October, 1891.

S. Bartholomew's,

QUORNDON,

AND

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

THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

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Hansome design, rich tone, solid walnut case.

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10/- PER MONTH.

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4/- " " 1/4 } Postage Extra.

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QUORN.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalendar for October.

Oct.		
4	S	**Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.** Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Litany and Children's Service at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
9	F	**Harvest Thanksgiving,** at 7 p.m. Preacher: Rev. E. Bell
11	S	**Twentieth 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.
18	S	**Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity. S. Luke.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
25	S	**Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.** Same as the 20th Sunday.
28	W	**S.S. Simon and Jude.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
31	S	**Vigil of All Saints.**

At the Harvest Thanksgiving Service on Friday, the 9th of October, the Sermon will be preached by the Rev. E. Bell. The Vicar will be much obliged to those who will make offerings of corn, flowers, or fruit, if they will send the corn to the Church on the Thursday, and the flowers and the fruit on the Friday. The offertories will be divided between the Leicester Infirmary and the Loughborough Dispensary.

Hymns.

	MATINS.	EVENSONG.
4th	193	178
	108 309 (1st pt.)	260
		163
9th		382
		383
		381
		386
11th	382	381
	384	383
	386	384
	365	365
18th	160	176
	299	164
	438	24
27th	161	180
	168	184
	269	24

Offertories at the Children's Services—

August 2nd	... ...	5s. 3d.
September 6th	... ...	3s. 3½d.

Baptisms.

Sept. 6—Nelly May Jalland.
6—George Harry Marlow.
8—Gertrude Mabel Sutton.
8—Elizabeth Robins.
8—George Henry Buckley.
8—Rachel Buckley.
13—Vere Stevenson Warr.
13—Clarendon Wright Laundon
13—Sarah Emily Laundon.
13—John Harold Redfern Laundon.

Burials.

Sept 3—Arthur Mould Everton, aged 20 years.
20—Joseph Cawrey, aged 8 months.

NOTICES.

PENNY BANK.—If a considerable number of parents decide to pay each into a Penny Bank in order to lay up for their children's outfit, or start in life, and to inculcate them with the habit of laying up against a rainy day, I shall open a Penny Bank at the Schools, receive deposits on Mondays. Interest will be given, and money may be withdrawn at a week's notice being given.

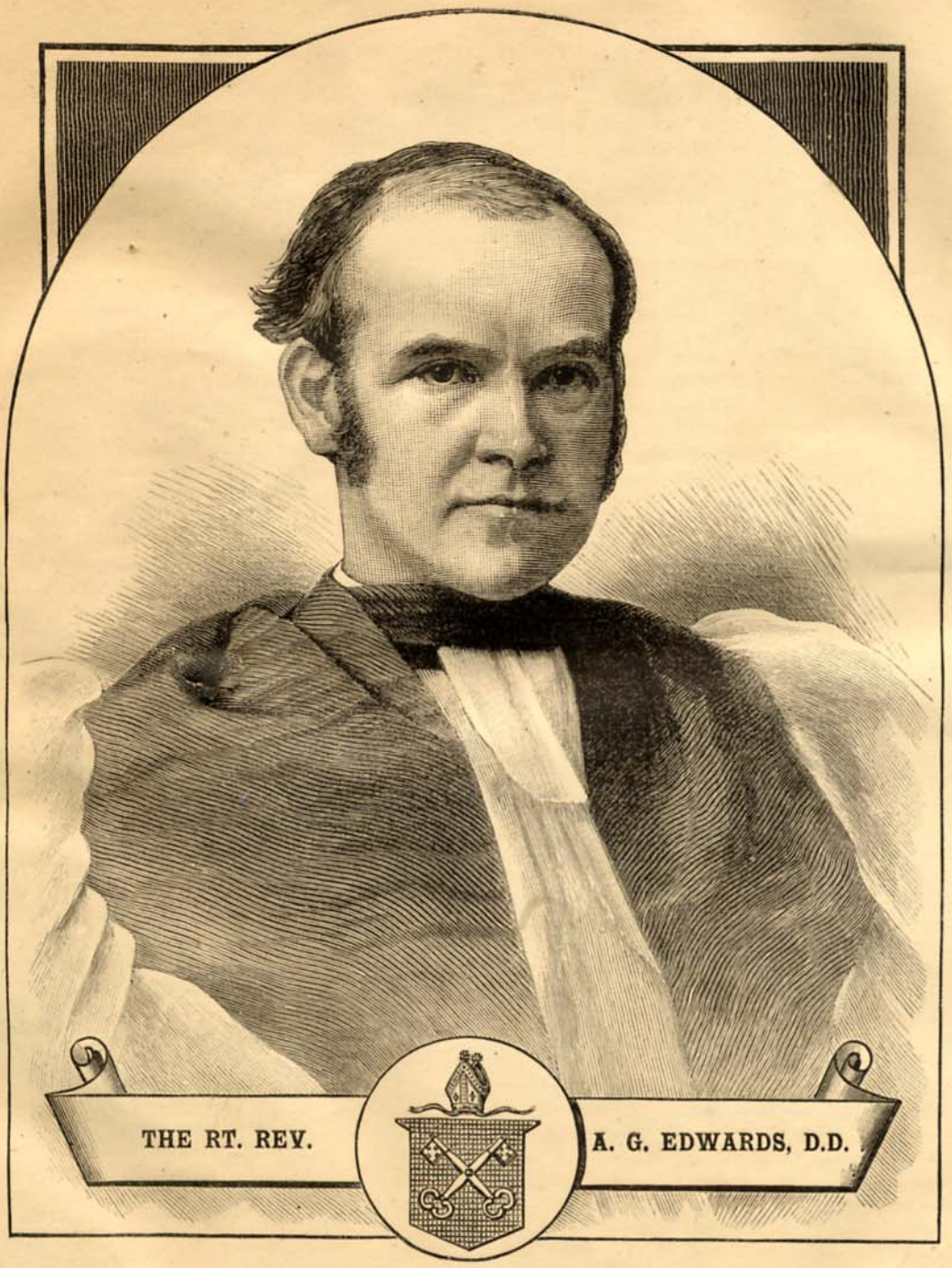
R. C. Faithfull.

Mr. C. Waters, B.A., L.L.B., of Downing College, Cambridge, has accepted the Assistant Curacy of Quorn, and will present himself for ordination at the Advent Ordination.

The School Balance Sheet will be published next month.

We hope that the Free Education that begins on the 1st of October will result in more regular attendances in some cases.

It is proposed to start Ambulance Classes in Quorn, for men and women, this winter as soon as they can be arranged for.



LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55 *and* 56, *Baker Street, W.*] [*Drawn and Engraved by* RICHARD TAYLOR

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IX.—The Bishop of St. Asaph.

ST. ASAPH CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED GEORGE EDWARDS, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, was born in November 1848 at Llanymawddwy Rectory, in Merionethshire, a short time before his father was promoted to the vicarage of Llangollen. One of his elder brothers being for a little while one of the masters at the Llandovery Collegiate Institution, a foundation which Wales owes to one of her enthusiastic sons, the late Sir Thomas Phillips, Mr. Edwards was sent to that school at an early age; and it may be noted as a curious fact that Llandovery had then for its vicar the Rev. Joshua Hughes, the Bishop whom Dr. Edwards succeeded in the see of St. Asaph. At Jesus College, Oxford, Mr. Edwards proceeded to the B.A. degree in 1874, and to the M.A. degree in 1876. He was also a scholar and exhibitioner of his college. He was ordained deacon at Carmarthen, being the first clergyman on whom the present Bishop of St. David's laid hands. In 1875 he received priest's orders at an ordination held at Abergwili. Immediately on leaving college he returned to Llandovery School as second master, having at the same time received a title to holy orders at Llandingat church. On the preferment of the warden, the Rev. W. Watkins, in 1875, Mr. Edwards was chosen by the trustees as warden and head master. This appointment was a most important one, for the movement in favour of higher-class education was then at its very commencement, and the anxiety which now prevails so widely in Wales for improved intermediate education had hardly begun to manifest itself. The work of Mr. Edwards at Llandovery and his influence in other respects have done very much to develop and direct both these movements. Under his management the school was quite transformed. In a short time the number of boys doubled, and eventually trebled. Several noted university men were added to the staff of masters. Athletics were made a prominent feature, and the buildings were largely extended. In a few years Nonconformists vied with Churchmen in their wish to have their boys educated at Llandovery. In 1885 Mr. Edwards was appointed vicar of Carmarthen. Welsh ministrations and Welsh preaching were made a more prominent feature in the parish work. He was very fond of taking the two Welsh services in the week at the mission-rooms in Cambrian Place and Towyside. So convinced had he become of the necessity of providing more fully for the Welsh portion of his flock that he set about building a new Welsh church.

On the condition of the Church in Wales the Bishop has made some important utterances, the best known of which will be found in his letters to the *Times*, and in a lecture delivered on that subject at Leeds. The letters and lectures were published in a pamphlet, entitled *Facts and Figures about Church and Dissent in Wales*, from which we take the following:—

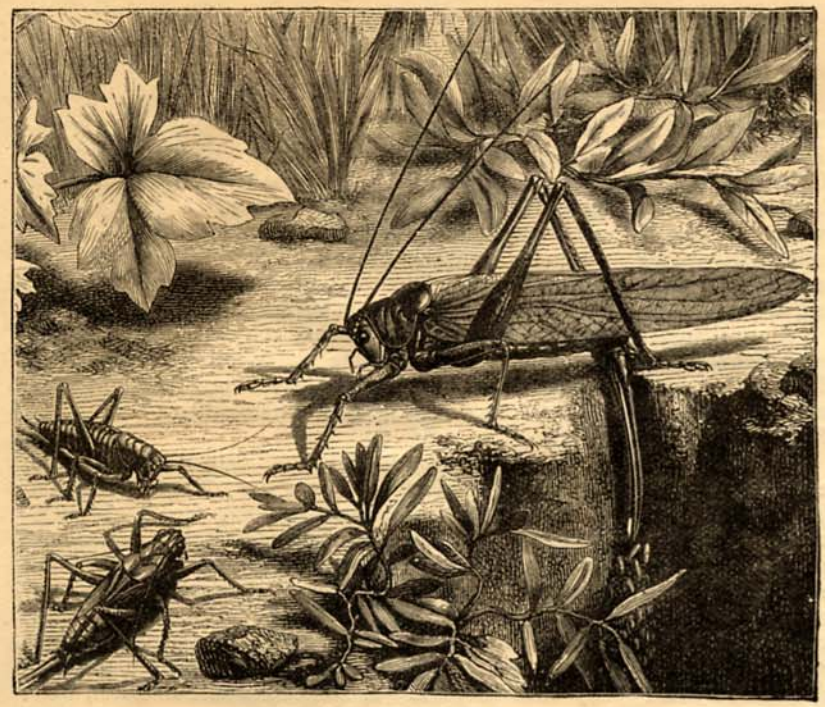
"Those who know Wales well cannot conceal from themselves the fact that among the younger generation of Welshmen there are disturbing forces at work, forces which, if once they gained full play and swing, would work ruin to order, morality, and religion. To combat these there must be a strong and independent power to preach and teach the truth. Those who look a little below the surface know that Nonconformity, by its very system, is prevented from offering any such bulwark. A Nonconformist minister, well known and distinguished in Wales, very recently told me that the great weakness of Nonconformity in Wales was that the minister dare not be independent. 'If,' he said, 'I were next Sunday to preach against certain sins, I should at once get into trouble with some of my deacons, and the result would be my dismissal.' This is too true. I earnestly believe and trust that my countrymen are daily becoming more alive to this truth, and that every genuine patriot in Wales feels that it is his duty—even though he urge no higher motive for it than love of his country—to rally to the support and strengthening of the ancient Church of Wales. Those who take higher ground and look with sad eyes upon the wild waste that sectarian bitterness has produced in Wales, and who regard without prejudice or bias the work that the Welsh Church has done and still is doing for Wales, are compelled and driven to the conclusion that the future of religion in Wales is in the hands of that Church. It is no empty phrase, it is no rhetorical figure of speech, but just the plain, simple truth to say of her and her work to-day—

"O, I see the crescent promise of her spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all her pulses yet."

Dr. Edwards was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in Westminster Abbey, on March 25th, 1889. His energy, activity, and enthusiasm have been unbounded, and it is by special request of the Bishop that the Church Congress is to assemble this month at Rhyl.

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, from a new photograph taken by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.

[*All rights reserved.*]



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.

VI.—THE GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

THE worst of making pets of insects is, that they usually live for so very short a time, and die just as one is beginning to get really interested in them. It is true that Sir John Lubbock seems to have discovered the secret of inducing wasps and ants to live for months, or even for years, in his keeping; and it is also true that the days of several well-known British butterflies extend from August or September in one year to May or June in the next. But then it is not everybody who wants to make pets of wasps or ants, while the butterflies, if they are to live through the winter, will only do so in a state of torpor, and in such impracticable situations as the roof of a barn or shed, the recesses of a church tower, or the interior of a hollow tree. So that even these exceptions to the general rule are of little avail to those who are searching for "out-of-the-way pets." Some few insects there are, however, which may fairly be expected to live for three or four weeks in captivity; and one of the most interesting of these is that very curious creature, the Great Green Grasshopper.

Country people always call it a "locust"—a very pardonable mistake when one remembers how large and locust-like it really is. But the aptness of the title can in no way be considered as a testimony to the rustic intelligence, for the word "locust," in rural parlance, is used very vaguely indeed. It is not even supposed to designate any particular species or family of insects, but is a general and comprehensive term, applied indifferently to any insect which may exceed a couple of inches or so in length. Thus a death's head hawk moth is a "locust;" and so is its caterpillar, and so is the stag beetle. And all these are creatures to be jumped upon. It is dangerous merely to walk up to them and crush them under foot, as one might crush a cockroach in the kitchen; for there is no knowing what creatures so malevolent, and so abundantly dowered by nature with the means of offence, might do if one were rash enough to come deliberately to close quarters. So—if you happen to be a rustic—you cautiously take up your stand a good four feet away; and you make a mighty bound into the air, and come down upon the luckless creature and crush it into dust. After which you walk away with the consciousness of a good deed done. That is, if you are an ordinary mortal!

Although it is fairly plentiful in many parts of the country, the great green grasshopper is not at all an easy insect to find, for the delicate green hue of its body and wings harmonises almost exactly with that of the foliage around. Of this fact the insect seems to be perfectly aware, for it seldom moves unless occasion should imperatively require.

With these facts experience has made me thoroughly familiar. Rendered proficient by long practice in the art of observation, I rarely overlook even the tiniest of tiny beetles as it crawls on the ground at my feet; and I can generally distinguish even the most stick-like of caterpillars from the surrounding twigs; and from the opposite side of the road I can usually detect a green moth sitting upon a green fence, or what, strange to say, is sometimes even less conspicuous still, a white moth sitting upon a black fence. But often and often have I heard the shrill cry of a great green grasshopper proceeding from a hedge or a small clump of herbage, and searched for it long and diligently, but in vain, although I could tell to within a yard or two where it must be sitting. Most of the specimens which I have found, indeed, have been taken accidentally, and the last pair which I captured turned up in my sweeping-net, with which I had been brushing about in a nettle-bed on the edge of the Margate cliffs.

I have never found that these handsome grasshoppers are particularly musical in captivity. While in a state of freedom they are noisy enough, and even

irritating to many; although it *is* said that in some countries they are kept prisoners for the sole purpose of inducing sleep by their song. But incarceration has always seemed to deprive my own pet grasshoppers of their spirits, although I put them under a big glass bell, and arranged a beautiful system of ventilation, and gave them plenty of fresh green leaves of the most approved kinds, and made things as pleasant for them as I possibly could.

But it was of no use. Perhaps it may have been that they lost the invigorating sense of the presence of their companions; for the great green grasshopper cares little for a solo performance, even though itself be the vocalist, and much prefers that species of duet in which the performers answer one another by alternate snatches of melody. Or possibly the change in their surroundings depressed them, and deprived them of the gaiety of heart which had before found utterance in song. However this may have been, the fact was invariable; and I do not think that I ever heard one of my tame grasshoppers utter a single note.

Until about three years ago I never had more than one great grasshopper alive at the same time, and so had no practical acquaintance with the fact that they do not get on well together when confined in the same cage. When at last, however, a pair were discovered in my sweeping net together, I naturally thought that society would be pleasant and good for both, and accordingly placed them under the same glass bell. For nearly a fortnight the experiment proved perfectly satisfactory. The happy couple lived together in perfect harmony, and matrimonial squabbles were unknown. But one night a grand quarrel took place between the two, and resulted in an appeal to arms; and when I descended next morning, the hapless male was represented only by his wings, his legs, and a small portion of his body, which last his widow was leisurely devouring. Clearly the rest of her slaughtered spouse had already travelled down her throat. But he had evidently not succumbed without a gallant struggle for life, for in the side of his relict was a big round hole, which had been eaten out by the jaws of her defunct lord.

For awhile the injury which she had received had no apparent effect upon her. She ate as freely as before, and seemed in no way inconvenienced by the gaping hole in her side. But about a week afterwards I found her lying dead. And since then I have never had the good fortune to come across another great green grasshopper.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.—"The expenditure on intoxicating liquor is still enormous and discreditable. Every man and woman should feel a personal responsibility to help to reduce it. Such an amount of alcohol can only mean great injury to liver and kidneys, blood vessels and lungs. Medical men have a special responsibility, which we would venture to impress upon them. They cannot always dispense with it, but they should think of the responsibility of the prescription."—*The Lancet.*

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

SOUPS.

PURÉES are made by boiling vegetables or pulses in water or stock, and then rubbing the whole through a sieve into a basin, after which the mixture is returned to the saucepan, and made thoroughly hot before serving. There are numerous varieties of purées, but the process of making is, in each case, almost the same. It is true, rubbing anything through a sieve is troublesome, and takes time, and the cost of the sieve is also a consideration; but, on the other hand, soup made in this way is inexpensive, as far as materials go, and the full benefit of everything used in making it is obtained, so that there is no waste.

Onion Puree.

1 pint and a half of stock or water.
6 Spanish onions.
½ pint milk.
1 tablespoonful semolina.
1 oz. dripping.
½ teaspoonful salt.
¼ saltspoonful pepper.

Melt the dripping in a saucepan, pare and slice the onions, and fry for five minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent them burning; pour in the liquid, add the pepper and salt, and after bringing to boiling point, simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Pass through a sieve into a basin, pressing the onions with the back of a wooden spoon, and do not forget to remove the pulp from the under side of the sieve.

Now return to the saucepan, stir in the semolina, and boil for ten minutes, add the milk, bring again to boiling point, and it is ready for serving.

These directions apply equally well to other vegetables. Purées can be made of potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., but some take longer to cook than others, and ample time must be allowed for them to become tender, or it will be impossible to rub them through the sieve. The pulses, peas, beans, and lentils must be soaked overnight in cold water.

Haricot Purée.

1 pint haricot beans.
1 onion.
1 teaspoonful salt.
A little pepper.
1 pint milk.
2 quarts water.

Steep the beans for twelve hours in cold water, and begin to prepare the soup four hours and a half before it is required. Take the soaked beans out of the water, put them in a saucepan with two quarts of fresh water, the salt, and the onion pared and sliced. Place the saucepan over the fire, and when boiling move to the side, and let it simmer gently for four hours. After that, pass through a sieve into a basin, stir in the milk, add the pepper, make quite hot again in the saucepan, and the soup is ready. This purée is extremely nourishing, and a quantity sufficient for five persons can be made at the small cost of fivepence. When cheese is liked, a tablespoonful forms an agreeable addition to either onion, potato, or haricot purée, and should be put in with the milk just before serving.

JASPER RENTOUL:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of All Saints', Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Perils of the Deep," "Connie in the Country," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A LATE VISIT.

CONWAY CASTLE.

AFTER Albert's departure Jasper suffered a relapse. The life seemed to die out of him; and had it not been for Bessie's constant attention and loving sympathy he would probably have fretted himself into his grave. But the poor boy's necessity was indeed God's opportunity. Jasper had always been of a serious and religious turn of mind, but during these months of suffering and weakness his character developed and matured wonderfully. The imaginative faculty that had hitherto been exercised in poetic fancies and vivid picturings of foreign lands now found a higher gratification in realising the spiritual verities of the unseen world. Things that for most boys are mere historical narratives of a distant past, became for the poor invalid well-nigh part of his own personal experience. The past was for him a spiritual present, and the great event of eighteen centuries ago stood bold and sublime in the foreground of the lad's mental picture, instead of being —as with too many it is—but a vague outline traced on the background of a distant and hazy horizon. The blessed mystery of suffering was being revealed, and as he mused in contemplation of the Death of Christ, the young disciple well-nigh forgot to think of the cross that had been laid upon himself.

Not that Jasper Rentoul had ceased to take an interest in what was going on around him from day to day. It was quite otherwise indeed. He never forgot Albert's various pets, the care of which he had taken on himself as a sacred charge; and it was with keen pleasure that he had hailed the day when first he was strong enough to go round and attend to them in person, as of old. Long before he had been able to walk he had trained the pigeons to come to the office window, where they formed a pretty picture, fluttering round the lad as he lay on his little couch, fearlessly perching on his shoulders, and feeding from his hand.

It was also a great delight to Jasper to receive visits from the boys in the choir; and he was never weary of hearing of the achievements of each one in church, in school, and in those keen outdoor pursuits wherein the life of healthy boyhood always centres. Jasper had a mind catholic in its tastes and sympathies; and he was equally interested in the "score" at the last cricket match as he was in that other score from which they sang at Mr. Truman's church. At least, they told him about everything, and he seemed to be equally interested in all that he heard.

But this was before the relapse. When that came the outward world shrank away once more, and the doctor and Miss Farnworth were the only visitors to the bedside at which Mrs. Winter watched with admirable patience but apparent indifference.

For some days Jasper was delirious, and during this time he frequently talked about a little old woman who, he said, was watching him and threatening him with her stick. Generally the vision amused him, and he would chuckle to himself gleefully as he described the funny bent figure, the "coal-scuttle" bonnet, the sandaled shoes, the black staff, and the shrill voice. But sometimes the boy got frightened, and then he would cling to Bessie's hand, imploring her in piteous accents not to let him go.

"Oh, hold me, hold me, please!" he would cry. "I'm falling, I'm falling, and she will catch me! I know she is awful angry; she's an ogress! I've read all about her; she'll beat me with her stick, and draw my life out with her shiny eyes. Oh, Bessie, won't you save me? Won't you hold out your hand? Won't you have pity on a poor wee chap like me? I'm Albert's brother. You know Albert, don't you?"

All this used to distress Bessie Farnworth very much, and she would bend over the sufferer, holding both his fevered hands, and whispering words of solace and encouragement, wondering the while what all this wild talk could indicate, and why Albert's name was so perpetually mixed up with her own. Then, when Jasper had been soothed into a quiet sleep, the girl's thoughts would wander away to the sailor on his distant voyage, and to the expression of gratitude that had lit up his handsome features when he heard the pledge given that nothing should be wanting to his brother's comfort during his absence.

Bessie Farnworth congratulated herself in that she was allowed to keep that promise to the full. She had meant to have her own way, and, as she said at the time to Albert, she generally succeeded in having it. But she had anticipated difficulty and opposition on the part of Mrs. Day. To her surprise, and perhaps—so whimsical was she in those days—to her disappointment, she met with nothing of the sort. A change seemed to have come over Mrs. Day. The fact was that she was a kind woman at heart, and intended by nature to be a really good and useful one. It was only fashion and the force of circumstances that had ever made her otherwise. Once convinced that there was no impropriety, and, above all, no danger of infection in Bessie's visits to the sufferers at Ashfield, and Mrs. Day was quite content to permit them. Nay, she soon

came to be more than content—partly on account of the manifest improvement that was being wrought in Bessie, partly because a visit to Jasper's bedside had revived certain long dormant instincts of motherhood and tenderness in her own breast, and partly because Mrs. Farnworth had been pleased to express approval of what was being done.

So Bessie Farnworth had her own way without being obliged to fight for it; and though that seemed rather dull and slow at the outset, she soon found her work of mercy sufficiently blessed and interesting to be pursued for its own sake alone.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Reeve did not make an interesting invalid. For a time the old woman had bitterly and openly rebelled against the visitation that had deprived her of the power "to do" for herself. The idea of being dependent on any one, either for the means of subsistence or for the discharge of ordinary domestic duties, was repugnant to her rugged Ulster character. She used grimly to boast that, from childhood upwards, she "had never been beholden to a living soul," so that it was a severe blow to her pride to find herself, on the return of consciousness, as weak and helpless as a child.

After a few weeks she certainly became more resigned. She accepted the inevitable; but whether simply because it *was* inevitable, or from any higher motive, it would be hard to say. She scarcely spoke a word, and even Bessie could make but little way with her. The girl would sit by the old woman's chair and read to her, and Mrs. Reeve would listen, and never fail to thank the young lady for her kindness, sometimes, she said, for her condescension. But there the matter seemed to end. Bessie felt that she was regarded as a child, and that consciousness imparted a haughtiness and reserve to her manner for which she was angry with herself, but which she could not manage to get rid of. Visits so paid were no pleasure to herself, nor did they appear to convey any to the subject of them. And yet there was a softening process going on, though neither the girl nor the old woman was the least aware of it. So we may believe it ever is when duty is done simply, lovingly, and faithfully. Good seed may take root downward and bear fruit upward, even though it should have been unknowingly dropped from the clenched fists of a tottering child.

On the whole, Mrs. Reeve agreed better with the man Winter than with anybody else. He was one of those taciturn, moody old men who may either be regarded—according to the taste and disposition of the observer—as being little better than simpletons, or as being unfathomed wells of experience and rocks of wisdom. Winter, who was much older than his present wife, had known Mrs. Reeve for very many years; and it was even supposed that he had known her husband, which was probably more than could be said of any other person living in the neighbourhood. Of an evening the two friends would sit at

"FEEDING FROM HIS HAND."

opposite sides of the great fireplace, while Mrs. Winter took her sewing to Jasper's little den. There they would sit an hour or more, nodding towards one another, thinking of long past years, and apparently in perfect sympathy, though but few words were spoken. Indeed, the man's share in the conversation chiefly consisted in removing his pipe from his mouth at intervals, and giving utterance to a grunt of acquiescence, which sometimes assumed the more or less articulate sound of "Oi moinde."

One night the Rev. Mr. Truman was about to retire to rest, when, just as he was in the act of opening his study door, he was startled by the sound of a dull, unhurrying, thrice-repeated knock at the hall-door. Quickly withdrawing the bolt and lifting the latch, he found himself face to face with a man whom he did not immediately recognise.

"Sorry to be troublin' ye so late, parson, but our old lady up yon says as how she'd like to speak with you." The speaker half removed his cap,—more, perhaps, in apology for the lateness of the hour than out of respect to the parson,—and in doing so displayed a bald, unwashed head, across which a few long grey hairs were even now being tossed by the rising wind.

"Up yon?" repeated the clergyman in an inquiring tone.

"Ay, at Ashfield, where else? Ye mind her as keeps the place?"

"And it is *she* that has sent for me at this hour of the night?" exclaimed Mr. Truman with evident surprise.

The tone of surprise did not escape Mr. Winter, and it annoyed him.

"It's what you chaps be for, I suppose," he said scornfully.

"Oh yes, certainly. I had better go at once, I suppose," assented the clergyman good-humouredly.

"Ay, there's no time like the present I've heerd say, that is so be it's not too late for you, sir;" and the last words were added apologetically, as though

the speaker were becoming conscious of his previous rudeness.

"Oh dear no; I quite agree with you there is no time like the present. I'll be with you in a moment." Then, merely turning into the inner hall to get his overcoat, Mr. Truman gently closed the door, and started by his companion's side.

He was certainly surprised at Mrs. Reeve having sent for him, since he imagined himself to be anything but a favourite with her. Not understanding the old woman's sensitive and yet intensely reserved and proud disposition, he had not been able to make much way into her confidence. Indeed, he had been somewhat scandalised on the occasion of his first visit, after her return to consciousness, by the seemingly off-hand way in which she had told him that "he might make a wee bit of a prayer if he had a mind to." He had of course called subsequently, but, so far as he could judge, the old woman had failed to appreciate his visits.

So Mr. Truman struggled on by the old man's side through the dark and windy night, silently wondering what sudden impulse had moved Mrs. Reeve to send for him at that late hour. And at last, as though in answer to some unspoken question on which he had long been ruminating, old Winter remarked, just as they reached the gate-lodge,

"Seems as though she had som'at on her mind as she couldn't shake off."

"I hope I may be enabled to bring some comfort and relief to her, poor soul," replied Mr. Truman.

The old man responded with a grunt, whether of sympathy or incredulity we are not called on to decide.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOARD THE *ANNABELLA*.

HOW often does it happen that dreaded evils never come to pass at all, the gathering clouds that had filled us with alarm being dissipated before the rising sun of restored health or renewed prosperity, while, on the other hand, we have been betrayed and mocked by the transient brightness of a quickly overclouded dawn. Misfortune has concealed itself beneath the fair garments of anticipated success, and evil has lurked as a shadow behind that which we had confidently hoped must prove our highest good.

So it was with Albert Rentoul on that first voyage of his as a petty officer. He sailed forth from the Mersey on the very top of the spring-tide of hope. Even anxiety as to his brother's health could not long act as a damper on his exuberant spirits. The day was fresh and fine, the *Annabella* was a new and well-found vessel, the captain was an old friend. All promised well, and for a few days all went well. Then the change came.

No sooner had the Channel been cleared than the *Annabella* began to encounter bad weather. The ship behaved well enough, but the like could not be said of all on board. The first mate, Richards, was an excellent seaman, but so cantankerous, and occasionally so violent in temper, that the men hated as well as feared him. He was a man of vehement prejudices, and from the first seemed to take a dislike to Rentoul. Captain Trivitt, however, respected the man for his good qualities, well knowing that he was one who might be relied on, both for judgment and physical endurance, in any time of peril. A very different character was Locock, the second mate. No one would think of either hating or fearing *him;* he was too good-natured to be actively disliked, and too flabby and dull to be respected. As a mere buffer between Richards and the crew he might have done very well, but he was destined by events to be forced into a position of responsibility for which he was totally unfit. The crew were what a Kentish man would describe as a "terrible ordinary" lot. There was not a really good man among them, while there were several decidedly bad ones. They were chiefly of interest from the number of nationalities represented, including one Chinaman, two Malays, and three West Indian negroes. Still, had there been time for the lot to get shaken down together, and for the personal influence of Captain Trivitt to have been brought to bear on them, a good deal might have been done towards licking the rough fellows into shape before the wide Atlantic was crossed. But no such interval was allowed before the first blow of fate descended.

The ship had been over a week at sea, but she had not yet struggled through the rolling billows and howling storms of the Bay of Biscay. One evening, after a weary, anxious day, the wind suddenly dropped, though the cross seas continued to rage and fret together. The *Annabella*, being heavily laden with coals, rolled tremendously, the more so as there was scarce wind enough to steady or keep her on her course. Everything above and below that was not securely made fast pitched and banged about. Walking was impossible, and such of the men as were not on duty were glad enough to turn into their bunks to get what rest they could.

Albert Rentoul could not sleep. For the first time since leaving the Mersey he felt gloomy and depressed. Home memories crowded round him, fantastic visions, in which his brother and Bessie, and the cawing rooks and swaying tree-tops of Ashfield, were mingled up with the various noises of the ship, haunted him. A

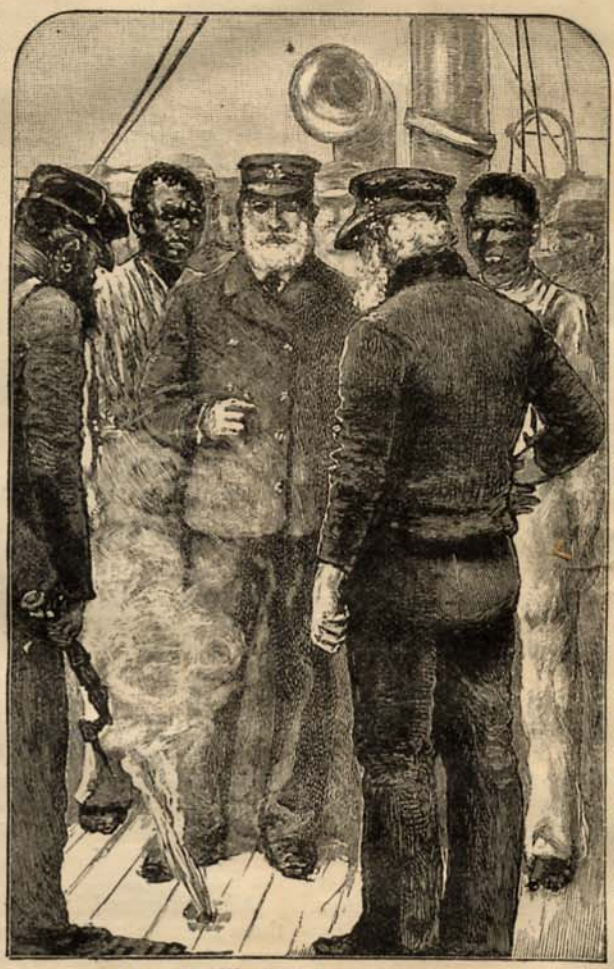
sense of utter loneliness, and a dread of some imminent disaster, came over him. He sprang to his feet, and scarce knowing what he did, scrambled on deck.

The night was pitchy dark, and the young man, as he steadied himself by the top of the companion way, was unable to distinguish a single object round him. But he felt at once that the wind had changed and freshened. The vessel was not rolling so heavily now, but she seemed to quiver and hesitate, as though conscious of coming danger. A sharp gust of wind, laden with icy rain, struck Albert on the cheek, and the next instant he heard the strident tones of the first mate's voice ringing through the darkness—

"Aloft there, and take in the foretop sail. Look sharp, you fellows, or by——"

Albert did not hear the conclusion of the sentence, for at that moment a spiteful little flash of lightning lit up the ship. He saw the straining canvas above him, and the figures of the men hurrying to their places; then all was dark again.

Anxious to give what help he could, Albert was making his way towards the foremast, when a terrific flash — followed almost instantaneously by a deafening roar—almost took his breath away. Then once more the whole scene was illuminated by the weird splendour of that awful electric light. As if by magic the ship appeared to dance on the tops of the flaming waves. Every rope and block was discernible, and the masts seemed to pierce the black sky like spears of silver. The men were busy swarming up the shrouds—each intent on making the utmost speed—save in one spot, where there was apparently some confusion. Two or three figures seemed to be crowded together, clinging to the same ratlines, as if struggling who should be first. Albert Rentoul thought he recognised the cadaverous face of the first mate, thought he saw an uplifted arm, thought he heard a cry. But then the darkness fell once more, and he began to wonder whether, after all, he had been as wide awake as he had fancied.



AN ANXIOUS GROUP.

Several lights were now brought on deck, and every one seemed to be awake and stirring. Albert made his way aft, and asked the helmsman if he had seen the first mate.

"Ay, sir," replied the man. "I saw him running for'ard to hurry up those chaps when he hollered out to take in the foretop sail. I wouldn't put it past him to go into the rigging hisself. He were in a powerful rage, were he."

"Where is Richards?" asked the captain, who had just come on deck.

"That is just what I am asking, sir," replied Albert. "No one has seen him since he went for'ard to see to the taking in of the foretop sail."

"*Who* hasn't seen him, I'd like to know?" inquired Captain Trivitt sharply.

"Well, *I* haven't, sir," stammered Rentoul, taken aback by the question.

"Then no doubt he is for'ard still." And so saying, the captain waved a light and shouted till his signal was responded to from the forecastle.

"Send Mr. Richards aft at once."

"He isn't here, sir—hasn't been."

As the answer came back, the eyes of the captain and of his third officer met. Each saw something in the other's face that he could not understand.

"How is this?" said the captain.

"It is not for me to say, sir," was the stiff reply. "It was time for my watch, and I came aft expecting—that is, hoping to find him here."

"Expecting—that is, hoping—umph," muttered the captain, as he turned away to make inquiries elsewhere.

The alarm now quickly spread. Every part of the ship was searched, the mate was called for in every direction, and then the apparently inevitable conclusion was arrived at that the unfortunate man had fallen overboard.

When daylight came and, with it, a decided improvement in the weather, Captain Trivitt mustered the crew aft and commenced a rigid inquiry. His keenly put questions elicited something, but not very much. The man who had been at the wheel attested to having seen Mr. Richards run forward in a hurry, and swearing "as per usual." Then there was a pause. No one could speak to having seen the missing man, though all had heard his voice. At last a certain dark, heavy-browed man, whom Rentoul specially disliked, exclaimed impatiently,

"Why, it's a clear case. The poor fellow got tippled over, as many a better man has been before him."

This seemed to be the opportunity Captain Trivitt had been searching for. He pounced upon the man at once.

"Now why do you say that, Hollis? Do you think Mr. Richards was the sort of man to go tippling overboard like a cabin-boy might? Or did you see him anywhere that he might reasonably have fallen from?"

"Well, I won't say I did, and I won't say I didn't," replied the man, shifting uneasily beneath the captain's penetrating gaze.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, it be this way." And it was evident to Rentoul that, though affecting unconcern, the fellow was carefully weighing his words. "As I was running up the starboard shrouds I looked down and saw a figure behind me. He wasn't on the ratlines, but holding on by the chains, so to say. It might have been him, you see, and he might easily have fallen from there."

"Mr. Richards was not a likely man to let go his hold *unless he was made to*," said the captain deliberately. "Now, tell us the rest of this interesting yarn. Why do you think it was the mate? Did you speak to him?"

"Oh no," replied Hollis eagerly. "I was in too great a hurry to get aloft. I never so much as looked back again."

"Then why do you think it was Mr. Richards?" persisted the captain.

"Well," growled the man, "there was no one else for it to be as I knows of, except it was—Malay Sam."

"And I was in the rigging before you, and higher up," interrupted the dark-skinned individual thus referred to, opening his eyes with childlike simplicity, and apparently waking up for the first time to an interest in the proceedings.

"Besides," continued Hollis, "it was just handy to the spot where I had heard him swearing at me a minute or two before."

"Swearing at *you!* What for?" inquired the captain sharply.

But the great hulking fellow was not to be taken off his guard again. "Well, not special at me, but at us all, promiscuous like, because we wasn't angels as could fly into the foretop, but only men as had to climb."

Malay Sam grinned, and so did a few others; but every one looked serious when Albert Rentoul exclaimed suddenly,

"He couldn't have been standing on that part of the deck, captain, or I'd have seen him when the first flash of lightning came."

At the mention of the lightning Hollis' dark brows contracted as though he had been smitten in the face by some scorching, terrible glare. But the Malay opened his eyes, and said quietly,

"Ah! then you were there, sir? I thought I heard Mr. Richards giving you directions for your watch just before he called us up to take in the foretop sail."

"You heard nothing of the sort, you villain!" cried Albert fiercely, for as he looked in the Malay's cunning face he knew that the man was lying, and lying of set purpose, though what that purpose might be he did not at the time comprehend. Then he continued more quietly, addressing himself to the captain,

"I never spoke a word to Mr. Richards last night, sir, nor did I see him, that I know of." Then he paused, wondering whether he ought to tell what he *had* seen. But it had all been so vague, so instantaneous, so unreal, that he shrank from launching what was nothing less than a charge of murder against some of those who sailed with him. He resolved to mention the matter privately to the captain, but to hold his peace for the present.

At this point Captain Trivitt abruptly closed the investigation, simply remarking that it was all very unsatisfactory, and that it would be his duty to make a careful note of the whole business in his log.

Curiously enough, from that very day the weather changed entirely. The sea became smooth, the sun shone from out a cloudless sky, and propitious breezes sped the *Annabella* on her course. But swiftly as she ploughed the tranquil waters she could not outsail the heavy mist that ever brooded over her. The atmosphere was one of sullen fear and suppressed suspicion. Wild stories were whispered about of a spectral form that might be seen walking the deck at night, and more than once every man of the watch had been ready to swear to having heard a voice calling to them of a calm night to hurry up and furl the foretop sail.

Albert Rentoul heard these stories, and laughed at them; but he could not be blind to the fact that his own position was a very uncomfortable one. It did not indeed occur to him that any one on board regarded, or affected to regard him, as a murderer: but he instinctively felt himself to be an object of suspicion and dislike. He bore up bravely against what he, of necessity, regarded as an extraordinary and unreasonable prejudice, but it was trying work. He was without a friend. Captain Trivitt was reserved and cold, Locock was evidently jealous of his superior seamanship, and his painstaking diligence, two or three leading spirits among the crew were avowedly hostile, and for the rest, the best that could be said was, that some were neutral.

So unendurable was this state of things, that

absolute danger, when it came, was hailed by Albert as a relief.

The weather, after having been for a time bright and breezy, now became oppressively hot and windless. For days the men had complained of the intolerable heat of their cabin, and had refused to sleep in it. They lay on the deck, and then they complained that the deck was hot. The captain treated these complaints with indifference, and Mr. Locock laughed at them, saying that the only way to be cool in such weather was to take off one's flesh and sleep in their bones, a joke which he seemed highly to appreciate.

Albert Rentoul alone thought the matter worthy of serious consideration. That the deck should be hot when the sun blazed down on it all day was not to be wondered at; but that it should be equally warm at night was a matter that called for explanation. Again, the thermometer showed a considerable variation of temperature in different parts of the ship. Finally, not only had the men's cabin become unbearably hot, but during the last few days a smell of coal-gas had permeated the whole place.

At last, having satisfied himself as to the nature of the mischief that was at work, Rentoul went off one morning and knocked at the captain's cabin door.

Having received permission to enter, he stated the case briefly.

"I believe, sir, the coal in the main hold has ignited, and is smouldering beneath our feet."

Captain Trivitt sprang up angrily.

"What foolery is this, boy? Have you never been in the tropics before, that you should be surprised to see the tar running out of the seams on deck?"

But the young man was not to be put down in this fashion. He stated the grounds of his conviction, and gave the results of his observations with the thermometer. The captain was impressed.

"Come," he said, "and we will soon set the matter at rest. Tell the carpenter to bring his big augur and follow me."

An anxious group clustered round the carpenter as, in obedience to the captain's orders, he slowly turned the handle of his augur and bored steadily into the deck.

At last the instrument was withdrawn, and then every one stood back and gazed intently at the round hole that had been made. For a time nothing was visible, but it might be noticed that those who stood to leeward had begun to sniff uneasily with their nostrils. Then, after a minute or two of further suspense, a delicate ring of blue smoke rose into the still hot air. Then another ring, and yet another, till they united, corkscrew fashion, and formed a continuous ascending, winding wreath.

"Order all hands to their quarters Mr. Locock, please; the ship is on fire," said Captain Trivitt quietly, at the same time stepping forward and placing his foot over the hole from which the tell-tale smoke had already begun to pour.

(To be continued.)

THE VEN. D. R. THOMAS, M.A., F.S.A.,
Vicar of Meifod, Canon of St. Asaph, Archdeacon of Montgomery.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton; Editor of the Official Report 1882 to 1890, and an Hon. Sec. of Derby Congress 1882, and of Wolverhampton Congress 1887.

THE Church Congress holds its thirty-first annual meeting at Rhyl, in the diocese of St. Asaph, and Principality of Wales, during the early days of this month. The Congress may be described as a mixed gathering of Churchmen, clerical and lay, meeting year by year in one or another of the principal towns of the kingdom for the purpose of discussing important questions—religious, social, political—bearing upon the life and work of the National Church. The Congress platform is a wide one. There may be heard from it the utterances of men of every school of thought and of every social grade. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have honoured it with their presence and weighty counsel not once nor twice only. Leading statesmen and politicians join with brother Churchmen,—parish priests, and laymen in every rank of life—in considering matters of vital interest to all, and in endeavouring by mutual counsel to promote the best interests of Church and nation. The discussions are open to all Churchmen; and occasionally Churchwomen are invited to read papers or to speak upon departments of Church work in which they are specially interested and engaged. There is complete freedom of debate, within of course the limits of the usual rules of discussion. The subjects discussed are, for the most part, of general interest; necessarily so because Churchmen gather at these Congresses from all parts, and often from the most distant colonial dioceses. Colonial and missionary bishops and clergy generally make a point of attending Congress if they are in England at the time. Along with topics of general interest others of a local bearing are introduced, for Congress always

THE VEN. WATKIN H. WILLIAMS, M.A.,
Vicar of Bodelwyddan, Canon and Archdeacon of St. Asaph.

means, talents, gifts, energies,—and to promote the practical efficiency of the Church of England. Questions of a mere speculative character are usually avoided; and doctrinal subjects are excluded by the rules of Congress. The history of the Church Congress, written in the thirty volumes of Official Reports, is the history of the development of the Church of England these last thirty years. It shows her at work in the wide and always widening fields of Christian enterprise and toil; it certifies her vigorous growth; and testifies to her wonderful power of adaptation to the constantly varying needs of human society. No one can read the

THE REV. W. HOWELL EVANS, M.A.,
Vicar of Rhyl and Canon of St. Asaph.

aims at aiding and strengthening the Church in the town, district, and diocese where it meets. The first Congress was held at Cambridge in 1861. The original conveners of this assembly of Churchmen had chiefly in their minds the duty of defending the Church against the attacks of her adversaries, who appear to have been more actively aggressive in those days than they are now. Quickly, however, the Church dropped out of sight these her opponents, and wisely concentrated the attention of the Congress upon the needs of her inner and her outer life, endeavoured to direct and develop her resources,—her

THE REV. W. H. FLETCHER, M.A.,
Vicar of Wrexham and Canon of St. Asaph.

THE REV. W. L. MARTIN, M.A.,
Vicar of Bettisfield.

Reports of Congress without observing the changes that have come over the Church of England, particularly in the following respects: (1) The asperities of party spirit, speech, and action have wonderfully softened, and men belonging to different schools of thought have drawn together in a closer fellowship of love, of mutual counsel and of service in the Master's work. (2) The relations of the Church with the Nonconformist bodies have decidedly changed for the better. There are many evidences of this. (3) The Church has come to understand that her mission and her message are for the whole man—spirit, soul, and body; and for man as man in every possible true relation and condition of life. The Church claims, of course, the human spirit for Christ, that He may draw it into ever closer union and communion with Himself, by the indwelling of His own Holy Spirit; the Church also claims the intellect and all the higher, the soul faculties for Christ; and she claims human society for the Incarnate Lord. The prominence given to social questions in the programme of recent Congresses is a remarkable sign of the times.

An extract from the circular of invitation to the second Con[illegible]ess,

THE REV. JOHN MORGAN, B.A.,
Rector of Llandudno.

THE REV. J. F. REECE, B.A.,
Rector of Llanfwrog.

The Congress has been held in every diocese except the following, viz.: London, Rochester, St. Albans, Worcester, Hereford, Salisbury, Truro, Bangor, and Sodor and Man. London, Rochester, and St. Albans have been brought quite near to Congress when it has met at Croydon, Oxford, Reading, Brighton, etc. Truro was included in Exeter diocese when Congress met at Plymouth. Hereford and Salisbury are chiefly agricultural dioceses, and yield no town sufficiently large to accommodate the numerous visitors to Congress. Worcester has, so far, held aloof, although the capital city of the Midlands (Birmingham) is within

LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. W. SACKVILLE WEST.

held at Oxford, states the object of Congress clearly and accurately, thus: "To deal, then, only with such problems as arise out of the actual working of the Church, and which her most earnest and successful workers are labouring to solve in action; to disclose the evils with which she has to cope, and the hindrances which retard her proper work; to indicate the weak or vulnerable points in her system, or point the way to new fields of labour or fresh opportunities for usefulness which lie open to her; such are the functions which we would claim for our Church Congress."

W. TREVOR PARKINS, ESQ.

R. M. HUGH JONES, ESQ., M.A.

its borders. Probably within a year or two we shall hear of the Church Congress at Birmingham. Bangor is within easy reach of Rhyl. Congress has gone over the sea on one occasion, viz., to Dublin in 1868.

This year's meeting will make the third Welsh Congress. In 1879 it was held at Swansea, under the Bishop of St. David's presidency; and in 1889 at Cardiff, with the Bishop of Llandaff president. The attendance at Swansea Congress was rather under the average — viz., 1,825 Members of Congress; while at Cardiff the number of members of Congress reached 2,348. Day and evening tickets were also sold at each of these Congresses. I anticipate a much larger attendance at Rhyl, and for these reasons: It is the first time the Congress has met in North Wales. Rhyl is a favourite health resort with the north midland and Lancashire people; it is also within easy reach of the large towns of Lancashire. The programme of subjects is also a factor in the making of Congress, and particularly the selection of readers and speakers.

The Guarantee Fund has reached a large sum—viz., £3,297 10s. Chester Cathedral Chapter House has been at the disposal of the Committees for their meetings. No

LIEUT.-COL. F. STANDISH HORE.

doubt the whole diocese of Chester will stand by its neighbour St. Asaph for support, and send large numbers of its Church folk to Congress.

May these auguries of success be abundantly realised, and may the assembling of the Church Congress at Rhyl fulfil the hopes and expectations of the most sanguine of Welsh Churchmen. The agitation for the disestablishment of the four Welsh dioceses, maintained through a long period of time, and urged with a force of public opinion which cannot be cavalierly disregarded, is a source of anxiety, though not of terror, to English Churchmen; for they know that the interests of one are the interests of all, and "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it." As Churchmen, whether English or Welsh, we must justify the possession of our privileges, as ministers and members of the Established Church, by the faithful discharge in full of the duties which attach to our position. That Churchmen are doing this is abundantly witnessed, north, south, east, and west; we must, therefore, insist that the faithful pastors of the people's Church shall not be sacrificed, nor their work hindered, through the neglects of the faithless few.

Our portraits have all been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, and are from photographs as follows:—

Archdeacon Watkin Williams and Archdeacon Thomas are by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; Canon Howell Evans, by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the Rev. J. F. Reece, by O. Davis, 16, Princes Street, Edinburgh; the Rev. W. L. Martin, by J. Maclardy, Oswestry; Canon Fletcher, by C. R. Trueman, Abbey House, Shrewsbury; the Rev. John Morgan, by Laroche, Llandudno; Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. Sackville West by Lombardi & Co., 13, Pall Mall, S.W.; W. Trevor Parkins, Esq., by Thomas Edge, Llandudno; R. M. Hugh Jones, Esq., by G. W. Webster, Chester; Lieut.-Col. F. Standish Hore, by Williams Bros., Rhyl; P. P. Pennant, Esq., by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

P. P. PENNANT, ESQ.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, RHYL.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

V. The Churches of Rhyl.

THE present ecclesiastical parish of Rhyl was originally part of the very ancient parish of Rhuddlan; but in the year 1844 an Order in Council was issued forming it into a separate ecclesiastical parish or district, containing then about six hundred acres. During this year its area has been slightly enlarged in order that the new church cemetery might be brought within its limits. Rhuddlan itself appears to have risen into prominent notice as early as the year 1048, and in the Domesday Book we find it mentioned as the most important place in this particular district. The mother church of Rhuddlan, dedicated to St. Mary, is undoubtedly of much deserved interest to the lovers of churches and their histories. It consists of two equal-sized aisles placed side by side, a feature which is indeed common to many of the old churches of the Vale of Clwyd, in which Rhuddlan is situated; and it contains several ornaments and tablets, many of which are supposed to have been brought thither from the old abbey that was formerly situated close to the village. It has a complete record of its vicars, dating as far back as the year 1396. Just these few words about the mother parish and her church before speaking of her daughter churches in Rhyl.

The parish of Rhyl, according to the best authorities, was, at the commencement of this century, nothing more than a collection of sandbanks, that were but slightly raised above the level of the sea. There was no object to relieve the eye as it surveyed this sandy expanse, save the huts of a few poor fishermen, and these even were so small and scattered as to be almost buried from sight amidst the sandhills. It was not until about the year 1828 that this humble fishing station, as it was then, began to attract the attention of the country as a sea-side resort, but from that time it has gradually increased. In 1835 a church was erected to meet the spiritual wants of the growing population. This building, which forms the main portion of the present parish church (Holy Trinity), was erected at a cost of about £1,000, and was constructed on a cruciform plan. It remained for nine years merely as a Chapel-of-ease to the mother church at Rhuddlan, under the charge of the Rev. James Richard Owen, M.A., who, in the year 1844, was

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, RHYL.

appointed the first incumbent of the then newly formed parish. The Church of the Holy Trinity was originally built to accommodate a congregation of between four hundred, and four hundred and fifty; it was designed by a Mr. Jones from Chester. The first addition that it received was in 1850, when the south transept was extended at a cost of close upon £190; and in 1852, again, it was still further enlarged by the extension of the north transept. These additions to the two transepts have been the means of making the length of the arms of the cross greater than the length of the shaft, so that the body of the church appears somewhat out of proportion. In 1869 further alterations were carried out in the interior of the building, and it was then furnished with open seats in place of the old-fashioned pews. The organ, which bears an inscription upon it in Welsh, with the date Nadolig (*i.e.*, Christmas) 1867, was presented by the Rev. Hugh Morgan, M.A. (afterwards Archdeacon), the last incumbent but one of this parish. In this church there are but two stained glass windows, both of which are in the chancel, one at the east end, and the other on the north side of it. That at the east end consists of five lights, the centre of which represents the Baptism of our Lord. The other window, representing the Feeding of the Five Thousand, was placed there in memory of Ellis Powell Jones, formerly one of the churchwardens. The only tablets of interest in this church are these: one of marble, erected by the parishioners and some friends to the memory of the Rev. Evan Evans, who was incumbent of the parish for the short space of six months in 1854, and also a famous Welsh bard, bearing the name "Jeuan Glan Geirionydd." The other is of brass, erected in 1888 to the memory of a lady (Miss Angharad Lloyd) of this town, who took a considerable amount of interest in Welsh literature. She died in 1866, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years; this tablet is in Welsh. At the time this article is being written the interior of the church is undergoing a thorough renovation. The old disused gallery has been removed, new choir stalls are to be placed in the chancel, a new pulpit erected, and the walls and roof (inside) beautified. The whole cost of these alterations will amount to £400 at the least. The services in this church are always held in Welsh.

Situated within the same enclosure as the parish church (Holy Trinity), and a little to the east of it, is the large and handsomely constructed English church, dedicated to St. Thomas. This church is a most striking edifice, built in the Early English style of architecture, and is capable of accommodating between eleven and twelve hundred persons, and even more than this number during the summer months, when chairs are placed down each side of the centre aisle of the nave. The plans were designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, A.R.A., and were carried out under his direction. The building consists of a broad nave, together with side aisles, a good chancel and chancel aisle, an organ chamber and vestries, the latter of which form the basement of the tower that stands at the north-east angle of the church. The length of the nave from the chancel steps to the west door measures about 110 feet, and its height from 50 to 60 feet; the chancel, together with the sacrarium, measures about 45 feet in length. The conspicuous stone tower is surmounted by a spire wrought in oak shingles, and stands with a height of a little over 200 feet, according to the best authority. This tower is seen distinctly for many a mile around, and contains an excellent clock, with four faces, which chimes the hours and quarters. In the tower is hung a peal of eight well-toned bells, that will compare favourably with many other peals. The construction of this fine church was mainly due to the great exertions of the late Ven. Archdeacon Morgan, whose memory still lingers in the minds of all the old inhabitants of the town, and is held in great respect by them, as by others who had become acquainted with him. The work of building was commenced in 1861, and on Whit-Monday of this year (May 20th) the foundation-stone was laid at the north-east corner of the tower by the late Hon. Mrs. Rowley, of Bodrhyddan (Rhuddlan), who was assisted with full masonic ceremonies by the Provincial Grand Master, the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P. In 1862 the first portion of the church —namely, the nave with its two aisles—was opened for Divine service; five years later—*i.e.* in 1867—the chancel was completed; and in March 1869 the church was finally consecrated. It was not until a few years later that the spire was added, as well as many of the fittings of the interior, including a reredos in oak, the gift of Thomas Winston, Esq. This reredos has just been removed to the other English church (St. John's), and there is in course of construction one handsomely carved in

white stone and alabaster, presented by Mr. Bamford Hesketh, of Gwrych Castle. The new reredos will be more in keeping with the work of the interior than the oak one; its centre subject is to be that of the Crucifixion. The pulpit is constructed mainly of alabaster, with its panels beautifully enriched with large agates of various colours, resting upon a pedestal of Caen stone. This was the gift of J. Fletcher, Esq., of Bod-donwen, Rhyl. The font is carved in Bath stone, supported upon pillars of green marble. The handsome brass ewer upon it was the gift of a parishioner in memory of his brother. The arches of the nave are lofty, and are constructed of Minera stone, with shafts of dark-coloured marble. All the windows of this church, with the exception of one in the south aisle and those of the clerestory, are of stained glass. The east window consists of three lights, representing nine scenes in our Lord's life, and was erected by public subscription in 1867 to the honour of Bishop Short. Under it was formerly placed the brass plate, which is now seen on the north wall of the sacrarium, bearing the following Latin inscription:—"In honorem dei quo viro maxime Reverendo Thomæ Vowler jam per XXI Annos Episcopo Asaphensi cujus auspiciis auxilioque hæc ædes exstructa est acceptiores gratias reddant hanc fenestram ponendam curaverunt hujus ecclesiæ fautores et amici A.S. MDCCCLXVII Hugone Morgan Vicario, J. Churton et R. J. Sisson Ædituis." The centre light of this window contains the Crucifixion, with the Agony in the Garden below it, and the Ascension above. Of the other memorial windows we find two that were erected on March 7th, 1869, when the church was consecrated, and these are the windows that are furthest east in the north and south aisle respectively. One other window in the south aisle should not be overlooked, and it is one erected, together with a fine brass tablet on a slate bed, by many friends in remembrance of Thomas Winston, Esq., who died June 29th, 1889. He was a very large contributor to this church, beyond having presented the oak reredos mentioned above. Lastly, the west window, containing eight scenes from the Old Testament and four in the lives of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, is erected to the memory of the late Archdeacon Morgan by parishioners and friends. The organ, built by Hill of London, was purchased in 1869 by public subscription. The fine brass eagle lectern was presented to the church by the late Archdeacon Morgan, and cost about £80. The whole cost of building and fitting the church amounted to over £26,000, towards which Bishop Short contributed no less than £2,326, and Archdeacon Morgan £500.

The second English church (St. John's) is situated at the other extremity of the town, and a little more than half a mile from the parish church. This building has nothing of interest attached to it, for having been built so recently it is still in an unfinished state. It has been constructed in the Early Decorated style at a cost of nearly £6,000, and consists of a nave in the shape of a large dome, a chancel, organ chamber, and vestries. The work of building commenced in 1885, and on the 6th of August in that year four memorial stones were laid by the late Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., Mrs. Jones (Olinda, Rhyl), Mrs. Charles (Rhyl), and Miss Lea (Tanworth), respectively. On the 10th June, 1887, it was opened for service, but was not consecrated until about Easter in last year (1890). The erection of this church is due to the late vicar (Canon Richardson, now at Northop), whose liberality towards it was great. It was built in order to meet the requirements of an increasing population, and the greater influx of visitors during the summer season, and is calculated to accommodate about 685 persons. At present the church is without a pulpit, lectern, and organ; but a handsome pulpit of carved oak has been designed to match the oak reredos removed hither from St. Thomas', and will shortly be placed here.

The present staff of clergy numbers four, a vicar, the Rev. Canon Howell Evans, M.A. (Jesus College, Oxford), appointed in 1890, Rural Dean of St. Asaph 1890, and three curates.

Our pictures have been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, from photographs taken for the purpose by Messrs. Williams Bros., Rhyl.

G. K. M. GREEN.

SS. SIMON AND JUDE, APOSTLES.

BUILT upon the one Foundation,
Jesus Christ the Corner-stone,
Home and Ark of man's salvation,
Thus the Holy Church is known;
She, the Saint-encircled nation,
City of our God, we own.

Jude, the servant of the Master,
On his watch-tower stands to-day,
As the evil hastes on faster,
And the foemen meet for fray;
Great Apostle, faithful Pastor,
Warning men to watch and pray.

Therefore let us fight, contending
For the faith he taught of yore;
Staunch and true, and ay, unbending,
When the worldlings storm the door,
And when men creep in, pretending
Souls who wander to restore.

Faithful witness, Simon bearing,
Bids us true to love remain;
Hate and persecution sharing,
For Christ's Name's sake choosing pain;
Knowing Him, and for Him daring,
Losing all, if Him we gain.

Love of God, in mercy send us
Faith to cling to Truth revealed,
Might of God, in love defend us
When we weakly faint or yield;
Comforter Divine, befriend us,
Thou by Whom our souls are sealed.

That dear Lord Who dearly bought us,
Never let our hearts deny;
That great Truth the Saints have taught us,
Hold we firmly, till we die;
That Sweet Love which gently sought us,
Lead us to our Home on high. Amen.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

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 the Development of Individual Liberality and Effort.

IMMEDIATELY after the English were converted to the faith, in early Anglo-Saxon days, they began to inquire what they could do, by way of personal effort, to propagate the Christian faith which they themselves had received, and also what they could give as contributive to the maintenance of the Church. This being so, various departments of work, and channels and objects of liberality, were provided for all members of the Church who were willing to engage in Christian work, and who had the will and the ability to give of their property to the glory of God and to the extension and support of the Church's organisations.

The Cathedrals and Parish Churches which Cover the Land are the Outcome of Individual Liberality and Effort.

The ancient cathedrals and parish churches which cover our land are monuments of individual effort and abounding Christian liberality. They were not the creation of the State, nor of any organised department of the civil power. They were not even built by the Church as an organised body, nor according to any organised plan; but they were the outcome of personal piety, devotion to the cause of God, abounding liberality, and self-sacrifice in bestowing upon the Church buildings for her public worship and her various ministrations. These buildings, for solidity, beauty, and dignity of architecture, are not surpassed, if, indeed, equalled, by those of any other country in Christendom. In fact, every cathedral, minster, parish church, and monastery had a different origin and has a history peculiarly its own. The Church educated her members in the truth, that they were stewards in God's sight of all that they possessed, and that they were to use their property, not for self-gratification, but for increasing the usefulness of the Church and benefiting all the people to whom she was called upon to minister in holy things. Her members, having learned these lessons, profited by them. From the king upon his throne to the humblest landowner, or holder of possessions, each in his own way contributed to the various objects of which the Church approved. So that when we pass through the land, and behold these magnificent buildings, representing so much devotion, self-sacrifice, beauty of design, patient labour, and abounding liberality, it is important it should be remembered that these were all the outcome of the Church's early education of the people in the principles of Christian truth, the joy of Christian privileges, and in the obligations of Christian duty.

The Liberality of the Early Anglo-Saxon Kings and Others in building Churches.

In reviewing the history of the founding and organisation of the Church in England, we see standing out prominently the fact that, as each heathen Anglo-Saxon kingdom was converted to the Christian faith, the king himself, as the chief member of the Church, —newly founded within his dominions,—led the way and set the example of church building and church endowment. Ethelbert (597—605), when he embraced the Gospel as brought to him by St. Augustine, immediately conferred upon the bishop and clergy of the newly organised Church in Kent his own royal palace in Canterbury as a place of residence; he erected for them a church and endowed it with landed possessions, and in other ways provided for the maintenance and extension of the Church and for the sustentation of the ministry. Ethelbert not only did all this for the Church founded in Canterbury, but he also promoted the building of the cathedral at Rochester, providing endowments for its maintenance as well as for the support of its bishop. What Ethelbert did on a large scale in Kent, Edwin, as King of Northumbria (625—633), did for the Church in that kingdom, in conjunction with its first bishop, Paulinus, and King Oswald did subsequently with Aidan (631—635); Sigebert did in East Anglia, associated with Felix, its first bishop, in 631; Kynegls did in Wessex in 635, prompted by Birinus, its first bishop; Wulfwere performed in Mercia in 662, prompted thereto by Bishop Jaruman; and Oswy carried out on a large scale (651—670), associated with Wilfrid, Bishop of York, and with Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Besides this initation of church building and church endowment on the part of these royal personages, their subjects were not slow to follow their examples, and, if possible, in some cases to vie with, if not surpass, their royal liberality. Benedict Biscop founded the great monasteries of Wearmouth in 674, and of Jarrow in 678; while the great Wilfrid founded the monastery of Hexham in 669, and that of Ripon in 678.

Liberal Gifts of Land to the Church.

Then, further, as to the landed possessions held by bishops, cathedral chapters, and the parochial clergy, how great must have been the liberality by which these were bestowed upon them, when we find from the returns of the survey made by William the Conqueror,

immediately after the Conquest, that the Church at that time was actually in possession of a very great portion of the land of England. Thus the facts there recorded show that the landed estates of the archbishopric of Canterbury comprised 75 manors, only one-half of the number being in its own archdiocese in Kent, while the others were situated throughout seven different counties. To the Archbishop of York belonged 173 manors, the greater number of which were in six different counties, two of which —Gloucestershire and Hampshire—were out of his archdiocese altogether. The Bishops of Lincoln, and Thetford, afterwards Norwich, held over 100 manors each. The Bishop of London had 80 manors; Durham, Chester, and Winchester over 50 each; Exeter about 45; Salisbury, Rochester, and Wells about 20 each; Chichester 10; Worcester 7; Hereford 6. A great proportion of these were manors situated in counties outside the boundaries of their own bishoprics, as, for example, the Bishop of London's manors numbered 32 in Essex, 25 in Middlesex, 21 in Hertfordshire, 13 in Somersetshire, and 1 in Dorsetshire; the Bishop of Winchester had manors in nine different counties, although most of them were in Hampshire. The Bishop of Worcester is the only bishop of whom it is recorded in Doomsday Book that all his manors lay in Warwickshire.

The Prevalence of Religious Zeal and Liberality shown by the Large Number of Parish Churches.

Then as to parish churches in towns and country places, in many cases, besides being endowed with tithes, they had generally annexed to them a certain portion of land. The following are instances of such churches. In Norwich the two churches of St. Martin and St. Michael had an endowment of 130 acres of land; and the burgesses held 15 other churches endowed with 181 acres of land. At Sudbury, in Suffolk, the church was endowed with 50 acres of free land and half as many of meadow.

As to parish and other churches in existence at the time of the Norman Survey, as shown by its returns, their number appears to be almost marvellous: there were no fewer than 43 different kinds of churches in the city of Norwich, while Ipswich had 10 and Shrewsbury 6.

Monastic Landed Possessions.

But the monasteries, even in those early days, seem to have acquired some three times as many manors as the archbishops and bishops of the Church possessed altogether. They are actually said to have possessed at this time 1,700 manors, each monastery, as a rule, holding landed estates in different parts of England. For instance, the monastery of Abingdon held manors in Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire, while the Benedictine Abbey of Ramsey held estates in Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Northampton, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

The Number of Churches mentioned in the Doomsday Survey are not to be taken as a full Return of those in Existence at the Time.

But even the returns of the Survey of England as contained in the Doomsday Book give us no accurate or adequate idea of the number of churches which then existed, nor of the full extent of the landed possessions which then belonged to bishoprics, cathedrals, and monastic institutions, for the simple reason that the Survey was not intended as a general census of cathedrals, parish churches, and religious houses, with their landed possessions and endowments. The main object of the Survey was to take an inventory of all estates and property which were liable to make payments of some kind or other to the Crown in services, rents, or produce. Only those churches and landed possessions, therefore, which were deemed to be so chargeable were included in the Survey and mentioned in the Doomsday Book. As illustrating this fact, we may mention that in the county of Cambridge only 1 church is mentioned, 2 in Staffordshire, and 3 each in Buckinghamshire and Herefordshire; while, on the other hand, we find that Norfolkshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Hampshire have a proportionately large number of churches, and the churches in Suffolk actually number 364. We are not to look, however, to the Doomsday Book for anything like a complete return of the buildings and landed possessions with which the Church's own members had individually endowed her in Anglo-Saxon times, but only for those buildings and landed estates belonging to the Church which, in some way or other, were chargeable with rents or services to the king.

A MEDITATION FOR ST. LUKE'S DAY.

By THE VEN. ARCHDEACON GORE, M.A.,
Vicar of Bowdon.

THERE is probably nothing which the human mind requires more than variety of occupation; there is nothing which the Christian faith requires more than variety of exposition. The cravings of man's thoughts are manifold, and they are herein met by the manifold wisdom of God. This truth is well illustrated by that natural instinct, or—shall we not rather say?—that Divine Wisdom which has led the Church to commemorate her saints. True, some of these are now to us but names. They served their generation; and their memories, for a time, and in their place, served and helped the still militant soldiers of Christ. Now they have passed. But others live for ever among us; and to fix the

mind on one of them is to give that speciality to devout thinking in which we are likely to find strength and satisfaction. To look upon the Lord Jesus Christ is to look upon the white glory of the sun. His saints are broken lights of Him. They give the colours, and each colour has an attraction for us peculiar to itself. Its contemplation is easier, less dazzling, though we are not left in doubt from what source it is drawn; though we perceive readily how it must combine with others for the splendour and glow of the perfect man.

To what thoughts are we led by meditation on St. Luke—"Luke, the beloved physician"? He was a layman; and, among laymen, he was a man of education, a member of a learned profession, and who, evidently, did not forsake the practice of his profession when he was converted. But his culture was wider than his profession. It is easy to feel a certain style in his writings which is characteristic of a literary man; a care in research, a moderation and an accuracy in statement which come only from a patient discipline of the mind. He is quite fearless in putting his facts before us—and they are facts which involve the deepest mysteries of the faith; but they are given to us as the result of calm investigation by one accustomed to scientific inquiry. Thus, even from a literary point of view, we should always prize his writings as among the more skilful and, quite obviously, most trustworthy pieces of history which have survived from ancient times. What Divine wisdom was there, therefore, in the choice of him to be the first and certainly the best Church historian? He makes no impassioned appeal; he does not seek to persuade us to believe; he asks us not to put out the eyes of reason, and yield ourselves to a blind faith; he writes in a style which will attract men of the most fastidious taste; and he writes with such clearness of judgment, and such absence of any spirit of advocacy, that the man must be very prejudiced, or, at least, very sceptical, who distrusts the truth of his records.

St. Luke was St. Paul's companion. It is a probable and an exceedingly interesting conjecture, that they met, first, in the wild highlands of the Galatian region, and that there the physician ministered to the bodily sight of the Apostle; and that there he received a great recompense of reward in the opening of the eyes of his own understanding to perceive the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in His saints. Henceforward the two men were close friends. Especially when St. Paul's trials were sorest St. Luke sustained him. At the very last, on the eve of his martyrdom, we read "only Luke is with Me." For many reasons the association of these really great men is altogether noteworthy. There are times when we are simply filled with astonishment at the absolute self-abandonment of St. Paul, as if enthusiasm made up his whole character. "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ;" "I have suffered the loss of all things . . . that I may win Christ." But St. Paul was not a mere enthusiast. He was a man of remarkable culture, a man of great intellectual power, a man of wide-reaching information. Not least among the "all things" he surrendered was the devotion to study, which had certainly begun to open to him the fields of the Greek and Roman learning as well as that of his own people. The delight which this pursuit would have brought him he relinquished, but in compensation St. Luke was given to him, a friend of like literary tastes and like training with himself. Here truly, by the merciful gift of his Lord, was an inestimable solace for him who keenly felt infirmities, reproaches, necessities, persecutions, for him on whom rested daily the care of all the Churches. We may imagine how the burden of care fell off, how the reproaches were forgotten, how the tedium and gloom of prison life was consoled and lightened when "only Luke was with him." And for ourselves. If any one in our day, forgetting all else that was in St. Paul, should presume to think or speak of him as a dreamer, a man of visions and revelations, seeing strange sights and hearing strange voices, we may answer, "But, Luke was with him." He was no visionary; and yet he is the recorder of the visions and revelations; there is no trace of unreality in what he records. Luke, the unimpassioned historian, is the historian of St. Paul; he had perfect understanding of all things of which he writes.

Thus it was that in the first days the colours, which we study by themselves, were Divinely blended in the perfect light. Sometimes it is the poetry of the devout life in St. Peter; sometimes the Heavenly insight of St. John; or the strong devotion to practical duty in St. James; or the enthusiasm, or the dialectic skill of St. Paul; and sometimes it is the patient research and the judicial spirit of St. Luke. These all, each in its way, excite our wonderment. As we pass them in review, there is not one of them that we could do without; not one of them, either, that could stand by itself, that is not the better for being blended with the rest. St. Luke is the better for being near St. Paul. He becomes the beloved physician, ready with all the tender grace of true refinement to meet the cravings of the great heart of his friend. There are the many colours. How came they to blend into the one pure light? That blending is of God. "All these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to every man severally, even as He will."

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The thirteenth annual Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition in connection with the Church Congress will, by the kind permission of the Congress Committee, be held in a specially erected building nearly adjoining the Congress Hall. The exhibition, which has developed into an indispensable adjunct of the Congress, will again be under the efficient direction of Mr. John Hart, and will embrace everything used in the structure and adornment of churches, and educational appliances will also be included.

THE ISLAND HOUSE.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

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

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?"

WHAT was to be done now?

"This is a greater bother than any of the others," said Alfy. "I expect I shall have to wade or swim now if I can. Then I must run to the village in my wet things. But how shall I get back to the house? Bother the tub, I say! However did it get loose?"

The reason probably was that he had not fastened it very firmly; but then he did not expect he would be so long in the tree, nor did he think the current of the water would have such influence.

But the tub had gone, and he must do the best he could without it. From his perch in the tree he could obtain a clear view of the flood. The muddy water glistened in the bright sunshine, as though trying to look pleasant.

The house was, as we have said, in a hollow, or depression of the ground, and the flood, Alfy could see distinctly, came from some way behind the house, and flowed round and past it; but whence it came, or whither it went, he could not discover.

"It can't come from the river," he said thoughtfully, "for that is in a different direction. I cannot imagine what causes it."

Sundry things he noticed were floating on its surface.

Here was a quantity of hay, sailing slowly and solidly along in a fairly compact mass; further on a little yellow straw flashed in the sunshine; not far off again pieces of wood floated; and then, curiously enough, a little tin hand-bowl bobbing about quite pertly, as it was borne along. That tin bowl gave him an idea.

"I know!" he cried, "I will ask Mansy and Edie to send off the old tin bath to me from the house."

Thereupon he shouted loudly to attract their attention.

At first they did not answer, and he could hear various sounds, indicating that Mansy was endeavouring to repair some of the mischief done by the flood. "They are busy," he said, and again he cried, louder this time than before.

His shouts attracted Edie's attention, and she hastened to the window, where her exclamation of surprise soon brought the others. "Bless the boy!" exclaimed Mansy, "however did he get there? Where's the tub?"

"Can you send me the old bath?" he cried.

The girls disappeared hastily from the window, and Mansy cried again, "You are never going to get into that bath, Master Alfy, sure*ly!*"

"Oh! I can manage it," he replied briskly, "if you can send it down to the tree. Tell them to put a pole or something in it, dear Mansy, for me to paddle it with."

"You must be quick, Alfy, and get us some provisions," urged Mansy, "or I don't know what we shall do. We shall get starved!"

Alfy laughed in the gaiety of his heart. He was a merry, cheerful, plucky little lad, who could not talk religion, but strove to act it. Nelson's grand words, "England expects every man to do his duty," was his motto, unexpressed though it was.

"Never fear, Mansy," he cried, "I'll be back in good time. You shall have plenty to cook and eat to-day!"

Then Mansy disappeared from the window, and Alfy soon heard sounds, as though the bath were being brought along. It was a somewhat high-backed sitz bath, which had seen some service in the family.

Splash!

Over it went from the window, and of course it fell bottom-upwards!

"Ah-h-h!" he cried, "what a mull! Now I shall have to wait here a long time till it is righted. Take care, please; don't let it float away!" he shouted.

He soon saw that quick-witted Edie had hastened below to the table, which had remained as it was placed last evening, and stretching out of the window with a broom, which was the handiest and most efficient thing she could readily find, was holding the bath to the house.

In answer to Alfy's cries, Mansy went down to help Edie, and then the others following, they all endeavoured to turn the bath top upwards. This task they at length accomplished, with the help of one or two more brooms; and having fastened string round it to prevent its escape, it was launched with a vigorous push in Alfy's direction. It floated pretty buoyantly on the water, though its high back seemed to make it a little top-heavy.

Well was it that the strange craft had been tethered, or it might have floated provokingly just out of Alfy's reach; but, with a little pulling and guidance by means of the string, it was coaxed near enough to Alfy, so that he could throw in his tin with the cord attached, and persuade it to float right under the tree.

In a very short time he had cautiously descended and dropped into his novel boat. Yes, it floated still, though his weight caused it, of course, to sink deeper in the water. Perhaps, however, it was less liable to overturn, for its load ballasted it and rendered it less top-heavy.

With a loud "Hurrah!" he pushed off smartly from the tree, and giving one wave of the hand to those watching him from the house, turned his attention to navigating his strange craft to the shore.

Now for a paddle Edie had put in a long broom-handle, and grasping this in the middle, he plied it alternately one side and then the other.

Strange use for a broom-handle; but the occupants of the Island House never expected to be caught by a flood like this, so they had to do the best they could. "Hullo! I must look out for that mass of hay!" said Alfy. "That I shall call an iceberg; or, no, a whale I think. Out of the way, whale!" he cried, pushing it off briskly with his indispensable broom-handle.

Hard though he worked, he made but slow progress, his craft was so unwieldy and difficult to manage. "I wonder where the tub is!" he cried. "Why, actually there, stranded against the hedge! The tub was better than the bath. I've a good mind to go after that tub and bring both to land."

And this the plucky little fellow accomplished. He was becoming quite expert in the use of the paddles, and, of course, as soon as he came to the hedge-top, he was able to propel the bath along more quickly. He fastened the tub and bath together, and then transferring himself to the former, set to work to bring both to the bank. He found it a difficult task, but he persevered, and in a short time was successful. At last he leaped on dry land. With a triumphant shout, he attracted the attention of Mansy and his sisters to his success, and then, after firmly mooring his fleet—as he called the tub and the bath—he set off quickly for the village.

Now his way led him soon beside a tall hedge. And, as he was hastening along, he became aware of voices on the other side. At first he paid little attention, but then a word or two about the flood struck his ear. "If I could see them," he said, "I would ask how it was caused." But—what was this voice saying?

"If I told what I know about your neglecting your duty, you would catch it hot, I can tell you."

"But you won't tell, I'm sure," replied the other.

"I don't know so much about that."

"I didn't mean to," whined the other.

"Didn't mean to! Of course you didn't. Still you did it. And this here ter'ble flood is the result. You was in drink, you know you was; and you was careless, and didn't do your dooty. You ought to have watched, and given the alarm, and the banks might have been mended, and the flood saved."

Alfy heard every word distinctly. There was an opening in the hedge a little further on, and the voices seemed to be going towards it, even as he was himself.

"Who'd have thought," said the second man apologetically, "that that stout wall would have burst."

"You may be thankful it didn't burst the other side," answered the first man, "and the water flooded Tarn'ick. It's bad enough as it is, coming to the village; but it would have been very much worse then."

So this was the cause of the flood. The reservoir which supplied the populous town of Tarnwick with water had burst, and its contents had poured down towards the village. And had the village suffered at all? Alfy was anxious to know. And how had the man neglected his duty, and caused the flood?

The lad was now near the opening in the hedge, and he suddenly, but distinctly, saw the two men whom he had heard talking. He did not recognise either of them; but, at sight of him, they started in surprise, and stopped at once, and looked at him strangely, as though to ask what he had heard.

Alfy walked straight on, past the opening in the hedge, as though the men were not there, and on through the pleasant field. But the faces of those men were impressed on his mind, and he felt he should know them again.

Certainly their conversation had given him something to think of; but the chief thing now that he had to do was to purchase provision, and have it conveyed to the house. Should he find much damage done at the village?

That question was soon answered, for, on arriving there, he found that the flood had passed it almost entirely by. Most of the houses were on fairly high ground, and the river being near, much of the water had flowed thither. Yet some of the cottages in the lower part had suffered, and Alfy heard much of them, and of a farmhouse and its buildings, which had also been flooded. He heard, too, of the difficulties which had been experienced in saving some of the animals.

He knew that farmhouse well. He and his sisters had played there with the children who lived under its pleasant

"THIS THE PLUCKY LITTLE FELLOW ACCOMPLISHED."

roof. The flood had come so suddenly, and the house wherein Alfy lived was in such a retired spot, that no one seemed to have thought of it and its inmates. He therefore found himself listened to with eagerness and some surprise when he told of their condition.

"And how am I to send you these goods then?" asked Mr. Daw, the tradesman of whom Alfy had been ordering a supply of grocery. "I could send them by cart, but I have not a boat."

"Do you know where I could borrow one?" asked Alfy anxiously.

Well, Mr. Daw was not sure. There were a few boats on the river, but how was one to be brought from thence to the flood near the house?

Nevertheless, he thought of a few persons to whom Alfy could apply, and the boy left him, after arranging that he would return later to point out the spot where the goods were to be taken.

Alfy bought a few more goods, a joint of meat for one thing, at some other shops, directing them to be taken to Mr. Daw, who had promised to send all. The boy had then a troublesome task; it was to find a boat or some means of conveying the provisions to the Island House. He had not time to talk much to any of the acquaintances and friends he met, though they were greatly interested in the condition of affairs at his home, and various were the directions he received as to the best means of getting a boat.

The river was a small one. It was stony in parts, so that there was not much boating. Still there were one or two kept at points along its course, and Alfy found himself, at length, asking a jolly-looking old gentleman, to whom he had been directed, but whom he did not know at all, if he would lend his boat, and telling him why it was wanted.

"Eh! what! house all surrounded by water? Quite an island, eh? That's what we used to learn at school—Island House, eh?"

"Yes, that is what we call it," laughed Alfy, somewhat reassured by the jolly old gentleman's cheerfulness and geniality.

"Of course I'll lend the boat," said the old gentleman. "That's what we've got to do, help one another—and mind you think of that, my boy; but the question is, how can you get it up to the house?"

"I heard that the flood was running into the river," replied Alfy, "so I thought I could row up that way."

"What! you row up against the flood!" exclaimed the jolly old gentleman; "you can't do it."

"I can try," said Alfy.

"Well, I might try and help you, but I am not much of a rower, and my son—it is he, really, who uses the boat—he is away from home. I question if I could pull my own weight. Most mysterious thing this flood. Where does it come from? How did it happen?"

So Alfy told what he had heard beside the hedge.

"Eh! what! eh! this is getting serious! One of the banks of Tarnwick reservoir burst! One man saying it is because of another's carelessness! This must be seen to. What sort of men were they? Should you know them again?"

And the jolly old gentleman, who was now looking very serious, drew from Alfy all he knew about the men he had heard talking by the hedge.

"I must see to this quickly," said the old gentleman. "Send a policeman after them. Take the boat, my lad, and keep her as long as she is of any use to you. Good-bye, and good luck." And away he went.

Knowing that speed was very necessary, Alfy decided to try and row up the boat at once. At first, he thought he would seek help from some friends in the village. Then he determined not to do so. The village was some little distance from the jolly old gentleman's house, and some time, he thought, would be wasted in going to and fro. So he jumped in the boat, and cast off.

This was a case, however, of "more haste, less speed." If he had obtained assistance he would have made much better progress. The stream was against him, and he found it hard work pulling against it. But nothing seemed to daunt this boy's pluck.

"Put your back into it," he remembered an old boatman said, when last summer's holiday he and his sisters were rowing on a tidal river at a seaside resort, and now indeed he strove hard to put his back into his rowing.

He was certainly making progress. To escape the force of the current as far as possible he was creeping along by the shore. He was thinking whether he would row as near as he could to the village, and then jump out and tell Mr. Daw he had secured a boat, or whether he should row on to where he had left the tub and bath.

"I want to have as little distance to row the laden boat as I can," he said; "and I cannot take any one to the house unless they will stay there, as we shall want the boat. What fun we will have to-morrow rowing about, and going for milk and things! I will point out the spot to Mr. Daw's man where they can be brought."

He was just considering which course he should pursue when suddenly his boat was stopped, and he heard some words which almost sent his heart jumping to his mouth.

"I say, youngster, what was it you heard me and my mate say this morning?"

(To be continued.)

PRAYER.—"Very often we know not what to ask; and yet it is right to ask. It is right to pray for forgiveness; it is right to pray for grace; it is right to pray for glory. Pray for these things as you can—ignorantly if ignorantly, anyhow if only somehow. It is a good thing to be on your knees before Christ for any purpose, with any hope, with any prayer. If you only come to Him, He will do the rest; yes, and the very coming to Him is of Him."—DEAN VAUGHAN.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "The Great Problem," etc.

WHERE in the Bible do we find one or more "serpents" of one kind or another described to us?—

109. As misleading the innocent.
110. As a deadly enemy both to horse and man.
111. As punishing murmurers.
112. As afterwards made the occasion of idolatry.
113. As so dealt with as to illustrate the faithfulness of God to His promises.
114. As defying enchantment.
115. As to be slain by-and-by with the sword.
116. As one of the last things to be offered to the hungry.
117. As shut up in prison.
118. As a type of hypocrisy.
119. As a pattern in one respect to disciples.
120. As in one respect like the Saviour Himself.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

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

29. My whole was absent from the whole of last month. Seven letters name it.

Its 2143 is a water bird.
Its 316 is housed in its 5413.
Its 7156 is a dress and its 5147 a rough fellow.

30. Says a bulb, "My head is the same as my tail, and my tail is the same as my head, and between them both I stands.

31. Two temperance leaders:

A. My first is a measure of length;
Next I and a lad make our bar;
My whole is a tower of strength
To the Temperance cause, you'll allow.

B. My first a profession will name;
My next is myself and is mine;
My whole is an M. P. of fame,
A speaker both witty and wise.

32. The priest is found in my first, the soldier is found in my second, the lion is found in my third. My whole is annually found in office.

GARDENING WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT out cabbage. Take up carrots and parsnips, taking care not to crush or bruise them. Dig up potatoes. Earth up celery. Thin out winter spinach.

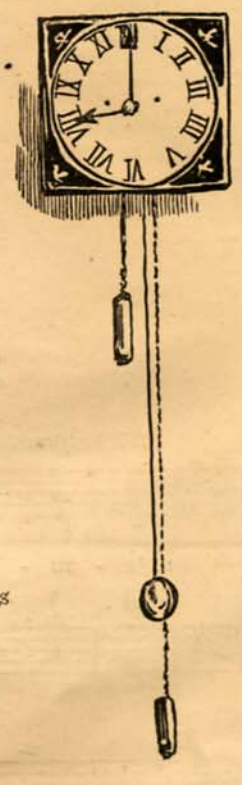
Fruit Garden.

Gather late apples and pears. Prune gooseberries, red and white currants. Thin out black currants. All of these may be transplanted, or new trees planted.

Flower Garden.

Prune garden roses. Transplant sweetwilliams, campanulas, etc. Divide polyanthus, primroses, auriculas, daisies, etc.

"A Good Little Girl."



I.

"I'm going to bed, for I'm very tired,
I've worked very hard all day;
I've learnt my lessons, I've done my sums,
An' my sewing I've put away.

II.

"I've weeded my garden, I've watered my flowers
My dear little Dick I've fed,
I've kissed my dollies, an' tucked 'em in,
Now I'll go to my own little bed.

III.

"The day has been long—oh yes, very long!
An' the clock on the stairs strikes eight.
I've kissed Mamma, an' I've said my prayers
I must go now, it's getting late!

IV.

"I've tried to remember all Mamma has said,
I have tried to do all that's right;
But it's very hard, an' I'm very small,
An' I'm tired, so I'll say 'Good-night.'"

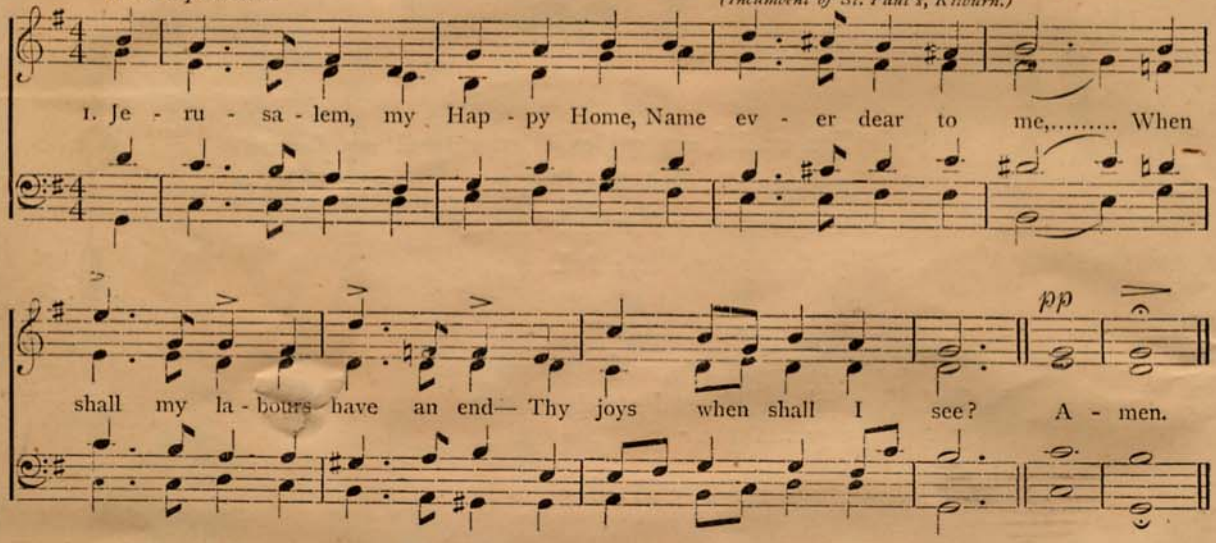
EVELYN STUART HARDY.

CARNARVON CASTLE.

Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

With expression.

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D., L.T.C.Lond.
(Incumbent of St. Paul's, Kilburn.)



2. When shall these eyes thy Heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3. Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
Around my Saviour stand:
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.

4. Jerusalem, my Happy Home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?

5. O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright Home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy Saints above!

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"A Good Man's Blessing."

IT seems to me, I won't say as yesterday, but hardly further back than last week, that the beloved and now long-sainted Charles Bridges came to my dear father's vicarage to give me his blessing, now thirty years ago, before I went to China. I remember the scene as though it were last week. Very simple it was. He came into my dear father's study, gave me his blessing, and said to me, "Well, Arthur, you are going to China, with its hundreds of millions of souls. Remember, one soul is worth more than all the wealth of the world." I knew what he meant; I have remembered it ever since. I bless God, that through His great mercy He has permitted me to see the realisation of what he meant,—if you live a whole lifetime there in China, and are but the means of saving one soul, that one soul is worth a lifetime of toil.—ARCHDEACON MOULE.

"The Force of Example."

As I was passing into one of the Zenanas the other day a young Bow gave me a paper and asked me if I would read it and see if it were a proper prayer to address to "The great and merciful God." A few weeks before she asked if I would send her a book to teach her how to pray. After a little while she asked, "Am I really only to tell and ask Jesus about everything, and will God our Heavenly Father give us these things if we ask in Jesus' Name?" I gave her the Bible verses on prayer, and made her find them out. This Bow only came to Lucknow a year ago, and then knew nothing of the Name of Jesus. She has been since led to the Saviour.—MISS MATTHEWS, A ZENANA MISSIONARY.

WOODHOUSE

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

Kalendar for October.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

OCT.		
4	S	**Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
11	S	**Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
15	TH	**Harvest Festival.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m Matins, Evensong and Sermon by Rev. Mainwaring White, Vicar of Eastoft, Yorkshire, 7.30 p.m.
18	S	**Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity. S. Luke the Evangelist.** Holy Communion, 8 a m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon by Rev. Vaughan Evans, Senior Curate of All Saints, Loughborough, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
25	S	**Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address on Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m.
28	W	**S.S. Simon and Jude, Apostles and Martyrs.** Holy Communion. 8 a.m Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.
31	SA	**Eve of All Saints.** Evensong, 7.30 p.m.
NOV.		
1	S	**All Saints' Day. Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address, 6.30 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

The Missionary Litany will be said on Wednesday, October 14th, after Evensong.

We hope to have an Evening Service, at 6.30, regularly on the last Sunday of every month, especially for Communicants, and for those who wish to become Communicants.

BAND OF HOPE.—The first Meeting of the season will be held on Monday, October 12th, at 6 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MEETING.—On Tuesday, October 27th, at 7.30 p.m.

CONCERT.—We hope to have a Concert during the month of October. The Woodhouse Brass Band have kindly promised to give their services. It will probably take place about the middle of the month, but further particulars will be duly announced.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.—These have already commenced and will continue to be held every Tuesday Afternoon in the Hall at 2.30 p.m.

The first G. F. S. Candidates' Working Class will be held in the Hall, on Saturday, October 10th, at three o'clock, and will be continued fortnightly until further notice. The age of Candidates is from nine to fifteen, and Mrs. Hiley hopes that all girls between these ages will join her Class, that good work may be done for the poorer sisters of the G. F. S.

The Dedication Festival of our Parish Church was observed as usual on the Wake Sunday. The Church was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers. The services commenced with Choral Evensong on the Eve. On the Sunday there were celebrations of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and at Noon, the latter being choral. There were considerably more Communicants than there were last year. The Sermon in the Afternoon was preached by the Rev. R. C. Faithfull, Vicar of Quorn. The musical portion of the services was carefully rendered by the Choir, especially Woodward's Communion Service in E Flat. Our thanks are due to the Organist, Mr. Callis, and also to the Choir for their efforts to render the services worthy of the Worship of Almighty God.

There was a plain service in the Evening, consisting of the Litany and a short Sermon.

On Monday, S. Matthew's Day, there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion, Matins at 11 a.m., and a service in the Evening, at which the Sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Dodd, Curate of Almondbury, Huddersfield.

Marriage.

On Sept. 21st, S. Matthew's Day.—Herbert Richardson, of Bexhill, Sussex, and Sarah Anne Cooke, Woodhouse.

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