



August, 1891.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

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Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery at lowest possible prices, large assortment of Fancy Goods suitable for Presents, comprising Electroplated goods, Teapots, Spoons, &c. Work boxes, Jewel cases, and Writing desks. Fancy Toilet sets, Church services, also Hymn and Prayer books. Large quantity of Purses, Ladies' companions, Japanese goods, Bracelets, &c. Christmas, New year and Birthday cards. 18 Carat Gold Geneva's, from £2/0/0, Silver, from 14/6. Best quality English Levers, from 25/- to 60/-

THE OLD ESTABLISHED SHOP
FOR
HOME MADE PORK PIES,
SAUSAGES, CAKES, &c.

HOME CURED BACON,
HOME RENDERED LARD,
AND
AMERICAN PASTRY FLOUR,
always in stock.

A trial respectfully solicited.

GEORGE VOSS,
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A. SAULT,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
OPEN & CLOSED
CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

WHITE HORSE,
COMMERCIAL INN.
QUORN.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT		
300 INSTRUMENTS TO SELECT FROM 15-300 GUINEAS	GRAND TONE J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S PIANOS ARE RELIABLE AND SPLENDID VALUE RUTLAND ST. LEICESTER	PERFECT TOUCH HIRE SYSTEM FROM 14/- PER MONTH
25 PER CENT AND UPWARDS ALLOWED FROM ANY MAKERS' LIST PRICES FOR CASH		

HIGHEST AWARD! J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S "TRIUMPH MODEL" PIANO

Iron frame, full tricolor, check action.

17/6 PER MONTH.

Grand tone, best materials and workmanship.

25 GUINEAS CASH.

J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S POPULAR PIANO

14/- PER MONTH.

Brilliant tone, massive construction. Warranted.

20 Guineas Cash. Delivered Free.

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J. HERBERT MARSHALL,
HIGH STREET & WOOD GATE,
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J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S Vesper Organ.

£10 10/- CASH, OR 12/- PER MONTH.
Hansome design, rich tone, solid walnut case.

J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S COTTAGE HARMONIUM 10/- PER MONTH.

In solid walnut case, five octaves, best materials and workmanship, rich tone.

£6 6/- CASH. Unsurpassed.

PLEASE NOTE.
REDUCTION IN PRICE OF MUSIC.
3/- Songs or Pieces at 1/- } Prompt Cash.
4/- " " 1/4 } Postage Extra.

THOS. NORTH, — FAMILY GROCER — TEA DEALER AND PROVISION MERCHANT, THE POST OFFICE, QUORN.

Good value in TEAS from 1/- to
2/10 per lb.

HAVELOCK COFFEE HOUSE.

Open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Saturdays, 11 p.m.

FRESH CONFECTIONERY!!!

Every Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday.
— PORK PIES AND SAUSAGES. —
Rooms with all kinds of Games open
every Night.

Large room to let for Parties, Dancing, &c.
Parties provided for on the shortest
notice.

Tea and Coffee always ready.

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STEAM SAW MILLS, QUORNDON.

J. SANDERS, Builder, Joiner & Cabinetmaker

Oak Paneling, Carved Oak Mantels, and
Interior Fittings in every Style.

DESIGNS GIVEN.

W. H. BACKHOUSE,
Registered Plumber,
GLAZIER, GAS FITTER,
SANITARY and HOT WATER
ENGINEER,
Barrow St. and Freehold St.,
QUORN.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Calendar for August.

AUGUST.

- 2 S Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
- 9 S Eleventh 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.
- 16 S Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
- 23 S Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. Same as the 11th Sunday.
- 24 M S. Bartholomew Monday. The Festival of the dedication of Quorn Church. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
- 30 S Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Same as the 12th Sunday.

Hymns.

	MATINS.	EVENSONG.
2nd {	34	165
	309 (1st part)	254
		21
9th {	235	277
	237	285
	281	24
16th {	243	214
	229	221
	269	31
23rd {	419	226
	436	254
	270	28
30th {	3	215
	271	197
	217	216

The Annual School Treat was held on Saturday, the 27th June. Arrangments had been made for the tea to be given at Pocket Gate, but the unsettled state of the weather in the morning prevented this being carried out. Upwards of 250 children assembled at the Schools shortly after one o'clock, and proceeded in vehicles to the Hanging Stone Rocks. With the exception of one shower at starting nothing occurred to spoil the holiday and the children appeared to thoroughly enjoy the outing. Cricket, rounders, donkey rides, and various other amusements were indulged in, and at 5.30 the order was given for home. Upon arriving there at six o'clock ample justice was done to a first rate tea, and the remainder of the evening was spent in Mr. James Cuffling's field. Hearty thanks are due to Mr. Warner, Mr. Bolesworth, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Camm, Mr. Moyes, Mr. Ward, Mr. Cross, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Cuffling, Mr. Cragg, Mr. Backhouse, and others for horses and conveyances, to the ladies for their invaluable assistance in catering, to the teachers and friends for their help in amusing the children and to the subscribers for the increased subscriptions. The Balance Sheet is appended.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS

	£	s	d
Balance from 1890	...	0	6
Pence for Cards	...	0	6
Interest from Bank	...	0	8
Churchwardens	...	4	9
Ditto	...	0	7
Sale of Tickets for Tea	...	0	7
Mrs Warner	...	2	0
Mrs Farnham	...	1	10
Mrs Hole	...	1	0
Captain Warner	...	1	0
Rev R C Faithfull	...	1	0
Mr G White	...	0	10
Mrs Hayward	...	0	5
Woodward	...	0	5
Cuffling	...	0	5
Miss Corlett	...	0	5
Miss Hawker	...	0	5
Mr Thornton	...	0	5
Mrs Harris	...	0	4
Mr Ffir	...	0	4
Mr Richardson	...	0	4
Mr Meakin	...	0	3
Mr B Fewkes	...	0	3
Miss Inglesant	...	0	3
Mr Backhouse	...	0	3
Mr J J Callis	...	0	3
Mrs Brown	...	0	2
Mr John Camm	...	0	2
Mr G Cooke	...	0	2
Mrs G Cooke	...	0	2
Mr Chas Cross	...	0	2
Mr Lucas	...	0	2
Mr A Sault	...	0	2
Mr Facer	...	0	2
Mr Thompson, senr	...	0	2
Mr Robert Thompson	...	0	2
Mr Ward	...	0	2
Mr S Harris	...	0	2
Mrs Harris, senr.	...	0	2
Mrs Inglesant	...	0	2
Mr Jos Tacey	...	0	2
A Friend	...	0	2
Mrs Waddington	...	0	2
Mr W E Cooke	...	0	2
Mr Sanders	...	0	2
Mrs Barnett	...	0	2
Mr Cuffling	...	0	2
Mr J Dalby	...	0	2
Mr T Holmes	...	0	2
Mr G Holmes	...	0	2
Mrs Huskinson	...	0	2
Mr Swain	...	0	2
Mr F Brunton	...	0	2
Mr Jas Camm	...	0	2
Mr C Adams	...	0	2
Mr G Voss	...	0	2
Mr T Holmes	...	0	2
Mr W H Fewkes	...	0	2
Mrs Martin	...	0	2
Mrs J Fewkes	...	0	1
Mr Herbert	...	0	1
Mrs Paget	...	0	1
Mr J Disney	...	0	1
Mrs White	...	0	1
Mr F Earp	...	0	1
Mrs Dunham	...	0	1
Mr S Darker	...	0	1
A Friend	...	0	0
Sale of Cake, &c	...	0	10
Balance owing	...	0	3

£20 19 10

EXPENDITURE

	£	s	d
Four dozen New Test	...	1	6
Teacher's Papers	...	0	16
Prizes:			
Topping, 34 Bibles	...	2	1
and Test	...	2	1
Wills	...	2	1
Do.	...	0	4
Topping	...	0	3
Mending Harmonium	...	4	10
Interest on Cards	...	0	0
Bills paid on a/c of School	...	4	13
Treat—			
J Sanders	...	0	3
H Wills	...	0	13
Mrs Tillson	...	1	12
Mrs Herbert	...	0	3
Mrs Waddington	...	0	7
Mr W Webster	...	1	10
Mr J J Callis	...	0	10
Mr G Voss	...	1	10
Mr Bolesworth	...	0	5
Mr T North	...	0	11
Mr W Heaps	...	0	6
Mr Darker	...	0	1
Amusements for children	...	7	13
at Hang. Stone Rocks	...	0	12
Refreshments to drivers	...	0	3
Helpers	...	0	7
Incidental Expenses	...	0	5
Lock and Key for S. S.	...	0	1
Cupboard	...	0	1
Cleaning cupboard and	...	0	1
Repairs	...	0	1
H Wills, Prayer and	...	0	4
Hymn Books	...	0	4
Superintendent's postages	...	0	1
(2 years)	...	0	1

£20 19 10

Marriages.

July 13—Richard Pendery and Sarah Ann Harris.

Burials.

July 4—Thomas Underwood, aged 2 yrs.
 „ 6—John Sharpe, aged 62 yrs.

Church of England Central Society — for — Homes for Waifs & Strays
providing

THE SECOND ANNUAL

SALE OF WORK

Of the EAST AKELEY DEANERY WORKING GUILD, will be held on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1891,
IN THE
QUORN VILLAGE HALL.

The Fancy Goods and Plain Clothing Stalls will be presided over by
MRS. FARNHAM, MRS. HOPE, MRS. HAYWARD and MRS. FAITHFULL.
Fruit and Flower Stall—MRS. HOLE.

Admission—2.30 to 5, Sixpence; 5 to 6.30, Threepence.

A TENNIS TOURNAMENT

OF GENTLEMEN (SINGLES).

Will be played on the Courts, commencing at 2.30. The following Gentlemen will play:

GEORGE FARNHAM, ESQ.
LEONARD STONE, ESQ.
CECIL STONE, ESQ.

J. A. Le M. HAYWARD, ESQ.
TREVOR JONES, ESQ.
H. L. GODDARD, ESQ.

S. F. MONTAGUE STONE, ESQ.
CECIL THOMSON, ESQ.

A DANCE

Will be held in the Hall from 8 to 12 p.m.

— TICKETS FOR DANCE, 1/6 EACH. —

To be had from Miss Brown, Wood View, Quorn, and Mr. George White, Rectory Place,
Loughborough.

MR. J. ADDISON ADCOCK'S BAND

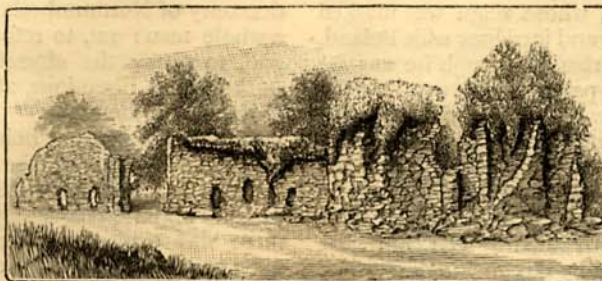
WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE THROUGHOUT THE DAY.

H. Wills, Printer and Lithographer, "The Library," 4, Market Place, Loughborough. 833/91.



Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.]

"A POPULAR INSTITUTION" (*see p. 186*). *[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR,*



LEWES PRIORY.

ISAAC BASIRE:

SCHOLAR, COURTIER, TRAVELLER, DIGNITARY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF RICHMOND.

(Continued from page 148.)

HITHERTO Basire had been acting as "traveling tutor." Now he starts upon a fresh enterprise, and with a self-imposed mission, to make better known to his brethren in the East the doctrines and discipline of the Anglican Church. He evidently set the highest value on the Church Catechism. At Zante he translated it into Greek, at Aleppo it was produced in Arabic, and into Mesopotamia he sends a Turkish version of the same. His reception by the authorities of the Greek Church was particularly cordial. In the Morea he twice preached in Greek to the bishops and clergy, at the request of the Metropolitan of Achaia. At Constantinople he urged upon the patriarch proposals for the intercommunion of the Greek and Anglican Churches, thus anticipating, by more than two centuries, a modern movement in that direction. We find him constantly increasing his own stores of knowledge, inquiring into, and collating the confessions of faith of various Christian communities, Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, Maronites. The genial French-English scholar seems to have been feted all round. At Jerusalem the Latins gave him facilities for visiting the Holy Sepulchre, and on his departure "the Pope's own vicar," he says, "gave me his diploma, in it stiling mee *Sacerdotem Ecclesiae Anglicanae*, at which title many marvelled, especially the French Ambassador at Constantinople."

From Aleppo to Pera he took a six hundred miles' journey by land, "for as contrary fleets are now abroad, it is far more dangerous by sea." His travelling companions were twenty Turks, "who used me courteously, the rather because I was their physician, and of their friends by the way." At Constantinople, where he spent some months, the French Protestants appointed him their minister with a competent stipend. For use at these French services he translated the English

Liturgy. But he is apprehensive that the liberty to use it may not last long, for "they are all of them bred after the Geneva discipline, and consequently not like to go on in our way; out of which, God willing, I am resolved not to depart, though for it I lose this, as I have lost all."

Meanwhile the correspondence between himself and his wife becomes necessarily more and more fitful. But the letters of both show no falling off in their complete devotion to one another. She sends him the little odds and ends of domestic news—how Mary is having "lessons on the verginals," and John is "lerning fast to red a chapte in the bibel agens Easter, that he may have breches." She has got into debt with most of her neighbours, and is making plans for leaving England. "I know," she says, "I shall have all those old detters about me, when they know I ham to go, but I must get to quiet them, and to part with somat [something] to them that stands in the most need." The husband, on his part, sends, when he has the chance, "tokens" to his wife and children. From Paris black gloves "for your owne sweet hands, the blew hearte for Mael [Mary], the silver hook and clasp for Peter's hat;" from Zante, oyle and coreans (currants); from Aleppo as much white silk as would make up some "sixe or seven pounds;" from the Holy Land, nine pair of "Gerusalem garters," presumably to be distributed among his friends.

Seven years were yet to drag their weary length along before husband and wife were to be re-united. Meanwhile an extraordinary change came over Basire's prospects. His ministrations to the French at Constantinople were broken in upon by an invitation from the Prince of Transylvania to take the Chair of Theology in the University of Weissembourg. Transylvania, the easternmost province of Hungary, is even now, to judge from Mrs. Gerard's interesting

"Land Beyond the Forest," a semi-barbarous country. At the period we are speaking of it was under the rule of one George Ragozi, whose reign was marked by a series of alternate wars and intrigues with Poland, Turkey, and Hungary. Barbarian though he was, he had evidently taken great pains to fill worthily the professorial chair. The new professor soon set about the work of reformation, both in matters of religion and of learning. But matters of still more importance engaged his attention. Things were in a bad way in Transylvania. Though an excellent fighter, Prince George was clearly not a born ruler. "The court, the army, the civil power, is day by day melting away like wax," Basire writes to his most serene prince and gracious lord, that unless he bestirs himself, the country will inevitably fall into the hands of the Turks. "Your empire (!) is falling to pieces, and this Christian people, ground down as it were for a length of time between two mill-stones, is perishing." Then he preaches him a long sermon on his inattention to his duty, and gives him a broad hint that if he cannot look after his kingdom better he would do well to abdicate, and suggests the precedents of Charles V. and Christina of Sweden. Stirred up by the vigorous prodding of the professor, the prince roused himself once more, and whilst falling on a Turkish army near Weissembourg, with a vigour which promised complete success, he was fatally wounded, and was carried to the fortress of Varadin to die. A remarkable man this George Ragozi, to judge from his character in a contemporary history; where we read that he was prudent in his counsels and enterprises, but something rash and violent in his attempts. After his death in 1660 Basire remained to perform his obsequies, and write his epitaph, waited yet a little longer in the vain hope of obtaining the arrears of his salary, and then Westward Ho! to England and Church and home. In July 1661 he had arrived in London, and was famous enough to be immortalised by Evelyn. "July 10th," says the old journalist, "in the afternoon preached at the abbey Dr. Basire, that great traveller, or rather French apostle, who has been planting the Church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He showed that the Church of England was, for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen."

Meanwhile, Basire had forwarded a petition to Charles II.—now restored to the throne—praying that he also might receive "some eminent station in Church or State;" signing himself "Your majesty's most humble, most loyal, and now old, yea hereditary, servant." The flowing tide of restoration carried him back to all his old preferment, and Andrew Lamant, "a Scottish man," who had been intruded into Stanhope, was induced by Cosin, now Bishop of Durham, to retire to another parish.

Fifteen years of work still remained to him. He settles down to his duties with vigour and method. It has been said that the work of an archdeacon is to

perform archidiaconal functions. Basire's conception of these functions is much to the point. "The archdeaconry of Northumberland," he writes, "will take up a whole man: 1st, to reform the persons [parsons]; 2nd, to repair the churches." There was plenty of work in both directions, and he made two visitations of the county annually.

The "whole man" being necessary for the duties of the archdeaconry, the reader may naturally be anxious to know how fared the two parishes, the canonry and the chaplaincy. Indeed, in his own day, there was evidently some curiosity evinced on the same subject. Our good archdeacon was quite equal to the occasion. Nay, he added to his other duties that of Justice of the Peace. The following "ingenuous account" of the manner in which he apportioned his time "may serve," he thinks, "for a full answer to the multiplied solicitations to the presse from public and private persons, as well without as within the kingdom":—

	Days.
Attendance on the king	60
Visitations	30
Ordinations	16
Residence at Duresme	120
Residence at Stanhope	100
Residence at Egglecliffe	90
Convocation, Synods, Grand Chapters, Assizes, and Quarter Sessions	59
In all	475
More than the yeere affords by	110

Who will venture to say that the answer is not full, even to overflowing!

The yearly programme was certainly not intended as a mask to busy idleness. His business powers were in constant requisition on behalf of the Dean and Chapter. He fights their battle in the matter of a claim for a subsidy to the Crown, and makes peace between them and their tenants, and at Stanhope sets to rights parochial arrangements which have fallen into confusion. Nor is his pen idle. Pamphlets and sermons issue from his library, and a considerable correspondence. His friends did not stint their laudations of the books he sent them. Can any modern reviewer approach the following from a certain Dr. Cruso, in acknowledgment of "Sacredge arraigned and condemned by St. Paul"? "I grudged myself sleepe till I had read it over and over. . . . You have hit this Goliath in the forehead, and I cannot but give you the Io Triumphe. . . . Beleeeve not [sir], these vipers will dare so much as hiss against you. There is not where the most censorious monster can fix a tooth. Your arguments are apposite and irrefragable, your deductions and conclusions magisterial," and so on. Was the good man on the look out for a living from the Dean and Chapter? Mr. Naylor, vicar of Newcastle, is a most touching flatterer. "If the Lord Brooke thought fitt to write in his funerall monument that he was friend to Sir Philip Sidney, pardon mee if I do a little pride my-

selfe in the consideration of a person so worthy as yourselfe to be called a friend to Mr. Naylor." "I shall keep this title as a jewell while living, and leave it after my death to my best child."

But in the midst of business and controversy the spiritual side of his nature crops up. His advice to his son Isaac is not without its value now. "Preaching is a good worke, catechising is a better worke, prayer is best of all; and conference is a good meanes, through God's blessing, to make those effectual. But government and just discipline must assist, for I finde, by sad experience, that the staffe of *Beauty* will not do the work without the staffe of *Bands* (Zech. xi. 7)."

In October 1676 this staunch old churchman passed away. His wife, who had been spared to enjoy these last years of happy activity, had ended her days a few months previously. Thus ends a strange romantic history. Hopeful and resolute, tender, loyal, devout, it teaches us what sort of stuff English churchmen were made of in the troublous days of the civil war. If he seemed to obtain more than his share of the good things which the Church had to bestow, he at least realised the duties of his position, and strove, to the best of his power, and according to his lights, to fulfil his responsibilities.

GARDEN WORK FOR AUGUST.

Kitchen Garden.

HOE round all recently planted broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, savoy, etc. This has a wonderful effect upon their growth. Prepare ground for sowing cabbage in the first or second week for spring supply. Earth up celery in dry weather, taking care to prevent any soil getting into the hearts. Sow lettuce for crop to stand through the winter.

Fruit Garden.

To protect wall fruit such as plums, apricots, etc., from wasps and other insects, hang up in the branches two or three wide-mouthed bottles or jars half-filled with sweetened water, or tie up the fruit in muslin bags.

Flower Garden.

Take cuttings from geraniums, watering them until they have rooted. Take cuttings of pansies, calceolarias, petunias, verbenas, etc. Plant out giant and Brompton stocks. Tidy up all borders.



CHAPTER III.

A GLEAM THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

JASPER said nothing to Mrs. Reeve about his little adventure. Had she been in the kitchen when he came so breathlessly tumbling down the back-stairs, he would certainly have done so. But she was not there at the moment, and when she did come in, a very few words sufficed to show that she was not in a humour to kindle sympathy or invite confidence.

Indeed, the poor lonely boy was being driven, day by day, more completely in upon himself. He was very fond of "the mother," and there was no reason to doubt the sincerity of her affection for him; but they were ceasing to have anything in common. Perhaps, without knowing it, the old woman was both fretting and failing. She sighed and grew silent; she shook her head till the stiff little curls wagged sympathetically, and at times she was even snappish and morose. Her work seemed to trouble her more and more, and, with less to show, it now occupied her wandering thoughts and fading energies throughout the entire day.

That Jasper was fretting and fading, too, there could be no doubt. If asked, he might have professed himself quite happy, but that would have been because he was dwelling in a sleepy dreamland; and, as in a dream, he took no note of time, though months were slipping by. Naturally of a timid and indolent disposition, courage and energy seemed to fail now that Albert was gone. The taller trees were no longer climbed or attempted, and Jasper gradually dropped the acquaintance of their supposed inhabitants. He remained, however, on friendly terms with the humble family of Haw, and never passed "Bessie's fir" without a yearning glance towards its inaccessible heights. He knew not the meaning of the emotions that stirred in him, or why it was that his eyes were so often full of tears as they dropped wearily to earth after that long upward gaze. Yet, was it not just the old unrest of souls for whom God is seeking?

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the dawn for the morrow,
The worship of something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Yes, the little fellow was being driven in on himself, and as the summer months slipped by, he grew to care less and less for out-door pursuits. He lived in the office now, among the old books that, for their part, seemed to abide there so contentedly, forgotten and unclaimed. He read and re-read the stories that had been Albert's favourites, and often turned to the long-winded Oriental legend over which he had fallen asleep on the afternoon when he had seen that vision of pretty Bess. He would turn the quaint old pages again, and, by an effort of will, would let himself drop off into a half-slumberous state just at a familiar point, in the hope that the vision might return. But—even though he sometimes went sound asleep in reality—it never came to bless his longing eyes. Occasionally he fancied he heard a voice calling from the empty library, and then he would start up with a thrilling feeling, as though something had swept with a light rustling through the room. But he could never cheat himself even into a passing belief that he had *seen* anything.

In one way only was the actual lapse of time measured and noted in the boy's dreamy life—by the periodical arrival of letters from Albert. Then would follow a busy and really happy time for Jasper. He would re-arrange his imaginary courses between given points:—from the Cape to Singapore, from there to Yokohama, and thence across the wide Pacific to San Francisco. He would post up his "log," introducing and making the most of every incident that Albert chanced to relate. Precious incidents, and the more cherished because there were so few of them. Had Albert only known!

It would be sad and monotonous reading were we to chronicle in detail the events of Jasper Rentoul's life during those years of his solitary, shadowed boyhood. One incident, however, shall be recorded, since, in the kindly ordainment of Providence, we may believe it to have been the means, if not of actually saving his life, yet certainly of sustaining him, by the introduction of a new interest into what had hitherto been a death-in-life existence. It came about in this way.

One October afternoon Jasper was wandering aimlessly in a remote part of the park, close by the broken-down fence that separated—or was originally designed to separate—the grounds of Ashfield from the outside world. The equinoctial gales had blown the sodden, withered leaves into a great bank against the fence, and through this the boy was plunging and kicking his way, while he sang to himself a little ditty that he had picked up he knew not where. After a while he stopped, and seating himself on a piece of rickety iron fence, his back to the lane, and his feet idly stirring among the dead leaves, continued his song.

When he had finished he was startled to hear a gentle voice behind him,—

"You have a sweet voice, my lad: it ought to be cultivated."

Jasper turned round, and immediately recognised the Rev. Mr. Truman, the clergyman of the church where the mother did *not* worship. He had never spoken to this gentleman, and had always fought shy of him—as he did of the school-board officer—fearing lest, in some way, his liberty might be interfered with. He knew, too, that for some reason known to herself, Mrs. Reeve had no dealings with her parish minister. Therefore the boy made no answer, but slid down from the rail, and began to think how he might beat a retreat without appearing rude or frightened. As he stood irresolute the clergyman's kindly voice arrested him,—

"Are you very fond of music?"

"Yes, I like it well enough; but I don't know nothing," said Jasper.

"Don't you learn at school?" inquired the clergyman.

At the mention of the word "school," Jasper had much ado to keep from running away. He held his ground however, and answered prudently,—

"I've not been taught anything of that."

Seeing that he had scared the boy, though he could not guess how, Mr. Truman said reassuringly,—

"Well, I'm sure you'd learn like a shot, and we'd be glad to have a chap like you in our choir."

"Choir—church choir?" said Jasper. "Why, it's grown-up people that sing in ours. They don't want wee chaps."

"Oh, but that is just what *we* do want," explained the Vicar, eagerly. "I suppose you have never been at St. Simon's?"

Jasper explained that this was so, and mentioned the name of the church where he attended with Mrs. Reeve.

"But would you not like to come to us and learn to sing with the other boys?" urged Mr. Truman.

"I don't know," responded the boy slowly. He was thinking of the times he had knelt side by side—often hand in hand—with Albert in that dear old church, which it was evident from his tone the Vicar of St. Simon's somewhat despised. "I'd like the singing very well, but I doubt the mother mightn't be wishful for me to go."

As he spoke he half turned his head in the direction of the great house, that looked down on them from among the trees.

"Oh, *you* belong to the old lady that takes care of Ashfield—her grandson, I suppose? Let us go along and ask her what she thinks about it. There's no time like the present."

So saying, Mr. Truman scrambled over the fence, and set off with Jasper towards the house. The distance was not great, but, before it was traversed, the lonely boy began to hope that he had come on one to whom he might look as a friend in any day of trouble.

For a time Mrs. Reeve was obdurate. She was by no means pleased to see Mr. Truman, and she took no pains to conceal her feelings.

However, after a little conversation, in which the good woman made clear her opinions, she added :

"I'm not disputing with you, sir ; it would ill become me," cried Mrs. Reeve, apologetically ; "only I'm wishful you should understand the way I looks at these things. As for the boy—if you like to have him for your singing and he's content hisself, I'll not say anything against it. It may do him good, and I'm thinking he may be a wee bit dull in this big place now his brother's away."

This great concession was so suddenly made that the clergyman was quite taken aback. So was Jasper, who scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry, gratified or disappointed. It was a concession, and how much it cost the old woman he was far from realising. For her it was just the cutting, as with a sharp knife, of one of the few cords that bound her to life. One cord had been cut when Albert sailed away ; and now she felt as though Jasper was being divided from her by some swift-rising tide, coming she knew not whence. The old use and wont of their Sundays together was about to be destroyed. Never again would they kneel side by side in the quiet, half-empty church, and she immediately foresaw that her own visits there were likely to become less and less frequent.

But for Jasper it was almost all pure gain. His membership with the choir at St. Simon's gave him a new interest in life, and perforce took him somewhat out of himself. From the first, indeed, he was a mystery to the other boys, forming no associates, and coming and going silent and alone. Still, he was not unpopular, probably because he was not unreal. He was gentle and considerate, and though his musical abilities soon became evident, he took no airs on himself. Thus, without seeking it or seeming to wish for it, he found himself after the first few weeks in quite an independent position. The bigger boys were proud of him ; the smaller ones looked up to him.

It was some months, however, before the boy could be induced to attend Sunday School. Again and again Mrs. Reeve told him he might please himself ; but she looked so disconsolate and lonely of a Sunday afternoon, that the tender-hearted lad could not bear to leave her. Still, it was undeniably dull work reading by the old woman's side, and striving to discover fresh points of interest in the familiar "embellishments" of the old Bible.

So when summer came again, and Mrs. Reeve felt inclined to stroll in the garden, or even to potter down to the gate lodge for a talk with Mrs. Winter, the wife of the old labourer who resided there, Jasper concluded that he might be spared for the hour and a half that the Sunday School would occupy. So he went and had his name enrolled.

It was on the third Sunday of his attendance, and when he was getting accustomed to his surroundings,—in other words, more inclined to look about him and take stock of things,—that Jasper made a momentous discovery.

The boys and girls at St. Simon's were taught in adjoining rooms, separated by folding doors, which doors were partially opened during the singing of the hymn and saying of prayers at the beginning and end of school. On the day in question, Jasper, as soon as the opportunity was afforded, let his eyes wander away into the girls' department.

There, in a remote corner, he caught a glimpse of the vision he had waited for so long ! It was but a passing glimpse. But he could not be mistaken. Yes, there in the flesh—with all her hair around her, and her lips plainly moving as she joined in the singing—was "pretty Bess." Right in the middle of one of his clear, high notes, Jasper stopped singing, and remained with open mouth staring at the apparition, nor was he aroused till nudged by a boy beside him, who added a whispered inquiry as to whether "he had been taken worse."

From that Sunday onward Jasper Rentoul was not



"'YOU HAVE A SWEET VOICE, MY LAD.'"

only among the most regular, but also among the earliest to arrive of all the boys attending St. Simon's Sunday School. The dull, prosaic building, with its yellow-washed walls, became transformed into a very fairyland. For it was characteristic of the boy's dreamy, imaginative disposition that it was the old schoolhouse that gained, not Bessie that lost, by the discovery that had been made. It was not the girl that was materialised, but the place that was idealised. Bessie was still the mysterious being who had her proper dwelling in the wind-rocked tree-top, who only once had gladdened his mortal vision with a distinct revelation of herself, but whose light step the boy had often fancied he could hear as he passed from room to room in the great empty house. And now he had seen her once more—just once! For though Jasper came early, and watched with keen, expectant eyes the moving back of the doors that were to him as "Gates of Paradise," he was destined to endure many a disappointment. Month after month passed by, and Bessie was not to be seen. Perhaps the disposition of the classes had been altered, perhaps the girl had left the school, perhaps it had all been a mistake. No, no, not that—such a thought the poor boy would not let near him. He had seen her, not as he had often done in sleep or in a waking vision, but really—at least as really as when he had held his breath while she floated through the little "office" long ago.

CHAPTER IV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.



"OH, Bessie, Bessie! you will shatter my poor nerves to pieces if you come bolting into the room like that. It is so unladylike, too."

"But, Mrs. Day dear, I have something to tell you. It's awfully sad."

"Well, shut the door gently, and speak quietly, Bessie dear; my head is very bad to-day."

"Oh, I am awfully sorry if I have startled you, but I heard it so suddenly, and I felt that I must come at once and tell you."

And the young lady, having carefully closed the door, advanced on tip-toe across the luxuriously furnished drawing-room, her emotion being now only displayed in distended pupils and quivering lips.

Mrs. Day, a handsome, middle-aged lady, had been reclining in a low, easy chair. She now turned her head languidly without moving her body, and said in a sweet, low voice,—

"Well, child, and what is this wonderful piece of news that has excited you so?"

"It's about Mrs. Reeve—you know, that dear old woman that takes care of Ashfield. She's dead! Just

think of it, auntie, she's lying dead in that empty house. And that's not all—that's not the worst."

At the mention of Ashfield Mrs. Day had started up, the fan with which she had been cooling herself had been closed with a jerk, and she was nervously tapping the heavy rings on her left hand with it as she interrupted the girl's story.

"Nonsense, child! She was quite well when she came here yesterday evening for orders. Where did this wild rumour come from?"

"The woman from the gate lodge was here just now, and told the servants. Mrs. Reeve must have had a fit, for they found her lying senseless on the library floor. And, as I say, that is not the worst. You know the boy that lives there—her grandson, I suppose—he has been nearly killed by a fall from one of the trees. It was when they went to tell her about the accident to him that they found the poor old lady. Isn't it awful, auntie? I want to go up at once and see what I can do. And that dear little fellow had such a lovely voice. They say he was the best boy in the choir at St. Simon's."

"Dear me—how sudden and how sad!" sighed Mrs. Day, re-opening her fan, and sinking back in her chair. "Mrs. Farnworth will be distressed and inconvenienced by the loss of such a faithful servant; and this accident to the boy, too—the old lady takes a strange interest in that pair."

The last words were uttered in a lower voice, as though the lady thought aloud; but Bessie had not heard any part of the speech; her eager mind was elsewhere.

"I had better go at once, had I not?" she exclaimed, turning towards the door.

"Go! go where, child?" cried Mrs. Day, starting up once more.

"To Ashfield, to see what can be done. At all events, we may do something for the poor boy. I remember him quite well, that day we went over the house; such a sweet, timid face—and then, his lovely voice. Think of him, auntie, lying there all alone—alone with the dead!" and as she spoke, the girl's large eyes seemed to overflow with excitement and sympathy.

"You are mad, Bessie, to think of such a thing—quite unbecoming your position. What would your grandmother say to such a proceeding? Were I well enough, I would gladly go myself; but as it is, I will send one of the servants."

"No, I must go myself, and what's more, *I will!*" replied the girl, stamping with impatience on the soft pile carpet. "Ashfield is mine—or at least it will be, and these people belong to me. I'll do as I choose, Mrs. Day."

"I think you forget yourself, Bessie," said the lady thus addressed, in a pained, tremulous voice. "I surely deserve some consideration from you."

In a moment the impulsive girl was on her knees beside the low chair.

"Pardon my rudeness—oh, do, auntie dear! I

know I oughtn't to speak like that to you—to you who have always been so good, just like a mother to me. But, indeed, I must go to see this poor boy; it is my duty, and it mustn't be left to servants. You'll let me go, auntie; and I promise I won't be long. I believe grandmother would not think of disapproving."

"I was only thinking of yourself, my dear—of the shock to your nerves," pleaded Mrs. Day. "But if you can trust yourself, I suppose, after all, there is no impropriety. You can take Spence with you; and the cook will give you wine, or beef-tea, or jelly, or whatever may be suitable. I am sure Mrs. Farnworth would wish these people well cared for."

So it ended, as most controversies between the pair did, in Miss Bessie having her way. Fifteen minutes later, she was on the road to Ashfield, attended by Spence, the maid, who bore on her arm a basket laden with such good things as might, in cook's judgment, avail to support the strength or tempt the appetite of the injured boy.

Only so far as it related to Mrs. Reeve did the report that had come to Bessie's ears prove to have been exaggerated. The old woman was still alive, though her life hung by a thread, and she was quite unconscious. The boy was in a state scarcely less critical.

The story of what had happened may be briefly told.

On the previous evening, a labourer, named Winter, who lived in the old gate lodge, nearly half a mile from the hall, had come by chance on poor Jasper, as he lay senseless and bleeding at the foot of a lofty tree, from which he had evidently fallen. Having carried the lad indoors, Winter called out, and then began to look around for Mrs. Reeve. Failing to discover any trace of her, the man had hurried off to fetch his wife. It was not till an hour later that they found the old woman lying in a fit on the floor of the library. By that time the doctor had arrived, and was therefore on the spot to render what assistance he could to a second patient.

Having gazed for a few moments on the old woman as she lay breathing heavily, and quite unconscious on her bed, Bessie asked to be taken to see Jasper. Of late, the lad had fancied to have his bed made up in the little office where he spent so much of his time. And Mrs. Reeve had offered no objection. Fear was a thing unknown to her; and, as she grew older, she perhaps preferred to be alone—alone with the past and its memories, whatever they might be. Still it was characteristic of the strange life led by this ill-assorted couple that they should deliberately choose to pass the lonely hours of the silent night so far apart—she in her bedroom above the kitchen, and he in that little "chamber in the wall," at the remotest corner of the great desolate library.

Poor Jasper was in a pitiable state. Throughout the night he had been moaning with pain, and calling, at intervals, for "the mother," while Mrs. Winter



"BESSIE STOOD BY THE BEDSIDE."

tried to soothe him with the assurance that the old woman would soon be at his side. When the doctor came he had had a broken leg to set, and some ugly bruises to attend to; but he did not conceal his fears that there might be yet graver internal injuries which time would reveal. In the morning, when he came again, the lad seemed to be in a critical condition—wandering in his mind, and in a state of high fever; but shortly before the time of Bessie's visit the young sufferer had fallen into a quiet sleep.

As Bessie stood by the bedside of the unconscious boy, she vividly recalled the circumstances of their first, and indeed their only direct meeting. More than two years had elapsed since then, and though, outwardly at least, Jasper was but little changed, the girl was now verging upon womanhood. A feeling of great tenderness and pity swelled up in her heart as she looked upon the lad's pain-drawn features and sunken cheeks. Suddenly the blue eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon her.

"Ah! so you have come down to me at length! I was almost at the top when something happened—I don't know what it was. The wind was high, and I was frightened. I must have let go. You know, I'm not like Albert. He'd never let go, not he! I wanted to tell you about Albert. He's coming home at last! And he'll be quite a man now—tall and big and strong. I'll never be like him."

Not knowing what to make of such incoherent words, the girl bent over the bed, and said softly,

"You've been badly hurt, poor boy; but you'll be well soon if you are patient, and keep very quiet."

"I'll be patient enough as long as you stay there," was the whispered reply. "Only let me feel your hair to be sure it is really you. I've been mistaken so often."

He put out a feeble hand till it touched her waving hair; then he smiled, and seemed quite satisfied as he lay gazing at her with dreamy, wistful eyes.

"But you don't know anything about me; and if you did, I don't see why you should doubt that I am really myself. Who else could I be, I wonder?" said Bessie, with a little laugh.

"You know you are always about here, only you are unkind, and love to tease me, and won't let me see you. You remember the first time I saw you; it was in this room."

"Oh yes, I remember that," assented Bessie soothingly, and, at the same time, drawing back a little, for in truth the lad's strange talk and increasing excitement frightened her.

"That is the way you always treat me—slipping away just when I think I have you; but I won't let you go this time," cried the lad. At the same time he closed his hand, and held the now terrified girl a prisoner by the hair.

"Let me go—you are hurting me. I tell you I have never been near Ashfield since that day I saw you in this room." Then, recovering her presence of mind, she went on more quietly, "There now, be a good boy, and let go my hair. You know you ought not to excite yourself, or you will be very ill."

The clenched fingers relaxed, and the blue eyes seemed to overflow with submissiveness and entreaty.

"You won't go away—you'll stay a little. You know I've nearly killed myself in trying to find you."

"Yes, I'll stay with you, and read some hymns to you, if you promise to be good and quiet," said the young visitor with a gentle firmness that did not fail to produce its proper effect.

"Oh yes, do; and I'll be ever so good, and ever so quiet. I'll not breathe more than I can help," whispered the lad with trembling eagerness.

Then, when Bessie began to repeat the words of a favourite hymn, he let his eyes close; but whenever her voice ceased for a moment he opened them again, as though to make sure that she had not been suddenly spirited away.

After a while Bessie rose to go, and then Jasper began to inquire for "the mother." Would she not come to him? Did she not know how bad he was?

"Mrs. Reeve is not well herself, Jasper; she is asleep just now, and must not be disturbed. Mrs. Winter will get you anything you want till I come back."

"Then you will come back—I shall see you again?"

"Oh yes, certainly, I'll be back very soon; but I must go home for a little," replied the girl cheerfully.

"Home! up there among the tree tops? Oh, how I'd like to go with you! We'd see everything all round, and perhaps be able to watch Albert's vessel coming in. It would be grand; and I'm sure I wouldn't fall if you were there to help me."

Once more Bessie was frightened; but she concealed her fears, and answered cheerfully,

"Well, well, you can explain all about it when I come back, and you can tell me who Albert is, and where he is coming from."

"Why, you know who Alb is; it was he that first

told me about you. What nonsense it is to talk like that!" cried the sick lad. In his excitement he tried to raise himself in the bed, but immediately sank back with a cry of pain.

Bessie's first inclination was to run away: but when that cry pierced her ears she went to the sufferer, bent over him, soothed him, arranged his pillow, and whispered to him till he seemed to have dropped off into a placid sleep. Then she stole away to look for Spence and Mrs. Winter.

Once out of the office, Bessie hurried across the library and out into the great entrance hall. She felt scared and bewildered. For a moment she did not know which way to turn. Then, as she looked about her wildly for the passage that led to the servants' apartments, she suddenly found herself face to face with a young man, a young man in a blue coat with brass buttons.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Do Not Say

"BUT we are not *all* called to be missionaries." No, apparently not! And, as far as I can see, we are not in the very least danger of thinking that we *all* are. We are much more in danger of transposing the words, and thinking, "We are *all* not called to be missionaries."

Do Not Say

"But we cannot send *everybody* away; we must keep *some* good men at home." Certainly we must. And, what is more, we *do*. Seeing that out of one thousand good people, nine hundred and ninety-nine stay in our

own tiny island, and one, at most, goes to the great needy countries beyond, it does not seem that we need begin to be *very* anxious just yet, lest the heathen should get more than their share!—From "Do Not Say," by the REV. J. H. HORSBURGH.

A Koi Convert and his Thirty Converts.

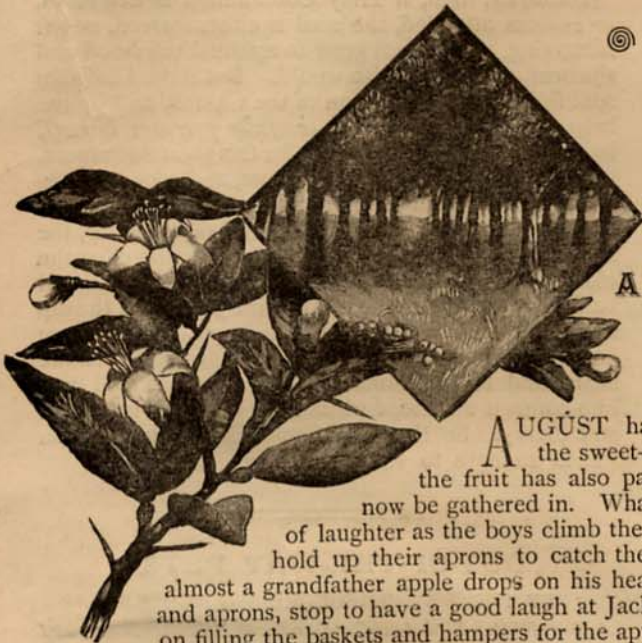
THE Rev. E. T. Pegg, of Dummagudem, South India, writes:—"A most interesting case occurred the other day. A merchant (a Koi) from a village about one hundred miles away among the hills got hold of a tract. He read it, and came in here to be taught. He was eventually baptised, and went back to his old work of trading among his native mountains. But he was not at all content to keep the good news of the Gospel to himself. Everywhere he went he proclaimed the Word, and on Christmas Day he came in here to petition me to go to his land and baptise thirty people whom he had been the means of bringing to Christ. I think this is a grand example of the way the Gospel grows spontaneously. His village is only one hundred miles away, but, owing to the mountains, rivers, and lakes, it takes nine days to get there."



© The
Life of an
Apple. ©

A HARVEST SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. P. W. N. BOURNE, D.D.,

Vicar of Christ Church, Doncaster.

AUGUST has come, but most of the flowers have gone; and the sweet-smelling hay has been cut and carried; the time of the fruit has also passed by, but the apples and pears are left, and must now be gathered in. What a merry time it is in the orchards! We hear shouts of laughter as the boys climb the trees to shake the heavily laden boughs, and the girls hold up their aprons to catch them as they fall. "Oh!" cries Jack, as a big, plump, almost a grandfather apple drops on his head. The children, who are busily filling their pockets and aprons, stop to have a good laugh at Jack's misfortune, while the older folks smile as they go on filling the baskets and hampers for the apple-rooms.

I. And now, dear children, we must learn something useful from the lives of these apples, for they have done a good deal of work, and have much to teach us from their short lives; for remember, they do not live even for one *whole* year, and so they have to do all their work, not only well, but quickly. Here then, at starting, the whole life of the apple teaches us quite plainly, that as we do not know whether our lives will be short like theirs, or long, we too *must do our work well, and also do it quickly*; for there is no time to be lost. We must do as much as possible while God permits us to live here.

II. Before we think about the life of the apple let us remember its *early history*. Formerly it grew wild, and was called a crab-apple. Afterwards men came to plant these wild apple-trees near their houses, where the ground was well manured and nourished, and so they got better fruit in place of the sour crab-apples. As the branches bore this better fruit they planted them separately, and in time the trees bore quite a superior kind of apples. This improvement has been going on for very many years until the present time, when there are about ninety different kinds of splendid apples, all descended from the original wild or crab-apple.

This wild and almost useless crab-apple represents the state of man when born into the world. As the Catechism tells us, we are "by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath."

III. Let us consider *the life of the apple*. And in doing so, we must start from the beginning, and look well at what we may call (A) *the baby apple*, or the blossom. Examine an apple, and at the opposite end to the stalk, which we may call the nose of the apple, you will see a hollow place; at the bottom of this hollow there is a sort of little pit, with about five tiny flaps, like bits of ragged skin on one's finger. And joined to these are many little black threads.

Last spring those little flaps were bright and green, and nursed some lovely pink blossoms, and the little threads had golden heads. What is now a big apple was *then* only a small green lump on which they rested. As time went on the pink blossom fell off, and left behind these stamens, which shrivelled black, and so did the points of the green part. But there they are, left behind for us to see in the nose of the ripe apple that has been gathered, left behind as the remains of its infancy, when it was only a blossom or baby apple.

And what a beautiful sight in spring, to look upon an orchard glowing with these beautiful blossoms, which are the sure promises of the coming fruit. But is there not an equally beautiful sight in the spring of man's life? There in the holy church, not far from its principal door, stands the Font of Baptism; the priest is there, the true ambassador of Christ, clad in his snow-white robe, and around are fond parents, who hold in their arms those little ones so innocent, waiting to be "grafted into the body of Christ's Church." They are the beautiful "blossoms" of future man and womanhood. Can we say they are the sure promises of coming fruit, of really Christian lives? God only knows, but the Church prays that "they may lead the rest of their life according to this beginning."

But the apple grows, and its next stage may be called (B) *the boy apple*. The inside, which we are

accustomed to eat, consists of numberless tiny cells, pressed together very closely. They are all full of juice. The walls of these tiny cells are so very, very thin, that if the air gets in, the juice, of course, quickly dries up. You can prove this for yourselves, dear children, by cutting an apple, and leaving it exposed for a while; the clean white part becomes discoloured, because the juice in it dries up. But to keep the apple clean and pure, the outside covering, which up till now has been delicate and fragile, grows tough and strong. So in this wonderful way God protects the life of the apple.

The same is true of the young Christian. In the Sacrament of Holy Baptism he was adopted as the child of God; since then he is being trained up in the schools of the Church, on weekdays as well as on Sundays, and in his Christian home, so that it is his own fault if he does not understand his position, and grow strong in his spirit as well as in his body. The time comes for him to go forth to work in the world; and God is so kind and anxious that his young spiritual life should be further protected, that just as He protects the young apple by a strong outer covering of skin, in a similar way He strengthens the young Christian, by the gift of *Confirmation*, and just at the very time when he will most need it, because of the temptations and dangers to which he will now be exposed.

"As the time of danger thickens
Round our inexperienced days,
Confirmation gifts He gives us,
Strengthening us in duty's ways."

(c) *Man apple.* The life of the apple being now well protected from danger by its strong rind, it grows stronger and stronger every day, fast arriving at its manhood, or its maturity or ripeness, as we say. The winds of March only make it more sturdy, the showers of April are not a hindrance but a help, for they assist in making the sap more rich. For it is the sap of the tree which nourishes the apple, and keeps up its inner life. The warm sunshine of the summer months completes its growth, and makes it full and ripe for the time of gathering.

It is much the same with the young Christian. By means of his Baptism into Jesus, he started by being made "a member of Christ;" he has since then gone on in his spiritual training and education. He has received the gift of God's Holy Spirit in Confirmation, in proportion as he was ready and prepared to receive it. Now it may be to him, as the tough covering to the apple, a protection and strength against outside dangers. Like the apple, he may grow on to manhood and maturity, and ripeness, *if he will*. For Confirmation has opened up to him a new means of strength, and that is in the *Holy Communion*, which is the bread of life—*i.e.*, the bread which *gives life* and strength to the soul. It is the "children's bread," the bread given by Jesus to feed the souls of His children.

"Then—oh wonder far exceeding
What by words can ne'er be said—
Jesus, our Incarnate Saviour,
Comes to be our daily bread."

Naturally, then, if Holy Communion is neglected, or seldom attended, the soul is either starved, or left hungering, and cannot grow to spiritual manhood and ripeness, as it otherwise would. But if the Christian soul follows the instruction of the Church, and by the help of God's Holy Spirit *carefully prepares himself*, by repentance, faith, and love, for this great Sacrament, he may come every week at least, and soon come to be a "strong man in Christ Jesus." The winds of difficulty and opposition will only brace him up, the showers of sorrow and trouble will make him cling the closer to Jesus, and so make the union more real and lasting. Because of this union with Jesus, like the sap flowing through the tree to the apple, God's grace (strength) will be always flowing from Him into the heart, and the sunshine of God's presence will give him courage and hope when things around look dark and dreary. So the Christian will indeed go on "from strength to strength."

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "*Our Bird Allies*," "*Our Insect Allies*," "*Nature and Her Servants*," etc.

V.—WATER-BEETLES.

WERY few people ever seem to think of petting water-beetles. It may be that they despise beings so small and insignificant; or perhaps they do not think of them; or possibly they do not even know of their existence. But I can assure any of my readers who may happen to be looking about for some "out-of-the-way" pets that they will meet with few creatures more interesting than these, and that in watching their curious ways and doings they will find full occupation for many a leisure hour.

There is so much to learn about them. Even their way of breathing is very singular. You catch your water-beetle, and put him into some sort of an aquarium. Instantly he dives down to the bottom, and there remains, evidently under the impression that some terrible danger menaces him up above, and that the farther under water he can get the greater his chances of escaping it. But after a quarter of an hour or so he begins to feel the need of fresh air; and then you will see him rise hurriedly to the surface, poke his tail above it for the merest fraction of a second, and then dive again. And in that brief moment he has breathed.

But how?

The answer is a curious one. Insects do not breathe after the manner of the higher animals, by means of nostrils and lungs, but are honeycombed, so to speak, by a most complicate and elaborate system of breathing-tubes, which run to all parts of the body, and even penetrate to the tips of the antennæ and the claws. So that the whole body of an insect is really one extensive lung. To these



WATER-BEETLES.

tubes the air finds admission by a series of orifices, which are usually known as *spiracles*, and in most insects are situated in a row along either side of the body. In the water-beetles, however, which require special facilities for breathing, these holes are placed along the back; and between the strongly arched wing-cases and the rather concave body is a vacant space, which serves as a reservoir for air.

Now we see why our beetle rose to the surface, poked his tail for a moment above it, and then dived below. In that short space of time he expelled the air from his reservoir, and took in a fresh supply. And he breathes so slowly, and the air-chamber is so capacious, that he can respire quite comfortably for some little time without the necessity of constantly visiting the surface.

I once made a series of experiments with one of my pet water-beetles, with the object of finding out how long it was really possible for him to remain under water without replenishing his supply of air. Under ordinary circumstances, I found that a quarter

of an hour was the average limit of his dive. By tapping him with a pencil, however, as often as he attempted to rise, I induced him to dive again and again, until he had been continuously under water for an hour and twenty-seven minutes. At the end of that time he evidently could remain below no longer, and, cleverly dodging the pencil, he quickly rose to the surface, and in half a second was again below with a fresh supply of air.

Most of my pet water-beetles have been fed upon scraps of raw meat. In their native ponds, however, they are terrible scourges; for even the smaller fish cannot always escape them, while newts, tadpoles, and the various water insects fall victims to them in multitudes. I very soon found, too, that it was necessary to keep them in separate vessels, for one of these voracious creatures thinks nothing of killing and devouring one of his—or her—own kind. The ties of relationship do not influence them in the least. The mother—I believe—invariably dies before her eggs hatch; so that she is fortunately prevented from

making a hearty meal upon her offspring. But the grubs themselves, brethren though they be, wage fierce war against one another; and such of them as survive to become perfect beetles recommence the strife with undiminished vigour. So that if you are unwise enough to put two of these beetles in a vessel together, the chances are that only one will remain on the following morning, while the other will be represented by the wing-cases and a few scattered legs.

It is necessary, also, to cover the vessels in which these beetles are kept; for the smaller species can take flight from the surface of the water, while the larger ones—or at any rate, the males—will climb up the sides, and escape.

The manner in which they do this is worth a word of notice. If we look at the front feet of a male water-beetle, we notice that the joints at the base are greatly widened, so as to form a kind of almost circular pad. Beneath this, if we examine it with a microscope, we find a number of suckers, something like those upon the arms of a cuttle-fish; two of great size, and the others, which are set upon footstalks, very much smaller. Every one of these suckers is so formed that the air can be exhausted at the will of the beetle, and a vacuum formed; and thus the insect is enabled to ascend even the smooth glass walls of an aquarium.

The last of my many pet water-beetles came from rather a curious place, for I found it swimming about in a tub in my greenhouse! Its presence, however, could be easily accounted for. These beetles, which are all provided with broad and ample wings, are in the habit of flying from pond to pond by night; and they also have a way, when they see water beneath them, of suddenly folding their wings, and allowing themselves to fall into it from a height. Now, in spite of their many thousand eyes, they are not particularly quick-sighted, and often mistake the glittering roof of a conservatory for the surface of a pond, so that they come "pattering down upon it," as a gardener once assured me, "almost like hail." This mistake appears to have been made by my specimen, and a shower of rain, falling soon afterwards, had clearly washed him off the glass into the gutter, and through that into the tub which stood just inside the door.

When I was a small boy, one of my favourite amusements was to take one of the larger water-beetles and put it upon its back in a saucer. Owing to its smooth, polished body, and the curious structure of its legs, which are only intended for swimming, it could never regain its feet, and its frantic struggles to do so only succeeded in sending it spinning round and round with greater and greater rapidity, until at last nothing was visible but a blurred brown object in the middle of the saucer. The experiment may have been cruel; I do not know. But certainly it was very amusing.



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 Church and Guilds and Benefit Societies.



COMPARATIVELY few persons know how much they are indebted to the Church for the ideas and beginnings of many institutions which now exist, in various forms, in the kingdom with the greatest beneficial results to society. It may, therefore, be information to some of our readers that the very idea which lies at the root of all commercial guilds, mutual assurance, and other societies having for their object the conferring of benefits upon their members, originated in and was fostered by the Church, and was illustrated by purely Church societies long before it was incorporated in any association having for its object the securing for its members purely commercial and monetary benefits.

The Origin of Guilds.

Guilds or brotherhoods within the Church, with the object of conferring upon their members mutual benefits, existed from the earliest times. The causes which contributed very much to their formation were the persecutions and sufferings which the Christians were compelled to endure on account of their faith. Harassed, pursued, and persecuted on all hands in the early days of Christianity, they were compelled to hold secret meetings, and to band themselves together for the purpose of mutual information as to the plots formed against them in the outside world, and for protection from the dangers with which they were thereby threatened. Under such circumstances the fellowship of suffering produced the fellowship of sympathy, mutual help, and ministering services to each other in times of perplexity, difficulty, and danger. If one member suffered all the other members suffered with him, and all felt themselves bound to render to each other required help according to the best of their ability. The Emperor Trajan endeavoured to suppress such gatherings of the Christians, as we learn from Pliny's epistle to him. Pliny writes: "Some of the sufferings of the first Christians may have arisen from their devotional meetings being confounded with these political clubs, *i.e.*, clubs against which the Emperor had issued his mandate. Tertullian distinguishes them from these by desiring, in his Apology, about the year 200, that the Christian sect might be tolerated amongst the allowed associations because it is a sect from which

nothing proceeds that is hostile like the dreadful results of other illegal factions."

Guilds in the Anglo-Saxon Kingdoms, and their Objects.

After the Church was founded in the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, in addition to the privileges which Christians enjoyed as members, in common, of the Church of Christ, they formed themselves, in different localities, into associations, which had for their objects mutual fraternity, mutual prayer, mutual sympathy, and mutual substantial help in cases of need, and especially in poverty and destitution. One of these guilds, composed of eighteen members, was formed at Exeter with the sanction of the bishops and canons of the cathedrals. Some of their rules were that every hearth or family should, at Easter in every year, pay one penny, and, on the death of any member of the guild, man or woman, one penny for the "soul's scot." The clergy were to have this "soul's scot," and to perform the necessary rites and burial. This guild seems to have been the forerunner of certain of our benefit societies in these days, in which the members make small stated payments, and are buried at the expense of the fund so raised. Another guild at Exeter purports to have been formed simply upon the basis of love to God and the soul's need. The members agreed that their meetings should be held thrice a year, at Michaelmas, and at the holy days after Easter. Every member was to bring a certain portion of malt, and every youth was to add a less quantity and some honey. Every brother had to sing two psalms. At the death of every member six psalms were to be chanted, and every man was to pay five pennies. If any one neglected his payments at the appointed time he was to pay double. Their regulations conclude thus: "We pray for the love of God that every man hold this meeting rightly so as we have rightly agreed it should be. May God assist us in this!" A guild was formed at Cambridge, and by its rules all members were to take an oath of true fidelity to each other, and the guild was always to assist him who had the most just claim. If any member of the guild died, all the members were to help in carrying his remains for interment at whatever place he had expressed a wish to be buried. If any member neglected to attend on such an occasion he was heavily fined. The guild was to furnish half the provisions required for those who attended the interment, and every one was to pay two pennies for alms.

The Guilds secured the Social Guardianship and Protection of their Members.

These Guilds, in addition to the mutual society, sympathy, and help which they afforded to their members, and the special religious privileges which they placed within the reach of those who belonged to them, served other important purposes of guardianship and protection over their members in such a state of comparatively unorganised society as then existed. Thus if any member beyond the area of his own guild required the assistance of his companions, and his need

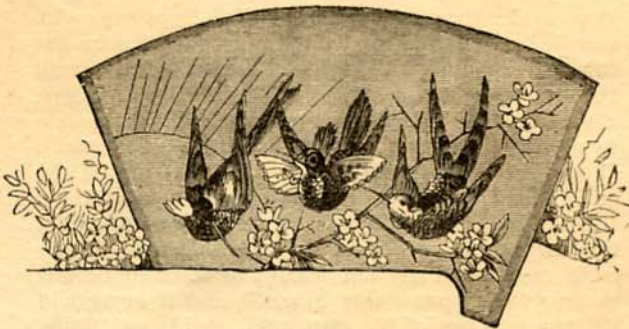
were made known to the head of the nearest guild, then if he neglected to give the relief required he was to pay one pound. If any one killed any of the guild the sum of eight pounds was to be the compensation; and, if the homicide did not pay it, all the guild were to avenge their member and bear the consequences. If one did it, all were to bear alike. If any of the guild killed any other person, and were in distress, and had to pay for the wrong, every one of the guild had to pay his portion of the fine inflicted. If any guild man killed any one wilfully or foolishly he was to bear the responsibility himself; and if he should kill any member of his own guild by his own folly, he and his relations were to abide the consequences, and pay eight pounds to the guild or lose its society and friendship. If any member of the guild died, or fell sick out of the district, its members were bound to bring him home, dead or alive, under heavy prescribed penalties. These guilds are sometimes alluded to in the Anglo-Saxon laws; as, for instance, it is set forth that if a man without paternal relations fight and kill another, then his maternal kinsmen were ordered to pay one-third of the fine, his guild one-third, and the other one-third was to be remitted. In London there appear to have been what were called free guilds, which were really the germ institutions of the great influential, important, and wealthy guilds, or incorporated companies, which exist at the present day.

Thus it will be seen that, on the whole, guilds were friendly associations, formed for mutual aid and contributions to meet the peculiar exigencies which were perpetually arising from perils, penal fines, and other payments or compensations.

The Religious Guilds supplied the Germ Idea of all our great Mutual Benefit and Co-operative Societies.

In mercantile and seaport towns the guild idea was variously embodied, as, for instance, in fraternities of men constituted for the purpose of carrying on some successful enterprise in commerce, even in the Anglo-Saxon times, which appears to have been a fact. In conclusion, it may be said that we owe all our institutions which have for their object the mutual benefiting of their members, and the amelioration of the privations and sufferings of all classes of the community, to the Church's educating and organising influence, which found their first embodied expressions in the original Christian guilds which we have already described.

GOD'S GIFT.—A horse, a dog, a sheep, cannot speak, and so we call them dumb creatures; but man can. Speech is God's gift to man. What for? Like all His other gifts, to be used aright. Speech was not given for swearing, or lying, or unclean talk, or slander and backbiting. It is abusing the gift of speech to use it so. Nor was it given for idle talk, for mere trifling and nonsense, for continual jesting. The tongue is an instrument for doing good with. The lips ought to send forth nothing but what is pure.—*F. Bourdillon.*



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

(AUGUST 24TH.)

WHEN Christ, to whom all hearts are known,
Saw Philip coming with his friend,
He marked Bar-Tolmai as His own—
His own through life—till life should end.

God's seal was patent on his face,
His brow was stamped with truth Divine;
And his that sweet attractive grace,
Of inner holiness the sign.

Christ recognised him with a smile,
As one whose thoughts all men might read,—
A blameless man, and free from guile,
And called him "Israelite indeed."

"How know'st Thou me?" Nathanael cried,
Surprised to wonder and to awe.

To whom the Nazarene replied,—
For He through all things clearly saw,—

"Before thou heardest Philip call,
When thou wast 'neath the fig tree's shade,
Upon thy knees I saw thee fall,
And watch'd thee where thou knelt and prayed."

"Rabbi," Nathanael cried aloud,
"God's Son Thou art, and Israel's King!"
Then in adoring awe he bow'd,
And at His feet himself did fling.

"Believest thou? Ah! thou shalt see
Things greater still, and more Divine,
As Heav'n rolls back its gate for thee,
And all its glories on thee shine.

"Visions shall bless thy ravished sight,
As the pure spaces angels span,
And in their up and downward flight
They rest upon the Son of Man."

Lord, give to me the guileless heart,
The spirit pure and clean within;
Thy gracious power to me impart,
To cleanse me from the soil of sin.

Happy the man of stainless mind,
Who keeps a heart from evil clear,
Passing through life 'tis his to find
God's blissful presence always near.

He ever goes from strength to strength,
Until the bright and golden doors
Roll back the starry valves at length,
That guard the shining crystal floors.

Let all my heart be drawn above,
Make it of holy thoughts the shrine;
Fill it all through with perfect love,
And let it glow with fire Divine.

The Rectory, Cheltenham.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

THE ISLAND HOUSE.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

Author of "Jack Marston's Anchor," "The White Sledge," etc.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE LABURNUM TREE.



WHAT shall we do now?"

It was Mansy who echoed Alf's cry. "Can't we stop it somehow, Master Alf?" she added. "Tie it with the rope to the top of some tree or something. Look there, could we not catch the line on there?" and she pointed to the shrubby top of a big bush or tree. Alf could not exactly see what it

was, but he saw something jutting up above the water.

The boy hastily took up his ladders, and endeavoured to steer the strange bark to the point indicated. It was a weary, troublesome task. Then Mansy threw the line, endeavouring to catch it in the branches, and nearly overbalanced herself into the water.

"This rocketty thing!" she exclaimed, half in alarm and half in contempt. "I feared it 'ud go over."

"It's all right, Mansy, if you sit still," said Alf; "but try and paddle it with the umbrella to the tree."

So they both endeavoured to float it in the desired direction, and at length Alf thought he might venture to throw the rope. He did so, and with some good effect, for it fell over a branch, and, though it did not wind round and had no firm hold, he could just give the tub a bias in that direction.

After plying his "paddles" with fairly good result for a little time, he drew in the rope, and again launched it forth at the tree top. Again he was, to some extent, successful, and in a few minutes he was able to float the tub in among the branches.

"Here we are!" he cried, "quite like the baby in the nursery rhyme,—'Hush-a-bye-baby, on the tree top,' you know, eh, Mansy dear? Now we will tie the tub firmly to the branches, so that there will be no fear of floating away!"

"You have managed well, Master Alf," said Mansy, admiringly.

"Oh, but it was your idea; and look, we are not so very far from the house!"

"I wish we were there!" sighed Mansy.

"So do I," said Alf; "but, Mansy dear, I really am very hungry, and you said you had something to eat in those packages!"

"And so I have," replied his old nurse. "Dear boy, you must be hungry. I suppose the girls have something left?"

"Oh yes, almost enough for another day, I should think! I wish we could let them know we were safe, and not so very far away."

"Burn a light; I have some matches and a little spirit lamp. I bought it with some other things yesterday, thinking it might be handy in the summer, when the kitchen fire was out, to boil a little water."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Alf. "We are just like wrecked sailors or something, near a desert island! We'll burn some of the papers round the parcels to make a great flare."

So the lamp was lit, and the papers burned, and Alf waved the flimsy, flaming torch bravely for a minute or so,

that the watchers in the island house might just catch a glimpse of them and of their position.

An answering light was soon flashed back by the girls, so they knew that their own had been seen.

"Now we will take some of this tongue," said Mansy, producing the tin in which it was preserved. "Lucky I got the young man in the shop to open it. But what about a knife to cut it?"

"Won't this do?" asked Alfie, producing his pocket-knife. "At all events, it is better than nothing."

"Why, bless the boy! so it is; but I am afraid it won't do very well. Housomdever, we'll make the best of it!"

"Perhaps I can manage it better than you, Mansy," suggested Alfie. "I am more used to it, you know; and really it is a splendid knife when you know how to use it."

"Yes, I should think so, *when* you know how to use it, my dear, but I cannot do very much with it in cutting nice slices!"

"Oh, never mind the nice slices, if we can get some nice mouthfuls," laughed the boy.

And he proceeded to cut some small slips off the top of the tongue with great facility, considering the unsuitability of the small pocket-knife for the purpose.

"Capital!" cried his nurse, as Alfie handed her some of the small slices, and then she produced some biscuits, and Alfie and Mansy made quite an enjoyable meal.

"I wish this water was fit to drink," she said, "for I feel thirsty. Now tell me where it comes from, if you can, and how the flood happened?"

"It was yesterday afternoon," replied Alfie. "About three o'clock we suddenly heard a loud noise, and then the water came rushing all round the house and into the lower rooms too! We were frightened and surprised at first, I can tell you!"

"I expect you were," replied Mansy sympathetically. "And all in the lower rooms. Oh, mercy on us, what a-to-do! Is the mill-dam broke, do you think?"

"I don't know, Mansy. I'm not sure if it came that way. Have some more tongue, Mansy dear? It's jolly!"

"Thank you," exclaimed Mansy; "I don't mind if I do, Master Alfie. Well," she continued, as she took out some more biscuits, "if anybody'd told me this morning that I should have had my supper to-night in a washin' tub on the water I'd 'a said they was cracked!"

"And so should I," said Alfie. "Still, here we are, Mansy; and the next question is how long shall we be obliged to stay?"

"Yes, indeed," she sighed; "that is the question, and one we can't answer!"

"We must make the best of it," he said bravely. "I think I could swim to the house and drag the tub by the rope."

"I wouldn't hear of it for the world, Master Alfie," protested his nurse; "you'd catch your death!"

"Perhaps I could walk in the water," he replied. "I don't believe it is very deep. Try it, dear Mansy, with your umbrella, and see how deep it is."

"I wouldn't let you, Master Alfie; I wouldn't indeed. You'd catch your death, I tell you!"

"But we can't stay here all night, Mansy."

"I can't let you get into the water, Master Alfie. You don't know how deep it is, nor how strong it's a-runnin'; and you'll catch your death!"

"What dreadful disasters," laughed Alfie. But he knew quite well that his nurse could make up her mind fixedly, and that it would be useless to argue with her. Still he thought he might have tried to get the boat nearer the house.

The moon was now shining brightly, and a beautiful silvery path of light lay on the water. Alfie sat on the side of the tub opposite his nurse and watched the scene. It was a strange picture—the unaccustomed flood, the dark mass of the house, and the tree tops standing out of the

water, the bright moonlight, which seemed to make the scene almost more desolate, and the curious craft in which they were sitting. It was indeed a strange picture, and one deeply impressed on Alfie's mind.

"Well, it is of no use to sit here doing nothing," said Mansy presently. "If we cannot do anything else, I think we'll try and go to sleep. I am so tired. Perhaps we can see better in the morning what to do."

"How funny to sleep in a tub on the water!" exclaimed Alfie.

"Yes, and all through me," said Mansy; "I am sorry. If you had not come for me you might have been in your own nice warm bed!"

"Oh, never mind me, Mansy; I could not leave you there all night."

"I might have walked to the village."

"It's all right, dear Mansy, I'm happy enough. Let us snuggle down and get to sleep."

And so after they had said their prayers, and thanked God for His preserving care, they made themselves as comfortable as they could in their strange, cramped quarters, and actually began to doze a little.

But it was an uneasy slumber, and presently Alfie awoke and found the moon shining full on his face. The light was also bright on the hedgetop surrounding the garden of the house; and the idea darted into his mind that if he could but get the tub beside the hedge he could work it along toward the house by pushing the "paddles" against the hedgetops or pulling at them one after the other.

No sooner thought of than begun. He glanced at Mansy, but she, good woman, greatly wearied by the events of the day, was still slumbering, if her uneasy doze could be so described. So he commenced quietly to cast off the rope from the branch. "If I can but manage it, how nice it would be for Mansy to wake up and find herself at the house," he said.



"ARE YOU THERE?"

So the plucky little fellow pushed the tub from the embrace of the branches once more into the flow of the flood; but this time, instead of attempting to stem the stream and struggle to the house, he sought to guide the drifting of his clumsy little barque towards a hedge leading up to the one surrounding the grounds of the house.

It was a difficult task, but not so difficult or so hopeless as endeavouring to reach the house by paddling direct up to it against the flood. Presently he was near enough to throw the rope to the hedge. Once! twice! thrice he threw it, before he was able to guide the tub at all by its aid. Then progress was slow at first, but at length the rope was twisted firmly round some branches, and he was able to pull the tub along hand over hand quite quickly.

Once beside the hedge, his task was comparatively easy. By pulling at some of the branches, one after the other, he was able to urge his strange craft along, and soon he was inside the grounds of the house. When he had reached the point in the hedge nearest the building he paused to consider. Clearly it was of no use to continue beside the hedge. That would only lead him round the grounds, but not to the house itself.

So he looked out for the nearest object to which he could throw the rope. Now on the little lawn grew a rather tall laburnum tree. If, thought Alfie, I could fasten my rope round that, I could soon pull the tub up to it. After considering a few minutes he took the tin in which the tongue had been brought, and fastened it firmly to the end of the rope.

"This will make it easier to throw," he said, "and the tin will be more likely to become entangled in the branches or twist round them."

His plan was successful. After three or four ineffectual efforts the tin was caught firmly in the branches, and he commenced to haul the tub quite close to the tree.

Then another difficulty presented itself. How should the tin be disentangled? He soon found that it could not be done from his position in the tub, for he could not reach it in any way; so he whipped out his knife ready to cut the rope.

"Why, bless the boy! where are we?"

Mansy was wide awake now. In his efforts to reach the tin he had shaken the tub a good deal and aroused her.

"Oh, Mansy, I hoped you would have slept till I got you up to the house," he said.

"Me asleep in a washin' tub! think of that! Well, I was that dead tired I could have slep' anywhere, I do believe. But however did you get here, Master Alfie?"

"Worked along by the hedge, Mansy."

"You are a brave, clever boy, Alfie! And I do believe there's Miss Edith at the window with a light."

"Are you there?" cried a bright, fresh, girlish voice.

"At the laburnum tree," answered Alfie.

"Oh! Do be quick," answered Edie. "We are so hungry. All the bread and butter and things that were left are spoiled by the water. And we have nothing to eat!"

"And we have not much," said Mansy; "the situation is really getting serious!"

(To be continued.)

"HE walks with God, who, as he onward moves,
Treads in the footsteps of the Lord he loves;
Who keeping Jesus ever in his view
Sees in his Saviour his Example too."

A POPULAR INSTITUTION.

(See Illustration, Page 170.)

THE drinking fountain is indeed a popular institution in all our large towns. It seems strange to us now, that less than forty years ago no public provision was made for the free alleviation of the thirst of man and beast in the streets of our crowded cities. The first fountain was put up in Liverpool in 1854, by one of the merchant princes of that city, the late Charles P. Melly. Four years later Samuel Gurney erected on Snowhill, at his own cost, the first free drinking-fountain ever seen in London. "Public appreciation of the boon was signally demonstrated by the fact that five thousand people drank at it daily, and a memorial was presented to Mr. Gurney, expressive of popular gratitude, and begging him to endeavour to extend this great material benefit." As a result, in April 1859, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association was formed; and we learn from the Secretary, Mr. M. W. Milton, that the Association has now charge of 672 fountains and 726 cattle troughs. The cost of water alone during the past year has exceeded £1,500, and in some cases the Committee have had to pay over thirty pounds in the year for the water consumed at a single trough.

Lord Shaftesbury was a great friend of the work, and at its inaugural meeting said, "There is no Society more demanded by common sense and humanity; none that can produce a more visible or lasting result upon the temporal and moral condition of every class of the population than this one."

Many of the fountains and troughs are memorials of loved ones passed away. Distinguished men like Lord Shaftesbury, John Bright, and Henry Fawcett have found their best memorial in a drinking fountain. It is somewhat remarkable that very few fountains have been erected by Temperance Societies. A notable exception, however, is the very handsome and well-known fountain on the city side of London Bridge, put up by the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, at a cost of £1,000. This is one of the most popular fountains in London. A little while ago a return was taken of the number of men, women, and children who drank at six fountains during twenty-four consecutive hours, and the total reached was the enormous one of 25,356 persons. This London Bridge fountain returned 5,710 persons, the busiest time being the dinner hour, between twelve and one, when 436 persons drank—that is, over seven a minute! There was not a single hour, either by day or night, without its wayfarers glad to stay and have a refreshing drink for nothing, the smallest attendance in one hour being nineteen persons, who refreshed between three and four o'clock in the morning! No attempt has been made to enumerate the number of oxen, sheep, dogs, and other animals using the troughs; but no less than 13,401 horses drank at six of the Society's troughs during twenty-four consecutive hours.

What pathos and poetry cluster round a drinking fountain! The tired tramp, the harum-scarum errand boy, the city clerk, the shoeblack, the drover, the working man out with his little pets for a stroll—rich and poor alike meet at the fountain. The methods of the drinkers, too, are well worth careful study. Sometimes a sweep will be most scrupulously particular in rinsing out the cup repeatedly before he considers it sufficiently clean to use. The drinking fountain is indeed a popular institution, but many more fountains are required. Cannot some of our Temperance Societies supply the need?

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

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

IN what Scriptures do we find some, one or more, of the many and manifold things seen in the sky and air made use of?—

85. By the psalmist to teach us the greatness of God.
86. By God Himself to assure us of His faithfulness.
87. By one of the prophets to illustrate the saving glory of Christ.
88. By two apostles in relating their experience, and of one in describing the future, to teach us that the glory of Christ exceeds by far anything seen by us now.
89. By the Saviour to show the goodness of God to all.
90. By the Saviour to reprove men's ignorance of the future.
91. By St. James to impress on us the shortness of life.
92. By a prophetess to describe how God once fought for His people.
93. By the Almighty Himself to give special encouragement to one known as His "friend."
94. By an angel speaking to a prophet to describe the future glory of those who are winners of souls.
95. By the author of the Acts of the Apostles in telling us how the Saviour was hidden once from His disciples.
96. By several in telling us how He is to be revealed hereafter to all.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

20. Why, when a pickpocket's fingers are exploring our coat-tails, are we inclined to regard him with great affection?
21. Transposed names of great soldiers:
 Ah in blain
 N on a pole
 LN dear axe
 Glow N tile N
 Love a chk
 Abghlmoorru.
22. Behead a great sailor, and leave a descendant.
 Behead another, and leave many trees.
 Curtail another, and leave the bad boy's bane.
 Find two others in K L K are abed.
23. Add me to a serpent, and it is more furious; to our forefather, and he salutes his wife; to assistance, and you have a female servant; to what she drinks, and it becomes what she is not; to her Christian name, and it becomes what she feels when spiteful; to an article, and it becomes a being; to a black fluid, and it becomes black fur; to a finish, and I bid you repair.
24. Without me a vegetable becomes that on which it is laid, a collection of logs is behind, a hostile incursion is of advantage, a lively dance becomes a lively fish, an Indian plant becomes an Arctic product, and what issues from a well becomes unwell.

CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND LEGH, M.A.,
Vicar of Steeple Stansgate, Essex; Author of "Pulpit and Platform Addresses on Temperance."



I. **T**HIRTY years ago, in the preface to a collection of epitaphs published in "Bohn's Antiquarian Library," it was stated that "no history of epitaphs has ever been published." Dr. Johnson's short essay (prefixed to a collection of epitaphs and monumental inscriptions) is all that can be found in modern literature bearing upon this interesting subject. I am not aware that, during the thirty years that have elapsed since Bohn's collection ap-

peared, anything further has been written or published relating to epitaphs. In these few pages all that can be attempted is the transcription of a certain number of curious epitaphs which have come under my notice, with the addition of a brief running commentary upon them. To quote the words of an old writer upon curious discourses: "I will here but briefly collect some few epitaphs, which are remarkable—partly for their antiquity, partly for their brevity, partly for their rareness, partly for their excellency, partly to show the manner of style of those ages in which they were composed, and partly to recreate the mind with the simplicity of their inventions." I shall adopt as the outline of these papers that which is suggested by the several heads here enumerated. I purpose to cite some examples of 1, Ancient epitaphs; 2, Brief epitaphs; 3, Rare epitaphs; 4, Excellent, or religious epitaphs; 5, Literary epitaphs; 6, Amusing epitaphs.

1. Among *Ancient epitaphs* it may be sufficient to quote the following: In the fifty-seventh chapter of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," is given an inscription on the tomb of Alp Arslan, Seljukian Sultan of Persia from A.D. 1063-1072:—"O ye who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust!" *Sic transit gloria mundi!* On the tomb of Duns Scotus, who died in the year 1309, and was buried apparently at the Minoriten Kirche in Cologne, is this interesting Latin epitaph:—

*"Scotia me genuit,
 Anglia me suscepit;
 Gallia me docuit,
 Colonia me tenet."*

In other words—

*"Scotland bore me;
 England brought me up;
 Gaul instructed me;
 Cologne now holds me!"*

Three centuries later, a monument was placed on the north wall of the nave in Winchester Cathedral, with this remarkable inscription:—

"A union of two brothers from Avington: the Clerke family

were successively, grandfather, father, and son, clerks to the Privy Seal; William the grandfather had but two sons, both Thomases; their wives both Amys; their heirs both Henrys, and the heirs of Henry both Thomases: both their wives Inheretrixes; and both had two sons and one daughter; and both their daughters issueless: both of Oxford, both of the Temple, both officers to Queen Elizabeth, and our noble King James, both Justices of the Peace: both agree in arms, the one a knight, and the other a captain. *Si quæras Avingtonium petas cancellum. Impensis Tho. Clerke of Hide—1622.*

Often great beauties lie hid under the Latin form in which our forefathers loved to cast their poetical ideas. Take the three following specimens, to which I add a rough translation. The first is from the tomb of D^r. Wythimes, in Battle Church, Sussex, and is dated 1615:—

*"Vixi dum volui, volui dum Christe volebas;
Nec mihi vita brevis, nec mihi longa fuit.
Vivo tibi, moriorque tibi, tibi Christe resurgam;
Mortuus et vivus sum manoque tuus."*

"My life was ordered by Thy will,
O Christ, Thy will was mine;
My life was not too short, but still
Not long, and all was Thine.
"To Thee I live and die, to Thee
I shall arise again;
Living or dying Thine I am,
And Thine, O Christ, remain."

Another is that placed on the monument of Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor A.D. 1596-1617:—

*"Anchora animæ, fides et spes in Christo,
Orimur, Morimur:—
Sequentur qui non præcesserint."*

"The anchor of my soul,
My faith and hope in Christ!
Like stars we rise and set;
They follow who are left."

The third, full of real poetry, is in Mobberley Church, near Knutsford, Cheshire, on the beloved wife of Nathaniel Robinson:—

*"Ad patriam suam caulestem,
Sabbati diluculo,
Ut illic cum Christo Sabbatum celebret æternum.
Remigravit M.R."*

"Back to her heavenly home,
One Sabbath morn, away
She journeyed, there with Christ to spend
Th' eternal Sabbath day."

The last line of the Latin reminds me of the inscription on the gravestone of Albert Durer, in the Gottesacker (Churchyard) round St. Johannis Kirche, Nuremberg, in Bavaria. I append the familiar couplet in which Longfellow refers to the wording of this epitaph:—

M. A-E. D-V.

(In memory of Albert Durer.)

*"Quidquid ALBERTI DURERI mortale fuit, sub
hoc conditum tumulo emigravit,
viii. Id. Apriles, MDXXVIII."*

"Emigravit" is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies."

From Elgin Cathedral, under date 1687, is taken the following oddly-spelled inscription:—

"Heir is the burial-place appointed for JOHN GEDDES, glover, burges in Elgin, and Isobell McKean his pouse, and their relations,

"Grace me guid,
In hope I hyde,
Memento Mori.
1687."

"This world is a cité full of streets,
And death is the mercat that all men meets;
If lyfe were a thing that monie could buy,
The poor could not live and the rich could not die."

2. With some *Brief epitaphs* I conclude this paper. Epitaph on a young man, who evidently had learned to know his own value:—

"I left the world quite young in years,
And all my friends in floods of tears."

Another dear departed was somewhat more unselfish:—

"Weep not for me, nor trouble take,
But love my offsprings for my sake."

From Chapel-en-le-Frith churchyard, in Derbyshire, I quote the following admirable brief epitaph, by a husband in memory of his wife:—

REBECCA FROST.

"My heart his steadfast with her here,
And hopes to meet in Heaven there."

Brigstock Church (which, by the way, is a most remarkable structure in itself, nearly a thousand years old), in Northamptonshire, has in its churchyard a singular modern epitaph, which is as quaint as it is brief, on the tomb of George Dixon, who died in 1877:—

"To me the tomb
Is but a room,
Where I lie down on roses:
Who by death has conquered death,
Sweetly here reposes."

Other brief epitaphs are these:—

On Palmer's tomb—an actor who died on the stage while acting—are the words:—

"There is another and a better world."

On Mrs. Anson's tomb, in the "Theatrical Allotment," Woking, I find the inscription:—

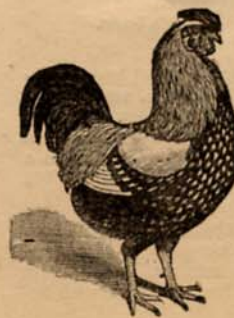
"Goodness and she dwell in the same tomb."

In Westminster Abbey, the epitaph on Purcell, the celebrated composer, runs thus:—

"Here lies HENRY PURCELL, Esq.,
Who left this life, and is gone to that
blest place, where only
his own harmony can be excelled."

Perhaps this will be a convenient resting-place before proceeding to give some more examples of brief epitaphs.

TO YOUNG POULTRY KEEPERS.



AT the time of our going to press we have not received the award of the adjudicators who have kindly undertaken to read the numerous papers sent in by our young friends. We shall hope, however, to publish the names of the successful competitors in our next number.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VI.—THE BISHOP OF TRURO.

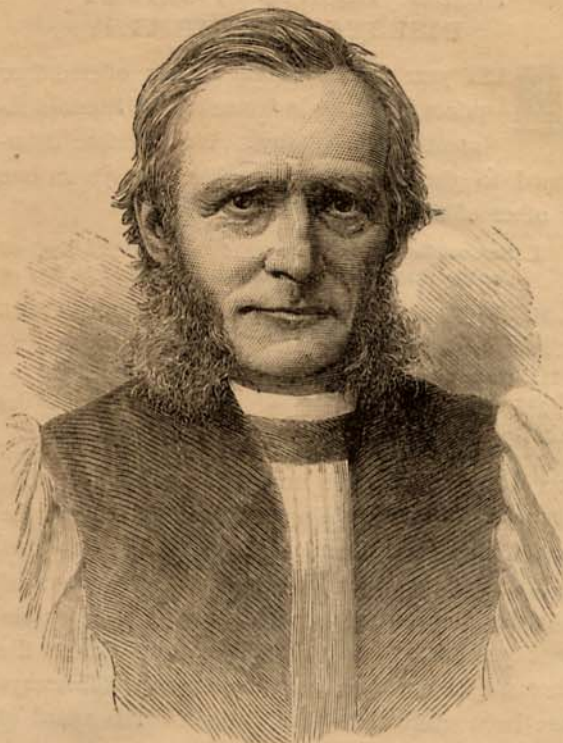


TRURO CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN GOTT, D.D., graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1853. He was ordained in 1857 by the Bishop of Norwich to the Curacy of Great Yarmouth, where he remained for nine years, during the greater part of which period he had charge of the district church of St. Andrew. His zealous and devoted labours are still remembered with affection in the east coast town, al-

though they have, to some extent, been overshadowed in general estimation by his greater and more public work at Leeds, whither he removed in 1866 to the incumbency of Bramley. Upon the preferment of Dr. Woodford to the Bishopric of Ely, Mr. Gott was called upon to succeed him as Vicar of Leeds. This onerous post, which had, in turn, been held by Walter Farquhar Hook, and James Atlay (the present Bishop of Hereford), was already historic in the annals of modern church progress; and it is but faint praise to say that under Mr. Gott's wise administration the great traditions of the office were worthily sustained. Every variety of parochial organisation seems to have been successfully fostered by the Vicar of Leeds. The schools were maintained in a high state of efficiency as a training ground for the Church, while Bible classes, temperance, thrift, music, recreation, and special clubs of all kinds were maintained as a means of attracting and attaching various classes. It has, however, been well pointed out that the strong under-current which kept these several forces in a healthy glow was the passionate sympathy of the Vicar. In Dr. Gott's own words: "System is no substitute for personal dealing with individual souls. The warm and loving touch of heart to heart, entering daily into the living details of our parish, playing the man among our brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers, children; a *man*, not a mechanic; ministering to *hearts* not dealing with *cases*, this surely is more wanted in a great hard neighbourless town than anywhere else on our Lord's earth, and happily it is also the life—the only life—of a masterly system."

In 1876 Dr. Gott founded the now well-known Leeds Clergy School, of which he still remains Warden and Visitor. Provision is made for the residence of about twenty students; and since its establishment



THE BISHOP OF TRURO.

nearly three hundred men have received their training under its hospitable roof, all but a small proportion of the number being University men.

In 1886 Dr. Gott was appointed to the Deanery of Worcester. His work "in the faithful city" has been characterised by abounding energy and enthusiasm, so that his call to higher service in the Church, while a source of congratulation on public grounds, is mingled with regret at the removal of so popular a Dean. In going to Truro as its third Bishop Dr. Gott will be followed by the prayers of many friends; and those who know him best look with confidence to his future work, full of hope that it will be a power and a blessing to the Church in Cornwall. The new Bishop has been a frequent speaker at the Church Congress, and many of his sermons have been published by request. Dr. Gott is a native of Leeds, and comes of one of the oldest and most influential families in Yorkshire.

The *Western Morning News* says the new Bishop is

"essentially a man of action, incapable of idleness. He has taken deep interest in all social movements, and in Worcester alone he has done much to promote schemes for the amelioration of poverty and distress. No diocese has possessed a kindlier, more sympathetic, or genial-hearted Dean. He has shown special concern for the children, with whom he is immensely popular."

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

PRIZE ESSAYS AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT.

LAST year the Liberation Society offered four prizes for essays in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church. We therefore determined to give Four Prizes for brief Essays on one or other of the following subjects :—

- I. Reasons for the Maintenance of the Church of England as the State-recognised National Church of the Realm.
- II. The Voluntary Organizations and Work of the Church of England during the Nineteenth Century.
- III. Current Objections alleged against the Church of England ; and their Answers.

A large number of Essays were received, and they have been read by the Rev. Thomas Moore, M.A., Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street, and the Rev. Canon West, Rector of St. Stephen's, Chorlton-on-Medlock, clergymen who are deservedly recognised as in the front rank of authorities on the Disestablishment question. Cheques have been forwarded to the successful competitors, and the unsuccessful essays have been returned to their authors. The award of the adjudicators is as follows :—

First Prize, £10 - J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND,
Theological College,
Gloucester.

Second Prize, £5 - MOSELEY SARGEANT BAYLIS,
Oldbury Road, St. John's,
Worcester.

Third Prize, £3 - TO ESSAY SIGNED, "FEAR GOD,
HONOUR THE KING."
(Will the writer please forward name and address.)

Fourth Prize, £2 - MISS L. E. SQUARE,
3, Caer Badden Terrace,
Plymouth.

On the recommendation of the adjudicators we have awarded an additional prize of One Pound to

MISS BOYD-CARPENTER,
The Palace,
Ripon,

whose essay is "specially commended for its plain and forcible language—its arguments being direct and to the point."

We hope to arrange to publish the Prize Essays either in subsequent issues of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, or in some convenient handy form.

HYMN FOR WOMEN'S AND GIRLS' SERVICES AND SOCIETIES.

BY THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W., Author of "The Sower went forth Sowing," "Christ, who once among us," etc.



CHILD of the maiden mother,
For ever pure and meek !
Look down on Thine hand-
maidens,
And grant the grace they seek ;
The grace to keep them modest,
And maidenly, and clear
Of all the world's defilement,
And evil ever near.

O Friend that cleaveth closer
Than brother or than spouse !
Draw near these hearts in union,
That now renew their vows ;
And join Thyself to sisters
Who walk together thus,
As once to those companions
Who went to Emmaus.

So shall we love each other
With pure hearts fervently,
With hearts that burn and bright
From Thy society ;
So shall we help each other
In loving ministry,
Like to the faithful women
Who walked of old with Thee.

Be with us all life's journey,
And keep us at Thy side ;
Thus may the years go calmly,
Whatever care betide.
And when the gathering shadows
Make dim the far-spent day,
And the long home stands ready,
Abide with us and stay !

Praise to the Heavenly Father,
The Father of us all,
One with the Saviour-Brother,
On Whom as Lord we call ;
One with the dove-like Spirit :—
Praise for the love of Each ;
Passing the love of women,
Beyond all thought and speech !



A Little Girl's Letter about Emily's Birthday.

DEAR UNCLE,—

You know Emily? Well, she has been our nurse such a long, long time, ever since I can remember! It was her birthday the other day, and Mother said that we might give Emily a present. So Arthur, and Cecil, and I, had our money boxes opened, and we each gave a shilling, and went with Mother to the new shop which has been opened in the Broadway, and bought such a beautiful little basket! Coming home we called for Dora Bentley, one of our friends, and asked her to come in to tea and bring her dolly with her. When we got home we took our hats and jackets off, and went upstairs to the nursery. We walked ever so quietly on tiptoe, so that Emily mightn't hear us coming. And old Nurse Williams, who had called in to see Mother, went with us.

Arthur kept laughing so much all the way that Nurse Williams said he was such a noisy boy he had better stop on the landing stairs, or he would spoil everything. When we got to the top stair I knocked at the door, and Emily called out, "Come in!" So I opened the door, and Cecil, and Dora, and Nurse Williams came in too, and I said, "If you please, Emily dear, we wish you many happy returns of the day,

and we've brought you this pretty basket!" And Emily was so pleased, and she gave us all a kiss, and said, "Why, where is Arthur?" And Nurse Williams opened the door, and Arthur came tumbling in with such a red face through trying to stop laughing. Then he said "Many—ha! ha!—happy—ha! ha!—turns—ha! ha!—day

—ha! ha! Emily dear—ha! ha!" Then we all laughed, and we made such a noise that Father came up to see what was the matter; and when we told him it was Emily's birthday, he said we should all have tea in the nursery together, which we did. Oh! it was a happy day! And Father told us some beautiful tales about some little boys and girls whose birthdays were never kept up, but I couldn't quite make out how it was nobody kept up their birthdays. And when we were saying our prayers that



"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."

night Arthur said, "God bless all the boys and girls who have no birthdays kept up." And Cecil said "Amen!" There is one thing which Father told us which does seem so funny. He said, "It was *somebody's* birthday *every* day;" and I am wondering whose birthday it is to-day. But whose ever it may be I will say like Arthur, "God bless them."

From your loving

C.

"Lo! from the Harvest Fields they Come."

(HARVEST SONG.)

"Next him September marched eke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enrich with bounty of the soyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,

He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Iustice duly scanned."
SPENSER'S *Faerie Queene*, A.D. 1598.

Words by MRS. C. F. HERNAMAN.

With spirit (♩=108).

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

f *CHORUS.* Lo! from the har-vest fields they come,

ff Strong man and gen-tle maid-en; They sing the song of Har-vest Home, The wains with corn are la-den, The

mf *TREBLE VOICES ONLY.* wains with corn are la-den. 1. The seed was sown 'mid fierce March blasts, While dust-clouds round were fly-ing; Thro'

mf A-pril's vary-ing suns and show'rs, Safe hid-den it was ly-ing. In warm-er hours the blade peep'd forth, The

cres. *dim.* *D.S.* green ear soon ap-pear-ing, The full corn ri-pened in the ear, As Au-gust days were near-ing.

2.
Fruition came—rich harvest joy—
When suns no more were fickle,
When reapers 'mid the golden corn
Thrust gaily in the sickle;
While maid and matron, following on,
In sheaves the ears were binding,
With many a jest and many a laugh,
Such toil a pastime finding.
Cho.—Lo! from the, &c.

3.
The youngsters all from school set free
Their childish help are lending,
With great good will, though little skill,
While shouts the skies are rending;
E'en grand-dames old, who on a staff,
Bowed down with years, are leaning,
Rejoice, as they in stubble fields,
The precious ears are gleaming.
Cho.—Lo! from the, &c.

4.
Then give we thanks! on every side
All nature now rejoices!
We join Creation's hymn of praise,
And lift on high our voices.
Our Father doeth all things well,
He sendeth every blessing;
In Harvest Joy we worship Him,
His bounteous love confessing.
Cho.—Lo! from the, &c.

WOODHOUSE

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

Calendar for August.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE

AUG.		
2	S	Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
9	S	Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Children's Service 6.30 p.m.
16	S	Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
23	S	Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
24	M	Festival of S. Bartholomew, Apostle & Martyr. Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
31	S	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

On Sunday, August 9th, there will be the Annual Collections for the Church Pastoral Aid Society. The Sermon in the Afternoon will be preached by the Rev. — Pearson, District Secretary.

FETE.—On Saturday, July 25th, S. James' Day, a Fête was held for the members of the Band of Hope and the adult members of our Temperance Society. The proceedings commenced at 3.30 in the afternoon by a Service in the Church, which a large number of adults and children attended. After the Service they all adjourned to the Garden of Woodhouse Hall, where the children sat down to tea out of doors, and the others had tea in the Village Hall. After tea, games and dancing were indulged in till 9 p.m., when the party broke up, having spent a very pleasant day. This is the first time a "Temperance Fête" has been held in this Village, and we trust that it may not be the last; and also that during the ensuing winter adult Temperance Meetings may be held in the Village Hall in connection with the Church.

TREAT.—The account of the School Treat which is to be held on Friday 31st (D.V.) will be reserved for our next number.

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