



• November, 1891.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



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S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalendar for November.

Nov.

- 1 S **Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity (All Saints)**
Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m. Offertory for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
- 8 S **Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon by Rev. C. K. Gimson, at 11 a.m. Evensong, and Sermon by Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, at 6.30 p.m.
- 15 S **Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m. Collection for Church expenses.
- 22 S **Twenty-Sixth 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.
- 29 S **Advent Sunday.** Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
- 30 M **S. Andrew (A. & M.)** Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

On November 4th (Wednesday), a Lecture will be given in the Village Hall, by the Rev. T. C. V. Bastow, on Africa, Illustrated by Limelight Pictures, commencing at 7.45 p.m. Admission 2d., 6d., and 1s.

At the Advent Ordination, Mr. C. Waters, B.A., L.L.B., will be ordained deacon by the Bishop of Peterborough, and licensed as Assistant Curate to Quorn Parish.

Spms.

	MATINS.	EVENSING.
1st {	233 427	428 362 437
8th {	180 303 269	179 291 229
15th {	201 168 261	281 266 280
22nd {	200 215 255	270 257 254
29th {	53 217 47	51 288 52

COLLECTIONS.—Oct. 4th.—For Bible Society

11 o'clock	...	£5 5s. 10d.
2.30 "	...	5s. 2½d.
6.30 "	...	14s. 11½d.
		£6 6s. 0d.

For Loughborough Dispensary and Leicester Infirmary.—

Oct. 9th	...	£4 10s. 8½d.
" 11th—8 o'clock	...	11s. 10d.
11 "	...	£5 6s. 0½d.
6.30 "	...	£2 4s. 6d.
		£12 13s. 1d.

Church Expenses.—Sept. 20th.

11 o'clock	...	£1 4s. 0d.
6.30 "	...	9s. 1d.
		£1 13s. 1d.

Baptisms.

- Oct. 4—Mabel Whitby
4—Florence Maud Heighton.
4—Alfred Sharpe.
6—Edward Shield Swinfield.
15—Kathleen Dorothy Smith.
16—Alfred John Stretton Thompson.

Burials.

- Oct. 10—Oliver Cecil Heighton, aged 14 months.
19—Florence Maud Bagley, aged 13 years.

NOTICES.

The last payment into the Clothing Club will be on the 25th of November.

The list of tradespeople from whom clothing may be obtained will be printed in the next month's magazine.

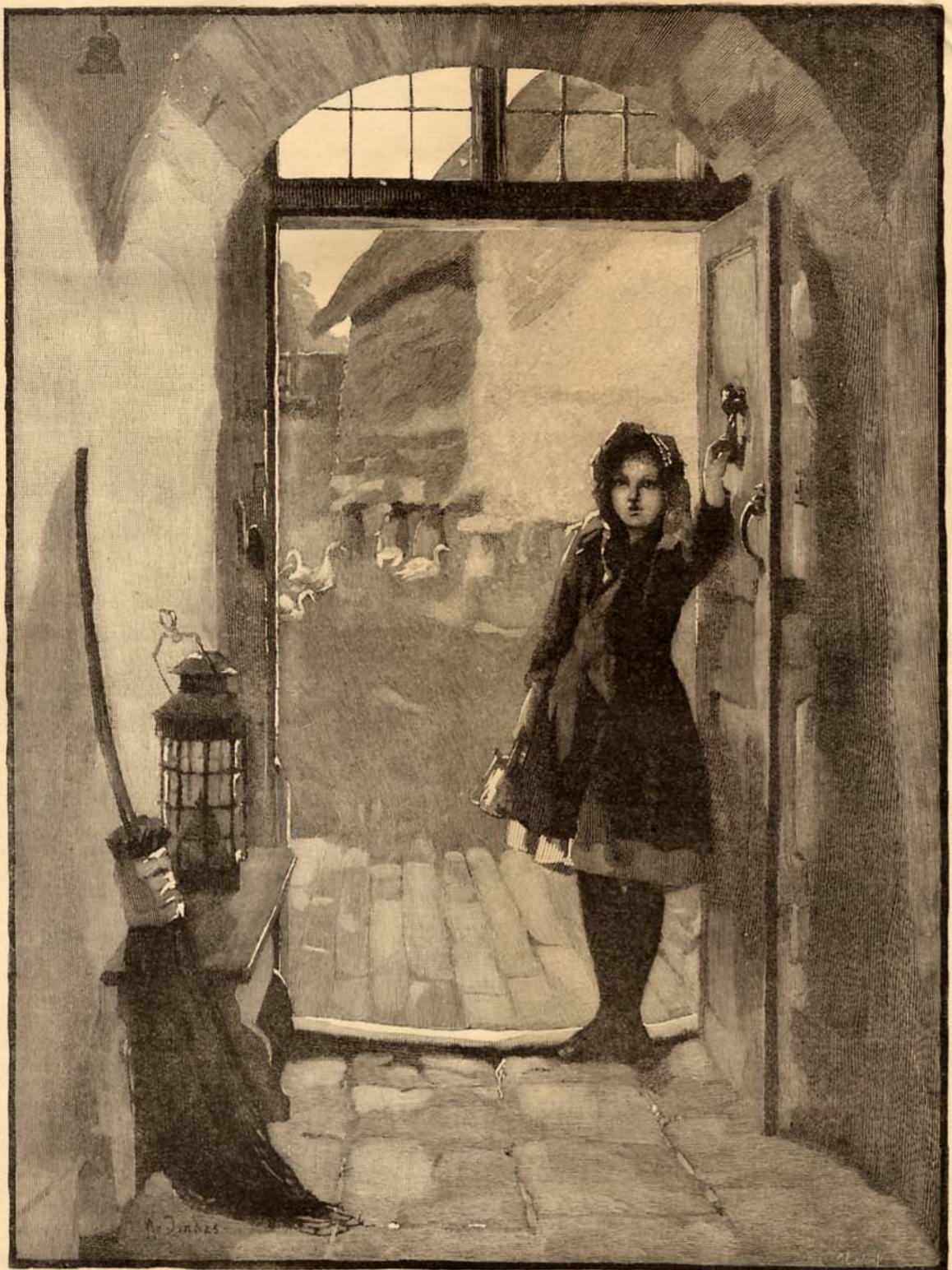
The School Balance Sheet must stand over until December.

The Bank at the School on Monday morning—at the same hour as the Clothing Club money is paid in,—is open to those who have no children in the school as well as to the children.

The Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held on Friday Evening, Oct. 9th, and also on the following Sunday, when the Church was tastefully decorated with grain, fruit, and flowers for the occasion by several Ladies in the congregation, to whom our thanks are due for the artistic way in which the work was done. The sermon on Friday evening was preached by the Rev. C. J. Gimson (Barrow-on-Soar, and the other Clergy present were:—Rev. J. Bird (Walton), Rev. A. Shears (Sileby), Rev. W. J. Lewis (Mountsorrel). The services on Sunday were attended by large congregations. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Vicar, and in the evening by the Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, of Woodhouse.

The collections on the two days amounted to £12 13s. 1d., which sum was divided between the Loughborough Dispensary and the Leicester Infirmary. The vegetables and fruit were sent to the former Institution.

The Mothers' Meetings will be held in the Village Hall, at a quarter-past two o'clock, on Monday afternoon, till further notice



Drawn by W. DUNDAS.

"LITTLE MARY" (*see page 263*).

[*Engraved by G. LYDON.*



THE PROSPECT IN THE EAST END.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

WHAT is the outlook? The question is often asked: "Is the Church making way, and is she gaining ground?" To this I unhesitatingly reply, "She is." I can compare the state of things at this time with what they were fifteen years ago. The comparison is very encouraging.

1. We have better organisation. There is more concerted action, and therefore much less waste in the expenditure of money and of strength.

2. Experience has taught us how best we may use the machinery of the Church as we found it, and how we may improve our methods, and what new agencies the circumstances of the times require.

3. Through the agency of the East London Church Fund the number of "living agents" has been largely increased. We have more clergy, more deaconesses, more parochial mission women, parish nurses, and lay agents generally.

4. The aggressive work of the Church, by open-air preaching and services in public halls and in mission halls, has been vigorously and systematically prosecuted.

5. Preventive and rescue work has been very carefully organised, and the system perfected which seeks the salvation of the lost and fallen of both sexes, and of all ages.

6. The Oxford Mission, and College and School Missions, have been most diligently and successfully worked, and give promise of even better results in the future than in the past.

7. The wealthy and the cultured are consecrating their talents to the service of God and man, and lending a helping hand to those whose lot is cast among the masses in the East End; which is highly appreciated, and most beneficial to all concerned.

8. Those who reside not only in the West End, but in the provinces, are more alive than aforesaid to their responsibility touching the multitude gathered from all parts in the East End of the Metropolis of the United Kingdom.

9. Intercessory prayer is made both more definitely and more systematically, and more generally, and

there is, as might have been expected, among ourselves the spirit of a better courage, of a higher aim, and more entire devotion to the cause of our Lord and Master—more faith, more patience, more love.

Have the masses been reached? I say they have. And I further say, in no spirit of exultation over others, that they are reached everywhere through the agency of the Church, and that in many a desolate region she is the only minister of salvation and of hope that reaches the masses at all. No one can visit us and inquire with an impartial mind, and not recognise that God is with us indeed, and of a truth, and that He is confirming the Word with signs following. The Church is living in the hearts of thousands because of the Grace of God that bringeth salvation which they have received through her, and because of the sympathy she has practically shown for the poor in all their trials and misfortunes—because of her resolute endeavour—through evil report and good report—to better the conditions under which their lives are spent, and to give them cause to thank God for creation, preservation, and blessings in this life, as well as to inspire a hope for better things in the life that is to come.

I should like to add a very few words of caution.

Such work as ours is not to be gauged by statistics and by numbers, though we fearlessly invite investigation, and are ready to have our work and—not ours, but God's—results scrutinised and examined. It must be remembered, too, that our population increases not only naturally, but because of a constant immigration from all parts of the kingdom, and, indeed, from all parts of the world. It must not be forgotten that this influx of people constitutes one of our greatest difficulties, and that the housing of this multitude still leaves very much to be desired in the way of improvement, and that the natural tendency among a people so circumstanced is towards moral and physical deterioration. There is, I doubt not, a brighter future before us, and we are working for it; but we and our friends must possess our souls in patience, and not be weary

in well-doing because hope is deferred and we have to wait for the consummation of God's purposes. He has given, and He is giving, abundant assurances that His purposes are full of goodness towards all men, and certainly towards the creatures of His hands down in the East End. He has not forgotten us. Let us take heed to ourselves lest we forget Him and who He is, and how it is for us to work and wait for the fulfilment of His purposes, which must be after His own will and be manifested in His own good time.

I am especially anxious to ask that help may not be withheld because so much has been given. We have still much more to do than to hold our own. There is yet much land to be possessed. We need, indeed, enlarged help. We acknowledge that ours is not the only urgent call that reaches the ear, and should arouse to still further endeavour, and to more self-sacrifice, the people of our God. It becomes us, however, to make the wants of the Church known as they exist in the East End, and to plead with God, and with men before God, for the help we need, that His work may be done. We are poor—very poor—and yet we are alive to the duty and privilege of helping in the work of God among ourselves. The liberality of our poor is a plea we urge with the rich, because it is a token that their gifts are well expended, and that they will receive their own again with usury.

May I add one more word? I am always most grateful to those who will consult me as to the appropriation of their gifts, that the bounty of the Church may be wisely distributed. I am always ready to give information and to afford an opportunity for our friends to see and judge for themselves. I think this is a part of the Bishop's office. By personal sympathy my hands are strengthened, and I am ready to take all pains that I may be able to succour those who are in greatest need of help; and I may say, I hope without offence, that no one knows better than I do, or certainly no one has better opportunities of knowing, where help is most needed and may be best applied.

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.

"We may be assured that, as God from the beginning blessed and sanctified the Sabbath Day, so He has, to those obeying His command, made it full of sanctifying power and blessing; and millions of happy Christians have found, by their joyful experience in keeping holy the Sabbath, that 'they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.' They have had every spiritual grace quickened and refreshed, and can say with the Psalmist, 'He restoreth my soul.'"—EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

"The keeping one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment, as well as for public worship, is of admirable service to a State, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanises, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes, which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity and savage selfishness of spirit. It enables the industrious workman to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to God, so necessary to make them good citizens."—BLACKSTONE.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

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

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

FIND Scriptural passages descriptive of the following:—

121. A journey which brought a man as a prisoner to where he wanted to go, and where he found himself at liberty to do what he desired the most.
122. A journey or flight in which two royal personages fled on only two feet.
123. A much later and longer journey or flight similar to this in some respects, but in others transcending it far.
124. A sad visit to a woman on the part of a king in despair.
125. A sad visit on the part of a woman to learn the secrets of the future.
126. A visit to a woman by a pious king's servants in order to learn truth.
127. A visit of a woman to a king's court in order to get wisdom.
128. A journey in which a rider's life was saved by means of his beast.
129. A journey in which a beast was spared and its rider killed.
130. A journey in which a beast escaped and left its rider to be killed.
131. An enterprise carried out by eleven men in the dark, for which one of their number was called to account in the light.
132. A journey of eleven men to meet One who had died.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

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

CONUNDRUM.

33. Why should a teetotaler not marry a wife?

ENIGMA.

34. I'm high or low, as the case may be;
Behead me, I come from a foreign countree.
Behead me again, and I promptly prove
A surface on which you can gracefully move.
Behead me again, I'm an engineer;
Once more, see a postal district appear.

HIDDEN KINGS.

35. When rye is cut grass summer is near.
The patient said, "How ill I am, doctor."
The Romans preferred war doubtless to peace.
As he rode to town he fell off.
Never doubt the courage or gentleness of a woman.
By hedge and ditch I ramble free.
I like all sorts of jam, especially marmalade.

CURTAILMENTS.

36. Curtail retiring and leave fashions.
Curtail judgment and leave suffering.
Curtail intended and leave despicable.
Curtail a position and leave a joint.
Curtail desire and leave pale.
Curtail a mob and leave a bird.

BEHEADINGS.

37. Behead what you take and leave what they cure,
Behead a conveyance and leave skill.
Behead a scintillation and leave a shell-fish.
Behead passion and leave a long time.
Behead a ladle and leave a cage.

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 IX.

MRS. REEVE'S SECRET.



TOO late! As Mr. Truman and his companion entered the great kitchen at Ashfield they were met by Mrs. Winter. The woman shook her head despondently as she pointed towards the one end of the room which was partitioned off by a rough wooden screen.

"You've come too late. She is speechless now,

poor soul, and doesn't take no notice."

"How is that?" grumbled Winter. "I'm sure I lost no time in going for parson, likewise he lost none in coming. I'm bound to say that for him."

Ignoring her husband, the woman addressed herself to the clergyman.

"She had been calling for you, sir, all the afternoon, but I had no one to send till Winter should come in. Then, as luck would have it, he was kept late with the cows—at least he blames it on the poor beasts. When he did come I packed him off sharp enough, but he wasn't five minutes out of the place when the old lady took another turn. I done all as I knowed how, but the Almighty is the only one as can do for her now. The poor lad is by her."

Not waiting to hear more, the clergyman made his way to the other side of the screen. There, in a huge old-fashioned four-poster, lay Mrs. Reeve, while, squatting beside her on the bed, Jasper smoothed back the dying woman's hair with one hand, and with the other held her wandering fingers.

When Mr. Truman spoke the eyes opened, but there was in them no sign of intelligence or recognition, nor was there any relevance in the muttered words with which she responded to his friendly greeting.

"Two bonnie boys that none need be ashamed of, madam. Won't you come and see them for yourself? What! their mother wasn't good enough. Well, she was as good as their father, anyhow. And they were lawful born, I tell you. Yes, I'll say it to your face, though you call yourself a lady——"

"Mother, are you thinking about what Albert and me was when we were little?" said Jasper soothingly.

The old woman turned towards the speaker and slowly shook her head, as if to indicate that she could not follow what he had said. Then suddenly she commenced to clutch and beckon with her disengaged hand in a fashion that none of them could understand. At last, when the clergyman began to read, she grew quiet; and when he knelt beside the bed to pray, her eyes were fixed on him, though it was scarcely probable that she knew what was going on.

Yet who can tell what the consciousness of the dying really is? Is the external world to them but as a dreamland, in which they see without perceiving and hear without understanding; or is it the flesh only that is fading while the faculties of the mind are becoming more intense and vivid, as the moment approaches for final deliverance from the earthly tabernacle. As we offer the last commendatory prayer by the side of what shall soon be lifeless clay, who can tell what last messages of hope may yet reach the pent-up spirit through the old familiar channels of sense ere they be closed for ever? "Thou knowest not the way of the Spirit."

"I was singing a few hymns to her a while ago, and she seemed to like it," said Jasper softly, as if in response to the dubious, anxious look with which Mr. Truman was regarding the dying woman.

"Bless the poor lad, it made me feel queer to listen to him," exclaimed Mrs. Winter, coming forward and mopping her eyes.

"Ay, he's a proper singer; I couldn't wish a better if I were dying myself," was the man's comment.

"Let us hope you were enabled to bring her some comfort and peace. I daresay you have often read or sung to her," said Mr. Truman gently, for he did not fail to notice the pained expression with which the boy heard those rough eulogiums on his musical abilities.

"Oh yes, sir," replied Jasper. "Latterly she has liked it very much, though at one time she wouldn't let me sing. The mother was a good woman, sir, though—though she had her own ways, and didn't go to our church, you know."

"I can quite believe it, my boy. I trust she is going home to God. Ah!"

It was the abrupt cessation of the slow heavy breathing to which they had all been intently, though perhaps unconsciously, listening, that called forth the exclamation.

"She is going! Hadn't you better come down off that bed, poor lamb?" said Mrs. Winter, bustling up to the bedside.

"Oh no, no! I must hold the mother's hand till she weighs anchor for her long voyage," cried the boy. Then he added more composedly, for the breathing had begun again, and was going steadily forward, "Do you know, sir, I've been wondering lately whether Albert isn't waiting to take the voyage along with her. Somehow, I feel as if his ship had stopped, and was lying to, as he'd say. I can't get on with my

log at all. Wouldn't it be strange if I was the one left behind after all? I'd feel like a chap on a desert island when he sees his shipmates sail away and forget all about him."

Mr. Truman looked at the boy tenderly. "Now, Jasper, my lad," he remonstrated, "you musn't let these strange fancies of yours run away with you. God grant your brother may be spared to you for many a year; and come the worst, this world wouldn't be a desert island—there are so many that love you!"

"Ah, yes, there is Miss Bessie," said the boy reverently; "but it will seem a strange world to me without the mother in it."

He stopped, for again there was a pause in the breathing, a long pause, so that they thought the end had come. It seemed as though minutes had slipped by, weighted with that solemn silence; and yet still some instinct told them that death was not yet actually present. Then the breathing recommenced—only to pause once more. And now they waited, thinking that this too was but a pause, that another moment, or another, must terminate. But no; the silence was unbroken while Death stepped on his throne. Then it seemed as though all the crickets beneath the great old-fashioned hot hearth had conspired to chirp together, and the Dutch clock, high up on the wall, seemed to tick with a new energy, as though announcing another triumph won by time.

Jasper let go of the dead woman's hand quietly, as though parting resignedly with something that was no longer his. Then he closed his eyes, and lay back on the bed, as though he, too, was fain to sleep. So he lay till the man, Winter, stepped forward, lifted him without a word, and placed him on the sheltered settle seat before the fire. There they made him a bed, and there he soon dropped into a placid sleep. At first—so fearless was the boy's disposition—he had proposed to make his solitary way back to his little bed in the office. But they easily over-persuaded him; so he slept in the place before the fire where the old woman had been wont to doze so many hours away—the spot where Albert had last seen her, and from which she had nodded her last farewell to him.

As soon as Jasper was asleep Mr. Truman rose to go. Mrs. Winter, who had been hovering about the bed of death, followed him to the door.

"I've something to give you, sir, that I don't think *she* wished the poor lad to know about." So saying, and glancing round suspiciously, as though fearing that, after all, poor Jasper might be "sleeping with one eye open," she produced a packet of old letters and documents wrapped in a piece of dirty, well-worn newspaper. "She said I was just to hand it to you, sir, in case her mind was gone before you came to her, and that you were to exercise your desecration—yes, that was the word, I think—upon it. I suppose you know what the old body meant by that."

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Truman, "I think I understand; but did she leave no other message or explanation?"



"HE WAS CONSTRAINED TO FINISH."

"No, only that you was to do as you liked as soon as you had done that to them that you know of. She was most particular not to let the boy know anything, and she got him out of the room before she began telling me as well as she could—for her poor old voice was going—where I was to find the papers. A rare job, too, I had to come at them, because I couldn't right make out what she was saying. They were stowed away among a lot of old rubbishing things in a box that she always kept under her bed. They don't look as though they was worth much, but there is no knowing how it may turn out when you've treated them the way she said. Anyhow, I've done my duty, and that's enough for a poor woman like me."

"Yes you have, Mrs. Winter, I'll say that for you," assented the clergyman in as hearty a tone as he could work himself up to; for he was very tired, and eager to get away from the poor woman's voluble tongue. "I suppose there is nothing more I can do for you to-night?"

"No, sir, I don't know as there is. If you'll do as the old lady wished to the papers, I and my man will attend to what's wanted here. And I'll send him round first thing in the morning to Mrs. Day for orders."

"Then I'll say good-night if I can't be any further help to you now."

"Nothing now, thank you, sir; only, when the time comes, you might be able to put in a word for us not to be turned out of the old place."

"I'll do that with pleasure. Good-night."

"Good-night, and thank you, sir."

Then the clergyman plunged into the darkness, and Mrs. Winter, having watched him till he passed out of the streak of light that flowed from the kitchen door, returned into the gloomy house.

Mr. Truman hurried home, let himself in noiselessly with his latchkey, and then, late as it was, sat down to have a glance at the papers before going to bed.

But once having begun to read he was constrained to finish. The letters, most of them but indifferently written in the first instance, were now so faded, torn at the folds, and dirty, that it was a difficult matter to decipher them. Nor was it possible for a stranger to grasp all at once the meaning and significance of the words he had succeeded in making out. More than once the clergyman was on the point of bundling the papers into a drawer and going off to bed; but his curiosity having been excited he each time resolved to "have another try."

At last it all burst suddenly upon him; and when it did, Mr. Truman sprang to his feet and walked up and down his study, whistling to himself, and pausing every now and then to give utterance to an exclamation of surprise.

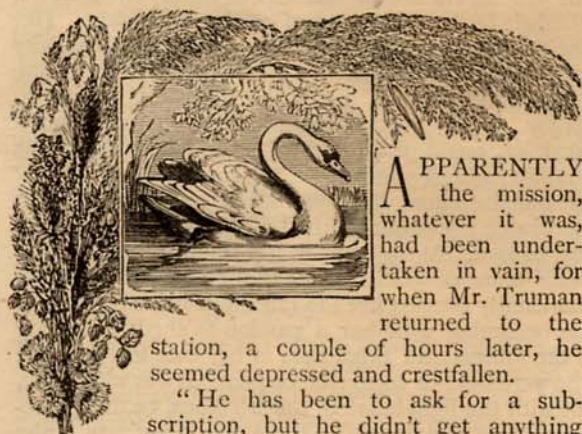
"There is nothing for it," he at last said out loud, as he addressed his own image in the mirror above the chimney-piece, "but to go and have it out with the old lady in person. There is no use annoying Mrs. Day about the matter; best go to headquarters direct, even if I get snubbed, as I very probably shall. Poor Mrs. Reeve, how I wish she had brought herself to tell what was on her mind sooner."

Then, having safely locked up the packet given him by Mrs. Winter, he went to bed.

Next morning, the first available train after breakfast conveyed Mr. Truman to the little wayside station near Chester, from which the old manor-house in which Mrs. Farnworth resided was most conveniently reached.

CHAPTER X.

NO NEWS YET.



APPARENTLY the mission, whatever it was, had been undertaken in vain, for when Mr. Truman returned to the station, a couple of hours later, he seemed depressed and crestfallen.

"He has been to ask for a subscription, but he didn't get anything there, I bet," said the station-master to the porter, with a wink.

"Ay, sir, and we might have saved him a tedious walk if only he had consulted us," responded the porter.

But it turned out that the good clergyman's mission had not been in vain, although at the station that

morning his despondent looks had called for comment and excited commiseration.

After the funeral the Winters were permanently established at the hall, and to the surprise of everybody Jasper went to live at the vicarage.

"It is possibly only a temporary arrangement," explained Mr. Truman, apologetically, to Mrs. Day. "I am very much interested in the boy, and you know that the 'dower of blessed children' has been withheld from my dear wife and myself. Mrs. Farnworth expressed herself anxious to do something for the lad, and it was my suggestion that he should come to the vicarage."

"But, after all, he is only a common boy," remonstrated Bessie's aunt feebly.

"Do you know, I regard him as a most uncommon boy," replied Mr. Truman. "His talent for music is really remarkable, and his imaginative faculty is phenomenal. He may do great things if only his health is restored, and his mind wholesomely developed."

"Ah well, I suppose it is all right since you say so," sighed Mrs. Day. "Things have changed since I was young; and I should have thought a phenomenal imaginative faculty a most dangerous possession for a poor working lad who had to make his own way in life."

And now a new and wholesomer life had commenced for Jasper Rentoul. Mr. Truman not only directed the lad's studies, but took a keen personal interest in his progress. The pair had been drawn together from the very day of their first meeting, and now the clergyman felt that a grave responsibility, and yet withal a most delightful task, had been laid upon him. Jasper needed watching. His bodily health was in a precarious, unsettled state, and the like might be said of his mental and moral condition. Owing to the extraordinary circumstances of his bringing up, the imaginative side of the boy's nature had been developed not only at the expense of the physical, but also perhaps of the moral. It would be going quite too far to say that Jasper Rentoul had ever been actually untruthful; but a morbid shrinking from rough contact with facts, acting on a physically timid constitution, does not tend to the production of a manly, straightforward type of character. Other and corrective influences are needed; and it was Jasper's good fortune that these were now supplied to him by daily contact with the strong common-sense, scrupulous integrity, and unaffected piety of his new guardian.

If Mrs. Day had her doubts about the suitability of the arrangement made for Jasper her niece had none whatever. To Bessie the plan was wholly delightful. The girl, being a great pet of Mrs. Truman's, had long been intimate at the vicarage. It was to her a second home, and the fact of Jasper being established there seemed to bring him at once into a brotherly relationship to herself. She had no longer any ambition to play the Lady Bountiful, though she could not but be pleased and touched by the deference,

almost amounting to reverence, with which the boy still regarded her. They now met almost daily, and became like brother and sister. Mrs. Day felt a little uncomfortable; but as Mrs. Farnworth—to whom the matter was duly reported—seemed pleased rather than otherwise, there was nothing for it but to acquiesce—even though it might be with a sigh.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Day," said the clergyman's wife to the anxious lady, "Bessie is a grown-up young woman now, and poor Jasper but a boy, and a backward one, too."

Quite true; but there was one result of the intimacy which had remained unthought of, and unforeseen by Mrs. Day or anybody else. The absent brother was never forgotten, and so in every conversation Albert had a place—whether at beginning, middle, or end, or right through from start to finish. Jasper never tired of his hero, and Bessie was certainly an admirable listener. Over and over again she heard each tale of youthful prowess and brotherly devotion. She blushed and laughed when, at last, in the fulness of his confidence, Jasper told the history of Bessie in the tree-top, and of the way in which she herself had come to be associated with the mythical object of Albert's boyish devotion.

"I thought he looked at me as if I had fallen from the clouds or somewhere," she said, as she recalled the occasion of her first meeting with the handsome youth in the blue coat.

But all the talk about the absent brother was not of a light and cheerful character. At times poor Jasper was much depressed. The conviction grew upon him that he would never see his brother again in this world; and as months passed without any news of the *Annabella*, it became ever harder for those around to speak words of hope and reassurance.

"That is where he lay—to till the mother joined him, and then they sailed away to the distant shore together, I'm sure of it, something tells me," said the boy to Bessie one day, as he displayed before her the chart on which he had traced the course—or supposed course—of the *Annabella*.

There, in the centre of the Bay of Biscay, the line that had been drawn in fanciful zig-zags from the mouth of the Mersey, stopped short. A red cross marked the spot, and underneath was written a date. It was the day on which the missing vessel had been last heard of, when she had given the signal "All well" to a homeward-bound steamer. Curiously enough it was the very day on which Mrs. Reeve had died.

"You must not think too much of a coincidence of that sort, or you will become quite superstitious, Jasper," remonstrated the girl. "You know Mr. Truman has been at the office, and they say they are not uneasy about the *Annabella*, at least not very. They have known vessels much longer without being spoken, and she was a good ship with good men on board. You and I believe that about *one* man at least, Jasper, don't we?" Bravely she tried to smile, but the tears were in her eyes as she spoke, and she could

scarce repress a shudder as she gazed on that ominous cross on the middle of the chart.

During the period of ever-deepening anxiety that followed the above recorded scrap of conversation, Jasper found a great solace in the church organ, on which he had learnt to play with a rapidity that fully justified Mr. Truman's opinion of his musical ability. It consoled him for the inevitable failure of his beautiful voice to be able to give expression to his feeling—to his fears and yearnings—in such varied, harmonious tones. Hour after hour—for they had at St. Simon's an hydraulic apparatus for supplying the necessary "breath of life" to the instrument—he would pour forth his soul, filling the building with sound, now of "mourning, lamentation, and woe," now of that hope deferred which maketh sick the heart, now of that sweet submission wherein the soul finds rest, and sometimes, but not often, of re-springing hope and swelling joy, the joy that cometh in the morning when the night of heaviness is past.

If, during this dark time, Bessie was a help to the anxious boy, she was certainly helped by him in turn. It was the child's lonely sorrow that had first touched the chords of pity in her young heart; and now the sympathetic helpfulness that had been nursed and fostered in dealing with this one of Christ's little ones had developed into a principle of action and a habit of life.

Mrs. Truman had been right in speaking of Bessie as a grown-up young woman. Suddenly she had sprung into womanhood, and as a woman, had assumed a position of authority and usefulness in the midst of a lot of people who never ceased to wonder at her, and to speak of the time—it seemed to them but as yesterday, they said—when she had been a self-willed tom-boy in short frocks and flowing hair. And the girl was beautiful with that sort of beauty the secret of which is in the possession of good women only. Her finely formed physical frame was instinct with activity and power. She "felt her life in every limb." She rejoiced in her youth and in the fulness of her youthful joy. Nothing came amiss to her. She was a good musician, could play tennis with the best of them, was a mimic, and, if you will, an actress. She was full of fun and laughter; she was radiant and happy. But the visible joy of her life had a hidden root, even the root of love. At night she would stand by her window while tears of gratitude to the Father who had so abundantly blessed her life ran down her cheeks. It was becoming with her a passion to shed something of the fulness and brightness of her own life on those who were sick, or sorrowful, or poor. It was with these, not with the light-hearted, the frivolous, or the purse-proud, that she loved to share her happiness. She said she could not help it, and deserved no credit for it; certainly she took none to herself. Without any effort, and scarce knowing how it came to pass, she soon found herself intimately associated with every good work in the parish. It never occurred to her that she was too fine a lady to touch the curly heads of little ragged urchins; she did not regard it as a "kind-

ness" on her part to visit the sick, nor as an act of condescension to teach the lambs of Christ the story of the Saviour's love.

And the result of this unboasting, unconscious goodness was plain enough to heedful eyes. Wonder, amusement, curiosity, jealousy—these emotions stirring in the hearts of the several young ladies in Bessie's circle, created a wholesome fermentation. And even though no definite action was taken by the majority, there was an appreciable elevation of the tone of the Church society around. The things of the Church and of religion were not unblushingly postponed to those of the world and of amusement. People who never hesitated to spend sovereigns upon themselves ceased to make moan about the "many calls" that had to be periodically met by a half-crown, or, it might be, twice that sum. Young folks ceased to be ashamed of being thought religious, and rather liked to be spoken of as "useful" and "active" in Church work.

So much was it possible for one simple, happy, Christ-stamped life to effect; and so far may we be allowed to digress in pointing to what thousands of others might do to-day.

Thus the months passed, but there was no news of the *Annabella*. Jasper's log-book was at a standstill, and the zig-zag line got no further than the fatal red cross. Time after time Mr. Truman had called at the owner's office, but the answer to his inquiries was always the same; nothing had been heard as yet, but they had not abandoned hope, and should any intelligence arrive they would not fail to advise him.

Meantime, the prolonged uncertainty was telling on Jasper's health and retarding his recovery. True, he could now walk quite well, and outwardly he seemed to have shaken off the effects of his accident, but he was still liable to attacks of pain and weakness, which brought him down to a pitiable condition of nervous exhaustion. For weeks together he was unable to make any serious intellectual effort, and was obliged

to confine his studies to light reading and poetry. At such times the organ was his best medicine, and if only he could secure Bessie for an audience he was quite happy. The doctors said a long sea voyage might have the effect of setting him up; but of course, such a thing was not to be thought of, while as yet the fate of the *Annabella* remained unascertained.

It happened one day that Bessie, having promised to hear Jasper play a certain piece on the organ, came

into the church. She was surprised to hear no sound, but surprise was converted into horror when she saw Jasper sitting on the organ bench, pale and rigid, his hands hanging by his sides, and his body swaying backwards and forwards as though about to fall. She sprang to his side, and had her arm round him in an instant.

"What is the matter, Jasper dear? Are you ill or in pain?"

The sound of her sweet voice seemed to restore him to consciousness. A shudder passed through his whole frame, as though he was just escaping from some dreadful spell.

"Oh, Bessie, I'm so glad you have come," he almost sobbed. "I've had such a horrible vision. I've seen her again; she was watching me from behind the pillar by the north transept, just there!" and he glanced nervously round for an instant, and then hid his pale face between his hands.

"You must have fallen asleep, Jasper, and woke up with a sudden fright. There is no one in the church but ourselves, and

you were alone when I came in."

"No, no, no, it was no dream," he cried. "I saw her quite plain, with her bonnet, her glasses, and her stick. I've never told you, Bess, because I hated to think or speak about it, but it was through her I got that awful fall. She was there beneath the tree, beckoning and making signs to me. Then it was I climbed up higher to get to where I fancied you were waiting to give me your hand. When I looked down the old lady was walking away towards the house ever so fast; then I seemed to miss your outstretched



"HE WOULD POUR FORTH HIS SOUL."

hand, something gave way, all was dark, and I fell down, down! Oh, it was horrible! and now I've seen her again, something terrible will happen to me, I'm sure of it, I know it."

Gradually she soothed and quieted him, then suddenly she exclaimed,

"Why, Jasper, I do believe it is Grandmamma Farnworth that you have seen; she is just like what you describe."

"Mrs. Farnworth," gasped the lad; "why, she is a great lady, and lives near Chester."

"Oh yes," explained Bessie, "but she comes over two or three times a year to see how things are getting on, and she never tells any one when she is coming. She used to startle me when I was a child, a silly child like my poor old Jasper."

And no doubt Bessie was right in her surmise, for when she returned home she found Mrs. Day in a terrible flutter. In the course of the afternoon old Mrs. Farnworth had appeared in her stealthy, eccentric fashion. She had fussed about, said caustic, bitter things, asked innumerable questions, snapped at the answers given, and finally hurried away, leaving Mrs. Day with a nervous headache for the rest of the day.

A night's rest quite restored Mrs. Day, but it was not so with Jasper. His nerves were, for the time, completely unstrung; he was overwhelmed by a presentiment of impending disaster. He could not endure to be alone in the church, and even though Bessie bent over him while his fingers wandered nervously among the organ keys, he was distracted and irritable to a painful degree.

Hoping against hope to obtain some news that might rouse the poor lad out of his despair, Mr. Truman repaired once more to the office with which he had now become quite familiar. No, there was no news; had there been, they would, of course, have advised him.

Mr. Truman felt that he was becoming a bore, so he meekly accepted the snubbing, and went his way.

Half an hour later, when he had taken his place in the tram-car to return home, a ragged news-boy entered, with his shrill cry:

"*Evening Echo*—special edition. Strange story of a missing Liverpool vessel—murder on the high seas—fire—mutiny—terrible sufferings of the survivors!"

"Here, boy! paper—quick."

The urchin supplied his impatient customer sharply enough, pocketing the threepenny piece that was held out, and politely forbearing to bother the gentleman with any offer of change.

(To be continued.)

TRY AGAIN.—"So you dread trying again, because you do not like failure. To the humble each failure is the spring of new endeavour. Pride says, 'If this is all I can do, it is not worth the trouble.' Humility says, 'I see what a poor helpless creature I am; I must strive harder, and lean more on a better strength than my own.'"—BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

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 POOR.

THE Church has ever been distinguished for her care in providing for the wants of the poor, the sick, the aged, and the helpless. Nor have her sympathy and help been confined to those only who have been actually members of her communion. She has ever embodied in her teaching, as she has illustrated in her practice, the great principles of Christianity to care for, sympathise with, and relieve the wants of the needy. The recognition of these principles and their observance on the part of her richer members towards their poorer brethren she taught by precept, and illustrated and enforced by example. St. Paul's words, "that we should remember the poor,"* and should consider the example set us by our Lord Himself, who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."†

The Church provided for the Relief of the Poor.

From the earliest date of the organisation of the Church in England alms were sought on behalf of the poor, to whom a portion of the offerings made at her services was also devoted. In fact, the fold of the Church was the religious home, the sanctuary, and the asylum for the poor under all circumstances of poverty, distress, and affliction. There they found that sympathy and tender consideration which they sought for in vain in the outside world; and there they found that measure of relief for their necessities which the Church was able to afford. Every parish church throughout the land, every house of residence of the clergy, and every religious house devoted to monastic or conventual life, was a centre to which the poor might always go, and be sure that there was awaiting them an open door, an open heart, and an open hand. It was natural then that the Church came to be looked upon as producing a patrimony for those who were regarded, by the outside world, as wretched, despised, and helpless, and as having no estate of any kind of their own, but whose wants were supplied by the ministers of the Church. In the annual visitations of bishops in their dioceses inquiries were made into the condition of the poor, and regular reports were made to the Crown of any instances which came to their knowledge in which the poor had been oppressed or injured by the law officers of the Crown, or those belonging to classes above them. In fact, the bishops and leading laity of the Church acted in concert as protectors and guardians of the poor of the diocese, long before there was such a thing as the poor law, the poor law guardians, or rates levied in support of the poor. The Church taught her members the great lesson of charity towards

* Gal. ii. 10.

† 2 Cor. viii. 9.

each other, interpreting that word in its widest sense; and she inculcated especially that those who could afford to do so should express this charity towards their poorer brethren, by the giving of alms for their particular relief. In the charter or deed of settlement of endowments devoted by liberal and devout individuals to the maintenance and uses of the various religious houses studded over the country, there was often a provision made that a portion of the income of such endowments should go to the relief of the poor; and, in the course of time, a vast amount of property had been acquired by these institutions subject to this condition. All this was brought about by the religious education imparted by the Church. She not only inculcated upon her members the principles of almsgiving as originating in and springing from true Christian charity, but she practically educated them in the habits of liberality, by affording them opportunities of providing for the wants of the needy.

The Great Loss to which the Poor were subjected by the Iniquitous Confiscation of the Monastic Property.

How great a loss the poor of England experienced by Henry VIII.'s confiscation of the monastic and other property, to which such conditions of relief of the poor were attached, cannot easily be estimated. From the date of the passing of his Act of Confiscation it may be said that a new era of poverty, destitution, wretchedness, and suffering was inaugurated, such as England had never known before. With the confiscation of this property the making of other provision for the wants of the poor was rendered a necessity. Hence the origin of the poor laws. It is said that, immediately after the confiscation of the monastic houses throughout the land, with all their properties attached, the country literally swarmed with necessitous people, and that open begging went on over the country to such an extent that this state of things became a public danger.

The Confiscation of the Provision made for the Poor by the Church in her Monastic Property led to the Introduction of the Poor Law.

The State intervened by the passing of the Poor Law Act, which authorised sheriffs, magistrates, and churchwardens to collect voluntary alms for the relief of such poor as were not punished for begging. Thus we have the strange historical spectacle of Henry VIII. and his Parliament actually laying violent hands upon the lands and endowments which were the patrimony of the poor, as the accumulations of endowments given by liberal donors throughout centuries, and, after appropriating this vast property to their own personal use, then passing a law that the obligations of relieving the poor, attached to the very property of which they took wrongful and forcible possession, should be shifted from their own shoulders unto the shoulders of the subjects of the kingdom generally, who themselves were also robbed of this great property, in which they had indirectly, if not directly, most important and valuable vested interests. Then the poor and

the people generally began to realise what services the Church had rendered in providing for the wants of the sick and needy, and what a wretched and miserable state of things resulted throughout the land by the taking away of this provision.

A VISIT TO THE FOUNDLING.

BY HENRY CHARLES HOGAN.



THE FOUNDLING. By L. STOCKS, A.R.A.

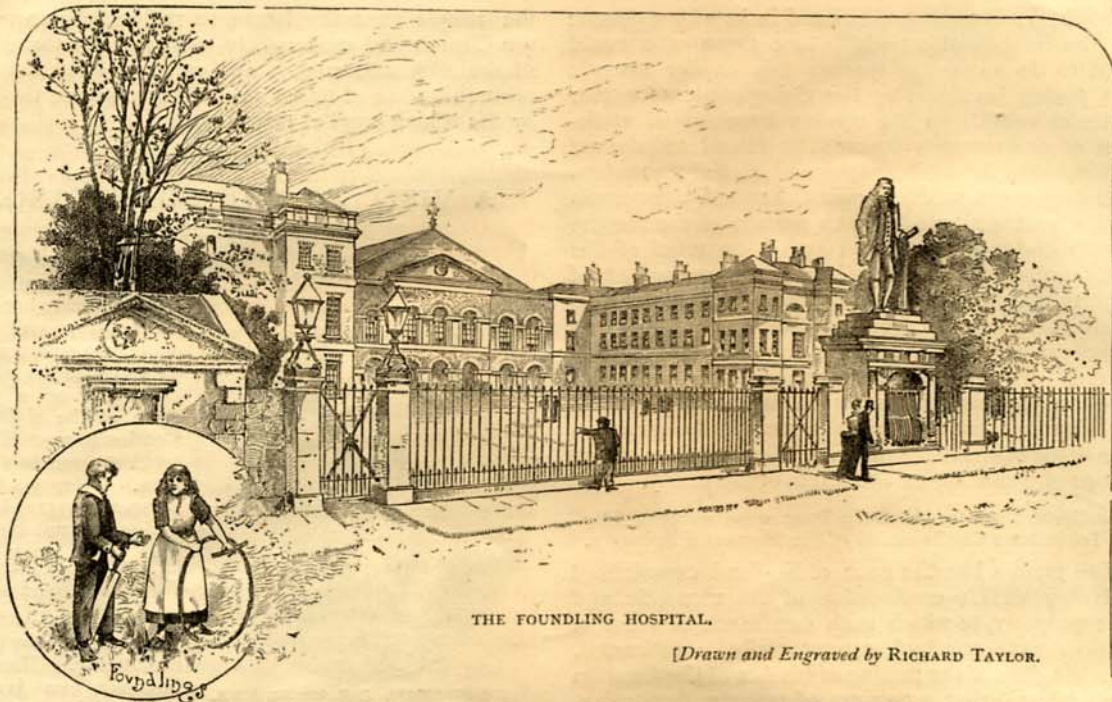
THOSE good folk whom we Londoners somewhat disrespectfully call our country cousins, when on a visit to the metropolis see, as a rule, more of the sights of London in a week than residents see in a lifetime. They go here, there, and everywhere; and we cannot but admire and envy the energy and devotion with which they determine to "do"—as the phrase goes—the place thoroughly. There is, however, one institution which should on

no account be missed, and that is the Foundling Hospital, for there one is brought face to face with one of those works of charity and philanthropy which will ever be the glory of this land. If, then, visitors are spending Sunday in London, they cannot do better than go to morning service at the Foundling Hospital Chapel.

But, perhaps, some of my readers are unaware of the nature of this charity. The hospital was founded in 1739, and was the result of the painstaking labours, extending over seventeen years, of one Captain Coram, whose heart had been moved to pity by the sight of helpless babes whom he constantly found deserted by their mothers. He determined that something should be done to save them, and that "something" is to-day represented by the range of buildings in Guilford Street, Russell Square. It would take more space than one has at command to give the full history of the institution during the one hundred and fifty-two years of its existence. It must suffice to state that its doors are open to those unfortunate little ones under twelve months old whose mothers are unable, from force of circumstances, to make such provision as is necessary for the support of their children.

A visit to the Foundling Chapel will enable one to see not these babies, but strong, healthy, happy boys and girls, ranging from about five to thirteen years of age, who have grown up under the fostering care of the institution.

Let me take you, in imagination, to a Sunday morning service at the chapel. We turn out of Guilford Street into the courtyard, and as we pass up the gravel path we notice on either side of us the playgrounds of the children. The chapel is right in front of us, the bell is ringing, and people are flocking in by dozens and scores. At the door we find two stewards, we will call them,—for the chapel is private property, and has not the ordinary parochial officials,—who pass the collecting plate in front of us, it being understood that any one not renting sittings shall contribute something towards the funds of the institution.



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

[Drawn and Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.]

Scotch people, at any rate, will be familiar with this plan of collecting the offerings at the door *before* service rather than after. Entering the chapel, we cannot but be struck with its classic appearance; note the handsome and imposing pillars, the stained glass, and the magnificent altar-piece, painted by Benjamin West. But our attention is quickly turned from the building to the children, whom we notice in the west gallery on either side of the organ, the rows of seats reaching almost to the roof. Looking westward, the girls are on the left of the organ, and we are charmed by their neat and prim appearance, each one wearing a white cap and apron and black mittens. On the right are the boys, dressed in a quiet and comfortable uniform, brown coat and trousers, and red waistcoat with brass buttons. The vergers are exceedingly polite to strangers, and in a very little while find us a comfortable seat, and in a moment the organ peals forth the opening voluntary, and the two clergymen—the morning preacher and the chaplain—enter. The preacher proceeds to the Holy Table at the east end, the chaplain enters the prayer desk, which, as well as the pulpit, is at the west end. There is no regular choir; and why need there be? Children's voices are always sweet to listen to, and the contralto, alto, tenor, and bass parts are contributed by those two ladies and three gentlemen whom we notice sitting just below the organ. Morning prayer is read by the chaplain, the Rev. Corrie Jackson, in a clear, distinct, and musical voice, and the responses are admirably taken up by the children. But it is in the singing of the hymns that their fresh young voices are most impressive. Listen to them now; they are singing that well-known hymn, "Saviour, Blessed Saviour!" and as their simple psalmody falls upon our ears, we cannot help contrasting their position now—singing the praises of Him whom they have been taught to know and to love—with what it might have been but for the shelter and protection given them at the Foundling Hospital. The anthem is sung immediately before

the sermon, during which the younger children go out, and in a few moments the preacher, the Rev. A. R. Buckland, is in the pulpit. It seems to us at first to be a pity that the arrangements of the chapel necessitate his turning his back upon the children; but on inquiring, we are told that the sermon for *them* is preached by the chaplain in the afternoon, when they are seated downstairs.

The service over the children troop out of the gallery, and wend their way to the dining halls, whither we also go. The elder girls dine in a room not open to inspection, but the younger members of the family apparently enjoy the company of visitors whilst they are taking their meal. They are seated at long tables; at the head of each is an elder girl, who presides as "mother," and the most perfect order prevails. In a moment one of the "mothers" raps the table with a mallet and says grace, the little ones standing up with folded hands and closed eyes, and then dinner is served. But we must not linger here. Crossing over to the boys' side, we find we are just in time to see them enter, preceded by a brass band. The little men struggle bravely with their instruments, and as soon as "father" (one of the elder boys) has called for silence, the band plays and grace is sung. There are still other sights to see, and we go off to a fine suite of rooms on the boys' side to inspect some of the treasures of the institution. In the secretary's room, Hogarth's celebrated picture, "The March to Finchley," bears testimony to the interest the great painter took in the institution, and the chatty little man at our side, who professes to know the history of the place from its commencement, tells us that the governors have refused as much as £10,000 for it. Handel, who was at one time a governor of the hospital, left by will his MS. score of the *Messiah* to the institution, and this we find displayed in another apartment, and it excites our keenest interest. The busts, too, some of them the work of Rysbrack, the sculptor, given to the hospital as a sign of sympathy, also attract our attention,



CAPTAIN CORAM.

(Drawn and Engraved from the Painting by B. NEBOT.)

Indeed, as we look round upon the numerous cases filled with tokens and coins, and upon the valuable pictures with which the halls are hung, we feel we should like to spend an hour or two examining carefully each treasure. But the sight of the children in the playground as we look through the window reminds us that they have finished their dinner, whereas we have not begun ours. We hasten homewards, having been not only interested, but pleased and gratified with our visit to the Foundling Chapel.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

X. THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Morning Preacher at the Foundling.

THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital, was born on April 18th, 1857, and received his early training at the Grammar School, Gloucester. He passed on to Pembroke College, Oxford, in due course, where he took a second class Mod., 1879; third class Theol. Sch. in 1880. In 1881 he gained the Junior Hall and Houghton Greek Testament Prize, and graduated B.A., proceeding to M.A. in 1884.

In 1880 Mr. Buckland was ordained by the Bishop of London to the Curacy of Spitalfields, of which populous parish the present Bishop of Bedford was then Rector. For four years Mr. Buckland worked

with untiring zeal and industry, and grappled with conspicuous success with the many difficulties incidental to parochial work in such a trying sphere.

In 1884 he was appointed Association Secretary of the C. M. S. for Yorkshire, an appointment which he relinquished after three years' service, in order to devote himself to literary work in London. In 1890 he was selected, from a large number of applicants, for the office of Morning Preacher to the Foundling Hospital, which had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Momerie.

Of Mr. Buckland's merits as an author there is no need to speak. He has been one of our contributors from the first, and the tales which he has written for *THE CHURCH MONTHLY*—"Strayed East: a Tale of Fall and Rescue" (since reprinted in an attractive volume), and "The Flower of Truscott's Alley"—have enjoyed very wide-spread popularity; while his "Familiar Talks" dealt with a variety of important topics in a thoroughly genial and practical manner. Mr. Buckland is a frequent contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, *Cornhill*, *Murray's Magazine*, *The Sunday Magazine*, and other well-known periodicals, and is also a contributor to the *National Dictionary of Biography*.

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



THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(NOVEMBER 1ST.)

HOW long, how long in Paradise
Have lived the loved whom we call dead?
Ah, since they vanished from our eyes,
How swiftly years have come and fled!

While we have through the battle come,
And scarred and maimed are taking breath
(While tender voices call us home),
Before the final charge of death,—

Those radiant souls in summer air
Have blossomed into grace Divine;
Surpassing joy has made them fair,
And in the light of God they shine.

And do they marvel that we stay
Amid the shadow and the gloom,
And linger still so long away
From all the sunshine of their home?

Perchance our angel guards may tell
How we are faring in the strife
To some blest saints who loved us well,
And earlier entered into life.

The happy secret of heaven's gain
They whisper not to earthly ear,
Although their smiling lips are fain
To utter it in accents clear.

Yet heaven's title-deeds we hold,
And love and faith the story tell
To all within the happy fold
Of joys that are unspeakable.

CLARA THWAITES.

St. John's Vicarage, Newport, Isle of Wight.

GAMBLING: ITS PREVALENCE.

BY THE REV. W. R. SHARROCK, M.A.,

Vicar of Ormesby; Chairman of the Committee of the Northern Convocation on Betting and Gambling.

A GREAT authority in the sporting world maintained in the *Times*, last year, that less money is now won and lost on the great races than in former years. Certainly we do not hear of noblemen risking £150,000 on a single race, as Lord George Bentinck did in 1843, or losing £105,000 on the Derby, as did the Marquis of Hastings.

Indeed, the day of great "plungers" would appear to be over, and the "Jubilee Plunger," who lost something like a quarter of a million of money in less than two years, was possibly the last of his kind. This is something for which to be thankful. But if enormous bets are no longer common, there is abundant evidence that at no period of our history was the habit of betting so general as it is to-day among all classes. Years ago James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," not only included gambling among the seven curses of London, but went so far as to say that it caused "perhaps more ruin and irreparable dismay than any other two of the

curses." Another writer says: "Take a row of houses in any district of the metropolis, from Belgravia to the East End, and I venture to say that in one out of every three, perhaps every two houses, there is at least one member of the family indulging in this vice." In the mining and manufacturing districts of the North matters are little, if any, better. The Committee appointed by the Northern Convocation to report on the subject sent out a number of questions to representative clergymen, to the mayors, the governors of prisons, and the chief constables of the Province. One of the questions was, "Do you think that betting and gambling are on the increase?" Of those who replied, sixteen had not sufficient knowledge to justify them in expressing an opinion; forty-six thought that there was no increase in their districts, which were, for the most part, remote from large towns; while a hundred and sixty-three replied in the affirmative, and generally in the most decided manner. Thus one rural dean writes: "Yes, with giant strides. Betting and gambling were unknown in this rural deanery twenty-five years ago; now it is impossible to estimate the mischief that is done by them." Another says: "They are so prevalent, and have so much increased of late, that they can hardly admit of further increase." And from a chief constable came the answer: "Yes, gambling is ruining thousands. In many instances it is the first step in the downward course, as our conviction books show." Again, take the testimony of a dealer in gambling tickets, who on the promise that nothing should be divulged that would lead to his identification, submitted to be interviewed. On being asked, "Do you think that there is more betting now than formerly?" he answered, "Bless you, yes; almost everybody goes in for it now. There's many a man in this town who has bought tickets that you'd never suspect, and religious men, too." The Press affords still further evidence of the growing interest that is taken in sporting matters. Thirty years ago there was only one sporting paper besides *Bell's Life*, and that appeared but weekly. Now, there are several daily sporting papers, and it is said that not less than fifty sporting journals are regularly issued in London. Moreover, many of the ordinary newspapers, especially those published in the evening, depend largely for their circulation upon the extent and freshness of their sporting news. It is said that on the last St. Leger Day the press telegrams sent from Doncaster amounted to 100,000 words, in addition to 12,000 private telegrams, sixty-five operators, under an able London superintendent, being required to cope with this mass of work. If still further evidence be required it can be obtained by any ordinary observer, who will pay a little attention to what is to be seen and heard in the streets, in the public reading-rooms, at the railway bookstalls, or in the trains that convey people to and from their employment in our large towns.

Further, gambling is not only very prevalent among men, but is frequently indulged in by women and boys in all classes of society. This is shown by such

investigations as those made by the Committee of the Northern Convocation, and by the proceedings in the courts of law. So great, indeed, have become the temptations to which boys are exposed in the higher schools, that a Bill for their protection passed through the House of Lords this year, and only failed to get through the Commons owing to lack of time. But what perhaps is even more surprising, is the fact that the promotion of betting is coming to be regarded by some people as not inconsistent with respectability and the profession of religion. At a recent vestry meeting, a churchwarden of considerable standing proposed for the office of parish clerk a man who was trying to establish himself as the professional bookmaker of the parish. Not long since, too, the master of an elementary school was dismissed for taking the pennies of his scholars to lay them upon horses. Possibly, however, the following story, which the writer of this paper told at the Hull Church Congress, will be a better illustration of the views some people have on the matter. A clergyman missed from church on Sunday one of the most regular and attentive members of his congregation. During the week he called at the man's home, and inquired from his wife if it was illness that had kept her husband from church. "No," she replied; and then, after a little hesitation, added, "you must excuse John, sir, for just at present he cannot come; the fact is, he has to do a bit of betting on Sundays. He wished me, however, to say, if you called, that he was very sorry he could not attend church; but he was with you in spirit."



COUNSELS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. W. S. CARTER, M.A.,

Clerical Organising Secretary to the Young Men's Friendly Society, and Sunday Evening Lecturer at St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, London, N.

IT is possible to be intemperate in things which are in themselves desirable and right. In study, for instance, many a young man has defeated his own object by too-prolonged hours,—by "burning the candle at both ends" as it is called. When the examination day at last arrived, his health, or at least his strength, had given way, and the class or the honour which he had coveted passed to another! The fact is, that *all* our desires, our impulses, our appetites, need regulating,—need this virtue of "self-control" about which I have been writing. It is natural to a hungry man to desire to eat, it is natural to a thirsty man to wish to drink; but even these impulses are not to be obeyed at all

times and in all places. As Bishop Butler has shown in his famous work on the "Analogy of Religion to Nature," all our passions should be regulated by Conscience. To be a true *man* is to have our desires under control,—to decide always as God's voice shall guide. This, and this alone, will ensure a truly honourable career, for as our own Poet Laureate has beautifully said,

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
These three alone lead life to Sovereign Power."

Let me now add a few words of counsel on the comparatively minor subjects of amusement and self-improvement. I would earnestly urge young men to *endeavour to combine both*. No one, in these days, will question their title to the former,—especially if their work is sedentary or in the nature of routine,—but it is very important that it should have a healthy tone.

Most manly *games* have a *special* use, inasmuch as they educate us in "the reign of Law" by teaching us, by the necessity of submission to rules, that we cannot always "do as we please." But *all* opportunities for amusement are not thus useful. While the Early Closing movement has done much that is good, it has also encouraged the provision of amusements which can in no wise be called "healthy," and some of which are positively harmful. However, it is not now *necessary*, in many places, that the evening should be misspent over these. Most parishes have their Institute, Clubroom, or Young Men's Friendly Society, where not only may introductions be obtained to good friends, but provision is made for self-improvement—morally, physically, and intellectually. No doubt there *was* a time when there was an element of truth in the charge that the clergy were "too strait-laced." This is no longer so. It is now generally recognised that physical and mental improvement is essential to the well-being of a young man; and the pastor of the parish does not count it lost labour if he has to spend a portion of his time at meetings where gymnasia, cricket, football, swimming, and rowing are more prominent topics than directly religious instruction. I would therefore earnestly counsel young men, where possible, to *join one of these Polytechnics, Institutes, or Clubs*, and to make use not only of the recreation room, but also of such opportunities for acquiring knowledge as are therein provided. I suppose there are few young men who do not desire to rise to a higher position in life. There is no reason why such a desire should receive anything but encouragement. True, it is not every young man who can become Prime Minister; but I am bold to say that few who *aim* at rising, to this or any other similar post, and steadily pursue their object, will fail to reach a position far removed from the groundlings who "have no ambition," and pride themselves upon what they miscall their "humility." But, for advancement in life, several things are important.

Let young men take heed to their Reading. In these days of all-but universal education they need this advice. The result of reading may be to store our minds with useful knowledge, and to set before us examples good and worthy to be followed; or it may have just an opposite effect. The newspapers, which often form a young man's chief literature, may be useful, inasmuch as they present more or less true pictures of life in the present day; but they are by no means sufficient. I would strongly recommend well-known books by good writers; biographies of great men, such as are now constantly published,—not the old-fashioned, sentimental writing, which *used* to be thought fit to be styled "Biographies," but bright, lively pictures of human life with a good tone about them. Or if the natural bent of the mind inclines to books of travel,

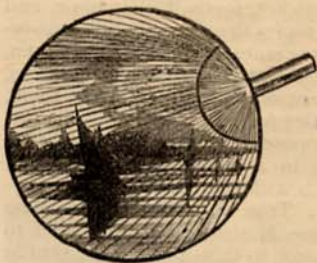
or to natural history, or to the history of our own and other countries, these exist in sufficient quantity at popular prices to prevent recourse being had to the "vulgar pen-norths" or "shilling dreadfuls" which meet us at every turn. It is stated that Mr. Bradlaugh, when he was a young man, copied out in his own writing the whole of Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance" because he had not the money to buy the book, and he himself declared that to the reading of that essay he owed much of his subsequent success in life.

Young men who would rise in life *must be thrifty*. The positions they will occupy in the future depend, to a large extent (I am speaking of those who have no "great expectations"), on the use they make of their money in early life. Money is a great power; it is folly to deny it. But to acquire wealth without thrift is all but impossible. The smallest amount of regular continuous saving will tell heavily in favour of a young man in the long run.

Would that I could inspire young men with a *love for science*! A mere smattering of Geology, or Botany, or Astronomy, with a shilling microscope or telescope in the pocket, would add intense pleasure to a country walk, and would indeed afford convincing proof that the works of God are more wonderful than the greatest creations of man's handiwork.

By these, and countless other methods, for the mere enumeration of which I have not now space at my disposal, young men may fit themselves to lead useful lives here, and, with the blessing of God upon their work, be preparing for a happier life hereafter. *Only let them be careful*, alike in work and in amusement, *to remember that it is His Blessing which alone can make truly rich*, for "it addeth no sorrow with it."

ADVENT.



O WISDOM of the Father, Living Word, The First, the Last, the ever-present Lord, Thy willing people love Thy righteous sway, Come and instruct us in Thy perfect way.
Lord Jesu, come.

The Captain of God's ransomed host art Thou, O Thou true Joshua, aid Thine Israel now.

Stretch forth Thine Arm—no foe can Thee withstand—
And lead Thy people to the Promised Land.

Lord Jesu, come.

O Root of Jesse, lifted up on high,
To Thee the nations breathe their anguished cry;
God's chosen King, rejected by His own,
The Gentiles' Hope, take, take Thy rightful Throne.
Lord Jesu, come.

O Great I Am, Thou Judge of quick and dead,
All gates fly open at Thy Presence dread,
Thou of the gates of hell doth hold the key,
Bring forth Thy prisoners, Lord, and set them free.
Lord Jesu, come.

Blest Spring of Day, burst forth in dazzling Light,
Chase, glorious Sun, the darkness of our night,
Thy radiance e'en death's shadow can illumine,
Awake the sleepers, raise them from the tomb.
Lord Jesu, come.

Saviour of all, Thy full salvation bring,
God of the Jews, the Gentiles' chosen King:
O sure Foundation, glorious Corner Stone,
Thy dispensations twain unite in one.
Lord Jesu, come.

Shepherd of Israel, on the mountain's side
Thy Blood-bought sheep are wandering far and wide,
For Reuben's meads, for Judah's rills they sigh,
O lead them to Thy pastures fair on high.
Lord Jesu, come.

Emmanuel our God, O come again,
We look, we long for Thy expected reign.
Thy Presence can alone true Peace impart,
And satisfy the yearnings of our heart.
Lord Jesu, come.

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

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD THYME," ETC.

"At first I would not hearken,
But put off till the morrow,
But my life began to darken,
And my soul was sick with sorrow."
F. W. FABER (*The True Shepherd*).



IT was the beginning of November; people were saying that it was cold for the time of year; I had been discussing various plans with a friend, and lingering by her fire, and as I went out into the raw, foggy air, I was thankful that only a few minutes' walk would bring me to another comfortable fire, and my dinner.

The wind was east; the lamps, mere circles of light on the fog, only revealed the gloom beyond them; it began to rain; carriages drove quickly to the warm homes around; foot passengers buttoned up their coats; and I was hurrying on, when I came upon an object which sent all other thoughts out of my

head. Fully exposed to the wind and rain, a woman was sitting on a doorstep; she was wretchedly clothed, a large apron but partly hid her ragged gown, her old plaid shawl was fastened so as to give her the least possible warmth, and a battered bonnet, having in it a dirty white rose, was set far back on her rough hair. Her face I could not see; it was buried in her hands.

"Are you ill?" I asked, laying my hand on her shoulder. She neither spoke nor moved.

"Can I help you?" I asked again. She yet did not answer, but she broke into such violent sobbing that her shoulders heaved under her thin shawl.

"I think you are in trouble. Can I help you?"

She still sobbed, but checking herself at last, she looked up, and said, sadly and bitterly, "It isn't for such as you

to speak to me." And then, as she covered her face with her apron, her sobs broke out afresh.

"I do not mind speaking to you," I answered. "I want to help you, if you will tell me what is the matter." But she kept silence.

A keen gust blew across the square, and sent the rain into my face like sharp points. One or two looked at us as they passed; I thought that I could wait no longer, and went away. Hardly had I gone a few steps before a Voice seemed to say, "Thou desirest to work for Me? Wilt thou give this up already? Did not I, weary with My journey, speak to the sinful woman at the well of Samaria? Did not the passers-by wonder that I talked with her?"

With a prayer to be taught what to say, I turned; and laying my hand once more on the poor outcast, I said, "I have known trouble, and it makes me sorry for those who are in it. I should so much like to help you." She shook her head as if no help could reach her.

"Have you anywhere to go for the night?" Again that hopeless shake of the head.

"If you will come with me, I can take you to a place where they will receive you."

Her face, swollen with crying, was raised now, and as if wrung from her very heart came the words, "No, I've got a daughter as big as me, and she's like this, and I'm waiting here to see her."

I could only repeat, "I am so sorry for you! But," I added, after a pause, "if you do not like to tell me your trouble, will you take it to the Lord Jesus? You have heard of Him?"

She looked up again. "Yes, I've heard of Him; I lived as laundry maid for twelve years, and I know about Him."

"He will help you if you ask Him. He loves you, and He knows it all, if I do not. Will you say this to Him, 'Lord Jesus, Thou knowest my trouble, help me in it'?"

The door behind her was opened. A rough-looking man came out and stared at us. She rose, but I could not part from her thus. "Will you say the words after me?" I asked. She slowly repeated them.

"I must go now," I said; "perhaps I shall never see you more, but I shall think of you and pray for you. Will you not pray for yourself? Will you not say those words?"

My hand was still on her shoulder; to remove it without her promise was like letting her slip back into her hopeless misery. As I waited I sent up my own cry for help, but I feared to utter another word. She stood quite still, looking straight before her; she did not try to withdraw from my hold, but neither did she speak. I could almost feel her struggle. A few minutes' silence, and then she nodded. Her promise was given. She would put herself into better hands than mine.

"Good-bye; I will not forget you," I said, as I walked away.

All that evening I thought of her, and I thought also of the depth of wretchedness everywhere lying below the surface in this great London; the uncared-for children—a short time before I had seen a girl of ten years old quite tipsy; the homeless men and women, the poverty, even the starvation.

"Thy voice is a complaint, O crowded city,
The blue sky covering thee, like God's great pity!"*

And I thought also of the "enduring Inheritance" of the Eternal Home in which they might all be gathered, and

there would "yet be room," the city with the golden streets, whence "sorrow and sighing should flee away."

With these thoughts in my mind I fell asleep. But even in sleep I could not forget them, and I began to dream. I stood beside her again in the lamplight and the fog; she turned from me and walked away. I joined her; yet, as it often is the case in dreams, although I kept close to her, and knew what was in her mind, she did not see me. So we went on together, through square after square, street after street, until we left the wilderness of houses behind us, and came out on a wide, lonely heath, where not a light was to be seen. The sky was black with clouds, the rain dashed in our faces, there was not even the shelter of a bush; and as the ground became rough and uneven, I felt that she was tired, but she kept on her way. She knew that she might have help, but she would not ask it.

We began to climb a hill; loose stones rolled from under our feet; the ground became rougher, the way steeper, the air keener; this weary journey, would it never end? We were in darkness that might be felt; sounds came of falling water, of moving things around us; heavy wings brushed past; she could not hold out much longer; but even yet she could not say, "There is no hope."

The hill mounted, our road led us suddenly down on the other side; we could not stop ourselves for the steepness, and went down, down, down among sharp rocks. Briers and thorns, through which we had to force our way, grew among them; but we could not see our path, or lay hold of anything that would support us; a river was rushing in the depths below, and at any moment we might lose our footing and be drowned. Her feet were cut and bleeding, her strength was giving way.

She stumbled, and fell backwards upon the stones; her power was gone; she could take her own way no longer. It was only in a whisper, but the cry came, "Lord Jesus, Thou knowest my trouble; help me in it."

Behind the mountain tops a light sprang up; afar on the hills I saw Him, but even as I gazed He drew near. Bruised and fainting as she was, in His great love He looked on her. He raised her in His arms, and as He raised her, blood from His hands and His side dropped on her soiled garments, making them whiter than snow; the dirty, battered rose, which had been the very type of her own sin and misery, shone like a jewel. And He said unto her, "Live."

Music rolled along the sky soft as the gentlest breeze, mighty as the voice of the sea; a great multitude was rejoicing. Then I awoke, and I remembered the words—

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

IN THE MORNING.

OUR sorrow will be done,
And Paradise be won.
In the morning.

Our darkness will be gone
And endless daylight dawn
In the morning.

All our dim doubts will die,
And truth be clear and nigh
In the morning.

Our Jesus whom we love,
Now waits for us above
Till the morning.

From "Voices of Prayer and Praise."

* Mrs. Browning.

A BALLAD FOR THE BAND OF HOPE.

BY THE REV. A. C. RICHINGS, M.A.,
Vicar of Boxmoor; Author of "The Church's Holy Year."

IN an alley dark and drear,
On a bleak November morn,
Lo! a little child in rags
Looking wretched and forlorn.

Tears streamed down her pallid cheek,
Tears of hunger and despair;
Sin and sorrow, hand in hand,
Made the hearthstone cold and bare.

Watching for a dreaded step,
On her bed the mother lay,
With life's taper burning low,
Ere in death it passed away.

No kind neighbour wiped her brow,
No fond word was ever said,
All unknown she lived and died
On that sad and weary bed.

Who shall paint the nightly scenes
Which those dismal courts behold?
Surely might the angels weep
When the mournful tale is told.

Pledged by thy baptismal vow
To a sober godly life,
Learn, O child, on Christ to lean;
He will keep thee in the strife.

So the children's band may prove
Like a wreath of spring flowers bright,
Offered at the feet of Him
Who can make earth's darkness light.

Holy Jesus, who embraced
Little infants in Thine arm,
Shelter us beneath Thy wing,
Free from danger and from harm.

ASPECTS OF THE ADVENT.

BY THE REV. JOHN BROWN, M.A.,
Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Bournemouth.

A REALISED hope, a glorified body, a perfected likeness. It is at the Advent of our Lord, as destined to bring about these great results, that we are going to look. And these aspects of the Advent may each of them be connected with the name of one of the three great teachers of the Apostolic age, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John—1 St. Peter i. 13, Phil. iii. 20, 21, 1 St. John iii. 2. First, consider St. Peter. He may truly be said to be the Apostle of hope. Impressionable, sanguine, impulsive—ready to stumble, but quick to be recalled, never beguiled into recklessness or goaded

to despair by his failures, eminently marked by "spiritual receptivity"—such was the man. In such a character hopefulness must be prominent. And his writings breathe the same spirit. His first Epistle is scored and marked with suffering. It speaks out of a world of pain. It speaks of a "fiery trial," a furnace of affliction like the crucible in which the precious metals are tested—suffering which may be likened to the sufferings of Christ. But hope is present amid all this. Across the dark shadows of suffering, as St. Peter saw them, there fell two rays of light—one from the past, the other from the future. As the Apostle looked backward to those bright days of close fellowship with the Lord the Divine Form rose clear before him. Once more he felt Himself an "eye-witness" of the "Majesty" of Jesus. Once more he heard the words from Heaven spoken in "the Holy Mount," once more he stood within the Judgment Hall, and watched that Silent Figure amidst His cruel enemies. Who but a spectator of that scene could have described it as St. Peter does?—"Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously." And yet again, the Apostle lived in thought through the blessed days after the Resurrection, which had begun a new life for him. The Lord's uprising had begotten in His Apostle a new hope, and so he looked forward as well as backward. The past, seen in this light, not only explained to him the present, it also illuminated the future. The Resurrection of Jesus was the key to unlock the mystery of suffering which enveloped the world. God would not, could not, leave His work half done. The Risen Lord was the bright Morning Star, giving promise of the "glory" that should follow. Yes, "glory" is the word that seems to hang round St. Peter's lips. "Glory" to be revealed, "glory" even now in believing, these are his words. And so he cherished, as "the dominant characteristic of his faith," the confident expectation of "glory" to be manifested at the Advent. In other words, the Advent was to St. Peter the *realisation of hope*. To him, the Advent was the welcome Presence of One intensely loved. The expectation of it was not a vague anticipation of a better time to come, but a confident looking for the coming of the best of Friends. That is the secret of St. Peter's gladness of hope. Thus he faced suffering, thus he exhorted the flock. "Called," as they were, to "eternal glory," to be revealed at the Advent, they could afford to suffer and to wait. Such patience and brightness of hope, as needful now as then, is only possible through present love of the glorified Lord, "in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Turn now to St. Paul. We have said that the Advent was connected in his thought with "a glorified body."

What manner of man was St. Paul? Full of contrasts truly, combining the most opposite powers, keen and subtle, alive and alert to his very finger-tips.

He could reason acutely, he could act promptly. He was as ready to remember common-place details as to expound the deepest mysteries. Truly "a citizen of the world," St. Paul was equally at home in the company of the Roman Centurion Julius and that of the runaway slave Onesimus. By his words he could at one time thrill Felix with terror, at another he could move the wild Galatians to transports of affection. All this varied capacity points to a fine-strung and sensitive nature, one keenly alive to suffering. The writings of St. Paul are full of proofs of how deeply the Apostle felt the power of pain. "What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?" he said. He told Timothy that he was "*mindful of his tears.*" He recounted, with deep pathos, his "labour and travail," his numerous "perils" and burdens. The "iron" of contempt "entered" deeply "into his soul." "We are made," he says, and we can hear the ring of indignation in the words, "as the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things." No wonder that when scarcely sixty St. Paul could speak of himself as "Paul the aged," for such suffering to such a spirit as his must have outworn the bodily frame. And therefore he continually looked out from the suffering and humiliation of the present to the glory of the Advent, glory in which even the worn body should have its full share. "Even now," he writes, that "strong heroic soul," from his Roman prison, "we belong to Heaven, our citizenship is in Heaven. From thence 'we look in patient hope for a deliverer, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the fleeting fashion of these bodies, so that they shall take the abiding form of His own Body—the Body of His Risen Glory.'" Only one who feels deeply the power of present suffering can appreciate the joyfulness of such a hope. But it does not follow that this "inextinguishable hope" belongs to every sufferer. There is one other condition needful besides the capacity to feel suffering acutely—that is the presence of "Christ in us, the hope of glory."

Now consider St. John. We come to regard the Advent with him as the blessed opportunity of "a perfected likeness." This expectation is surely eminently characteristic of St. John. If we were asked to describe his character in a single word we should be very likely to use the word "contemplative." He was not the man of ready action like St. Peter, or the man of piercing intellect like St. Paul, but the man of profound contemplation. St. John is neither the historian, nor the philosopher, nor the poet, but the seer—"the man whose eyes are open" to behold the spiritual, which is for him the real existence. Quite in accordance with this character is St. John's singular reticence about himself in both his Gospel and his Epistles. It is no part of the seer's mission to reveal himself. The one over-mastering impression produced by his gospel is the *likeness of the Lord Jesus*. The other Evangelists give us records of His life, St. John presents His likeness. Years passed in pondering over the Life he had seen, and "while"

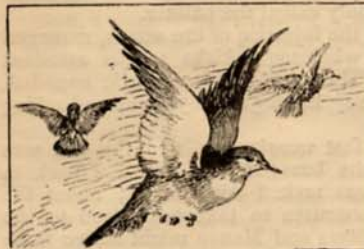
he "was musing the fire kindled," and St. John drew with inspired finger the likeness of the Eternal Word become Flesh. As we gaze upon the portrait we forget the artist—we hardly think of the background or the setting—we "see the King in His beauty." Now this being so, St. John's thought about the Advent necessarily takes the turn we have described—the expectation of "a perfected likeness." "Through the marvellous love of God," he says, "we are called, and we are, the children of God. But there remains yet more; what that more is is not yet clearly seen, but this *we know*, that if He, (no need to name the Blessed Name,) but withdraw the veil which He is pleased at present to interpose, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

All St. John's writings lead up to this—to be with Christ, to see Christ, is to be like Christ. He who was nearest the Lord on earth is surely in word and character likeliest to Him. So it must be, so it shall be. The last words of the last lecture on the New Testament by one who served God most faithfully in last generation, Dr. Arnold, were on these words of St. John. "So, too," he said, "in the Corinthians, 'for now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' "Yes," he added, with marked fervency, "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness."

With this profound and inspiring thought we close our Advent sayings, we await our Christmas. "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus."

GARDEN WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.



CELERY. Earth up all plants as high as possible in order to blanch, and also to protect the plants from the frost, care being taken to prevent the earth from getting into the hearts. Plant cabbages, especially strong plants. Hoe between the rows

planted in September and October. This greatly promotes their growing into strong and vigorous plants. Thin out and hoe winter spinach, clearing out weeds. Take up carrots, parsnips, beet root, and store in sand to preserve them from the frost. Dig up potatoes. Dig up roughly the ground which is clear of crops, and leave it thus through the winter. The action of the air and frost will much enrich the soil.

Flower Garden.

Hyacinths should now be planted early in the month, four inches deep, and about six inches between each bulb. Also plant tulips in the same manner. Choose beds which are dry in winter, otherwise the plants are liable to rot. Plant crocuses, snowdrops, narcissus, jonquils, glad olas, lilies, etc. Dig flower beds. Plant roses.

THE ISLAND HOUSE.

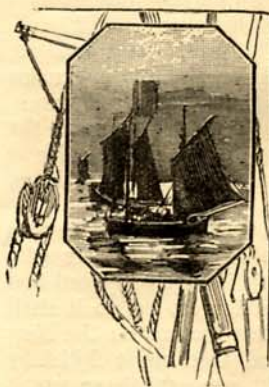
A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

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

CHAPTER V.

WITH TIED WRISTS.



ALFY turned. Yes, one of the men he had heard talking beside the hedge, that morning, was leaning from the bank, and had stopped the boat.

He looked lowering and threatening.

"You don't budge an inch," growled he, "till you've told me what you have been to Squire Watkins' for."

"To borrow this boat."

"Something else as well," said the man. "What did you hear me and my mate saying this morning, and what have you told about it?"

"What right have you to ask me?" replied Alfy sturdily.

"I'll soon show you the right," exclaimed the man gruffly, at the same time raising his hand. "Now, then, out with it!"

"Out with what?" said Alfy doggedly.

Bang! Alfy felt a heavy blow on his head, which made the fire flash from his eyes, and nearly knocked him overboard; but, tingling with pain and indignation, he swept round the oar he held in his right hand, and struck the man sharply on the shoulder.

His assailant seized the oar, and a smart struggle ensued, in which the man's superior strength and position enabled him to be victorious. He wrested the oars from Alfy, and then, after cuffing him soundly, and calling him an "insolent young warmint," tied him tightly to the skiff with the boat-rope—which is commonly called the painter.

Alfy, smarting with the injustice of the attack, managed to administer a few wholesome kicks to his assailant during the struggle. Then a long, low whistle sounded, and the man hurried away, leaving the boy bound and aching in the boat.

The day was now fast wearing on, and the sun was beginning to sink in the heavens. As Alfy lay back in the boat his mind was racked with anxiety about the provisions, and his promises to take back food to the Island House. His sisters and Mansy might starve if he could not get the provisions to them. Then he shouted aloud to attract attention.

No answer came. His voice seemed borne back upon himself as from an empty void. Again and again he called until he grew weary with shouting, and sickened with suspense and anxiety and disappointment. He seemed as far from his kind here as if he were alone in the deserts of Arabia.

Then he bethought him once more of self-help. "I wonder if I could free myself," he said. "I have got over several difficulties lately, perhaps I can get over this one also." He struggled upwards to a sitting position, and looked at his bonds. His wrists and ankles were tied pretty firmly, and one end of the rope was of course fastened to the boat.

"I suppose that rascal tied me up like this to give himself time to escape," said Alfy thoughtfully, as he looked down at the rope. "He thinks I know a lot about him, and will tell what I know, and he wants to get a good start. I wonder if I could undo these knots with my teeth? They crack nuts, why not untie knots? I will try."

Happily his teeth were strong and sharp; teeth which many an older person would have envied. He was plucky and persevering also, and he set to work with a will to gnaw, or unfasten, or "worry" open the tough knots which bound him.

It was a stiff job, tiring too. But he kept on pluckily, and would not give up. The sun sank lower in the heavens, and the beautiful summer afternoon wore on. "Oh! how they will wonder what has become of me at home!" he sighed. "I must be quick," and he redoubled his efforts.

But he found the task too difficult. The rope was hard and tough, and time was fast passing. His teeth and jaws quite ached with the unwonted use to which he was putting them. So after thinking over another plan he changed his tactics entirely.

Though his wrists were tied, his fingers were comparatively free; he could, for instance, grasp firmly with them anything that was not very large. He had noticed that the end of the rope tethering the boat had been tied to the bough of a young willow near the water's edge. He resolved to break that bough, and then slowly work the boat along by pulling at the grass, reeds, or anything on the bank. In a short time he carried out the first part of his programme.

Compared with gnawing at the hard rope, the twisting of the supple bough backwards and forwards until he wrested it from the parent stem was but a light task. It was more difficult to work the boat along against the stream. Yet by patience and pluck and perseverance—the three "p's" that all young folks should seek to acquire—he managed to succeed.

"Should that man come back to trouble me," he said, "he will find me gone; that will be something. Still I do not quite see how I am to get the things for the house, tied as I am to this boat."

Pluckily he pulled at the grass and reeds, and worked the boat along. When he had gone some distance from the point where the man had fastened the boat, he shouted again, and he continued to shout at intervals. But no cry answered his own. There was no sound but the lapping of the water against the boat or the murmur of the wind.

So some time passed. Alfy was getting very weary and hungry. There seemed no chance of help coming to him, and the situation was the more vexing, as he felt that his knife in his pocket, if he could but get at it, would soon have made short work of the knots. But in the circumstances the knife might have been left at the house, for all the good it was to him.

At length he came to the place where the flood joined the river. "Hurrah!" he cried, "this does look like making progress. Now I will try and get as near as I can to the house."

It was at times more difficult to make progress on the flood than on the stream, for there was no decided bank such as edged the latter; but he took advantage where he could of anything on the brink of the water, such as a hurdle or a bush, a stile or a hedge, and pluckily kept at his work.

In the village, Mr. Daw was getting quite fidgety at Alfy's absence.

"What can have happened to the lad?" said he.



"HE BETHOUGHT HIM ONCE MORE OF SELF-HELP."

"The boy would surely not be so long in finding a boat, and if he could not find one he would have been here to say so. Jones, just you put all these things in the pony cart and get as near as you can to Fairglen." Fairglen was the right and proper name of the Island House.

"He has evidently been to other shops," continued Mr. Daw. "Here's a large sirloin of beef from Smithers, and quite a cargo of bread from Dean's, and vegetables and fruit from Wilson's. Why, good gracious me! one would think they were going to stand a siege up at Fairglen. I specs it is as the lad says, they've got nothing at all to eat. What can be keeping the boy I can't think."

"P'raps he's tumbled into the water, please, sir, and got drowned," drawled out Jones slowly.

"Get on quickly and put these things in the cart," said his master sharply. Jones' slow ways and stupid remarks generally annoyed Mr. Daw.

In quick time the goods for the Island House were packed in the grocer's little cart, and the slow Jones seated himself in front. "Drive as near to Fairglen as you can," said his master, "and shout aloud to attract attention. Now mind you deliver the goods quickly."

"As quickly as I can," replied Jones, a grin slowly spreading over his expansive face.

Thus it came about in time that while Alfie was slowly working his way along by the brink of the flood, the well-meaning but rather stupid Jones was staring in profound astonishment at the tub and the tin bath Alfie had left in the morning.

"Well I never!" exclaimed Jones. "They be rum boats, they be!"

He had driven the cart up the lane as far as he could, and after tethering the horse, was now rambling beside the water.

"But how I'm to carry the meat and taters and sugars over to the house in them things I don't know!"

Then he remembered his master's injunction to shout, and he shouted accordingly. "I wish I knew where that young gent had got to!" continued Jones, and again he raised his hoarse voice, and shouted. "Why, what's that

'ere?' he exclaimed. "Is it an ecker, or is it the young gent?"

Again he shouted, as loud as he could this time, and then paused. Yes, faint and clear, came an answering shout. There was no mistake this time! "Why, there he be!" exclaimed Jones in astonishment. "There he be! there he be!"

Then he began to move slowly in the direction of the shout, and called aloud again. The answer was louder and more distinct this time.

"I be getting nearer to him," chuckled Jones, "that I be!"

But when presently he came close enough to see the young boatman distinctly he stood still in complete amazement, with eyes and mouth wide open. The sapient Jones had had other things to astonish him considerably to-day, what with the flood and the tub and the bath, but this beat all. Here was Alfie tied to the boat, and labouring with bound wrists to work the skiff along.

"Don't stand staring there!" cried Alfie. "Can't you give me a hand?"

"Well I never!" exclaimed Jones. "Whatever did you tie yourself like that for?"

"Tie myself!" replied Alfie impatiently; "I didn't tie myself. Come, cut the rope quickly, and help me along."

"I ain't got no knife!"

"Oh, get mine out of my pocket, and do be quick, please."

"Well, I never did see anything like this afore!" spluttered Jones, as he tumbled into the boat. "My stars! however did you get tied up like this 'ere?"

Alfie did not vouchsafe any explanation, but gave him directions as to getting the knife quickly, and cutting the rope.

"Oh, how jolly!" he exclaimed, as he rose and stretched himself, when, after several clumsy efforts on Jones' part, he was at last made free.

"Now can you row?" he continued briskly.

"How fur do 'ee want to go?"

"As far as a tub and a bath——"

"I see 'em!" interrupted Jones gleefully.

"Well, I want to get there, and then to hurry to Mr. Daw for some things," exclaimed Alfie.

"Things for Fairglen!" asked Jones, "'cos I got 'em, meat and taters and all!"

"Oh, that's right! Where are they?"

"In the cart, not far off."

"Well, can you row this boat, or shall we tow it along? Perhaps that will be best."

"Oh, I can pull with the rope," said Jones; "pull the boat and you too; you look tired enough."

So now, after his hard work, Alfie was able to lie back delightfully at his ease in the boat, and feel he was being drawn quickly along.

When they reached the two clumsy craft Alfie had left in the morning he found them quite high and dry. "The flood is subsiding," he said. "Perhaps by to-morrow this time the water will all have gone!"

"P'raps it will," was Jones' reply, "and p'raps it won't. But I specs reservoir's pretty nigh empty now."

"Oh, you've heard it's the reservoir?" exclaimed Alfie.

"Do you know how the water came to flow out?"

"I heerd as how the wall looking this way suddenly bust," answered Jones, "and the water all rushed down here."

"But don't you know how the wall came to burst?" persisted Alfie.

"No-o; I can't say as how I do," replied Jones slowly,

rubbing his head, and knitting his brows as though deeply pondering the knotty point.

"Well, now, we must hasten on," said Alf. "Where are those things for the house? Are they far?"

"They are in the cart in the lane."

"How can they be brought here?" asked Alf. "Shall I help? Can't you bring the pony and cart through that gate? Let us be quick!"

"I think as how you and I must carry them here in lots," drawled slow-witted Jones. "I don't think pony and cart could come."

"Well, be sharp then!" urged Alf, springing from the boat.

"Why, I do believe Mansy can see us from the house." And he shouted, and waved his handkerchief.

"Now, come on," cried he, "and show me where the things are."

The transferring of the goods from Mr. Daw's cart took some time, and made the youths very tired, for it was some little distance off. But Alf was determined to start for the house as quickly as possible, and continued to urge on the slow-coach Jones; so that the task was accomplished more speedily than he had thought would be the case.

But then a new difficulty presented itself. Alf wished to tie the tub and bath to the boat and take them back to the house, but he found that, if he did so, wearied as he was, he could not row the laden boat against the flood. So he was finally obliged to take Jones with him. Even then the task was difficult, for Jones was not an expert oarsman.

At length, however, the house was reached, and with joy and gladness, shoutings and hearty congratulations, the goods were borne in through the window, and on to the table as before. Mansy and Alf's sisters were rejoiced to see him. He had been so long away they feared some accident had befallen him; but he did not tell what had happened until Jones had gone.

For Jones had to go back, and of course he went in the boat. This was against Alf's plan, but he could not help it. Jones could not leave the pony all night, and he could not navigate Alf's tub. So promising to send some one with the boat in the morning, he departed.

Yet if Alf had known what would happen with that boat in the night he would have gone with Jones, and tired as he was, would have brought it back. But he did not know; and after a hearty supper all the inmates of the Island House retired to bed.

They had hardly passed out of their beauty sleep—i.e., the slumber before midnight—when, as the clocks were striking twelve, and an early chanticler was crowing for the morn, Edie was awakened by some mysterious sounds—sounds as of something bumping against the walls of the house outside.

(To be continued.)

"HOPE is the ruddy morning ray of joy; recollection is its golden tinge. Recollection is wont to sink amid the dews and dusk of twilight; hope points to a brighter day in another world, and with another sun."—RICHTER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT in simple language thus sets forth the worth of the Bible:—

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race
To whom our God has granted grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt or read to scorn."

CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND LEGH, M.A.,

Vicar of Steeple Stansgate, Essex; Author of "Pulpit and Platform Addresses on Temperance."

II. BRIEF EPITAPHS.



BREVITY and wit are (if we may believe the proverb) as closely related to one another as are soul and body. It is, therefore, not surprising that under this head of "Brief Epitaphs" come some examples apparently belonging to the class of "Amusing or Funny Epitaphs," which is reserved for separate consideration by-and-by. Such, indeed, are the following specimens.

In a country churchyard in Ayrshire (according to the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson") are found these verses:—

"Wha is it that's lying here?"
"Robin Wood, ye needna speere."
"Eh, Robin! is this you?"
"Ou aye, but I'm deid noo!"

From the same side of the Tweed, and also on the same good authority, comes this short and amusing epitaph upon a Provost of Dundee, composed line by line by his four surviving colleagues in the magistracy:—

- "1. Here lies Anderson, Provost of Dundee.
2. Here lies him, here lies he.
3. Hallelujah! Hallelujee!
4. A, B, C, D, E, F, G."

This can hardly be surpassed for originality, but I quote it here for its extreme brevity.

In the churchyard of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, there is another brief epitaph, which is a *multum in parvo*:—

"Here in Cheltenham
A timber fell bang slam,
And killed George Lamb."

A French epitaph may be inserted here on the revolutionary brewer M. Santerre, who headed the Paris mob in the attack on the Palace of the Tuileries, Aug. 10th, 1792, and commanded in La Vendée, dying in 1808:—

"Ci git le general Santerre, qui n'eût de Mars que la bière."

The play of words here is evidently upon the double sense of *Mars*. It is remarkable that the very name of the brewer, *San-terre*, did not suggest a further punning allusion.

I pass from these brief epitaphs, which border on the comic, to record some of those which, though short, are pithy and suggestive.

In Herne churchyard, near Canterbury, is to be found the following epitaph:—

"Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish, that must
Be used in Heaven, when God shall feed the just."

Over the tomb of "The Cid," near Burgos, Spain :—
 "Quomodo cecidere robusti et periere arma belli" :—
 evidently a translation of 2 Sam. i. 27.
 From Londonderry Cathedral, under date 9 Charles I.
 (A.D. 1633), I take this :—
 "If stones could speak, then London's praise should sound
 (for him)
 Who built this church and cittie from the ground."
 In Putney churchyard, Surrey, appears :—
 "Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent :
 A woman's good name is her best monument."
 A churchyard at Wigan, in Lancashire, contains this
 brief inscription on a tomb :—
 "Rest for the toiling hand,
 Rest for the thought-worn brow,
 Rest for the weary way-sore feet,
 Rest from all labour now."
 The following Latin inscription was placed by Dr. James
 on a Rugby boy's tomb in the churchyard at Rugby :—
 "Innocens et perbeatus more florum decidi,
 Quid, viator, fles sepultum, fleute sum felicior."
 "Like flowers I fell in Life's fresh bloom,
 Thrice happy, pure from earthly spot ;
 Stranger, why mourn beside my tombe ?
 Weep not ; more blest than thine my lot."

In Sparsholt churchyard, near Winchester, is this
 epitaph, dated A.D. 1718 :—

"Thee like a lily
 Fresh and green,
 Soon is cut down,
 No more is seen."

But it is time to bring the list of epitaphs under this
 head to a close. I will add but two more—one savouring
 rather of a didactic, the other of a riddling character.

One is from Almondbury church, near Bristol, on an
 old man :—

"His age was aynchant,
 Neere seventy-nine :
 Death hee hath paid,
 And thou must pay thine."

My last example is not new, but it may serve to exercise
 the ingenuity of the younger readers of the CHURCH
 MONTHLY until the time comes for me to record some
 "Rare or Curious Epitaphs" in the next paper :—

"Uncles and brothers have I none,
 Yet this man's father was my father's son."

LITTLE MARY.

(See Illustration, page 242.)

'Tis half-past seven at Butterworth's Farm,
 When Mary Mackenzie raises her arm

To knock at the knocker—one, two, three!
 Just half afraid at being so free.

For Mary, you know, is so grave and quiet,
 And quite indisposed to make any riot.

"I've come for the milk, if you please, Mrs. B.,
 And please can you spare us some cream for our tea?"

"Well, I daresay I can," said the good farmer's wife,
 "For you're the bravest sweet girl I've e'er known in
 my life."

"How is baby, dear mother, and bonny bold Kate?"
 "Oh, they are all very well! but I mustn't be late,



"For breakfast is ready, and they're waiting for me,
 So please serve me quickly, there's a good Mrs. B.!"
 The can was filled up with new milk in the dairy,
 And away through the farmyard so happy went Mary.
 At home in the garden, without any hat,
 Sister Kate stood impatient for milk for the cat;
 For pussy was Katie's particular pet,
 And she gave her the first taste of all she could get.
 Now all little folks should be useful like Mary,
 E'en if they don't get up early to go to a dairy.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

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

J. J.—The best book for your purpose is, *A Practical
 Guide for the Formation and Management of Branches of the
 C. E. T. S.*, by the Rev. T. Dixon Spain. The author has
 had a most varied experience, and many of his suggestions
 would exactly suit the requirements of such a parish as that
 which you describe.

A. BAXTER.—When the Census returns are completed the
 information will be available, and the point in dispute between
 the two local authorities can be readily adjusted.

S. S. MOORE.—Perhaps if you give the Vicar a little
 generous help privately, you will accomplish more good than
 by criticising his actions publicly.

ANNIE BARTON.—Send for a copy of *Home Hints*, by
 Mary Bulmer. It is published at One Shilling by Perry &
 Son, of Dartford, and contains many useful recipes as to "what
 to have for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper."

PERPLEXED.—Apply to Dr. Garnett at the British Museum.
 He has made a special study of the subject.

ELLEN BICKERS.—"Maslin" is a mixture composed of
 different materials, as "maslin bread," which is composed of
 rye mixed with a little wheat.

H. JEVONS.—We think the Grammar School, Corby, would
 suit your purpose, as only a limited number of pupils is re-
 ceived, and the fees are most moderate. Apply to the Head
 Master.

"Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult."

(A HYMN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.)

Words by MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Music by MRS. SUNDERLAND LEWIS.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."

2. As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred—
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3. Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more

4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

5. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Three Witnesses.

MANY years ago the late Rev. Lord Charles Hervey paid a visit to my Missions, and after service, the head chief, turning to him, said, 'Do you know the history of the North American Red men? Shall I tell you it? Before the white man came, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, and the prairie and forest were full of game; and hunger and thirst never came to the wigwam of the Indian. Would you care to see one of my braves such as he was before the coming of the white man?' He clapped his hands, and the door of the tent opened, and there appeared an Indian, proud and erect, in all the finery and feathers of a young warrior, with his squaw by his side. 'That,' said the chief, 'represented my people before the white man came. Now, shall I show you what the white man has done for us? He clapped his hands again, and there appeared before them a squalid, miserable-looking wretch, and by his side an equally degraded woman. 'O great Spirit,' exclaimed the chief, 'is this an Indian? How came he to this pass?' He produced from beneath his blanket a black bottle. 'That,' said he, 'is the gift of the white man. But if that were all that the white man had done for us, you would not be my guests to-day. Many years ago a pale-faced man came to us, and at last we listened to what he had to tell us. Would you like to know what that story has done for us?' Again he clapped his hands. The door opened, and in stepped a

young man dressed in a black frock coat, and by his side a young woman in a black alpaca dress. Said the chief, 'There is only one religion in the world to lift man out of the mire, and to teach him to call God his Father, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ.'—THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA IN *The Mission Field*.

Maori Revival in New Zealand.

The Rev. A. O. Williams writes to the *C. M. S. Gleaner*: "There has been a real and marked improvement in the spiritual state of the Maoris living north of Whanganui. From time to time in my reports I have stated that nothing could be done with them. Since writing my last report they have come out grandly, and have now quite given up Te Whiti-ism, Sabbath-breaking, drink, and immorality; and every soul attends the Church services, not only on Sunday, but every morning and evening. This applies to the whole coast for a distance of fifty or sixty miles. I am greatly encouraged, and thank God for condescending to use me here for His glory." ("Te Whiti-ism" means service for the insurgent chief Te Whiti, and the superstitions fostered by him.) Of another district Mr. Williams says that the Maori Christians have built six churches in five years, at a total cost of £1,296, almost all given by themselves. He adds, "Drunkenness is almost a thing of the past, the Maoris being almost to a man total abstainers."

WOODHOUSE

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

Calendar for November.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

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. Organ Recital, 6.30 p.m.
8 S	Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity. Octave of All Saints. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
15 S	Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Trinity. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sixth Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
22 S	Twenty-Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Special Service and Address on Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m.
29 S	First Sunday in Advent. Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany, with Special Intercession for Missions, and Address, 6.30 p.m.
30 M	S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 6 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

Sunday, Nov. 15th, will be observed as Hospital Sunday, and the Collections will be divided between the Leicester Infirmary and Loughborough Hospital.

The Missionary Litany will be said on Wednesday, Nov. 11th, after Evensong.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting will be on Monday, Nov. 23rd, at 6 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MEETING.—Tuesday, Nov. 24th, 6.30 p.m.

LECTURE.—There will be a Lecture on "Darkest Africa," by the Rev. T. C. V. Bastow, on Thursday, Nov. 5th, at 7.30 p.m., in the Village Hall. Admission 2d. The Lecture will be illustrated by Limelight, 750 candle power. For particulars see bills.

CHURCH HISTORY LECTURES.—We hope to continue the series of Lectures on the History of the English Church, which proved so successful last Winter. This season we propose to deal with the History of our Church from the time of the Reformation down to the present Century.

The first Lecture of the series will be given by the Vicar, on Tuesday, Nov. 17th, in the Village Hall, at 7.30 p.m. The subject of the Lecture will be "Leading Events in the Reformation," A.D. 1535—1590. Admission Free, Collection at the close of the Lecture. Illustrated by means of the Magic Lantern.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—This was held on Thursday Oct. 15th, and on Sunday, Oct. 18th (S. Luke's Day). There were Celebrations of the Holy Communion on both days at 8 a.m. The Sermon on Thursday evening was preached by the Rev. Manwaring White, Vicar of Eastoft, near Goole, Yorkshire, and that on Sunday morning by the Rev. T. Vaughan Evans, Senior Curate of the Parish Church, Loughborough. Stainer's well-known Harvest Anthem, "Ye shall dwell in the land," was sung both on the Thursday evening and also on the Sunday afternoon, the treble solo being nicely rendered by T. Waterfield. The Church was tastefully decorated. The collections on the 15th, which amounted to £13 5s. 10½d., were given to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, while those on the 18th, £7 17s. 11½d., were for the Organist and Choir.

In Memoriam.

TOM SEAL,

AGED 16 YEARS.

Died Oct. 22nd. Buried Oct. 25th, 1891.

We regret to record the death after an illness of nearly three weeks of Tom Seal. There is something particularly touching in the removal from this life of one who is just growing up. It should remind us all, especially the young, of the uncertainty of our sojourn here. He, who has been taken, was until the beginning of this year a member of the choir, and also of the Sunday School. At the close of last year he was the head boy in the Sunday School, and consequently won the first Prize. He was amongst those who were confirmed at Rothley last April, and he has since been a communicant. The funeral was on Friday, Oct. 25th, before the Afternoon Service. The choir were present and sang two hymns, "Let Saints on earth in concert sing," 221 A. & M.; and "There is a Blessed Home," 230.

"May he rest in Peace."

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