put His name in, do you think?" asked Jessie. "Let us ask Mother after breakfast."

Then the children ran down. I must not stop to tell you what they found inside all their parcels, much the same kind of things you found in yours last Christmas. They could think of little else all breakfast time, and they ate so little that mother felt sure very hungry little girls would come to dinner.

After breakfast, before mother began to be busy about other things, she always had ten minutes' Bible talk with her children.

Both the twins had a birthday book now.

"Mother, dear," said Annie, "Jessie and I want to know whether you think we may put the Lord Jesus' name in our book, because Christmas Day is His birthday. Will you write it in for us?"

So mother wrote in those two birthday books, underneath the words, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"—

"THE BEST FRIEND OF ALL!"

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By K. C. JONES, M.C.A.

(Staff Lecturer Surrey County Council).



ONE of the most seasonable dishes at this time of the year is a good soup, such as

LENTIL SOUP.

Egyptian Lentils	-	-	-	1 pint.
Good sized Onion	-	-	-	1.
Carrot	-	-	-	1.
Turnip	-	-	-	1.
Celery	-	-	-	1.
Dripping	-	-	-	3 stalks.
Cold water	-	-	-	1 ounce.
Pepper and Salt	-	-	-	2 quarts.
				To taste.

Wash the lentils, and soak all night. Prepare the vegetables and cut them in slices. Heat the dripping in a saucepan and fry the vegetables. Strain the water from the lentils and add them and the cold water to the fried vegetables, bring to the boil, skim, and simmer till quite tender, about two-and-a-half hours. Rub the soup through a colander or sieve, boil up and season to taste.

Simple Rules for Soup Making.

Peas, beans, or lentils should be soaked all night, and be put on in cold water. Fresh vegetables must be put in when the water boils; meat if used, must be put on in cold water. If vegetables are fried in dripping, great care must be taken to absorb all the fat before the water is added, or the soup will taste greasy.

Soup once brought to the boil should only simmer or it will waste.

Soup should be skimmed often.

The lid should be kept on.

Any bones left from joints can be cleaned, broken small, put on in cold water, simmered for several hours to form stock, which can be used in place of water for soups.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

**FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION
OF OUR LORD. Jan. 1.**

"In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh, by the circumcision of Christ."

—COL. 2, 11.

Thy love, sweet Babe, with willing heart
Endured Thy Circumcision smart,
'Twas Thy propitious aim
To take that dearest Name
Of JESUS, at that rite imposed
Which Thy salvation to the world disclosed.

Bless'd Angels, you my Jesus praise,
Flesh cannot reach your heavenly lays,
Yet since for me He deign'd,
Not you, to be arraign'd,
In love with you I'll strive to vie,
With all your might you love, and so will I.

BY THOMAS KEN.

**THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY
OF OUR LORD. Jan. 6.**

"All they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord."

—ISAIAH 60, 6.

That so Thy blessed birth, O Christ,
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy Star appeared in the East,
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
And offering Thee myrrh, incense, gold,
They threefold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that Star of Thine,
Thy grace, which guides to find out Thee,
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out may'st be:
And Thou shalt be our King, therefore,
Our Priest and Prophet ever more.

GEORGE WITHER, 1667.

CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL. Jan. 25.

"How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is amongst the saints."

—WISDOM 5, 5.

O blessed Paul elect to grace,
Arise and wash away thy sin,
Anoint thy head and wash thy face,
Thy gracious course begin.
To start thee on thy outrunning race
Christ shows the splendour of His Face:
What will that Face of splendour be
When at the goal He welcomes thee?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

GARDENING FOR JANUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

THE month of January is the month of all months when little can be done in the garden, the ground for the most part being unworkable. Opportunity should, however, be taken to fork up the surface of the soil already dug up in the autumn, so that it may be quite ready for the seed-sowing. Thought should now be given to summer vegetables. Towards the end of the month, if the weather is mild enough, parsley, turnips, and radish may be sown in dry ground;



lettuce may be sown in warm borders; spinach in open ground sown broadcast for spring use. Broad beans can be planted about the middle of the month.

Trenches may be dug for the celery plants, so that they may be benefited by the frost, and be quite ready to receive the plants from the hotbed.

Where hotbeds are possible, cauliflowers, cabbage, and celery should be sown early.

Flower Garden.

Hotbeds should now be prepared for the first batch of bedding plants, the choice of which must be decided upon without delay. Old plants should now be started in these beds for cuttings.

All young plants set out in the autumn should now be fixed to the ground as soon as the soil is in a workable condition. Carnations, wallflowers, sweetwilliams, &c., should be attended to.

Tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, and other bulbs may still be planted for late flowering, care being taken to do so in warm dry weather.

Fruit.

All fruit trees may now be pruned and planted. All young and newly-planted trees should be well fastened to stakes to prevent any disturbance of their roots. Trenching, draining, preparing borders for fruit trees, and dressing the ground should be put into operation.



THE CHURCHMAN'S BOOKSHELF.

At this time, when so much literature of a doubtful and injurious character is so widely distributed, the Editor of *The Church Magazine* has decided to reserve this corner of a page in each month for the purpose of making known to his many readers the titles of useful books which are worth reading—together with the name of the publisher and the price. The Editor will be pleased to forward any books mentioned, post paid, upon receipt of P.O.O. for the publisher's price.

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and at the morning prayer. The decorations were particularly effective, due largely to the energy of Mr. J. H. Cline and the members of the Parish Guild, assisted by others of the congregation.

NANTICOKE.

The annual S. S. entertainment and Xmas tree was held in the village hall on the evening of Dec. 21; a fee of 15 cents was charged this year to meet expenses of prizes for the children. It proved a successful venture, as there is now a surplus of about \$4.00 in the prize fund for next year. The program was taken almost entirely by the children and consisted of singing, recitations, dialogues and tableaux. Mr. W. Wicker and Mr. A. Evans kindly assisted in the programme. The chairman for the evening was Mr. A. Low.

Our branch of the W. A. here has very promptly responded to the call for \$3,000.00 for the Algoma Sustentation Fund. This sum can be made up by an offering of 25c. apiece for each member of the Auxiliary. The branch here sends \$5.00 as its apportionment.

The Rev. Mr. Cotton is holding a series of cottage prayer meetings in the vicinity of Mudstreet. The first meeting was held on the evening of Jan. 9th at the home of Mr. James Dunbar.

The usual Christmas service was held here on Christmas morning. The church was prettily decorated with evergreens for the occasion, but beautiful and inspiring as the morning was, the attendance was not what it might have been. The Parish of Nanticoke wishes the other parishes in the Deanery prosperity during the year lately begun.

YORK.

Relatives and friends of the late Mrs. Murdoch assembled in St. John's Church, York—nearly filling it—on the 5th December, 1901, when the beautiful and impressive service of the Church of England enabled them to testify, in Christian worship of our common Father in Heaven, to their profound sense of respect and loss, as well as sympathy with each other and with the bereaved children of a noble and tender mother. The Church in strong loving words and with well-founded hope welcomed, into the Christian's rest, her faithful and consistent daughter, Mary (Dawson) Murdoch, who was born in Ireland in 1827, and who lived most of her useful life in the village of Indiana, Seneca township.

A bright service was held in St. John's on Christmas morning in which the choir and congregation heartily joined. Special psalms, Lessons, Epistle, Gospel, Hymns, Te Deum,

Benedictus and Anthem, and an address of greeting in place of ordinary sermon combined to raise a spirit of Christmas love and joy in the hearts and minds of the Rector and his people—tinged with one note of regret that so many Christians of the parish failed to worship God in His own house on the anniversary of the birth of our Lord, the Prince of Peace. How much better would the family greetings and feastings be if duly hallowed by attendance early in the day upon the services of the Church.

MARRIAGE.—On Xmas Day, in York village, T. J. A. Martin to R. A. Wilson, both of Hamilton.

BAPTISM.—In St. John's Church, York, on Dec. 29th, 1901, Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Charles Carver and his wife, Catharine Susan, of Glanford township. Date of birth—28th June, 1901.

BURIAL.—Mary Dawson, aged 74, relict of Richard Wm. Murdoch—a native of Ireland, who died 3rd Dec., 1901, in the village of Indiana, Co. Haldimand, and was buried in St. John's Cemetery, York, Dec. 5th, 1901.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

SUNDAY SCHOOL XMAS SOCIALS.

Respecting both these interesting annual events we may write this year, good weather, good attendance, a good time.

The Christ Church Xmas Tree was held at Mr. Wm. Martin's, Port Maitland, on the 26th. The hearty welcome of host and hostess, the excellent room (the large dining hall) for a Christmas Tree, and several etcetera's made the event very successful. The one regretful incident was the fact that though we had got as close to the children on the other side of the river as we could, unless we had the Tree on a 'tug' in midstream, they were unable to be present owing to the unsafe state of the ice; and probably some of them, as they went to bed, could see the lights in the house where the tree was being unloaded in which there were presents for them.

Mr. Wm. Patton's house, (and barn) was crowded on the 30th when the St. John's S. S. Social was held. The same hospitable welcome was met with here. The Teachers had substituted a tastefully decorated ladder for the customary tree. Several recitations were given by the children, and three carols were sung. Miss Edith Dietle presiding at the organ.

On both occasions before the distribution of gifts, Mr. Francis gave a brief report of the S. S. attendance for the year and presented the prizes to those who were entitled to them. These books will be paid for this year out of

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the amount collected in connection with the social—that amount being sufficiently in excess of other years to make this possible in addition to taking the usual papers.

The second meeting in connection with the formation of a Young People's Association of Christ Church was held at Mr. Hy. King's on Dec. 12th and was well attended, as was also the third meeting in the Port Maitland school house on Jan. 30th, when the first programme was given. Neatly printed cards, containing the Constitution, Form of Initiation, etc., are now ready for the meeting on Jan. 14th.

The Incumbent feels much pleased that the holding of an afternoon service on Christmas Day for the congregation which did not have the morning service, seemed, judging from the attendance, to be appreciated. He wishes, through the columns of the Magazine, to express his thanks to both congregations for their liberal Christmas offering.

BURIAL.—At St. John's Church, on Dec. 13th, Maud Eleanor Blott, of Dunnville, aged 17 years.

NOTICES.

On Sunday, Feb. 2nd, the Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, M.A., of Hagersville, will preach the annual missionary sermon in both churches. Offertory for Diocesan Missions.

The Literary Society's annual entertainment will probably be held on Jan. 27th.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, PORT MAITLAND.

The church represented in this issue is beautifully situated close to the shore of Lake Erie, and near Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River, and was built about the year 1840 upon land given by the late A. P. Farrell, Esq. The Rev. C. B. Gribble was the clergyman at the time. He was succeeded in 1843 by the Rev. Adam Townley, during whose incumbency the church and burial ground were consecrated by the Rt. Rev. John Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto, on the 16th of June, 1846. The Jubilee of this event was celebrated in 1896, with appropriate services and a grand picnic, under the direction of the Incumbent, Rev. M. W. Britton, now Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, St. Catharines. Dr. Townley removed to Paris, Ont., in 1855, and was succeeded in the same year by the Rev. John Flood. Mr. Flood lived in Dunnville, and held service in this church and St. John's, South Cayuga, on alternate Sunday afternoons, as did also his successors, Rev. Noah Disbrow, '66-'77, and Rev. P. W. Smith, (now Rector of Port Erie) '77-'88. In 1888 the connection with Dunnville was terminated, and the separate Parish of Port Maitland and South Cayuga formed, the Rev. M. W. Britton being the first Rector. He was succeeded in Jan., 1897, by the present Incumbent, the Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M.A.