



November, 1890.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.



# Calendar for November.

NOV.	
1	<b>All Saint's Day.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
2	<b>Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.</b> 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.
9	<b>Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
16	<b>Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.</b> 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.
23	<b>Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
30	<b>Advent Sunday and S. Andrew's Day.</b> 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.— <b>Preacher: Rev. F. W. Robinson, Vicar of S. Peter's, Leicester.</b>
<b>NOTE.</b> —A course of <b>Mission Sermons</b> will be preached by the Rev. F. W. Robinson, on <b>Thursday evenings during Advent.</b>	

**MOTHERS' MEETINGS** will be held in the Village Hall on **Wednesdays, at Two o'clock**, commencing **Wednesday, November 5th.** No payment. All Mothers are invited and asked to bring their own work.

## Balance Sheet of the Quorn National School for 16 MONTHS, ending September 30th, 1890.

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Government Grant—Master's School	...	64	9	3			
Pence	...	79	10	11			
Pence—Guardians	...	1	11	3			
Books Sold	...	1	8	10			
					146	19	5½
Government Grant—Mistress' School	...	154	5	6			
Pence	...	75	13	11½			
					229	19	5½
Town Lands Subscriptions	...				50	0	0
Subscriptions—							
Mrs. Perry Herrick	...	7	0	0			
W. E. J. B. Farnham, Esq.	...	5	0	0			
E. H. Warner, Esq.	...	4	4	0			
H. E. Hole, Esq.	...	3	3	0			
Rev. R. O. Faithfull	...	2	2	0			
W. Bolesworth	...	1	1	0			
J. Craddock, Esq.	...	1	1	0			
Mr. G. Cuffling	...	1	1	0			
B. Thompson	...	1	1	0			
Tacey	...	1	1	0			
S. Woolerton	...	1	1	0			
J. Ward	...	1	1	0			
O. S. Brown	...	0	10	6			
S. Harris, Esq., M.D.	...	0	10	6			
Mr. W. Richardson	...	0	10	6			
A. Sault	...	0	10	6			
J. Horspool	...	0	10	0			
J. Moss	...	0	10	0			
R. Moyses	...	0	10	0			
E. Smith	...	0	10	0			
W. Thornton	...	0	10	0			
G. White	...	0	10	0			
T. Fitt	...	0	7	6			
J. Martin	...	0	5	0			
W. Swain	...	0	5	0			
T. Lucas	...	0	5	0			
Sanders	...	0	5	0			
W. Webster	...	0	5	0			
J. Camm	...	0	5	0			
J. Johnson	...	0	2	6			
Mrs. Barnett	...	0	2	6			
Mr. Martin	...	0	2	6			
Waddington	...	0	2	6			
Miss Hawker	...	0	2	6			
Mr. Backhouse	...	0	2	6			
					36	10	6
Due to Treasurer	...				90	8	10½
					£538	18	3½

The deficit of £90 is startling for supporters of the Schools, so the managers consider it due to themselves to put forth such an explanation as will entirely remove any uneasiness.

The last school year, altered so as to end on September 30th, includes 16 months, and thus the deficit is accounted for.

Salaries for 4 months (£91 0 8½), less School pence received in those 4 months (£39 3 4)	£	s.	d.
	51	17	4½
Deficit from last year	11	9	11

On third part of annual subscriptions that if obtainable would have helped to meet the expenditure

28	16	4
£92	3	7½

	MATINS.	HYMNS.	EVENSONG.
2nd	427		428
	315		220
			32
9th	5		240
	278		166
	210		32
16th	453		260
	290		217
	202		32
23rd	299		242
	282		231
	185		32
30th	49		51
	226		52
	319		408

## Baptisms.

Oct. 5th: Frank Bodycoat.  
Ada Ellen Gaze.  
Oliver Cecil Heighton.

## Marriages.

Sept. 24th: Frederick Thomas Warr and Sarah Stevenson.  
Oct. 4th: (At Southwell) Thomas Cragg and Jessie Hallam.

## Burials.

Sept. 27th: Josephine Jane Alice Williams, 3 months.  
Oct. 2nd: Edwin Holmes, 8 hours.  
6th: Lilly Holmes, 4 years.  
16th: Ada Ethel Mee, 2 years.  
Children's Offertory on October 5th amounted to 9s. 2½d.

	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Deficit from 1888-9	...			11 9 11
Salaries—				
Mr. Poyner, 4 months	...	25	0	0
Adams, 10 "	...	54	4	4
Sutton, 16 "	...	60	0	0
Miss Wain, 14 "	...	40	16	8
Government Grant	...	32	4	7
				212 5 7
Miss Corlett, 16 months	...	55	19	10
Hurst, 16 "	...	46	13	4
Griffiths, 14 "	...	40	16	8
Moyses, 7 weeks	...	2	12	5½
Lucas, 5 "	...	1	16	5½
Government Grant	...	77	2	9
				265 1 6
School Material	...	14	5	4½
Sewing Materials	...	3	9	9½
				17 15 2
Coal and Gas	...	4	9	4½
Cleaning	...	22	15	4½
				27 4 9
Builders and Repairs	...	15	18	7
Plumber and Ironmonger	...	4	2	9½
				20 1 4½

£538 18 3½

We have moreover had four months extra cleaning to pay for, and have built a new coal house, so that had the school year ended at the usual time we should have paid off last year's debt.

Our prospects are good. We expect to receive by increased Grant from the Master's School for work done in the past 16 months, £45 more than last year. We may therefore fairly expect in our next balance sheet to wipe off £40 from our deficit, and afterwards £25 per annum, and this although we are employing one teacher (at £45) more than we had two years ago.

We shall have great pleasure in publishing the reports of the Schools when they come, as we have every reason to expect that both will be excellent; and also in next month's Magazine a list of the prize winners.





"TO THE RESCUE!"

*Drawn by H. J. JOHNSON,*

*[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.]*



## HER REWARD.

BY MRS. F. WEST,

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

### CHAPTER IX.

#### "A DARK CLOUD."



HE infirmary was soon reached, and on James Watson asking for the boy, he was directed to the matron's room. There they found Charlie sitting by the fire. Maggie sprang towards him, and almost smothered him with kisses, while her companion asked the matron what the doctors thought of the child.

"Oh, nothing serious at all," she said cheerfully. "The little fellow was stunned at first, but he has been chatting away to me this last half-hour. We should have sent him home, but Dr. Davidson said he would call, and tell his friends to come."

"Yes, it was very kind of the doctor to call. We have all been out looking for the wanderer, and are glad to find matters are no worse. Now, Charlie, we will soon have you home."

The boy clung to his sister. "Where is Maud?" he asked.

"Crying for you," replied James, smiling, as he lifted the child into the cab, after a warm farewell to the matron.

"Did Maud think I was dead?" he asked, with earnest eyes.

"No, darling," said Maggie tremulously, "we hoped you were still alive, only we feared you were lost, and we were all very, very sad to lose our Charlie."

The little fellow brightened up at the expression of love. He had feared a scolding for running away, and seemed much comforted at being so warmly received.

The whole party were on the doorstep as the cab drew up, and Maud flew to her brother, and threw both arms round his neck.

"Charlie, Charlie!" she cried, "we will never run after soldiers again."

James Watson smiled; but there were tears in Nora's eyes as she watched the children clinging together. She felt how much they needed a mother's

sheltering care, and sighed to think how little she could give it them.

Charlie was soon the centre of an interested group, as he told what he remembered of his accident.

"I was watching the soldiers when something suddenly knocked me down, and I never knew any more till I woke in bed with strange people all around me. I cried a little, but not much," he added, as he saw gathering tears in Maud's eyes, "and then I saw Dr. Davidson, and he said he would tell you all about it. I did not much like being in the infirmary, but the matron was very kind, and gave me some buttered toast and cake."

While they were all talking, Janet came in; and the whole story had to be re-told for her benefit. Maggie did not say much till she met Janet alone upstairs, after she had put Maud and Charlie safely to bed.

"You look tired," said Janet sympathisingly.

"I am tired," acknowledged Maggie; "it was an anxious time. It was terrible to feel the dear little fellow was lost, and through my fault."

"How could it be your fault?" asked Janet, surprised at the remark.

"I ought to do more for the little ones. I ought to shelter and care for them more than I do. Cousin Nora has her business to attend to, she cannot do more for the little ones; but I ought to care for them better. What would dear father have said if his pet Charlie had been lost?"

"I don't see why you need blame yourself. You do look after the little ones. This was purely an accident, and might have happened to any child. If any one is to blame it is Maud, for she is the elder of the two, and was told to come straight home. But children do not think. It all happened naturally enough. I really think, Maggie," added Janet kindly, "that you ought to be thanking God that matters are no worse, instead of worrying yourself that you cannot do more."

Maggie smiled faintly. "You always clear away the mists, Janet. I can talk to you more freely than to Cousin Nora, for I cannot bear to add even the tiniest weight to what she has to carry. I wish you were not going to leave us."

"I shall feel leaving you all very much," replied Janet gently, "but I hope we may often meet. Greysthorpe is only an hour distant."

"I do not like changes at all," said Maggie gravely; "they always mean loss."

"Not always," returned Janet; "changes sometimes bring gain. But you know, Maggie, we are going to a Home where there are no changes, and where there will be no possibility of loss or trial."



Maggie's face softened at once. "We do not think half enough of it, do we?" she said earnestly. "If only that other Home were more real to us, the little trials here would take their right place."

"Each day as it passes is bringing that Home nearer, whether we think of it or not," replied Janet, as she turned to go downstairs in response to a call from Nora.

The next month or two sped rapidly away, and Christmas was close at hand. Janet had just left Spring Street for Greysthorpe, where she was to stay with some friends of her father's until her marriage. She was greatly missed by all, for she had endeared herself to each one, and they feared they should spend dull holidays without her. As Nora was thinking what she could do to make Christmas bright for the young folks, Alice came in to invite the whole party to spend the day with her.

Nora hesitated about accepting, fearing the overwork for her sister, but Alice set that at rest by saying that Eleanor was coming, and would give her all needed help.

"The change will be good for the young folks," she said cheerily, "and you will enjoy a chat with Eleanor."

So a brighter Christmas was spent than any one expected. James and Alice did all they could to interest and amuse their young guests, and Maggie regained some of her old cheerfulness in singing over some Christmas carols, and playing on Alice's new piano, that James had at last been able to buy.

Under cover of the music, Nora and Eleanor had a quiet chat. They had not met for a year, and had much to hear and tell on both sides, while both rejoiced over the happy home in which they now met.

"But you do not look quite the thing," said Eleanor, kindly.

"Do I not?" said Nora, trying to speak cheerfully. "I ought to look happy; we have unceasing mercies, and the dear children are an unfailing comfort." Yet Nora ended up with a little sigh.

Eleanor watched her wistfully.

Presently Nora looked up; the others were all busily engaged at the other end of the room. "Eleanor," she said softly, "I am going to confide in you. Do not let the others hear. I am losing my sight; I am going blind. It is the thought of that which tries me, and makes me low."

Eleanor looked startled, but she said hopefully, "I trust it is not so bad as that, Nora. I do not wonder your eyes pain you, you use them so closely. Have you spoken to a doctor?"

"Yes, I consulted Dr. Davidson."

"What did he say?"

"He was very kind, but he did not give me much hope."

Eleanor was silent a moment. She knew how heavily such an affliction would weigh on Nora. Her business, and consequently her income, depended

on her eyesight. What would become of the children if that failed?

"The eternal God is thy refuge," she whispered softly.

"Yes," returned Nora, "I could not have borne up but for that."

"Did the doctor examine your eyes?"

"No, he only spoke generally; he said I ought to rest them. But you know I cannot do that."

"The eyes are so precious, one should use every means in one's power to preserve them," said Eleanor earnestly. "Do see the doctor again, and ask him to go thoroughly into the matter."

"No, I think not," said Nora gently. "Dr. Davidson has been so very kind to us, and will not take any pay for all his services; I could not possibly ask him to do more. God knows all about it, and His way is best. He can cure my eyes if He pleases."

"God works by human means. We have not all the time or skill to study our frames. I think we should avail ourselves of the services of those who know more than we do."

Nora was silent; the music had stopped, and she did not wish to draw attention to herself.

Presently the clear young voices rang out again, and Nora whispered, "Do not mention this to Alice or the children. They will have to know it some time, but not just yet."

Eleanor placed her warm hand on Nora's. "God comfort you, dear, and undertake for you. Do not be too independent, Nora; you love to help others, but do not like to be helped, or to let others have the 'more blessed' part."

Nora smiled. The burden was greatly lifted through this short conversation, but the others turned away from the piano, and nothing more confidential was said.

When Nora and her young charges had returned to Spring Street, Eleanor spoke to James and Alice about Nora.

"She asked me not to speak, but in a case like this, I think it is only right to consult you. The sight is so precious, and something might be done, if only she had good advice."

"Of course," said James, "she must have it."

"It seems so very dreadful to lose her sight," said Alice faintly, quite upset at the thought; "poor dear Nora, what a burden for her to carry about. What ought we to do?"

"Would it not be the best plan for you two to consult Dr. Davidson?" suggested James. "You could ask him what he thinks, and he would speak more freely to you than to Nora."

This plan was thought wise, and one morning Alice and Eleanor made an early call on Dr. Davidson. They explained to him that they were anxious about Nora, and had called without her knowledge, to know if he really thought her eyes were so seriously affected as she feared, and whether there was no hope of a cure.



"I have not examined Miss Brownlow's eyes," said Dr. Davidson. "I really cannot say how they are. I told her she must rest them."

"She is very anxious about her sight," said Eleanor; "she fears she is going blind; and she thought from what you said that you did not think there was much hope for her."

"If she is fretting about it she will make her eyes worse," said the doctor quickly. "Miss Brownlow was so very brave and calm through that terrible time last summer, that perhaps I spoke too hastily to her. But she must have misunderstood me. I told her there was no hope for her eyes unless she rested them. There is no hope for any overstrained member unless it has rest. I did not mean thereby to say that there was no hope of a cure at all. But let me impress this upon you, that Miss Brownlow must not strain her eyes at all, in fact, she must use them as little as possible."

"She is so dependent on her eyes for her living," said Alice.

"Yes, I am aware of Miss Brownlow's circumstances, and I feel for her. She has acted nobly. But there are other ways of earning a living than as she is now doing. You, as her relatives, will know best how to advise her. Tell your sister I will call on her."

So Eleanor and Alice returned somewhat comforted, though greatly perplexed as to what Nora could do.

When the doctor came to see Nora he carefully examined her eyes, at the same time frankly telling her he was no oculist, and had not made the eyes a special study.

"The eyes are so exceedingly delicately formed," he said, "that I am of opinion only those should touch them who have thoroughly studied the subject. I know that many general practitioners do treat the eyes; but I had a sister who lost nine-tenths of her sight through being unskillfully treated, and perhaps that makes me extra cautious. My advice to you is,

go at once to Mr. Foster, at Barmston. He is noted for his skill with the eyes; he has made them his special study, and has had some marvellous cures. He is only a young man, not over thirty, I should say. But ever since he was quite a lad he has studied the human eye, and he seems to have some happy knack of finding out what is the matter. You could not be in safer hands. Go to Mr. Foster as early as possible, and meanwhile rest your eyes."

Nora had heard of the great oculist at Barmston,

but she felt sure that it would cost too much to put herself under his care. A man in his position would expect a high fee, and it would be no good going once for advice, unless she followed up what he recommended. It was an anxious time, for Nora knew very well if she rested her eyes it would mean the business dropping off, as her helpers were not competent to carry it on without her. She sat thinking deeply.

Maggie's voice aroused her. She had been in the room during the doctor's visit, and was now urging Nora to go at once to Barmston.

"No, dear, not at present," said Nora gently; "we must think first whether we can afford it. We shall need every penny we have got if I have to give up my work. I fancy if we were in the country I should be stronger."

"Then do let us go, Cousin Nora. I am sure we should all like it. Your health is so precious to us. Do

think of it. There is that two hundred pounds of father's; do use that to go."

"No, dear Maggie, I should not think it right to use that. That money is put away for you four, and I would not touch it on any account."

"But, Cousin Nora," said Maggie, almost crying, "we have been sharing and using your money all these months; why will you not use ours when you need it?"

Nora leant forward and kissed her young cousin.



"WE WILL SOON HAVE YOU HOME."



"We will wait and see, dear," she said gently; "our needs are all known to God, and He will supply them in His own way."

"But, Cousin Nora, it does not seem right to wait and pray, and expect God to work miracles, when we have the means in our own hands."

"I do not consider that money in my hands at all," returned Nora. "It is your father's money, and should be used solely for his children."

"You ought not to speak like that, dear," said Maggie sorrowfully; "we are all one family now, and should share and share alike. You would not like us to refuse your help, and the shelter of your roof."

Nora was touched by the appeal. "Perhaps I am wrong, dear Maggie. I will think it over. If I become blind, I shall be quite dependent on you."

"Blind!" echoed Maggie, bursting into tears.

"It may come to that."

"Then you shall see Mr. Foster at once."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### "CHANGES AND CHANCES."



IT was long before Maggie went to sleep that night; she was planning all sorts of things in her busy brain. She wondered that Alice did not insist on her sister having further advice. She did not know that Alice had always been so accustomed to Nora taking the lead, and managing things herself, that she never dreamt of deciding for her.

Eleanor had returned home, and there seemed no one to act.

Maggie determined that she would act, and promptly too; she would not see Nora going blind for want of her. She determined to go to Barmston herself, see Mr. Foster, and ask him to come and see Nora. For she had no hope of persuading her cousin to go to Barmston. She knew that when Nora had once made up her mind she was very determined.

It was rather an undertaking, for Maggie had never been so far in her life, and she could not consult Nora, as she feared her cousin would forbid her going. The Christmas holidays were not yet over, though it was nearly the middle of January, so Douglas and the younger children would be at home. Maggie confided in Douglas, and bade him tell Nora

where she was, if she should grow anxious at her prolonged absence. Then she started off for the station.

It felt very strange to be going off on a journey, even a short one, quite alone. But Maggie felt sure she was doing right, and a comforting sense of God's presence and care was about her.

When she reached Barmston, she suddenly remembered that she had not Mr. Foster's address. For a moment she felt downcast, but on reflection she was sure so skilful a man would be well known. So she stepped out of the station, and accosted a woman she saw standing there with a basket on her arm.

"Could you tell me the way to Mr. Foster's house?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the woman; "Foster is a common enough name. What part of the town does he live in?"

"I don't know," said Maggie faintly. She had not dreamed there would be any difficulty, Barmston was so much smaller a place than Wykeham. She had imagined she would only have to ask for the doctor to find him at once.

"Why don't you go to the Post Office?" said the woman wisely. "I don't live in Barmston; I only come over now and then. But you would be sure to find out at the Post Office."

"Oh, thank you!" said Maggie, greatly relieved; "where is it?"

"Just down this street, and across the square. You cannot miss it."

"Good-morning. Thank you," said Maggie, as she stepped quickly away.

She soon got the address at the Post Office, and easily found the house. But her heart almost failed her as she saw what a large house it was, and realised that she had come to speak alone to a great man. However, the thought of Nora nerved her, and she rang the bell.

When she asked for Mr. Foster, the servant inquired whether she came by appointment.

"No, not by appointment," said Maggie; "is that necessary?"

"Not always," was the reply. "I will see what the master says."

"Please tell him I come all the way from Wykeham, and am most anxious for a short interview."

When Maggie was shown into the consulting room, the doctor looked at her clear, bright eyes, and said with a genial smile—

"What can I do for you? You have hardly come to consult me about your own eyes?"

"Oh no!" replied Maggie, "it is about Cousin Nora; her eyes are so very bad, she fears she is going blind. We heard you were very clever, so I came to ask you if you ever come to Wykeham, and if you could arrange to see my cousin."

"Why did not your cousin come to see me, instead of sending you? I——"



"Oh, Nora did not send me," interrupted Maggie hastily; "she does not even know I am here. She would not come to you, though we begged her earnestly. She fears she should not be able to pay you. But you see, her eyes get worse each week, and I thought if you were so kind and good as we heard, you would let us pay you by instalments. You will be quite sure of your money," added Maggie earnestly.

The doctor's lips twitched, but he would not let Maggie see he was in any way amused.

"Nora is everything to us," went on Maggie. "When father and mother died so suddenly, she came and took us all to her own house, and has provided for us ever since. All the money she had saved has gone for us, in schooling and other things, and now that her eyes are bad, she cannot do much at her dressmaking," concluded Maggie abruptly.

Mr. Foster was much touched. "I see," he said gravely. "Did you lose your parents in the terrible visitation of last summer?"

"Yes, they both died in one night, and no one would come near us but Cousin Nora. She did everything for us, and I cannot see her suffering now without trying to help her. I hope you will not mind my telling you all this," she said, suddenly raising her earnest eyes to the doctor's face, and realising that she was taking up a good deal of a very busy man's time.

"Not at all. I am glad you came. I will do what I can for your cousin. I honour you for wishing to help one who so cared for you. Now what is your cousin's name, and address?"

"Miss Brownlow, 17, Spring Street."

"And your name?"

"Maggie Darrell."

"Very well, Miss Darrell. I shall be in Wykeham next Wednesday. If I have time I will call and see your cousin. If not, I will send you a line, and ask you to bring Miss Brownlow to meet me at the infirmary. I have been asked to go over to see a special case. But I will try and call at your house if possible."

"Thank you, indeed, Mr. Foster; you are most kind," said Maggie, warmly and gratefully.

"I trust God will enable me to give your cousin relief," replied the doctor hopefully, as Maggie rose to go.

In another hour Maggie was at home again. As she turned the corner of Spring Street she met Douglas.

"Well, what news?" he asked eagerly. "Cousin Nora does not know where you have been. She thinks you are with Mrs. Watson."

"Did you not tell her?"

"No, she did not ask me."

"There is hopeful news, Douglas; but come in, and you shall hear all about it, while I tell Cousin Nora."

"Is that you, Maggie?" asked Nora's voice as they entered.

"Yes, I am back again," said Maggie brightly, entering the room.

"Where have you been, dear? I was getting quite anxious about you. Have you been with Alice?"

"No, I have been to Barmston."

"To Barmston, my dear Maggie!"

"I could not bear to see you suffering, so I went to Mr. Foster. I told him all about you, Cousin Nora, and he is coming to see you next time he comes to Wykeham."

"My dear Maggie, you have no idea of the expense. Those clever men charge so high, and to come all this way will double his fee."

"Oh no," replied Maggie cheerfully, "he will not charge much. He is so kind and pleasant, Cousin Nora, I am sure he will do you good. I told him we would be sure to pay him, and he will not mind waiting a little."

Nora was rather troubled to think of such a proceeding. She would have thought nothing of consulting a doctor about

some one else; but to have this young girl seeking aid for her was what upset her. She had not been accustomed to being cared for and sheltered, and she hardly knew whether she ought to accept the help, but she did not say much. She understood Maggie's motive, and felt grateful to her for it.

Wednesday came round, and Maggie was all eager expectation, though Nora felt anxious, fearing the result. At three o'clock Mr. Foster came in, and his kind, genial, sympathising manner, soon put Nora at her ease.

After asking some questions, the doctor said, "Now, will you come a little nearer the light?" Then, seeing how Nora was trembling, he added, "Do not be too anxious; you know all these things are in better hands than ours."

Maggie gave a quick smile of sympathy, and stood by her cousin's side to render any help she could.



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"



"Your eyes are seriously overstrained," said the doctor at last, "but there is no disease at present. You must rest them absolutely for some time. I mean you must neither read, write, sew, nor do anything that requires close looking. I do not say be idle; that would be bad for you in every way. But a woman can find plenty to do about the house, and it is imperative that you should be a great deal in the open air."

Nora looked up anxiously. "My work requires me to be indoors," she said.

"Can you not do something else for a living? Miss Darrell told me something of your affairs, so you will not think me intrusive."

"Indeed, no," replied Nora; "you are very kind. But it is a serious thing to make such a change."

"It will be more serious not to make it," returned Mr. Foster. "I do not wish to alarm you, but if you persist in using your eyes active disease will set in, and then one cannot say what the consequences may be. I quite hope, with God's blessing, that by rest, and the remedies I shall give you, your eyes may be comparatively strong again; but you must not use them for a considerable time."

"Thank you," said Nora; "it is best to know how matters really are. I will do my utmost to take care."

"You will rest your eyes entirely," said Maggie gently, but decidedly. "Now that you have good advice, you must follow it. How would country air do for Miss Brownlow?" she asked, turning to Mr. Foster.

"The best thing she could have, far better than the air of a town, especially a depressing place like Wykeham."

"Do you think Wykeham unhealthy?" asked Nora.

"No, I do not say that. But it is not a bracing place, and you need strong clear air. Get away by all means, if you can. I will look in this day next week."

"Oh, do not trouble to do that," began Nora.

"I certainly shall," said the doctor, laughing. "I do not soon give up a patient, Miss Brownlow. Good-morning; I shall look in next Wednesday."

"We shall never be able to pay him," said Nora anxiously, when the doctor was gone.

"Yes we shall," said Maggie hopefully; "you look too much on the dark side, Cousin Nora, and you know, dear," she added caressingly, "you are not as willing to receive benefits as you should be."

"But my business will all go if I lay up."

"Well, you shall sell it, and think of something else to do. There is that money of father's; we will start something with that. It is no good shaking your head, dear; we are going to take care of you now."

"You seem grown-up all of a sudden, Maggie," said Nora, smiling; "do not take too many cares on you. We will commit our case to God, and He will undertake for us."

Friends gathered round Nora when the doctor's

opinion was known, and all agreed that she ought to follow the advice given, and seek country air. Alice felt very grieved to think of parting with her sister, yet she saw it would be the right thing to do, and she did her best to strengthen and comfort her. But while Nora felt grateful for all the love and sympathy shown, her greatest comfort came through the children. Maggie took every burden and difficulty on herself, and decided many a question in a wise and capable way. Douglas, too, was very loving and helpful.

"Let me leave school, Cousin Nora," he said one day, "and try to earn something. I should soon get on, I am sure, and I will bring all I earn to you."

Nora fully appreciated the boy's kindness, for she knew it would be a trial to him to leave school, as he loved his books, and was anxious to get on.

It was not long before Mr. Stevenson called. Nora was thankful to have a quiet talk with him; she was sure she should get some wise advice.

After sympathising with her in the trial of being laid aside, he asked, "What are you thinking of doing?"

"I hardly know," replied Nora; "it seems right to try and go into some country village, as the doctor says I should recover more rapidly there. But it is difficult to know what to do; my capital is nearly all gone, and I could not use the sum Mr. Darrell left."

"Why not, Miss Brownlow?"

"It is Mr. Darrell's money, and should be used solely for his children. I could not bear to touch it," said Nora earnestly.

"I think you are wrong," said the Vicar gently. "You ought not to feel like that, Miss Brownlow. It is not as if you would use the money only for yourself. To take the money at this juncture would be for the benefit of all. I fear you are rather too independent, though I can understand your feeling. What is the opinion of your sister, and Miss Darrell?"

"Oh, they both urge me to use it. They think if we bought a small farm, poultry-farm, I mean, or some small business, we might soon earn a living. But I fear to take their advice; they only think of what is best for myself, and I have to think of the children."

"But if your health failed, what would become of them?"

"But Mr. Darrell never meant his children to lead a country life, earning their living. I feel troubled to think they should have to do so."

"You have nothing to do with that," said Mr. Stevenson quickly; "you have to deal with things as they are. These children are left on your hands, and with this money you might all earn a comfortable living. I think you are bound to take it, and use it for the good of all. Are you not a little losing sight of God's will in the matter?"

"Perhaps so," said Nora, slowly, "but I really want to do right."

"I am sure of it," was the hearty response, "and



we all honour you for the patient and conscientious way you have taken up all your duties. It is a great undertaking for a single woman to bring up a family of children. But I am sure you will be rewarded for your care of them."

"You are very kind," replied Nora; "my earnest desire is to bring up the children aright, but as you say, it is not an easy task."

"If I can help you in any way, or give you any advice, never hesitate to come to me at any time," was Mr. Stevenson's parting word, as he went out of the house, leaving Nora much cheered by his visit.

(To be continued.)

### JESUS' LOVE TO LITTLE ONES,

BY ALBERT MIDLANE,

Author of "There's a Friend for Little Children," etc.

**S**WEETLY the voice of Jesus  
Falls on the ear;  
Hark! He the children blesses,—  
"Come to Me, near.  
Come, for My mercy meets you,  
Bright as the day;  
Come, My Salvation greets you,  
I am the Way."

Thus, from the courts of glory,  
Sweetly words flow,  
Telling the old, old story—  
So blest to know!  
Oh, how kind, good, and tender,  
Is the dear Lord!  
To Him 'tis meet to render  
Praise for His Word.

Once in His Arms were holden  
Children at rest;  
Moments how bright, how golden,  
Moments how blest!  
Still to His bosom pressing,  
Children now flee;  
Still He delights in blessing,—  
Mercy is free.

Soon will the cloudless morning  
Usher Heaven's day,  
Soon will the joyful warning  
Call us away,  
Where earth's vain things shall never  
Render hearts sore,  
Where we shall rest for ever—  
Praise and adore!

### A HYMN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, MA.,

Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting.

[Though the purpose of a hymn is not to afford a comment upon Holy Scripture, yet, perhaps, an attempt to set forth in verse the harmonising of two apparently conflicting accounts may be permissible.]



ANDREW,\* while the river Jordan's  
Sacred banks he trod,  
Hears the Baptist's cry, "Behold the  
Lamb of God."

First he findeth Simon Peter,  
And proclaims the word,  
Brother thus to brother preaching  
Christ the Lord.

Followers now, but not yet chosen  
For the Apostles' band,  
Still subsisting by the labour  
Of their hand.

Not for long this half-allegiance;  
Closer they must come;  
Leaving, at the Saviour's summons  
Work and home.

Soon † upon the silver shingle  
Of Gennes' ret's sea  
Jesus claims this life-surrender—  
"Follow Me."

Fishing erst their daily calling,  
Fishers still to be;  
Casting nets, O Christ, to capture  
Men for Thee.

Grant us, Lord, like these Apostles,  
Ears to hear Thy Voice;  
Grace to find in Thy free service  
Our life's choice.

Help us day by day to gather  
Friends and kin to Thee,  
That this world may hear Thee saying,  
"Follow Me."

### GARDEN WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

#### Kitchen Garden.

**C**ELERY should be well earthed up, care being taken to prevent the earth from getting into the heart. Finish planting cabbage and coleworts. Hoe between rows of cabbages and coleworts planted in September and October, which will do much to assist their growth. Clean and earth up asparagus beds when not already done. Thin out spinach, and keep free from weeds when cutting for use. Only the large outside leaves should be taken, leaving the younger leaves to grow for later cutting. Take up carrots, parsnips, beet, etc., for storage for winter use. Lay them in sand to protect from frost, or keep them in a dry warm house. Thin out winter onions for salads, and keep the rows free from weeds.

#### Fruit Garden.

Prune plum, apple, pear, cherry, gooseberry, currant, and also raspberries, and plant these out four canes to a clump. Clean strawberry beds, well dressing with manure. This is now the season for planting all kinds of fruit trees, either standards or espaliers.

#### Flower Garden.

Clear all borders of annuals such as African and French marigolds, asters, etc., which will not again flower. Clean out the borders of dead leaves and stalks. Hoe or lightly dig them, clean out weeds, and make them tidy for the winter. Perennial and biennial plants may still be put in the ground, also hardy bulbs, ranunculuses and anemones.

\* The first introduction to Christ mentioned in St. John i. 35, 43.

† The formal call to the Apostolate recorded by St. Matt. iv. 18-23.





## THE SEA.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.,

*Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury, and Prebendary of St. Paul's; Author of "The Preacher's Commentary on the Gospel of St. John."**"The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly: but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier."—PSALM xciii. 5 (Prayer Book Version).*

**T**HE sea has many moods. Sometimes it lies calm and quiet. There is scarcely a movement to disturb the glassiness of its surface, and all that you hear is the drowsy wash of the waves among the pebbles of the shore. Then—the sea seems to be the most harmless and gentle thing in the world. At another time it dances, and glitters with innumerable ripples in the light of the sun, whilst vessels spread their white sails and speed joyfully to and fro. But presently a change comes. The stormy winds begin to blow; the billows rise and swell and clash together; the uproar increases; and strong ships, driven awhile at the mercy of the storm, are flung at last upon rocks, and sink with all on board. What a sight it is! All is confusion. The elements are uncontrolled and uncontrollable. And man, in their grasp, is powerless. He can do nothing to save himself.

Now such a scene as this the sacred writer had witnessed,—probably from some lofty mountain-top in his native land,—and the thoughts thus suggested to him are put down in the Psalm from which our text has been taken. There are times in our human life when the forces of the world and the passions of men appear to be let loose to work their own will; when all is confusion; and all that is good and true is in danger of being utterly overwhelmed and lost; and men stand looking on in terror, not knowing what is coming next. How helpless we feel then! How full of apprehension we are! But the Psalmist bids us remember that, as with the storms at sea, so here God ruleth over all. Yes; God holds these apparently uncontrollable forces in His hands just as a skilful rider checks and guides a fiery horse, and makes everything bend to His own will, and to the accomplishment of His own great purposes. "The waves of the sea are mighty: but the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier."

Such is the meaning of the Psalm. Let us see how it applies—first, to the state of the world at large; then to the state of the Church of Christ; and, lastly, to our own experience.

1. *To the state of the world.* To look at it is very much like looking at a storm at sea. At home we

have the strife of politicians and statesmen; abroad, tidings of battle and the ominous sound of gathering legions, like the first low mutterings of a thunderstorm, threatening an outburst of war. Do you ever read the newspapers? If so, you find in them tidings from all parts of the world—from France, and Germany, and Prussia, and Italy, and Spain, and America, and China, and India, from mysterious old Africa, and from the islands of the sea. How much passes before us in those printed pages! How much of the restless struggle and conflict of the human race! How much turmoil! How much oppression! How much misery! And, also, how much goodness! But is it all a great tangle, a scene of confusion? Do things happen by chance? Not so. "The Lord reigneth." He holds the threads in His hands. He controls all things. Jesus on His mediatorial throne is "the Prince of the kings of the earth."

2. *To the state of the Church of Christ.* Every now and then we tremble, like the high-priest Eli, for the ark of God—so powerful are the attacks made upon it—so unrelenting its foes. They come in like a flood. Thirty years ago not many were bold enough to avow themselves atheists, or to tell us that it is impossible for the human mind to attain to the knowledge of God. It is not so now. Thirty years ago infidelity was quiescent, if not silent. Now it is rampant. It meets us at every turn, and even dogs the footsteps of the missionary as he preaches the Gospel of Christ in foreign lands. Is not the scene like the tumultuous raging of the sea? But why be alarmed? The Lord who sitteth on high is mightier, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of Jesus Christ.

3. *To our own experience.* That, too, sometimes seems a tangled skein, a maze without a plan. In our business there are difficulties and disappointments. In our health there are ups and downs. Frequently there are things we cannot account for; which we did not reckon upon; which, perhaps, we say we did not deserve. But the Lord Jesus sits behind the screen, ruling, guiding, controlling, adjusting, ordering, making all things *work together for good* for the people who love Him. "The Lord reigneth."





## PARISH POULTRY CLUBS.

## IV.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FOWLS."

**E**VERY parish has its own poultry, and I hope the day may come, and that soon, when every parish will have its own poultry club. To this end the clergy can give a considerable impetus, by arranging for a lecture on poultry-keeping to be given in the schoolroom. Now that there are so many poultry fanciers it is a comparatively easy thing to obtain the gratuitous services of a man able and willing to give his experiences of practical poultry-keeping.

The meeting should be advertised in the local papers, or by handbills, or better still by an announcement in the day-schools; the lads and lasses being asked to tell their fathers and mothers, and big brothers and sisters, about the coming meeting. The Vicar will, of course, lend the weight of his influence by taking the chair.

The lecturer will no doubt illustrate his remarks with living specimens. A goodly show of birds on the platform never fails to impart great interest to the proceedings. Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Langshans, Minorcas, Hamburgs, Andalusians, etc., are good varieties to exhibit.

The birds should, of course, be selected with care, so as to stand the criticism of any fanciers who attend the lecture. A few diagrams of incubators, poultry-houses, etc., would also prove useful. The keeping of fowls for pleasure, prizes, and profit, form three convenient heads for a lecture; and if the speaker begins at the beginning, and pleasantly enlivens his talk with an anecdote or two, he will have little difficulty in carrying his audience through the mysteries of housing, feeding, and successfully rearing fowls, either for pleasure or profit, or both. A copy of *Fowls* might be given to every person present, and the publisher will be happy to send a supply for this purpose quite free and carriage paid to any address. Applications for these free parcels should be sent to the Manager, *Fowls* Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

When the lecture is over, a resolution that a poultry club for the parish be now formed should be moved, seconded, and put to the meeting. A President, Treasurer, and Hon. Secretary should be appointed; and it is essential that the latter officer should be a man of some practical experience and tact, for the success of the new club will largely depend upon his efforts. The names and addresses

of all those willing to join the club should be taken, and these persons should be called together in a week's time, while the subject is still fresh, to elect a committee to agree upon rules and determine the subscription to the club.

In some parishes the Secretary has charge of two breeding pens, and keeps two breeds for the purpose of improving the poultry of the neighbourhood. The breeds are of a sitting and non-sitting variety, and bought out of the club funds. The Secretary sells to the members of the club sittings of eggs in the season, at a price sufficient to pay for food, and to gradually repay the first cost of the birds.

The Committee will, of course, canvass the parish for new members, and visit the members at stated intervals, so as to give such advice and counsel as they can. A club show should be held at least once a year, the expense of which might be met by entrance fees and tickets of admission. A few wealthy patrons might be obtained to make up a prize list, and one or two fanciers not connected with the particular club in question would, no doubt, act as honorary judges.

I append a Code of Rules adopted by a well-managed Working Men's Poultry Club, of which the Rev. Hubert Curtis, M.A., is President, and Mr. A. Thornton Hon. Sec.

1.—That this Club be called the "Clapham Park Poultry Club."

2.—That the object of this Club be to encourage the keeping of Poultry, Rabbits, and Pigeons, especially amongst the working classes, by holding shows and by such other means as the Committee may deem advisable.

3.—That the subscription be 5s. annually, payable monthly, in twelve equal instalments, and that all members on joining pay for the current year.

4.—That the officers of the club shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, Honorary Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary, who shall be *ex-officio* members of the Committee.

5.—That the affairs of the club shall be conducted by a committee of twelve, five to form a quorum.

6.—That any gentleman wishing to become a member of the club must be proposed and seconded in open meeting by two members, and that they be balloted for by the members present at the next monthly meeting. A majority of at least two-thirds to admit.

7.—That a meeting of the club be held fortnightly for the purpose of receiving subscriptions and discussing the management of poultry: first and third Thursdays during the winter; third Thursday only during the summer.

8.—That the first Annual General Meeting shall be held in January 1889, and in each successive year, at which the officers and committee be elected, who shall be eligible for re-election.

9.—That any member allowing his subscription to be two months in arrear shall receive a written notice from the Treasurer, and if he fail to pay within a month from the date of such notice, he shall be considered as no longer belonging to the club.

10.—That no member shall be allowed to take part in any competition promoted by the club until he shall have paid all arrears, and have been a member of the club for at least four months prior to such competition.

11.—That any member may be expelled by a majority of three-fourths of the votes given at a General Meeting convened for the purpose of considering his conduct; a week's notice of such meeting, together with the grounds of complaint, shall be given to such member.

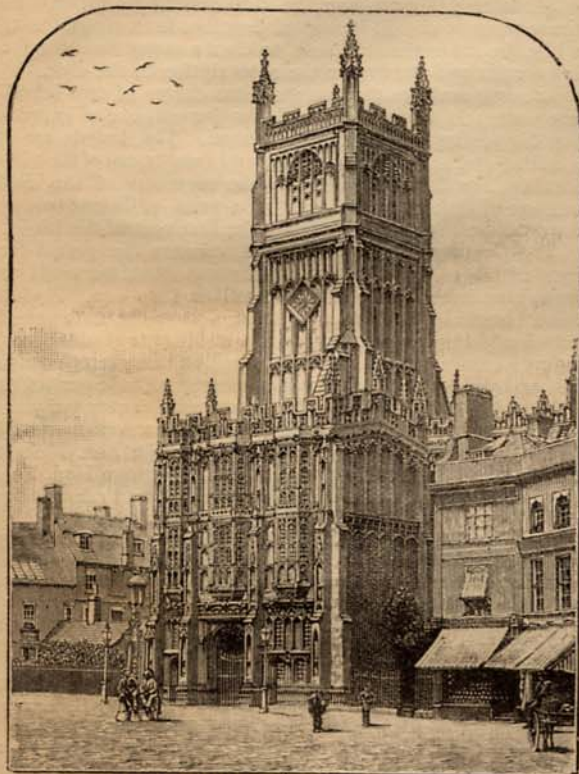
12.—That the property of the club be invested in the hands of a trustee.

13.—That the members shall reside within five miles' radius of the Club room.

14.—That these rules be printed, and a copy supplied to each member at the charge of 2d.

15.—That these rules be altered only at a General Meeting convened for that purpose; each member to receive a fortnight's notice of the same.





## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

## IX.—CIRENCESTER.

**C**IRENCESTER is placed at the crossing of two Roman roads, the "Foss Way" from Bath to Lincoln, and the Ermine Street from Gloucester, running south-east. It is a very quiet little town, and a very pretty one, and the church is an exceedingly fine building, its internal length being 157 feet and its breadth 104 feet.

It is built almost entirely in the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth century, but parts remain which are considerably older, and it has been added to subsequently. Its size, fine workmanship, and beautiful proportions raise it to a much higher level of interest than attaches to most country town churches.

The most noticeable features are the tower, panelled and pinnacled, with its wonderful flying buttresses; and the curious porch, which is in itself a large building, and is used as a town hall. The tower is 150 feet high to the top of the pinnacles. It is of singular beauty, both from its exquisite proportions, and the panelling with which its three storeys are covered.

This is one of the few churches that has a complete peal of twelve bells; the tenor weighs about 36 cwt.; that is to say, twice as large as most tenor bells in peals of eight. Round the battlements of the nave are two series of most interesting figures carved in stone, interesting as representing the social life and customs of those days. One series is a "Whitsun Ale," a feast which still survives, in a modified sense, up till now in many parts of the country. The chief figure is that of the king or lord of the feast holding a scroll on which is written "Be Merrie;" others

are the queen, musicians, and a court fool. The other is probably one of the "Miracle Plays," popular in the Middle Ages, the forerunners of the regular drama.

Inside the church, perhaps the best view is obtained from the south-west, where one gets a good idea both of the height and breadth of the building. The clustered piers of the nave are carried to a great height, and immediately above are the clerestory windows, which have their lower half blind, suggesting a triforium. Over the chancel arch is the broad window that is so charming a feature in several of the larger churches in Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

Beyond the north aisle, which is itself about the height of the nave of most churches, with clerestory windows, is another aisle, divided from the church by a stone screen. It contains many monuments of the Bathurst family, and on the floor, at the east end, are several brasses. Those of Richard Dixon, Esq., 1438, and of Robert Pagge, wool merchant, and his wife, 1440, are very beautiful ones.

On the south side of the chancel is a chapel of earlier date, in the Early English style of the thirteenth century. On the north side there are two chapels; the one a narrow strip, continuing the aisle, and a further one. The roof of the former is of stone, a most beautiful example of fan tracery.

Although there are a good many monuments in the church, there are none that are especially remarkable. One exception, although it may seem a very small one, I venture to quote. The stone is, alas! lost, but happily the verse has survived. It was written by a rector in the last century:—

"Loe cruel death has hurried hence  
A little world of innocence;  
Thus early fruits are often found,  
Like her, betimes dropt to the ground.  
Mercy's not lost; here's only one  
From misery to mercy gone."

The Rev. E. A. Fuller, who was assistant curate at Cirencester in 1865-7, has written an excellent descriptive handbook, in which he remarks: "The great restoration, under Sir Gilbert Scott's direction, was not commenced till 1865, but during the previous twenty years some beginnings had been made at the suggestion of the then vicar, the Rev. W. F. Powell, and where necessary, under that architect's advice. The final work of restoration was begun in June 1865, and continued till November 1867, at a cost of over £14,000. The work was most carefully superintended, and Sir Gilbert Scott would not allow any portion of the fabric to be rebuilt except where it was absolutely necessary, while he was exceedingly anxious about preserving every piece of ancient work possible."

The parish registers commence in 1560, and are perfect from that date, with the exception of four years, from April 1581 to May 1585.

The organ, originally built by Green, in its present form was erected by Messrs. Gray & Davison, with many new stops, the case being designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. There was a stipend for an organ player in the fifteenth century, but this was confiscated in 1548, and on the rebuilding of the nave in the reign of Henry VIII., Henry Tapper bequeathed £4 "towards the bying of a new paier of organs," so called from the double bellows. In 1685 a new organ was purchased, and this was replaced by Green's organ in 1790.

The present Vicar is the Ven. Henry Rudge Hayward, who received the appointment in 1881, and became Archdeacon of Cirencester two years later.

RANDALL DAVIES.





THE BISHOP OF EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### IX.—THE BISHOP OF EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

**T**HE RIGHT REV. ROBERT ALFRED TUCKER, M.A., who was consecrated in Lambeth Parish Church on St. Mark's Day Bishop of East Equatorial Africa, has the rare distinction of being the only unbeneficed clergyman not actually a missionary, promoted to the episcopate within modern times.

Bishop Tucker, although nearly forty years of age, has only been in Holy Orders since 1882, having in early life followed the profession of an artist. Painting under the signature of "Alfred Maille," he established a reputation in art circles, especially in his treatment of his favourite studies of street architecture, picturesque Westmoreland farms, and old ecclesiastical buildings. He belongs to a family of artists, whose pictures have often graced the walls of the Royal Academy.

The Bishop graduated at Oxford in 1882, proceeding to the M.A. degree in 1886. The University has resolved to confer upon him the honorary degree of D.D., but as it is contrary to precedent to confer such degrees on persons in their absence, the actual bestowal of the degree must be postponed until the Bishop returns to England. When at Oxford he took a very active part in open-air preaching and other work of the undergraduate movement, which owed

so much to the late Henry Bazeley. His first curacy was at St. Andrew-the-less, Clifton, Bristol, under the Rev. E. P. Hathaway; but in 1885 he removed to St. Nicholas', Durham, where he was a most devoted fellow-helper of the Rev. H. E. Fox. In both parishes Mr. Tucker's labours were performed with a zeal and an aptitude, and with evidence of capacity for higher work, which did not pass unnoticed by those who knew the man and were competent to judge.

Bishop Tucker is a total abstainer, and a staunch supporter and advocate of the Temperance movement. He is an enthusiastic lover of athletic sports. Some fifteen years since the Ambleside football team, which repeatedly proved its prowess when matched against some of the leading Lancashire teams, was never considered complete without him. The nerve and vigour and endurance which enabled him to perform the greatest walking feat on record in the Lake country, namely, a walk of sixty-four miles, including an ascent of the four highest mountains in England (twelve thousand feet of climbing), in one day, will doubtless avail him in the arduous journeys and amidst the dangers of the widespread diocese of Eastern Africa, extending as it does seven hundred miles inland from the diocesan seat of Freretown to the western shores of Lake Victoria. It is a matter for congratulation that the missionary diocese served so faithfully by Bishops Hannington and Parker, and rendered so dear to English Christians by their toils and deaths, has found so worthy, wise, devout, and laborious a chief pastor as Bishop Tucker.

On leaving Durham the Bishop was presented, at a great meeting in the Town Hall, with a purse of one hundred and fifty sovereigns. The Rev. H. E. Fox, as the representative of the Young Men's Association and the Men's Bible Class, also presented him with a dressing-case, and a pocket Bible, "with the hope that he would carry it as a crusader's flag into the heart of Africa." The gift of money was entirely spontaneous—not a single subscription having been solicited from any one.

The courageous devotion of the new Bishop was strikingly shown by the characteristic energy which led him to start for East Africa on the evening of his consecration. In a letter written, on the voyage out, to the Editorial Secretary of the C.M.S., the Bishop says:—

"I have great faith in the radiating power of Christianity, and therefore it is that I rejoice in the central position of the Uganda Church. Let us but give ourselves to the feeding of the flame which God has kindled in so marvellous a manner, and the light of truth, radiating north, south, east, and west, will pierce the surrounding darkness. And great will be the glory that will accrue to the Name of our God.

"I have had so far a very prosperous journey. The prayers of God's dear people are being answered even to the details of the journey of him whom they are sustaining so much by their intercession. That God may give you all needed strength for your work, and abundantly bless your labours to His own glory, is my most earnest prayer."

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



## "WATCH:" AN ADVENT MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,

Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgwater, Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," etc.



THE word left by the Lord as the watch-word for His army is one which seems to ring out at Advent, above all other times, clear and loud. "Watch!" "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH!"

Now we would draw the attention of all to our Lord's reiteration of this precept, as being a thing of such vast importance; and then we would urge upon the thoughtful consideration of each, as a practical and most important question, Are you really, and as Christ meant it, *watching* for Christ, at all? The business man, the labourer, the mother with her children, the young with their dreams for the future—how far has this idea of *watching*,—so often, so anxiously pressed by the Lord of all,—how far has it entered,—how far does it enter?—into the list of each day's pleasures, of each day's employments? What has this *watching* to do with the Nursery? What has it to do with the Workyard, or the Office, or the Shop? A minute's thought will convince us that the expectation of such a vast event, a possibility any moment, a certainty in the end, ought to pervade every act, every purpose of life. How far, then (we do press the question), does the idea of it enter into, influence, the routine of each day? We do not mean that every act, every intention, should deliberately and consciously be affected by it. We do say that, with the hidden influence of the regulator of a time-piece,\* every deed and undertaking of each day should be influenced and controlled by it; at least, that this consideration should not be well-nigh altogether left out of the plannings or the actings of day after day. But—it is a question worth asking, and the simplest and easiest test—from morning to night, how are we affected by this earnest word of our Saviour? How are our thoughts, words, and actions influenced—coloured by it?

Or, leaving this more minute examination, and taking life as a whole, what has *your life* to do with this command, this reiterated advice, "WATCH! WATCH! WATCH?" This watching—what has your life, as a whole, to do with this?

A solemn question. Let each, we would very earnestly urge, with real, searching self-examination, ask it of himself. Let each, as though he stood in His presence, answer it to God. Consider the thing alone with your God, while He is still present to aid you, and before He is present to judge you.

"Watch! for ye know not the day nor the hour."

\* Called, generally,—with what suggestive force!—a *watch*.

## 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. NONCONFORMIST DELUSIONS WITH RE- FERENCE TO THE PROPOSED DISENDOW- MENT OF THE CHURCH IN WALES.

**CHURCHMAN.**—So you tell me that the prevalent idea, amongst those who agitate for the Disendowment of the Church in Wales, is, that given Disendowment, it must consist in taking from the Church all the property she possesses, and devoting it to various public uses in which they will be pecuniarily, and otherwise, benefited, and that a belief in this supposed fact is a great incentive to many persons in their efforts to bring about the Church's Disendowment.

**NONCONFORMIST.**—That is so. But I don't think that it would be quite accurate to state what are the existing opinions of Welsh Nonconformists on the subject in that comprehensive and indiscriminate way in which you have described them. In the event of Disendowment all the extreme agitators look forward to the Church being deprived of the whole of her property, but subject, of course, to equitable compensation being given to individuals—Bishops, Clergy, and others—for their life interests in their palaces, parsonages, glebe lands, tithe rent-charge, and endowments. On this basis they expect that all available Church property will, as soon as possible, be devoted, more or less, to public uses, by which they will be in different degrees benefited. They do not all expect to be benefited in the same way nor to the same extent.

**CHURCHMAN.**—The total value of the property belonging to the Church in Wales is, I fear, greatly exaggerated, and exaggerated for religious, partisan, and political purposes. The incomes of the Clergy are in many cases considerably larger than the amounts annually derived from the actual property belonging to their benefices.

For instance, many of them receive additions to their incomes from the Common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Commission, granted to meet benefactions voluntarily given by Churchmen to their benefices. Then many of them have additions made to their tithe rent-charge and glebe incomes from pew-rents, offertories, fees, and other sources.

But it would only be with Church property in lands, buildings, and tithe rent-charges that the State would have to deal in the event of Disendowment.

All augmentations to the incomes of the Clergy derived from other sources would cease on the Disendowment of the Church.

Now the question is, what is the value of the whole of the Church property in Wales, consisting of cathedrals, churches, palaces, parsonages, lands, tithe rent-charge, and ancient endowments, over which the State would have disposing power in case the Church were disendowed? Have you any idea of its capital value, or of the income which is annually derived from it?

**NONCONFORMIST.**—No, indeed! I have not. I don't think that I ever tried to form any idea on the matter.

**CHURCHMAN.**—Well, what ideas have your Disendowment friends on the subject?

**NONCONFORMIST.**—I really should not like to undertake to represent their views, they are so various, and in most cases, I imagine, fearfully exaggerated.

**CHURCHMAN.**—I myself have no official data at hand that would enable me to state with accuracy what the total gross or net value is. But suppose we take our figures from a writer unfriendly to the Church in Wales, and put down the incomes from the tithe rent-charge and glebe lands in the four Dioceses as follows:—St. David's, £65,690; Llandaff, £43,293; St. Asaph, £47,928; Bangor, £31,327; making a gross income of £188,238 a year. But to this there is to be added £32,023 a year paid to Bishops, Cathedral Chapters,



etc., not including the annual value of the residences of the Bishops and Clergy, making a total of £220,261, the amount which would be at the disposal of the State after Disendowment.

NONCONFORMIST.—That would be a large sum, but very small compared with the estimate formed of it by those who advocate Disendowment.

CHURCHMAN.—But still the life interests of the Bishops and Clergy are to be compensated. Now there are 4 Bishops, 946 parochial Incumbents, and 487 Curates, all of whom, even if the Liberation scheme for Disendowment were carried out, would have to be equitably compensated. But the Liberation scheme can never be carried out. If ever the Church in Wales were disendowed the public conscience would, in justice, demand that Disendowment should take place on at least as favourable terms to the Church in Wales as were granted to the Irish Church.

But suppose the Liberation scheme were carried out, these 4 Bishops and 946 parochial Incumbents would have to receive their full incomes during their lives, or large lump sums in lieu thereof, or life annuities proportionate to their vested interests. Then the 487 Curates and other persons having reasonable claims to compensation would have to be awarded lump sums in proportion to their vested interests; so you see that, even if the Liberation Society had its scheme enacted by Parliament, it would be a very long time indeed before there would be any considerable amount of capital at the disposal of the State.

NONCONFORMIST.—That is a view of the subject which is not taken by those who advocate Disendowment.

CHURCHMAN.—No, I do not expect that it is, for, as a rule, fanatical agitators do not trouble themselves much to obtain accurate views on the subjects on which they endeavour to inflame the passions of the people. They present to the populace glowing pictures of personal monetary gain, if they, the people, will only adopt a certain course of conduct, and then they recklessly urge them on to try and possess themselves of the promised money gain, heedless alike of facts and of the rights of others.

NONCONFORMIST.—But the farmers expect an immediate gain, either in the reduction or total abolition of the tithe rent-charge, which they imagine they will have no longer to pay, or pay on a greatly reduced scale, in the event of the Church being disendowed.

CHURCHMAN.—I know they do; but they are cruelly deceived by those who lead them to cherish such expectations. When the Irish Church was disendowed the tithe rent-charge was neither abolished nor reduced. It had henceforth to be paid to the Government instead of to the previous tithe owners. Never were men more astonished than were the Irish farmers when they discovered that after Disendowment, notwithstanding all the glowing prospects held out to them by agitators, they had to pay the tithe rent-charge in full to far harder and more exacting creditors than were the Irish Bishops and Clergy. And if the Church in Wales were disendowed the Welsh farmers would find themselves in a similar position.

NONCONFORMIST.—But then the Nonconformists in Wales generally, who are not directly interested in the land, are also looking forward to share in the Church spoil. For instance, there are some who expect Church property after Disendowment to be applied to the reduction of the rates, others expect it to be applied to the purposes of elementary or intermediate education, others expect it to be devoted to the making of roads and to sanitary works, and other great public improvements.

CHURCHMAN.—I know they do; but don't you see that if the farmers were relieved from paying their tithe rent-charge there would be nothing left for any other purpose, and ultimately the whole thing would go into the landlords' pockets, for tithe being abolished his land would become so much more valuable, and he would, if not immediately, on the occasion of the next voidance of a farm, proportionately raise its rent?

In the same way, if the tithe rent-charge were devoted to the

reduction of the poor rate or the School Board rate, the monetary burden upon the land would be diminished. Its value, as the result, would be improved, and on the next voidance of any farm up would go its rent! Nothing could prevent this taking place unless an Act were passed putting an end to freedom of contract between landlord and tenant.

Then, after all, to whatever object the residue of Church property were applied, with which the State would have to deal, it would not only be a very long time before it would be available, but it would be comparatively a very small amount, probably not one-third as much as the present School Board expenditure in Wales, nor one-fifth as much as the present poor rate in the principality.

NONCONFORMIST.—You have given me some new and, I confess, startling views on the subject. Those aspects of the question are not, I can assure you, understood by our people, and I really doubt whether they are understood by our leading agitators themselves. At least, I should hope not, otherwise they are wilfully and sadly misleading their followers.



## FAMILIAR TALKS.

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

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

## XI.—With a Disappointed Wife.

**N**OT as happy as you should be, Mrs. James, and you married but a year? How can that be?"

"You don't know, only somehow the good man and you can't get on together as you would like? Well, that needs looking into. One or both must be at fault."

"You are sure it isn't you? The young wives always say that. I know they honestly believe it; but all the same it is not quite the truth. What is the matter with John?"

"Ah, he is so hard to please! If he doesn't find everything quite right when he comes home from work in the evening, he gets cross and sulky? And then you do the same, I suppose, and so the misunderstanding grows? That is a bad start."

"What can you do?"

"That is a very sensible question; we must look into this a little narrowly. I don't think John is a bad-tempered man, or violent, or given to drink, or a spendthrift. That is much to thank God for.



Now to get at the root of the difficulty. John works hard—"

"And so do you? No doubt; but let me finish my sentence. John works hard, is away all day, and comes home very tired. Now man is a sensitive animal; you must have regard to his little whims, so long as they are not against principle or right. When John comes in at the door he wants to see the room bright and orderly, a smiling wife, clean and neat, the kettle singing on the hob, and the tea laid on the table. Is that how he found it yesterday?"

"No, you had just stepped out for a minute's chat with Mrs. Simpson over the way, and forgot how time went?"

"So I suppose John came in and found an empty house and no signs of tea?"

"Yes, he did? Just as I thought; but doesn't it occur to you that this was exactly the kind of thing to make him angry? However, you were, of course, careful to tell him how sorry you were for leaving him to come home tired and hungry to a cold welcome?"

"No, indeed, if he liked to be ill-tempered, he could. Ah! that was another mistake. To begin with, you were in the wrong at first; then you were doubly wrong in not confessing the fault and doing your best to bring peace around. Many a foolish woman thinks it beneath her dignity to admit a mistake. If they give their husbands reason to complain, they try to cover up their own wrong-doings by a show of bad temper. That is an excellent way to make a bad husband and a wretched home."

"You are sure you don't want that? Then turn over a new leaf. Remember that married people must be willing to give as well as take. Each must practise conciliation if there is to be peace in the home. Mistakes will happen in every household, but never be ashamed of confessing a fault. Don't meet angry words with angry words, or temper with temper. Never fancy that it is weak or cowardly to answer a frown with a smile. If you love your husband, make a sacrifice for him, and before telling yourself that he is not what he was in the old courting days, be sure that it is not you who have changed. If you will only think how great honour God has put upon the estate of matrimony, I am sure you will see that He will help you to do your duty in it—provided that you are in earnest when you ask His help."

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**To Sunday-School Teachers.**—Always commence your work of preparation with prayer; get the lesson you intend to teach thoroughly into your mind; illustrations are most valuable, but use them not for their own sake, but as helps to make the lesson attractive, and to bring it home to the members of your class. Don't forget that your aim should be to win the children for Christ, to instruct them in the life of God, and to make them intelligent members of the Church to which you belong.—THE REV. J. EUSTACE BRENNAN, M.A., in "*Golden Vessels*."

## COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

*Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

### II. BOILING.



THE rules for boiling meat are nearly the same as those for roasting, the object of both these methods of cooking being exactly alike—namely, to retain the red juices of the meat, and render the other parts digestible. The time allowed for cooking and the preliminary preparations are also the same as for roasting. After ascertaining the

weight of the joint, wipe it all over, and if necessary bind firmly into shape with string or tape, but on no account pierce it with skewers. Now plunge the meat into enough boiling water to cover it, putting the side downwards that will be served upper-most, because some particles of scum may possibly adhere to it, and the joint will consequently not look so well on one side. Let it boil for three minutes, then draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and keep the contents simmering—that is, boiling *very gently*—until the meat is cooked. Carefully remove the scum as it rises, using for this purpose a metal, *not* a wooden, spoon, and do not forget to keep the lid on the saucepan.

Root vegetables, such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, etc., are usually served with boiled meat, and should be cooked at the same time, as the flavour of both is thereby much improved. The liquor left after the meat is boiled can be kept until the next day, and used in making soup. If the simple rules here laid down are carried out, no one will be able to quote the old saying that "Boiled meat is spoiled meat," and housewives who find it somewhat difficult to obtain variety of fare will be glad occasionally to boil a joint by way of change. There is, no doubt, some truth in the objection that a boiled leg of mutton is more unsightly than a roasted one; but the way to improve its appearance is to cover it with a thick sauce, either onion, caper, or parsley. The foundation of these sauces is precisely the same—one table-spoonful of flour to half-a-pint of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Put the flour into a basin, pour in the milk gradually, and mix smoothly, pressing out all lumps with the back of the spoon. Add pepper and salt, and boil in a small saucepan for three minutes.

If onion sauce is required, boil an onion until tender, chop finely, and mix with the sauce after it has boiled. For caper sauce proceed as before, using a table-spoonful of capers instead of onion. To make parsley sauce pick a handful from the stalks, wash in cold water, dry in a cloth, and chop slightly. Do not put it into the sauce until the minute before you are going to use it, or the sauce will look more green instead of white.

Salted beef and pork take twenty minutes to each pound, and twenty over to make them eatable. The process of pickling draws out the juice of meat, and salt beef is consequently not nearly so nourishing as fresh. A piece of brisket of beef requires thirty minutes to each pound, and thirty over, as it is exceedingly hard, though perfectly tender, when well cooked.





A NOVEMBER DAY.

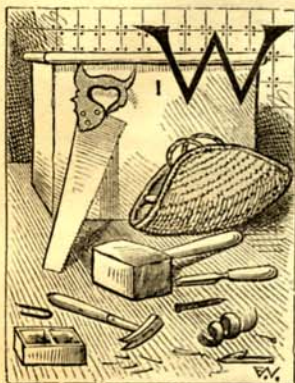
**R**ED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crowned the eastern copse: and chill and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;  
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float,  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.  
JOHN KEBLE.



## USEFUL DOMESTIC AMATEUR HANDICRAFT.

BY W. W. BEAUMONT, C.E.



WE think few of the many hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who are householders and are not handicraftsmen have any idea of either the value or the pleasure derivable from the ability to use tools. Most men can use gardening tools more or less to their own satisfaction, though perhaps to little purpose; but gardening can only be done during fine weather and daylight. There are other tools, including pens, drawing instruments, books, etc., but the tools which the writer wishes to commend to the patient attention of the business man who would like a useful leisure occupation, are chiefly those commonly known as carpenter's tools, though he will have occasionally to refer to a few which are as much or more used by other artisans. Not only are business men losers of the pleasure which may be derived from the use of tools, but they lose a recreative diversion from the subjects that in many cases monotonously occupy them during business hours, diversion which renews their mental energy for their daily work. Beyond this there is the further money value of the things they may make or repair for themselves instead of calling in the tradesman for whose assistance they have often to wait and always to pay.

Some one has said that the characteristic which most distinguishes man from other animals is that he is a tool-using animal. There is no doubt that man has risen in the intellectual scale and advanced in welfare, in proportion as he acquired the ability to make and use tools, and also to make use of machines that will perform all laborious work of repetition character. Economically it is, of course, better that the head should be employed in directing the performance of work by iron muscles, than that man should remain simply a muscular machine.

There are, however, very numerous occupations which require the combined effort of muscle and of brain in the performance of work by means of tools. Amongst them are those to which the attention may be turned for pleasure and profit.

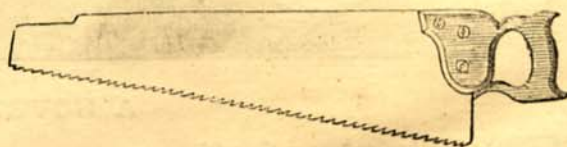
Many men, untrained in the art of using carpentering tools, have failed in attempts to teach themselves from one cause—namely, the want of patience. Men who will patiently endure great discomfort in consequence of the want of a little shelf, or of the application of a draught-strip at the bottom of a door, or of the repair of a bell-handle or blind-pull, will lose all patience in sharpening a chisel or bradawl that would not occupy them five minutes, or of a plane-iron that could be put into good condition in less. A man who would be very particular that he had exactly the right point to his pen will be annoyed if a blunt and cornerless bradawl splits a small piece of wood he is trying to pierce with it. Yet five minutes would enable him to put the awl in working order. It is well known that the bad workman quarrels with his tools, but that is because he keeps them in bad condition. He has not the

patience that will enable him to perform 20 per cent. more work by expending 5 per cent. more on his tools. One of the first things the amateur has to learn is, that patience is the most important of the qualifications necessary to success in using tools. A little real patience at first goes a very long way towards getting over the chief causes of failure and discouragement.

There is, perhaps, no simpler thing on earth than making a bradawl hole in a thin, narrow piece of wood. The impatient amateur will use, say, half a minute in trying to make one, and because he has not had the patience to keep the bradawl in good order, and next to work the bradawl gently and in the proper way, he splits the wood, and leaves the work in disgust. The man who has had the patience to work properly uses three-quarters of a minute instead of half a minute, with the very great difference in his favour that he succeeds. The amateur will often try to do with bad tools something that the practised workman would only attempt with the best. It is not surprising then that many fail.

Assuming now that the reader, having read these preliminary warnings, is of opinion that he can command the necessary patience to enable him to secure for himself the pleasures that the use of tools will afford, the first thing to do is to get some tools. Firstly, he must have a bench of some kind, and a place to put it in. Those who have no need to consider the cost can buy a bench ready-made from one of several well-known tool-shops in London, or from most ironmongers; and those who can afford this need only to be told that it is a mistake to buy one less than 5 ft. in length, and a longer one is better. Others who do not wish to go to this expense may do very well with a strongly-made kitchen table, 4 ft. 6 in. or 5 ft. in length, and 2 ft. in width, the legs being stayed with two inclined struts descending from the junction of the rear legs and the table top to the lower part of the front legs, or the legs which are on the left hand. This will prevent the table from growing rickety under the influence of the pushing and jerking of such work as planing. The better way is to make a bench, and hereafter we may give sketches that will show how this may be done at a comparatively small expense. To the reader who would say he could get on very well without a bench of some kind, we should say, do not try. The discomfort of trying to work on a small table, or one that may not be treated as a bench, is too great to permit any one to do anything worth doing, except construct such small things as are made of fretsaw work. The bench is a most important item, and it should, if possible, be placed where it can be fixed, and in a good light. It should not be supposed to be available for other household purposes or for any odd work the servants in a house may choose. If it is used for other purposes, it will require as much time to clear it and clean it as the amateur may sometimes have at his disposal, and consequently his work will not be done.

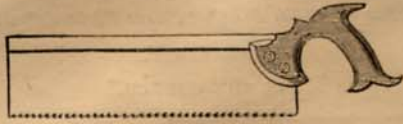
Now for some edge-tools. The following must be had for the most unambitious of work.



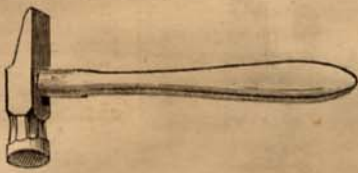
1. A hand or panel saw. For general purposes, when only one saw is bought, a 20-in. saw, with eight teeth to the inch, will be found the most useful. A good one will cost 3s. 9d.



2. A small tenon saw, with 6-in. blade, and handle of the same form as a file handle. The learner will find these small saws very useful, and in many cases more



controllable than the hand-shaped handle. The saw should have twelve or thirteen teeth to the inch, and will cost 1s. 6d. These saws are not generally called tenon saws, and are made for cutting soft metals.



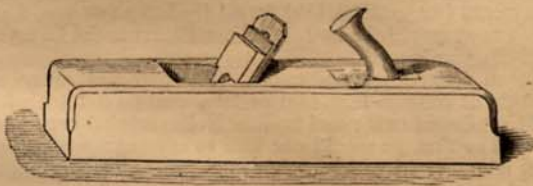
3. A hammer of the London or Exeter pattern, of say size 3, costing about 1s. 2d. or 1s. 4d.

4. Four bradawls, of sizes which are usually numbered 10, 8, 6, and 4. Separate bradawls, that is to say handle and awl complete, are preferable to what are called pad-handles with separate bradawls, each fitting the same handle or pad, for, although the pad with its separate bits is more compact, the separate bits are likely to be mislaid, and, moreover, when one bit is in the handle, the user is much tempted to make that size do for the hole he wishes to make, rather than take it out, find the awl of the right size, and fix it in the handle. Four bradawls will cost only 8d. or 9d., of the best kind.

5. Four gimlets. These should be of the best make, of the twist form, and should vary in size, from a little less than an eighth of an inch to three-sixteenths of an inch. They will cost 1s. 2d. or 1s. 3d.

6. Three gimlets, shell pattern, one  $\frac{1}{8}$ -in., one  $\frac{3}{16}$ -in., and one  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.

7. A jack-plane, with double iron  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wide. With care, this plane may be made sufficient for a great



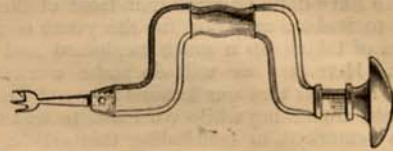
variety of work. The usual length is 17-in., but if the learner thinks that too heavy for him at first, he may get one somewhat shorter. The cost is about 5s.



8. Two screw-drivers. One 6-in. long, including handle; and one 10-in. or 11-in. long, with the handle.

9. A hand brace and bits, not indispensable, but very useful. A cheap brace, which will answer every purpose, can be obtained with twelve bits of different sizes and

kinds for 3s. 6d., or with eighteen bits for 4s. 6d. Of these bits, six or eight should be centre-bits. A better



brace can, however, be bought for 2s. 6d., and a set of eighteen bits, second quality, bright, for 3s. 6d.; or of the best quality black bits for about 6s.

10. Chisels. Four ordinary pattern flat chisels,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.,  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in., and  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. These, in handles complete and ready for use, will cost 2s. 4d. Two gouges, ordinary pattern, one  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. and one  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in., both "outside" gouges, that is sharpened from the outside. A  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. "inside" gouge would also be found very useful. The first two would cost 1s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and the latter 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

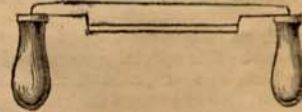
11. One Washita oilstone, about 2s., and one slip for sharpening inside gouges, 9d.

12. One 6-in. try-square, cost 1s. 3d.

13. One spokeshave,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -in. iron, boxwood, 1s. 4d.

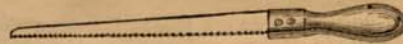


14. One drawknife, 9-in., light pattern, 1s. 6d.



15. One rule, 2-ft., two-fold, 1s.

16. One key-hole saw, in iron handle, with spanner ends, 8d.



17. Sundries, including oil can, 4d.; pincers, 1s.; compasses, 1s.; 4-in. saw file, 3d.; one 7-in. half-round bastard file, 7d.; and one 8-in. rasp, 8d.; selection of nails, brads, and screws, 2s.

All these prices are for real workmen's tools of good quality. It is a very great mistake to buy the cheap tools made up on cards, chiefly of German make, and more or less attractive to the uninitiated buyer of tools. Neither are the sets of tools made up in small boxes of much use; generally the small cheap sets are worse than useless. An amateur may spoil some of his tools at the outset or damage them, but it is far better that he should damage a few good tools, than that he should be discouraged by the failure and trouble that are sure to attend the use or attempted use of cheap rubbish. We sometimes see "Tools for Boys" written upon some of this rubbish. Though it may not appear so to most people, it is really a sin to give a boy such so-called tools. A boy does not want something that even a skilled artisan could hardly use. He needs tools that are good enough, and work well enough, to encourage his efforts to employ himself in an intelligent, useful, and profitable manner. He should have tools like those the men use who have to do real work. Good tools are nowadays very low in price, and, although a boy need not have more than half the tools given in our list, it is better that he should have even less





than that if it be necessary to reduce the number to secure quality.

So far we have done no more than treat of the value of tools; and to make a selection for the youth or man who is desirous of taking up a much neglected and valuable recreation. Hereafter we will do some work with the tools; and in order that our lessons may not be too dry, we will make something while we learn to use the tools. It may be remarked, in concluding this article, that the amateur who does not aspire to making small articles of furniture or fixtures, but who wishes to be able to do an occasional repair or put up shelves, may do with the tools given under the numbers 1 to 6, with only the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. chisel mentioned under 7, with Nos. 15, 16, and 17, minus the compasses.

### 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.

121. What is there to show that the man "full of leprosy" mentioned in Luke v. 12 was full of humility and earnestness also?

122. What special grace was he not quite full of, judging from the end of that verse?

123. How does he seem to have differed in this matter from the poor man mentioned in Mark ix. 24?

124. How can it be shown that the woman mentioned in Matt. xv 21-28 differed in the same matter from both these men?

125. What was there in her case, and in that described in Matt. viii. 5-13, to make this specially worthy of note?

126. How does Luke v. 13-16, exhibit the Saviour as full of compassion, of power, and of respect for the "Law"?

127. What passages in Matt vi., xiv., and Mark vi., may verses 15, 16 remind us of? and in what way?

128. What very special fulness of authority do we find in this chapter (Luke v.)? and how was it vindicated when called in question?

129. What illustrations do we find in the same chapter of fulness of infirmity in close connection with fulness of faith?

130. How do verses 25, 26 go to prove that the palsied man brought to the Saviour was both truly cured and forgiven?

131. Of what verses in Matt. xxi. and Luke xviii., may verses 29-32 in this chapter remind us?

132. In what two ways did Levi show himself a true "follower" of the Saviour?

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY M.A. (OXON.)

XXXIII. PUZZLE EPITAPH.

t i c e f s p c n c e p s f e c i t  
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s p e c n i r p o l o p r i n c e p s  
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e c n i r p o l i S i l o p r i n c e  
p e c n i r p o l i l o p r i n c e p  
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i c e f s p e c n i n c e p s f e c i  
t i c e f s p e c n c e p s f e c i t

How many ways can this epitaph be read, beginning at the capital S in the middle?

### NELLIE'S FIRST-FRUIT.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "Miss Priss," "Pierre Richards," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"IN THE CHURCH."



It was on the second Sunday afternoon after his arrival at Barton's Farm that Nellie and Jacob were sitting in the orchard with a large dish of late gooseberries between them.

"Next Sunday you will be able to go to church, Jacob," she remarked. "You will be able to bear sitting by that time."

"I don't go to your church you know, Nellie."

"No, auntie told me all about it, but, Jacob, where do you go?"

Jacob coloured. "Not

often anywhere. I have not been even to our own synagogue since my grandmother died."

"Then that is very wrong of you," said Nellie severely.

"You ought to go. Don't you know we are told in the Testament in ever so many places that we ought to go to church? But I forgot; you haven't got the New Testament in your Bible—have you?—so you couldn't be supposed to know, poor boy. Well, I am very sorry for you. I shouldn't like it if I could only read the Old Testament. Why, you miss all the beautiful story of when our Lord was a dear little baby, just a wee, helpless little thing like the one we saw yesterday, and He was laid in a manger because His mother couldn't afford a cradle to put Him in. Just think of that, Jacob! The Lord of all the earth laid in a manger. Ah, how good He was to come down to us here! But you will go to church next Sunday, now, won't you, for it will be the Harvest Thanksgiving, and you would like to thank God for all He has given you, I am sure; now, wouldn't you? God our Father is the God you worship, you know."

Jacob looked uncomfortable. He had put away all thought of religion from him of late, and he did not wish to be reminded of it; and besides Nellie and all here were so kind to him, he would not like to say anything against their manner of worship, so he mumbled something about "Perhaps he would go if he felt well enough."

"Then I'll tell you a secret, Jacob. I haven't told a creature yet, but I mean to ask mother about it to-night. Just lean this way, look at that tree—the little one. There, now, do you see that beautiful apple upon it? Well, that is my very own, and I mean to ask mother to let me take it down to the church on Saturday when they are decorating for the Harvest Festival. Won't it be nice to be able to give something of my very own to help decorate the church? Mr. Banks, the gardener at the Hall, gave me that tree. He had grafted it himself, and he said it was one of the very best apples you could get. I am so glad, because I like to give something good."

The same evening, while they were at tea, Nellie broached





SITTING IN THE ORCHARD.

the subject. "Mother, may I have my apple off my tree to do what I like with?"

"Why, of course you may, Nellie; it is your own."

"Then, father, I will get you to pick it for me next Saturday morning, and I will take it down to the church. Mr. Stayner said to-day he would be glad of any offerings of fruit and flowers for the Harvest Festival."

"Well, little one, you needn't give up your only apple, for I shall send down some of the primest rosy cheeks I can find," said her father.

"Yes, father, but then that would not be giving it myself. You see, I want to give something of my very own, because I remember what Mr. Stayner said in a sermon once. He said we were all to do what we could ourselves, and not to think of what other people could or could not give. I want to do what I can, and I haven't anything of my own to give except that apple."

"You shall do what you like with it Nellie, only I thought you wanted it to crown the dish at your birthday feast next week."

"So I did, mother, but I should like to send it to the church better. It is so little I can do; and then you know the fruit is to be sent to the hospital at Walford after it comes out of church. Just fancy how pleased somebody will be to get that lovely apple."

"You're just like your Aunt Hind," said her mother fondly. "It was always give away her best with her, and then she gave herself away at last to a poor, weakly, helpless creature that she had to work and toil for all the days of her life."

During all the week Nellie paid daily visits to the apple-tree to assure herself that the precious fruit was safe; and on the Saturday morning she accompanied Jack, who carried down a wheat-sheaf of his own making, to the church.

"Mr. Stayner was quite pleased with the apple when I

told him it was my very own, and the first fruit my tree had borne, and he patted me on the head and said, 'God bless you, my child; may you always be willing to devote your first fruits to His service.' And then he took me down to where Miss Stayner was at work, and gave her the apple, and told her all about it, and she just took it and put it at the top of a little pile in front of the lectern. Wasn't it good of her? And it looks so nice; and, oh! I do feel so happy. Miss Stayner let me stay and help her, and she says I am so handy I may come and help her at Christmas too. Just isn't it nice? And you will be sure to come to church to-morrow, Jacob? You will like to see my apple, I know. The rosiest side is turned to the congregation, and it is quite at the top; you can't mistake it."

Jacob pondered the matter over by himself that evening. He was anxious to please Nellie, and he could not see that he should get much harm in going into a Christian church just for once. Nellie was right about their worshipping the same God. What his mother spoke of as the God of Abraham was the same that Nellie meant by God the Father; and she was right, too, when she said they ought to be thankful for the bounteous harvest. So the next morning, when Nellie again asked if he felt well enough to go, Jacob smiled and nodded, and told her, "Oh yes; he was going just to please her."

"Then I will use the beautiful large Prayer-Book that Aunt Hind sent me for my birthday last year. I put it away to use when I am bigger, but I will bring it out today, and then you can look over, and I will show you the places."

Jacob felt a curious sensation when, following the example of Mr. Lawson and Jack, he removed his hat and entered the church. He wondered if his grandmother could see him, and if she were angry at his action. Scarcely knowing what to do, he sat still while the others knelt; but Nellie tugged his jacket, saying, "Kneel down and say a prayer." Jacob obeyed, or at least he knelt and rose again as he saw the others do; but the boy felt too bewildered by his novel position to be able to form either thoughts or words into a prayer.

Nellie was a well-behaved child, but she could not restrain herself from attracting the attention of the rest of the family to her apple, which was laid in rosy state at the top of the pile. Then she relapsed into quietude, and read her Bible until the service began.

Jacob was very attentive in following the prayers, each of which Nellie pointed out with her finger. To him they seemed very beautiful, and the hearty devotion of the worshippers delighted him. There seemed, too, a wonderful reality about this worship. Then came the sermon, Mr. Stayner taking for his text the words, "He putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come;" and he applied the words first to the yearly harvests, which came with all the promised regularity, and which should be such cause of joy and thankfulness; and then he spoke of the harvest of souls, that harvest which we were each doing our best or our worst to cultivate or to mar by our lives and conduct. In simple but telling language Mr. Stayner drew a picture of what this harvest might have been had not sin entered into the world by the transgression of our first parents, and then of what it must be since the devil had been abroad sowing tares. Then he told of the Redemption which had come through the death of our Lord, the "Propitiation for our sins," and showed that all who would might come to Him through the cleansing power of that Blood which was shed for us on Calvary.

When the sermon was brought to an end Jacob felt that he wished he, too, might have been a Christian, so simple and happy seemed the way of salvation.

(To be continued.)



## LITTLE JEAN.

**T**HE navvies had been digging, digging,  
Digging every day,  
Until the sand in mighty heaps  
All round about them lay.  
Then, fetching wood, they shored the wall,  
Lest that the treacherous sand might fall.

Ah, but the work was hard enough,  
And hot the August sun! . . .  
At length the men sat down to rest,  
And view what they had done.  
It was the dinner hour; and from  
Their homes the navvies' children come,

With "father's dinner" in a tin,  
Sent by each wifely hand,  
As daintily as though her man  
Were noblest in the land!  
And now the little ones are free  
To romp and run at liberty.

Three bonny little bairns were there,  
One maid, and two brave boys.  
And oh, but Jack, and Sandy too,  
They were the ones for noise!  
But noisy though the lads both were,  
Their simple boyish hearts would stir

If any trouble came to Jean,  
The navvy's cripple child,  
Whose golden hair, and gentle eyes,  
And voice so soft and mild,  
Had won their hearts,—for Jean's dear sake  
No trouble was too much to take.

The navvies' frugal meal was sweet,  
And sweet the hour of rest.  
Soon pipes were lighted, stories told;  
And who than they more blest?  
As puffing, chatting, every one,  
They lay, all shaded from the sun.

But—what is that? that awful noise!  
The men start up in fear.  
Where are the bairns? . . . A moment since  
The little ones were here!  
O God! . . . the sand has given way,  
And there the babes had gone to play.

How wildly did those navvies dig  
With spade, and pick-axe too.  
Until . . . a little bare white foot  
Lay full exposed to view!  
Then manly hearts grew faint and cold  
With agony not to be told.

They drew her out. . . . 'Twas little Jean.  
But ah, how sadly pale!  
The blue eyes closed, the golden curls  
All round her like a veil;  
While father's tears were raining now  
On his wee lassie's childish brow.

"She is not dead!" one hoarsely cried;  
"Hold up, Bill, like a man;  
Here comes the doctor; and, please God,  
We'll save her if we can."  
Then sighed the little maiden fair,  
"Dear father, dinna greet nae mair,

But dig wi' a' your heart and strength  
For Jack and Sandy too,  
And tell them baith, wi' Jeanie's love,  
They maun be good and true;  
And up in Heaven we'll meet again,  
And never ken nor grief nor pain."

Now Jack and Sandy both are men;  
Strong, skilful navvies they;  
But speak to them of little Jean,  
And both will turn away  
To hide the tears they can't restrain,  
When the old story's told again.

Dear little Jean! they love her still,  
And on each manly heart  
These words are writ—"Be good and true,  
And never more we'll part."  
These cherished words; and Jean's dear love,  
Have drawn their hearts to Heaven above.

D. B. MCKEAN

## YOUNG MEN IN CITY WAREHOUSES.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS,

*Clerical Secretary of the Church of England Young Men's Society.*

II.

**I** STATED in my last paper that a young man in a warehouse was absolutely his own master. Let me be clearly understood. I mean that there is no moral restraint placed upon him. So long as he conducts himself respectably and honestly during work hours, and does not stay out at night beyond the time fixed by the firm, no notice is taken of him. In several instances, however, a chaplain is retained to conduct morning prayers in the house, and to act as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to any young man who may seek his counsel and advice. As a rule, I believe great care is exercised in the selection of a chaplain, and the result is that those gentlemen (at least of my acquaintance) easily win their way into the confidence and respect of the young fellows.

As a rule, attendance at prayers is purely voluntary. But in a few cases it is compulsory, and in one notable instance there is a fine of one shilling for non-attendance. I make no comment on this. I merely state it as a fact. My readers must comment for themselves. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the voluntary system works well. Many young men and women are glad to avail themselves of a short cheerful service before entering upon the labours of the day. And I believe it has been the means of fortifying thousands of young lives against the sinister snares of surrounding evils.

But whilst this picture is true, it must not be inferred that the thousands of young men who "live in" in warehouses have placed themselves under Christian influence and guidance. Far from it. But the efforts made on their behalf have not been without features of success. For some time I have arranged services in City warehouses when addresses have been given to young men.

A "special correspondent" of the *Record* gives the following account of one which he attended:—

"I was present at one of them the other evening, and was much struck not only by the numbers attending, but by the earnestness they all displayed. To gaze upon that audience was an interesting study. Many of the young fellows, one could see, had left bright homes in the country to fight the hard battle of London life, and were much in need of a real friend. This naturally gave the speaker an excellent opportunity, which he was not slow to use. His address was from first to last an earnest exhortation to a life of self-denial, to taking up the Cross; and very clearly he pointed out that the call was to follow Christ—that was to say, He would lead the



way, and would also provide the grace and strength needed by His disciples. The whole service was remarkably simple, and the young fellows not only expressed their gratitude for it, but also the hope that many similar meetings would follow. These warehouse services have proved exceedingly helpful, many young men being led thereby to resist the evil and choose the good."

I have received most encouraging help in the work from several of the leading clergy in the City, and abundant testimony from the young men themselves, to show that the movement is doing good.

In many of the larger warehouses there are athletic clubs, and some lay themselves out for popular lectures, entertainments, and smoking concerts, whilst others have a Bible class, or a branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

After all, the great difficulty is recreation and amusement. Until something can be done to offer a counter-attraction to the music-hall or dancing-saloon, but little hold can be gained on the great bulk of the young men. One cannot expect them to be continually attending religious services.

What is needed is: (1) That the "heads of the firm" should recognise the moral responsibility attaching to so many young fellows residing under their roof. (2) That those who seek to influence the young men should recognise their real needs.

The Church of England Young Men's Society at Ludgate Circus is quite alive to the needs of young men, and there will now be found within its walls almost everything that a healthily organised youth could desire. Its work amongst young men in the City would be greatly assisted if the provincial clergy would take the trouble to give young men coming from their parishes to London a letter of introduction either to myself or the General Secretary.

### A DOG'S TALE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I feel quite flattered to think that you are going to put a picture of me in the *CHURCH MONTHLY*, and that you wish me to write a few words about myself. My name is Red Paddy, and as I can trace my ancestors back for many generations, I think I am entitled to call myself "well born." I am a big, strong Irish terrier. Now don't say, "What a conceited dog to call himself strong!" I have several times run over forty miles in the day, and not been very tired after it. Then, before this horrible muzzling act came in force (don't I wish those responsible for it had to wear a muzzle themselves every time they went out!), if any dog, even though a good deal bigger than myself, made an insulting remark as I passed, I used to rush at him knock him down, and make him beg my pardon. Speaking of this reminds me of a good laugh I gave my master last year. I was trotting up the road before him, when a newspaper boy passed with a black dog following him. This dog made a very rude remark to me as he passed. I felt bound, for the honour of Ould Ireland, to rebuke him sharply. This Blackie didn't like at all at all, so bolted straight after his master so straight that he rushed between his legs and laid him flat on his back, to the great amusement of my master. You have no idea how



fond I am of my master. If he is out all day I feel quite miserable, and keep all on the watch to hear his step, that I may be in the hall the moment he opens the door; and I know he likes me to be there, for he is just as fond of me as I am of him, and if by any chance I am in the garden with the door shut he comes to look for me at once. There is one thing I like very much, and that is to see my muzzle taken off its peg, for that means I am going out. I always rush forward the moment I see it, and try to get my head into it as quickly as possible, so as to lose no time in going out. Sometimes I am in such a hurry that I jerk the muzzle out of my master's hand.

Yours obediently, RED PADDY

P.S.—I have had my portrait taken without that wretched muzzle.

### 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. G. DEAN.—Sir Edward Clarke first entered Parliament in 1880, and was knighted in 1886, on becoming Solicitor-General.

L. D. VERNON.—Consult the Convocation Reports prepared by the Rev. Prebendary Ainslie.

L. PEARSON.—Dean Alford was the first editor of the *Contemporary Review*, which was founded in 1866. The present editor is Mr. P. W. Bunting, a Dissenter.

ARTHUR GILBERT.—We cannot advise. You had much better state your case to the Vicar of your own parish.

D. PARSONS.—*The Teacher's Practical Companion and Diary*, by the Rev. W. Spriggs-Smith, Curate of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, contains several useful hints. It is published by F. Shaw & Co., Bermondsey, price 1s.



# "I Heard a Sound of Voices."

(A HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.)

Words by the REV. PIERCEBENDARY GODFREY THRING, B.A.  
(Rector of Hornblotton.)

Music by PROFESSOR J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.  
(Organist of Westminster Abbey.)  
*cres.*

*p*

1. I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the Great White Throne, With harp - ers harp - ing  
2. From 'ev - 'ry clime and kin - dred, And na - tions from a - far, — As ser - ried ranks re -

*f*

on their harps To Him that sat there - on; "Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our," — I  
- turn - ing home In tri - umph from a war, — I heard the saints up - rais - ing, The

*ff* *dim.*

heard the song a - rise, As thro' the courts of Heav'n it rolled In won - drous har - mon - ies. A - men.  
my - riad hosts a - mong, In praise of Him Who died, and lives, Their one glad tri - umph - song.

2. I saw the Holy City,  
The New Jerusalem,  
Come down from Heaven a bride adorned  
With jewelled diadem.  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street;  
And nations brought their honours there,  
And laid them at her feet.
4. And there nor sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night,  
God's glory did enlighten all,  
The Lamb Himself the light.  
And there His servants serve Him,  
And—life's long battle o'er—  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,  
They reign for evermore.

5. O great and glorious vision! —  
The Lamb upon His Throne;  
O wondrous sight for man to see! —  
The Saviour with His own: —  
To drink the living waters,  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,  
Shall ever enter more.
6. O Lamb of God Who reignest, —  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth,  
Which now we see from far;  
O worthy Judge Eternal,  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
And call Thy servants home. Amen.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.—Continued from Page 2.

**HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICE** was held in Quorn Church, on Friday evening, October 3rd. The offerings of corn, fruit, vegetables and flowers were tastefully arranged by willing hands. The service was fully choral, the Vicar took the Prayers, the 1st Lesson was read by the Rev. R. Burton, Vicar of Rothley, and the 2nd Lesson by the Rev. F. D. Thomson, Vicar of Barrow-on-Soar. A very able Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Bennie, Rector of Glenfield. The other clergy present were Rev. A. S. Newman, Rev. H. Symonds, Rev. C. H. Gimson, Rev. Newton Mant, and Rev. Murray Dixon. The services were continued on Sunday, October 5th. The total amount of Offertory was £15 11s. 2½d., which has been divided between the Leicester Infirmary and the Loughborough Dispensary. The vegetables, fruit and bread were sent to the latter.

**THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY** will meet this winter on Monday and Wednesday evenings, from 7.45 to 9.30, at the Village Hall, for chess, draught, whist and cribbage with occasional lectures and discussions. The payment for the season will be 1/6 for each member.

**THE CHORAL SOCIETY** are practicing the Cantata "The Rose Maiden." New members admitted on application to a member of the Committee, or to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Adams. Rehearsals are held at the Village Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

**NIGHT SCHOOL** is being held by Mr. Adams on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7.30, for young men and boys. One Penny each night.

**NIGHT SCHOOL** is being held by Mrs. Adams on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7, for young women and girls. One Penny each night.

**CHURCH HISTORY.**—A course of 10 Lectures will be given on Church History, each illustrated by some 50 pictures from a Magic Lantern, in the Village Hall during the winter. The four that will take place before Christmas are as follows:—

1st—Wednesday, November 12th. Rev. R. C. Faithfull, "Early Christianity of Britain" A.D. 33-597.

2nd—Saturday, November 29th. Rev. C. A. Lane, "Establishment of the English Church," A.D. 597-787.

3rd—Saturday, December 6th. Rev. R. C. Faithfull, "Results of the Scandinavian Conquests," A.D. 787-1115.

4th—Saturday, December 20th. Rev. J. W. Lewis, "Growth of Papal Despotism in Britain," A.D. 1090-1265.

Admission—6d., 3d., 1d.

## WOODHOUSE

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

#### Calendar for November.

##### HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

NOV.	
1 SA	<b>All Saints Day.</b> Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins 10.30 a.m. Evensong 5.30 p.m.
2 S	<b>Sunday within the Octave of All Saints.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Litany, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
9 S	<b>Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
16 S	<b>Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
23 S	<b>Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
30 S	<b>First Sunday in Advent. S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
	Commencing with All Saints' Eve, October 31st, there will be Services on the Friday evenings, at 7 p.m., consisting of Evensong and Address.
	The Daily Services are announced on the Notice Board in the Porch.
	Friday, November 28th, will be observed as the Day of Intercession for Missions. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 10.30 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.

**CHURCH HISTORY.**—The first of a series of Lectures on the History of the English Church will be given in the Hall, on Monday, November 10th, at 7.30 p.m., by the Rev. W. Wigg, Rector of Anstey. The Lecture will be illustrated by means of the Magic Lantern. Admission—Front Seats, 6d.; Back Seats and Gallery, 3d.

A **CONCERT** will be given in the Hall, on Monday, November 25th, by the Members of the Woodhouse Church and other friends. For particulars see bills.

**BAND OF HOPE.**—The Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be on Monday, November 17th, at 6 p.m.

**HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES** were held in our Church on Thursday, October 9th, and were continued on the following Sunday. On both days there were considerably more communicants than last year. The musical portions of the services were very well rendered by the Choir. The Anthem was "Ye shall dwell in the Land," *Stainer*. The Te Deum was sung at the close of the service by the Choir facing Eastwards, and the Sermon was preached by the Rev. R. Burton, Vicar of Rothley. The decorations were very complete and successful, and great praise is due to all who worked at them. Our thanks are due to the Organist and Choir for the way in which they worked in preparing the Anthem, &c., especially as the Festival was held a full week earlier than had been originally intended, owing to the fact that the Harvest was completed at a date sooner than at one time seemed probable.



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