



April, 1891.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



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Calendar for April.

APR.	
5	S Low Sunday. Holy Communion, Mattins, 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
12	S Second Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
19	S Third Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
26	S Fourth Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.

For Daily Prayer See the Notice Board each week.

Children's Offertory on March 1st was 4s. 10½d.

[No one has yet claimed the brass-bound Church Service that was found in the street].

PRIZES GIVEN IN THE NATIONAL SCHOOL.

	£	s.	d.
E. H. Warner, Esq. ...	0	16	0
W. E. B. Farnham, Esq. ...	0	11	6
J. D. Cradock, Esq. ...	0	10	0
J. A. Le M. Hayward, Esq. ...	0	10	0
H. E. Hole, Esq. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Woodward ...	0	10	0
Mr. Cuffling ...	0	5	0
Mr. Cook ...	0	5	0
Rev. R. C. Faithfull ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Martin ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Moss ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thornton ...	0	5	0
Mr. Richardson ...	0	2	6
Mr. Tacey ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thompson ...	0	2	6
Mr. Woolerton ...	0	2	6
	£5	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Books ...	4	17	6
Boots ...	0	10	0
	£5	7	6

At the Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the School the four Managers elected were: Messrs. Cradock, Bolesworth, Cuffling, and Thompson. Mr. Cuffling was elected Secretary, and the Rev. R. C. Faithfull, Treasurer, for the ensuing year.

The Lord Bishop Suffragan of Leicester will hold a Confirmation in the Parish Church of Barrow-on-Soar, on Thursday Evening, April 9th, at 7.30 p.m. The Quorn candidates are requested to be at the church in the special places allotted to them at 7.15 p.m.

Hymns.

	MATINS.	EVENSONG.
5th	232 125	135 140 302
12th	165 136 304	166 207 30
19th	235 242 167	234 228 30
26th	410 236 428	230 296 22

Baptisms.

March 1.	—Madeleine Ottey.
"	Leonard Kay.
"	George Collins Fletcher.
"	Henry Gamble.
"	Millicent Hannah Martin.
"	Robert Harold Axten.
" 15.	—Rosanna Stocks.
"	Annie Rose Hallam.
"	Margaret Taylor.
"	Winifred Wright (conditionally).
"	Mary Ann Statham (conditionally).
"	Charlotte Burrows Butcher (conditionally).

Marriages.

Feb. 28.	—George William Disney Adeock and Emma Carr.
Mar. 8.	—Herbert Edward Marlow and Caroline Lovet.

Burials.

Jan. 25.	—Mary Ball, aged 73 years.
Feb. 18.	—Mary Bennocks, aged 70 years.
Mar. 3.	—Eliza Adeock, aged 69 years.
" 7.	—Ernest Ball, aged 19 months

ENTERTAINMENT

OUR VILLAGE HALL.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

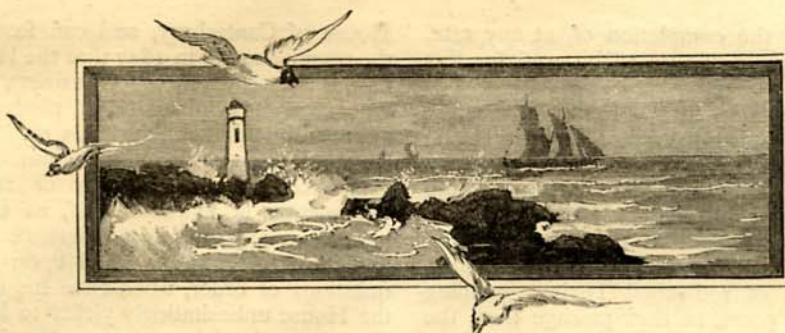
PROCEEDS to defray the Debt on the Children's Font Wall Painting in the Church.



Drawn by CHARLOTTE S. WEEKS.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR.

"AS EASY AS A. B. C." (see page 91).



WHAT IS CONVOCATION?

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD, D.D.,
Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury.

IT is not my intention in the following paper to refer at any length to the ancient history of Convocation. For such a purpose a volume would be required. But if such a question as the above were put to me with a request for information about Convocation as at present existing, I should reply shortly, Convocation is the Clerical Parliament. It is no brand-new institution invented by the fertile brains of the nineteenth century. There are records of the Canterbury Synod in 1125, which show that it was attended by Archdeacons, Abbots, and Priors. In its present form it dates its lineage back to the thirteenth century at the latest. But in consequence of dissensions between the Houses on questions of privilege and procedure, and other causes, Convocation was prorogued in 1717; and although after its dissolution in 1772 it never met again for business until 1852, yet during the whole interval of quiet sleep for one hundred and thirty years a new Convocation was summoned with every new Parliament, and the accustomed ceremonies at St. Paul's, including the election of a Prolocutor, regularly took place.

It is impossible in the present paper to detail the various circumstances which led to the revival of Convocation in the year 1852. Suffice it to say that for some years there had been a growing feeling in the country that it almost amounted to a scandal that the Church of England should not be allowed to meet in Synod for the purpose of discussing ecclesiastical questions of the day, and for the promotion of schemes for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

The outcome of this was that in 1847 the Upper and Lower Houses of Canterbury agreed to an address to the Queen, in which the following significant words are found:—

"If on any occasion it should be your Majesty's pleasure to restore the action of Convocation, as we earnestly pray it may be, it will be our humble endeavour to conduct our deliberations with moderation and prudence, with a becoming zeal for the truth of our holy religion tempered by a constant regard to peace and charity."

It was not, however, until 1852 that the wish thus expressed was fulfilled. Tentative measures were at first taken. Petitions were received, and in November 1852 the Canterbury Convocation sat for a "group of Sessions," and Committees were appointed. Ever since that time they have met regularly two or three times a year.

The proceedings connected with their Sessions are as follows. When the Royal writs are issued for summoning the Parliaments of the Realm, documents to the same effect are issued to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York commanding them, "by reason of certain difficult and urgent affairs concerning Us, the security and defence of Our kingdom, and our subjects of the same," to call together with convenient speed the Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Chapters, Colleges, and Clergy "to treat of, agree to and conclude upon the premisses and other things which to them shall then at the same place be more clearly explained on our behalf." The Archbishops, acting upon this writ, duly summon the Bishops, and through the Bishops the Clergy, by their representatives, to appear in Convocation. It is impossible to give particulars as to the manner of election of members. Suffice it to say (I confine myself to the Convocation of Canterbury) that all the Bishops holding Sees in the Province are summoned to the Upper House; and all the Deans and Archdeacons of the Province, together with certain Proctors elected by the Cathedral Chapter to represent them, and others elected by the Clergy of the Archdeaconries as their representatives, meet in due course in London. At the opening Session of the year there is a celebration of the Holy Communion in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, after which the Upper House adjourns for business to certain premises in Dean's Yard belonging to Queen Anne's Bounty; while the members of the Lower House, through the kindness of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, meet in Westminster College Hall.

It is much to be hoped that, in the course of a year or two, the inconvenience of there being no House of Convocation available for their meetings

will be removed by the completion of, at any rate, a portion of the Church House to be used for this purpose.

The Archbishop presides in the Upper House, and the Prolocutor, elected, like the Speaker of the House of Commons, by the votes of the House, acts as Chairman in the Lower House, and is the medium of communication with the Upper House. During the Sessions of Convocation it is not an uncommon thing for a stray visitor to Dean's Yard, Westminster, to see a procession of red-robed Divines wending their way across the court, in their passage from the Lower to the Upper House, for conference and directions as to business.

The Houses meet either two or three times in the course of the year, according as the business requires. But much is done outside the walls of Convocation. Committees are appointed on the various subjects which it is thought desirable to bring before Convocation. By these Committees careful reports are drawn up and circulated amongst the members of Convocation, and in due time certain resolutions founded upon the report are brought before the House, and dealt with according to their merits. Every member has a right to bring forward in the House a *gravamen* on any subject of interest, which can either be taken to the Upper House as the opinion of that individual member, or, if allowed to be discussed and passed after a division in the House, becomes in Convocational language *articulus cleri*, and is taken to the Upper House by the Prolocutor as the representation of the whole House.

In this way much light is thrown upon the particular topics which are of special interest to the Church at particular times; and public opinion is increasingly formed and guided by the debates of the several Houses. Occasionally Royal Letters of Business are issued when the Sovereign desires that any special subject should be considered and reported on by Convocation. This was done both in 1872 and in 1874 with reference to the Revision of Rubrics. Occasionally a Royal Assent and Licence to enact, promulge, and execute a canon is issued. This is absolutely necessary for this purpose, for the statute 25 Henry VIII., c. 19, forbids the Clergy to execute any new canon without the King's Licence "upon pain of every one of the said clergy doing contrary to this Act, and being thereof convict to suffer imprisonment and make fine at the King's will." This course was adopted in 1861 and in 1865, when the enactment of a new canon was contemplated, and still more recently with reference to the alteration of the hours during which marriage might be solemnised in Church.

And now the question may fairly be asked, What has Convocation done during the period of its revival?

For exactly a quarter of a century, through the generous confidence reposed in him by the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Winchester, the writer of this paper has enjoyed the privilege of a seat in the Lower

House of Canterbury, and can fearlessly assert that the promise made in 1847 that the House of Convocation, if allowed to meet for business, would endeavour to act with prudence and moderation, has been abundantly fulfilled. Debates on burning questions are carried on with ability, animation, and earnestness, but without acrimony or mutual suspicion. Obstruction is unknown. If, as occasionally must happen in any assembly, difference of opinion arise, and the Prolocutor is called upon to decide knotty questions of order, when once his decision is given, the House unhesitatingly yields to his expressed will. For vigour in debate, for courtesy in the manner of dealing with opponents, for an honest desire to arrive at the truth in disputed questions, Convocation would hold its own in comparison with any assembly in the world. Of course the interest of the proceedings varies with the subject-matter of the debate. You cannot always be letting off fireworks, nor can life be sustained without solid food. But when the occasion arises for a "dress debate"—such, for example (to take a recent instance), as the opening debate in the Lower House on Brotherhoods—you may hear speeches as eloquent and as full of fire as are ever heard in St. Stephen's.

And this, at present, at any rate, is the real power of Convocation. Nothing is done in this country without much preliminary discussion; and it is desirable that attention should be aroused, and public opinion formed, before action is taken, or it may be too hurried, and ultimately have to be reversed.

The space allotted to me forbids my adding more. I hope I have said enough to prove that Convocation is not a cumberer of the ground. I should like to have shown that in the promotion of all questions connected with the Church, which in recent years have culminated in action, Convocation has taken an active part. I may just mention the promotion of the cause of Temperance (a report on the subject in the year 1869, published by a Committee of the Lower House, of which Archdeacon Sandford was chairman, greatly helping to form public opinion on the subject), the whole question of the education of the children of this country in National Elementary Schools, in accordance with the principles of the Church, the New Lectionary, the revised translation of the Holy Scriptures, the Shortened Services Act, the Board of Missions, the establishment of the House of Laymen, the organisation of Diocesan Conferences, the increase of the Episcopate, the revival of Bishops Suffragan, the Incumbents' Resignation and Pluralities Act Amendment Acts. To read the Chronicles of Convocation is to read comments upon the whole history of the questions agitating the Church during the period of which record is made; and I can only feel thankful that my own ecclesiastical life has been passed in those years during which Convocation has gradually become, as I believe, a potent engine for good in the Church of Christ Militant here in earth.

"I BIDE MY TIME."

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

CHAPTER VII.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE AND ON WITH THE NEW."



DURING the next fortnight Roland had many visitors. First of all came good old Grubb, very kind and very hot, and very nervous, — walking creakily on tiptoe, carrying his hat as though he were going into church, and speaking almost in a whisper, then sud-

denly recognising that this was more suitable to a deathbed than to the armchair of convalescence, breaking forth into elephantine pranksomeness.

"'Art, old man," he said, "upon my word you're 'aving a 'igh old time of it. Nothing to do but sink into them cushions, and read your paper, or dash off one of them hairy hodes or helegies, and then to horder your coach and go for a spanking spin round the h aristocratic hen-virons, and so 'ome to a helegant 'ot refection."

Roland, who had really grown to like the amiable vulgarian, tried to smile at this gay sally, and Grubb, encouraged by the faint movement of the drawn mouth—which, however, sent no sparkle to the deeply-caverned eyes—proceeded with his pleasantry.

"And, upon my word, old chap, them crutches is mighty knowing-looking harticles. A year or two back crutch-sticks was hall the go, and, just you mark my words, now you've revived the fashion, they'll be coming in again—"

Grubb stopped, and stared at his friend. There was a look of positive anguish on Roland's sharp and lined face.

"I beg your pardon, 'Art," he said, taking out his many-coloured pocket-handkerchief, and wiping the end of his pulpy nose to and fro, "I've put my foot into it, I see."

"It's perfectly right, my dear fellow," said Roland. "I'm not quite myself, that's all. As soon as I am on my legs—that is, my crutches—again, I shall of course feel an exquisite pleasure in sportive allusions to my being a cripple for life."

Roland spoke with great bitterness, but Grubb did not notice the irony of his tone. Stepping forward, with a quiet and self-possessed manner, but with a moist light in his eyes, he grasped Roland's hand, and held it in his own great red paw

Not a word did Grubb say for the full minute during which he crushed the bones of the thin hand. At length he loosed his hold, and with no more than "God bless you, old man," took his hat and walked out of the room.

For a little while that fine sympathy of poor old Grubb's did something to sweeten Roland's bitter thoughts. But the softening influence soon passed away. The hard lines tightened about the mouth. The look of difficult, unlovely patience returned. Roland was back on the well-worn path of self-contained moody meditation.

After Grubb came many of Hollands' people. The convalescent saw them all, though Mary knew that he regarded each visit as a painful ordeal. All the visits were brief and formal. All the callers went away unpleasantly impressed, they hardly knew why. All had come feeling very sorry for the sufferer, and intending to be very cordial. None of them had succeeded in being cordial at all, and most of them returned home feeling less sorrow and less sympathy than when they came.

What was that dark thought that was continually in Roland's mind? Mary could not be sure about it, though she had more than strong suspicions as to its nature. That there was originally some purpose or scheme of revenge she felt almost certain. But if there had ever been anything so definite as a scheme, that, she believed, had now been abandoned. That the object of her brother's vindictive thoughts was Mr. Wilfrid she had no kind of doubt, though the whole reason of Roland's animosity towards him she could not, save by dangerous guesses, hope to understand. Had Roland at first entertained a purpose of physical violence towards his enemy—public insult and assault—a challenge to fight? Mary almost believed that he had. But since that day when he realised that he was a cripple, disabled from most means of open physical retribution, Mary fancied that Roland had cherished not a plan but a purpose. That any touch of compunction or forgiveness had reached her brother's brain she did not flatter herself. The vindictive desire was there, deeper than before, deepening every day. Only the way to its accomplishment was more indefinite. A dreadful patience, she felt, was being painfully achieved. Roland was resting in his purpose, and waiting for his chance, was beginning even to feel a grim pleasure in its postponement, as one who knows that it *will* come, and that all delay feeds the cherished wrong, and swells the joy of its ultimate inevitable righting.

How Roland's whole behaviour hurt and grieved poor Mary it would be impossible to tell. That his confidence seemed withdrawn from her, who had shared all his deepest life, was of itself hard enough to bear. But that her boy, her frank, warm-hearted, kindly boy, should be hardening before her eyes into misanthropy and hate—that was too much.

More than once, braving Roland's displeasure, Mary

tried to make him talk about Inez. She knew that he was longing for the sight of his love, longing for news of her, and yet he had never once mentioned her name. And on each occasion when Mary introduced it, Roland coldly put the subject by.

It was in the sixth week of Roland's hospital life that Mary came upon the verandah where he was sitting, bodily in the sun, spiritually in the shadow, and whispered something into his ear. Deeply as he had schooled himself in the concealment of his feelings Roland flushed and started, and then turned deadly pale at the words.

"Here—here now?" he asked, catching Mary's arm in two trembling hands.

"Yes, darling," said Mary; "and she comes with the best of all good news in her face and in her voice. I don't understand how it has been—why she has stayed away so long, why she has never written. She did go to meet you once, it seems; but, my boy, she has been, and she is, true to you; of that I'm absolutely sure. She does love you, Roland. Oh, how she loves you!"

The tears gathered fast in Mary's fond blue eyes. She laid her head against Roland's as she had never dared to do of late! Ah, the worst was over now. Love that casts out fear can cast out hate, too. He would soften now; the ice would melt, and the fountains flow again. They would have him back again, Inez and she! (Ah! *she* must be content to be second, not first.) The dear old dreamy, happy, gentle Roland, with his pipe and his poetry—but with his crutches. It was a sad addition to the picture; but to Mary even the lameness seemed a little thing in comparison with that unnatural hardening, that bitter brooding. Her swift thoughts were interrupted by Roland's voice.

"Mary," he said, in a tone wherein unutterable longing and unutterable fear were mingled and balanced, "Mary, she has not *seen* me."

For a moment the girl did not realise the import of the words. Then, as she entered into the pathos of the fear, she flung her arms round his neck and said, "My darling, do you think any woman in the world would love you less for *that*? Don't wrong her true heart with such a cruel doubt. She'll love you not less, but more—a hundredfold more."

Suddenly Roland started, and unloosed his sister's clasp.

"She is coming," he said; "go round that way—quick! I want to see her alone."

Mary obeyed, and slipped round the corner of the verandah.

In another second or two the step of Inez sounded on the metal-work. Seldom have human eyes held deeper anguish of hope and dread than the eyes of Roland as they rose and strained out in an intense gaze to meet the face of his love.

She had entered on the verandah by another door than that through which Mary had come, and when she turned the corner and appeared in sight she was distant by more than half its length—twenty yards at

least. But as soon as she saw the figure of Roland seated in the armchair, she uttered a little cry, and stretched out her arms to him. "My darling," she cried, "oh, my darling! They never told me—I knew nothing."

Ah! the sweet wet eyes, the flushed cheeks, the rosy trembling mouth—who could doubt them, who could mistake them? There was such love in them as few men ever see at all in the face that they love—as hardly any see in it till it is no longer the face of the sweetheart, but of the wife—free at last to say all that it can.

The pain died out of Roland's eyes, and there grew in them such a look as it would have made Mary blessed to see—a look full of all tenderness, and all happiness, and all love.

"Inez," he said, "my child, come!" Then, in his great longing to have her in his arms, he caught his crutches, which lay near, and raised himself from the chair. It was an instinctive action, but the very wrong one for his purpose. Seated, he could clasp his love like any other lover. Standing, propped on his crutches, he was unable, poor fellow, to move a hand towards her. Recognising his mistake, he sank back, with a sigh, into his chair. With that collapse, the piteous fear woke again his heart.

Inez, hurrying forward with arms and heart reaching forth in advance, stopped as Roland fell back and lifted up his changed and searching eyes.

Ah! a change came over her face too. She clasped her hands, and drew them up against her bosom. She hesitated for a moment. Then, very pale, she came forward again, and bent over Roland to kiss him.

"My poor, poor boy," she said, laying one hand on his shoulder. "Roland, why do you turn away?"

"I don't know," he said; "perhaps because I'm somewhat surfeited with pity."

"Oh, Roland! won't you let me kiss you? How can you be so cruel?"

"I can't refuse such an honour from a lady, of course. But really, it's waste of time. It doesn't deceive me, and you can find somebody to kiss who is not a cripple."

The piteousness of the words went to her heart, and overpowered the sense of wrong. She stooped down, and put her head against his.

"Roland, darling—" she began.

"No, not Roland darling—anybody else darling. Say, Wilfrid darling."

She started, and drew her head away, while an angry flush spread over her cheeks. But the pity of those former words conquered her again, and she made one more appeal.

"Roland," she said, and she knelt down before him, and raised her beautiful truthful eyes to his averted face, "you know I love you. Look in my eyes, dear; you can't doubt *them*."

He kept his face turned away as he answered: "I have looked in your eyes, and I *don't* doubt them. I hope you are pleased with the crutches; they are

considered rather a sweet thing in their line. Whenever you would like to see me perform upon them, perhaps you will favour me with another call, and bring your friend. There is no charge, but the smallest gratuities will be gratefully received. I wonder what has become of Mary."

Inez rose, with eyes smarting with unshed tears, and without another word went her way.

When Mary, a quarter of an hour later, ventured back, she found Roland with his face pressed against the back of the chair, and his hands trembling convulsively upon the arm. He had not heard her approach, and he was moaning aloud, "That's over. O God, that it were all over."

"Roland," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "oh, Roland, what has happened?"

"Halloa!" he answered; "is that you, Mary? I've been dreaming; but I'm awake now."

One often hears those very superior people, the critics (I do a little reviewing myself), complain of the slightness and absurdity of the estranging circumstances between the hero and heroine of the story or drama. In real life, they tell us, people don't break their own hearts or other people's about nothing. There is a little misunderstanding, and there is a little explanation, and then there is a making up—celebrated, let us say, by a box of bon-bons or a new bonnet—and all goes well. I venture to think that the very superior people in the whole course of their distinguished and discriminating lives never made a profounder mistake (their very mistakes are profound) than this.

To my mind the most pitiful and tragic element in those commonplace tragedies—which do not inspire the elegant leader, which do not, in so many acts or numbers, move a refined audience to the use of their handkerchiefs, which are, indeed, almost incapable of artistic treatment, but in which, nevertheless, lives are wrecked, souls are agonised—is just the fact that they are so foolish, so gratuitous.

Ah! the angels would weep for the pity of the thing—were it not so common.

When Inez reached home that afternoon her father happened to see her push open the little gate, and hobbled off to let her in.

"Why, my little wench," he said, "what's the matter with you? You're as white as a little ghost."

"It's nothing, dad," she said, with a miserable smile. "It's very hot, and I've walked all the way."

"Then you're a very naughty and disobedient little girl. It's wicked to save twopences out of your health. Come in, bad child, and I'll show my strong disapprobation by ordering Martha to make you a strong cup of tea." The old man tucked her arm under his and moved towards the dining-room.

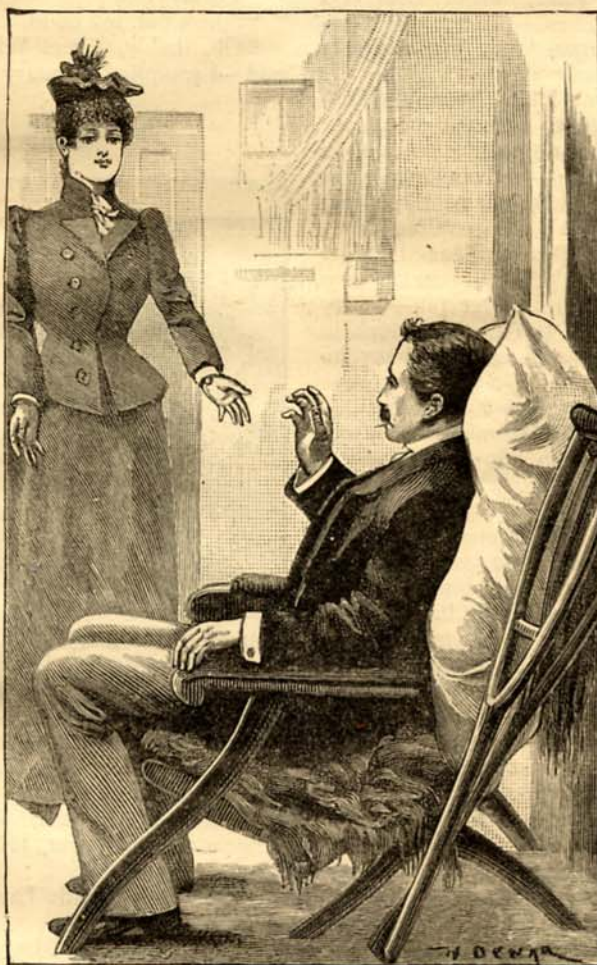
"Where are they?" asked Inez, hesitating. "I don't want to see anybody."

"Except a hobbling old nobody like me. They're out, my pet—all of them—and we'll have high jinks together. There's brown bread, and such lettuces! Take off your little things here."

Inez sat down and burst into tears. "Oh, daddy," she sobbed, "you must be very kind to me. I've nobody but you now. And," she added, not wishing to be unjust, "and Rose."

"Well, poor Rose doesn't go very far. Poor old Rose, she would be a good sort if she were let alone, but— Tell me, my little girl, tell me all about it."

"Daddy, I'm the most miserable creature on earth. Oh, I can't tell



"THE PAIN DIED OUT OF ROLAND'S EYES."

you any more than that"

"Well, *that's* a good deal, my pet. Have they been at you again—worrying you into that engagement?"

"Yes, they give me no peace. I had a dreadful morning, but—"

"Look here, Inez," broke in the old man, starting up as quickly as was possible for him; "this shall not go on. I wish your mother and Laura were here now."

Even as he spoke there was a ring, and immediately after—Martha happening to think it was the Milk, and the Milk being an attractive and conversational young man—the door was opened, and Laura's voice was heard in the hall.

"They have come back unexpectedly," said Mr. Martyn, "but in the very nick of time. Now don't you speak, Inez; it's no use, I won't hear a word."

He hobbled to the door. "Eliza—Laura—all of you, come in here."

"Take that chair, Eliza. Rose, shut the door, and sit down."

"Henry," said Mrs. Martyn, "you are evidently under the influence——"

"Of my wife and daughter. I have been, but I am so no longer. Now don't dare to interrupt me again."

"I'll say my say. There is no need to go into the details of my financial position—you wouldn't follow me if I did—but I can say briefly, it's nearly as bad as it can be. The end may be a composition, it may be bankruptcy. All my life I have dreaded failure or insolvency more than anything else, and I own that a smash up will be to me a bitter pill—a very bitter pill. Now Mr. Holland, who dabbles much in such affairs, holds certain bills of mine, and my insurance policy, and if I could have got some rope from him I had hopes that things might be tided over. There's an old friend in Australia from whom I think that I might have got an advance of money. Well, you know that Wilfrid Holland would have done something to help me. I'll tell you what it was. He promised me that if he became engaged to Inez he would obtain from his father the grace that was worth so much to me. He pledged himself to do this, and I suppose he could have done it. He has, in fact, procured me some small accommodation; without that my shutters would have been up long ago. Well, that was the situation; and I don't pretend that it would not have been a great relief, a great deliverance, to have had the evil day postponed or averted. I did wish that Inez could have seen her way to help me—not now, my dear, not now. You shall speak when I have done. I now perceive the cruelty and wickedness of my wish. Thank God, I have never urged the child—save by silence. But you—you, Eliza and Laura (don't sniff, Laura)—you have made her life bitter by daily and hourly nagging, and worrying, and preaching. That shall now stop. We have no right to sell the child's peace for money or advantage. It is all over. To-night I shall tell Wilfrid Holland that I cannot accept his proposal. Then come what may, I shall have acted like a decent man. It may be God's will that I should bear the one burden that I thought I could not bear——" the old man's voice grew a little husky, and one tear—only one—got free and ran down his cheek—"but," he went on, getting control of himself again, "His will be done." He stopped and turned to Inez, who had risen from her chair, and now came forward, holding out her hands to him.

"May I speak a word, Henry?" said Mrs. Martyn. "No, not yet. What is it, little one?" He drew his arms round the girl's neck, and set her face against his shoulder. "Speak, my pet. Nobody shall frighten you or press you any more. Your old father will take care of you."

"Papa," she said, twisting round with her fingers a button of his coat, "It's all—all right; you need not bear that burden."

"What do you mean, dear? Tell me."

"I'm so glad, papa!—for your sake."

"Speak out, my child. I don't understand."

"Oh, daddy, I met Wilfrid this afternoon, and I said—I promised to marry him."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SAD FORTUNES OF AN ENGAGEMENT RING.



THAT evening Wilfrid came over to Londesborough Cottages to ratify and confirm the covenant of the afternoon. The engagement was evidently no secret, for Martha, on opening the door, burst into blushes and giggles, and finally proceeded to "umbly wish him joy." These congratulations were worth half-a-sovereign to Martha, though if Wilfrid had foreseen the precise form of personal "improvement" to which the money

would be devoted, I think he would have pondered ere he squandered.

As Martha flung open the drawing-room door and announced "Mr. Wilfrid"—conferring, in the suppression of the surname, the freedom of the family upon the young gentleman—there was a rising as precise and unanimous as though the ladies were about to withdraw after dinner. Wilfrid was in for it with a vengeance. However, his courage rose to the height of the occasion.

Sitting down beside Laura he asked, "Where's the child?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Martyn, with massive archness; "she'll be down in a moment. I've heard of young ladies changing a ribbon at the last moment, or even doing their hair all over again. Just to please themselves, of course; why should they think about other people?"

"Oh, Mrs. Martyn, I——"

"I beg your pardon, Wilfrid. There's no Mrs. Martyn here."

"Eh? I don't understand."

"Why, Wilfrid, my other children don't call me Mrs. Martyn."

"May I really, then? It's most awfully kind of

you. Then look here, mother"—he got the word out with a gulp—"how do you like this?"

He walked over to Mrs. Martyn, and placed in her hand a small jeweller's box.

"The engaged ring! Now that's what I call being prompt. Come, girls, and look—or hadn't you better let Inez have the first sight of it?"

"No, open it yourself, mother. I want to have *your* opinion."

"Very well, then, you shall have it." And with many nods and radiant smiles Mrs. Martyn proceeded to fumble at the little box.

"Oh, mamma," said Laura impatiently, "your fingers are all thumbs. Do give it me." And the young lady snapped it away and opened it.

"Why, it's a pair of ear-rings—pearls—how beautiful! But Inez does not wear ear-rings, Wilfrid."

"No, but Mrs. Martyn—mother—does. Mother, see how you like them."

"Why, they are exquisite." Mrs. Martyn pronounced the word ex-quiz-it. "You don't really mean to say that they are for *me*? Oh, they are lovely! But, Wilfrid, I'd rather have seen Laura wear them."

"You mind your own business, Mrs.—mother; I haven't forgotten Laura, either." And the young man produced two other little boxes, and handed them severally to Laura and Rose.

There were many delighted exclamations and excited little shrieks, as the girls extracted from their velvet beds two really charming rings. Laura's was a ruby, surrounded with small pearls, and Rose's an opal.

"Well, you are a good brother," said Laura.

Then Inez entered, and once again Wilfrid applied to his pocket, and a fourth little box was produced. It was really a lovely ring that he slipped on the slender finger that Inez yielded for the operation—one magnificent pearl cinctured with emeralds. There was effusive admiration all about the girl as her finger went the round. Inez thanked her lover very prettily, and the tears that filled her eyes were considered eminently suitable to the situation. A little well-bred weeping never comes amiss on sentimental occasions, and if the pearly drops in Inez's blue eyes had reference, not to the great central pearl of her engagement ring, but to a cheap little locket which she had that evening done up and addressed to Roland Hart, Esq., well, that was not apparent.

When the stock of epithets of admiration at the command of the three ladies had been pretty well exhausted, Laura caught the eyes of her mother and her sister, and there was a repetition of that rising evolution.

"Why, you are not going?" said Wilfrid, as he held the door open for the retreating forces.

"Yes," said Laura, "we know what a terrible void we shall leave, but we have very urgent business in the next room; and just for this once you must resign yourself to the society of Inez." So, with a curtsey, and a flash of her ruby, Laura swept out.

"How amiable she has grown," said Wilfrid. "Really, I once thought that she was inclined to be a little bit—well, I mustn't say."

"Oh," said Inez, breaking into a smile, "Laura has a new admirer. She is never out of stock long. Who do you think it is? You know him."

"I couldn't guess to save my life. Tell me, do."

"Mr. Grubb."

"Oh no, no, no!" said Wilfrid, bursting into a roar of laughter; "not Grubby—not the gentle Grubby."

"Yes, he came up with a letter from you, don't you remember? Well, Laura used her enchantments, and he has been twice to supper."

"And by the same token, here he is again."

Inez listened.

"Hare the ladies at 'ome?" said a voice at the front-door. Then boots creaked along the passage, and a moment later the same soft accents were heard repeating apologetically—

"I 'ope—I do 'ope—I sha'n't be a *hincubus*."

Then the door closed upon the visitor, but bursts of shrill laughter, rising at intervals during the evening, proved conclusively that Mr. Grubb was making himself exceedingly agreeable.

"Well, I shall be blest in a brother-in-law," said Wilfrid. "It's quite remarkable how Holland & Co. are coming to the front. It's one down, t'other come on. Then, catching the look of pain that came into the face of Inez, he said, "I beg your pardon, dearest. I didn't think—I didn't mean—you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Mr. Holland," said Inez, "I don't want to have this arrangement made under any false pretences. You said this afternoon that you would ask no questions—"

"And I won't, darling; I'll keep my word faithfully. I am quite content to take your promise now, and to win the rest by-and-by."

"But I think it is right that you should know something more. It was not I that broke off the engagement. It was Mr. Hart."

Wilfrid's brow darkened, and he opened his lips as if to speak. However, he restrained himself, and, merely shrugging his shoulders, said, "Well, go on."

"I did not wish to be released. His accident—his lameness—would have made no difference to—"

"There, darling, don't torture yourself with these unnecessary explanations. I know what a noble little soul you are. I know the depth of your compassion. Enough has been said. Come, Inez, let this first evening be a happy one." He took her hand, and tried to lead her to a seat.

But Inez resisted.

"I must speak," she said. "It was not compassion. No evening can be a happy one to me now. I agree to marry you to save my father, but—I must say it—I love Roland just the same. I shall *never* love any one else."

Wilfrid had been pacing up and down the little room, but at those words he stopped short.



"I SHALL NEVER LOVE ANY ONE ELSE."

"Inez," he said, "you don't understand. Heaven knows I didn't want to bring up the subject at all, but since you have introduced it, I must say this. My dear girl, it wasn't, as you think, a mere accident; Hart is a cripple for life."

"Yes," said Inez, "God help him—God give him strength—a cripple for life. Poor Roland, poor, poor Roland." She put her hands before her eyes and sobbed aloud.

"Well," said Wilfrid, turning away with a look of disgust on his handsome face, "there is certainly no accounting for taste—for feminine taste, anyhow. Cupid on crutches is a new idea to me. However, I must be content to be number two until I can come a-wooing with a pair of wooden legs."

Before the last words were out of Wilfrid's mouth, he felt their savagery, their brutality. He turned quickly round (for he had re-commenced his pacing), with the intention of offering some sort of apology. But as soon as his eyes fell upon the face of Inez, the words died upon his lips. That that sweet face—formerly the bright embodiment of frank girlish happiness, of late touched with a gentle pathos that deepened and spiritualised its appeal—could by any possibility assume that look of intense scorn, was a revelation to him. Before he knew what was going to happen, the girl had pulled the ring from her finger, and had flung it across the room.

"It is all over," she said, rising, and looking a head taller than her actual height. "If you care about your ring, you'll find it in the grate."

"Inez," cried Wilfrid, "hear me say one word."

"Not one," she replied. "You can give any explanation that you like. I shall not contradict you. Good-bye."

Her hand was on the handle of the door, and Wilfrid, recognising its hopelessness, had positively abandoned the intention of further appeal, when the front door was opened by a latch-key, and Mr.

Martyn's halting step sounded on the oil-cloth. The old gentleman had gone out an hour before, looking brighter and bolder than Inez had seen him for many a long day, and now, as he hung up his hat, he was positively humming to himself. The girl stood motionless. If Wilfrid could have viewed her face, he would have appreciated the intensity of the struggle that was taking place in her heart. Filial love and pity, a woman's pathetic instinct of self-sacrifice, were wrestling against scorn and indignation and strong physical repulsion. The conflict was sharp but short. In a few seconds Inez turned round, and walking up to Wilfrid, with a pale resolute face, held out her hand, and said, "I will take back my words, if you will let me. I wish to carry out my engagement."

The phrase and the look were such as to afford no balm to Wilfrid's self-esteem. It was impossible for him to extract from them any relenting towards himself. The offer indicated no change of feeling, only a resolution to abide by the bargain.

"All right," he said. "This quarrel takes off the gingerbread any little guilt that it had. However, it leaves the gingerbread." And, going down on his hands and knees, he groped behind the flaring stove-ornament for the ring. At length he found it, and, getting up, held it to the light.

"The big pearl is chipped," he said. "I must take the thing away to-night, and get another put in."

"Oh," said Inez, "pray don't put yourself to such unnecessary expense. The ring will do just as well as it is."

"No," said Wilfrid, "you must let me have my way in this matter. Tell them that it was a shade too large. Inez," he said, as he dropped the box into his pocket, "kiss me, and say that you forgive me."

There was a wistful look upon his handsome face as he took her two hands in his, and drew her towards him.

"You may kiss me, if you wish," she answered, with no compunction in her eyes. "I suppose that is in the bond."

Not desiring the homeward company of the gay and gallant Grubb, a few minutes later Wilfrid left. The betrothal had not been begun under happy auguries.

Wilfrid, having lit a cigarette, walked on, anatomising the barbarous region in which a hansom was not to be found. At last, when he had tramped nearly a mile, Wilfrid beheld—much in the spirit of the Ancient Mariner when he bit his arm, and sucked the blood and cried, "A sail! a sail!"—a blessed vehicle. He secured it, and having delayed only long enough to restore nature with some compound liquid refreshment, he pronounced the word "Jos's," and flung himself back with a sigh of relief. He had barely finished his second cigarette, when the hansom stopped. Wilfrid—to mark his appreciation of the enterprise and the gallantry which had penetrated into the heart of Footsforth—gave the man half-a-crown, and proceeded to worm his way through the dense pack of bibulous 'Arryhood that filled Jos Randall's sawdusty saloon.

"Mr. Rydal here?" inquired Wilfred of Jos, as, muddled of head but sure of hand, that celebrity plunged past him.

"Yes, Mister —" said Jos; "he's in the top room. Bitter, sir?—coming, mister,—right, sir," and he charged into space.

"Tim," said Wilfrid, sinking limply into a chair, "I don't know when I had a pick-me-up last, I've lost all count—and I'm awfully run down."

Without exaggeration it must have been twenty minutes since Wilfrid had partaken of the cup that cheers, and inebriates a very little too. Rydal got hold of a waiter and ordered soda-water.

"Poor old chap," he said, as the man untwisted a wire, and allowed the superfluous effervescence to pass off with a gentle fizz, "you do look played out. There you are. Drink, pretty creature, drink."

"Ah!" said Wilfrid, with a gasp of satisfaction; "that does a man good. I was beginning to realise the horrors of a desert march, including the mirage, and—all the accessories."

"Cigar?" said Rydal, handing him his case.

"No, old man," said Wilfrid. "I'm not in spirits for that. The weed when all men speak well of you. The pipe when the world is sitting on your head."

"Why, what's the matter, eh? You're not thinking of those I.O.U.'s last night?"

"No, no. I'm not troubling myself about those. My I.O.U.'s are numerous enough to take care of themselves now. It's the general confounded unfitness of things."

Wilfrid put his hand into his pocket and produced the jeweller's box. "There's one item," he said, tossing it across to his friend.

Tim opened it. "Engaged?" he asked.

"Yes, engaged."

"Money?"

"Not one blessed sixpence."

"Then why? I say, this pearl's cracked."

"Yes, the young woman chucked it up the chimney. I was too heavy to chuck up, so she sent the ring. Ah! you don't understand. She is dead spoons on another man—one of our clerks."

"Come, old fellow, don't play the fool. Seriously, I want to hear about it. The girl herself? Do you care about her?"

"I think so—oh yes, I certainly do."

"Do you love her?"

"I've asked myself that question twenty times over—a perfectly reasonable question surely,—and yet I can't get a civil answer."

"Wilfrid, shall I tell you the truth in three words?"

"Yes, do."

"You are cracked."

"No, my boy, I'm broke. You've only had half the fun yet. I have invested some considerable sums

of late in prophets and loss, and I'm hit harder than anybody knows. If Newmarket plays me false, I'm a gone coon."

"Nonsense. Aren't you going to be made a partner directly?"

"Well, as for the partnership, it may come on, and it may come—off."

"What do you mean?"

"The governor has so far forgotten the respect due from age to youth as to address some exceedingly personal remarks to me. He complains that I keep bad hours and bad company—that is you, Tim; that my clay is unduly porous, and that I suffer from headaches in the morning, and find a difficulty in getting out of bed. Isn't it hideous, mocking a fellow's infirmities like that? He even hints that his nature is not so decidedly retiring as I had supposed, and that unless I meet my bills—if I do meet them, I shall cut them dead—I shall find myself in August, not in the firm, but—out of the house."

"Well, you have made a jolly mess of it."

"There are several other ingredients in the mess. I have undertaken to procure for papa-in-law certain accommodations from papa. I've pledged my honour to it. The confiding old thing leans on my promise as though it were a great oak staff. Then there is another young woman whose father is in pork, and who herself is in love—with me. The governor desires me to marry that young woman, and I reply (she is fat and solid) that she is more than I desire or deserve. Lastly, there is a youth—the same that my young woman adores—who the other day insulted me, and who shortly afterwards fell through a hole, and lamed himself. I have an inward assurance that that young man wishes to jump on me. Well, there are the figures. Square them, please."

"I can't manage that, but I can give you a bit of advice. Give up liquor, give up cards, give up betting, give up me and my set, give up the first young woman, and marry the second."

"Thanks. It's sound advice. And I'll prove it by rejecting it all round. Having done that, I feel easier in my mind. Once again, I will avail myself of your lungs. Don't apologise—it's no trouble. There will be loo at my rooms to-morrow, Tim. In lieu of a better engagement, look in."

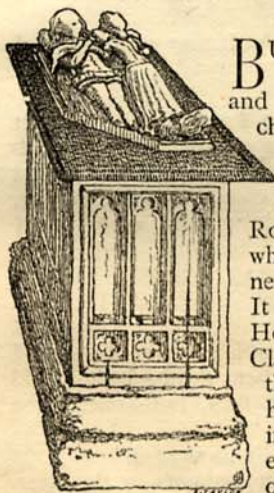
There! you see a young gentleman stepping out stoutly on the road to ruin. If any other young gentleman, desirous of arriving at that destination, has had any doubts about the direction, those doubts should now be at an end. Let me assure him that he has only to follow in the steps of Wilfrid Holland to reach his journey's end with perfect certainty, and with all reasonable despatch.

As for Wilfrid—well, his arrival will be witnessed in the course of another chapter or two.

(To be continued.)

A CORNER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's.



TOMB OF THE CHILDREN
OF EDWARD III.

II.

BUT St. Edmund's Chapel derives its chief interest and pathos from its being a chapel of the young. Look, for instance, at the singularly noble white marble effigy of a youth in splendid Roman armour, on a pedestal which resembles a Greek altar, next to the tomb of Frances. It is the tomb of Francis Holles, son of the Earl of Clare, who died in 1122, at the age of eighteen years, on his return from a campaign in the Netherlands. The epitaph of the gallant boy is one of the few in the Abbey which are worth reading. It ends with the lines:—

"Man's life is measured by the Work, not Days;
No aged Sloath but active Youth hath praise."

Close beside it, on a similar pedestal, is the effigy of a young lady, in white alabaster, seated in an osier chair. It stands over the grave of Lady Elizabeth Russell, who died in 1601. She was god-daughter and Maid of Honour of Queen Elizabeth. She was baptized in the Abbey in the presence of her god-father, the splendid and guilty Earl of Leicester. Sir Philip Sydney bore the towel over his shoulder to wipe the little babe, who was wrapped in crimson velvet, powdered with gold flowers. She grew up to bear the caprices of her god-mother's fierce temper, but also to experience her alternations of kindness. In 1603 she was present at the gorgeous ceremonies which celebrated the marriage of her sister Anne to the son of the Earl of Worcester. A fortnight later she died of consumption, and is represented pointing to a scull with the epitaph, "She sleeps, she is not dead." Hence rose the legend, mentioned by Addison, that she died of the prick of a needle, and was, as Sir Roger de Coverley expressed it, "A martyr to good housewifery." Her effigy marks an epoch in the sculpture of the Abbey, for she is the first who is represented as seated erect; just as that of her father, Lord Russell, which is next to her own, is the first reclining effigy which does not represent the repose of death and the arms folded in prayer.

To the left of the Duchess of Suffolk's tomb is one of the most exquisite little monuments in the Abbey. It is raised over two children of Edward III., named from their birthplace William of Windsor, and Blanche de la Tour. It is of freestone, but

the small effigies—only twenty inches long—are of alabaster. These two children—the boy was only twelve years old when he died—were also represented on the tomb of Edward III., whence they have now disappeared. The girl's feet rest on a lion. She is dressed in a long bodice, embroidered down the front, over which falls her mantle, fastened at the neck by a rose and two studs. She wears the hideous horned head-dress introduced into England by her mother, Queen Philippa, who wears it very conspicuously on her tomb hard by. The hair was confined by a net of gold, fastened at the crossings with pearls or small gems. The boy has his long flowing hair parted in the middle, and bound by a fillet, while a jewelled baldric hangs down obliquely over his short doublet. The short doublet seems to be of the character which Chaucer so energetically condemns in "The Person's Tale," where he complains of "the horrible disordnat scantnesse of clothing, as ben these cutted sloppes or hanse-lines," which he considers to be "in despite of honestee."

It will be observed that a triangular piece of the alabaster slab on which the effigies lie has carefully been sawn off. That it has been done designedly is unquestionable. Yet, though the lion on which rested young William of Windsor's feet has thus been destroyed, the mutilation has obviously not been due to any vandalism of relic-mongers, nor has it been perpetrated with any intention of deliberately defacing this pathetic memorial of "Death made proud by pure and princely beauty." As the theft must have taken some time to execute, we see in it a fresh illustration of the singularly criminal neglect of the due guardianship of the Abbey and its monuments in former days. But what could have been the object of the deprecators? Antiquarians have conjectured a very singular object. There is a superstition in some of the southern counties of England that cows with the distemper can be cured by powdered alabaster, and it is thought that some farmer, in the desire to save his cattle, purloined for the purpose a fragment of the royal children's tomb!

There is one more tomb in this chapel, perhaps the most interesting of all; that of John of Eltham, second son of the hapless King Edward II. But I have left myself no space to speak of this monument, which must be left till another occasion.

PRIZE 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.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IV.—THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, has been appointed Bishop of Peterborough, in succession to Bishop

Magee, translated to the Archbishopric of York.

The new Bishop is the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Creighton, and was born at Carlisle in 1843. He was educated at Durham Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. His academic career was distinguished, for he took a second class in Law and Modern History, as well as a first in Classical "Mods." and "Greats." He was ordained in 1870. As Fellow of and Tutor of Merton, he was a man of mark at Oxford; but on his acceptance of the living of Embleton in 1875, it seemed that, like so many other distinguished scholars, he had turned his back upon academic life. But whatever his wishes may have been at the time, this was not to be. In 1879 he was appointed by Bishop Lightfoot Rural Dean of Alnwick, and three years later he was made one of the first Honorary Canons of the new Diocese of Newcastle, and at the same time Examining Chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce.

His position in the learned world was recognised in the following year by the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* conferred upon him by Glasgow University, while in 1884, when the chair of Ecclesiastical History was founded at Cambridge, he received the signal honour of being chosen to fill it. It is in connection with this Professorship that Dr. Creighton has since been so well and widely known. Durham University added him to the roll of its distinguished scholars in 1885 by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L., and in the same year he was appointed by the Crown to a resident Canonry at Worcester, which he recently resigned upon being appointed a Canon of Windsor. In 1886 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. He is a Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and

of the American Church History Society, and a Fellow of the Società Romana di Storia Patria.

His old Alma Mater has frequently availed herself of his valuable services as public examiner, and he was one of the most favourite select preachers of the University. The new Bishop is the founder and editor of the *English Historical Review*, and among his best known works may be mentioned "Primer of Roman History" (1875), "The Age of Elizabeth" (1876), "The Life of Simon de Montfort" (1877), "Primer of English History" (1877), "Carlisle" in the "Historic Towns" series, and his great work, a "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation."

The *Carlisle Journal* remarks: "Canon Creighton's career as a scholar and a historian has been as distinguished as his advancement in the Church has been rapid; and his elevation to the episcopal bench seems to have given general satisfaction. By none has the well-deserved appointment been regarded with more sincere pleasure than by the citizens of Carlisle, who have watched his progress with keen interest."

The *Guardian* says: "The nomination of Professor Creighton to the bishopric of Peterborough is a just recognition of an unusual combination of scholarship and practical capacity."

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



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

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.

The Intervention of the Church in shielding the Criminal from the Violence of the Personal Avenger.



IN the early history of our converted Anglo-Saxon ancestors the Church fulfilled a great mission in regulating the relationship of her members to each other. At a time when every man went armed, and human life was regarded as of but little value, it was considered not only meritorious but a binding obligation for a person who had received actual or imaginary injuries immediately to avenge himself on his real or supposed injurer. The result was that in the first ungovernable outburst of avenging passion wrongs were frequently inflicted, blood was ferociously shed, and life was recklessly taken in gratification of feelings of malicious revenge and not in meting out the penalties of justice. He who was strongest amidst feuds and conflicts was master of the situation; the weakest went helplessly to the wall. The Church, under these circumstances, introduced into the social and national life of the community customs very much akin to those which existed in the Jewish dispensation. When a person had designedly, or unintentionally, injured another, and, as the result, was pursued by an avenger, the cathedral, parish church, monastic house, or other sacred and privileged place afforded a sanctuary to which he might flee, and within whose precincts he could take refuge in safety until the revengeful feelings on the part of his pursuers had calmed down, and preliminary inquiries were made into the facts relating to the crime which had been committed.

The Privilege of Sanctuary.

This was called "the privilege of sanctuary." These sacred places of temporary refuge from the would-be avenger resembled the cities of refuge under the Jewish dispensation, to which the Jews fled under similar circumstances. It is impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence which these provisions exercised upon the people in the preliminary stages of their mutual quarrels. The principle underlying all these arrangements in the early days of Church and State was that which is now clearly recognised by the law in these modern times, namely, that until a man has been proved to be guilty, though of necessity put upon his trial because of charges made against him,

he shall be assumed to be innocent. For centuries the Church was the only representative and advocate of this fundamental principle of justice. Further, she declared that no man should be accuser, witness, advocate, judge, and executioner in the promotion of his own suit against his adversary.

Principles of Peace and Forgiveness inculcated by the Church.

The Church protested against the dangerous theory, always apt to become dominant amongst a people in an imperfect state of civilisation, that the survivor must, of necessity, avenge the blood of the slain. She refused to join in the cruel fanatical cry which deifies the wild justice of revenge, and she inculcated and enforced upon all classes of the people the recognition of the fundamental principles of Christianity: "Recompense to no man evil for evil;" "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men;" "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written: Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." By all these wise provisions of the Church in guiding, disciplining, and training her members in their daily conduct and in the discharge of their duties arising out of their relationships to each other, time was afforded for the first outburst of passion to subside, the voice of reason to be heard, the claims of justice to be considered, and the offender to be dealt with not by the wild fury of avenging passion but upon the principles of justice tempered with mercy.

The Church's Treatment of the Criminal Classes.

The Church, by her intervention, has, as has been seen, effectually stayed the uplifted hand of the avenger, who, without waiting for process of law, was ready to strike to the ground the man who had committed an offence against him, or against any of his family. When the awards of justice were made and the criminal was sentenced to suffer the penalty of his crime, the Church further interposed by her counsel and influence with reference to the treatment of the prisoner. Left to itself, the civil power regarded the convicted criminal as a hopeless outcast from the circle of its law-abiding subjects, and as one who ought deservedly to suffer the full penalty of his crime without any mitigating considerations whatsoever. The officers of justice looked upon the criminal as a person with whom it was impossible to sympathise, who deserved no merciful consideration, and on whom acts of kindness would be absolutely thrown away, if, indeed, they did not even in themselves constitute a crime.

Wherein the Church's Treatment of the Criminal Classes differed from their Treatment by the Civil Power.

Following out the principles of the New Testament, which lie at the very foundation of the Christian religion, the Church hated the crime, but not the

criminal, just as God hated the sin, but not the sinner. The State limited its idea of punishment to the awarding to the prisoner that which he "richly deserved," and left out of view altogether any disciplinary treatment, having for its object his reform and the amendment of his character and conduct. The Church, while in no way deprecating the fact that punishment proportionate to the crime was due to the criminal, looked upon the punishment of the adjudged guilty person as subservient to his reclamation to a life of virtue and well-doing. Consequently the clergy, in carrying out these essential principles of the Church, were largely supported by the voice of the people, and, as the result, they gradually acquired a right to intervene between the magistrate and the criminal, and to see that, while the guilty person was suffering, according to the sentence of justice, the punishment for the crime which he had committed, he was not made the object of more arbitrary harsh treatment and malicious revenge. The bishops and clergy instituted a regular periodical inspection of prisons, conversed with the criminals, and ascertained, from their own lips, what was the treatment to which they were being subjected on the part of the officers of justice; and in cases in which they found that there was cause of complaint they reported accordingly to the King, or to his law court, and secured immediate remedy for existing grievances.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By M. RAE,
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

STEWING.



to it until the dinner-hour.

To each pound of meat allow three teacupfuls of water, and a dessert-spoonful of thickening; skim carefully when necessary, and do not add any vegetables till all the scum is removed. The best kind of pan to use is a shallow one with a well-fitting lid; but, if not easily obtainable, the ordinary kind of saucepan may be utilised. A stone jar is often used for stewing, and it can either be put in a slow oven or on the hob. It is important that the lid fits closely; if not, a piece of greased paper may be put under it to keep in the steam, and insure the proper cooking of the

meat. Juicy meat should be browned on the outside before stewing to prevent the juice from escaping; but inferior pieces must not be so treated, or they will be hard and uneatable.

Stewed Steak.		Average cost.	
		s.	d.
1 lb. rump or beef steak		1	4
1 carrot			
1 turnip		0	1½
2 onions			
½ oz. dripping			
1 dessert-spoonful flour			
½ teaspoonful salt		0	0½
½ saltspoonful pepper			
3 teacupfuls water.			
		1	6

Melt the dripping in a stewpan, trim off all skin and fat from the steak, and fry it brown on both sides. Clean and prepare the vegetables in the usual way, cut them in small pieces, and fry with the steak: Put in a basin the flour, pepper, and salt; stir in the water gradually, and mix with a wooden spoon till smooth; then pour on to the steak, and continue stirring till at boiling point. Remove the pan farther from the fire, and let the contents simmer gently an hour and a half. Cut the fat into small pieces, place on a baking-tin, and cook in the oven till brown; separating the fat thus from the meat will prevent the stew being greasy. When the stew is cooked serve on a hot dish, with the vegetables round, and the fat in the centre.

Stewed Knuckle of Veal.		Average cost.	
		s.	d.
4 lbs. knuckle of veal		2	0
¼ lb. rice		0	0½
1 onion			
½ teaspoonful salt			
¼ ditto pepper		0	1½
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley			
		2	2

Wash the veal in cold water, put it in a pan with three pints of cold water, place over the fire, and when boiling skim well; then keep the saucepan at the side of the fire, and let the contents simmer for two hours. Peel the onion, cut it in slices, wash the rice in two waters, and put these, with the pepper, into the pan when the veal has been cooking one hour. Just before serving add the chopped parsley, and place the meat on a hot dish with the rice round it. If liked, parsley sauce may also be poured over besides the gravy.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"There is a Happy Land."

I CAN remember a little girl in one of our day-schools at Ningpo. She came from a heathen home; she was with us only a few months, and did not seem a specially bright child. Then for some few days she was missed from her place, and when the Chinese school-mistress went to inquire for her, she found her dead and buried; but the poor heathen mother told her how her little child, when dying, would keep singing something about a happy land, far, far away, and passed away calling on 'one Jesus.' Surely the Good Shepherd welcomed that little lamb safely home to His fold!"—ARCHDEACON A. E. MOULE.

SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,
Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Our Insect Allies," "Nature and Her Servants," etc.

III.—OUR RAVEN.



HE was not exactly my pet. As a matter of fact, indeed, I had no right of property in him at all, for he came to us when I was only a poking, prying child of some seven summers, and he departed this life—owing to a trifling indiscretion in diet, of which more anon—long, long before the traditional threescore years and ten of his age had been attained. But I took so great an interest in him, and studied him so carefully, that I have always more or less considered that in a manner he actually belonged to me. And so I feel justified in introducing him in this series of papers relating to my various "out-of-the-way pets."

He arrived by train one day in a large wooden packing-case, which had been converted into a cage by the simple process of removing the lid, and inserting a number of tolerably strong iron bars in its place. And a letter which accompanied him informed us that he already bore the suggestive title of "Grip." After he had been duly inspected by all the members of the family, the first thing to be done, of course, was to provide him with facilities for taking a little active exercise whenever he might require it; and a big roll of galvanized wire netting was accordingly obtained, and stretched over a row of stout posts, so as to make an enclosed "run" of some five-and-twenty feet in length. Then we cut a circular hole in one side of the cage for purposes of entrance and exit—a proceeding in which our new acquisition assisted to the best of his ability—and nailed the ends of the wire netting securely around it. And then "Grip" came solemnly forth, and did his very best to pull out every nail and untwist every piece of wire binding.

This was an amusement of which he never seemed to tire, and his repeated failures did not appear in the smallest degree to affect his energy and perseverance. But he had other occupations also; and the one which of all others he preferred was that of trying to take pieces out of my leg. In this he occasionally succeeded, for he was an artful bird, and was always at the farthest end of his run if any one

approached his cage. In the same way, he was always ostentatiously inside his cage if any one approached his run. But woe to the visitor if his vigilance relaxed for even a single moment! For the bird seemed to possess the uncanny power of reading the exact condition of one's mind; and, as soon as one's thoughts began to wander, he would sidle along his run, and then deliver a furious peck through the wire. Friend and foe were treated precisely alike. A human being, be he who he might, was a creature to be pecked, if possible; and the unfortunate recipient of his attentions always remembered them for some days afterwards.

Personally I was very kind to him, for I did not tease him much, and I gave him all sorts of dainties at tolerably frequent intervals. I even presented him with the dead body of the only rabbit I ever had, very much to the disgust of a small but sentimental sister, who held—and loudly asserted—an opinion to the effect that all dead animals which had been in any way petted should be decently and decorously interred, with something in the way of a tombstone to mark the spot where they lay. And he first ate all the parts which I thought he ought to have let alone, and then he carefully buried the rest of the carcass against the time when hunger should next assail him. But I could never see that he liked me any the more.

He did not like any one, indeed. I do not think that he had any affection in him. No matter whether you fed him or teased him, he was equally your bitter enemy. And he spent the whole of his time, so far as I could make out, in eating, sleeping, watching for an opportunity of pecking somebody, and devising impossible methods of escape.

But then the raven is a bird traditionally destitute of all natural feeling, even for its own young, although it has been occasionally credited with a certain amount of tenderheartedness for those of other people. Shakespeare alone, of all the poets, seems to have believed in it, and even he only to a very limited extent:—

"Some say that ravens foster forlorn children
 The whilst their own birds famish in the nest."

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 3.

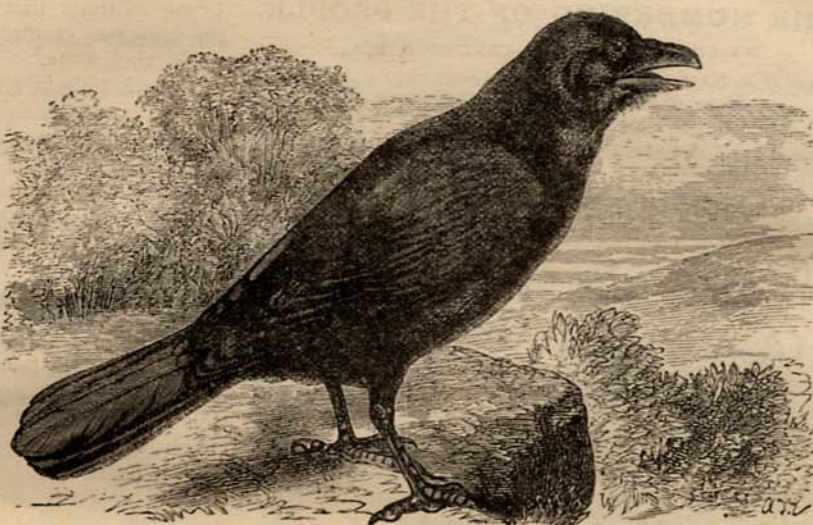
While, on the other hand, passages in which its lack of moral character and its connection with the powers of darkness are alluded to literally abound. Its croak forebodes death; its very appearance presages woe. Truly in poetry and in folk-lore it bears but an ill character.

I remember reading, too, in some old book or other, that the bird was originally white, and was doomed to perpetual sable for some high crime or misdemeanour—I think for overhearing the conversation of the gods on Mount Olympus, and foolishly repeating it for the benefit of a curious world. The carrion crow was similarly metamorphosed, but for a different reason, *he* having done his best to reveal the secret

of Mahomet's hiding-place when the enemies of the prophet were passing by his cave. As the method which he adopted for this purpose was to cry "ghar, ghar" (*i.e.*, "cave, cave"), in the hope of indicating the place of concealment, Mahomet, on issuing from his retreat, changed his colour to sooty-black, and ordered him to cry "ghar, ghar" for ever. So the story runs.

And really people believe legends fully as apocryphal with regard to the raven. A certain worthy and learned dean is said to have entertained a firm conviction that jackdaws in time grow to be rooks, while rooks in their turn develop into crows, and crows into ravens! While rustic opinion still has it that these birds of ill omen are the chosen companions of witches and warlocks, and all their fell companions, that they are consumed with an ineradicable hatred of mankind—which, judging by my own experience, is perhaps not very far from the truth—and that they *always* live to be seventy years old.

Ours did not, as I have already mentioned; for one windy day some towels, which had been hung out to



THE RAVEN.

dry, were blown upon his run, and he pulled them in and dined upon them! This he did, I think, not because he liked them, but out of pure mischief. And next day he was found lying dead in his cage. We buried him with all due solemnity; but he was not much mourned over, for he was not popular with the family in general. And since that time we have never had another raven.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

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

WHERE are the following journeys referred to in the Bible—

37. A journey of three men (the first of its kind), first on land, then on water, then on land again, then on water again; and finally, by only two of the three, with many vicissitudes, on land, water, and land?

38. A prophet's journey, in which he appears to have made no use of his feet?

39. An angel's journey made while a man's prayers were travelling in the exactly opposite direction?

40. A man's journey from earth to heaven, made he did not know how?

41. A journey in which two persons left several watchers behind them who did not know of their going; and in which one of the two, also, did not exactly know it himself for some time?

42. A journey stopped midway by a judgment from God?

43. A great expedition stopped before it began by a message from God?

44. A journey which began with a dream, but ended in results some of which we can trace in the names of (at least) five of the New Testament Epistles?

45. A journey which aimed at Jerusalem and ended in Rome?

46. A royal journey which was expected to end in peace, but which ended in death?

47. A journey from a king's house to a prophet's house and back again, which also ended in death, though in a different way?

48. A journey undertaken with extreme reluctance, and leading afterwards to both judgment and mercy in a signal decree?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

4. What month is imperative, and what one permissive?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. Best known, best loved of all the days,
This sunny fragrant month displays.

March dust, April rain,

Make this very plain.

An aged woman, an Indian coin.

Thus harvests come.

6. Standing alone I mean a vessel: as a suffix I denote office.

Alone, relationship: as a suffix, small.

Alone, a head-dress: as a suffix, state.

Alone, part of a hospital: as a suffix, direction.

Alone, sapient: as a suffix, in the manner of.

7. What measure is commonly behind a small house?

And what in the schoolroom?

And what is most necessary for your progress?

And what is suggestive of a decayed tooth?

And what of a bird's attack on a cherry?

And what of the detention of a strayed donkey?

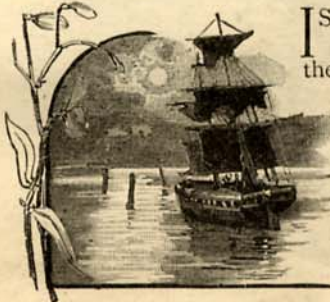
And what of a conscientious objection?

THE NUMBERING OF THE PEOPLE.

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

Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury, and Prebendary of St. Paul's;
 Author of "The Preacher's Commentary on the
 Gospel of St. John."

"And David said unto God, Is it not I that commanded the people to be numbered? even I it is that have sinned and done evil indeed."
 —1 CHRON. xxi. 17.
 "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel after their number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord."—Exod. xxx. 12.



IS it right, or is it wrong, to take a census of the people? That is the question which we wish to answer; and it will help us to answer it if we place side by side two narratives which are to be found in Holy Scripture.

Let us look first at that to which our text belongs.

I. David, now a man far advanced in life, gives orders for a numbering of his subjects. "Well," we may say, "and what of that? A king ought to know how many people he has to rule over, and what forces he may count upon in case of invasion; and so far, we cannot see that David did anything that was wrong." But it is clear that David *did* sin, and sin grievously. Even Joab—the captain of his forces, who was no saint—was quite aware that his master's resolution would call down the Divine displeasure, and endeavoured to persuade him, although without avail, to change his mind. And we are told that Satan, the author of all evil, was the instigator of the whole affair. There was something, then, very wrong about this particular numbering. But what was it that was wrong?

Perhaps the explanation lies here. Under the leadership of David—who was both a warrior and a statesman—Israel had attained a position in the world which at the outset of his reign would have appeared to be absolutely out of the question. The Philistines, formerly an object of especial terror to the Israelites, had been subdued; the Amalekites so completely crushed that henceforth the name of Amalek disappears from history; Edom filled with Israelite garrisons; the Moabites laid under tribute; and, in fact, every land from the shores of the Mediterranean, up to the banks of the river Euphrates, did homage to the powerful monarch who sate on his throne in the city of Jerusalem.

The country itself was fertile and populous; and, small as it was, it could put into the field—whenever it chose to do so—a force considerably exceeding a million of trained and disciplined soldiers. Under these circumstances the people at large were led to entertain ambitious designs of foreign conquest. Interpreting the prophetic Scriptures literally, they

began to think that they were destined to establish an universal empire, and to bring the whole earth under their sway.

But what about King David? He was an old man now—too old to think of engaging in military enterprise. And he was a wise man, too, who understood clearly the purposes of Jehovah, and could not suppose for a moment that military glory was an object for the covenant people to aim at.

True; but David had a son of great promise, who might be the destined conqueror. And the wisest of men are sometimes drawn aside by the influence of others into views which you would have thought them incapable of entertaining. It seems to have been so with the Jewish monarch. He and his subjects were equally guilty of the fault of worldly ambition, and the Lord visited them both with severe retribution. Each was the scourge of the other. The king, whose heart was loving and tender, was punished by the calamity sent on his subjects; the people were punished by the destruction, on their monarch's account, of seventy thousand of their choicest warriors—strong and stalwart men, in the flower of their age—by the blast of a pestilence.

Does the penalty seem an excessive one? It *could* not have been so, of course; for it was the hand of God who inflicted it. But it will appear not to have been so if we look at it a little more closely. God's people were intended to stand alone amongst the nations in this respect as well as others—that they were not to compete with other nations for worldly glory. The part that Israel had to play in human history was to be that of a witness for God, for truth, for righteousness. Only by so doing could the purposes of God be fulfilled, and the nations become a blessing to the world at large. And whenever Israel abandoned his true position, and plunged into a worldly career, it became necessary to recall him to his senses by the infliction of some terrible, some overwhelming judgment.

II. But now let us contrast with this sinful numbering of the people one with which God was well pleased. It was made by Moses. And in accordance with Divine direction, the people gave each of them a certain sum of money (half a shekel) "as a ransom for his soul unto the Lord"; and the whole amount thus raised was devoted to the usage of the tabernacle and the congregation.

Now it was not, of course, the mere giving of the money which pleased the Lord, and saved the people from the infliction of a plague, but the practical recognition, by means of the money, of their belonging to the Lord, and holding themselves devoted to His service. The half-shekel meant for each man who gave it—"I am not mine own. I am bought with a price. I am Jehovah's. And here am I, that He may do what He wills with me."

This was the right spirit for God's people. But the spirit of David's numbering was a worldly one,

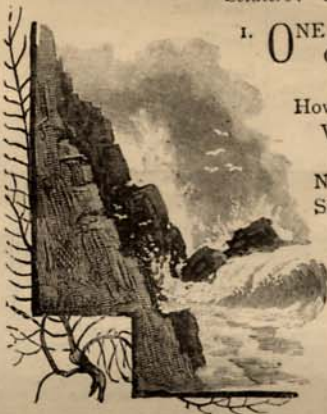
altogether opposed to God's purpose, and therefore displeasing in His sight.

So we find an answer to our question. Is it right, or is it wrong, it is asked, to have a census of the people? Well, all depends upon the motive. It is wrong if we are actuated by a selfish desire to advance our own interest, and to promote what is called our own "glory." It is right if we are simply "taking stock" of our capabilities as remembering that we are in a position of trust, and with a sincere desire of using our vast and increasing opportunities as a nation for the benefit of our fellow-men and for the glory of our God.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

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

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



1. ONE of four to tell the story
Of salvation wrought for
man,
How, in Flesh, Supernal Glory,
Wrought redemption's wondrous plan.
Now awhile from toil desist,
Sing of Mark the Evangelist!

2. Standing by the Apostle
Peter,
Mark, the faithful scribe,
behold!
None to share his mission
meeter,
Sowing truth in toils
untold,

Till in Rome, his master slain,
Mark must still his work maintain.

3. In the great Egyptian city
By the inland waters blue,
The resort of learn'd and witty,
Mark believers round him drew.
Not the wealthy, not the wise
Learn the doctrine of the skies.

4. There in blood he sealed his witness
To the holy truths he taught,
As foundation proved his fitness,
Stone by axe and hammer wrought.
Of the Church a basement block
Laid upon the eternal Rock.

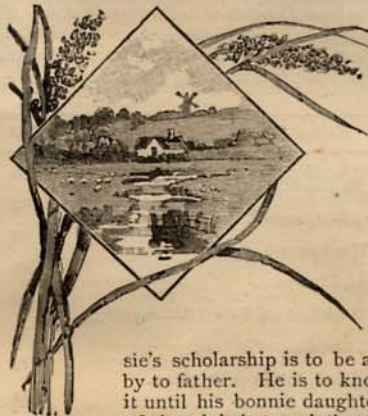
5. Grant the word to Mark indited
We with steadfast faith may hold,
In the selfsame Church united,
Purified as purged gold,
Whilst on Thee we rest, O Lord
Cleaving to the Living Word.

"AS EASY AS A B C."

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

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

(See Illustration, page 74.)



WHEN once you know how to do it, why, it's as easy as A B C. And is A B C so very easy then? Well, it is—when once you know how to do it! Little Bessie finds A B C rather hard, for she has only just begun to learn her letters. She has a splendid teacher, however. Who so patient, and persevering, and tender, and kind as mother? Bessie's scholarship is to be a great surprise by-and-by to father. He is to know nothing at all about it until his bonnie daughter has learnt the whole of the alphabet, and then there will be a special display for his benefit.

What a pretty picture Mrs. Howe and her two pets make in that bright and cheerful room! Mrs. Draggles, her next-door neighbour, "wonders however Mrs. Howe manages to keep up such an appearance on his wages?" It is wonderful, indeed, Mrs. Draggles, but after all, it is as easy as A B C, when once you know how to do it. Now it couldn't be done at all if James Howe and Catherine his wife spent sixpence a day at the "Green Gate," at the corner of the road, like you do, Mrs. Draggles. It really couldn't.

There was a time when James spent twice sixpence a day at the "Green Gate," and that was a very sad time with Catherine. But when the new vicar came and started a Temperance Society, one of his first recruits was James. He used to think it would be a very difficult thing to live without those refreshers from the "Green Gate," but if you were to ask him now, he would cheerily laugh and tell you, "It's as easy as A B C when once you know how to do it!"

Some intemperate folks think if they leave off a little drink at a time that that is the easiest road to mending their ways. James Howe would tell them that there is nothing better than dropping it altogether. You see that little bookshelf hanging over Catherine's head? Well, that home-made shelf is the beginning of what promises to grow into a big library. Sixpence spent in liquor leaves nothing to look at. Sixpence spent in literature—why, it may mean the beginning of a collection of the noblest books the wisest men have ever penned. Sixpence a day! Three-and-sixpence a week! Nine pounds two shillings and sixpence a year! How many home comforts the "only sixpence a day" swallows up!

Why should there not be a library in every home? The home bookshelf would prove a splendid counteractive to the public-house. If this should meet the eye of any man who would like to have a library of his own, let him for the next few months buy books instead of beer. It's as easy as A B C when once you know how to do it!

FOR YOUNG POULTRY KEEPERS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FOWLS."

We are obliged to hold over the Prize Competition Questions until next month, so that our young friends have a little longer time in which to prepare for the examination.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the second half of last year—July to December. The names are given in the order of merit. It will be remembered that the questions were prepared by the Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N., and that we offered as prizes twelve volumes published at half-a-guinea each. The conditions were that "the winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, and state their ages." It will be seen that the interest in this Bible study remains unabated, no less than seven thousand nine hundred and ten papers having been sent in.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. HENRY CHARLES APLETREE, Fairvue Place, Kenilworth Street, Leamington.	15	St. Paul's, Leamington: Rev. J. Bradley, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. H. S. Wench, Superintendent.
2. MAY CLARKE, Hillside House, Rawtenstall.	15	Parish Church: Rev. J. Norris, B.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
3. ELLA BULSTRODE, Down Lodge, Wandsworth, S.W.	15	All Saints', Wandsworth. Rev. W. Reed, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Bulstrode, S.S. Teacher.
4. GEORGE BELL, 37, Kelvin Grove, Liverpool.	13	St. Silas's, Toxteth Park: Canon Woodward, Vicar.	Mr. T. W. H. Copner, Superintendent.
5. ANNIE BILSON COLMAN, Manor House, Rockland St. Peter, Attleborough.	15	Parish Church: Rev. J. A. B. Fleming, Rector.	The Rector.
6. HENRY MURRAY CAMERON, 23, Lord Street, Barrow-in-Furness.	15	St. Mark's, Barrow: Rev. E. S. Savage, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. Walter Cooper, S.S. Teacher.
7. F. W. HOLLINGHAM, 6, Beaconsfield Road, Preston, Brighton.	13	St. Saviour's: Rev. A. A. Farnall, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
8. ELLEN LEWIS, St. Ann's Vicarage, Nottingham.	14	St. Ann's, Nottingham: Canon Lewis, Vicar.	The Vicar.
9. ALICE MARY ROLLINSON, 29, Mordey Street, Sunderland.	15	St. Ignatius-the-Martyr: Rev. Edgar Boddington, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
10. THOMAS C. WETTON, 32, Benthall Road, Stoke Newington, N.	13	St. Mark's, Dalston: Rev. J. G. Pilkington, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. A. O. B. Brandon, M.A., Hon. Curate.
11. AMY LILIAN JONES, St. Bride's Rectory, Old Trafford, Manchester.	14	St. Bride's: Rev. R. J. Jones, M.A., Rector.	The Rector.
12. DAVID MANSELL, High Road, Lower Tottenham.	12	St. James's, Upper Edmonton: Rev. L. G. Fry, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—

73. Gen. xiv. 74. He took no spoil (xiv. 23). 75. Exodus xvii. 76. 1 Sam. xv. ii. etc. 77. 1 Sam. vii. 78. 1 Sam. vii. 12. "Come, Thou fount of every blessing." 79. Judges iv. and v. 80. Judges ix. 50-55. 81. 2 Sam. xx. 16-22. 82. 2 Kings xiii. 14-19. 83. Judges v. 19-21. 84. Josh. x. 11. 84. Josh. x. 12-14. 85. Heb. vii. 14. 86. Gen. xlix. 42. 87. Deut. xxxiii. 18. 87. Gen. xlix. 5-7; Deut. xxxiii. 8-11. 88. Deut. xxxiv. 10-12. 89. Aaron, Phinehas, Samuel, Jehoida, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joshua, Ezra. 90. Korah, Nadab and Abihu, Eli and his sons, Pashur, Eliashib. 91. Luke i. 5, 6; Matt. xi. 11; Acts xi. 24. 92. Judges iv. 6. 93. Luke ii. 36-38. 94. 1 Chron. xii. 2; Judges xx. 15, 16; iii. 14-22. 95. Acts xiii. 21. 96. Numbers xiii. 8, 16; Judges vii. 15; also Judges xi. 1; 1 Chron. vii. 17. 97. 2 Chron. xx. 98. Comp. 2 Chron. xx. 17 with Ex. xiv. 13, 14. 99. 2 Chron. xx. 30; Job xxxiv. 29; Isa. xxx. 15; Matt. xi. 28-30. 100. Isa. xxxvii. 14, etc. 101. 2 Kings ix. 23, 24; 1 Kings xxii. 34; also v. 25. 102. 1 Sam. xv. 19, etc.; Josh. vii. 11, etc., etc. 103. It speaks little of battles except in one book, and there, to a great extent, of battles in heaven (Rev. xii. 7), etc.; xvii. 14. 104. Judges ix. 53; 1 Sam. xvii. 50; Judges xv. 14, etc.; 1 Sam. xxxi. 4. 105. 2 Sam. xi. 14-17. 106. 1 Sam. xi. 15-19. 107. 1 Kings xx. 13, etc. 108. 1 Chron. xxviii. 3-6; xxii. 9; Isa. ix. 6. 109. Judges iv. 4, 5. 110. Gen. xxxv. 4-8. 111. 1 Kings xiii. 14; xix. 5. 112. James i. 48, 49. 113. Ps. xxxii. 1, 2; lxxiii. 1; Rom. ii. 28, 29. 114. Luke xix. 4, 5; 2 Sam. xviii. 9-14. 115. 1 Peter ii. 24; Gal. iii. 13. 116. Isa. liii. 4-6, and 8; 2 Cor. v. 21. 117. Rev. ii. 7; xxii. 2, 14; Gen. iii. 22-24. 118. Ps. lxxx. Isa. v. 47. 119. John xv. 1-8. Secret, union

with Him; object, bringing forth fruit; evidence, doing so abundantly. 120. Isa. iv. 2; xi. 1; Jer. xxiii. 5; Zech. iii. 8. 121. His humility in "falling down," earnestness in "beseeching." 122. He only half believed in Christ's willingness. 123. He, in Christ's power. 124. She believed in both, as shown by her perseverance and by her comparing the great deliverance she sought to a "crumb." 125. Matt. xv. 22, "Canaan"; xiii. 10, 11. 126. Power healing immediately, completely, as by a word, etc. 127. Matt. vi. 5, 6; Matt. xiv. 23; Mark vi. 45, 46. 128. The power to forgive sins, vindicated by miraculously healing the sinner. 129. Infirmary in the man taught faith in those who brought him. 130. Truly cured, taking up his bed and walking; forgiven, because manifesting with thankfulness and obedience. 131. Matt. xxi. 31, 32; Luke xviii. 9-14. 132. By what he gave up or what he did. 133. Acts ix. 43. 134. Acts ix. 42; 2 Chron. ii. 16; Ezra iii. 7. 135. Acts ix. 32-35. 136. Acts ix. 39-41, compared with Matt. ix. 23-25. 137. Mark v. 35-43. 138. Acts x. 1, 7, 8, 22. 139. The three visions, two voices, time of arrival of messengers, direct command of the Spirit. Acts x. 14. 140. Acts x. 28, 29. 141. Acts x. 30. 142. Acts x. 13, 30. 143. Vision of Cornelius and despatch of messengers; vision of Peter and arrival of the messengers; start of Peter and companions for Caesarea; arrival of Peter and meeting with Cornelius. 144. Acts x. 23, 24; xi. 12; x. 33. Peter wished for witnesses if afterward called in question. Cornelius wished his friends to hear the good news.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors:—

WILLIAM PERRY, 11, Fox Street, Swan Village, Woodsetton, near Dudley.
B. MATHER, Loddington Vicarage, Leicester.
HENRY S. PLUMMER, 64, Buckingham Road, Kingsland, N.
BESSIE R. DOMINEY, Queen's Road, Aldershot.
ERNEST J. DAVIES, 290, Gloucester Road, Horfield, Bristol.
LIZZIE IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham, Surrey.
W. J. SIMMONDS, Moreton-in-Marsh.
ANNIE E. HARRISON, Hondsloough, Frodsham.
MAY HAYDEN, 5, Short Street, Upper Edmonton.
MAY LAVIS, Seaview Terrace, Week St. Mary, Cornwall.
DAISY LETTS, 142, Oakfield Road, Anerley, S.E.

ANNIE LARKIN, Church Street, Lichfield.
NELLIE MARY MAXWELL, Langholm, Jenner Road, Guildford.
S. OLDFIELD, St. Mary's Vicarage, Rawtenstall.
MARY M. PRESCOTT, 37, Stanley Street, Eastern Road, Bristol.
MARIA CLULD, 7, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness.
CARRIE SLADE, 54, Elphinstone Road, Hastings.
MAY SLEDMERE, 101, Widemarsh Street, Hereford.
MARGARET RIGG, 6, Hartington Place, Eastbourne.
ELIZA F. CHILD, Clifton Vicarage, Brighouse, Yorkshire.
DAISY GRIEVE, 11, Hartington Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
MABEL GOFF, 5, St. Mary's Road, Hastings.
AMY GAPPER, Yeovilton, near Ilchester.

TO THE PRIZE WINNERS.

THE successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or if preferred two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in this Competition continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings each. The number of papers sent in (from July to December) reached a total of four thousand four hundred and twelve. The following are the Prize Winners in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. CECIL CARR NICHOLLS, Luton School House, Chatham.	14	Miss Cross, S.S. Teacher, Christ Church, Luton.
2. LIZZIE IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham, Surrey.	13	Rev. H. C. M. Price, Vicar of Valley End.
3. MARGARET RIGG, Verdon House, Hartington Place, Eastbourne.	15	Miss Woodhouse, Superintendent Trinity S. School.
4. HERBERT W. PILLOW, Longley Villa, Thorburn Square, S.E.	14	Rev. J. F. B. Walsh, Vicar of St. Ann's, Bermondsey.
5. EMILY MANSELL, High Road, Lower Tottenham.	14	Rev. L. G. Fry, Vicar of St. James's, Upper Edmonton.
6. HENRY S. PLUMMER, 64, Buckingham Road, Kingsland, N.E.	15	Rev. A. O. B. Brandon, M.A., St. Mark's, Dalston.
7. CHARLOTTE B. KENNARD, 36, Hughenden Road, Hastings.	15	Rev. A. Hodges, M.A., Vicar of Christchurch, Blacklands.
8. DOROTHY BENSON CORKILL, 85, Wellington Road, Liverpool.	14	Miss Brown, Superintendent St. Cleopas' S. School.
9. GRACE BIRD, 129, Norwich Road, Ipswich.	15	Rev. J. Sheldon Jones, Vicar of All Saints', Ipswich.
10. LAURA C. BURKITT, 133, Lodge Road, Birmingham.	15	Miss Hildick, S.S. Teacher.
11. JESSIE BACKHURST, 8, Ocklynge Hill, Eastbourne.	14	Miss Bennett, S.S. Teacher.
12. A. E. HARRISON, 170, Upper Richmond Road, Putney.	15	Rev. L. Macdona, B.D., Curate of Putney?

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December, inclusive, are as follows:—

XXI. (12) Buy two pennyworth of medicine, and you will get a vial in (violin). (13) Kittens. (14) One makes a din, the other a dinner. (15) The latter, because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and find it in creases (increases) when you take it out.

XXII. (3) Win-Try, Wintry.

XXIII. Cur-Ate, Curate.

XXIV. Innocent, Stealthy, Isis, Newt, Newgate, Olivia, Cornwall, East, North, Tay.

XXV. Spare not, nor spend too much: be this thy care;

Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.

Who spends too much may want, and so complain;

But he spends best who spares to spend again.

XXVI. Dish, on, our, able (dishonourable).

XXVII. Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever-changing like a joyless eye,
That finds no object worth its constancy?

P. B. Shelley.

XXIVa. Fat-Ally (Fatally).

XXVa.	NAME	EASY	FLAT	DESK
	ASIA	AREA	LATE	ELLA
	MISS	SEEM	ATOM	SLIT
	EASY	YAMS	TEME	KATE

XXXIII. This epitaph, from the church of San Salvador, at Oviedo, in Spain, may be read 270 ways.

XXXIV. Bank.

"I'LL WALK IN WHITE WITH JESUS."

A HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY ALBERT MIDLANE.

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

ILL walk in white with Jesus
When He shall call me Home,
Beneath the glorious radiance
Of Heaven's expanding dome.
Beyond time's pain and sorrow,
Its changes and its loss,
For all shall walk with Jesus,
Whose glory is His Cross.

I'll tune my harp to Jesus,
Before the sapphire throne,
Its sweetest, holiest cadence
Shall be for Him alone.
While angel-hosts shall listen
As sweeping o'er its strings,
And "Jesus loves the children"
Through Heaven's circumference rings.

I'll be the joy of Jesus,
In glory bright and fair;
When HERE He loved the children,
No less He'll love us THERE;
He laid His hands upon them,
And claimed them as His own,
And I'll be joy to Jesus
Up there, before the Throne.

Then, Holy, Precious Jesus,
Preserve me, as Thy child,
To walk, as waiting for Thee,
In garments undefiled.
Around me dangers threaten
Be Thou my strength, my stay,
And 'neath Thy benediction
Speed Thou me on my way.



GARDEN WORK FOR APRIL

Kitchen Garden.

TRANSPLANT lettuce. Dig ground, and dress with rotten dung, and put in the plants about ten or twelve inches apart. Sow cos and cabbage lettuce, also the large cabbage lettuce. Thin radish beds, leaving them about three inches apart. Hoe spinach of previous sowings, and sow for later crops. Plant kidney beans or scarlet runners about an inch deep. Plant out cabbages and savoys, and also sow for autumn and winter crops. Plant out strong cauliflower plants about the end of the month. Carrots and parsnips may still be sown early in the month. Sow turnips for summer crops. Plant beans, peas, potatoes.

Fruit Garden.

Apple, pear, plum, and cherry trees may still be planted, but require to be watered occasionally. Pruning should now be all completed where any have been unfinished. Keep strawberry beds free from weeds.

Flower Garden.

Strike cuttings of chrysanthemums, and divide roots. Hardy annuals may still be sown, such as convolvulus major and minor, sweet peas, nasturtiums, mignonette, lupins, larkspur, sunflower, etc. These should all be sown where they are intended to remain. Polyanthus rooted slips and carnations may yet be planted, but care should be taken to remove them with a good-sized ball of earth to each root. Keep the borders free from weeds, which now begin to grow. Roll and cut grass lawns. Fix sticks to plants requiring them before they get deformed. Prune rose trees early in the month.

THE FLOWER OF TRUSCOTT'S ALLEY.

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

CHAPTER IV.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.



IT was not to be expected that Old Bly should be entirely at ease as to his adopted child. In the early days he looked anxiously for the return of the missing mother. Although knowing well enough that children were sometimes deserted in this way, he still clung to the hope that a change of circumstances might bring the mother to make some inquiries for her child.

That was his first feeling; but as the days went by his view changed. He began to see that his life had been very dull and lonely, that this little one had brought a new light and a new joy into it. Now and then, when he had time to think, he caught himself wondering what life would be without Rose. She was always good-tempered, and if sometimes he saw a little cloud come over her face, he knew at once that she was thinking of her mother. But childhood, if happy, is very forgetful, and Rose accepted without a murmur the old

man's promise that it would be "all right one of these days."

With her few doubts satisfied by this, Rose gave herself up very willingly to the life in Truscott's Alley. She got on amazingly at school; she went upon Old Bly's few errands with a care and success which made his neighbours confess their regrets that the other young people in the alley were not equally to be trusted; she helped the old man with his live stock; and in her own small way assisted him with the general care and cleaning of their little establishment.

But it is not in the nature of life to go along thus smoothly for ever—at all events, of life as it is found in the region of Truscott's Alley. There was a cloud upon the horizon which was very soon to burst.

I have said that the morals of the neighbourhood were not all they might have been. The common lodging-houses of the surrounding streets and alleys largely sheltered people who, however honest at one time, had come to live upon the world.

Some, it is fair to say, were only dishonest when times were bad with them. They had no strong tendency to crime, but they had little heart to fight against temptation. When times were hard and money scarce, they fell into evil ways, and sometimes took the consequences in the magistrate's court.

In addition to this class, there were people who had a natural liking for the mingled idleness and excitement of a criminal life, and these held themselves to be quite superior to the persons that only fell into wrongdoing at intervals.

Amongst those who more often did wrong than right, a certain number lived by beggary. They had followed the trade perhaps from childhood, and had arrived at great skill in its methods. Some would tell the public that they were sadly come down in the world, had seen better days, and found it hard to beg at all. Others were clever at imitating the workman kept idle by a strike, or bad weather, or slackness of trade. Others, whose faces had a pinched look, would shiver through the streets with little or nothing on in the coldest weather, singing doleful melodies as they went. Others took with them groups of children, one or two of whom might be their own, whilst the rest had been borrowed, hired, or even stolen.

In Shortman's Rents, near Truscott's Alley, there dwelt an old woman who was a kind of agent for the supply of such children. "Mother Tripp," as she was called, always knew where a few nice little girls or a weakly-looking boy could be borrowed on easy terms, and her services were much used by people on both sides.

Now about the time that Rose was just getting used to her new surroundings, the supply of children ran short in a most unusual fashion. Several customers, to whom she had for years given aid, Mrs. Tripp had been driven to send away without the help they wanted and were willing to pay for.

Rose had been two months in her new home when Mother Tripp's troubles reached a point at which they seemed quite unbearable. Three times that week had she been obliged to say "No" to the usual question, and one of her oldest customers had plainly said that it was time for him to look elsewhere.

It was whilst she was thinking over these sorrows one day that Rose passed the window of her room. The child's history at once came to her mind, and with it a plan which grew to seem the more easy the longer it was discussed.

Mother Tripp knew Old Bly well enough to be quite aware that he would under no circumstances hire or lend his little Rose for begging purposes. But, if Old Bly would not lend her, why not take her?

That was how the idea first came into her mind.

There were two ways in which her end might be gained. It would not be hard to kidnap the child; that was one way of getting Rose into her possession. But then she doubted whether all of her customers would care for the trouble of a child who might at some critical moment spoil all their plans by blurring out the truth that she was stolen. No doubt the stick might cure that in time, but not perhaps until harm had been done.

There was, however, another way, which, whilst not quite making this danger impossible, would at least lessen it. That plan amounted to this, that some one of Mother Tripp's customers should claim the child as its mother. But this, too, she put aside after a little more thought, and made up her mind to use a varied form of it.

The new plan was, that the customer should claim Rose as her niece. This of course made it necessary to say that the mother was dead, but Mrs. Tripp thought this would be no difficulty.

In order to pave the way for her plan, the old woman watched for a chance of having some talk with Rose, a chance for which she had not long to wait. It came the very next day.

"My dear," said Mother Tripp in her kindest tone.

"Yes, ma'am," said Rose, who was always most polite, even to people who never did their hair, which was one peculiarity of Mother Tripp.

"Come inside, my sweet," said the old woman through her open window.

"I'm in a hurry, ma'am," said Rose, who did not feel quite comfortable under her new friend's eye.

"Oh, I sha'n't keep you a minute; I only want to ask a question about them fowls Mr. Bly has in his window."

Now it seemed to Rose that business ought to be attended to; and so, without any more hesitation, she went into the old woman's room.

Mrs. Tripp's curiosity about the two fowls was soon satisfied, and then she brought the conversation around to Rose herself.

"And when is your mother a-coming for you, my sweet?"

"I don't know," said the child simply.

"I shouldn't wonder now if, supposing as she couldn't come herself, she was to send somebody for you."

"I don't know," was again the only answer.

"Now," said Mrs. Tripp, patting her head on one side with what was meant to be a most engaging air of confidence, "what should you say to one of your aunts a-calling at Mr. Bly's quite in the ordinary way some morning, and a-taking of you home there and then?"

"I don't think they will."

"Why, child, haven't you got any aunts?"

"Oh yes, two; but —"

"But what?" asked Mrs. Tripp, who was getting impatient.

"But I don't think they liked mother or me, and I'm sure they wouldn't know where to find me now."

"Ah! we never knows what may happen to little girls, and aunts are sometimes kinder than they looks."

Now Rose knew very little on this subject, and therefore held her peace. But to herself she said that unless her very own mother came to fetch her, she would rather stay with Old Bly.

And now Mrs. Tripp, having got to know as much as suited her purpose, brought the interview to a close. Presenting Rose with a very battered halfpenny (which two costermongers had refused to take) as a sign of her good will, she opened the door, remarking that she would "call and see" Old Bly "about them fowls."

In her own mind the plan was now fully matured, and it only remained to find a convenient time for putting it into execution.

A day or two afterwards she met an old customer, who earned a very pleasant livelihood by going from street to street with a small family singing popular hymns.

"Corker," said Mrs. Tripp, for such was the short and convenient title of this worthy, "do you want a sweet little gal as would be the making of you?"

"I've got one as is nine and another eight; can't take another at them ages."

"This 'un is younger; and that pretty —"

"Where is she?" asked Corker, who, like a sound man of business, was always on the look-out for a new attraction.

"I'll show ye."

So Corker and the old woman walked into Truscott's Alley, and there saw Rose



"WHEN IS YOUR MOTHER COMING?"

chatting to old Bly on their doorstep.

"What's the old chap going to lend her for?" asked Corker.

But Mother Tripp drew him hastily away, and in the privacy of her own squalid room unfolded her plan.

It must have seemed very attractive to her client, for he went away with the look of somebody who sees a good bargain before him.

(To be continued.)

THE SOURCE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—"The fear of God made England, and no great nation was ever made by any other fear."—J. A. FROUDE (*Life of Lord Beaconsfield*).

HOME.—"God Himself is the home of the Christian, his heart's home, the home of his thoughts and affections and desires. He will never change. That home will never be empty."—F. BOURDILLON.

"Brightly Gleams our Banner."

Words by T. J. POTTER.

Music by REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

f *cres.*

1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner,..... Point - ing to the sky,..... Wav - ing wan - d'ers on - ward

cres. *mf*

To their Home on High..... Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,.....

f

And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our Heav'nward way..... Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner,.....

cres.

Point - ing to the sky,..... Wav - ing wan - d'ers on - ward To their Home on High.

2.

Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet :
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3.

All our day's direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe :
Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour ;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4.

Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love :
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

WOODHOUSE

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



Calendar for April.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

APRIL.	
S	First Sunday after Easter. (Octave of Easter Day) Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany, and Address on Confirmation, 6.30 p.m.
12 S	Second Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
19 S	Third Sunday after Easter. (Diocesan Sunday). Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
25 SA	S. Mark the Evangelist. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 7.30 p.m.
26 S	Fourth Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Children's Service, 6.30 p.m.

The Daily Services will be announced on the
Notice Board.

The Confirmation will be held at Holy Trinity Church, Barrow-on-Soar, on Thursday, April 9th, at 7.30 p.m.

The Collections on April 19th, Diocesan Sunday, will be for the Leicester Archidiaconal Board of Education.

The Missionary Litany will be said on Friday, April 10th, after Evensong.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Monday, April 13th, at 7 p.m. The final meeting of this season will be held on Monday, April 27th, at 7 p.m. On this occasion the Prizes will be given, and all who are interested in Temperance work are invited to attend.

Sunday School Teachers' Meeting on Friday, April 17th, at 8 p.m.

DIOCESAN INSPECTOR'S REPORT.—The School was examined on March 13th, and the following report has been received:—"The children are in excellent order, and repeated very creditably; and have been very carefully and successfully taught throughout the school."—F. BELL, Diocesan Inspector. We were very pleased to notice that the children from the "Old Town," as is usually the case, did particularly well.

LECTURE ON SPAIN.—An interesting lecture on Spain was given by the Rev. Vaughan Evans, on March 3rd, in the Village Hall. There was a good audience, and there were some beautiful views of the scenery and buildings of the Peninsula shown by means of the lantern. Unfortunately the slides were unmounted and consequently too small for the lantern. If it had not been for the skill and patience of Mr. Pettitt the exhibition would have been a failure.

On Tuesday, March 10th, in the Village Hall, we had our annual Zenana Meeting when Mrs. Graves, who has been here several times now, gave a very interesting address on the Chinese women in particular. We hope that as Christianity gets more hold of the country the terrible cruelties which are now practised upon children may be abandoned. There was a collection in the room after the meeting which amounted to £4 4s. 6½d.

On Monday, March 9th, some of the Members of our Band of Hope gave a performance of a Service of Song, entitled, "Buy your own Cherries," in the Village Hall. The solos were sung by Miss G. Holland, Mr. T. Baker, and T. Waterfield, and the duet by T. Waterfield and F. Seal. The choruses were very nicely rendered and showed that great pains had been taken by the performers in the practisings. Before the Service of Song Mr. G. Holland, Mr. T. Baker, and Miss G. Holland very kindly sang some solos, which were much appreciated. There was a good audience who seemed very much to enjoy the entertainment. The collection at the end amounted to £1 15s. 4d., and after defraying the cost of the music, is to go towards Prizes for the Band of Hope.

The fifth of the series of Church History lectures, which have been given during the present season, took place on Tuesday, March 17th. The subject was the History of the English Church from A.D. 1265—1535. The lecturer mainly dwelt on the leading men of the period, such as Wycliffe, William of Wykeham, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and Wolsey. It is hoped that if all be well these lectures will be completed during next Winter. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Pettitt for his valuable assistance throughout the whole series. The collection amounted to £1 10s.

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