

February, 1891.

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



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

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ENGINEER,
Barrow St. and Freehold St.,
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S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalender for February.

FEB.	
1 S	Sexagesima Sunday. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30.
2 M	Presentation in the Temple. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong at 7 p.m.
8 S	Quinquagesima Sunday. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
11 W	Ash Wednesday. Mattins and Litany at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 7 p.m.
15 S	First Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30.
19 TH	Thursday. Evensong and Sermon at 7 p.m.
22 S	Second Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
24 TU	S. Matthias. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong at 7 p.m.
26 TH	Thursday. Evensong and Sermon at 7 p.m. Collection at Children's Service, January 4th, 3s. 9d.

CONFIRMATION CLASSES.—GIRLS: Sunday, 9.30 a.m., at the Vestry; Monday and Thursday, 8 p.m., at the Vicarage. YOUTHS: Tuesday, 8 p.m., and Saturday, 8 p.m., at the Vicarage.

Hymns.

MATINS.	EVENSONG.
1st { 210	282
193)	407
28)	28
8th { 172	162
277)	266
83)	28
15th { 92	352
91)	200
288)	13
22nd { 353	254
85)	89
86)	13

February 16th.—A Lecture will be given in the Village Hall on "Foods, and their Digestion." There will be Songs and Recitations also.

MAGAZINE BOUND FOR 1s.—Any parishioner wishing to have the magazine bound in a handsome red and gold cover should apply at the Vicarage before February 20th. Any back or lost numbers can be replaced for 1d. each.

BALANCE SHEET—QUORN PROVIDENT CLOTHING CLUB.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1889	4	7	6
Interest on deposits	2	3	3
Mrs. Farnham	...	3	3	0		
W. E. B. Farnham, Esq.	...	2	2	0		
G. Farnham, Esq.	...	1	1	0		
E. Warner, Esq.	...	2	2	0		
Mrs. Warner	...	2	2	0		
Capt. Warner	...	1	1	0		
H. Hole, Esq.	...	2	2	0		
Mrs. Hole	...	1	1	0		
J. D. Cradock, Esq.	...	2	2	0		
Mrs. Woodward	...	1	1	0		
Mrs. Perry Herrick	...	2	0	0		
Mrs. Cuffling	...	1	1	0		
Mrs. Faithfull	...	1	1	0		
Mrs. Harris	...	1	1	0		
Mrs. Wright	...	1	1	0		
Miss Hawker	...	0	10	6		
Mrs. Firr	..	0	5	0	24	16 6
Mr. Israel Martin	...	1	4	0		
Mrs. F. Wood	...	1	4	0		
Mr. Tidd	...	0	12	2		
Mr. T. Green	...	0	12	0		
Mr. Thornton	...	0	4	0		
Messrs. Bailey and Simpkin	...	0	2	0	3	18 2
174 Depositors...	185	17	5
				£221	2	10

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Mr. Martin	...	94	Cards
Mr. Tidd	...	25	"
Mr. Green	...	16	"
Mr. Thornton	...	10	"
Mrs. Wood	...	9	"
Bailey and Simpkin	...	7	"
Mr. Disney	...	4	"
Co-operative	...	3	"
Bradford Warehouse	...	1	"
In Cash to	...	5	"
	174		
			£214 17 5
250 Sheets for Day-book	...	0	6
One Card of 1889	...	0	16
To Dorcas Society	...	2	10
To Balance	...	2	13
			5
	£221	2	10

S. Bartholomew's, Quorn and Don.—CONTINUED.

QUORN DORCAS SOCIETY.—1890.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Balance in Hand	36 yards Flannel	1 19 0
From Clothing Club	For Mending and Replacing	0 3 0
		2	10 0	15 Women at 1/-	0 15 0
							2 17 0
				Balance in Hand	1 2 0½
							£3 19 0½
		£3	19 0½				

QUORN SOUP KITCHEN.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Mrs. Warner,—Subscription	0 5 0	Dec. 19th—11 lbs. shin and ox cheek	0 4 1
Mrs. Cuffling	„	...	0 3 0	„ 8 lbs. split peas at 2d.	0 1 4
Dec. 19th—75 Quarts sold at a 1d.	0 6 3	„ 6 lbs. onions at 1d.	0 0 6
„ 23rd—74½	„	...	0 6 2½	„ Helper	0 1 6
Jan. 2nd—67½	„	...	0 5 7½	Dec. 23rd—9½ lbs. shin and ox cheek	0 3 8
„ 10th—45	„	...	0 3 9	„ 8 lbs. split peas at 2d.	0 1 4
				„ 6 lbs. onions	0 0 6
				„ Helper	0 1 6
				Jan. 2nd—10½ lbs. shin and ox cheek	0 4 0
				„ 8 lbs. split peas at 2d.	0 1 4
				„ 5 lbs. onions, 5d.; potatoes, 3d.	...	0 0 8	
				„ Helper	0 1 6
				Jan. 10th—10½ lbs. shin and ox cheek	0 4 0
				„ 6 lbs. pearl barley at 3d.	0 1 6
				„ 5 lbs. onions, 5d.; potatoes, 3d.	...	0 0 8	
				„ Helper	0 1 6
				Balance in hand	0 0 3
		£1	9 10				£1 9 10

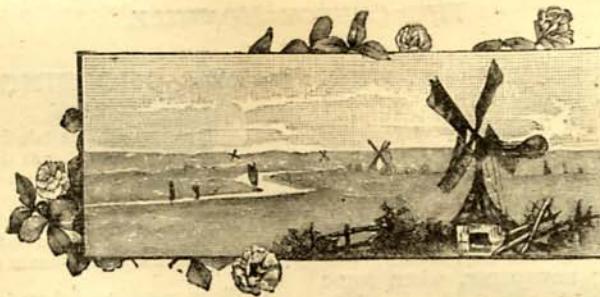
With the exception of December 19th, 80 Quarts were made each time. Thanks are due to Mr. Cuffling for his gift of coal; to Mr. O. S. Brown, Mr. J. Darker, Mr. Richardson, and to others who contributed vegetables of all kinds; and to Mr. Farnham for the use of his copper at The Elms.



"WHAT BOB BOLTER THOUGHT" (*see page 46*).

Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.

[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.]



WHAT IS THE SIN OF GAMBLING?

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY, D.D.

HHE whole question of Gambling and Betting is one which in these days closely concerns great masses of our people. For—whatever may be the case as to the aggregate sum of money in England wasted, and worse than wasted, upon it now and in days gone by—one thing is but too certainly established by testimony on all sides, that, especially in the form of betting on various kinds of events, it is now far more widely spread than of old among all classes (including both the commercial and the working classes), and so is far more likely to demoralize the whole community, and particularly the younger generation.

Now the essential question which is often asked is this—How is gambling in itself a sin? Can you put it on the same moral level as falsehood, or dishonesty, or blasphemy?

If you take the advice, which is at once the dictate of common-sense, and the teaching of the highest authority, and judge it by its fruits, there can be no doubt as to the answer. We may say of it, as the Lambeth Conference said of Intemperance, that whatever may be the comparative measure of its intrinsic sinfulness, it is certainly among the most disastrous of evils in its visible effects. Its path is strewn with the wrecks of men's fortunes and men's lives, and is haunted by the grossest rascality, dishonesty, and vice. The source must be bad, from which these poisonous waters flow.

But let us look at the habit itself, and try to see where lies its essential evil.

Now it is clear that evil sometimes shows itself most distinctly as vice, that is, sin against a man's own nature; sometimes as crime, that is, sin against our fellow-men; sometimes as what we call properly sin, that is, sin against God. All these three aspects of evil are, of course, inseparable; for a man's life belongs not only to himself, but to humanity and to God; and no vice can fail to involve both crime and sin. But yet one or other of these aspects is apt to be especially prominent. Murder, for example, we look at primarily as a crime; blasphemy as properly a sin. But gambling, like drunkenness, comes out to us most clearly as a vice. Its first and most obvious effect is that it degrades and perverts a man's own temper and character.

The real spirit of gambling—here, again, like the

spirit of intemperance—is a morbid craving for excitement, subordinating the higher power of reason and conscience, which ought to rule, to the vivid play of passion, which is often a good servant, but always a bad master. It appeals especially to two vehement passions. First, the passion of infatuated reliance on what we call chance, to give us money and all that money will buy without any labour on our own part—a foolish and reckless hopefulness, neither amenable to reason nor capable of learning by experience, which is ready to risk all that we have, and more than we have, in a blind trust that something of brilliant success will "turn up." It is not only a folly, but, if we consider it, an immoral throwing off upon some unknown power of our own grave responsibility of thought, labour, perseverance, for success in life. But worse even than this is the passion of cupidity for sudden and excessive gain, and that, too, a gain which—unlike gain from our own honest work, adding to the whole wealth of the world—must necessarily be the loss of some other man, who is thus turned from a friend or brother into a rival and an enemy in this mad race after wealth. The passion is thus wickedly and bitterly selfish, while, like the other, it teaches us to shrink from the slower and duller way of patient work, and to open the mouth of greediness wide for what may fall into it. The excitement generated by both these passions rapidly becomes an overwhelming power,—almost a moral insanity,—unfitting a man for the sober work and plain duties of life, and unfitting him still more for anything of unselfish enthusiasm and high aspiration.

But out of this demoralized condition of soul there grow out inevitably evils, which are of the nature of crime against society itself. Excitement passes into riot and recklessness, and selfishness into flagrant dishonesty. Every one knows how liable the gambler is to become loud, reckless, intemperate, now madly exultant, and now more wildly desperate. Every one knows how inevitably the betting man is tempted to take his neighbour in, by secret "tips" and sharp practices of all kinds; how constantly races and contests, on which there is heavy betting, are unfairly lost and won, so that men begin to take for granted, to condone, even to retaliate, some measure of dishonesty; how frequently men rashly make bets which, if they lose, they cannot pay without either robbing

their wives and children, or perhaps stealing money committed to their charge, mostly with a delusive hope of being able to replace it by some lucky hit. The passion of gambling, like the passion for drink, seems to blunt or destroy all kindly feeling and all moral sense. Its ultimate fruit is seen in the character of that scum of rascality and ruffianism, which gathers round race courses, high or low, and haunts the offices of the sporting newspaper, when some exciting event is to come off. Yet the old proverb is verified, that "no one becomes an abandoned villain all at once." Men of promise and character glide gradually and insensibly into this abyss of vice, and awake too late to find how vain a hope it is that they can touch pitch and yet not be defiled.

It is, of course, needless to go about to prove that this sin against self and sin against society must be a sin against the God, to whom the soul should be consecrated, and on whom humanity should be centred. How can any spiritual life be possibly sustained in this demoralized and corrupted condition of the soul? But it may be well to apply by analogy the teaching implied in the famous text, "Be not drunk with wine; but be filled with the Spirit." This base and morbid excitement can best be driven out by the presence of a noble enthusiasm, giving glow and colour even to the dullest life—the enthusiasm for our own higher nature, the enthusiasm of humanity, and the enthusiasm of God. All such enthusiasm is of the Spirit of God; and it must be fed by the various means of light and grace. With it alone lies the victory. Law may do much to check flagrant forms of evil; watchfulness and self-control may do more. But it is the Spirit, which conquers the flesh and regenerates the world.

But, if gambling be thus primarily a vice, and ultimately both a crime and a sin, what is the conclusion to which we must come? What is the advice which we must press on our fellow-men? It is simply this. The whole thing is an accursed thing. Do not touch it yourselves, and do not let your children touch it, even with one finger. To play with it is to play with fire, which is but too likely to spread into conflagration. It always seems to me that to wager small stakes on contests of chance or skill is trivial and useless, for it can give one very little additional zest of excitement; while on the other hand, stakes of serious amount, which do create such excitement, are criminal and dangerous every way. Therefore, the way even of good sense and safety is here the way of total abstinence for ourselves. But this is not enough. If, as I believe, the evil is serious and increasing upon us, it must be the plain duty of every Christian to put out all the strength and influence in his power against it—for the sake of individuals, especially our boys and young men, who are growing up in this atmosphere of moral danger—for the sake of the sound and healthy tone of our whole society, above all, for the maintenance of the spiritual life of men in the service and the love of God.

THE CHOOSING OF MATTHIAS.

HERE is a tale from an old palimpsest
That Lucas the physician wrote, at Rome,
Still fragrant with the Holy Spirit's breath,
A story to rehearse to kings and queens
Who choose the Church's prelates—words to blaze
In this wild time of puff and party-storm
Before a polling-booth on ballot day.

We were gathered there in the upper room,
An hundred and twenty more or less—
Not yet had the Holy Ghost been given—
And we thought of that man of Kerioth's doom,
And hoped for the Promise to come from Heaven,
And prayed to the Father to guide and bless.

Then up and rose in our midst a man
Whose face was flint though his heart was flame,
He said few words, but he told us straight
How the Psalmist had long ago thundered the ban—
"Let his habitation be desolate,"
On the traitor Judas whom none of us name.

"His bishopric, friends, shall another take,
His body may rot on the Field of Blood,
He took the silver, he has his due,
But now shall the lots in the helmet shake,
The Master claims His full Twelve to be true,
Let us fill the gap in the brotherhood.

"He must needs be a brother the man we call,
Just and fearless, and strong for the right,
Who has companied with us who followed the Lord
At the morn, through the noon to the evenfall,
From the days with John at the Jordan ford
Till the cloud received Him out of our sight.

"He must needs have felt the quake of the earth,
Have seen the rent in the Temple veil,
Have handled the linen wherein they wound
The Crucified; at the tomb's glad birth,
Have met her who raced from the garden ground
With the news that seemed but an idle tale.

"For we preach Christ living, and testify
Of One Who has won for us life through death;
We know His Hand Who can loose from earth's prison
The weary and captive, never shall die;
To a Saviour slain but a Saviour risen,
Our brother must witness with boldest breath."

Then we answered all with a loud Amen,
And we mused each one with ourselves a while,
And prayed to the Father to give us grace;
For how could we tell a true heart, when
The man we had trusted in chiefest place
Had proved a fiend with a serpent's guile?

The "Son of Saba" we thought, is just,
And "the gift of Jehovah" is good and pure,
Yea both of them brave, and have been with us long,
But the soul is soul and the body is dust,
We may vote for the best and may yet prove wrong,
God only knoweth which heart shall endure.

So we rose to our feet, and we prayed and said,
"Lord, show us Thy choosing or that or this,"
And we well-nigh heard in the hush Christ's Voice.
Then the lots were cast, we were nothing afraid;
And Peter cried—"It is God's good choice
That the 'gift of Jehovah,' Matthias, be His."

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

THE VICARAGE, CROSTHWAITE.

"I BIDE MY TIME."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Author of "Rider's Leap," "Sent back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A RETURNED LETTER AND A STOLEN INTERVIEW.



THE illuminations were expected to be extremely splendid. Now I am ashamed to say that I really cannot recollect, and it is not so long ago, either—precisely what person or event Bridgeholm was delighting to honour or celebrate. It may have been a Royal marriage. It may have been the visit of some celebrity. But it really doesn't matter. The fact of the illuminations is all that concerns us.

I fancy that, in planning to act as escort to Inez, Roland, with masculine indifference to the proprieties, had contemplated taking charge of nobody but the young lady herself. Whereas Inez had interpreted the invitation in the only way in which it was practicable—as including one or both of her sisters—both, she wished it to be, and both it was. When, however, Roland called at the appointed place of meeting (Miss Mitchett, the dressmaker's), and found the three sisters waiting for him, he was not a little taken aback. He did not want the superfluous two. However, their company was no great harm, since he meant to cleave to Inez, and, in a great crowd, there would be all the solitude that he desired. The difficulty was that it would be a *very* great crowd—a very great crush, and it would be beyond the powers of one man—not a very powerful man, either—to look after three girls at once. He was very much afraid that two of them would be practically unprotected females. However, it was too late to re-organize the party now. They ought to be moving at once.

So our friends went on their way, yielding themselves to the stream, comfortably enough.

"Take it, Inez," said Roland, availing himself of a brief stand to ferret out of his pocket a minute card-board box; "it's the locket."

"I shall wear it, Roland," the girl said, "only not visibly. Don't be angry if you never see it. It will be *there*."

"Then it will be a secret between us two. Oh, Inez! can't we have another secret, too?"

"I can't—I don't understand," she said, with a blush that proved her far less dense than her words.

"Walk slowly on," he said, giving her his arm. "I fancy your sister Laura is noticing us." In a moment or two he began again: "I want you to promise me—

look at the Queen's Hotel! Isn't it splendid! Do look, Miss Rose. That's a sop for Cerberus.—Oh, my own darling! I want you to promise me—to wait for me—to say that some day, as soon as I have pushed my way—"

Then came a tap on his shoulder from the handle of a parasol. "Do push your way a little quicker, Mr. Hart. We are being squeezed to death."

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Martyn. Step in here then. Now take this arm; come on, Miss Rose. Now we are all right."

They were; in fact, they had never been wrong. However, Laura showed no sign of relinquishing Roland's arm. She left Rose to follow as best she might, and stuck like a limpet to Roland's side. It was a consolation to feel that the pressure of his other arm was answered. But he wanted for that unfinished question a more definite answer than this. How hard it was to make suitable responses to the stream of Laura's interjectory remarks. No elephant upon whose head a tiger has sprung and clung was ever more anxious to shake off its visitor than was Roland to rid himself of Miss Martyn's torturing presence.

"Now we are getting along famously, aren't we? St. Nicholas's church is much the best thing yet. Inez, why don't you talk? All right, there, Rose? I see the Wilkinsons yonder. How d'ye do? how d'ye do? Gracious, what a hat! I'm sure you are much honoured, Mr. Hart—positively freighted with beauty, aren't you—"

Laura's covertly taunting gabble ended in a shriek. They had just reached the mouth of Synagogue Row, and suddenly there was a concerted and deliberate rush. Hundreds of savage roughs, some probably out of sheer savagery, others probably in the interests of the pocket-picking trade, bore down in a dense mass, lunging with their shoulders, striking with their knees, striking even with their fists, and clove a passage through the dense crowd, then emerging from four separate points, forcing it into struggling confusion. From every hand there rose the cries of terrified or injured women. A child was seen to fall and to be trampled upon. A man's arm cracked audibly as he was jammed against a lamp-post. The laughing crowd became a struggling, tossing, yelling mass of madmen, each fighting for his own limbs and his own life.

"Quick—in here!" said Roland; "the stream will carry us through." He shoved his way forward, but the space was too narrow. Laura was swung round. She uttered a shriek of terror as she felt herself being torn from Roland's arm. "There, let go; don't be afraid," said a voice in her ear. "Now you're right; I've got hold of you. We shall swim along beautifully now."

All was indeed right; she was in the hands of a strong and skilful pilot. His big arms round her neck and shoulders kept a charmed circle for her passage. Other people seemed to fare less pleasantly from his neighbourhood, for the anathemas hurled

against his elbows and shoulders were loud and deep. But he kept quite cool, and answered them with humorous apologies. In five minutes' time Laura and her protector stood in a perfectly uncrowded and unilluminated neighbourhood, safe and sound, if breathless.

"I must apologise for having taken such off-hand possession of you," said the protector, as he removed his arms from her shoulders, and offered one to be taken in the more ordinary way, "but it really was necessary."

"I can never thank you sufficiently," said Laura. "I believe you saved my life." She looked up gratefully, and caught her first glimpse of the deliverer's aspect. Ah! he was well suited to the romantic part that he had played. Surely a very handsome man.

"The favour is all on the other side," said the deliverer. "You gave me an exquisite five minutes. Don't be uneasy about your friends," he said. "They got out all right. Hart managed very well."

"Do you know him?" asked Laura, in surprise.

"Oh yes, very well. Hart and I are colleagues. My name is Wilfrid Holland."

"Oh, really! How very strange! You are a son of the house, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Some day soon, I suppose, I shall have the great distinction of being either Holland or Co.—upon my word, I am not quite sure which. May I put you into a cab? I should have been only too delighted to have seen you home, if I had not had a very important engagement."

He hailed a hansom, and, after thanking him again very profusely, Laura got in.

"To what address shall I tell the man to take you?"

"Footsworth," said Laura, feeling how terribly humble No. 1, Londesborough Cottages, would sound in those aristocratic ears; "Footsworth will be quite enough." Then a sudden idea came into her head. "After all," she thought, "perhaps I had better tell him more accurately. It's No. 1, Londesborough Cottages, and—I hope you'll call?"

"Indeed I will, if you will let me," he answered; then took off his hat, and walked away.

Laura reached home in a sort of delightful dream. A few minutes afterwards Inez arrived, and went straight upstairs. Half an hour later Rose turned up terribly battered, but not seriously hurt. "Dear me!" thought Laura, "I had quite forgotten Rose. What is Inez doing?" she asked. "Why doesn't she come down to supper?"

Ah! Inez was kissing a little silver locket, and musing upon a fateful answer that she had given that night.

Had she been right to give *that* answer without the sanction of her parents?

"I don't know, I don't know," she said to herself. "But oh! what other could I make?"

* * * * *

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Grubb, the next day, "you didn't have a bad time of it last night,

'Art. I shouldn't have minded being sandwiched like that myself. Two tremendous fine girls they were. The tall one she was my style. But after all, the 'other one—she—ain't you well, old man?"

Mr. Grubb stared across the desk, openmouthed, at the white face of his colleague, and, in the depth of his amazement, slipped his pen so inaccurately behind his ear that it fell out, rolling over the order book, and trailing inky desolation over three "Wanted-as-soon-as-possible."

"How dare you speak like that of—of—friends of mine, you unutterable cad?" Roland positively spluttered out these words, in the fury of his indignation, while a ruler which he held jerked to and fro so violently in his hand as to threaten to take flight in the direction of Grubb's skull.

All the morning Grubb was severely polite, constantly regretting that he was compelled to give so much trouble, and hoping that he did not intrude. I fear, however, that Roland's pre-occupation rendered this lofty behaviour less subduing than it might otherwise have proved.

It was not till nearly eleven o'clock that Mr. Wilfrid appeared. He came in through the ware-room, and up the ladder staircase with its pulley and dangling rope into the so-called lower order-room, where our two friends sat. "I'll put my hat in your cupboard, Hart," he said. "I don't want to have old Walker calling me over the coals again, for my temper's a little bit short this morning, and I might reply with more force than politeness. I'll take a couple of those orders in my hand as a mute, yet eloquent suggestion that I've been improving the shining hours here." He hung his hat upon the peg, and stopped for a moment to inspect himself in the glass.

"I say, Grubb," he called out, interrupting that youth in the midst of one of his stateliest utterances; "just slip out, like a good fellow, and get me a bottle of soda and some brandy. I turned in at three this morning, and I'm all to pieces." Mr. Wilfrid's hand shook so desperately that he could not get the elastic off his purse, and he pitched the purse itself over to Grubb.

Grubb laughed obsequiously, and then, catching the rope, plunged down the precipitous stairs.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Wilfrid, lounging over to Roland's desk, and yawning violently, "I must turn over a new leaf. Unlimited *loo* and unlimited liquor are all very well at night, but next day they are represented by several I.O.U.'s and one thumping headache."

"Yes," said Roland; "Henry Leigh puts it rather well—at least, the bibulous part of it—

"I own—and it's not without pride that I own it—
Whenever some friend, in his generous way,
Bids me drink without paying, I simply postpone it,
And pay for my liquor the whole of next day."

Mr. Wilfrid laughed. "Good," he said; "but here's Grubb with the fluid, and, under present

circumstances, that's even better. Just take it into the old ware-room, and draw the cork discreetly."

"Certainly, sir," said Grubb. "I got a shilling's worth. I 'ope it's the right harticle."

"By the way, Hart," said Wilfrid, stopping and turning round, "we were in the wars together last night. I'm glad I happened to be at hand at the critical moment."

"Was it you who came to the rescue, Mr. Wilfrid?" said Roland, looking up, confused and annoyed, he hardly knew why. "I'm sure, I'm—I'm awfully obliged—"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. To succour beauty in distress—what greater privilege can we have?"

He lounged away. Roland, full of wrath, and troubled by a vague sense of coming ill, went on writing rapidly and viciously. He did not lift his head as Wilfrid, having finished his pick-me-up, passed through the room on his way upstairs.

"Excuse me," said Grubb; "I 'ope I'm not taking a liberty in just mentioning as you've put this order—A 21—into the wrong book. It's of no consequence;—it's only just crossing out a couple of pages."

In a little time Roland pulled himself together. "Really," he thought, "I'm making an ass of myself all round to-day. What is the use of quarrelling with a nigger for being black or with Grubb for being vulgar? And why in the world need I indulge in all sorts of grim forebodings because Mr. Wilfrid helps Laura at need, and is asked to call? No doubt he will amuse his friends with a vivid description of the rug and the round table and Mrs. Martyn's gentility,—but what matter? It won't hurt anybody. Verily, if I got my deserts, I should not 'scape whipping. Here am I, with my darling's promise sounding in my ears and throbbing in my heart, fretting and fuming about—what? Nothing—simply nothing. I will make my peace with Grubb."

After that Roland spent a pleasant time enough. Grubb—his perception quickened by newborn affection—gathered that his co-clerk did not want to talk, and left him to wool-gather to his heart's content.

"I daresay he's making poetry," thought the excellent Grubb. "He'll go and enter another lot of orders wrong—but never mind. We ain't busy to day, and I'll make it straight." So Roland mused on the inexhaustible perfections of Inez, and thought, "She is wearing that locket now!" and decided that if he could choose his own career he would elect to be that locket.

So the day's work came to an end, and our lad went home. At six o'clock family tea there was always some little thing reserved from dinner, and 'hatted up' for him, as the maid phrased it. It was not a particularly appetising revival that evening, but Roland was never hard to please. The home-circle was a small one now. One sister had married; one brother had died; two had gone abroad. Then were left only the father, the mother, Mary, and himself. Roland

was certainly a swan in the estimation of his own family, whatever bird, more or less similar, he might be deemed elsewhere. That selling him into bondage at Hollands, however, had rankled in the mind of the ambitious lad as a bitter wrong. He considered that his father had yielded too readily to the need of a few shillings a week to help the lean family purse. "He might have struggled on for another year," Roland thought, and often said to Mary; "after that I could have kept myself, and helped the household too. He sold my birthright for a mess of pottage." So there had been a sort of coldness between Roland and his father, or rather of Roland towards his father. But for this shadow—never very dark, perhaps, but always there—the little home would have been a very happy one.

As for Mary, dearly as she loved her brother, proud as she was of him, she could not but feel that he was selfish and unreasonable, and harsh in this resentment. It was the one black feather in the snowy plumage of her swan. We, I fear, shall detect a good many dark plumes there—even if we do not deny the bird's swanhood altogether.

After tea Mary followed Roland into a little closet of a room that had been set apart as his sanctum, "I know," she said, nodding her head. "Oh, you can't deceive me! Roland, come and kiss me."

He did kiss her, or rather, in the orthodox brotherly fashion, presented his ear to her lips. "Why, you're all wet," he said.

Yes, the foolish creature was crying. Mary had had a disappointment—ever so many years ago now; she never mentioned it to any living soul. But there were kept in her secret drawer a starred and spotted photograph—representing a young man with mutton-chop whiskers in tight trousers, leaning against a pillar in a wood, and two or three letters, written in a clerky hand, in somewhat doubtful English. That distant episode had left no drop of bitterness in Mary's sweet nature; she was always busy and contented, and brave and sunny: she delighted in love-stories, and was a desperate match-maker; and yet somehow—well, Roland thought he knew what made her cry. He took her in his arms now and kissed her again and again.

"She's a lucky girl, Roland," said Mary, holding the top-button of his coat; "still I'm not the least bit jealous; only you'll always keep a corner of your heart—won't you—for your poor old Mary?"

"Well," said Roland, "I'm not quite sure about the luck, but about the corner I'm entirely positive. No, Molly, you sha'n't turn out for any one."

"Are you going to see her to-night, Roland?"

"Well, no. To tell the truth, I fear that the Martyns—Laura and the old lady, anyhow—are less impressed by Inez's wonderful luck than you, my silly old darling, could believe possible. My welcome on Tuesday was sub-Arctic, and I think it would be better—in plain words, I dare not repeat the dose of myself so soon."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Mary, sniffing angrily. "I suppose that gorgeous new rug has turned their heads. However, the next time that I see Laura, I'll——"

"Why, Mary, what are you talking about? The whole thing is a profound secret. I shall repent that I ever took you into my confidence if you go on like this."

"*You took me, indeed! I took myself, I fancy.* Well, Roland, I'll hold my tongue. Give her my dearest, dearest love. Of course you are going to write to her."

"Well," said Roland, as though he was receiving a novel but ingenious suggestion; "I really think I will."

As a matter of fact, he had been thinking about his letter all day, and he was itching to begin.

So Mary went away, and Roland sat down and poured out his heart on three sheets of paper. He was not ordinarily a good letter-writer; very few men are. They are too stiff, too self-conscious. They lack the delightful ease of women. One hardly ever feels that a masculine correspondent is talking to one with a pen. A postcard or a telegram form is the proper vehicle for a man's communications. But to-night Roland felt the presence of his sweet love as he wrote. He really spoke to her—only without that wayward constraint that, somehow, nearly always comes between our feelings and our speech, even to the dearest and best of all. He folded and sealed his letter without reading it over. It seemed like a violation of confidence—almost a sacrilege—to submit those tender outpourings of his soul even to his own critical self. Few girls, perhaps, have ever received such a love-letter as that—and, alas! Inez was not one of the few.

No; for when Roland reached home the next day, determined to hurry over the tea-dinner and set forth for Footsworth, risking the eternal snows of Mrs. Martyn's welcome, he found on the hall table a bulky letter addressed to him. For one moment he thought that it was from Inez, but on taking it up he saw that the writing—which bore a certain resemblance to that of his love—was Laura's. He knew instinctively that the letter brought evil tidings, and, dropping it hastily into his pocket, he ran upstairs, and locked himself in his bedroom. He tore open the envelope, and his own letter—sealed with red wax—dropped out. Was that all? No; there was an additional sheet enclosed. This was how it ran:—

"Mrs. Martyn begs to return the enclosed, which has apparently been addressed to her daughter, Miss Inez Martyn, by mistake, since Mrs. Martyn feels sure that *no gentleman* would presume to correspond with a young lady without the knowledge and against the wishes of her parents. While *fully satisfied* that the letter has been sent to the house in *error*, Mrs. Martyn feels it only right to say that she hopes that the writer will not give himself the trouble of calling again, as Mrs. Martyn and her family will not be at home."

"I, LONDESBOROUGH COTTAGES.

"Friday.

"P.S.—Mr. Martyn fully concurs in the tenour of the above."

Poor Roland! He sat down upon the bed, and, but for rage, whose fire licked up all moisture, could have found it in his heart to cry. His letter had been intercepted—and read; of that he had no kind of doubt.

Poor boy! he had often quoted lightly enough Shakespeare's pronouncement about the course of true love, but it did not help him now. The trouble was to him as new as though he were the very first to tread that thorny path of crossed love—as though no young man before had ever railed at the cruelty of parents, and no young woman before had ever come down to breakfast with red eyes.

There was a knock at the door. "Whatever are you doing, Roland?" said Mary's voice. "There's beefsteak pudding, and it's getting as cold as charity."

"I don't want it; pitch the beastly stuff away," he growled from the bed.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mary said, "Roland, darling, let me in."

"Can't you let me have one moment's peace?" he answered. He got up, however, and opened the door. He felt that if there was comfort to be had Mary could supply it.

The sister's eye lighted upon the two envelopes which lay on the floor, and instantaneously she grasped the situation. She sat down beside Roland, and placed her arm round him. For two or three minutes she spoke no word. At last she broke the silence by putting her lips against his cheek, and whispering—

"Poor boy; my poor, poor boy! but mark my words; it will all come right."

"Read that," said Roland, picking up Mrs. Martyn's letter, and handing it to her.

"Ah," said Mary, "the voice *may* be Mrs. Martyn's voice, but the hand is the hand of Laura. It's all her doing, I know. Roland, did you read the postscript?"

"Yes," he said forlornly; "I read it."

"Well," said Mary, "there's help in that. The meaning of it is, of course, Mr. Martyn does *not* concur. Go and see him, Roland."

"I will," said Roland, getting on to his feet; "of course I will. If he will only just tell her that I *did* write, I sha'n't mind so much. Thanks, Mary; what a good old soul you are." Then he suffered himself to be led downstairs, and, after all, the beefsteak pudding was not entirely ignored.

Next day Roland left the warehouse a few minutes earlier than usual, in order that he might catch Mr. Martyn at his place of business. The old gentleman was a commission agent. His door was decorated with an imposing array of brass plates announcing the many and various institutions which he represented. But beyond the privilege of putting up these plates Mr. Martyn reaped little advantage from the confidence which the firms or companies reposed in him. There was another office on the landing above. The boy, who received four shillings a week for drawing faces on a blotting-pad from ten to six in Mr. Martyn's

ante-room, had at first pricked up his ears excitedly at the sound of steps ascending the stairs or of knocks at his door. Now, however, with the calmness of experience, he was wont, without raising his head, to answer any apparition—"Next landing, sir," and to proceed with the study on which he was engaged.

Roland found his old friend reading the paper. "You don't," he said, offering the young fellow his hand; "no—no—of course you don't want to be insured?"

Roland had had no such idea. But the old man's tone—with its faint flicker of hope and its quick return to settled despondency—touched him. Besides, insurance was an excellent thing, and—well, Roland stood in sore need of Mr. Martyn's cordial alliance.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I do. I'm in only a very small way, you know, but I should like to insure for two hundred."

"Johnson," shouted Mr. Martyn, "the Patagonian forms—quick, now! This gentleman wishes to effect an insurance."

That boy rose to the height of the occasion.

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," he said, and did not permit himself even the relief of a wink till he was back with his blotting pad. Then he did let out.

When the formality was complete, Roland said, "If you are going homé, sir, perhaps you'll let me walk a bit of the way with you. I should like to have a little talk."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Martyn. "This is terrible weather for *my* crops—the corn, that is. I'm quite lame, and your arm will be a help."

So they set out both together, and Roland poured into his companion's ear the tale of his woes.

"Do tell her I wrote, sir," he cried. "I can bear anything but her thinking that I was neglectful and—oh, sir, you will tell her, won't you?"

"Do you mean to say that they intercepted your letter?" asked Mr. Martyn. "Upon my word, sir,

this puts me out. I thought—I really did think—that Mrs. Martyn had more—more—well; least said soonest mended. As for me, I am getting old. My fighting days are over. And—well, my boy, you haven't the privilege of knowing Mrs. Martyn as well as I do. I'll give the child your message, and—I'll tell you what. You shall come and see her, just once, at my office. After that, you must just trust one another and wait."

Roland thanked his old friend with tears in his eyes, and went home a new man. His patience, however, was put to a severer test than he had anticipated. A week went by, and there came no word from Mr. Martyn. Then, on the eighth day, the lad received a post-card:—

"To-morrow, 5.45."

That was all, but it was enough.

Roland hardly slept a wink all night. At four o'clock next evening—for once reckless of expense—he took a cab and drove to Mr. Martyn's office. Then, finding himself half an hour too soon, he got out, and walked excitedly up and down—not in front of the office, but higher up the street—first starting off as though for a twenty-mile tramp, and then, smitten by a sudden fear of missing the tryst, turning short round, and hurrying breathlessly back. At last he saw a slim girlish figure trip up the stairs, and, with a heart that sounded like a hammer, he followed. The boy was out—specially despatched on

urgent business—Mr. Martyn himself was superintending the blotting pad in the ante-room.

"She's there," said the old gentleman, pointing to the inner apartment. "Shut the door; I'm desperately busy." And he became absorbed in contemplation of the pictured blotter.

"My child—my own little girl!"

"Oh, Roland—darling Roland!"

Ah, this was worth all the waiting—all the pain and longing.



"I dared not write, dear," Inez said, with her brown head nestled against his shoulder; "they have made me promise that I will not. Oh, I have had such a terrible time—but I wear the little locket day and night—"

"My lamb," interjected Roland, stroking her smooth neck.

"And I'll always, always love you. Nothing on earth shall ever make me give you up; and some day, Roland, this cloud will roll away, and there will be blue sky—and we shall always be together."

"Yes," said Roland, "always; till death us do part."

Suddenly Inez looked up with a smile flashing through her tears. "Roland," she said, "Mr. Wilfrid Holland has called—twice—and he's coming again to-morrow, and mother says that his intentions are perfectly clear, and that Laura will adorn her proper sphere at length. 'How,' she asked me, 'would you like to have your sister rolling up to your door in a carriage and pair—she's that good and kind that she wouldn't cast you off altogether—and you coming out of the wash tub, as I may say, to answer it? What's the good of girls going to church, I don't know, if they can't learn the very elements of Christian conduct.' What's the matter, Roland? I thought my prattle would amuse you."

"He never said a word to me," answered Roland. "I don't like this—I don't like it at all."

"Laura *does*," said Inez. "Come Roland, never mind anybody else: think about me."

So he cleared his brow, and the two babes in the wood passed an exquisite five minutes. Only five, really, Roland thought—and said—when Mr. Martyn, after a ceremonious knock, and a decent interval following that, entered the room.

"You are right enough about the five," said the old man, "only you've overlooked the forty."

Well, it was over. Inez was come and gone. There was nothing to look forward to now. To Roland, walking home through the darkening streets, the future looked very dark and cold. Three-quarters of an hour is but a little space in which to stay the heart for a wholly indefinite period. When would he hold that darling hand again? Ah! who could say? And, somehow, that circumstance of Wilfrid Holland's repeated and unreported calling struck in our lad's heart with a chill and numbing dread.

Do not think lightly of Roland's love if that very night he paced up and down his tiny room, with trembling hands and kindled face, and a sense as of cold water trickling down his back. Ah! that love was as deep and true as first—and last—love can ever be. And yet, being a poet, he must probe it and analyse it; he must hearken for the music of its stormy depths that they might fill the roll of a lyric. This new experience was a new power. Here at last was the one needful thing given to his art. He had felt—he knew—and he could sing.

CHAPTER IV.

DRIVEN INTO A CORNER.



A MONTH passed by, and the longing of Roland's soul had been relieved by no glimpse or tidings of Inez. Two or three times he had prowled for an hour or more outside Mr. Martyn's office; but on none of these occasions had he been blessed by the sight of the brown undecceptive wig of him who was blessed with the daily vision of Inez. He had, indeed, obtained each time a distant view of the boy as he came whistling forth; but that boy was too unsympathetic and remote a medium of communication—there was no solid satisfaction to be got out of him. On the occasion of his last prowls Roland had, however, gone so far as to make inquiry of the boy concerning his policy of assurance. To a flat inquiry the boy had replied, "Why, bless you, that's all up—we ain't agents no longer." And on Roland's asking the meaning of this, the boy had replied in a loud whisper, "Queer Street." Therewith Roland had retired, having obtained—if the boy's word could be trusted—some sort of explanation of Mr. Martyn's absence from his office.

After that Roland's state of mind became deplorable. The little house at Footsworth was, it seemed, overshadowed by a heavy trouble. His love was dwelling in a great gloom: the mother irritable and unreasonable; the poor old father helpless and despondent; Laura—ah! he knew how Laura would behave—and he must stand aloof, speaking no word of comfort, suggesting nothing, doing nothing.

At last he could bear it no longer. Indeed, the altered circumstances, he said to himself, altered the whole case. He had the right—nay, the necessity was laid upon him—to go boldly to the house and tender his sympathy and help.

He went accordingly. The little drawing-room was lighted. He heard the voices within. "They don't generally sit there," he said to himself: "I hope there are no visitors. No," he thought, remembering the circumstances of the family, "it's not likely." And he rang the bell. As he stood waiting, a chord was struck upon the piano—ah! how well he knew the clear and delicate touch, so different from Laura's thumping vigour—Inez was playing. And it was the accompaniment of a song, for, a moment later, a baritone voice began the air. "Why, what is this?" said Roland, speaking half aloud in the shock of the surprise, "that is Wilfrid's voice."

With that the door opened.

"Is Mrs. Martyn—" Roland began. The sentence was never finished, for as soon as the maid

recognised the visitor she jerked her head back and slammed the door in his face.

For a moment Roland was inclined to ring again—to go on ringing till the maid reopened the door, and then to force his way into the house, and into the presence of Inez. But, after brief consideration, better counsels prevailed. What good would it all do? Mrs. Martyn had an undoubted right to ask Wilfrid Holland to her house as often as she pleased.

So, suppressing his fury and his jealousy, Roland turned away, lit his pipe—as an aid to invention as well as to philosophic endurance—and tramped home. On the whole, it seemed to him that the best thing that he could do was to write to the old gentleman—to the same effect at both of his addresses.

Having decided on some course of action, Roland felt his mind a good deal relieved.

Roland wrote his letters to Mr. Martyn, and then called in the aid of Mary for the addresses. She readily undertook to find a friend whose writing would be absolutely unknown to any of the Martyn household. "Though," she remarked, with a sudden smile, "I hope the feminine hand won't awake Mrs. Martyn's jealousy."

"Nonsense," said Roland. "Half the circulars are addressed by women."

On the day following Mr. Wilfrid arrived at the office very late, coming in, as he was wont to do under such circumstances, through the packing room and lower order room. He hardly noticed Roland at all. Indeed, ever since our friend had been aware of the young man's visits to Londesborough Cottages, he had treated any conventional advances from his superior with such frigidity as to account satisfactorily enough for their suspension. So, with a mere nod to Roland, very coldly returned by him, Mr. Wilfrid hung his hat in Grubb's cupboard, and then beckoned that youth into the disused adjoining room.

After a little time Grubb returned.

"'Ang it all," said Grubb, as he mounted his stool. "It's a pity to see a fine young feller like that booking through to the bad. He 'ad two B.-and-S.'s, and then he just walked off again. I'm to say, if anybody asks about him, as he's suffering frightful from neuralgia; but, bless your 'eart, he's going to them races—at New Hampton. As for bed, he might as well let somebody as 'ud use it take his over. He's never turning in till other folks is turning out. Last night it was five—he told me that."

"I hate the fellow," said Roland. "Don't talk about him."

Grubb looked rather surprised at the vehemence of his companion's expression. But he said nothing, and went on with his work. Roland, as he wrote, was trying to make up his mind that whenever he got the chance it would be his duty to enlighten the authorities at Londesborough Cottages as to the character of the guest whom they were delighting to honour. "But, no," he thought; "in my present

position the thing wouldn't do. It would look like jealousy—it would *be* jealousy. I must make sure of my motives—if not of my position—before I damage another man's reputation."

"I say, 'Art," said Grubb, carrying an order book round to his friend, "there's something wrong in this 'ere hentry. Don't you see—"

"That's not my writing," said Roland.

"Why, of course not," exclaimed Grubb, "neither it ain't. It's Mr. Wilfrid's. I've noticed often enough as there was a sort of a likeness about your two 'ands, but I never thought as I could have mistook 'em. It's rum, ain't it?—it's the Latin alphabet,—no, Greek, ain't it?—it's that as does it. I'm glad as I went to a commercial academy—I can't abide them houtlandish 'e's."

Roland laughed. "Greek 'e's and English errors go together, I fear, Grubb. However, you can soon put that mistake right." And he thought no more about the matter, having more important and more troublesome affairs upon his mind.

About six o'clock that evening, as Roland was walking home, and was wondering if his letter were by that time in the hands of Mr. Martyn, and, if so, what kind of impression it was producing, he heard a vigorous tapping at an adjacent window, and turned his head and stopped.

He was just passing the establishment of Miss Mitchett, the dressmaker, and, sure enough, there was Miss Mitchett herself, waving her hand to him in a state of violent excitement. Roland stepped up to the door, and in an instant the door was open, and the little dressmaker was leading him—almost pulling him—with many nods and becks into her trying-on room. Then the door of that awful sanctum was shut with an ostentatious bang; Miss Mitchett was gone—and Inez was there.

As soon as certain ceremonies, into which we will not too curiously inquire, had been gone through, Roland led Inez to the sofa, and, making her sit down beside him, said: "Now, darling, tell me all about it. But, before you begin, just answer one question. Has your father received my letter?"

Inez shook her head. "I don't know, Roland," she said. "Father has been away from home for more than a week. He is in great trouble. Exactly what has happened I don't know, but his affairs are in a dreadful mess. I think he is trying to borrow money to avert bankruptcy."

"Poor old gentleman!" said Roland, "and poor Inez—poor child!"

"Oh, Roland!" said Inez, sinking her head on her lover's shoulder, "that's not all—that's not nearly he worst. Oh, it's too dreadful! I can't bear it," and she burst into a torrent of tears.

Roland soothed her as well as he could. "Don't cry, my pet," he said. "Tell me all, and we will see what can be done."

"Oh, darling, nothing can be done. They are too strong for us: even father—though he doesn't press



"TELL ME ALL!"

me, or scold me—I can see he wants it to be, and—"

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Roland, turning very white, and speaking in a voice that he hardly recognised as his own, "it isn't that—it isn't that Wilfrid has—"

"Oh yes," sobbed Inez, "it is, Roland; it is that. He has asked mother to let me marry him, and she has said yes; and they are at me night and day—I have no peace, and no friend; and they say that I'm wicked and heartless, and that I am bound to sacrifice myself for the sake of others. And Laura—oh! she is the worst of all—she is jealous, I'm certain; and she urges me because she wants to be revenged, and knows how wretched we should be. She is always preaching sacrifice."

"Yes," said Roland, bitterly, "and to do her justice, she would have been ready to practise it too."

"What is to be done, Roland? I have stood firm so far, but I can't hold out for ever. They will tire me out—I must break down at last. I haven't slept, dear, for nearly a week, and I'm—oh, so utterly weary—so utterly wretched!"

"My child," said Roland, "can you hold out for a week—for ten days? You can, can't you? Oh, I know you can do that—you have a rare brave little heart."

"Oh yes. I would endure ever so long if I only knew that help would come, however late. Have you any hope—any plan, Roland?"

"Yes," he said, "I have both. I won't tell you now what the plan is. Inez, could you meet me again—here—say, this day week?"

"I think I could," she said. "Yes, I am sure. They watch me sharply enough, but they haven't suspected this place yet. Roland, you must go,—Laura will be back immediately. Oh, be quick! all would be lost if she found you here."

"I'll go this minute. This day week, then, my pet, at the same time. Keep up your heart. Oh! it's a famous plan, I promise you. But I shan't try it till I've tried another thing—and that I'll do to-morrow. Good-bye, my sweetest, good-bye."

And what was Roland's marvellous plan? Well, it was simply this—marriage. He intended to persuade Inez to run away with him. But before he had recourse to so desperate a remedy for their troubles, he would see what could be done by an explanation with Wilfrid. He would tell that young gentleman plainly of Inez' engagement to himself, and would make an urgent appeal to his honour and decent feeling. If that appeal failed—well, a licence would not.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

II. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.



ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE
RIGHT
REV.
RANDALL
THOMAS
DAVID-
SON, D.D.,
has been
appointed
Bishop of
Roches-
ter in suc-
cession to
Bishop
Thorold,
trans-
lated to
the See
of Win-
chester.

Dr. Davidson is the son of Mr. Henry Davidson, and was born in Edinburgh on April 7th, 1848. He was educated first at Harrow under Dr. Montagu Butler, and he went up to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1867; but his University career was considerably interfered with by a serious gun-shot accident which disabled him for a time, and when in 1871 he graduated he only took a third class in the old combined School of Law and Modern History. On returning from a tour in the Holy Land he studied under Dr. Vaughan at the Temple. In 1874 he was ordained by Archbishop Tait to the curacy of Dartford, where with conspicuous energy he worked amongst the artizans of the lower part of that town—men employed principally in paper mills and gunpowder factories. In 1877 he was appointed Domestic Chaplain and Private Secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose second surviving daughter Edith he subsequently



THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

married. He held his position as Chaplain and Private Secretary until the Archbishop's death in 1882. By this time he had become well known for the active part that he had taken in diocesan and other organizations, and as a preacher and speaker at Church Congresses. He was responsible for most of the arrangements made for the Conference of Bishops held at Lambeth in 1878, and his book "The Origin and History of the Lambeth Conferences," is widely known. His Chaplaincy to the Archbishop brought him into close contact with the late Bishop of Durham; and on the elevation of Dr. Lightfoot to the Episcopal Bench he appointed Dr. Davidson his Examining Chaplain. In 1882 he became Sub-Almoner and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and Preacher at Canterbury Cathedral. When Bishop Benson succeeded to the Primacy, the latter retained the services of Dr. Davidson as Chaplain and Secretary. In 1883 he was appointed by the Crown to the Deanery of Windsor, in succession to Dean Connor, and was at the same time honoured with the duties of Resident Chaplain to the Queen. In the same year he received the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of St. Andrew's, and in 1885 he was Select Preacher at Cambridge. He is a trustee of the British Museum; has been elected by the Eton Masters as their representative on the governing body of that College, and is one of the similar body for Wellington College; he also, as his Commissary in England, represents his old friend Bishop Kennion, of

Adelaide, being thus in close relation with the Church in the Colonies; whilst his help is sought on Committee by many of the Societies for Church objects, and is readily accorded. Dr. Davidson has contributed articles on historical and ecclesiastical subjects to various magazines and periodicals, and, in conjunction with Canon Benham, has prepared for the press the Memorials of Archbishop Tait, a work which practically embraces the history of the Church of England during the last quarter of a century. In Convocation he is a frequent and judicious speaker, and he has always exercised a moderating influence.

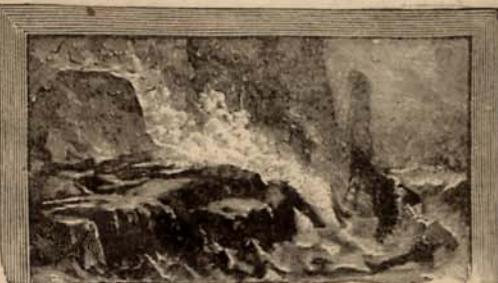
The *Record* says: "The appointment is at once judicious and well justified. Dr. Davidson's preferment has been widely expected, for he has shown himself to possess in no common degree most of the qualities which make a wise and energetic Diocesan. He is young, yet happy in a singularly varied experience of ecclesiastical affairs. He is in thorough sympathy with the main lines of work followed by his predecessor, and is little likely to disturb the diocese by sudden changes. He has before him a most difficult task, but one to which he may be expected to address himself with tact and resolution."

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

"GROW IN GRACE."

A MEDITATION FOR THE FIRST DAY OF LENT.

BY THE REV. G. J. HOWSON, M.A.,
Vicar of Crewe; Author of "Overton in Days Gone By."



SPRING TIME is anticipated in the days of late winter. We are on the threshold of bursting

life. The very sycamore and chestnut trees tell us a tale of hope and expectation, and seem to ask us the question, "What are you doing in that life of Heavenly longing and hope? Is your life evidencing signs of increase, and spring-time energy and usefulness?" A very common aspect of Lent is that of humiliation and self-abasement. Discipline of body, which shall lead to spiritual strength, is perhaps the most ordinary theme of Lenten thought and discourse. Rather shall this short meditation speak of the true view which the Christian should take of Lenten services and Lenten observances, as opportunities for

growth in grace. Doubtless, in all the analogy of human life we must get down to the root of things, else can there be no growing or fruiting; but to be for ever grovelling at the root we shall remain dealing with beginnings to the end of our life. Why not rather see how we may make use of and redeem the time, so that root, stem, leaves, and fruit alike may find truest witness in our spiritual experience?

First, then, see the life of our Great Example, Jesus Christ. Have regard to the "steps of His most Holy Life." Notice how that *increase* in the beauty of holiness was watched by men. "He increased in *favour* with God and man." The very word is the same. And as we look back and seek the source of this increase, we read in the same chapter that "the *grace* of God was upon Him." It is because of this fact that growth is a gift of God, because it is by grace we stand, that during the season of Spring and Lent we have so many encouragements in viewing the life of our Holy Lord Jesus Christ. What He did we are to do; the source from which He, as Man, drew the supplies of help and guidance is still the same for us. The Fountain is not sealed; the Hand is still open wide, and the gift is as large and universal as it is intimate and personal.

Secondly, see the *need* of this injunction. Stagnation is the passive but deadly foe of religious hope and promise. There is nothing more fatal than this in the whole poison chest of the power of evil. View it as we may, we see the action of the stupefying satisfaction of a sleeping conscience. The stature is stunted and dwarfed, the moral force is enervated. The whole spiritual life is robbed of the power to live, and all because the *need of growth* is forgotten and neglected. One of the most beautiful of the descriptions of Christian character is that which is given by St. Peter in his Second Epistle,* in which he speaks thus: "In your faith add virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge temperance; and in your temperance patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness brotherly kindness; and in your brotherly kindness charity." The old Apostle speaks to the young Christian, and shows the gradual unfolding of the Christlike character, developing, expanding, opening, till the full-grown plant is ready for transplanting out of the nursery on earth to the garden of the Lord above. Growth is one of the great signs of life; and those means of grace by which we grow tend to make us realise the end of the growth, which is the *knowledge of God* in Christ Jesus.

This, then, is our third point. In many aspects St. Paul and St. Peter are as different, the one from the other, as it is possible to conceive. Their characters, their mode of working, their inclinations, were often at variance; but the end of their public service, the object of their preaching and writing was the same. They worked publicly and privately to aim at one

point, and this was the *knowledge of God*. So is it with Christians, humble followers as they are of those great and good men. So must it be with all. To grow into the knowledge of God on earth is the beginning of that "increasing in the knowledge of God" hereafter. Begun here, it is growing more perfect, and will grow as the ages of Eternity give us the power and hope of realising more and more in Heaven.

This is the grand object of the season of Lent—to be a help to us in the continual growth which shall mark our life before God; and it is the aim of this meditation to suggest that, through these forty days, this one longing should be the pervading influence of their observance—that Lent should not be Lent only for Lent's sake, but that it should be for "Christ's sake," that so keeping in view the Easter commemorative joy, we may through these days learn most of all to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II. BURWELL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.



T is thought that the present church is the third building on the same site; with the exception of the tower it was all built in 1464. The tower is much older, distinct traces of Norman work being visible on the north side and at the north-west angle. The picture shows that it is considerably narrower than the nave; evidently it was the tower of the older church, as is shown by two small windows in the east wall, which originally looked over the roof of the former nave, but now open into the interior of the church. When the present church was built it was nearly as high as the old tower, so the builders added the octagonal top which is above the clock-face and cleverly filled up the awkward gap between the square and the octagon by buttresses, which are built against three of the shorter sides, the fourth short side of the octagon being taken up by the turret at the south-west angle, which contains a good stone spiral staircase, and which gives a width and dignity to the tower that it lacks when seen from the north-east. The small spire at the top is of wood covered with lead; its chief beauty lies in its extreme simplicity, but it makes a good finish to the somewhat too slender tower.

The church consists of tower, nave, north and south aisles, with good porches, and a chancel. All except the tower is good Perpendicular work. Entering the north porch, we observe the ceiling groined in "clunch," the local stone, which is a kind of chalk, an excellent material for interior decoration, as it is pure white, and easy to work, but it soon disintegrates when exposed to the weather. I may mention that the memorial to our late revered Diocesan, Bishop Woodford, in the nave of Ely Cathedral, is mainly made of Burwell clunch. Going on into the church, the visitor is at once struck by its loftiness and elegance. The slender clunch pillars and arches of the nave, the panel work between the arches and the clerestory, the long line of windows, ten on each side, which form the clerestory, the uncommon, almost flamboyant, rose window in the east wall above the chancel arch, and the elaborate carved decorations around it, all surmounted by the oak roof with its richly carved bosses and its curious groups of animals on the cornice, form a thing of beauty which is

* 2 Peter i. 5-7.

a joy for ever to the inhabitants of Burwell. On a label between the chancel arch and the rose window above it is the following inscription in Black Letter:—

Orate pro animabus
Johannis Benet Johanna et Alieiae uxorum
eius parentumque
suorum qui sibi fecerunt
hunc parietem ac
carpentariam hujus
ecclesie A.D. MCCCC
LXXII J.J.

The nave consists of five bays. There are four large three-light side windows in each aisle, and a still larger four-light window at the east and west ends of the north aisle, and the east end of the south aisle, the tracery in the heads of these windows being very uncommon, exactly resembling that in some of the windows in the side chapels of King's College, Cambridge. At the west end of the south aisle are the vestries for choir and clergy, which contain two handsome but mutilated monuments to members of the Cotton and Gerard families. They were erected in the chancel

in the time of James I., but were shunted into their present obscure positions when the chancel was restored by the University, A.D. 1864. I hope one day to be able to remove them into the aisles of the church. The choir screen was restored in 1877 by C. P. Allix, Esq., of Swaffham Prior House, from the design of Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., who also designed the screens separating the vestry and the tower from the nave, as well as the "clunch" reredos. The oak panels behind the choir stalls are a careful restoration of the old work, much of which still remains. The altar is well elevated over a crypt, which is now used for the furnace and the coal cellar, but which was probably the priests' vestry, in ancient times; it is still popularly known by the name of the Monks' Hole, recalling the days when the rectors of the parish were the Abbot and Convent of Ramsey in Huntingdonshire. But the glory of the chancel consists in its seven great windows with six large niches and elaborate canopies between them. In these niches formerly stood life-sized statues, the outlines of which may still be traced by the remains of the original colouring at the back of the niches themselves. On the floor of the chancel is a brass said to be in memory of John Lawrence, the last Abbot of Ramsey. It is not very beautiful work, but has an interest of its own



From a photograph.]

BURWELL PARISH CHURCH.

[Drawn by R. Taylor.

from the fact of its being a "palimpsest," *i.e.*, an older (and much more beautiful) brass was stolen from some one else's tomb, and the back thereof engraved to make the new memorial. The great want of the church is good glass. At present, with its large windows, the light is too glaring, though the green cathedral glass in the chancel windows produces a pleasing and curious effect; the only stained glass in the church is in the rose window, which was inserted by Canon Cockshott, the late vicar (to whose untiring energy the restoration of the church is mainly due), in memory of his daughter.

The church is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and is believed to be on the site of the old Castle chapel; at any rate, it stands on ground which was within the outer rampart of the Castle, of which there are but a few stones left above ground in a close to the west of the church. To the north-east, about two hundred yards off, there was formerly another parish church dedicated to St. Andrew; but the University purchased this second rectory, consolidated the two parishes, and pulled down St. Andrew's church A.D. 1646. The Registers of St. Mary's date from 1560, and are fairly complete. I have not been able to find any of St. Andrew's.

NEVILLE BORTON, M.A., *Vicar.*

THE FLOWER OF TRUSCOTT'S ALLEY.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,
Author of "Strayed East," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROSE MAKES FRIENDS.



it was natural enough that she should cry.

But the prospect alarmed Bly. Much as he loved children, he knew little about their ways, and he had a very strong hatred of ever seeing one of them in tears. So that pathetic little raising of the voice that heralded the coming storm roused him to immediate action.

"Now you listen to me, dear," he said, in his most impressive tones; "if mother comes back, where do you think she would like to see you—sitting down to tea with old Bly, or shivering out on the doorstep? Why," he added, with a ring of conviction in his voice that no child could resist, "I know. She would rather find you by the fire; you make up your little mind about that."

Rose said nothing, but she looked wistfully at the door. Again Bly was equal to the occasion. Even with children there is no remedy for sorrow like work, and he knew it.

"Now, Rose,—that's what you said your name was, didn't you?—you must help me get tea."

The old man had really enjoyed his own frugal meal an hour ago, but with inborn courtesy felt it would be kinder to sit down again with the shy child than to place food before her alone.

Now Mr. Bly's home was so small that the getting of the tea was a business in which both could take a share without being for a moment out of each other's sight. Once upon a time it had been all one room, but Bly had found it more convenient to have a partition halfway across the middle. This partition he had covered with pictorial advertisements and illustrations from old newspapers. To the untrained eye the result was a little curious. For in one place a regiment of soldiers, lance in hand, seemed to be charging savagely down upon a fat boy who was scrambling for a cake of soap. Higher up, one of Shakespeare's heroines seemed to be looking with rapt awe at a highly painted clown using the traditional poker. Rose did not notice all these effects, but she thought it a very pretty wall, nevertheless.

The private part of Bly's establishment lay behind this half partition, and there the two set about getting the tea.

Instructed by the old man, Rose found the cloth, and laid it on a small square table. Meanwhile Bly himself was at the fire coaxing it into a blaze by carefully poking

little bits of coal into the most likely places. Then the kettle was put on to boil, and very soon began to sing a merry tune, to the joy of little Rose, who presently clapped her hands with delight as the steam lifted the lid.

"Ah!" said Bly, "now you look bright; see me make the tea."

So the tea was infused, and then they sat down together at table. Rose had felt her appetite steadily increasing as she grew warmer and scented the pleasant odour of the brewing tea. Now she made great inroads into the bread-and-butter. The slices were very thick and the butter very strong, but Rose was not at all critical.

Bly, if the truth must be told, looked on with some alarm at the serious ravages upon what should have been his provision for the morrow; yet he comforted himself with the thought that if the little one, thus strangely put into his care for a while, were there by the appointment of God, He would scarcely allow her to want.

So Rose ate on, and at intervals Bly poured out cups of the extremely light-coloured tea.

When the meal was over Bly declared it was time to shut the shop—a business which was soon done, for he merely fastened the door and took the modest light out of the window. Then it was time to look at his live stock—few in number at this season—and here Rose could give him some help in being at hand with the pitcher of water.

The question of a bed for Rose gave the old man some anxiety. He solved it by putting her to bed in his own narrow pallet, and curling up himself on the worn hearth-rug before the expiring fire.

But before that he drew out an old Bible and read a few verses. Rose seemed surprised, but when he had finished she looked up.

"Now I must say my prayers," she remarked, with a serious air.

She said them at Bly's knee. They were short, and showed but little care in her teaching. There was, Bly noticed, no mention of father, although God's blessing was asked on mother. But the child was too tired and sleepy for him to put any questions that night.

When Rose opened her eyes the next morning, Bly had been long afoot. The birds were noisy, and the old man was giving them food and water, and arranging some of their cages on nails outside his door. Rose was not long in dressing, or in finding that her new friend had already made everything ready for breakfast.

The meal was over when Rose timidly asked a question.

"Please, Mr. Bly, when is mother coming back for me?"

"Ah, my dear," said the old man, who had been pondering questions of this kind during the night, "how should I know? She never left word at all, and if I was you, I'd just take things quietly and wait till mother calls; that is, if you can get along with an old man like me."

"I like you, Mr. Bly," said the child with grave decision. "but I want mother, too."

"And father?"

"I don't remember anything about father—not anything at all; but mother said there was grandfather, only he was cross—ever so cross—and wouldn't want to see Rosie."

"Maybe mother was wrong," said Bly, standing up by instinct for the old people.

But now breakfast was over, and he had a plan to propose.

"I'm going to see a friend of mine presently, and I want you to come with me."



"NOW I MUST SAY MY PRAYERS."

Rose clapped her hands, but suddenly stopped to ask, "Who will mind the shop?"

"Oh, that will be all right. There is a young man who sometimes does that for me."

The "young man" presently arrived. He was very short, very pale, and had lank smooth hair. His dress was peculiar, for he wore an old morning coat many sizes too large for him. The cuffs were turned up, but nobody had told Ned to take a tuck in the tails, and they accordingly came down far below his knees.

But Bly trusted Ned, and that was a very good testimonial. The "young man" sat down to the remains of the loaf and the tea, to which water had been added for the third time. Then Bly put on a very ancient overcoat, examined Rose with a careful eye to see that the old shawl was well wrapped around her, and set out with her for the Vicarage.

Bly found his "friend" at home, for the Vicar, Mr. Morris, was already interviewing any of his people who wanted advice or help.

Bly and Rose had to wait their turn, and when it came Rose was told to step out into the churchyard whilst the talk went on. The churchyard had been laid out as a pleasure garden, and Rose was strictly enjoined not to go beyond the part within sight of the Vicarage windows. She was little inclined to roam, for the old man was her only friend. Moreover, he had given her a small supply of sweets, which would very well occupy her thoughts for some time.

So whilst the Vicar and Bly discussed Rose's future, the child walked gravely to and fro beneath the Vicarage windows.

But her walk was suddenly quickened to a run, for she heard a cry of pain farther along the path. Hurrying towards the sound, she came to a large grave, where a huge mass of crumbling stone was enclosed by iron railings. There she saw a little boy of three in a situation of some peril.

His ball had gone through the railings, and, in his anxiety, he had thrust his own head through too.

Now his nurse had reasoned that where Master Harold's head could go in it could also come out. She had, therefore, tried to set him free by hauling at his jacket from behind. The one result had been a series of terrific howls from Master Harold, whose chin was being sadly scraped against the rusty iron.

Then Rose came on the scene.

"Poor little boy," she said in soothing tones, "what's the matter with him?"

The nurse explained; not because she thought Rose was old enough to deserve attention, but because it was a pleasure to tell somebody how tiresome Master Harold was.

"Why," said Rose with indignation, "you'll pull his little head off if you do that. Why don't you fetch his mother while I mind him here?"

To this the nurse, who began to be alarmed at the frantic struggles of her charge, was pleased to assent, and Rose found herself alone with the child.

Harold, seeing that his nurse had gone, began to kick with new energy.

"Poor little fellow," said Rose, judiciously administering a sweet from her store, "mother shall come and let him out."

Harold opened his mouth for the sweet, and then sucked it in appreciative silence.

"Here's another," said Rose, holding it just inside the bars. It was below Harold's chin. He brought his head down to get at it, and all in a moment found himself free from the railings.

The result was that when the Vicar's wife hurried down the path, attended by the nurse, to see what was the matter with Harold, she met the young culprit contentedly walking home, holding Rose by the hand, and sucking with much enjoyment one of her sweets.

Rose made two friends that day.

(To be continued.)

GARDEN WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

ABOUT the end of the month, in mild weather, sow lettuce, such as the white and green cos, cabbage, etc.; sow moderately thick. Prepare ground for carrots and parsnips. Trench one full spade deep at least. Sow beet, broadcast, or in drills about an inch deep, and one foot asunder. Ground should now be prepared for sowing leeks and onions. Well-rotted manure dug in will be of much advantage to the plants. Sow peas and broad beans. Beans and peas which are up should have the earth hoed round them to protect from frost. For early crops potatoes may now be planted about the end of the month.

Flower Garden.

Sow towards the end of the month, if mild and dry, larkspur, Flos Adonis, convolvulus, lupins, candytuft, dwarf lychinis, hawkweed, sweet peas, and other hardy annuals. As transplanting retards and injures the after growth of these plants, they should all be sown in the positions where they are intended to remain. The seeds should be covered with earth from half an inch to an inch deep, the larger seeds being deepest. Plant polyanthus, primroses, London pride, violets, gentianelli, lepaticas, also rockets, campanula, sweetwilliams, Canterbury bells, etc. Transplant carnations in borders where they are intended to flower.

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,
*Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The
Englishman's Brief," etc.*

II.

THE CHURCH AND THE MAKING OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

HE Anglo-Saxon people in their heathen state brought with them their own laws when they came to England from their German Father-land

These laws, which were of a very primitive and simple character, were well suited to their tribal life and settlements, and embodied the essential principles of English freedom and independence.

The genius and spirit of the ancient English people expressed in these laws are still characteristics of the English race, and are found in its representatives all over the world. Love of freedom and a spirit of independence, combined with a respect and reverence for law, were distinguishing features in the character of the early English people, even before they were enlightened by the truths of the Christian Faith.

It is outside our object here to dwell upon the Anglo-Saxon laws as they existed amongst our heathen forefathers, before they were converted to Christianity. Readers who wish to study these will find them set forth in substance in Green's "History of the English People," "The Making of England," by the same author, and in various histories of "The Anglo-Saxons," to be found in most public libraries. Here we have to deal only with those laws of the Church and realm of England which owe their origin to the agency and instrumentality of the Church, and which have left their permanent impress upon the Church and Kingdom.

The Laws of Ethelbert.

After the conversion of the English people, most of the laws which were introduced into the country owed their origin to the Church. Ethelbert, King of Kent, shortly after his conversion, submitted laws after the Roman model to the Council of his wise men for their consideration and confirmation. These laws chiefly concerned the protection of the Church, the safe-guarding of her rights and property, and their peaceful and undisturbed possession on the part of the bishops, clergy, and religious communities. This was the first recognition of "Church and Realm" as separate estates in England, and the first Act of the Parliament of an English kingdom, dealing with the Church as a separate and independent body within the State whose bishops and clergy, together with their rights, privileges, and property, were entitled to the protection of the law, and were at the very founding of the Church in England so protected by the Civil Power.

The First Christian Parliament in Northumbria.

The next great Act of an English Parliament, which was passed through the instrumentality of the Church, was that which was enacted by the Council of King Edwin's wise men in his kingdom of Northumbria (627), whereby, at the suggestion and by the persuasion of Bishop Paulinus, and with the consent of the king, they resolved to repudiate their ancient heathenism and accept Christianity.

This was a great and momentous act of national legislation which was freely done by the legislature of Northumbria, at the instance and by the prompting of Bishop Paulinus. It was an Act passed by the Parliament of the heathen Northumbrian kingdom after a full and animated debate, in which a chief Pagan priest and a leading nobleman took the chief part.

Portions of their speeches on the occasion have come down to us; and judging from their merits, both the priest and the thane were able and effective speakers. The result of their words and of the persuasions of Paulinus on the assembly was that, while it met and began its deliberations as a Pagan Council, it ended by declaring itself a Christian legislative body.

The Council of Whitby.

At the Council or Conference of Whitby, held in the year 664, the Church and State were both represented. Oswy, the king, presided, and bishops, priests, and representatives of the monastic orders were present.

Ecclesiastical questions on which much difference of opinion prevailed were considered,—such as the time of observing Easter, and the shape of the priestly tonsure. Decisions were there arrived at, which in themselves might be considered unimportant, uniting the Church in Northumbria and the Church in Kent in the observance of common uses. These decisions not only largely contributed to the unity of the Church throughout the different kingdoms, but even to the unity of the kingdoms themselves. Thus, as in the kingdom of Northumbria in 627, the National Assembly under King Edwin, prompted by Bishop Paulinus, repudiated paganism, and adopted Christianity, so in 664, when questions on which differences of opinion arose in the Northumbrian Church, the King and others representing the State, in conference with the bishops and others representing the Church, came to certain decisions upon vexed ecclesiastical questions which afterwards became and continued to be the law of the Church and realm throughout the various English kingdoms.

The Laws of Ine, King of the West Saxons.

Ine, King of Wessex, convened a Council of the wise men of his kingdom, which was attended by the Bishops of Winchester and London as representatives of the Church, as well as by many representatives of the monasteries. At this Council he caused to be enacted certain "Dooms," or laws for the regulation of the affairs of the Church and kingdom. But all

and everything that he did, or that the Council did, in the shape of legislation was done at the suggestion of the bishops and other representatives of the Church, so that what are called Ine's laws really originated with, and were formulated by, the Church.

In those days the Nation or the State was as deeply religious as the Church was national. There was then no suspicion or distrust between them. What the Church suggested the King and his Council of wise men accepted. The will of the Church had only to be expressed to the King and his Council in order for it to become in all matters the law of the Church and realm.

The Laws of Wihtred, King of Kent.

In the year 696, Wihtred, King of Kent, held a Council of the wise men of his kingdom at Bearsted, near Maidstone. Bertwald, "high bishop of Britain," as he is called,—that is, the Archbishop of Canterbury—and the Bishop of Rochester were present, and at this Council "every degree of the province," we read, "spoke in accord with an obedient people."

Among the laws passed affecting the kingdom were several of the most minute and severe character, safeguarding the property of the Church, and guaranteeing inviolate and intact her prerogatives and privileges, especially against intrusion, infringement, or interference on the part of laymen, who in those days were not entitled to meddle with ecclesiastical affairs.

Another Council of the wise men or Parliament of the kingdom of Kent was held by Wihtred near Sittingbourne, about the year 727, when laws were passed in favour of the Church, which were afterwards described as "The Privilege of Wihtred," though indeed all the laws comprehended in that "privilege" were, in the main, but laws recognising and confirming those rights and liberties of the Church of which she was already possessed, and which she had enjoyed under the reigns of previous kings.

The Laws of subsequent Kings previous to the Norman Conquest.

The laws of Kings Alfred, Athelstan, Cnut, and of Edward the Confessor, which constitute the very essence and basis of English Constitutional Law, the main provisions of which were afterwards embodied in Magna Charta, were all suggested and formulated by the Church. Neither King nor Witan, nor both together, were qualified or competent to legislate without the aid of the Church.

Magna Charta procured and safeguarded by the Church.

Magna Charta itself, which contained no new English law, but was simply a re-statement of the ancient laws of the kingdom, which tyrannical kings had tried to ignore and to over-ride, was chiefly the work of the Church.

It was the Church that not only obtained for the people of England a re-statement of their rights and liberties in this famous document called Magna Charta,

but it was the Church that jealously watched over and guarded this precious record of the liberties of England, and that to this end had it read in the congregations of her churches at stated times every year to put and keep the people in remembrance of their precious heritage of freedom.

The Church not only helped to make the Laws, but also to administer them.

Not only did the Church help to make the laws of England, but when they were made she took the chief part in their interpretation and administration up till the time of the Norman Conquest.

Until that time, throughout all the previous history of early Christian England, the bishops sat side by side with the King or the King's representative in the Great Court of each kingdom, and when all the kingdoms became one, then in the Great Court of the one kingdom of England, for the interpretation and administration of the law, both civil and ecclesiastical. It was only after the Norman Conquest that the laws of the Church were administered in a Court separate from the Court in which the civil laws of the kingdom were administered.

After the Conquest the Church had not so much to do with making and administering the laws of England as in Anglo-Saxon times. But she had effectually done her legislative work for the English people before the coming of the Normans, and had embodied in the laws of England the great principles of personal and constitutional liberty—principles which no kings have been able permanently to ignore or to set aside, and which have come down unimpaired to us in the present day as the great historical heritage of Englishmen, for the possession of which they are, in the main, indebted to the Church.

TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.



I VENTURE to ask the attention of young men and maidens on a subject closely associated with the lives of many of them, viz., Courtship. "Well, really!" I fancy I hear some one exclaim; "who is this officious person who presumes to interfere in a matter that cannot concern him? Courtship is so essentially a personal thing that no outsider ought to intrude upon it with his theories."

I readily confess that it does seem somewhat impertinent to attempt a paper on such a topic; but having weathered the storm myself, and being now safe home in port, I venture nevertheless to offer a chart to those in need of it. Its directions are brief, simple, and practical; and, if followed, will, I doubt not, assist

them in reaching that haven where, if I may be pardoned for saying so, most young men and young women would be—the haven of matrimony.

The first direction I find in my chart is, that marriage *must* be based on love. Of course every one *knows* that, but many *act* as though they were ignorant of it. Did we not have, some time ago, columns of letters in the *Daily Telegraph* declaring that marriage was a “failure”? But when those effusions were analysed it was easy to see the cause of the disaster. Marriages had been contracted from other motives than love. Young people—I am a long way off the sere and yellow leaf myself—cannot learn this lesson too soon. Many go “courting” with the conviction that love will come to them by-and-by; that after marriage, at any rate, it will be all right, and that they will settle down as others have done before them. This is a snare and a delusion. You who are “engaged” make quite sure that you love each other *now*. It is not difficult to apply an effectual test. “To love is to go out of self.” Is your courtship making you less selfish towards each other? It ought to do so. If it is not, beware that you are not deceiving yourself and your partner by harbouring love’s counterfeit,—a mere sentiment that will vanish as soon as the first trial or difficulty crosses your path. Unless you are loving each other with a self-sacrificing love you will find matrimony—that is, if you ever get so far—anything but a haven of rest.

Another direction I find in my chart is this: Let your “courting days” be a real preparation-time for the duties that lie ahead of you. Is it not painful to see the frivolity and gaiety that so many engaged people indulge in? “Life is real, life is earnest,” the poet sings, and we have, or ought to have, no time to waste. Every moment should find us trying to discipline our characters and to develop those Christian gifts and graces without which our lives must lack true beauty. If we act in this way then there will be an end to that unreality—I know no better word to express my meaning—that engaged couples sometimes affect. Be open with each other, and show yourselves in your true colours. Who amongst us has not known persons—men and women alike—who to their lovers’ face are all beams and smiles, but behind their back show themselves to be irritable, self-willed, and bad tempered. The mask, of course, comes off after marriage, and then—!

Once again. My chart tells me to beware of allowing courtship to interfere with duty. Some young men, I know, are ready to deafen their ears to every call—even to the calls of God—so long as they can prove what they miscall their devotion to their future wife. On the other hand some young women are so exacting that they compel their lover to show attention to them whatever other duty he may neglect. Here again are dangerous waters. The calls of business or of home ties, for instance, may sometimes clash with lovers’ engagements. To neglect them is wrong, and cannot be productive of any lasting good.

The fourth direction in my chart is very important. Wherever possible, worship together regularly every Sunday. It is, I know, so easy to find excuses for the neglect of this rule. Work has been so pressing during the week, and a walk on a fine Sunday morning is so pleasant. But nothing will atone for the want of regular habits of devotion, and it is so helpful to worship side by side. This is not always practicable; but in case of absence each can remember the other at the Throne of Grace, and thus there will be union in spirit.

Finally, I find my chart recommends engaged couples to be *one in the Lord*. This shall be my last word. Let both parties subordinate their love for each other to their love for Christ. They will not be the losers, but the gainers; their love will be the purer, and their lives the happier.

H. C. HOGAN.



QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

“Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.”
1 COR. xiii. 12.

TRUE Light, that lightest all in Heaven and earth,
Light us, Thou Light Divine,
Children,—Thou mad’st us, by a second birth,
Children, O Lord, of Thine;
Heirs of a life undying,
The hidden life above;
Strong, on Thy strength relying,
Safe in a Father’s love.

The earth, that here so oft is dimmed by tears,
Shall be, like man, new-born,
The Heavens, unrolled through unimagined yea:is,
Be bright with endless morn;
No room is there for sorrow,
Toil, trouble, want, or care,
None anxious for the morrow;—
There is no morrow there.

Light there,—eternal Light, and Life shall reign
O’er all without, within,
No stricken soul e’er bow beneath the pain
Of unforgotten sin;
The day shall have no ending,
No night its shadows cast,
All present gladness blending
With gladness in the past.

We darkly now, as in a mirror, see
These wondrous worlds on high;
Teach us, dear Lord, to live our life in Thee,
The life that cannot die;
Till ever higher soaring,
By Thy redeeming grace,
Before Thy Throne adoring,
We see Thee face to face.

HORNPLOTTON RECTORY.

GODFREY THRING.



FOR YOUNG POULTRY-KEEPERS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FOWLS."

LET us now consider the matter of poultry-keeping simply in the light of supplying food for the home. Instead of allocating ninety-nine parts of the garden for the growth of vegetables and one part for the production of eggs and poultry, divide the garden equally in two parts—one half to be planted with vegetables, and one half devoted to the rearing of poultry; which would require the least labour? Which would produce the better food? Which would make the better return?

Let us take up these points in their order.

I. *Which would require the least labour?* The answer is so apparent, that one scarcely needs discuss the matter. The greater part of a cottager's garden work is what I might term *heavy* labour, being principally with spade and hoe, whilst the work of the poultry yard is essentially *light*. Besides the feeding, which the man or his wife should always do,—for overfeeding poultry is the cause of numerous ills, and children invariably overfeed,—all the other duties the young folks can easily accomplish, and will take a pleasure in doing them. They will make the fowls their pets. Surely, then, this is no small advantage to a man who works twelve long hours in the field; for even if he prefers to do the work himself, it is not only *light* work, but a *change* of work, which always affords an agreeable relief.

Now let us take the second point.

II. *Which would produce the better food?* By better food I mean not only the more appetising, but the more nourishing. I fancy if I were to invite my critical friends to dinner, and in one room I placed my garden produce, cooked in every conceivable way, and in the other some specimens of my poultry yard, roast and boiled fowl, etc., and eggs cooked in the one hundred different ways in which they can be prepared, methinks one room would be inconveniently crowded, and the highways and hedges must be sent to to furnish the other with guests. Some, no

doubt, would prefer a judicious blending of the two, as a man said to me, at the last tea-meeting I attended, when I handed him the plate of cake in one hand and the bread-and-butter in the other, "Only give me time, sir, and I'll take both." This is just what we can have by the half-and-half system I am advocating.

To decide which is the more nourishing food we will call in the aid of the analyst, and see what he has to say.

Potatoes	contain	1·8	Flesh formers.
Eggs	"	14·0	" "
Poultry	"	21·0	" "

So that it will be seen from the above that the food derivable from the poultry yard is of a vastly superior kind, better suited to supply the waste occasioned by the wear and tear of daily toil.

Now my last point is—

III. *Which would make the better return?* I do not purpose deluging this article with figures, because those for whom these remarks are intended have little faith in them. They simply dismiss all calculations, however carefully prepared, with the remark, "Oh yes, it looks all very well on paper." I will only say, then, plenty of hens and pullets can be found to lay one hundred and thirty eggs per annum; some will not only attain to, but even exceed, two hundred during this period. These last, of course, stand at the head of their profession. And what excellent food this egg food is! Every doctor in the kingdom knows its value.

A hen costs about 1*d.* or 1*½d.* a week to keep, according as the house scraps are plentiful or scarce. If she does her duty, then, towards the egg basket, as stated above, she is indeed a faithful and profitable servant. If she fails in this duty, don't give her a month's notice, but dismiss her at once.

Then, again, the flesh of poultry can be produced at 4*d.* per lb.; why should not a chicken or duckling grace the table of a working man oftener than it does? What food can be better, or what cheaper?

The dwellers in the suburbs of our large towns are far in advance of their country cousins in the management of poultry, although they labour under so many disadvantages. A small back yard, barely large enough to swing a cat, into which the sun scarcely ever shines, is tenanted by half-a-dozen laying hens. Green food is difficult to obtain, and numerous other drawbacks need to be overcome. Yet by intelligent and judicious treatment they are made to show a good return. In spite of such difficulties, if the suburban poultry-keeper can succeed, what ought not country folk to accomplish with their large gardens?

Let a man try the half-and-half system, and I'll guarantee he won't be disappointed at the result of the half devoted to poultry-keeping, providing he goes about it in the right way. Let him change over year by year—the half that grows vegetables next year grow poultry and eggs the year after. This change will not only prove beneficial to the fowls, but greatly improve the crop of vegetables.

PRIZES ESSAYS AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT.

THE Liberation Society recently offered to young people four prizes for Essays in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church. We have therefore determined to give Four Prizes of £10, £5, £3, and £2, for Brief Essays by young persons of either sex, on certain phases of the Disestablishment Question. Particulars may be obtained on application BY LETTER ONLY to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, *Church Monthly Office*, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

"WHAT BOB BOLTER THOUGHT."

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

*Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.**(See Illustration, page 26.)*

YES, sir, I'm only a rough sort of a chap, and know more about horses than men; and taking 'em one with another, I'm not so sure whether horses bean't more knowledgeable than men as things go." And Bob Bolter looked at me so earnestly, and there was so much sincerity in his tone, that I was bound to take his view seriously. He was the waggoner at "Corben's Farm," and had a reputation far and wide in East Kent as the teetotal waggoner,—not a teetotal waggoner, please note, but *the* (yes, we will print it in capitals), THE TEETOTAL WAGGONER.

I asked Bob what made him an abstainer? He closed one eye, looked very grave, and promptly replied, "Why, those two horses!"

"Wonderful horses, Bob, they must be," said I. "But how have they done it?"

"How, sir? Well, I'll tell you. They've done it because horses are more knowledgeable than men,—that's how!"

It would take too much space to recount how Bob explained to me the "knowledgeability" of horses. Their strength, their patience, their firmness, their good temper, their affection. Those two horses which he tended so carefully deserve almost to be spoken of as his guides, his counsellors, his friends.

"You see, sir, they know me better than I know myself; and it was those two beauties made me leave off the drink."

Then, not to make a long tale of it, he told me how, as a younger man, he had been rather fond of stopping at the "Blacksmith's Arms," which he had to pass on his way from Corben's Farm to Canterbury, and that upon one occasion, when he had taken the usual "drop too much," he got into trouble, and was locked up at Canterbury for being drunk and disorderly, and incapable of taking charge of his horses. The policeman "almost swore his life away," and said Bob was "as drunk as a beast."

"I paid the five shillings and costs, and Farmer Corben took me back to work again, and weren't 'Rover' and 'Forester'—that's what we call the two beauties, sir—glad to see me back again? Oh no! just you take my word for that! Then, sir, it was put in the papers, and what that policeman said was printed against me—'Drunk as a beast!'

"Next week, when I went along, the landlord of the 'Blacksmith' asked me in, but I didn't go; and when I was making the home journey he was waiting for me with some of the old staggers—his regular customers,—and they made a dead set to get me in. But I didn't budge, and so they hollared after me 'Drunk as a beast.' Well, sir, it was very riling like, but I did some thinking about it, and it came to me all of a sudden, 'beasts don't get drunk,' and that was a kind of solid comfort to me. And they don't get drunk, sir. Look at them two beauties, sir, the best horses all round these parts; they're teetotal, and so am I. And I bless the day when I turned over a new leaf, and it's the horses that made me do it! Yes, and I try to be kind to them, because you see they've been so very proper sort of kind to me!"

Bob Bolter's testimony may not count for much with some people, but is it not a lamentable fact that our dumb animals suffer very much indeed from the intemperate habits of drinking people? Many of the cases of cruelty to animals mentioned in our police-courts are the direct results of intemperance. Horses, ponies, donkeys, goats, how much they endure and suffer on Bank Holidays from people excited by drink! At the end of a long day's pleasureing the overladen vans must be taken home somehow, and the poor beasts are lashed and kicked and tortured in order to get them over the ground quickly. Nor is it only that the poor beasts suffer from the intemperance of their drivers. How often do we read of what are called "accidents," which would not have happened at all but for the drink. Children run over, old people knocked down, drivers tumbling off their seats and falling under the wheels! The newspapers chronicle these and similar horrors every week. Truly the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to have the heartiest co-operation of every friend of Temperance.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N; Author of "The Great Problem," etc.

- W**HERE in the Bible do we read of the journeys mentioned below—
13. A journey of three men to a place where one of their number was both found and lost?
 14. A journey of two men from a city which they had never seen till the moment before, in company with one who never saw it again before death?
 15. A memorable journey which was followed by many longer journeys of a wholly different kind?
 16. A journey of three men from one city of Palestine to another, to see one of whom the man who sent them had heard the day before in a very marvellous way?
 17. A journey in which a certain leader obtained first-class success but only second-class fame?
 18. A journey in which a certain king spared another king and ruined himself?
 19. A night journey of at least 471 men from one city of Palestine to another?
 20. A journey of at least 71 men from the city last referred to to a third?
 21. A journey of ten men from the city these three men came to to the city they had left?
 22. A journey of two men, first on land, then through water, then on land again, and finally, as to one of them, away from this world?
 23. A subsequent journey of 50 men which ended in disappointment?
 24. Three journeys of 51 men each, two of which ended in fire?

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

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Woolwich; Author of "Jottings from Jail," etc.

1. Find twelve buried nouns in the following:—
Dame Trot, a bard of nursery fame, tells each urchin that the lions who beat unicorns are rewarded; but that the knave who thinks he might be authorised to steal tarts which were becoming stale is (*on dit*) chastised.

2. Seen in a church, but never in a pew:
Cockneys abuse me, yet they use me too.

3. The natural end of every living dog.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- All work, no play, is bad they say;
All play, no work, is absurd;
But you will find them, both combined
In this my double word.
1. His name I really do not know; do you? But he was father to my No. 2.
 2. My No. 2's a fair princess's name, A famous mountain's aloe is the same.
 3. Of this a bumper I would fill to thee, But 'tis a drink we moderns never see.
 4. With this you search this corner
The first of every month.
 5. Far backward we go to find her name; Backward or forward 'tis the same.
 6. When Stanley on his travels went
To visit unseen lands was his intent;
But when their wonders he had seen, don't you
Pronounce my last the best thing he could do?

FOOLISH JOE.

“There’s ice! There’s ice upon the pool,
And I shall stop away from school,
And have a jolly slide!”
Joe clambered o’er the broken rail—
“I’m like a schooner in full sail!
Oh! ain’t it fun to glide!”

III.
Poor Joe is hurried home to bed,
With pills and castor-oil is fed,
And scolded for his folly!
When next there’s ice upon the pool,
He’ll do his sliding ~~BEFORE~~ school,
And then it will be jolly!

II.
Crack! Crack!! Crick! Crick!!
the ice gives way!
What’s that we now hear poor Joe say?
“Help! Help!!” He’s out of sight!
Quick to his aid Tom Burke runs fast,
Hurrah! he’s got Joe’s collar fast.
And drags him up all right!



“FOOLISH JOE.”

¶ for a closer walk with God.

Words by Wm. Cowper.

(EUCHARIS, C.M.)

PROFESSOR H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH, M.A.
(Rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, E.C.)

Slow. *cres.*

1. O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and Heav'n - ly frame;
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?

f *pp* *rall. e dim.*

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
 4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

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

A. B.—If you send full particulars of your case to Mr. Montague Williams, Q.C., Worship Street Police Court, E.C., we are sure he will help you.

R. DIXON.—The Royal Holloway College was founded in 1883. It is situated at Mount Lee, Egham, Surrey, and its object is to supply the best and most suitable education for women of the middle class. The Secretary is Mr. J. Clifford Smith.

A VISITOR.—You ought to bring the case under the notice of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Send a line to the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

H. H. M.—You will find just such a book as you want in "All Through the Day," by the Rev. George Everard, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Dover. It is published by James Nisbet & Co., and has short devotional readings for a month. This practical little book will no doubt prove most helpful and useful.

R. R. SPENCER—It is said that the Panama Canal will be the greatest engineering feat of the kind the world has ever

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.
 6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

seen. It is designed to connect the Atlantic Ocean from Aspinwall (or Colon) with the Pacific.

ORGANIST.—The Royal Academy of Music was established in 1822, and was incorporated in 1830. The present Principal is Dr. Mackenzie, composer of "The Rose of Sharon" and other well-known works.

L. P. PETERS.—The Severn tunnel is 7,664 yards long. Sir John Hawkshaw was the engineer-in-chief.

John Hawkshaw was the engineer-in-chief.
J. J. ELLIS.—Dr. W. G. Grace, the renowned cricketer, was born at Downend, Bristol, in 1848. He is a total abstainer, and upon more than one occasion has given sterling help to the cause.

R. YOUNG.—Your letter should have been sent to the editor of the publication to which you refer. We have no room for correspondence.

ELLEN EDWARDS.—There are several papers which you would find useful. The *Temperance Chronicle*, the *Temperance Record*, the *Alliance News*, the *Band of Hope Chronicle*, the *British Workman*. These are all published at 1d. each.

THE REV. F. A. POWYS, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, referring to the statement recently made that Bishop Tucker is the only unbenediced clergyman promoted to the Episcopate in modern times, reminds us that the late Bishop Venables, of Nassau, was curate of St. Paul's, Oxford, when appointed to the bishopric, and certainly unbenediced; and also the late Bishop George Selwyn, of New Zealand and Lichfield, who was curate at Windsor at the time he was promoted.

WOODHOUSE

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

Kalender for February.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

FEB.	
1 S	Sexagesima Sunday. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
2 M	Purification of Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.
8 S	Quinquagesima Sunday. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon 11 a.m. Children's Service, 2 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
11 W	LENT. Ash Wednesday. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Communion Service, 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermon, and Litany of Penitence, 7.30 p.m.
15 S	First Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermon, and 51st Psalm, 3 p.m.
18 W	Ember Day. Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
22 S	Second Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermon, and 51st Psalm, 3 p.m.
24 TU	S. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.

During the season of Lent there will be Evensong, Sermon, and the Litany of Penitence on Wednesday Evenings at 7.30 p.m. The other Week-day Services will be as announced on the Notice Board.

On the Tuesdays, the latter part of the Communion will be said after Evensong at 5.30 p.m., and on the Fridays there will be short Readings also after Evensong at 5.30 p.m.

On Monday, Feb. 2nd, a Lecture will be given by Rev. T. C. V. Bastow, on the Central African Mission, in the Parish Room, Woodhouse Eaves. The Lecture will be illustrated by means of the Magic Lantern. *Doors open at 7 p.m., commence at 7.30.*

BAND OF HOPE.—Monday, Feb. 16th, at 6 p.m.

CHURCH HISTORY LECTURES.—The Fifth Lecture on English Church History will be given by Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, in the Village Hall, on Tuesday, Feb. 24th, at 7.30 p.m. The Lecture will be Illustrated by means of Magic Lantern.

CONFIRMATION.—A Confirmation will be held by the Bishop of Leicester, in the Parish Church, of Barrow-on-Soar, on Tuesday, April 2nd, at 11 a.m. I would ask all who wish to be confirmed to send in their names to me at the earliest possible date, in order that classes may be formed without delay. I trust that the Blessing of God will rest upon this Confirmation, and upon the work of preparing for it, and I earnestly beseech all Christian people in this Parish to remember this Holy Ordinance in their Communions and Prayers, and to pray that God will bless those who, in accordance with Apostolic custom, will come to renew their Baptismal Promise, and to receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

A. J. W. HILEY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOTHING CLUB, 1890.

Receipts.	£ s. d.	Expenditure.	£ s. d.
Paid in by 49 Depositors	28 3 10½	Tradesmen's Bills	32 8 11½
Bonus ½d. on each payment	4 5 1½		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£32 8 11½		£32 8 11½
The Bonus was raised thus:—		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Herrick	...	2 0 0	
Rev. A. J. W. Hiley	...	0 10 0	
From 8 a.m. Offertory	...	1 15 1½	
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£4 5 1½		

SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES, JAN. 1891.

Prizes were given to all Scholars who obtained three-fifths of the maximum number of marks, 260. This year 61 were thus rewarded. The Prizes were given on Jan. 18th, in the Hall, after Morning Service. The following is a statement of monies received and expended in connection with the Prizes:—

Receipts.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance from 1890	...	0 0 1
Collections on Jan. 11th, 1891,	...	
8 a.m. 	1 1 0
11 a.m. 	2 2 9½
3 p.m. 	1 0 11½
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4 4 9	
		£4 4 10

Expenditure.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
18 Books	...	1 10 0
Discount	...	0 7 6 — 1 2 6
Compasses	...	0 4 0
Bible	...	0 2 3
16 Books	...	1 0 5
Discount	...	0 5 0 — 0 15 5
Labels	...	0 2 6
3 Extra Books	...	0 0 11
Mr. Hamshire, 6 Books	...	0 9 0
Discount	...	0 2 3 — 0 6 9
Mr. E. Wainwright, 7 Books	...	0 11 0
Discount	...	0 2 9 — 0 8 3
Miss Flewitt	...	0 8 0
Balance for Sunday School	...	0 14 3
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£4 4 10	

BELL RINGERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS, Christmas, 1890.

Received.	£ s. d.	Paid.	£ s. d.
Mrs. Perry Herrick	3 0 0	H. Jaques	1 6 8
Rev. A. Hiley	1 1 0	J. Peck	1 6 8
C. T. Parker, Esq.	1 0 0	B. Wainwright	1 6 8
Smaller sums	2 19 0	T. Waterfield	1 6 8
		E. Allen	1 6 8
		J. Allen	1 6 8
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£8 0 0		£8 0 0

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM CLIPSON, AGED 71 YEARS.

On Wednesday, Jan. 14th, one was laid to rest who had faithfully fulfilled the duties of Clerk and Sexton for nearly 48 years. Most regularly and conscientiously he carried on his work in connection with our ancient Church. The last Sunday he attended the services was the Second Sunday in Advent. We shall all, especially those who had lived in this place for long, miss his familiar figure. The funeral was choral, the 90th Psalm, and the Hymn "Jesu, lover of my soul," being sung in the Church, and "Let the Saints on earth in concert sing," at the grave; the first of these being one of his favourite Hymns.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

Sarah Wainwright, died Jan. 10th, aged 83 years.
Buried at S. Paul's, Woodhouse Eaves, Jan. 15th.

H. WILLS,
Picture Framer,
CARVER & GILDER,
No. 5, MARKET PLACE,
Loughborough,
adjoining his own Bookselling and
Stationery shop.

B. BALDWIN,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
JEWELLER,
SILVERSMITH & OPTICIAN,
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Repairs promptly and cheaply done.
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Rolls, &c., fresh daily.
Licensed for the district for Oliver's Patent
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