



December, 1890.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

Calendar for December.

DEC.	
4	
1	Evensong at 7.30, address by Rev. F. W Robinson,
8	Vicar of S. Peter's, Leicester.
7	S Second Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion and
	Mattins at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy
	Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30
14	S Third Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at
	8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m.
	Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
21	S Fourth Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at
	8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon at
	11 a.m. Litany at 3. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30.
25	TH Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins,
	Holy Communion, at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30.
26	FR S. Stephen's Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
	Mattins at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
27	ST S. John Evangelist. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
	Mattins at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
28	S Innocents' Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins
	at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
31	W Eve of the Circumcision. Litany, etc. at 11.30 p.m.

The Children's Offertory on Nov. 2nd amounted to 6s. 8½d.

Hymns.

	MATINS.	EVENSING.
7th	{ 450	203
	{ 319	53
	{	24
14th	{ 217	49
	{ 51	352
	{ 53	24
21st	{ 448	52
	{ 49	47
	{ 203	447
Christmas Mng.	{ 61	
	{ 329	
	{ 56	
28th	{ 59	56
	{ 62	60
	{ 446	62

Baptisms.

Nov. 2nd. (private); Alice Heighton.
.. 7th; Albert Preston.

Burials.

Oct. 20th: Alice Cragg, 76 years.
.. 22nd; Ellen Freeman, 17 months
Nov. 11th; Albert Preston, 2 months.
Nov. 12th; Agnes Gertrude Wilson Marlow, 5 years.
Nov. 15th; George Wilders, 14 years.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

For Attendance (highest possible marks 430) Upper School.

1.	Thomas Payne	422	St. 2
2.	Mary Pearson	415	"
3.	Thomas Hutton	414	"
4.	Lilian Foster	412	St. 3
	Ada Thompson	412	"
	Ernest Payne	410	St. 4
6.	Albert Pearson	410	"
	George Rennocks	410	St. 2
9.	Albert Wykes	409	St. 3
10.	Titus Howes	406	"
	Fanny Beardmore	405	St. 5
11.	Constance Burton	405	St. 2
	John Rue	405	St. 1
14.	Edward Wisehall	401	"
	Richard Johnson	399	St. 4
15.	Walter Camm	399	St. 2
	William Fiddler	397	St. 3
17.	Alice Kemp	397	St. 2
	Fanny Sutton	397	St. 1
20.	Isaac Payne	395	St. 4
	William Lovett	395	St. 1
22.	Ernest Facer	394	St. 2
23.	Cecil Holmes	392	"
	Annie Martin	392	"
25.	Henry Wilmore	391	"
26.	Ada Bramley	389	St. 4
27.	Oliver Sutton	386	" 4
	Susan Barnett	386	" 2
29.	Joseph Dalby	385	" 2
	William Squires	385	" 2
31.	Walter Thompson	382	St. 4
	Philip Barnett	382	St. 1
33.	William Underwood	381	St. 2
34.	Beatrice Elliott	380	St. 3
	George Stevenson	380	St. 2

For Attendance (highest possible 430) Infant School.

1.	Alice Tungate	Class 1	430
	Arthur Rennocks	" 4	430
	Ernest Lovett	" 2	427
3.	Walter Rennocks	" 3	427
	Albert Sault	" 2	425
5.	Annie Briars	" 4	425
7.	Kate Jalland	" 3	423
8.	John Reeves	" 3	422
9.	Fred Facer	" 2	420
	Rose Allen	" 1	419
10.	Willie Wykes	" 1	419
	Nellie Burton	" 2	419
13.	Herbert Wykes	" 1	418
	Sarah Payne	" 1	418
	Emma Squires	" 2	417
15.	John Howlett	" 2	417
	Jessie Wykes	" 2	417
	Frank Ball	" 2	416
18.	Sarah Tungate	" 3	416
	George Barber	" 4	416
	Mary A. Brown	" 1	415
21.	Arthur Wilders	" 2	415
	Gertrude Foster	" 2	414
23.	Alfred Camm	" 4	414
	Alice Underwood	" 1	413
	Joseph Gamble	" 1	413
25.	Clara Taylor	" 2	413
	Ernest Bramley	" 3	413
	Willie Sault	" 2	412
29.	Willie Camm	" 2	412
	Adeline Dalby	" 1	410
	Nellie Taylor	" 1	410
31.	Fanny Sharpe	" 1	410
	Willie Brown	" 1	410
	George Harris	" 1	410
36.	Rose Neale	Class 1	409
	Alphaus Herbert	" 1	409
	Thomas Parker	" 1	409
39.	Maria Howes	" 1	408
	Edith Stokes	" 4	408
41.	Lizzie Sutton	" 1	406
42.	Herbert Whitby	" 4	405
43.	Lizzie Martin	" 2	404
44.	John Wykes	" 3	403
	Ernest Thompson	" 1	401
45.	Nelly Dalby	" 3	401
	Harriet Payne	" 8	401
	Ernest Webster	" 3	401
49.	Mabel Sault	" 1	400
	Harry Holmes	" 2	400
51.	Ethel Disney	" 3	398
52.	Clara Kemp	" 3	397
	John Stevenson	" 3	397
54.	George Heggs	" 2	396
	Fanny Stevenson	" 1	395
55.	Robert Squires	" 2	395
	John Bagley	" 2	395
	Frank Underhill	" 1	394
58.	John Ball	" 2	394
	Willie Cawrey	" 3	394
	Maria Gamble	" 2	393
61.	Joseph Kinch	" 2	393
	Willie Patterson	" 1	390
63.	Fred Squires	" 2	390
95.	Albert Cawrey	" 1	389
	Bertie Cragg	" 2	389
67.	Lucy Reeves	" 1	388
	Eliza Briars	" 1	388
69.	George Gamble	" 1	387
	Jesse Heap	" 3	387

The Influenza in the Spring robbed many children of their Prizes.

[See Woodhouse page for the rest of the Quorn News.



Drawn by H. JOHNSON.]

"THE CHRISTMAS TREE."

[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.]

HER REWARD.

BY MRS. F. WEST,

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

CHAPTER XI.

"IN NEW QUARTERS."



COUSIN NORA," said Maggie, the following Wednesday afternoon, "there is a knock at the door; I think it is Mr. Foster. Will you come down?"

Nora went down in some trepidation. She feared her eyes were no better. The doctor greeted her cheerfully.

"How are the eyes to-day, Miss Brownlow?"

"I fear they are worse," said Nora anxiously; "I cannot see as well as I did a week ago."

"I hope you have not been trying your eyes?"

"No, I have not used them at all since you were here; but this morning I thought I should like to know how they were going on, and when I took up a book, I could hardly make out the letters."

"Ah! that is due to many causes—partly to the remedies you are using. Do not be too anxious, Miss Brownlow, and do not make any more such experiments till I give you leave."

A more careful and lengthy examination only resulted in the same opinion, that absolute rest was imperative, and a change of air necessary.

"Now, when will you move?" asked Mr. Foster.

"We are thinking of doing so shortly," said Nora;

"I am negotiating about the sale of my business. A lady with whom I am slightly acquainted thinks of taking it."

"That is well. Where are you going? Not far away, I hope. I should like to follow your case up."

"We are thinking of going to Pattringfield, three miles the other side of Barmston. My brother-in-law heard that a postmaster or mistress was wanted there, and as the village is not very large, he thought Miss Darrell could manage the work. There is a nice little house, I believe, with outhouses, and a good garden, and a field behind. We thought we could sell vege-

tables and fruit in the summer, as well as eggs and poultry, when we gain a little more experience. But I beg your pardon, I did not mean to trouble you with all these details."

"Indeed, I am much interested, and believe the change will do you good. You will find plenty to do in the house and poultry-yard, as well as light work in the garden, that will greatly improve your health. Do not let your cousin into any of the secrets of the post-office, Miss Darrell," added the Doctor, turning to Maggie, with a laugh.

"I might sell stamps, or weigh a parcel," said Nora, more brightly than was usual with her of late.

"Ah, well, perhaps when you are stronger. But you must on no account make out a post-office order. Seriously, Miss Brownlow, you must not do anything that requires close looking, till I give you leave. I quite hope that in time you will be able to both read and write again. I am glad you will be so near me. You will be in Barmston on market days, no doubt, and I shall come over to see you."

"You are very kind," replied Nora; "and will you please tell me your fee?"

"No, I shall tell you nothing of the kind," said Mr. Foster, merrily; "wait till you are cured, and then we will see about it. Miss Darrell has promised to see about that, and I am sure it will be all right."

"Oh yes, I shall be sure to pay you, and thank you earnestly at the same time," said Maggie, as the doctor held out his hand to say farewell.

"What does he mean, Maggie?" asked Nora, a little anxiously, when he was gone. "Why will he not let us have his bill?"

"He only means to wait awhile," said Maggie; "he knows how much we have to think of now. When we are settled again I will ask him for it."

The next week was busily filled up with various arrangements for leaving, and different good-byes were said.

Nora called alone on Mrs. Franklin. "Well, Miss Brownlow," she said, "I am sorry enough for you, but I always did say it was a wild thing for you to go and saddle yourself with a ready-made family. It has brought you into trouble, as I expected. But —"

"The children have brought me nothing but blessing, Mrs. Franklin," interrupted Nora; "my eyes would have been bad any way. It was the close work that did it, not the presence of the children."

Ah, well; every one knows how partial you are to

them, so I must not say more. But I hope you will have no more trouble."

Mrs. Allonby's farewell was more cheerful. "You have had many blessings in Wykeham, Nora, and I believe you are going away to blessing."

"Yes," said Nora hopefully, "I trust so. It has been a wonderful time to me in Wykeham, Mrs. Allonby. It was here the Good Shepherd found me, and here He so prospered me. And though there have been trials, He has brought me through, and I believe I shall yet have new songs of deliverance to sing."

"I am sure of it, dear Nora; and the children you are so lovingly caring for will yet be your crown of rejoicing. You will tell Maggie to write to me, my child; I shall want to know how you are."

Alice would not say good-bye. "No, you are not going far away. I shall often come over; and if you have a spare room, James and I will come and stay from Saturday till Monday, sometimes. Maggie, mind you write often; we shall depend on you."

Nora and Maggie paid a farewell visit to Dr. Davidson to thank him warmly for all his kindness. He received them kindly, said he was glad Nora had taken his advice to go to Mr. Foster, and hoped she might soon feel the benefit of the treatment. He bade them call on him when they came to Wykeham, and disclaimed all thanks.

The day was cold and dreary when they left Wykeham, heavy showers of sleet fell now and again, and the ground was wet and sloppy. Everything looked cheerless and dull, and there was the depressing feeling that for the time being they had no home. Maggie caught sight of Nora's face, which was somewhat sad, and roused herself at once.

"I am glad we thought of ordering fires to be lighted," she said brightly; "we want something cheerful and warm."

"Yes, indeed," returned Nora, "how cold it is."

"Is it always like this in the country?" asked Charlie.

"Oh no, pet," replied Maggie; "it will be lovely on sunny days, and spring is coming, you know."

When they reached Pattringfield they found the former post-mistress still in the house. She was to remain a week to show Maggie her duties. She had got a large fire for them in the good-sized, airy kitchen, and also in the two bedrooms upstairs. But there was no furniture at present, except a table and chair in the kitchen, which Miss Dobson, the post-mistress, had kept for herself.

"There is only a chair for one," she said, "but I suppose your things will come soon."

"Oh yes, I expect so," replied Maggie. "Now, Cousin Nora, sit here by the fire. Douglas and I will go out and try to find something to eat, while Maud and Charlie will keep you company."

When they returned, they found the furniture had

just arrived, and soon the whole party were busily at work getting things in order.

The house was small; there were only three bedrooms, though the rooms were large. Nora and Maggie agreed to share one room with little Maud, so that they could keep a spare room.

"We can always alter the arrangement if it should not be convenient," said Nora; "but while I am so blind, I am glad of companionship."

"And I shall love to be with you," returned Maggie, as she opened boxes, with Douglas' help, and soon got the bedrooms comparatively comfortable.

"We can manage in the kitchen to-day," she said cheerfully; "to-morrow we will make the parlour home-like."

But next day Maggie was occupied almost all the time in the post-office. Miss Dobson was anxious to leave, and wished to initiate Maggie into all her duties as early as possible. Pattringfield was a large village of some four or six hundred inhabitants, so that there was plenty to do. And besides the postal duties, Miss Dobson superintended a general business, which was mostly worked by a young assistant. This business Nora and Douglas were to take over, and work themselves, with what help Maggie could give at times.

When teatime came next evening every one was surprised to find how cosy the place looked. In the little back parlour the carpet was laid down, the furniture pleasantly arranged, some warm crimson curtains drawn across the window, and a bright fire burning. The family party gathered there for tea.

"How homelike it looks," said Maggie; "we shall be happy here, Cousin Nora, and we shall get on."

"I hope so, indeed," said Nora earnestly.

A few weeks passed away, and each one was beginning to feel at home in their new duties. Maud helped about the house, and even in the shop when necessary. Charlie went to school in the village, but when he was at home made himself very useful.

Nora felt cast down sometimes when she reflected what a different life the children would have lived had their parents been spared to them, and how horrified Mrs. Darrell would have been to see them working as they were now. Yet she knew it was the only way they could all make a home together at present, and she greatly rejoiced at the eager way in which each one took up their duties.

Mr. Foster was as good as his word, and came over every week to see Nora. For the first three months there was no perceptible improvement, but after that time Nora began to find her eyes a little stronger and less painful, though she was still entirely forbidden to use them for close work.

Springtime came, and every available moment that Nora and Douglas could snatch from business was spent in the garden. Vegetables of all sorts were sown, and the fruit-trees and bushes carefully watched

and cared for. The poultry-yard was progressing well, plenty of new-laid eggs were daily brought into the house, and already some sale found for them. Maud and Charlie were specially helpful about the fowls, and enjoyed feeding them and searching for eggs, counting up with great glee how many they found each day.

The post one morning brought a letter from Mr. Stevenson enclosing two ten-pound notes. "This money," he wrote, "came into my hands yesterday for you. I do not know who sent it, for the letter was not signed. But the writer asked me to forward it for the use of Mr. Darrell's children and those who have charge of them. I have no doubt you will find it useful just now, and I am glad to be the channel of its reaching you."

"Who can it be from?" asked Maggie; "who would send us a sum like that?"

Various conjectures were made, till Douglas shrewdly remarked, "Do you think Mr. Johnson sent it?"

"What! father's old clerk?" exclaimed Maggie; "what made you think of him?"

"I do not know exactly, only it seems strange of any one wishing to remain so utterly unknown. Any one else would have confided in Mr. Stevenson, even if he did not wish us to know."

"There is something in what you say, Douglas," replied Nora; "I should not wonder if you are right. Any way, it is a great help just now. There are several things we need."

"And we will pay Mr. Foster," said Maggie decidedly.

"Yes, certainly. I cannot bear to receive his constant visits with all this debt hanging over us."

The next time the doctor came Nora asked him for his account. At first he turned the subject. He had known what it was to struggle with poverty in his early days, and remembered the time when his parents found great difficulty in making both ends meet, or in providing the necessary funds for his education. He had always been studious, and had set his heart on being an oculist. But it did not seem likely he would ever be so, till a leading physician, discerning the real talent of the boy, offered to take him into his own house as dresser.

There he soon rose to be assistant, and as his

benefactor learnt more of his sterling character and real worth, finding also that the lad had the same bent as himself,—a passion for studying the human eye,—he gave him every facility for learning all he could, and finally took him into partnership. When he died, a bachelor, with no near relations, he left all his money to Gervase Foster, with a large and lucrative practice. But Mr. Foster did not care for money for its own sake. His one desire was to have time for study and writing, and he was thankful for the means that enabled him to do so. He sold his practice, and came to live at Barmston, where he would have plenty of time for study, and at the same time have opportunities for practice, especially as he was within reach of the important town of Wykeham.

Remembering his early days, he had special sympathy with Nora and the young Darrells in their struggle with poverty. He would gladly have attended Nora freely, but

when he saw that both she and Maggie were pained at his refusal to send in his account, he gave way.

"You will not let us know exactly what we owe you," said Nora, "but will you please take this as part payment?" she added, holding out a ten-pound note.

"Oh, not so much as that at one time," said Mr. Foster gently. "I really have not looked over my books lately, but feel sure that this is more than you owe me at all."

"No, indeed, it must be much more than that," said Nora; "we have had a most unexpected gift of twenty pounds this morning, and if you will take this, and let us know the full amount we owe, we shall be glad."

"I hope you do not intend to dismiss me," said the doctor lightly, as he took up the note, seeing that it would be a relief to them all if he did so.

"Indeed, you cannot think that," said Nora; "I am more grateful than I can say for your skill, which is doing me so much good. My eyes seem to grow stronger every week now, and my health is improving as I get more hopeful. God is wonderfully good to us, Mr. Foster."

"Yes, He is mindful of His own," said the doctor, with feeling, "and specially watches over those who trust in Him."



"HOW HOMELIKE IT LOOKS."

CHAPTER XII.

SUNNY DAYS.



TWO years passed away, and Nora and her young charges were still at Pattringfield. Nora's eyes were now strong again, almost as strong as in earlier days. She had no need now for using them so closely; business had prospered with Maggie, and they were able to keep a young

assistant in the shop, who took much work off their hands.

Douglas had been some months in Barmston. Mr. Foster had offered to take him and give him a helping hand.

"It is exceedingly kind of you," said Nora, when the doctor first proposed it. "Douglas has always been a studious boy, and I know it was a great trial to him to leave school when we first came here, though he did it so cheerfully for my sake. He has studied at every opportunity through these years here, and I do not think he is far behind those of his own age. He will highly value your offer, though I hardly like to accept it. We owe you so much."

"Do not put it that way. I should like to return my thanks to God for His care of me in my young days, by holding out to Douglas the same sort of help I had given to me. This does not pledge him to follow my profession; that is as he pleases. I will do all I can for him, Miss Brownlow, and will shelter him from evil as far as I am able."

"You are more than kind," said Nora; "I do not know how to thank you. It will be such a comfort to me to know that Douglas will be able to go on with his studies, and have a fair start in life. No one knows what these children have been to me these last three years. I could hardly have borne the trial of partial blindness without their loving aid and sympathy."

"Ah, Miss Brownlow, I fancy we seldom do any service for the Lord without His giving us a full return, even on earth. Blessings, like chickens, come home to roost. You gave yourself to these children in their trial, and they give themselves to you now."

"But whatever help and comfort I gave them is returned fourfold in every sense. I was only one to comfort them—they are four to comfort me."

"Ah, yes, that is God's way. He always returns

more than we laid out. He gives as a king, royally, 'Exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.'"

Nora smiled—a happy smile—but she did not reply.

Several times during these two years presents of money had come to them, through Mr. Stevenson, evidently from the same person who had sent the first sum. The money came at irregular intervals, and in different amounts; but the suspicion deepened that it came from Mr. Johnson, who had so long ago absconded with a large sum of Mr. Darrell's money.

Once when Nora was in Wykeham she called on her old and tried friend, Mr. Stevenson, and spoke to him about it.

"Have you no clue?" she asked. "We have received now, through you, at different times, more than two hundred and fifty pounds. It seems strange that any one should continue to send money to us like that."

"I have no clue at all, Miss Brownlow. The money comes to me in an unsigned letter, and evidently in a disguised hand. There is no address, and seldom a date."

"But you have the postmark."

"Yes, the postmark is Berlin. But Berlin is a large city. One can make nothing of that."

"We have a fancy that Mr. Johnson, Mr. Darrell's clerk, must send it. It is only a fancy, for we know nothing. But it seems strange that any one should continue sending money like that, unless it is Mr. Johnson, and that God has touched his heart to restore to the children what he took from the father. Do you think it can be so?"

"The same thought has crossed my mind, Miss Brownlow," acknowledged Mr. Stevenson; "it seems very likely, but, as I said before, I have no clue."

"I wish we could find Mr. Johnson. I should like to write to him."

"I will do what I can to make inquiries for you, Miss Brownlow. But I do not know that I shall have much success, for it is evident the sender wishes to remain hidden. If it is really the missing clerk, he may reveal his identity when he has repaid what was stolen."

"Oh! he could never repay that. It was two or three thousand pounds, Mr. Stevenson."

"Well, of course I cannot say. You see it is all supposition on our part about the sender being Mr. Johnson at all, though I confess it seems likely. I would just take the money from God's hands, Miss Brownlow, and pray that, if it is indeed the poor fellow, he may receive forgiveness and comfort in seeking to repair the evil he did."

Nora paid a little visit to her old friend Mrs. Allonby, who she found hale and hearty as ever, full of eager questions and deep interest in all that concerned her.

"What of Janet?" she asked after awhile; "do you hear or see anything of her?"

"Oh yes, she often writes. She is very well and

happy. She and her husband and baby are to come and pay us a visit very shortly, and Maggie and I are greatly looking forward to it."

"I am glad she is happy; she is one of the choice ones. I should greatly like to see her again. Tell her if ever she is in Wykeham to call and see me."

"I think she would be sure to do that, dear Mrs. Allonby. Will you not come to Pattringfield while she is there? It would be a real delight to me to have you under my roof."

"You would not have room, my child."

"Oh yes, indeed we should. The landlord has built us two more rooms out behind, and that gives us two more bedrooms above. We have quite an establishment now, and almost a farmyard. Our hands are very full, but we are all very happy and busy. Douglas, you know, is at Barmston; but he comes over every Saturday afternoon, and stays till Monday, which is a treat to all of us. Maud and Charlie are growing fast, and are great helps in every way."

"And your eyes are better, dear Nora?"

"Oh, I think they are nearly well again. I have no pain in them now, and only feel a twinge when I try to use them after dark. Maggie will not let me use them if she is by. She is so careful of me; she is like mother and sister and child in one."

Mrs. Allonby smiled. "You are already reaping your reward, then?"

"Yes, indeed, a most rich one," said Nora, as she rose to go.

The sweet, bright summer was once more in full tide. The garden was filled with flowers and fruits and vegetables of all kinds, while the little orchard at the end of the garden gave rich promise of later produce. Nora was looking eagerly down the road, evidently expecting company. Presently she was joined by Maggie and Maud, in soft white dresses, with violet ribbons.

"How cool and fresh you look," said Nora. "I expect Alice and James will soon be here."

"Have we not improved the place since they were last here? Why, they have not been since last October."

"No, you see Alice was ill so long after her baby came. She is growing stronger now, though. How glad I shall be to have them here awhile."

"Yes, a baby in the house is always a treat. I missed Janet's little girl dreadfully when they went."

Nora had no time to answer, for the carriage drove up with James, Alice, and the baby.

"I have been very extravagant, Nora," was James' greeting. "I brought them all the way in a carriage. Alice is not very strong yet, and I thought it would be less fatigue for her."

Alice smiled lovingly at her husband, as she handed her baby to her sister. "James thinks all the world of us both, Nora. I am afraid we shall get quite spoilt."

Warm greetings awaited all the party. Nora and Maggie escorted Alice and her baby upstairs, while Maud and Charlie were delighted to show James round the garden and paddock.

"What a delightful place this is!" said Alice, sinking into a large arm chair, covered with chintz, that stood invitingly near an open window where the scent of jasmine and roses made the air fragrant; "and what a pretty room," she added, looking round on the green and white hangings and furniture. "I never knew any one arrange a room so prettily as you, Nora."

Nora smiled at the compliment; she was kissing the fair, soft cheek of her nephew, and gently taking off his pelisse. "What a darling he has grown!" she said.

"Yes," said his mother, contentedly; "he is getting almost too heavy for me now."

"You will have no lack of nurses here, Cousin Alice," said Maggie, holding out her arms for the pet. "What is his name?"

"Douglas Brownlow Watson," said Alice, "after my father. I wanted him called James as well, but



"WHAT A DARLING HE HAS GROWN."

my husband said we should never rear him if we piled too many names on such a mite."

They all laughed as they went down to tea, where they found a pleasant meal spread. Delicious new-laid eggs, from their own fowls, fresh fruit from the garden, with home-made bread, and thick cream, were most invitingly spread for the tired visitors.

"You make one long to live in the country, Nora," said James, as they sat down. "How well your garden looks; you have vastly improved it since last year."

"Yes, I think it is much better," returned Nora, "and it is far more productive. We have had as much fruit as we could eat, and have sold a good deal. Our plums and damsons are coming on fast, and we shall have a harvest of apples. Much of our success is owing to Douglas, who has read up a great deal on the subject of fruit-growing. I miss his help greatly."

"But it is better for him to be with Mr. Foster."

"Oh, far better. Douglas says sometimes he shall come back here and work with us when his time of study is over. But I am glad he should have this fuller education; and in two or three years' time he will know better what he really prefers."

"Do you sell your eggs?"

"Oh yes; and a good deal of poultry. One of our neighbours, who goes regularly to Barmston market with his own produce, sells our fowls and eggs for us, at a small percentage, and we get fair profit. Sometimes Maud and I go in with him, and see how our things sell."

"It is a pleasanter life than the dressmaking," said Alice.

"It is much healthier," said Nora. "I liked the fitting and contriving, but of course I could not do it now, and I do not suppose I shall ever take it up again."

"It is a happy, free life," said James, almost longingly. He was getting tired of clerkship and the confinement of an office, as his wife well knew.

"Yes," said Nora thankfully, "it is very pleasant. But it is not all sunshine and summer, James. We have somewhat to bear, here, as well as in Wykeham; yet I do think the balance is largely in favour of country life."

"I thought you were tied to the post-office," said James, smilingly, to Maggie.

"Not so closely but that I am untied sometimes," returned Maggie merrily; "my busy time is over for the day. I made up the mails just before you came, and shall not have much more to do this evening. Miss Smith, our assistant, can sell stamps as well as I."

While they were all talking, and lingering round the tea-table, Mr. Foster and Douglas came in. Fresh tea was made, and the new-comers joined them at the table, making themselves very much at home.

When Nora and Alice were alone, afterwards, Alice said, "How thoroughly at home Mr. Foster seems. I did not know he was so much of a friend."

Nora smiled. "He has been a good and an intimate friend for a long time. But he is nearly a

relation now. He is engaged to Maggie. I have suspected the attachment for a long time, but they have only been engaged a week, and are so very happy."

"There is a great difference in age, is there not?"

"Fourteen years. Maggie is just eighteen, and he is thirty-two. It is a greater difference than I should choose. I think man and wife should be nearer of an age. But I dare not separate them for that reason. They are devotedly attached to one another, and are both bright and happy Christians, and very much suited to one another."

"You will miss her very much," said Alice, sympathisingly.

"Yes, more than I can tell. I hardly dare to think of it yet. But I could not stand in the way of her happiness. And we all love Mr. Foster; he has made himself thoroughly one of the family already."

Alice did not say any more, then; but as she watched the way all the party clung round her sister, and appealed to her on every subject, she felt that Nora was very happy.

She said to her husband by-and-by, "Nora seems the very queen of the place."

"Well, she deserves to be," was his reply; "she has given up everything for those children—worked for them, suffered for them—and is now reaping her reward."

THE END.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY HYDE PARKER.



WONDROUS sight! the Lord Almighty
In our human form arrayed,
Royal David's mightier Scion
In a lowly manger laid,

While before His humble cradle
Eastern Kings obeisance made.

For this earth the Lord of Glory
Left His Father's rainbow throne,
Left the radiant court of angels,
Made our mortal lot His own—
Came this fallen world to succour,
And for all our sins atone.

When Thou camest, Lord of Nature,
First to this fair realm of Thine,
Not as God on clouds triumphant,
Camest Thou in power Divine,
But a helpless human Infant
Sprung from sinful David's line

Thou didst robe Thine awful Godhead
In our body weak and frail,
With its heritage of sorrows,
With all pangs that flesh assail;
But of sin Thy sinless Person
Broke the long and dread entail.

Jesu! from Thy home of splendour
Consecrate our own this day,
Gladden these, our sweet reunions,
With a more than mortal ray,
As in thought before Thy cradle
We our adorations pay.



OUR YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS,
Clerical Sec. of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

III.

IN my last paper on "Sympathy for Young Men," I indicated briefly the general scope of the C.E.Y.M.S. as a central institution, and the desirability of there being a branch in every parish as a means of promoting unity, and bringing the Church more into touch with young men. It will be well now to consider in detail a few of the leading features in the work of a branch of the Society. And first it should be remembered that it is a Church of England Society, and should therefore be worked on lines as comprehensive as the Church herself. Any young man of *prima facie* good moral character should be eligible for membership, and the methods adopted should be of an elastic nature. It should be worked on Temperance lines. About this there should be no mistake. Once open a young men's institute for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and it is doomed. I remember visiting a young men's club some time ago where intoxicants were sold, and the following characteristic feature was the first thing to attract my attention. On entering the door I was confronted with a huge placard bearing the inscription: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And this was taken as a sufficient excuse for the sale of drink on the Sabbath day. It would be a fatal mistake, however, to insist upon every young man being a total abstainer, as that would, in all probability, tend to drive away the very class to be reached.

In every young men's society there should be a class for Bible study. This I should urge not so much from a devotional point of view, as for the study and understanding of the Scriptures—historically, prophetically, and dogmatically. And this class might be worked on the following system. The superintendent should select the subjects, and arrange that members in turn, or as many as are willing to do so, should introduce the subject for the day in a short paper. After the reading of the paper open discussion should be allowed, then a few minutes given to the opener to answer any question which may have arisen out of his paper, and the whole close with a few remarks of general application from the chairman or superintendent. This system is being worked with great success in connection with some of the largest young men's Bible Classes in the world. Of one such it has been aptly said, "The mem-

bers themselves feel that they have an opportunity of doing each other good;" and apart altogether from the spiritual side of the question, their intellectual faculties are aroused. In short, this self-instruction, cautiously supervised, and based on a healthy, manly, cheerful religion, bears fruit of various kinds, but all sound and healthy. But whilst there should be a high moral and religious tone in the Society, it should be remembered that every young man has a body which must be looked after. It was the late Canon Miller—a great authority on matters concerning young men—who said, "We have provided churches and schools for our people, but have left it to the devil to provide them recreation." I am happy to be able to state that this reproach is being rapidly rolled away. Not long ago I organised a cricket match of an eleven of the clergy against eleven journalists, and I had great difficulty in getting a team of clergymen together, as the match was to take place on a Saturday, and many of them were engaged on that day—not preparing sermons, but playing cricket with the lads or young men of the institute in connection with their church. This I look upon as a healthy sign of the times. I consider that a man will preach all the better on Sunday for a little healthy, invigorating exercise, provided, of course, that his sermon has been prepared beforehand. To my mind, the great value of recreation is that it supplies that renewal of health and strength which is necessary to work. And the man who has consecrated his life to God's service will consecrate his recreation as well as his work and his prayers. The recreation provided for young men should always be of a kind that will help them to do their work better. It should not involve temptations to sin, nor should it involve an expenditure either of time or money which they cannot afford. Experience points to such games as cricket, football, swimming, boating, and the gymnasium. In an age when the spirit of gambling is rampant, it is well to avoid games which have a tendency to develop the gambling spirit.

Amusements should not be lost sight of. Concerts, social gatherings, popular lectures, and the like will do much towards influencing the social side of a man's life. And it would be difficult to raise the tone of young men more than by raising the tone of their amusements. Experience of work amongst young men in London shows me that thousands of young fellows go entirely wrong in the first instance through a wrong choice of amusements.

THE SOUL DISCOURAGED.

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

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

LIFE is a journey; not, like some journeys, a mere pleasure-trip, all smooth and delightful, but a serious and important journey, a journey with an object and an end. In making this journey we come to some rough and wearisome places; we meet with failures, vexations, and disappointments.

For instance, something comes in view, some resting-place, some special pleasure or advantage, and we make for it, thinking soon to reach it; but unexpected difficulties arise; we find that the road to it is by no means so straight or short as we fancied; we must go round; we must use other means than we thought; and, above all, we must *wait*. Then we are apt to be discouraged, and discouragement often leads to discontent.

The children of Israel furnish a case in point. They were on their way to the promised land. They had got near, almost in sight of it; a short journey through the country of Edom would bring them to it. But the King of Edom would not let them go through, and came out against them with an army. They had to turn back, and go round his country instead of through it, down one side and up the other; making the way five or six times as long, and through a barer and rougher country besides. Then, we read, the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.

That was in itself an evil, for a traveller makes but poor progress when discouraged. But that was not the worst. They were not only out of heart, but out of temper too. They were vexed and grieved, impatient and discontented. Worse still, they began to murmur, and not against Moses only, but against God Himself. It wanted an awful judgment to bring them back to a right mind. Those venomous serpents, by whose bite great numbers died, were God's messengers to lead them to repentance. And all this came from *discouragement*. The King of Edom could not have brought about all this harm, if the people had taken his refusal aright, and set out manfully on their long round, trusting in God.

The servants of God must be prepared for disappointment, and must not be surprised if they have to wait. God does not always give us what we set our hearts upon; it would be ill for us if He did; and what He does give us we often have to wait for. He knows best what to give, and when.

Be not discouraged. If you have to wait, or to go a round-about way, take that as the will of God. If the thing be for your good, God will give it in His own way and time. He had promised the land of Canaan to Israel. So has He promised to His children all that is really for their good. Do not wish for anything but what He sees to be good for you, and let all your wishes be kept in subjection to

His will. Then, though you may be disappointed, you will not be discouraged, and you will not fall into discontent and murmuring.

About worldly advantages we may be mistaken; often the things we wish for would do us not good, but harm. But there are things about which we can make no mistake; it must be right to long for *spiritual* blessings, such as light and love, and holiness and peace. Yet even about these, and such as these, we must not be impatient; every spiritual good must be sought, however earnestly, in meek submission to our Father's will. He will certainly give it to us, for the very wish comes from Him; and the desire that He has raised He will never refuse to grant. But He will give it when and how He sees fit.

You hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;" and you earnestly wish to enter into that peace, and to serve God with a quiet mind, free from disturbance and fear. But you find that what you hoped for does not immediately come; you do not at once jump into this happy state; though your eyes are fixed on your God and Saviour, yet you are still at times troubled in mind. Yet be not discouraged. Peace is promised to you, as surely as Canaan was to Israel; but you may have to wait, and to go round. There are enemies and difficulties. Edom lies in the way. But be of good heart, and take the way marked out for you, and use the means appointed, and persevere in prayerfulness and cheerful trust. If you cannot go through, go round; if you must meet with tribulation of before perfect peace be yours, accept it as the will of God for you. Only, hope in the Lord and go forward.

Again, you had hoped that the old besetting sin—the evil temper, the harsh judgment, the angry speaking, the self-indulgence—was overcome; or, at least, you thought that full victory was close at hand, in view, and all but yours; but, alas! you have fallen again; that inward enemy, you find, is not dead; your prospect is clouded; you were not so near as you thought; nay, a fall after so long a rest from that old sin makes you fear that you are still at a vast distance from holiness, and even farther from it than you were. But think not so. Be humbled, but not cast down nor discouraged. "More than conquerors, through Him that loved us;"—that is what God will make us; but the way will be no smooth one, and it may be long. Let your very fall teach you, and thus help you rather than hinder. Perhaps you wanted this lesson; perhaps you needed humbling; perhaps you did not know your own frailty. The way is longer than you expected; but be not discouraged; turn, and go round, and still press on, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith."



THE CHURCH MONTHLY:

An Illustrated Magazine

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FOR THE

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FAMILIAR TALKS.

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

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

XII. AS TO CHRISTMAS MERRY-MAKING.

"YES, of course, we ought to be cheerful at Christmas time, though I am not at all sure that all agree as to the reason why."

"There can't be any doubt as to the reason why?"

"Well, you may think so, but my persuasion is that if you went into the streets and lanes of our town, asking the first half-a-dozen people you met why we should be joyful at Christmas time, you would get six different answers. If none put you off with the woman's reply, 'Because we ought,' I daresay one at least would tell you, 'Because it is Christmas time.' Now you will agree with me, Thompson, that there is a want of definiteness about both these answers."

"You think most people know better than that?"

"Well, now, look facts in the face. Go into the bar of the 'Red Lion' on Christmas Eve, and ask some of the customers why they are drinking extra pints in honour of the season. What can that event possibly be which they think it well to commemorate by getting more than usually drunk? It surely cannot be the Birth of Jesus Christ, for no sane man would dream of commemorating the greatest event in the world's history by sinning against the world's Creator? Or look in on Christmas Day at the houses of some people I can think of. You see their tables groaning under good cheer. They eat, drink, and are merry. Quite possibly they eat and drink more than is good for them, and their merriment is of a purely selfish kind. They do not 'send a portion to six and also to seven,' or even give a single thought to the wants of those for whom nothing is prepared. They cannot be commemorating the Birth of Christ, who did so much for sinners, or surely they would not forget their brothers' needs."

"I am rather hard on Christmas festivities?"

"Not a bit; only I want that joy to be of the right kind. Take your own case. You tell me you hope to have your two sons and their families with you on Christmas Day. What could be more natural or helpful under the proper conditions? But then you must have those proper conditions. What is going to be first in your thoughts that day? Is it to be a foreboding as to how that prime piece of beef

will roast, or as to the character of the Christmas pudding? Nay, make room in your heart first for thoughts of God and His mercies in Christ Jesus; think honestly, think joyfully (if you can) of the Bethlehem story; and ask yourself, 'Are these tidings, really good tidings of great joy to me?' Let a thankful remembrance of Christ's life and death hallow all your thoughts. It will not make you less happy when you take your sons by the hand, and dance your grandsons on your knee. There will be no excess in your house, and you will not forget the needy whilst setting the best you have before those of your own flesh and blood. Believe me, Thompson, there are few days in the year on which God is more widely dishonoured than on Christmas-tide. Try in His Name to make a stand for a Godly, Righteous, Sober, and thus truly Joyful commemoration of that Day."



GARDEN WORK FOR DECEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

In dry weather earth up any celery requiring it, breaking the earth very small. Trench and dig all vacant spaces so as to be ready for the spring. Carrots, parsnips, etc., require the soil to be dug deep and well broken up, so as to give freedom of perpendicular growth.

Fruit Garden.

Fruit trees of all kinds may still be pruned. The roots of trees planted in November and this month should be well protected from frost, which may be done by spreading straw litter on the ground. Young standard trees should be tied up to stakes to stand the winter winds, otherwise they may be blown out of the ground.

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.



XI. PROPOSED SCHEME FOR THE DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT OF THE NONCONFORMIST BODIES.

CHURCHMAN.—Then you really believe that many of the opponents of the Church in Wales are actuated by the kindest feelings and best motives towards the Church in seeking her Disestablishment and Disendowment?

NONCONFORMIST.—I do.

CHURCHMAN.—Why?

NONCONFORMIST.—Because they hold that Establishment and Endowment are not of the essence of the Church; that they are in no respects necessary to her; that, in fact, they embarrass and hinder her in her work; that she would be better without them; and that it is a real

kindness then to help in the work of depriving her of them, or in other, and perhaps preferable, words, to assist in liberating her from their galling and intolerable bondage and crushing burden.

CHURCHMAN.—Of course you will admit that there are opponents of the Church who by Disestablishment and Disendowment in no way seek her good, or in any way wish to benefit her, but simply aim at her destruction, with the ultimate end in view of getting rid of any form of religion altogether.

NONCONFORMIST.—That I admit; but at present I think that we had better consider the case of those, chiefly religious-minded Nonconformists, who really believe that Disestablishment and Disendowment in some form or other would be good things for the Church.

CHURCHMAN.—If good things for the Church, why not good things for the Chapel as well?

NONCONFORMIST.—But our Chapels are not established and endowed.

CHURCHMAN.—Oh yes they are! In every case they are established by the law,—that is, recognised, privileged, and protected by it,—and secured in not only the peaceful conduct of their public worship, but in the undisturbed possession of everything that legally belongs to them.

NONCONFORMIST.—Oh, that I grant, but I do not call that being established by law.

CHURCHMAN.—Well, if that be not "Establishment by law" I know not what Establishment by law is. I can assure you that Chapels are more directly, in the sense I have explained, established by law than are any places of worship belonging to the Church of England.

NONCONFORMIST.—But our Chapels are not, as a rule, endowed, and the Church's places of worship are. Now many of our Nonconformist friends, who oppose the Church so far as her Establishment and Endowment are concerned, think that endowments are bad for the Church, that they hinder her in her work, that she would be much better without them in any way; and it is for these reasons that they think it right to try, by the coercive force of law, to compel her to give up that which she will not voluntarily part with.

CHURCHMAN.—From the published records of the different Nonconformist bodies, and from information obtainable at the Charity Commission and other Government sources, it is well known that the aggregate Endowments of Nonconformists are very large indeed, and that in great numbers of cases their Chapels are more or less endowed. But even when this is

not the case the Chapel premises and building must, in a very substantial sense, be regarded as Endowments of the religious body to which they belong. I don't think that it is really worth while for us to dwell longer upon these two points. For though I admit that the Establishment by law of Nonconformity does not run on exactly parallel lines with what is called the Establishment of the Church, still I hold that the one is as actual and real as the other. This being so, if it would be for the good of the Church to be divested of Establishment, and all that is involved in it, I maintain that it would be equally for the good of Nonconformity to get rid of its Establishment, and all the rights and privileges conferred upon and guaranteed to it by the law as the result. Then, as to "Endowments," though I admit that the very large Endowments of Nonconformists are small compared with those which belong to the Church, still I contend that Nonconformists, in Chapel and other real property, and money Endowments, have an enormous amount of accumulated wealth.

If, then, accumulated wealth in land, buildings, and Endowments be injurious to the Church, and a hindrance to her in her work, it must also be injurious to and a hindrance to Nonconformity. If it be right to take away from the Church her accumulated wealth, with the object of doing her good and rendering her valuable services, it must also be right to take away from Nonconformity its accumulated wealth, with the same objects in view.

NONCONFORMIST.—I had not looked at matters exactly in that light before, nor do I think it has occurred to such Nonconformists as I represent on this occasion to take such a view of the subject. Don't you think that you are pressing their principles too far when you apply them to themselves?

CHURCHMAN.—Certainly not. The best way is for people practically to apply their favourite principles to themselves before they attempt to apply them to others. They will then not only be consistent in their attempts to benefit their neighbours, but they will be able to testify their experience as to the value of the principles which they advocate, how far they have applied them to themselves, and with what beneficial results.

NONCONFORMIST.—Then, practically, what do you suggest that our Nonconformist friends should do in order to qualify themselves for the advocacy of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, and to render themselves consistent in taking part in the work?

CHURCHMAN.—I suggest that in order to do this they should voluntarily resign every shred of right, privilege, preference, or exemption that the law confers upon them solely in their religious capacity, whether as individuals or as bodies, such as the law does not confer upon citizens indiscriminately, independently of religious opinions and organisations. Whatever Nonconformists possess or derive from the law solely in their religious capacity, and which does not belong to common citizenship, constitutes their religious Establishment by law,—that, with all included in it, they must resign before they can consistently advocate the Disestablishment of the Church.

Then, as to Endowments, whether they consist of lands, buildings, or invested moneys, or other legally secured sources of income, they must voluntarily resign all these before they can consistently advocate the Church's Disendowment. Now, when they have voluntarily subjected themselves to these divesting processes, and have cast away from them every shred of Establishment and Endowment, and stand before the nation legally unprivileged and penniless, relying only upon the principles of the Gospel for all legal security, and depending only upon the voluntary contributions of their people for support,—churchmen will be glad to know the result, and will listen with the deepest interest to the story of their experience in passing through these prescribed ordeals, as tests of their sincerity and qualifications for their work of trying to disestablish and disendow the Church.

NONCONFORMIST.—Well, I can answer for them. They will not make the experiment. I think they would still say that the cases are entirely different, and that what they hold

to be good for the Church would be bad for Nonconformity. At least, I am sure that they do not like their own principles on these matters so well as to apply them to themselves.

I cannot deny after what you have stated that Nonconformists are both established and endowed, and, depend upon it, they will cling to their exceptional legal rights and privileges, and their Endowments, even though they be secured to them by State law.

CHURCHMAN.—In that case I propose that in the event of a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales being brought into Parliament, there should be considered side by side with it a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of Nonconformity in Wales.

The Bill should enact somewhat of the following provisions:—

1. On and after a given date Nonconformity in Wales shall cease to be recognised, privileged, protected, or in any way favoured by the law.

2. All enactments passed for any of the aforesaid objects shall be and are hereby repealed.

3. Every religious body founded upon and bound together by a trust deed shall be and is hereby dissolved, and its trust deed is declared to be null and void.

4. Though such religious bodies may on and after the passing of this Act voluntarily organise themselves for religious purposes, they shall do so without the recognition of the law, and neither such religious bodies nor their members shall have any legal status, right, privilege, or exemption conferred upon them by the law in their religious capacities.

5. All pastors of religious communities shall be relieved of any obligation to minister further to their people. They shall be required to give up their chapels and resign their positions and emoluments; in consideration of which they shall receive compensation in the shape of a lump sum of money or an annuity chargeable on the Chapel property, and on a scale in proportion to its value.

6. But no religious body in the aggregate, nor any trustees, deacons, elders, committees, or other officials, even though legally representing such religious body, shall be entitled to or shall receive any compensation for the loss of their property, forasmuch as their vested interest in such property is not of a monetary beneficiary character.

7. All lands, chapels, and other buildings, and funded and other endowments, and property, shall be transferred to the State, and shall be vested in its representatives for application to the reduction of the rates, the furtherance of elementary or intermediate education, public sanitary improvements, or the general good of the public, according to schemes which may from time to time be devised by the Charity Commissioners.

8. Provided always that, when all the religious bodies are thus totally deprived of their hitherto acquired property, nothing in this Act shall prevent, or be construed as preventing, their commencing, on and after the passing of this Act, to acquire and accumulate new property; provided, nevertheless, that the State may at any future time in like manner appropriate such property to its own or to public uses.

NONCONFORMIST.—Why all that is just like the scheme which the Liberation Society has prepared for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, and it seems to be a parody of it.

CHURCHMAN.—You are right, that is just what it is, and just what it is intended to be.

THE BIBLE.—“The most learned, acute, and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works the mine the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from this source of Heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct, and illustrate the work of God and direct the ways of men; and he will at last leave the world confessing that the more he studied the Scriptures the fuller conviction he had of his own ignorance and of their inestimable value.”—*Sir Walter Scott*

HYMN FOR THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

BY THE REV. JOHN BROWN, M.A.,

Vicar-Designate of St. John-the-Evangelist, Bournemouth.

“Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.”—*ST. MATT. ii. 16.*



WITH stately step they come,
The Wise Men, bending low,
With costly gifts outspread,
Their homage deep to show.
Their heads they rev'rent bow
Before that lowly shrine,
Of Gentiles first to know
The Holy Child Divine.

Scarce had they homeward turned,
Their praises scarcely said,
Ere from the gates of hell
The bolt of wrath was sped.
Uplifted Herod's arm,
Unsheath'd his ruthless blade,

And Bethlehem's mothers mourn
Their babes the victims made.

Was it for this they came,
Those Wise Men from afar?
Was it for this it shone,
That heaven-lit guiding star?
And was it all in vain
Their rapt, adoring gaze,
Those precious gifts outpour'd,
That song of love and praise?

It cannot be for nought
Their praise to Christ is given,
It cannot be their faith
Is seen unmov'd in Heaven.
The Saviour's life to save
That infant blood is shed,
Those Innocents for Him
Are sleeping with the dead.

Unknown the toils of life,
Untasted all its care,
Bliss without conflict won—
Such is their portion fair.
The Father's Hand receives
These little ones above,
Secure for ever set
In shelter of His love.

Thus All-Victorious Love
Pursues its tranquil way,
Turning to joy serene
Ills of life's darkest day.
Thus into endless gain
Wisdom turns seeming loss;
Earth's failure grows success,
The Crown succeeds the Cross.



H.M.S. "VICTORY" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

CHRISTMAS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND IN 1888.

BY THE REV. G. GOODENOUGH, M.A.,
Chaplain H.M.S. "Trafalgar."

WE were fortunate enough not long since to come across an entertaining old book entitled "The Diary of Henry Teongue, Chaplain on board His Majesty's ships *Assistance*, *Bristol*, and *Royal Oak*, anno 1675 to 1679." As a picture of life on board a man-of-war over two hundred years ago, from the point of view of a kindly, simple-hearted man, quick at noting objects and events of interest, and gifted with a quaint humour that, while it amuses, begets a friendly feeling towards our entertainer, the book is so charmingly fresh, so amusingly graphic, that as we read it we felt we should like to have known this chaplain of a bygone day, and heard from his own lips more about the life he depicts so well.

We are sorely tempted to treat our readers to several "tit-bits" from the old book, but must confine ourselves to the two which describe Christmas on board a man-of-war.

"December 25th, 1675.—Christmas Day wee keepe thus. At 4 in the morning our trumpeters all doe flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our Captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers' and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabine doore, and bidding good morrow, wishing a merry Christmas. After they goe to their station, viz., on

the poope, and sound 3 levitts in honour of the morning. At 10 wee goe to prayers and sermon; text, Zacc. ix. 9. Our Captaine had all his officers and gentlemen to dinner with him, where wee had excellent good fayre: a ribb of beife, plumb-puddings, minct-pyes, &c., and plenty of good wines of severall sorts; drank healths to the King, to our wives and friends; and ended the day with much civil myrthe."

The next Christmas he must have spent at home, for we find under the date November 17th, 1676:—

"Friday, the 17th of November, we are payed off at Dedford, where we leave the rottenest frigot that ever cam to England. And here our voyage ends."

Christmas Day, 1678, finds him at sea again.

"December 25th.—Good Christmas Day. Wee goe to prayers at 10; and the wind roase of such a sudden, that I was forced (by the Captain's command) to conclude abruptly at the end of the Letany; and wee had no sermon. And soone after, by the carelessness of som, our barge at starne was almost sunk, but recovered. Wee had not so great a dinner as was intended, for the whole fleete being in this harbour, beife could not be gott. Yet wee had to dinner an

excellent rice pudding in a great charger, a special peice of Martinmas English beife, and a neat's tounge, and good cabbage, a charger full of excellent fresh fish fryde, a douzen of wood-cocks in a pye, which cost 15d., a couple of good henns roasted, 3 sorts of cheese, and last of all, a greate charger full of blew figgs, almonds, and raysings, and wine and punch gallore, and a douzen of English pippens."

"The wind was so high all this night that wee ever expected when it would have broake our cable or anchor. But the greatest loss wee yet sustayned was this: about 11 or 12 our honest Lieutenent, Mr. Will New, dyed, and left a mornfull ship's company behind him. Yesterday our Captain bought 3 Spanish hoggs. The ruffness of the weather made them so sea-sick, that no man could forbear laughing to see them goe reeling and spewing about the decks."

Cheery old fellow, how he seems to have enjoyed his Christmas dinners! And how funnily he jumbles up the sad and the ridiculous—just as they are, in fact, jumbled up together in this strange life of ours. But he has forgotten to tell us how the poor blue-jackets got on without their "beife" while the officers were enjoying the fine dinner which began with "an excellent rice pudding in a great charger," and ended with "wine and punch gallore and a douzen of English pippens." In fact, all we can gather from him as to the men, is that on the former occasion the trumpeters sounded "levitts" in honour of the morning, and the ship's company went to church at ten o'clock, and on the latter they had only part of the prayers, no sermon, and no "beife." It is very disappointing, for we should have gladly welcomed an account of Christmas on the lower deck in those old times from such an able pen as that of the Rev. Henry Teongue.

Perhaps, however, as that is denied us, our readers may be interested in a short account of a blue-jacket's Christmas in 1888.

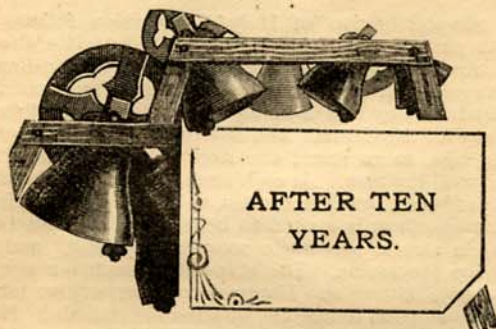
As the day approaches symptoms of the coming feast betray themselves as one passes along the lower deck. Here one man is concocting "plum-duff"; further on our attention is caught by a "blushing ham" waiting for its frill; in another mess a turkey is being prepared for the cook's galley; and so on. Nor is the æsthetic aspect of the festival forgotten. Dear to the hearts of the blue-jackets are paper-chains and chandeliers suspended around and above the messes. So coloured tissue-paper is in great request. Then there are mottoes to be cut out, for each mess must have some loyal or friendly sentiment displayed. For this a pattern alphabet proves most useful. Among the mottoes we notice—"God, Queen and Country," "Defence not Defiance," "A Hearty Welcome," "A Merry Christmas to All." How hard they work over it all, and how cheery everybody is! The jollity is infectious; one begins to feel Christmassy even before the day comes. Meantime there is practising for a "carol service," and trying over of songs and singers for a sing-song to be given later on on Christmas night. On Christmas Eve "extra lights" are allowed, and the finishing touches are given to all this busy preparation.

There are no trumpets sounding "levitts" at an unearthly hour next morning. On the contrary, Jack gets an extra half-hour in his hammock; though even so, we fear our readers would think the hour of rising—5.30 a.m.—a trifle early. At ten o'clock precisely we go to church. A short service and no sermon is the order of the day, for sitting down is out of the question. What would become of all the decorations if we were to meddle with the tables and stools? However, the chaplain manages to slip in a few plain words as to the meaning of the feast. The

Christmas celebration of Holy Communion follows in another part of the deck. By eleven this service also is over. And now all hands are busy dishing up the dinner, and preparing for the visit of the Captain and officers. For on Christmas Day it is a kindly time-honoured custom in the Navy for the Captain, and any of the officers who like to join him, to go round the deck and exchange good wishes with the men. At each mess stands a man holding a plate of "duff," or cake, or fruit, or biscuits, or nuts, from which each officer is invited to help himself. Eight bells (noon) is struck, the bugle sounds the "still," and off starts the procession. The scene that meets our eye as we enter is charming. Happy faces everywhere, tables covered with good things, and then the decorations! Here is a fine design of a plume of feathers, with the appropriate motto "Ich Dien"; in other messes the men have arranged quite a little display of photographs of their friends; elsewhere we note a picture of the ship pricked out on brown paper, with lights behind to show it off; again, in the same style, the Star of India, with its motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide"; further on, a cleverly drawn picture of Her Majesty, and a series of Hogarth-like pictures of "Jack Ashore," not of a very flattering nature, by the way. Even the sick-bay has its motto—a very appropriate one, "Health and Happiness to all our Crew"—and is resplendent with paper-chains.

As the procession quits the deck, laden with offerings that tax the grip of our hands to the utmost, all hands "fall to," and the more solid business of the day begins. During the afternoon snatches of song and the sound of mock bugle-calls reach us from the lower deck, where the fun, if "not fast and furious," is at any rate perfectly good-tempered and unmistakably genuine. The rain it raineth steadily, but we get awnings spread over the quarter-deck, and by a quarter to six electric lights are rigged up, the ship's American organ is in place, the bell rings, and our carol service starts. As it proceeds, more and more men come up from below, until towards the end the choruses become a very storm of voices. The service closes just as the officers' dress bugle sounds for dinner. We shall not intrude upon Mr. Teongue's province by attempting to describe the dinner, but pass on to the final event of the day—the "sing-song." On this there is not much to say. Jack has a weakness for sentimental ditties of a somewhat lachrymose description, such as "A Flower from my Angel Mother's Grave," or "The Death of General Gordon" ("Too late, too late to save him"). He is exacting in the matter of choruses, and is quite ready to make one of his own if the composer has forgotten to supply one. So we had plenty of rather dismal ditties, as well as others of a lighter character—all much relished by the company. A banjo solo, an extraordinary North country dance, a recitation, and a clever acrobatic performance made up the rest of the programme, and by eleven o'clock all was over; and our Christmas Day so busily prepared for and well spent, came to an end, to quote from good old Teongue, "with much civil myrthe."

DO YOU PRAY?—"If there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the Divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating but dangerous life; and He has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance, in constant and habitual appeals to the Throne of Grace."—*Henry Kirke White.*



BY THE REV. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Poor Folks' Lives,"
"Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

THE moor! the moor! the bitter moor!
Fierce gusts that come and go;
A sick moon's light on a waste of white,
And a maddening dance of snow;—

A reeling dance that troubles the air
With a daze and a giddy dream;
And a woman that stares with a drowning stare
At a far-off window's gleam;—

A light that seems to toss and turn,
To dip and rise and flee,
As a light may burn that hangs astern
On a wild night at sea.

"A little longer, God," she prays,
With faint and moaning cry;
"Till I reach the blaze of the window rays—
Then let me drop and die.

"Grant me, dear God, one little prayer—
One only boon of grace—
To feel the light of the window there,
Shine on my dying face!"

The sharp flakes cling and burn and sting—
The light—the light is gone;
Nay, it flashes again like a starry rain;
She stares and staggers on.

"Not yet to fall; O God, not yet!"—
Her lips are wild and white;
Her arms reach out and her fingers fret
As though to clutch the light.

Oh, saved! the light has caught her now;
It draws her, heart and feet;
She is moving there on an angel's stair,
A ladder of radiant heat.

She stops—her hand is on the sill—
She stands, and dares not look;
"Oh hush! a voice—nay, heart, be still—
That reads from the Holy Book.

"She lives! she lives! she is not dead—
She lives in the olden place!
Now let me gaze on the dear grey head,
And the blessed, blessed face.

"Ah, very pale, and sad and thin—
My guilt has worn it so—
But the soul shines sweet and pure within
As all those years ago.

"Oh, hush! she speaks." "The time is long!
Ten years since Mary went.
When shall the Angels joy in song
O'er her that doth repent?"

Is it a hand that lifts her gown?—
O God, her heart is weak;—
Is it a tear that splashes down
Her white and withered cheek?

"Mother!"—she hardly dares to turn—
A dream is light of wing;—
"Mother!"—oh, hearts that leap and yearn!
Oh, hands that twine and cling!

"My Mary! come to lay your head
Where it used to lie of yore;
Oh, Mary, ten long years have fled,
And I've never barred the door.

"My darling! far from home you've trod,
A weary, weary track;
But I clung in prayer to the feet of God—
My prayers have brought you back."

"Mother," she answers through her tears,
That flow so rich and fast,
"I have felt them draw me all these years—
I had to come at last."

The New Year Bells! the New Year Bells!
Oh, hark the crash of sound!
"The dead is alive," it throbs and swells,
"And the lost is found."

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Mother's Prayers.

WHEN I was Vicar of St. Cleopas', Liverpool, we had a mothers' meeting of unusual magnitude, and, so far as my experience goes, of unusual value as a means of spiritual good. One of the most regular attendants at this meeting, an excellent wife and mother, who had long been what is commonly called religious, was brought into much clearer light and fuller realisation of Divine things at our first Mission. She had a son who was to her grave cause of anxiety. He was the subject of many prayers. I remember well how, after a missionary address, which had dealt mainly with individual cases of conversion, she spoke to me about her son. There was fresh hope in her heart. If God, by the power of His Holy Spirit, could do such things as those of which she had just been hearing, could He not change the heart of her boy? My own mind had been much exercised about this lad. The superintendent of the Sunday School, a man peculiarly quick in seeing what was going on, had told me that he feared the lad was doing much harm to others, and yet that he believed that his conscience was uneasy. I had meant to speak to him at some convenient season. How long I might have delayed I cannot tell; but the influence on my own heart of what I had been telling from the mission-field, making me feel that similar results ought to be obtained at home, together with the mother's prayerful anxiety, rendered delay impossible. I learned that I should probably find the son at home that afternoon. I went to the house and tackled him at once. It seemed as if he were prepared for my visit, longing for a word to be spoken directly to himself. When I left him I had hope, but certainly no assurance that the Holy Spirit had taken possession of his soul. It was soon evident to all who knew him that there was a great change in the lad. He became as great a power for good as he had formerly been for evil. The last time I preached at my old church he waited for me outside the door, a fine, well-made, well-dressed, happy-looking man, and said, "I'm so sorry I can't come into church this morning; but it's my turn to take the children's service, and it would not be fair to beg off. I shall come to-night." Then he added, "Ah! Mr. Sutton, I often think of that day you came to our house when mother was out. It seemed as if you were specially sent to me. What might I have been now but for that visit?"

—THE REV. HENRY SUTTON, M.A., in the *C.M.S. Intelligencer*.

NELLIE'S FIRST-FRUITS.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

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

CHAPTER VI.

"LIGHT AT LAST."



NELLIE glanced several times at Jacob as they walked home, but she saw how thoughtful and absorbed he was, and refrained from putting any question to him until, dinner being over, she gathered up the cushions and carried them off to the orchard, where she carefully spread them for Jacob.

"You are too good to me, Nellie; you will spoil me," he said, as he lay down.

"When I break my leg I shall expect you to do the same for me,"

answered the child, laughing. "I wonder what sort of nurse you would make."

"Not so good as you, Nellie; you always think of others first. Everybody does down here, and so does Mrs. Hind. You all make me feel so selfish."

"Mother says auntie always goes about bearing other people's burdens; and that is fulfilling the law of Christ, you know. And now, Jacob, you must tell me what you thought of our church this morning. Isn't it nice? Isn't it much nicer than your synagogue?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Jacob quite truthfully, for the pretty village church, as a building, compared in his eyes very favourably with the synagogue to which he had occasionally accompanied his grandmother.

"I knew you would, if you once tried it," cried Nellie joyfully. "I was sure you would see that it was good to be a Christian."

"Oh! that was not what I meant. I spoke of the church, the building. I could not be a Christian, because I won't believe what the preacher said about Christ."

"Won't believe!" cried Nellie with warm feeling. "You must not say that, Jacob. You may not now believe all that the preacher said about Christ; you must not say you 'won't believe.' Why, it is wicked, dreadfully wicked of you."

"But, Nellie, how could Christ be the Son of God? God can never die, and your Christ did die. He died a shameful death; He was crucified with two thieves. Do you think the Son of God would have come to earth in that manner? No, when the Messiah comes it will be to reign gloriously."

"Oh, Jacob! you never read your own Bible, I am sure. All those things you speak of were just the fulfilling of prophecy. I know about it, because in our Bible-class at school, Miss Addison began last year to take us through the prophecies that we can find in the Old Testament about our Lord. Just listen now; I will repeat a chapter which we all learned." And she began repeating slowly the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. "Listen how it begins, 'Who hath believed our report?' That shows that people,

especially your people, would not believe in Him. And then 'He was despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' If you will only read the New Testament you will find all this is true enough. And He did 'make His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death.' You will find it all fulfilled if you will take the trouble to read. And then there is another text which even tells the place in which He was to be born. I am afraid I can't quite remember the words; but I know where to find it, so I will just run and fetch my Bible."

Nellie ran off, and soon returned busily turning over the leaves until she found the prophecy of Micah concerning Bethlehem. "There, Jacob, what do you think of that? It is the very place. I am sure, if you would only read and think for yourself, you would soon believe that Christ was the Son of God. Oh, I wish you would!" she added wistfully.

Jacob stretched out his hand. "I should like to read the chapter which you repeated," he said, "if you will find the place."

Nellie found it, and waited anxiously till he had read it, hoping that the words of the Holy Book would carry conviction with them.

"I never thought of it in that way before," said the boy, when he had finished; "but I must read the other, which you think the fulfilment."

Then Nellie showed him the account of the Crucifixion in the different Gospels.

Jacob read attentively for some time. "Yes," he said at length, "it would be very wonderful if it were true; but how do you know it was not all made up to fit in with the prophecies?"

"Oh, it couldn't be!" answered Nellie eagerly. "Why, doesn't your own history tell you of Christ, and that He was Crucified?"

"Yes; but that does not say that all these stories, these details about Him are true."

Nellie was speechless for a time; she could not argue. She could only believe with that childlike faith and trust which is so acceptable in the eyes of God.

"You wouldn't say that if you would read more," she said at length. "Such a life as our Saviour led He couldn't have done it if He had been only a Man; but you will read, won't you? We will go all through it together, and I will try and hunt up all the prophecies."

All the next week Nellie was busy with her Bible, finding out her texts, and putting them down on paper for Jacob to study at his leisure. She would have been disheartened by her lack of success, for no appearance of conviction could she see in Jacob, had she not seen as well how ready he was to read all she looked out for him; and she was greatly encouraged when, on the following Sunday morning, Jacob announced that he should go to church again, and she saw how attentively he followed the service.

A few days after this Jacob left Barton's Farm. His month's holiday had worked wonders. The pale, gaunt boy now looked healthy and rosy; and though he still walked by the aid of a stick, there was nothing to prevent his return to his work.

True and hearty were the regrets uttered at his departure by all the family at the farm, and equally hearty were the invitations to come again as often as he could. Jack tempted him by promises of skating in the winter, and Mrs. Lawson, as she gave him a parting hug, told him to be sure to come and taste their plum-pudding at Christmas. All were sorry to lose him, but none so much so as Nellie, who melted into silent tears as soon as she saw him move to make his preparation for departure.

"You will keep this, won't you, Jacob?" she said, handing him a parcel tied up in many wrappers of paper. "It is my Bible, and I want you to go on reading it."

Jacob took the gift with tears in his own eyes, and as he kissed Nellie, promised her he would read it.

"And you will try to believe it, won't you, Jacob?" she said, as she ran after the chaise in which Mr. Lawson was driving him to the station. "I shall come up to stay with Aunt Hind some day, and then we can talk about it."

"I will try," were Jacob's parting words as they turned the corner, and he felt a big lump rise in his throat as Barton's Farm disappeared from view.

A pleasant surprise awaited Jacob when he returned to the office, and after delivering sundry messages and parcels to Mrs. Hind, went to report his return to Mr. Jamieson.

"Ah, weel, you look fit for work again now, boy," said the old gentleman kindly; "and now I will tell you what I am going to do. I have just been round to the woman with whom you lodged, and have made my arrangements with her. Your rent is paid up, so you need go there no more; 'tis no fitting place for a clerk in oor hoose to lodge, though the woman seems a decent body enough. Now, boy, I took it to heart that I was the means of leading you into trouble by not looking after you enough, so I have made up my mind to keep an eye upon you now. You will come to my hoose for awhile. My sister will give you welcome, and there's a little room at your service. When you get enough salary to keep yourself you can go, or you can pay my sister for your lodging; but till then we will just save up your money to buy you some clothes; but mind, now, you are to be a decent, well-behaved lad, or you will no stay in oor hoose."

"Oh, sir! I don't know what to say, or how to thank you," cried Jacob.

"I don't want you to say anything; I only want you to do. Be a good lad, and I'll look after you, never fear."

Miss Jamieson had been somewhat alarmed when the question of a boy inmate in her orderly home had been first mooted by her brother. She had visions of dirty footmarks on her spotless doorstep, or up her equally spotless stairs, of books pulled out of their places, and thrown about in the dining-room, and of an untidy bedroom with boots and clothes all over the place, and everywhere but in the drawers and cupboards. But Jacob's tidiness won her heart; and though, like many of her nation, she was chary in expressing approbation to the boy, she would confide to her brother that he was "no so bad."

Mr. Jamieson, too, in his own way, was kindness itself. He set himself to cultivate Jacob's understanding; and though at the office he was supposed to have no ideas beyond commerce, and that his only library consisted in ledgers and account books, yet Jacob soon found him to be a man of wide understanding and varied knowledge, and very pleasant were the evenings which the two passed in reading and discussing their books.

Jacob had never found courage to say anything to his new friends on the subject of his religion. He had listened to their morning and evening prayers, and had gone to church with them; and as they noticed that he frequently sat for hours studying his Bible, they took it for granted that he was a boy of religious feelings. Little did either brother or sister guess of the struggle which was raging within. All the teaching of his early years, all the invectives which Rachel Cohen had used against Christians, now rose up and did battle with the convictions which were forcing themselves upon him long before his mind was convinced. A voice seemed sounding in his heart, saying, "It is true, it is true;" and in spite of his struggle

to deafen himself to it, the voice became stronger and louder, and yet it was a hard thing for him to say, "I believe;" but at length he did say it, not to human ears, but to that Ear which is always open to the faintest whisper on our part. "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief," was the cry; and then the confession, once made, he felt he must tell the news abroad. In the quiet of his own room he wrote a letter to Nellie, dear little Nellie, who had, it seemed to him, been the means of leading him to the truth. How joyfully it was read by her need scarcely be told.

And then the next day, during his dinner hour, he made his way to Mrs. Hind's room, and declared the joyful tidings to her also. "Forgive me, dear Mrs. Hind," he said, "forgive me that I have always seemed to turn a deaf ear to all you had to say to me. I could not speak then, not till I had settled it with myself; but now I feel so happy I must tell you at once."

They were tears of joy which Mrs. Hind shed over the lamb which had at length found the true fold, and she could now tell Jacob of the many and earnest prayers she had offered on his behalf, ever since the day when he had, by his grandmother's orders, brought back the Bible she had given him.

"You have spoken to Mr. and Miss Jamieson, of course?" she said.

"No, I have not told them yet, though I must. I felt that after Nellie I must next come to you; but I must tell Mr. Jamieson, for I feel that I have been deceiving him. I have never told him that I was a Jew. I don't think he even suspects it."

It was with great inward trepidation that Jacob began his tale to Mr. and Miss Jamieson. Even now he had not quite shaken off the effects of his solitary life, and his naturally retiring disposition made it difficult for him to open his heart to any except a few like Mrs. Hind and Nellie, who had taken it by storm; but after the first few words he found it easier to go on, and he wound up by begging forgiveness of these kind friends for the deceit he had seemingly practised upon them.

When he had finished Mr. Jamieson stretched out his hand and gave him a hearty grip, saying, "Eh, lad; I thought I was keeping my eye upon you, so as to keep you out of trouble; but it seems you have been having your fight out by yourself again. You are made of the right stuff, boy; you never try to make others bear your burdens for you."

But Miss Jamieson, with real and deep feeling, came round to his side and kissed his forehead. "I have not done my duty to you, Jacob," she said. "I thought when I saw you always reading your Bible that you were a boy to be trusted, so I said nothing, and I might have helped you in your struggles."

"Don't fret yourself on that score, Janet; the lad had better help and encouragement than you could give him. The Everlasting Arms would be stronger than yours to guide him right," said Mr. Jamieson. Then, turning to Jacob, he added, "My boy, I am thankful that such a blessing as you speak of has been granted to one under my roof. Let us thank God."

Easter Day was a more than usually high festival at Barton's Farm the year following Jacob's visit; for in that little church in which he had heard the Christian doctrine first preached he was received into the body of Christ's Church on earth. It had been his own desire to be publicly baptised there, and after sundry communications and instruction from Mr. Stayner, the good vicar had acceded to his request.

Happy indeed was Nellie as she busied herself in the

church with Miss Stayner, helping her with the Easter decorations, and again at home preparing to receive their respected guests, for Mr. and Miss Jamieson, as well as Mrs. Hind, were to stay at Barton's Farm for a few days. And happier still did she feel when, with this gathering of these true and trusted friends around him, Jacob was baptised in the Name of that Christ of whom he had once known so little.

She did not quite understand why, when Mr. Stayner afterwards walked down to the house he patted her head and said, "Nellie's First-fruits;" but she was conscious that never in her life before—no, not even when she had seen her apple put in the place of honour at the Harvest Festival—had she felt so truly happy.

Jacob is still in the house of Brand & Son, steadily rising in the estimation of his employers, as well as of his fellow-clerks. The latter call him old-fashioned and sober, but all know that they can turn to him for kindness. He still lives with his good friends the Jamiesons, and every day he can more truly and heartily give thanks that he was "Nellie's First-fruits."

THE END.

A HYMN FOR ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

(DECEMBER 27TH.)

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WARNER,

Vicar of Hadlow Down, Sussex.



H, Word made Flesh, Who did'st for our salvation
Come down to earth, where sin and death
were rife;

Lo! at Thy Feet, with lowly adoration,
We hail Thee, Prince of Life!

We hail Thee God! and, mindful of the glory
Once laid aside that Thou might'st win our love,
We bless Thy Name for him who penn'd the story
Of mercy from above.

He—"the below'd disciple"—answer making
Unto Thy call, left all to follow Thee:
So may we, Lord, all earthly joys forsaking,
Press on, Thy Face to see!

"Those whom the Master lov'd!" No loftier title
Than this we crave, as chosen ones and blest!
Thus was he known, this honour his requital,
Who leaned upon Thy Breast.

He wrote of Thy divinity, unfolding
The awful mystery of the "Three in One";
And soar'd on eagle's wings to Heav'n, beholding
The uncreated Sun!

How sweet to us his word of consolation,
As—exiled for the faith he learnt of Thee—
He told of union after separation!
There shall be "no more sea!"

Only, before the Throne of God in Heaven,
A "sea of glass," at rest for evermore!
Christ, may we meet Thee, after we have striven,
Upon the farther shore!

"It is the Lord!" Thus shall Thy children greet Thee,
Beholding Thee upon the distant strand;
And, "saved by hope," shall hasten on to meet Thee
In our dear Fatherland!

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.

133. Which of the Apostles lived for some time with a man of the same name as himself?

134. What was the name of the city where he did so? Where was it situated? And what do we read of it in the times of Solomon and Zerubbabel?

135. What remarkable miracle in another place seems to have been the means of bringing him to that city?

136. What still greater miracle was wrought by him in that city itself? and how far in performing this last miracle does he seem to have remembered the example of his Master on a similar occasion?

137. How far, in performing it, did he deviate from the example in question?

138. Who and what was the man who asked the Apostle to leave that place? Who told this man to make this request? Who carried it for him? And where did he live?

139. Describe all the various steps by which St. Peter was brought to comply with this request. What is mentioned about him which shows how much this preparation was needed?

140. In what way did the Apostle show that this preparation was sufficient?

141. How many days elapsed between the command to send for St. Peter and his subsequent arrival?

142. What is there to show that we know that time almost to an hour?

143. Mention the principal events of each of those days.

144. Who were asked to accompany the Apostle on his journey? and who to receive him at its end? Is there anything to show us, in each case, why the men referred to were asked?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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XXXIV. ENIGMA.

I know a place where omnibuses go,
And busy people all day puff and blow,
To country cousins quite a favourite show;
It is a place in London, you must know.

Another place I know, on which relies
Many a thrifty workman who is wise;
The name of it in letters of large size
As you approach, the entrance meets your eyes.

And there's another place I know where oft,
Smelling the odours which spring breezes waft,
I've wandered rod in hand, while up aloft
The gay lark bore its song so clear and soft.

One other place I know, where miners hack
And hew, toiling all day, nor are they slack
Even by night, lest there be any lack
Of coal—to bring to light the diamonds black.

Nor, ere I leave off rhyming, must I fail
To call to mind a place in yonder vale
Where from the early dawn to twilight pale,
So Milton says, "the shepherd tells his tale."

Tell me, ye wits that are so wondrous wise,
What word it is which, though of no great size,
The name of all these places well supplies?
Now guess the riddle and secure the prize.

* * * For the conditions upon which prizes are given in this department see the January number.

A Christmas Carol.

Words by A. M. A. WHITE.

Music by LOVELL HARRISON.
(Organist of St. Bartholomew's, Dalston.)

p *cres.* *p*

1. Lo! be-hold yon rough strewn pil-low Watch'd by awe-struck hosts a - bove, Where re-clines that

price-less to - ken Of the e - ter - nal Fa-ther's love, Ho - ly Babe! sweet a - do - ra - tion

rall. *a tempo.* *cres.* *f*

Bends each knee and bares each brow; Child Di-vine! in that rude sta-ble, See Thy world be-fore Thee bow!

2. Joy-bells clash from every steeple,
Christendom to-day doth raise
Anthem peals of jubilation,
Notes of undivided praise:
Birthday of the Friend of Sinners,
Golden date of ages sped,
First word of the "old, old story"
Told beside that manger-bed.

3. At the Infant Jesu's cradle
Healed the bitter strife of years,
Severed hearts are here re-wedded,
Mingled smiles and softening tears;
Injuries are here forgiven,
All unkindnesses forgot;
'Neath Thine influence, Child of Heaven,
Wounds and wrongs remembered not.



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

CHURCH HISTORY LECTURES.—The first of these Lectures was delivered by the Vicar on Wednesday, November 12th, when the attendance was not very large, the receipts being only 9s. 3d., to meet over £2 for expenses. The charge for admission is so very small, 6d., 3d., and 1d., it is hoped that many will make an effort to be present at the rest of the very interesting and instructive Lectures, illustrated with magic lantern slides. **Saturday, November 29th, the Rev. C. A. Lane** will Lecture on the "Establishment of the English Church," A.D. 33-597.

Dec. 6th, Saturday. Church History Lecture—52 pictures from an oxy-hydrogen lantern—by the Vicar; period 787-1115 A.D. "Results of the Scandinavian Conquests."

Dec. 12th, Friday. There will be a Bible Society Meeting in the Schoolroom. The address will be given by the Rev. J. Raine. All who have had cards or collecting boxes are requested to bring them with them to the Meeting.

Dec. 20, Saturday. Church History Lecture—50 pictures from an oxy-hydrogen lantern—by the Rev. J. W. Lewis, period 1090-1265 A.D. "Growth of Papal despotism in England."

WOODHOUSE

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

Calendar for December.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

NOV.	
30	S First Sunday in Advent. S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
DEC.	
7	S Second Sunday in Advent. Collections for S.P.G. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, Litans, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 3 p.m.
14	S Third Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 3 p.m.
21	S Fourth Sunday in Advent. S. Thomas, Apostle and Martyr. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 3 p.m.
24	W Christmas Eve. Choral Evensong and Carols 7 p.m.
25	TH Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Holy Communion at 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Choral Evensong and Carols at 3.15 p.m.
26	FR S. Stephen, the First Martyr Matins and Holy Communion at 10.30 a.m. Evensong at 5.30 p.m.
27	SA S John the Evangelist. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins at 10.30 a.m. Evensong at 5.30 p.m.
28	S First Sunday after Christmas. Holy Innocents Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermons and Carols at 3 p.m.

On the three Wednesday Evenings during Advent, Dec. 3rd, 10th, and 17th, there will be special Evening Services at 7 p.m. The other Week Day Services will be as announced on the Church Door.

There will be Short Readings at Evensong every Tuesday and Thursday during Advent, and the Missionary Litany will be said every Friday also at Evensong.

The Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Monday, Dec. 15th, at 6 p.m.

CHURCH HISTORY LECTURES. The second of the Series, dealing with the period A.D. 597-787, will be given by Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, in the Village Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, at 7.30—Subject: "Churches of the Heptarchy united into the Church of England." The third Lecture by Rev. C. Arthur Lane, Author of "Illustrated Notes on English Church History," &c., on Saturday Dec. 13th, in the Parish Room, Woodhouse Eaves, at 7.30 p.m.—Subject: "Results of the Scandinavian Conquests." Fourth Lecture, by Rev. J. W. Lewis, Vicar of St. Peter's, Mountsorrel, on Friday, Dec. 19th, in the Village Hall, Woodhouse, at 7.30 p.m.—Subject: "Growth of Papal Despotism in Britain."

All the Lectures will be illustrated by means of the Magic Lantern.

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