

January, 1892.

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



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

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S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalendar for January.

JAN.

1 F	The Circumcision. Mattins at 8 a.m. Evensong at 6 p.m.
3 S	Second Sunday after Christmas. Holy Communion, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
6 W	The Epiphany. Mattins at 8.30 a.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
10 S	First Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
17 S	Second Sunday after Epiphany. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
24 S	Third Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
25 M	Conversion of S. Paul. Mattins at 8.30 a.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
31 S	Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.

Any parishioners who desire the assistance of Nurse Rumsby in time of sickness will be welcome to her services; and it is hoped that those whose circumstances permit, will make return according to their means by subscribing to the Nursing Fund.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

Children's Service.—Dec. 6th.—4s. 1½d.

Waifs and Strays.—Dec. 6th.

11 a.m.—£4 5s. 11d. | 6.30 p.m.—£0 19s. 1d.

Church Expenses.—Dec. 20th.

11 a.m.—£1 1s. 10½d. | 6.30 p.m.—£0 12s. 2d.

Hymns.

MATTINS.	EVENSONG.
3rd { 73	165
323	288
76	24
10th { 219	80
178	79
4	28
17th { 78	236
172	282
165	21
24th { 238	219
79	231
77	178
31st { 235	76
233	280
	24

QUORN PROVIDENT CLOTHING CLUB, 1891.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1890	2	12	11
Interest	2	14	8
J. D. Cradock, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. Cuffling	1	1	0
Mrs. Faithfull	1	1	0
W. E. Farnham, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. Farnham	3	3	0
G. Farnham, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. Firr	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	1	1	0
Miss Hawker	0	10	6
H. Hole, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Hole	2	2	0
Mr. North	0	4	0
Mrs. Perry Herrick	2	0	0
E. Warner, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. Warner	2	2	0
Capt. Warner	1	1	0
Mrs. Woodward	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Wright	0	13	0
				24	12	6
Mrs. J. Martin	1	4	0
Mr. T. Green	0	5	0
Mr. Thornton	0	4	0
Mr. Tidd	0	8	0
Bailey & Simpkin	0	2	6
Mrs. Wood	0	2	6
Mr. Disney	0	1	6
Co-operative...	0	0	6
				2	8	0
Paid on 173 Cards	183	2	9
				£215	10	10

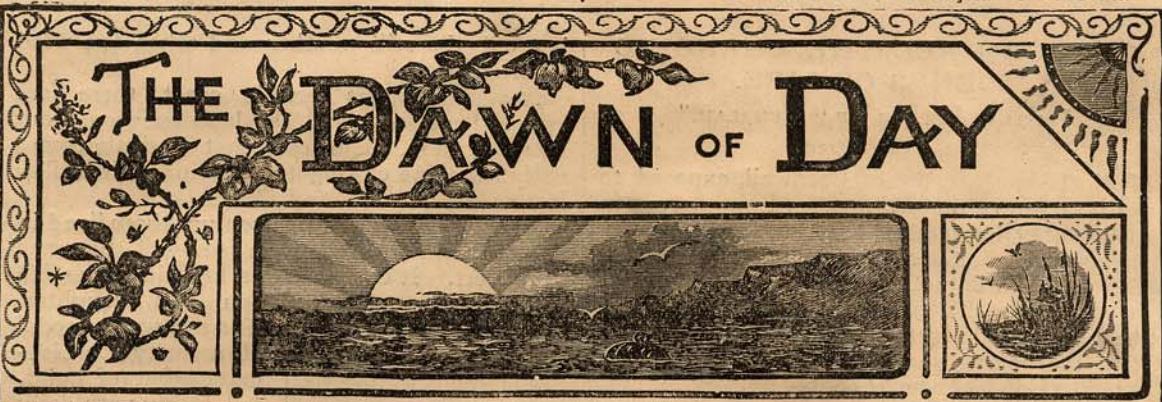
Expenditure.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Lead for 1000 Cards	1	0	0	
Bonus Cards—							
109 at 4/-	21	16	0	
1 at 3/3	0	3	3	
1 at 2/6	0	2	6	
1 at 2/4	0	2	4	
5 at 0d.							
Free Cards—				22	4	1	
35 at 2/6	4	7	6	
4 at 2/3	0	9	0	
1 at 2/1	0	2	1	
7 at 1/8	0	11	8	
9 at 0d.							
In Cash to 14	5	10	3	
In Goods to 159	180	1	7	
To Dorcas Club				
Balance	2	0	
				1	13	9	
				£215	10	10	
Mrs. Martin	93	118	14	10
Mrs. F. Wood	18	25	7	11
Mr. T. Green	14	19	14	0
Mr. W. Thornton	12	14	14	4
Mr. W. Tidd	9	11	8	4
Bailey & Simpkin	3	5	9	9
Miss Hack	8	9	10	9
Co-operative and Young	2	2	16	0
				£207	15	11	
	159						

BARRY'S TEACHER'S PRAYER-BOOK

Prices from 3s. 6d.

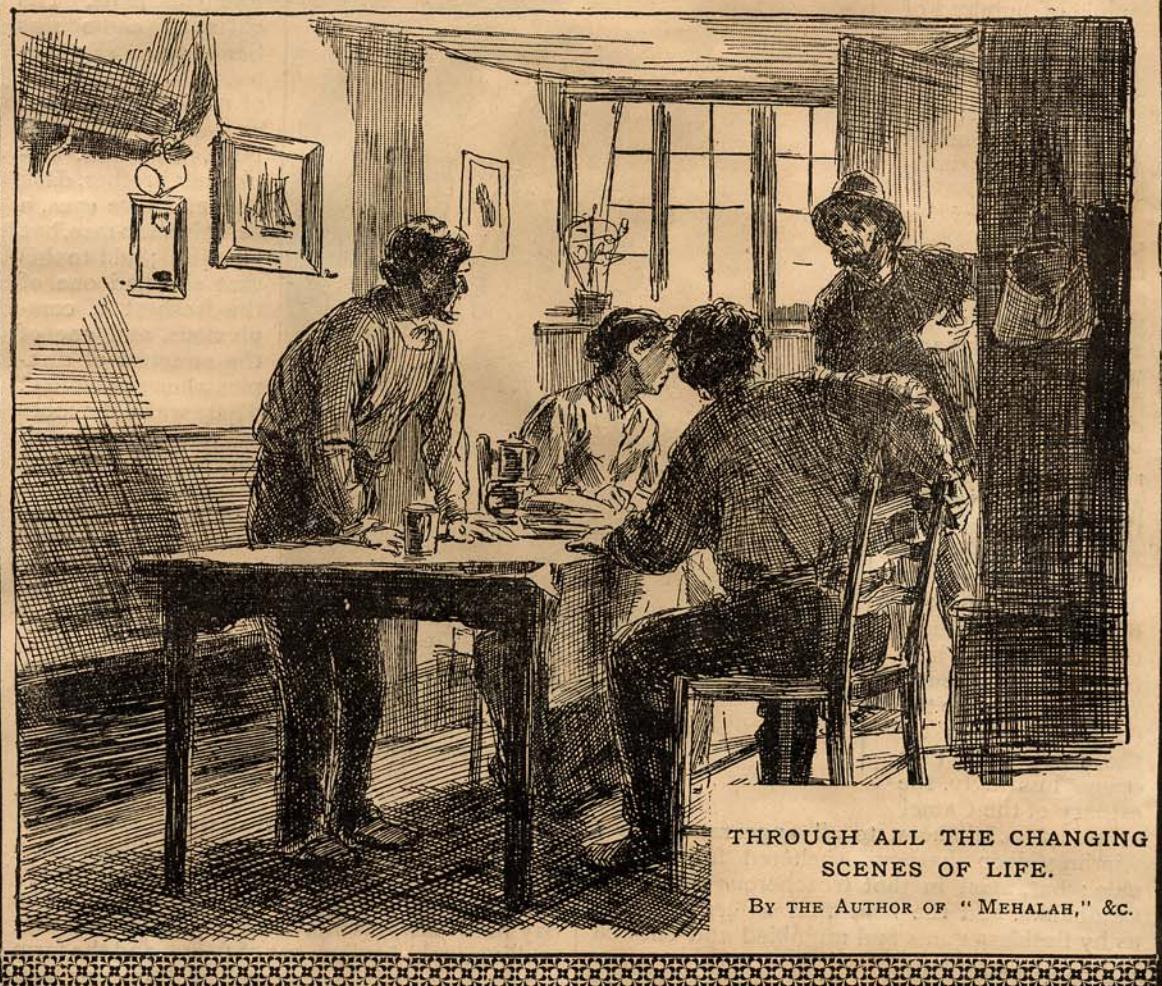
Bishop Barry's book has a large sale.
"The Best Book on The Subject."—*Church Times*.

(FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.



No. 169, NEW SERIES.]

JANUARY, 1892.



THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING
SCENES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," &c.

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THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

By the Author of "MEHALAH."

I.—The Wreck.

ON the north coast of Cornwall, exposed to every blast that blows from Labrador, upon a cliff that rises some three hundred feet above the ocean, crouches a substantial farm named Trenance. I do not mean to say that the sheer face of this cliff is three hundred feet from the boiling sea below, it is in fact one hundred feet; but from this abrupt edge the land rises another couple of hundred of feet rapidly into a bald head of furzy down strewn with sparry stones, so white that they might be mistaken for snow-balls.

To the west of this cliff the land falls rapidly away into a tiny harbour of yellow sand, called Porth-Mawgan, where there is a coast-guard station, but no other buildings.

This terrible coast rises as a wall of iron against all vessels that are driven by a west or north-west wind against it. There is nowhere a harbour of refuge, there is hardly a harbour at all for rough weather. Woe to the ship that runs for the only mouth that opens invitingly, the estuary of the Camel

at Padstow. There, to all appearances, is a winding deep harbour sheltered from every gale; but, alas! in that treacherous mouth are sandbanks, and the boat that enters is caught as by fleshless gums and mumbled and chewed to fragments directly.

In still weather there is some chance of a boat entering the many little creeks and bays, and landing or taking in a cargo,

but only in still weather and when the wind is off shore.

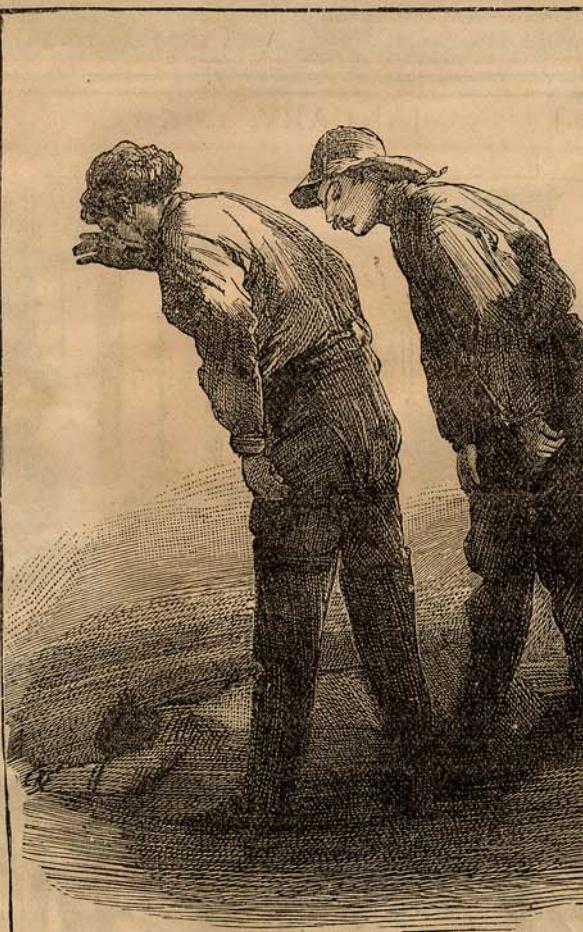
Now along this terrible coast there are certain headlands, and the land is scooped out between them. The vessel that in a gale comes within the line uniting these points is infallibly lost.

At the beginning of this century there lived in this old farm of Trenance a family of the name of Gilbert. It consisted of a fine old father, his son and daughter.

The son was a model of a lusty Cornishman, stout of build, tall, ruddy with daily exposure to the wind from the sea, and tough as nails. His christian name was Sampson. His sister, a handsome girl of one-and-twenty, was also tall, well built, and had, unlike her brother, dark hair and blue eyes, a combination rare, but beautiful; add to this that she had one of the freshest of complexions, and one of the sweetest of dimples when she smiled. There was not a more charming girl on all that wild coast than Martha Gilbert.

A stormy November day. The wind raved and roared over the headland, flinging the waves so high that some of the foam was carried in broken drifts before the wind over the downs and splashed against the windows of the farm.

Not so only, but the foam, beaten up into a sort of flummery against the rocks, sailed on the wind in flights and covered the fields so that they were as though strewn with masses of dissolving snow. The day had been so wild, the gale so strong that nothing could be done out of doors, and the farm labourers had been engaged in thrashing and making "reed" in the barn; that is, in thrashing out the long straw to serve for thatching



The short November day had begun to close in when a man rushed into the barn with the shout that there was a ship on the rocks, and instantly flails and combs were thrown aside, and all the men, the old farmer Gilbert, his son, and the labourers ran out upon the cliff to see.

The horizon had cleared; to the south-west the clouds had lifted. During the day there had been incessant driving rain in clouds that made it impossible for anyone to see either out seaward or landward beyond a few yards. Now the rain had ceased, a colder current of air had curdled the vapours, and a film of light came over the leaden waters from where the sun was in decline. But the frenzy of the elements was not abated. Still the wind drove ashore with such violence that it was hard to stand against it, and still the waves were hurled with unslackened body and energy against the cliffs.

On this coast, almost everywhere, a covered way has with great labour been dug out near the edge of the cliffs; that is to say, a sunken road with a bank towards the sea that hugs the cliff and goes down to the beach, where there is one. It looks like a rampart of a fortification. But it is a rampart against the wind, and behind this bank some protection is afforded to those who would otherwise be blown off their feet. There can be little doubt, moreover, that these sunken ways were used in smuggling times for the conveyance of ran goods to the farmhouses, on the backs of donkeys, unperceived by the preventive men on shore or at sea.

Along such a covered way did the men from Trenance now push to the headland; on reaching which they looked forth over the tumultuous ocean. The air was not only salt with foam, but it shook and quivered with the thunder of the waves. The mighty billows rolled on as though on wheels of inky blackness, dashed against the rocks, were in a moment shivered into a yeasty recoil of snowy foam and bubbling hills of lashed water, that in its recoil was buffeted by the next advancing mass of water from the Atlantic. The young farmer, Sampson Gilbert, raked the horizon with his eye and could see nothing—nothing save dancing waves and flakes of tossing foam. Then

suddenly his father shouted, "She's under our very feet, Sam! under our very feet! Heaven help them."

The old man had thrown himself on his chest and had crawled, snake-like, to the extreme edge of the precipice, and was looking over.

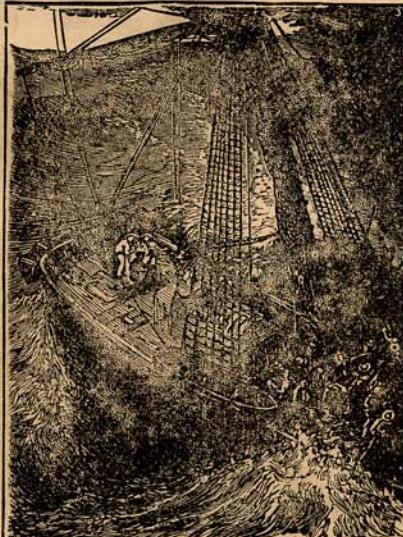
It was almost as he had said.

A vessel had been driven before the gale into the great bay that opened between Trevors Head and Penter's Point at Crantock. There was no bay to receive a ship and mumble it on sandbanks but to chew it with iron teeth. There was not a single possible harbour into which one so caught could run; nothing but upright cliffs, like walls of a city rising into the clouds. But though these cliffs are like towering walls they have here and there at their bases fringes of sharp rocks, fangs on which to receive the victims of the sea. On such a fang, or rather wedged between two, was a barque, close under the precipitous cliffs of Trenance.

All the men now threw themselves down or went on one knee and leaned over to look. There was no danger in this, for the wind on shore was like a hand holding them back from falling over. The sight was a distressing one that met their eyes. The vessel was being simply rent and champed to splinters by the waves: beaten by them as they came on, beaten by them as they recoiled. The crew

were holding to the mast, they had much ado to maintain their hold in the swirl of water; at one moment they were submerged, at another their heads could be seen. Their condition was pitiable. Under a sheer precipice, on which was not a ledge where a man might set his foot, where there was not a path, not a stair in the rock by which anyone might ascend. Apparently there was no hope for them. Of what avail for them to cling to the mast? As the barque broke up the mast would go, and then be driven with those hanging to it against the rocks, to beat their lives out of them, to be sucked back into the vortex and driven up again, till every hand was relaxed, and the mast itself was shivered like a match into splinters.

The old farmer stood up.



"My men," said he, "them poor chaps there must all go to kingdom come unless God and we help 'em. Run, you, Thomas and Nicolas Bolitho, and bring all the cart-ropes you can find; and you, Dick Cayzer, fetch here an iron bar. If them chaps is to be saved it must be by us wi' the help o' God Almighty," and the old fellow raised his cap as he named the name of the Most High.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

The Circumcision.



Second Sunday after Christmas.

The thought presented to us by the Church to-day is the obedience of Christ to the law, and His fulfilment thereof. That which He commenced in His Circumcision He continued all through His life. For He observed all Festivals, even those which were of merely human institution; and

He came to John's Baptism, the Judge among the criminals, that He might "fulfil all righteousness." This He did as our example.

The Epiphany.

The offering of the wise men indicates the offering which the Gentiles, when brought near to God, should offer to their Redeemer. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." "Worthy is the Lamb to receive riches." Here silver and gold may be taken as emblems of a pure and lasting devotion. In this sense even the needy may offer the gold of heart-service.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

It has been said that Christ passed through all the stages of our human life that He might sanctify



Second Sunday after Epiphany.

This day we see our Lord manifesting His glory in His first miracle. Among other things we may observe that in this first public work our Lord illustrates for us the right use of circumstances. Here, as in many of His acts and discourses, He took what lay before Him and around Him as the occasion of manifesting His power and grace.



Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The Gospel for this day continues the manifestation of Christ as our Redeemer from sin and misery. The law of Christ, even more than the law of Moses, convinces us of sin and shows us how far we come short of the glory of God. From the depression which this conviction causes us we are raised by the hand of Christ which touched the leper; we are aroused by the voice which says to the penitent sinner, "I will, be thou clean."



Conversion of St. Paul.

In order to enter into the full meaning of the Collect, we must remember that the Conversion of St. Paul is the most important event since the Day of Pentecost. It manifested the freeness and the power of God's grace, so as to direct and encourage every true penitent.

LESSONS FOR JANUARY.

		MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
1	F Circum. of our Lord	Gen. 17 v. 9 Rom. 2 v. 17	Deut. 10 v. 12 to v. 18
3	C 2 Sunday aft. Christmas	Isa. 42 ... Matt. 2 ... Isa. 43 or 44	Acts 2 to v. 22
6	W Epiphany of our Lord.	Isa. 60 ... Luke 3 v. 15 Isa. 49 v. 13	John 2 to v. 12 Ath. Cr.
10	C 1 Sunday aft. Epiphany	Isa. 51 ... Matt. 6 to v. 19 & 53 or 54	Isa. 52 v. 13 Acts 6
17	C 2 Sunday aft. Epiphany	Isa. 55 ... Matt. 10 to v. 24 Isa. 57 or 61	Acts 10 to v. 24
24	C 3 Sunday aft. Epiphany	Isa. 62 ... Matt. 13, 53 Isa. 65 or 66	Acts 15 to v. 30
25	M Conversion of St. Paul	Isa. 49 to v. 13 Gal. 1 v. 11 Jer. 1 to v. 11	Acts 26 to v. 21
31	C 4 Sunday aft. Epiphany	Job 27 ... Matt. 17 v. 14 Job 28 or 29	Acts 18 v. 24 to 19 v. 21

EXCELSIOR.

Counsel for the New Year.

BY THE RT. REV. THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

We must have a Standard.

IT is a great thing to have a standard well above one's present level. The Bible is very clear on this point. It is always pointing upwards and onwards. Even a St. Paul would not assert that he had already attained to that which he aimed at, or was already perfect, that is, of full growth and stature in his spiritual life. He, like us who are such a long way behind and below, must be pressing toward the mark. The greatest saint that ever lived sees heights above him which he has never yet scaled. I know some people are daunted and disheartened when a very high standard is set before them, and I have seen it brought as a charge against preachers that they make religion unreal and impossible by bidding all people alike aim at a very exalted saintliness. All (so it is argued) cannot attain to any very high standard: there are numbers of people not gifted with any very strong imagination, or force of character, or spiritual ideas, who may be very decent members of society, but who

never can become all that they are told in books and sermons they ought to become: and when you talk to such persons of the beauty and blessedness of the saintly life, you seem to them to be talking about some unknown land, which they are quite unable to picture to themselves. There is possibly some truth in this.

Aim High.

It certainly does seem true that some are not by natural gifts and temperament able to attain to the same high pitch of spirituality which has been reached by others. Yet by the grace of God many a man of slender gifts and dull spirit and commonplace character has become an earnest, humble, faithful Christian. And surely a high standard does fire the godly ambition, and stir to eager endeavour, even while it seems far out of reach. I do not think a dull, commonplace, average mediocrity ever warmed a heart to long for it, or inspired a venture for its

attainment. It is only a high aim that seems worthy of strenuous effort. And I do not know that we can do any man a greater service than that of teaching him to understand and appreciate a standard and ideal of life and character well above anything he has ever experienced in himself.

Beauty and Attraction of a High Standard.
I believe that any discouragement which



may arise from the height of the standard presented to a man is fully counterbalanced by its greater beauty and attractiveness. But it must be admitted that there are eyes which cannot see far above them; dull, earth-tied, world-dazzled eyes, that "cannot see afar off," and for whom a very high ideal is too bright to be gazed upon, too heavenly to be understood. I suppose, when some poor slave of sin and Satan is moved by the grace of God to struggle out of his bondage, it must at first be so. He has no insight into the beauty of purity and the blessedness of devotion. He hardly sees the dim outskirts of the new life into which God is leading him. His conception of a Christian life is very likely not much more than the abstaining from some gross sins. Then again there are many who, without having fallen into any grievous sins, are yet as babes in religion, with very feeble perception of spiritual things.

How about the Young and Light-hearted.

What shall we say of the merry, light-hearted schoolboy, who, without any vice, is very full of his games, and gives but little thought to serious things?

Or what of the bright, happy girl, to whom the days are all sunshine, and who has not yet learnt her lesson of the sadness and seriousness of life? I want to find a New Year's lesson for all. What shall it be? There are so many things one would like to say. The Christian life is many-sided, and no one counsel will touch it on all sides. But I must choose one thing to say to-day, and it is this:—Aim high. Have a standard far above you, and then struggle on and up. No doubt souls that see farthest can aim highest. But all can aim high. All can take some point above them, and try to reach it. We are all climbers on the mountain of holiness. Most of us are very low down. We see a ridge or height over our heads, and it looks as if it would be a hard task to get so high. Perhaps it will be. Never mind if it is. The harder the task the sweeter the accomplishment.

Excelsior.

What fills the heart of some Alpine climber with such a tumult of joy and triumph as he stands on the summit of some mighty mountain? It is not only the grandeur and the glory of the scene, magnificent though that may be. It is in large measure the delight of a great feat performed, great difficulties overcome, great skill and patience and endurance rewarded. So with the climber on the mountain of holiness. His triumphs, which are not his, but the triumphs of grace, will be full of joy and gladness. But

they will not come at once. Nay, there may even be some disappointments. For, when that first height is gained, what does the climber see? He fancied it was almost the summit! And there, beyond and above, lie height after height, ridge after ridge, till far, far away in the blue depth of sky he discerns that pure dazzling snowy point which is at last to be the crown of the weary labour and manifold peril of his enterprise. He is daunted and dismayed. It seems so impossible to climb so high. Well, there is that next ridge. It is higher, much higher, than where he stands. Let that be his next aim. At least he may get as far as that, and he climbs on. "He understands what the Apostle meant by forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." He counts his past achievements as nothing. He forgets the lower heights which he has passed in his earlier struggles. His eyes are ever fixed on what lies above him. His motto is ever "Excelsior." Shall I say one thing more? Yes, I have spoken in parables; and my readers will scarcely want an interpretation. What is it we really are looking up to, and pressing toward, and striving to discern more and more clearly as we press on? What is that standard which towers so high above all our heads, which sometimes dazzles us with its splendour, sometimes staggers us with its fearful height, sometimes humbles us to the dust with its distance from us, sometimes kindles every purest and highest longing in our breasts with its wondrous beauty, sometimes melts our icy hearts with the glow of love, and sometimes draws us closer and closer as by a mighty magnet? It is the EXAMPLE OF JESUS CHRIST.

GARDENING FOR JANUARY.

PREPARE the beds for planting out autumn-sown onions, lettuces, cabbages, &c.; and for sowing onions, parsnips, early peas, and broad beans. Also to get shallots planted, if not already done. In the meantime get pea and bean-sticks cut and prepared, and labels, seed-boxes, and so forth made in readiness for use when wanted. Also order in the stock of seeds, &c., for use during the season. Some early peas and broad beans should be sown sometime during the month, on a warm south border if possible.

In fairly open weather any draining required may be done, and new paths made, or old ones repaired, but beyond this not much can be done in the out-of-door department at present.

OUR WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. PREB. SADLER.

Author of "Church Doctrine, Bible Truth."

With whom do we worship?



THE subject will be best introduced by answering the question, With whom do we worship? We worship with the Seraphim. I do not mean that, with all other intelligent creatures, we are united with them in offering prayer and praise, but we actually join in their peculiar act of praise. There are two accounts of their worship: One in Isaiah vi., where it is said, "I saw the Lord sitting on a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the Seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory."

Another is in Revelation iv. 6: In the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living ones, full of eyes before and behind. And the four living ones had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within; and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

Now this act of praise, so far as it is a three-fold repetition of the word, "holy," we embody in our worship. We embody it twice. Once in our daily worship when we describe the Cherubim and Seraphim as singing it: "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein. To Thee Cherubim, and Seraphim: continually do cry; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory." And once in the office of the Eucharist: "Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High."

On what grounds can we praise God?

At first sight the reader may not have perceived what a gulf there is between these two acts of praise, for in the one we merely re-

count before God the fact that the living ones whom He has set nearest to Himself, thus praise Him; and, in the other, we take upon ourselves to praise Him in their very words. On what grounds can we do so? Now this is no idle, no impertinent, question. For in these words we do not praise God for what He has done for us, as we should do if we said, "Thou hast redeemed us by the Blood of Thy Son." But for what He is in Himself, essentially and unapproachably holy: Holy, Holy, Holy—Holy, O Father, Holy, O Son, Holy, O Spirit of God. How dare we worship Him thus? For in this act of praise there is no word of sin, no word of Redemption. And yet it is the highest praise which can be offered to Him by the living ones whom He has set nearest to Himself. We can only worship Him in such words because we are "in His Son," as members of His mystical Body. In Him we are sanctified or hallowed, and because of this and this only, can we join ourselves with these most holy ones in their ceaseless anthem.

Not the priest only.

And it is not the priest or celebrant only, but the whole body of the people, who, from the very first age, in all the Churches—by an especial rubric, are directed to join in this act of praise, in Churches as far distant from one another as Jerusalem, Alexandria, Gaul, Spain, Ethiopia, and Mesopotamia.

Thus in the Liturgy of St. James, "The many-eyed Cherubim and the Seraphim with six wings . . . crying incessantly one to another, and with uninterrupted shouts of praise—

"People: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory, Hosanna in the highest."

Then in that of St. Mark, used in Egypt:—

"The many-eyed Cherubim and Seraphim of six wings . . . saying to the majesty of Thy glory the triumphal hymn, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory . . . It is Thou indeed who art all holy, but, with all that glorify Thee, accept our holy song, which we sing together with them, saying—

"People: Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

From the Clementine:—"The Cherubim and Seraphim with six wings . . . crying incessantly, with uninterrupted shouts of joy, and let all the people say with them—

"Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of His glory: blessed be He for evermore."

From the Liturgy used in *Aethiopia* or *Abyssinia*:—

"And as they (the Cherubim or Seraphim)

always praise and sanctify Thee, so do Thou receive these our praises and thanksgivings which we offer unto Thee, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy.

"*People* : Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

In a Liturgy reaching back to apostolic times, used in Mesopotamia and Persia :—

" Thy majesty, O Lord, a thousand thousand spirits and ten thousand times ten thousand holy angels, &c. . . . crying—

"*People* : Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of His glory."

The nearness of the human and Angelic worlds.

The reader will see from these extracts that the Church in her Eucharistic offices, used in all parts of the world, has been careful to emphasize the joining of the people in this act of praise. The celebrant may lead, but the people, as with one mind and one mouth, join in the response. The full significance of all this cannot be realized unless we consider how near the angelic and the human worlds are brought to one another in the words of our Lord and His apostles. In John i. 51 the Lord compares Himself to Jacob's ladder, on which the angels of God had constant communication with earth, ascending and descending upon the Son of Man. In the Epistle to the Hebrews the Apostle tells us that we have already come to the Mount Zion, the city of the living God and to an innumerable company of angels" (xii). In his Epistle to the Corinthians the Apostle tells us that angels as well as men are alike spectators in one vast amphitheatre, watching the Christian conflict (iv. 9); in the same Epistle he goes so far as to say that proper decency in public worship is to be observed "because of the angels," not merely because the Church is there, but the angels along with it (xi. 10); and St. Paul abjures St. Timothy to be just in Church rule, not only before God and Christ, but before the elect angels, they as well as God and Christ being present as witnesses of all that goes on in the Church (1 Tim. v. 21). The angels of God, then, are not only guardians, not only spectators, but fellow-worshippers; how near we know not, but in that unseen and spiritual world there is no space, no distance, as with us. If we were in the spirit as St. John was we should see them and hear them as if we were close to them, as indeed we are.

The Song of the Seraphim.

Now let us consider what is implied by this song of the Seraphim. First, what is meant by

holy? In the Old Testament it means separate—separate in the sense of dedicated to God—to His special service. Under the Jewish dispensation not only *men* but *things* were holy in the sense of being set apart to the service of God. To give an illustration. There was in the Tabernacle a holy place and a most holy place. Into the one, only persons specially set apart to the service of God—the priests—were admitted. Into the second only one priest was allowed to enter, and he, so far as outward dedication by sacrifices, and burnt offering, and anointing could render him so, was the most separated and dedicated man amongst all God's people.

Now this betokened the separation of God from all creature-existence, and in this sense God is glorified by the Seraphim. God is everywhere; God is above all existences. He pervades all things and sustains them in being from moment to moment, and He is closest to all beings. His closeness to them is described in Scripture thus, "The Word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a judge of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12). And yet though thus in all things—thus close to them—thus pervading them, and searching them through and through, He is in no sense mixed with them. He is in no sense a part of them. There is an impassable gulf betwixt His Nature and theirs; and this the highest of creatures, the Seraphim, confess in their simple but most sublime anthem. Thou hast been pleased to set us very near to Thy throne, but Thou art infinitely above us. Thou art Life, but our life is from Thee. Thou art good, but our goodness is from Thee. Thou hast made us powerful, but all our power is of Thee.

And, of course, if God is thus by His very nature infinitely above all creatures, much more is He infinitely apart from and above all decay and death, whether moral or spiritual, in His creatures. He is infinitely above all taint of corruption. Now we can hardly realize this unless we understand the fact that the gods which the imaginations of the heathen framed to themselves were all sinful, vicious, unclean, hateful beings, of whom the last thing that they could be glorified for was their holiness.

So here was worship in direct contrast to all the worship of earth, for it worshipped the One God in His purity, His goodness, His hatred of evil. But the Seraphim must have worshipped God, not only as holy, but as loving holiness.

They would praise Him for that which He most desired to see in His creatures, so that they relied upon Him to keep them in the holiness to which He had exalted them.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy!"

And when we join with them in their anthem we praise Him as the giver of all holiness, and we ought to express our faith in that declaration of His that He desires us to be holy as He is; for He said in His law, and by His apostle He has repeated it, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." (Levit. xi. 44; 1 Peter i. 16.) And this expression of our faith in a supremely holy God ought to be simultaneous with our desire for His holiness.

Its peculiar appropriateness.

This constitutes the peculiar appropriateness of this anthem of the Seraphim in our Eucharistic service, for this is not only the most holy of our services, because it is the only service specially instituted by the Lord Himself, but in it we draw, or are supposed to draw, nearer to God than in any other, for in it we pray so to eat the Flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ and to drink His Blood, that "we may ever more dwell in Him and He in us." Now, this is the perfection of all holiness, that the Son of God, who is all holiness in Himself, and the source of all holiness to us, His redeemed ones, should be actually in some heavenly and spiritual, but still in some very real way, within us. Nothing can go beyond this. Nothing can go beyond our union with the Father through Christ, as it is set forth in the terms of the discourse in the synagogue of Capernaum (John vi.), and the promise which pervades this discourse we claim for ourselves in the prayer of humble access before the Consecration and Communion, and at no other times. Now, the whole service leads up to this. It commences after the offering up of the Lord's Prayer with a remarkable prayer for purity. "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name." Immediately after this we recount the leading points or principles of holiness in the Commandments of the Law of God; and after each one we say, "Incline our hearts to keep this law." Now, any soul which says this to God sincerely, conscious of the cleansing power of God's Holy Spirit, and of its own sin, is

in accord with the service, even with its highest part. Such a soul can say with the Seraphim, "Holy, Holy, Holy," for it glorifies God for His holiness, and it desires that holiness to be imparted to it.

Our fellowship with the Angels.



But there is another part of our highest service—that is the Eucharistic—in which we join with the angelic host, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This is the song of praise of the heavenly host for the revelation of the mystery of Christ's Holy Incarnation. It is the highest glory to God that He should thus take an interest in His creatures so as to send His Son to take their nature that He might make them the Sons of God, and heirs of everlasting life. It is the nature of God's holiness that He should desire to make us partakers of it even to the extent of giving His only Begotten to be one of us, and so to bring about our holiness. The Incarnation and the Church, of which it is the root, is not for us men only, but for the instruction of the heavenly host, so that "to the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known, through the Church, the manifold wisdom of God" (Ephes. iii. 10). It is very meet and right then that after partaking of that Holy Mystery which brings us into most direct contact with the Flesh and Blood of the Incarnate Son we should join in the worship of the heavenly hosts when in all probability they first began to look into the infinite wisdom revealed to them as well as to us, in the Incarnation and Birth of Christ.

Such is our fellowship with the angels in this worship.

But to this it may be objected that though in our highest worship we associate ourselves with these exalted beings, yet by far the greater part of professing Christians never join in this worship, for they never approach the Blessed Sacrament. But whose fault is this? The worship is provided for them, just as the feast is spread for them, and they absent themselves both from the one and the other. Ought not they to be reminded of the fellowship in worship of which they refuse to partake, how they separate themselves from the worship of heaven as well as from that of the best ones upon earth. It may be that the thought of this, when other considerations, even seemingly higher ones, have failed, may by God's grace and compassion lead them to a better mind.

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

THE old farm-door was closed, and Phyllis Heathercote looked round sadly at the home of her childhood, hers no longer. Her uncle, with whom she had lived from her babyhood, had been buried the previous day, and she was off to London, to stay with a cousin who had a shop in Cheapside, and who had promised her her board and keep in return for her assistance.

Phyllis grieved much for her uncle, who had been like a father to her, and wept as she closed the door and got into the tumbril-cart which a friendly neighbour had provided to take her to Bristol, where she was to catch the coach from Bath, and really start on her travels. The farmer was full of good advice for the journey, and for her conduct on reaching the great city, which he evidently looked upon as a regular den of thieves; above all, he warned her to be cautious with her tongue on the road, and if she had any money to keep it carefully concealed in her shoes, or in her hood, where no highwayman would think of looking for it. He had heard that there were many of these gentry on the road, and that travelling was dangerous.

Phyllis listened to all this with trembling; a journey to London before railways were invented was a very great undertaking, and full of terrors to this ignorant country girl, who had never been farther than Bristol in her life. Farmer Burnet's wife had talked to her on the same subject, and the result was that she had tucked all the money her uncle had left her, just one hundred pounds, in the lining of her hood; and thus anticipated a warning which would otherwise have been too late.

At Bristol she found an elderly woman with

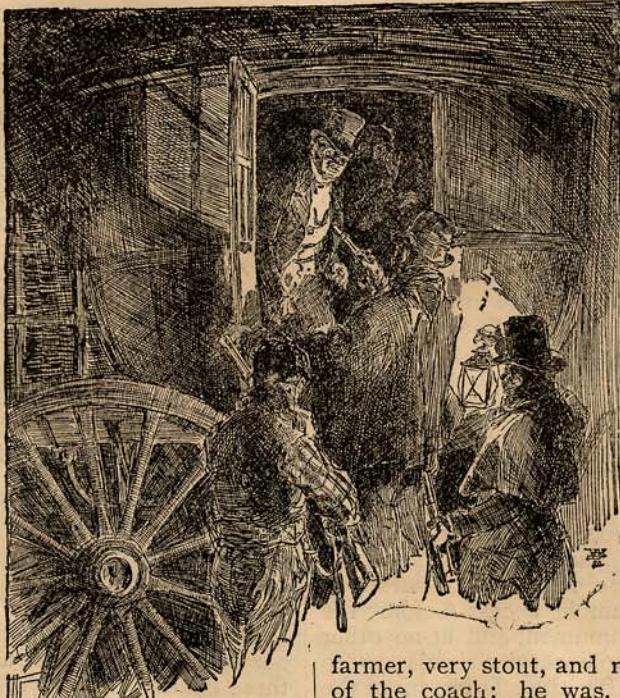
small corkscrew curls was to accompany her. A nervous, timid little person, who shrieked at every lurch given by the coach as it went up and down the hills, or turned any particularly sharp corner. She was a great talker, and when she was not screaming, was telling dreadful stories of the road they were travelling on, and the accidents to the coach, and its encounters from time to time with highwaymen, who were very common in those days. She confided to Phyllis that *her* money was tucked into the lining of her dress skirt, "where no one would think of looking for it, my dear." And Phyllis, who by this time had grown quite friendly with

her fellow-traveller, forgot the advice of the good farmer and his wife, and told how she had one hundred pounds in bank-bills stitched in her hood. She also told how this small fortune was to be invested in her cousin Mrs. Thomas Biddlecombe's hosiery shop in Cheapside, at which old Miss Moss clapped her hands, and said she knew her well, and that she was a worthy good woman, and Phyllis a fortunate girl.

Within about fifty miles of London the company was increased by an old

farmer, very stout, and requiring a large share of the coach; he was, however, very good-natured, and insisted on sharing the provisions he had brought with him with his fellow-passengers. He was as talkative as Miss Moss, and the two kept up a running conversation till Phyllis felt quite dazed, and eager to reach the end of the tiresome long journey, a very different affair to a railway journey now, and occupying three or four days.

Great was Phyllis' horror to hear Miss Moss, after a few hours' acquaintance with this talkative gentleman, confiding to him their destinations, and also the fact that they had bank-bills concealed in their clothing. At the next stoppage, when Mr. Craig, as they found the old man was called, went into the inn to



replenish his stores, Phyllis took Miss Moss roundly to task for her folly. What did she know of the farmer? He might be in league with the gentlemen of the road for aught she knew!

Miss Moss was thunderstruck; a steady, respectable-looking old man like that! why, she would as soon suspect her own father. What would Mr. Craig say to such suspicions? Phyllis implored her not to repeat them, feeling much ashamed of them, and had only just succeeded in making Miss Moss promise silence, when Mr. Craig returned.

It is doubtful whether this promise would have been kept, but it was getting late in the afternoon and dusk, and tired out with the long journey, the whole party fell into a doze very soon after the coach started.

From this they were roused by the stopping of the vehicle with an abruptness which threw them all together in a confused mass in the middle of the carriage. There was a sound of angry voices and not a little swearing, and when they had extricated themselves, they found the evil they had most dreaded had come upon them, and the coach actually surrounded by the dreaded highwaymen, who were peering in at the door and sturdily demanding their purses.

Miss Moss screamed and fainted, Phyllis looked very white, but said nothing; whilst, at the order of the robbers, she got out of the coach, Miss Moss was lifted out, and the farmer also descended. Their pockets were searched, and their purses and the farmer's watch taken away. Suddenly, to the dismay of the two women, the farmer said blandly—

"Perhaps it will save time and trouble, gentlemen, if I tell you where to get any other little moneys there may be in the coach. That young lady has a hundred pounds in her hood, and the old one twenty in her dress skirt."

If glances could kill, the looks cast at him

by his fellow-travellers and the conductor of the coach would have been fatal.

"I told you what would happen!" cried Phyllis, as she saw her poor little fortune pulled out of her hood; and "Mercy on us, what a scoundrel!" sobbed Miss Moss, as the bills were speedily taken from her skirt.

Mr. Craig was carefully searched, and the coach turned inside out, and then the party were politely helped in, the driver allowed to continue his journey, which was happily nearly over.

Not one word did the two plundered women address to their betrayer as they journeyed on. In vain he assured them he had done all for the best, and that it was really the only way of getting rid of the thieves, who might otherwise have added murder to robbery.

At length the very uncomfortable journey was ended; and the coachman, full of excitement at his adventure, drew up at the door of the posting-house.

Here Mrs. Thomas Biddlecombe met her cousin, and carried her off with her very small amount of baggage to her house in the Cheap, where the whole evening was spent

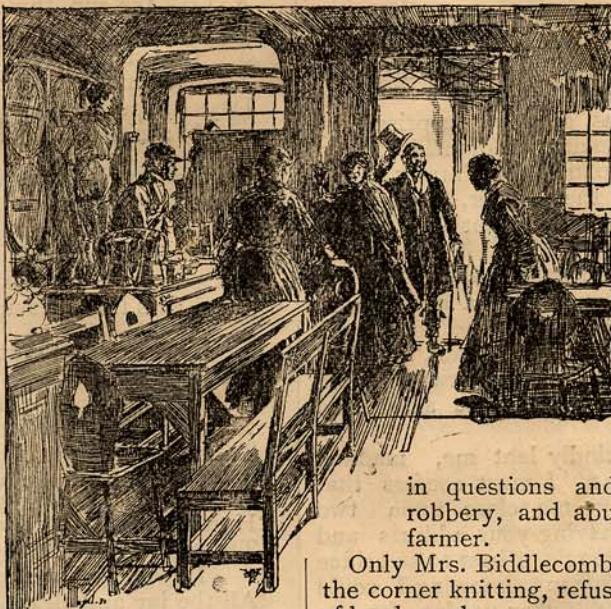
in questions and answers about the robbery, and abuse of the treacherous farmer.

Only Mrs. Biddlecombe's mother, who sat in the corner knitting, refused to add to the storm of hard words.

"I believe, mother, you really feel sorry for the man, and ready to excuse him!" said her daughter, very indignantly; "a man who has been the means of robbing an orphan of her little money. You'll excuse any sin if you excuse that!"

"Well, my dear," said the old woman, gently, "it does look black, and that's a fact; but I remember my mother, when I was little, used to say again and again to me, 'Judge nothing before the time.' Perhaps the old man was childish, or spoke out without intending, and he seems to have tried to explain."

"Explain! he was as much a robber as the highwaymen," answered her daughter, angrily; "there's nothing to wait for in our judgment of a case like this. There, never you mind, Cousin Phyllis, it shall make no difference to us; you're



a pretty, genteel-looking girl, and seem sharp enough, and I shall find you very useful, for business is very brisk. I'll answer for it that if Thomas finds you worth your salt he'll take care you get a share in the shop. Not but what your hundred pounds would have been useful," she added, with a half-stifled sigh; "what with winter goods to buy in, and the alterations we've been making. But there!—there's no use crying over spilt milk."

With which wise adage she led her young cousin up to the little room which was henceforward to be hers, and advised her, as they had supped, to go at once to bed; which she did, and dreamt of restive horses, and highwaymen, and Farmer Craig, and every now and then came in the words of the old lady, "Judge nothing before the time."

The next day she was taken into the shop and began her duties, though she felt, as she might well do after several days' jolting in the stage-coach, very stiff and tired.

About noon she was greatly surprised by seeing Miss Moss, looking radiantly happy, enter the shop, accompanied by Farmer Craig, who no longer looked the farmer, and seemed with his nightcap to have put off twenty years of life.

"Such a surprising thing, my dear," bustled out Miss Moss, anxious to tell a good story; but Mr. Craig, with a "Pardon me, madam, I should like to make my excuses myself," stepped forward, and smiling, laid a note for two hundred pounds on the counter before the astonished Phyllis.

"The money you kindly lent me, madam, and interest for the loan. I must confess that I had concealed about me close upon two thousand pounds, so, having your address and that of Miss Moss, I thought it best to sacrifice your money to those ruffians, knowing I could repay it. I must now ask your pardon for the fright I was obliged to give you."

Miss Moss had also had her money doubled, and both travellers rejoiced at the ending of their misadventure, though they hesitated about taking more than what they had actually lost.

Finding, however, that Mr. Craig was an exceedingly rich man, and could well afford it, and would be much hurt if not allowed to make this amends for the discomfort he had caused them, they gave way, and Phyllis put her little fortune into her cousin's hands to be invested in the hosiery business.

When some years after she married the son of a rich merchant in the city, she heard once more of Mr. Craig, who sent her a handsome wedding present.

She used often to tell her children of her adventure in the Bristol stage-coach, and they never wearied of the tale, which she generally wound up with the words—

"And, my dears, I'm thinking when it seems as if our Heavenly Father robbed us, or allowed us to be robbed of something we prized very much, if we waited and judged nothing before the time, we should find that He only took it away that He might give us something better, though perhaps we shall not know what till after we have reached our journey's end, and our home."

HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

NOW the sun, through swift diurnal Revolutions, his supernal Course hath, like a giant, run: Autumn tints with winter blending, Days in speedier twilight ending, Warn us that the year is done.

Thou whose law, for aye unbroken, Rules each covenanted token Of the love Thou bear'st to man— Sun and moon, in course unchanging, Seasons in their order ranging, Years that measure out our span—

Grant us hearts no more unheeding, All the solemn lessons reading Taught by time that fleets apace; Numbering so each hour allotted, That we keep by sin unspotted All our heritage of grace.

Howsoe'er the year hath sped us, Through what change or chance hath led us, Lowering cloud or sunshine free, All the joy and all the sadness, All the gloom and all the gladness Comes alike, O Lord, from Thee.

Earthly joys have flower'd and faded, And to hearts for sin upbraided Wasted hours bring mem'ries drear: But Thy love, O Lord, prevailing, Gives us mercies never failing, Day by day, and year by year.

Earthly friends have gone before us; But the love which here they bore us Is not lost, but stored above: Lord, hereafter may we find them, Joined to hearts they left behind them In the kingdom of Thy love!

A. COLCHESTER.

"ONLY A BIT OF A CHILL, SIR."

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.



some of the superfluous fun out of her.

"I will, dear, but who is your father?"

"Why, Harris, sir, and I'm little Emily," was the reply, the child smiling somewhat proudly in the consciousness that she had grown so much that even the doctor didn't know her.

"Little Emily! How you do grow to be sure! Make me feel old. And how pleased girls are to grow, too, to leave the pleasantest part of their existence and plunge into the seething sea of life. Heigho! Run over and tell your daddy I'll be with him in ten minutes."

Harris was rather a favourite with the good doctor. He liked his sturdy English independence, and the courage that enabled him to keep away from the public-house on Saturday nights, preferring to put a few shillings away against a rainy day, to placing eighteen-pence in a club and spending another like sum in sour beer.

Harris, though considerably over fifty, had never had a day's illness in his life that the doctor could remember. He was, however, a somewhat full-blooded man, a builder by trade, and one who worked out of doors wet day and dry day all the year round. The doctor, however, remembered that it is just people of this kind of constitution who take on inflammatory action most strongly when they are cut down. So now he wasn't much surprised to find his friend on his back, flushed as to face, far too bright in eye, and with the bedclothes well down off his chest as if he could not bear their weight.

His breathing was somewhat laboured and broken off short, as it were.

"Dear me, Harris, so you're on your beam-end, are you?"

Harris smiled painfully.

"Only a bit of a chill, sir. Got soaked last night in the rain 'cause I had my coat off."

"But why didn't you put your coat on?"

"Oh, sir, Davey was asleep inside that."

Davey, reader, was a pet pole-cat ferret that Harris never went to work without; and in this instance he preferred to get "soaked" to disturbing his pet.

"Well?" said the doctor, smiling.

"Well, coming home, sir, I starts Davey into a rabbit hole of neighbour Green's, and lay down alongside it. Rabbit stew's rare and nice, and Green was comin' to take a pick with us. Well, to drive out the chill, the missus sent and got me a nice drop o' rum, and I had it hot; you see, sir?"

"Ay, Harris, my friend, and you'll have it hot now."

"Think so, sir?"

"Temperature high. Bounding pulse. Stick out your tongue. Why, man, instead of driving out the chill you've driven it in."

"Well, sir, if I've made a mistake I'm willing to suffer."

"Manfully spoken, Harris. You'll keep in bed and your wife will nurse you. She will do all I tell her to, and you must be obedient, and we'll manage to pull you through, I think."

"But," added the doctor, "I'm going to lecture you pretty severely when you are about again."

"All right, sir; the thoughts o' that won't keep me awake o' nights."

But in spite of all the doctor could do, Harris's trouble developed into acute inflammation. It was a sad hand-to-hand fight with death. The weather, too, was sadly inclement, which made matters worse.

Lucky it was for Harris that he had put past a bit for a rainy day. The rainy day turned out to be a long one, and it was spring-time, with the birds all singing and the hedges budding green ere Harris was strong enough to sit at the sunny side of his little cottage.

"Harris," the doctor said one day, "you've been a fool, you know."

"Ah! yes; but who would ha' thought a bit of a chill could ha' worked such mischief?"

"Bits of chills are dangerous customers, Harris. There is never any telling how or where they may end; and there is a deal of truth in the old saying, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made.'

"The human machine, Harris, is wonderfully balanced, and although in young people its power of self-adjustment, after being thrown slightly out of gear, is very great, this becomes considerably smaller as we advance in years; the tissues are less elastic, and the nerve force not so powerful. So long, however, as the blood is equally distributed throughout the body one is safe. But given a chill like what you exposed yourself to, all through Davey and the expected rabbit, a portion of the blood is driven from the surface of the body—from the skin, let us say—and is sent internally to work mischief in the shape of inflammation, or that lower form of the same complaint called congestion.

"But the mischief caused by the little chill is of a two-handed kind, for not only are the lungs, the liver, kidneys, heart, or whatever organ happens to be the weakest, inflamed or congested by the inflow of blood, but the surface of the body, being deprived of its blood, has its vitality greatly lowered; the perspiration is therefore checked, and as an immense amount of poisonous matter is carried away by invisible perspiration, it stands to reason that, if stopped, all the poison must be retained in the blood to work mischief and hurry the sufferer into serious illness. Do you begin to see, friend Harris?"

"You speak like a book, sir."

"I hope you'll lay to heart what I say then, Harris, and avoid little chills in future. Really some people are more careful over their geraniums than they are over their own bodies. Catch them leave a pot of flowers out all night in early spring. But at times our bodies are quite as easily nipped and chilled.

"And now, Harris, I've got you well again, and the pith of my little lecture to you lies in two words, *wear flannels*.

"A man should begin to wear flannel or wool next the skin at thirty. What an amount of misery, pain, and sorrow would be avoided if this advice were only taken.

"And why? For the simplest of all reasons; owing to the power possessed by woollen garments of retaining the animal heat, chills are resisted, the balance of the circulation is kept up, no portion of the body is unduly or dangerously loaded up with blood, and no part is deprived of the vital fluid.

"I assure you, Harris, these words of mine are of far greater weight than much fine gold."



THE essence of humility consists in our making our own wills subject in everything to the will of God.—*St. Bernard.*



THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. W. D. SPRINGETT, D.D.

I.

What the Church has done for the People.

After a lecture which I had been giving upon the subject of Church History a man came up to me and said, "We have heard a good deal about kings and bishops and great men, but what I want to know is this—what has the Church of England ever done for the people of England?" What this man wanted to know is what a great many people want to know, and I am going to try and answer the question so that everyone who reads these papers may be able to point out to anybody who asks, how much good the Church of England has done to the people of England.

I must use the word "Church" in its narrower sense—not as meaning all the members of Christ's Church in the country (for in that sense it would include most of the people of England), but as meaning the bishops and clergy and other authorities in the Church.

Well, to begin with, remember you may safely assert that there is no institution in our country which has done so much for the people as the Church has done. It is one matter to assert a thing, and another matter, sometimes, to prove it; but this is a statement which you can thoroughly prove, and not merely an assertion.

It has taught the truth for centuries.

In the first place the Church of England has, for about sixteen hundred years, preached Christ's Gospel and administered Christ's Sacraments to the people of England. Not always with equal earnestness, or equal clearness, or equal success; but still, ever since the first messengers of Christ landed upon our shores the Gospel has been preached and the Sacraments have been administered. Now this, by itself, is quite enough to prove our point. If the Gospel is truth, the truth by the knowledge of which we may obtain pardon, and peace, and holiness here—and a place with our Lord in Paradise hereafter—the institution which has taught us the truth about God for so many centuries must have done a great deal for the people of England.

Temporal benefits.

But yet, as long as we live in this world, and the things relating to our bodies are so much more vividly brought home to us, we always judge of any institution or society by what it

does for the temporal as well as the spiritual good of men. So we ask, what has the Church done in temporal ways for the people, besides teaching God's truth to them? Again I answer the Church has done more for them than any other institution in the country. "In what ways?" you ask. Why in these ways, among others:—in educating the people, in giving charity to the people, in securing liberty for the people, in protecting the people, in providing literature for the people, in advancing the people, and in teaching the equality of all, rich and poor alike, in the sight of God and His Church. Let us remember these seven words in connection with the thought of what the Church has done for the people—Education, Charity, Liberty, Protection, Literature, Advancement, Equality—and now let us think of them in order.

Education.

The Church has done more than any other institution for the *education* of the people of England. The State had no educational system of its own before the year 1870, and did not give any regular assistance to national education before the year 1829. But the Church, from the very beginning, has made the education of the people one of her principal objects: next only to teaching the Gospel and caring for the worship of God. As long ago as the time of Archbishop Theodore, who was Archbishop of Canterbury in A.D. 668, it was determined by the bishops and clergy that in every place where there was a Christian Church there should be, if possible, a Christian school. There the boys were to be taught to read and write their own language, and the Latin tongue, a little arithmetic, and music. Of course, in a great many places this could not be carried out; but, nevertheless, in many places such schools were founded: and some of them, such as the school at York, became famous for the successful scholars that they turned out. All our ancient grammar schools and colleges and universities were founded and maintained by bishops and clergy, or the princes and other wealthy Churchmen whom they induced to make use of their wealth in this useful way. In the days of the monasteries every monastery of any importance had a school attached to it for the children of the neighbourhood to attend; and by means of these schools any poor boy who was diligent at his studies was enabled to get on in the world.

An expenditure of 30 millions.

Until a very few years ago it was taken for granted that those who taught in our schools and colleges and universities should be clergymen of the Church of England. And then look

at our village schools. Until the passing of the Education Act in 1870 where would the village schools have been if it had not been for the clergyman and those whom he, often with a great deal of trouble, got to help him? For some time the clergy worked one by one; but at last, in 1811, the "National Society" was founded as a bond of union for Churchmen in carrying out elementary education; and between that year and 1889 it was found that Churchmen had spent thirty millions of pounds in building and maintaining schools and teaching the children of the poor. As the years go by people are beginning to see more and more what a benefit a good sound education is to a man; and, therefore, they ought to realize more and more how much good, in the way of education, the Church has done for the people of England.

Charitable work.

Now let us think of the work of *charity*—I mean in the sense of almsgiving. There was once a time when there were no poor rates in England, because no poor rates were needed. "How was that?" perhaps you ask. Not because there were no poor, but because there were places in every neighbourhood to which the poor might go with the assurance of getting relief; and those places were the monasteries, which were then part of the organization of the Church. We may laugh at some of the things which the monks used to do, and blame them for others, but no one can deny that they performed very completely the office of the Church's almoners; or, in other words, that they not only promised to relieve the poor, but that they kept their promise and did relieve them. One of the most convincing proofs of this is that there was no need of any poor laws until the monasteries had all been destroyed in the reign of King Henry VIII. Since then the relief of the poor has been shared by the State and the clergy. If all that the clergy have given themselves to their poor people, and all that they have induced other people to give (and inducing others to give always means a good deal of time and trouble), were added together the total would amount to many hundreds of millions of pounds. Supposing that those people who dislike the Church could manage to remove at once all the parish clergy out of the country, it needs no great prophet to foresee that one of the very first results which would happen would be that the rates for the relief of the poor would rise. Then the nation would realize how much, in the way of almsgiving and charity, the Church has been doing for hundreds of years for the people of England.

CELEBRATED ENGLISHMEN OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS.

JOHN HOWARD.

THE great philanthropist, John Howard, was born on September 2nd, 1726, though the exact place of his birth is uncertain, either Clapton or Enfield. His father was an upholsterer who had retired from business, having made a good deal of money. His son's education seems to have been very imperfect, and he left school with but little knowledge of Latin and Greek, though he had acquired a little knowledge of geography, medicine, and natural science. At his father's death, when he was about sixteen years old, he set off on a tour in France and Italy for about two years, perfecting his acquaintance with French, and on returning to England in 1752 he married his landlady out of gratitude for her care of him in a dangerous illness, though she was more than double his age. However, they seem to have been very happy together, and on her death in 1755 he broke up his establishment and went to Lisbon to try and assist in alleviating the sufferings caused by the great earthquake. But the ship in which he sailed was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and was taken to Brest, where they were treated with great cruelty, and many died under the treatment they sustained. This made a deep and lasting impression on Howard, and when he obtained his release he brought the case of prisoners of war under the notice of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, and induced them to take measures for securing an exchange of prisoners. He now went to live near Bedford on some property left him by his father, and occupied himself with attending to the welfare of his tenantry, erecting schools, model cottages,

and other benevolent works. In 1758 he married again, Henrietta Leeds, of Croxton, Cambridge, which turned out very happily; but after seven years she died in giving birth to a son. This event caused him the deepest grief, and his only solace was occupying himself with the boy's education, who, however, only grew up to be a great trial to his father, and at last went out of his mind. Howard was made sheriff of Bedford in 1773, and as he already knew of the terrible abuses connected with the management of criminals, he began a searching enquiry into the evils of the English prison system. At Bedford he found that not only was the accommodation, cleanliness, food, and water for the prisoners lamentably deficient, but that the gaolers had no salary, and were dependent on the money they could extort from the criminals, who were often detained in gaol long after they were acquitted because they were unable to pay the fees for gaol delivery. Howard proposed that there should be regular fixed salaries to do away with the need for these fees; but the magistrates refused to adopt such an innovation without a precedent; so Howard proceeded to visit the gaols of twelve counties in search of such a precedent. He subsequently visited all the English and Welsh



prisons, and accumulated a mass of information respecting the terrible abuses he had found, which he laid before the House of Commons, and received the thanks of Parliament for his benevolent work. This bore fruit soon after in the shape of two Bills for remedying the abuses brought to light, and for providing properly for the health and accommodation of the prisoners, which passed soon afterwards, and Howard immediately took steps to carry his reforms into effect in spite of the opposition of those whose interests were affected by them. He next made an inspection

of the Scotch and Irish prisons, and found the Scotch in a much better condition, and the Irish in a much worse condition than the English prisons. He then extended his tour to the Continent, and in 1775 he went through France, the Austrian Netherlands, Holland, and Germany, on purpose to compare their most celebrated prisons and the management of them with the English ones. Returning with an immense amount of notes and observations, he determined, before publishing them, to make another tour in England to see the working of the new Gaol Acts, and in 1777 he published his celebrated work, "The State of Prisons in England and Wales." He had been absent nearly four years, and had travelled 1,300 miles collecting materials for this work, which excited great interest in the country. The Government decided to build a new establishment on a large scale for the purpose of subjecting the convicts to hard work. Howard once more returned to the Continent to collect plans for this building, and was received with much attention at Berlin and Vienna. Later on he turned his attention to the causes and cure of the plague, and in 1785 began an inspection of the principal lazarettos of Europe, going through France and Italy to Malta, Smyrna, and Constantinople, undergoing the greatest hardships and perils from visiting infected hospitals and pest-houses. He seemed, however, to bear a charmed life, and returned home safely after sixteen months' absence. Soon after this he made his final inspection of the English prisons, and found the greatest improvements had taken place in the treatment and instruction of the prisoners.

About this time he published his work on the "Principal Lazarettos of Europe," in which he announced his intention of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and the East, to obtain more extensive knowledge on the subject. He started on his last philanthropic journey in 1790, proceeding through Russia to the coasts of the Black Sea; and in January, 1790, he fell a victim to malignant fever, which he caught while attending a young lady as a physician.

"Instead of doing what so many could do if they would," says Bentham, "what Howard did for the service of mankind was what scarce any man could have done, and no man would do but himself. In the scale of moral deserts the labours of the legislator and the writer are as far below his as earth is below Heaven. His kingdom was of a far better world; he died a martyr after living an apostle."

PAPERS ON BIBLE DIFFICULTIES.

By REV. C. R. BALL, M.A., *Hon. Canon of Peterborough.*

I.—Introductory Remarks.



IT need cause no surprise in the mind of any one that there should be Bible difficulties; it would be very much more surprising if there were not.

The Bible being what it is, it could not have been otherwise. If the English Bible had dropped down straight out of Heaven as a full, final, and complete revelation from God, we might have expected perhaps that there would be no difficulties in it, and the presence of difficulties might have been a stumbling-block to us; but the Bible, I say, being what it is, it could not have been otherwise.

For what is the Bible?

THE BIBLE IS THE RECORD OF GOD'S REVELATION OF HIMSELF AND OF HIS HOLY WILL TO MAN. But this revelation has been made, not all at once, but gradually, as men were able to receive it, in one shape to suit the men of one age, in another shape to suit the men of another age. It has been made, too, to people of varying but growing intelligence, and it was necessarily adapted to this increasing intelligence. The earlier revelations, therefore, are pitched on a much lower note, so to speak, than later ones: for what is intelligible to a man is not intelligible to a child, and a revelation, therefore, suited to the capacity of a nation in its maturity would be utterly beyond the comprehension of a nation in its childhood.

Difficulties inevitable.

Indeed, if a being of higher intelligence is to communicate knowledge to beings of lower intelligence, difficulties, mistakes, misapprehensions must necessarily arise. You can put this to an easy test: take any subject in which you feel special interest, a new scientific theory, a new view of some period of history, or a practical question of social or political life, and try and explain it to one of your children, or one of your little brothers and sisters. In all probability you will hardly be able to make the child understand anything at all about it; or if you do contrive to convey some sort of meaning, it will only be by putting aside the language which the subject naturally suggests, and using such childish words and phrases, and employing such illustrations (many of which are by no means

perfect illustrations), as will give some idea of your meaning, though at the expense of accuracy and precision of statement.

Human Instruments.

There is another thing also to be considered about revelation. Not only has it to be made known to men in all stages of moral and intellectual growth; but it has to be made through *human instruments*. The revelation is not made directly from God, but indirectly through inspired men, the seers, and prophets, and law-givers of the race.

And the truth cannot fail to be affected by that through which it passes. **PERFECT IN ITSELF, IT CAN ONLY BE IMPERFECTLY REVEALED, AND PARTIALLY GRASPED.**

The water that forces its way through the earth, and forms the various mineral springs with which we are familiar, is pure water to begin with, but when it bubbles forth into the light, it is impregnated with salt, or iron, or sulphur, or iodine, as the case may be. And the colourless water from the spring will look green, or red, or blue, according to the colour of the glass in which it is put.

So it must needs be with the human instruments, through whom the revelation is made. The pure and limpid water of Divine Revelation will be impregnated with this quality or that, coloured with this colour or that, according to the character of the human mind through which it passes. **THE TRUTH, DIVINE IN ITS ORIGIN, WILL BE HUMAN IN ITS SHAPE; PERFECT IN ITS SOURCE, IT WILL BE TINCTURED WITH IMPERFECTION.**

It is not for us to settle what Revelation ought to be, but humbly to seek to know what it is, and how, as a matter of fact, it has pleased God to make it.

We must not quarrel with God's method.

If it should appear that in the childhood of the race God has adapted His Revelation to childish intelligences, if He shall be found to have wrapped up Truth in allegory, in parable, if it should be clothed in the natural exaggeration of poetry, if it should treat of facts rather as they *appear*, than as they strictly are, it is not for us to quarrel with His method, which, as we have seen, is the very one which our own knowledge of human nature suggests. And if this is so with the revelation itself, how much more must it be the case with the written record of that revelation!

If the truth of Revelation is conveyed, as it were, by pictures, if it is wrapped up in figure, in allegory, in type and shadow; it must necessarily follow that in the written record of these

gradual revelations, these age-long developments, difficulties of all sorts will arise, difficulties of interpretation, difficulties arising from the imperfection of human language, difficulties arising from the low moral condition of the race to whom the revelation is made.

An exercise in Faith.

But not only are difficulties inevitable, they are also beneficial. It is part of our training, part of our discipline, which it would be bad for us to be without: it exercises the two very important faculties of **FAITH** and **HUMILITY**.

There are many people to whom the blandishments of the world, the seductions of sense, the impulses of passion, bring no very serious trial, no very real discipline, and to such the trial of faith and humility which difficulties in the record of the Divine Revelation cause is very necessary and very salutary. There are many people to whom the chief part of their life's discipline comes in this way, and who, if they were not tried in this way, would hardly be tried at all.

Yet when we say that Bible difficulties are a trial of faith, we do not mean by that, that faith is shown by denying that there are difficulties; or that faith will make us swallow any proposition that may seem to be stated in the Bible, difficulties or no difficulties. But rather that faith will lead us to leave what we cannot understand, and **WAIT FOR MORE LIGHT**, from whatever quarter the light may come.

An exercise in Humility.

Bible difficulties, again, are an exercise in **HUMILITY**.

We should remember that, as has been caustically remarked, we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest. There are many things connected with the Divine Revelation recorded in the Bible which we cannot understand, there are many old difficulties that we cannot clear up, and doubtless there will be many fresh ones cropping up from time to time, and we must be content to say about these things, "I don't know." "I am not prepared with any solution of this difficulty at present: but that there is a solution I have no doubt—a solution very different, perhaps, from what I should myself have supposed likely—a solution traversing very different lines from those on which I should have been inclined to seek it."

Faith will make us say, "I CAN WAIT." Humility will make us say, "I DON'T KNOW."

We cannot always tell which is the right way, we cannot always tell what is truth, but we can always believe in Him who is Himself the Way, and the Truth, and not the Truth and the Way only, but also the Life.

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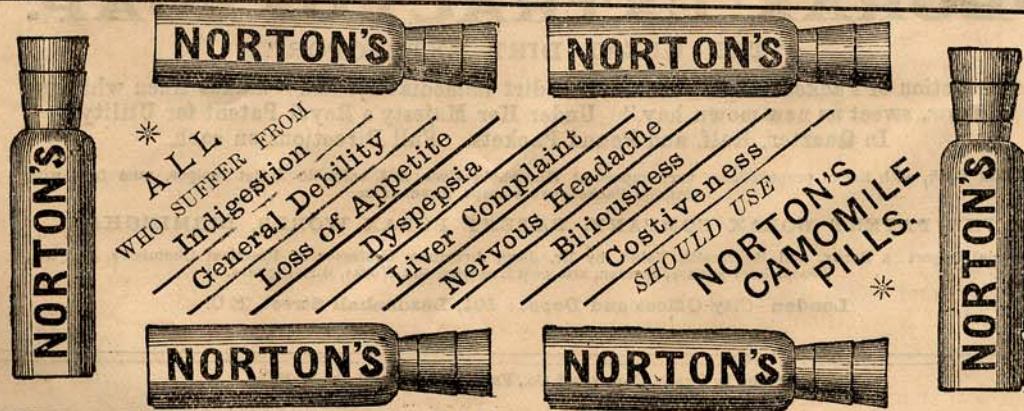
"RHEUMATIC DISEASES DO ABOUND,"

and this is true to the life now, as it was then. Acid ferment and subtle changes in the blood are the parents of Rheumatism and kindred diseases. Rheumatism also frequently originates as a more or less permanent after-consequence of some other disease, and also from the prolonged administration of powerful drugs—mercury for instance. Cold and chill, and sudden changes of temperature frequently awaken the sleeping principles of these complaints, but they do not originate them, for the cause lies deeper. The germ or principle of Rheumatism is not a living organism or bacilli as in other diseases, but arises from a tendency to acidity in the blood, frequently complicated by other abnormal tendencies. And for this reason the complaint is very difficult to wholly eradicate from the systems of those in whom it has once taken root.

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WOODHOUSE

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

Kalendar for January.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE

JAN.	
1 F	Circumcision of Christ. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong, 4 p.m.
3 S	Second Sunday after Christmas. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address, 6.30 p.m.
6 W	Epiphany of our Lord. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.
10 S	First Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Musical Service, 6.30 p.m.
17 S	Second Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
24 S	Third Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
25 M	Conversion of S. Paul. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.
31 S	Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address, and Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

On Sunday, January 17th, the Collections will be for the Sunday School Prizes.

On Sunday, January the 31st, the Prizes will be given in the Hall immediately after the Morning Service.

The Sunday School Tea will be on Tuesday, January 19th, at 5 p.m. There will be an Entertainment in the Evening.

Sunday School Teachers' Meeting Thursday, January 21st, at 7 p.m.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting will be on Monday, January 18th, at 6 p.m.

The Advent and Christmas Services have been well attended. The Service on the Wednesday evenings in Advent consisted of the Litany, and Sermons on the History of the Church of the First Three Centuries. We hope to continue these at an early date.

On Christmas Day there were in all 71 Communicants, 27 at 8 a.m., 19 at 9.30 a.m., and 25 at noon. The musical portions of the service were carefully rendered. We again made use of *Woodward's* Communion Service in E Flat, and the Anthem was "O Zion that bringest good tidings," *Stainer*. The Anthem was repeated on Sunday, December 27th, when the Carol "See amid the winter snow" was also sung, the verses being taken by T. Waterfield and H. Dobson on one side, and by F. Seal and R. Brown on the other.

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SOCIAL EVENING.—Another of these very pleasant evening was held on Monday, December 28th, in our Village Hall. About 100 people were present. Dancing began at 7.15 and was kept up with great spirit till 12 o'clock. Other games with Cards, Dominoes, Chess, &c., were placed in the corners of the room, and were a great attraction. A Recitation was given by Mr. Chell, and Songs were sung by Mr. F. Squires and Mr. T. Baker. Everyone seemed thoroughly to enjoy the evening, and we hope to have another of the same kind before Lent.

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