



October, 1890.



S. Bartholomew's,
QUORNDON,
AND
S. Mary-in-the-Elms, Woodhouse.



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

Calendar for October.

3 F	Harvest Thanksgiving, 7.30 p.m., Preacher: Rev. Dr. Bennie, Rector of Glenfield.
5 S	Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m. Collections for Infirmary and Dispensary.
12 S	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
18 SA	S. Luke. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
19 S	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
26 S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
28 TU	S. Simon and S. Jude. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
31 F	Vigil for All Saints' Day.

Spms.

	MATINS.	EVENSONG.
3rd		384
Harvest		Anthem
Festival		383
		386
		381
5th	382	386
	384	143
	388	30
12th	34	220
	193	172
	280	12
19th	425	187
	263	287
	254	12
26th	226	278
	280	230
	231	12

Baptisms.

Aug. 30th—Dorothy Violet Ann Meakin.
 Sep. 7th—Allen Sharpe.
 Edward Underwood.
 George Arthur Barrs.
 Lillian Clara Barrs.

Marriages.

Sep. 7th—Charles Lockwood Lee and Charlotte Emily Waite.

Burials.

Aug. 30th—Ada Mary Barwell, aged 11 months.
 31st—Ethel Thornton, aged 4 years.
 Sep. 6th—Mary Ann Goodman, aged 39 years.
 13th—Mary Cooper, aged 72 years.

DORCAS SOCIETY.

1889.	£	s.	d.	1889.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand ...	3	3	3	Feb. 25—Flannel ...	0	2	7
				April 1—Flannel ...	0	7	14
				June 17—Calico, etc. ...	0	7	9
				" 22—Repairing and remaking ...	0	5	9
				Eleven women who received bags ...	0	11	0
					£1	14	24

At the Harvest Thanksgiving Services on Friday, October 3rd, and on Sunday the 5th, the Collection will be divided between the Leicester Infirmary and the Loughborough Dispensary. Gifts of fruit and flowers, of corn and vegetables, will be thankfully received at the Church, on Friday Morning at 10 o'clock.

On Friday, October 10th, there will be a Lecture, illustrated with large magic lantern views, on Stanley's great Expedition across Africa in search of Emin Pasha.—See bills.

The School Inspection will take place on Thursday and Friday, the 2nd and 3rd of October, and on Friday, the 10th of October, there will be a distribution of prizes in the National School to those children who have made most attendances and have done best in the special subjects. The Infants in the Afternoon: the Upper School children in the Evening. The children will sing some of their songs and answer questions. All parents and Subscribers interested in the School are cordially invited by the Managers to be present.

The Children's Offertory on Sunday, September 7th, amounted to 3/3.

NOTICE.

The Mothers' Meetings usually commenced in October at the Coffee House will be discontinued; an arrangement is being made to have weekly Cottage Meetings throughout the Village instead.

NOTICE.

Meetings for Chess and Draughts will be held at the Coffee House three days a week, beginning on Monday, September 29th, Members paying twopence per week.

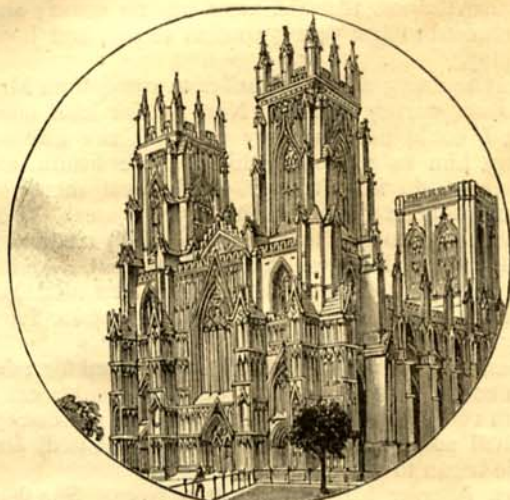


From a Photograph by A. BASSANO, 25, Old Bond Street, W.]

[Drawn and Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.]

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VIII.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



YORK MINSTER.

THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST REV. WILLIAM THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S., Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan, was born in 1819, and was educated at Shrewsbury School, which was then under the vigorous administration of Dr. Butler. After six years at Shrewsbury, Mr. Thomson went to Oxford in 1836, being then seventeen years of age.

He entered at Queen's College, in order to take advantage of the privilege of having been born in Cumberland to obtain a scholarship and fellowship, both of which he secured. In 1840 he took the B.A. degree, and two years later he was ordained by Bishop Bagot. In 1843 he was licensed to the curacy of St. Nicholas, Guildford, by Bishop Sumner, who lived long enough to assist at his confirmation as the Archbishop of York.

In 1846 Mr. Thomson removed to Cuddesdon, and a year later he returned to his college as tutor, a position which he occupied for over eight years, during which period he successively became Dean and Bursar. The state of Queen's College at the time when Mr. Thomson was Dean was such that all who were interested in education desired a change. Chiefly through his influence, Lord John Russell advised the Queen to issue a Royal Commission, with a view to University Reform. A pamphlet written by Mr. Thomson, and entitled "An Open College," attracted considerable attention, and was largely quoted in the Parliamentary debates.

In 1855 he married Miss Zoe Skene, then living with her grandfather, James Skene, of Rubislaw, to whom Sir Walter Scott dedicated the fourth canto of "Marmion." In this year also commenced those public appointments which led up to Mr. Thomson's elevation to the Episcopate. He became Chaplain to

III. 10.]

the Queen, and Rector of All Souls', Langham Place. Shortly after this, Dr. Fox, the Provost of Queen's, died, and, notwithstanding his views upon University Reform, Mr. Thomson was elected to the vacant headship at the unusually early age of thirty-six.

In 1856 he took the D.D. degree, and two years later was elected by a very large majority to the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn. In 1861 the See of Gloucester and Bristol became vacant by the death of Bishop Monk, and Dr. Thomson received the appointment. The night before his consecration the Prince Consort died, and the first act of the new Bishop in his Cathedral was to preach a funeral sermon. A year later Archbishop Longley was translated from York to Canterbury, and Bishop Thomson was promoted to his present position, the Archbishopric of York.

His Grace was a contributor to the "Speaker's Commentary," and also to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible;" among many valuable works which have proceeded from his pen may be named, "The Atoning Work of Christ," "Lincoln's Inn Sermons," "Aids to Faith," "Life in the Light of God's Word," "Outline of the Laws of Thought," etc.

HER REWARD.

BY MRS. F. WEST.

Author of "Unknown and Yet Well Known," "For the Sake of a Crown," "Frying-Pan Alley," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"BEARING THE BURDEN."



THE following days were full of trial, sorrow, and difficulty, mingled with bright, brave courage and tender sympathy. Doctor Davidson came in more than once, and was always kind. He was anxious about Maggie. She did her utmost to be helpful and cheerful, but the shock had been very great, and it seemed as if she could not rally from it, nor ever again be the gay, merry Maggie of old. The younger children

sooner got over the blow, and grew interested and eager to help Nora in any way they could.

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There was enough to do. Nora could get no help. People would not come into the house on account of the young Darrells, who they felt sure must have some infection about them. No one would send her work, and the outlook was perplexing; for the terrible disease still raged in the town, and there seemed no signs of its abating.

One day when Dr. Davidson called, he spoke to Nora alone, and told her that Mr. Darrell's affairs had been found to be in great confusion, and he feared there would be little, if anything, left for the children. "Mr. Darrell lived up to his income," he said, "and from what I hear, his trusted clerk has taken more than was at first supposed. I thought it well to let you know so much," added the doctor kindly. "No doubt Mr. Darrell's executors will communicate with you when they know more. I hardly know what will be done with the children."

"They will remain with me," said Nora firmly. "Of course their home must be with me now. I am their nearest relative."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "you are a brave woman. But I have not the arranging of this matter. You and Mr. Wright must settle that."

"Is he the executor?"

"Yes, the principal one. I think there are two, but am not quite sure."

"Does the cholera show any signs of abating?" asked Nora anxiously.

"I can hardly say that. Yet I hope it is at its height. If we could get some rain, or cooler weather, we should soon see a difference; but this hot, depressing weather makes everything worse. The scenes in the lower part of the town are awful, and the drunkards die off like flies. Do not let Maggie hear of this. Try to keep her cheerful. Give her as much occupation as you can, and let them all be out in the open air, as much as possible in the outskirts of the town, keeping always, of course, away from the cemetery."

Nora went back to her young charges, perplexed, certainly, but not in despair. She spoke cheerfully to them, and did all she could to make them bright and happy, and to win their love.

Towards the end of August the town arranged to have a day of prayer to God regarding the pestilence. It was taken up heartily by every one. All the masters promised their men the day's wages if they would go to church, and join in the general petition. Every one was only too glad to do so, for all felt the awfulness of the visitation.

Nora and her young charges, in their deep mourning, went at the appointed hour, and found the church well filled. But when the service began Nora was dismayed to find the vicar was not there, and her heart sank as later on in the service he was prayed for by name as laid low by the same disease. Earnest and heart-full were the voices that joined in the petitions, and solemnly the congregation dispersed.

Later on in the day Nora went round to the

vicarage with a little note to Mrs. Stevenson, asking if she could be of any help in any way. She heard with thankfulness that the vicar was no worse; and she returned to her young cousins to wait and hope and pray.

Next morning a little pencil-note came from Mrs. Stevenson, warmly thanking Nora for her kind offer. "But I could not leave my husband, nor give up nursing him to any one, while I have health and strength to do it. Through God's great mercy he is better this morning, though very, very weak. You will not forget to pray that he may be fully restored."

No, indeed, Nora would not forget that. And it was a great joy to her to hear a week after, that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson had gone to the seaside for a change.

Then came days of blessed and longed-for rain, and a cooler atmosphere; and when September came in with cool, crisp mornings and evenings, the disease that had so ravaged the town rapidly abated, and people began to take heart.

Mrs. Allonby had not forgotten Nora. She had warmly sympathised with her, and honoured her for taking in and caring for the orphan children of Mr. Darrell. She had sent her many loving and cheering notes, but had not been able to see her till early in September, when she came to spend an afternoon in Spring Street.

She received a warm welcome from Nora, who was all alone. "Where are all your young people, dear?" she asked, after the first greetings.

"They are just gone out for a walk. Dr. Davidson urged me so much to let them have plenty of air."

"And now you are looking thin, Nora, after all your care for others."

"I am a little anxious, but very happy. The children are all so good, and a great joy to me; but I am somewhat perplexed about their future. Dr. Davidson does not think there will be much left for them. Mr. Darrell's affairs were in great confusion."

"Then you are supporting the children?"

"At present I am, till things are more definitely arranged. But Mr. Darrell's executor has written to tell me he shall call next week, and go into matters."

"How strangely things turn about. Who would have thought that Mr. Darrell's children would ever be dependent on you for a home? We are led 'about,' as well as led 'on,' are we not?"

"Yes," said Nora thoughtfully, "and led 'through.'"

"Surely. You will be brought through your present anxieties, dear Nora, and gain your reward. I owe you much, too, for I often think that but for you I might have been buried alive, as I fear many have been during this sad time."

"Oh, Mrs. Allonby!" exclaimed Nora, in a horrified tone; "I hope not."

"I fear it. The state of collapse is so like death, that even medical men are often mistaken. Dr. Scott said I was dead; and but for your persevering efforts,

I should have been buried that afternoon. Did I ever speak to you of the Rainhams? I visited them a good deal at one time, when the husband was laid up with a broken leg. That is some time ago now, and he has been able to go to work again for many months. I met him yesterday, and he told me that his wife had only just escaped being buried alive."

"How very dreadful!" said Nora. "How was it?"

"Mrs. Rainham has been very nervous about the cholera ever since it came to the town; and there have been many fatal cases in their neighbourhood. One morning, about a fortnight after Mr. Darrell's death, she woke her husband early, saying she was in pain, and feared she had taken the disease. He tried to cheer her, and divert her thoughts. She was much better before he went to his work, but she bade him an almost tearful farewell as he went out. He was hard at work all the morning, but soon after his dinner hour he suddenly threw down his spade, and said he must go home. His fellow-workmen asked if he were ill. He said, no, he was well enough, but intensely anxious about his wife. He seemed to have a presentiment that something was wrong. As he turned the corner of the street, he saw a hearse standing farther down, and as he drew nearer, he saw it was at his own door. He rushed forward, and gasped 'What is it?' 'A woman died here of cholera an hour ago,' they told him. He said it must be his wife, and declared he did not believe she was dead. They assured him of the fact, and said they must bury all such cases at once. But he insisted on the coffin being opened that he might look on his wife's face once more. As he gazed with almost broken heart, he noticed a flickering of the eyelids. He had her instantly removed to her bed, and energetic measures used, and after a while she was able to speak."

"And she recovered?" asked Nora, who had listened with the deepest interest.

"Oh yes, she recovered, and is fairly well again now. But she would have been buried alive if her husband had not come home just when he did. Poor man, he told me, with tears in his eyes, how thankful he was God permitted him to arrive in time. Nora, what made you think I was not gone?"

"I don't know," said Nora slowly; "it was something about your expression, I can hardly say what."

"Yet the doctor said I was gone. Most people would have thought that sufficient."

"Do you not think there are occasions when one must use one's own judgment, even when it is contrary to those who are much wiser and abler than oneself? I am glad I did so then. It is good to have you still here, dear Mrs. Allonby."

"I am glad, too," was the hearty response. "I have a good home to go to, and I was willing to go when I thought it was God's will. But I am also willing to stay while He wants me here. Have you heard news of Janet Grant?"

"Yes, I heard yesterday. She wants to come back now that the worst is over, and I have written to say I shall be delighted to receive her whenever she likes to come. We shall all have to work hard; but Janet will not mind that, and even dear Maggie insists on helping. I do not like her to do it. Think what her mother would have said!"

"My dear, you have nothing to do with that. It is only right she should help since you are supporting them all. What are you going to do about the eldest boy?"

"I should like to keep him at school. He is only twelve, you know. He is a dear, good boy, very quiet and reserved, a great contrast to Maggie, but always obedient and happy. Maud and Charlie go together to Miss Field's school in Oak Avenue."

"But to do all that, you will need a good business. How is it getting on?"

"We have had very little of late, of course. But I hope we may get more orders now. Mr.

and Mrs. Stevenson called yesterday, and were so kind and sympathising. They promised to do what they could for me, by speaking to their friends, and I trust things will look up after a while."

It was a struggle, of course. But Nora bravely put her shoulder to the wheel, and did not falter, not even when Mr. Darrell's executor called on her, and told her that all that was left for the children, when everything was realised, was the sum of two hundred pounds. Nora was thankful there was anything, but she resolved not to touch it while she could earn sufficient for their needs.

"I might be taken from them," she said; "and if they were thrown upon their own resources, they would find that money a great help."

"You are a brave woman," said Mr. Wright, the executor, warmly; "but I fear you will find the children a great burden. Children of that age are a great expense, and they have not been accustomed to think of earning their living."



"THE VICAR WAS NOT THERE."

"They are all very willing to help," replied Nora, "and Maggie does her very utmost."

"Well," replied Mr. Wright, "it is uphill work for you. I wish I could have brought you pleasanter tidings. Good afternoon."

Letters had come constantly from Eleanor and Alice during these weeks, and James Watson had returned to his work, but Alice had remained in the country till all fear of the cholera was over.

Nora went up to see her the day after her return. She went alone, feeling that Alice would prefer it at first. And she was glad she did so, for as soon as her sister saw her she burst into tears, and sobbed out:—

"Oh, Nora! how dreadfully selfish and hard-hearted I have been, so different to you."

"We are differently constituted, dear," said Nora, soothingly. "You were always nervous and timid."

"I ought to have been braver," said Alice, with more decision than was usual in her voice. "If you had a good husband, you would not have left him as I did."

Nora smiled. "I don't think you will leave him again," she said.

"No, never. James has forgiven me for running away, and I think I have learned something these sad weeks, Nora."

"I am so glad," replied Nora earnestly, wisely asking no questions. Alice made many inquiries after the young Darrells, and begged Nora to bring them all up to tea at the earliest opportunity. "I should like to know them all," she said. "Mr. Darrell was so kind at the time of our marriage, that I should like to show them kindness now."

It was so unlike the way Alice used to speak, so much more tender and kindly, that Nora could not but rejoice at the change.

James Watson soon came in, and they all sat down to tea, and shortly afterwards Nora left, as she did not wish to be long away from her young cousins.

"Nora looks thin and worn," said Alice, a little anxiously to her husband, when they were alone.

"Yes, she does. But it is no wonder. Think of all she has gone through this summer, and in such depressing weather, too. And now all that family on her hands. She is a brave woman to undertake such a charge."

"So she is. But I think it is more than courage; it is a quick taking up of each duty as it comes, and doing it without any fuss, as if it was quite an ordinary thing. Nora always did all her work like that."

"It is a grand thing her taking all those children and caring for them, educating them, and really loving them, when their mother so rigidly kept her at a distance."

"Oh, Nora is not one to think of that. She cares for the children for God's sake, and Mr. Darrell's sake."

"I know that. But it does not make it less noble in her to do it. We must help her all we can, Alice."

"Yes, I asked Nora to bring all the children up to tea as soon as she could."

"That is right. Perhaps we might be able to take one of the children by-and-by."

"I don't think Nora would like that. She said so much about keeping them all together."

"Well, if we look out, some way is sure to come in which we can help our sister to bear her burdens."

CHAPTER VIII.

"LOST AND FOUND."



"HOW glad I am to see you again, dear Miss Brownlow!"

"And I you, dear Janet. You are looking well."

"Oh, I am; but you are sadly thin and pale."

"I am very well," said Nora, brightly; "you have been so long at sea, you have forgotten

how landmen or women look. Now, let me introduce you to my cousins."

They soon made friends. Janet, with all her quietness, was cheerful and communicative, and the children were pleased to hear her stories of sea-life, and all she had seen in her voyages with her father.

Nora had warned her not to say much about Wykeham and the pestilence, but to talk rather of her own experiences, and to bring something of the freshness of the sea into their quiet home. So Janet chatted eagerly away of all she had seen, and the children quite enjoyed the change, and gathered round their new friend after tea, in a way that made Nora very happy. They had never been out of England, and were much interested to hear of other countries, and the ways and habits of those who lived there.

It was not till quite late that Nora and Janet had time for a quiet chat. But when all the young folks were in bed, and Nora was still stitching busily away, Janet brought a low chair, and sat down near her friend, asking gently:

"Tell me something about these last two months, Miss Brownlow. Are you obliged to go on with that sewing to-night?"

"Yes, it must be finished to-night. I have promised it by to-morrow, and things are very much altered, Janet. I am glad to take what work I can

get now. My business all went during those sad weeks, and now that it is in some measure returning, I have no helpers."

"They did not all die of the cholera?" asked Janet, anxiously.

"Oh, no. But some of them took up other work. Miss Wilson's brother died—not of the cholera, he had long been ill—and she went to live with his widow at Crawley, taking her mother with her. So I lost her. Miss Martin is married, and the others are scattered."

"And Ellen is not here, I see."

"No, she left the morning I went to Mr. Darrell's, and her mother would not let her return, on account of my having the children. We had all the house-work to do for ourselves at first; but now we have a girl in for the mornings, and manage that way. I have no bedroom to give up to a servant now."

"Yet you still give me my pretty room. Why not let Miss Darrell have it, and put me upstairs?"

"No, I have given Maggie my room, and I have taken Ellen's. Do not look so troubled, Janet. It is a very small matter which room I sleep in, so long as I know those about me are comfortable."

"But you are the mother of us all; and the mother's room should be the best room. I don't like to think of you being up there, Miss Brownlow."

Nora smiled. It was pleasant to be thought of and cared for, but she only said gently, "Please thread me this needle, my eyes are not so strong as they were, and this lamp-light tries them."

Janet looked up anxiously, but she only said, "Do not work any more to-night, Miss Brownlow; I will get up as early as you like, and help you in the morning, only do not strain your eyes any more now."

Nora was obliged to confess they were very painful. It was a great trial to think her sight was weakened, but she knew such was the case, and though she would not say any more to Janet about it, she felt sure there was cause for anxiety. If her eyesight failed her, what could she do to support her young relatives, so entirely thrown on her hands?

"God knows all about it; He sent these children to me, and He will provide for them," she said trustfully to herself, ere she fell asleep that night, after long pondering over the future.

Maggie was beginning to grow a little stronger. Somewhat of the first shock of her bereavement was passing over, and though she still felt her sorrow keenly, she was able to look at it more calmly than at first.

Mr. Stevenson had been exceedingly kind; he had called several times, and done what he could to cheer the stricken girl. Mrs. Stevenson had also called, and invited Maggie, more than once, to spend an afternoon with her. So with returning health, and the kindness of one and another about her, Maggie was made to feel that she had not lost everything, but that God had still left loving hearts to care for, and shield her. She felt very grateful that it was

so, and clung closely to Nora, doing all she could to help her.

One day towards the end of October, a chilly, raw day, that made a blazing fire comfortable, Alice Watson came in with a large basket of apples as a present.

"George and Eleanor sent us a hamper full," she said, "and we want you to help us to eat them."

"You are very kind," said Nora, "they will be most acceptable here, I assure you. What beauties they are!" she said looking them over.

"Are you well?" asked Alice, abruptly, looking at her sister's thin face.

"Quite well, dear," said Nora, cheerfully.

"You don't look one bit like yourself, so pale and worn."

"I am glad you have noticed it, Mrs. Watson," said Maggie, who was in the room; "Cousin Nora takes every care of us, but she does not look after herself at all. I want her to see Dr. Davidson, but cannot persuade her to send for him."

"No, dear, there is no need," said Nora, with a loving glance at her young cousin; "I am quite well, only a little run down. I shall soon feel stronger now the colder weather has come."

Maggie shook her head. She had been anxious about Nora for some time, but did not like to say too much before her. She went quietly out of the room, hoping the sisters would talk more freely when they were alone.

"Is there any special anxiety pressing upon you?" asked Alice, kindly.

"No, I cannot say that. I am a little anxious about my eyes, they always pain me now. But I have had a trying summer, and though I did not feel it at the time, I think it is telling on me now. I shall soon be better, Alice; do not be anxious. Of course I have many perplexities now, and much to think of, and that makes me look older, no doubt. Janet Grant is going to leave me; she—"

"Leave you!" exclaimed Alice. "I thought she was apprenticed to you for three years, and she has not been quite one year yet."

"It was no very formal apprenticeship. She does not care for the work, or show any special taste for it, though she is as willing and pleasant about it as can be. But she is going to be married to an old acquaintance at Greysthorpe."

"She is very young to be married, is she not?"

"She is eighteen. But I think her father is anxious to see her settled in a home of her own. He has known the young man ever since he was a boy, and thinks very highly of him, so I trust it may prove a happy union. But I shall miss Janet. Business is increasing again, and I have not many helpers, and Janet took much of the housekeeping off my hands."

"I suppose Maggie Darrell helps you?" said Alice.

"Yes, she does all she can. But she is very young, you know, and not very strong. I send her out as much as possible. I feel grieved I cannot keep the

dear child at school. She has not nearly finished her education."

"Nora," said Alice, hesitatingly, "it is not for me to give you advice, but do you not think you are bearing too many burdens about these young Darrells? I mean, you are straining every nerve to bring them up exactly as their father would have done, when perhaps God means them to lead a humbler life. You, with your small means, cannot do for them what their father would, and I don't think you ought to try. You are wearing yourself out, Nora, when, if you took things more quietly, you might be stronger. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes," said Nora, slowly; "yes, perhaps you are right, Alice. I have tried hard all these months not to let them feel any difference between their own home and mine. Perhaps I was wrong. I don't know. But I cannot bear to think I should be the means of their having less advantages."

"Why, Nora, what do you mean? If it had not been for you they would have had no advantages at all," said Alice, decidedly; "no one but you would take them in. They owe everything to you."

Nora was about to reply, when Douglas burst into the room, saying abruptly, "What shall we do? Charlie is lost!"

"Charlie!" exclaimed Nora, starting up; "what do you mean, Douglas?"

"Why, Cousin Nora," said the boy, greatly excited, "I was coming over the bridge just now, and saw Maud all by herself, crying, and saying she could not find Charlie."

"The bridge! what could Maud and Charlie be doing in that direction?" asked Alice. "I thought they went to school in Oak Avenue."

"So they do," replied Nora, hurriedly; "I cannot understand it at all. Where is Maud?"

"Just outside the door, crying."

All was in confusion and dismay. Work was

thrown aside, and all prepared to go out, and find the little fellow.

"I am afraid I did not think half enough of him," sobbed Maggie. "What shall we do, Cousin Nora?"

"We will go out and look for him at once," said Nora. "Come here, Maud; tell me what you were doing on the bridge."

"We went to see the soldiers," said Maud, between her sobs; "they came all down the Avenue, just as we came out of school, and the music was playing, and we went after them."

"All the way to the docks?"

"Yes," sobbed Maud. "I did not think till I saw the ships, that you said we must not go near the water, but always come straight home. I turned round to come, and then I could not see Charley—I couldn't see him anywhere. And then Douglas came." The poor little frame shook with emotion. Charlie was two years younger, and she felt she ought to have taken care of him.

"Don't cry so, Maud dear," said Nora, gently, though she felt very anxious; "I think God will let us find Charlie soon. We must all ask Him about our dear one, as we look everywhere we can think of."

"Where is Janet Grant?" asked Alice.

"She is spending the day with some friends of hers in Broad Street."

"Then she cannot help us. I will go down to James's office, it is nearly his time of leaving, and he will help us all to look. Would it not be

well to tell the police? And, Nora, you ought to stay at home, in case Charlie came. It would not do for every one to be out. Maud will stay with you, and we will come back as soon as we can."

Nora felt the force of Alice's words. She was very eager to go and look for the child; it would be harder to stay at home and wait, yet some one, of course, ought to be there. Her one fear was the docks. If the child was so near, might he not have fallen in? She hastened to the kitchen at once, and put on a kettle of water, and brought down some blankets, in



"'YOU ARE VERY KIND,' SAID NORA."

case he should be brought in wet and chilled. Then she returned to stand by the window with her arm round the trembling child, who sobbed for her brother, to wait, and hope, and pray.

Nearly an hour had gone by, and Nora had gone into the kitchen again, to see that the fire was keeping up, when Maud suddenly called:

"Cousin Nora, here is Dr. Davidson."

Nora hastened to the door, hardly knowing what she expected.

"Well, Miss Brownlow," said the doctor, cheerily, "I bring you news of the boy. He is safe, and will be able to come home by-and-by."

"Is he hurt?" asked Nora, anxiously. "And where is he, Dr. Davidson? We are so thankful to hear news of him."

"He is in the Infirmary; he——"

"The Infirmary!" interrupted Nora, "then he is hurt."

"No, I think not," said the doctor, kindly; "it is my visiting day at the Infirmary, and while I was going round the wards the boy was brought in. He had been knocked down in the street, and was brought in unconscious, but I do not think there was any real injury. With an hour or two's rest he will be himself again."

"Poor little fellow," said Nora, anxiously, "he and Maud are too young to be out in the streets alone. Yet I cannot help it."

"They ought not to be allowed far away."

"I do not allow it," replied Nora, "but they were attracted by some soldiers who passed just as they were coming out of school, and I think they were not aware of how far they had gone. I am thankful matters are no worse; we have been very anxious."

"Where is my friend, Maggie?" asked the doctor; "not breaking her heart, I hope."

"She is terribly anxious. She and Douglas are out looking for Charlie. My sister and her husband are with them. I hope they may soon return. It is very kind of you to come in and tell us, Dr. Davidson," said Nora, gratefully.

"I am glad to be able to relieve your anxiety. Some one should go to the Infirmary in an hour or two's time, and fetch the little fellow home. Do not go too soon, he will need some rest."

"I will go myself," said Nora, as the doctor took his leave.

"Maud, dear," said Nora, turning to her little companion, "God has been very good to us. Charlie is not seriously hurt, you see. You will be more careful, dear, another time, I am sure. Now we will get tea ready, they will all be coming in soon."

"I did not mean to lose him," said Maud, with quivering lips.

"No, dear, I am sure you did not. But while you are so young, you must not go so far from home alone."

Tea was only just laid, when Maggie and Douglas came in, anxious and tired.

"Good news for you, dear ones," was Nora's greeting, "Charlie is found. Dr. Davidson came to tell us he saw him at the Infirmary."

"The Infirmary!" said Maggie, bursting into tears, "then he is hurt. It is all my fault. I ought to look after him more."

"Nay, dear," said Nora, soothingly, "you could not help it, and the doctor says it is nothing serious. We may fetch him home this evening. Where is Alice?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Watson are coming," said Douglas; "they went to the Police station and told us to come on home."

Before long they came in, and all sat down to tea together, very thankful to hear the little wanderer was no worse. When tea was over, Nora rose up, and said she would go to the Infirmary.

"No," said James Watson, "I will go. I will get a cab, and soon bring Charlie home."

"I will go with you, Mr. Watson," said Maggie. "I must go. He is my own brother, and I ought to fetch him home."

"I think you are right," said James, "it will be better for Charlie to see your face first. We shall soon be back, Nora." And with a kiss to his wife James Watson went out with Maggie.

(To be continued.)

GARDEN WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT out lettuces in rich light earth, in a sheltered situation, well exposed to the sun. Transplant the strongest cauliflower plants towards the end of the month in a sheltered situation. They will sometimes survive the winter, and have good-sized heads. Plant out cabbage in well-manured ground, eighteen inches between the rows, and the same space between the plants. Cabbage and broccoli planted last month should be well hoed, so as to forward the growth, drawing the earth closely around the stems. Thin out winter spinach, leaving, of course, the strongest plants. Clean and trim up the herb beds, and sprinkle some rotted manure about the plants. New beds may now also be made. Keep celery well earthed up, so that the plants may be well blanched before the frost sets in.

Fruit Garden.

Gather winter apples and pears. That these should keep it is very essential that in gathering they should be quietly put in the basket. If knocked about, the bruises cause the fruit to decay. It is also essential that the fruit should be perfectly dry, and gathered in dry weather. About the end of the month nearly all kinds of fruit trees may be transplanted.

Flower Garden.

Transplant sweet-williams, campanulas, scarlet lychnis, antirrhinums, and other similar plants. Double wallflowers, double rockets, etc., should be planted in pots so that they may be removed for protection in severe weather. Divide and plant polyanthus, primroses, auriculas, daisies, camomile, hepaticas, gentianella, pansies, etc.

BETTING AND GAMBLING.

BY THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,

Vicar of Holy Trinity, Woolwich; Author of "Fottings from Jail," etc.

4. It Injures Others.



MORALITY or immorality in the individual is of course largely produced by the surroundings and companions he chooses. What are the associations of the turf, or the gambling hell? The description given by Charles Dickens of those he observed on a race-course is well known; and the *Echo* once wrote: "If there be one place on the earth which may be denominated a Pandemonium, it is the Epsom Downs on a

Derby day. On that spot will be gathered tomorrow some of the respectability and most of the rascality of the Metropolis. There will concentrate the blacklegs and the blackguards, and the scum of London Society, though we admit there will also be a very large number of ordinary folk bent on the enjoyment of a holiday. Betting and drinking, however, will be the two distinguishing characteristics of the scene." The contact with pitch proverbially defiles, and these companions will not exactly tar and feather us, but rather tar us and strip us of our feathers. Nor dare we in our own interests, or in those of others, forget the results of the habit as seen, for example, in a London prison for weeks after the Derby day. Theft, embezzlement, suicide, cases of these crimes produced by losses on the turf, keep dropping in for long, so that Derby day is remembered in prison after it has been forgotten outside. Here in three neighbouring cells, I found one day a man whose course had been betting—losing—drinking—murder: a boy who robbed his grandmother, who had brought him up, in order that he might go to the Derby, of which all his thoughts had been; and a postman with the three stripes on his arm that told of long and honourable service, until betting losses had made him a thief, and ruined his character and prospects, and brought shame and penury upon his innocent wife and children.

It is of the greatest importance to note what is the attitude we or others adopt to the habit of gambling and betting, for the high or the low standard in this respect will produce and govern our attitude towards

most other moral questions. Lax here, we shall be lax as regards temperance, purity, or commercial morality. Strict here, with no feeble worship of fashion, we shall be strict in other respects, and enabled to guard ourselves from popular temptation, and combining loving dissuasion with stern denunciation, be able to prevent the harm and ruin that else will accrue to the unthinking and the weak. May God give us grace not only to avoid the evil, and not merely to be content with personal abstinence from the folly and immorality of gambling, but also to avoid, in charity if not in self-defence, the occasions of evil, any complicity with evil, assent to evil by silence or otherwise, the mere appearance of evil, and even that which causes no evil to ourselves, but yet does, or may injure others.



ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

BY C. F. ALEXANDER,

Author of "There is a Green Hill Far Away," etc.

LIKE two pale stars at distance seen
When silver dews are on the lawn,
And misty shadows lie between
The silent earth and breaking dawn;—

So bright, so dimly seen the two
Whose names the Church has loved to blend,
So pure in Heaven's eternal blue,
Of man below so dimly kenn'd.

She only saith, from age to age,
That one wrote down a burning word
Which lives along the eternal page;
And one was zealous for the Lord.

And when men call Christ's roll of fame
His chosen Twelve in church or cot,
They speak the zealot Simon's name,
And Judas who betray'd Him not.

But all the rest to human ken
Is dark, or dimly understood—
So small is the applause of men!
So great the silence of the good!

To what barbaric lands their feet
Bore Christ's dear Cross we cannot tell;
No murmur of tradition sweet
Has whisper'd how they fought and fell.

Enough, they saw the Master's Face,
For Him to live, for Him to die—
And still their blended light we trace
Along the Church's starlit sky.

O Christ, our Sun, our Saviour dear,
Absorbing, filling all Thy saints,
Thy light illumines all the year,
When the sweet starlight pales and faints!

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton, Hon. Secretary Derby Congress and Wolverhampton Congress, and Editor of the "Official Report," 1882-1889.

THE thirtieth meeting of the Church Congress is to be held this month at Hull.

The following short account of the origin and history of this annual assembly of Churchmen may be both interesting and instructive to many readers of the CHURCH MONTHLY.

The first Church Congress was held in King's College Hall, Cambridge, in November 1861. It was an experiment made by a handful of Cambridge men, having a definite purpose in view, viz., to bring together the clergy and laity of the Church of England for consultation upon important Church questions, such as Church Defence, Church Extension, Education, Parochial Work, etc. The Cambridge meeting was a very modest affair, and attracted little or no public attention; but it was the beginning of a long series of important and increasingly popular Congresses, which have been held yearly since that date in every part of England, in Wales, and in Ireland, as the following table will show:—



THE REV. CANON M'CORMICK, D.D.,
Vicar of Hull, and Hon. Chaplain to the Queen.

DATE.	PLACE.	NUMBER OF MEMBERS' TICKETS.	NUMBER OF DAY TICKETS.	NUMBER OF EVENING TICKETS.	REMARKS.
1861	Cambridge . . .	300	—	—	Assembled under the auspices of the Cambridge Defence Association.
1862	Oxford . . .	735	—	—	Held in July under the presidency of the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce).
1863	Manchester . . .	1,918	—	No record.	Congress opened with Divine Service in the Cathedral. Preacher, Dean Hook. Cheap evening tickets first issued. Sectional Meetings instituted.
1864	Bristol . . .	No record.	—	—	
1865	Norwich . . .	1,946	—	—	First Conversazione held. Sectional meetings introduced.
1866	York . . .	2,147	926	—	Working Men's Meeting first held.
1867	Wolverhampton . . .	1,930	1,162	—	Many Colonial and American Bishops present.
1868	Dublin . . .	2,261	—	—	
1869	Liverpool . . .	2,810	—	—	Congress entertained at a banquet by the Mayor.
1870	Southampton . . .	No record.	—	—	First Devotional Meeting held.
1871	Nottingham . . .	2,171	—	—	Hymns used at the meetings for first time. Great interest manifested by Nonconformists in Congress.
1872	Leeds . . .	3,796	—	—	Recitation of Apostles' Creed at Opening Session introduced.
1873	Bath . . .	3,219	—	—	A Standing Consultative Committee of Congress appointed.
1874	Brighton . . .	4,935	—	—	First Congress of Scottish Church after the model of English Church Congress held this year.
1875	Stoke . . .	1,801	1,522	4,056	Free Sectional Meetings for working people in the Pottery towns.
1876	Plymouth . . .	1,438	238	445	
1877	Croydon . . .	4,073	730	—	For the first time under the presidency of the Primate.
1878	Sheffield . . .	2,257	No return.	—	Temporary buildings erected for meetings.
1879	Swansea . . .	1,825	No return.	—	First Congress held in Wales.
1880	Leicester . . .	No record.	—	—	Nonconformists presented an address of welcome.
1881	Newcastle-on-Tyne . . .	No record.	—	—	Women's Meeting first held.
1882	Derby . . .	3,219	779	—	Meetings held daily at Midland Railway Works and in large manufactories, which were addressed by leading members of Congress.
1883	Reading . . .	3,640	—	—	
1884	Carlisle . . .	1,967	793	137	
1885	Portsmouth . . .	2,141	1,493	—	Meetings for Soldiers and Sailors.
1886	Wakefield . . .	1,999	1,254	—	
1887	Wolverhampton . . .	2,567	641	474	Working Men's Meetings for discussion. No sectional meetings.
1888	Manchester . . .	4,450	1,531	411	Free Sectional Meetings in some Lancashire towns.
1889	Cardiff . . .	2,348	691	542	Service in Welsh language in Llandaff Cathedral.



THE REV. CANON W. F. ROWSELL, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Paul's, Hull.

of the Church of England. The leading Church newspaper, the *Guardian*, welcomed the attempt as the best "method of leavening public opinion, and creating an interest in Church questions, as well as of forming and ascertaining the opinion of Churchmen on points of practical and pressing importance." The hopes of the founders of the Church Congress have been abundantly realised. Churchmen of widely different opinions have met on the Congress platform, year by year, and have discussed the Church questions of

As already stated, the principal aim of the originators of the Church Congress was to bring together Churchmen, cleric and lay, of all shades of opinion, to consult upon matters of vital importance to the Church's welfare, and thereby to promote the best interests one another, and to bear and forbear, where complete agreement could not be obtained. Congress has been largely instrumental in breaking down the barrier of party spirit which has too long kept good men of various schools of thought apart. The angles of



THE REV. CANON C. S. WRIGHT, M.A.,
Vicar of Stokesley.

many an earnest Churchman have been rubbed off in Congress week; and members of Congress have returned to their homes and parishes with enlarged hearts and quickened zeal, to begin new enterprises of loving service for the Church and her Divine Lord.

The success of our own Church Congress has led to the establishment of similar meetings in Scotland, Canada, Australia, and the United States. And only this year it is rumoured that the Free Churches (so-called), meaning the Nonconformist bodies, are contemplating

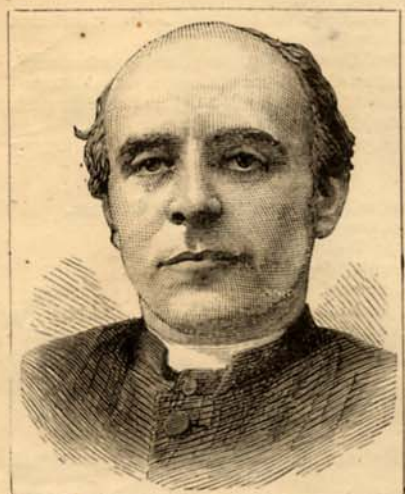


THE REV. J. M. LAMBERT, LL.D.,
Vicar of Newland, Hull.

the day, with some heat, doubtless, at times, but never without charity and mutual forbearance, and always with distinct advantage, not only to the members of Congress, but to the Church at large. Here Churchmen have learned to understand

the institution of a Free Church Congress or Conference, running upon the lines of the Church Congress.

At first the Church Congress was not, what it has long since become, a popular assembly. The Cambridge meeting was



THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.,
Vicar of Sculcoates.



THE REV. W. T. LAWSON, M.A.,
Senior Curate of Hull Parish Church.



MAJOR A. R. DIBB, M.A., J.P.

tatives to Congress. The *Times* writes one or more leading articles upon the proceedings; other papers follow suit; and nearly every halfpenny evening paper in the kingdom notices the discussions at greater or lesser length. An official report is published by the local committee for each year, containing a full and accurate account of the whole proceedings.

Wherever the Church Congress has been held it has left behind it not only pleasant memories, but a very distinct impression upon the life of the community. Men who

reported by the local press only. The London dailies probably never heard of the gathering. The *Guardian* printed a short account of the debates culled from a Cambridge paper. To-day the London and principal provincial papers send their representatives

brought with in the sight and hearing of many thousands of Churchmen and Nonconformists the Church's best and foremost sons and leaders—great ecclesiastics, statesmen of the first rank, eloquent orators, skilled debaters, learned apologists,



CAPTAIN JUDGE.

social reformers, and experienced spiritual guides and teachers.

The Church Congress is not only a huge discussion society, but a powerful missionary agent. Many of the ablest members of Congress have put themselves unreservedly in the hands of the local committees, to be sent wherever it might be desired to hold special meetings in halls, railway works, and manufactories for working men, women, and young people, whose occupations and circumstances prevented their attending the ordinary meetings. This mission aspect of the



CAPTAIN LEMPRIÈRE, R.E.

had seen the Church of England on a small scale only, in their parishes or towns, have been astonished by the discovery, during Congress week, of such a wealth of learning, piety, and zeal, in the old Church of the land. For the Church Congress has

Church Congress is by no means the least valuable service which this great annual gathering renders to our Church and nation.

Our portraits of the Hon. Secretaries of this year's Congress have been specially engraved by the well-known artist, Mr.

F. R. PEASE, ESQ., J.P.,
Treasurer of the Congress.

J. FOX SHARPE, ESQ., M.I.C.E.



J. B. WILLOWS, ESQ.

Regent Street, W.; Canon Wright by Schroeder, Doncaster; the Rev. John Watson by S. A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.; Captain Judge by Turner & Drinkwater, 8, Regent's Terrace, Hull; F. R. Pease, Esq., by Aaron, Scarborough; J. Fox Sharpe, Esq., by Maull & Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.; and H. Woodhouse, Esq., by Slater, Mostyn Street, Llandudno.

The widespread interest of the subjects selected for the Hull Congress lead one to anticipate that the gathering will be exceptionally successful. Many of the Bishops have promised to attend the Congress, and the Hull Committee has been unremitting in its endeavours to do everything to promote the comfort of the clergy and laity coming from a distance. The hospitality of Hull is proverbial, and those who have

Richard Taylor. The Rev. Dr. Lambert, the Rev. W. T. Lawson, Captain Lemprière, Major Dibb, and J. B. Willows, Esq., are from photographs by Barrow & Co., 7 and 8, Park Street, Hull; Canon McCormick by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; Canon Rowsell by Fradelle & Young, 246,

once enjoyed it are not likely to need much pressing to avail themselves of the opportunity of renewing the experience. The present will be the third occasion on which the Archbishop of York has presided over the Congress, for in 1866 the Congress met at York, and in 1878 at Sheffield.



HERBERT WOODHOUSE, ESQ., LL.M.



INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL.

THE history of the Parish Church of the Holy Trinity of Kingston-upon-Hull has been a remarkable one. According to a MS. in the Warburton Collection it was founded in 1285 as a chapel-of-ease to Hessle. The building, however, was not completed till 1425 (the record of the consecration of the high altar being recently discovered by Mr. M. C. Peck in York Minster). After suffering from being placed under an interdict in 1522, its revenues and plate were confiscated at the time of the suppression of the monasteries. Edward VI. continued the work of spoliation, but, upon the bitter complaint of the townspeople, he refounded the church, though its former revenues were never restored. About this period of its history it was the seat of a Suffragan Bishop. Under the Commonwealth it was divided into two parts by walling up the arches between chancel and nave. The latter portion was left to the inhabitants, but the east end was reserved for the use of the Independent soldiery, etc. Two services were conducted at the same time for the two congregations; and this curious state of things continued until the Restoration in 1660, when the partition walls were removed. In the following year Parliament dissolved the connection between the mother church of Hessle and the chapel of Holy Trinity. The patronage of the new Parish Church of Hull was vested in the Corporation of the town, who, on the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill in 1835, sold their rights to a body of trustees for £3,685. Since that time nearly £50,000 has been expended on the restoration of the building, chiefly under the direction of the eminent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A.

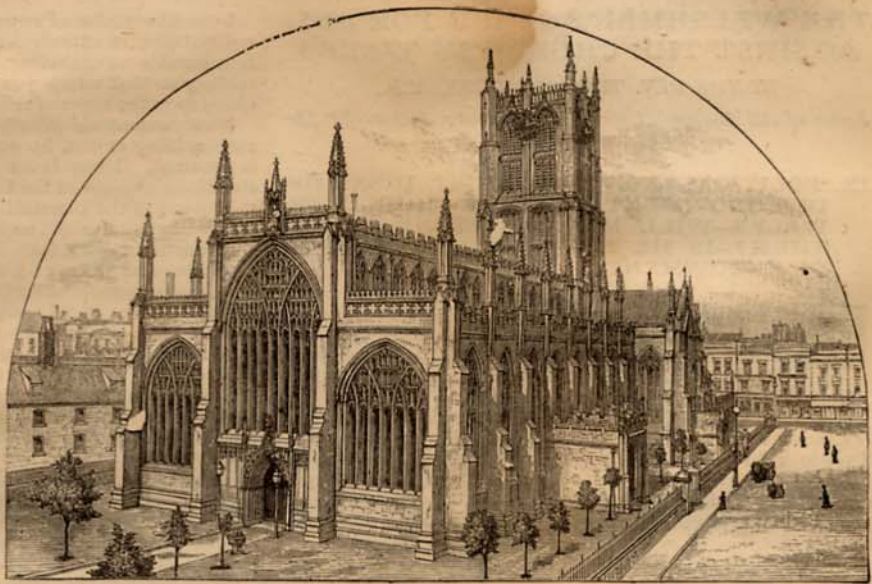
In shape Holy Trinity Church is cruciform, 272 feet in length from east to west, with a central square tower, 147½ feet high, resting on a vast framework of oak trees. In area it covers 25,640 feet, and is consequently the largest parish church in the kingdom; its chief rival, Great Yarmouth, occupying 23,085 feet, which is about 1,000 feet more than St. Michael's, Coventry.

The chancel, which is perhaps the oldest example of brick building in England, was commenced in 1285, and, with the transepts, is a fine example of early decorated English. The nave (which is of stone) and the upper part

of the tower are of later date, and in the Perpendicular style of architecture.

For lightness and delicacy of work the church is hardly to be surpassed; the columns being exceedingly slender, the windows numerous and large, and the whole structure grand and symmetrical in its proportions. The centre aisle of the chancel has been slightly raised of late years, and stalls have been constructed to correspond with the ancient woodwork. The reredos of stone and the communion table of oak are magnificent specimens of modern carving, as are also the small pulpit and the two screens which have recently been placed in position. The ceiling is panelled in oak, unpainted. The floor is almost entirely covered with incised slabs and richly carved monumental stones with inscriptions and armorial bearings—most of the brasses, however, having been stolen by the soldiers of Cromwell's time. Several examples of ancient piscinæ are left, the most noticeable being those in the Broadley Chapel and at the south-east corner, where a few of the glazed tiles, which formed the chancel pavement, have been preserved. Among the monuments, the most remarkable are the following:—A quaint Shaksperian figure near the vestry door (recently restored and redecored); the canopied shrine containing the effigies of Sir William de la Pole and his wife, who died in 1366; and several examples of the work of the famous sculptor Earle. In the north transept there is a singular stone coffin discovered in 1835. Ancient carved oak screens divide the transepts from the nave where Divine service is held on Sundays. The pulpit is of white Caen stone, simply, but tastefully carved. The brass lectern is one of the largest in the kingdom, its height being 7 feet 3 inches, and weight 7 cwt. The font, cut from a huge block of stalagmite, is finely sculptured with shields, roses, etc., and has a singular figure of a huntsman presenting his spear at a boar's head with an acorn in its mouth. The nave is seated to accommodate about two thousand persons. The choir is voluntary, and occupies stalls between the lectern and the organ, which was built by the firm of Forster & Andrews, and is placed on the south side of the centre transept. In the tower there is a peal of eight bells, the tenor weighing about 21 cwt. The clock, which has four dials, was placed in position in 1772, and its complex mechanism attracts considerable attention. Attached to it are the chimes, which ring at six and twelve o'clock. The view from the top of the tower is extensive and interesting, especially towards the south-east, where the Humber winds its tortuous way.

Before the Reformation there were twelve chantry chapels connected with the church, the last founded (1533) being that of Sir John Eland, which at present is used as the Library and Clergy Vestry. The most perfect of these chantry remains is the chapel of William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire and Lord of the Isle of Man, who was beheaded by Henry IV. at Bristol. It was erected in or about 1395, and has been carefully restored by Miss Broadley of Welton, after whom it is now named. The other chantries



EXTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL.

have been almost entirely swept away, but in the south aisle of the nave there is a curious depressed ribbed arch, with a kneeling figure at the side, and on the top the conventional representation of the Holy Trinity, which is supposed to have belonged to a chantry founded in 1328 by a wealthy Hull merchant.

Against the east end of the chancel rests an old painting on plaster—"The Lord's Supper"—by Jacques Parmentier, born in Paris in 1658. This is a portion of a large picture which formerly covered nearly the whole of the east window, now filled with stained glass from the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The northern choir aisle window has recently been filled, by Mr. T. A. Smithson, with a representation of the Last Judgment. The other windows of stained glass are the Peck window in the south transept, the Leatham in the south choir, the Bromby in the south nave, and the noble west window of seven lights, below which is a large brass plate engraved with the names of the various persons in memory of whom the several divisions of the window were placed.

Our illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor. The Rev. Canon M'Cormick, M.A. (St. John's College, Cambridge), D.D. (Trinity College, Dublin), is the present Vicar and Rural Dean of Hull.

W. T. LAWSON.

ECCELESIASTICAL ART EXHIBITION.—The Twelfth Annual Ecclesiastical and Educational Art Exhibition, in connection with the Church Congress, has been organised by Mr. John Hart. This exhibition, which has for many years proved a valuable and interesting adjunct to the Church Congress, will be held in the Drill Hall of the Artillery Barracks, Hull, a most convenient and commodious building situated within a very short distance of the Congress Hall. The exhibition will include, as usual, articles of every description used in the building and decoration of churches, and in the services of the Church.

There will be an extensive Loan Collection of Ecclesiastical Art generally—including Old Plate, Wood and Ivory Carvings, Paintings, Photographs, etc.—which will add greatly to the interest and attractiveness of the Exhibition.

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.

IX. POLITICAL NONCONFORMIST IDEAS OF DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH IN WALES—WILL MR. GLADSTONE ADOPT THEM?—IS HE FOR OR AGAINST SUCH DISESTABLISHMENT?

CHURCHMAN.—I suppose your political Nonconformist leaders hold as extravagant views as to the extent to which the Church in Wales ought to be Disendowed as they hold on what should be the extent of her Disestablishment?

NONCONFORMIST.—Certainly. They take their views of Disendowment and Disestablishment from the same sources. They look forward to the time when by Disendowment every building and every penny of endowment which the Church now possesses shall be taken from her as a Church body, and shall be vested in other bodies and devoted to other uses than those of the Church in Wales.

It is true that the advocates of Disestablishment and Disendowment would not include in this sweeping confiscation of proprietary churches built and endowments provided since the year 1818. But in any case they would take all buildings and endowments away absolutely from the central or local Church body, and would vest them either in their founders or endowers, if living; or in the legal successors of such founders and endowers, if deceased.

With reference to churches built and endowments provided by voluntary subscriptions, these they would vest in the congregations worshipping in the different buildings.

CHURCHMAN.—Then do you really mean to say that the leaders of the Disestablishment and Disendowment movement in Wales are prepared not only to Disestablish her to the extreme extent that you have described, but also that they are further prepared to Disendow her to the extent of taking from her, as a Church body, every stick, stone, and penny of property that she now possesses?

NONCONFORMIST.—That is so. In the scheme of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales, no Church body will be treated with or recognised. The Church body will be dealt with as having no vested interest in Church property, and as incapable therefore of suffering any loss by Disendowment, and consequently as having no claim for compensation or any consideration whatsoever.

The scheme for Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales recognises the existence of no Church body whatsoever in the proposed confiscation of Church property. It contemplates individuals only—whether lay or clerical—holding office and receiving emoluments as having vested interests in Church property, and as having therefore a claim for compensation.

These persons—the bishops, clergy, patrons of benefices, and others—would of course be compensated, according to a given scale, by annuity or by the receipt of a lump sum of money paid to them, as the case might be; but as for the Church body, it is not in the programme of Disestablishment and Disendowment to give even as much as one penny to it, on account of the buildings and endowments which it is intended shall be confiscated and devoted to other than Church uses.

CHURCHMAN.—But surely the religious conscience of even the most inveterate Nonconformist opponents of the Church in Wales, and even the conscience of the most fanatical advocates of Disestablishment and Disendowment, would revolt at the very idea of such wholesale robbery of the Church as that which you have sketched out, and which you say is a part of the plan of Disendowment?

I cannot conceive of any man's ideas of honesty, justice, and equity being so entirely distorted and perverted as to imagine him capable of approving of such an audacious scheme of robbery as that which you have indicated, and especially his doing so in the name of religion.

NONCONFORMIST.—Whether you can conceive or imagine such a thing or not, be assured that what I have told you is the truth. There is no scheme or plan or programme for the Disendowment of the Church in Wales that is accepted by the leaders of the Disestablishment movement other than that which I have explained to you.

CHURCHMAN.—But take, for instance, the cathedrals, parish churches, and other ecclesiastical buildings as well as the parsonages throughout the Principality. Why, Churchmen have spent enormous sums upon them by repairing them during many centuries, and almost rebuilding them over and over again. And all this with the idea of preserving them for the purposes and uses of the Church. Then, further, within the last fifty years hundreds of thousands of the purely voluntary contributions of Churchmen have been spent in restoring and rebuilding their churches. Now, do you mean to tell me that it is a part of the Disendowment programme, in the face of all these facts, to take the cathedrals, parish churches, and parsonages entirely away from the Church?

NONCONFORMIST.—Undoubtedly, as I have told you, the Church as a body will not be taken into account. Nothing will be left to it whatsoever.

CHURCHMAN.—Do Nonconformists generally throughout Wales understand, enter into, and approve of such a huge scheme of robbery as this which you say is intended to be carried out by proposed Disendowment?

NONCONFORMIST.—They do not. The great majority of Welsh Nonconformists who advocate what they call Disendowment mean by it nothing more than that the Church should have taken away from her any buildings or endowments that can be clearly proved to have been given to her by the State, and then of course they would regard the Church as having a part claim to equitable compensation for the loss of that which she had so long legally possessed.

But, then, I must confess that the whole agitation for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales is not the result of the spontaneous expression and growth of the feelings of the great majority of the Nonconformists in the Principality. It is to a very great extent an extraneous movement, thrust upon the people by political leaders and agitators, and it exhibits much more of a bitterly political animus than of a religious spirit.

CHURCHMAN.—It is strange that there should be professedly Christian men who can advocate in the name of religion such a scheme of wholesale confiscation of Church property.

But however this may be, it never can be carried out. No responsible statesman, as the leader of his party and the leader of the House of Commons, dare propose such terms of Disendowment. Certainly Mr. Gladstone is the last man that ever would be expected to do so. We are confident in the expression of our opinion as well founded that Mr. Gladstone would never take part in carrying out the Liberation scheme and Radical programme of Disendowment, nor would he in any way sanction the dishonest principles embodied in them. We are bold to assert that, if Mr. Gladstone ever took part in or any way sanctioned the Disendowment of the Church in Wales, it would only be on terms that would be at least as favourable to her as those that were conceded to the Irish Church.

As we said of Disestablishment so we say of Disendowment: As long as Mr. Gladstone and Welsh Nonconformists merely indefinitely talk of these proposals as possible things of the future, they may be in apparent agreement about them. But the moment that he and they are compelled to come to a definite understanding as to what they respectively mean by Disestablishment and Disendowment, and what they would include in them and exclude from them, then undoubtedly their differences of opinion would be shown to be as opposite as the poles, and there would be an end to their assumed agree-

ment on the proposals of Disestablishment and Disendowment; and, indeed, an end to their political alliance altogether.

NONCONFORMIST.—You are saying or rather predicting a great deal on behalf of Mr. Gladstone. Remember, as long as he lives his mind will be open to receive fresh light and knowledge on the subject. You are no doubt forming your opinions as to what he might or might not do in this matter from the fact that, amidst all his changes of opinion, he has always remained a devoted, and in some respects an enthusiastic, Churchman.

But you must bear in mind that Mr. Gladstone always reserves to himself the right to revise his opinions up to any date, and to reconsider his political position unembarrassed by his previous views and past policy. How do you know, then, that he may not in some unexpected political crisis or emergency suddenly develop views in perfect accord with those of the Liberation Society and the Radical programme with reference to the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales?

CHURCHMAN.—I do not know and I do not profess to know anything on the subject; but I cannot believe that Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding all the changes that have taken place in his political opinions and policy during his public career, could ever be the subject of a change of views such as you have suggested. But even if such a change in Mr. Gladstone's views and policy with reference to the Church in Wales were possible, he would utterly fail to induce the constituencies of the country to sanction his policy.

Of this we may be certain, that, independently of the policy pursued by Mr. Gladstone or any political leader or party, the Church in Wales stands in no immediate danger of being subjected either to Disestablishment or Disendowment. She is increasing year by year in the numbers of her members, buildings, and in the amounts of her endowments. Her clergy and laity engage in their work of Church extension, consolidation, and organisation as if they had faith in her future.

She is daily growing religiously and politically stronger, and is becoming better able to fight her own battles. We believe that Disestablishment and Disendowment are yet a long way off; but should they ever come to pass, they will take place on terms very different from those formulated by the Liberation Society and the Radical programme.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

*. * We shall endeavour to answer all questions which are of interest to the majority of our readers, and to advise when we see a prospect of doing good. Questions should be addressed to MR. F. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. In each case inquirers will please give their names and addresses, which of course will be held as strictly private.

R. DENNIS.—We think you will find everything you require in *Golden Vessels: A Manual of Private Devotion for the Young*, by the Rev. J. Eustace Brennan, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Ramsgate. It is an excellent little book, published by Seeley & Co., and it is strongly recommended by the Dean of Canterbury.

H. STATHAM.—Perhaps you mean the chimney now in course of erection at the Royal Smelting Works, Freiberg, Saxony. It is calculated that a million and a half of bricks will be required, the cost being £6,000.

P. P. VERNON.—Port Darwin is on the northern coast of Australia.

M. BARNES.—Professor Tyndall is an Irishman. He was born at Leighlin Bridge, Co. Carlow, on August 21st, 1820.

L. CARTER.—The Bishop of Winchester is Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

VICTOR MARSHALL.—The Teachers' Guild was established as a Registered Society in 1885. The office is at 17, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

P. MARTIN.—The Questions are specially prepared for our pages, and have never appeared in any other periodical.

HYMN FOR ST. LUKE'S DAY.

BY THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W.; Author of "The Sower went forth Sowing," etc.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, Who healeth all thy diseases!"



MYRRH AND BALSAM.

PRAISE from the sons of pain
below,
To Him who rests in fields of
light,
Yet makes earth's healing herbs
to grow,
And teaches man to use
aright;—

For every moan by medicine
stilled,
For every life from death held
back,
For healing hands, and spirits
skilled
To furnish strength to frames
that lack.

And for the Saint-Physician, wise
To heal the body, help the soul,
And tell of doubly opened eyes,
And natures made in all things
whole.

But most for Him, the Friend Divine,
Who came where lifeless man was laid,
And poured the heavenly oil and wine
On deadly wounds His foe had made;—

The best Physician,—He who bore
Himself our sicknesses and grief,
And suffering flesh un murmuring wore,
To bring to suffering souls relief:

And taught His saint to write the tale,
And store the medicine in His Book,
That leaves of healing ne'er should fail
For dying ones to Him who look.

A WEANED CHILD.

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

Vicar of Old Warden, Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

WHEN David said "My soul is even as a weaned child" (Psalm cxxxi. 2), he was speaking to God: we do not often lay bare our whole heart to a fellow-creature, it is but seldom that we can bring ourselves to tell to *man* the exact state of our soul; but to God we may tell all. This is our happiness; and we are happy too in this, that what David said to God is here written for us. David described to God the state of his soul; God Himself caused it to be written for us.

What did David mean when he said "My soul is even as a weaned child"? What was his state of heart and feeling?

A child newly weaned misses its mother's breast; and for a time no other food pleases it. The child frets and sobs and struggles, and it goes hard with the mother to deny it. But, after a while, the struggles cease; the child, though too young to understand what it does or why, submits to its parent's will, and takes what other food is offered. Yet it is still

some time before its natural desires are thoroughly changed; and meanwhile there is a feeling of want; something is missed; the child is quieted, but saddened, and somewhat weakened: for the first time, it has had to give up its own will; it has had its first trial.

Perhaps David had been proud and self-willed, ambitious, and bent on having his own way; and perhaps God had sent him some disappointment, or visited him with trouble. He seems to hint at this: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me." What he is *not* now, that perhaps he *was* a little while ago. But now he can say "My heart is *not* haughty;" the dealings of God have wrought their right effect; he is humbled, and has given up his will to God: "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." If there were any struggles, they are now over; so completely over, that he not only is himself full of hope and trust, but also exhorts Israel, and *us*: "Let Israel hope in the Lord, from henceforth and for ever."

Never fret against God; do not sob and sigh for anything you have lost; do not struggle against your Father's will. He knows far better than you what is for your good, and He loves you even more than a mother loves her sucking child. If He has taken from you anything on which your heart was set, He has done it in wisdom and love.

Would the child ever grow to manhood, if not weaned? Is it not needful that its mother's milk should be changed for stronger food? So, there is a needs-be in the changes God makes in His provision for His children. He knows the right food for them at every stage, and has it to give. And, if something must be taken away, in order that they may be better fed, and if their own will must at times be thwarted, that God's will may be done, shall His children moan and struggle?

Be quiet under the Hand of God. Lie submissive in His Arms. And, as the weaned child soon looks up again into its mother's face and smiles, so do you look to your Father in grateful, loving, cheerful trust. Be more than resigned; acquiesce in your Father's will: and let it be your heart's desire, that His will may be yours. He Himself will help you in this by His Spirit.

If you should *miss* anything, and feel depressed or weakened by the taking away of that on which your heart fed, be not surprised, and think not for this that you are really a loser. As long as there is no rebellion, this very feeling may turn to your good, and teach you the love of God to you—"for whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth," and now He is chastening *you*.

"Hope in the Lord." That is what He is leading you to. Hope, not in any object of natural desire, but "in the Lord." He will never disappoint you, never withdraw Himself from you, never fail you. And never will He deprive His children of anything, but to give them something better in its place.

NELLIE'S FIRST-FRUIT.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "M^r. Priss," "Pierre Richards," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"IN THE COUNTRY."



BUT in the meantime dreams of soup and meat would not strengthen Jacob's body or satisfy his hunger, and as summer advanced and the weather grew hotter he became subject to strange pains in his head and to fits of dizziness. Few boys would have had the courage to act as he was doing, but his ambition to succeed and his self-control were great; so in spite of the protestations of Nature

he persisted in his course, gladdened by seeing his little hoard gradually swelling.

He had one day been summoned to Mr. Thomas Brand's office, and found that while there he had to strain his attention to the utmost in order to understand the instructions which were given him. A strange buzzing in his ears made the voice of the speaker seem as though it came from a distance. He was glad when he could gather up his papers and hurry away, but as he descended the stairs the buzzing in his head increased till it seemed like the roar of angry waters. A black veil appeared to drop before his eyes, and with a loud cry he fell to the ground. Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Hind, both attracted by the cry, came running to the spot, and found Jacob lying senseless at the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Hind tried to raise him, but the moan which he gave told of more mischief than a mere fainting fit.

"His leg is broken," she said, as she examined and moved his limbs, "broken below the knee. He must be taken up to my room at once, some one must carry him."

In spite of his moans Jacob was taken up in the strong arms of the porter, Mrs. Hind supporting the injured limb as well as she could, carried to her room, and laid on her bed.

"Don't you think it would have been better to have sent him home at once?" asked Mr. Thomas, who still hovered helplessly around. "It will be giving you too much trouble to keep him here, Mrs. Hind."

"I shall like the trouble if you do not object to my keeping him," answered Mrs. Hind, with one of her happiest smiles. "I think his relations are only poor people; he might not be well nursed—but look here, sir," and she held up the boy's arm, from which she had removed the jacket, "surely he must have been ill lately; he is nothing but skin and bone."

The doctor who had been summoned now came in, and, on examination, found that Jacob had broken three ribs as well as his left leg. He at once went to work to set the injured bones, and, like Mrs. Hind, remarked on the extreme emaciation of the boy's body.

"He has all the appearance of being half-starved," he said. "He must be carefully nourished now, or we shall have more mischief than broken bones to attend to."

And in spite of Mrs. Hind's good nursing, in spite of all the delicacies which Mr. Thomas never failed to bring with him every morning, the doctor's words came true, and fever set in.

During the watches by his bed, from his rambling conversation, Mrs. Hind gathered much of the cause of Jacob's illness, and her kind motherly heart bled within her as she heard him cry, "No meat, no meat; bread, that is enough, or I shall never get my new jacket;" or, "Yes, I will have soup that day, I will have a good dinner, and when I have got all the clothes I shall not have to go without any more. Oh, I am so hungry, I cannot sleep." Sometimes he would talk in German, and this she could not understand; but from the word *hungrig*, which he often uttered, she guessed that the topic was the same, whether expressed in German or English.

But the full force of the meaning of his words did not strike her as they did Mr. Jamieson, to whom she repeated them. "The boy has been starving himself in order to keep up a decent appearance," he said. "I remember now he told me he lived alone, his grandmother was dead; the fault is mine. I gave it no thought that he would have to buy clothes as well as food out of his salary."

Mr. Thomas was shocked when he heard the truth of the case, for as the delirium passed off, and Jacob became able to talk, Mrs. Hind drew from him the story of his privations.

"I can scarcely believe," said the kind-hearted man, "that we could have used the poor boy so cruelly, for it was cruelty to make no inquiries as to his home and means. He must have his salary raised as soon as he is fit for work again."

"No, no, sir, the fault has been mine; I must make it up to the boy," said Mr. Jamieson. "To raise his salary would be a bad precedent in the house. I shall take care of him, and see that he has enough to eat in future."

As Jacob grew stronger, and was able to leave his bed, the question arose what was to be done with him. "I shall send him to the seaside," said Mr. Thomas. "That will bring some colour to his cheeks, and give him an appetite. What do you say, Mrs. Hind? Do you know of any place where I can send him, and where he will be well cared for?"

"No sir, I know of no place by the sea; but it seems to me that fresh air, sweet new milk, and kind attention would be quite as good for him as the seaside. My sister, who is married to a farmer, would, I am sure, willingly take the boy and look after him. It would never do to send him among strangers, with no one to take care of him."

So it was settled, and a week later Jacob found himself in the train with Mrs. Hind, on his way to Barton's Farm. A warm welcome awaited Mrs. Hind from her relations. She had but a short time to stay; and almost before Jacob had had time to get acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, with Jack, the great strong boy of his own age, and with Nellie, the little eleven-years-old girl, the darling of the house, he found himself left alone among strangers.

But Jacob was not allowed to feel himself a stranger. The whole family seemed to vie with one another in their kind attentions to the sickly boy; and soon the fresh air and the good homely fare began to work wonders. The skin, which hung in such loose wrinkles on his body, began to fill out, and a faint colour returned to his cheeks. He would ride out to the fields in the harvest waggons,

and then manage, by the help of his stick, and with many rests by the way, to walk home again, where Nellie was always ready to shake up the cushions on the roomy old sofa, or to carry them out to the orchard, so that he might lie under the trees. Soon Nellie became his chief friend. Mr. Lawson and Jack were busy in the fields all day, and Mrs. Lawson found plentiful occupation for her time in house, dairy, and amongst her chickens; but Nellie was having her holidays, and after she had helped Jane wash up the breakfast things and make the beds, she had all her time at her own disposal. Up to the present she had bestowed most of it on her large family of dolls, betraying the true maternal instinct in attending to their many wants; but now, for the first time in her life, something sickly and helpless was brought under her care, and she threw herself into the new occupation of nurse and companion with delight.

She fussed round Jacob like the proverbial "hen with one chick," boiled his egg herself that it might be just right, saw that he took his tonic and glasses of milk at the proper intervals, consulted anxiously with her mother over the dinner and the pudding, so that she might be sure there would be something to tempt the invalid's appetite, and then, when all was done, would talk or read to him under the shadow of the orchard trees.

Jacob fully appreciated all her care, and felt that he was in a species of earthly paradise. All his anxieties with regard to food and clothes had vanished, for Mrs. Hind had told him that she could see a way for him out of his difficulties, and that he was to put aside all thought of the subject till he returned to town. So he enjoyed the sweet balmy air, the blue sky, the flowers, and all the other delights of country life to the full, listened to Nellie's merry prattle of her schoolfellows, and told her tales of his own German life.

(To be continued.)

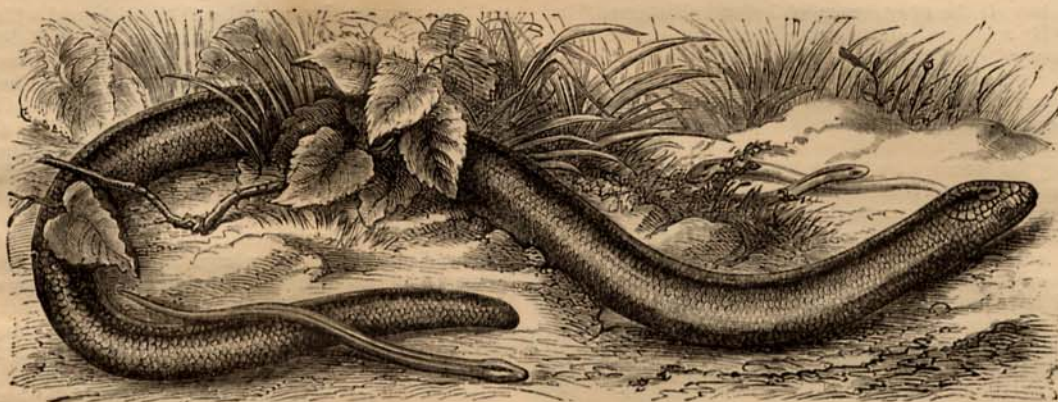
O FEAST OF LOVE!



The Rectory, Cheltenham.

O FEAST of Love! to Thee I bring
My heart a willing offering,
And kneeling at the sacred board,
My life I give unto the Lord,
Whose Love is a perennial spring.
While at His Cross myself I fling,
And to my Saviour humbly cling,
Each throbbing pulse is thrill'd and stirr'd,
O Feast of Love!
Here, as I meet my Lord and King,
And in mine ears His accents ring,
Distinct, as though His very word,
"Take this and eat," I clearly heard,
My Eucharistic song I sing,
O Feast of Love!

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.



SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Our Insect Allies," "Nature and her Servants," etc.

V.—THE BLINDWORM.

LIKE many another equally harmless and inoffensive creature, the blindworm is commonly accredited with all sorts of evil and unhallowed deeds, some of them of the most dire and dreadful description. Even in the time of Shakespeare it laboured under its wholly undeserved reputation. For do we not read of the "eyeless, venomous worm"? And does not its "sting" form one of the principal ingredients which Macbeth's three witches cast into their seething cauldron? And are not blindworms among the creatures specially exhorted to refrain from disturbing Titania's slumbers? Of course Shakespeare himself was no naturalist, and ought not to be blamed for his want of discrimination. He simply adopted popular theories, as current at the time at which he wrote. And somehow or other many of these theories have survived, in spite of their utter falsity and manifest absurdity. So that there are many parts of the country even now in which the average rustic firmly believes that toads spit fire and newts poison cows, while he would far rather handle a viper than a blindworm.

Here is what a Welsh sexton has to say upon the subject:—

"The slower-worm stings horrible. Not long ago in the yard I found a slower-worm, and being in a playful humour I put it on a flat tombstone, and wouldn't let it go where it wanted to. So its temper was roused. And there came a little dog to the place, and the slower-worm it darted at the little animal and bit its foot fearful, and it yelped and licked its poor little toe!"

Probably the blindworm's tongue has a good deal to do with its bad reputation. It is forked, for one thing—and people, for some reason or other, are dreadfully afraid of a forked tongue—and it darts in and out of the mouth just like that of a snake. But of course even in a snake the tongue is perfectly

harmless; although Shakespeare again asserts the contrary:—

"Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies."

King Richard the Second, Act III., Scene 2.

And as the blindworm has but the tiniest of teeth, and is not nearly strong enough to drive them through the human skin, it may be freely handled without any misgivings as to the possible results.

The risk, indeed—if risk it may justly be termed—is rather upon the part of the blindworm. For, like many other lizards, it is very apt to resort to the curious expedient of self-mutilation as a means of self-defence. You see a blindworm crawling in the grass, and stoop to pick it up. You touch it; and instantly it seems endowed with a strange and altogether unexpected activity, begins to leap repeatedly into the air, and twists and turns about so rapidly that it is almost impossible to pick it up. At last, however, you succeed; and then you find that you have succeeded in catching, not the blindworm, but merely its tail, which it has completely severed from the body. And this is quite a common occurrence. The shock of the laceration seems to excite the nerves of the tail, and to cause it to perform the curious antics above described. The would-be captor's attention is naturally taken off by this totally unlooked-for performance; and the blindworm takes advantage of its opportunity, and glides quickly away to some place of safety.

Strangely enough, the self-inflicted wound bleeds little, if at all, and the torn and lacerated flesh heals over with marvellous quickness. More strangely still, a new tail is gradually produced in the place of the old. And before very long the creature is apparently as perfect as ever, a certain "stumpiness" in the tail, and a slight constriction at the point of severance, being the only outward signs of the injury which it has sustained.

There is, however, an *internal* difference, which is never afterwards obliterated. The vertebra at the point where severance takes place is very curiously constructed, being perforated, and traversed by a powerful muscle. By the sudden contraction of this muscle the mutilation is brought about; but, in the *new* tail, the spine beyond the perforated vertebra is never replaced. In its place runs merely a cord of nerves, something like the spinal cord without its bony casing. And this casing, no matter how long the blindworm may afterwards live, is never renewed.

Why the animal should be called a "blindworm" I cannot pretend to say. It is most certainly not blind, for it has a pair of useful and fairly conspicuous eyes. And with equal certainty it is not a worm. Sometimes—as by the Welsh sexton—it is called a "slow-worm," or "slower-worm;" again with little reason. For it can glide along the ground after the manner of the snake with some little speed, and is far from a sluggish or inactive being. But, after all, when we complacently apply the term of "black-beetle" to an insect which is not black and is not a beetle, and when we call buffaloes "bisons," and bisons "buffaloes," we can hardly feel surprised to find that an eyed lizard has somehow managed to acquire the title of a *blindworm*.

Generally, I think, this interesting little creature is regarded as a snake. And undoubtedly there is something very snake-like about it. It has no external limbs, like almost all other lizards; and it glides like a snake, and darts its forked tongue in and out of its mouth like a snake, and behaves altogether very much more like a snake than a lizard; yet it *is* a lizard, in spite of its deceptive aspect. And no doubt it has often owed its life to its strangely serpentine appearance.

Its food appears to consist chiefly of slugs. Not, of course, the gigantic brown creatures which vex the heart of the gardener, and work dire havoc among his lettuces, but the small, white slugs which are generally exceedingly plentiful in damp and grassy spots. About three of these slugs are sufficient for a meal; and it can at any time fast for three or four weeks without any apparent discomfort. And, like so many other creatures, it passes the entire winter without food of any kind, falling into a state of torpor as soon as the cold weather approaches, and lying without motion, food, or even respiration, until the warm days of spring call it once more to active life. During the summer, however, it consumes its slugs at the rate of perhaps a dozen in a week, and, no doubt, in localities where it is plentiful, exercises a considerable check upon their multiplication.

As an "out-of-the-way pet," the blindworm is a decided success. It requires little attention, it is always interesting, and it very soon loses its timidity, and makes itself perfectly at home. After a short time it will even submit to be freely handled, without showing any signs of fear. At the approach of autumn, however, it is always best to release it, as it

does not winter well in captivity. And it is so plentiful in most parts of the country that a successor may easily be obtained in the spring.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD,

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Lew Trenchard, Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" etc.



THE voice of the Lord is a glorious voice,
It riveth the rocks asunder;
The voice of the Lord is a voice of power,
That soundeth above the thunder;
The voice of the Lord is a still, small voice;
Unsealing the spring of tears;
The voice of the Lord is a voice of peace,
Assuaging the wildest fears.

The voice of the Lord is a Captain's voice,
That summons to gird for fighting;
The voice of the Lord is a Judge's voice,

The conscience with terror smiting;
The voice of the Lord is a Prophet's voice,
All wisdom Divine revealing;
The voice of the Lord—a Physician's voice,
Conveying comfort and healing.

The voice of the Lord, in its accents stern,
Hearts rigid and stubborn rending;
The voice of the Lord in a whisper soft,
The soul in submission bending;
The voice is uttered in childhood fresh,
The spirit enlightening, guiding;
It soundeth throughout the day of life,
Consoling, exhorting, chiding.

O voice of the Lord! in thunder speak,
And break if my will needs breaking!
O voice of the Lord! as a trumpet blast,
Arouse, if I need awaking!
Oh, teach, encourage, and lead me on,
Reclaim when from duty flying!
Redress when wrong, and revive when faint,
And call me to rest when dying.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY M.A. (OXON.)

XXVI. CHARADE.

My first came to table to-day:
My second will never be off:
My third is not yours; I should say,
A capable man is my fourth.
My whole is a word which applies
To an act of injustice or lies.

XXVII. PIE.

Tra huto elpa orf riseneaws
Fo ginelbim veanech nad zaggni no hat threa
Drawnegin lapmosseconin
Goman eth trass ahtt evah a
Fidresten thirb
Dan chevingareng keil a losyjesyee.
Ahtt dinfo on jebcot throw sit scaynston.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

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

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

X.—WITH HASTY MRS. JENKINS.



"OME, you are sure she did it on purpose, just to irritate you? She delights in making you angry, does she?"

"Now, Mrs. Jenkins, if you or I were not old acquaintances, I should put that aside at once as a word or two that just slipped out in anger. But I have heard you say that about our little Jane so many times that I begin to believe it. She must be a bad

girl, Mrs. Jenkins, a very bad girl, and a sad affliction it must be to you to have such a child."

"Not so bad, either? Only a little careless now and then?"

"Well, you relieve my mind very much. But are you quite sure that it isn't a case of motherly kindness putting the best face possible on a child's misconduct?"

"No, Jane is a very good girl, only she does make you 'that wild' sometimes."

"Well, now, Mrs. Jenkins, that alters the case. For the sake of old times you will let me tell you just how it strikes me. I come by this house most days in the week, and your door is nearly always open. And out of the door there come sounds. Now I should be deaf if I did not very often hear what you were saying. Yesterday Jane had spilled some water on the floor. The day before she had committed the dreadful crime of leaving the back-door open. The day before that—well, I had better not rake up too much of the past."

"You are sure she deserved it, and all you said never did her any harm?"

"I am sure she did wrong or you would never have scolded her. But then there are more ways than one of correcting children. Some people use violence—that is not your wont, Mrs. Jenkins. But there is another method scarcely less dangerous. 'Nagging' is an ugly word, but it just describes the way some people have of treating their little ones if they don't please them. They will not lift their hands to them; but see what play they make with their tongues! Nothing the children can do is right, and every little fault is the theme of a discourse very much longer than a Sunday sermon. Now accidents and mistakes will happen sometimes, even to the oldest and the wisest and the most careful of us; then why not to the children? Mark what happens when a father or a mother takes to this most unwise system of 'nagging.' The children lose all confidence in themselves, and are less likely than ever to do what you want. They are so used to complaints,

taunts, and threats that at last they get utterly indifferent. It seems all one to them whether they try or do not try. At last they no longer care to distinguish between right and wrong—they choose the evil whenever it claims to be the pleasanter course. Who brings them to that?"

"You are sure you never meant harm? It was all done in a moment?"

"I dare say; but child-nature is a delicate plant, and needs careful handling. The little ones ought not only to love but to respect their parents, yet parents often make it hard for them to do either. Think of our Lord's care for the little ones, and see how sadly it rebukes hasty, harsh, unjust treatment of their faults. You must pray for the grace of patience, so that when a childish mistake or fault provokes you to anger you can keep your anger under. Then if punishment be needed, you will be fit to punish. Above all, look at your own heart; seek the aid of the Holy Spirit to learn what is wrong there, and God will not leave you without help."

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.

109. Where do we read of a court of justice held under a tree? What else was remarkable about it?

110. Where do we read of some idols and a much-beloved woman being buried under a tree?

111. Where of one prophet being found by another prophet and where of a prophet sleeping under a tree?

112. Who was greatly surprised to hear of his having been seen in a similar place?

113. What did our Saviour say of this last-named person which may remind us of words in Psalms xxxii. and lxxiii., and in Rom. ii.?

114. Who was found by his Saviour, and who by his enemy, in the branches of a tree?

115. How do the Apostles Peter and Paul connect our salvation with what was once done on a tree?

116. In what expressions of Isa. liii. and 2 Cor. v. are we taught very similar truth?

117. What fruit of a tree is promised to men in the New Testament which was forbidden them in the Old?

118. In which of the Psalms and in which chapter of Isaiah is Israel compared to a tree?

119. Where does our Saviour compare Himself to a tree? And what does He teach us by that comparison as to the secret, and object, and evidence of our salvation through Him?

120. Where is our Saviour compared to part of a tree?





"FOR BEING DISOBEDIENT."

Two little Hippopotami were dressed up one day
In all their best clothing so showy and gay,
And the old mother said to her sweet son and daughter,
"Now, whatever you do, keep clear of the water!"
They promised obedience, and scampered away,
Till they came to the stream where the big fishes play.
"That water looks lovely," said Yim Yem to Yum,
"Now, what do you say to a swimmy swam swam?"
Yim Yem bounded in, Yum followed him fast,
But soon a big cloud o'er their pleasure was cast,
For they went home so messy, and dirty, and wet,
That their father the birch from its hiding did get,

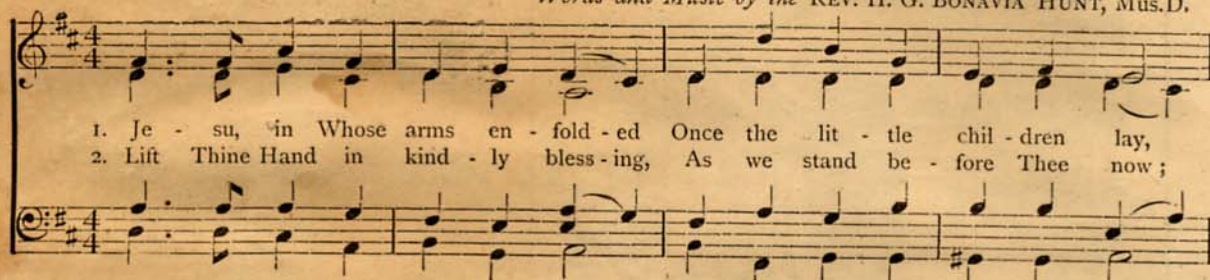


And Yim Yem
and Yum both
received a good
beating,
And were put in
the corner with-
out any scolding.
Disgraced, hun-
gry, and tired,
there they stood
till bedtime,
And now I have
come to the end
of my rhyme.

"Jesu, in Whose Arms Enfolded."

HYMN FOR A CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

Words and Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D.



1. Je - su, in Whose arms en - fold - ed Once the lit - tle chil - dren lay,
2. Lift Thine Hand in kind - ly bless - ing, As we stand be - fore Thee now;



From Thy Throne of Glo - ry bend - ing, Hold us to Thy heart to - day.
Thou art ho - ly, yet most lov - ing—Sweet - est Friend of chil - dren Thou. A - men.

3. Saviour Shepherd, ever tending
Thy dear lambs within the fold;
Ever seeking those who wander
In the darkness and the cold:
- p* 4. Lamb of God, Who died for children,
Let us feel Thy Love Divine,
Love that brought Thee down from Heaven,
c Made Thee ours, to make us Thine.
- p* 5. What, O Jesu, shall we render
In our thankfulness to Thee?
We are only little children,
Weak and worthless, Lord, are we.

- mf* 6. Little streams can only ripple,
Little birds can only sing,
And the praise of little children
Is the most that we can bring:
7. Yet we know that Thou delightest,
When we yield Thee day by day
Praise in singing, praise in giving,
Praise in all we do or say.
- ff* 8. Now to God our Heavenly Father,
Unto God the Glorious Son,
And to God the Blessed Spirit,
Thanks be given and praise be done. Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"The Grain of Mustard Seed."

I COULD almost wish I were an African missionary, or for China or India; yet, on the whole, I am proud to think I am a missionary from North-West America. It is only a lifetime since the first missionary went there—then known as Rupert's Land. At that time, in the words of Scripture, "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." There was not a single Christian Indian in the whole land, so far as I know. The first missionary had to face countless difficulties. The Indians were hard to get at,—a roving nation, always on the move, impossible to get them to settle down; and there they were hard to teach. Years passed before he saw fruit from his labour. Three boys were brought to be taught. The fathers did not care to leave the traditions of their fathers, but brought their boys to learn.

The boys eventually became schoolmasters and catechists—one of them became the Rev. Henry Budd. I passed by his church twenty-one years ago when I went to that part of the country—a little wooden structure on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. If you had seen that church crowded with Christian Indians, and their reverence, and the way in which they sang their hymns in the Cree language, and their whole worship, I am sure you would, as I did, have thanked God and taken courage. A second of those boys is still living—the Rev. James Settee. I saw him in 1887, heard of him at home last year, and recently received a letter from him in which he thanks God that he is spared to work for the Master.—ARCHDEACON REEVE.

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

Kalendar for October.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

OCT.		
5	S	Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
9	TH	HARVEST FESTIVAL. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins 10.30 a.m. Evensong and Sermon 7.30 p.m.
12	S	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
18	SA	S. Luke's Day. Matins and Holy Communion 10.30 a.m. Evensong 6 p.m.
19	S	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
26	S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
28	TU	S. Simon and S. Jude, Apostles and Martyrs. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 10.30 a.m. Evensong and Address, 7 p.m.
31	F	Eve of All Saints. Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m. The Missionary Litany will be said on Friday, October 17th, after Evensong. Mothers' Meetings. These will commence on Monday, October 6th, at 2 p.m. Band of Hope. The first Meeting of the Season will be on Monday, October 20th, at 6 p.m.

The Choir and Bell Ringers' Excursion took place on August 28th. Owing to a variety of circumstances, not so many as usual were able to join it; nevertheless those who did go spent a very enjoyable day at Scarborough. Leaving Loughborough at 5.49 a.m., Scarborough was reached soon after 10.30 a.m. Some visited the Castle Hill and saw the scene of the landslip which had occurred a few days before, others went to the Aquarium and the Spa Gardens. Many of the party went for short sea trips, and the younger ones spent a good deal of time on the beach. We started back at 7.30 p.m., and reached Loughborough soon after midnight, without any accident. For people like ourselves who live in the very centre of the country, a trip to a sea-side town must always be enjoyable.

Sunday, September 21st, the Wake Sunday was observed as the Dedication Festival of S. Mary's Church. The Church was beautifully decorated, plants were placed within the Sanctuary, and the Prayer Desk, Lectern, Pulpit, Font, and Pillar, were adorned with flowers, &c. There was Choral Evensong on Saturday, the Eve of the Feast, at 7 p.m. Owing probably to the state of the weather, the Choir was very small. Those who were there, however, did their duty well, and the full Choral Service was rendered very creditably. On the Sunday there were Celebrations of Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and at Noon. The Morning and Afternoon Services were both Choral. There were Processional Hymns, in the Morning, "Blessed city Heavenly Salem," and in the Afternoon, "Christ is made the sure Foundation." Proper Psalms were sung, and Tallis's Festival Responses were used. The Anthem in the Afternoon was "I will lift up mine eyes unto the Hills," Whitfield. "Saviour, Blessed Saviour," was the Recessional Hymn in the Afternoon, at which service the Sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Hill, Curate of Woodhouse Eaves.

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