

December, 1891.

S. Bartholomew's,
QUORNDON,

AND

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



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

B. CLEMERSON & SON,

Cabinet Makers,
Upholsterers & Complete
House Furnishers,
**MARKET PLACE & MILL STREET
LOUGHBOROUGH.**

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

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

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

A trial respectfully solicited.

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QUORN.**

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

**WHITE HORSE,
COMMERCIAL INN,
QUORN.**

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

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

Iron frame, full tricolor, check action.

17/6 PER MONTH.

Grand tone, best materials and workmanship.

25 GUINEAS CASH.

J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S POPULAR PIANO 14/- PER MONTH.

Brilliant tone, massive construction. Warranted.

20 Guineas Cash. Delivered Free.

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT:

**J. HERBERT MARSHALL,
HIGH STREET & WOOD GATE,
LOUGHBOROUGH.**

J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S Vesper Organ.

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

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

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

£6 6/- CASH. Unsurpassed.

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

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

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

HAVELOCK COFFEE HOUSE.

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

FRESH CONFECTIONERY!!!

Every Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday.

— PORK PIES AND SAUSAGES —
Rooms with all kinds of Games open
every Night.

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

Tea and Coffee always ready.

GOOD STABLING.

F. FACER, Proprietor.

STEAM SAW MILLS, QUORNDON.

**J. SANDERS,
Builder,
Joiner & Cabinetmaker**

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

DESIGNS GIVEN.

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

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Calendar for December.

DEC.

6 S	Second Sunday in Advent. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Litany, Children's Service, and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
13 S	Third Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon, at 11 a.m. Evensong, and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
16 W	Ember Day.
18 F	Ember Day.
20 S	Fourth Sunday in Advent. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
21 M	S. Thomas. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
24 TH	Christmas Eve.
25 F	Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
26 S	S. Stephen. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
27 S	Sunday after Christmas. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Holy Communion, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
28 M	Holy Innocents. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
31 TH	Eve of Circumcision. Special Service at 11 p.m.

Your prayers are desired on behalf of Mr. Charles Waters, who will be ordained deacon at Peterborough on December the 20th.

Spms.

	MATTINS.	EVENSONG.
6th	48 322	249 226 289
13th	50 225 214	219 53 284
20th	438 49 52	47 51 289
25th	61 59 60	
27th	61 62 172	59 60 58

Baptisms.

Nov. 1st.—Alice Lilian Peach-Hornby.
Alice Wilders.
John Charles Ward.
Ernest William Ward,
Gertrude Pendery.
William Stevenson.
Nov. 22nd.—Frank Roy Facer.

Marriage.

Nov. 25th.—Herbert Chapman and Kate Davis.

Burials.

Nov. 3rd.—Elizabeth Bird, aged 42 years.
Nov. 17th.—Leonard Kay, aged 12 months.
Nov. 18th.—Emily Bates, aged 56 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.—
Nov. 1st.

11 a.m.—£4 5s. 9½d. | 6.30 p.m.—£0 16s. 9½d.

Church Expenses.—Nov. 15th.
11 a.m.—£2 7s. 2½d. | 6.30 p.m.—£0 7s. 10d.

Children's Service.—Nov. 1st.—5s. 2½d.

Tradesmen selected to supply goods to depositors in the Quorn Provident Clothing Club:—

Quorn.	Loughborough.
Mrs. Martin.	Mr. Tidd
Mr. Thornton.	Mr. Green.
Mrs. Hack.	Mrs. Wood.
Co-operative.	Bailey & Simpkin.
	and boots in Quorn.

The bundles of those who receive 4/- bonus cards, will be inspected at the School on Friday, December 11th, at twelve o'clock, and those in receipt of cards from Mr. and Mrs. Warner will please take their bundles to the Hall on Monday, the 14th, at eleven o'clock.

As many desire to buy winter clothing earlier than the beginning of December, the Clothing Club payments will begin on Monday, December 21st (instead of on January 4th), and will end on November 15th.

Next year the "Dawn of Day" will be localised instead of the "Church Monthly."

S. JOHN'S AMBULANCE.—First aid to the wounded.—Classes in connection with the above-named Society will be instructed by Mr. J. A. Unitt, at the Village Hall, on Wednesdays, beginning on Wednesday, December 9th. Women at 3.30. Men at the hour which shall appear most convenient. The payment from those attending the classes will be 2/-, which will cover cost of text book and bandages. Certificates will be given by the Society to those who shall satisfy the Examiners.

The women are requested to send in their names to Mrs. Faithfull, and the men to send their names, and the hour that will suit them best, to the Vicar as soon as possible.

On the Sunday after Christmas, after Evening service there will be sung several solos from the Messiah, and carols by the Choir.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.—Over 95 per cent.

UPPER SCHOOL. School open 435 times.

1	Thomas Payne	III.*435		{	Adeline Dalby	II. 424	
2	John Rue ...	II.*435	21	{	Joseph Gamble	II. 424	
3	{	Ernest Payne	V. 434	{	Bertie Cragg ...	I. 424	
	{	Rose Neale ...	II. 434	24	{	George E. Gaze	IV. 423
5	William Wykes	II. 433	25	{	Titus Howes ...	IV. 420	
	{	Minnie Barwell	II. 432	26	{	Albert Cawrey	II. 418
6	{	Alphæus Herbert	II. 432		{	Georgiana Adams	IV. 417
	{	John Bagley ...	I. 432	27	{	Fanny Stevenson	II. 417
9	{	Alice Tungaie	II. 431		{	Harry Hallam	II. 417
	{	George Rennox	II. 431		{	George H. Wykes	I. 417
11	{	Rose Allen ...	II. 430	31	{	Sophia Pilkington	II. 416
	{	Fred Facer ...	I. 430		{	John Howlett	I. 416
13	Maud Sharpe...	II. 429	33	{	Frank Bale ...	I. 415	
14	Ernest Lovett	I. 428	34	{	William Fiddler	IV. 414	
	{	Thomas Hutton	III. 426		{	Fred Shard ...	III. 413
15	{	Constance Burton	III. 426	35	{	Nellie Taylor...	II. 413
	{	Alice Gaze ...	II. 426		{	Ernest Gamble	II. 413
	{	Ada Thompson	IV. 425				
18	{	Ernest Thompson	II. 425				
	{	John Chas. Fewkes	II. 425				

N.B.—90 per cent. would only let in 3 more children.

INFANT SCHOOL.—School open 425 times.

1	{	Nellie Dalby ...	1	425	25	{	Emma Squires	1	417
		Walter Rennox	1	425			Fred. Green ...	1	417
		John Stevenson	1	425			Edith Stokes ...	2	417
		Gertrude Barwell	3	425			Mary A. Webster	4	415
		Arthur Rennox	3	425			Willie Thornton	1	414
7	{	Herbert Whitby	3	425	29	{	Ernest Bramley	1	414
		William Cawrey	1	424			Albert Sault ...	1	413
		Charlotte Holmes	1	424			Arthur Platts	1	413
		Gertrude Jalland	2	424			John Reeves ...	1	413
		George Barber	2	424			Annie Briers...	2	413
11	{	Clara Taylor ...	1	423	35	{	Maria Gamble	1	412
		Ethel Disney ...	1	423			Charles Platts	4	412
		John Holmes ...	1	423			Ethel Johnson	1	411
		Alfred Reeves	3	423			Ernest Webster	1	411
		James Howlett	3	422			Willie Sault ...	1	410
15	{	Lizzie Martin...	4	422	40	{	Walter Barber	4	408
		Jane Allen ...	2	421			Kate Sharpe ...	2	407
		Florence Squires	3	421			Willie Martin...	2	407
		Jessie Wykes...	1	419			Willie Hallam	2	407
		Kate Stevenson	2	419			Charles Sutton	3	406
19	{	Wilfrid Remington	2	419	45	{	Harriet Payne	2	405
		Alfred Camm ...	2	419			Polly Smith ...	1	405
		Nelly Burton ...	1	418			Annie Clarke ...	2	404
		Kate Jalland...	1	418			Ernest Giles ...	4	403

1890-91.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Government Grant	327	16	8
School Pence	136	1	7
Books Sold	2	2	8
Sewing Sold	1	9	7
Town Lands	50	0	0
Mrs. Perry Herrick	£7	0	0
W. E. B. Farnham, Esq.	5	5	0
E. Warner, Esq.	4	4	0
H. E. Hole, Esq.	3	3	0
Rev. R. C. Faithfull	2	2	0
Mr. J. Bolesworth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Callis	1	1	0
J. D. Cradock, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cuffling	1	1	0
J. Le M. Hayward, Esq.	1	1	0
W. J. Meakin, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Tacey	1	1	0
Mr. R. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Ward	1	1	0
H. Woodward, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. B. Fewkes	1	0	6
Mr. O. Brown	0	10	6
Mr. J. B. Camm	0	10	6
S. Harris, Esq., M.D.	0	10	6
Mr. T. Pepper	0	10	6
Mr. W. Richardson	0	10	6
Mr. A. Sault	0	10	6
Mr. C. Cross	0	10	0
Mr. J. Darker	0	10	0
Mr. R. Moyses	0	10	0
Mr. E. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Thornton	0	10	0
Mr. G. White	0	10	0
Mr. T. Firr	0	7	6
Mr. J. Camm	0	5	0
Mr. G. Cook	0	5	0
Mr. J. Horspool	0	5	0
Mr. T. Lucas	0	5	0
Mr. J. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. T. North	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sanders	0	5	0
Mr. W. Swain	0	5	0
Mr. W. Webster	0	5	0
Quorn Friendly	0	5	0
Mr. M. Cooper	0	4	0
Mr. W. Fewkes	0	2	6
Mr. J. T. Holmes	0	2	6
Mr. J. Rumsby	0	2	6
Mr. H. Backhouse	0	2	6
Mr. G. Voss	0	2	6
Balance due to Treasurer	43	1	6
	114	7	3
	£674	19	3

EXPENDITURE.

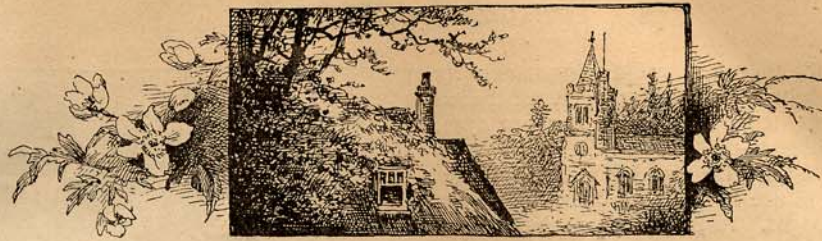
	£	s.	d.
Balance to Treasurer	90	8	10½
Teachers Share of Grant	170	0	4
Salaries—Upper School	163	15	0
„ Lower School	137	1	8
Cleaner	£11	4	0
Callis	3	10	8½
	14	14	8½
Gas	1	8	11
Coal	7	8	4
	8	17	3
Horspool	16	18	11
Swain	14	10	11
Beeby	1	9	3
Backhouse	0	5	8
Sanders	6	2	9
	39	7	6
Sanders	5	10	0
Kellett	5	7	0
	10	17	0
Midland Educational	13	4	8
Martin—Sewing Materials	4	0	11
Incidentals	2	0	9
Receipt Book	0	5	3
Cheque Book	0	5	0
Interest on Overdrawn Account	5	3	0
„ „ „ 1889-90	5	6	0
Mistake in Balance sheet, 1887-88	9	11	4

£674 19 3



Drawn by A. F. LYDON.]

"THE CHRISTMAS LOG."



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 XI.

BESSIE'S AWAKENING.

MR. TRUMAN opened the damp, flimsy paper with eager, trembling hands. He found what he sought immediately beneath the bold sub-heading—

FIFTH EDITION—SPECIAL.

It was a telegram dated New York, and read as follows:—

"Four survivors of the barque *Annabella*, of Liverpool, have just arrived at New Orleans. They tell a thrilling tale. After encountering terrible weather in the Bay of Biscay, it was discovered that the coal with which the vessel was laden had become ignited. Strenuous efforts were made to keep the fire under; but at last the men refused to work any longer, and then the boats were taken to, the ship being abandoned to her fate. Of the three boats, that one which was in charge of the third mate was capsized almost immediately after leaving the ship's side. The remaining two got separated during the night, and of the second mate and his crew nothing has since been heard. Captain Trivitt died of exhaustion a few days later, and then his men dropped off one by one till the four survivors were picked up by the Italian brig *Rita*, and conveyed to New Orleans. The poor fellows, who are doing well, are now on their way home. It may be mentioned that, a few days before the discovery of the fire, the first mate either fell or was hurled from the rigging into the sea and drowned. The survivors assert that he was deliberately murdered."

Mr. Truman read the paragraph through a second time, and then, with a groan of anguish, hid the paper away in his pocket. And was this to be the end of all the long months of prayer, and hope, and patient waiting? How was the news to be broken to poor Jasper, or would it be possible to keep it from him for a time? Alas! not for long, for Mr. Truman knew that the whole story would be told at length in the morning paper, of which the invalid lad was always

an eager student. Well, there would be a few hours' respite; at all events, nothing need be said till the morning. With that thought the Vicar was fain to sustain himself as he got out of the car and walked wearily towards home.

"A penny for your thoughts, Padre; you seem to be in a brown study." Mr. Truman started, looked up, and found himself face to face with Bessie Farnworth.

"Ah, forgive me," she continued, at once reading the expression of grief stamped on his features; "you have had bad news—something troubles you."

"Bad news, indeed, and I was just thinking how to break it," he replied, handing her the paper. Then the thought occurred to him that the cup of sorrow might lose something of its bitterness if held to the poor boy's lips by Bessie's hand. He was about to suggest that she should accompany him to the vicarage, which was close at hand, when he was arrested by a low gasping cry. He looked hastily at the girl. She was perfectly white, her very lips being bloodless; she stood with one hand pressed on her side, while the other crushed the fatal news-sheet.

"It will be a terrible blow to the dear boy. I was going to ask if you would help to break it to him," said Mr. Truman with some hesitation.

"Oh no, not me, not now, at least; spare me this," she gasped.

"Well, perhaps it might be as well to leave it till the morning," he suggested.

"Yes, that will be best," assented Bessie, recovering herself. "I will be at the vicarage early—immediately after breakfast. But I should like to go home now. I am not well; this news has upset me." Then she added, almost appealingly, "May I keep the paper?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Truman; "it has told its sad message to me, and no doubt Mrs. Day will be interested."

Without another word Bessie turned away, walked straight home, hurried to her room, and locked the door. Then, as she hid her face in her hands, she reproached herself in that she had not given a single thought to poor Jasper. She had been thinking about herself, wondering vaguely what could be the meaning

of the terrible chill that had swept instantaneously through all her bright, joyous being. Then her face flushed crimson, the tears burst from her hot eyes, and she moaned aloud:—

"It was my doing, I who urged him to go, I who said he must not refuse so good an offer. He went because I said he ought. Ah, how my poor heart beats to think of it!"

Mr. Truman was just turning in at his own gate, after parting with Bessie, when he encountered a telegraph boy.

"It was directed to Ashfield Hall, but the old woman told me to take it on here."

The clergyman took the buff envelope the boy held out to him. It was addressed "Rentoul," but he did not hesitate to tear it open. Within was a foreign telegram, brief, but sufficient. At one glance he took it in, date and all. It was from New Orleans.

"*Alive and well, praise God.*—ALBERT."

Mr. Truman took the telegram into the study and handed it to Jasper.

"You will excuse my having opened it, but I was so anxious to hear the news. There was something about the *Annabella* in the evening paper, and no doubt we shall have fuller details in the morning. It seems the ship was burnt, and they escaped in boats."

He spoke thus lightly, and the lad had no idea of the miserable hour that his friend had endured on his behalf. And Mr. Truman, albeit he had suffered so much himself, never thought of sending word to Bessie that night. It never occurred to him that the girl could have any interest in Albert Rentoul, except just in so far as he was Jasper's brother. Nor was it till after the bitter experience of that night, with its confusion of bewilderment, surprise, and shame, that Bessie herself had any definite consciousness of the real nature of the "interest" which she took in Jasper's brother.

A week of speculation and eager debate, of endeavours to reconcile the newspaper narrative with the undoubted fact of the telegram, and then there came a long, closely written letter from Albert himself. It was a delightful letter, full of affection, full of detail. Albert knew now what would please his brother, and so nothing was omitted; even a rough log or diary being appended, in which the events of each day were noted, and the course run laid down with such approach to accuracy as was possible. Jasper was in his element; and when Bessie came in, by special invitation, to hear the letter read, she found the old chart, over which they had so often sighed, and even wept together, spread out on the table, and noted that the zig-zag line had been continued beyond the fatal cross, from point to point, till it ran triumphantly into New Orleans harbour.

It will suffice if we give an extract from the letter, commencing at the point where the reader, some time since, was whisked away from the smoking deck of the *Annabella*.



"AT ONE GLANCE HE TOOK IT IN."

"... When the captain put his foot on that hole, he did it just as if he meant to *keep it there* till the fire was squelched. I think if the men had stuck to him he would have got it under, too. But it was awful hard work, my boy. First, we flooded all the fore part of the deck, and then we bored a lot of holes so that the water might run down on the coals. It was pump, pump, pump, all the time, and the more we pumped the hotter it seemed to grow. But I think that was because they let the deck run dry sometimes when poor Captain Trivitt had gone to lie down for a wee bit. Locock, the second mate, was no use, and I can tell you we missed Richards every hour.

"At last, after four days, the chaps refused to work at the pumps any more. The captain did his best with them, and held out for several hours. But it was no go, and then there was nothing for it but to have the boats made ready. While doing that the fire got the upper hand of us, and by the time we were ready to cast off the *Annabella* was just like an oven.

"When we left the poor old ship we were in lat 51° north, by long. 58° 3' west. Our notion was to steer west, and so make Bermuda, if possible, before our water and provisions were exhausted. But we had no luck. It had come on to blow hard from N.E., and my boat had scarce got twenty yards away when she was clean capsized, either by a sea or by the awkwardness of some of the lubbers I had aboard. As soon as I rose to the surface I struck out the best I knew how, as you may imagine. Fortunately I came up close alongside the captain's boat, and in a minute I was dragged out of the water like a half-drowned puppy. Just at that moment the deck of the *Annabella* burst up with a loud report, and what between the confusion and the falling of burning timber and the sea that was running, not another man was picked up but myself. So you see what reason I have to be thankful, Jasper. Mr. Locock had got away in charge of the first boat, and so long as the

ship burned we saw him lying to about a mile off. But when the *Annabella* had burned to the water's edge she suddenly went down, and then it was proper dark, I can tell you. In the morning we looked about, but could see nothing of our companions in misfortune, so after a while we got up our sail and shaped a course W.N.W. for Bermuda.

"For two days we did well, and were all in fair health and spirits; but after that our troubles began. A northerly gale sprang up, and we were forced to run before it till we got a lot too much to the south. We were badly crowded in the boat, and some of the men began to whimper and grumble. They wanted bigger rations, and they wanted drink, and a lot of other things that you can't get handy in mid Atlantic. So the captain just said he'd put a bullet through the first chap that gave any more sauce. *And he did it, too.* It was the big, dark-browed fellow I was telling you about above. From the first he had been a ringleader in every mischief, and the captain wasn't inclined to be trifled with by him. It all happened in a moment. Something was said that angered the fellow, and he immediately snatched up a hatchet and began brandishing it round his head. Captain Trivitt bade him lay it down, and then when the foolish fellow refused, fired at him point blank. I believe he only meant to wing him, but the ball glanced aside off the steel blade and entered the man's body. An hour later he died, confessing before he went that it was he who had done for poor Richards. It was only afterwards that I made the pleasant discovery that they had been suspecting *me* all the time.

"And now, dear brother, I must keep all further details till we meet, and that will be very soon, please God. For the next eight days we had an awful time. I can't bear to describe it to you. It became quite sultry, and fell dead calm. There we lay, baking and sweltering, and consuming our small stock of water and provisions, while the sea was for all the world like a great pot of molten lead around us. Two of the men went mad and jumped overboard; and at the sight of that poor Captain Trivitt quite broke down. He got weaker and weaker each day, till on the twelfth day after leaving the ship he died. I was glad when he went, poor fellow, for the getting his body into the water was about the last thing we had strength left to do.

"There were now seven of us left, and all that weak that we were forced to give over even attempting to navigate the boat. We just ran up a signal of distress, and then lay ourselves down to die. For a bit I suffered terribly from thirst, but after that I fell into a dreamy state, and was quite happy. I seemed to be in the old place, and all my thoughts were with you, Jasper dear, and with another whose name you will probably guess. I know I have no right to think about her, Jasper, but I couldn't help it; and I can tell you it was a great comfort to feel as though you were both close by me when I thought I was dying."

Jasper was reading on in a matter-of-fact, innocent

fashion; but when he came to this point Mrs. Truman, who was not perhaps so unsuspecting as her husband, gave an uneasy cough, while Bessie actually had the hardihood to say,

"I think, Jasper, this part of the letter ought to be private; it seems to refer to some secret between you and your brother, and has no interest for us."

Jasper looked up amazed, but catching the appealing look on the girl's face, he instinctively understood her wishes—wishes that for him were absolute commands.

"Very well," he said, "I won't read any more; and, indeed, there isn't much, except that he felt quite angry when they roused him up by trying to put brandy and things down his throat on board the *Rita*. Oh yes, he says the owners have wired him to take train to New York, and come home by one of the liners, so that he hopes to see us all very soon. That *will* be jolly—won't it?"

CHAPTER XII.

'WAS IT WRONG TO OWN, BEING TRUTH?'



AFTER the letter-reading recorded above, events moved quickly.

The very next day word came that old Mrs. Farnworth was dangerously ill, and that she wished to see, not Mrs. Day or Bessie, but Mr. Truman.

The clergyman hurried off to catch the Chester train. He was absent several hours, but almost immediately on his return he went to call on Bessie. Mrs. Day had gone to her room with a sick headache, so that he was fortunate in finding the girl alone.

"The doctor thinks the immediate danger is past, so you may rest easy in your mind on that score. But there is something else, Bessie, something you ought to know—at least, Mrs. Truman is very strong about it, and she probably knows best."

"I am sure she is right, that is, if it is anything pleasant," replied Bessie.

"Well, I don't know about its being pleasant; that depends on how you look at it," said Mr. Truman with some hesitation. "It is about our friend Jasper, about him and his brother."

"Go on," exclaimed the girl, with a choking sensation in her throat.

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Truman, carefully choosing his words, "it appears that many years ago Mrs. Farnworth's only son ran away—as the saying is—with a girl who had been in his mother's employment. He married her, and went out to Barbadoes, where he had a small property independent of his mother. There he lived for some time, and then both he and his wife were carried off by yellow fever. Two little orphan boys were left, and they were sent to England to their grandmother, their maternal grandmother, who was no other than old Mrs. Reeve. You know, Bessie dear, what a strange hard woman Mrs. Farnworth is. Well, at first she threatened to turn the children and Mrs. Reeve away; but afterwards she agreed to let them remain, on condition that nothing should ever be allowed to come out about their parentage. Her son's name she never mentioned, nor would she allow any one to speak of him in her presence. In fact, she disbelieved, or pretended to disbelieve, the entire story of his having been married to Annie Reeve. Rentoul was the name agreed on, because it had been Mrs. Reeve's before her marriage."

"Then," cried Bessie, starting up with clasped hands and glowing face, "Ashfield and all the property belongs not to me but to Albert—that is, to Jasper's brother—the young man that went to sea."

Mr. Truman was puzzled, reflecting that people did not usually receive the announcement of their own impoverishment with such apparent pleasure.

"Not that exactly," he explained. "The property belongs to Mrs. Farnworth absolutely, and you know that she long ago made you her heiress. But I will be frank with you, Bessie, and tell you that I have urged her this very day to do something for the boys."

"Of course you have, and of course she must. Why, they are her grandsons, and I am only her grandniece. I will go and see her. I will tell her that I don't want the property, and won't allow them to be robbed."

She was so beautiful in her glowing, disinterested enthusiasm, that Mr. Truman feasted his eyes a moment on her sweet face before answering, as, with a smile, he held out his hands towards her.

"You won't do that, Bessie darling, when you remember what a stubborn old lady your grandmother is. Why, she would leave every penny to you, just out of spite, if you blazed out at her like that. We must trust her to do what is just and generous; and if she doesn't, *I know who will*."

"Thank you, dear friend," she said softly, at the same time stepping forward and letting her head rest on his shoulder. "But I wouldn't like that Albert—that is, Jasper and his brother, should be indebted to me for what was of right their own. You must persuade grandmother to leave the property to them."

"I will try and persuade her to do what seems just."

Then Mr. Truman, trying to lift the girl's head, found to his amazement that she was crying in a child-like, abandoned fashion.

"What is it, dear child? You are not vexed, surely—not sorry for Jasper's good fortune?" he said gently.

"Vexed—sorry? No, but so glad, so very glad, that it makes me cry." And she drew herself back, and lifted her face, all lighted up with smiles and blushes, although the tears were still trembling on her long lashes.

Mr. Truman went his way, saying to himself that she was a very lovely and lovable girl, though he could not always quite understand her. Perhaps his wife would have had less difficulty.

The following afternoon Bessie went over to Ashfield. Latterly she had become fond of roaming about the old place by herself, exploring its recesses, vaguely planning how it might be restored to its pristine glory, and no doubt letting herself float away dreamily on the backward-gliding tide of old associations. She was always alone, partly because she preferred to be so, partly because Jasper showed no wish to accompany her. Indeed, he had come to dislike the place. Perhaps it was a sign of more robust bodily health, perhaps it was in consequence of his brother's long absence, but he was now conscious of a distinct shrinking from his old home, with all the strange and morbid fancies that were associated with it.

On the day in question Bessie concluded that she had the house to herself, because she had seen Winter working near the gate, and his wife engaged with her pigs in the desolate farmyard. She wandered awhile through the attic regions, and then made her way down the narrow stairs into the office. Vividly she recalled the day when she had been startled by coming so unexpectedly on little Jasper, and she laughed at the memory of the exclamation—which indeed she had never been allowed to forget—"It's only a boy!"

Then, standing in the deep recess of the window where the boy had so often lain in the first days of his illness, she yielded herself not unwillingly to other fancies and memories as they came flooding into her mind. Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie by the sound of a masculine voice.

"What! no one here? Where has my birdie flown to, I wonder?"

Stepping from her place of partial concealment, Bessie found herself face to face with Albert Rentoul.

"I'm here! and by-and-by I can take you to the bird's new nest," and then she half timidly held out her little hand to him.

"What! Miss—Miss Farnworth, I didn't expect—I shouldn't have known——" he stammered idiotically.

"Yet surely I'm not much changed—though you are," she said, looking him straight in the face. "You

look older and more sad—in consequence, no doubt, of all the dreadful hardships you have gone through—poor fellow!” He was holding her hand in his now, and the tone with which she had uttered the last simple words thrilled him through and through.

“Your letter to Jasper was so interesting. The dear boy read it through to us,” she added.

“He read that letter of mine out loud—the whole of it—to you.”

Bessie felt the tell-tale colour mounting to her cheeks, but she answered as carelessly as she could,

“Oh, well, perhaps not quite all—but as much as concerned your adventures. But come, you will be anxious to see Jasper, and I am keeping you here chattering. He is stopping at the vicarage.” She moved quickly out of the office and across the library towards the French casement that had been thrown open by Mrs. Winter to air the room. Halfway through the window she paused, emboldened, it may be, by the fresh air.

“Do you remember the last time we stood here together, and the advice I gave you?”

“Do you think it is possible I should ever forget any single word you have spoken to me?” he cried with sudden impulsiveness. Then his eyes dropped before her, and he added quietly, “You bid me go, and of course I went.”

“Yes,” she replied, “and it made me so miserable to think I had given you such advice.

You must know, the first account in the paper, before your telegram came, said about your boat being capsized; and so for a whole night I thought you were d—r—lost, and that it was my fault.”

“And that made you miserable,” he said, taking her hand deferentially. “How kind and good you are.” Then, as her hand rested tremblingly in his, he continued with almost fierce despair, “there! snatch your hand away. I have no right to speak to you, Miss Bessie. I know how presumptuous and impudent I have been. I felt it when I saw that flunkey hold the

carriage door open, and when I watched you drive away. After that I vowed that I would never speak like this—not at least till I had won a decent position, and could prove—as I yet hope to do—that I was not born quite a common fellow. And now I stand here insulting you. Bid me be silent; order me to leave you.”

Bessie took away her hand, stepped back a little, drew herself up, and said in a low, quiet tone, though her whole frame was quivering—

“I do not feel insulted, and why then should I bid you leave me or be silent?”

“I will speak then,” he cried. And not thinking now about the dusty floor, he actually went down on his knees before her. “You know, Bessie, that you have been my dear brother’s good guardian angel, and you have been mine too. Before I ever set eyes on your sweet face your name was as familiar as that of the ideal being Jasper and I used to romance about; but since the moment that I actually saw you, you have been the one reality of my life. You know something of what you have been to Jasper; you will never know what you have been to me. You have upheld me, you have purified me, you have been God’s messenger to me, you have fired my ambition, you have made a gentleman of me—ay, you have that. And now that I have told you—now that I am kneeling where I longed to kneel that day when we parted.

I am ready to hear my fate. Only speak gently to me; and, if it be possible, let me cling to the hope that has so long upborne me—cling to it as a drowning man will to a straw.”

Miss Farnworth seemed to be in no hurry to interrupt this outburst; but when Albert paused she said quietly,

“You had better get up, it looks ridiculous, and I don’t like it. I am no better than you.”

He rose to his feet; and then, as she continued to look into his face with earnest eyes and pale quiver-



“THERE IS SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.”

ing lips, that seemed to be remonstrating against some inward order to speak, he took a step forward with outstretched arms.

"What is this?" he whispered, in an awestruck voice. "You have not yet told me to go away—never to speak to you again. Oh, Bessie! do not torture me. What is it I see in your eyes? What word trembles on your lips?"

She raised her hand and touched him lightly on the arm, as she had done twice before on a memorable occasion.

"Listen," she said. "There is something you ought to know, something about yourself. I don't think it will make any difference with you. *It certainly has made none with me.*"

"Then there is only one thing in the world that I want to know," he exclaimed eagerly.

"And surely you know that already," she murmured, as for one moment she let her head droop where her hand lay upon his arm.

Then before he could detain her, she sprang backward.

"Now go to the vicarage, and let Jasper know that you are come. Then see Mr. Truman, tell him how naughty I have been, and hear what he has to say."

Next moment she was gone; and Albert, looking round the great bare room, could scarce believe that this glory and happiness had really come to him. It all seemed so like a dream, so like one of those wild romantic scenes that Jasper used to paint for him in the old days, and in which Bessie-in-the-tree-top had invariably been the central figure.

Two days later, and the members of the little party whose fortunes we have been following were startled by the unexpected intelligence of Mrs. Farnworth's death. Then, in due course, came the revelation of the contents of the will. Mr. Truman was pleased, and perhaps a little surprised, to find that the eccentric old lady had exactly followed the advice tendered by him. There were legacies to Mrs. Day, the Winters, and two or three old servants, also some charitable bequests. Then came the disposition of the bulk of the estate. Bessie was to receive one moiety, and the other was to be divided equally between the two grandsons of the executrix, Albert and Jasper Farnworth, hitherto known as Rentoul.

And here our little story must end—the story, in the main, of three lives made happy and useful, fruitful by sympathy, self-devotion, and simple piety.

Jasper's health was almost completely restored by the long voyage which he made on board the ship to which his brother was, after a few weeks at home, appointed as first mate. On his return there was some talk about his studying for the University with a view to entering the ministry. But so far nothing has come of the proposal, nor is it likely that he will now care to enter on a new and arduous course of study. He is perfectly happy in giving such assistance to Mr. Truman as a layman can, especially in devoting time

and talent to his voluntary work as organist and choir-master of St Simon's Church.

Albert Rentoul—or must we now call him Farnworth?—having obtained his certificate as master, is about to take the command of a splendid new ship, of which he is himself part owner. His bride is to accompany him. She is as full of mirth as ever, and now openly expresses her fears that, once having tasted the sweets of a roving life, she will never care to settle down again. She looks into her husband's eyes, and says,

"We know the merry world is round,
And we shall sail for evermore."

THE END.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

"There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."—JER. XXXI. 17.



WE thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth,
For truth through murdered innocents revealed; *
That they should be the firstfruits unto God
And to the Lamb, who leads Thy flock to Heaven.
The wrath of Herod works the will of God,
And spreads Christ's sufferings through His lambs so dear; †
That sharing His reproach they may be called
To share His welcome in the realms of bliss.
The wrath of Herod shows the force of sin
That still destroys sweet innocents, alas!
E'en when and where the Christmas feast is kept ‡
Which presses love and peace on all mankind.
Those prattling tongues so early hushed in death
Make way for powers of utterance sublime;
That smile, which e'en a violent death oft moulds,
Gains radiance as those guileless souls reach home.
Pure baby boys, baptised in your own blood,
God hears your cries; snatched from your mother's arms,
His arms receive you, He your refuge is;
So with each child 'tis well, as all shall find. §
Thus saith the Lord—from tears thine eyes refrain, ‖
Thy voice from weeping, for thy babes are safe.
They rest in hope till with Heaven's growth they come
To earth made new, and share the reign of Christ. ¶

THOMAS W. PEILE.

BUCKHURST HILL RECTORY.

* St. Matt. xi. 25.

† Rev. xiv. 4.

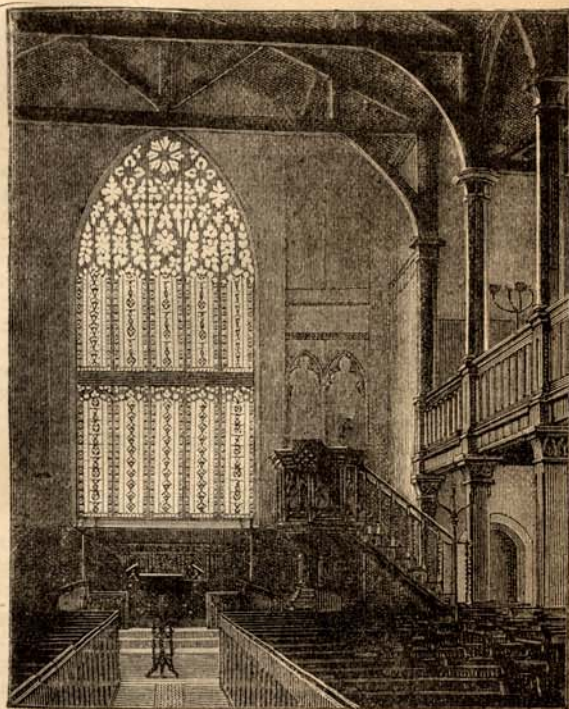
‡ Sad to say, each Christmastide little babes in the British Isles are overlaid or otherwise destroyed through drunkenness.

§ Deut. xxxiii. 27.

‖ Jer. xxxi. 16.

¶ 2 St. Peter iii. 13 and Rev. xx. 6.





INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, OLD FORD.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VI. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, OLD FORD.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, Old Ford (or North Bow, as it is more generally called), is one of the most important and flourishing churches in East London, and has, ever since its erection in 1857, been the scene of energetic and well-organised Church work. Some forty years ago Bow was one of the prettiest villages outside London, abounding with meadow lands and market gardens, but now it is entirely absorbed in the great Metropolis.

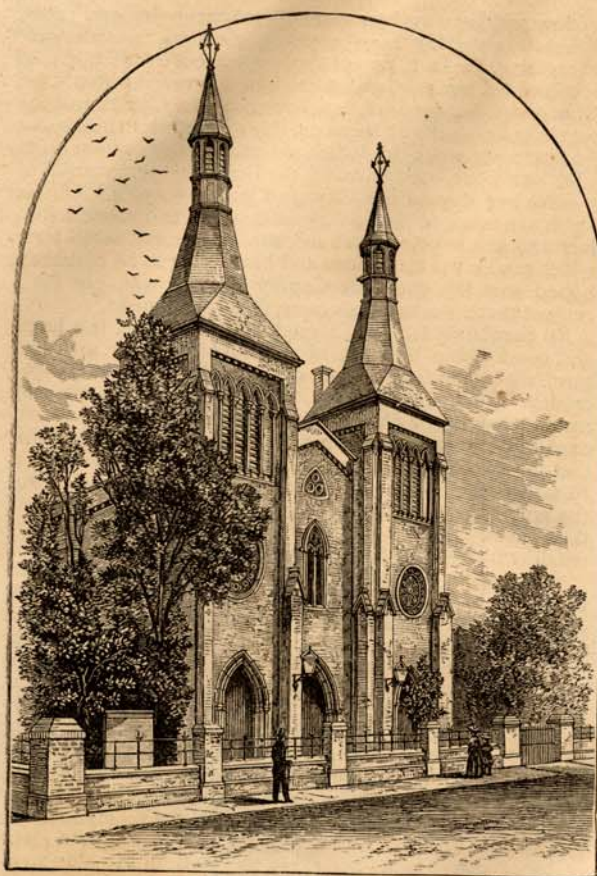
The parish contains a population of upwards of 12,000, but lies so compact that a good walker could compass it in twenty minutes. The northern boundary is the ancient Roman road which crossed the River Lea at the Old Ford (hence the name of the district) on its way to Colchester. Many Roman coins have, from time to time, been found here, and not many years ago in Saxon Road (not far from the Sunday Schools) a stone coffin of the Roman period was discovered, the lid only a few inches below the turf, and in it a perfect skeleton of a young man. Building operations have entirely ceased, owing to there not being a single available spot upon which to build. The streets are wide, and the houses fairly large, which, in the vast proportion of cases, were formerly occupied by persons holding good positions in the City, but who have now gone further afield, and their places have been filled by a poorer and more working-class population. Many of these hold situations in the City as clerks, salesmen, etc. Some are employed in the making of various articles in their own homes, and amongst these distressing cases of long hours and starvation wages are often found. A case in point may be mentioned, but by no means the worst of its kind. A

widow and her daughter were found occupying one room, the mother making boys' trousers (buttons, button-holes, everything, in fact, except the cutting out), for which she received 2d. per pair, and if she found her own cotton, 2½d. The daughter, aged 18, employed in the City in making tennis balls, works 12 hours per day (Saturday 10 hours), or 70 hours per week, for which she receives 7s., or not quite 1½d. per hour, exclusive of the time the weary walk of 7 miles per day to the City and back occupies. Others again are engaged in the various chemical and other manufacturing in the neighbourhood, the smoke and smell from which render the air impure and bad. It is to be earnestly hoped that the energetic County Council will, ere long, compel these works to consume their own smoke.

St. Stephen's Church, though not handsome, is a large and comfortable building of the Gothic style of architecture, with galleries on three sides, and is able to accommodate fully 1,500 people. A story is told by the old residents respecting its erection, which, if true, goes far to explain some of its peculiarities of structure. They affirm that the windows were a job lot, originally intended for a Roman Catholic cathedral in India, and being bought cheap, the architect was instructed to construct the church to suit the windows. Certainly very few churches can boast of window frames like St. Stephen's, *made of gun-metal*.

The parish has always had the good fortune to be presided over by able and energetic Vicars, and there has certainly been no diminution in progress during the past five years under the present Vicar, the Rev. J. Pulein Thompson. Since his appointment in 1886 he has been unceasingly active in every department of parochial work. By his earnest efforts the church has been thoroughly painted and restored, and made more worthy of being called God's House. The chancel has been renovated, the east end of the church has been raised, the old Communion rail replaced by one of carved oak, the walls and floor tiled, a new East window and Tables of Commandments erected. A handsome oak pulpit, reading-desk, and choir stalls of carved oak have taken the place of the old three-decker, and in every way the church has been made comfortable and beautiful even in its simplicity. This work alone would, in an East End parish, have taxed to the utmost the energies of most men; but Mr. Thompson, with the resoluteness and energy which characterise all his efforts, has erected, behind the church, a beautiful church-room with convenient class-rooms, which is occupied every night in the week by one or other of the many organisations at work in the parish; and when a chapel belonging to the Methodist Free Church was put into the market, owing to that body not being able to maintain their work, Mr. Thompson at once secured it for Church purposes, and already it is the centre of a flourishing Sunday School and Mission Service. Altogether some £6,000 have been raised and expended in the parish during the past five years.

Whilst this work has occupied a great amount of the vicar's time and labour, the spiritual wants of the parish have not been neglected. House to house visitation is regularly and systematically attended to by the clergy, every house being visited by them at least four times each year, as well as weekly by district visitors. The large congregations assembling Sunday after Sunday (over 1,000) prove, that here, at any rate, the Church is in touch with the people, and that its services are highly appreciated. A large Bible-class, numbering some 300 members, has been conducted on Sunday afternoons by the vicar ever since he came to the parish until within the past few months, when he commenced in the church a service for men, which is largely attended, and becoming a great power for



EXTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, OLD FORD.

good. Drunkards are being reformed, Sabbath-breakers, Agnostics, and those who were openly and confessedly godless are being added to the Church. The services are bright and attractive, and at the Men's Service a good string band, composed of men gathered out of the parish, leads the singing.

The Sunday Schools are crowded to excess (at the recent Sunday School Anniversary fourteen hundred scholars walked in procession from school to church), and the difficulty now is where to put the children. Undoubtedly the schools must be rebuilt, or the work will be seriously crippled. This the vicar is most anxious to at once proceed with, but the work already accomplished has taxed to the utmost his willing, but by no means rich congregation. Here, as in the case of many parishes where the wealthier residents leave the crowded districts for the pleasanter suburbs, and their places are taken by a more numerous but much poorer population, it is extremely difficult to maintain the organisation of a well-worked parish, and the incumbent finds that he has to minister to a largely increased parish, whereas the means are considerably reduced.

In a crowded district like St. Stephen's, inhabited solely by hard-working poor, it is impossible, without outside help, to provide all that is needed for the proper maintenance and extension of Church work.

The numerous agencies established in this parish, where the motto seems to be "Work and Thoroughness," cannot

be here enumerated. Every department of Church work is alive and active. Through the winter months mission services are held in the new church-room, giving place, however, during the summer to open-air services, at which large crowds are always found. The branch of the Church of England Young Men's Society, with its reading-room, draughts, chess, and its series of lectures and concerts in the winter, and its cricket and cycling club in the summer, is well patronised by young men, and is doing a good work among them by attaching them to the Church, and in shielding them from the many temptations of the great Metropolis. To relieve the many to whom the high price of coal was a burden, the vicar formed a coal club, to the members of which he sells coal at 9d. per cwt. instead of the usual 1s. 3d. or more charged during the winter in London. In fact, no class is overlooked, and the vicar endeavours, as far as possible, to minister to the spiritual and temporal needs of those committed to his charge.

J. E. WATTS DITCHFIELD.

LET YOUR EYE EVER BE UPWARD.

If a man looks down a ladder when he is climbing it, he may probably grow dizzy and fall. While he looks upward he is safe. So herein is a lesson for the Christian. You must not look downwards; you must not look back to this perishing world. The description given of a faithful minister, in Bunyan's great allegory, may teach a lesson to every believer. He saw, hanging up against the wall, a picture of a very grave person, —and this was the fashion of it. "It had eyes lifted up to Heaven. The Best of Books in his hand. The law of truth was written upon his lips: the world was behind his back." Oh, let it be so with you! the Word of God your constant companion; this world, with all it has to offer, cast behind your back; and let your eyes be *lifted up to Heaven*. Keep your eyes fixed on Jesus. See Him standing on your behalf at God's right hand, ready to help you in every time of need. See Him waiting to receive your every petition and to give you fresh supplies of His quickening Spirit. See Him holding in His hand for you a crown of glory. See Him waiting to greet you with a joyful welcome when your course is finished. So shall you be kept from falling: so shall you leave behind you doubts and fears that once distressed you: so shall you taste more and more the fruits of that land of promise to which you are hastening: so shall the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness shine more and more into your heart, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

THE REV. G. EVERARD, M.A.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Christmas in South Africa.

"ON Christmas Day there was a large gathering of natives at the home station. They came from far and near, some in waggons and on horseback, others on foot. A day like the Christmas Day I experienced here could but fill one with holy gladness and stir up one's zeal to persevere with this grand work. It makes up for the seasons of depression which will creep over one at times. The working of the Holy Spirit is so manifest in these large gatherings of natives who come together to worship God, and in the devotion which they exhibit, that one is full of hope and faith on their account." The Rev. M. A. MAGGS, in *The Mission Field*.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

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CHURCH MOUNTAIN

By William H. H. H.

HOME READING



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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 SERVICES WHICH THE CHURCH RENDERED IN THE MORAL EDUCATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL, AND IN THE RECONCILIATION OF CONFLICTING POLITICAL PARTIES.



THE services rendered by the Church to each individual man, in helping him to exercise proper control over himself and to regulate his thoughts, desires, volitions, and the whole of his internal life and external conduct, were of the very greatest importance. There is, of course, in every man what is called the natural conscience, which never fails, in some way or other, and to a greater or less extent, to speak to him, if he will hear its voice, as to what is or is not his duty under given circumstances; but it would be dangerous to assume that a man is to trust to the sole guidance of the counselling voice of that conscience when his mind is in a state of utter ignorance and blindness, so far as the possession of any intelligent and reasonable ideas are concerned, as to the principles by which this life should be regulated, and what should be the standard of his moral conduct. It was the work of the Church, therefore, to supply, to the individual, knowledge on these important subjects, so that, his mind being informed, his conscience itself might be enlightened more clearly to discern and to formulate for himself the obligations of duty binding upon him. The chief sources whence the Church derived her knowledge on these subjects were the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles, as contained in the Holy Scriptures. From these teachings she counselled men, and laid down maxims and principles for the formation of their characters and the regulation of their lives, resistance to temptation and the overcoming of evil with good. When sin had been committed, she urged the sinner to immediate and true repentance, and enjoined him to make restitution or recompense to the injured party for injury or evil done to him wittingly or unwittingly. She urged the sinner to cease to do evil and to learn to do well.

The Church in her Teaching discriminated between the Divine Forgiveness of Sin and the Temporal Punishment or Penalties which are frequently its Results.

In the treatment of the sinner, the Church wisely discriminated between the effects of his sin upon

himself, and its effects upon others who may have been influenced for evil and probably greatly injured by it, even as regards matters of this life. Thus in considering the question of the forgiveness of sin the Church also rightly and wisely distinguished between the forgiveness of sin as the absolute act of God pardoning the sinner and thereby remitting the penalties due to his sin in the life to come, and the question of the temporal punishment which is not only due to certain sins in this life, but that which follows its committal, and the consequences of which, in the face of the operation of the laws of nature, cannot be averted. The Church, therefore, taught men that, even if their sins were forgiven them, in the first sense, so far as their eternal penalties are concerned, still, in this life, those who, for the time being, give themselves up to sin, and subsequently repent and obtain pardon from God, cannot possibly expect that the temporal consequences of their sin will thereby be entirely averted or evaded. Though the sin be forgiven, the Church taught that the bitter remembrance of it will remain, the blighting influence which it has exerted upon others will remain, the increasing evil consequences of it to others will remain, and the injuries inflicted by it upon others will remain. The sinner himself is forgiven: his sin is pardoned, but its consequences cannot be undone.

The Church has ever been the Bond of Union between the Divided Classes and the Opposing Parties of the People.

In the midst of all the social and civil changes which have passed over England, the Church has ever been a great centre of unity. From the earliest times of English history, nothing more contributed to the holding of the people of England together than the feeling of religious brotherhood springing out of mutual membership of the Church. At periods when the nation has been passing through the ordeal of social, political, and national upheavings, the Church only has presented an undisturbed centre of peace and safety. When, amidst scenes of political and national strife and turmoil, the bonds of society have been burst asunder and thrown recklessly to the winds; when common interests amongst the people have almost ceased to exist, and class has been arrayed against class, and political faction against political faction, the Church alone has presented to all the only ground of truce and peace on which opposing classes and parties could safely meet, abating for a time their bitter feuds and suspending for a brief space their active hostilities. Within the precincts of her cathedrals and parish churches, crossing the thresholds of her holy sanctuaries, standing at her sacred font, joining in her public services, and kneeling side by side at her sacred altars, mutual opponents and embittered enemies have ceased their strife, and have acknowledged the supremacy of the bonds of that spiritual brotherhood created by their unity in the Christian faith and their

membership in the Church of God. Many a time in the course of history it would have gone ill with England as a nation, and gone ill with the people of the kingdom, had not the Church interposed and stood in the gap in the day of difficulty, and had she not intervened, in the interests of peace, between contending factions who were equally her members; and afforded a sanctuary of refuge for both.

The Church is still the Spiritual Home of all Opposing Political Parties, and it is hoped that she will long be spared to Shelter them within her Sanctuaries.

There may yet be times in the history of our country when this mission of the Church may be needed as much as ever it has been in the past. The day of conflict is certainly coming; revolutions in all departments of society and the State are silently and gradually, but nevertheless most effectually, taking place. Will the Church be equal to the occasion when it comes to her? Will she be able to speak so as to be heard amidst the conflict, noise, and strife of contending parties? Shall her sanctuaries and worship yet supply the neutral ground on which fellow-citizens can meet as members of her communion, while as members of the State they are ranged against each other in the battle-array of almost irreconcilable political hostility? In such times and in such emergencies it would go ill with this kingdom if it had not a National Church as wide as the kingdom itself, whose doors were always open as the rightful religious home of all socially and politically opposing parties.

GARDEN WORK FOR DECEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

EARTH up any celery requiring it. To protect from frost spread some straw over the beds. Dig up beds as last month.

Fruit Garden.

Prune fruit trees as in November. All new-planted standard fruit trees should be tied up to strong stakes to withstand the rough winds, and prevent the roots from being loosened. Protect the bark of the trees where they are tied to the stakes, so that it will not be damaged by rubbing.

Flower Garden.

Dig borders. Put round the roots of hardy plants, roses, etc., dressings of manure or litter to protect from the frost.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

A Happy Christmas to all our Readers! We hope that sons and daughters will not fail to remember the "Old Folks at Home." This is the season above all others when we do well to "Honour our Father and Mother." Peace and Good Will to men was the glad message of the Angels to the Shepherds, and happy indeed will this Christmas be if Peace and Good Will reign in the home.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING:

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

BY THE REV. E. A. WELCH, M.A.,
Vicar of the Ven. Bede's, Gateshead-on-Tyne.



THERE are but few Christians, we may safely say, who would not admit the truth of the general proposition, that to offer to God some portion of the worldly goods which He has entrusted to us, is nothing less than a positive duty incumbent upon all alike.

It is when we come to details that we find

divergence of opinion, and what is of more importance—divergence of practice. The

object of this paper is to emphasise the too often forgotten truth that almsgiving should be systematic—*i.e.*, guided by definite principles as regards the amount and the destination of the offerings, and that the principle which should regulate the amount is St. Paul's principle of *proportionate*

giving: "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

There are many devout Christians, especially of the wage-earning classes, who might offer more than they do for God's work, and so win the blessing of the 'cheerful giver,' if they thought it worth while to take some trouble in deciding how much they could offer, and to what objects their offerings would be most suitably assigned.

First, then, almsgiving should be systematic. This will be readily granted when it is recognised that it is regarded consistently in both the Old Testament and the New as an essential part of the devotional side of life. No one who is in earnest about his spiritual health is careless or irregular in such matters as Bible-reading and Prayer and Holy Communion. So no one ought to be careless or irregular in the matter of almsgiving. That many good Christians do not take any trouble or thought about it, but act simply on impulse, is due to the fact that, while they have been taught to pray and to read God's Word, and to come to Him in His Holy Sacrament, and to do all these things regularly, they have not been taught to look upon regular and systematic almsgiving as a Christian duty, the performance of which is necessary for the highest spiritual health.

And, secondly, the principle that governs our alms-

giving should be St. Paul's principle of proportion—"as God hath prospered him." It is clear that a man with an income of £1,000 a year ought, as a general rule, to offer at least twice as much as a man with £500 a year. Is it not equally clear that, as a general rule, a man with fifty shillings a week ought to offer at least twice as much as a man with twenty-five shillings a week? In other words, is it not clear that, whether our income be large or small, what we offer ought always to bear a definite proportion to what we receive?

What the exact proportion should be is another matter, and one on which every one ought to decide according to the dictates of his own conscience. Many Christians regularly devote to God's work one-tenth of all that they receive; many give more. But it is obvious that in the case of those who earn a weekly wage one-tenth would generally be too large a proportion, though many might offer one-twentieth. In settling the proportion many circumstances have to be taken into consideration, such as, for instance, the number and the ages of the children. If a man's wages remain stationary while his family increases, he will not be able to offer so large a proportion after eight or ten years of married life as in the first two or three years. But when his children go to work or get married he will be able to return by degrees to his first proportion. What is pleaded for is not large offerings, but proportionate offerings; let there be regularity and system. It should always be possible for all to say, "I have earned so much during the last month or six months, and I have offered such and such a proportion to God."

But how is the money to be offered? This is an important question of detail. For those who earn weekly wages, the simplest plan, which has been tried with success and satisfaction by many, is to set aside the fixed proportion in a bag or box at regular intervals, once a week, or once a month, as may be most convenient. Then it should be settled how much is to be given at the ordinary weekly offering in church every Sunday, how much assigned to special objects, such as Foreign Missions, Hospitals, etc., for which special collections are made in church and elsewhere, and how much may be kept in reserve for unforeseen calls. If a due proportion has been fixed on in the first instance, then there need be no scruple about refusing a call made at a time when the bag or box happens to be empty.

It is sometimes objected that to adopt any such plan would do away with the spontaneousness of offerings. It is true that there would not be much room left for impulsive giving in response to fervid appeals; but it can hardly be asserted that an offering which is the result of a momentary impulse is more acceptable to God than one which is the result of earnest prayer and careful deliberation. Such objections are generally urged as an excuse for either laziness or stinginess by those who will not take any trouble about their almsgiving, or by those whose

offerings, if added up, would be found to bear a miserably inadequate proportion to their incomes.

On the other hand, the universal adoption of such a plan would have obvious advantages.

In the first place, the total amount offered would be far greater than at present, and we should hear much less of good works crippled for want of funds.

Secondly, there would be a very considerable saving in the expense of collecting money. If the great Church Societies were better supported, and able to respond to all the appeals made to them, a vast amount spent in the printing and postage of private appeals could be assigned directly to the objects in view.

Thirdly, an immense amount of unprofitable labour and wearing anxiety would be spared to the clergy and others, who are often at their wits' end to know how to meet the expenses of the work they are doing.

And lastly, but not least, it might be possible to do away with bazaars, and other similar means of raising money, which, even if legitimate in themselves, have an undoubted tendency to lower the standard of Christian almsgiving, which is a sacrifice due to God, and ought not to be a means of getting something for oneself under the pretext of helping God's work.

BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

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

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

IN what Scriptures do we find either insects or else other creatures little thought of by man?—

133. Employed by the wise man to teach us forethought and prudence.
134. Employed by the Saviour to illustrate God's care for every one of His creatures.
135. Employed by one of Job's friends to teach the extreme feebleness of man.
136. Described as composing a terrible and irresistible army.
137. The same described in vision as having a king, and elsewhere as being without one.
138. Promised as a help to Israel in obtaining possession of the Land of Promise.
139. Described, though dead, as being able to do deadly injury to the famous and great.
140. Described as living in dwellings of strength.
141. Described as living in dwellings of splendour.
142. Employed to humble a haughty sovereign and people.
143. Employed to bring that which sustains life out of that which ordinarily destroys it.
144. Sent for by God Himself from afar.

"WHAT a blessing it is to be permitted to retire from the bustle of the world, and to be furnished with so many helps for realising unseen things." "A quiet Sunday is a blessed thing." "Oh, blessed day, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and to give ourselves up to Heavenly and spiritual things!"—WILBERFORCE.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

BROILING.

AS a means of cooking small pieces of meat, fish, etc., broiling leaves nothing to be desired, if proper care is taken to ensure success; but there are several important points connected with the process which, unless attended to, will cause the use of the gridiron to result in total failure.

The fire must be bright and clear, without smoke, and should be prepared in good time, so as to be ready for use when required. The very best kind of gridiron is that with fluted bars, which prevent much of the gravy from being wasted; but the ordinary iron ones are very well suited for general use. It is an undoubted advantage to possess two, one for meat and one for fish; because anything cooked on a gridiron imparts some of its flavour to the utensil, on account of the close contact necessary between them. Then again, every time the gridiron has been used it should be thoroughly cleaned by washing all over with water, soda, and a little sand. Keep it in a dry place, where it cannot become dusty, and just before using make it hot, and rub well with a piece of clean paper.

Those who have studied former lessons will have noticed that the object of each method of cooking meat is precisely the same—viz., to form a crust on the outside to retain the red juices. Broiling is therefore highly recommended by physicians and cooks, because the sudden exposure to intense heat attains the desired purpose most effectually. Precaution must be taken to suit the time of cooking to the various kinds of meat broiled. A mutton chop does not require turning so often as a steak, and pork must be cooked for a longer time than either of these. Chops and steaks intended for broiling should be about an inch thick, with nearly all the fat removed; and if the meat has become frozen, as it does sometimes in cold weather, it must be put in a warm kitchen for an hour or two to thaw before being cooked. To keep the meat from sticking to the bars of the gridiron, rub them with a piece of mutton suet. Hold the gridiron at first about two inches above the fire in a slanting direction, so as to prevent the fat running into the fire, and causing a sudden blaze, which would give a smoky flavour to the meat. After a few minutes raise the gridiron higher, turning the meat every two minutes until it is cooked, using tongs for the purpose, or a spoon and knife; a fork would make holes, through which the juice would escape, and thus render the meat dry, tasteless, and indigestible. Experience alone will decide as to the length of time required. All conditions being favourable, a steak will be ready in from ten to twelve minutes, a chop in two or three minutes less; but much depends on the heat of the fire, and the thickness of the meat. When done, the outside should look very dark brown, and the inside decidedly red; sprinkle with pepper and salt, and serve at once on a hot dish. Sometimes the gridiron is hung in front of the fire, instead of being placed over it. The result is almost the same, though the flavour is not considered quite so good.

WORK.—“There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Let the idle think of this.”—CARLYLE.

THE ISLAND HOUSE.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

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

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.



HE listened. Yes, it was so. Distinctly she heard something knock against the wall outside and underneath her window.

Her first thought was to arouse her brother. “But he must be so tired,” she said; so she decided to awaken Mansy instead.

The good woman was sleeping in the room next to Edie's, so that it would not be very difficult for the little maiden to go to her.

Edie sprang from her bed, her heart beating fast, and was creeping along to Mansy's room, when, noticing the moon shining brightly, she thought she would look out, and see if she could discover what had bumped against the wall. Just now everything was very quiet.

Cautiously, therefore, she peeped out of her window. No one was to be seen, and the water in the moonlight looked very peaceful and still. But just underneath was a boat—the very boat, as it seemed to her, that Alfie had used that evening.

“Oh, I expect that boy from Mr. Daw's brought it back,” she said; “that is all. How foolish of me to be frightened. I expect he got another boat and rowed this one back, and has now returned. I hear no sound down below. He must have gone. It was very kind of him to bring the boat. I don't think I need wake Mansy now. Everything seems very quiet.”

So the little maiden crept back to bed, and secure in the idea that she had solved what had seemed to her something of a mystery, she was soon sound asleep again.

But in the early morning, when the busy-minded Mansy, anxious to get forward with the work of the day, descended to the kitchen, what was her amazement and horror, to discover a man lying at full length, and fast asleep, on the table.

Her first impulse was to seize the handy broom, and either sweep him away in some mysterious manner into the water, or else challenge him to mortal combat; but wiser counsels prevailed. Mansy thought of a little plan, and her worthy face looked quite knowing as, chuckling to herself, she hastily removed all the food from the room, and then carefully locked the door from the outside.

“Now, there is my gentleman safe and sound,” she said. “If he gets out of the window he falls into the water and is drowned; while o' course we must see that he doesn't break the door down while Master Alfie is fetching a policeman; so there he is. Horrid idjot! what did he want to come here for; and how did he come?”

A glance outside showed her the boat, and showed her also that the water was certainly subsiding.

“That's a mercy!” said Mansy; “but, oh! what a mess the garden and everything will be in!”

The interior of the house certainly showed that Mansy had been busy, for it presented a much more comfortable

and tidy appearance than when she returned. A quantity of the water had been bailed out through the windows; and the cracks of the doors had been tightly plugged to prevent water trickling in again.

To-day Mansy wished to continue her tidying arrangements, and she also wanted to cook a good dinner. "Bother the man!" she exclaimed. "What a nuisance that he is in the kitchen, when I wanted to have everything ready there!" And she commenced to boil a little water for breakfast over her spirit lamp.

Just then the unwelcome visitor gave more evidence of being a nuisance. He had awaked, and finding the door locked, and no means of egress but into the water, he began knocking the panels of the portal to attract attention.

"Knock away, my gentleman, knock away!" said Mansy. "You won't get out except into a policeman's arms, I can tell you!"

The noise soon brought down the children, and Mansy speedily explained the position of affairs.

"Then it was somebody I heard in the night," exclaimed Edie. "I thought of waking you, Mansy." And she told her experience during the dark watches.

"As things have turned out, it does not matter," said Mansy; "and I am glad you didn't wake me. Out he doesn't come 'cept into a policeman's arms. Do you hear that, you wagabone?"

"I'll break the door down," he shouted, "if you don't open it." And he continued to knock loudly.

"Why," said Alfie, "that is like the voice of the man who treated me so badly yesterday. I wonder if it is he! Yes, I do believe it is," he added, as he heard the man shout again. "Oh! we must keep the door fast. Let us put chairs and tables against it!"

"It will be of no use for you to break the door," cried Alfie aloud, "for we are going to put things against it! What did you come here for?"

"I didn't mean no harm," grumbled the man. "I have took nothing. I only come for a sleep." Then after a pause he commenced to knock the door more heavily than before.

"Be quick, Master Alfie; oh, do be quick, and get a policeman! We can pile up things against the door," and Mansy commenced at once to drag a table towards it. "I have put some breakfast ready for you in the dining-room. Take something to eat as you go along."

So in a very short time Alfie found himself sculling the boat along to the shore. He noticed that the flood had much subsided during the night. Indeed, but for the fact that the house lay in a hollow, the water might perhaps have gone down before.

He found the village policeman more easily than some of the blue-coated brethren are said to be found. He was at his house, rather tired after his perambulations during the night. Alfie quickly told his errand, and described the man.

"Why, I b'lieves it's the very cove as I'm in search of," exclaimed the policeman. "Looked for him all night, I

have! I spects he thought your house was empty in the flood, and he should be safe there for the night. But he's reg'lar caught hisself in a trap, ain't he?"

And policeman 451 Z. of the Blankshire constabulary chuckled. Then he took out a pair of handcuffs, looked at them, turned them round, clinked them together, and slipped them back into his pocket.

"If," said he, "it is as how my man don't go quiet they may come in handy."

"Hadn't we better hurry on?" asked Alfie. "He may break the door down and overturn the things!"

"I don't think he will," said the policeman, shaking his head. "Howsomedever, we will go." And taking a long drink of cold tea, he put some bread and cheese in his pocket, and exclaimed, "Now I'm ready."

The two sallied forth, and before very long they had reached the house. As the policeman had anticipated, the man had not beaten the door down, and when it was opened he walked almost literally into the policeman's arms, as Mansy had said.

"I'll go quiet," said the man, who in fact looked tired and hungry. "You needn't put on them things," glancing at the shining steel handcuffs. "I s'pose, missus," he said, looking at Mansy, "you couldn't give a half-starved creetur a crust o' bread, could ye? I'm dead beat!"

"Well! did you ever!" exclaimed Mansy. "After breaking into one's house, then axin' for bread! The impudence!"

"Now then, come on!" said the policeman; "you'll have some food at the lock-up. Get into that boat, smart!"

Alfie had looked closely at the man. Yes, it was the same who had tied him in the boat yesterday. Should he give him something to eat? The boy hesitated. The man looked very worn and weary. Then the lad thought of the words,—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him." He hesitated no longer. He slipped into the dining-room, took a large slice of bread, and pressed it into the man's hand.

just as the policeman hustled him off. Then he hurried away, scarcely hearing the man's thanks, though seeing his look of surprise.

That day was a busy one for the inhabitants of the Island House. Mansy was very anxious that as far as possible every sign of the damage done by the water should be repaired and cleared away. So she kept the young people well employed. But the Island House, however, was rapidly becoming an island house no longer, for the flood continued to subside on every hand.

When the man was examined before the magistrates, of course Alfie had to be present to testify what he knew about the matter, and the causes of the flood were thoroughly investigated. To do him justice, the man himself did not attempt to conceal anything. His fault was chiefly that of gross carelessness and neglect of duty. The wall of the reservoir had showed signs of weakness which he had failed to report to his superior officers. In fact, he had seen but little of those signs, for, instead of



"HE HESITATED NO LONGER."

keeping to his work, he had wasted his time in drinking; and on the afternoon when the wall burst he was loitering in a public-house some distance off. The heavy rains of an exceptionally wet July had increased the volume of water to a great extent, and placed a much greater strain on the weakened wall. Hence it came to pass that when the increased pressure came, the wall not being repaired and strengthened, it gave way with a crash. The man was committed for trial at the next assizes, and Alf was well complimented on his bravery and cleverness.

Next morning, when the children came down, they were quite astonished to find that the water had all disappeared, and the garden and grounds looked very strange and muddy after their long and unusual bath.

"Why! where has the flood gone to?" exclaimed Edie. "It has quite vanished away in the night."

"It was subsiding quickly yesterday," said Alf.

"Now that we have done up the damage in the house,

we must see what we can do for the garden," urged Mansy. "Why, here is the postman coming up the path, just as if nothing had happened!"

"A letter from Auntie Rose!" cried Edie, taking the packet from the postman. "Perhaps she asks us all to the seaside."

That was exactly what Auntie Rose did ask, as they found when they read the letter. She was staying with their cousins in Devonshire, and thought they might come at once, as she knew of suitable apartments for them. Their parents, too, who were on the Continent, might perhaps join them there soon.

"Oh, that will be jolly!" cried the children.

"And when we come back," said Alf, "I expect all signs of the flood will have gone. It has not been a bad time, though, has it, Mansy?"

"Perhaps not so very bad, Master Alf," said Mansy, laughing; "only I could not abear that rocketty tub. Now let us tidy the garden."

THE END.



HALLELUJAH!

BY THE REV. G. W. BUTLER, M.A.,

Rector of Broad-Mayne.

Translated from the German of JOACHIM NEANDER. Born 1640, died 1680.

WONDROUS King of Glory,
Lord of earth and heaven,
All we have Thy love hath given.
Though we wandered from Thee,
Thou Thyself hast sought us,
Home again Thyself hast brought us.
Let us raise
Songs of praise:
Jesus, we adore Thee,
Falling down before Thee.
Let the vaulted azure
Still His works be telling,
Works all human pomp excelling.
Sun, thou giant runner,
Shining arrows darting,
Health and joy to all imparting;
Moon and star
From afar
Tell Messiah's story:
Show ye forth His glory.

Praise Him, men and angels;
Praise Him, every creature;
Praise Him, all ye realms of nature:
Praise the Great Creator,
Earth, and air, and ocean:
Pour ye forth your glad devotion.
Thou, my heart,
Bear thy part,
All thy tribute bringing,
Joyous anthems singing.
Swell the "Hallelujah!"
Come each ransomed brother:
Join we all with one another:
Knowest thou the Saviour?
Yield Him adoration!
Praise Him for His great salvation!
Well with thee
Shall it be,
Soon His mercies telling,
In His presence dwelling.

NOTE.—There is a fine tune for these words, composed by Neander himself, to be found in its integrity in Parr's "Church of England Psalmody," entitled "Groningen."

LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH BOOK.

BY THE REV. E. GELDART,
Rector of Little Braxted.

III. YNYSWYTRYN.

"**I** NEVER heard of such a name for a place!" you say; and so thought our ancient conquerors the Romans. They came across many queer names in their march through Britain, but few so strange as this. They *couldn't* say it, and they wouldn't; so they took the matter into their own hands, and called it Avallonia. But this name pleased the Saxons no better than the old name had suited the Romans; and they gave it yet another — Glaestingabyrig. Perhaps, now, you can give it the name by which it goes to-day; the name which is fixed to a kitchen, a chair, and a thorn?

It was, the legend goes, in the year of Our Lord 63, that St. Philip and St. Joseph of Arimathea were travelling as missionaries in France, when St. Philip sent St. Joseph to preach the Gospel in Britain. On the southern slope of Weary-all Hill, Joseph struck his staff into the ground, and set himself to build a house for the God he loved. Mud and wattles were all he could put together, but such as he had he gave. Before he gave up all to follow Christ he could afford a resting-place of hewn stone in a beautiful garden; now the labour of his own hands was his sole possession. If this be true or not I cannot tell, but the very size of his mud church is given as sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide.

His staff, they say, took root, and grew to a great tree, a whitethorn that blossomed on the Birthday of the Lord. This tree existed till the time of the Puritans, who hacked it down; yet the tree refused to be killed, and slips were cherished by those who loved the place and its story. So much at least is true, that the Glastonbury thorn *does* blossom at Christmas, whether St. Joseph planted it or no; and it may be seen to this day.

The kitchen is the only part of the once famous abbey house still left standing, and a mighty building it is. So it had to be when there were three hundred sons of the nobility at school there, besides all the monks and clergy. Moreover, we are told that crowds of poor folk were fed here twice a week.

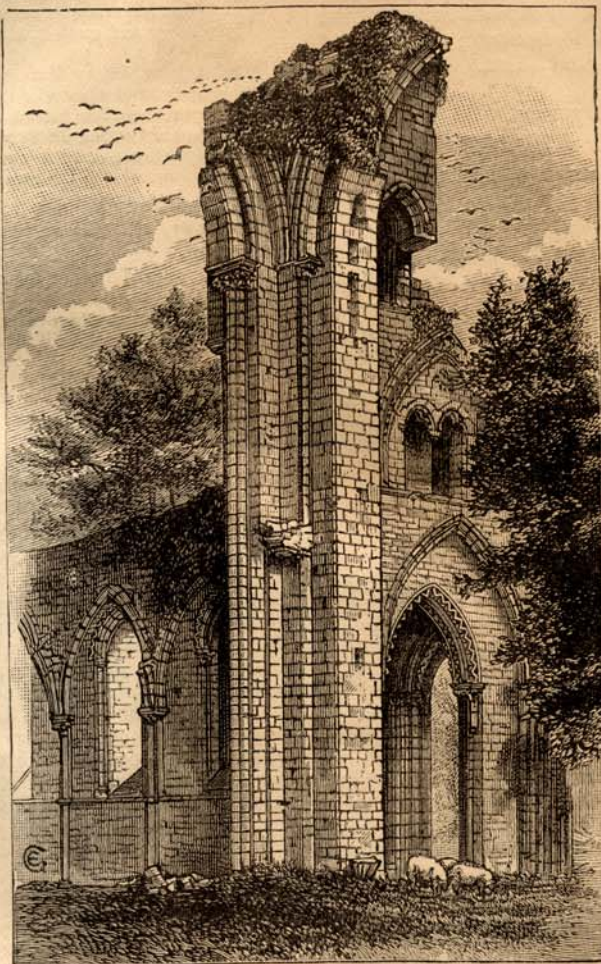
The chair you have probably seen a score of times, or, at least, a copy of the wooden seat of poor Richard Whiting, the last abbot, who, because he withstood the order of King Henry VIII., who destroyed and robbed the abbey, was hanged on the hill, in sight of his well-loved home.

One other piece of furniture from this place you may still see at Wells Cathedral. This is a most wonderful clock. Among other things it has a troop of men on horseback, who, when the hour strikes, go scampering round and round. I doubt not it amused the schoolboys in the abbey, and, if it was in the schoolroom, perhaps disturbed their attention, and brought down upon their backs a branch of the famous thorn tree!

St. Joseph was not the only missionary to Glastonbury, for in 166 others came and fostered the growth of his planting; and in 433 the great St. Patrick came and taught and ruled the people. At least, so it is said.

Perhaps, however, the name best known of all connected with Glastonbury is St. Dunstan.

In 940 he was the abbot here, and many good deeds did he do. While he preached and taught, he did not forget to use his hands for useful work. He wrote and illuminated beautifully, and he was very skilful as a silversmith; but God found him greater works than these to do, for in 960 he was called to be Archbishop of Canterbury, after having ruled Worcester and London in turn. He was a man of great parts and strong measures, and ruled a little more by fear than love. Yet we owe him much, for he stood up manfully for the rights of the Church against the King, and against one who claimed more than kingly power—the Pope of Rome. A nobleman, who had been excommunicated for



GLASTONBURY.

an unlawful marriage, applied to the Pope to force the Archbishop to restore him to communion.

Dunstan returned no uncertain answer to the Pope's command: "I will gladly obey when I see him repentant; but so long as he rejoices in his sin, God forbid that for the sake of any mortal man I should neglect the law which our Lord has laid down for His Church."

Had all bishops been as firm and staunch as St. Dunstan, well had it been for us in England, and in all other lands where the bishops of one city have sought to be lords over all God's heritage, and claimed the power which belongs to God alone.

CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

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

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

III. RARE OR CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS may be called *rare* or *curious* for the following reasons: if they relate to a period of antiquity, or to some historical personage; if they are remarkable for spelling or wording, strange in phraseology or allusion, unusual in expression or otherwise. I proceed to give specimens of some such curious inscriptions.

The concluding lines of the epitaph on Cœadwalla, King of Wessex, who died at Rome, and was buried in St. Peter's in the year A.D. 688, are these:—

*"Cardidus inter oves Christi sociabilis ibit:
Corpore nam tumulum mente suprema tenet.
Commūtasse magis sceptrorum insignia credas
Quem regnum Christi promeruisse vides."*

The epitaph on Alexander the Great runs thus:—

"Sufficit huic tumulus cui non sufficeret orbis. A mound suffices for one for whom the world was not large enough."

On the shrine of the three kings in Cologne Cathedral are the words:—

*"Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum;
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatam."*

From Heathfield Park, Sussex, I quote the following inscription on a well-known character in English history:—

"Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel Jack Cade, by Alexander Iden, Esq., Sheriff of Kent, A.D. 1450. His body was carried to London, and his head fixed upon London Bridge. This is the success of all rebels, and this fortune chanceth even to traitors."

However, Cade was killed at Hothfield, near Ashford, in a close belonging to Ripple Manor. And Seymour in his Survey, speaking of Hothfield, says: "Alexander Eden, a gentleman of this county, took and killed here the rebel, Jack Cade, in 1450. For this national service he had 1000 marks reward from Henry VI."

Passing now to epitaphs which are curious in spelling or wording, I find a difficulty in selecting them, owing to the abundance of materials.

Here are two from Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells:—

"Heare liet H WILYAM A LFREY late of Wythih Am Yeoman, which Ende D His life The 15 day June an No Do 1610."

"One the 28 of Septembe R Anno Dom 1612 was R1 CHARD MAY NARD of Co Zleigh Bvried."

On tiles in Malvern Church is the following:—

"Thinke. Mon. yí liffe
Mai. not. ere. endure
Yat. yow. dost. yi. self
Of yat. you. art. sure
But. yat. you. kepist
Unto. yi. sectur. cure (ex^{ors} care)
And. eir. hit. availe ye
hit. is. but. aventure."

From Penshurst, Kent, I quote this epitaph:—

"Here lyeth WILLIAM DARKENOLL, parson of this place,
Endynge his minsteri even this yeare of grace 1596
His father and mother, and wyves two by name
80 88 50 67
John, Jone, & two Margarets all lyved in good fame;
Their severall ages who lyketh to knowe,
Over each of their names the figures do shewe.
The sonnes & daughters now spronge of this race
Are fyve score & od in every place.

Deceased July 12th Anno supradicto."

Epitaphs that are rare in allusion, or curious in their phraseology, are still more numerous. This is one on a barber:—

"What annoyed other folks never spoiled his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose;
For blast or for mildew he cared not a pin—
His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin."

On the tomb of Joseph Foden, forty-seven years master of the Grammar School in Knutsford, Cheshire, who died 1794, aged 82 (who was lame, and wrote his own epitaph), I find:—

"Here's an end of all his hobbling,
And he surely now is blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

The grave of an Indian apostle, St. Acpinquid, is on a high hill at York, Maine, U.S. He was converted to Christianity, and passed fifty years in preaching to the 66 Indian tribes of the country, and died on the 1st of May, 1662, at the age of ninety-four. His funeral was conducted with great pomp; and the Indians sacrificed 25 bucks, 67 does, 3 ermines, 22 buffaloes, 110 ferrets, 832 martins, 240 wolves, 82 wild cats, 432 foxes, 620 beavers, 500 fishes, 99 bears, 36 mooses, 50 weasels, 400 otters, 520 raccoons, 112 rattlesnakes, 2 catamounts, 900 musquashes, 69 woodchucks, 1,500 minks, and 58 porcupines. On the tombstone is the inscription:—

"Present useful, absent wanted,
Lived desired, died lamented."

On the grave of George Withers, poet 1641, is the quatrain:—

"What I *was* is passed by,
What I *am* away doth flie,
What I *shall be* now do sec,
Yet in that my beauties bee."

From Patcham Churchyard, Sussex, I cite this epitaph on a smuggler's tomb:—

"Sacred to the memory of Daniel Scales, who was unfortunately shot on Tuesday Evening, Nov. 7, 1796.

Alas swift flew the fatal lead,
Which pierced through the young man's head.
He instant fell, resigned his breath,
And closed his languid eyes in death.
And you who to this stone draw near,
Oh pray let fall the pitying tear.
From this sad instance may we all
Prepare to meet Jehovah's call."

This sounds very pathetic, but the real story of his death was this. Daniel Scales was a desperate smuggler; and one night he (with many more) was coming from Brighton heavily laden, when the Excise officers and soldiers fell in with them. The smugglers fled in all directions; a riding officer met this man, and called upon him to surrender his booty, which he refused to do. The officer knew that he was too good a man for him, for they had tried it once before, so he shot Daniel through the head!

From the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral I quote an epitaph which is shown to all visitors. The tomb was spared, on account of the inscription, when the recent improvements were made in the churchyard by the present Dean. The epitaph is on a soldier, who died of a violent fever, contracted by drinking small beer when hot:—

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers! be wise from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink *strong*, or none at all."

And then follows the couplet:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot."

The last class of epitaphs under this head comprises those which are curious in expression. Such are these:—

EASTHAM CHURCHYARD, NEAR CHICHESTER.

"My dearest friends, forbear to weep,
I've laid up grace in store.
I'm gone to rest, my soul is blest,
Make haste to me therefore."

ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, FOSTER LANE.

(TOMB OF ROBERT TRAPPISS, GOLDSMITH, 1526.)

"When the bells be merrily rung,
And the masse devoutly sung,
And the meat merrily eaten,
Then sal Robert Trappiss, his wife, and children be forgotten.
Wherfor, Jesu, that of Mary sprong,
Let their soullys thy saints among,
Though it be undeserved on their syde;
Yet good Lord let them evermore thy mercy abyde;
And of your charitie
For their soullys say
A Pater Noster and Ave."

With three more curious epitaphs, two of them to be found in Bromley Churchyard, the third at Beckenham, in Kent, I bring this paper to a conclusion:—

"Amy,—

Thou hast a little harp:
How sweetly would it swell
the Angels hymn? Yield
me that harp.

A. E. E.

BORN SEPT. 7, 1858,
DIED JAN. 13, 1860."

ON TWO CHILDREN.

"Not gone from memory,
Not gone from love,
But gone to their Father's
home above!"

IN MEMORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE DEATH OF

ANN ISTD,

AGED 4 YEARS, 1 MONTH, 18 DAYS,

KILLED BY THE CARELESS DISCHARGE OF A PISTOL AT THE
DISTANCE OF 337 YARDS.

AUGUST 25, 1766.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

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

CONUNDRUMS.

38. Why is this month of the year useful to shoemakers?
Why is an eavesdropper like a Christmas dainty?

ENIGMAS.

39. My first five are equal to ten.
My last five you see in the fire.
I have three vowels and yet only one.
My 3214 is to give up; my 1745 to suppose.
My 5274 is simple; my 6728 a beverage.
What colour, and what insect do I contain?
40. In the name of the season three pronouns I find,
Three nouns, and three verbs, and an adverb behind.
41. To my first you go weekly, not only my second,
My whole comes to you every four weeks.
42. An a and an o, an l and a c,
Add an s and an l, and sing them to me.
43. My first suggests congregation,
My second separation,
My whole localisation.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR next issue commences a New Volume, and among other attractive features will be:—

"A GOOD POSITION": A Serial Tale. By E. A. CAMPBELL, Author of "Miss Priss," etc. With several Original Illustrations.

"INASMUCH AS —": A Tale for the Young Folks. By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A., Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," etc.

A LESSON IN PRAYER BOOK STUDY. By the Rt. Rev. BISHOP BARRY, D.D.

THE GRAVES OF THE YOUNG IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY (Illustrated). By the Ven. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S (Illustrated). By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A., Author of "The Church's One Foundation," etc.

A NEW HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES. By Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, Author of "There is a Green Hill Far Away," etc.

A GOOD TIME: A Word for the New Year. By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

A NEW HYMN TUNE. By Dr. ARMES, Organist of Durham Cathedral.

WHAT EVERY ENGLISHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW CONCERNING HIS NATIONAL CHURCH. By the Rev. THOMAS MOORE, M.A., Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

A JANUARY RAMBLE (Illustrated). By the Rev. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S., Author of "Our Bird Allies," etc.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY. By the Rev. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A., Author of "The Great Problem," etc.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER. By the Rev. WILFRED H. DAVIES, B.A.

A NAUGHTY BOY: For the Little Trots (Illustrated). By EVELYN S. HARDY.

COTTAGE COOKERY. By M. RAE.

A STOP BY THE WAY (Illustrated). By FREDK. SHERLOCK, Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies,"

We may add that arrangements have been made for the publication of a great variety of interesting papers in the subsequent months of the new year.

Come ye, with the Angels, Sing.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this, our Heavenly King?
Awake the voice, awake the string!"

Words by WILLIAM T. BROOKE.

Joyously (♩. = 79).

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
(Brentwood, Essex.)

mf 1. Come ye, with the An - gels, sing Christ-mas ca - rols

cres. to our King; Let us lift on high The ca - rol of the An - gels that thrilled the mid-night sky.

f Glo - ry be to God a - bove! *p* Peace on earth to men of love! *mf* Thus will we our ca - rols sing

f To the In - fant King, To the In - fant King. *f* *Dal* *8*

2.

mf Come ye, with the Magi, sing
Sweet new carols to our King;
cres. Let us sing on high
The carol of the Wise Men, their hymn of mystery.
mf See His Star the Heavens gem,
p We with gifts will worship Him,
mf Thus will we our carols sing
f To the whole world's King.

3.

f Come ye, with all nations, bring
Worship, glory, to our King;
cres. Let us raise on high
The carol of all times, all worlds, God's hymn of victory;
ff Glory be to Christ, the cry
From the earth, the sea, the sky,
Thus shall we for ever sing
Earth and Heaven's King.

WOODHOUSE

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



Calendar for December.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE

DEC.	
6 S	Second Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
13 S	Third Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
16 W	Ember Day. Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
20 S	Fourth Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address on Christmas Communion, 6.30 p.m.
21 M	S. Thomas the Apostle and Martyr. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 p.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.
24 TH	Christmas Eve. Choral Evensong and Carols 7 p.m.
25 F	Christmas Day. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon, and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Carols, 3.15 p.m.
26 S	S. Stephen the First Martyr. Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.
27 S	First Sunday after Christmas. S. John the Evangelist. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
28 M	Holy Innocents Day. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

During the season of Advent there will be Services on the Wednesday evenings, commencing on Dec. 2nd, at 7 p.m. The Service will consist of the Litany, with Sermons on the Church of the First Three Centuries.

On the Sunday mornings in Advent a course of Sermons will be preached on the Advent Collects, and in the afternoons on the Incarnation of our Lord.

The Litany of the Incarnate Word will be sung at the close of the Service in the afternoon.

On Sunday, Dec. 13th, the Collections will be for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

On Tuesday, Dec. 15th, there will be a Meeting in the Hall at 7 p.m., in support of the same Society when an Address will be given by the Rev. W. Smith, who has been for fifteen years a Missionary in Madagascar.

Sunday School Teachers' Meeting Friday, Dec. 4th, at 7 p.m.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting will be on Dec. 21st, at 6 p.m.

LECTURE.—A Lecture entitled, "Round the World in a Chariot of Song," will be given by Mr. Whitehead, organist of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in the Parish Room, Woodhouse Eaves, on Tuesday, Dec. 11th. *For Particulars See Bills.*

MUSICAL SERVICE.—A very successful Musical Service was held in our Church on the evening of All Saints' Day, Nov. 1st, at 6.30 p.m. The organist, Mr. J. J. Callis, contributed several pieces on the organ:—"Allegro," "Jupiter Symphony," Mozart; "Andantino," Schubert; "Adagio," Beethoven; and an "Allegretto" from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. Several Solos were sung with great taste and reverence by Mr. Ford, of S. Saviour's Choir, Leicester, and by Mr. Smith, a member of the All Saints' Choir, Loughborough.

Our own Choir sang remarkably well Stainer's beautiful Anthem for All Saints' Day, "What are these," and also the hymns, "Lo! round the throne of God's Right Hand," "Disposer Supreme," and "The Saints of God their conflict past," all of which were heartily joined in by the large congregation.

We hope to have another Musical Service during the Christmas season.

A Lecture in support of the Central African Mission was given in the Hall on Nov. 5th, by the Rev. C. T. W. Bastow before a large audience. The Lecture was illustrated by some 150 Lime-light views. The proceeds, which included the price of admission, 2d. each, and also a collection at the end, amounted to £1, which was handed over to Mr. Bastow.

The Dean of Perth, Australia, gave an excellent Address on Church Work in that vast Diocese, on Friday, Nov. 6th, at 3 p.m. We very much regret that there were so few present. Fortunately some kind friends who were unable to be present, did not forget the cause, and the collection amounted to £3 12s. 6d., which was given, free of any deduction, to the Dean.

CONCERT.—A capital Concert was given in aid of the Choir expenses in the Hall, on Monday, Nov. 16th. The Band very kindly gave their services free of charge. We have not space to give a detailed account, but we are much obliged to all our friends who contributed to the evening's entertainment. The sum of £2 13s. 6d. was obtained at the door and from the sale of tickets. We expect that when all expenses are paid there will remain a balance of over £2 for the Choir expenses.

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