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NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM

Jan. 1897-c. 1



THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

MY home is my castle, I hear you say,
Where a man has a right to his own,
Where he can smile or rest awhile,
Or dwell with his grief alone.
For a weary man such a home is sweet,
Fast closed from the great world's roar.
Shut fast if you will, but keep awake still
For the pilgrim who knocks at your door.

You may be small in the eyes of the world,
Unnoted in thought and act ;
But live on in hope—you will yet find scope
For love and for kindly tact.
And though obscure the place you dwell,
And common and scant your store,
Wake and listen well—you never can tell
Who will come and knock at your door.

For the children of want live all around,
And the hearts that are sad are many ;
And 'tis like a king, though an easy thing,
To open your door to any.
For who can say with what doubtful hand,
Bruised heart, tired frame, feet sore,
In dread of fate, there may tremble and wait
Some pilgrim who knocks at your door ?

And should no one come, and your waiting seem waste,
Wake still and your watch endure ;
The vigil of love is never in vain,
The knock of the pilgrim is sure.
When your lamp is low, and your hearth is cold,
And hope tells its tale no more,
To your lonely home there is One Who will come
With a knock of love at your door.

1897



NEW BRIGHTON LIGHTHOUSE.

OR,

WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND SON.

HERE to spend Bank Holiday? That was the subject on which James Peterson Kerruish was talking with his mother, after tea, one bright, warm evening during the last week of July. They used to talk of everything together, this simple, loving pair, whether it were of a winter evening when the lamp burned between them on the round table in the tiny parlour, or in the happy evening ends of summer as they cultivated together the miniature garden that imparted a certain grace and dignity to their cottage home that stood back obscurely sheltered in a street communicating with one of the great suburban thoroughfares of busy Liverpool.

"It seems a pity, dear boy, that you should not accept the Hepworths' invitation; you certainly need a change after all the hard work you have had at the office," Mrs. Kerruish was saying as she handed the re-filled watering-can to her son, who was busy supplying a few cherished plants with their evening refreshment.

"Well, you see, mother, there are such a lot of odd jobs waiting to be done at

home, and for all you say I look seedy, I assure you I feel fit enough," replied the young fellow—for he was quite young—cheerfully.

"Thank God for that; but still the fresh sea air would set you up for the winter, and I am sure a change is good for everybody."

"And if for everybody, why not for my old mother?" he interrupted, turning towards her with a bright, honest smile.

"No, no—not for me, James. It is rest and quiet the old folks crave for—just such rest and quiet as I enjoy with my dear boy beside me," and she reached out her thin, delicate hand and laid it lovingly on his arm.

"You haven't half rest enough, mother dear," he responded tenderly, for he noticed how the veins and sinews stood out beneath the shrivelled skin; "that is what makes me so impatient to have my screw raised so that we might keep a proper servant and you not be bothered about things as you are."

He laid down the can, took the thin hand and raised it to his lips. He was not ashamed of his love to his mother, as young fellows growing to manhood are at times tempted to be. He knew how much he owed to her—how she

had toiled and watched and prayed for him—and he spoke but simple truth when he said that he chiefly coveted success so that he might be enabled to solace her declining years.

"You want to make a fine lady of your old mother, but that would never do; it's better for me to be as I am. But about going to the Hepworths', Jim. I think when they have been so kind as to ask you, you ought to go; and you have never been to the Island, you know."

"Well, mother, of course I'd like to go well enough, and Hope says the girls are having a rare good time over there. But then, there is the question of the cost, and I really don't like the idea of leaving you all alone—it seems so selfish."

"It will only be for two or three days, dear, and the money won't run to much; better write and say you will go."

"But I thought, mother, you didn't like the girls Flossie and Bossie, as people call them."

This was said with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, but Mrs. Kerruish took the matter seriously and answered with a little sigh,—

"I suppose we old women are hard to please, but it certainly seems as if the girls of to-day are not like those that used to be. However, I don't want to judge any one or to say an unkind word; and I'm sure, too, my boy has more sense than to be led away by any mere outside appearance, by showy clothes or a fuzzy, curly head of hair."

"Oh, mother, mother, is that your way of not saying an unkind word?" interrupted the young man.

"Well, well, I'll say no more about the young ladies," said Mrs. Kerruish,

good-humouredly, "but against Hope, at all events, I have no prejudice. He is such a good friend for you, dear—so steady and yet so bright and clever; they tell me, too, he is in a nice way of business and is sure to get on."

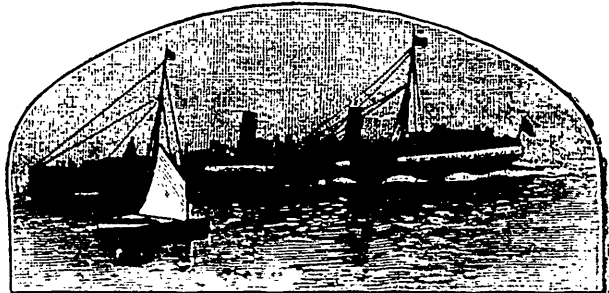
James Kerruish listened to this

encomium with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. He fancied he knew a thing or two about Hope Hepworth, but not wishing to disturb his mother, he simply gave his assent to her final words.

"Oh yes, I think Hope is just the sort of fellow that is sure to get on—safe to do so, I should say."

There was a pause. The watering was finished, and Jim was standing by his mother's side, holding in his warm hand the thin fingers that had awhile since been laid on his arm. Thus they stood silent. Mrs. Kerruish gave a little sigh while her son glanced disconsolately round the miniature garden plot. Yes, Hope Hepworth was of the sort that "get on"—a bright, plausible, pushing fellow. He heard his mother's sigh, and it smote on his ear as though it had been intended as a reproach. What a small return had he been able to make to her for years of devotion! How hardly-earned and yet how poor was his own position at that moment! He was little better than an office boy, and his prospects seemed to be just the average ones of a friendless clerk. And there was his schoolmate, Hope Hepworth, who seemed always to drop on his feet—yes, he had suffered some slips and falls (about which James Kerruish knew more than most other people), but he had always had the luck to "pick himself up." With his varied accomplishments, bright face and plausible manner, he had never lacked friends, and now (with a well-to-do uncle to back him) he was in "a nice way of business." "A lucky fellow was Hope Hepworth," all said; "and deservedly so," the majority were ready to add.

For the first time, young Kerruish



THE ISLE OF MAN BOAT.

definitely rebelled against his lot. Not infrequently—especially of late—he had been dimly conscious of a certain sense of dissatisfaction and unrest. Then he had said to himself that he was tired; that the work of his office was monotonous; that the ventilation was not of the best. But for these things

other young fellows? There is Hope Hepworth, for instance, that poor mother thinks such a model! Why, the chances he has chucked away would have been the making of me; and now, at the end of all, his old uncle is there to give him a hand and to push him along! Why haven't I a rich uncle?



"THUS THEY STOOD SILENT."

there was no help; they were all in the day's work; there was nothing for it but to grind on at the mill, looking forward to the quiet evenings at home, to Sunday and to the next brief holiday that loomed on the horizon of the future. But now young Kerruish found himself in sudden and daring revolt against the established order of things. "Why shouldn't I have as good a time as

or rather, what is the use of having one when it's only for the honour of bearing his name? Peterson indeed! To think that I was called for him, and yet he never put forth as much as his little finger to help poor mother! And still she goes on talking and hoping. I've no patience!"

Certainly at that moment he didn't seem to have much; for as the thought

of Uncle Peterson surged up in his mind, the young fellow dropped his mother's hand and walked away sullenly. But the garden being so small, he couldn't go far; so having gazed for a couple of minutes over the low party-wall on the desolation that reigned throughout the premises of a drunkard that lived next door, he returned to where his mother was still standing. She had not moved; she had not spoken. She was speculating, somewhat ineffectually, as to the cause of these moody fits to which her boy had been subject of late. Was he in love? Or was his liver out of order? Or was there any business trouble?

She was not a very wise woman, this poor widow Kerruish; but she was a very patient one. She had had her cross to bear, and being conscious of much weakness, she had early looked to the great Cross-Bearer, and had found in Him wisdom and strength sufficient for her need. She had learnt to be silent and to bide her time.

Nor had she now any long time to bide. Soon recovering himself, Jim returned and took the thin hand in his warm grasp once more.

"I heard a little sigh just now. What did that mean, pray?"

"Did I sigh?"—and the tone bespoke simple and genuine surprise. "It must have been a sigh of contentment."

"That's queer, isn't it? Do people sigh for pleasure?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, I think they do at times," she answered, looking into his frank young face. "But now I remember—I was thinking of your poor Uncle Robert, of how sad and lonely his lot must be, for all his worldly success, compared with mine."

"Compared with yours, mother!"

"Yes, I am so happy with my boy; our little home has been so blessed."

"Certainly, we have been very happy together, mother," he said softly.

"We have been and we are, Jim," she replied, looking at him uneasily.

"Oh yes, we are; but I hope to make you happier yet, mother dear."

"I do not know that I want any greater happiness; at any rate the future is in Higher Hands." She spoke gravely, almost anxiously; but then added lightly, "You know, Jim, it is

greedy to ask for more—that's what I used to tell you when you were a child."

"But you spoke just now of Hope Hepworth being sure to get on and all that."

Now she understood the secret of his moody petulance, and with all a mother's solicitude was swift to soothe the tender spot she had unwittingly touched.

"And will not my own darling boy get on too?" she said, drawing him towards her and kissing his forehead. "Why, Jim, everybody speaks well of you, everybody praises your willingness and your perseverance."

"Oh yes, it is all very well to cry 'good dog! good dog!' when the poor brute is half killing himself fetching and carrying for the master that shouts at him; but it seems to me a fellow just gets put upon in proportion as he is found to be willing and persevering, as you say."

"Well, Jim, young Hepworth told me that they think a lot of you at the office and that you have a good chance of promotion."

"Did Hope say that, now?" exclaimed the young man with pardonable eagerness; then he added with at least a tinge of bitterness, "But of course he wouldn't be Hope Hepworth if he didn't find something pleasant to say, especially to a lady. For my part I don't see any sign that my zeal and intelligence are appreciated by any of our bosses, least of all by old Lamont himself."

"All of which goes to show how badly you are in need of a holiday," said Mrs. Kerruish sensibly; "so just sit down and write a nice note to Miss Bossie or Miss Flossie saying you will be pleased to accept the kind invitation conveyed through their brother."

"Do you really think I ought to write, mother?" And a flush of pleasant embarrassment mantled the young fellow's fair cheek.

"Certainly, you must write; why, you are to be their guest so far as I understand."

"Well, partly. The idea is that I am to pay for my own bed and breakfast, but to be most of my time with them," explained Jim.

"A very nice plan, and better perhaps than being all boxed up together. But still you must write;

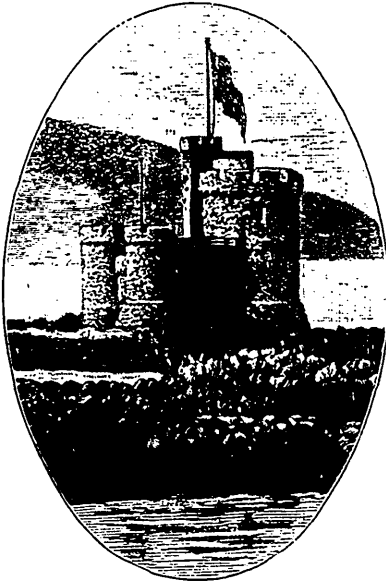
let me see — which sister is the elder?"

"Oh, Flossie, of course—she is a year and a half older than the other; and Hope is the youngest."

"Well then, you had better write to her,—‘My dear Miss Hepworth.’"

"Ought I to say ‘my,’ or only ‘dear’?" inquired Jim, looking up from the table at which, in obedience to his mother's suggestion, he had seated himself.

"Whichever you wish," laughed Mrs. Kerruish; "it depends on the state of your feelings."



"THE TOWER OF REFUGE."

"I think perhaps ‘dear’ will be enough," was the hesitating response.

Thus Mr. James Peterson Kerruish proceeded to indite, with all due care, what was in fact his first letter to a young lady.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

JIM KERRUISH was fortunate in being able to get away from Mr. Lamont's office early enough to catch the Friday afternoon boat to Douglas. Fore and aft the roomy and powerful steamer was crowded, so much so that there

seemed little, if anything, to choose between first and second class. Every seat was occupied, and indeed there was scarcely a spot capable of affording rest or support to the human body that had not been appropriated for some time before the vessel cast off from the landing-stage. For'ard, the deck was packed with a swaying, jostling, laughing, good-humoured throng, almost as densely as they stow sheep on a cross-channel steamer from an Irish port. No wonder that the Isle of Man is "swamped with trippers," when such cargoes are discharged into it daily throughout the summer season—yes, two or three such daily from Liverpool alone, not to make any count of those who cross otherwise from Fleetwood, Barrow, etc., etc. With not very far short of a quarter of a million people visiting it each year, one is tempted to say that the "final cause" of the creation of the island was to afford a playground for the teeming populations of the towns of northern England.

And a splendid playground it is for those who have fairly earned and who often sorely need all the "play" that they can get. It is said that there is no holiday resort in the world that quite compares with Douglas in the height of the season. The crowd is of a special class—of the class indicated above, people who have worked for, saved up for, looked forward to and now finally achieved a holiday. Not people such as you meet at the fashionable watering-place or foreign spa, who seek distraction merely, and are often just "putting in the time" till they can arrange to go elsewhere. But these holiday seekers have no time to lose. Their days are strictly numbered—so, often, are their shillings or their sovereigns. They are bent on getting all they can, alike for time and money. For to this, these sturdy Yorkshire and Lancashire folks, these mill-hands and iron-workers and mechanics, aye, these more delicately-bred clerks and shop-assistants—to this one "outing" they have been looking forward throughout the year, for this they have for weeks been getting ready. And now they must have their fling. They shout, they sing, they dance. They are here, there and everywhere. Nothing comes amiss to them—everything is enjoyed! Who can grudge them their pleasure:

yet who that loves his fellows, that considers what the human mind and spirit is capable of rising to, but must long for the time when the amusements of the people will be less tinged with coarseness, when relaxation shall minister, not merely to the lower, but to the higher nature, quickening sensibility, artistic feeling, thoughtfulness and gratitude to the bountiful Father "Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy"?

It was in the midst of a throng such as we have described that young Kerruish found himself on that Friday afternoon. The day was lovely, and fortunately for the peace of many on board, the sea was very calm. It was laughing and singing, smoking and flirting, lounging and larking, eating and drinking, all the way. But in the midst of it all Jim felt like a fish out of water. The scene was novel to him and not agreeable. We are all apt to think laughter loud, and merriment too unrestrained when we ourselves are "out of it." It was so with Jim. He knew no one on board, and though it was scarcely possible for any one to be seasick, his sympathy was certainly with those (and there are always some such) who—when the bar was crossed and the two light-ships passed—began to look pensive, sitting very still with half-closed eyes and declining with querulous protest or ghostly smile the kindly offers of refreshment with which their more active friends plied them from time to time.

But if the passage, short as it was, proved wearisome to young Kerruish, his whole frame thrilled with delight when—upon the lifting of a cloud which had obstructed the view—"the Island" (as Liverpool folk affectionately call it) lay full to view in the tender glow of the evening sun. The scene was certainly very fair, and might have well arrested the attention even of one who had travelled in many lands. The line of hills that culminates towards the north in the well-marked summit of Snaefell, forms a noble and dignified background for Douglas town and bay, which open out full in front. On the left, as you approach, Douglas Head defines the south-western limit of the bay which sweeps away in a grand curve towards the north-east, beyond the Loch and Marine Promenades, the Castle Mona Road and the Queen's

Promenade. The several heights are crowned with palatial-looking hotels and pleasure-gardens, well-built houses form the sea-front, and the sheltered bay is gay with pleasure boats of every size and description.

It was not only pleasure at the beauty of this scene that affected James Kerruish: he was moved to thankfulness and awe. How loving, as well as powerful, must be the Being Who had made this world so fair! Nature, in her stillness, seemed to be witnessing for God, and at the same time to be pleading with man—remonstrating with his blindness, his ingratitude, his frivolity!

As the Liverpool steamer drew in towards the Victoria Pier and the ancient Tower of Refuge, round the base of which the bright wavelets were playing, the boats from Fleetwood and Barrow were visible, converging towards the same point. Both of these too were crowded with passengers, and it seemed as though these eager visitants from the outer world were running a race, each striving to be first to arrive at what used to be the lonely Isle of Mona, or Ellan Vaunin, hidden away from the commerce of men, as by some enchantment, amid the mists and fogs of the silent northern seas.*

Among the throng on the pier that awaited the disembarkation of the passengers, young Kerruish was not long in recognising Hope Hepworth and his two handsome sisters—or rather he recognised Bossie and Flossie, and concluded that the young gentleman that accompanied them, arrayed in flannels, a magnificent blazer, and a straw hat, was their usually soberly-clad brother. But any lingering doubt as to identity was quickly dispersed by the hearty salutation heard on board, crossed and mingled with a hundred other cries from many a lusty throat.

* Tradition tells that in the Druid period, about the middle of the fifth century, the island was ruled by a wizard king bearing the imposing name of Mananan-beg-mac-y-Lheir. This monarch used neither bow nor spear for the protection of his kingdom, but simply enveloped it in a fog whenever a ship was seen approaching. He had also the power of making one man on a hill appear equal to a hundred. It seems hard that such a potentate should have been ruthlessly banished by St. Patrick, when that great saint introduced Christianity, and established himself on the island that still bears his name off Peel. See Train's "History of the Isle of Man."

"There you are, old boy; we see you! How are you? A bit fishy about the gills; but never mind, we'll soon warm you up."

Jim took off his hat to the ladies and made a great effort to look cheerful and seaman-like. Meantime, Bossie seemed trying to restrain her brother's exuberance, while Flossie, having apparently discovered some more interesting acquaintance on board, was calling out facetious greetings from behind her prettily-gloved hand.

The rest of the afternoon and the evening passed quickly and merrily. Hope introduced Jim to a place where he could get a "wash and brush up," then they all had tea and shrimps, followed by a good look round. Later on they adjourned to one of the public halls for which Douglas is famed. Jim was fairly amazed at the sight. It was dazzling, bewildering, and in a sense it frightened him. Hundreds—it might be for all he could count, thousands—of young people were moving about, clad in every variety of costume. There was no formality or restraint; yet there was nothing that amounted to bad behaviour. Either no introductions were needed, or the Hepworths knew a great variety of people. Hope seemed to be quite at home with everybody, nor did Flossie want for friends. Bossie, however, was more reserved. She kept with Jim the greater part of the time; and that young gentleman began consciously to appreciate what he considered the girl's sober judgment and quiet demeanour. So the time sped on till they had to leave hurriedly in order to catch the train to Ramsey. Hope wanted to know what could have induced them to put up in such a very out-of-the-way hole, and Flossie "thought it a pity." Miss Bossie, however, explained to Jim that Ramsey was quieter and more select.

Saturday was devoted to what is certainly the most beautiful excursion that the Isle of Man affords—namely, the ascent of Snaefell *via* Sulby Glen. Immediately after breakfast a large waggonette-load of bright, happy, pleasure-seeking young people—thrown together, party with party, individual with individual, as chance would have it—started from Ramsey. Once comfortably, albeit closely, packed above four high wheels, and behind three

good, fresh horses, our young people-thought and spoke with pity of the quiet folk who elected to go by train in a quarter of an hour to Sulby Glen Station.

It was certainly a beautiful drive. The road for several miles winds round the feet of the well-wooded hills which mark the abrupt termination of the central mountain ridge on its northern face. Far away to the right spreads the low-lying, fertile district that extends to the Point of Ayre. After passing the curious, isolated mass of rock called Cronk-y-Samack (the "hill of the shamrock") the main road is left and the glen is entered. Very soon the hills draw together, Mount Karrin looming in front and threatening, with the aid of its opposite neighbour, Slieu Moragh, altogether to close the way; hence for a couple of miles the river fills the gorge, while high above one bank the narrow road clings to the hill-side on the western slope. At the head of the glen there is a picturesque hotel within the grounds, attached to which are hidden the pretty waterfalls of Tholt-y-will and Alt. Yet farther on the mountain road winds steeply up a spur of Snaefell, that summit and several others being now full in view. The highest point being reached, the track drops down, between Snaefell and Pein-y-phot, towards Laxey and Douglas.

Young Kerruish was deeply impressed by the scenes through which he passed that day. It all came as a revelation to him. He had travelled but little, and he could not conceive of anything more beautiful and awe-inspiring. And certainly the glen and the great mountain were seen to the best advantage. The atmosphere was bright and clear, but from time to time great masses of light-coloured cloud came rolling over the hills or through the intervening passes. A certain mystic grandeur and exaggerated massiveness was thus imparted to them. Distance and relative size could not be accurately measured by the eye. Now some rounded hill-side, its base and sides swathed in rolling vapours, would seem to hang almost vertically above the road; again, some far-off rocky peak, stricken with a ray from the hidden sun, would appear close at hand. For the first time in his

hitherto limited life the young man experienced that sensation of mingled awe and joy and peace that comes to every imaginative soul when it is brought to feel God's presence and power as revealed in the sublime and beautiful marvels of creation! He felt himself now in the presence of God,

grandeur. Facing north, the apparently flat surface of the Curragh and the Ayre melted away into the sea, while beyond what now looked like a mere silver streak, the Scotch mountains stood forth on the horizon. Close at hand to the right, the mountain crest was continued, rising and falling till it



SULBY GLEN, AND DOUGLAS BAY.

and he felt that he was unworthy to be there!

The best was when the summit of *Snaefell* was reached. Probably from no other spot in the United Kingdom is there a more interesting view to be obtained; and when our little party reached the cairn that day, the scene round the entire circle of vision was one of undimmed loveliness and

culminated in the magnificent peak of *North Barule*. Beyond that, the bold headland of *Maughold* stood forth to guard the sail-studded bay of *Ramsey*. And here too, across the sea, there were mountains outlined against the eastern sky—*Helvellyn* and *Scawfell Pike* and *Coniston Old Man* and the rest. Turning slowly towards the west, the eye drops upon *Sulby Glen*, the

road and stream that wind through its recesses hidden by the lower hills, and those hills themselves but half-revealed amid rolling mists.

It is perhaps as well that from the summit of the mountain that rules over Ellan Vannin no town is actually visible—though from a point some little distance down, a beautiful peep of Ramsey is obtained. But we know in what direction Douglas and Peel and Castletown and Port Erin lie, and we can name the hills that dominate them. Once more lifting our eyes to the horizon, Slieve Donard and the Mourne mountains are plainly visible in the west; while away to the south we fancy we see something that they tell us is Snowdon! What a prospect! The sea all round—except just at one point to the south-west where the last of the hills that form the backbone of the island are so high that they obstruct the horizon. Yes, the sea all round, but beyond the sea the mountains of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with Scawfell Pike and Snowdon saluting their brother lord-paramount in Mona!

"This is glorious, is it not?" exclaimed Jim, as he gazed with rapture round the entire prospect.

"Awfully jolly, I call it," responded Bossie with genuine enthusiasm.

"Aye, it's a grand spot, and it will be grander when they get the electric railway and a good pub., with accommodation for refreshing the inner man after a stiff climb," shouted Hope.

"They are going to commence shortly, I hear."

"Look at me; I'm the tallest woman in the Isle of Man now!" cried Flossie, who had scrambled to the top of the cairn in order to be in a position to make this time-honoured joke. While they were thus laughing together, a noisy crowd of trippers came panting and shouting and running up the final slope to the summit.

"Let us get away before we are inundated by all this crowd," said young Kerruish.

"Not a bit of it!" retorted Hope.

The brother and his favourite sister turned away, but Bossie remained beside Jim.

"It does seem rather a pity to have such a lot of people, with the prospect of a public-house, and smoking and

drinking and all the rest of it up here," she said, instinctively comprehending what was passing in her companion's mind.

"Yes," responded Jim. "Let us walk a little this way; we'll avoid the people and get a different view."

They walked for a few moments in silence; then the girl said with genuine feeling,—

"It is really very beautiful. It makes one feel like being good to be up here."

"I am glad you feel that way," he said approvingly; "to me it is simply wonderful—glorious."

Then said Bossie after a pause, perhaps because she was a woman of business and a cashier,—

"I wonder, will this electric railway pay when it is made, and how many passengers they will carry every day."

Jim was disgusted; probably too he looked it, for the girl added apologetically, "Now I suppose you are angry with me, Mr. Kerruish, for being so unpoetical. But it is difficult to get rid of the shop all at once. Oh, wouldn't it be grand to have nothing to do, but just to go about and please oneself, and see lovely places and all that?"

"Probably one would soon get tired of a useless life of that sort; and I don't believe that when all is said, the bigswells are a bit happier than people like us who have to work for our living," said Jim philosophically.

"Well, perhaps not; and anyhow, we are happy enough just at present, are we not?" assented the girl.

"Yes indeed—I at least am very happy," he murmured. In truth, Miss Bossie's words, with the look that accompanied them and the slight touch on his arm as she steadied herself against the wind, sent an unwonted thrill through his frame. He liked also to hear himself called "Mr. Kerruish."

(To be continued.)

A GREAT MISTAKE.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that alcoholic liquids help to 'keep the cold out.' It is now well known (to all who know anything about the matter) that alcohol materially lessens the power of the human body to resist cold. I am so strongly impressed with this, that I am in the habit of specially cautioning all patients, who suffer from complaints in which there is particular danger from taking cold, to entirely avoid alcoholic stimulants, on this very ground."

—F. C. COLEY, M.D.

MOVING OUT AND MOVING IN.

FROM NUMBER '96 TO NUMBER '97.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent back by the Angels," &c.

RIGHT, Neighbour, right! I move
to-night
One higher up the Row;
A cottage white and light and bright—
Fresh paint from top to toe.
And soon, I guess, at that address
I'll welcome all my friends.
At present,—yes, excuse the mess,—
I'm burning odds and ends.
'Twould quite surprise a body's eyes
To see the stuff we keep:
One never knows how rubbish grows—
I'm making such a heap.

What have we here?—a foolish tear
That trickled in a pet
At handsome gowns (like Mrs.
Brown's)
Which *I* could never get.
A temper stiff—a huff—a tiff—
A speech that cut and stung;
A habit still of thinking ill,
And trusting every tongue:—
Well, words I know are quick
grow,
And squabbles bad to sweep:
And tempers must be making dust—
There! throw them on the heap!

And what is there?—a kindly care,
Some little artful wiles
To smooth and coax queer-tempered
folks
To half-reluctant smiles;
Some pleasant ways of giving praise,
And eyes of failing sight
For trifles wrong, but quick and strong
For all things kind and right:
There's nothing there I'd like to spare—
I would such gear were more!
So bend, old friend, a hand to lend
And carry them Next Door.

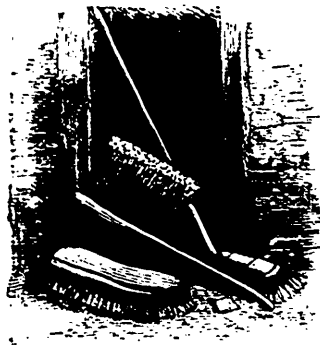
And what are those?—A prayer that
rose
And set God's wicket wide;
A text or more, well pondered o'er,
To be my daily guide;
A cheerful view that knew the blue
The passing cloud above;
A quiet trust through death and dust
In that eternal Love:—
Why, these, God knows, are what I
chose
As best of all my store:
I'll carry these, so Mercy please,
Right home, to Heaven's own door.

“DISTRICT-VISITING.”

BY KATE MEREDITH

Author of "Our Parish Clubs," &c.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 13.)



WHAT is the use of health and life if not
to do some work therewith?" says
Carlyle; and this would seem to be the
opinion of the majority of women nowadays.
By "work," too, they mean an occupation which
will not only fill up their own time, but benefit
their fellow-creatures as well, *only*—it must be
work a hundred or more miles away from home.
Their own neighbourhood, populous town or
crowded suburb though it be, cannot, they
think, offer them the opportunities for which
they long; and all the while, almost at their
door, a work is languishing for lack of helpers,
which, by reason of its nearness, has certainly
a first claim upon their sympathy.

It is a work that needs no uniform or special

training, and so the younger women think it is not quite important enough, and the elder ones go to the other extreme, and, turning a deaf ear to pulpit and personal appeals, declare that they have not the necessary qualifications for what is known as "district-visiting." Yet the chief qualifications are just those which they no doubt pride themselves on possessing; for, when brought to book, they will hardly ask to be excused on the plea that they are deficient either in tact or commonsense, while most people believe themselves to be sympathetic.

There are of course the Clergy; but even if they could visit each home weekly, which is impossible, are they likely to hear, or be able to help in the same way, that one woman can listen to and help another? for it is the women whom one sees mostly on one's rounds, and it is through the women that the needs of the rest of the family are learnt.

Here, mothers, you have common ground at once! You have brought up children; they are bringing them up. You have had difficulty in placing out your boys; so have they. Friends in days gone by have talked to you on these subjects, and you have just listened and sympathised and helped when you could. Do the same now; for, after all, a woman's joys and sorrows and anxieties are much the same, whether she is rich or poor.

If, however, the mothers whom we would urge to this work possess what their up-to-date daughters do not—experience—the daughters, many of them, can bring a trained knowledge of nursing and cookery, and an intelligent acquaintance with all that is going on in the world, which will enhance

their usefulness among the homes of the poor: and surely the troubles and misfortunes and sicknesses of even half a dozen families will give them scope enough for their energy and talents.

Sometimes, indeed, where their elders want courage, they want modesty, and to remember that "an Englishman's house is his castle"; also, that there is a time for everything, even for the dissemination of the gospels of "sweetness and light," whether for soul or body—an opinion evidently held by the wife of a working man, who once remarked: "Miss B—— is a rare nice young lady, and she talks beautiful; but I do wish she would not always come when I am getting my husband's dinner ready, for what with keeping one eye on the saucepan, and one ear a-listening for his step, I can't pay no attention to what she is saying."

Visitors, too, both young and old, frequently fail to see the practical outcome of their theories. Preach cleanliness by all means, but take into consideration what its practice means to some people.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown!" said a lady one hot day, as she eyed the shabby, stained, old black cashmere worn by the hard-working mother before her, "would you not find it better to wear cotton gowns,—say, one or two a week,—they always wash, and look fresh, however old they may be? I wear them often."

"Yes, mum," was the grim reply, "and I s'pose you gets them up yourself?"

And the visitor, as she caught sight through the window of several lines of pinafores and children's garments already hung out to dry, saw the point of the remark.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

"A man who does not do his share of the world's work, either with head or with hands, is a tramp rather than a gentleman. Even the South Sea Islanders who murdered Bishop Patteson understood that every true gentleman is a worker. When the Bishop first went amongst them he surprised them by being ready to put his hand to anything. He would do a bit of carpentering, wash up the things after meals, teach the young blacks to wash and dress themselves. Other white men seen by the natives were lazy, and wanted to put all the work on them. To distinguish the Bishop from these they called him 'a gentleman gentleman,' and the others 'pig gentlemen.'"—THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.



Drawn by EDWARD J. CLIFFORD.


[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

"THE DISTRICT VISITOR" (see page 11).

THE MIDNIGHT CAROL.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,

Author of "At even, ere the sun was set," etc.


"  HUSH! 'twas a sound of sweet voices that told me
 Of glory to God, and good-will among men:
 Is the brightness of Heaven coming down to enfold me?
 Will the vision of angels appear here again?"
 Nay, dreamer, nay; for thy slumbers were broken
 By a choir of frail singers but mortals at best;
 But the news is as grand as when first it was spoken,
 So thank God for His mercies, and turn thee to rest.

" O see! on my brow, and around my white pillow,
 A beam of soft radiance has suddenly smiled;
 Has the Star of the East shone o'er mountain and billow?
 Does it bid me take presents, and seek the Young Child?"
 Nay, dreamer, nay: what thou deemest its dawning
 Is the light of the moon, on an eyesight yet dim;
 But thy presents thou yet may'st prepare in the morning,
 For in giving thine alms thou'lt be giving to Him.

" And may I not travel to see the young Stranger?
 And may I not follow some sign in the skies,
 Till I enter the stable, and bend o'er the manger,
 And mark the mild lustre that gleams from His eyes?"
 Thou can'st not, O dreamer! Yet think on the story,
 With its marvels so great, and its love so Divine;
 There are those who shall see Him—not there, but in glory—
 And God grant, O dreamer! such lot may be thine!

 GARDEN WORK FOR JANUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

 N frosty weather, when the paths and beds are hard, wheel manure in heaps on to the beds ready for digging in immediately favourable weather occurs. If the weather is mild and open, small sowings may be made on warm borders, of beans, peas, and turnips; also plant potatoes towards the end of the month.

Fruit Garden.

Pruning fruit-trees should be continued; also plant in open weather, taking care to protect the roots, should frosty weather intervene. Dig the borders in favourable weather.

Flower Garden.

Bulbs which are showing above ground should be protected from frost, by covering with dry litter, straw or fern. Plants in frames and greenhouses in mild weather should have a supply of fresh a.r. Water only occasionally and sparingly. Prune rose-trees under glass.



Drawn and Engraved by] NUNEATON PARISH CHURCH.

[R. TAYLOR & Co.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

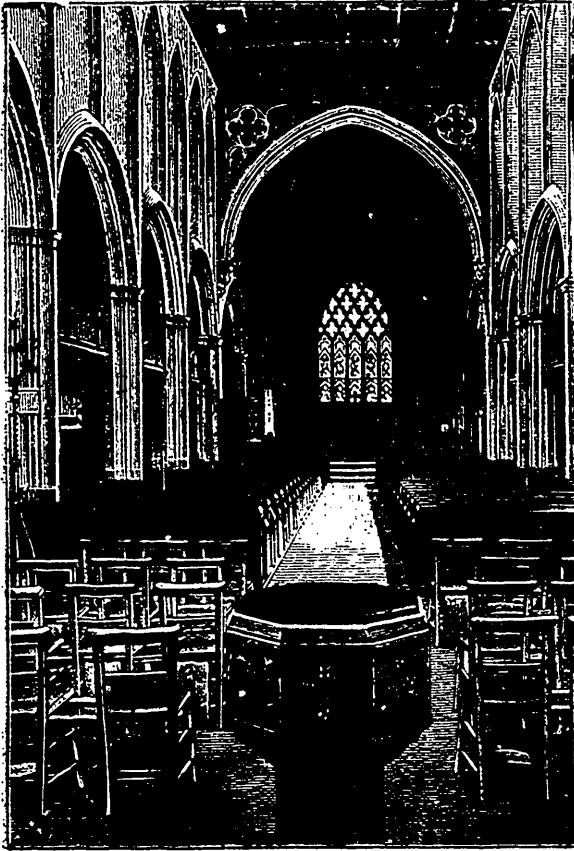
I.—ST NICOLAS, NUNEATON.

GEORGE ELIOT, in her "Scenes of Clerical Life," described Nuneaton as a "dingy-looking town with a strange smell of tanning up one street and a great shaking of hand-looms up another." Much has changed since the times of which she wrote, though the place cannot even now pretend to any attractiveness in its appearance, nor boast that the air near some of its larger factories is as "sweet as new-mown hay." The shaking of the hand-looms has, however, almost ceased, for the "French Treaty" which let in cheap ribbons from the Continent, brought sad poverty and consternation to Nuneaton. But the period of depression was closed by the advent of new trades following on the making of the Trent Valley Railway. This line has now become the main line of the London and North Western, and has assisted greatly in developing the natural resources of the neighbourhood.

From Nuneaton there are branch

lines to Coventry, Leicester, Ashby, and Burton. Thirty-six years ago there were but four resident men in the railway employ—a stationmaster, a porter, a lamp-cleaner, and a policeman to open and shut the gates at a former level crossing. Now there must be between two and three hundred connected with the working of the London and North Western alone. The Midland Railway has also a station in the town, on its branch from Leicester to Birmingham.

Nearly every one who has travelled much between London and the North, has passed through Nuneaton, but few, in the hurry of their journeys, recognise "Milby" under its every-day name, and think to visit the Parish Church in which "Mr. Crewe" officiated for over fifty years, whose sermons were "the soundest and most edifying that ever remained unheard by a church-going population," or the shops of the descendants of the "lax Episcopalians who held that inasmuch as Congregationalism consumed candles it ought



Drawn and Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

to be supported, and accordingly made a point of presenting themselves at 'Salem' for the afternoon Charity Sermon, with the expectation of being asked to hold a plate."

Not a few, we think, if they remembered that at Nuneaton's busy station they were in George Eliot's market town of "Milby," would stay to visit the place which did something more than suggest many of the characters and scenes of her stories, and recall "Mr. Pilgrim, who loved to relax his professional legs in one of those excellent farmhouses where the mice are sleek and the mistress sickly," and Mrs. Jerome, whose sweet differentiation of Church and Dissent concluded with the statement that "the ministers say pretty nigh the same things as the

Church parsons, by what I could iver make out, an' we're out o' chapel i' the mornin' a deal sooner nor they're out o' church. An' as for pews, ours is a deal comfortable nor any i' Milby Church." The chapel-of-ease on "Paddiford Common," the curate of which, "Mr. Tryan," caused so great a sensation by his Sunday evening lectures in "Milby," must now be sought as Stockingford Church. There are yet parishioners living who remember many of the characters depicted and who witnessed some of the exciting scenes which George Eliot "worked up" into her charming stories.

But Nuneaton, being a railway centre, and trains not always fitting even at the junctions of the best regulated of railways, it comes to pass that now and again a waiting pas-

senger finds his way to the fine old Parish Church. It seems impossible to ascertain with any certainty its earliest date, for the building has evidently been often and much altered.

There was standing on the present site in the reign of Henry I. (1100—1135) a church dedicated to St. Nicolas, for it was then given to the monastery of Lira in Normandy by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester; but the Church was almost entirely rebuilt in the time of Henry III. (1216—1272), and again enlarged in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To those who lived in those stirring times we mainly owe the Church as it now exists. The eastern arch of the tower belongs probably to an earlier period: the mark of a roof-pitch over it has preserved for

our eyes the height of the earlier nave.

The roofs are boldly panelled and carved. They are ornamented with the "York Rose," and with shields bearing the sacred emblems of the Passion, while at the centre of the west end of the nave roof is a hideously Satanic-looking face, grinning down its spite at Holy Baptism.

At the east of the south aisle is a chapel for which we are probably indebted to one John Leeke, who founded a chantry here in the twenty-third year of Henry VII. (1507-8). The roof of the chapel is somewhat higher than that of the aisle.

In the chancel is a fine alabaster tomb, with a recumbent effigy of Sir Marmaduke Constable in armour. He was created a Knight Banneret at Roquesborough in 1547. The monument was moved to its present position when the Church was restored and the chancel lengthened, under the late Mr. Ewan Christian, in 1851, when the late Canon Savage had been Vicar for six years. A drawing in "Dugdale" shows this tomb to have been originally twice the size: a space, which was never occupied, being left on the slab for the effigy of Sir Marmaduke's wife. But he was twice married, and as it could not be determined which wife should be honoured on the monument, equal justice was meted out to the memory of both by leaving the space vacant.

Sir Marmaduke was enriched by Henry VIII.'s gift to him, at its dissolution, of the lands which had belonged to the Priory. This Priory, for Nuns and Monks, presided over by a Prioress, had led to the parish which was formerly called Eton or Eaton, being distinguished from other Etons by its present name.

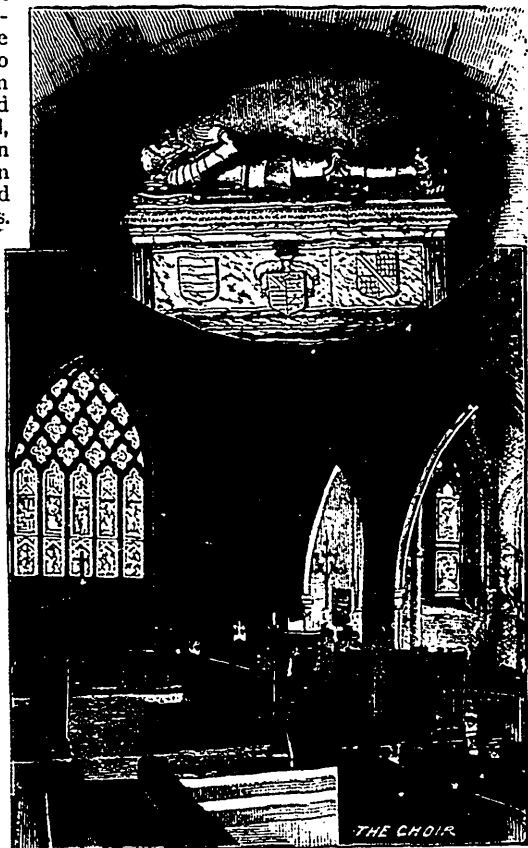
There are also, in the chancel, monuments to the

families of Ryder, ancestors of the Earls of Harrowby, and of Trotman and Stratford, ancestors of the Dugdale family.

On the wall of the south aisle is a monument especially interesting to those who have pictured to themselves the Mr. Crewe of George Eliot. It is to "the memory of the Rev. Hugh Hughes of Tynmynydd in the County of Denbigh, Rector of Hardwick, Northamptonshire, Vicar of Wolvey, Warwickshire, Thirty years head master of the Grammar School, and Fifty-two years Curate of the Parish of Nuneaton. . . . He departed this life August 3rd, 1830."

The Registers date from 1577, but are in places defective.

Dugdale gives a list of twenty-nine



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THE REV. J. G. DEED, D.D.

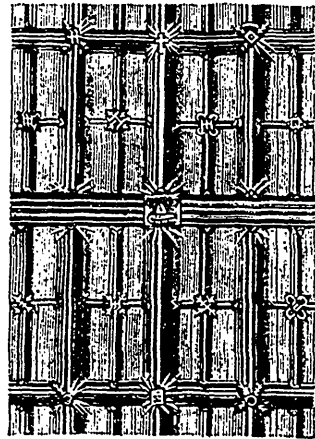
(From a photograph by J. RUSSELL & SONS,
17, Baker Street, W.)

Incumbents from 1310 to 1627, but he omits Nicholas Beale, who was appointed in August 1590, and held the Vicarage for a few months only. Among the Vicars mentioned is, in 1505, a suffragan Bishop, described as Thomas, Dei Gratia Panadensis Episc.

William Cradok, appointed on September 3rd, 1627, who closes Dugdale's list, was followed by a Mr. Richard Pyke, Clerke, who was nominated by "His Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England." It would appear that Cromwell's nominee was in Priests' Orders; and though the King at the Restoration promised the living to a Thomas Hollyoke, Clerke, he never obtained possession. Richard Pyke was allowed, in spite of the Royal promise and of a petition from Hollyoke, to hold the living till his death. The petition, which may be read in the Record Office, sets forth that Pyke kept the petitioner from the living notwithstanding the fact, "proved by four credible witnesses," that the said Pyke had several times "justified the horrid murder of his late Majesty of ever blessed Memory, and prayed against his Sacred Majesty, as by a Certificate of the Commissioners for confirming and restoring of Ministers appeareth." But though the dispute as

far as Pyke was concerned was ended by his death, Hollyoke did not succeed after all, albeit another and a longer petition from him to the King pleaded many services and much loyalty shown, with loss of worldly goods; but a Mr. Robert Ridgeway, M.A., was appointed in November 1660. Among the succeeding Vicars was Dr. John Ryder, a native of the parish, born in 1697, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was appointed to the Vicarage at the early age of twenty-four, and held it for twenty-two years, when he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, from which he was translated to Down and Connor, and then advanced to the Archbishopric of Tuam.

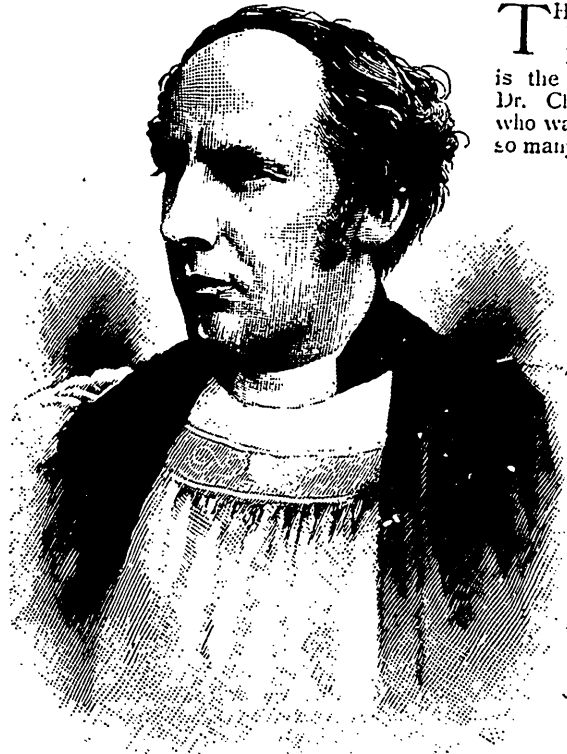
After Dr. Ryder, the Vicars, for about a hundred years, appear to have been non-resident. Canon Savage was presented to the living in 1845, and at once took steps to make the Vicarage House fit for habitation. To his loving and laborious work for twenty-six years the parish owes a great debt of gratitude. Not only was the fabric of the Church restored and day-schools built, but new life was infused into the Church's manifold operations. On his death, in the autumn of 1871, he was succeeded by Canon Bellairs in January 1872, well known as formerly one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, on whose resignation, in 1893, the Rev. John George Deed, D.D., the present Vicar, was appointed.



PORTION OF ROOF.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.



THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

[From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.]

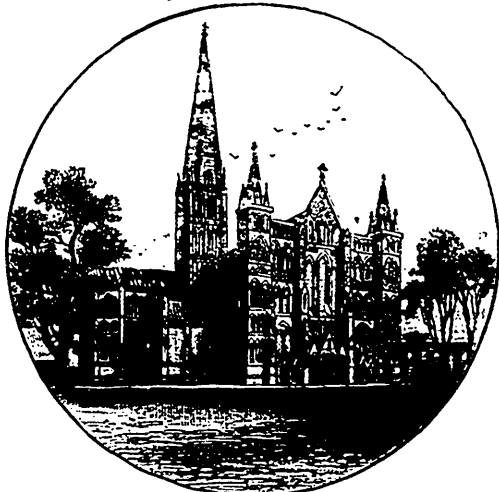
THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury, is the eldest son of the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who was Bishop of Lincoln for so many years.

The Bishop of Salisbury is a great-nephew of the poet Wordsworth, and was born at Harrow on September 21st, 1843. He was educated at Ipswich, and Winchester School, and graduated at New College, Oxford, in 1865. In 1866 he became a Master at Wellington College, and in 1867 was elected Fellow, and in 1868 Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. He was appointed a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral in 1870, Select Preacher at Oxford in 1876; Bampton Lecturer in 1881; Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in 1883; and a Residuary Canon of Rochester

Cathedral in 1883. On the death of Bishop Moberly in 1885, Dr. Wordsworth was called to preside over the See of Salisbury.

In addition to the discharge of the onerous duties of his Diocese, the Bishop has taken a prominent part in public affairs, and is a voluminous writer.

EARLY RISING.—Napoleon devoted only four hours to sleep, Lord Brougham did the same: Bishop Burnet commenced his studies every morning at four: so did Bishop Jewell and Sir Thomas More: Archdeacon Paley rose every morning at five.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

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

THIS year will be commemorated the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the coming of Augustine. It is fitting that in these pages we should place ourselves in accord with an historic event so interesting and important to the English Church and Kingdom. We shall endeavour, therefore, in the course of the year, to describe as briefly and yet as comprehensively as our space will allow, not only the circumstances connected with the mission of Augustine to the kingdom of Kent, but also the principal events connected with the conversion to the faith of Christ of the several early English kingdoms.

It will be understood that in our narrative we shall deal with *England, not Britain*, and with the conversion of the *English*, and *not* the conversion of the *British*, people.

When the heathen Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, subsequently known as the English people, from 447 to 577 A.D. conquered or drove into exile the Christian and other inhabitants of Britain, they soon took the land into their own possession, and divided it amongst their several tribes, after which it was called Angleland or England. The British Christians who did not escape from their fury they massacred; their churches they desecrated and destroyed.

But scarcely had the heathen English settled down to enjoy their landed possessions as the spoils of their victory than they began to quarrel amongst themselves for the predominance or supremacy. Hence a long series of almost exterminating battles, which were fiercely fought between the newly-formed petty rival kingdoms. The fate of the captives of meaner rank taken in battle on either side, was, as a rule, death or slavery.

Between 585 and 588 A.D. a group of such English captive youths, put up for sale as slaves in the Roman market-place, attracted the attention of Gregory, a distinguished Roman deacon, afterwards Pope Gregory the Great. The sight of these fair-faced and golden-haired youths aroused Gregory's religious sympathy on their behalf, and on behalf of the people to which they belonged, and inspired him with the idea of undertaking a mission to England. He was, however, prevented from so doing.

But Gregory never gave up the idea of the evangelisation of England, and in 596 A.D. he sent Augustine with a band of followers to preach the Gospel to the English people. After much faintheartedness and unnecessary delay in their journey to England, Augustine and his companions, between Easter and Ascension Day, 597 A.D., landed on the shores of Kent, at a place called Ebbsfleet, near Richborough Castle, on the south side of Pegwell Bay. Augustine immediately sent interpreters, whom he had brought with him from France, to tell Ethelbert, King of Kent, of his having landed within his kingdom, and to inform him of the strictly religious character of his mission.

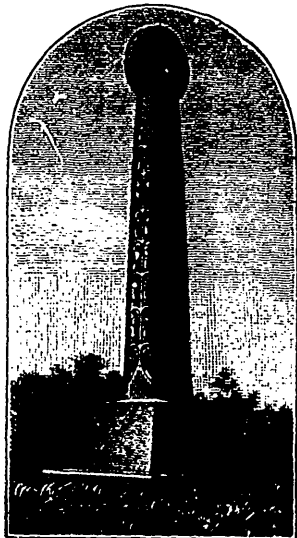
Ethelbert, who had married a Christian wife—Bertha, a French princess, and who for some years past had had with her a Bishop, Chaplain, and Christian attendants, at the Royal Court—could not have been altogether ignorant of some of the elementary facts, and doctrines, and precepts, of Christianity. He had not yet, however, become a Christian.

Ethelbert appointed an interview with Augustine, and chose as their meeting-place the sloping chalk down above the village of Minster. Ethelbert, Queen Bertha, and the principal persons of his

Court, were, as we can imagine, first to arrive upon the scene.

The king, from his elevated position, looking down upon the sloping ground over which Augustine and his companions had to pass, could see the solemn procession of Augustine and his companions gradually approach him. He could also hear in the distance the faint sounds of the Gregorian Chants, to which Augustine and his companions sang their solemn Litany, become clearer, fuller, and more impressive as the procession drew nearer the spot where he (Ethelbert) was seated.

And now, Augustine and his companions having reached the appointed place, the procession divides, and Augustine passing through it, and, having bowed to the king, introduces the subject of his mission.



CROSS AT EBBSFLEET, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Our Illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Poulton & Co.

HOMELY COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

Mutton Broth.

Average Cost.

2 lbs. Scrag of Mutton	. . .	1	4
$\frac{1}{2}$ Saltspoonful Salt	} . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	
1 Tablespoonful Rice	} . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	
		<u>1</u>	<u>4</u>

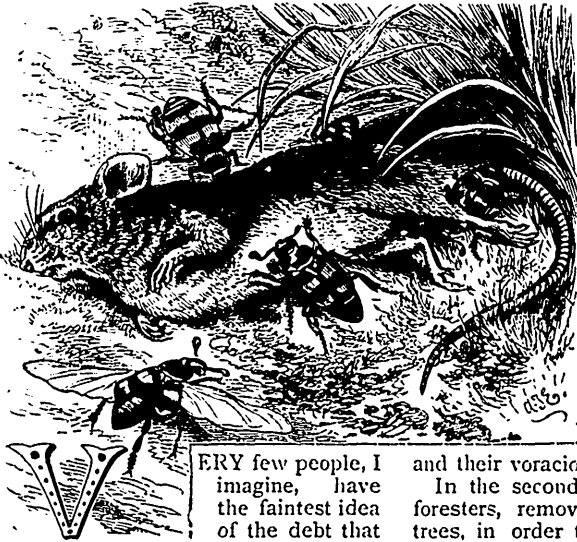
WASH the mutton with a clean cloth, remove all fat, and cut the lean in rather small pieces. Put them into a saucepan with a quart of cold water and the salt; place over the fire, let it just boil up, skim carefully with a metal spoon; move to the side, and let it simmer gently for three hours. After that, strain the broth into a basin, and put away in a cool place, uncovered, till the next day. When required for use, take off the fat on the top, and put the stock in a pan to boil; wash the rice in cold water, put it into the stock when boiling, and cook about half an hour. If the patient's illness permits, pepper and vegetables may be used when making the broth.

GOLDEN RULES.

- NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
- Never spend your money before you have it.
- Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
- Pride costs us more than thirst, hunger, or cold.
- We never repent of having eaten too little.
- Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, one hundred.
- Take things always by the smoothest handle.
- In all cases when you cannot do as you would, do the best you can.

ABOUT SOME USEFUL ENGLISH INSECTS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

VERY few people, I imagine, have the faintest idea of the debt that we owe to insects. For these creatures are constantly working for us in a variety of different ways; and it is scarcely too much to say that, but for their invaluable labours, it would be quite impossible for man to live on the earth.

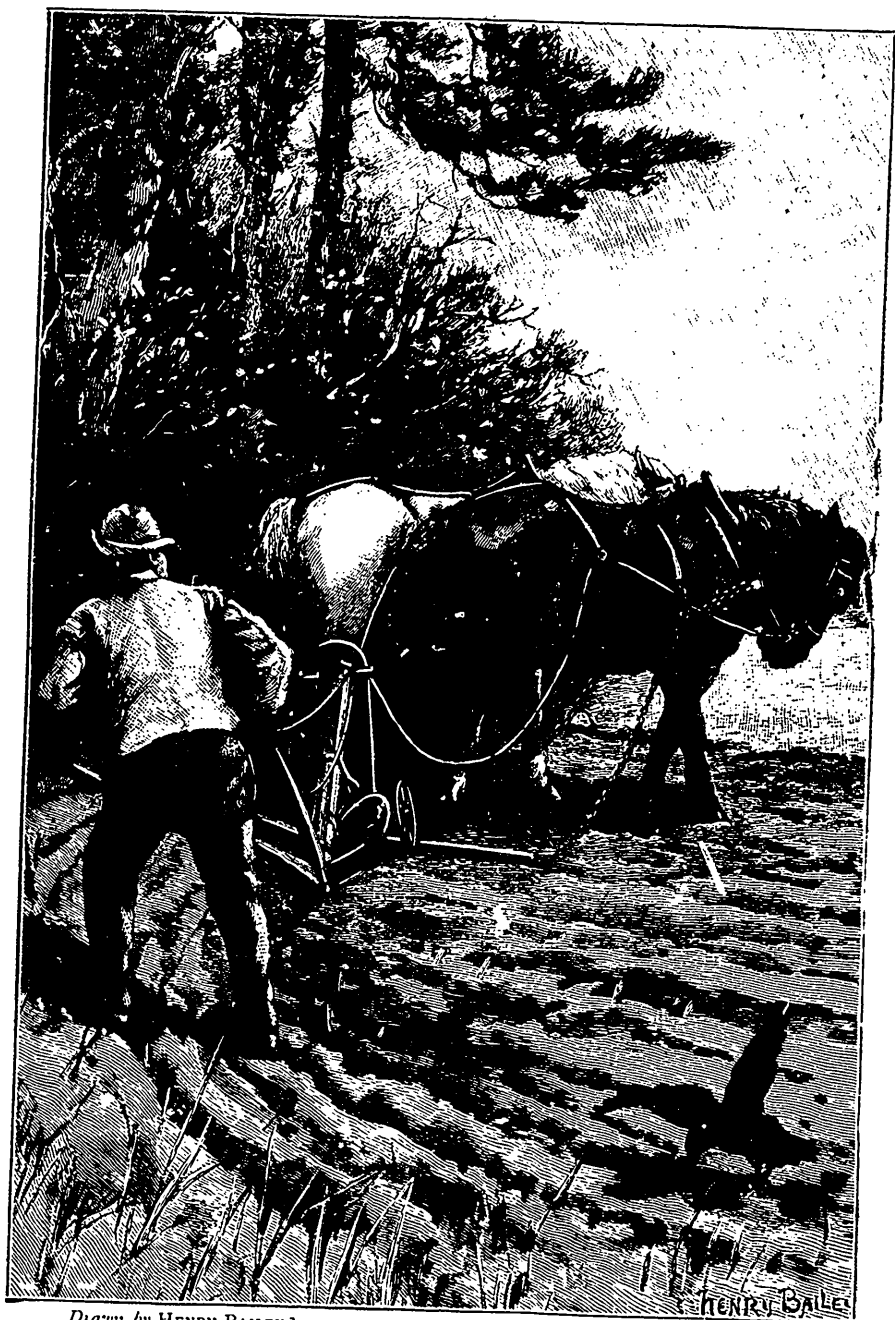
In the first place, they act as scavengers, helping to keep both air and water constantly pure. If a bird or a small animal dies, burying beetles wing their way to the spot, and inter it in the ground. That is one reason why we so seldom find the bodies of animals which have died a natural death. The busy orange-and-black insects are sure to detect them in the course of a few hours; and then, shovelling away the soil with their broad, flat heads, they sink the carcasses well beneath the surface, and finally cover them in. In the case of a small animal, a single pair of these beetles usually work together: in that of a larger one, several pairs will unite. So the carcass is buried before it can become offensive, and the generation of mischievous gases is prevented.

In like manner, the water is purified by the labours of such insects as the grubs of the common gnat. These tiny creatures, which literally abound in every pool and pond, feed upon the tiny scraps of decaying animal and vegetable matter which are always floating in the water, and so prevent them from putrefying; while, if a fish, newt, or tadpole dies, its carcass is speedily devoured by the various water-beetles

and their voracious grubs.

In the second place, insects act as foresters, removing dead and dying trees, in order that their places may be taken by healthy vegetation. This they do, in the first instance, by removing the bark. So long as *that* remains, the trunk is preserved from decay. So the parent beetle runs a tunnel between the bark and the wood, laying eggs as she goes; the grubs which hatch out from the eggs do the same, cutting away the fibres which fasten the two together: and before very long the loosened bark falls away in great sheets, leaving the trunk exposed. Then bigger beetles come, and bore into the solid wood itself, and their grubs honeycomb the trunk with their tunnels; the rain soaks into the burrows, and the frost freezes the rain: and so at last the tree is broken up, and falls to the ground in fragments, which serve as nourishment for fresh vegetation during the first few months of its life.

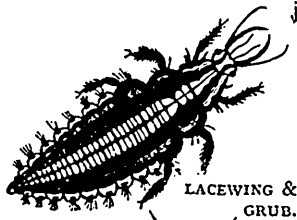
These wood-boring insects are frequently looked upon as very mischievous creatures. But they do not touch healthy trees; they only accelerate decay in those which are diseased or dying. And there can be little doubt that, but for their labours, we should



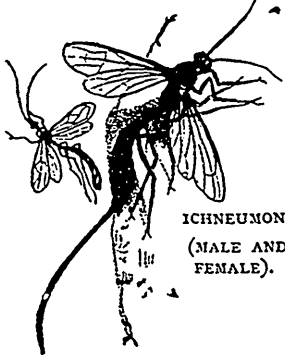
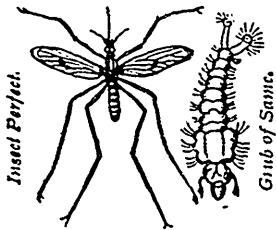
Drawn by HENRY BAILEY.]

(Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

"PLOUGHING IN HOPE."



LACEWING & GRUB.

ICHNEUMON
(MALE AND FEMALE).

Insect Perfect.

Grub of Samia.

scarcely have a forest in the world, since the ground would be completely blocked up by dead and useless trees.

In the third place, insects help us very materially indeed by destroying the various pests which so greatly injure our crops.

There are, for example, the various ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs within the bodies of caterpillars. These number

their victims literally by millions. Out of every hundred of those caterpillars, for instance, which do so much damage to our cabbages and cauliflowers, no less than ninety-five are "stung" by these flies, and destroyed by the grubs which hatch out from the eggs. But for their help we could grow no cabbages at all.

Certain wasps, too, provision their nests with caterpillars, placing eight, ten, twelve, or more, in each cell, to serve as food for their grubs, and sometimes stinging them in such a manner as to keep them alive, although paralysed, until the time comes for them to be devoured.

But the most useful insects of all, as far as our own country is concerned, are undoubtedly those which attack the "green blight" or "green fly" which works such terrible mischief to our hops, beans, corn, lettuces, and fruit-trees, and indeed, to our crops of almost all kinds.

One of these is the grub of the lacewing fly, a pretty, pale-green insect, with large wings and long antennæ, which may often be seen slowly flitting to and fro on warm summer evenings. This grub feeds upon nothing at all but the blight insects. It is so voracious that when its victims are plentiful it will dispose of them at the rate of two in every minute; and as fast as it drains them of their juices, it fastens their empty skins upon its own back, until at last it is completely concealed from view.

Then there are certain ichneumon flies which attack the blight insects. One egg, as a rule, is laid in the body of each, and the little grub, when it hatches out, feeds upon the juices of its victim, and finally cuts a round hole through the skin of its back, through which it makes its escape. But there are other flies which lay as many as twenty-four eggs in the body of a single victim! Needless to say, both grubs and flies are numbered among the dwarfs of the insect world.

Earwigs, too, will devour blight at times, as some small set-off to their own depredations in the flower-garden; and thousands more of the mischievous little insects are destroyed by the grubs of those orange-and-black flies which we so often see hovering in mid air during warm weather, and which vanish almost with the speed of light when alarmed by a sudden movement.

A PRIZE OFFER.

I have purposely passed over several of the most useful insects that we have in this country; and I have made no mention of a fourth way in which certain insects—such as humble bees—benefit us very materially. For I am enabled, by the kindness of the Editor of the CHURCH MONTHLY, to offer a prize, consisting of books to the value of ten shillings and sixpence, for the best essay upon useful English

insects. Essays should refer only to the office of the CHURCH MONTHLY insects not mentioned in this article; (30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate should not exceed five hundred words Circus, London, E.C.) not later than in length; and should be sent in to January 31st.

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

In what part of Holy Scripture do we find mention—

1. Of a prophet long sought for in vain by his deadliest foe;
2. Of the same prophet being sought for in vain by some of his friends;
3. Of a prophet and scribe both sought for in vain by their foes;
4. Of an apostle sought for in vain by one who wished to put him to death;
5. Of a child that was sought for with more affection than light;
6. Of One who is never sought for in vain?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(*"The Apostles' Creed."*)

1. What lesson may be gathered from a comparison of the first word of this Confession with the immediately preceding rubric; and of what verse in Rom. i. may we thus be reminded?
2. With what verses in Heb. xi., Rom. viii., 1 Cor. viii. Gen. xvii., and Acts xiv., may the first part of this Creed be compared?
3. With what comprehensive passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, and in what principal ways, may the second part of this Creed be compared?
4. In what threefold way is the whole of this Creed summed up in the Catechism; and of what passages in Matt. iii, xxviii., and 2 Cor. xiii., may this summary remind us?

BURIED TRUTH.

What great and important work was accomplished, to the great benefit and tearful joy of some of God's people, and to the great dejection and astonishment (compare Ps. cxxvi. 2) of their enemies, in about the seventh part of a year?

* * *We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinca, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—*

*"Sunday Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDR. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half-Guinca Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.*

THE VALUE OF TIME.

"Some years ago," says Sir John Lubbock, "I paid a visit to the principal lake village of Switzerland in company with a distinguished archaeologist, M. Morlot. To my surprise, I found that his whole income was a hundred pounds a year, part of which, moreover, he spent in making a small museum. I asked him whether he contemplated accepting any post or office, but he said 'certainly not.' He valued his leisure and opportunities as priceless possessions far more than silver or gold, and would not waste any of his time in making money."

SHOT AND SHELL.

SOME WONDERS OF WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "Engineers and Their Triumphs."

"IT'S a big place, sir! It would take you two days to go over the Arsenal properly, sir. It's five miles round!"

"Well, then, I will see some of the chief wonders."

"There's plenty of 'em, sir. There's summat to see here, I can tell you."

And our friend the guide, who proudly tells us he's a "warder" of the Arsenal, and who has "put in," he says, twenty years or more in the "Tillery," trots along beside us good-naturedly, anxious to show off the marvels of the place.

The authorities wisely decide that a warder shall accompany visitors, not only to guide them through the bewildering mazes of the immense establishment, but to see that no one pops a hundred-ton gun into his waistcoat pocket, or uses a pencil to take notes.

Being a law-abiding British subject, my pencil retires to the depths of my pocket, and I converse with the warder. He is evidently anxious to impress the immense size of the place upon me.

"As for the men, sir, why, inside you can see only a few like, here and there; but stand at the gates when it's dinner time, and watch 'em pour out! You wonders where they all comes from. There's about fourteen thousand of 'em, I believe. Now this room, sir—it's about the biggest in Europe. Just look at it, sir."

I do look at it. I am gazing into a perfect forest of ingenious machinery—row upon row of it—which seems to have no end. In this factory—which is only one of several included in Woolwich Arsenal—the complicated and clever time-fuses for shells are made; the little instrument which will cause the great shells to explode when they reach the enemy, and scatter death and destruction around.

A similar building forms the rifle-bullet factory, where, by another forest of machinery, the deadly little missiles, conical in shape, and cased in nickel silver, harder than iron, are being made by the million.

Farther on you may wander among the various shell and gun, rocket, torpedo, and military waggon factories, where huge furnaces melt iron and steel like butter; where the immense steam hammer, towering above you like a mountain, forges white-hot steel into huge cannon; where an enormous crane will pick up a monster white-hot steel tube like a toy and plunge it into a deep tank of oil to temper and toughen it; where big guns of steel are planed and smoothed and grooved like soft wood. Wonders! Our warder is right, the place is full of wonders, both small and great.

"Ah, take care, sir! don't go too near!"

The fire-clay entrance to one of the big furnaces has been unclosed, and out pours a stream of molten metal into a large bucket beneath, a shower of fiery sparks and stars flying around.

"There's fireworks for you, sir! Now those men will carry that bucket o' metal to the moul's, where it will be cast into shells."

And, sure enough, a man approaches on either side, and, thrusting a rod through the handles, the two walk off with the glowing bucketful as unconcernedly as though it were a loaf of bread. Presently they pour the fiery stream into the moulds that seem sunk below the floor of the factory, and from the moulds will be taken by-and-by, hard and pointed cylinders of steel, to be filled with explosives, or explosives and shot, to be used against England's enemies.

"Now that's where they melts the steel for the guns," says the warder, turning to another huge furnace—a larger one than the last, with a big spout below its little mouth, looking like a large and curved under lip. "The hot steel pours out there, and comes all along here"—indicating with his hand the mould where the molten metal would run.

"Oh, I should like to see a big gun made!" some visitor might exclaim.

"It would be interesting."

So it would, no doubt; but unfortunately it takes about fifteen months or more to complete one. But though we cannot see one gun made through-out, we can behold several in the different processes of manufacture. Here, in these long, dingy factories, stand the huge and lengthy monsters in the various stages of development; here is the birth-place of those mighty weapons whose voice is like a crashing thunder, and whose shot might knock a ship, or a town, to pieces at some thousands of yards' distance.

exploding powder is borne more equally by the whole of the gun.

This principle was introduced by Lord Armstrong—then Mr. Armstrong—about the time of the Crimean war, and it has since been greatly developed and modified.

The results are marvellous. Guns built up on the Armstrong plan will throw shot about three times the distance, with but half the powder, and yet weigh proportionally, but slightly more than half the old cast-iron weapons. The principle has been carried



"DINNER TIME!"

Now, how are these monsters made? Briefly, they may be said to be built up coil over coil, in such a way that the enormous strain of the bursting powder may be distributed over the whole gun. In guns of cast iron, a point arrives where mere thickness is of no value in resisting the explosive power of the discharge. But when white-hot coils are shrunk over a cold cylinder, they contract on cooling, and become tense—that is, extended to stiffness—while the inner portion is compressed; and the result—put briefly, and free from technicalities—is that the strain of the

still further by twisting strong flat steel wire, tightly strained, over the gun. The wire, in this state of tension, yields a coil comparatively very elastic but yet capable of great power of resistance. In the new "wire" gun, weighing forty-six tons, for the new warships, something like a hundred and two miles of wire are used in each gun.

You may see the wire at Woolwich being slowly twisted round a long tube of steel, which forms the inner part of the gun. The wire is so tough that its breaking strain is probably not

less than a hundred tons to the square inch!

It is said that guns strengthened in this way have fired shot for the enormous distance of twelve miles! A comparatively small, but very dangerous weapon, the "Woolwich 12-pounder breech-loader," is calculated to send its shot from its muzzle at the unrealisable speed of 1,720 feet per second! This smart little gun costs the country no less than £550, with eleven shillings extra for every discharge. On the other hand, some of the huge monsters we see standing here, grim, shapely, and silent, cost the country, in round numbers, nearly

£25,000 when complete, and £35 additional every time they are discharged.

Such guns are marvels of engineering and scientific skill, and it is the exhibition of such skill which forms one of the great attractions of Woolwich Arsenal. If it be urged that it is lamentable to see so much skill, and power, and money, expended on destructive and man-slaying machines, it must be remembered that their very destructiveness may assist in preventing Governments from too recklessly entering upon war, while if the sad necessity for using them should arise, they may assist in bringing the battle to a speedy and decisive close.

A FELT PRESENCE.

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., *Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.*



WHO does not know the difference made by the mere presence of a person—how lonely the room would be without that presence, and what a feeling of companionship the mere presence gives?

The student is deep in his books. He reads, and thinks, and writes. His attention is fixed, his whole mind is engrossed, his thoughts are concentrated on his subject—for the moment there seems no room for anything else. Yet he is conscious, though unknowingly, of that sweet presence that is with him.

It is the same in a *walk*. When two, whose hearts are one, walk together, they are not always in conversation, yet are they always in companionship. At times thoughts and feelings are interchanged, and some subject of common interest is discussed; at others, they walk in silence side by side. Meanwhile, each is thinking, and seemingly thinking apart. But they are not really apart; there is companionship still, as close, and almost as conscious, when they are silent as when they speak. Each would miss the other; the walk would be quite different alone, though few words are spoken. It is a great

test of intimacy and fellowship, this power of being silent when together.

In like manner we may have a happy sense of the presence of God, at times when no direct communication is passing, and our thoughts are on some other subject. "Pray without ceasing" does not mean that we shall do nothing but pray; "Search the Scriptures" does not bid us search nothing else; and, though it is the highest blessing of the Christian to hold communion with God by the Spirit, yet he is not to be always in that holy and sweet employment. There are times, and long periods of time, when his mind must be fixed on other things.

But need he at those times lose the sense of God's presence? Oh, no. In the first place, in one who truly loves God there is at all times an undercurrent of thought which is fixed on God; consciously or unconsciously to the man himself, the recollection of God mixes itself with all he is about, and there is something that underlies all surface-thoughts, and even those which seem deepest. They are not really the deepest; there is in him a deeper place still, and "the LORD is in this place."

At times, when we are not listening to the Voice of God in His Word; or speaking to Him in prayer, or even actually thinking of Him, we may experience the comfort of His presence. It is our happiness

that we may be *always* with God, and always conscious of being so. Our consciousness need not take the form of a thought or a definite feeling, yet is it there. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

We cannot consider the precious words of our Saviour, "Abide in Me, and I in you," except as meaning a *constant* union; or the assurance, "I am with thee," except as of a constant presence. This is what He promises, and this is what we are to seek and cherish. No loving wife, sitting or walking in silence with him who of all earthly objects is *first* with her, derives half so sweet a fellowship from his presence as we may find in the constant presence of God.

Wherever we are, there He is too. Whatever we are doing, it is in His presence we are doing it. Whatever we are thinking of, it is before Him that our thoughts are thus occupied. How happy this is! The husband may have to go, the wife may be called off to other things; but God will be with us always, and the sweet sense of His presence. Do nothing, say nothing, be engaged in nothing, and give your mind to nothing, with regard to which the thought, "God is here," would not be a happy thought. Let it be your delight to "walk with God," and to have Him, though unseen, yet always near, and known and felt to be so

"NOT MY CHOICE."—"Be our days many, or be they few, from any burden which God may see fit to lay upon us our life may gain, not only contentment, but grandeur and nobleness. My strength during all my life has been precisely this—that I have no choice. During the last thirty-six years God has twelve times changed my home and fifteen times changed my work. I have scarcely done what I myself would have chosen. The support of my life is to know that I am doing what God wishes, and not what I wish myself."—DEAN FARRAR.

"SUNDAY REST."—"Sunday is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory,—a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man—the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect and livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."—LORD MACAULAY.

"THE Church is a society for making men like Christ, and earth like Heaven."—DR. ARNOLD.



From the original painting by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A. Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

GERALD AND HIS BOOK.

YES; when I'm tired at close of
day,
And mother makes me stop
my play,
'Tis then I find a cosy nook
And con my lovely picture-book.

I cannot read the words at all
Because I am so very small,
But all the cows and ships and things,
And big great fish, and birds with wings,
Are my own special private pets,
The kind of friends one ne'er forgets.

So when I'm tired at close of day,
 And mother makes me stop my play,
 'Tis then I find a cosy nook
 And con my lovely picture-book.
 Once Mr. Swinstead caught me there
 And without any why or where,

Just made a picture out of me
 For all my mother's friends to see,
 And in they come, and talk and chatter;
 But I don't care : what does it matter ?
 For I have still my cosy nook,
 And still can keep my picture-book.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"A Big Wound in Your Soul."

SOME of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man named Matayo was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. "You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up the drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally." Matayo replied, "Why can't you leave me alone?" Mika Sematimba answered, "When you were shot, did we not pick you up

and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember when we were carrying you, how you said, 'Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me'? We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you cannot keep sober, and we want to help you. You say 'Leave me alone,' but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do."

"I Count that Day as Lost."

Two Brahmins were in a railway carriage in India, and one of them refused a Gospel which was offered him by a Native preacher. "I could not think of buying a Christian book," he said. The other exclaimed, "It

is a very good book. It is the life of Jesus Christ. It is to me as my daily food. When I miss a day in reading it, I count that day as lost." What a speech for a heathen to make!

The Cruelty of Heathendom.

An atrocious case of cruelty in Zanzibar is related by the late Rev. Horace Waller. A little slave girl of seven, named Jamilli, had been beaten by her mistress and then tied by the arm to a tree. The arm swelled so that the cord could not be got off, so they took a hatchet and cut off her arm, and then turned the child out in the street to die. Sir Lloyd Matthews

found her, and sent her to the hospital, the jagged bleeding stump of the arm being in a frightful state. She was cured, and sent to the Universities Mission School at Mbwani. When she was well, her masters had the audacity to claim her again; but the Sultan refused to allow her to be taken out of the hands of the Missionaries.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Initials and Finals, read downwards, are already before you, before even you begin to guess me.

1. Something very pleasant in the summer weather.
2. A preposition.
3. A gentle breeze.
4. A place famed in Scripture story.
5. A narrow road.
6. Always.

II. PUZZLE WORDS.

To try your spelling, here's a great game,
 Backwards and forwards we're always the same.

1. An organ precious to us all :
2. A boy's name, be he big or small :
3. Often used to mean before :
4. Sometimes heard at the front door :
5. Perhaps you call your father this :
6. Day by day I never miss.

III. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A place to love,
2. A face to love,
3. Five men put down,
4. On this we frown.

"Who is this, so Weak and Helpless?"

Words by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN.

(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

TREBLE VOICES.

1. Who is this, so weak and help-less, Child of low-ly He-brew maid,

Rude-ly in a sta-ble shel-ter'd, Cold-ly in a man-ger laid?

CHORUS (strongly accented).

S. 'Tis the Lord of all cre-a-tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;

A.

T.

B.

He is God from ev-er-last-ing, And to ev-er-last-ing God.

2. Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way;
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the stary sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.
3. Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

- 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment
All His foes beneath His throne.
4. Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God, Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.