

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming /
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pagination is as follows: 13, 193-224, 14 p. There are some creases in the middle of the pages.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

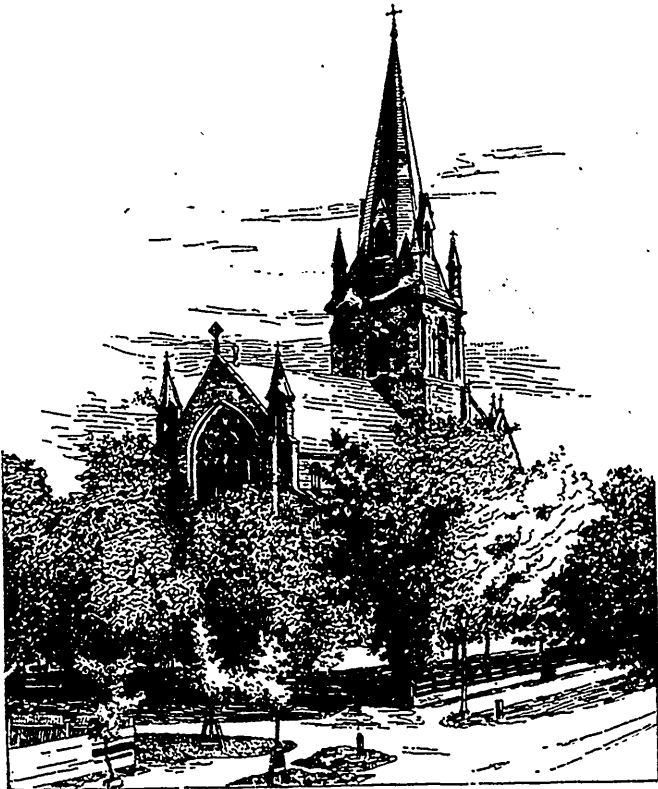
10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

July 1897

THE

051.9716

CATHEDRAL MONTHLY.



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

CHURCH NOTES.

JULY, 1897.

The annual meeting of the W. A. Association was held in the Church Hall on Wednesday, June 9th, The Dean in the chair. A satisfactory and encouraging report was read, in the absence of the Secretary, Miss Robinson, by Mrs. John Black. The Treasurer's report showed a balance in hand of over \$200, after the making of grants to New Denmark, Andover and Stanley. Reports were also read from the various branches, shewing activity and zeal. The election of officers resulted as follows :

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. John Black, Mrs. T. B. Winslow, and Mrs. A. Barker.

Secretaries—Miss Robinson and Miss Wilmot.

Treasurer—Mrs. Whalley.

The Girls' Branch held its annual meeting during the previous week. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer was read and received. Officers elected for the ensuing year are : Mrs. John Black, President ; Miss Nellie Sterling and Miss Myra Sherman, Vice-Presidents ; Miss Mabel Sterling, Sec'y-Treasurer. The branch has had a very successful year, the interest in the work having been well sustained.

When the Rev. Mr. Bate took charge of the Parish of Upham he found a silver paten, on which was inscribed the following legend : " Humbly offered for the Church of God by three little boys." On enquiring what was the history of this piece of plate, a letter

of Bishop Medley's was produced by the Churchwarden, which stated that in the year 1852 the Bishop was in John Keble's parish of Hursley, in England, and was pleading the cause of his poor missions, and specially the need of communion plate. After the meeting closed three little boys, sons of Rev. Peter Young, then Curate of Hursley, but who afterwards succeeded Mr. Keble as Vicar, came up to the Bishop, and said they would give him all the silver they had. One brought a much-battered silver cup, another a knife and fork, and the third some spoons. These articles the Bishop gladly accepted, and had them made into a paten, on which was placed the inscription above mentioned. It was given, on the Bishop's return, to the Mission of Londonderry, in the Parish of Upham, where it has been ever since in constant use. It is interesting to know that the three little boys are still living. One is the Ven. Archdeacon Young, who has been a missionary in Australia for the last twelve years, and has just returned to England for his first visit. The second is the Rev. James Peter Young, Vicar of Great Grimsby, and Pretendary of Lincoln, and the third is Rev. Frederick Young. Thus these three boys have become honoured and useful clergymen, while their self-denial as children supplied a need in a poor country Mission, which is only one instance out of many which could be cited during the long episcopate of Bishop Medley.

Sunday, June 20th, being the 60th anniversary of the Queen's coronation,

The whole of the contents of this magazine are copyright. For permission to reproduce any of the articles, application should be made to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, Church Monthly Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.



BY RUTH LAMB,

Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GLINDERSES.

GLINDERS' COURT, or "Glinderses," as it was commonly called, was not an attractive locality to live in, but it was always filled to overflowing. It was only a little bit of a place, bounded on two sides and one end by cottages. At the other end, which fronted the street, was a wide, arched entrance, and over this, and running the full width of the court, was a single good-sized room, wherein dwelt the oldest inhabitant of Glinderses.

The court had once borne a more aristocratic name. Originally built by a Welshman, he had given it the title of Glendower's Court; but it was rarely called by it. Three syllables were not easily

dealt with in those days and in such neighbourhoods. Tenants complained that they "couldn't tongue" that big word.

"It's too grand a name for such-like as uz," was a frequent remark. So the court was, by common consent, re-named "Glinderses."

The first owner saved money, and finding himself, like the name of the court, too big for the neighbourhood, sold his first venture in bricks and mortar, and retired to a safe distance from the spot where he had laid the foundation of his fortunes.

The new owner knew nothing of Glendower. His tenants called the property "Glinderses" and he supposed they ought to be better informed than himself, so took their version of its name.

After the fashion of new brooms, the fresh landlord resolved to make the court more attractive by painting the outside thereof, though he did not think it necessary to look within, or trouble himself about such trifles as drainage or internal cleansing. He put on a little extra rent per week, to repay his outlay, in the shape of cent. per cent. interest, and, as a finishing touch, caused the name and title of the spot to be placed in large letters over the archway. So "Glinders' Court" it is to this day.

In the single room over the arch lived "Owd Roger" all alone. He had lived there longer than any other dweller thereabouts could remember. Each new comer to the court had found him there, and those who left and moved away—

by moonlight or in open day, according to circumstances—had left him behind, any time for thirty years past. He was not such a very old man, though everybody called him so. He owned to being "nigh upon sixty."

To the children who swarmed on the doorsteps, or played within the limited enclosure, Roger seemed a very Methuselah.

What a vast, impenetrable space lies between childhood and threescore years! How can childish minds be expected to span it?

Owd Roger was spare and delicate-looking, despite the fact that his calling compelled him to brave all weathers. The expression of his face was kind and winning. His hair was thin and, like his all-round whiskers and short beard, almost white. He looked older than his age and his frame was just a little bent from carrying heavily-laden baskets year in, year out. He lived the quietest life imaginable, yet, in spite of his retiring ways, Owd Roger was well respected. Not a mother in the court but would have referred to him in a case of difficulty. Not a toddler born in Glinderses but would have run to him as he appeared under the archway, more especially if tears had to be wiped away, or some childish sorrow removed by sympathy.

There were endless traditions about Owd Roger's past. Some said he had lost a fortune, others that his wife had died a year after they were married. These last called Roger a "widow man," and suggested that as women were plentiful enough, he might easily have filled up the gap by making a second choice.

Others were positive that Roger had been crossed in love in his young days, and had revenged himself on the sex by hiding from everybody belonging to him in Glinderses. Certain it was that Roger disdained all female aid and did everything for himself.

"Nobody ever crosses his door or sees inside his place," said one gossip.

This was some years ago.

"I have," said a second, in a tone of triumph.

"Did Owd Roger ax you in?" questioned a third.

"Not he. I've peeped through the keyhole lots o' times. He's out sellin'

from mornin' to-night, you know. The place is as neat as a new pin, an' he has real tidy things in it—for a man. I often grudge that a man should have that room. It seems too much for him to have all to himself. It's a goodish size, and the window is big and looks on to the street. Glinderses is a confined place. Never a fresh thing, and not often a fresh face to see in it. I get sick o' looking at the same old bricks and mortar, and the same folks, with no change."

The speaker told the truth; but as she spent most of her time just within the archway if it rained, and just on the street side of it in favourable weather, she managed to vary the monotony she complained of. Her house and children might suffer through this self-indulgence, to say nothing of the husband. But conjugal differences were regarded as trifles in Glinderses, and hardly attracted notice.

It was a queer thing, but not a dweller in Glinderses knew whether Roger was the Christian or surname of its oldest inhabitant. Occasionally some extra civil neighbour would say, "Good-day, Mr. Rogers," and this would bring a smile and a cheery answer from the old man. He was not accustomed to be styled "Mr.," but it was pleasant all the same.

When Roger was ten years younger, the cottage next to his own became vacant, and to everybody's surprise it was taken by a real lady. Not the sort of lady that Glinderses had seen more than once before within its precincts—the sort that gives itself airs, bounces about, talks loudly, dresses in all the colours of the rainbow and most of them at the same time, and demands admiring homage by virtue of these qualifications.

The new tenant, next door to Owd Roger, gave herself no airs, but rather shrank from notice than otherwise. She wore black of the simplest kind; but the whole court agreed that it was stylish, though "awful plain made." It was suggestive of widowhood, though weeds had been discarded, if they had ever been worn.

Mrs. Holgate brought with her enough of decent furniture for the two rooms and the little kitchen, and, as a companion, a boy of four years old, by name, Richard.

From the very first Glinderses recognised that Mrs. Holgate was fashioned of finer stuff than themselves. She looked so dainty, and her voice was low, but clear and musical. Sorrow had left its traces on her pale face, but no one could help seeing that it was still very lovely. She was quite young, "not into the thirties."

As Glinderses noticed how wide a gap separated them from the new-comer, they were inclined to resent the fact with more than usual unanimity. It was a tacit insult to them, collectively and individually, for this person to intrude on a select community like theirs.

"Why don't she go among her own sort?" asked one, as she took a pin out of her mouth to attach two portions of her skirt together.

The pin had nearly gone in the wrong direction, through the speaker's impatience. She should have waited to remove it before beginning to speak. But then, she was angry at the new tenant for having no "tears" in her gown, which needed a pin attachment. So she tried to economise time by airing her opinions whilst she pleated up her rags in readiness for the insertion of the pin.

"Glinderses is cheap," responded a neighbour. "Cheap and——"

Better leave the rest blank. The second speaker's opinion of her dwelling and its surroundings was scarcely expressed in language that bears repetition.

The sum and substance of it was that the court was unfit for habitation by decent people, and that hanging was much too good for its owner.

Much was said by other dwellers in Glinderses, and there was hardly a female voice uplifted in favour of the new resident.

Happily for herself, Mrs. Holgate only desired to live at peace with all humankind. Her gentleness disarmed hostility; her refined manners, which at first excited resentment, in time inspired awe and admiration. Glinderses became proud of her, and realised that the presence of a real lady within its boundaries conferred a sort of distinction on all its inhabitants.

"She never says an ill word of anybody."

"She don't like to listen to tales, though she's too perlitte to say so."

"If she hears 'em she never passes 'em on."

Then, as Owd Roger said, "She's high larn'd. Her writin's just like print, it's that easy to read."

If it had not been, Roger would have been puzzled to make it out, for his education had not gone greatly beyond the first of the three R's, though he was a quick reckoner in a small way by dint of daily necessity, and "could write a bit, though he was out of practice."

The "lady of Glinderses," as she was subsequently called by common consent, was always willing to give her unlettered neighbours the benefit of her own attainments. She wrote letters for them, and no one could say that she repeated a word of their contents. Mothers asked her advice, and declared she did their children more good than the doctor did. Probably this was because, being on the spot, she taught them how to carry out his instructions, or suggested simple remedies, which rendered the doctor's aid unnecessary.

Still, Glinderses had one or two grievances against its lady. She must have been more than mortal to give no offence. If a person escapes being blamed for too much speaking, he is pretty sure to offend by saying too little.

Mrs. Holgate affronted her neighbours by telling nothing about herself. Leading questions were put and feelers thrown out, but her past remained a blank. Thus the one lady was the centre of the one mystery associated with Glinderses. After some time the neighbours gave up trying to pierce it, and consoled themselves after another fashion.

It was creditable to the court to have both a lady and a mystery belonging to it. Some courts were too commonplace. Everybody in them knew all about everybody else. Glinderses found pleasure in endless speculations as to Mrs. Holgate's history. There was comfort, too, in looking as if they knew and could say a great deal about her, if they chose.

A slow shake of the head, an expression of pity, a glance even, can be made eloquent of meaning.

One or two stoutly declared they'd "be sorry to hurt the lady's feelin's by talking of things she didn't want known *outside of Glinderses.*"

This made outsiders more curious and respectful at the same time. So no harm was done.

The child, Dick, grew apace in stature and in knowledge, for his mother devoted herself to his training,

too soon. The young 'uns have it all their own way now. There's oceans o' larnin' waitin' for 'em to swallow as fast as they can take it in. Maybe, I'd better say will, for willin'ness has a deal to do with it."

"My mother, blessin's on her mem'ry, was as good a soul as ever lived, and had sense out o' the common; but she didn't know her A B C, so it stands to



"HE KISSED IT REVERENTLY."

and did all that could be done amid such surroundings. Everybody wondered at the result of her care, Old Roger most of all.

"You've done miracles for the boy, ma'am," he would say. "May the Lord spare you till he grows into a fine man to pay you back again. What a grand thing it is to be a scholar! I should ha' been one myself, if I'd had a ghost of a chance. I had it in me to larn; but I were born a many years

reason she couldn't teach me. How I should ha' vally'd larning! But it's too late now. It's too late."

Thus spoke Owd Roger to little Dick Holgate, and as he finished, he would bid the lad do his best for his mother's sake, and not be like those lazy "raskills" that would run away from the sight of a book if they could.

By way of rendering his lectures more palatable, Roger would slip a rosy apple or luscious pear into Dick's

willing hand, then pat the lad's curly head and trudge off with the basket, which was his companion from early morning till nightfall, all the year round. Only its contents varied with the seasons, and as the years passed, Roger's grey hair turned to white, and his back became a little more bent, though he worked harder than ever.

It was not only Roger's gifts that made little Dick Holgate look to him as a friend, and listen to his good advice whilst munching the carefully selected apple or pear. The child regarded old Roger as his mother's special friend, as well as his own.

From the day that Mrs. Holgate and her four-year-old boy took up their abode in Gлиндерse, there had been what the court called "neighbourin'" between her and Roger. He was barely fifty then, and years and hard work had not yet affected his activity, though he might look older than his age.

Roger was the first to help the lady to get in and arrange her furniture. He it was who told her at what shops, within a reasonable distance, she would be best served. When the weather was bad, he would make her purchases for her, and leave them at her door as he returned home.

Each evening Roger called to ask if the lady had "anything in the way of a job for him." He left home too early to allow of a morning call.

"You see, ma'am, I'm bound to go out, wet or dry, cold or hot. It's just nothing for me to carry home any bits of things you want. Used to carryin' big loads, I never feel your little parcels at all. Trouble! Don't mention the word, if you please. Why, just think now what it is for a lone man like me to have somebody I can be a bit of use to, at the same time as I'm pleasin' myself. I wish it wor not so easy to do all you want."

"I cannot bear for you to do my errands in such weather," Mrs. Holgate would say. "I am young and——"

"Indeed, then, you're right. You *are* young, and when the sun's shinin' down into the court and the sky's as blue as Dick's eyes, it *is* pleasant for you to take him by the hand and go for a walk, doin' your shoppin' by the way. But when it's rainin' by bucketfuls, I'm the fittest to stand the weather, to say nothin' of the truth that I've got

to do it, weather or no. I'm neither sugar nor salt, so I'll not melt, and I'm used to all sorts."

Mrs. Holgate had to give in, and Roger told the court in general that the lady was kind enough to give him bits o' jobs to do for her, and paid him well for his trouble.

The lady heard of this and remonstrated.

"I have never paid you. I never could. I am too poor. You have told them that I paid you to spare my pride, so that the people about might not think me mean enough to take your work for nothing. As if I had a right to be waited on and spared, at the cost of extra work to you!"

"And you have paid me in the best of coin. Would goold be half so bright as the shine in your eyes, or silver be worth namin' beside the sound of your voice when you speak? Never mention such trifles again."

"I have so much to thank you for, and——"

"Hush!" said the man, looking round as if afraid of being overheard. "We'll say no more. *We* know, and that's enough."

Roger clasped the hand which the lady placed in his, and then, strange as it might seem, he kissed it reverently, and hurried away with moistening eyes, whilst the tears fell fast from Mrs. Holgate's.

If curious eyes could have penetrated the thick curtains which shaded Mrs. Holgate's little window, they might have seen her busied in mending masculine under-garments and socks. When this work was done, she would ply her knitting needles, and other warm socks and vests would grow rapidly under her skilful fingers. An inspection of Roger's wardrobe would have shown where some of these articles went to; but as no one save little Dick Holgate was admitted to the room over the archway, Gлиндерse was no wiser.

Roger not only brought home articles that Mrs. Holgate commissioned him to buy, but he carried away many a parcel when he went cityward. Only he, beside herself, knew that they contained the fruits of much labour. But for the money thus earned by Mrs. Holgate, there would have been less shopping to do on her behalf when Roger was plodding homewards in the gloaming.

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT LOSES ITS LADY.



FOR six years things went on much in the same fashion in Glinderses, only that with time the court grew more dingy-looking. The thinly-spread coat of paint, which its second owner had made a pretext for increasing the rents, was pretty well worn off. The large letters over the archway had partly disappeared, and passers-by would have found it difficult to spell out the name of the enclosure. There had been changes of tenants during the time, but still the lady stayed, and Old Roger occupied the archway chamber as before.

Dick Holgate had grown apace, and was as fine a lad of ten as could have been met in a long day's walk. He had been well trained and taught by his mother, and, despite the fact that he was kept aloof from most other boys living in and about the court, he made no enemies. The halo of gentility that surrounded Mrs. Holgate seemed to hover round her son also. What in other lads would have given deadly offence was passed over for her sake. Dick's sunny disposition and pleasant manners won him friends. He was always ready to do a kindness, but his mode of doing it was so different from the fashion of other lads. If he picked up an old woman's handkerchief he gave it to her with a bow fit for a prince. Such was his reputation for "manners" that he was held up as a model for all the rising generation of Glinderses.

While the boy was growing in strength and stature, pitying eyes were often turned upon his mother. She was growing thinner and paler except at odd times, when she had the prettiest colour on her cheeks, and her eyes were strangely bright. She coughed, too, and was seen to pause as if for breath, and press her hand to her side.

No parcels were sent away in Roger's basket now. The neighbours looked at their lady with anxious eyes, and cast pitying glances on Dick. They were ready to give of their best to her who had never been heard to say an ill word, and whose "lady ways" had done honour to Glinderses.

She kept up nearly to the last, and then a quiet-mannered, sweet-faced woman, in the dress of a district nurse, came to the court with Roger one evening, and took charge of Mrs. Holgate.

The nurse had no prolonged watch. She had to leave her patient in Dick's charge for a short time, and, during her absence, the mother made her last wishes known to her weeping boy.

"You'll try and remember what I say, dear child. Be honest and true, and do not forget what I have taught you. It has been a trouble to live in such a place as this—not for my sake so much, but I longed for better things for you. If I could but have done better for you myself! We have heard bad words all round us, but so far you have kept from uttering them."

"What shall I do?" cried Dick, interrupting his mother. Then he burst into a very passion of tears.

"Roger will tell you. I have written it all out for him. He will take care of you. I wish he would come. Give my love and kiss his dear, good face for me."

The quivering lips kissed the boy again and again. At this moment the nurse returned. Dick noticed that his mother's breath came strangely fast, and she murmured something about "your father, Dick," and "a beautiful home——"

Then a call came to which Dick's mother had to respond, leaving her sentence unfinished.

Dick was hustled from the room by firm, but not unkindly hands, and three days later all that remained of the lady of Glinders' Court left it for ever. Whatever might have been the story of her past, it was buried with her.

By virtue of a little document, prepared some few months before, Old Roger was empowered to dispose of the furniture and whatever would bring in money, to make all after arrangements, and to take entire guardianship of Dick. There was no one to dispute it, and the motherless and, for aught he knew, fatherless lad, became the ward and companion of Old Roger in the room over the archway of Glinderses.

But for this arrangement the lad, who could claim kindred with no one, would have been his own master at ten years old, with all the world before him. An awful, desolate world it would have seemed to him, but for the one humble friend. Yet lads no older than Dick Holgate had been sent out of Glinderses, with the knowledge of their parents, to pick up a living as best they could.

Old Roger was nearly beside himself with grief when, on his return home, he found that the lady of Glinderses was dead. The nurse was still in charge, and had managed, without giving offence, to keep away prying eyes and meddling hands. Roger's tears fell like rain as he looked at the face, lovely in life, but almost more beautiful in the solemn stillness of death.

When poor Dick sobbed out his mother's last message, and held up his head to give the kiss she had bidden him bestow in her name, Roger clasped his arms round the lad and held him in a long, silent embrace.

"I've nobody now," wailed the lad.

"No mother, nor brother, nor——"

"Yes, you've me, Dick. I'll do my best for you. It's a poor best, I know, but——"

"Shall I come and live with you?"

asked the boy, stifling his sobs and looking in Roger's face.

"Aye, that you shall. I'll take you home with me now."

Dick placed his hand in Roger's in mute consent, then the pair left together the solemn presence of death. They could not descend the narrow stair hand in hand, so the boy went first, feeling something of the awe which is more than half fear and which oppresses childish minds at such times.

When just on the bottom step, Dick heard Roger say, "I've forgotten something. I'll be down directly."

The man turned back into the little chamber where all was so white, pure, and dainty, though within the precincts of Glinderses. Dropping on his knees he took into his own the thin, still hands that had so often busied themselves on his behalf. Holding one between his own palms, rough and browned by constant exposure, he made a solemn vow that, God helping him, he would guard and care for the boy she had entrusted to him. With reverent touch he kissed the cold lips and brow, replaced the covering, and went softly downstairs.

Roger took the boy to his own room that night, and, after Mrs. Holgate's funeral, he made special arrangements for his comfort.

The small bed in which Dick had slept was moved into the room over the archway, and everything that was likely to be of use to the lad was preserved. It cost much planning and shifting to and fro of Roger's household goods, but space was found for all, and the room looked all the more comfortable for the additions.

Dick and Roger were alone on the evening after Mrs. Holgate's funeral, and the lad had been sitting sad and silent for some time. Roger's own nature was so tender and sensitive that he could understand the feelings of his new charge, and, beyond giving Dick's hand a kindly pressure, he did nothing to interrupt his thoughts.

Dick was the first to speak.

"May I call you grandad?" he asked, with quivering lips. "It would seem like having somebody belonging to me, if I might."

"Bless you, lad, yes, and welcome. Of course you may. It will seem like

having somebody belonging to *me* when I hear you say it. I shall be proud to be called 'grandad,' specially by your mother's son. Only we must take care that no one gets thinking I'm your real grandad. The neighbours here in Glinderses wouldn't, of course. But outside people might, because they would not know that your mother was a real lady."

"What would it matter?" said Dick. "I haven't a real grandad, have I?"

"Because it would be a sort o' letting down of a lady like your mother was, to make believe I was her father," replied Roger, ignoring the second part of Dick's question.

"Mother wouldn't have felt so. She always said you were one of the best and kindest men in the world, and a real gentleman. Better than most of the people that had lots of money, and grand houses, and carriages. She said she felt it an honour and pleasure to sew or knit or do anything for one that was so good."

"Did she really, now?" said Roger, his wrinkled face all aglow with happiness. "Well, now, that was nice of her. All the same, it doesn't alter things. I'll be your real grandad in loving you, and takin' care of you, and you shall call me so, you know. *But you must be proud for your mother, specially now she's gone.* Always remember that she was the lady of Glinderses and lived up to such. She mightn't have much money—"

"She had hardly any," cried Dick. "I used to wish I was bigger, or that she would let me go for an errand boy."

"You weren't old enough or strong enough. What you could ha' earned wouldn't ha' paid extra shoe leather. Besides, you had to learn lessons, and your mother taught you so that you can do more and better than the boys in the Board Schools even. Now, I tell you, you must be proud for the sake of your mother, that kept herself a lady in spite of living in Glinderses and bein' poor. Keep the station she made for you. Don't join with the lads in anything she told you to keep clear of. Mind, Dick, you're not goin' to shame her mem'ry by growin' down'ards to anybody. No, not even to Grandad Roger."

This was just another and very

homely way of saying to Dick "*Noblesse oblige.*"* Perhaps Old Roger's manner of putting it was not less easy to understand; and he did not know the two words which would have summed up his lecture to Dick.

There was something extremely touching in Roger's anxiety to keep the boy from letting himself grov downwards to the low level of society in Glinderses. He was resolved that no effort should be wanting on his own part to prevent such a possibility.

In spite of Roger's words Dick was despondent. He was willing, but doubtful of his power, to live up to the standard placed before him by his mother.

"I shall forget what she taught me," he said, with a sigh that was almost a sob. It was hard to keep back such signs of sorrow, though Dick strove hard to play the man for Roger's sake.

"No, you'll not. You must go to school. Larnin's cheap. Bless the lad, what does he think he is to do all the day through, while I'm out sellin'?"

"Mother said you were poor, like her, and *she* couldn't afford to send me to school."

"What need, when she could teach you beautiful? As to being poor, don't you know mother was in a club, and sometimes money comes in other ways to them that are left after people are dead? Besides, some things were sold, accordin' to her wish, and they fetched money. Never you fear. Besides, again, your grandad isn't goin' to retire from business. Just think what it will be to have some one else to work for. I shall not be saying to myself, 'This is for *my* dinner, and this is to pay *my* rent. It will be *our* dinner and *our* rent; *your* shoes and *my* shoes, when a new pair has to be got for us. Remember, there's only one rent to pay for *us*, same as there was for *me*. How much better supper 'll taste when we sit down to eat it together! Why, Dick, now I think of all the cheerfulness your comin' 'll bring to my little place, I feel fair ashamed o' myself, I'm getting so much the best o' the bargain."

Dick was willing to be convinced, it possible, but he shook his head doubtfully.

* "Rank imposes obligation."

Roger saw the boy's lips parting, but again he began to speak and stopped what was coming.

"I see now, you young rogue, you think you have the best of it. I'm not

to go contradictin' me. To-morrow you'll begin school. I've seen the master and made all right. You'll have a trifle of coppers to get something to eat in the dinner-time, and



"THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER!"

goin' to give in to you, though. Anyway, it's a nice thing, a real pleasure that we're both so satisfied with our own side of the bargain. I know I'm right, and bein' as I'm so much older, it wouldn't be like your mother's son

we'll have supper together comfortable."

There was no gainsaying Old Roger. Was he not the lad's guardian, named as such by Mrs. Holgate? Who was Dick to oppose him whom she had

called one of the best and kindest men in the world and a real gentleman?

In the stillness of the night, when the only sound in the room over the archway was the regular breathing of a tired lad as he lay sleeping on his own bed, Roger, unable to sleep, was holding a committee of ways and means in the interests of both. He knew to a penny what money he had. Not how much, but how little.

"What a mercy it was that I thought of puttin' her in the club when she first came to the court! If I hadn't, how should we have managed everything decent? There was a trifle over, and what the sticks we sold fetched, makes something to start housekeepin' for two, but not enough to go on with for long. I must work a bit harder, an' maybe I'll manage to eat a bit less. As one gets old one hasn't quite the same appetite. A growin' boy must have his fill, come what may. If I can only hold on till he's fourteen or fifteen I'll be content."

Having talked the matter over with himself, as Roger would have expressed it, he put it out of mind for the present, and soon fell asleep. It was time indeed for him to rest. At half-past four he must be up and away to the wholesale market to lay in his stock-in-trade for the day.

The habit of many years enabled him to wake almost to the minute, and as a rule he slept soundly after his long day's work. But the sorrow and cares incidental to Mrs. Hoigate's illness and death, and the new responsibilities which had devolved upon him by his position as Dick's guardian, had sorely disturbed his rest. However, needs must when there is no choice. Roger turned out at the usual time after a night spent mostly in planning how to make a very little money go a long way.

He moved softly about the room for fear of awaking the boy, though he could not help pausing to glance at Dick as he lay in a profound sleep. "He's like his mother, very like her, for a boy. What a mercy it is that he is a boy, for I couldn't have cared for a girl, and there might ha' been trouble. I must have told, if Dick had been a girl. Well, he isn't, so that's all right and straightforward for me. Ah! if I was a real gentleman as *she*

called me, with means accordin', how well I would ha' done by her when she was here! What I would do for the lad now!"

Then a droll look passed over Roger's face, and he further thought, "If I could only make myself believe that I was one for to-day, wouldn't I stop at home just for the sake of a rest? I mostly feel fresh enough at the start, but this mornin' I'm tired to begin with."

Roger might well be tired after such a wakeful night, but he did not on that account loiter over his preparations. He dressed quickly, not forgetting the morning wash, or failing in any act needful to insure his turning out with the beautifully clean appearance which always distinguished him.

He took no proper breakfast, but munched a few mouthfuls of dry bread, so as not to go out fasting. His breakfast would be taken at a coffee-stall near the market, after he had made his purchases, and just before starting on his round.

Dick had received minute instructions respecting his meals and the ordering of his day. Needless to say, Old Roger had provided far more liberally for the lad than for his own comfort.

Though Dick had been differently trained from other lads brought up in Glinderses, he could use his hands as deftly as any boy of his age. He had been his mother's faithful, loving helper, and was wonderfully clever in household matters. His small hands had, for the last two years, made the fire in the morning and helped to prepare the breakfast. Of late, he had not only prepared the meal, but had taken it upstairs to his mother. His willing feet had run to and fro in her service, and under her careful training he had learned to do well and neatly whatever he undertook.

If Roger had his nightly cogitations, Dick was not behind in thinking and planning for his new guardian's comfort when he awoke to find himself alone. Roger reaped the fruit of the boy's forethought and industry when he returned home, feeling more weary than usual. So many things had been done which heretofore had awaited his own doing, before he could take the supper and rest he so sorely needed.

On the evening of this first day of

Dick's full residence in the archway room, Roger found his little home in perfect order, and the table spread with everything but the eatables, which he was bringing in his basket.

Roger was accustomed to great neatness and cleanliness, but never had his table looked so inviting. To its ordinary utensils Dick had added certain little matters that had been his mother's, and, though the sight of them brought tears to the lad's eyes, he felt

that by dedicating them to Roger's service he was using them, as she would have wished him to do.

The man understood the boy's motive and was deeply touched.

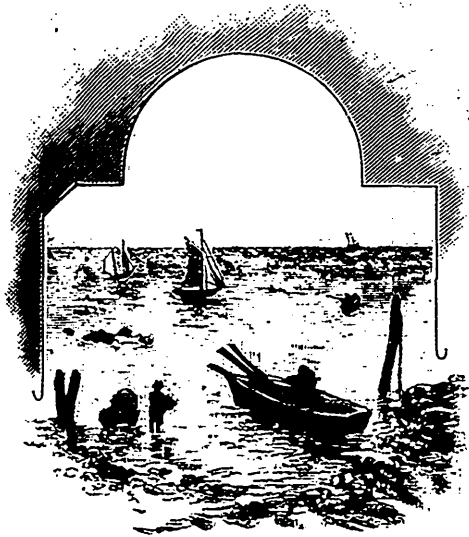
"You like to see things as your mother used to have them," he said.

"It was not for myself, grandad."

"I knew that, lad. But supper will taste better both for you and me."

Roger looked at Dick as he spoke. They understood each other.

(To be continued.)




AN OLD JACK OF KINSALE.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 205.)

BY REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

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


 'VE neither chick nor wife:
 I'm fourscore and three:
 All my rough life
 I've followed the sea—
 At ten half a sailor,
 At twelve up and away,
 Cruising in a whaler
 Around Baffin's Bay.

I've sail'd a yacht for a lord,
 All spick and span;
 French cook aboard,
 And yourself a lady's man.

I've drifted anywhere
 On a berg steeple-height;
 Me and an old bear
 Chumming most polite.
 I've seen the blue packers
 Ring round and shut—
 Mountains of ice for crackers,
 And the ship for the nut.

In eighteen 'forty-four,
 With the barque *Mary Jane*
 I took a lee-shore
 On the north coast of Spain;

And we roll'd at the waves' sporting
A cable's length from the town,
With girls and boys courting
While she shuffled down.

In November 'fifty-seven,
One of the foremast hands,
I was nearly blown to Heaven
In the troopship* *Sarah Sands*:
For the flames were snaking and
reaching
To where the powder was stored
But there wasn't much screeching
With Captain Castle aboard.

Ten mortal days
We look'd to see a puff,
And go and blow our ways
Like a pinch of black snuff.
But the captain held us together—
Sorrow a man shirk'd—
We fought the fire and the weather
And kept the pumps work'd.

For, beating back the flame,
And steaming for our port,
On a gale came,
And took us sharp and short :
Struck us very vicious
(Our port quarter gone),
But we anchored at Mauritius
November twenty-one.

Three trips I made,
Very calm and cool,
Running the blockade
In a brig of Liverpool ;
Crawling up the coast,
Painted smock-white,
Like the *Flying Dutchman's* ghost,
Never a pipe alight.
The fourth time we slapp'd in,
Minding ne'er a pip ;
And, faith, they nick'd the captain,
And took the poor ship.

In the *Parrot*, coasting smack,
I was wreck'd off Spurn Head :
Along o' Yellow Jack †
I was twice left for dead.
I suffer'd sore disaster
On the brig *Richard Lee*—
Abraham Davis, master—
In the fall of 'seventy-three.

Driven south o' the Horn,
Nosing for the ice ;
Neither night nor morn,
But dark you could slice ;
Every stitch she shook out
Jagg'd with ice and spear'd,
And every cry of the look-out
Clotting in his beard:—

Sudden came a rip,
And a roar, and a squeal :
Over lay the ship,
Baring half her keel.
Back she roll'd to the smother,
Groaning sore and loud,
And, behold! myself and another
Were shook from the shroud.

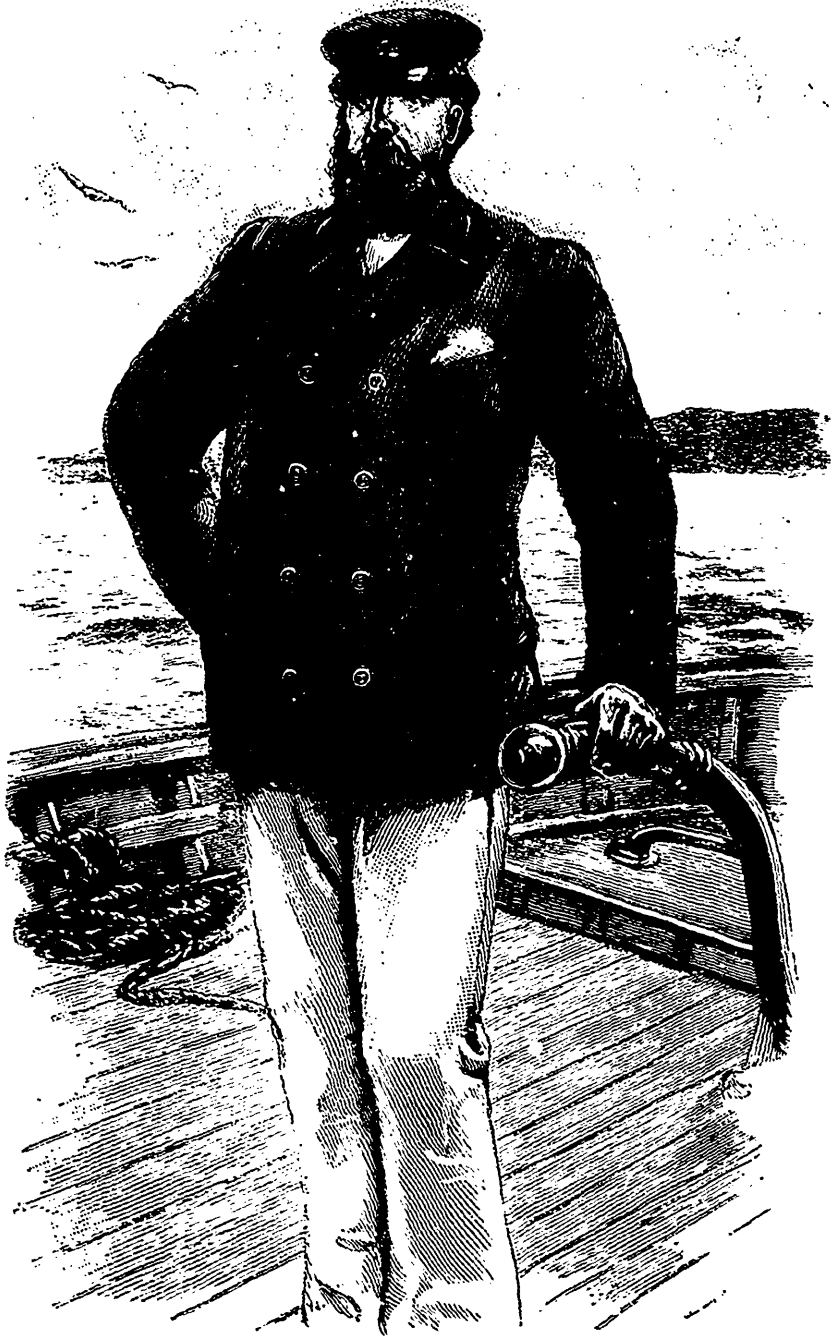
Caking into ice,
Praying all I knew,
I struck a spar twice,
And at last I brought it to.
Then I shouted pretty strong
To my mate, Andrew Brown ;
But he pipes back, "So-long,"
And I hears him gurgle down.

How they pull'd me in
The good Lord knows!
Pot-black my skin,
So cruel was I froze.
Two fingers I lost,
Dropping most forlorn,
Eaten by the frost,
South of Cape Horn.

Fourscore and three !
I'm an old man and ripe :
But no drink for me,
And easy on the pipe.
So I meet the world merry,
With my joke and my tale,
Working of the ferry
Back at Kinsale.

And this is an old man's lore,
Which I give without fee :—
You hear of God ashore ;
You meet Him at sea.
And storm or even keel
Makes little odds ;
You want two hands at the wheel . . .
And one of the two —God's

* Not strictly a troopship, but conveying troops on this occasion.
† Yellow fever.



Drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY

(by PAUL HARDY.

AN OLD JACK OF KINSALE. *(see page 203).*

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.

VII.—AUGUSTINE AND THE WELSH BISHOPS.



AFTER Augustine was made a Bishop, in a letter to Pope Gregory he asked him, "How ought I to deal with the Bishops of Gaul and Britain?"

Concerning the Bishops in Gaul, or France, Gregory told Augustine that he had no jurisdiction over them, but as to the Bishops in Britain—presumably those of the British Church in Wales, as well as the future Bishops of the English Church—Gregory informed Augustine that they were all committed to his oversight and placed under his authority.

Gregory assumed too much in attempting thus to dispose of the obedience and submission of the British Bishops, who had never been subject to the Bishop of Rome, as Augustine found to his cost in trying to enforce his authority over them.

The story of Augustine's unsuccessful efforts to bring the Welsh Bishops under his archiepiscopal jurisdiction is interesting.

Ethelbert in all probability helped to arrange the proposed meeting between Augustine and the Welsh Bishops, and also facilitated Augustine's long and tedious journey to the appointed place

of their interview. This place seems to have been under an oak-tree in the neighbourhood of Chepstow.

Whether the subjects to be discussed at the interview were agreed upon before it took place we are not told.

It is certain, however, that the Welsh Bishops met Augustine with certain feelings of suspicion that his object was to establish his episcopal rule over them.

When they met, as we are told, Augustine sought to persuade them to join him in his efforts to convert the heathen English and to live in Catholic ecclesiastical peace with himself; which meant, no doubt, that he required them to abandon their form of the priestly tonsure, and their time of keeping Easter—points wherein they differed from the Church of Rome, and all churches in communion with her—and henceforth to conform to Roman ecclesiastical uses.

The British Bishops did not see this, and proposed that the discussion of the subject should be adjourned to a subsequent conference when a larger number of Bishops might be present.

The second conference with Augustine was attended by seven Bishops and a number of learned men from the famous British monastery of Bangor Iscoed. But being somewhat unsettled in their minds as to what answer to make to Augustine's request that they should submit themselves to his jurisdiction and conform to the Canterbury uses, they had recourse to the counsel of a religious hermit, famed, no doubt, for his supposed wisdom.

"If Augustine be a man of God," said the hermit, "follow him."

"But how shall we find out whether he is so?" asked the Bishops.

"Our Lord," said the hermit, "spoke of Himself as meek and lowly in heart. If Augustine shows that temper you may believe that he has learned of Christ and taken up His yoke and is offering it to you."

"Whereby shall we discover of what spirit Augustine is?" asked the Bishops.

"Manage," said the hermit, "that he shall be at the meeting-place before you. If, when you approach him, he rises to

meet you, be sure that he is the servant of Christ, and listen to him obediently. If he does not rise up, but treats you as inferiors, do not submit to his assumptions."

Unfortunately, as it is said, Augustine received the Welsh Bishops sitting, which he probably thought well to do as expressive of his dignity as an Archbishop, but most likely did so in a manner wanting in tact and courtesy.

This the Welsh Bishops naturally resented, especially as they had been forewarned. They charged Augustine with

pride, and resisted all his proposals for their conformity to the Canterbury uses, and their co-operation with him in his attempts to convert the English.

Thus, through a haughty and assumptive spirit on the part of Augustine, an hasty temper and resentment on the part of the Welsh Bishops, was lost a grand opportunity for the early organic and corporate union of the newly-founded Church of the English with what remained of the ancient Church of the British people.

SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

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

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

What instances of well-doing after ill-doing of an exactly opposite kind may be found—

1. In one of the parables of our Lord;
2. In the story of the Acts of the Apostles;
3. In the Gospel of St. Luke;
4. In the Second Book of Chronicles;
5. In the Book of Job;
6. In the Book of Genesis?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(The Collects for the fourth, fifth, and sixth Sundays after Epiphany.)

1. How may the Collect for the Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany be illustrated by the earlier part of the Gospel for that day?
2. How may the "tares" and the "wheat" spoken of in the Gospel for the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany be distinguished from each other according to the teaching of the Gospel for that day?
3. How do both the Collect and the Epistle for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany carry our thoughts back to the Feast of the Epiphany itself?
4. How do the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the same Sunday carry us forward to a still further manifestation of the Saviour?

BURIED TRUTH.

A teacher in Asia who taught many in Asia very much most important yet incomplete truth with much boldness and power; a teacher from Africa who also taught in Asia with much boldness very much the same truth; two teachers in Asia who helped this teacher afterwards to teach in Europe much completer truth with striking profit in one direction, and power in another; and one other teacher, both in Europe and Asia, who was not inferior in any respect to any of these—are all mentioned by name in six consecutive yet partly divided verses of Scripture. Find the verses, justify the statements, and explain the "divide" in question.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S WELL.

From a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

EBBSFLEET AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY M. PAYNE SMITH.

HALF way between Minster and Ramsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, the traveller on the South-Eastern Railway may chance to notice a tall stone cross standing at the corner of a field, not far from a grove of gnarled old elms. An inquiry of his fellow-passengers will probably elicit the vague information that "Somebody landed there"; but it is quite a chance whether any one will know that the "somebody" was St. Augustine, and that the cross marks the beginning of the Church of England, as at present existing.

The scenery has changed since 597. Then, though the chalk cliffs of Ramsgate made a white line at one side as they still do, Pegwell Bay was all water, and the estuary of the Stour, and the wide tidal channel called the Wantsum, which made Thanet a real island, was not silted up, but was the usual waterway for ships bound to London, which thus avoided the dangerous North

Foreland. Now the greater part of the estuary has become solid land, and grassy fields stretch down to the shallow and ever-receding sea.

Augustine brought Christianity to the English, but not to Britain, as the ruins of several Roman churches prove. St. Martin's at Canterbury, and St. Mary's in Dover Castle, both date back to Roman time, and there was very probably some kind of a chapel at Richborough. But the wild Saxons worshipped Odin and Thor, and as they conquered the country drove the British Christians farther and farther west, till they found a resting-place in the mountains of Wales, or sailed across St. George's Channel to find refuge in Ireland.

Hengist and Horsa are supposed to have landed in Thanet, very possibly at Ebbsfleet, which would be the most obvious landing-place for any one entering the bay. There are no cliffs here, but gently rising ground, and

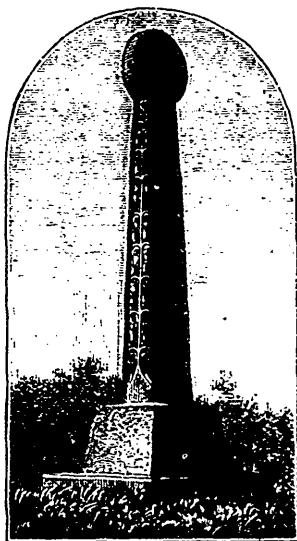
Richborough Castle on the mainland is in full view, so that strange arrivals would be safe from surprise. If the Saxon chiefs brought the race which was to rule England and conquer half the world, the Italian monk brought learning, civilisation, and Christianity, the forces that were to strengthen the wild iron of the Saxon invaders, and to turn it into the polished steel of the modern world.

The story of St. Gregory and the English slave-boys, "not Angles, but angels," is known to every one, but it was not till ten years after that scene in the Roman slave-market, that the way was opened for St. Augustine's coming, and even then he shrank from the dangerous journey and from the wild warriors of England, and twice implored Gregory to let him return. But Gregory stood firm, and bade Augustine go forward trusting in God, and win the new country to the Church.

Richborough had been the Roman fort and garrison town, and was probably still the usual landing-place, as it protected the Roman road to Canterbury; but Augustine preferred a safe position on the Island of Thanet, until he knew how the Kentish king would receive him. But the king was willing to give the monks their opportunity. Ethelbert had married a French Christian princess, who had probably smoothed the way for the missionaries; and though he feared to meet Augustine under a roof, lest enchantments should trouble him, he was willing enough to have an interview with him in the open air. According to Dean Stanley, the meeting between Augustine and Ethelbert took place in Thanet, possibly near Ebbsfleet, though more probably under an oak which grew in the centre of the island. Here the monk, speaking through an interpreter, explained his mission to the king, who gave him permission to teach and preach, and make converts if he could. It is likely that it was Queen Bertha's influence which made her husband so ready to listen to Christianity, and after that interview the way was clear for the missionaries. They were allowed to go to Canterbury, where lodgings were provided for them, and where the tiny church of St. Martin outside the walls served them for a place of worship. Before very long the king was converted

and baptized, and before the year was out, his example was followed by some ten thousand of his warriors.

Ebbsfleet was only a halting-place, and the story soon moves on to more populous places; but the rock on which St. Augustine first set foot was long preserved and venerated. But while Canterbury was the seat of the archbishopric, and while the two great monasteries of Christ Church, and St. Peter and St. Paul, generally known as St. Augustine's, were growing grander and better every year, the land-



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

ing-place was so nearly forgotten that the rock was called St. Mildred's Rock, after a popular royal saint. A little chapel was built over it, and it became a place for pilgrimage, and retained its later name till the end of last century. By that time the chapel had disappeared, and the place was marked by a very old tree; but it remained for our generation to raise a lasting monument on the spot, which must be of deep interest to every English Churchman.

A tall Iona cross, with figures in relief, was erected in 1884. On the side facing the sea are medallions of the Virgin and Child standing on a curiously twisted serpent, of the Cruci-

fixion and Transfiguration, as well as various figures of saints and angels. On the other side are more single figures, some apostles, others the local saints, and the two sides are decorated in the same style.

The inscription is as follows:—

AUGUSTINUS
AD RUTUPINA LITTORA IN INSULA THANETI
POST TOT TERRAE MARISQUE LABORES
TANDEM ADVECTUS
HOC IN LOCO, CUM ETHELBERTO REGE
CONGRESSUS
PRIMUM APUD NOSTRATES CONCIONEM
HABUIT
ET FIDEM CHRISTIANAM
QUAE PER TOTUM ANGLIAM MIRA CELERITATE
DIFFUSAM EST FELICITER INAUGURAVIT
AD. DXCVI.

Curiously enough, the date is wrong, as Augustine landed in 597, not 596. Close to the cross is a grove of old elm and ash-trees, not very large, for the situation clearly does not suit them; and a quarter of a mile away rises a spring still known as St. Augustine's Well.

The missionary to the Saxons is not forgotten, for we question a labourer who comes by while we are photographing the cross, and he gives us a lot of information.

"St. Augustine landed there," he tells us, "for the sea used to come a deal higher up. A good many people come

to see the cross, which now belongs to the Big Church" (the Kentish name for Canterbury Cathedral).

Then he points out a piece of wooden paling, which he says was put up by the new owners, and directs us to St. Augustine's Well. "Though it ain't a well, but a spring in a dyke, and rare good water too. Pity it ain't made more use on." He tells us that there are no ruins nearer than Richborough, which makes an end of our hopes of finding some remains of the pilgrimage chapel. No, there is nothing! The fields are smooth, and we stroll across to the dyke, which is choked with flags and rushes, except near the spring, which is deep and clear. There is a dipping-board, and a footpath towards a couple of cottages, whose inhabitants evidently use the well. Half a dozen fly-catchers take short flights from the palings, and the meadow is gay with yellow bed-straw and pink rest-harrow. Far away we catch a glimpse of Sandwich, but around us are only a few sheep and the tall hedges which divide the fields. For memorials of the first English archbishop you must go to Canterbury and look at the splendid cathedral. Here a cross and a spring in lonely fields remind us of the timid monk who took his life in his hand to win the Saxon warriors to the "White Christ."

OUR NATURAL HISTORY PRIZE.

IN the January number we offered a special Prize of Half a Guinea's worth of Books for the best Essay on "Some Useful English Insects." Over three hundred papers have been sent in, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., has awarded the prize to Emily Sturgess, of 27, Barton Street, Birkenhead. She is a domestic servant, aged eighteen, and her paper does her much credit.

St. James's Day

(July 25th).

"LORD, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

"So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crown'd."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

Words by JAMES EDMESTON.

Music by HERBERT C. MORRIS.
(Organist of St. David's Cathedral.)

1. Sa - viour, breathe an ev - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal ;
2. Though the night be dark and drea - ry, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee ;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.</p> <p>4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.</p> | <p>5. Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign ;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine.</p> <p>6. Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.</p> |
|--|--|

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XIX.—LETTER PUZZLES.

The first of twenty-six ;
The first in England ;
Never anybody but myself ;
Without a beginning or end ;
Never anybody but you ;
Five all together, and five quite apart,
Of lessons in grammar nearly always the
start.

XX.—CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the longest day like a fairy tale ?
Why ought boots and shoes never to wear
out ?
Why are butchers like huntsmen ?

XXI.—ENIGMA.

I'm always wet ; yet I often make folk
dry ;
I'm very deep, yet often rise up high ;
I'm life to millions, great and small ;
I'm often death, for help men vainly
call ;
The rich and poor, the lowly and the
great,
Are carried on my breast in pride and
stare ;
Restless in storm and sunshine, day and
night,
And yet in any mood a glorious sight.

* * * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in July to December 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-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

V.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST
REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE,
D.D., Lord Archbishop of
Canterbury,

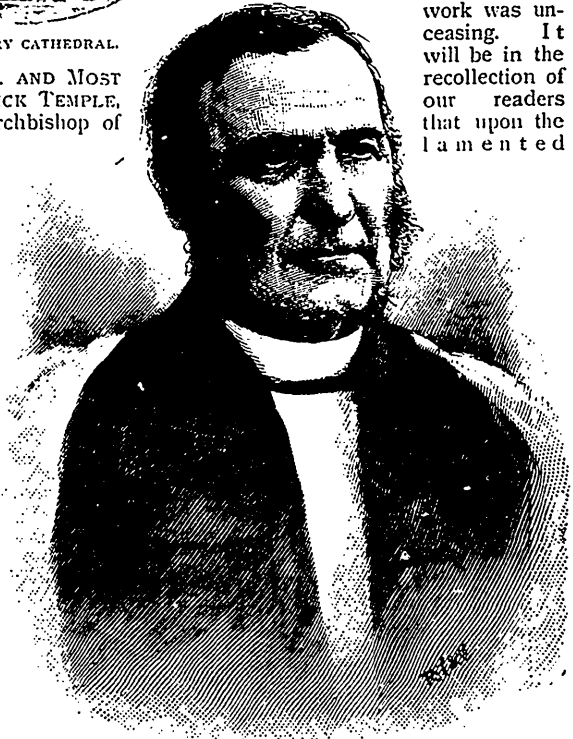
is a son of an officer of the Army, and was born on November 30th, 1821. He received his early training at Tiverton Grammar School, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he became Scholar of Balliol College, and took his degree of B.A. as a Double First Class in 1842. He was elected a Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of his College, and was ordained in 1846. Two years later he became Principal of Kneller Hall Training College, Twickenham, which he resigned in 1855. He was next one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and in 1858

succeeded Dr. Goulburn as Head Master of Rugby.

He was very popular at Rugby; and it has been said that "he achieved a reputation as a teacher unrivalled since the days of Dr. Arnold, and almost challenging competition with his."

In 1869 Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter, and for sixteen years he laboured with great earnestness and fidelity in the West Country, where his name will always be remembered with affection.

Upon the death of Bishop Jackson, in 1885, Dr. Temple was called to London, where his work was unceasing. It will be in the recollection of our readers that upon the lamented



From a photograph by

[THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.]

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

death of Archbishop Benson, Dr. Temple was promoted to the See of Canterbury, and that his appointment to the Primacy was received with general approbation.

Among his writings may be named *Sermons preached at Rugby*; and *The Relations between Religion and Science*, being the Bampton Lectures for 1884.

The Archbishop will preside at the Pan-Anglican Conference this month. It is expected that the attendance of Bishops will be larger than on any previous occasion. The meetings of the Conference will be held in the Great Hall of the Church House, Westminster, and there will be services in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. A visit will be made to Ebbsfleet, in commemoration of the landing of St. Augustine thirteen hundred years ago, and there will be some imposing services in Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has given a special invitation

to the Bishops to visit Glastonbury, and the concluding service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the August bank holiday. The subjects to be discussed by the Conference cover a very wide field, and include "The Organisation of the Anglican Communion"; "The Relation of Religious Communities within the Church to the Episcopate"; "Critical Study of Holy Scripture"; "Foreign Missions"; "Reformation Movements on the Continent of Europe and Elsewhere"; "Church Unity in its relation—(a) to the Churches of the East; (b) to the Latin Communion; (c) to other Christian bodies"; "International Arbitration"; "The Office of the Church with Respect to Industrial Problems"; "The Book of Common Prayer"; "Duties of the Church to the Colonies"; "Degrees in Divinity."

Our readers are earnestly invited to pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon all who shall take part in these most important gatherings.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Village Apostle.

KEDAR NATH BISWAS worked in a sugar manufactory in Jessore Zillah. He became a Christian seventeen years ago; so real and true a believer that his European employer and his Hindu neighbours had nothing but good to say of him. He preached so earnestly to the heathen in his master's employ that the latter had to offer him the choice of not preaching during working hours or being dismissed; and Kedar chose to be dismissed. He used to take his boys every Sunday to a village five miles off to hold service for two Christian families who were without a pastor. Besides this, he preached in bazaars and villages for miles round his home. His boys had good voices, so he trained them to go with him and sing native *bhajans* to attract the people. When he was dismissed from his work, Kedar went away to Calcutta to seek for employment. He caught fever and dysentery, and came back only to die. If all Indian Christians were like him, the conversion of India would not be far off. Nay, if all English Christians were like him, the whole life of England would be transfigured.

Devils in Everything.

THE late Bishop Caldwell, in one of his letters, speaking of his experience of Indian heathenism, says, "Every bodily ailment which does not immediately yield to medicine is supposed to be a possession of the devil. The fever produced by the bite of a rat is found difficult to cure, and the native doctor tells the names of the five devils that resist the force of his art. An infant cries in the night, and

a devil is said to be in it. An ill-built house falls down, and a devil receives the blame. Bullocks take fright at night, and a devil is said to have scared them. I know a hamlet containing only nine houses, where thirteen devils are worshipped."

Truly did St. Paul write (1 Cor. x. 20), "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." Can we, to men so benighted, the lamp of life deny?

Surnames with Meanings.

Hl Moravian missionaries on the bleak, desolate coast of Labrador have been persuading their Eskimo converts to take surnames, for distinction. One young man chose for his surname a word meaning "green." His reason was a very beautiful one,— "As in spring the fresh green of the trees bursts forth from the buds, so is it my desire that a new life, wholly devoted to the Lord, should spring forth out of my former life of sin." Another chose the name of a little bird, because, he said, he not only loved to hear its singing, but wished to be as happy, as free from care, and as trustful of God, as that little bird was.

A Boy Witness for Christ.

A HINDU boy at the school at Bethberiya, young and delicately built, was thrashed till he fell down exhausted by his elder brother, because he refused to bow down before the image of the goddess Kali. "That boy's bright, happy face," writes the Rev. A. Le Feuvre, "and his hunger after the things concerning his Saviour, showed what the power of God could do in spite of awful obstacles."

THE LITTLE WORKER.

A TEMPERANCE STORY "FOUNDED ON FACT."

BY MRS. B. REED.



CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Mrs. O'Flanagan, and how has the world been treating you?" said the cheery voice of the Rector, as he opened the cottage door one wet afternoon, and having deposited his hat and big stick on the floor, seated himself comfortably in a chair by the fire.

"Well, sir, I can't say as things be goin' on as well as I could wish, for James 'ave been on the drink terrible this week, and I don't know how to get the rent-money together by Monday, unless 'e brings me 'ome 'is money to-night; and if 'e do, it won't be much, wi' not goin' to work all last Monday."

So saying, Mrs. O'Flanagan stirred the fire, gave the cradle a rock, and sat down opposite her visitor, her hands rolled in her apron, beneath which the fingers could be seen nervously twisting, as if she had hard work to maintain her self-control.

The cottage was scrupulously clean, and the reflection of the flames danced on the bright steel fender, and gave a cosy appearance to a plainly furnished room, while the three months old baby in the cradle bore witness to a mother's loving care, the more tenderly cherished that its puny, wasted features, and abnormally large head, gave indications of a none too prolonged stay in this vale of tears.

Mrs. O'Flanagan was a tall, spare,

hard-featured woman, conscientious and earnest in the performance of duty, but perhaps wanting in the tact and gentleness of manner which often wield so powerful an influence in preventing a man from seeking his pleasure at the public-house, even though the attractions of the clean, cosy kitchen at home may fail to do so. She had had many trials, poor thing—trials bitter enough to test the faith and love of the most earnest Christian—for her children, one by one, had faded away before her eyes; only a delicate, soft-eyed boy of eleven or twelve being left, besides the little girl lately come to cheer the mother's heart, and at the same time to fill her with anxious forebodings lest the little sunbeam should soon pass away, leaving the dark clouds of sorrow heavier than before.

James O'Flanagan seemed to be drifting farther and farther from his wife's influence, and the little home, once so bright and happy, became gradually impoverished, as Mrs. O'Flanagan pawned one after another of her dearly-prized possessions to meet the rent, or pay the bill at the corner shop.

The Rector of St. Faith's, having heard from his lay-reader how badly things were going with the family, took counsel with himself as to the best means of improving matters, and called, in the course of his afternoon's round of visits, to have a friendly chat with the heavily-burdened woman, who, he hoped, would open her heart to him.

"I am sorry, Mrs. O'Flanagan," he continued, "to hear that your husband is drinking; how long has this been going on?"

"Well, sir, he've been unsteady, off and on, for this last three months, ever sin' baby wur born, and nobody about to make him comfortable. I did 'ope as 'ow 'e'd take an interest in baby, and I thought it 'ud 'a kep' 'im straight, but he've been getting worse and worse, and this week he've been dreadful, using such language as I 'ad to keep

Georgie out of his way," sobbed the poor woman, fairly broken down, and rocking to and fro, with her face buried in her apron.

"Dear, dear, this is very sad!" returned the Rector sympathetically. "I must see what I can do for you. Which is his favourite public-house?"

"He goes mostly to the 'Cat and Fiddle,' and he'll surely go there to-night, as soon as ever he's done his tea, and very like wi'out giving me his money, and I hav'n't a sixpence in the house, and Georgie's feet are on the ground, and I daren't let him catch cold, for I've had him in bed too often already."

The Rector pondered for a minute or two, and then suddenly lifted his head, with the air of a man who has taken a desperate resolve, saying,—

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. O'Flanagan. I'll go to the 'Cat and Fiddle' to-night about seven o'clock, try to get your husband out, and take him home with me for a serious talk. And—who knows?—by God's blessing I may induce him to sign the pledge. I thought something must be wrong here, for I have missed you from the mothers' meeting for some weeks past, and others said they had seen you out shopping, looking very pale and sad; so I thought I would look round and see what could be done for you."

"Oh, sir, I would be grateful to you all my life if you could get my husband to sign the pledge, for there's not a better

husband in all the town, nor a happier home, when he's steady and sober, and he do like Georgie to read to him o' nights out o' them beautiful books he's got at Sunday-school."

"Well, well, I'll do my best, God helping me, and don't you forget where to take your troubles, for there's One above able and willing to show us the way out of all our difficulties, if we will but ask His help."

So saying, the Rector took his leave and departed on further errands of mercy; for he gave himself up heart and soul to his people—toilers for bread amid squalid surroundings, and often in unsavoury occupations—and many a sick-bed was brightened by his genial manner and sympathetic



"'THOU ART THE MAN!'"

voice; while the wanderers from the fold were lovingly urged to accept the gracious promises of the Father, and the travellers through the Valley of the Shadow of Death were soothed by prayer and the holy offices of the Church.

True to his promise, the Rector made for the "Cat and Fiddle," and walked into the tap-room, where, after looking round on the group of men seated on the benches, he went up to James O'Flanagan—who was the centre of an animated group of sportsmen, discussing the latest football—and said, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, "Look here, my man, I've some very important business to talk over with you, and I've been at some trouble to find you, so just step outside, that's a good fellow."

O'Flanagan, slightly surprised, rose without a word, and followed the Rector into the street, then, turning to him, inquired,—

"Well, Parson, and what d'ye want wi' me?"

"I want you to come along and see what comfortable chairs I've got in my study, to be sure," returned the parson, smiling and clapping his companion on the back.

The rectory was not many yards away, and once seated opposite a cosy fire, the Rector opened the attack.

"There is a poor woman I am interested in," said he, "who has been in her day a cook earning good wages. She married, and settled down very comfortably, her husband being a good workman in regular employ. But she had great trials in losing her children, one after another—some in the cradle, others when grown old enough to prattle and laugh, and even to do little jobs about the house. Perhaps she failed to take this bitter sorrow as from a loving Father's hand; but, at any rate,

her temper became soured, sharp words passed frequently between herself and her husband, and he took to spending his evenings out, though there was always a comfortable meal and a bright fireside awaiting him at home. Things went from bad to worse; the husband spent more and more of his wages in drink; the family were compelled to move into a poorer street; their neat, substantial furniture disappeared bit by bit. To-day the poor woman is in the greatest distress; her baby is ill, and she doesn't know where to look for the rent, neither has she any further credit at the shop. Now, what do you think of the husband?"

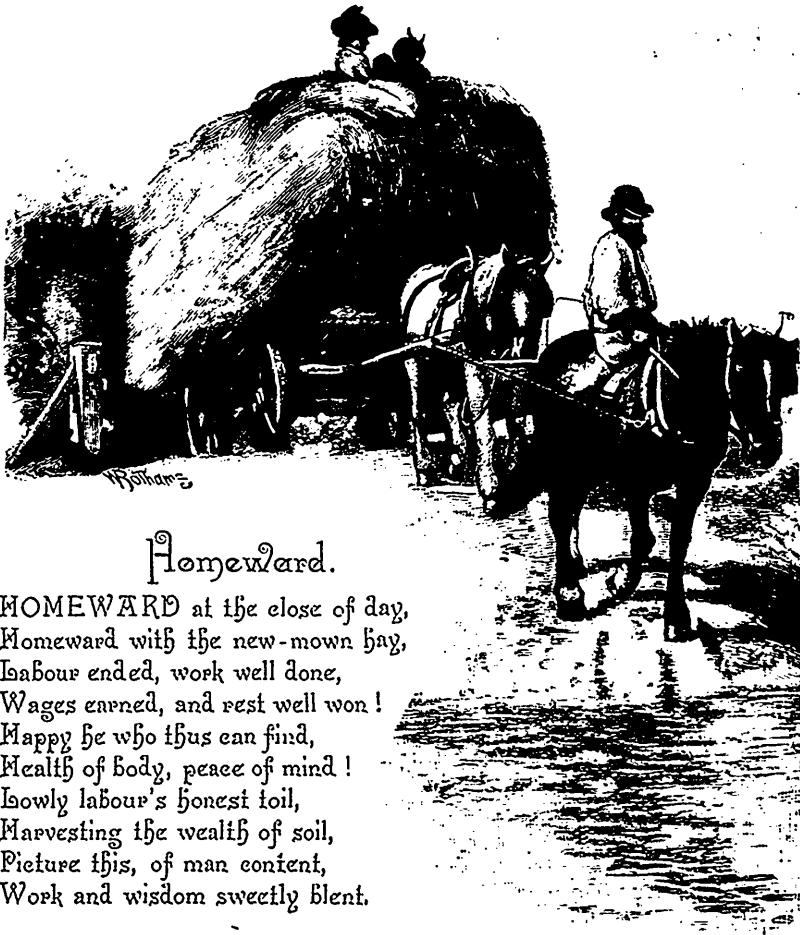
"Think of him," returned O'Flanagan impetuously, "why, I think he's a boozy brute, that's what I think!"

"Thou art the man!" said the Rector impressively, pointing with his finger at O'Flanagan, who quailed before his stern and searching gaze, and began to shift uneasily on his chair. "Suppose you were to die to-night," continued his companion, "don't you think God would hold you responsible for that wretched home and the poor woman crying by the sick child's cradle? I'll tell you what it is, O'Flanagan, you must *knock off* liquor. *Nothing* else will save you! Sign the pledge, my man, and let us kneel down and pray that God may give you strength to keep it."

So the two men knelt down together, the Rector offering up an earnest prayer for God's grace to strengthen His servant in the many temptations he would have to undergo if he proved faithful to his promise; after which the pledge-book was brought out, and James O'Flanagan left the study that night fully resolved to be a better husband and father, and to keep out of the way of his old haunts and his old companions: with what result we shall see in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors.
 Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.
 When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.
 If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
 What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
 Drive thy business, let that not drive thee.
 Sloth makes all things difficult, industry all easy.



Homeward.

HOMEWARD at the close of day,
 Homeward with the new-mown hay,
 Labour ended, work well done,
 Wages earned, and rest well won!
 Happy he who thus can find,
 Health of body, peace of mind!
 How by labour's honest toil,
 Harvesting the wealth of soil,
 Picture this, of man content,
 Work and wisdom sweetly blent.

TESTIMONIES TO THE BIBLE.

THE English Bible was one of the four books which always lay on Byron's table. Blackstone advised students in law to study the Bible. He said, "There is nothing like it for the development of mind and character." Macaulay said, "The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in the language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." On his death-bed, Sir Walter Scott said, "There is but one book—the Bible." Thomas Carlyle said, "There never was any other book like the Bible, and there never will be such another." Daniel Webster, the American statesman, said, "From the time that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lip verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style and thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

THE VISION OF CHRIST AND ITS RESULTS.*

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—ST. JOHN xii. 21.



THE briefest allusion to the circumstances under which these words were spoken in the olden time must, on the present occasion, suffice. Our Lord, then, had just made one of those noted entries into the Holy City, which so marked the last week of His life on earth, when an incident occurred full of the deepest interest for ourselves. Struck by all that they had seen and heard, a little band of Greeks—proselytes, I suppose, to the Jewish faith—repair to Philip and request him to procure for them an interview with the Saviour. Philip consults with Andrew, and together they go and lay the matter before our Lord. The request at once seems full of significance to His prophetic mind. He immediately discerns in the seeking of these strangers to see Him a first-fruit of the ingathering of the great Gentile harvest, and interprets the event on this wise: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

We see, then, how this incident

led our Lord to contemplate the arising of a like desire, in the Gentile world, to see Him, on a far more wide-spread scale; and I want, therefore, first to point out certain reasons why we, who have heard of Jesus far more fully than these Greeks, should cultivate their desire and adopt their language as our own. First of all, then, I would say, we should desire to see Jesus, because, while it is certainly appointed unto all men once to die, no man is really ready to die till he has seen the Saviour of the world. No matter what else we may have seen, in life, let us recollect that, after life, we must see the Son of God, on His judgment-seat; and no words can adequately express the supreme importance of seeing Him on the throne of grace ere at length we meet Him on the throne of judgment. Let me recall an inspired and familiar saying to your minds. You will remember how it was revealed to a certain man, in the days of our Lord, that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ; and how, when this vision was, at length, vouchsafed to him, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Depend upon it, if you and I are to die in peace, it will only be on like terms. Only, then, let us see and deal with Christ as He graciously invites us to meet Him now, and we shall find the grave robbed of its terrors, and death of its sting. A second reason why we should seek to see Jesus is because a view of Him, as He is, heals, quickens, and strengthens our souls. Take an illustration. At a certain period in the history of

* Sermon preached on Douglas Head, Isle of Man, August 16th, 1896.

God's ancient people, their sins so provoked Him that He sent fiery serpents amongst them, whose bite was certain death; and I want you to reflect on the significance of the appointed mode of cure. "Make thee a fiery serpent," said the Lord to Moses, "and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." I need hardly remind you how our Lord Himself interprets this event: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, friends, if to see the brazen serpent brought life and healing to the fevered frames of these dying Israelites, most assuredly to see Jesus will do the same for us. As the well-known hymn puts it: "There is life for a look at the Crucified One"; and as the Saviour Himself says: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Add to this the thought of seeing Jesus, as He is at present engaged, pleading, at God's right hand, the cause of all who come to God by Him, and I ask, will not the vision fill us with that joy of which it is just as true now as in the days gone by, "In the joy of the Lord is your strength"? Notice, thirdly, that seeing Jesus also transforms our souls, and moulds them into conformity to His image. There are few things more important for the Christian student than a careful study of the great laws which prevail in the spiritual world; and one of these, to the effect I now mention, is constantly stated by the sacred writers. Listen to the language of St. Paul: "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." There

is another reference to the same law on the part of St. John: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as He is." But, turning from these statements of the general law, we may well notice one or two striking illustrations. Look at the effect produced on the first Christian martyr when he saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Did it not at once mould him to his Master's spirit of prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies? Look again at the result on Moses, after tarrying with the Lord on Sinai. Did not his countenance shine in the reflected glory? And all observation goes to show that it is the same now. The more we see of Christ the more we grow like Him, and the more we abide in His presence the more will men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and have learned of Him. Once more: we should seek this vision because seeing Jesus leads us to take lowly views of ourselves and exalted views of His goodness and His grace. See how we may gather this from the pages of Scripture. I recollect how, at the close of that remarkable story—the story of Job—the patriarch exclaims, "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." But what was it that led him to this frame of mind? He tells us, in the preceding verse: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." It was just the same with Isaiah: "Woe is me," he cries, "for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." How did he know this? He proceeds to explain: "for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." But if, on the one hand, a vision of the Lord produces such

a humbling effect, on the other it cannot but intensify our sense of His goodness to beings so unworthy as ourselves. Not only does it induce the poor and contrite spirit, to which God promises to look, but as, in the light of the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, we see ourselves as we really are, and see Christ also, in His perfect beauty, we can but marvel that He should make us promises which so satisfy all the aspirations of our souls. What shall we say when we find that, though hewn from the rough quarry of sinful human nature, the Almighty proposes to adopt us into His family and make us His children—and if children then heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus? What shall we say when we find the Saviour Himself telling us, "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may

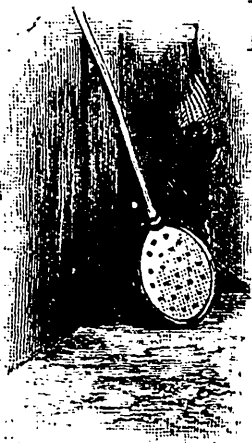
have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day"? I don't know what we shall say, but I do know what we ought to say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name." Here is indeed a fulfilment of the highest desires and aspirations of our nature. Here is bread whereof if a man eat he shall nevermore hunger, and water whereof if he drink he shall nevermore thirst. The wealth, honour, pleasure, of this world, as experience teaches us, fail to satisfy; but with such hopes assured to us, we ought to be able to say, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; and I shall be satisfied when I awake after Thy likeness." Such, then, are some chief reasons why we should cultivate the desire of the little band of Greeks who said to Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

(To be continued.)

HEALTH AT HOME.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

(Continued from page 160.)



I NOW want to say a word about beds, and bedding, and bed-rooms. It is a point of the greatest importance in a healthy home to let every person in the house have a separate bed. It is a most unhealthy practice for two persons of any age to sleep in the same bed. Every person requires some different condition from every one else in order to secure perfectly good repose. Take children as an example. One child requires more bedclothes than another, or a different kind of bed, or a different position, before sound sleep can be secured; and this can only be obtained by giving a separate bed to each child. Then, again, when two children sleep together, they are subject to the breath of each other, and if both be quite natural it is bad; but if one be unnatural it is bad, and if both be unnatural it is very bad.

A great experiment has been tried on this question, with the most striking results. At the schools at Anerley every scholar has his or her own bed, and the wise authorities there—who have improved the health of the children under their charge until the mortality is reduced to three in the thousand annually—tell me that few things have contributed so much to the grand results they have achieved as this one practice of having a separate bed for every child. It is important to have always a well-made bed, and everybody should learn to make a bed. A very soft or a very hard bed is a bad bed. The bed should be sufficiently soft to allow all the parts of the body to feel equal pressure, and yet be not so soft as to envelop the body. The clothes should be laid on lightly, not be closely tucked in, and, moreover, they should be light as well as warm. Dense blankets and coverlets are always unwholesome. Every portion of the bed-clothes should be spread out every day for a short time to the air. I do not object to light bed-curtains at the head of the bed; they keep off draught; they keep the light from the face of the sleeper, and they neither prevent the entrance of air nor light.

I must add one word about bedrooms. It should always be remembered that the bedroom is the apartment in which one-third, at least, of the whole life is passed; and this remembrance should suggest that the bedroom ought to be the room on which most care for health should be bestowed. The rule that is followed is, with few exceptions, the reverse of this. The sitting-room and the drawing-

room are made subjects of the greatest attention; but the bedroom may be small, close, at the back of the house, at the front of the house, anywhere, if it be but convenient to get at. It is often half a lumber-room, a place in which things which have to be concealed—old boots and shoes, old clothes, old boxes—are put away. Its walls, covered with several layers of paper, may be furnished with pegs, on which to suspend a wardrobe of garments, and it is constantly decorated, for snugness' sake, with heavy curtains and blinds at the windows, and carpets all over the floor. These errors are unpardonable, and health at home is impossible where they are committed. The bedroom should be so planned that never less than four hundred cubic feet of space should be given to each occupant, however good the ventilation may be. The walls should be coloured with distemper or with paint, that, like the silicate paint, can be washed three or four times a year. The windows should have nothing more than a blind and a half-muslin curtain. The floors should have carpets only round the beds, without valances from the beds. The furniture should be as simple and scanty as possible; the chairs free of all stuffings or covers that can hold dust. Of all things, again, the room should be kept clear of vestments that are not in use. From time to time a fire should be made in every bedroom, that a free current of atmospheric air may sweep through it from open doors and windows. I need not say that the floors should be kept scrupulously clean; but I would recommend dry scrubbing as by far the best for this purpose.

(To be continued.)

A COMMON MISTAKE.—“Every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally in trying to pull fallen people up, instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them; and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material.”—JOHN RUSKIN.

"JACKO!"

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 223.)

AFTER work comes play. George and Fanny worked so hard at their lessons that they were allowed a whole week's holiday, and their mother took them down to Hastings. Oh what a change it was from smoky London! Oh how they delighted to ramble about the old castle, which was once the home of William the Conqueror! How pleasant it was to walk along the cliffs to Fairlight Glen! and what happy talks they had with the coast-guardsmen by the way! Best of all, they used to go down to the fishing quarter of the town, in the afternoon, when the boats came in, and have such a happy time with the fishermen resting after their hard morning's work. It was here that they made the acquaintance of "Jacko." Who was "Jacko"? Well, he was only a monkey, but they called him the captain of the *Phyllis*.

He used to scamper up and down the deck, and play the most laughable pranks. It was most comical to see the sedate way in which he would sit on the fisherman's knee and gravely put out his paw to shake hands with Fanny. But he never could be got to be even decently civil with George. "Jacko" seemed to have taken a great dislike to George's straw hat. Fanny always wore a sailor's cap, and I suppose that, as a consequence, "Jacko" looked upon her as one of the crew. Day after day he would do his best to make a grab at George's straw hat, but George generally managed to dodge

"Jacko," and to duck his head just in time to avoid the monkey's grip. On the last day of the holidays, however, when Fanny and George went to say good-bye to their friends on the *Phyllis*, clever "Jacko" carried out a smart plot which he had evidently well thought out. He perched on the fisherman's knee as usual; at the word of command he stretched out his paw and gravely shook hands with Fanny. Then he stood on his hind legs and uttered a most odd little scream, and pointed across to the town, which strange action made George and Fanny turn round to see what was the matter. With a rush "Jacko" grabbed the hat, and tore along the deck and up the mast with his precious treasure. Gaining the giddy height, he examined the hat in the most inquisitive fashion. He tried it on, and of course found it many sizes too big. The sailors called to him to come down, but all in vain. There he stuck, evidently well pleased at having secured so wonderful a prize as George's straw hat. Then Peter, the fisherman, picked up a few pebbles from the beach and began to throw them at "Jacko." "Jacko" was at his wits' end for something to throw back, and as Peter steadily kept up the attack, "Jacko," in sheer desperation, threw down the hat at his enemy; and so George regained his headgear once more, and went home to think over the wonderful plot which "Jacko" had contrived for getting hold of that straw hat.

THE JOY OF HELPING THE POOR.—Not long before Earl Shaftesbury's death Miss Cobbe had an interview with him, and they talked about the poor of London. The noble Philanthropist said, "When I feel age creeping on me, and know I must soon die, I hope it is not wrong to say it, but I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."



Drawn for THE CHURCH MAGAZINE


[by W. H. GROOME.

"JACKO!" (see page 222).

THE SEMI-DETACHED.

(A LAY OF THE SUBURBS.)

I.


 HILST some can lay claim to a family seat,
 I only can boast a "suburban retreat";
 Our lot is wide-severed from fashion's light train, —
 We seldom intrude on its favoured domain:
 My muse would fain sing the romance that is matched
 With a commonplace lot in a "Semi-detached."

II.

It was here that we lighted, when courtship was done,
 And Nellie and I, and our fortunes, were one;
 Year in and year out, for these twice twenty years,
 We've shared all our pleasures, our hopes, and our fears;
 And what if the carpets be faded, or patched,
 The love never fades in our "Semi-detached" !

III.

The brow has grown furrowed, and silvered the hair,
 Since first our young castles we builded in air;
 Our lives have been chequered with sunshine and shade,
 With hopes of life's spring-time in autumn decayed;
 But the home is the home, be it gabled or thatched,
 In the court, or the cot, or the "Semi-detached."

IV.

There are bright, sunny patches on life's little scene,
 That shed a soft haze on the troubles between;
 But we have not forgot, in the years that have fled,
 The memories sweet that encircle the dead,
 Nor when, by death's fingers, our loved ones were snatched,
 How the tears trickled fast in our "Semi-detached."

V.

How little we care for the world's busy race,
 Its fumings for wealth, or its struggles for place;
 Do life's duty bravely, and then, when you die,
 Leave a villa on earth for a mansion on high;
 While voices long hushed, from their prisons unlatched,
 Will still echo round the old "Semi-detached."

CAMERON CHURCHILL, M.A., *Vicar of Crockham Hill.*

 THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.

A CELEBRATED doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow physicians who deplore his loss, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Each man, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them; upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance."

special Jubilee services were held at the Cathedral. Special music was rendered, forms of service compiled for the occasion were used, and patriotic and stirring sermons preached by the Dean and Sub-Dean. In the afternoon, heedless of heavy rain, nearly every Society in Fredericton and Marysville paraded to the Cathedral. These included the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Orangemen, Sons of England, and many others, and were headed by the different city bands. While the Societies were taking their places the choir sang the processional hymn, "All People that on earth do dwell." This was almost immediately followed by the National Anthem, in which the congregation joined heartily. The service was read by Rev. Canon Roberts, assisted by the Rev. G. Pine of Marlboro, Mass. After the hymn, "God of Supreme Dominion," the Dean ascended the pulpit and preached from Isaiah 8, 18: "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me." The sermon was a brief survey of the life and reign of Queen Victoria and the peace and prosperity which had attended it. After the closing hymn, "O King of Kings," the different Societies dispersed to their homes. The Dean also preached at the evening service, and special music was sung. The services throughout the day were marked by their bright and hearty nature.

The very sudden death of Mr. W. A. Racey, who had just returned to take up his residence in Fredericton, has cast a gloom over the whole city. His personal geniality, true friendship, ster-

ing business qualities, and affectionate disposition had endeared him to all who came in contact with him. The sympathy and prayers of us all will ascend to the Throne of Grace that God will give to the bereaved ones strength to bear this heavy cross, in the faith of Jesus Christ and the hope of a joyful Resurrection. The funeral took place on Friday, June 25th, from the Cathedral. A special service of Holy Communion was held at 8 on the morning of the funeral, and the body was removed to the Cathedral, where it rested in the south transept until 4 p. m. A large number of friends attended. Reference was made in the press and in the pulpit to the great loss sustained by the business community, and by a large circle of friends, in Mr. Racey's early death.

BORN OF WATER AND OF THE SPIRIT.

- June 4—Jennie Hunter, daughter of Thomas and Dora Wandless.
 June 12—Alphonso, son of Robt. W. and Emma Smith.
 June 14—Harold Gordon, son of Chas. F. and Helen M. Cumming.
 June 18—Kathleen, daughter of Henry and Emily Macky.
 June 21—Ada Gertrude, daughter of James and Elizabeth Finnamoie.
 June 21—Rupert Keith, son of Alfred and Caroline M. Sheldon.
 June 22—Ella, daughter of George and Edith Haning.

LAI'D TO REST.

- June 24—Ella Haning, aged 14 days.
 June 25—William R. Racey, aged 38.

FRED. B. EDGECOMBE,
Dry Goods,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

194 Queen Street,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Dr. F. W. BARBOUR,

DENTAL SURGEON,

Corner Queen and York Streets.

Hale Method for Painless Extraction.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.

Young lady, in attendance.

OAK HALL.

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, and
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

C. H. THOMAS & CO., Fredericton, N. B.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The best place in Fredericton
to buy your

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

IS AT

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE.

C. FRED. CHESTNUT,

Apothecary.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medi-
cines, Toilet and Fancy Articles.

2 doors above Barker House,
Queen St., F^{ton}.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully
compounded.

WILLARD KITCHEN & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Household Furniture, China, Crockery,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, Etc.

126 Queen St. FREDERICTON, N. B.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

Plumbers, Gasfitters and Metal Workers,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, FURNACES, BOILERS, Etc.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Tennant, Davies & Clarke,

Wholesale and Retail

Dry
Goods,

House Furnishings,
Carpets,
Linoleums, Etc.

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

Queen Hotel Livery Stables,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

First Class Turnouts in Single, Double
and Barouches.

COACHES TO ORDER.

J. A. EDWARDS.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

**Fine Groceries, - - Flour, Meal and
Feed.**

BARKER HOUSE BLOCK,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

NELSON CAMPBELL,

**FINE
FOOTWEAR.**

128 Queen Street, Fredericton.

WHEN PURCHASING

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT

McMURRAY & CO.'S

BOOK STORE,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.