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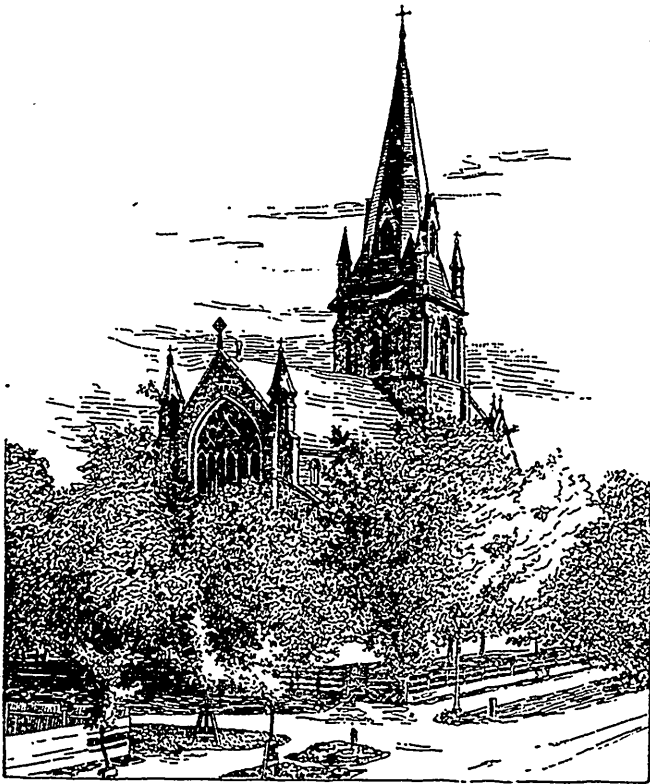
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May 1898

THE
CATHEDRAL
MONTHLY,
1898.



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CHURCH NOTES.

—
 MAY, 1898.
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Holy week and Easter have come and gone since our last number appeared. We were much encouraged by the attendance at the special services, and can only hope that the spiritual life of our people has been uplifted and deepened by the solemnities of the season. No thoughtful person could pass unmoved through the remembrances of the awful day of Calvary; and no Christian man or woman could gaze without emotions of joy into the empty sepulchre. The large number of communicants on Easter Day, more than for some time past, gave evidence of the deep impression made by the Lenten teaching. All praise be to God who giveth the increase.

On Good Friday were laid to rest awaiting the Resurrection morn, the mortal remains of Mrs. Frances B. Symonds; for many years a resident of the Ridges, about three miles below Fredericton, and who was, with her husband, the late Lt.-Col. Edward Symonds, and the members of their household, a regular attendant at the Cathedral. While living here, the whole family took the deepest interest in all the work of the church, and especially in the Sunday school at the mills, in which they took an active part. The body was brought from St. John by the

morning train, and the funeral services were conducted by the Cathedral clergy, the Rev. Canon deVeber, a life long friend of the deceased, committing it to the earth. A large gathering of mourning relatives and friends testified to the esteem in which Mrs. Mrs. Symonds was held.

—
 On Friday, April 1st, the funeral took place of Mr. Edwin S. Waycott, of Marysville, an old friend and pupil of the Dean, who officiated. The death of Mr. Waycott recalls a touching instance of devoted self sacrifice. Thirty years ago, at Monte Video, Captain Richard Waycott, whose ship was lying in the harbour, started in a small boat with his son Edwin, then a young boy, for the shore. By some mischance the boat capsized, turning bottom upwards. The father, seeing the boat would not sustain the weight of both, fastened his son to it as well as he could, and saying good bye to him, struck out to swim to land, which however he did not reach. The lad was rescued but the father was drowned. It fell to the lot of the Dean, then just ordained, to break the sad news to the widow and family. It was a strange coincidence that after so many years he should be called upon to perform the last sad rites for one who had had his life given back to him by so signal a providence. The mother still lives, and the

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THE POWER OF SPRING:

A MEDITATION FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. C. G. LANG, M.A.,
Vicar of Portsea.



IF we were not so accustomed to it, spring would be a constant marvel. Who, unless he had often seen the change, could have thought three months ago of the new life and beauty which since then has everywhere appeared? Then Winter was still with us, an atmosphere

of dismal grey, the trees gaunt and stripped, the fields bare, over the country a chill stillness, broken by the sound of the wind through leafless branches or by the listless rustle of dead leaves. It seemed a picture of death. If we had never seen spring, we should have thought that there was nothing more to come. Suppose that some visitor from a world which knew not the beauty of the changing seasons had watched the change that has come upon the scene, would it not fill him with delight and wonder? First, the purple shimmer in the woods, then the opening of the bright green buds, the voices of the birds, the joyous beauty of the blossoms.

And what is the secret of the change? It is that all the while imprisoned in the hard-earth, and unobserved, there have been the germs of a new life, a hidden energy of recovery, a power of spring. A new world of joy and beauty has burst its bondage and awakened into life.

There was a time when the world seemed dead as winter, the time when the great Roman Empire was moving to its end. The life of nations and of men was frozen up. A dull and wintry sameness spread itself everywhere. It was the height of civilization, there was perfect discipline and ordered government, but there was no joy in life. "Man," said one who lived then, "is full of desires and wants which reach to infinity, and can never be satisfied. His nature is a lie—uniting the greatest poverty with the greatest pride. Among such great evils, the greatest good that God has bestowed on man is the power of taking his own life." Over the splendid waste there soon burst the storms of barbarian invasions, of distress and disaster. The world seemed to be breaking in pieces. Men thought the end had come. There seemed to be no power of recovery.

Yet all the while there were within this wintry world, unobserved, indeed despised, the seeds of a new life. "A number of humble men, many of them foreigners, plying their novel trade of preachers and

missionaries, announcing an eternal kingdom of righteousness, welcoming slave and outcast as a brother, a brother of the Highest, offering hope and change to the degraded sinner . . . and meekly burying their dead in the sure hope of everlasting peace"—[DEAN CHURCH, *Gifts of Civilization*, p. 161].

They were Christians. Something had come to them which gave them a belief in the future—a future of goodness. The way to it was the way of honesty, purity, brotherly love. They believed that a Divine Person was with them, guiding them along it. Slowly and surely they brought to the world recovery and life, and ever since they have had followers who have preserved in the world the power of spring. If you had asked them their secret they would have told you that their newness of life was the gift of the Lord and Giver of life, the Holy Spirit of God.

We look at our own times. A century of great efforts and greater hopes is dying. It seems sometimes as if little had been done to make the world better or happier. There are disputes, discontent, poverty always darkening wealth. Is there anywhere a hope of recovery, a power of spring? This power will not be found in great political changes or in any sudden revolution; it can only come as of old from individual *men*, inspired by faith. These are still the germs of life for the coming time. They are men who whatever happens will be just, earnest, pure, honest. They believe still that a Divine Will is with them, a Divine kingdom before them. They are still the saviours of society, the men of

the future. And still, as of old, what is their secret? Ask them, and they will say that they have a newness of life given them by the Spirit of God. There is still no other power that can bring hope into disappointment, faith into failure, spring into winter, life into death. The greatest service which a man can do to his generation is to bring in this power of spring.

Let us then at this Whitsuntide, as we think of the old century that is going and the new century that is coming, pray to God that He would send His Holy Spirit to us as to the first Christians with the gift of a life ever fresh and new. It is a gift which will continually break through the crust of dull routine, of indifference, of sloth, and meet and feel the sunshine of the Love of God. It is a gift which will bring to us the continually uplifting presence of Him Who said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." So shall we fulfil and hasten the Kingdom of God that is ever coming. If we have within ourselves, lifting us when we fall, enlightening us when we are doubtful, cheering us when we are dull, this power of a rising life, we shall be in truth saviours of society, the salt of the earth. The Holy Spirit Who came as at this time into human nature, bringing to it the presence of Him Who is the resurrection and the life, will, if we ask Him, come to us also with the same power. Then we shall realize for ourselves and show to others that still the power of spring in human nature is the life of the risen Lord, born within us by His Holy Spirit.

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.—Baron Longdale, when preparing for the Bar, wrote to his father, "Every one says to me 'You are certain of success in the end, only persevere,' and though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do every thing in my power." He was poor, but ended his career as Master of the Rolls.

A TRUSTY ANCHOR.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "Pierre Richards," "Miss Pris," "A Good Position," "John Harker's Bond,"
"Her Soldier Laddie," etc., etc.

"Cast all your cares upon God; that anchor holds." ENOCH ARDEN.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME ADVENTURES.



MARTIN'S first thought on returning to the *Niobe* was to try to find Ju, and to effect a reconciliation; but the latter avoided him, and when on the next day he took his turn ashore, his friend had some difficulty in getting a word with him.

"Don't let us be ill friends, Ju," he said, when at last he managed to speak. "I wish we could have gone together; we would have enjoyed it then. There's lots you'll find to amuse you. Don't forget to go up to the Mount Church if you can manage it; you never saw anything like the view from there; it will make you open your eyes pretty wide, I can tell you, and it's jolly fun coming down in the sledge. Have you got any money? I'll let you have some. Mother gave me some before I came away."

Ju would have replied cheerfully, but he saw Cookson's eye upon him, and remained silent.

"Don't let them take you into a wine-shop," Martin went on earnestly. "Just think of poor Dawson; he wouldn't let the others drag me in, and said he wished he'd never broken his pledge. Well, he couldn't get aboard last night, and was brought off this morning, and now to-day he's got 10 A. He'll have to eat all his meals on the upper deck and lose his grog, and I heard the boatswain tell him he was lucky he hadn't to 'Muster his bag'; the men hate that, they say. If you want to rest find your way to the Sailors' Home, you can get refreshment there, and there's a jolly reading-room with English papers."

Ju wriggled his shoulders and jumped into the boat without replying; he was sore at heart, and in fact would have been glad to reply to Martin, and hear of all his shore-going experiences on the previous day, but pride kept him silent. Cookson had filled him with the idea that Martin looked upon him and treated him as a baby, and the only way to prove his manliness was to openly defy him.

It was not until the following morning that Martin heard that the boat had returned on the previous night without bringing Ju. The men reported that he had slipped away shortly after they landed, and though search had been made they could hear nothing of him. As Cookson had not been of the party, Martin could attach no blame to him, but the gleam of malignant amusement in the fellow's eyes whenever they met angered him beyond measure, and made him think that he knew something of the reason for the boy's non-appearance. A

search party was again sent into the city, and the authorities were communicated with, but with no result. Then Martin was summoned before the first lieutenant, to tell what he knew of Ju and his habits, for the boatswain had reported the friendship between the boys, and that they were natives of the same place.

Martin told all he knew of Ju's habits, and when asked if he could in any way account for his absence, said, "I think, sir, he must have gone up into the hills, just to see what he could find in the way of birds or animals, he is always so fond of them. I'm afraid he has met with some accident."

"The boy could never walk far up there," said the lieutenant dubiously, glancing towards the hills towering aloft above the town; "he has not been used to mountaineering."

"He was always fond of wandering, sir: he walked right away from Langbourne down to Portsmouth and back again all by himself when he was only ten years old; he says it's in his blood. His father was something of a gipsy."

"Means will be taken to get such habits out of his blood then," said the lieutenant sternly. "When a boy joins Her Majesty's service he must know he can no longer wander where and when he likes. Is that all you can tell me?"

"He may have met with an accident, sir," faltered Martin. A horrible fear had taken possession of him which he dared not tell; he remembered Ju's threat to run away, and now it seemed as though he might have put it into execution.

Again a party was sent from the ship, this time with instructions to work up towards the hills; but they met with no more success than before. By this time Martin was nearly beside himself with anxiety, and going to the first lieutenant, he begged that he might be allowed to go in search of his friend.

"Why, my lad, what do you think you could do alone? Two parties have been out and failed; you are scarcely likely to be more fortunate."

"Listen, sir," said Martin, giving a peculiar whistle. "When Ju and I were at home together we always used that whistle as a call to one another, and I think if I could go up among the hills and use it he might hear me and

answer. I'm sure he'd answer, sir, if he only heard me." Tears stood in Martin's eyes as he pleaded, so anxious was he to go in search of his friend.

"There may be something in what you say," replied the lieutenant; "but you cannot go alone: we should have to hunt for two boys instead of one."

"I am going on shore this afternoon, sir," said one of the younger officers, "and I was thinking of riding up to the Grand Curral. If you will give the boy leave and he can stick on a horse, he shall go with me."

"Good!" said the lieutenant; "he shall go; we cannot miss a chance even though a slight one." The matter of the missing boy was causing the greatest uneasiness on board the *Niobe*, the whole affair seemed so mysterious, and it was felt every effort must be made to find him or to ascertain what had been his fate. The Portuguese authorities were giving every assistance and the English Consulate was doing its utmost to solve the mystery; while sinister rumours of foul play were circulating through the ship.

"You know which side of a horse to get up, I see," said Mr. Massey, as a few hours later Martin and he mounted.

"Yes, sir; I wasn't born aboard ship, I was brought up in the country and know something of horses."

"Well, we shall have a fine ride, and I hope we may at least hear something about Dove. I can speak enough Portuguese to make myself understood, so that may help us in making inquiries."

On and on, up and up they went. Every few moments Martin would whistle, but no answering note fell on his ears. At length, after some hours of riding they reached the great chasm in the heart of the mountains known as the Grand Curral. Martin peered down into the depths. "If he had slipped, sir!" he said, appalled at the idea of the fate which might have befallen his friend.

"I don't think that could be; inquiries have been made at the village below. As far as I can see, Dove must have got over to the north of the island. All this side has been well searched. But how he could have managed it beats me. I'm afraid, Lewis, you won't see your friend again."

This fear had been growing in Martin

too, but he had resisted it. He felt sick and overpowered at thus hearing it put into words by another, and leant back against his horse, a horrible feeling of faintness creeping over him.

"Here, look up, boy, don't play the woman," said his companion, kindly enough, but giving him a vigorous shake at the same time. "If the poor lad is gone you must bear it: he wasn't your brother, you know."

the whole history of Martin and Ju and of the great friendship which had until the last few days rested between them, of the breaking of rules by smoking and the subsequent caning, of the threat which Ju had uttered to run away and of Cookson's bad influence over him.

Mr. Massey whistled. "You think the lad has bolted then," he said, "and this fellow Cookson knows something of it?"



"ON AND ON, UP AND UP THEY WENT."

"He was more than a brother, sir," said Martin, turning his face to his horse's neck and bursting into tears. Mr. Massey showed his kindness by sauntering away until the boy had got some mastery over himself and his feelings again.

"Beg pardon, sir!" at length he said, drawing himself up. "I couldn't help it; it hurts me to think of poor Ju being dead, and nobody to know where he is. What will his poor mother do?"

On the road home Mr. Massey heard

"I don't know what to think, sir. I can't say that Cookson knows, because he wasn't ashore at the same time, but there's a queer look in his eyes, as though he could tell something if he liked. Either Ju is dead, or Cookson knows something, and——"

"Cookson will catch it pretty hot if he is abetting a boy to desert," said Mr. Massey. "This must be looked into. Why did you not mention it before?"

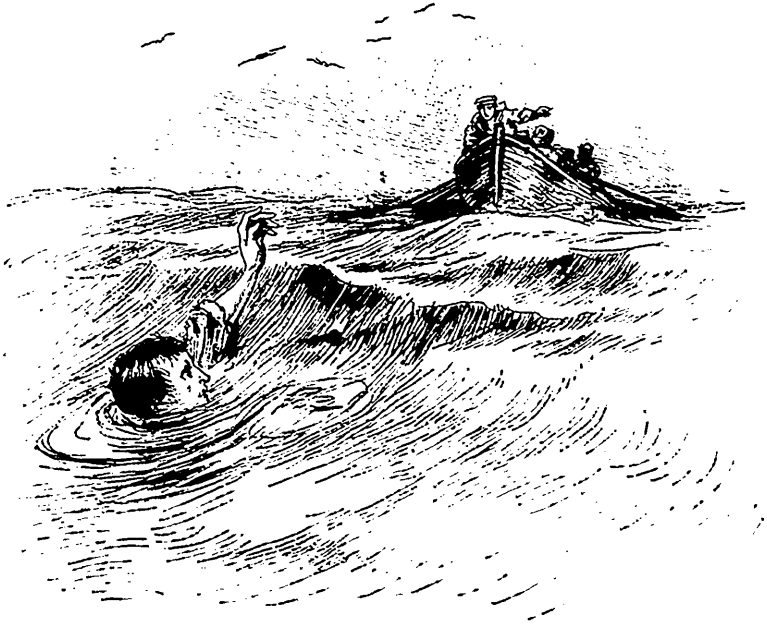
"Because I had nothing really to go

upon, sir, except the look in Cookson's eyes, and how I knew he had tried to set Ju against me; and it wasn't enough to accuse him on," replied Martin.

That evening Cookson was subjected to a severe examination from the captain and lieutenant, but nothing could be elicited from him. A reward was offered for the discovery of the boy, or of any definite tidings of him; for it was felt that nothing more could be done in the way of searching for him from the ship, and the *Niobe* would sail on the following day.

was manned and pushed off. As they pulled ahead they could see that the boy was getting fainter and fainter in his movements. "He's down!" exclaimed one. "Pull, boys," and the speaker stood up ready to dive; but before he could do so the body appeared again on the surface and was hauled into the boat, which put back to the ship.

Ju—for it was indeed he—seemed for an instant to recover consciousness: he looked about him, but with a vacant eye, seemed to wish to speak,



"PULL, BOYS!"

One bell had just been struck the next morning when one of the watch looking towards the shore saw standing on the beach a boy's figure apparently clad in the man o' war's uniform. He brought his glass to bear on him; there could be no doubt about it. The boy was undressing, and he watched him plunge into the water. He noted how faint and weak were the strokes he took, and immediately pointed the boy out to the officer of the watch. "I'm thinking it may be the boy Dove, sir."

In the twinkling of an eye a boat

and then relapsed again, and in this senseless condition was carried below.

Martin would fain have accompanied him and remained by his side, but he was sent back, and spent a miserable time until, meeting the doctor, he begged for news of his friend.

"Don't look so miserable, my boy," said the doctor kindly. "He won't die, I hope, though the lad is seriously ill. Where can he have been all this time?"

"What is the matter with him now, sir?"

"There is a nasty blow on his head,

and I should imagine he had been drinking, and that, with exposure to the heat of the climate, has brought on a fever. But we'll pull him through, I trust."

The story of Martin's devotion to his friend had passed round among both officers and men, and the account given by Mr. Massey of the former had roused an interest in him, and certain privileges were granted, so that when off duty he was allowed to sit by Ju and keep the bandages on his head moistened. The boy's heart ached as he noted the tossing form, the swollen lips and tongue, and listened to the inarticulate ravings; after awhile the sick boy began to cry for Martin, and one day uttered the first note of the whistle which Martin had so often repeated while searching for him.

"He heard it, I'm sure he heard it, and that brought him back," cried Martin, sobbing as he caressed Ju's hand, and then bent over him again to catch what he was saying so rapidly.

"I'm coming, Martin," he whispered huskily, and then again he tried to whistle. "I'll come back and do my duty. England expects it, don't she? I'll do it, Martin, and I won't drink any of their wine again—beastly stuff! it makes my head ache, and I can't see. Look, look, there's a canary flying about in the trees; and look at the lizards, rummy little chaps. I'll come back, Martin. I'm sorry I went away. I'll come back, I'll come back—I'll do my duty," and then the whisper died away in an incoherent murmur.

Martin was obliged to go, but as he left he brushed against the chaplain entering. Martin saluted, but kept his eyes cast down to hide his tears and misery. The chaplain laid a detaining hand on his shoulder and looked into his face.

"Come, Lewis," he said, "be of better cheer. Your friend is very ill, but you must never despair. He has been led back to the ship—can't you trust him in the Hands that guided him so far? Don't despair, cast all your care on

Him Who careth for you. Or I'll give you a quotation which contains all that the text expresses, and which seems especially suited for sailors:

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds."

Doesn't that teach you? Fancy what the *Niobe* would be at this moment if her anchor failed. And we are every bit as much in need of a steadfast anchor as is our ship. Come, my boy, think of this, and take it to heart. God is holding this poor fellow still; there is no need to despair about him yet."

The crisis of the fever had come, and as it passed it was found that, severe as had been the attack, Ju's strong constitution had surmounted it. Weak and worn he was indeed, very little like the strong, active boy who had set out from the ship so full of life and vigour: he liked to have Martin with him, and would lie with his hand in his by the hour, rarely speaking, yet seeming satisfied. When at length he was taken on deck that he might enjoy the fresh air he saw Cookson for the first time, but shrank from him with



"THERE IS NO NEED TO DESPAIR!"

such unmistakable aversion that the boatswain, who was near at hand, peremptorily ordered him to keep his distance.

When his strength had returned sufficiently to bear questioning he was cross-examined by the captain as to the reason for his strange disappearance, but would give no explanation save that he had wanted to get up into the hills to see "what lived there," had slipped and rolled down from a considerable height, had been stunned and lain helpless on a little valley amongst a quantity of ferns and brushwood. He did not know how long he had been there, but after he had recovered his senses he scrambled back to the town and tried to swim to the ship; he seemed confused and unwilling to speak about the blow on his head, but supposed that he had got it in the fall.

"I suppose that is all we shall make of the matter for the present," said the captain to Lieutenant Breydon, "but I think there is more behind than the boy will tell, and he is not well enough yet to be more stringently examined; but if anything of the kind happens again the offender must be made an example of, and severely punished: it will never do to have the boys taking themselves off in this manner. What sort of boy is this Lewis who appears to know so much of Dove? Is he to be trusted, do you think, or were they in league?"

"I don't think so at all," was the prompt reply, "Lewis is a very intelligent and a very straightforward lad, very superior to the generality of his class. Massey, who took him up to the Grand Curral in search of the absentee, speaks most highly of him and of his strong sense of honour."

"Yes, he appears to me to be intelligent and very smart," said the captain, "but those are the very qualities which, if misapplied, work mischief in a ship."

"If anybody knows anything else of the affair, in my opinion it is Cookson," said the lieutenant, "though he protests he knows nothing of it, and you can't punish him on so vague a suspicion. That fellow has the making of a mutineer in him, and he is a bad example to the whole of the ship's company; he is a coward too, and the

fear of punishment only keeps him up to his work."

Ju was quite as uncommunicative to Martin as to the captain, on the subject of his excursion and accident—in fact, he seemed to dislike to speak on the topic at all; and so, in spite of the affection which still existed strongly between them, a sense of constraint sprang up, and the old free communion of mind to mind and heart to heart was at an end. Not that there was any observable difference to others, but each was conscious of an intangible, but none the less real, barrier which had come between them. Martin had misgivings as to the truth of Ju's story, while the latter felt that he was discredited. One good had come, however, out of the affair—Cookson's influence over Ju was at an end, and he would have as little as possible to do with him and utterly refused to be tempted to any acts of insubordination.

CHAPTER X.

HOME AGAIN.

TIME sped on happily enough as a whole to both of the boys: the *Niobe* cruised hither and thither, and at every new place at which she stopped there was fresh pleasure for Martin, who had a marvellous faculty for acquiring knowledge.

"Lewis is a combination of encyclopædia and gazetteer," said the schoolmaster to the chaplain, when speaking of him. "By the time he has been a few days at a place he knows all about it; where he picks up his knowledge is often a puzzle to me, but it is reliable, nevertheless."

"Yes, he is an intelligent lad, and has high principles, too," responded the chaplain. From the time that the latter had met Martin at Ju's bedside he had felt an interest in a boy who was capable of such depths of feeling and tenderness: he liked to talk to him and to lead the conversation into such channels as would show the bent of his mind; for Martin's early training and his deep love and reverence for his father's memory had not left him, but had ripened and coloured his life. He had high ideas of duty and honour, and a simple love and trust in God, which he was never ashamed to own.

With officers and shipmates alike he was a great favourite: the former found him always alert and active; while the latter could always turn to him for any good office of which they stood in need; and they held what appeared to them to be his deep learning in high respect.

Ju, too, in other ways was quite as popular: he was bright and amusing, always ready with song or dance to beguile the time when it hung heavily on their hands, and he was looked on as a very promising member of his profession.

The *Niobe* had been out for over three years. The two friends had grown out of boyhood and were nearing their nineteenth birthdays when she was paid off and they started together on their homeward journey to Langbourne. A warm welcome awaited them from the whole village, who all felt a certain pride in the manly, well-set-up forms of the two who had been born and bred among them. Mrs. Dove was glad to relieve Ju of some of the pay he brought home with him, and told the neighbours, with a smile, that for the first time she knew the benefit of having a son.

At the baker's shop high festival was held to do honour to Martin. Bartholomew Fleet divested himself of his ordinary coat and apron, and arrayed his diminutive person in broad-cloth, that he might do honour to this fine young fellow, whom he looked upon as his own son, and whose hand it seemed he would never be tired of shaking, when he could get its owner away from his mother's embraces. Mrs. Fleet had never thought to be so proud of her firstborn as she now was; and then there was Etty—little Er'y still, though no longer an invalid lying on a couch, but a sweet-looking girl who accepted Martin into the old place



"BROTHER AND SISTER."

of brother. Two more members had been added to the family during his absence, and a curious sensation ran through Martin's veins as his mother proudly brought forward a tiny toddling girl and boy, telling him these were his brother and sister, and that now he was come home they would be quite a nice family of four. Martin took the two little creatures in his arms, looked at them consideringly, kissed them gravely, and then putting them down, said, "They make me feel a stranger here; this—"; taking Etty's hand—"seems my real sister; but how she's grown! She's a woman now."

"Of course she is," responded his mother. "You didn't expect Etty to stop a child always, did you? She's quite the young lady now: has been to a boarding school, and can play the piano and sing. Just come into the parlour, Martin, and see the piano her father gave her when she came home for good. That was a surpris., wasn't it, Etty? I think your Aunt Morey was a bit surprised, too, when she came to stay with us and saw what a nice room we've got, and Mr. Fleet so genteel and well-to-do; she just looked over my head a bit in old days, but she

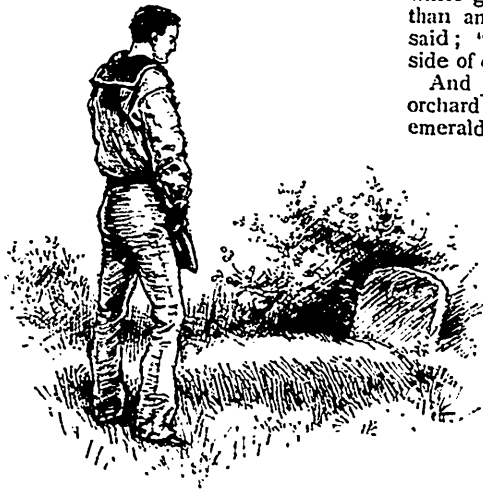
won't do that any more. When my two little ones grow up they'll have as nice a home as needs be, for we don't get poorer year by year, do we, father?"

"No, thank God, we don't," said honest Bartholomew. "Things have gone well with me since I married your mother, Martin my boy; she's a capable, active woman, and she isn't above helping me in my business, and so times and business seem to have got better, and with more mouths to feed more has come to feed them. We've got a good business, and a nice little property and money in the bank, and I hope we'll always have a good home to welcome you to, my boy."

Martin was touched by the little man's kindness and cordiality. "He's as good as he can be," he said to himself as he walked down the lane to the church, and stood beside the smith's grave, "but he isn't you, father, and the children aren't yours. I wonder if I shall ever feel they are my sister and brother."

The atmosphere of home seemed to have brought Martin and Ju once more very close together; old haunts were revisited, old times talked over; and the two were as much together as they used to be in the old days before a sea-going life had laid its spell upon them.

Mrs. Fleet was now quite willing to welcome her son's friend to her house,



"HE STOOD BESIDE THE GRAVE."

for he was no longer the ragged little Ju who had seemed to her to bring such disrepute on her son, but a handsome young man, bright and amusing in his manner, and wearing Her Majesty's uniform with great credit to himself. If Martin seemed almost afraid to touch the baby brother and sister, it was far otherwise with Ju, who would whistle, sing, and dance for their amusement, and seemed perfectly happy and fearless when playing with them. The only member of the family with whom he seemed ill at ease was Ety, whom he appeared to be unable to look in the face, and could only say "Yes, Miss," "No, Miss," in reply to any of her remarks.

"You'll find them all down in the orchard," was Mrs. Fleet's reply to Ju's inquiry for Martin one hot August afternoon; "it's the shadiest and coolest spot about here now, and Ety likes to take the children there."

Ju sauntered through the garden, brilliant now with masses of old-world flowers in the borders, where great clumps of white lilies reared their heads out of a sea of colour, made up of sweet-williams, stocks, and other sweetly scented blossoms; while the lavender hedges which separated the flower borders from the kitchen garden gave off a sweet, delicate perfume from their purple spikes. Then, as he entered the orchard through a little white gate, he paused. "It's better than any place I've seen abroad," he said; "there's nothing like this outside of old England, I do believe."

And Ju was right, the old English orchard was an unique sight, with its emerald turf illuminated by a subdued golden light which drifted down upon it through the interlacing boughs of the trees, their gnarled and twisted trunks varying in tone as the brown bark was dappled with here a patch of moss and there a growth of silvery lichen. Overhead the fruit gleamed through its setting of leaves—the brown of the russet, the gold of the pippin, the more dusky tint of the Blenheim orange, and the rosy cheek of Ribstone were all there, and showed up in turn as the breeze fluttered the foliage

and the sun's rays fell on the ripening fruit.

Ju found Etty sitting, busy with her needle, on the bent trunk of an old apple-tree, while Martin worked industriously at a hammock he was netting.

"This is something for Etty to rest herself in under the trees; it will be better than always sitting on that old trunk," he said as Ju appeared.

"Yes, but that must only be for lazy hours, Martin; I could not work lying in there, could I? The tree-trunk or the grass must do for work-a-day times. Now where are my scissors? Slipped down again, I suppose."

"It seems to me," said Ju awkwardly, and apparently addressing himself to the tree-top, "that Miss Etty ought to have a chair and table when she's at work down here, and if she'd use it I'd like to make her one." Ju's face was very red, but having made his proposal he appeared relieved and brought his eyes earthward again.

"It would be very good of you, but I couldn't think of giving you so much trouble," answered Etty gratefully. "I ought to bring a chair down with me, but I can't bring more than the two children and my work at one journey, and I suppose I am too lazy to go back again."

"I should like to do it," said Ju, again addressing the tree-tops; "one that you could have down here always."

"It's a capital thought, Ju," said Martin; "it is just the thing Etty wants; her thimble and cotton are always slipping away into the grass, and then these two rascals"—making a dash at the children—"run off with them." The little ones, with whom Martin was now on very intimate terms, rushed at him, ready for a romp, and screamed with mingled delight and terror as he swung them aloft in his strong arms.

"Now be off with you to your play," he said as he set them down; "and you, Ju, sit down and spin a yarn while Etty and I work."

The talk drifted to the various places of interest they had visited, and Martin enlarged on the beauties of Madeira, and of the wonderful ride he had taken with Mr. Massey to the Grand Curral. "I was unhappy enough about you

that day, Ju," he said; "I whistled, hoping you would hear me and answer, till I could whistle no more."

"I did hear you," said Ju, in a low voice.

"You heard me and you didn't make any answer or come to me!" exclaimed Martin. "Ju, was it all a pack of lies you told the captain when he questioned you? Did you desert after all?"

"Yes, I deserted," replied Ju in a queer whisper, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Then you were a scoundrel!" cried Martin hotly, and he slung down the hammock and walked away. Martin had had from boyhood the strongest sense of duty, which his years of service had only quickened and strengthened; to him the man or boy who could desert from Her Majesty's service was beyond measure despicable and worthy of any punishment. He strode off, a perfect tumult of feelings raging within him; he had for a long time felt sure that there was a mystery about the disappearance, but that Ju should now confess that he had wilfully deserted his ship was a terrible blow. He felt that he never wished to see or speak to him again.

Etty started to her feet, and Ju, his arms clasped about his knees and his head bowed forward, still sat on the grass looking the picture of misery.

"He's done with me now," he said at length; "he won't speak to me again."

"Oh, but he must, he must," cried Etty, the tears springing to her eyes; and then she ran across the orchard to where Martin stood looking with angry eyes over the hedge.

"Martin," she said, laying a persuasive hand on his arm, "come back; don't be hard on him—hear what he has to say."

"I don't wish to speak to him," replied Martin; "he's a disgrace to the service; he'd better go."

"Oh, Martin!" pleaded Etty, "come back with me. Think how young he was then—only a boy; he wouldn't understand."

"He understood well enough," said Martin grimly. "Etty, it is you who don't understand."

"Oh yes I do, Martin, I know how you feel, but at any rate he did nothing

to hurt you, and you must forgive as you would be forgiven."

"I could forgive him an offence against myself," said Martin, "but

least you will hear what he has to say: it is only right to give every man a fair hearing."

"Yes, that is right enough, so I'll



"ETTY OUGHT TO HAVE A CHAIR AND TABLE."

when a fellow deserts he sins against his Queen and his country, and against every man in the ship's company."

"Then he has all the more need of forgiveness," pleaded Etty. "At

hear what the fellow has to say for himself," answered Martin.

He walked back with Etty to Ju, who still sat crouched on the grass.

"I have promised Etty to hear what

you have to say, though, to tell you the truth, I feel more like pitching you over the hedge than anything else."

Ju's face flamed crimson, and for a moment it seemed as though he must choke, so hotly did the tide of passion surge through his veins; but Etty bent forward, and touching him lightly on the shoulder said, "Poor Ju! Don't be too hard on him, Martin, he's going to tell us all about it."

"Why hasn't he told all about it before? He's had time enough," was Martin's reply.

Ju straightened himself up. "I'll tell you all about it. I didn't speak at the time because I was afraid. Afraid I'd be punished; afraid you'd cut me altogether, Martin—you were always so down on a fellow if he didn't do his duty; and I didn't want to lose you. It was Cookson who was at the bottom of it; I saw afterwards that he was only playing me off against you just for spite; but he just stuffed me up full of jealousy, said you were making up to the officers to gain their favour; and somehow or other when you used to talk and preach to me about doing my duty I felt mad, and I did and said things just to vex you. Then Cookson made me feel I was put upon over that caning, and though I don't believe it now, he told me you were the one to split on me about smoking. Altogether I was as unhappy as I could be, and the day when I said to him that I'd bolt he chimed in that he was sick of the ship too, and if I'd keep away from the ship, when he came ashore he'd join me and we'd stay in the island till the *Niobe* had sailed. He had been there before and he said it was a lovely place to live in and we'd do well for ourselves. He told me where to go to, and keep close for a few days, and he lent me a little money. I went to the place—it was a dirty wineshop in a back street—and then I sat and drank till I didn't know what I was up to, and somehow or other I got into a row and had a fight. That was how I got the blow on my head. Then I suppose the man heard of the hue and cry after me and was frightened, and the second night he walked me off somewhere, I was stupid with drink, and I only know we kept going up and up. He could speak a little English, and he made

me understand to keep on and then I should find some friends. I thought he meant Cookson, so I walked and crawled on, and at last I got to a place when I felt I could go no farther, so I got in among the fern and laid down, and a long time after I heard your whistle. I couldn't, I didn't dare to show myself then, but it roused me, and as soon as it got dark I started and walked down again, and you know the rest."

"What made you tell now," asked Martin, "after keeping quiet all these years?"

"You spoke about the whistling, and I've often felt I'd like you to know that I did hear you, and I felt grateful to you for going up to find me, only I was so afraid you'd throw me over; but now I felt I must tell the truth. I couldn't sit here and act a lie with Miss Etty's eyes upon me; I couldn't do that."

A silence fell upon the group, which lasted for some minutes; then Martin rose and went across to where Ju sat on the grass. "Old man," he said, "it was wrong of you to desert, but I see how it was now. I drove you away when perhaps you would have come and told me. I didn't mean to preach and be a prig, but I was for all that. Come, let's be friends again, let's both forgive and forget."

There was something suspiciously husky about Martin's voice as he spoke, while the tears rained down Etty's pale cheeks.

"That's my dear brother who always does everything right," she whispered.

Then having gripped one another's hands in silence the talk after awhile drifted back to the time of Ju's illness, and Martin told of the chaplain's visit and how he had told him to trust God and leave Ju in His hands, and repeated the line of the poem,

"Cast all your cares on God: that anchor holds."

"That's beautiful," said Etty, with shining eyes. "I wonder who wrote it."

"Tennyson," answered Martin promptly. "I asked the chaplain afterwards, and he lent me the book. Etty, I wanted to give you something before I went away to sea again, and



“MARTIN, COME BACK!”

now I know what it shall be; I'll get you that book of poems, and when we two are far away you can come down here and read it and think of this afternoon.”

“And I'll tell you what I'll do,” said Etty, after thanking Martin, “I'll just illuminate those words on a little card, and give one to each of you, and then you can both look at it and think of me sitting here with the children and working and reading.”

“Sitting on the chair I made you, Miss Etty,” said Ju shyly.

“Yes, on your chair, if you'll be so good as to make me one,” said Etty delightedly. “Why, we shall all be giving one another presents, only mine will be so little.”

The next day Martin walked into the town and returned with a volume

of Tennyson's poems sumptuously bound in purple calf, and when upbraided for his extravagance by his mother declared there was nothing too good for Etty; and he would sit by her and read the poem while she painted industriously at the two cards she was illuminating, while in the meantime Ju laboured at home on the rustic chair and table which he was constructing from twisted “elbows” of oak so that it might last and defy storm and weather.

There was a festal tea held in the orchard the day that Ju brought his offerings to Etty; and in the after days the two lads would think of her as she sat that afternoon in the rustic chair, wrapped in an atmosphere of peace and purity and with truth shining in her clear grey eyes.

(To be continued.)

MAN AND THE BIBLE.—Sir William Dawson, the eminent scientific authority, has said: “I know nothing about the origin of man except what I am told in the Scriptures—that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know anybody who does.” Lord Kelvin, who is said to be the greatest living scientist, declared in his address before the British Association: “There is nothing in science that reaches the origin of anything at all.”

IN HOURS OF PLAY.



THE Spring is here, the summer's near ;
The wind is warm, the skies are
clear ;

The meadow's deep in waving grass ;
And the clovers nod as they see us pass.
The sun shines bright with a golden ray ;
And all the world is glad with May.

The hawthorn white, like fragrant snow,
Hangs where the shaded streamlets flow ;
Over the fields of rising wheat
The song of the lark is wondrous sweet ;
And soft from a bank of violets near
The hum of a bee comes faintly clear.

Then come to the fields, oh ! come to
stray .
In the light and air of merry May.
A stream I know by a woodland side,
And a sweet green dell where violets hide.
And the bells shall ring, each heart be gay
With the lesson we learn from the hours
of play.

JOHN LEA.

OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

Where do we read in Holy Scripture,—

1. Of some raised from the dead when only one other (in each case), was present ?
2. Of one raised from the dead when at least two others were present ?
3. Of another raised when six others were present ?
4. Of certain raised when many were gathered together ?
5. Of some raised when none are known to have been present but themselves ?
6. Of One so raised as never to die any more ?

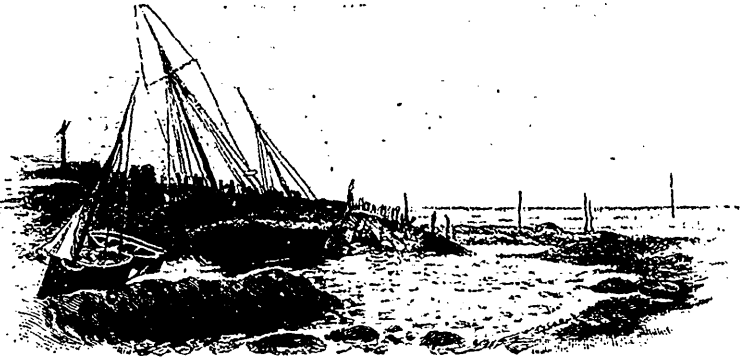
QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(Collects for Whit-Sunday and Trinity Sunday.)

1. Where do God's people need instruction the most, according to the first part of the Collect for Whit-Sunday ? Compare verses in Deut. v., Prov. xix., Isa. xlvi., and John vii. ?
2. Of what words in the Veni Creator may the latter portion remind us ?
3. How does the Collect for Trinity Sunday set before us the surpassing greatness of the subject under consideration ? See also the "portion for the Epistle" for that day.
4. What does the same Collect imply as to the exceeding importance of that subject to us ?

BURIED TRUTHS.

In which of the Psalms can references be discovered ; 1. To the world around us ; 2. To the world within us ; 3. To the world of Angels ; 4. To the world of waters ; 5. To the world to come ?



THE HAWTHORN BLOOM.

WE wait for the roses till June has well come,
 But the hawthorn we have with us now ;
 The dahlia, chrysanthemum, and sunflower's bloom
 Will cheer when the autumn's winds blow.

Our glory is now the sweet hedgerows around,
 So white with the blossom of May ;
 Sweet hawthorn ! to me thou art sweeter by far
 Than the summer's effulgent array.

Thy exquisite tracery—pearly and white—
 With just a sweet roscate hue,
 So loading the air with a grateful perfume—
 Oh, what can more ravish the view !

Not blooming in gardens secluded, remote,
 But gladdening wherever we go ;
 The bounds of our meadows are traced by thy bloom,
 And the channels where crystal streams flow.

I watched the sweet buds as they burst on the spray
 And hailed the first blossom complete ;
 And now 'tis my pleasure, wherever I roam,
 Thy beautiful foliage to greet.

No wonder our choristers—gorgeous and bright—
 Will nestle beneath thy sweet bloom ;
 Like them I could linger, delighted to find
 'Neath the hawthorn a rest and a home.

ALBERT MIDLANE,

Author of "Drops from the Living Spring."

THE SHEPHERD'S LASSIE.—One of the faces in a certain popular picture by Sir John Millais has a pathetic story attached to it. The artist was upon a fishing tour in Scotland, and being overtaken by a storm of wind and rain one day while on the hills, he and his companion sought shelter in the hut of a shepherd, the only habitation for miles around. The shepherd made them welcome, and as Sir John and his friend were leaving they pressed him to accept a half-sovereign in return for his hospitality. This he would not, however, do, but, having gathered from the conversation between Sir John and his companion that the former was "one of them picture folk," he suggested that perhaps, if it wouldn't take him more than five minutes or so, Sir John would make a sketch of a "wee bit lassie" of his. As it was evident the man and his wife had set their hearts upon it, the artist consented, and the shepherd then led him upstairs to where the child lay in bed. She was a little girl of about eleven years of age—so delicate and fragile that it was evident her sojourn here was not to be for long. Then the artist recognised why it was that the poor shepherd and his wife so desired the picture. A sketch was completed in a very little while, and was received with expressions of the greatest admiration and the warmest gratitude.



"THE HAWTHORN BLOOM" (see page 144).

Specially drawn for the CHURCH MONTHLY by K. STREET.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

Baked Mackerel.	Average Cost.
	<i>d.</i>
2 mackerel	. 6
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley	} . 2
1 small onion	
1 tablespoonful bread-crumbs	
2 " dripping	
Pepper and salt	8 <i>d.</i>

WASH the fish in cold water, dry well, cut off the heads, split up, and take out the backbones; place one flat on a tin, skin downwards. Chop the parsley and onion finely, mix with bread-crumbs, spread over the mackerel, sprinkle with pepper and salt, then put over that the other fish, skin upwards. Melt the dripping, pour it over the mackerel, cover with paper, and bake in a good oven half an hour.

Gleazed earthenware dishes are used for baking fish in, as they can be sent to table, and none of the fish is wasted, as sometimes happens when it is cooked in a tin, and then transferred to a dish.



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Early to Church.

ANATIVE clergyman in North-West America, whose district extends over five or six hundred miles, writes of the Indians at Fort Hope: "Very often so early as 3 a.m. I would be turned out by some Indians rapping away at my window, crying out, 'Get up! Get up! It is now dawn, and we want to go to church.' And so the weary missionary would have to get up; for if they were sent away others would come and do the same thing."

We do not always find this eagerness for church among people who "profess and call themselves Christians" at home!

Native Remedies.

BY the heathen most kinds of illness are supposed to be due to evil spirits. Here is a case given by a S. P. G. lady missionary at Delhi:—"I found a woman, to whom I was called one day, delirious with fever after childbirth. She was propped up in a sitting posture on the filthy bed in a dark cupboard, and on the bed by her crouched two old crones, one on each side. Grasping her hair in their long, lean hands, they occupied themselves in violently shaking her head backwards and forwards with all their might and main, tearing out handfuls of hair in their vigorous efforts. As one got exhausted the other relieved her. This procedure was intended to evict the evil spirit with which they imagined the poor creature to be possessed. All but the lock part of her hair had thus been pulled out."

No wonder that the medical missionary, bringing real relief in sickness, is able often to win an entrance for the Gospel where other means would fail!

In the Australian Bush.

IT is difficult to realize at first the ignorance of the people. But conceive of a child growing up in the way the 'bushman' has done: He was born in a carrier's camp; his earliest recollections are associated with gum-trees, bullocks, and horses; he can crack a bullock-whip or a stock-whip as soon as he can stand; he can ride almost before he can walk—but this is the extent of his education. His parents can in very few cases teach him anything. He cannot read or write; he does not know even the Name of God—if he does, he probably thinks it a bad but expressive word, an expletive coined especially for anathematizing fractious bullocks and horses. He has never heard of cathedrals, churches, sacraments, or clergy; he would not know a Bible if he saw one, and has certainly never seen the inside of a church.—THE REV. J. A. CARDEW.

"God's Unfailing Mercies."

THE terrible drought in Bechuanaland, which has scarcely been broken since the great rain of 1894, was more severe than ever in 1897. From the first week in January last there had been actually no rain at all, at least in the Phokwani district, up to November 11th, when Canon Bevan wrote: "We have lost all our cattle, but our goats are, happily, doing well; and we depend upon them alone for milk and meat. All we can do under such trying circumstances is to go on waiting and praying in hope of God's unfailing mercies."

A POET'S THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.—"The life after death is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul; and my idea of Heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."
—TENNYSON.

OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.



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

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. NELLIE J. BLOGG, 2, Alma Road Avenue, Clifton, Bristol.	14	St. Alban's : Rev. J. Colmer Godwin, M.A., Curate-in-Charge.	Miss Tuckett, S.S. Teacher.
2. MABEL GRAFTON, Fair View, Hanbury Hill, Stourbridge.	16		Mr. W. E. Grafton, Parent.
3. BERTHA GARDINER, c/o Mrs. R. Martin, Essendine Road, Caterham, Surrey.	14	Parish Church : Rev. F. A. Bright, Rector.	Rev. Herbert Newman, Curate.
4. HERBERT HATCHARD, 3, Norman Street, Caerleon, Mon.	14	Parish Church : Rev. F. Bedwell, B.D., Vicar.	The Vicar.
5. DOUGLAS BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, Middlesex.	15	Parish Church : Rev. Cyril F. Wilson, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. H. St. J. Payne, B.A., Curate.
6. ISAAC WOODALL, 17, Shaftesbury Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool.		Parish Church : Rev. R. Love, B.A., Vicar.	Miss Woodall, S.S. Teacher.
7. ROLAND TAYLOR, 1, Snowden Terrace, Everton, Liverpool.	11	St. George's : Rev. R. Postance, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. W. Hastings, S.S. Teacher.
8. CORA WATSON, Ivydene, 15, Avondale Road, Southport, Lancashire.	15		Mr. E. Watson, Parent.
9. EDITH A. G. MONK, 18, Offerton Road, Clapham, S.W.	15		Mr. C. M. Monk, Parent.
10. ELSIE SMITH, Thorley, Isle of Wight.	13	Parish Church : Rev. V. W. Sauter, B.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
11. SARAH HUDSON, Topcliffe, Thirsk.	13	Parish Church : Rev. Canon Rowsell, Vicar.	Mrs. Rowsell, S.S. Teacher.
12. CHARLOTTE S. MANNING, 27, Aston Street, Stepney, E.	11	St. Matthew's : Rev. Gordon J. H. Llewellyn, Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Sunday Questions":—

DORA HOWE, Bishop Auckland; S. J. M. P. TUDOR, Turkdean; SUSIE GAPP, Mattishall; WINNIE COLLETT, Bristol; EDGAR CAT, Dulwich; ANNIE ROLFE, Newmarket; EVELINE GREEN, Wincanton; GERTRUDE BINGHAM, NEW CROSS; ANNIE CHILD, Newbarns; MERVYN P. CROZIER, The Palace, Kilkenny; J. R. CHARLTON, New Backworth; CHARLES DAVENPORT, Wichelford.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—

JULY.—*Bible Questions*: (1) St. Matt. xxi. 29. (2) Acts ix. 20, 21 (see also Gal. i. 23). (3) St. Luke xix. 8. (4) 2 Chron. xxxiii. 3-5, 15, 16. (5) Job xxvii. 6 (see also xxv. 2), xlii. 6. (6) Gen. xxxvii. beginning verse 27 to xliv. 33.
Prayer-Book Questions: (1) Because it shows how the disciples, though with the Saviour Himself, were not without the "dangers" and "frailty" spoken of in the Collect, and also were delivered therefrom. (2) The "wheat" are distinguished by continuing in the faith (compare St. John viii. 31, St. Matt. xxiv. 13, x. 22, John vi. 67-69). (3) Note in Collect, "whose Blessed Son was manifested"; in Epistle, "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested." (4) Note "when He shall appear again with power and great glory"; also

"when He shall appear we shall be like Him—they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven."

Buried Truth: See Acts xviii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, xix. 1, for the six verses referred to as "consecutive" in the Book, yet "divided" by interval between chaps. xviii. and xix. For ministrations in teaching see end of verse 26 (also xix. 2-5). For "profit" and teaching note the word "helped" in 27, and for "power" the expression "mightily convinced" in 28.

AUGUST.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Amos vii. 1-6. (2) See Gen. xiii. 12, 13; xix. 21; note "this thing also." (3) Gen. xviii. 23-32. (4) Exod. xxxii. 32, 33, 13, 14. (5) 1 Sam. vii. 9, 10. (6) 2 Chron. xviii. 31.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) Compare "justly punished" (here) with "not weighing our merits" in first part Communion Prayer. Note also the peculiar word "offences" in both. (2) The fact that, through the Lord Jesus, God is "glorified" in forgiving (see Prov. xix. 11; 1 Kings viii. 39, 40; Ps. cxxx. 4; 2 Cor. iii. 9, etc.). (3) That we should not trust in our own strength; that we should show we do not. Note "who seest," etc.; and compare 2 Chron. xvi. 9. (4) Being "greatest," that gift is, naturally, the gift of God's Spirit alone.

Buried Truth: For "article of commerce" see 1 Kings x. 29; for "civic dignity," Gen. xli. 43, etc., for importance in "war," Judges iv. 3; for other points, 2 Kings v. 9, etc., etc.; Zech. vi. 1; 1 Kings xxii. 31; 1 Chron. xix. 7; also 2 Sam. viii. 4 (end), and x. 18; 1 Chron.

xviii. 4; 1 Kings x. 26; 2 Chron. xii. 3, xiv. 9; Exod. xiv. 7; Ps. lxxviii. 17; 1 Kings x. 26.

SEPTEMBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Gen. xxxvii. 31, 32; (2) Gen. xlii. 21; (3) Judges vi. 27; (4) St. Mark x. 41; St. John xx. 24-28; (6) Acts xi. 11, 12, 18.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) See Ps. cxlv. 9; 1 Tim. ii. 4. (2) "Proper place" the heart (compare Gospel and Epistle); "true nature," a wholly "new" and deeply humble or "contrite" view of sin; "only source" "the creative" hand of God's Spirit. (3) Such sincere repentance will lead to the outward confession of both our guilt and our consequent misery. (4) Deliverance from both the bondage (remission) and guilt (forgiveness) of our sin—for Christ's sake.

Buried Truth: In showing us God's great readiness to grant intercessory prayer, see Gen. xviii. 22-33, xix. 21, xxxii. 9-11, with xxxiii. 9-12; Exod. xxxii. 11-14; Job xlii. 10; Amos vii. 1-6; 1 Kings xvii. 21, 22; 2 Kings iv. 32-37; St. Mark vii. 24-30; St. John iv. 46-52; St. Matt. viiii. 5-10; St. Luke xxii. 31, etc.; Phil. i-19; Philemon 22.

OCTOBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Judges vi. 11-15. (2) Judges xlii. 5. (3) Ps. lxxxviii. 70. (4) Amos vii. 14, 15. (5) Acts xviii. 3. (6) St. Mark vi. 3.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) In being addressed to the Second Person of the Holy Trinity. (2) "Motive," what the Saviour did in that way "for our sakes"; measure, so far as to bring the body under proper control (see 1 Cor. ix. 27); object, to be in this way the more effectually under the control of God's Spirit. (3) Against that false holiness, or separation, which is not separation to God:—compare Jude 19, Isa. lxxv. 5, St. Luke v. 30, 31, xviii. 9, etc. (4) Note the fullness of *need* specified in the second Sunday Collect, "body and soul," outward and inward; note the largeness of *request* in the third Sunday Collect—the "right hand of Thy Majesty."

Buried Truth: See 2 Kings viii. 1, 2; Ruth i. 1; Gen. xii. 10, 11; xxvi. 1-3. Compare with verse 12; 2 Kings vi. 25-29; 1 Kings xvii. 8-24.

NOVEMBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Gen. xlii.

27, 28. (2) Josh. vii. 5-21, 24. (3) St. Matt. xvii. 24-27. (4) 2 Kings vii. 8, etc. (5) Ezra v. 17, vi. 1, 2, 14. (6) Coloss. ii. 3.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) In speaking of "punishment" or "death" as being what we "deserve" (i.e. "wages") for our "evil deeds" or "sins"; and of deliverance from it as being possible only by way of "grace" or as a "gift" "through Jesus Christ." (2) By teaching us to connect "governed" with "body" and "preserved" with "soul," as in the Latin version. (3) As to extent, compare "world" in the one with "mankind" and "all mankind" in the other; as to depth, compare "sent His Son . . . to suffer death" with "*gave* His Son." (4) Further proofs of love (i) in the simplicity of the condition, "believing," in the one, or "humility" and "patience," which are proofs of believing, on the other; (ii) in the glory of the result, "everlasting life" in the one, and "partaking" of that "resurrection" which is the life, on the other.

Buried Truth: "Sacrifice" is put *second* to "thanksgiving" in Ps. l. 8-14; to true contrition in Ps. li. 16, 17; to obedience in 1 Sam. xv. 22; to doing "justly," etc., in Micah vi. 6-8, to the "knowledge of God" in Hosea vi. 6; to "mercy" in St. Matt. ix. 13; mere ceremonialism in xii. 7. On the other point, compare closing words of Heb. x. 8 with those of ix. 22 and 26.

DECEMBER.—*Bible Questions*: (1) Jer. i. 1-3. (2) Ezek. i. 1-3. (3) St. Luke i. 5, 9, 67. (4) Acts ii. 29, 30; 2 Sam. v. 12, vi. 12, etc. (5) Gen. xiii. 18; Ps. cx.; Heb. vii. (6) Acts vii. 37; Heb. vii. 28; Ps. ii. 6; St. Luke i. 32, 33, etc.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) See St. Matt. xx. 17, 18, 19; Heb. xii. 2, etc. (2) (i) To "serve" Him by "ministering" to others; (ii) to do this as He shall "call" them to do; (iii) to do so as "sanctified" or made able by Him. (3) Some reject Christ, some supplant Him; some "deny the faith," some corrupt it. (4) Alike (i) in darkness, wilfulness, and pride; (ii) in all being, therefore, away from "home"; (iii) in none being, for all that, wholly beyond hope.

Buried Truth: See St. Luke i. 18, 22, 63, 67-79. Also 15, 76; iii. 16.

BURIED TRUTHS.

A VERY large number of papers have been sent in as usual, and the Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from July to December inclusive is awarded to—

MR. JOHN T. HUGHES, 15, Park Avenue, Osvestry.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XII.—DECAPITATION.



HOLE I am a well-known city. Behead me and cut me in two and I immediately become a preposition and a famous Scottish river

XIII.—RIDDLE.

I'm generally found in pairs,
No person has more than two,
I'm part of the clockman's wares
Without me it's hard to do.

XIV.—CONUNDRUMS.

4. What King is the most popular in every village and town in the country?
5. What resemblance is there between a railway company and a ropemaker?
6. Which person has everybody known the longest?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" continues to be well sustained. We offered as Prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Priz Winners (July to December last) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. HAROLD G. BRIGHT, 16, Graces Road, Camberwell, S.E.	14	Mr. M. H. Wozenroff, S.S. Teacher.
2. IRENE GRAFTON, Fair View, Hanbury Hill, Stourbridge.	13	Mr. W. E. Grafton, Parent.
3. HILDA BIRD, 129, Norwich Road, Ipswich.	14	Rev. F. Haslewood, F.S.A., Rector of St. Matthew's.
4. HILDA BURROWS, 5, Lake Street, New Hincksey, Oxford.	15	Rev. W. D. B. Curry, M.A., Vicar of South Hincksey.
5. BERTRAM H. WEAVER, Avonhurst, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.	13	Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's.
6. PERCY J. BARTLETT, St. Anne's School House, Chester Road, Highgate Rise, N.	13	Rev. Ernest A. Jameson, B.A., Curate of St. Anne's, Brookfield.
7. ANNIE ROLFE, Broomstick Hall, Cheveley, Newmarket.		Rev. E. K. Douglas, M.A., Rector.
8. EDITH A. G. MONK, 18, Offerton Road, Clapham, S.W.	15	Mr. C. M. Monk, Parent.
9. DOUGLAS BAKER, Aulys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, Middlesex.	15	Rev. H. St. J. Payne, M.A., Curate.
10. MARGARET PERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichendon, near Worcester.	14	Mrs. Perrott, Parent.
11. ARTHUR JACKSON, c/o Mr. S. Jackson, Sutton, near Retford.		Miss Farmer, The Vicarage, Sutton.
12. CHARLES DAVENPORT, The Vicarage, Wichendon, near Worcester.	14	Mrs. Davenport, Parent.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows:—

XIX. LETTER PUZZLES.—A.E.I.O.U.

XX CONUNDRUMS.—

7. Because it must come to an end.
8. Because they are always made to a last.
9. Because they go to the meet (meat).

XXI. ENIGMA.—The sea.

XXII. BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.—Horse, Tiger, Lion, Goat, Mule, Cow.

XXIII. ANAGRAMS.—Victoria, Empress, Prince of Wales.

XXIV. REHEADINGS.—

1. Sunshine: Sun, Shine, Shin.
2. Shipmate: Ship, Mate, Ma.

XXV. CONUNDRUMS.—

10. Because she is sometimes attached to a train.
11. A ladybird.
12. Because it is always in a fix.

XXVI. SQUARE WORDS.—

P L A N	L I N E	H O M E
L A R A	I D E A	O V A L
A R I A	N E A R	M A I L
N A A S	E A R N	E L L A

XXVII. ENIGMA.—Grass, Hay.

XXVIII. ENIGMA —

1. Shakespeare.
2. Milton.
3. Tennyson (Tennison).

XXIX. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Quaker: Shaker.
(1) Quenchless, (2) Uncouth, (3) Alpaca, (4) Knock, (5) Eye, (6) River.

XXX. CONUNDRUMS —

13. Because there are always a few quires there.
14. When it's a clothes horse.
15. When it's run down.

XXXI. JUMBLED VERSE.—

"Rule Britannia," etc.

XXXII. TRANSPOSITIONS.—

1. Pin, Nip.
2. Stab, Bats.
3. Peach, Cheap.

XXXIII. DECAPITATION.—Honey: One, on, o.

XXXIV. CHARADE.—Carolling.

XXXV. RIDDLE.—Hour.

XXXVI. HIDDEN NAMES.—John, Mary, Thomas, Robert.

"ON TAKING PAINS."—James Anthony Froude passed seven years in collecting materials for and in writing his "History of England." He was very careful in the selection of data, and spent whole days in the effort to verify a single fact.

OPEN COUNSEL.

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.



A Bit of one's Mind.

PEOPLE who delight in giving others a bit of their mind often get a very disagreeable bit in return. "Plain-speaking" is not a characteristic in which there is any monopoly. The man who prides himself on plain speaking, regardless of the feelings of others, to the extent of almost brutal rudeness, will most likely meet with his match and be paid back in his own coin. Kindness begets kindness, and rudeness provokes to rudeness.

The Proper Use of Ecclesiastical Terms.

On this subject there is often much confusion manifested by speakers and writers. They frequently use the word *celebrated* as applicable to all the sacraments and offices of the Church.

Now it is important to note that "Public and Private Baptism" is *administered*. Confirmation is *ministered*. Matrimony is *solemnized*. The Order for the Burial of the Dead is partly *said* or *sung* or *said* only, and the Office for the Churching of Women is *said*. The Holy Communion is "celebrated" in and by the Acts of Consecration. It is administered when distributed to the recipients.

Character.

Every man's character is the outcome and product of his own life. It is the moral covering of his soul which he himself has woven of his own material, and according to his own chosen pattern.

"You and I are weavers,
And only God can see
The web and the warp of deed and thought,
By which the wondrous robe is wrought,
That covers you and me."

Character is what we are in ourselves and in the sight of God. Reputation is that for which our fellow-men give us credit, and popularity represents what, for the time being, we are considered to be.

"Directory."

When, during the rebellion of Cromwell, the use of the Book of Common Prayer was prohibited both in public and private, a book called the "Directory" was substituted in its place. This book was drawn up by an assembly of anti-episcopal divines in the year 1644, and its use was enforced by the authority of Parliament. The book contained no forms of prayer, and consisted only of certain outlined devotions presenting the Parliamentary Order of Public Worship.

"Defender of the Faith."

This is one of the titles of the Sovereigns of England. It was conferred by Pope Leo X. upon Henry VIII. in the year 1521. Some antiquarians, however, maintain that the designation was not new, but had previously been borne by English kings, and that Pope Leo only revived the title. When, owing to Henry VIII's rupture with Rome, the Pope sought to deprive him of this title, it was confirmed to him by Parliament, and so has remained a title of the Sovereigns of England till the present day.

Consecration and Dedication.

Though the terms "consecration" and "dedication" are frequently used interchangeably, as if they meant the same thing, in ecclesiastical history they bear distinctly different meanings. Thus a building is separated from all common

and secular uses and is wholly devoted to Christian uses by virtue of the sentence of *Consecration*; but being thus consecrated it is dedicated to the honour of the Holy and Blessed Trinity or one of the sacred Persons thereof, or to some angel or saint.

“Judge Not.”

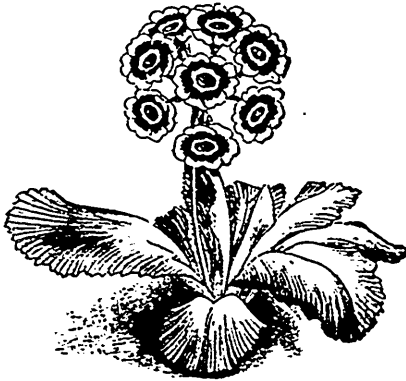
It is almost an impossibility for us to refrain from forming judgments of some kind of the acts, conduct, and characters of our fellow-men. The relationships of life are founded upon the basis of the formation of such judgments, and the whole business of life is conducted on the foundation of judgments which men mutually form of each other. But all

this is very different from the evil tendency to which we are all more or less subject—namely, to judge our fellow-men with an animus; to consider their actions in the most unfavourable light; to think of them as being actuated by the most unworthy motives, and to put the worst construction upon so much as we know of their conduct and character.

If we must form a judgment of our fellow-man, let it be as far as possible on the side of charity. Let us think the best, believe the best, and hope the best concerning him.

“Judge not! The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield.”

THE AURICULA.



THE Auricula—(*Primula Auricula*) is found in Europe, the Caucasus, and Syria. In its native condition the plant does not bear flowers to be compared in any way to those of the cultivated kinds, being small and poor in colour. It is a favourite in most gardens, and blooms freely, especially when the soil contains the properties which suit its growth, and it is remarkable that often in the village garden it is found in a flourishing condition, where it receives but scant attention, whilst in places where much care is bestowed upon its culture the result is sometimes disappointing.

The auricula is propagated from seed, and by taking off shoots from mature plants. The seed should be sown in spring or in the autumn, in shallow, flat boxes, in rich soil. After sowing press the surface of the soil flat, so that the seeds will be imbedded on the top of the earth evenly; then cover lightly with finely crushed earth. The boxes may be placed in a cool frame; water them, using a very fine rose, so that the seeds will not be disturbed. The boxes must be provided with some drainage. When the seedlings have grown large enough to be handled, prick them out into larger boxes, or into a bed in a frame. They must be kept moist, and shaded from hot sun. When large enough they may be replanted singly in pots, or into the borders. They will thrive best in a shady position, where they get the early sun, but are protected from the rays of the mid-day sun.

Offshoots should be taken in August. These can be easily detached with roots from the plants. Put them out in a shady border, or in pots. They must be treated in the same manner as seedlings—kept moist and shaded from the sun.

Auriculas should be repotted in July and August. Take them out of the pot and remove the old soil from the

roots; trim them if necessary, and place them in entirely fresh, loamy soil, mixed with sand, leaf-mould, and decayed cow-manure. In winter they may be kept in a cool frame or in a sheltered border, but should not be exposed to heavy rains or snow. While

drought in summer is fatal to the plants, excess of moisture in winter is nearly as bad.

The best soil for the cultivation of auriculas consists of rich, light, loamy soil, mixed with well-rotted horse or cow-manure.

THOUGHTS FOR HOLY DAYS.

GATHERED BY

THE REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.,

Vicar of The Abbey Church, Shrewsbury, and Rural Dean.

St. Philip and St. James (*May 1st*).



SAVIOUR! would we know Thee,
The Way, the Truth, the Life!
Vouchsafe us grace to follow
Where Thou dost lead the strife;
With thankfulness remembering
The high and holy names
Of those pass'd on before us,
Saint Philip and Saint James.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Ascension Day (*May 19th*).

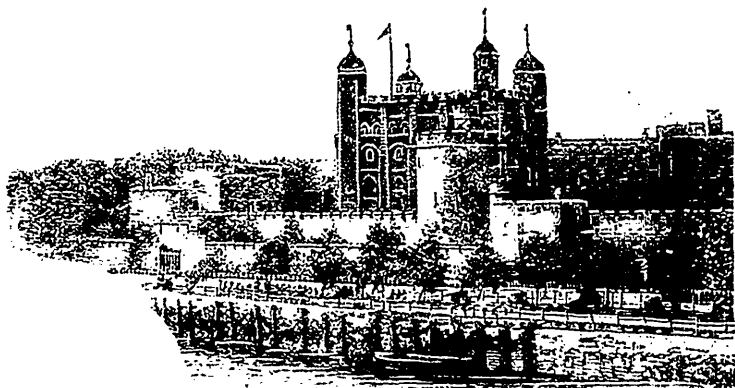


HE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doots are open'd wide,
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.
Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.

PRESIDING at a meeting at Guildford, General Sir John Field said that in the Abyssinian campaign he commanded the advanced brigade, whose duty it was to make open roads over mountains four hundred miles, to Magdala. The work was very arduous and exhausting, and on one occasion, when the brigade halted to rest the men, he made the customary inspection of the regiments. On inquiry for the sick men it was reported no one was sick, and only one man was disabled with a contused foot. No intoxicating liquor of any kind reached the men; the mountain streams and a little tea were all they could obtain to quench their thirst. This was good evidence that strong drink was not needed to men in health, even when exposed to severe hardships. When Judge-Advocate of the Bengal Army, all military courts-martial came before his review, and it was with regret that he found that three-fourths of the offences committed were the result of drinking to excess.



From the Tower Bridge

HOW TO SEE THE TOWER OF LONDON.*

BY THE REV. W. SIDNEY RANDALL, B.A., *Chaplain to the Forces in the Tower.*



On the Terrace.

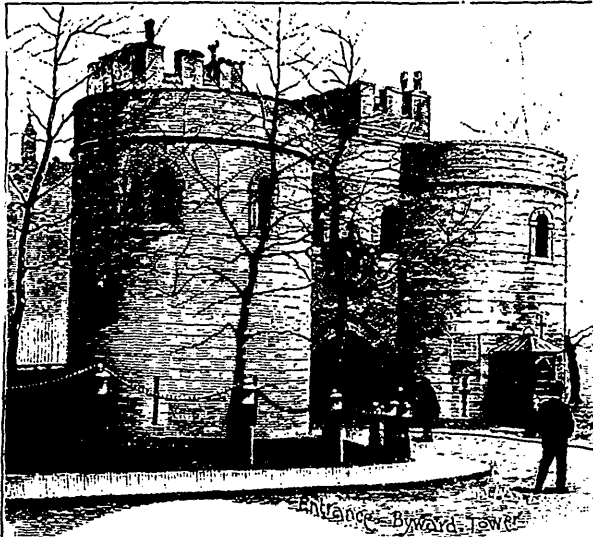
THERE is no need to tell our readers that the Tower of London is one of the most popular sights in the world! Visitors come all the year round from town, country, and abroad. The larger numbers come, of course, on the free days, which are fixed for Monday and Saturday. On other days of the week there is a charge of sixpence for the White Tower, and the same sum for the Jewel Tower. The tickets are kept separate, as all visitors do not care to see the armour in the White Tower.

I do not advise my readers to visit the Tower on either of the free days, if they can avoid them. There is always a crowd. In fact, on the free days, all the parts open to the public form the playground for most of the boys and girls in the neighbourhood. Small parties will do well to pay their shillings and

see the sights in peace and comfort. In the case of schools and other associations, a charge

of one shilling for each person is a serious addition to the expense of the day. I may as well say at once that there is nothing to be seen in the Tower by paying extra. Visitors should remember that there are a large number of private residences within the walls, and that this fact closes many places of historical interest to the public. For instance, the room in which it is supposed

* Our illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs expressly taken for the purpose.



that the two young princes were murdered is a bedroom in a warder's house, and he could not be expected to show it to the thousands of yearly visitors.

As most of our visitors do not reside in London, it will be best to tell them first,

HOW TO GET TO THE TOWER.

The Tower is on the north bank of the river, almost opposite to London Bridge railway station on the south. So I

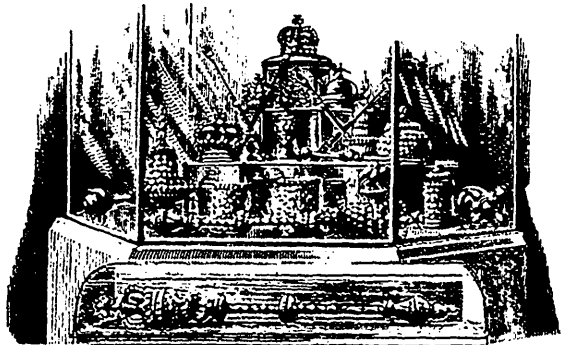
advise all visitors from the south to go to this station. Then walk down Tooley Street and cross the famous Tower Bridge. Then go down the steps so as to enter the Wharf Gate. Walk along the wharf, noting the Traitors' Gate under St. Thomas' Tower. Pass on to the ticket office and enter in the usual way. Visitors coming from the west, north, and east have a choice of ways. The best plan is to travel by the underground railway to Mark Lane Station. This is the nearest station to the Tower. The other stations near are Fenchurch Street, Cannon Street, and the Monument terminus of the electric railway from Stockwell. Those who prefer to come by omnibus can be put down no nearer than the Bank, the Monument, and the top of Mark Lane in Fenchurch Street. There is also an omnibus route now from the south-east coming over the Tower Bridge, and going on to Liverpool Street.

BEFORE ENTERING THE TOWER.

No bags or parcels of any kind are allowed to be taken within the gates, so go first to the cloak-room and leave all such articles there. Then get your tickets at the office. These tickets are required on free days as well as pay days. By this system a record is kept of the number of visitors. You then pass under the Middle Tower, and over the old Moat.

ENTERING THE TOWER.

The Tower is entered through the



gateway in the dark, gloomy-looking building which is known as the Byward Tower. It was built towards the close of the fourteenth century. On passing through this gate, notice, on the left, the Bell Tower.

In the room at the top of this old prison, Queen Elizabeth was confined. The Countess of Lennox and Bishop Fisher were also prisoners in the same place.

Walk straight on and look up at the windows of the house joining the Bell Tower. This is the back of the Governor's residence, known as the Queen's House. The large top window lights the old Council Chamber, in which Guy Fawkes was tried and condemned to death.

The next thing to notice is the famous Traitors' Gate. This is on the right under St. Thomas' Tower. It would be impossible to give a list of all the unhappy men and women who landed at this gate, but we may mention two, Queen Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey, whose sad stories are known to all visitors.

Leaving this spot, you turn sharp to the left and go through the arch under the "Bloody" Tower. Here, on the right a warder will direct you to the steps which lead up into the room in the Wakefield Tower where the regalia are kept.

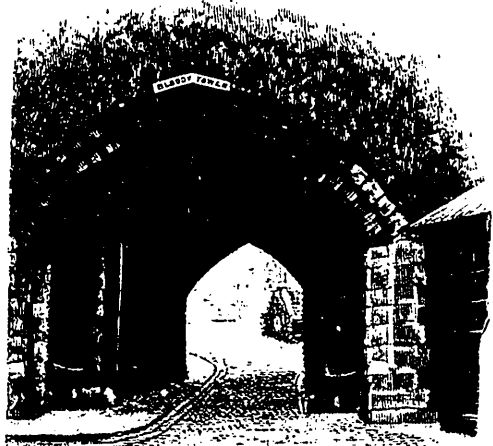
I shall not attempt to give an account of the Crown Jewels and other beautiful objects on view in this chamber, as I have not sufficient space at my disposal. There is no mistaking the Crown of Queen Victoria, which was made for her coronation in 1838. It occupies the most prominent position in the case.

The other jewels have tickets on them, so that they can easily be identified.

All who take an interest in diamonds should notice the model of the famous Koh-i-noor.

On leaving the Jewel Tower, visitors pass the main guard and turn to the right to enter the White Tower.

The White Tower is certainly the most remarkable building in London. It is said that it was begun in the year 1078, and the architect was Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester. The visitors, after ascending the narrow staircase, will be



Archway-Bloody Tower.



One of the Ravens



The prisons beneath the White Tower cannot be shown to the public, as they are all in darkness, and no longer in their original condition. But visitors may bear in mind that all the horrors of torture and solitary imprisonment were endured under the stones of the White Tower. Guy Fawkes spent his last days on earth under this Tower, but the dungeon known as "Little Ease" no longer exists in its original form. Nothing but the door remains. The White Tower is no longer a prison, and we can only imagine what the place must have been in the days when men and women were taken there, never to see freedom again!

In the vaults beneath this building poor Anne Askew was racked before being taken to the stake at Smithfield.

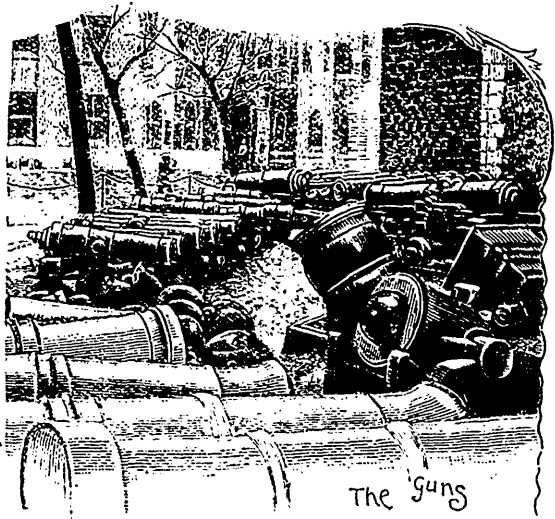
On leaving the White Tower, with all its gloomy associations, we come down on to the parade in front of the Waterloo Barracks. These are always occupied by one of the regiments of the Guards.

(To be continued.)

shown into the Royal Chapel of St. John. This church is one of the finest examples of Norman work in England. When the Church of St. Peter is closed for repairs, the services are held in this chapel.

On leaving the chapel the next thing to see is the armoury. Some time should be spent in looking at these remarkable uniforms of the "good old days." Here we can see how men prepared themselves to encounter their enemies before the days of the rifle bullet.

As relics of the same days it is interesting to note the instruments of torture, and the block with the headsman's axe and mask!



The guns

"Forb'd Them Not!"

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Words by the REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.
(Vicar of the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.)
Cheerfully.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

1. To the Lord, who lov'd us well, We our love will gladly tell, And will praise Him,

CHORUS.

for we know Je-sus loves to have it so! Sing, then, children, and rejoice; Sing a-loud with

heart and voice, Praise, O praise His ho-ly Name, He is ev-er-more the same! A-men.

2. Babes, who scarce had drawn a breath,
Glorified Him by their death;
Little children in the ways
Sang hosannas to His praise!
Sing, then, &c.

3. Mothers in Jerusalem
Saw Him lay His hands on them;
We, too, have received the sign
Of His love and grace divine!
Sing, then, &c.

4. For the lowly and the poor
He has opened wide the door;
To and fro His angels come,
Helping us to journey home.
Sing, then, &c.

5. As we go upon our way,
We will praise Him day by day;
Perfect praise to learn at length,
When He gives us perfect strength.
Sing, then, &c. Amen.



THE HARVEST OF THE HIVES, AND WHAT WE CAN DO WITH IT.

BY THE REV. GERARD W. BANCKS, M.A., *Author of "A World
beneath the Waters," etc.*

III.



IN my last article* I referred to the medicinal qualities of honey. The celebrated physician Paracelsus went so far as to assert that a little honey judiciously administered would avail to revive a dying person; while another

ancient authority says that the use of it with bread to old folks makes them live long, preserving all the senses sound and entire.

While I do not venture to guarantee the literal truth of these and other equally astonishing assertions, and maintain that honey is the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, I do claim for it a high nutritive and medicinal value, and would be the last to deny a substratum of truth in the—shall we say somewhat exaggerated?—opinions respecting these good qualities held by the ancients.

I have already alluded to the chemical constitution of honey, and shown how we can account, not only for its wholesomeness as a food, but also for some of its virtues as a medicine. Indeed, as a remedy for affections of the throat and chest it is a household word, and many people who hardly touch it in any other way throughout the year, regularly store a jar for winter use in anticipation of bronchial ailments. For coughs or sore throats I would recommend honey mixed with vinegar

or lemon-juice; it will be found a most excellent remedy, and one which children at any rate will greatly appreciate. A very good cough-mixture may also be made as follows: honey, sweet oil, lemon-juice, and sweet spirits of nitre in equal parts; the dose being half a teaspoonful several times a day.

Our forefathers apparently had great faith in honey as an outward application, numerous recipes being given in old books, especially in reference to the hair and the complexion. But here again I am inclined to think that some imagination will be found to be mingled with facts, for note the following: "For the complexion mix honey with yolks of eggs and apply before going to bed. In the morning the face will be so clear and beautiful that all will wonder, and desire to kiss it."

I am not prepared to vouch for the infallibility of this prescription. There are, however, several ways in which honey has undoubtedly been found useful externally. In the manufacture of toilet soap it has been extensively employed, and found to be both useful and agreeable. As a salve also, let any one try one ounce, made into a paste with the yolk of an egg, and they will be convinced of its healing virtues. It is, by the way, one of the best of remedies, if applied at once, for the stings of bees or other insects.

But among the most useful ways in which honey might be employed in this country there are two which it seems to me are especially important. I mean in the manufacture of a really wholesome and palatable beverage, and of honey vinegar.

As regards the former there is no doubt that in honey we have a material admirably adapted to the purpose. I have not in my mind the coarse, heavy liquor produced in this country by our forefathers from the refuse combs of

* THE CHURCH MONTHLY, JUNE 1897.

the old fashioned skeps, with the addition of numerous herbs and spices. I call in question both the wholesomeness and the palatableness of this concoction, which went by the name of mead. Surely this was not the much-vaunted nectar of the ancients? I prefer to suppose that in recent years, and since the introduction of malt and other liquors, mead-making became a lost art. Certainly the beverage brewed by our grandmothers was something very different from that in vogue in ancient times, or its praises would not have been so warmly sung. As a matter of fact, if made from pure honey, properly fermented and ripened, and free from all foreign ingredients, it is a beverage which, for wholesomeness and agreeableness, it would be hard to surpass.

And here let me explain that it is by no means necessary to produce a highly alcoholic wine. A light and most agreeable drink, suitable for immediate use, can be made, containing very little alcohol, or, if desired, by using a larger proportion of honey, one comparing most favourably with any of the light foreign wines imported into this country.

For the benefit of those who wish to try their hands at mead-making I offer the following plain directions. For every gallon of water take two pounds, or from that to four pounds, of run honey, according to the strength of wine desired, and the rinds of two lemons. Boil for half an hour, and then pour into a perfectly clean cask. When lukewarm add a little brewer's yeast or other suitable ferment. Tack a piece of muslin over the bung-hole, and let it stand till fermentation ceases, filling up from time to time with liquor reserved for the purpose. If three pounds or more honey has been used, let it remain for at least six months, and then bottle.

As run or extracted honey is usually lacking in suitable nutrient material for the ferment germ, if thorough fermentation is desired these must be supplied. Add, therefore, to a nine-gallon cask, two ounces each of phosphate of ammonia and cream of tartar.

The best time of the year for mead-

making is from May to July, the most suitable temperature being from 58° to 65° Fahr.

Besides mead there is another article of consumption, in the manufacture of which, it seems to me, a large field is open for the employment of British honey, and that is vinegar. It is a fact that many millions of gallons of vinegar are annually consumed in this country. It is therefore an important article of consumption, and any possible improvement, either in respect of the material employed in its production, or in the process of manufacture, deserves to receive the most careful attention.

The ordinary commercial vinegars, prepared from malt, sour wine, etc., if properly purified, and free from injurious adulterants, such as sulphuric or nitric acids, are doubtless, for many purposes, all that is required; but for table use, where delicacy of flavour is a desideratum, and for medicinal purposes, where wholesomeness and purity are especially desirable, I have no hesitation in affirming that no vinegar can be compared to that produced from honey.

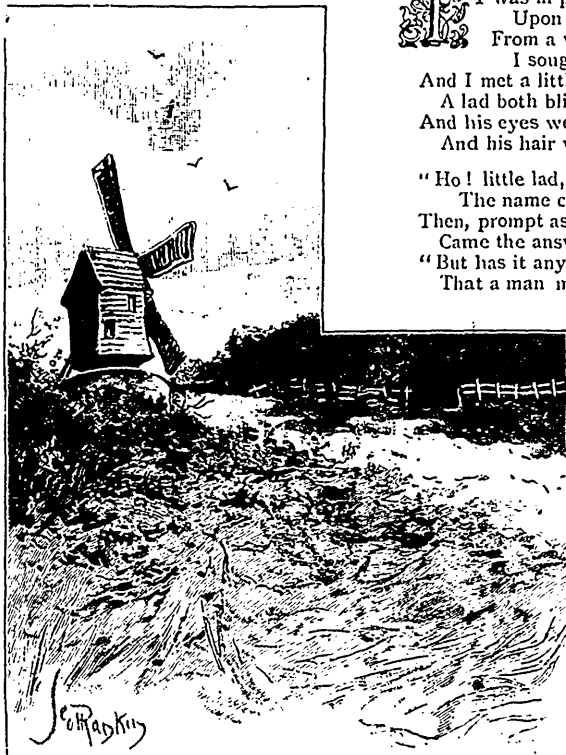
Honey, in a greater degree than any other saccharine substance, contains the essentials for the formation of a delightful flavour and aroma; and that it forms indeed an ideal material for the production of a fragrant and delicious vinegar would, I venture to think, be readily admitted by any one who gave it a trial.

We thus see how manifold are the ways in which honey may be profitably and advantageously employed. It is not too much to say that it is in the present day a neglected product. Its virtues and its usefulness are not fully appreciated.

The annual harvest of our hives falls very far short of what it might and ought to be; but as the many useful and important ways in which honey may be used are more fully understood, there is little doubt that it will become more generally valued and appreciated, and that the bee-keeping industry in this country will rise to that position which it should certainly hold.

"TAP O' TH' HILL." *

BY THE LATE REV. T. E. BROWN., M.A.,

Author of "Fôc's's'le Yarns," "Betsy Lee," "The Doctor," etc.

IT was in pleasant Derbyshire,
 Upon a bright spring day,
 From a valley to a valley
 I sought to find a way :
 And I met a little lad,
 A lad both blithe and bold ;
 And his eyes were of the blue,
 And his hair was of the gold.

"Ho! little lad, of yonder point
 The name come quickly tell!"
 Then, prompt as any echo,
 Came the answer: "Tap o' th' hill."
 "But has it any other name
 That a man may say—as thus—

*Kinderscout, or Fair-
 brook Naze?"*

Then said the child,
 with constant gaze,
 "'Tap o' th' hill' it
 gets with us."

"Yes, yes!" I said,
 "but has it not
 Some other name as
 well?"

It's own, you know?"
 "Aye, aye!" he
 said,

"'Tap o' th' hill!'
 'Tap o' th' hill!'"

"But your father now,
 how calls it he?"


Then clear as is a bell
 Rang out the merry
 laugh: "'Ofcourse,
 He calls it 'Tap o'
 th' hill!'"

So I saw it was no use ;
 But I said within myself,—
 "He has a wholesome doctrine,
 This cheerful little elf."

And oh the weary knowledge!
 And oh the hearts that swell!
 And oh the blessed limit—
 "Tap o' th' hill! Tap o' th' hill!"

* This characteristic poem was specially written for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by its gifted author, and reached our hands a few days prior to Mr. Brown's sudden and lamented death.—EDITOR.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—"Who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are all alike to her; however unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother never ceases to love her every child. Often, when alone, as we gaze up to the starry Heaven, can we in imagination catch a glimpse of the angels around the great white throne, and among the brightest and fairest of them all is our sweet mother, ever beckoning us onward and upward to her celestial home."—R. SMITH.

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AT

LEMONT'S.

members of the family have all prospered. Truly God is the protector of the widow and fatherless, and "doeth all things well."

A united service was held in the Cathedral on Sunday, April 23rd, of the children of the Sunday schools. In spite of bad weather, a large number of children attended, including many from the Mills. Canon Roberts read prayers, Easter carols were sung, and the address was given by the Dean.

The bell which has been purchased chiefly by the Easter offerings of the children and people at the Mills, has been placed in position on St. Margaret's Chapel. A neat cross adorns the east end, and marks the building as the house of God. The designs for the turret and cross were most kindly drawn by Major Beckwith, who superintended their erection. The best thanks of all concerned are hereby tendered to him for his unvarying readiness to assist in the good cause. The services here are well attended and the interest is constantly increasing.

An entertainment was given on May 2nd by the children of St. Margaret's S. School. It was conducted entirely by themselves, the Rev. the Sub-Dean presiding. Great praise is due to the staff of teachers for their perseverance and energy in the preparation of the young people.

The Easter offerings at the Mills amounted to more than twenty dollars, including \$5 from the mothers' meeting. For this unmistakable sign of interest in the work we are deeply thankful.

As we are going to press, we have the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Charles Medley. She had been brought to the Victoria Hospital for treatment, but in spite of all that medical skill and tender care could do, she gradually sank, and on May 1st her pure spirit returned to God who gave it. A good woman, a faithful and devoted wife, a most efficient helpmeet to her husband during his many years of incessant labour, she has passed away in humble faith and love, relying on the merits of her Redeemer. Many who remember the beautiful lives of Canon Medley and his wife, and who enjoyed the gracious hospitality of their home in Sussex, will sincerely mourn her death, though they will be glad to know that she has been mercifully spared from long months of acute suffering.

Born of the Water and of the Spirit.

April 23rd.—Doris Alice, daughter of George and Alice Clark.

Laid to Rest.

April 1st.—Edwin S. Waycott, aged 44.

April 8th.—Frances Bates Symonds, aged