



May, 1891.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



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ENGINEER,
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QUORN.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalendar for May.

MAY.

3 S **Fifth Sunday after Easter.** Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Litany, Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
The 4th, 5th, and 6th are Rogation Days.
7 TH **Ascension Day.** Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
10 S **Sunday after Ascension.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
17 S **Whitsun Day.** Mattins, Holy Communion, and Short Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
18 Monday in Whitsun Week. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
19 Tuesday in Whitsun Week. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
20 Wednesday. Ember Day.
22 Friday. Ember Day.
23 Saturday. Ember Day.
24 S **Trinity Sunday.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
31 S **First Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.

For Daily Prayer SEE THE NOTICE BOARD each week.

Baptisms.

April 5.—Frederick Edward Palmer.
" Lilian Phipps.
" 15.—Percy Grant.

Burials.

March 23.—Herbert Holmes, aged 5 months.
" 24.—Mary Mee, aged 95 years.
" 29.—Georgina Clarke, aged 56 years.
April 7.—Mary Ann Bradshaw, aged 57 years.
" 7.—Madeleine Annie Ottey, aged 3 months.
" 10.—John Henry Cook, aged 51 years.
" 17.—John Henry Boyer Warner, aged 41 years.

Marriage.

March 29.—Tom Brown and Matilda Nokes.

Offertory for the Vicar on Easter Sunday towards Curate's

	Stipend.	£	s.	d.
Morning	14	6	8½
Evening	1	0	5½
Monday	1	5	0
		£16	12	2½

Thirty-eight Quorn Catechumens Confirmed on April 9th, at Barrow, by the Bishop of Leicester.

William Brown.	William Hyde Inglesant.
Samuel Harris.	William Bradshaw Harris
Henry Judd.	John Sharpe Disney.
Harry Cotton.	John William Hallett.
	James Henry Flanders.
Betsey Newbold.	Annie Elizabeth Murden.
Edith Nicholls.	Hannah Elizabeth Armston.
Winifred Wright.	Leah Ann Ward.
Sarah Deville.	Mary Garton Blood.
Flora Pearson.	Ethel Maud Chester.
Lilian Rue.	Mary Ann Statham.
Rebecca Johnson.	Susan Emily Bolesworth.
Margaret Taylor.	Mary Ann Payne.
Fanny Lavis.	Maud Maria Barnett.
Rose Shepherd.	Eliza Ann Daft.
Ada Rennox.	Elizabeth Jane Ward.
Annie Squires.	Rose Edith Holmes.
Ellen Herbert.	Fanny Payne.
Mary Johnson.	Emma Rue.
	Charlotte Maria Burrows Butcher.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The Children of the Parish are to be congratulated on the result of their Entertainment on Monday, April 13th, when by their efforts they have nearly cleared off the debt on their Font Wall Painting. For several weeks, the Quadrille Dancers had been hard at work, under the kind and patient tuition of Mr. C. Adams, the dress rehearsal on the Saturday testified to a good audience that success was imminent; and the continued applause on Monday night left nothing more to be desired. The four little girls, the Misses Florrie and Grace Firr, Ethel White, and Georgie Adams, attired in white dresses with the Royal Stuart Tartan sashes harmonized with the Highland costume of their partners Masters Willie and

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.—CONTINUED.

Charlie Firr, Harry Richardson and Johnnie Fewkes, two wearing the Royal Stuart kilt and plaid, and the others the Rob Roy with *bond-side* bonnets and sporrans, which turned them into veritable Highlanders. Each figure was danced with great spirit and precision, and the whole appearance of the Quorn Village Hall Stage, with a background of evergreens, arranged by Messrs. Cook and Bourd, made a truly picturesque *tout ensemble*. The Nursery Rhymes, which were a very important part of the Quadrille, were sung by Members of the Church Choir in *camera*, and accompanied on the piano by Miss Spencer. Through the kindness of Miss Bagnall, Tudor Mansion, Loughborough, four of her pupils, the Misses Evelyn Firr, Beatrice Richards, Lucy Hodson, and Madge Bolesworth, danced a Tambourine dance, accompanied on the piano by Miss Firr. The graceful movements of the dancers merited the applause they received, and we must thank the visitors who contributed so much pleasure to our entertainment. The humorous Dialogue, entitled, "The Geese," caused many outbursts of laughter, Miss Horspool and Miss Hurst acting their parts so well and so thoroughly. The musical part of the programme consisted of two glees by the Quorn Choral Society, two piano solos by Miss Firr, songs by Miss Brown and the Rev. R. C. Faithfull, violin solo by Mr. Fred. Brunton, and the song, "Daddy," was sweetly sung by Miss Ethel White, a little girl of not more than 7 years. A tableau group formed of all the dancers, with the letters of "Good-night" held by nine of them, brought the evening to a close. Mr. Farnham with a few well-chosen words thanked the audience on behalf of the Vicar and Churchwardens for their help; and on the last strains of "God save the Queen" the curtain dropped, and ended one of the most successful entertainments that has taken place in the Quorn Village Hall.

BALANCE SHEET.

Receipts.	£ s. d.
By Rehearsal, Children at 1d. ...	0 10 6
,, Tickets and Door Money ...	11 14 0
,, Mrs. Perry-Herrick ...	1 0 0
,, Mr. Geo. White ...	0 5 0
	<hr/>
	£13 9 6
	<hr/>

Payments.	£ s. d.
Hire of Village Hall ...	0 17 6
,, Costumes and Carriage ...	1 3 9
Printing ...	0 8 3
Cheque to Artist for Painting ...	11 0 0
	<hr/>
	£13 9 6
	<hr/>

A further sum of £2 from the Children's Offertories has been forwarded to the Artist, so that the existing debt is now £5.

INDUSTRIAL CLASS.—Any parishioner wishing to see the Industrial Class at the Vicarage, may do so, on the *First Saturday* in each month. The hours of class are as follows:— Girls, 10 to 12, Basket Making; Boys, 2 to 4, Fretwork &c.

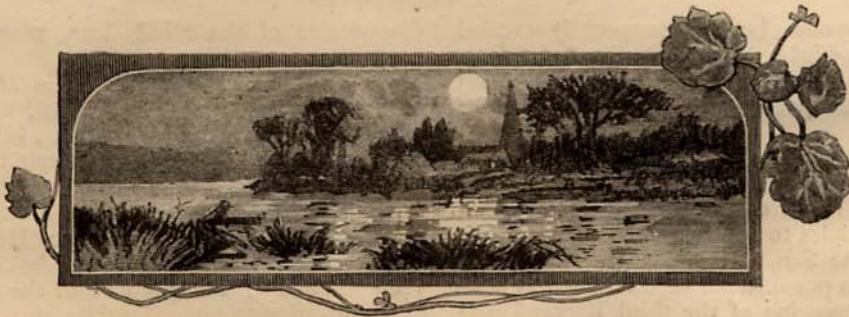
For List of Subscribers to the Stammers's Memorial Window, &c.
see page 3.



"WHOSE IS SHE?" (*see page 117.*)

Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.]

[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.



THE FATHER AND THE HOLY SPIRIT:

A MEDITATION FOR WHITSUNDAY.

"God, who hath also given unto us His Holy Spirit.—*1 THESS. iv. viii.*

BY THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, B.D.,
Archdeacon of London, Canon of St. Paul's, and Hon. Chaplain to H.M. the Queen.

WAS speaking on this subject, down in the country, to a very eminent man, whose intellect is as keen, practical, and acute, as that of any man alive. The way in which the doctrine of the Holy Ghost had been presented to him had caused him considerable difficulty. It seemed to him very much as if we were required to believe in three separate Divine beings, and then to turn rapidly round and say in the same breath that there is only one. Nobody could be more conscious than he is of the existence of the One only and true God, the Most High, the Creator and Preserver of all things, the Father of His human family. Nor did the revelation of that Supreme Being to us men on the earth through His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, the Messenger from the unseen world, in our form and language, for us to see and understand, seem to him at all hard or surprising. But when it came, as it appeared to him, to a kind of third deity, he did not see the necessity of it. He did not see why, as the Heavenly Father is everywhere present throughout all eternity, that Heavenly Father should not Himself breathe in our hearts, and perform all the functions usually attributed to the Holy Spirit. It seemed at first sight as if too much had been made of expressions of Holy Scripture, and a whole system of unnecessary and perplexing doctrine built up on a slight foundation.

This difficulty, I think, need never have arisen, if some of those who expound Scripture had been more careful in explaining what is meant by the Three Persons. That we should understand this clearly is of enormous importance. Dr. Harold Browne, who has lately retired from the See of Winchester, shall be our instructor in this matter. Dr. Harold Browne's account of our Thirty Nine Articles is that which young men have to study before they are ordained. This is what is said by that esteemed and recognised theologian :—

"The Fathers who used the language which has been inserted in the Creeds, and generally adopted in the Church, never thought, when they used to speak of

three Persons in one God, of speaking of such three Persons as they would speak of persons and personality among created beings. They did not consider, for example, the Persons of the Father and the Son as they would have considered the persons of Abraham and Isaac; or the Persons of the Holy Trinity as they would have considered the persons of Peter, Paul, and John, which are separate from one another, and do not depend in any way on each other for their essence."

Now, it is very difficult in human language to describe what is revealed to us of the Divine nature. We must remember that our word "Person" is the Latin word "Person," and the word "Person" means primarily an Expression or Character. We get the exact word in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where, in describing the relation of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Father, the writer says that He is the Expression of His Substance. Here we get the very word, *Χαράκτηρ*, Character. That is perhaps as near an idea as we can get of the truth. If the Son is an Expression of the Substance of the Divine Being, so is the Father, and so is the Holy Spirit. They cannot be separated from each other; where one is, there is the other. But at one time we are encouraged to think more of one Person or Expression of the Substance of the Divine Being, and at another time of another, and again at a different time of a third. So we say in the language of our own branch of the Christian Church :—

"There is but one living and true God, everlasting; without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible."

That language applies to all three Persons of the Divine Being. And we go on to say :—

"And in unity of this Godhead there be three Persons (Expressions, we might say) of one Substance, Power, and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The Son from all eternity was doing the same work

which He is doing now ; but He was specially revealed in the Man Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost was from all eternity doing the same work which He is doing now ; but He was specially revealed on the Day of Pentecost.

This teaching about the Three Persons or Expressions of the Divine Substance is not invented by the minds of men. When once our Lord Jesus Christ had told His disciples to baptise in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, no other teaching was possible. The teaching was illustrated by that outpouring of the third Expression of the Divine Substance on the day of Pentecost, in a manner so special, marvellous, and memorable ; by the gifts conveyed by that third Expression or Person in different ways and different degrees to all the members of the early Church ; by all the teaching of all the Apostles ; and by every page of writing which they have left. Never forget such a text as that which we are now considering : " God, who hath also given unto us His Holy Spirit."

The Father is regarded as that Person or Expression of the Divine Being Who sits on the Divine Throne, creating, sustaining, and ruling all things. The Son is regarded as that Person or Expression of the Divine Being by Whom the Father's wishes are performed, His thoughts translated into action, and Who revealed the whole Divine Being to mankind. The Holy Spirit is regarded as that Person or Expression of the Divine Being Who breathes everywhere in the Laws and Forces of Nature, and Who restores to man the lost likeness of His Maker, bringing him back to the love of God and the love of his fellows.

It is His especial work to declare God's mind to us. For this reason He is styled the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Prophecy, the Spirit of Revelation. From Him ever proceeded all supernatural light and wisdom. He instructed all the prophets who have been since the world began. He enabled them to speak the mind of God concerning things present and future. Wherever in heathen and pagan nations shone any spark of truth and goodness, there was the Holy Spirit.

To Him it belongs, as Dr. Harold Browne reminds us, to execute the will of the Divine Being in matters beyond the ordinary powers and course of Nature. By Him, our Saviour Himself, by Him the Apostles are expressly said to perform their wonderful works.

By His unseen, omnipresent, and mighty agency the Divine Being carries out to completion our salvation ; nourishing in us all good dispositions, increasing in us true religion, making us capable of being saved, directing and helping all our actions to that end, energising our feeble wills in response to our humblest aspirations.

He guides and stimulates us in devotion, showing us what we should ask, what we should avoid, raising in us holy desires and strong hopes, sometimes striving in us with groanings which cannot be uttered, disposing us to approach the Divine Being with fitting

dispositions of the mind—love, reverence, humble confidence.

He comforts, and sustains us in all our religious life ; its beginning, its continuance, its completion ; in noble and generous sympathies, in that magnetic influence which flashes from example to example ; in doubts, difficulties, distresses, afflictions.

He brings home to our hearts a sense of the love and favour of the Divine Being ; He convinces us that we are His children, and emboldens us to call Him " Father " ; He fills us with the great grace of hope, picturing to our spiritual imaginations the golden city, the truth of our eternal inheritance.

He moulds and inspires our prayers, making them fit to be answered by the Divine Being, and in innumerable ways enhancing our progress, happiness, and improvement.

On so deep a mystery our language must necessarily be very imperfect, and open to exception ; but at any rate, this day may He be present in our hearts ! May He consecrate us, young and old, with a new fire of love ! May He stir us up to fresh deeds of devotion, fresh triumphs of self-sacrifice and self-control ! May He purify and invigorate the souls of those who are preparing to pledge themselves anew to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ ! As we kneel around the Holy Table, and like John the Beloved lean our heads on the bosom of our Master, may the Holy Spirit of Truth consume in us everything that is not of God, and send us forth from this memorial festival of His outpouring clean and strong and rejoicing !

GARDEN WORK FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.

HOE and thin out onions, also carrots and parsnips. Early horn carrots should be thinned to about three inches apart. Sow mustard and cress every week for a succession. As these seeds are planted with a slight covering of earth, use some means to protect from the birds. Plant scarlet runners in drills, from north to south, the rows three feet apart. Leek plants ready for transplanting should now be planted out in well-manured ground. Use a dibber, and as the plant is dropped into the hole, fill the hole with water before pressing the earth close around the plant. Lettuce may still be sown. Sow peas. Earth up potatoes where they are appearing above the ground to guard against frost. Radishes and spinach may still be sown. Sow turnips. Prick out and plant celery. Keep all beds free from weeds.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberry runners, not required for propagating, should be all cut off, as they impoverish the plants. In dry weather they should be well watered two or three times a week. Fruit trees grafted in the spring may now be examined, and when the union is perfect the clay can be detached.

Flower Garden.

Sow giant and Brompton stocks. Pansies, double wall-flowers, rockets, etc., may be propagated by cuttings. Sow asters, balsams, and other half-hardy and hardy annuals. Pinks, carnations, and other plants requiring support should now have stakes provided of a suitable height for each plant.

"I BIDE MY TIME."

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

CHAPTER IX.
CAPITAL "H."



great and noble, accepted, a hero. That man turns away, and falls back thenceforth impotent, shamed, a coward. No wonder, therefore, that we attach supreme importance to these crises; that we regard them solemnly and awfully; that we say of them that they test and reveal the real man. All this is right and true. But, at the same time, let us not forget that the man has been preparing for the crisis long before it comes. His behaviour in it has been anticipated and predicted by his behaviour in the unnoticed conflicts, the obscure temptations of common life. The crisis did not make the man,—it merely manifested him. It was daily obedience to calls to small duties that gave this man the strength to answer with that grand "Here am I." And the pitiful failure of the other is to be explained in the same way. Day after day, by small surrenders, petty palterings with truth and honour, this man had been accustoming himself to decline the duty,—to choose the easy thing. Then came the loud and public summons; and he answered, with the world's gaze upon him, as he had answered a thousand times before when none was looking on,—he turned away. No, never believe in the sudden fall to awful depths—the sudden springing to glorious heights—of any man. The occasion is only the lightning flash revealing where the man stood.

Do not be at all surprised that a seemingly kind-hearted, honourable, well-bred young Englishman like Wilfrid Holland should in the course of a few weeks have shown himself capable of such miserable cowardice, such deceit, such utter heartlessness, as we have seen him display just now.

IT happens not infrequently that a man's behaviour in some single crisis forms the watershed of his whole life. There comes some sudden and tremendous call. This man makes an answer, "Here am I," and stands forth for ever afterwards

For many weeks before our tale begins he had been living a life of self-indulgence. His whole moral nature had been relaxed. Even the physical decline—the loss of nerve and vitality—implied in those morning potations had something to do with his collapse. A young fellow, relieving his splitting head and steadyng his hand at eleven in the morning with brandy-and-soda, has not the bodily stuff for nobility.

When that terrible calamity happened, and Wilfrid stood, appalled, on the edge of the gap, it was with a sense of bitter humiliation that he found that his impulse, his instinct, was not to rush down the ladder to do what might be done for the sufferer, and to take the consequences of his deed. When he had stolen secretly to his room and was pretending to plunge into his work, a sort of introspective surprise was present all through his fears and prayers. If he had not the moral fibre to do the right, he had, at least, enough of grace to deplore his inability to do it. But even this lingering of a better self was very brief. Wilfrid spent several days of misery (alleviated by a great deal of liquor) and several partially sleepless nights, but as soon as Roland was pronounced out of danger there was a strange revulsion of feeling. He began to think that he had shown quite unnecessary tenderness of conscience; he justified his own behaviour; and though the news of Roland's lameness gave him a shock, he soon began to resent the crutches as a sort of grievance,—they put him most unfairly in the wrong, they were a standing menace. At the present moment it is hardly too much to say that Wilfrid regarded himself as the injured party, and this affair with Roland was of a piece with all the rest: everything and everybody was against him. It was confoundedly hard; but no matter. He must just let things slide, and if they slid him or anybody else to the bad, well, it was not his fault.

It was the day after Wilfrid's conversation with Rydal that Roland received a letter in the following words:

23 & 24, SPRING ROW, BRIDGEHOLM.
May 22nd, 18—.

1 Enclosure.
DEAR SIR,

We are much pleased to learn that you are now at that stage of convalescence when a little change of air is of great benefit. We hope, therefore, that you will arrange to take a fortnight at the seaside. After that we shall be glad to see you back at the office again. A vacancy having occurred in the Foreign Room, we have decided to give you the desk, since your knowledge of French will be turned to some account there; and we feel sure that you will be willing to prosecute further the Spanish studies which we are aware that you commenced some time ago. Please accept enclosure, with our best wishes and congratulations.

We remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
Holland & Co.

Roland received this kind and generous letter in the spirit wherein he received everything now. It went to swell that grievance which was the painful yet cherished comfort of his life. They had offered him

a bonus and a promotion as compensation for his crippled body and wrecked existence. He accepted both offers, because it hurt him to accept them. "This is Wilfrid's doing. He is buying my silence and salving his conscience at one stroke." He smiled bitterly at the thought. "Well, it will suit my purpose; it brings me into daily contact with him. It will be painful, but what matter? Every hour of restraint will be down in the account. I bide my time."

But Roland was mistaken in his belief that Wilfrid had been the originator of those benefits conferred by the firm. As a matter of fact it was precisely on the ground that it would be an annoyance to his son that old Mr. Holland had arranged for Roland's transfer to the Foreign Room. He had somehow discovered that Wilfrid was antagonistic to the young man, and in his present mood of anger against Wilfrid this knowledge was sufficient reason for old Mr. Holland's inflicting Roland's presence upon him.

So Roland went away to Llandudno, and, at the end of the fortnight, reported himself in the partners' room.

"Ah, Mr. Hart," said Mr. Walker,—a small, grey man, enveloped in a huge tall hat which he was never known to remove,—"we are glad to have you back with us again. I hope that"—he glanced at Roland's crutches—"those conveniences are only temporary?"

"No, sir," said Roland, "they are fixtures."

"Dear, dear me! very unfortunate. How do you propose to manage about the getting backwards and forwards?"

"There is an omnibus which takes me to the top of the street, and I can hop the rest of the way well enough."

"It is rather unlucky that the Foreign Room is at the top of the house. Shall you be equal to—to—the ascent?"

"Yes, sir, I think I shall be equal to it."

"Well, Mr. Hart, you were always one of those whom we destined to go up."

"Thank you, sir."

"Mr. Wilfrid has not yet arrived, I think. We could have wished that Mr. Wilfrid had appreciated more fully the importance of regularity and punctuality. However, there will be all the more occasion for the display of those qualities on your part. Here are some French letters of which we require translations. When Mr. Wilfrid arrives you will concert with him the routine and the partition of responsibilities."

Mr. Walker felt that any further remark would necessarily result in an anti-climax to that select and fortunate phrase; so, with a nod and a wave of the hand, he dismissed Roland to his duties.

The young man had not been at work more than twenty minutes when he heard steps ascending, and a moment later Wilfrid lounged into the room.

Roland could see at a glance, while he stuck quietly to his stool, that Wilfrid had dreaded this meeting, and had made up his mind to carry it through with affected indifference. He entered whistling, and

was preparing to pass to his table, with only a nod to his new associate, when his eye fell on the crutches which Roland had propped against the desk ready for use. He knew about them well enough; but there is a vast difference between hearing and seeing. There was a touch of nature in him still; besides, his nerve was not what it was even two months ago.

"Hart," he said, stopping suddenly and changing colour, "I am awfully sorry to see you so; I didn't think—I had not realized—Is there anything that I can do to—to atone?"

Roland, hearing those first words, felt—and felt with anger—some little stirring of compunction in his heart. But the words that followed effectually checked any faint relenting. He was glad to feel the depths of his hatred close instantaneously over the tiny rift blacker and bitterer than before.

"I don't see," he answered in a hard, quiet tone, as he followed Wilfrid's glance at the crutches, "that you can do anything—more."

"Good," said Wilfrid, recovering his easy, careless manner, "then that's settled. Suppose we get to business."

He gave Roland a little information as to where the various books and documents were to be found, and then laid down some rough general rules as to the division of labour. "Just at present," he concluded, "I must do the Spanish correspondence, but in a month or two you'll be quite up to it. When you have learned a few dozen business terms, you'll be, for all practical purposes, master of the mystery."

Roland received all Wilfrid's directions with cold, impassive politeness, and the two young men fell into silence. Wilfrid made some little show of being busy, but after about half an hour he laid down his pen and walked to the window. Then, muttering some words about a little matter that required attention, he ran downstairs and entered the lower order room. "Brandy-and-soda," said Roland to himself with a bitter smile. "If nobody persuades him to take the pledge, he'll sink to perdition without a touch from my hand. But no! there was more than chance in my being moved up here."

That day Roland received many condolences or congratulations,—he hardly knew which they were meant to be. Every word was a stab, but he had schooled his face to a strange inexpressiveness. Nobody guessed how keenly the self-contained young man felt. But all the suffering went down into that account. Oh, he could bide his time; the wrong was accumulating day by day and hour by hour. No prick of pain but acquired a certain touch of pleasure from that brooding thought. Roland's sensitiveness to the exhibition of his lameness was as acute as ever. Nevertheless, he promptly recognised the fact that an assumption of indifference would protect him from those agonizing apologies—those terrible "turnings-off"—those lacerating glances of furtive warning—which are worse than the frankest references. Therefore, as he left the office that day, perceiving that the

staff was working late, he stopped and deliberately swung himself through the whole length of the packing room. He felt that heads were turned to follow him—that there was almost a complete suspension of labour as the click of his crutches fell noisily on the brick floor. "There, now," he called out to Schnaps and a little party of wrappers at work under his direction, "that's not a bad performance for a beginner." The men laughed, but when Roland had passed by on his return journey, Schnaps remarked, "It takes it out of him, though, poor chap. Did you notice how white he looked?" Schnaps could not divine that it was not the exhaustion of bodily exertion, but of a supreme effort of will, which caused that deathlike pallor.

"I'm glad he's getting reconciled to his misfortune," said one of the upper clerks of the department. "When I saw him at the hospital, he was that short and sore I was pleased enough to get away without having a piece bit out of me."

Meanwhile Roland was thinking to himself, "That's down. It is growing fast—it is growing fast. I bide my time."

In two or three weeks matters in the Foreign Room had settled into the precision of routine. Roland had been working hard at the Spanish, and, being possessed of a singularly retentive memory, he had already acquired a fairly complete vocabulary of business terms. With the aid of a dictionary he was able to translate most of the letters, and once or twice he had even succeeded in writing a letter in Spanish. From the first moment of his succession to the vacant stool in that room, he had determined that he would make himself immediately valuable, and in a little while indispensable. There was no good motive in this resolution, —hardly even the motive of ambition or care for his own advancement. The feeling that urged him to aim at thoroughness and efficiency, at accuracy quite alien from his natural bent, was simply that his pains were taking work off the shoulders of Wilfrid, that

that easy-going and indolent young man was unconsciously placing himself under an obligation to his subordinate.

Roland was, indeed, working very hard,—so hard as to jeopardize his health. His lamp was seldom extinguished before one in the morning; for every evening, as soon as he had finished his grind at the Spanish, he took out a manuscript which was steadily growing in bulk. It was not that poem on which he had been engaged before his accident—that

was outgrown and laid by. The new work was a sort of romance in prose. Its plot was a terrible wrong and a terrible revenge. The accessories were all changed, but the three chief characters were Wilfrid, Inez, and himself, and the most careful part of the whole study was a dissection of his own heart. Already in his tale Roland was moving in the dark and ever-darkening shadow of the great vengeance. It was a slow vengeance, but it stole on with the inevitable step of fate. Roland bathed himself, as it were, in the blackness of the shadow. Exquisite as the moment of retribution would be, he did not wish to hasten it. He even wished to thrust it back: there was a greater aggregate of joy in the long anticipation than in the concentrated intensity of the realization. But to delay it or to hurry it was beyond his power. It must take its own time.

Thus Roland was living his life twice over,—and not the least real phase of it was that which filled every night a few pages of foolscap.

"This must live," he said to himself, as he locked the manuscript in his drawer, "for there is a man's soul in it."

But, ah! what a soul it was! How poor Mary would have cried out in horror if she had seen it and recognised it as the soul—a few months ago so kindly, gentle, and cheery—of her boy!

When a month had gone by Wilfrid had begun to let the work of the Foreign Room fall mainly—almost entirely—on Roland. It happened that the business



"I'M AWFULLY SORRY TO SEE YOU SO."

with Spain was dull, and the business with France abnormally active; so that, beyond asking for occasional help from Wilfrid's riper knowledge of the Spanish language, Roland had no need to trouble his superior at all.

Wilfrid's manner of late had excited Roland's curiosity. It was fitful and jerky. Sometimes the young fellow came in whistling; looking, indeed, pale, but apparently well enough pleased with fortune and himself. Then he would sink into a fit of despondency, sitting limply before his table, and, now and again, sighing audibly. And after a little time he would pull himself together, and write letter after letter,—not on the business of the firm, for the sheets were always put into the writer's pocket. Then he would lounge to the window, and stand yawning and staring at the passers-by. And now and again he would address some casual remark about a pretty face or a fine horse to his plodding subordinate. Wilfrid seemed to have quite got over his suspicion of, and antagonism to, Roland. The menace of the crutches had died away. He was quite disposed to let bygones be bygones, and to drop into a sort of office-friendship with his colleague. The next day Wilfrid would pretty well reverse the proceedings of the previous day; coming in shaky and low, and changing in the course of the morning to something like high spirits. He little knew how closely the eyes of his invaluable junior were watching him from the high stool. There was no need for Roland to suspend work for an instant,—he could watch and write.

It chanced one day that Roland, in the absence of the cashier, had been requested to write two or three cheques in payment of goods supplied in connection with his special department. Having filled in the several names and amounts, he took the requisite vouchers in his hand, and proceeded to descend to the partners' room.

Well, Roland, finding the door ajar, knocked, and waited. Apparently his tap was not heard, for no notice was accorded to it, and the conversation proceeded within.

"I cannot but acquiesce," he heard Mr. Walker say, "in the tenor of Mr. Holland's remarks. However painful such—"

"But I haven't done, Walker," the old gentleman's voice interrupted. "Now, just you look here, Wilfrid. What's the date?"

"Upon my word," Wilfrid replied, "I haven't more than the vaguest idea. It's of no great consequence. July something."

"The eighth," said Mr. Walker.

Roland knew that he was behaving meanly—that he was guilty of the vulgarest eavesdropping; but the knowledge did not trouble him. This conversation seemed to concern his purpose, and he meant to hear as much of it as he could. He waited till old Mr. Holland was in full career again, and then protected his position by a ghostly, inaudible tap.

"Yes, the eighth of July," Mr. Holland said, "and

the eighth of August is the date of my retirement and your coming in. Well, now, unless you bring me on the first of next-month—you hear me, do you?"

"Oh, certainly," said Wilfrid. "In fact, I *think* I could do so, even if you didn't bellow."

"Mr. Wilfrid," said Mr. Walker, "such observations do not improve your position. I, sir, should never have dared to address a father with such flippancy."

"Really," said Wilfrid, "not any one of them? That interests me very much."

"Don't mind him, Walker," said the old man. "His manners are as bad as his morals."

"Quite an epigram," observed Wilfrid. "But I interrupt."

"Unless you bring me by the first of the month a formal receipt for the payment of every penny you owe—"

"Of course, the halfpence don't count."

"Of every *farthing* you owe," roared the old man. "If you don't bring it, sir, I'll stick in the business till I die, and you shall be shipped to Australia the very next day—the second, sir."

"Suppose there's no vessel? However, we must be sanguine."

Roland judged that the conversation was practically at an end, and now gave a sharp and decisive knock.

"Come in," cried old Mr. Holland, and Roland entered.

"You can go, sir." This was barked at Wilfrid.

"I thought that was about all," Wilfrid answered; and with a courteous nod and a smile to the two partners, he sauntered out of the presence.

Roland's small business was soon settled. In a couple of minutes he was back in his own room. Wilfrid sat with his folded arms pressed on the table. His face was white and angry, and his lips were moving. He got up as Roland entered, and walked to the window, where he stood whistling jerkily.

The next day but one after that, when Roland, having been engaged with Mr. Walker for half an hour, returned to the Foreign Room, he noticed that Wilfrid hurriedly thrust a sheet of paper on which he had been writing between the leaves of his blotter.

"Hang it, Hart," he said, as he put the blotter into his drawer, "you came in like a mouse. I never heard a sound."

"I wonder at that," said Roland, as he laid down his crutches; "I generally announce myself audibly enough."

"Those carters are making such a confounded row in the street, one couldn't hear an earthquake walking upstairs. However, it's no matter." Wilfrid stretched himself, and yawned ostentatiously.

Roland's heart—he hardly knew why—beat quickly. A vague sense of triumph thrilled through him. "Nay," he said to himself a moment later, "the time will come too soon."

A few minutes later Wilfrid, humming carelessly the while, opened his drawer, and tore the paper into minute fragments.

How small—how mean—our spites and grudges make us! A man *can't* be bitter and noble. Wilfrid left the office an hour or so after that incident, and Roland, getting down from his stool, took up the waste-paper basket into which those scraps had been thrown, and set it down upon Wilfrid's table. Then he began to grope laboriously among the mass of envelopes and torn or crumpled papers. He wanted to piece the bits together. It was no easy matter even to find them, for they were so small that they had percolated through nooks and crannies, had found their way into the inside of envelopes, and had settled at the very bottom of the deep basket. However, patience and hatred can achieve a great deal. Roland took out every paper, probed every wrapper, tore open every envelope. At the end of three-quarters of an hour—the labour occupied him as long as that—he felt perfectly sure that he had discovered every one of the fragments. Then he began to try to fit them into their places. The problem was exactly that of the familiar child's puzzle, only infinitely increased in difficulty. There was no map of the achieved junction to guide him. There were no well-defined outlines in the parts—no heads or tails, no features or members of any kind to serve as landmarks. The bits were almost uniform, and they were exceedingly minute. For an hour he plodded on, vainly seeking any faintest clue or starting-point. He got the bits so joined as to form some sort of a rectangle; but there was no meaning, no suggestion, in the figure. It was as void of design as a hearthrug made of black and scarlet shreds. He felt that he was running a certain degree of risk in devoting himself to the task; some one might surprise him at it, and, being struck by the singularity of the proceeding, might mention it to Wilfrid, and arouse the young man's suspicion. However, Roland's malevolent curiosity would not wait, and he had prepared an untrue but probable explanation; he had accidentally torn up, he would say, an important letter. At the end of another half-hour the work of the office absolutely demanded Roland's attention. If he spent any more time over that absorbing but impracticable puzzle, the whole batch of letters would miss the post. There were tears of baffled spite in Roland's eyes as he scooped the bits of paper into his pocket-book, and drew the elastic round them. He would resume his investigation at home. It will hardly be believed that for nearly a week the young man devoted the whole of his evenings to the labour. At the end of the sixth evening, with irritated brain and nerves on edge, he poured the maddening scraps into the grate, lit a match, and watched them burn with the malicious gaze of an inquisitor. Curiously enough, as he pulled himself on to his feet after the celebration of this event, one small discovery was transferred from his eyes to his brain. The bits contained an abnormal proportion of capital "H's."

Roland anathematized his precipitancy and his bad luck. Metaphorically—and almost literally, too—the illuminating flash had lit up the cryptogram at the

very moment that it turned to ashes. If he had kept the scraps a little longer that discovery must have been made, and he would have had the means of following it up. What was the thought that underlay that prophetic thrill which had shot through him when he saw Wilfrid slip the paper out of sight? The assurance of an approaching catastrophe was as vague as it was strong. Ronald could draw from it nothing definite enough to serve as a connection between the feeling and the discovery.

"Well," said Roland, as he crawled into bed that Saturday night—or rather that Sunday morning—"I shall have all to-morrow to madden myself in. If Queen Mary had the word 'Calais' written on her heart, I have the letter 'H' printed on my brain."

The lad never went to church now. Faith and hope and charity had all shrivelled away in the breath of that patient, biding, dogging hate. Poor fellow! poor, poor fellow! He had given up praying for himself. Thank God that Mary—sad, shocked, grieving, but never-despairing Mary—was praying for him,—not only night and morning in set words, but all through the day in look, thought, feeling, desire.

Ah, brothers! whenever we have shut our lips, and closed our ears, and hardened our hearts, hugging as our hope and our salvation a cruel purpose or a bitter desire; when we have sought to make a thick darkness between our soul and heaven, God grant that for us, too, as for Roland, a lamp of prayer may burn in the gaze of some good woman who loves us and will not let us go.

CHAPTER X.

SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED.



ONE particularly fine evening a little beyond the middle of July, Roland, swinging himself down the stairs on the completion of the day's work, encountered Grubb issuing from the lower order room. The youth's appearance arrested his friend's attention.

"Lavender gloves!" exclaimed Roland,

"and a yellow rose,—why, Grubb, you take the winds of July with beauty!"

"Summer weather, you know," said Grubb, reddening and grinning. "A chap can't 'elp blossoming out a bit—hout, I should say. Take my harm, old man."

"I'm sure I sha'n't take any harm from you," said Roland, accepting the invitation.

"You might as well 'ave 'alf of my 'Ansom," said Grubb, as they reached the entrance. "I feel the 'eat 'orrible."

"Well, you are going it," said Roland. "I shall be delighted."

Much wondering, he climbed into the vehicle that was waiting (for Grubb "ated hostentation") a door or two above, and his magnificent comrade followed him.

"'Ave a cigarette," said Grubb, tendering a case. Roland accepted the offer, wondering more and more.

"Hawful 'ot," said Grubb; "I do 'ate to be in a puspiration. It's so *h*inartistic." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. The air became charged with musk.

"Upon my word, Grubby," said Roland, "you make me feel terribly clownish. Do excuse my rusticity."

"Not at all—not at all, old man. You're all right." And Grubb fell to twisting his moustache. It was a coming rather than a present glory, but its ends were adequate to the accommodation of a good deal of wax.

"Do you puspire very free?" inquired Grubb, after an interval of silent twisting. "All our family does. It's wholesome, I believe, but it's *h*awful *h*awk'ard. I've got a clean collar in my pocket."

"Is it a ball, my Grubb? or a garden party, or what?"

"Not at all—nothing of that nature—in fact, it's—it's the 'ot weather."

"I see," said Roland, "you are asked to meet it. I must get out here."

"Well, good-bye, old man. Gently—that's it—all right, cabby."

As Roland turned to nod a further farewell, he beheld in the hand of Grubb a small round tin box. The radiant youth was transferring something from it to his mouth.

"Well, I never *did*. Verily, my Grubb, thou goest a-wooing," thought Roland.

It was a curious thing that in the company of that amiable barbarian, and perhaps in that of no other creature, some touch of his former gaiety would, once in a way, come back to Roland. That conjecture of his as to the mission of the Grubb was a most true one. Out of consideration for Roland's feelings, our young friend had refrained from giving the cabman his full directions. As soon, however, as Roland's back was turned, an umbrella so slim as to be almost disembodied shot up the flap, and Grubb called out, "Footsworth, No. 1, Londesborough Cottages, corner of—"

"Three young ladies—one on 'em tall—igh 'at?"

"Yes," said Grubb.

"Right you are. I druv another gen'leman there last night."

The lid was put down, and, a quarter of an hour later, so was Grubb.

"Mrs. Martyn at 'ome?" inquired the youth of Martha.

"Did I hear you right, sir? Did you say *Mrs.?*"

"Yes, Martha. 'Ow very 'ot it is. I think we shall 'ave thunder."

"Yes, I shouldn't be surprised. Did you wish to see the missis alone?"

"Yes, please. I don't know if you puspire, Martha. I suffer a deal that way."

"Not much, thank you. Take a seat, sir. You did say *alone*, didn't you?"

"Yes, I believe I did. But it don't matter—never mind."

It was too late. Martha had gone.

"I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood."

If Sir Walter Scott is not above making such a concession to truth and human nature in the case of his royal hero, I need feel no false shame in allowing as much in the case of my commercial one. Let me then say frankly that, before Grubb had been waiting two minutes, his second collar (put on in the cab) was worse than the first, and that there were moments when it seemed better and happier every way to be up the chimney than to be sitting in that green repp arm-chair waiting for Mrs. Martyn. The window was open, and I am not perfectly sure, if the lady had delayed another five minutes, that she would not have found the Grubb become a butterfly—and flown.

However, Mrs. Martyn merely stayed to reverse her cuffs, to put on her impressive cap with purple ribbons, and her gold chain with many pendants; and on entering she discovered the young man in his place—at any rate, in his chair.

"I do 'ope, Mrs. Martyn," he began, "I 'aven't put you to *h*any inconvenience."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Grubb. Do you find a draught from the window?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Martyn; I really must *h*offer my apologies for puspiring so *h*awful. I know it's vulgar, ma'am, but what have you to do? I'm sure I don't spare collars—no, nor—"

The young man stopped short, and broke out into yet more exuberant beads and blotches.

Then followed an interval of dreadful silence. At length Grubb broke it by inquiring if the young ladies felt the 'eat very much; and, being assured that they did not, felt that he had staked his conversational all. Mrs. Martyn did not help him, and without help it was simply impossible to get anything said. Perhaps the new silence had not lasted many actual seconds, but it held an age of agony for poor Grubb. At length he could stand it no longer. "Perhaps I had better be going," he said.

"I thought that you wished to speak to me," said Mrs. Martyn. "Martha certainly informed me that you desired to see me alone."

That was enough for the poor young man. He only asked for the merest start.

"I did, ma'am," he said. "I was most anxious. Oh, Mrs. Martyn, you must have observed—I 'ope that you have not viewed with disapproval—in fact, ma'am, if you would allow me to pay my respects—I mean addresses—I should think it very 'an'-some."

"Well, Mr. Grubb," said Mrs. Martyn, shaking her chain, "I must be candid with you. I had looked higher. I have a right to do that."

"I know it, Mrs. Martyn—well I know it. But I shall go *hup*, ma'am. Mr. Walker has promised me the first vacancy in the *hupper* room; I shall start at thirty-five, and it'll be two pounds very soon."

Mrs. Martyn drew herself up. "My daughter has been accustomed to move in a higher atmosphere than two pounds a week. Can you give her the comforts—I may say the elegance—which has been hers?" Mrs. Martyn's glance surveyed the six chairs upholstered in repp and the round table, and rested on the new drugged.

"I think I could manage it," replied Grubb, more hopefully. "I could get the furniture at 'olesale prices. In confidence, I may say as my Aunt Goggin is good for fifty pounds. She's my godmother, ma'am, and thinks a lot of me."

Mrs. Martyn seemed little impressed. "My daughter," she said, "has had opportunities such as fall in the way of few young ladies. Her having remained unmarried is solely due to her exacting tastes. If admiration could turn a girl's head, hers would have been turned long ago. Gentlemen in the most elevated walks, and gentlemen who drove their carriages—"

"I see it's no good," said Grubb, miserably. "The 'appy dream is *hover*. I'll be *hoff*, Mrs. Martyn."

"Wait a bit, Mr. Grubb. I only told you these things—well, certainly, from no love of ostentation, but just because it was right that you should know. I shall raise no obstacle, for there are higher considerations than worldly position—"

"Do you mean to say as she'll 'ave me, *hafte* *hall*? Mrs. Martyn, ma'am, shake 'ands."

"Well," said Mrs. Martyn, accepting the proffered hand, and condescending to a magnificent smile, "I think she will. However, she shall speak for herself. I will send her to you."

The lady withdrew, and a minute later Laura entered the room.

"Oh," said Grubb, looking a little disconcerted, "'ow are you, Miss Laura?"

"Miss!" said Laura; "well, we are formal. You may come and sit beside me, Harry, if you like."

Grubb obeyed, but there was no particular alacrity in his obedience. "Do you think—" he began.

"I think you are a very happy man," said Laura, archly. "There it is, Harry."

She extended her fair hand—it really was a very pretty hand—and let it fall upon Grubb's serviceable paw.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said Grubb, doubtfully; "I knew as you'd sympathize. Is she—is she coming?"

"Who?" said Laura, with a slight start.

"Why, Rose. Didn't Mrs. Martyn explain? I've just been and proposed for her."

Laura pulled away her hand and jumped to her feet.

"You little—" Her eyes flashed fiercely, and there was a burning spot on either cheek. Suddenly

her manner changed. She forced her lips—not her eyes—to smile. "You little know what a treasure you have won," she said. "Rose is the dearest girl in the world. I'll send her to you, now, but I couldn't help offering you my congratulations first."

"My *heye!*" exclaimed Grubb, as the door closed behind Laura, "I've got into a *hawful* 'obble. They've been and took the *hoffer* as though it was meant for the *hother*!"

I fear that there is little room for doubt of the truth of the young man's explanation. It was almost

an impossibility in that house to make it believed that attentions were designed for any one but Laura. And it is only fair to add that Grubb had, in his first flutterings, moved round the lamp of that young lady's well-managed eyes. But in a very little time he had had the good sense to see how much more lovable, how vastly more to be desired, was the unshowy but unselfish sister. The transfer of his attentions had been so promptly made that he positively had forgotten that they had ever tended towards Laura.

What took place in the little back-room whither the beauty had now retired shall be only hinted at. There is nothing edifying in spite and jealousy and humiliation—in the bitter recriminations between the mother and the daughter. I am sure that it must have taken more than persuasion to induce Rose—recognising, even exaggerating, her unattractiveness, resigned to the wall-flower's place—to believe that Grubb or any living man could possibly want to marry her. However, her simple heart had always gone out to



"I THOUGHT YOU WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME."

Grubb. She felt how good and kindly a fellow he was, and really did not mind his capricious aitches. It would have been very nice if he had thought of her—but what was the use of indulging in such extravagant fancies? When, therefore, Rose was at last made to understand that she was the chosen of Grubb, sorry as she felt for her sister,—though Laura had made fun of the young fellow behind his back,—she could not help feeling very happy for herself. She positively looked almost pretty—with that unwonted blush on her cheeks, and that shy, soft light in her eyes—as she opened the door of the drawing-room and stood in the presence of her lover. Yes, her lover. Grubb was not slow in making his quanity quite clear.

"Rose," he said, "my Rose. Oh, 'ow 'appy we will be."

He need not have put the bliss into the future tense. It was present. They *were* supremely happy.

That horribly awkward misunderstanding! It was, after all, the luckiest of mistakes for Rose and her lover. Unless Laura—to save herself from the predicament of having offered herself to a young person who had no demand for her—had been forced into consent and congratulation, there is no doubt, I fancy, that Master Grubb would have shared the hard and ignominious fate of poor Roland. As the suitor of Rose, Grubb would have been in Laura's eyes an obviously unsuitable person. But when Laura, who was accustomed to compel all creatures to her will, announced to Mrs. Martyn (as she had done a day or two previously) that she intended to accept the young man, and when the mother had actually, in obedience to Laura's behest, sanctioned his addresses—well, what was there to do, except to leave him in possession of the field and of Rose? Grubb had blundered into a position from which he could be ousted only by the extreme humiliation of Laura.

So two young people were made very happy, and one young and one middle-aged person were made very miserable, very angry.

(To be continued.)

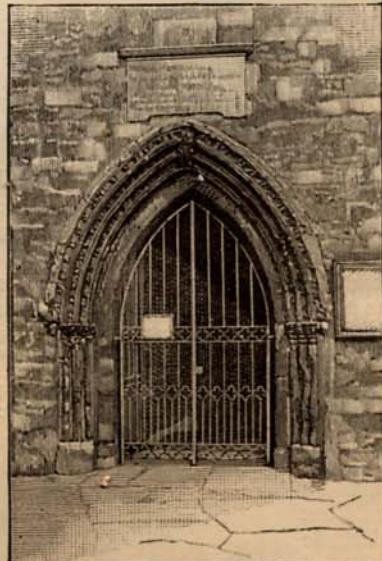
CHURCH PROGRESS.

ONCE more the Rev. Frederick Burnside, Rector of Hertingfordbury, has completed his record of the Church's work for another year; and in the *Official Year Book of the Church of England* for 1891 we have a marvellous storehouse of facts covering the entire range of Church work. The voluntary contributions devoted to the building, restoration, and furnishing of churches, the endowment of benefices, the building of parsonage houses, and the enlargement of burial grounds, from January to December 1889, reached a total of £943,451.

The Clergy and Laity will find the *Year Book* well worth attentive study. The more the book is examined the greater will be the sense of indebtedness to its indefatigable editor for the important services which his arduous labours have rendered to the Church in this essentially combative age.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III.—WALTHAM ABBEY, ESSEX.



WEST DOORWAY.

in England. It is also within twenty minutes' walk from Waltham Cross station on the Great Eastern Railway.

In the days of Canute, his standard bearer Thoni or Tovi first built a church, and endowed it for the maintenance of two priests, in honour of a black marble crucifix which had been discovered on his estate at Montacute in Somersetshire, and was miraculously conveyed to Waltham. After Tovi's death his estate of Waltham reverted to the Crown, and Edward the Confessor conferred it upon his brother-in-law, Earl Harold. This famous noble is said to have been cured of paralysis by the agency of the Holy Cross of Waltham, and in gratitude he resolved to erect, in its honour, on the site of Tovi's Church, a magnificent building, such as he had seen in Normandy. He further determined to enlarge the original foundation to a Dean and twelve secular Canons. He spared neither pains nor expense to make his Church surpass, in splendour, his royal brother-in-law's edifice at Westminster, which was then in course of erection. The building operations were carried on with such speed that it was ready for consecration on May 3rd, Holy Cross Day, 1060, nearly six years before Westminster Abbey was consecrated. Dr. Stubbs, the present Bishop of Oxford, Professor Freeman, and other high authorities, believe that in the nave and massive pillars of the present Church we possess a genuine fragment of Harold's stately building. It is consequently the earliest specimen of Norman architecture in England. Kensige, Archbishop of York, assisted by a large number of bishops, was the consecrating prelate. There were also present Edward the Confessor, his Queen Edith, her brother the pious founder, and a large assembly of nobles. On his election by the Witan as the successor of Edward, King Harold still retained his love and veneration for Waltham. He came hither to pray for success before proceeding to oppose the invasion of William the Norman, and when he fell upon the fatal field of Senlac in October, 1066, "The Holy Rood of Waltham"—the battle cry of the English—was the last sound which proceeded from his lips and

rang in his ears. Although the fact has been disputed, there is more than sufficient evidence to prove that Harold's body found its last resting-place in front of the high altar of his glorious minster. An ancient battle axe—said to have been wielded by the last of our Saxon kings—and a fragment of his royal tomb, of a later date, are, with the exception of the Church itself, the only relics in existence connected with the history of the founder.

The two first Norman kings despoiled Waltham of its treasures and estates, but the queens of Henry I. and Stephen bestowed such patronage upon the Canons that they were able to complete a thorough restoration of the east end, which they re-built on a more magnificent scale, enlarging the choir, and adding a central tower and transepts. Henry II., in expiation for the massacre of Thomas à Becket, remodelled Harold's foundation A.D. 1177, ejecting the secular Canons, and introducing a Prior and sixteen Canons of the Augustinian Order. In 1182 he enlarged their number to twenty-four, and appointed an Abbot to preside over them. Thus Waltham Minster became Waltham Abbey. He also erected extensive conventional buildings for their accommodation. King Richard I., among other royal benefactions, gave the Abbot jurisdiction over the Church of St. John the Baptist, New Windsor, and his chapel of Old Windsor. Henry III. was a frequent visitor, and—together with other privileges—conferred on the Abbot the dignity of a Lord of Parliament. He had already obtained, from the Pope, the use of the pontificals, and was declared exempt from episcopal authority, and subject only to the King and the Pope. In consequence of a dispute the nave was separated from the choir by a low stone wall—the former being henceforth regarded as the Parish Church, and the latter as the



WALTHAM ABBEY.

Conventional Church. It is probably owing to this circumstance that the parishioners were able to preserve the nave from destruction, when the choir was destroyed, after the dissolution of the Abbey. In 1286 another restoration was taken in hand, which unfortunately resulted in the perpetration of a gross act of vandalism. The architect of that period evidently intended to convert the whole of the nave from a composition of three stages into one of two by cutting away the Norman pier arches, and turning those of the triforium and clerestory into pointed ones. Happily his hand was arrested when he had so treated the westernmost bays on each side, and a third triforium arch on the north side. The Abbot and Chapter probably dismissed him, and appointed another to complete the work of restoration. This architect proved to be a man of real genius. For under him the magnificent west front was added, and the beautiful Lady Chapel built on the south of the present chancel. The body of Queen Eleanor rested in the Church on its way to Westminster, and a memorial cross—recently restored—was erected in the adjoining parish of Waltham Cross, on the high road to London. Edward's body also found a resting-place near Harold's tomb for about fifteen weeks before its interment in Edward the Confessor's Chapel. The Abbey gateway was erected, and the precincts of the Abbey were enclosed by a wall in the reign of Edward III. The armorial bearings of that monarch are still in existence on the spring of the great arch. A few yards to the north-east of the gateway there are the remains of an old stone bridge—known as Harold's Bridge—which has spanned for ages that branch of the Lea called the Abbey stream. About a stone's throw from the bridge to the north-west may be seen the ancient Abbey fishponds, now occupied with reeds and rushes. In the churchyard, facing the beautiful south door, there stands an old elm-tree, twelve feet in height, and twenty feet round the trunk. It is supposed to have occupied that position for more than four centuries.



THE ABBEY GATEWAY.

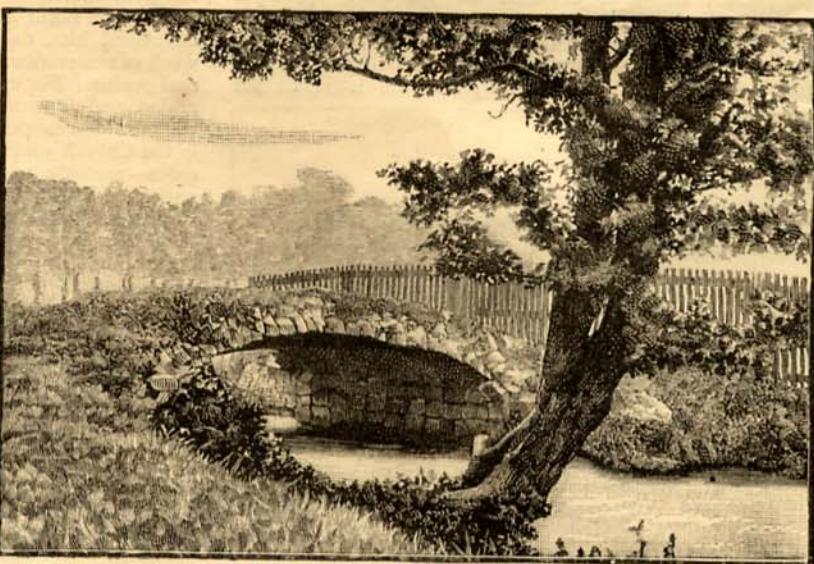


THE LADY CHAPEL.

Henry VIII. first met with Cranmer in the Romeland at Waltham Abbey. This divine suggested that the king should bring the question of his proposed divorce to the universities of Europe, and not bow to the arbitrary will of the Pope, and so "Waltham dealt Rome the first deadly blow in England." Some time during this reign the famous Thomas Tallis was organist of the Abbey Church. The Abbey was dissolved in 1540, and the estates and conventional church and buildings were handed over to Sir Anthony Denny. The king, however, has left on record, in his own handwriting, that he intended to compensate Waltham by making it the Cathedral Church for Essex. He failed, however, to carry his intention into effect, through lack of the necessary funds. A beautiful painted window presented to the church during this reign now adorns the east end of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In the reign of Edward VI. the tower, transepts, choir, and all the ancient monuments, about forty-six in number, were destroyed, and some of the materials were used during the dark days of Mary in the construction of the present tower, which obscures the greater portion of the grand west front. The conventional buildings were also destroyed during this period of transition, the only remaining fragment being a beautiful little building on the north-east of the church in the extensive Abbey Gardens, now the property of the lord of the manor, and in the occupation of a market gardener. The registers date from 1563, and are in a state of perfect preservation. There are three brasses still in existence on the south wall of the church, dated respectively, 1565, 1576, 1580. The only monument now in existence, worthy of mention, is that of Sir Edward Denny, the son of Sir Anthony, who died in 1599. He is represented arrayed in armour in a recumbent position by the side of his wife Margaret, one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting. The figures of their six sons and four daughters in a kneeling attitude may be seen below. On the west side of this tomb stands a marble figure of Lady Greville of Harold's Park, a niece of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk; and in the east wall close by some fragments of carved statues in stone found in 1860 have been inserted.

Bishop Joseph Hall, and Dr. Fuller, the historian, were both incumbents of the parish during the seventeenth century, and wrote many of their celebrated works under the shadow of the ancient Abbey Church. A marble bust of Sir Henry Wollaston, a benefactor to the parish, and J.P. for Essex during the Commonwealth, occupies a place on the tomb of Robert Smith, Esq. His signature is appended to all the contracts of marriages recorded in the register of that period. A year before the death of Sir Edward Denny, the whipping post or stocks was set up in the Market Place, a few yards from the church, where the pillory, in all probability, had been erected years before as a terror to evildoers. These relics of the barbarous



HAROLD'S BRIDGE.

past have recently been placed at the entrance to the schoolroom on the south-west of the church. The stocks, bearing date 1598, are five feet nine inches high, made of oak with iron clasps for hands and feet. The pillory consists of an upright oak post fourteen feet high, with its fixed lower cross-bar measuring five feet six inches, and hollowed out for the feet and hands of two culprits. The upper cross-bar and the platform have long since disappeared.

During the eighteenth century many barbarities were inflicted on Harold's grand building. It was filled with unsightly pews, the walls were plastered and whitewashed, two galleries were erected over the great west doorway, and another on the south, and so the huge columns were cracked and split in all directions. A hideous porch was also built in front of the beautiful south doorway. The tracery of the windows of the Lady Chapel was destroyed and partly bricked up, while the walls were covered with plaster in imitation of rustic work.

In 1853 the great west doorway was restored under the direction of the late Edward Poynter, Esq., architect. In 1859-60 the restoration of the interior of the church was judiciously carried out at a cost of £5,000, under the supervision of W. Burges, Esq., A.R.A. The floor of the church was reduced to its original level. The whitening and plaster were removed from the pillars and walls of the nave, the high pews were displaced by good oak seats, the insignificant window at the east end was displaced by the present splendid rose window, which depicts the work of Creation, and the Jesse window, with three lancets containing representations of patriarchs, kings, and prophets. The ceiling was covered by boarding painted in imitation of that which adorns Peterborough Cathedral, and showing the signs of the Zodiac, the labours of the year, and the elements. The success of this restoration was chiefly owing to the untiring energy and zeal of the late Rev. James Francis.

The church was re-opened for Divine Service on May 3rd, 1860, the eight hundredth anniversary of its consecration, when Dr. Harold Browne, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, preached the sermon. Fifteen years later the Lady Chapel was restored by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart. The unsightly south porch, which had served as a vestry, was removed, and a new robing room was erected at the north of the chancel. On removing the plaster from the east wall of the chapel Mr. Burges discovered the remains of a mediæval painting of the Last Judgment. In 1876 the Reredos, a new Communion Table of carved walnut wood, and the marble pulpit, were presented by a lady parishioner in memory of her husband. The Reredos is a splendid work of art, carved in stone, and richly gilded and coloured, representing events connected with the birth of our Lord.

In 1886 the parishioners erected an elaborately carved oak screen across the arch between the chapel and the south aisle of the church in memory of the late Rev. James Francis, vicar of the parish for thirty-eight years. The figures of two angels supporting a cross occupy a place in the centre of the screen, the composition representing the ancient arms of the abbey. The following year an illuminated memorial clock, with two dials and Westminster chimes, was presented to the church. The old clock, which had served as the parish timekeeper since the incumbency of Bishop Hall, is now preserved in the Lady



THE WHIPPING POST.

Chapel near the old carved pulpit, which was removed from the church in 1876. The tower, which is about ninety-eight feet high, contains an excellent peal of eight bells, which were cast by Bryant of Hertford in 1806.

The church is about one hundred and twenty feet in length, the entire width is fifty-four feet, and the height nearly sixty feet. There are seven bays in the present building, six of these being arranged in pairs. Four of the massive Norman columns are fluted as in Durham Cathedral, one pair in the chancel bearing a spiral ornament, and the easternmost pair in the nave a chevron ornament. The present west gallery was erected more than thirty years ago for the organ, which has since been enlarged and placed at the north-east of the chancel. The font of Purbeck marble is of great antiquity, but all trace of its original character is gone. The historic building will seat about eight hundred persons, and its sacred courts are usually thronged on Sundays by devout worshippers, as in the days of Dr. Fuller, who writes in his history of Waltham Abbey: "The best commendation of the church is, that on Lord's Days generally it is filled with a great and attentive congregation."

J. H. STAMP, A.K.C. LOND.,
Curate of Waltham Abbey.

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 Cause of Agriculture.

THERE could not be a greater mistake than to suppose that throughout the Church's history in England she has exclusively confined herself to teaching her children and her members the facts, doctrines, practices, and duties of Christianity. In addition to this, her primary work, she has always done a great deal more: she has at all times interested herself in every department of life and conduct in which the welfare and happiness of her members have been concerned. The Church, in Anglo-Saxon times especially, led the van in every kind of work and improvement which contributed to the welfare and happiness of the people and the kingdom. Some of the most distinguished of these services which she rendered to the nation consisted not only in the communication of knowledge to our Anglo-Saxon newly converted ancestors as to the methods, profits, and general beneficial results of agriculture, but in the fact that her monastic communities set them a valuable example of how to clear the forest, drain and reclaim the swamp, turn waste waters to account, make the barren heath fruitful by tillage, and the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Prevalent Ignorance of Agriculture amongst the English People before their Conversion.

Previously to the planting of the Church in the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms the English people devoted themselves almost exclusively to war and to the chase. So far as agriculture was concerned it was limited to a knowledge of the uses of the natural pasture and to the keeping of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. As to the tillage of the soil, sowing, planting, making the earth fruitful, and gathering in the results at harvest time, they were in a complete state of ignorance. Anything that was attempted in this department of labour was of the most primitive and imperfect character, and was regarded as contemptible employment, unworthy of men, and fit only to be undertaken by serfs and slaves. It is significant that neither wheat nor oats are mentioned as amongst the produce with which the early English people were familiar, and barley and beans are referred to but seldom. They had arrived at the era of pasture, but had not yet attained that degree of civilisation of which agriculture is a characteristic feature. Had England possessed a mint at this period, the sheep should have been impressed upon the coinage as the type of national progress, and not the ear of corn, as it had been for centuries previously by the Britons at an earlier period of the history of this country.

The Agricultural Work of the Church stood out prominently in contrast with the wild Aspect of the surrounding Locality.

Thus, when the Church began her beneficent mission amongst the people in conferring upon them temporal as well as spiritual blessings, there was no department of her valuable work which stood out more prominently and visibly to all than her successful efforts in clearing wild wastes of country, tilling the land thus cleared, and rendering large tracts of country, which previously had been mere barren wastes, abundantly fruitful in all kinds of produce. Whenever a church was to be erected, or a religious house was to be built, the site upon which it was reared and the land surrounding it soon presented a wonderful transformation scene. Everything was done that could be effected by knowledge, skill, and experience to cultivate, beautify, and adorn the locality. The founders of monastic houses selected indeed some of the most out-of-the-way sites, in apparently inaccessible places, on which to build their monasteries, as if to show to the people, in the most prominent manner, what could be done in overcoming the obstacles of nature, not only in providing material for the buildings, but in making ways and roads of access to them, and in subjecting the wild aspect of the locality to the designs of the labour, art, and industry of man. Thus in places which were miles beyond the reach of any human habitation, and in the midst of forest, heath, and waste lands, religious houses sprang up, churches were built, centres of population were formed, remunerative labour was given to the people, and the foundations were laid of future parochial and community life in England.

The Agricultural Labours of the Church soon changed the Aspect of Localities and increased the Value of Land.

While these transformation scenes by the Church's labour, art, and industry in agriculture were going on in different parts of England, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were astonished to behold the results and to see how the labour of the Church had not only accomplished what has been described, but immensely increased the value of the land on which she had expended her wealth and labour. It was no unusual case for kings and other large landowners to come forward and offer to monasteries large tracts of uncultivated land in exchange for those very small portions which they, by their efforts, had rendered so beautiful and fertile. In this way the monasteries largely increased their landed possessions, and soon set to work in bringing their newly acquired but apparently worthless estates into the same condition of culture and fruitfulness. It was no wonder that at the time of the Reformation self-seeking, covetous, and grasping men urged on Henry VIII. to lay hold of the great monastic properties, seeing that they constituted by far the most valuable, well-cultivated, beautifully planted, and most fruitful lands of England, as is well known, in the present day, to those who possess them, alienated

as they are from the purposes to which they were originally devoted. Of all the historic and world-famed stately homes of England, those built upon the estates of ruined monasteries and priories are by far the most greatly admired.

The Agricultural Enterprises of the Church created Labour for the People.

With the founding of a monastery in any given locality came the necessity for the clearing of forest land, the draining of swamps, the reclamation of barren heaths, and the tillage of the soil; all this required a vast amount of labour. The slave and the serf were mere mechanical machines, toiling from morning till evening, in obedience to their masters' will, without wage or reward, in the performance of work in which they had no interest; but the Church created the necessity for voluntary labour, for which she offered to those who engaged in it a fair remuneration. By these means she not only imparted a dignity to labour, but made it the means by which the country was greatly improved, her own wealth vastly increased, and the people educated in industrious habits. Not only so, but by the creation of centres of labour the monasteries attracted the population, which, relinquishing their nomadic life, settled around them, receiving in return for their daily work ample means of sustenance for themselves and their families.

Picture of a Life of Labour in a Benedictine Monastery.

Life in a Benedictine monastery was a life of daily labour. This daily labour was performed from a sense of religious duty, and was sustained by the spirit of prayer. It was a labour carried out uniformly, consistently, and regularly. None except the aged, the young, and the infirm were exempt from work. Benedict thought that it was a good thing for men to be reminded, by their own daily efforts, that in the sweat of their brow they should eat bread, and day by day toil in the field as well as pray in the church. The day's work was preceded by the assemblage of the monks in the Chapter House, where a religious service was held. The prior of the house assigned to each individual his task for the day. A few short prayers, asking for a blessing upon the work to be done, were offered up. The tools of labour were then produced, and the brethren, in silence, marched two and two to their allotted task in the fields. From Easter until the beginning of October the hours of work were from 6 o'clock in the morning until, in some instances, 10 o'clock at night. The duration of the labour was probably arranged and modified according to its nature or to the locality of the monastery. In addition to the inmates of the religious house lay brethren and servants were employed in considerable numbers who received for their wages payment in corn and other produce. As the surrounding population increased, and employment was offered to them by the monastery, immense quantities of waste land were gradually brought under cultivation.

The Agricultural Labours of the Church produced and increased a new Food Supply for the People of the Country.

By this means the produce of the country was greatly increased. Provision was thus found for the maintenance of hundreds of families in comparative comfort who would otherwise have been wholly dependent upon most precarious sources for their daily food. The people were educated in methodical and industrious habits, and were led by example, as well as by teaching, to see that agricultural labour and toil, so far from being degrading employments, were the sources of the produce of food for the people, and increasing wealth and happiness for the country. How much England owes to the early lessons thus taught and the examples set by the Church to the people can never be fully estimated.

As the cultivation of the landed estates of a monastery proceeded and extended to a considerable distance from the religious house itself, it became necessary to erect granges or homesteads as centres of labour subordinate to the monastery itself. At these granges or homesteads, certain labourers, who had distinguished themselves for faithfulness, industry, and skill in the performance of their duties, were employed as superintendents or overseers of their brethren, and to employ, as might from time to time be rendered necessary, new recruits to work in the great agricultural industry.

The Agricultural Enterprises of the Church contributed to the Elevation of the Labouring Classes.

As this system expanded, and granges or homesteads were erected beyond a certain distance from the monastery, the labourer, who through his faithfulness and industry had become overseer, in time became a tenant farmer to the religious house, employing his own labourers, and paying a certain rent for the land, or rendering certain proportions of its produce to the head of the monastic house, as a condition of his tenancy. Thus the monastery was also the creator of a class of persons above the labourer in the shape of the small tenant farmer, who held his land from the monastery in the way described. In addition to the monastery offering labour to freemen, it also offered remunerative employment to serfs and slaves, who had been set free by their Christian masters, but who, on obtaining their liberty, had to face the difficulty of finding out the means of subsistence. The labour which the monastery offered was that which admirably supplied the want so keenly experienced by such persons. But look at the subject as we may, and view it from whatever varying standpoint we please, it is an undeniable fact that the Church, through her own direct work, and through the enterprising spirit of her religious houses, contributed, in the early days of England's history, more to the creation of free, remunerative labour, and to the instituting of the class of small tenant farmers or yeomen, than did the State by any of its departments or agencies.

A MISSIONARY CRY.

BY THE REV. W. A. BATHURST, M.A.,
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Eastbourne.

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord."—ISA. ii. 9.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
The heathen for Thy portion take;
Scatter the idols, let Thy light
Shine o'er the nations steep'd in night:
Oh, when shall come the glorious day
Of rescue from sin's mighty sway?

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Bind up the hearts that yearn and ache,
Feeling for Thee, the unknown King,
And for the blessings Thou canst bring:
Let the sad sorrow of their sigh
Draw down Thy pity from on high.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Grant that a brighter morn may break
On China's masses, India's strand,
And Africa's down-trodden land:
Thou, Lord, canst save—Thine arm alone
Shall claim the nations for Thine own.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, nor e'er forsake
The patient workman in his toil;
Help him to gather in the spoil
Redeem'd from Satan's cruel thrall—
Bless'd trophies of the Gospel's call.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Send forth more labourers, for His sake
Who came from Heaven to seek and save
The lost from error's dismal grave:
Oh, give the Word, Thy Spirit give,
The dead shall hear Thy Voice, and live!—AMEN.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

IN spite of the surrender of a few Church Schools to School Boards, involving a corresponding increase in the number of Board Schools, the accommodation in Church Schools has risen from 2,597,396 to 2,621,100, being an increase of 23,704 for the year ending August 31st, 1889. The average attendance has risen from 1,664,076 to 1,678,068, being an increase of 13,992 for the year.

Last year's voluntary expenditure upon Church Schools and Training Colleges raises the amount spent by the Church since the National Society was founded to more than £33,600,000. Indeed, the amount will largely exceed this sum if account be taken of the value of sites, which cannot be estimated at less than a million.—*From the "Church of England Year Book."*

THE FLOWER OF TRUSCOTT'S ALLEY.

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

CHAPTER V.

ROSE IS CALLED FOR.



bare thought of such a thing; "why, I don't know what I should do without her."

Yet, at that very moment, mother Tripp and her most disreputable friend, Corker, were comparing notes at the bar of a public-house not fifty yards away.

As for Rose herself, life seemed to be getting brighter every day. Had she not seen once more the Vicar's little boy whose head she had delivered from its awkward place between the railings? And was he not kind enough to remember Rose, and insist upon sharing with her some chocolate with which he was just then making a brown and sticky pattern around the corners of his mouth?

If only she could have known that her mother was well and happy, and quite content that her little girl should live with Old Bly, Rose's joy would have been perfect. As it was, with the ready faith of childhood, she somehow believed that the present was all for the best.

But the time of trial was not far off.

One morning, as Old Bly was sitting alone in the back part of his shop, a stout and rather violent-looking female came in hastily at the door, and, without any ceremony, threw herself into the one chair which was at hand.

Bly came forward with a look of gentle surprise on his face, but his visitor did not wait for him to open the conversation. She did that herself.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bly; a sweet day, ain't it?" said she, in the tones of a person anxious to please.

"It is, ma'am," said the old man, a little puzzled at this greeting, which did not sound very much like business as conducted in the neighbourhood of Truscott's Alley.

"I don't see my little maid about here anywhere," said the visitor, casting her eyes around the shop.

"Your what, ma'am?" asked old Bly with an uncomfortable feeling of dread at his heart.

"My little gal," added the woman nothing dismayed.

"What little gal might you be talking about?" he asked with growing alarm.

"Why, what little gal should I mean, Mr. Bly," she replied in wheedling tones, "if it wasn't that sweet little thing as you've been so good in taking care of this long time?"

"What! my Rose?" cried the old man aghast.

"Well, of course you may call her so, Mr. Bly; and your conduct has been that kind as I'm sure we ought all to be truly thankful for; but I'm thinking she's more my Rose than yours, Mr. Bly."

"Yours?"

"Yes," was the reply, given with a coolness quite enough to anger the meekest of men under the circumstances.

"How so, ma'am?" said Bly, recovering himself a little. "Are you Rose's mother?"

"Well, not exactly that," said the stranger. And then, with a sudden change of tone and manner, she drew a handkerchief across her eyes, and said, "It's a sad case, Mr. Bly."

"How so, ma'am?" repeated the old man, a little fiercely, for his visitor irritated him, although he could hardly have told why.

"Why, that precious lamb —" began the woman.

"Are you her mother?" asked Bly again, breaking in upon her sentence.

"No, I ain't —"

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Bly with an earnestness which could not be mistaken.

"I should just like to know why?" said the visitor.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; no offence meant, ma'am. You was a-saying —"

"I was just about to make the observation," replied the woman with a show of much dignity, "that our precious lamb has had hard times."

"But excuse me, ma'am, you haven't told me who you are."

"Well, I'm her aunt, then," said the woman sharply, changing her tone once more; "and I'm come for the young 'un."

"Who sent you?" asked the old man with a calmness he was far from-feeling.

"Never you mind; I want the little 'un."

"And you won't get her, ma'am, till it's all plain that you ought to have her."

"That's quite right, Mr. Bly, but when I tells you I'm the little thing's aunt, I know you won't stand in her light."

"But where's her mother?"

"Ah, Mr. Bly, she's gone!"

"Yes, I know, but —"

"She's dead."

"Dead, eh? Oh!" This was a state of the case for which the old man was not quite ready.

"And before she died she said to me, 'S'lina—that being my name—you see my little Rose a-taken care of, won't you?'"

"She's taken care of now, ma'am —"

"And," continued the visitor, without noticing this interruption, "I promised I would."

"But," said Old Bly, who was getting sorely puzzled with this business, "how am I to know that it's all right?"

"Mr. Bly, do I look like a woman as would come to you and tell a lie? And why should I?"

Bly shifted uneasily in his chair, and for a moment said nothing. Then light seemed to burst in on him.

"Of course, ma'am," he said, "the child will know you in a moment, and then if the Vicar tells me I must give her up, and she wants to go—why, I suppose she must."

"Ah, that's just it. You see the little one has never set eyes on me."

"Why, that's queer."

"Not considering as me and her mother quarrelled, and never met for years till the poor thing was on her dying bed."



"YOUR WHAT, MA'AM?!"

"Do you belong to these parts, ma'am?" asked Bly suspiciously.

"Do I look like it?" was his visitor's reply, as she drew herself up with an air of great dignity.

The question was an awkward one, and Old Bly quailed before it.

But after a moment's thought a new way out of the difficulty came to his mind.

"If you don't mind, ma'am, we'll go around to the Vicar, and get him to settle this matter for us."

"I don't hold with vicars and people of that sort interfering in my private business," was the reply.

"Why, ma'am, the Vicar's the best friend of me and many more about here, and I sha'n't do nothing till he tells me his mind."

This was said in a tone so decided that the stranger gave way, and without more ado the pair set out for the vicarage.

They found the Vicar at home, and the stranger at once stated her case.

The Vicar heard her with patience, searching her face with his keen eye as she spoke.

When she had finished he said, "You claim this child as your niece, committed to your care by her dying mother. But before I can advise Bly to give her up I must have the mother's name and address, and the date of her death, as well as some independent proof that she wished you to be Rose's guardian; and, if you like to bring me all this, I will consider the matter again."

"Then you won't give her up?" said the woman, turning to Bly.

"Not till I'm obliged to."

"Oh, indeed," returned the stranger, in tones of mock respect, "you won't, won't you? You are nice people, indeed, to keep a child from them as loves her! But I'll have the law on you, see if I don't!"

And with this the speaker made for the parish-room door, and hastily departed without the ceremony of closing that door behind her.

"I fancy there is trouble ahead, Bly," said the Vicar; "but if she comes back again I think we had better send

Rose to the guardians, and let them settle the question for us."

"Maybe," said the old man, his confidence returning, "she won't show her face here again."

Cherishing this hope he went home to Truscott's Alley, resolving that, when Rose returned from school, he would find out what she knew about her aunts.

But the frugal dinner was first overdone, and then grew cold, for no Rose came in to help the old man eat it. Nor was it until he had waited an hour beyond their usual time that uneasiness grew into genuine alarm, and locking up his shop, broad daylight as it was, he went forth to learn what news he could.

(To be continued.)

SHALL WE GO TO LONDON OR THE COLONIES?

BY WALTER HAZELL.



EVERY year there are tens of thousands of young men and women in our villages who say to themselves, "We cannot make much of a living here; we must go away." And so one by one they leave the old folks at home, and go to fight the battle of life in London or other great cities, or in the greater Englands beyond the sea. Now it is not clear that so many ought to have to leave at all, and I for one think

that something could be done to make English village life more prosperous and more inviting. Depend upon it, whoever leaves for good the place of his birth, and cuts himself off from all the sweet associations of childhood, loses something that is not easily made up to him; and I greatly respect, too, the strong sons or daughters who say to themselves in the words of the song when they see their parents getting old and feeble,

"We canna' leave the old folks now;
We'd better bide a wee."

To many, however, seeking a new field of labour is a duty and almost a necessity. Now, which is better—to go to London or to one of the colonies? The answer very much depends upon circumstances. Some country folks have friends in London, and through them may easily obtain suitable openings. There are others who are more fitted for life in an old country than they are adapted for striking out fresh paths in a new one, though I should say

that any one reaching a colony without friends would find friends and work much more quickly than he would if he went without introductions to any great city in England. There are, however, two classes of people who are fairly certain to do better in a colony than in England. These are strong young men able and willing to work on the land, and women used to domestic service. It is not difficult to explain why this is so. The farm labourer who goes to London cannot use there his knowledge of farm life, and so goes only as an unskilled labourer. There are always an immense number of labourers fit for rough work seeking in vain for employment in London; Why add to their number? And if the countryman gets work because he looks stronger than the born Londoner what are his prospects of advancement? Ask at the night refuges and the fourpenny lodging houses, and you will hear a sorrowful tale, of how many poor fellows who find a shelter there, have come from the country only to find that London, to a stranger, is the most desolate and friendless region on the face of the earth.

Now in the Colonies all this is different. There is plenty of land which, if distant from a town, can be had almost for nothing, or if nearer population can be bought at a reasonable price. The farmers largely work with their own hands, partly because it is so difficult to get labourers, and also because many of them themselves were but labourers a few years ago, and are now hewing their way to independence.

As to women servants, every colony is anxious for more. As there are more men than women out there, and as the men earn good wages, it follows that women servants soon get married, and so the demand is still for more.

Now which is the best country to go to? Space forbids me to tell of Australia, or the United States, grand as they both are. I want to speak a little of Canada, because I know a good deal of emigration to that country. If you are interested in the subject send a postcard to the Self-Help Emigration Society, Memorial Hall Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, and ask for their papers, and a form of application. This society, in which the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Dorchester, Sir R. Proctor Beauchamp, and other well-known men are actively interested, has helped out to the Colonies 3,500 persons in the last six years, while it has dissuaded a much larger number of unsuitable people from going at all. They have gone to Canada mainly because the passage money, £4, is so moderate. The society makes grants to those who cannot raise all the money themselves, but it does more than this—it tries to secure to the emigrant a friend on landing. It does not merely guide him across the sea to the port, and then leave him to take his chance. It has upwards of fifty unpaid correspondents in all parts of Canada, who are men of position, and each emigrant is provided with introductions to one of these correspondents, and through him he obtains work almost directly

he arrives. The correspondent, too, has a little money in hand from the Society, so that if work cannot be found directly, the penniless emigrant is not left to want. The result is, that though no promise is made, nearly all emigrants obtain work within a day or so of their arrival; and the Society's Report is full of encouraging letters, saying how people who were poor and unemployed in England have found work and hope in the new country. Our correspondents say they would be glad of ten times as many farm labourers and servants as we can send. If you send the application form to the Society you should get your clergyman to advise you, and to be one of your references. A very large number of the emigrants already sent out have been guided to the Society by the clergyman of their parish. You cannot do better. In a word, if you are vigorous, if you are young, strong, industrious, and of good character, Canada offers you a field for your enterprise. If you are idle, dissolute, inclined to drink, to waste your time and health and money in evil living, it is no use applying to the Society, because they won't send you, as if you reached Canada you would not succeed, and would only revile the Society that had helped you. Before such people think of emigrating to another country, they should first emigrate out of their old lives into new and better ones.

"WHOSE IS SHE?"

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.
(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 98.)

"**W**HOSE is she?" is the question which is asked by nearly every one of the group of curious folk who follow Police Officer H54, as he makes his way towards the police station of his division, with the lost child which he has picked up by the Angel at Islington. "Whose is she?" Nobody knows. "It isn't Snidget's girl," exclaims one woman; "It's not Bracklesby's little Polly," says another; "It looks something like Quackett's," suggests a third. But they are all wrong, and the officer goes steadily forward with the poor little lost child. She will be well taken care of now. Perhaps she will be claimed before the night closes in. Maybe her mother and father are already in search of the poor little wanderer. Maybe some big brother or sister has already started the weary round of the various police stations looking for their lost Mary. And, alas! it may be that she has been deserted by some heartless woman who loves the drop of gin more, how much more than she loves poor little Mary. It is no mere poetical fancy which inquires—

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?"

We thank God for the splendid work which has been done and is being done by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society. We rejoice, too, in the noble crusade waged by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If we ask the faithful labourers who are engaged in the work of these two Societies the question with which we started, "Whose is she?" the reply would promptly come, "She belongs to Him; she has been bought with a price. She is His who once said, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me,'"

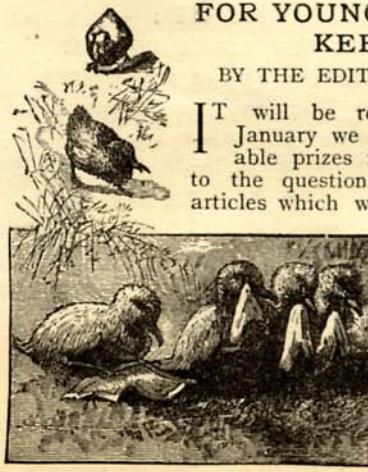
FOR YOUNG POULTRY-KEEPERS

BY THE EDITOR OF "FOWLS."

IT will be remembered that in January we offered twelve valuable prizes for the best answers to the questions upon the Poultry articles which would appear in THE CHURCH MONTHLY and in *Fowls* during January, February, and March. We now give the questions.

The following conditions must be observed:—

1. All competitors must be under sixteen years of age.
2. The answers must be attested by a clergyman, schoolmaster, or other responsible person.
3. All answers must be written on one side of the paper only, bearing at the top right-hand corner of the first page the name and address of the competitor.
4. Envelopes should be addressed, "Young Poultry Keepers' Competition," care of Mr. Fredk. Sherlock, CHURCH MONTHLY Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
- N.B.—All replies must be received on or before June 1st.
1. Give three reasons to show that poultry keeping is profitable.
2. Give three reasons to show in what way poultry can be made to cheapen the food supply of the country.
3. Which are the best breeds for town poultry fanciers to keep?
4. Name three things which are necessary to make poultry keeping profitable.
5. What are the best foods for feeding poultry to ensure good results?
6. What are the advantages of buying eggs for setting purposes from country poultry keepers?
7. What points should be possessed by Golden or Silver Wyandottes to ensure producing a fair proportion of birds suitable for exhibition?
8. Which are the best means of keeping a fowl-house healthy?
9. What is the best method for obtaining a supply of fresh eggs all the year round?
10. Describe briefly the cheapest and best method of making a fowl-house.
11. Which are the best fowls for table purposes, and why?
12. Which are the best varieties to keep for egg production?
13. Name some of the easiest breeds to cultivate for Exhibition purposes.
14. What are the best means for protecting the health of poultry in wintry weather?
15. Which is the best month in the year for young beginners to commence poultry keeping, and why?
16. What uses may feathers be put to?
17. State the best method of managing sitting hens.
18. What is the best way of killing a fowl and preparing it for the cook?
19. Give three poultry anecdotes from your own experience which have never appeared in print.
20. Give three poultry anecdotes which have appeared in print, and name the publication.
21. What are the advantages of an Incubator?
22. What is the best method of managing newly hatched chickens?
23. What is the best method of managing Ducklings?
24. Which is the easiest variety of Dorkings to breed for Exhibition purposes, and why?
25. What methods must be followed to make duck keeping profitable?
26. What is the best treatment for fowls which lay shell-less eggs?
27. State briefly how you would prepare birds for the Show Pen.
28. What is the cause of Roup, and what is the best remedy for this disease?
29. What is the cause of Gapes in chickens?
30. What is the best method of permanently marking chickens for identification?
31. What essentials are required in an Incubator for it to hatch successfully?



OUR CITIZENSHIP:

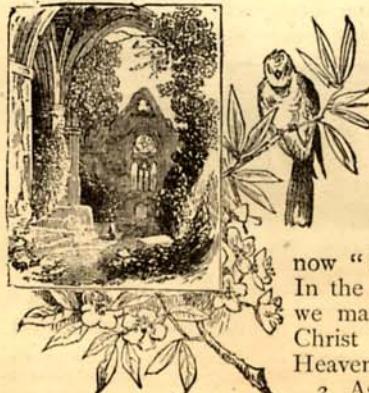
A MEDITATION FOR ASCENSION DAY.

BY THE REV. H. H. LUCAS, M.A.,

Rector of Filby, late Wellington College Missioner.

"For our conversation is in Heaven."—PHIL. iii. 20.

"For our citizenship is in Heaven."—(R.V.)



1. IN Heaven, because Christ, the Son of Man, is in Heaven, and, as man's Representative, He is there in His glory. We may ascend with Him now "in heart and mind." In the Ascension of Christ we may see our own, and Christ represents man in Heaven itself.

2. As a King, He has granted us and conferred upon His subjects the freedom of the Heavenly City. We often hear of the freedom of a city being conferred upon some illustrious and notable subject. We are Christ's free men—bought with a price—the Blood of the Lamb of God that was shed for us upon Calvary. We are His free men, freed by Him from our sins, and from eternal death. Free to be His faithful subjects, and to enjoy "the liberty of the children of God." Being made free by the Precious Blood of Christ, "our citizenship is in Heaven."

3. In Heaven, where a place is prepared for every saint of the Most High. "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 2). We look too much on this world as our home. There is an eternal mansion in Heaven itself, prepared at Christ's command by the holy angels—prepared and ready in the heavenly mansions: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." That is our home. The earthly home a type and figure of the eternal: and much more so as we understand that "our citizenship is in Heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Phil. iii. 20). The citizens of the kingdom look forward in hope for the return of their king. The angels' promise is—"This same Jesus . . . shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven" (Acts i. 11). The return of the King at His own appointed time, is an absolute certainty; and the King will come to work in all of His subjects, whether on earth or in Paradise—the quick and the dead—the great resurrection change. "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious Body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. iii. 21). With these

words we commend to the keeping of the Almighty God, the soul and body of a departed brother and sister, in the beautiful Burial Service of our Church, which in times of our greatest needs bids us rejoice in hope.

We cannot compare our King with an earthly king. He is all perfection: the Dispenser of perfect justice, His wisdom infinite, Love Himself and loving all His subjects with His everlasting and never-ending love. His kingdom is the one that will last for ever. Where is that mighty Roman Empire of St. Paul's day? Or where the other empires of the world mentioned in the Old Testament? They have vanished; they have come to an end. The Kingdom of Heaven, the Church of God, alone remains. No human power can be brought against it for its destruction, for man cannot fight against God.

"Our citizenship is in Heaven." Has not our text already suggested to us the prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, . . . Thy Kingdom come"?—a petition in the one perfect prayer that tells us that our citizenship is in Heaven, with God as our King and we His subjects; and a petition in which we pray for God's kingdom to be set up in our hearts, throughout the world, and at last in Heaven.

The law of the kingdom to which all Christians belong is the law of love. Not the imperfect law of love found even among the heathen, but the law of perfect love; of love because God is Love. In our obedience to that one law we keep all. We cannot break any of God's laws while we observe truly the law of love. "The language of love," one has lately written, "is understood by all."

These are the duties and privileges of our heavenly citizenship. Our blessing that we are the subjects of God, in His Church, under His rule and government, which is the law of love. God is our King. We are under His law, and the blessings of His Holy Church are vouchsafed to us.

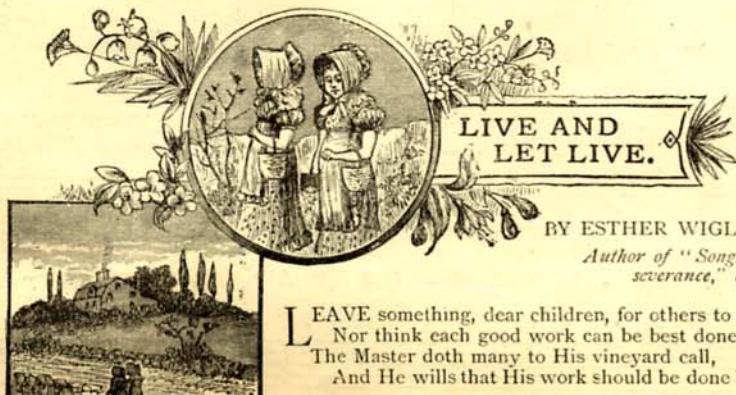
Our duty, as we have seen, is to be faithful to the God "who hath made us," redeemed us from endless woe, and who makes us holy by the presence of His Holy Spirit in our hearts.

Our privilege and our duty is to live now the life of a citizen of God's Kingdom in Heaven.

ALONE WITH GOD.

"ALONE with God! Think of that; alone with God, in His presence, before His throne, to speak to Him, and to tell Him your thoughts, and thank Him for His goodness, and ask for His grace and help and protection and guidance for the day. What an honour, what a comfort and blessing, that you may begin every day by being alone with God!"

"You may; for He invites you. He bids you draw near to Him, and then He draws near to you. He tells you to come without fear, open-hearted and open-mouthed, speaking freely to Him of all that is in your mind. For you have a gracious Saviour to speak for you. Through Jesus Christ you may always go to God; and for His sake the Father will hear you graciously."—THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.



BY ESTHER WIGLESWORTH,
Author of "Songs of Perseverance," etc.

LEAVE something, dear children, for others to do,
Nor think each good work can be best done by you;
The Master doth many to His vineyard call,
And He wills that His work should be done by them all.

Leave something, dear children, for others to share,
Oh, leave not the hedges of primroses bare!
Leave the violet buds, and some blossoms behind,
That others who seek may the sweet treasure find.

Leave something for others, dear children, to say,
Let the elder sometimes to the younger give way;
Although to ourselves our own voices are sweet,
Yet others love also the news to repeat.

Leave something for others, dear children, to see,
Nor think that your eyes take in all that can be;
There are always two sides to each object you'll find,
And if you look before, you will not see behind.

Since we all like to speak, and to do, and to see,—
(And the rule of good manners we all must agree,
What we value ourselves, is to others to give—)
Let us strive with all gladness to live and let live.

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 in the Bible do we find one or more of the "Birds of the air" mentioned—
49. As being useful (one bird only) to one who had been useful to it?
50. As useful to one who brought down both fire and water from heaven?
51. Connected with some of the final judgments of God?
52. Providing one seen in a vision with the means of escaping from persecution?
53. Illustrating the goodness of God toward Israel?

54. Illustrating the extreme difficulty of discovering true wisdom?
55. Illustrating the peculiar blessedness of waiting upon God?
56. Driven away by one in special covenant with Jehovah?
57. Driven away by one who was mourning for the dead?
58. Offering an example to the disciples of Christ?
59. Serving to illustrate the work of the Evil One?
60. Spoken of in connection with Uncreated Energy and Holiness?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

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

Whole I address lady,
Beheaded I am her ancestor,
Beheaded again I stem a torrent,
Beheaded again I express being,
My tail is worth a thousand.

9. I learned arithmetic from a company, a burning glass, and nothing.
10. $100 + 0 + 500$ is an $e + 10 + 100 + e + 50 + 50 \times ent$
 $f + 0 + 0 + 500$.
11. $50 + 0 + N + 500 + 0 + N$ is $\div ar + 1 + 5 + er$.
12. $500 + 1 + seases$ are $\times 500 + 1 + rt$.

LOGOGRAPHS.

13. My head is an emblem of freedom invented in my tail with a *y*; my whole is good as an adjective, and useful as a substantive to a miller or a pillar.
14. Whole I am concealed,
Beheaded I am a textile shelter,
Beheaded again I am a luscious wine,
Beheaded again I am nearly half content,
Beheaded again I stand for the New Testament,
Beheaded again I am half of it.
15. My whole is without motion,
Beheaded I hold your money,
Beheaded again I am unwell,
Beheaded again only the Welsh can pronounce me,
Beheaded again I am fifty.

"Holy, Holy, Holy!"

(A HYMN FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.)

Words by BISHOP HEBER.

Rather slow.

Music by HUGH BROOKSBANK, Mus.B.

(Organist of Llandaff Cathedral.)

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty, Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Mighty, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trinity. A - men.

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee—
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
 sea ;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy : there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and
 sky, and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty,
 God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.



Stammers' Memorial Fund Account.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.			
Mr and Mrs Ed. Warner...	10	0	0	Mr Cope	...	0	2	6	Mrs Gartshore	...	0	0	6	Mrs W Sharpe	...	0	0	3
Mrs Perry Herrick	5	0	0	Mr Shenton	...	0	2	0	Mrs Reeves	...	0	0	6	„ T Markham	...	0	0	3
Mr and Mrs Hole ...	5	0	0	Mr Herbert	...	0	2	0	Mrs Bale	...	0	0	6	„ Greasley	...	0	0	3
Mr R Thompson ...	5	0	0	Mrs W Pagett	...	0	2	0	Mrs Webster	...	0	0	6	„ Pilkington	...	0	0	3
The Rev Ashwin and Mrs				Mrs Huskisson	...	0	2	0	Mrs Snowden	...	0	0	6	Miss Emma Pilkington	...	0	0	3
Ashwin ...	5	0	0	Mrs Waddington	...	0	2	0	Mrs Tungate	...	0	0	6	Mrs Clarke	...	0	0	3
Mrs Robt Stammers ...	5	0	0	Mrs H Judd	...	0	2	0	Widow Green	...	0	0	6	„ Elliott	...	0	0	3
Mrs Culling ...	3	3	0	Miss Lucy Heap	...	0	2	0	Mrs Greasley	...	0	0	6	Miss Dawson	...	0	0	3
Mr W E B Farnham ...	2	2	0	Miss H Sketchley	...	0	2	0	Mrs Shepherd	...	0	0	6	Mrs G Canning	...	0	0	3
Mr Samuel Harris...	2	2	0	Mr J Murphy	...	0	2	0	Mrs King	...	0	0	6	„ Morley	...	0	0	3
Mr and Mrs G Cooke ...	2	2	0	Mrs Gamble	...	0	1	6	Mr J Thompson	...	0	0	6	Mr Nottingham	...	0	0	3
Mrs M A Lilley ...	2	2	0	Mrs Brunton	...	0	1	6	Mrs Daft	...	0	0	6	Mrs Cross	...	0	0	3
Miss Corlett ...	2	0	0	Miss Annie Ward	...	0	1	0	Mr A Daft	...	0	0	6	„ Bancroft	...	0	0	3
Mr T Firr ...	1	1	0	Mr F Clarke	...	0	1	0	Mrs Bonsor	...	0	0	6	„ BaH	...	0	0	3
Mr Wm. Thornton ...	1	1	0	Mr Sketchley	...	0	1	0	Mr J Thornton	...	0	0	6	„ Waite	...	0	0	3
Mr Wm. Richardson ...	1	1	0	Mrs Winters	...	0	1	0	Mr Foulds	...	0	0	6	„ Stevenson	...	0	0	3
Mr O S Brown ...	1	1	0	Mr John Tee	...	0	1	0	Mrs Rockley	...	0	0	6	Mr Bonnett	...	0	0	3
Mr Charles Smith ...	1	1	0	Mr John Lucas	...	0	1	0	Mr W Horspool	...	0	0	6	Miss E Gartshore	...	0	0	3
Mr J Sanders ...	1	1	0	Mr Charles Mee	...	0	1	0	Mrs Neale	...	0	0	6	„ Boye	...	0	0	3
Mr B Fewkes ...	1	1	0	Mr Mee, senr.	...	0	1	0	Mrs Wildey	...	0	0	6	Mrs William Heap	...	0	0	3
Mr Thos. North ...	1	1	0	Mrs Preston	...	0	1	0	Mrs S Martin	...	0	0	6	Mr F Pearson	...	0	0	3
Mr J Callis ...	1	1	0	Mr Kinch	...	0	1	0	Mrs S Clarke	...	0	0	6	„ J Sheffield	...	0	0	3
Rev. J Evans (late Curate)	1	1	0	Miss Searle	...	0	1	0	Mrs Ackroyd	...	0	0	6	Widow Rennox	...	0	0	3
Mr T Bramley ...	1	1	0	Mr T Bramley	...	0	1	0	Miss S Ackroyd	...	0	0	6	Mrs G Disney	...	0	0	3
Mr Gardiner ...	1	1	0	Mr Turlington	...	0	1	0	Miss A Pagett	...	0	0	6	„ Ryder	...	0	0	3
Mr Joseph Tacey ...	1	1	0	Mr T Judd	...	0	1	0	Mrs Beardsmore	...	0	0	6	„ Hackett	...	0	0	3
Mr S Woollerton ...	1	1	0	Mr T Gunley	...	0	1	0	Mr W Gamble	...	0	0	6	„ W Disney	...	0	0	3
Mr Geo. White ...	1	1	0	Mrs Kite	...	0	1	0	Mr Dawson	...	0	0	6	„ J Sharpe	...	0	0	3
Mrs Dawson (late)	1	1	0	Widow Bramley	...	0	1	0	Mrs Bagley	...	0	0	6	„ Burton	...	0	0	3
Mr Dexter and Family	1	1	0	Mr W Orson	...	0	1	0	Mrs Winterton	...	0	0	6	„ F Smith	...	0	0	3
Miss Dudgeon ...	1	1	0	Mr Calow	...	0	1	0	Mr R Gamble	...	0	0	6	„ Bramley	...	0	0	3
Mr H Humphreys ...	1	0	0	Widow Egan	...	0	1	0	Mr Howlett	...	0	0	6	„ B Rue, junr	...	0	0	3
Mr A Sault ...	0	10	6	Mrs Underhill	...	0	1	0	Mrs E Stevenson	...	0	0	6	Mr W Chapman	...	0	0	3
Mr Joseph Camm ...	0	10	6	Mr T Turlington	...	0	1	0	Mr G Wilders	...	0	0	6	Nelle Herbert	...	0	0	3
Mr Chas. Cross ...	0	10	6	Mrs Copeland	...	0	1	0	Widow Brown	...	0	0	6	Mrs Wakelin	...	0	0	2
Mr J Bolesworth ...	0	10	6	Mr Freer	...	0	1	0	Mrs T Rennox	...	0	0	6	„ Barwell	...	0	0	2
Mr John Camm ...	0	10	6	Mr J Stevenson	...	0	1	0	Mrs Marson	...	0	0	6	Buddy Caldwell	...	0	0	2
Mr James Camm ...	0	10	6	Mrs G Gamble	...	0	1	0	Mr J Fewkes	...	0	0	6	Ruth Green	...	0	0	1 1/2
Mr John Ward ...	0	10	6	Mrs G Harris	...	0	1	0	Mrs Williams	...	0	0	6					
Mr Horsepool ...	0	10	6	Widow W Stevenson	...	0	1	0	Miss A Gamble	...	0	0	6					
Mr James Culling ...	0	10	6	Mr A Turner	...	0	1	0	Mrs J Sharpe	...	0	0	6					
Mr Swain ...	0	10	6	A Friend	...	0	1	0	Mrs Briers	...	0	0	5					
Mr Lucas ...	0	10	6	Mr Johnson	...	0	1	0	Mrs Lee	...	0	0	6					
Misses Smith ...	0	10	6	Mrs Cotton	...	0	1	0	Mrs Lovitt	...	0	0	6					
Rev John Hind ...	0	10	0	Mr G Stone	...	0	1	0	Mrs Heighton	...	0	0	6					
Mrs Webster ...	0	10	0	Miss E Dexter	...	0	1	0	Mr Markham	...	0	0	6					
Mr A Sutton ...	0	10	0	Mrs F Mee	...	0	1	0	Widow Collins	...	0	0	6					
Children's Pence ...	0	7	3 1/2	Mrs Grant	...	0	1	0	Mrs C Clarke	...	0	0	6					
Mrs White ...	0	5	0	Mr Machin	...	0	1	0	„ T Rue, junr.	...	0	0	6					
Mr J H Cooke ...	0	5	0	Mr H Gamble	...	0	1	0	„ Stubbs	...	0	0	6					
Mr H Martin ...	0	5	0	Mr Hollingworth	...	0	1	0	„ Ankars	...	0	0	6					
Miss Gretton ...	0	5	0	Mr Heap	...	0	1	0	„ C Taylor	...	0	0	6					
Mr E C Laundon ...	0	5	0	Mrs W Camm	...	0	1	0	Miss Lucy Rue	...	0	0	6					
A Friend ...	0	5	0	Mrs Davis	...	0	1	0	Mrs William Lee	...	0	0	6					
Mr Turner ...	0	5	0	Mrs Revill	...	0	1	0	„ T Wykes	...	0	0	4					
Mrs Lane ...	0	5	0	Mrs Barrs	...	0	1	0	„ Stretton	...	0	0	3					
Mr W H Fewkes ...	0	5	0	Mrs Sutton	...	0	0	8	„ Woodforth	...	0	0	3					
Mr Lowe ...	0	5	0	Mrs Payne	...	0	0	6	„ Rd Bagley	...	0	0	3					
Mr T Holmes ...	0	5	0	Mr Stanton	...	0	0	6	„ Jalland	...	0	0	3					
Mr W Webster ...	0	5	0	Mr I Toome	...	0	0	6	„ Barber	...	0	0	3					
Mrs J Fewkes ...	0	4	0	Mrs Remington	...	0	0	6	„ Mrs Price	...	0	0	3					
Mr G E Dexter ...	0	3	0	Mr F Thornton	...	0	0	6	„ Mr Cooper	...	0	0	3					
Mr G Dexter ...	0	3	0	Mr Gamble, senr.	...	0	0	6	Mrs Sutton	...	0	0	3					
Mr T Gamble ...	0	2	6	Mrs B Rue, senr.	...	0	0	6										
Mrs J Martin ...	0	2	6	Mrs E Wykes	...	0	0	6										
Mr W Turner ...	0	2	6	Mrs Capell	...	0	0	6										
Mrs J Dalby ...	0	2	6	Mrs Hallett	...	0	0	6										
Mr Backhouse ...	0	2	6	Mrs J Dexter	...	0	0	6										
Mr Cooper ...	0	2	6	Miss Emily Judd	...	0	0	6										
Mr T Chapman ...	0	2	6	Mrs Wilkinson	...	0	0	6										

Ladies and Gentlemen,
We have much pleasure in submitting the foregoing Account of Receipts and Expenditure in connection with the fund subscribed towards the Memorial Window to the Rev. Robert Stammers our late lamented Vicar. The amount subscribed far exceeded our expectations, and the willingness to give for such an object was most unanimous, but we venture to think that the List of Subscribers speaks for itself. In returning our sincere thanks to you all, we have every reason to believe that the Memorial Window has given universal satisfaction. Part of the sum subscribed has been appropriated towards the erection of a Memorial Stone to William Phipps late Parish Clerk and Sexton, who for many years was inseparably connected with the late Vicar, and their mutual esteem and regard for each other was well known. In devoting part of the fund for this purpose, we have endeavoured to carry out what we believe were Mr. Stammers wishes, expressed during his lifetime. Our grateful acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Culling and Miss Corlett for their valuable help in collecting the smaller Subscriptions.

We remain, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours very faithfully,

JOSEPH TACEY.
S. WOOLERTON.
GEO. WHITE.

Quorn, April 20th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
1890			
June 28	Wm Webster Cab		
	hire	0	5 0
Nov 13	H. Wills printing		
	Circulars...	0	6 6
1891			
Feb 25	Ballantine & Son		
	for stained glass		
	Memorial Win-		
	dow	70	0 0
Mar 21	B Fewkes for stone-		
	work, &c.	0	13 6
	Clarke & Hodgson		
	printing Hand-		
	bills	0	10 0
	H & W Eull for		
	Stone for Wm.		
	Phipps (late clerk)	7	0 0
	W Y Swain for En-		
	graving letter-		
	ing fixing and		
	fees	4	9 6
	Printing a/c in		
	Parish Mag.	0	19 6
	Postage and Sta-		
	tionery, &c.	0	15 0
	Balance in hand	0	18 9

£85 17 9

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



Kalendar for May.

HOOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

MAY.

1^{FR} **S.S. Philip and James.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Address, 7.30 p.m.

3 ^S **Rogation Sunday.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address, 6.30 p.m.

4 ^M **Rogation Monday.** Matins, 8 a.m. Evensong and Litany with Prayer for God's Blessing on the Fruits of the Earth, 7.30 p.m.

5 ^{TU} **Rogation Tuesday.** Matins, 8 a.m. Evensong and Litany with Prayer for God's Blessing on Home and Foreign Missions, 7.30 p.m.

6 ^W **Rogation Wednesday.** Matins, 8 a.m. Evensong and Litany with Prayer for the Unity of Christendom, 7.30 a.m. (Festival of the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ).

7 TH **Ascension Day.** Holy Communion, 7 a.m. Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

10 ^S **Sunday after Ascension.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.

14 TH (Octave of Ascension Day). Holy Communion, 8 a.m. (Whitsuntide).

16 ^{SA} **Whitsun Eve.** Choral Evensong, 7.30 p.m.

17 ^S **Whitsun Day.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion (choral), 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Children's Service, 6.30 p.m.

18 **Monday in Whitsun Week.** Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.

19 **Tuesday in Whitsun Week.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Sermon for Members of Druid's Club, 11 a.m.

24 ^S **Trinity Sunday.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address, 6.30 p.m.

31 ^S **First Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Children's Flower Service, 6.30 p.m.

The Daily Services will be announced on the Notice Board.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MEETING on Tuesday, May 12th, at 8 p.m.

BAND OF HOPE.—There will be a meeting of the Band of Hope on Monday, May 11th, at 7.30 p.m., at which the Prizes will be given. All friends are cordially invited.

The Services throughout Lent and Holy Week were very well attended. On Easter Day there were 80 communicants, of these 33 communicated at 8 a.m., 12 at 9.30 a.m., and 35 at noon. The services on Easter Day were of a bright and hearty character. The Communion Service was *Woodward* in E Flat, and the Anthem was a new one by *Barnby*, "Awake up my Glory" The musical portion of the services was well rendered by the choir. The festival services were continued on the Octave.

Sunday, April 19th, was, by the wish of the Bishop, observed as Diocesan Sunday. The offertories were given to the Church Extension Board for the Archdeaconry of Leicester. They amounted to £5 4s 4½d. This was collected thus :—

	£	s.	d.
8 a.m.	0 19 5
11 a.m.	3 11 6½
3 p.m.	0 13 5
	£	5	4 4½

CONFIRMATION.—Twenty-two persons from this parish were confirmed at Rothley, on the afternoon of April 9th. The numbers of each sex were equal. They made their first communion on Sunday, April 19th, at 8 a.m. Let us all pray that God's Blessing will rest upon them, and that they will daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more. The weather was not altogether favourable, still it might have been worse, and the service was most impressive. The candidates all attended Evensong in our own church, at 6 p.m., after their return from Rothley, and thus concluded the day in a very suitable manner.

The amount realized from the subscriptions from the *women* of our village amounted to £2 3s. 11d., which has been sent up to head quarters.

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for Money.

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