May, 1890.

S. Bartholomew's,

QUORNDON,

AND

S. Mary-in-the-Elms, Woodhouse.

THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough

Kalendar for May.

1	TH	**S.S. Philip and James.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
4	S	**Fourth Sunday after Easter.** Holy Communion at Mid-day.
11	S	**Rogation Sunday.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
15	TH	**Ascension Day.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
18	S	**Sunday after Ascension.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
25	S	**Whitsun Day.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
26	M	**Whitsun Monday.** Baptisms at 5 p.m.
27	T	**Whitsun Tuesday.** Baptisms at 5 p.m.
28	W	**Ember Days.**
30	F	
31	S	

Hymns for May.

	MATINS.	EVENSONG.
4th	428	432
	230	236
	319	22
11th	143	142
	266	240
	242	22
18th	147	202
	193	300
	304	30
25th	157	207
	210	Anthem
		30

Baptisms.

March 20.—Bertha Highton (privately).
21.—John Martin ,,
April 6.—George Harry Gartshore
Frank Matthew Waterfield
George Henry Gartshore
7.—Alec Rimmington
8.—John Charles Fewkes
Harry Lawrence Thompson
9.—Gertrude Nelly Mee

Burials.

March 23.—Ann Hutchinson, aged 76 years
25.—John Martin, aged 16 years.
April 21.—Harriet Humber, aged 33 years

Balance Sheet of Tea (January 3rd) and Theatricals.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
1890.			
Jan. 3.—95 Tickets at 6d.	2	7	6
Sale of Surplus Cake, etc.	0	10	6
Jan. 28.—By Theatricals	12	17	3
Balance in hand from 1889	6	6	8
	£22	1	11

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Tea expenses, Jan. 3 ...	2	13	7
Theatrical expenses, Jan. 28 (including Printing, License, Hire of Hall, etc.) ...	7	0	6
Sanders, for Cupboard ...	3	8	6
Six dozen Crockery, etc. ...	5	1	4
Six dozen Spoons and engraving...	2	18	6
Tea Cloths } Table Cloths }	0	19	6
	£22	1	11

We have to thank Mrs. Hole for defraying all expenses in connection with the Scenery, etc., on January 28th.

On January 29th, the actors kindly consented to give a second performance, with the proceeds of which a small iron bedstead has been purchased for the use of the Sick in the Parish.

WORKING PARTY.—The Working Party Meetings which have been held in the Village Hall on Wednesdays during Lent, came to a close on April 16th. Our readers will like to know that £6 18s. was collected in the Village for the materials and other expenses, and that 103 garments are the result of busy fingers during the six weeks. The bulk of the clothing has been sent to the Sisters of Kilburn for distribution amongst the destitute poor in London; the remainder is kept for urgent cases in our own Village.

S. Bartholomew's Church, Quorn.

Receipts and Expenditure of the Churchwardens' for the Year ending Easter, 1890.

1889.	OFFERTORIES.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
May 5	Church Expenses	2	14	4			
11	,, ...	5	16	8			
16	,, ...	4	10	7			
July 7	,, ...	3	3	5			
21	,, ...	1	3	6			
Aug. 4	,, ...	4	13	8½			
18	,, ...	3	13	7½			
Sept. 1	,, ...	3	13	6½			
Nov. 3	,, ...	2	9	5½			
1890. Feb. 23	,, ...	3	16	8			
March 2	,, ...	2	6	10½			
					38	2	4
1889.							
Sept. 15.	Sick and Poor	3	15	11			
27	,, ...	0	14	9			
Dec. 25	,, ...	5	2	4			
29	,, ...	1	9	8½			
1890. Jan. 5	,, ...	1	14	5			
					12	17	1½
Early Celebrations					7	6	9
Private Celebrations					1	5	0
1889. Dec. 1.	Quorn Nursing Fund... ...				4	17	9
May 19.	Diocesan Societies ...	6	0	8			
Sept. 22.	Waifs and Strays	7	0	0			
27.	Leicester Infirmary and Loughborough Dispensary	20	0	0			
Oct. 6.	Church Missionary Society ...	4	16	0			
Nov. 10.	National Society	1	9	10			
Dec. 15.	Society Propagating Gospel ...	3	11	8			
Feb. 23.	Church of England Temperance Society	2	19	8			
					45	17	7
At Children's Services.							
Waifs and Strays		0	5	0			
Picture		3	19	8½			
					4	4	8½
Rent of Seats		36	11	8			
W. E. B. Farnham, Esq., for the Lighting and Heating of his private Chantry ...		3	0	0			
					39	11	8
Balance due to Tradesmen					5	17	2½
					£160	0	1½

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance due to Tradesmen, Easter 1889 ...				22	16	4½
Quorn Nursing Fund				4	17	9
Boots and Blankets				2	1	6
Outside Societies				46	2	7
Sunday School				3	10	0
Sick and Poor				15	0	10½
To the Vicar for Picture...				3	19	8½
SERVICES.						
Visitation Fees and Expenses ...	1	2	1			
Communion Wine	0	16	6			
				1	18	7
HEATING AND LIGHTING.						
Coal Account	6	18	0			
Gas Account	12	15	7			
The Stoker, 28 weeks, at 2/6 per week ...	3	10	0			
				23	3	7
SALARIES.						
The Clerk	6	0	0			
The Ringers	5	0	0			
Attending the Clock...	1	0	0			
				12	0	0
SUNDRIES.						
Cleaning the Church	6	3	0			
Washing Surplices	0	17	0			
Collecting Seat Rents	1	0	0			
Fire Insurance	1	14	0			
Ironmongers' Account	0	10	9			
Stationery	2	19	6			
Work in Churchyard	2	5	0			
Work in the Church	0	15	6			
Cleaning Materials	0	6	5			
Mr. Sanders	5	1	9			
Mr. Turlington	2	19	3			
				24	9	2
				£160	0	1½

W. E. B. FARNHAM, } Churchwardens.
S. WOOLERTON, }

"GOOD BYE!"

Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.] [*Engraved by* RICHARD TAYLOR.

SHALL I EMIGRATE?

BY THE REV. J. WAGSTAFF, B D.,

Vicar of Christ Church, Macclesfield.

THIS is a question which many are asking in this overcrowded country of ours. It is no part of my purpose to answer it. So much depends upon individual circumstances that what would be the height of wisdom in one case, would be the extreme of folly in another. To any one thinking over the question I would suggest a careful, and not too hasty consideration of the facts all round. If you are doing fairly well at home, remember the saying about letting well alone. Do not imagine that life in any country can be without its drawbacks. Higher wages do not always imply increased resources. A man's age, his powers of adapting himself to a new life, the circumstances of his family, have all to be weighed; and all is not gold that glitters. At the same time there is no doubt that when labour is scarce, and wages are very low, and the avenues to advancement are choked up, a vigorous and capable man may not unwisely turn his thoughts to a new country, where the scope for his energies is greater, and competition is less keen. Many men have done so, and have emigrated, who have made a living, and often a fortune for themselves, which they could never have gained at home.

If, however, you have decided the question in your own mind, and are resolved to emigrate, then I may fitly say a few words to you about one country to which many are directing their thoughts. I mean Canada. I have just returned from a visit to that country, after crossing it twice from ocean to ocean. It is too vast for me to describe it here, but I may say that few countries have the advantages to offer to an emigrant which Canada possesses. Its climate is such as is suited to the English race. Generally it is hotter in summer and much colder in winter than in England. But the heat is not oppressive even when it is greatest, and the cold is dry and bearable. It is a country with every kind of natural wealth. Rich mines have been discovered, and many more lie concealed, which further development of the land will open up. All kinds of labour are found, from salmon-canning on the Pacific Coast, to factories for the manufacture of all kinds of articles in the large cities of the East. There seems to be no lack of labour for willing hands to do. But most people think of Canada as a farming country. In this it has no equal, and its wide unoccupied acres of rich land offer advantages of a kind it is difficult to describe without seeming to exaggerate. The rich black loam of Manitoba, is a mine of gold to those who are content to trust to patience and industry, rather than to so-called "good luck," for their success. It seems impossible to exhaust the fertility of this soil. I saw good crops of wheat growing on land where it had been raised for thirty years in succession without any manure or dressing of any kind being applied to it. To all appearance another thirty years would not exhaust its wheat-growing powers. And there are yet thousands of square miles of virgin soil. This land requires no clearing or drainage. All that a man has to do, who goes on a plot of land, is to erect a wooden house, provide himself with implements and a few head of cattle, and proceed straightway to plough in the autumn the area he means to sow in the spring. When April arrives, and the ground, frozen four feet deep, is thawed a few inches on the surface, he drills in his wheat and waits till harvest. Meanwhile his cattle will increase without cost and almost without care to him. They will feed for nine months in the year on the broad prairie, and for their winter fodder he will, in the summer, cut and make into hay as much of the prairie grass as he will need. If he has not the means to enter on a farm at once, he will work for some one else, and save in a year or two as much as will enable him to start in a little way, perhaps borrowing from one of the many agencies at hand some little capital to start with. I have met many people who have begun in this way, and are doing well. I met with one who went into the country five years ago with no capital, and no knowledge of farming. He is now, in spite of several adverse seasons, the owner of his own farm of three hundred and twenty acres, has a large herd of cattle and horses, and is a substantial and prosperous man. He told me there had been no "luck" in his case, but simply patient labour. An emigrant must of course expect drawbacks. Life on a prairie farm is at first rough and very lonely. The winter is long and severe. Until the farm becomes stocked, and brings its regular winter work, these long cold days will be tedious. But to him who can patiently wait, there is, I repeat, in this rich, black loam, extending, flat as a cricket-field, as far as the eye can reach, and in which it is difficult to find a stone, a mine of gold richer and much more certain in its yield than those to which men rush when the gold fever is on them.

A LESSON FOR LIFE.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,
Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "From the Same Nest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING AT RUGBY.

AN April day, half tear, half smile. A country road in green and fruitful Warwickshire, and walking steadily along with firm and self-reliant tread our friend Robert Wallis, more than a year older and taller than when he invested in a Road-book, and contemplated this very journey to look up an old friend. Five years had elapsed since he last saw Walter Abbot; three-and-a-half since he fled from Wiretown to face the world, and never had his wandering feet strayed thither yet. Thomas Field and his growing son had walked over to Broomwood in the winter months to see him, and letters passed occasionally, giving him the Wiretown news; but something—whether false shame, or obstinacy, or pride—had set up a barrier against return, though his thoughts went back with oft-recurring memories, and Thomas Field urged him to "let bygones be bygones." His father's kind instruction of Tom Field moved him greatly; then he heard that Mr. Wallis had sent Field "a thing he called a magnet," to place in the folded handkerchief the pointer wore over his mouth, so as to arrest the hot particles of steel on their way to the lungs. He had long known that after the church was finished the schoolmaster and his wife had joined the congregation, and that the clergyman was a frequent visitor at the school-house. But though these changes stirred him to the depths, and he longed at times to forgive and be forgiven, there was always some deferring until he should be "more a man, and doing better in the world."

It was not his father he was seeking that April afternoon, but the friend who had come to the rescue from that father's wrath; and as Rugby stood before him a mile away, on the steep where once a castle stood, he discarded all the stories he had heard of Walter Abbot's wild ways, and smiled at the surprise in store for him on meeting. Suddenly the smile died out—he paused in his walk, then went forward at a run.

He had heard a distant buzz of voices, mingled with laughter, to which he had paid no heed. Now the buzz had become a tumult, above which rose piteous shrieks and cries for mercy in the thin, shrill voice of a child.

His heart sank and stood still in that momentary pause. Well he knew what those shrieks proclaimed! How often had such cries been wrung by cruel torture from his own young lips in the days he had flung behind him.

Tall though he was, the high-banked hedge o'ertopped his hat, he could not see above it, but he ran until he reached a gate, and there, across a meadow sloping down to a stream fringed with osiers and sallows, he beheld what sent his indignant blood up to boiling point.

A slight boy, not more than eleven years of age, half-stripped, and drenched with water, was struggling with a crowd of bigger boys wearing tall beaver hats, who pulled, and hauled, and lashed his bare limbs with nettles and lithe twigs torn from the green sallows, to force him back into the cold water from which he must just have escaped, they all the while taunting him with cowardice in language shocking to hear.

"You brutes!" cried out Bob vehemently. "Do you mean to kill the lad? Let him go! Whatever he has done don't torture him to death."

At the shout all eyes were turned his way. In the momentary lull the miserable victim wrested himself free, and made a dart towards the friendly figure, only to be recaptured and kicked until he writhed and shrieked in agony; the while a volley of abuse was hurled at the stranger for interfering with their "sport."

"Mind your own business, Greycoat!" came back from one, along with a forcible expletive.

"A fellow can do what he likes with his own fag!" from another, quite as politely.

"Fags must be taught obedience," from a third, mingled with shouts of derision as exasperated Bob fumbled in vain with the secure fastenings of the high-barred gate. They saw he was cumbered with a heavy bag, and bade him "take a flying leap;" but no sooner did he drop his bag and set his foot on a bar—pain for the poor lad overcoming prudential care for his property—than a shower of sods and pebbles from the brook saluted him.

Ducking his head to avoid a missile, he noticed three dashing young men, also in tall beavers, sauntering up the road arm-in-arm, each carrying a jaunty cane.

In a moment he was racing towards them fast as his weighty burden would permit, his coat skirts flying wide as he ran.

Laughter followed him from the crew in the meadow, who fancied they had driven him off, and laughter greeted him from the advancing trio, who amused themselves with comparing him to Dominie Sampson or Peter Wilkins' Flying Indians, but did not hasten a step in response to his beckoning arms or cries for "Help!"

No doubt he did look queer to them. The well-worn grey top-coat, once so much too large, refused to meet across his expanding chest, and the unbuttoned skirts flew wide.

Neither did they hurry when he besought their assistance to rescue a poor child from cruel usage that might be his death. Only one of them ceased laughing, and stared hard at the excited stranger.

"A fag did you say? Oh, no doubt the little beggar deserves all he gets," fell lightly from one, rounded with an oath such as was but too common at the period.

"But they may kill the poor little chap."

"No, they won't. We Rugby men have all to go through the same mill in our turns. A ducking won't hurt him."

Bob stood aghast at their indifference, if not at their speech.

"Hark'ee, my friend, don't you thrust in your oar when a baby bellows, or you'll get more kicks than ha'pence," advised the third, whose voice was more familiar than the golden curls the incipient whiskers mystified.

A great lump seemed to rise in Bob's throat. Was this the kind-hearted schoolfellow he had come to seek?

"Walter Abbot," said he, in a voice half-choked with contending emotions, "you would not have said that five years ago. You could pity a poor lad then."

"Why, Bob Wallis! Is that you? I heard you had gone off to sea to fight the French!" And out went Abbot's hand as if to clasp another that did not loosen bag or stick to meet it, so shocked was the runaway son with the change he was brought to realise.

"'LET HIM GO!' CRIED OUT BOB VEHEMENTLY."

Something of this struck Walter, stirring a sleeping conscience for the moment. At all events he passed by the slight, and said carelessly to his companions, as if to avert attention, "Come, let us humour him. *He* has a sympathy with sore bones. We can but see what's the row. Go ahead, Bob."

And as if falling in with a capital joke the three set off up hill at a quick, but not a steady, pace, swerving and jostling each other as they ran. They had apparently been taking something stronger than water. Bob was at the gate before them, though he had been on his feet all day, and carried a heavy bag.

Some one else had been beforehand. Attracted by the noise and Bob's loud "hallo," the sturdy owner of the land and his farm-servants, armed with sticks and pitchforks, had come down on the trespassing young brutes, who had taken to flight in all directions, with the men after them. The farmer himself had rescued the half-drowned fag from the water, and was helping the trembling and shivering boy on with his clothes.

"Hi, Farmer Kirby!" shouted, or half-hiccoughed Walter Abbot. "Hand that youngster over to us; we'll see him safe back to school."

"No, young sir," answered the farmer, sternly. "Neither to you, nor any such as you. He must be carried to the farm, and put to bed. I will myself hand him over to Dr. Wool when he is fit to walk. It is time such brutal sport was put a stop to."

Quite time, but Dr. Wool was powerless to reform abuses growing out of the system he had introduced with very different intentions. It remained for Dr. Arnold, a generation later, to substitute a chivalric sense of honour and gentleness for the brutality he found in Rugby School.

When Walter Abbot had been enrolled among the two hundred scholars over whom the newly-inducted Dr. Wool held sway, the school (founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Laurence Sheriff, a London grocer, as a *Free* Grammar School for the children of Rugby, and his native Brownsover *only*) was in a state of transition.

In 1807, when the Doctor became head-master, and brought with him the fagging system, designed for the mutual assistance and protection of the boys, the original building was small and fast falling to decay, whilst the annual revenue from property near the London Foundling Hospital was on the rapid increase. Whether the idea came from Dr. Wool or the trustees, one thing is certain, in 1808 there was inaugurated a pulling down and a building up that, after a lapse of seven years, resulted in the existing Rugby School, Tudor in design, noble in proportions, with ample accommodation for masters and pupils, by that time more than double in number, though, except for a few boys on the foundation, it had ceased to be a *Free* school.

During this transitional period, and for long afterwards, it became a necessity to board and lodge the boys with the assistant masters and others in the town; a system which naturally led to many abuses. Grouped together in one building, with the head master and his assistants close at hand to preserve order, some control over unruly boys might be maintained where the præpositors were vigilant.

But placed a few together under one roof, in isolated boarding-houses never designed for such purposes, and with windows that offered tempting opportunities

for egress and ingress, or for communication with outsiders, there can be little wonder that boys, supposed to be in bed or at study, were roaming at large, or drinking beer and playing cards in each other's rooms; whilst their ill-used fags waited upon the roysterers, or taxed their young brains in smoothing the way for the lessons of their slave-owners, preparing their own when or how they could. Kicked, cuffed, abused by their boy-masters, afraid to complain lest they should be denounced as "sneaks" and "cowards," and punished barbarously, they were birched by their real tutors for lessons unlearned, or breaches of discipline for which *they* were not to blame. And these boys, so trained, in turn became faggers, and helped to perpetuate the evil. A boy well supplied with money might purchase immunity for himself, but he was certain to become the prey of the mean, the extravagant, and the vicious. Then there was a secret credit system in the town, shops, outwardly respectable, where the boys might sit and feast, drink, and gamble and blaspheme, and have warning to clear out at the back when a master entered at the front to look up the absent or suspected.

In such a hotbed of fungi had Walter Abbot been vegetating for five years when encountered by the boy he had so generously assisted out of his difficulties in the earlier time.

Ever "a quick study," he had passed his examinations with so little trouble, and obtained his removes with such regularity, that both mother and uncle were proud of his success, and congratulated themselves on their tact in "removing him from low associates." And when in a year or two Mrs. Abbot had reason to look rueful over the bills and debts of her handsome and engaging son, the Uncle Abbot only said, "Pooh, pooh; don't curb the boy's spirit. Boys will be boys. I'll pay the debts; he must have a larger allowance." And later still, when the larger allowance did not suffice, and rumours of Walter's excesses reached them through various channels, he calmed the widowed mother's fears with the apology of the time, "Nonsense, the boy must sow his wild oats! As well now as later. You would not have him a milksop, would you?"

And so, unchecked, wild oats were sown to raise a fruitful crop in the aftertime. His associates, no longer low in station, were low in morality.

All England, nay all Europe, had been brutalized and demoralized by long-protracted war. It was impossible that our public schools should escape the contagion. There were bright and shining exemplars that all were not corrupted, but Walter Abbot was not among them. His generous nature and lavish allowance made him the prey of flatterers and timeservers. He got into a bad set, with low tastes; he could be "dared" to do that which his better nature and his conscience forbade, and descent was easier than uprising.

He was not quite a castaway when he met with his old schoolfellow. His best impulses were aroused. His heart warmed towards Robert Wallis, and he longed to learn from his younger lips the story of his wanderings and life since they parted at Abbeyford gate.

As they stood by that other gate he bade his jovial friends pursue their course, and taking his truer friend by the arm walked on with him towards Rugby, somewhat sobered by the late occurrence and the gravity of the Bob he used to patronise.

Bob told his story as they strode along, meeting groups of country people on foot or horseback coming from the Saturday market; and Walter applauded loudly his brave spirit in freeing himself from an intolerable yoke, but he laughed immoderately at the nickname "Blubbering Bob," excusing himself on the ground that "It was so true, you know."

"And so you have been working your way upwards ever since? You must have had a hard life of it, and stinted yourself of common necessaries if you have kept yourself and saved money to increase your stock out of a capital of two-and-tenpence halfpenny! I don't think I could have done it, Bob."

"Nor I, if Mrs. Field and her husband had not taught me where to look for support and assistance; and then when I met with that accident at Stony Gap, and was near losing heart and hope, a little girl named Monica Powick——"

"Monica what!" interrupted Walter. "My uncle is trustee to a child of that name. A little black-eyed maiden. She comes of a good family, and should have money. I saw her at my uncle's last Christmas. Well, what of Monica?"

"She read to me the wonderful story of a Christian Pilgrim, and I think she helped to restore my faith, and keep me straight. I shall never forget her kindness," or her, he might have added, for the child was often in his thoughts.

Walter whistled. "Oh, ah! Monica was given to pious literature. She and the Fields would have got on well together. I had to be civil to her, but—aw—she was a trifle too dreamy and sober for my taste. And she is such a mite. Why, she would be nearly twelve years old when you fell in with her at old Thornber's. And I hear she's taken to write *poetry!* Save the mark—*poetry!*"

The very idea seemed to tickle Walter's fancy; but Bob felt nettled at his flippant familiarity with the name and individuality he held in almost reverential esteem.

Resentful words were on his lips when Walter stopped short before a kind of coffee-shop or eating-house;—restaurants were in the far future. "Here we are," cried he, "I will stand sponsor for you;" and on his introduction to a be-ribboned damsel behind the counter, the traveller was shown to a snug bedroom, where he could wash and leave his bag in security. The air of comfort contented Bob, who was accustomed to rough quarters.

He was not so well satisfied when in lieu of the cup of coffee and the modest rasher he had bespoken, he found awaiting him, in a low-ceiled back room downstairs, a smoking dish of ham and eggs, flanked by a couple of tall glasses and a jug of foaming ale.

"As I am host on this occasion," began Walter, "I took the liberty to correct your order. What is the good of coffee to sustain a traveller? Sit down, Bob, and fall to. Here's health and success to you!" and filling one of the tallboys* to the brim, he tossed it off at a draught.

"I do not drink ale," said Bob, not too well pleased; "it would neither suit my constitution, my pocket, nor my business. Besides, I ordered coffee."

"Nonsense, man, you've no business on hand to-night or to-morrow. And you will have to drink my health."

"I will drink it with pleasure in the coffee I ordered. If that cannot be supplied I must seek other accommodation. Meaning no offence to you."

Bob's hand went to the thin bell-rope hanging over the long table, and Walter Abbot, discovering that his old *protége* had developed a will of his own, helped himself to ale, and left the "stupid trader" to his cup of coffee.

Meanwhile the ham and eggs went down with a relish, flavoured with a chat about old times and new; albeit there was an air of patronage in Walter's manner, and the ale disappeared faster than the contents of his plate. Indeed, before another hour had gone by our sober traveller wished he had found other quarters for himself.

For a couple of young men, seated at the window end of the long table, were playing backgammon, and taking draughts of ale or wine between the throws of the dice, and consequent shifting of black men or white from the points on the board. And more than once or twice Walter jumped from his seat to watch the game, and lay wagers on the result with the players and a party of new arrivals.

These last were furnished with packs of cards, and were importunate in the desire that our two friends should join in their game. Walter assented readily, regardless of Bob's reminder of a promise to show him the town; and it was not until the former had almost been cleared out of what he threw down as "filthy lucre," that his sad old schoolfellow succeeded in drawing him away from that nest of young gamblers, whose language and recklessness filled his serious soul with disgust.

CHAPTER X.

HOW MUCH IT MATTERED.

ROBERT WALLIS was by no means squeamish; travellers seldom are. He had encountered tramps of the lowest order, had witnessed drunken rows and brutal fights time after time, but he had not before come across a party of young men of good birth and education who spent their leisure in drinking, picking each other's pockets for amusement, and calling on the Holy Name of God to witness each unrighteous act.

He was annoyed to have been led blindfold into such a trap for the unwary. Yet it hurt him more to find his idealized friend one of the bad set.

It would have been a revelation to haughty Mrs. Abbot could she have witnessed Bob's efforts to drag her misguided son away, or, following the pair in their stroll through the nearly deserted market-place, have heard the despised son of the schoolmaster beseeching and imploring the limp aristocrat on his arm to abandon his evil associates, and forswear drink and gaming, lest they should bring ruin on himself and sorrow to her. And it would have seemed incredible had she been told that the humble dealer in needles was *ashamed* to be seen walking arm-in-arm with the unsteady heir of Abbeyford, of whom she and her brother-in-law were so blindly proud.

Yet glad enough was Walter that he had listened to the voice of conscience in its silent duet with steady Bob, and, after a sobering walk in the fresh air, had gone quietly home to his boarding-house instead of returning to the players.

For after they had quitted the queer coffee-house one of the Rev. masters had come swooping down upon the place with disconcerting swiftness, and the news of his own narrow escape from certain degradation or expulsion startled him into reflection.

Robert Wallis, after calling at the "Spread Eagle" for a small box of needles brought by coach or carrier, returned for the night, and found all quiet then. And having a clear conscience and weary limbs he slept soundly, in spite of his sorrow over his old patron.

Hours before the church bells rang out for morning service he had breakfasted, and was out taking a daylight survey of the town and the imposing gateway of the yet unfinished school. Then, having been strongly moved with pity for the little fellow so very cruelly abused by his schoolmates (of whose exploit he had heard a boastful account amongst the gamblers), he turned his steps towards Dunchurch, hoping to find Farmer Kirby, and ascertain how the boy was after his sharp flogging and immersion.

The farmer was easily found. He was in his clean shirt-sleeves, shaving himself by a small looking-glass suspended close to the lattice window of the house-place into which the inquiring stranger was ushered without ceremony.

"Ho!" exclaimed he, recognising Robert Wallis at a glance, "you'll be the chap them young villains called 'Greycoat.' I was up the road, and saw you rush to the gate. It was that and your shouting brought me and my men into the meadow just in the nick of time. Intrude? Not a bit of it. I'm glad to see a chap of your age with a spark of humanity in him. Them Rugby boys don't know how to spell the word. It's

* Tall ale-glasses tapering down to a stem.

a lesson they're not taught in the school or out of it." And regardless of the lather on his half-shaven face, he laid down his razor, and gave his visitor's hand a hearty grip, proceeding without pause to answer the inquiry made at the door. "How is he? Well, he is alive, no thanks to them young brutes, but he won't be out of bed this week, I've a notion. It's not the first time they've tried that game with the poor delicate lad, because he's got neither father nor mother to go home to. There's a fifth-form boy named Abbot expected to look after him; but, dear me! he's more likely to lead the little chap into wickedness than take care of him. However, he's safe so long as we can keep him here, and there'll be more sore bones than Powick's before I've done with the matter."

Bob had coloured at the reference to Walter as if the shame had been his own. At the name of "Powick" he started, and ejaculated in surprise, "Powick! Surely not one of the Worcestershire Powicks? I know, at least I have met with a—a—young lady of that name at Farmer Thornber's, near Malvern."

Farmer Kirby had resumed his shaving. A gash in his chin accompanied his amazed exclamation, "Why, that will be the sister Monica the poor little chap cries out for!"

"Yes, her name is Monica;" and before the words were well uttered the excitable farmer, holding a cloth to his bleeding chin, was across the floor, calling out at the foot of an enclosed staircase, "Wife, wife, come down; here's some one knows Powick's relations."

Down came Mrs. Kirby. Explanations followed. Robert Wallis was taken to the bedside of the ill-used boy, now tossing in the arms of fever; and when he left the farm he had promised that both Monica and the Thornbers should have a full account of young Powick's condition and its cause without delay.

He was too late for church when he got back to Rugby, and did not get speech with Walter Abbot until the afternoon; when he was in so penitent and contrite a mood, so open to his younger friend's entreaties and advice, so sorry for the condition of the boy Powick, and so resolute in his assurances that he would "turn over a new leaf," that when they parted it was with mutual satisfaction over the good effected by their brief intercourse.

It gave Robert more spirit to go about his business the next day; but he found that only one or two shopkeepers in the then small town were willing to deal with a young and new trader who did not give credit, so that before noon he was again on the march.

Whilst striving to effect sales his promise to Farmer Kirby was lost sight of. But he could not long forget the piteous cries of the boy under the lash of sallow-twigs and stinging-nettles, or his poor, fevered face, so like Monica's, as it tossed to and fro on the white pillow, and he wished the road to Leamington and Warwick had been less devious. He felt that the case did not admit of delay, yet was reluctant to hurry on and lose all chance of business by the way; but even whilst arguing the matter with himself he was plunging farther into the labyrinth of cross-roads, and when night set in he was mortified to find himself in a strange village six or eight miles from Warwick. To pursue an unknown road after dark was not safe either for life, limbs, or property.

So with all desire to push on he had to content himself with a supper of bread and cheese at the village public-house, where he could lodge at little cost.

He had a more comfortable bed than he anticipated; but, notwithstanding, he could not rest. He recalled the kindness of the Thornbers and Monica Powick to him, a poor and helpless stranger, and he debated within himself whether he was doing his duty in leaving them in ignorance of her brother's condition whilst he made stoppage after stoppage for business on the road, which would mean at least ten or twelve more days' delay.

Common sense prompted the natural suggestion that he might write a letter; but then a shamefaced sense of his own ignorant deficiencies came over him with overwhelming force. Never before had he felt so willing to excuse his father's resolve to thrash education into him. Writing was purely mechanical; he had done something towards improved penmanship, but words—ah! these were mysteries; he "could spell the same word half-a-dozen ways," as he said, but he could never be certain he had the right one. And to show his ignorance to Monica was not to be thought of.

He had done a pretty fair business in village shops that afternoon, and looked forward to greater success on the morrow by taking Leamington in his way.

But ere he slept his better nature had thrust merchandise aside, and he had resolved to push on to Warwick, and thence by coach or carrier to Worcester, and so on to Malvern.

To set his loss of trade, or the cost of riding, beside the debt of gratitude he owed the Thornbers and Monica would, he argued, not only be mean and base, but downright sin. There were things in the world worth more than money, and spontaneous kindness stood high on the list.

In carrying out his programme he found he had hours to spare in Warwick whilst waiting for a conveyance, and he made the most of them. He was so successful in that sleepy old town, that he felt quite uncomfortable over driving on through busier Worcester the next day, without calling on a single shopkeeper or glover to offer the sharp triangular needles used in the trade, with which he had come specially provided on Mr. Blunt's suggestion.

He had some inner promptings that if he left the coach he might walk the remaining five or six miles after he had "done the town," but after a brief struggle he conquered the impulse, and went on until he was set down at a narrow lane-end midway between Newland Green and Malvern.

In ten minutes he presented himself at the farm, to which it led, just as dinner was set upon the table. His reception was, as ever, hearty.

"Why, Wallis, what wind has blown you here so soon? Blunt said you would not get round here for a fortnight. But take off your top-coat and sit down. I daresay you can find an appetite for egg-and-bacon-pie," said the farmer hospitably. Bob had gone up in his esteem since he hoisted him out of Stony Gap.

"Thank you. I should not have been here yet awhile, only I have a message from Rugby, and came on direct from Warwick by coach."

At the word "Rugby" Mrs. Thornber looked across the table with nervous anxiety. "No bad news, I hope?" she put in.

"We-ll — not very good," Robert was saying, but the farmer drowned the last words with a hasty, "Pooh, pooh, news will keep. Hungry men don't like dinner cold." A glance impressed caution on Bob.

"We expect Monie here this afternoon for the Easter holidays," began Mrs. Thornber when dinner was partly over, and a huge potato-pie had almost disappeared among the farm-servants at the other end of the board.

"Then I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her," exclaimed Bob, his face brightening only to cloud again, remembering that his visit would bring no pleasure to her; and he shrank from giving pain.

"HE HARDLY KNEW WHAT HE SAID."

"We might have had her brother Jack here, too, if there had been a coach direct from Rugby," observed Mrs. Thornber.

"What should Wallis know of Monica's brother?" interrupted the farmer brusquely, helping Bob over what seemed to be dangerous ground. "But how are you getting on? You seem flourishing. Is trade brisk?" And with such questions the farmer kept conversation's plough in the furrow, until he had a chance of withdrawing Bob beyond earshot.

"Now, Wallis," said he then, "out with it. What's up? My wife has been having horrible dreams, and is full of alarm for Jack."

Bob told all he knew, without dragging in Walter Abbot's name.

It was a pitiful story; and the kind-hearted farmer paced his stack-yard to and fro in strong emotion, venting his feelings as best he could during the telling.

"Look you, Wallis," he said, "it was uncommonly good of you to come straight on with the news; but it will never do to tell either my wife or Monie the whole of the case. The boy is the apple of his sister's eye, and his aunt just makes an idol of him. They will pack me off to Rugby post-haste; and once there, I'll make it hot for somebody. Ah! here comes Monica across the home-field. Be cautious! I wonder if she will know you."

Three years and a half work wondrous changes in young people. Would he have recognised in the airy little lady, tripping so lightly over the grass in dainty slippers that matched the blue ribbons in her straw hat and the sash round her white cambric robe, the small pale child whose frock was black as her eyes and hair, and whose expression was too thoughtful for her years?

He had grown in bulk and stature, ay, and in self-respect and condition since then; but he saw that *she* had grown, in ways indefinable, from Monica into *Miss Powick*. A school-girl it might be, but one of a superior order, whose hand he might hardly aspire to touch, little bashful as he ordinarily was. The growth had evidently been in refining distance.

"Monie, here is Robert Wallis," called out her uncle as she opened the wide gate on her way to the house.

One moment's expansion of the large black eyes, a smile rippling over an expressive face, and a delicate small hand was laid in Bob's big brown palm, filling him with the strangest of strange sensations, as she said she "was glad to see him, and to know that he was doing well."

He hardly knew what he said by way of reply, for as he looked down on her smiling countenance he thought of her poor ill-used brother, and his tender heart ached for her. He felt he had come to fill those beaming eyes with tears of sorrow, and wished his errand had been anything but what it was. How she would hate the bearer of bad tidings!

Bad tidings indeed, though the worst was suppressed, for Mrs. Thornber fell back on her evil dreams, and magnified the "feverish cold" with vague forebodings; while Monica's eyes were brimming, and she shook with apprehensions of she knew not what.

Bob did his best to calm their fears. It was done clumsily, for his own were strong. But he never felt so abashed as when they thanked him again and again for his prompt kindness in bringing the news. *He* was conscious of his own hesitation and repudiated thanks, murmuring something of his deep debt of gratitude to them, never to be repaid.

As Mr. Thornber had predicted, neither wife nor niece would rest until he promised to go over to Rugby "to ease their minds about Jack;" Monica having proposed that they two should go if he would not. They were sure Jack was worse than Robert Wallis admitted.

After some diplomatic pooh-poohing the farmer consented. But it was then too late to catch the return stage from Malvern, so it was arranged that he should start after an early breakfast in the morning, driving the taxed-cart to Worcester in time to catch the Coventry coach.

"And if you can manage to get your Malvern business done this afternoon, so as to come back here, you can have a seat beside me," said the farmer to Bob; "you must have lost your chances in Worcester by coming here. Job can wait and drive you back if you like."

The offer was too good to be rejected.

Taking his cases from his bag Bob was off to call on old customers at Malvern. It was quite dusk when he started home for the farm, with fewer needles and more cash; and though he had not quite two miles to walk he seemed to feel the road uncommonly lonely. You see he was months short of eighteen, and the money secreted about him was becoming quite a care, to say nothing of his stock.

He gave a start, as well he might, when a footstep, previously unheard on the roadside grass, came up behind him, and a man's hand was laid on his shoulder.

"I thowt it wur you, Maaster Wallis, so I putn my best foot foremost, thinkin' you might be glad o' company, fur th' road's lonesome, an' theer's some queer folk aboutn."

The voice was reassuring, and so was his companionship. He was Tovey the farrier.

They were nearing the fork in the road, and sure enough in another minute they came up with a couple of tramps lurking under the shadow of a tree in the hedgerow, both armed with thick sticks, who made a threatening movement forward.

"Hold! Who's there?" cried Tovey, in his deep bass; and from some pocket came a small flat lantern he carried for the inspection of sick beasts, and its light shone full on the men, who slunk back with a whining, "Only two poor travellers without a penny for a night's lodging."

Without money or a lodging! The plea was irresistible.

"Here," said Bob, "is sixpence. See you get a lodging."

"Aye, see you dun," added Tovey, "or I may helpn you to a strong 'un. Be off!"

With whines that changed to curses the men obeyed.

"I fear those fellows meant mischief. I should have stood a poor chance without you," said Bob to his stalwart companion as they marched on.

"Yes," replied the other, "and if I wur yo, I'd none go aboutn lonesome roads wi' thatn heavy bag o' yourn, leastways at night. It's noan safe."

How unsafe it was, and how providential was the presence of the well-known farrier with his stout staff, Robert Wallis was soon to discover.

The next morning—Thursday—as the taxed-cart driven by Mr. Thornber, with Robert seated beside him, and Job at his ease behind, approached within three hundred yards of Newland Green, they were struck by the sight of an unusual crowd of men, women, and children in the roadway, with Tovey declaiming in their midst.

"I know it's them as done it," he was saying to a constable who was stooping down examining—yes!—a pool of blood, and bloody footprints that told of a deadly struggle.

"Oh, Maaster Wallis, theer's been murder done! A poor pedler as comes round regular hasn been killed an' robbed last night. Jennen's ploughman found him stone dead as he wur agoin to hisn work. It's them tramps as done it. An' oh, Maaster Wallis, it mightn ha' been yo!"

Bob's very heart seemed to stand still. Yes, but for Tovey's companionship it might have been himself. And but for his interference on behalf of an ill-used apprentice no Tovey would have hurried after him as a guard. All this flashed across his brain as he realised the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and thanked God devoutly for his preservation.

The ruffians had decamped with their booty, after turning their victim's pockets inside out; but they had been seen loitering near; pursuit was active, Tovey's description full; they carried crimson evidence about with them, and in three days Tovey did help them to a particularly strong lodging.

"Oh, Mr. Thornber," confessed Bob, when at length they drove on, "I was sorely tempted to stay in Worcester, and try what I could do there yesterday; thinking I could easily do the six-mile walk afterwards, and that a few hours would not matter for the delivery of Farmer Kirby's message. But I see it mattered everything to *me*. For *I* should have been upon this

road in the dark, with bag and money, and no Tovey at hand to save me. I shall know better than to palter with duty again."

"Do you carry all your money about with you?" asked the farmer after a pause.

"All I have made *this* present long journey. I have the notes in my waistband."

"Is that all your capital?"

"Oh no; I have a reserve in Broomwood. I am saving up, you know."

"Then take my advice, and lodge all you can spare now in the Worcester Old Bank. It will be safe there, and gathering interest."

"I can spare all but a few shillings."

"And I can spare time to introduce you before the coach goes, if we are sharp."

There was a stoppage at the "Old Bank." A goodly number of the bank's own notes went back over the counter; and when Job drove the young traveller back to the farm for the night he had not only secured fresh customers, but had a banking account with a notable bank.

At another time he might have been puffed up with his own importance. The terrible tragedy he had so narrowly escaped left no room for anything but humility and thankfulness.

(*To be continued.*)

GARDEN WORK FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.

Cabbages and cauliflowers should be planted out as they become large enough. Sow successions of lettuces, mustard and cress, and radishes. Early peas will require watering, especially if the weather is dry. Spinach, turnips, cucumbers, and marrows should be sown in the open ground for a late supply. Winter greens may be planted out as opportunities afford.

Flower Garden.

Calceolarias, geraniums, and stocks may be planted out, as all danger from frost is past; any cuttings of fuchsias inserted last month may now be potted. Rose bushes should be examined and the green fly destroyed. Dahlias should be protected until quite strong. Pansies may be sown again for the autumn. Pinks and carnations should be watered, and forget-me-nots may be sown. Wallflower seed may be thinly sown, the seedlings afterwards to be transplanted.

Our readers who require further practical information and hints on gardening work would do well to order *Amateur Gardening*, a weekly journal, price one penny, published by Messrs. W. H. & L. Collingridge & Co. It is well illustrated and can be recommended as thoroughly reliable.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

FOUNDED ON ISAIAH xi. 2, 3, AND GALATIANS v. 22, 23.

THE SEVENFOLD GIFTS AND NINE FRUITS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

"And I will raise up unto them a plantation for renown."—EZEK. xxxiv. 29 (R.V.).

FATHER, be Thy Name exalted,
For the sevenfold roots of grace,
Which Thou plantest in Thy children,
Ere they see Thee face to face.

Holy Ghost, these gifts are vouchers
Of Thy presence, love, and care;
Son of God, Thy life and virtue
Yield the fruit the faithful bear.

Wisdom's root, the Spirit planteth
To produce meek common sense:
Understanding breeds perception,
Grasping truth without offence.

None lack counsel who are gifted
With Christ's Spirit to advise:
Strength of will, the Spirit's motion,
Rectitude of choice supplies.

Knowledge thrives and grows by gathering
Stores of principle and fact,
Which true godliness makes use of,
Thence enriching thought and act.

Thus, O Lord, Thou hast designèd,
Thy plantation for renown;
With quick-scented thankful reverence
In our hearts Thy seven gifts crown.

From these sevenfold roots grace raiseth
Love, joy, peace, and self-control;
Faithfulness, long-suffering, kindness,
Goodness, meekness, fill the roll.

'Stablish Lord, Thy work within us,
Teach us how to use aright
Means of grace which Thou providest
For our growth in grace and light.—AMEN.

THOMAS W. PEILE.

THE RECTORY, BUCKHURST HILL.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

How the Money is Spent.

Out of *every sovereign* expended by the C.M. Society in three successive years, there was spent upon—

	Year ending Mch. 31, 1887.	Year ending Mch. 31, 1888.	Year ending Mch. 31, 1889.
Africa, West and East	2 11½	2 8	2 6½
Egypt	0 1	0 1	0 1
Palestine	0 11	0 10	0 11
Persia	0 2	0 2½	0 3
India	6 7	7 0	7 2
Ceylon	1 0	1 0½	0 9
Mauritius	0 2	0 2½	0 2
China	1 7	1 5	1 7
Japan	0 6	0 8	0 9
New Zealand	0 4	0 4	0 4
North-West America	1 2½	1 4	1 6
North Pacific	0 4½	0 5	0 5
Total in the direct service of the Missions	15 10½	16 2½	16 5½
Preparation of Missionaries	0 6	0 6	0 6
Retired Missionaries, Widows, etc.	0 11	0 10½	0 9
Total Mission Expenditure	17 3½	17 7	17 8½
Collection of Funds	1 7	1 6	1 5
Administration	1 1½	0 11	0 10½
	£1 0 0	£1 0 0	£1 0 0

BISHOP WILSON.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

ST. GERMAN'S CATHEDRAL.

SINCE the days of St. Brandon more than sixty Bishops in succession have occupied the see of the Isle of Man. Of that long list no name stands forth more prominently than that of Thomas Wilson. Keble, the author of the "Christian Year," in his "Life of Bishop Wilson," has affirmed that "if simplicity and pathetic earnestness and watchful sympathy with all men, tempered by an unfailing vein of practical common sense, do yet in any degree characterise the teaching and devotion—especially the household devotion—of our clergy and laity; if veneration for the universal Church and unreserved faith in the Bible do yet in any degree prevail in our popular theology,—to Bishop Wilson, more than to any single divine of later days, with the single exception of his great contemporary, Bishop Butler, are these good effects owing. What more of spiritual good" (he adds) "it may have pleased God by his instrumentality to bring to pass, for those of his own time, for us, and for our children,—this (if I may adopt a very sacred form of speech) we know not now, but if we be found worthy we shall know hereafter."

Thomas Wilson was born, in the year 1663, at Burton, near Neston, in the county of Chester. In his eighteenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, obtaining a scholarship in 1683. Originally intended for the profession of medicine, he was led by the influence of a friend, Michael Hewetson, to offer himself to the work of the ministry, and was, although not of canonical age, ordained a deacon in the cathedral of Kildare, on St. Peter's Day, 1686. Shortly afterwards he became curate to his uncle, Dr. Sherlock, the Rector of Winwick, in Lancashire, having charge of the chapelry of Newchurch, but residing with his uncle in the Rectory. As Dr. Sherlock never had fewer than three curates living with him, and was himself a man of primitive example, it can well be understood that the six years Thomas Wilson spent in this "school for young divines" would be greatly blessed to him. In 1693 he became domestic chaplain, at Knowsley, to William, the ninth Earl of Derby, and tutor to his only son, Lord Strange. In 1697 the Earl, as King of Man, offered him the Bishopric of the Isle of Man, which he modestly declined, "alleging that he was unequal to, as well as unworthy of, so great a charge." Ultimately his scruples were overcome, and, as he himself records in the "Sacra Privata," he was "forced to accept the Bishopric of Man, November 27th, 1697." He was consecrated at the Savoy Church, January 16th following, and, after two months' delay, set sail for his diocese, in which, for the long period of fifty-eight years, he was to make full proof of his ministry, dying at the age of ninety-three. He lies buried in the churchyard of Kirk-michael, distant rather more than a mile from Bishopscourt, and over his grave is a simple black marble monument, on which may still be read:—

"THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
BY HIS SON, THOMAS WILSON, D.D., A NATIVE OF THIS PARISH, WHO, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE EXPRESS COMMANDS OF HIS FATHER, DECLINES GIVING HIM THE CHARACTER HE SO JUSTLY DESERVED. LET THIS ISLAND SPEAK THE REST!"

And indeed it is not possible to estimate the change wrought in the island for the better during the long episcopate of Wilson. At his first entrance on the see, with only seventeen parishes, he had to deal with three cases of clerical delinquency—two of them vicars of parishes—for notorious immorality. Upon his death his successor, Bishop Hildesley, reports, in a memorial to the S. P. C. K. Society, "that he found the clergy a very sensible, regular, decent set of men, and the natives, to a man, of the Established Church; orderly, devout, and constant in their attendance on religious worship; there being no less," he says elsewhere, "than six hundred at the Communion in a country parish church at Easter."

One of the first duties which devolved upon our good Bishop at his entrance upon the see was to restore—indeed, all but rebuild—his residence. Six years had intervened between the death of Bishop Levintz, his immediate predecessor, and his own consecration, during which Bishopscourt had been uninhabited. For two years previous to his death Bishop Levintz, moreover, had not resided in the island, holding as he did a prebendary at Winchester, in which cathedral he lies buried. In his days the trees which now surround and beautify Bishopscourt did not exist, and in the storms of winter the house must have felt the fury of the winds which from time to time descend from the neighbouring hills. Very plaintive are the letters which Levintz writes to his patron, Archbishop Sancroft, and which he dates from his "Isle of Patmos," pleading for some English preferment which might enable him to winter in England, and thus avoid the "prodigious winds and inundations of rain we have had here for the last fortnight, which truly did your Grace see, your Grace would think I had a disconsolate residence indeed." "Not a twig" did Bishop Wilson find; but he straightway stocked the garden with fruit trees, and planted many thousand timber trees, turning the bare slopes in process of time into a richly-wooded glen. It was

from the wood of one of his favourite elms which he had planted that some years before his death he had the planks sawn which were kept in readiness for his coffin. It was beneath their shade that he loved to meditate, and it was whilst walking in the north avenue after evening prayers, on a damp day at the close of winter, that he caught the cold which was the immediate cause of his death. Some of these tall trees, with their thick and spreading branches, are visible from the old library in which Bishop Wilson was wont to sit. It was whilst sitting in this room, a few weeks before his death, listening to one of his students, a Mr. Corlett, reading aloud the Greek Testament, that the Bishop suddenly exclaimed, "Don't you see them? don't you see them?" "See what, my lord?" answered Mr. Corlett, with great surprise. "The angels," replied the Bishop, "ascending and descending among the branches of those trees." "All who are much conversant with death-beds" (is Keble's comment) "must have now and then witnessed something like what then occurred — a true sign from heaven. And at such times, what the dying Christian declared himself to see and hear, how could they possibly deny what might be real?"

ST. MATTHEW'S, DOUGLAS.

The early years of Bishop Wilson's episcopate were coincident with the years in which the magnificent Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London, was brought to completion. The contribution which the good Bishop gave to its erection symbolised in some ways the greater contribution which he rendered to the edification of the Christian Church. More than a mile from Castletown, at Poolvash, in the south of the island, is a quarry, "which yields tolerable good black marble, fit for tombstones and for flagging of churches, of which some quantities have of late been sent to London for those uses." Thus writes Bishop Wilson in his history of the Isle of Man, but he modestly omits to explain that some of the Poolvash marble sent to London was sent by himself to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and that the worshippers and visitors, as they mount the dark steps which lead to the two main doorways of that noble cathedral, make their entrance by means of his own thoughtful gift. Who can count the number of those who, in the use of our good Bishop's devotional publications, such as the "Short Morning and Evening Prayers for Families and for Particular Persons," the "Principles and Duties of Christianity," the "Short and Plain Instruction for the Better Understanding of the Lord's Supper, with the Necessary Preparation required," and above all, the "Sacra Privata," have found steps and spiritual degrees of ascent, by which they have entered into the true sanctuary and immediate presence of their Lord?

It is not often remembered that the Form for Consecration of Churches — although each Bishop can exercise his own discretion—now generally employed was compiled by Bishop Wilson. The old church of St. Matthew's still stands in the crowded market-place of Douglas, adjoining the busy quay, which Bishop Wilson consecrated September 21st, 1708, and for which apparently the form now substantially in general use was compiled. The accompanying engraving is interesting, as preserving for us the type of an old Manx church "chancel and nave without any architectural division and western campanile." Within, attached to the southern wall, there still remains the simple throne frequently occupied by the good Bishop; for the Bishop's son records that his father often preached in St. Matthew's Church. The church *still* stands, I say; for town improvements and the inadequacy of the church for the seating of the congregation

now worshipping within its walls have compelled the active vicar, the Rev. T. A. Taggart, and his fellow-workers to promote the building of a new St. Matthew's Church. In so poor a parish the work is almost too heavy; but the self-denying efforts of these worthy people, aided, it is hoped, by the contributions of outside friends, will render possible the carrying out of this necessary scheme. Ere long, then, the old church will have passed away; but not, it is to be hoped, the remembrance that for its use was first compiled the service since then associated with thousands of happy days in all parts of England, when simple village shrines and stately town churches have been set apart for the service of Almighty God.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LORD AND GIVER OF LIFE.

(A WHITSUNTIDE HYMN.)

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

Vicar of St Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.

BEFORE created life's
First pulses stirred;
Before obedient Light
God's fiat heard;
Spirit of Life, Thy Name
Lights up the Word.

Empty our earth was then,
A formless heap,
Where law seemed none, or else,
Seemed law asleep;
Until Thy "brooding" Might
Possessed the "deep."

Then came, in sequence due,
As cycles passed,
Light, air, land, growing grass;
Then, breathing fast,
Creatures that felt; and Man,
God's Image, last.

Fit figure of Thy work
Lost souls within,
Where direst discords roar
And raging sin;
Until Thy secret grace
Enter therein.

Then holy light, and peace
Like morning air,
Firm faith, and growing power
Speak order fair;
And Jesu's perfect mind
Reflected there.

Spirit of Life, so sway
This heart of mine;
Rule there till all its thoughts
Are right as Thine;
And all its words of Thee
And Jesus shine!

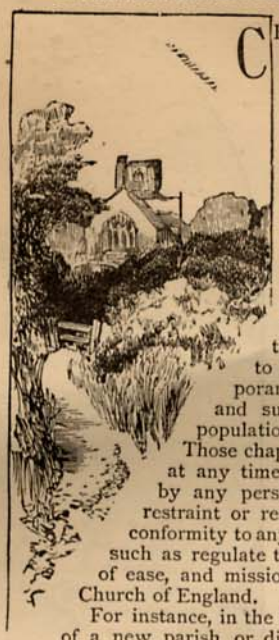
AMEN.

THE WELSHMAN'S BRIEF FOR AND AGAINST THE CHURCH IN WALES.

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

Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

V.—CHURCH AND CHAPEL BUILDING IN WALES, AND THEIR DIFFERENTIAL CHARACTERISTICS.



CHURCHMAN. In accordance with our promise we proceed to explain how—under the circumstances indicated in our last paper—dissenting chapels were built, and how services and other ministrations were provided for.

In the building of chapels to meet the wants of a mining and to a great extent a continually shifting population, certain things had to be taken into account. The buildings had to be numerous, and, in the first instance at least, had to be of an inexpensive and temporary character, within the means and suitable to the wants of such a population.

Those chapels might be built in any place, at any time, in any style, and of any size, by any persons, without any conditions of restraint or restriction whatever, and without conformity to any existing rules and requirements such as regulate the building of churches, chapels of ease, and mission chapels in connection with the Church of England.

For instance, in the Church of England the building of a new parish or district church must be preceded by a legal inquiry—which occupies a good deal of time—as to whether such a building is actually required by the wants of the population; and if so, even supposing the funds were forthcoming for its erection, in order to proceed with the undertaking the consents of all parties legally concerned—namely, of the incumbent, bishop, and patron—would have to be obtained.

Then, given that the way was clear so far, if the building were intended to be consecrated, the site would have to be freehold, of a suitable character, and free from debt; and the building itself, when erected, would have to be built in a substantial manner, and in accordance with certain standing architectural requirements. When finished, the building and site would have to be legally and absolutely conveyed to the ecclesiastical authorities free from debt and mortgage of any kind previous to its consecration.

But a dissenting place of worship might be built by any religious body, or by any person, whether the accommodation for worship provided by it was suitable or worthy of the name, or whether the building was required or not. The structure might be large or small, of wood or iron, mud or stone, or of any other material; or it might be a mere room in a cottage, a barn, a loft, a kind of shed on wheels, or a public hall or schoolroom, or any other building, or part of a building, hired for or accommodated to the purpose; or, if it were what is called a permanent chapel, of some structural and architectural pretensions, it might be built by any person or persons, or religious body, without any restriction or regard as to whether it was really wanted. The site might be mortgaged, and the permanent chapel built thereupon might be mortgaged, together or separately, even to the extent of two-thirds of their cost. So that the work of apparent chapel extension, under such circumstances, might be misleading as, indeed, too often is the case—both as to the necessity of the building, the liber-

ality of those who built it, and the progress and prosperity of the religious sect to which the building nominally belongs.

Then the services in the buildings described might be conducted by anybody, and in any way; and they might be of any kind, according to the wishes of those who built or provided them. Whereas, in a Church of England consecrated building, the ministrations within its walls could only be those prescribed or allowed by the Church, and could only be undertaken by an ordained clergyman.

It will thus at once be seen that the advantageous facilities for erecting or accommodating a building for public worship, and for providing ministrations therein, of a kind to meet the varying wants of a mixed and shifting population, such as we have already described, were to a far greater degree possessed by Dissent than by the Church, and this fact to a great extent accounts for the immense strides which were made by Dissent in providing places of public worship such as they were, and religous ministrations therein for the people, in default of the Church being able to do so.

NONCONFORMIST. But Dissenters having thus taken religious possession of the ground which, as you admit, the Church ought to have occupied, or was unable to occupy, surely you will admit that they have a right to maintain that ground undisturbed by the recent religious efforts of the Church to regain in the present to her fold the people that she failed to minister to in the past—or, at least, their descendants.

CHURCHMAN. Dissenters have a right to maintain the religious ground that they have taken possession of if they can. But if subsequently the Church in Wales has arisen to a sense of her responsibility to do her own work, and is able to do it, and is doing it, as she now is with such admitted success, we cannot see that promoters and builders, or ministers, or members of these chapels have any right to complain. They had no right to assume that, by their well-meant efforts, they were going permanently to supplant the Church.

NONCONFORMIST. But you do not sufficiently take into account that Dissenters have invested a very large amount of money in these chapels, and that Dissenting bodies and their ministers, as well as persons unattached to any particular denomination, have acquired official positions in connection with them which involve large monetary interests; and, indeed, that many persons have invested large sums in mortgages upon them simply as commercial investments, so that if the Church, now rather late in the day, regained her position amongst the people in Wales, these chapels, as is evident, would be comparatively useless, and the official positions and the monetary interests connected with them would be greatly depreciated in their value, if not totally destroyed.

CHURCHMAN. Oh yes, we do! and well know that this very consideration, taken into account by those concerned, is perhaps at this moment the very source whence originates their strongest opposition to the revived life and energy of the Church, and to her most successful attempts to regain lost ground and to undo in the present the deplorable results of the past—in her failure at the time to provide for the suddenly developed wants of a large population, which could not have been anticipated, and which for the time being it is admitted that she was totally unable to meet. The fact is, and political Dissenters know and realise it, that if they do not succeed in disestablishing and disendowing the Church, the Church will, by her great progress, to a great extent disestablish and disendow their chapels and ministers by winning back the people from them. According to the published returns of the Calvinistic Methodist body—the most important dissenting body in Wales—its applications for membership and its admissions to membership between the years 1875 and 1887 were by some forty per cent. fewer than in preceding years. Within the same period the attendances at the chapels decreased by 22,618. The debts upon the mortgaged chapels within the same period increased from £205,741 to £323,118—being an increase within that period of £117,337.

If these facts alone be not sufficient evidence of the decay of Dissent in Wales, I know not what facts could more strongly prove it, and it is stated that much the same kind of evidence proves the proportionate decline in Wales of all the other dissenting bodies. I take these facts from an article in the January number of the *Quarterly Review* of this year. Whatever may have been the commendable motives and objects of Dissent in Wales in its early efforts of chapel-building, for which we have given it full credit, there can be no doubt that in recent years chapel-building has, in numbers of cases, been very much a matter of sect-divisions, commercial enterprise, and money-investing. The facts are that building chapels or acquiring buildings to be accommodated to, and used as, places of worship whether they are wanted or not; and in these sectarian and individual enterprises borrowing large sums of money, the capital and interest of which in due time is expected to be paid, must ultimately involve all concerned in a general commercial catastrophe.

To sum up, then, the oft-quoted and vaunted fact of the great numbers of dissenting places of worship in Wales, compared with those that belong to the Church, is misleading.

Many of the buildings called chapels are merely rented rooms or houses accommodated to public worship, while hundreds of them in hamlets and villages, on hillsides and in valleys, could not have cost more than £150 or £200 each. Three-fourths of the chapels are without ministers, and attended by small congregations. They represent the divisions of Dissent, not its unity; its weakness, and not its strength; borrowed money mortgages and burdensome debt, capital and interest of which must be annually paid, rather than abounding liberality. Quite recently, it was stated in the *Guardian*, January 8th, two men, colliers, passed through the bankruptcy court, their insolvency being solely on account of chapel debts, for which they had made themselves responsible.

FEAST OF ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES, APOSTLES AND MARTYRS.

(MAY 1ST.)

TO read God's Holy Word,
And His blest Word obey;
This is the lesson which we learn
From Christ's dear Saints to-day.

St. Philip loved God's Law,
And searched the Prophets old;
Then in the lowly Jesus saw
The Christ whom they foretold.

Courteous, and pure, and true,
Rising from grace to grace,
He in the Son at length beheld
The Father's glorious Face.

Then for the truth he taught
Rejoiced to shed his blood;
Endured the scourge, and from the cross
Breathed out His soul to God.

"The brother of the Lord"
God's royal law made known,
That in good deeds—not empty words,—
A living faith is shown.

In fasting, alms, and prayer,
The Christian's race he ran,
Till e'en his enemies declared,
"James is a holy man."

Hurled from the temple roof,
Where he had Christ confessed,
He calmly for his murderers prayed,
Then slept on Jesu's breast.

Thus looking in God's law,
And "Blessèd in their deed,"
In life, in death, these Christ-like men
Proclaimed their royal creed.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III.—The Bishop of Durham.

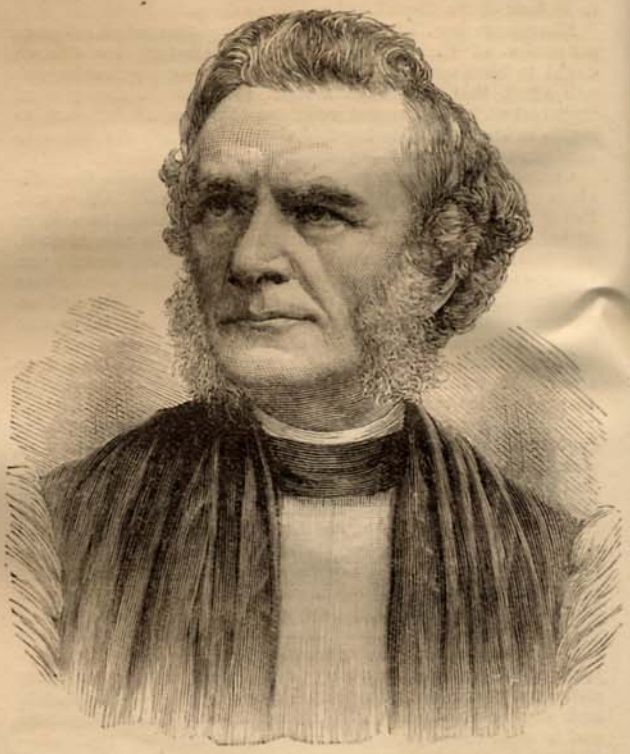
DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE appointment of the Rev. Canon Westcott to the Bishopric of Durham has been received with the greatest satisfaction by Churchmen at home and abroad. It is a remarkable fact, in connection with Dr. Westcott's nomination to the See left vacant by the death of Dr. Lightfoot, that the latter was induced to write and publish his celebrated reply to the author of "Supernatural Religion," because he found that in that work "a cruel and unjustifiable assault was made on a very dear friend, to whom I was attached by the most sacred personal and theological ties." That friend was Dr. Westcott, who, in Westminster Abbey on the Sunday after last Christmas, spoke "with the deepest sense of personal bereavement" of the termination upon earth of "a friendship of forty years." Lightfoot and Westcott were schoolfellows together, and it is touching that their names are now linked in the administration of the historic See of Durham.

The Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., was born at Birmingham in 1825. His early training was received at King Edward's School, from whence he passed to Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1848, at the age of twenty-three.

He was bracketed Senior Classic with Dr. Scott, late Head Master of Westminster School, was second Chancellor's medallist, and was 23rd Wrangler. He was not long afterwards elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, and, a little later, became an assistant master at Harrow, where he remained for more than sixteen years. He was appointed a Canon of Peterborough Cathedral in 1869, and in the following year accepted the Rectory of Somersham with Pedley and Colne, which he held for twelve years. In 1879 Dr. Westcott was appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and in 1882 he was elected a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. In 1883 he became Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a year later he was appointed to a Canonry at Westminster. Many of his Abbey sermons have been published and widely circulated. In 1870 he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and he was one of the members of the "New Testament Company" of the Revisers of the Authorised Version of the Bible. During all this time he was amassing his stores of Biblical knowledge, and published a large number of controversial and other works which are well known to the clergy and to ecclesiastical students. In conjunction with Dr. Hort he produced an edition of the Greek Testament, founded upon sound and impartial principles of criticism, which has a great reputation among scholars.

The See of Durham was once unique in its amalgamation of spiritual and temporal powers. The Bishop,



THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

however, no longer exercises the authority of a Prince Palatine, he is not girt with the sword which Richard Cœur de Lion bestowed with the dignity of Earl on Hugh Pudsey and his successors, the assizes are not opened by his writ.

The Bishop of Durham ranks, with the Bishops of London and Winchester, immediately after the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and takes, like them, his seat in the House of Lords at once without waiting for his turn, like the rest of his brethren, in the order of his appointment.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W., and has been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

V.—ALL SAINTS', MILE END NEW TOWN.

THE VICARAGE.

THE church of All Saints', Mile End New Town, cannot boast the antiquity of many of our parish churches. Mile End New Town is one of the three hamlets which go to make up the old parish of Stepney, and here, just fifty years since, was built the church of All Saints'. It is one of those which were erected under the auspices of Bishop Blomfield to meet the spiritual destitution of what even in those days was becoming the thickly populated East End, though the numbers of then were as nothing to the population to-day.

The architecture is Byzantine, and of its style it is believed to be one of the most perfect specimens in London. It stands on the site of an old workhouse, in what, until very recently, was known as Spicer Street (now called Buxton Street).

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL FONT.

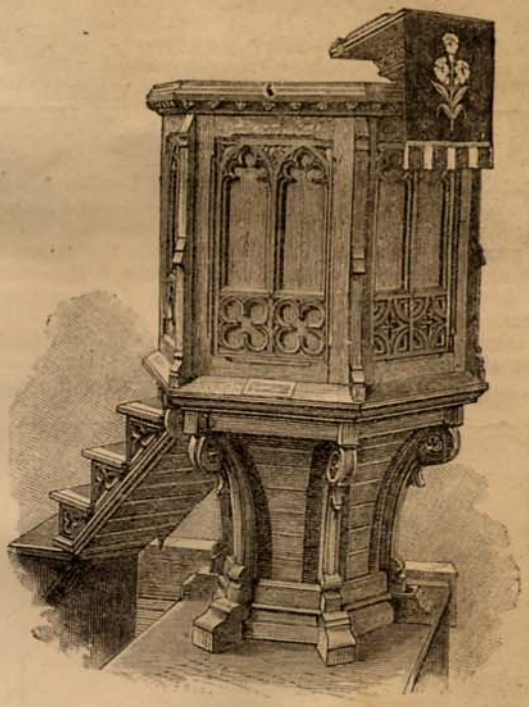
The church lies in the centre of where once was a thriving industry, and even now the windows of the houses on all sides point to the fact that they were the homes of the Spitalfields weavers.

Fifty years ago in this hamlet the silk weavers wove the Coronation dress and also the wedding dress of Queen Victoria, but now only here and there do we find the looms still going; and in the course of another decade probably there will not be one of them left.

Another industry which once was a thriving one in these parts is sugar-refining, which used to employ some eight hundred men; but this again has had to give way to the vicissitudes of trade, and the sugar bounty of France, Germany, and Austria has been the ruin of the English workman in this respect.

The principal industry at the present is that of the great brewing establishment of Hanbury, Buxton, & Co., which employs several hundred men, and it is very largely among the *employees* of this firm that the work of the clergy at All Saints' is directed Indeed, so intimately are the church and schools allied with the men and their families, that it is sometimes called the "Brewery church."

All round the church there is a little piece of ground which has been prettily laid out as a garden, while up the church walls creepers are trained almost to the top. This gives in the summer quite a rural appearance to the church, which is otherwise surrounded with bricks and mortar. The garden is open to parishioners all through the summer, and many a weary one of earth's toilers

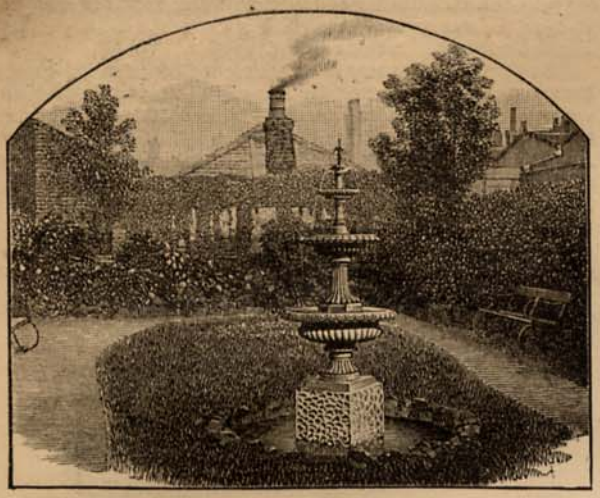


THE PULPIT.

has found here a rest and reminder of the days of long ago, when the trees grew on either side of the road, and bird-catchers used to lay nets for the redpoles, goldfinches, and linnets in the surrounding fields.

In the church there has recently been placed a new organ by Samuel, of Dalston, and a handsome oak pulpit, the gift of the parish churchwarden (himself a Nonconformist), as a token of his value and appreciation of the work the church is doing in the midst of one of the poorest of the poor parishes of East London; but perhaps the most interesting memorial in the church is the marble and Caen stone font, placed there to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee. This font and cover were the gift of the school children of the parish, who worked hard until all the money was secured to pay for it.

The font was supplied by Messrs. Wippell, of Exeter, and was dedicated and used for the first time by the Bishop of Wakefield, Dr. Walsham How, whose name is



THE GARDEN BEHIND THE CHURCH.

a household word in this as in every East London parish, where for nearly ten years he was the much-loved Bishop of Bedford.

It goes without saying that the church is the centre of much active Christian work, situated as it is in the centre of a dense population, composed entirely of the working classes.

It is enccuraging to find flourishing church day-schools under the good old voluntary principle; clubs and institutes for the boys and men; agencies for the girls and women, and all those other aids to parish life, spiritual and temporal, which are only to be obtained under the fostering care of the parochial system where it is carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter.

THE CHURCH, SCHOOLS, AND GARDEN.

Among the former vicars two names stand conspicuous —the Rev. James Harris, an eloquent preacher, who drew large congregations, but did little work as an organizer, and the Right Rev. A. B. Suter, the present Bishop of Nelson and Primate of New Zealand, who, as Vicar of All Saints' thirty years ago, did a work which lasts to-day, and which still keeps his memory green in the parish.

Our illustrations have been engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, from photographs by Mr. Baxter, High Street, Stepney.

H. A. MASON.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
MILE END NEW TOWN.

A MEDITATION FOR WHITSUNDAY.

BY THE REV. A. HUNTER DUNN, M.A.,

Vicar of South Acton, Middlesex, Author of "Holy Thoughts for Quiet Moments," etc.

THOU ever gracious Holy Ghost, Thou Who art the Lord God, and also the Divine Giver of all and every kind of life; it was Thou Who didst brood o'er the formless deep, and it was Thou Who didst breathe into all the orders of creation, and even into man himself, the breath of life. It was Thou Who spakest by the Prophets, and it was by Thy operation that the Eternal Son became Incarnate, and that Jesus Christ our Lord was conceived and was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

And when our Holy Lord had ascended up on high, He did not leave us comfortless, for He sent forth Thee, O precious Holy Ghost, with great power upon His disciples, so that they were able to speak in divers languages, and to perform many wonderful works.

Yes! when the Day of Pentecost was fully come, and when Thy first disciples, O ever Blessed Jesus, were all gathered together with one accord in one place, suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And all were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Ah! here was a great and glorious event indeed. There had been a dispensation of God the Father, when in. the old days the Lord Jehovah had ruled from behind the veil; and lately there had arisen the dispensation of God the Son, in which the Infinite had taken limits to Himself, and in our nature had lived, and suffered, and died, and risen again, and ascended into Heaven. And now, by the wondrous event of this most holy day, there was inaugurated the dispensation of God the Holy Ghost, in which He, Who was the Giver of life, and Who had helped

men from the earliest days, and had spoken by the Prophets, began now to dwell and reign in our hearts as in temples, putting into our minds good desires, and helping us to bring the same to good effect; uniting us by means of the Holy Sacraments and in many other ways with our Saviour Lord.

Hear me then, O Heavenly Father, on this holy, happy day. Hear me, and give unto me Thy Holy Spirit. Yea, make Him to dwell and reign in this poor heart of mine; let Him show me what Thy will is; let Him guide me in all things, and teach me what Thou wouldest have me to be. And hear me also, O Heavenly Father, in this my promise which I now make unto Thee this day—the promise that, with Thy gracious help, I will ever abide by and accept every holy suggestion that shall arise in my heart and mind, and that I will carry it out to the full extent of the power which Thou givest, to Thy glory, to the good of my fellow-men, and to my own eternal welfare, through Jesus Christ, my only Lord and Saviour. Amen.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Author of "Strayed East," "Through Thick and Thin," etc.

V. "WITH THAT BRIGHT BOY'S FATHER."

"YES, I shall be very glad to give Tom an excellent character when he needs one. He has been a bright boy and a good boy at school; he is likely to be a promising young fellow. What are you going to make of him?"

"A junior clerk, or kind of office-boy? Why, that hardly offers much of a career."

"Something better than you have been yourself? Ah! there I can't agree with you at all. You are a mechanic, and a very good workman, too, I have often heard. But you think of putting the boy to office work as 'something better.' Well, he is young himself at present, and can hardly be expected to know what is best for him. It is for you to decide, and, as you may help to make or mar his life, I dare-say you will think a good deal before the matter is settled."

"The boy would prefer it? Very likely. Why? Perhaps because he wishes to be a smarter man than his father was. He doesn't want to turn out at six in the morning; he doesn't want to soil his hands; he doesn't want to face the measure of hardship which in one way or another an artizan must. He would rather wear a black coat, go up to the City in the morning, and hang on to the fringe of the great middle-class. But what are the prospects if he does?"

"He will begin to earn wages at once? Yes, for a time he will bring in more, no doubt, than if he were apprenticed to a good trade. But you are not in urgent need of the money, and you must look a little way into the future. George will not always be in his teens."

"He may rise? No doubt he will, but how far does the average clerk rise? I think you will find out that most of them never get beyond the simpler kinds of work they can do as well when twenty as when forty. It is a kind of employment for which any sharp boy from the board school can now qualify. Keen competition brings down the wages, and that competition is all the keener because many young girls now undertake work which in the last generation was done by their fathers and brothers, and because young foreigners can often be found to do it better, as well as cheaper still.

"Then remember this: once out of a place, the clerk does not find it easy to get in again. For what is his stock-in-trade? A knowledge of figures and the knack of writing a good hand; a poor show indeed. Granting that he may gain a knowledge of book-keeping or become an efficient short-hand writer, and so claim a better place, he is still never sure of work. Compare him with yourself. Your father put you to a trade; you learned it thoroughly. You have never been 'out of a job' for more than a few weeks, and your average earnings with overtime have been nearly half as much again as those of the clerk, who is a clerk and no more. Almost any European country and nearly all our colonies would be glad to have you. None of them want the clerk. If your present master stopped to-morrow, you would very likely be in work again next Monday."

"But there is a foolish idea growing up amongst some of the young people that manual labour is degrading. This is the kind of nonsense you ought to put your foot on. Amongst some nations the noblest and the wealthiest invariably teach their sons a trade. It is a security against the calamities which oftentimes reach to all ranks. The foolish pride which revolts against a suit of overalls, a soiled hand, or a bag of tools, has nothing of true manliness about it. Our Blessed Lord grew up familiar with the workshop and its surroundings. St. John, though a person of some position—for he was an acquaintance of the High Priest—plied as a fisherman. St. Paul, though a man of culture and eloquence, could earn his bread as a tent-maker, whilst he did the work of an Evangelist. Don't, then, allow your boy to be drawn, by the prospects of a little show and the promptings of false pride, into a path of life that may offer him much less solid advantage and many more temptations than the one you have honourably filled yourself."

There is more fatigue in laziness than in labour.
No man knows what he can do till he tries.
Self-knowledge is good, but Christ-knowledge is better.

CHILD NEIGHBOURS.

A TALE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

Vicar of All Saints', Stoneycroft, Liverpool, Author of "Perils o, the Deep," "Connie in the Country," etc.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

ELLA had passed a miserable day and had before her the prospect of another miserable night. She was suffering from a mixture of fright and guilty conscience, and the pitying looks and whispered anxiety of the servants made matters worse. There had been so much talk about the fever that nearly every one had been worked up into a state of nervous expectancy. The doctor himself had had his fears about Ella, but was too wise to commit himself to anything definite till he should have seen her again. He had advised that she should be kept warm and quiet, and not allowed to go out of doors. And consequently the poor child had spent the greater part of the day sobbing on her bed.

The return of Miss Pipely in the evening did not make things better. That lady was a very good governess, but she was not a mother. She didn't try to enter into the feelings of the child that had been committed to her care; she was only anxious to impart knowledge, and, above all and before all, to teach Ella "to behave like a lady." She had a genuine admiration for Mr. Dalton's rich neighbours—for their clothes, their manners, their way of talking, and their sentiments. And for Mr. Dalton himself she had an unbounded admiration too. She thought that there was nobody like him, and she was honestly anxious to win and retain his good opinion. Naturally, then, Miss Pipely was cross when she found herself to some extent held responsible for the trouble that Ella had got into during her absence, and she was also cross at having her holiday cut short.

"Do you think, dear Miss Pipely, that I am really getting the fever?" inquired the poor child, who had been craving all that dreary day for sympathy and comfort.

"Hush, my dear, hush. You know the doctor said you were to keep very quiet," replied the governess, in a tone that she considered quite kind enough for the occasion.

Then the child sat up in her bed and spoke with a petulance that was far from being common with her.

"I *can't* keep quiet, Miss Pipely, so there is no use your talking like that. I've been left here nearly all day alone, and I can't help thinking, can I? I know I'm getting the fever, and nobody cares; and if I do get it I'll die."

"Ella," said Miss Pipely, gravely, "you should not give way to such tempers. By your thoughtless and, I must say, unladylike conduct, you have caused grave anxiety and serious inconvenience. My vacation has been curtailed, and your dear father has been much annoyed. I request you will not speak in that flighty way about yourself—the idea of *you* taking infection from a common ragged boy. We must only hope and pray for the best, but if you *were* to be afflicted with this dreadful disease, who could deny that it was but a just judgment on your ——"

"Oh, please don't say 'unladylike conduct' again," interrupted Ella.

"I was going to say *naughtiness*," said Miss Pipely, with dignity—though whether she was or not I can't be quite sure.

"I was going to tell you something, Miss Pipely," pleaded the child who, for all she was so petulant, had not really much fight left in her.

"I'd like you to tell me you were sorry for your rudeness, sorry for the trouble you have caused, sorry for having been betrayed into such unlady——"

"No; that is *not* what I was going to tell you."

"What then?" inquired the governess, half glad and half angry at the way in which she had been interrupted.

"I was only going to tell you, if you had been nice, what makes me think I have got the fever. But it's no matter, and, as you say I ought to keep quiet, I'll try to go to sleep." So saying the child turned her face to the wall, and the governess, after watching her in silence for a minute or two, left the room.

Miss Pipely was a good woman, and felt really sorry that she was not more fortunate in winning the confidence of her pupil. She kept saying to herself that she had done her best; but she might have known that she had not, since she had never let the child see what was really best in herself. She lived among people who never put the highest motives forward, who were ashamed or afraid to speak of religion as a real influence in their lives; so she was always talking to Ella about what was ladylike, what people would think, what Mrs. This or Miss That would say, what would please her papa, what was due to her—Miss Pipely; what was nice and proper, and becoming; all this—but nothing about the higher laws of love and duty, nothing about sin, nothing about prayer (except as a formal act in connection with dressing and undressing), nothing about a Heavenly Father's will, nothing about a Saviour's grace.

Had Ella Dalton known how earnestly her governess prayed for her that night, she would surely have run to her and told her everything. But she didn't understand, and neither did Miss Pipely; so the one wept bitter tears as she prayed she scarce knew for what, and the other tossed on her bed, becoming every moment more fearful, fretful, and feverish.

Now from this picture let our child readers learn a lesson. Older people may sometimes appear cross and unkind, but they do not really mean to be so; it is only that they do not know what you children think and how you feel about things. They would dearly like to be friends, but they are what you will perhaps call "stupid," and—will "grown-ups" be angry if I tell the truth?—just a little bit afraid of you. It is quite clear that all these people must have been children once themselves, but perhaps they were not happy in their childhood, and that is why they don't understand the art of making little folks happy and confiding now. Won't you pity us and make allowance for us, dear children? We are very fond of you and would so much like to see you good and happy, but we don't always go the right way to win your confidence. Well, remember, that as it "takes two to make

a quarrel," so it takes two to make a friendship. You must meet us half way. You must be truthful, humble, gentle, confiding—and we must be patient, considerate, simple, loving; then we shall get on better together—better than poor Miss Pipely and her pupil did that night.

Ella could not get that dirty wooden cradle and the sick baby out of her head. Dropping half asleep, she woke with a start, fancying that the poor little sufferer had been laid beside her on the pillow. Then she dreamt that she was holding one of the grand Park babies —all ribbons and embroidery and warm white wool, with just a well-washed pink face in the midst, while a cheerful, smiling nurse looked on. Gradually the baby face had changed, had become wizened, fevered, dirty. The grand clothes had shrivelled up till scarce anything was left to cover the shivering body. Then the smiling nurse was gone, and it was Polly who stood there, draggle-tailed, and wan of aspect. "You've got little beauty now, and you may keep her;" as the words came from her lips, Polly seemed to melt away. Then Ella woke with a startled cry to find her father bending over her.

Ella was surprised and pleased to see her father. She

"THEN ELLA WOKE."

was surprised, because he had said that he must go out to attend a great political meeting; she was pleased because she wanted to tell him the whole truth about the baby. She had been making up her mind to tell him next morning, but then, between now and the dawn were ever so many long, dreary hours of darkness. And then, it is always so much easier to talk about things at night, and in the dark. In the morning people are apt to be cross and in a hurry; certainly, Mr. Dalton was nearly always the latter, and not seldom the former. Then, if anything unpleasant is said in the morning, you have the whole day to fret over it and be angry; but what is said at night can be cried over or slept upon, and then in the morning it is apt to look quite different. Yes, night is the time for confidences, and if busy parents want to win or keep the confidence of their children, let them not neglect to go up and say "good night" to their young folks. That's the time for a quiet chat, for a word of encouragement, and, if it must be, of gentle rebuke. Then the child's last waking image is that of the tender mother or the loving father; and through these human agencies, the little one comes, by sweet experience, to understand something of the constancy and long-suffering of the great All-Father.

"Oh, papa dear, I am so glad you are there—it will be all right now," gasped the child, raising her aching head from the pillow.

"You seem to have had a bad dream, pet, for you've been calling out in your sleep. What has been troubling my little girl?" said Mr. Dalton, soothingly.

"Oh, it was horrible, it was horrible! I thought I had the baby; and I was sure it was dead because it began to feel so cold and heavy. But tell me, papa, has Polly been to inquire about her brother?"

A cloud passed over Mr. Dalton's face. He thought his child must be wandering, and he didn't want to be reminded of the disagreeable events of the morning. He answered rather sharply—

"If you mean the sister of that young scamp I found in the summer-house this morning, I know nothing about her. Why should she have the impudence to come here? I must see that my daughter does not encourage such people."

'Why, papa, she must be dreadfully anxious to know what has become of him, and how he is. Don't you think poor people have feelings as well as ourselves? I'm afraid the baby must be worse, and that's why she couldn't come."

"The baby again! why, whatever are you thinking about, Ella?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, in an irritable, nervous tone that he too often allowed to get the mastery of him.

Then she told him all that she had previously omitted: told him of that poor fever-stricken little sufferer; told him of the feeling of sickness that had come over her, as she bent over the wooden crib; told him of the cold hand that seemed to have been laid on her heart as she heard the word *fever;* told him of the inclinations that had come on her to run away, and of how she had withstood it.

Mr. Dalton heard the story out in silence, and then asked in a quiet voice—

"Has the doctor been as he promised?"

"Yes; and I heard him say to Miss Pipely, outside the door, that he couldn't quite make me out, but that he would be able to tell to-morrow."

"Why did you not tell me this morning, Ella?—though of course it could have made no difference."

"I didn't want to make you nervous and anxious about me, papa. And I thought if I was better in the evening I would tell you; but I don't feel any better, and I'm so glad another night won't pass with anything concealed from you. You don't know how miserable I was all last night." And the child's voice broke into a sob as she hid her head on her father's shoulder.

"Well, you must not trouble now, dear child; the issue is in other hands than ours. Get a quiet sleep, and you may perhaps be all right in the morning."

Ella looked at her father with surprise and gratitude. He was generally so fidgety and unreasonably nervous; but there was nothing of that now as he sat by her side and stroked her hair.

"There is just one thing, papa."

"And what is that, little darling?"

"I think I could sleep better if I knew that Polly knew."

"Knew what?" for he did not exactly take in her drift.

"Knew about her brother, and where he has gone. Just think, papa, how miserable she must be all alone with that sick baby, and not knowing what has happened to her brother. She has no father, like I have, and she says she is never happy except when her mother is away. Poor children have a very hard lot, and I know I will fret and dream all night except something is done."

Mr. Dalton looked a moment into his daughter's pleading fevered face; then he said—

"If you will promise to go to sleep like a nice, good little girl, and *not* have any bad dreams, I'll go and see Miss Polly myself, and I'll see that everything is made comfortable for her too. Now, 'is it a bargain,' as you used to say in the 'Hatter's Tea-party'?"

"Yes, it *is* a bargain—at least I'll do my very best, and you are a good, kind father not to scold your naughty little girl."

Then he kissed her, put on his overcoat, and went out into the night—wondering all the while at himself.

(*To be continued.*)

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

REASONS for Cooking Food.—Before giving our attention to the preparation of food, it may not be unadvisable to consider briefly why food is necessary to sustain life, and what reasons exist for cooking food before eating it. The human body requires a supply of food from day to day to repair the waste caused by work and exercise, and as a child grows from infancy to manhood his body must be supplied with materials for his growth by food composed of the same elements as the body. The different parts of the human body are not made of the same materials; hence the necessity for a mixed diet, and one containing each element in its proportion, so that the body may be equally strengthened and kept warm. It is a common mistake to suppose that a mixed diet is necessarily expensive; it is not really so, and by a little consideration a proper admixture of heat-producing and flesh-forming foods is within the reach of all, even those whose incomes are very limited. The cookery of food is a part of domestic economy to which every woman should give most careful consideration. Much depends on the preparation of what we eat—the happiness of the home; the health and comfort of those who occupy it; and the lessening of the drinking customs of society are all more or less affected by the way in which our food is presented to us. We are told by Sir Henry Thompson that intemperance is often caused by a failing appetite, and indigestion arising from inefficient cookery and improper food. He says, further, that the poor man advancing in years shows signs of damage to his constitution from continuous toil with inadequate food, the supply of which is often diminished by his expenditure for beer.

There are several reasons why food is cooked, the most important being that its flavour is improved, and it therefore becomes more appetising, and that it is rendered more digestible by the process of cooking. The three things absolutely necessary to good cookery are Economy, Cleanliness, and Punctuality. These are attainable by all, and no one need imagine that successful results can only be obtained by those possessing a large collection of culinary utensils. The chief points to be remembered are—first, that every article used in cooking must be perfectly clean; and, secondly, the most tempting repast served half an hour too late is not likely to prove satisfactory to either mind or body.

There are six principal methods of cooking food—viz., Roasting, Boiling, Stewing, Baking, Frying, and Broiling. The next lesson will contain directions for roasting various kinds of meat.

TEMPERANCE PIVOTS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.

IV.—"THE ONE TOO MANY."

A FEW years ago, during a ramble in Lancashire, I came across a public-house which did its business under the quaint signboard, "The One Too Many." The place was not far from the pleasant home of William Hoyle, the well-known writer on temperance topics; a man who was never tired of declaring that there were a great many more than "*one* too many" public-houses in the country.

There are, I believe, at the present time about 227,800 houses in the United Kingdom in which intoxicating liquors are sold, or, in other words, one drink-shop to every thirty-six houses throughout the country.

If the drink-shops were put end to end, and fourteen yards of frontage allowed to each, they would form a street of houses eighteen hundred miles long. Such a street would stretch from Land's End in Cornwall to John o'Groat's at the extreme north of Scotland twice over.

Or, if we put all the drinking-shops into one county, say the county of Stafford, which is so densely populated, we should require all the houses in Staffordshire, with its population of 980,000 people, and some 30,000 more houses would be needed before all the drinksellers were accommodated.

Happily the increasing activity of temperance workers has in recent years made it more difficult for applicants to obtain licenses to sell intoxicating drinks than was formerly the case. At every licensing session nowadays we hear much about the requirements of the neighbourhood, and many are working and praying for the time when the people of a parish will have a voice in the settlement of the question as to how many new public-houses, if any, that particular parish ought to have for its requirements.

Without a doubt even one public-house is "one too many" for some folk. Only the other day I met with a man in East London who had upon seven different occasions saved up two pounds ten with which to buy a new suit of clothes. On six Saturday nights, at long intervals between, he started out down Whitechapel High Street to a certain well-known clothier's to buy his new "rig-out," and on each occasion the glittering gaiety of the gin-palaces proved too much for—well, if he must have a name, let it be John Brown. Poor fellow! from his own door to the tailor's shop John had to pass no less than thirteen public-houses, and they proved more than "one too many" for him.

One of John's companions, however, took him in hand. They went together on a certain night to a temperance meeting in St. Mary's Schools, and the Rev. A. J. Robinson, who was in the chair, urged all present to give total abstinence a trial. The two friends agreed to follow the Rector's advice, and did give total abstinence a trial. Soon afterwards John had again saved up two pounds ten, and he told his friend George that he meant to go for a suit of clothes on the following Saturday night.

"All right," said George. "I shall call for you at six o'clock, and we'll do the trot together."

George kept his word, and John did get his suit. But it cost twopence more than two pounds ten! Do you ask me why? Well, George is of a very practical turn of mind, and when John was ready to "do the trot to the tailor's," George insisted that the journey should be made by tramcar. The two friends had a penny ride, and for once in a way the tramcar proved "one too many" for the thirteen gin-palaces, and my friend John got his new suit.

Drawn by MARY RIVERS.]

"LAMMIE!"

Lammie, dear! my precious treasure
Come and take your dinner, do,
Then I'll play with you with pleasure
Yes, and have a ramble, too.

Walk you through the orchard, maybe
Bring you down the leafy lane,
So we'll spend a pleasant day, see,
Till the night comes round again.

Night, when you must go to "by-bye."
I must go to "by-bye," too.
Lammie! Lammie! I shall cry "fie,"
Come and take your dinner, do!

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

(NEW SERIES.)

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

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N., Author of "The Great Problem," etc.

49. How far may Joseph of Arimathea be both compared and contrasted with Dives in the parable? (LUKE xvi.).
50. How far with aged Simeon in Luke ii.?
51. In what verse of Luke ii. do we read of others who, in one respect, were like both Simeon and Joseph?
52. In what four ways did Joseph and Nicodemus resemble each other?
53. What special commendation is given both to Joseph and Barnabas?
54. How did this same Joseph and those who acted with him show their respect for God's law?
55. What indirect proofs have we of the greatness of the stone with which he closed the sepulchre of the Saviour?
56. What is true of this story of Joseph which is also true of the stories of Christ's death and resurrection, but not true in the same way respecting His baptism and birth?
57. What is peculiar to St. Matthew and St. John respectively in their accounts of the Saviour's tomb?
58. What is common to St. John and St. Luke, and what to St. Matthew and St. John, on the same subject?
59. What is common to St. Matthew and St. Mark and (in a different form) to St. Luke?
60. What fulfilment of prophecy was brought about by the action of Joseph in this matter?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY M.A. (OXON.)

XIV. BURIED CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Give them a rye cake to eat.
I am your best friend, am I not?
You should not chaff ranks of soldiers.
There is a running race in the park.
That duck ate corn yesterday.

XV. CONUNDRUMS.

10. What is that which crawls slower than a snail, goes faster than lightning, and always remains in one place?

11. Would you rather an elephant killed you, or a gorilla?

XVI. ANAGRAMS.

Strides pain me. I cannot go. No charm, I prove great, Eminent as stilts. Stone Mary.

Alleluia, Lift your Heads!

ASCENSION-TIDE CAROL.

" 'Tis finish'd ; and HEES now gon vp on high
Rich in the spoyles of hell ; in maiesty,
And glorie (and glorie glorious farre

Above all words) each glimpse treads out a sta[illegible]
Dazles the sun : And whether true this bee
Here written, follow HIM, and you shall see."
"*Christ's Victorie*," GILES FLETCHER, 1623 (From the 16[illegible] Edition).

Words by MRS. C. F. HERNAMAN.

Music by ARTHUR HENR[illegible]ROWN,
Brentwood, Essex.

Maestoso, con moto.

§ CHORUS.

f ♩=69.

f

Al - le - lu - ia, lift your heads

cres. *ff*

O ye gates, un - fold - ing! Ev - er - last - ing doors, lift up, Now your King be - hold - ing!

FULL. *Joyfully.* ♩.=60.

f

1. FULL. A migh-ty shout of Ju - bi - lee Thro' heav'n and earth is ring - ing; Lo! an-gels, with a mer - ry noise, The
2. MEN. Who is the King, ye an - gels, say, You thus with songs are prais - ing? Why shout ye thus, in tri - umph high Your
3. BOYS. The Babe Who lay on Ma - ry's breast, So gen - tle, meek, and low - ly; The Youth Who work'd by Jo-seph's side Through-
4. MEN. Yes, this is HE Who on the Cross Was nail'd for man's sal - va - tion; Who died, was bu - ried, rose a-gain—Was
5. FULL. O JE - SU, from THY throne on high, The FA-THER'S pro-mise send - ing, May the Blest Com-fort - er come down In

mf *f*

Conq'ror home are bring - ing! With - in the Ci - ty - gates of pearl The Se - raphs wait to greet HIM; Far
Al - le - lu - ias rais - ing? BOYS. This is the LORD, in bat - tle strong, O'er death and hell vic - to - rious; The
- out His Boy - hood ho - ly; The Man Who knew no earth - ly home, But day by day was hast - ing To
seen with a - do - ra - tion! The WORD-MADE-FLESH: lo! HE as-cends To be a Priest for ev - er;
pow'r and love un - end - ing! Come down, that we may, heart and mind, In heav'n with THEE be dwell - ing; The

§ *After last verse only.*

ff

up - ward thro' the gold - en streets They throng with joy to meet HIM.
Migh - ty and the Va - liant One, The King of kings all - glo - rious!
be bap - tiz - ed with HIS Blood, His bit - ter Cross fore - tast - ing.
Head of His Church, Whom none hence-forth Can from HIS Mem-bers sev - er.
King of Glo - ry's tri-umph-song, With saints and an - gels swell - ing!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Woodhouse Church of S. Mary-in-the-E

Calendar for May.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

MAY.

1 **S.S. Philip and James (Apostles and Martyrs).** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins 10.30 a.m. Evensong and Address, 7.30 p.m.

4 **Fourth Sunday after Easter.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.

11 **Fifth Sunday after Easter (Rogation Sunday).** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.

On the Three Rogation Days, May 12th, 13th and 14th. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, and Litany, with Special Intercessions for God's Blessing *(a)* on the Fruits of the Earth, *(b)* on Foreign Missions, and *(c)* Home Missions, 7.30 p.m.

Festival of the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ

15 **Ascension Day.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon, Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong (Choral) and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

18 **Sunday after Ascension Day.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.

Whitsuntide.

24 **Whitsun Eve.** Evensong (Choral) 7.30 p.m.

25 **Whit Sunday.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion 11 a.m. (Choral.) Evensong and Sermon 3 p.m.

26 **Monday in Whitsun Week.** Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.

27 **Tuesday in Whitsun Week.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Sermon for the Members of the Druids' Club, 11 a.m.

Daily Services as usual

Wednesday and Friday: Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Other days, Matins, 8 a.m. Evensong daily, 6 p.m.

On Sunday, May 11th, Collections will be made at all the Services for the Peterborough Diocesan Society.

The Anniversary of the Woodhouse and Woodhouse Eaves Temperance Society will be held in the Parish Room, Woodhouse Eaves, on Saturday, May 10th. Particulars will be announced in the Bills.

Sunday School Teachers' Meeting, Thursday, May 8th, at 7.30 p.m.

HOLY WEEK & EASTER.—The Services throughout these Holy Seasons were very well attended. There were Addresses every evening up to Good Friday, and the Story of the Cross was sung to *Redhead's* setting. On Good Friday there were Services at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2—4 p.m. and at 7.30 p.m. These were all quite plain, only the hymns and canticles being sung. The Easter Festival commenced with Choral Evensong, on the Eve, at 7.30 p.m., at which the Anthem was "Christ is raised from the Dead," *(Smith)*. On Easter Day there were three Celebrations of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., 9.30 a.m. and Noon, the last being Choral. There were in all 87 Communicants. This is cause for much thankfulness. It is also to be noticed that there was a large increase in the attendance at the first Celebration. The Services throughout the day were bright and hearty. There were Processional Hymns, and *Tallis'* Festival Responses were sung. The Te Deum was sung to Garrett in F, and the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis to Ebdon in C. The Communion Service was Macfarren in G. The Anthem in the Morning was "Christ is raised from the Dead," *(T. Smith)*, and in the Afternoon "Now is Christ risen," *(Lahee)*. At the close of the Afternoon Service the Te Deum was sung. The Festival Services were continued on April 13th, the Octave of Easter. Great praise is due to the Organist, Mr. Callis, and also to the Choir, both men and boys, for the way in which they all contributed to the due observance of the Festival of our Lord's Resurrection.

EASTER VESTRY.—The Annual Meeting of the Vestry of S. Mary's Church, on Easter Tuesday.

The Accounts for the year were read

Mr. H. Humphreys was unanimously re-elected Churchwarden, and the Vicar re-appointed Mr. J. Dexter

Mr. W. Flewitt and Mr. J. H. Humphreys were re-elected Sidesmen.

Subjoined is a brief Statement of the Accounts:—

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Received by Collections during the year for Church expenses...	62	3	7
Collected for Missionary and other Societies ...	51	2	3½
1890. April 7th. Balance due to Churchwardens	0	7	8
	£113	13	6½

DISBURSEM

1889. April 22nd. Balance ... to Churchwardens ...
June 4th. Visitation Fe... Church expenses,
Missionary and oth... Societies ...

£

Accounts of the 8 a.m. Offertory on Sunday Holy Days, from January 1st—Easter 18

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1st Balance from last year ...	9	7	10
Received by Offertories at 8 a.m., Jan. 1st, April 6th	8	10	11½
	£17	18	9½

DISBURSEMEN

Various Church and Sunday School expenses, &c.
Balance ... ...

£

On Wednesday, April 9th, a Sale of Work in aid of the ... Mission was held in the Village Hall, and was a great s... There were three Stalls: one for plain Work, a Fancy Sta... a Refreshment Stall, all prettily laid out. All the work ... useful Stall was done by our Working Party which ... every fortnight to work for this good cause. The day ... fine the room was soon crowded with buyers, and in ... short time the Stalls were completely emptied—be... Refreshment Stall, presided over by Mrs. Flewitt, did ... work till late in the Afternoon, as more than a hundred ... sat down to tea. The Mayor of Loughbo... by Mrs. and Miss Griggs, kindly came over du... and finding everything sold, very generously ga... £1 towards the Society. The receipts amount... a larger sum than has been made before at t... Sale of Wo...

A very pleasant evening was spent on Thursday, April 1... when a little "Fairy Opperetta" was performed in our V... Hall, by the children of our village—songs being sung bet... the Acts by Members of the Choir and other kind friends. ... first scene, in which the twelve little fairies all dressed in whit... with silver stars, wings and wands, marshed round the Quee... and the heroine "Snowbelle," singing a fairy song, was very effective, and elicited great applause. The second scene, representing Snowbelle in the wood on the point of being killed by the Huntsman, at the command of the wicked Queen had quite a tragic effect. The interior of the Dwarfs' kitchen was the next scene, and great amusement was caused at the comic appearance of the seven dwarfs dressed in yellow, with high-pointed hats. The last Act when the Prince appears and rescues Snowbelle, and all the fairies and dwarfs appear together, with the wicked Queen cowering in a corner, made an extremely pretty Tableau. The principal parts were taken by the following:—"Queen," Mary Wainwright; "Snowbelle," Sarah Meadows; "Huntsman," Frank Wainwright; "Prince," Charlie Pitt. Great praise is due to all the performers for the care and attention which they devoted to the rehearsal and performance of their parts. Mr. Stephens very kindly undertook the arranging of the scenery, which he carried out in a most effective manner, and Mrs. and Miss Flewitt were most kind in helping with the dresses of the performers.

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...OVED

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