

June, 1892.

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



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

**THOS. NORTH,**  
—  
FAMILY GROCER.—

Tea Dealer & Italian Warehouseman.

Crosse and Blackwell's Pickles,  
Sauces, Marmalade, &c.

Huntley and Palmer's Biscuits and Cakes.  
Cheese Fruits and Spices.

Brushes, Mops, Washleathers, &c., &c.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED  
Samarang & Blue Cross Ceylon Teas

The Post Office, Quorn.

BY SPECIAL  APPOINTMENT

300  
INSTRUMENTS  
TO  
SELECT FROM  
15 TO 300  
GUINEAS

GRAND TONE  
PERFECT TOUCH  
J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S PIANOS  
ARE RELIABLE  
AND SPLendid VALUE  
RUTLAND ST: LEICESTER

HIRE  
SYSTEM  
FROM  
14/-  
PER MONTH

25 PER CENT AND UPWARDS ALLOWED FROM  
ANY MAKERS' LIST PRICES FOR CASH

HIGHEST AWARD  
J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S  
"TRIUMPH MODEL" PIANO  
Iron frame, full trichord, 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

For HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE  
At MODERATE PRICES,  
TRY CLEMERSON'S

The Noted House Furnishers,  
47, MARKET PLACE, and 1, 2, 3,  
MILL STREET, Loughboro.

DEPARTMENTS:  
Furniture.  
Carpets and Furnishing Drapery.  
Ironmongery.  
China, Glass, Earthenware.  
A large staff of skilled Workmen for  
Repairs.

THOMAS GREEN,  
FAMILY DRAPER,

Large Stock always kept of Blankets,  
Sheetings, Calicoes, Household Linens,  
English and Foreign Dress Goods,  
Mantles, Jackets, Aprons, Corsets, &c.  
NOVELTIES CONSTANTLY ADDED.

POSTAL ORDERS receive prompt and personal  
attention.  
Goods not in stock obtained without delay.

Thomas Green,  
Opposite Bull's Head Hotel,  
2, High St., Loughboro.

T. BEEBY,  
Ironmonger & Seedsman  
LOUGHBOROUGH.

GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS,  
Wire Netting.  
Slazenger's Tennis Goods.  
Golf Clubs and Balls.

Washing, Wringing & Mangling  
Machines.

The New Croquet, 16/6 the set, in box.

**EDWIN MOSS,**  
FAMILY GROCER, PROVISION DEALER.

BEST GOODS AT STORE PRICES.

1, HIGH STREET, LOUGHBOROUGH.

# S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

## Kalendar for June.

JUNE.

5	S	<b>Whitsun Day.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and also after Mattins. Mattins at 11 a.m. Special Children's Service at 2.45 p.m. (all children to Church). Evensong 6.30 p.m.
6	M	<b>MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins at 10 a.m.
7	TU	<b>TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.</b> Mattins at 8.30. Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
11	S	Festival of S. Barnabas. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Mattins 10 a.m.
12	S	<b>Trinity Sunday.</b> Holy Communion 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong 6.30 p.m.
19	S	<b>First Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
24	F	Nativity of S. John the Baptist. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Mattins at 10 a.m.
26	S	<b>Second Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Sermon, at 11 a.m.
29	W	Festival of S. Peter the Apostle.

All week-days Mattins 8.30, Evensong 6.30 except when other notice given.

Whitsun Day is one of the Great Festivals upon which Christian people are specially invited to receive the Sacrament. It will be seen by the above Kalendar that there will be several opportunities. If any cannot attend either of the Celebrations on Whitsun day they may do so on Monday morning at 8 a.m. and on Tuesday there will be a Celebration at 11, with a special view to aged, infirm, or sick persons.

In order to insure punctuality at the Children's Service the Sunday Schools will meet in the afternoon at 2.15. This arrangement will begin on Whitsunday.

There will be a Children's Service with public Catechizing every Sunday afternoon at 2.45. Parents who do not send their children to the Sunday Schools are invited to bring them to this Service. A list of subjects for catechizing each Sunday will be inserted in the Magazine so that all children may be able to prepare the lesson at home and understand the subject better.

The Children's Service will only last three quarters of an hour.

Holy Baptism will be administered every Sunday afternoon at 3.30

Subjects of Catechizing for the Sundays in June:—

June 5	Whitsun Day	Acts ii, 1-21.	Hymn to be learnt
12	Trinity Sunday	The Gospel.	verse by verse
19		"	154.
26		"	

A CLASS for BIG LADS will be held on Sunday afternoon at the Vicar's house at 2.45. Any lads between the age of 13 and 18 will be welcomed.

The Chief Event of the month was the VISIT of the BISHOP to Institute the new Vicar on Thursday May, 19th. For the convenience of the general body of the Parishioners, the Service was fixed for 7.45 in the evening. We are glad that there was so crowded a congregation to witness the impressive ceremony and to hear His Lordship's earnest address. Every one who was present will see how very profitable both for people and minister, such a public installation in office is. The ceremony consisted in two parts. Firstly; the Institution i.e. the conferring of spiritual authority to teach and minister; and this the Bishop conducted himself. Secondly, the Induction or handing over the Church to the new Incumbent which was done by the Rev. T. Pitts, the Rural Dean. In order that he might have time to inspect the parish, The Bishop remained till the afternoon of the next day being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Farnham at Quorn House.

### Baptisms.

May 1.—Albert Walter Gartshore.  
15.—Thomas Frederick Hallet.  
Robert William Hallet.

### Marriages.

Apr. 30—Walter Holland and Sarah Ann Gartshore.  
May 3—Henry Edgar Clarke and Mary Emma Ankers.

### Burials.

Apr. 29—Marian Warner, aged 77  
Ann Stubbs, aged 67.  
Ann Sheffield, aged 73.

### Hymns.

MATTINS.	CHILDREN'S SERVICE.	EVENSONG.
5th	166	166
	317	154
	155	207
12th	160	160
	161	154
	162	163
19th	4	175
	180	154
	210	176
	208	19
26th	3 (1st part)	261
	282	154
	373	330
	248	27

We feel that some special mention should be made of the death of Mrs. Marian Warner, wife of Edward Warner, Esq., J.P., of Quorn Hall, which occurred on the 26th of April. The deceased lady who had reached her 78th year was the daughter of the Revd. John Boyer, formerly Rector of Swithland, Leicestershire, and at one time Curate-in-charge of Quorn. Mrs. Warner had been resident in Quorn for very many years and will be remembered as an earnest and devoted Churchwoman, and one who took a lively interest in all matter pertaining to the Church. She was a warm supporter of the Sunday Schools and many readers of the magazine will remember her generous help and personal interest in the annual Sunday School treats of years ago. Her poorer neighbours will miss her, to whom she was a kind and sympathetic friend, and amongst the many philanthropic works in which she had been a helper, one of the latest was the establishment of a fund for the maintenance of a Village Nurse. Mrs. Warner was buried in the family vault on Friday, the 29th April. The Rev. R. C. Faithfull conducted the burial service in the presence of a large congregation. After the funeral a muffled peal was rung on the Church Bells.

## S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

The Annual Inspection of the Schools in Religious Knowledge took place on Monday, May 23rd. We shall expect the Report within two or three weeks and it will be given in next month's magazine.

The Vicar writes—"Now I have entered upon my residence and work here I am anxious as soon as possible to make the acquaintance not only of the Church people and Church workers but of all the inhabitants. I hope before many weeks is over notwithstanding the very many duties that crowd upon me to call at every house in the parish where it may be allowed. I shall consider that any sickness here the first claim upon my time.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my gratefulness to the Rev. R. C. Faithfull, for the very kind way in which he has tried to make my coming, pleasant and easy. I can see already how much the parish is indebted to him for earnest and business like work and organization."

On Sunday, May 22nd, the new Vicar "read himself in" according to the ancient form by reading publicly before the congregation the XXXIX Articles of Religion. This task was divided between the morning and evening. Each portion being prefaced by a short address setting forth the meaning and purpose of the ceremony.

### Collections in Church since Easter:—

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
Apr. 24.	0 1 10		
May 1.			5 15 6
" 8.	0 3 2		(Diocesan Societies)
" 15.	0 3 9	2 16 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
" 22.	0 5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$		0 4 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Poor Box.	0 6 9		(Wall Painting)
Totals	£1 0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	£2 16 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	£6 0 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

# TEACHER'S BIBLE

QUEEN'S PRINTERS'  
ORIGINAL EDITION.

SALE OVER A MILLION.  
With Atlas, Concordance, and Aids.  
12 Sizes. 15 Editions.  
EVRE & SPOTTISWOODE,  
LONDON. Retail all Booksellers

## THE DAWN OF DAY

No. 174, NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1892.



THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING  
SCENES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," &c.

## Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the  
digestive organs of Infants and Young  
Children, supplying all that is required  
for the formation of firm flesh and bone.

"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."

*London Medical Record.*

At 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING  
SCENES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

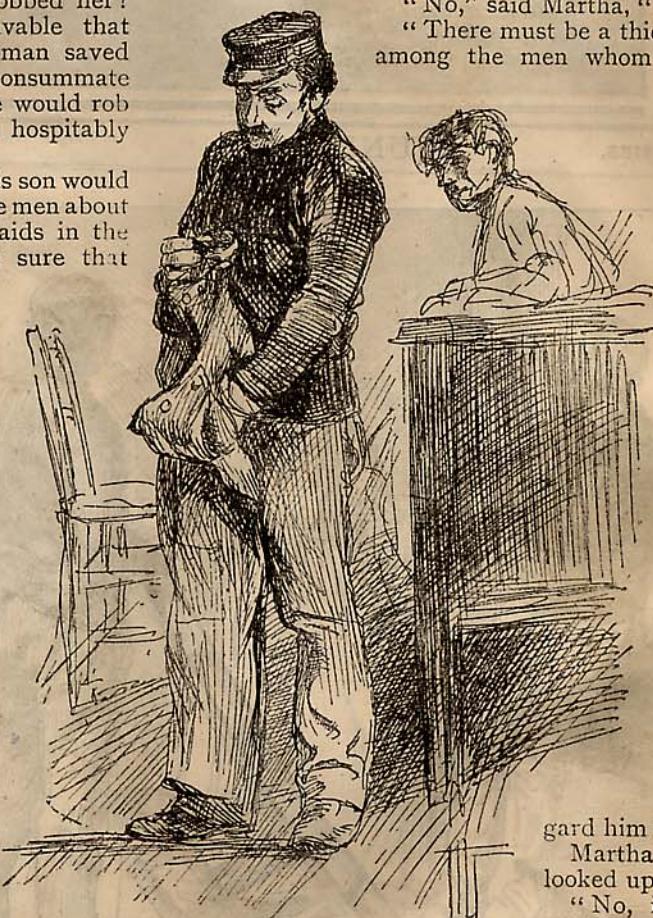
## VI.—A Challenge.

WHO had robbed Martha? In the first excitement caused by her discovery she ran downstairs and proclaimed her loss to all. She flew to her father and brother. They were disposed at first to discredit her statement. Who could have robbed her? It was not conceivable that there had been a man saved from the wreck so consummate a scoundrel that he would rob the house that had hospitably received him.

The farmer and his son would not suspect any of the men about the farm or the maids in the house. They were sure that Martha had made a mistake. She had put her money somewhere else than she had supposed, for greater security, and then had forgotten that she had done so. The money was certain to be discovered after a few days, in some place of concealment, and then after having given a scare to everyone in the house, she would be obliged to admit that her own memory had been at fault, and that she herself and no one else had put the money where it was found.

Martha protested that she had not taken her money from the place where first put to secrete it in any other. Why should she? She had mistrusted no one. Not a penny had ever been taken from her by the girls who had served in the house; they were honest as the day.

After a while the sincerity of Martha, and her perseverance in assertion began to really alarm the old man. There was nothing for it, he said, but for every box in the house to be searched.



To this Martha could not consent. It was like casting suspicions, she said, on the servants, and she could not endure to seem to mistrust them, so faithful, good, honest they had always proved themselves to be.

"But then," said old Gilbert, "whom do you suspect? The money, you say, has been taken. If not by the servants, then it must have been carried off by one of the sailors from the wreck."

"No," said Martha, "I cannot think that."

"There must be a thief somewhere, either among the men whom we harboured, and who have departed, or among the farm maids or labourers."

"I do not believe the thief is to be found among either one or the other."

"Then whom do you suspect?"

Martha hesitated, looked down, and coloured.

"Well," said her father, "tell me if you have a suspicion. Out with it."

"There were but two persons who knew where my money was."

"And who were they?"

"One was Captain Thomas."

"What! you regard him as the culprit?"

Martha became crimson, looked up sharply and said—

"No, indeed—indeed I do not."

"Then who was the other?"

"Sandy Stout."

"Sandy Stout! What makes you suspect him?"

"I do not say that I suspect him. But I mistrust him. I do not even assert that he knew about my money and where it was, but he may have known."

"But how should he and Captain Thomas know anything about it?"

"Well, father," said Martha, "it came about

thus. I told Captain Thomas that I had some money which had been invested, and paid off; and that I had it in my room upstairs. I fancy I said where, and I told him I was looking out for a new investment, and that I did not see I could do better than lend it to him that he might get another ship, and then he could pay me interest on the loan."

"Oh, that was it; and did you offer it also to Sandy Stout?"

"No, father; but after I had been talking with Captain Thomas I came to the porch. I had been on the bench under the hall window when I spoke with Captain Thomas, and there I found Sandy in the porch—it was most likely he had heard all that was said. I cannot tell. If he had been there all the while, unperceived, he probably did hear, but if he had just come out of the kitchen, why then, of course, I do not suppose he did. But you see, father, there is a chance that he may have heard, and I do really think from his manner and from what he said, that he did hear. And then he is always trying to cast insinuations of evil on the captain."

"I do not think it probable at all that he has taken the money," said old Gilbert. "Put yourself in the place of a fellow who had. What would he at once want to do? Why clear off as quick as heels could take him, to be sure. Instead of that, Stout comes to me and asks to be given work. He is a handy chap, he says, at all kinds of things. Now that makes me say it can't be Sandy. It isn't in human nature it should be."

"I agree with you, father," said Sampson. "Sandy wouldn't be here now if he had taken the money. Of course, we know nothing about the man."

"Nor does Captain Thomas," said Martha. "I happened to ask him, and he says Stout was a hand taken on at Penzance at the last moment, as they were short of a man, the one who was to have gone having fallen over

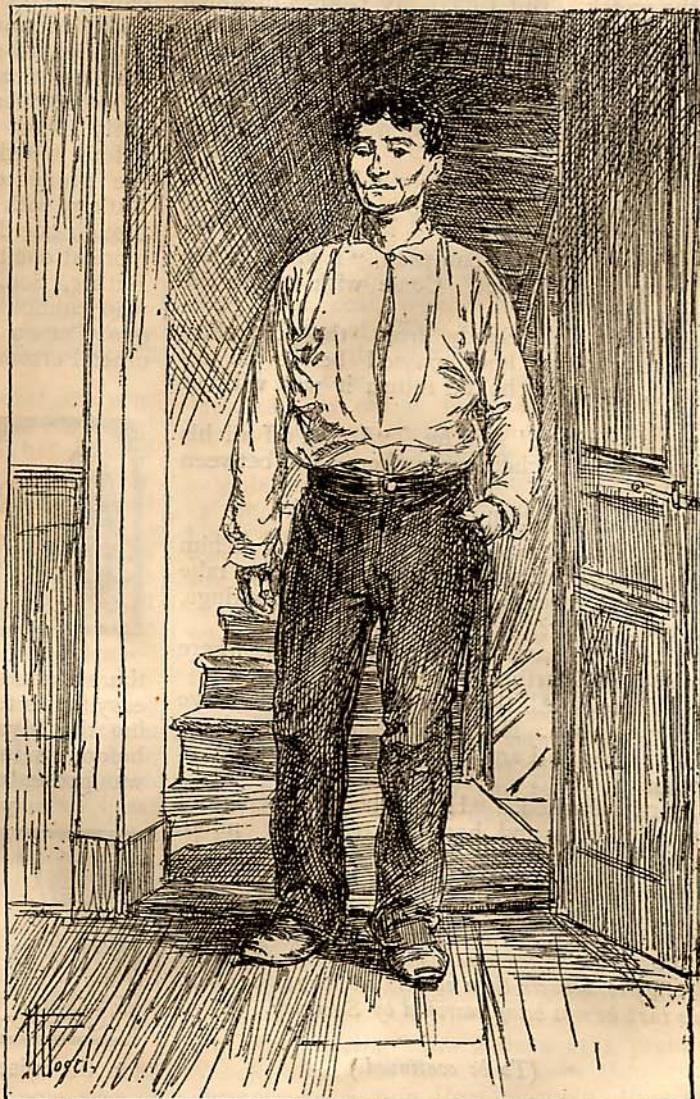
a capstan and injured his leg. Sandy Stout is a stranger to everyone. And now see what a predicament I am in. I offered to lend the money to the captain, and now I cannot do it."

"Well, he must do without—that is simple enough."

"Yes," Martha spoke hesitatingly; "but it seems so dreadful to offer a sum and then not to be able to give it."

"I don't see that. The dreadful thing is, that your money is lost to you—and not to Captain Thomas."

A tap at the door, and old Gilbert shouted,



"Come in!" The door opened and Sandy Stout stood in it.

"May I have a word?" he asked.

"Come in, come in, man," said Sampson. "We were but just talking of you."

"I have come," said Sandy, "because of this unfortunate affair—this loss of a large sum of money. I am the only stranger here. It is not unlikely, therefore—it is, I should say, most likely—that suspicion rests on me. I cannot tell you anything about myself, but I can bid you search me—I give you full permission. Indeed, I entreat you to examine me—my pockets and all I have. As you know very well, I have no kit with me, and no chest. All I had was lost in the wreck. But I have my clothes in which I was saved, and my pockets in those clothes. I'll turn them out, and you can search me as much as you like. It will be a satisfaction to me if you will do so."

Old Gilbert and Sampson looked at each other.

"Come!" said the farmer, "I like that. It sounds all sense. What do y' say, Sammy, my boy?"

"Very well," said Sampson, "I will take you at your word, Stout. Come with me to the men's bedroom."

Sampson led Sandy from the chamber. A quarter of an hour passed before he returned, and when he did return it was without Sandy.

"It's all right," said he. "I took off all his clothes and searched everywhere, and between linings and all."

"You searched all his clothes?"

"Yes, all. I made him take every rag off him except his stockings, I didn't make him take them off. I never heard of pockets in stockings, did you, father?"

"He may have hid the money somewhere else?" said Martha.

"Where? All the men and maids will have their eyes open. No," said Sampson, "indeed, he's as clear as I am. I shouldn't be so sure of Thomas."

Martha flushed. "He has been throwing out his ugly hints and has infected your mind, Sampson."

Sampson shrugged his shoulders.

Foolish Sampson! But an honest farmer's son is no match for a rogue.

*The lost banknotes were under the soles of Sandy Stout's feet, between them and the stocking soles, all the time that he was being searched by Sampson.*

(To be continued.)

#### NOTES FOR SUNDAYS IN THIS MONTH.

##### Whit-Sunday.

In the Gospel for to-day we read of S. Jude's question to our Lord—"How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us and not unto the world?"—and His reply. Even the Apostles were very slow in shaking off their notion of the Messiah who was to be a great temporal king and deliverer of his people. Our Lord answers S. Jude by repeating His own words, only with the great addition of the promise of the Father's coming as well as His own. This was intended to shew S. Jude that the coming and manifestation are spiritual only. This coming is not a different one from the coming of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Only as Christ before joined Himself with the Holy Spirit in the promised coming, so now He joins the Father with both: shewing that in reality, though one Divine Person may be manifested more at one time, and another at another, yet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are One God, who cannot be divided, and, therefore, where one Person of the Holy Trinity is, there the other Persons are also.



##### Trinity Sunday.

In the Gospel appointed for this day we read of the visit of Nicodemus, "a master in Israel," to our Blessed Lord. At this interview he learned from the divine lips the great doctrine of the Trinity. Of course this doctrine was not placed before his mind in the form in which we find it in the Athanasian Creed, but it may be more easy for us to seize hold upon the truth concerning the Mystery of the Trinity when it comes before us in the informal manner in which it was presented to Nicodemus.



##### First Sunday after Trinity.

What a contrast does the parable of Dives and Lazarus present to us between the rich and the poor, the suffering and the selfish, the living and the dead, the blessed and the miserable. The fate of Dives is a sermon against selfishness, that of Lazarus a consolation for the miseries of this world and a lesson in



contentment, teaching us that we should be thankful even for the smallest mercies. Dives could not carry his riches away with him; Lazarus left his rags and poverty behind him.

Second Sunday after Trinity.



As we read the excuses of the guests who were bidden to the rich man's supper, we will do well to count up how often we manufacture similar pretexts when God's servants invite us to come and partake of the feast which He has prepared for us. Are our excuses for not attending church or for absenting ourselves from Holy Communion really so much more reasonable than those put forth by the guests in the parable?



It is well from time to time to enter into your chamber to commune with your own heart and to be still. To ask yourself,—What have I seen to-day? what have I learned? what have I loved? For each day you must love something.

This morning I saw a singularly beautiful sky, and our Spanish chestnut in its full, fresh foliage, and I heard a perfect chorus of small birds. I listened to them as I sat under the great oak near the lake which was being cleaned out. The song and the lake suggested widely different thoughts. The one filled me with pleasure; but when I looked at the water so pure but a few minutes since, and now running off turbid and muddy, I was sorry it had been troubled, and I thought of the human heart when anything disturbs it. Even the best becomes sullied when its depths are sounded, for at the bottom of every human heart there is a little slime.

Oh, that all knew how to pray! That children and old people, the poor, the sorrowful, the sick in body and mind, that all who live and suffer could feel the balm of prayer!

It is quite true that we are all born to sorrow. Each of us suffers in some way or other; but, like the blessed martyr Stephen, the Christian suffers, but sees the heavens open.

### "THE BARBICAN."

"HERE they are, four dozen and a half of mackerel, all on the ground. What shall I say for 'em?" cried the auctioneer, as I stood last summer on the Barbican at Plymouth. I never miss the chance of a visit to this most interesting part of Plymouth. Many visitors to that fine town go to the Naval Dockyards, the Eddystone, the Breakwater, and the Hoe; but they miss the delight of a visit to one of the most characteristic places, the Barbican. There the great fleet of fishing boats comes in, and often not only the fine Plymouth fleet are to be seen there, but boats from St. Ives, Dawlish, Dartmouth, and even from the east coast, Yarmouth and Lowestoft. There goes on a great part of the merchant shipping of Plymouth; large steam colliers from the North, green painted schooners from Holland, coasters from Cornwall and Wales, sloops from the Channel Islands lie alongside the quays, loading and unloading their various cargoes of coal, iron, fruit, potatoes, sugar, and all kinds of goods. In the streets leading to and near the Barbican, you feel you are in the old town, the Plymouth of Drake and Hawkins, so old is the fashion of many of the houses. In these same streets you have every evidence of getting into a nautical neighbourhood; hard captain's biscuits appear in the bakers' shops; a good smell of tar and hemp comes from the rope-maker's premises; yellow oilskins, mackintoshes, and sou'westers, hanging outside the windows, suggest gales of wind and seas breaking over the deck; while the ironmongers' shops exhibit compasses, patent logs, anchors, ships' lights, and a class of goods unsaleable except to seagoing men.

It is a very pretty sight to see the Plymouth fleet hurrying home from the fishing grounds with every stitch of canvas on, racing to put their fish early on sale, and to be in time for the trains that take so much of the fish to the London and Birmingham markets. There are the big "trawlers"; these boats have a large net fixed to a beam, and when they are on the fishing ground they "trawl" this net as they go along, picking up whatever may come within its meshes; then there are the "hookers," boats whose crews fish with a hook and line, these specially catch "whiting," and "hook and line whiting" are always at a premium. When the boats have come in through the entrance to Sutton Pool Harbour, they come alongside the quay, as our picture on the next page shows. The fish is quickly sorted out and each kind placed by itself; it is care-

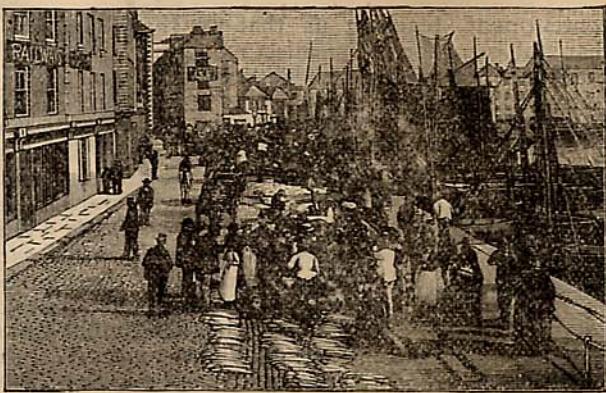
fully laid on the quay, turbot, brill, cod, whiting, ling, hake, ray, mackerel, &c., then a handbell rings and the people come round; Plymouth tradesmen, buyers for other markets, agents of dealers in London or Birmingham, local fish-wives in their serge petticoats, with their little carts close by, make up the sort of crowd our engraving shows. The bidding is sometimes brisk for a few minutes, but does not last long, and then the purchaser soon clears his lot away, hurriedly if it is to be packed for a train, or more at leisure if it is for local hawking, and another boat's crew bring up their catch for sale.

If you go to the Barbican after this is all over, you may see a less pretty sight,—all the refuse of the fish lying about, or being put up in large iron vessels, to be thrown away.

It is a pleasure to me to go to this Barbican; no doubt the actors in the scene come and go, but any time I have been to Plymouth this last thirty-five years (and I expect long, long before that) the same sort of sight is to be seen. And when I go, this fine fish picked out and placed for sale, and the refuse stuff ready to be thrown away, always set me thinking of our Lord's words about the Kingdom of Heaven. He likens His Kingdom to the fish a trawler's net brings up.

"Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered

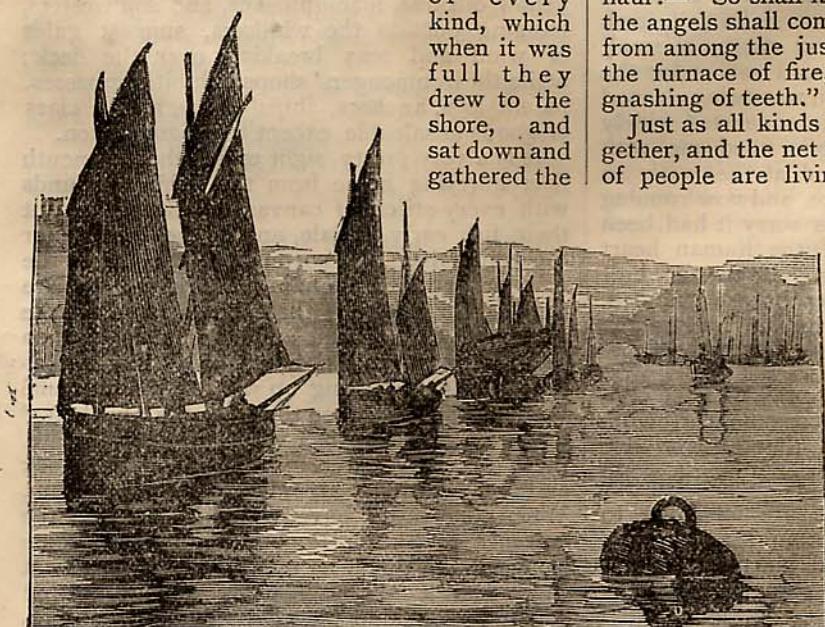
of every kind, which when it was full they drew to the shore, and sat down and gathered the



good into vessels, but cast the bad away." (Matt. xiii. 47, 48.) So everyone who has to do with the Barbican at Plymouth, or anyone who has to do with trawling in the North Sea Fishery, or at Peel or Port Erin, as well as on the South Coast, have always in their own day's work something to remind them of Jesus Christ, and of His Kingdom. In this division of the good and bad fish they are reminded of the difference between the righteous and the wicked, "between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not." (Malachi iii. 18.) This is our Lord's own teaching, and He often sailed in the boats with the fishermen of Bethsaida, and saw the good and bad fish brought up by the great "drag net."

Hear how He teaches by the net and its haul:—"So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. xiii. 49, 50.)

Just as all kinds of fish swim in the sea together, and the net brings them up, so all kinds of people are living in the world together, rubbing against each other on the bustling quay, and sailing together in the same boat; but the fisherman separates his catch, he gathers the good fish together and throws the bad away. So God's angels are to separate at the end of the world between the wicked and the just. Many people in these days say God is a God of mercy and can punish no one, but if we believe one thing Jesus Christ says, we must be-



lieve all, and twice over in this very chapter, in the parable of the tares as well as in the parable of the draw net, He tells us that there must be a day of separation between righteous and wicked, between good and bad. "The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend and *them that do iniquity*, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. xiii. 41.) Now, however solemn these sayings may be, we must not

"be silent where Christ spake,  
Nor speaking where the voice of Christ is dumb."

And our Lord's words as to fire, outer darkness, wailing and gnashing of teeth, all speak of a very real punishment for the sinner who has not repented and sought forgiveness through our Lord Jesus Christ; while on the other hand the blessing of the righteous is shown under another emblem of light and heat, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father." (Matt. xiii. 43.) I hope this may find its way to the Barbican at Plymouth, and to many a good smack at sea, and lead many a brave fisherman, as he sorts his fish, to think of the last separation between the righteous and the wicked. Surely a fisherman's calling is not unfavourable to a godly life. The men who moved the world with the gospel of Jesus Christ were fishermen. The old man in Jean Ingelow's beautiful "Sermon to the Fishermen" says:—

"I'm no scholar, no;  
Book learning is a world too hard for me;  
But I make bold to say, 'O Lord, good Lord,  
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool  
To speak to Thee; but in the Book 'tis writ;  
As I hear say from others that can read,  
How, when Thou camest, Thou didst love the sea,  
And live with fisher-folk, whereby 'tis sure  
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,  
And all their trouble."

One night in my life I never shall forget. I was staying at Allonby, on the Cumberland coast, and sailed across with an old sailor (who was my principal companion that holiday) to Carse, in Kirkcudbright. It was spring-tide, and the Solway Firth ebbs and flows like a mill-stream; we had a good fresh breeze on the flood-tide across, but when we started to come back with the ebb, the wind dropped to a flat calm, and all that summer afternoon we drifted away on the tide till the last of the ebb after sunset had carried us down below Flimby; then the full moon rose, and a light but steady breeze sprang up right ahead. We got our shifting ballast well aft and beat to windward, while the strong tide carried us upon the flood home to Allonby again. My sailor friend was

a good old Christian, and as we sat and talked together in the summer night, of our Lord and His coming to the disciples on the Sea of Galilee, of His sleeping in the boat, and teaching the people out of the ship, there was a feeling of His presence which made that night memorable to me,—a feeling which I do not doubt many a good fisherman often enjoys, as he keeps his watch beneath the stars. I notice gladly in boarding coasting vessels, one often sees a well-worn Bible, and texts hanging in the captain's cabin, and a sheet almanack nailed up in the forecastle, signs that God is not forgotten on the ship; and, as I bid farewell to my brother fishermen (for I too am a "fisher of men," Mark i. 17), I say, remember the separation of the righteous and the wicked; do not trust in your own righteousness however good a man you are morally, but, like St. Paul, seek "to be found in Christ, not having your own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." (Phil. iii. 9.)

#### OUR WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. PREB. SADLER,  
*Author of "Church Doctrine, Bible Truth."*

#### VI.

##### IN OUR WORSHIP WE SHOW FORTH THE LORD'S DEATH.



IN that book of the New Testament which teaches us the significance of the Mosaic ritual, the Epistle to the Hebrews, we have two acts of worship compared together, the typical worship ordained by God amongst His ancient people to prepare them for the reception of Christ as the great High Priest of His people, and the entrance of Christ Himself into the heavenly Holy of Holies that He might there present His own accomplished Sacrifice before God on our behalf. They are thus compared in the following words: "Now when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always into the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God. But into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people . . . . But Christ being come, an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands; . . . . neither by the

blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." And again, a little further on, "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 6, 7, 11, 12, 24.)

It seems only likely that if God had ordained any worship in the Church it must have been a worship which in its leading feature set forth the all-atoning Death, and pleaded it with God. For the ancient worship in its principal, its culminating, act set forth the atoning Death of Christ, and the action of the great High Priest in heaven in His highest function of Priesthood sets forth the same Atoning Death—sets it forth as accomplished and perfected. Is there any Divinely-ordained worship upon earth, which in its whole idea as well as in its outward celebration sets forth, pleads, and realizes to us this all-reconciling Death?

It would seem that in the nature of things this ought to be, if the worship of the Church is to correspond to the typical worship of the Tabernacle or Temple on the one side, and the entrance of Christ into heaven with His own Blood on the other.

**The Sole Act of Worship which is exclusively Christian.**

Now such a worship, showing forth His Death, and making over to the believer the fullest benefits of it which he can receive in this world, was ordained by Christ Himself on the eve of His Passion. It is the only act of worship which He ordained, consequently it is the only act of worship which is exclusively Christian. He ordained it that there should be a perpetual commemoration (or, as He calls it, *Anamnesis*) of His atoning sufferings to put away sin, just as in the Jewish system there was once every year a remembrance of sin as not being fully atoned. This remembrance, or commemoration, is set forth by St. Paul as delivered to him by the Lord Himself, and afterwards delivered by him to the Corinthians as the Church's means of setting forth the Lord's Death. From the Apostolic times it continued to be the act of worship of the Christian Church. When Justin Martyr, for instance, writing less than seventy years after the death of St. Paul described to the heathen the worship of Christians, he

described that worship not as consisting of extemporary prayer and reading of Scripture and an occasional celebration of the Eucharist, but as the Eucharist itself. "Having ended the prayers we salute one another with a kiss. There is then brought to the president of the brethren bread and a cup of wine mixed with water, and he, taking them, gives praise and glory to the Father of the Universe, through the name of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and offers thanks at considerable length . . . and when he has concluded the prayers and thanksgivings all the people present say Amen." And in the next paragraph we are told that this food is called "The Eucharist." (Apology i. 65, 66.) Now this is the oldest account of Christian worship, and the reader will see that it is Eucharistic.

**The Evidence of the Liturgies.**

We have various Eucharistic services used in all parts of the world, and so far as words are concerned all are one in setting forth the Lord's Death as an atoning Sacrifice. I will give some. The earliest type of Liturgy is that in the Apostolical Constitutions, called the Clementine. "Calling therefore to remembrance these things which He endured for our sakes, we give thanks to Thee, Almighty God, not as we ought, but as we are able, and fulfil His Institution. For on the same night that He was betrayed, taking bread into His holy and immaculate hands, and looking up to Thee, His God and Father, and breaking it He gave it to His disciples, saying, This is the mystery of the New Testament. Take of it, eat, this is my body which is broken for many for the remission of sins. Likewise also, having mingled the cup with wine and water and blessed it He gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, this is My Blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. Do this in remembrance of Me, for as oft as ye eat of this bread, and drink of this cupye do thus shew forth My Death till I come. Wherefore having in remembrance His Passion, Death, and Resurrection from the dead, His return into Heaven, and His future second appearance, when He shall come with glory and power to judge the quick and the dead, and to render to every man according to his works, we offer unto Thee, our God and King, according to His Institution, this bread and this cup, giving thanks unto Thee through Him."

**The Liturgy of St. James.**

From that called the Liturgy of St. James, used in Jerusalem, and evidently referred to by Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, about 320 or so:—

"When the hour was come that He who had

no sin was to suffer a voluntary and life-giving death upon the cross for us sinners; on the same night that He was offered, or rather offered Himself, for the life and salvation of the world; taking bread into His holy, immaculate, pure, and immortal hands, looking up to Heaven, and presenting it to Thee, His God and Father, He gave thanks, sanctified, and brake it, and gave it to His disciples and Apostles, saying, Take, eat, this is My body, which is broken and given for you. Likewise also after supper He took the cup, saying, Do this in remembrance of Me. For as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Death of the Son of Man, and confess His Resurrection unto His coming again. Wherefore having in remembrance His life-giving Passion," &c.

#### The Liturgy of St. Mark.

From the Liturgy of St. Mark, used from the earliest times in the Patriarchate of Alexandria: "Our Lord Himself, our God and Supreme King, Jesus Christ, in the same night in which He delivered Himself for our sins, and was about to suffer death for mankind, sitting down to supper with His Disciples, He took bread into His holy, spotless, and undefiled hands, and looking up to Thee, His Father, but our God and the God of all, He gave thanks, He blessed, He sanctified, and brake it, and gave it to them, saying, 'This is My body which is broken and given for the remission of sins.'

"In like manner He took the cup . . . . Drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the New Testament which is shed and given for you and for many for the remission of sins. . . . Showing forth, therefore, O Lord, Almighty Heavenly Father, the death of Thine only begotten Son, our Lord, our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and confessing His blessed resurrection from the dead, His ascension," &c.

#### The Ethiopian Liturgy.

From the Ethiopian, used from time immemorial in Abyssinia, "Thy Holy Son who came down from Heaven, and was born of a Virgin that He might perform Thy will, and establish an holy people unto Thee, He extended His hands at His Passion, He suffered that He might release those from suffering who trust in Thee, of His own free will He delivered Himself up to suffer, that He might destroy death, break the bonds of Satan, that He might establish His covenant, and manifest His resurrection. In the same night in which He was betrayed, He took bread into His holy, blessed and immaculate hands, He looked up to heaven to Thee, His Father, He gave thanks, He blessed and sanctified it and gave it to His

disciples. 'Take and eat ye all of this: this bread is My body which is broken for you for the remission of sins.' . . . . Likewise He blessed and sanctified the cup of thanksgiving, and said to them, 'Take, drink ye all of this, this is the cup of My blood, which shall be shed for you.' . . . . And now, O Lord, celebrating the memorial of Thy death and resurrection, we offer to Thee this bread and this cup, giving thanks to Thee," &c., &c.

#### The Mozarabic Liturgy.

From the Mozarabic, still allowed to be used in one chapel and in one cathedral in Spain, and believed to represent the ancient Liturgy used in this country by the ancient British Church: "O Jesus, the good High Priest, come, come and be in the midst of us, as Thou wast in the midst of Thy disciples, sanctify this Oblation . . . . Our Lord Jesus Christ in that night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks He blessed and brake it and gave it to His disciples, saying, Take and eat, this is My body, which shall be delivered for you. Do this as if ye eat it in remembrance of Me. Likewise also the cup after He had supped, saying, This is the cup of the New Testament in My Blood which shall be shed for you, and for many for the remission of sins. Do this as often as ye drink it in remembrance of Me."

#### The Roman Liturgy.

From the Roman (I quote this not because it is traceable to almost apostolic times as some of the others which I have quoted are, but because it is used in the most solemn worship by so large a portion of Christendom), "Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who the day before He suffered took bread into His holy and venerable hands and with His eyes lifted up towards Heaven to God, His Almighty Father, giving thanks to Thee, did bless, break and give to His disciples, saying, Take and eat ye all of this, for this is My body. In like manner after He had supped, taking also the glorious chalice into His holy and venerable hands, and giving Thee thanks He blessed and gave to the disciples, saying, Take and drink ye of this, for this is the chalice of My Blood of the new and eternal testament—the mystery of faith, which shall be shed for you and for many for the remission of sin. As often as ye do these things ye shall do them in remembrance of Me. Therefore, O Lord, we Thy servants as also Thy holy people, calling to mind the blessed Passion of the same Christ, Thy Son our Lord, His Resurrection from hell, and glorious Ascension into heaven," &c.

## The Prayer of Consecration.

The prayer which in our own Eucharistic service corresponds to those is that called the Prayer of Consecration and runs thus: "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption who made there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice, Oblation and Satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and did institute, and in His holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of that His precious death until His coming again,—hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech Thee, and grant that we, receiving these Thy creatures of bread and wine, according to Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ's Holy Institution, in remembrance of His death and Passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood, who in the same night that He was betrayed took bread, and when He had given thanks He brake it and gave it to His disciples, saying, Take, eat, this is My Body, which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of Me. Likewise also after supper He took the cup and when He had given thanks He gave it

to them saying, Drink ye of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins."

Now again I must impress upon the reader that these passages from Eucharistic offices used in all parts of ancient and modern Christendom are not mere adjuncts or accessories which may be dispensed with if needful. They are the central part of the central service. They are its most important part in the sense of making it the service which Christ ordained. And the reader will notice that they are connected with, indeed, they are rather integral parts of that breaking of bread which He ordained

to show forth His Death till His Second Advent. Consequently they are the worship of the Church in a sense that no other act of worship can be. They are the worship of the Church in an infinitely higher sense than the recitation of Psalms, or singing of hymns, or saying of collects can possibly be. It is impossible also to suppose that this setting forth of the Lord's death should be left to the discretion of each individual Bishop or Priest, and it never has been. It is also to be noticed that this form of showing forth the Lord's Death is also the consecration of the bread and wine which the Lord commanded to be received, by which consecration we are enabled to partake of that Inward Part by devoutly receiving which we so eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood that our sinful bodies are made clean by His body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood, and by which we dwell in Him and He in us.

If it be objected to all this, that comparatively few Christians amongst ourselves are so much as even present when this memorial of Christ is presented before God, it is sufficient to rejoin that this is not the fault of the Church. In all her branches, from the very first, she has provided that our Lord's

Death should be shown forth before God the Father, before Angels, and before the Church, and if the children of the Church do not join in it, there is but one thing to be done, to warn them of what they lose, to show them that they do not join in the characteristic act of Christian worship.

They hope to be saved by the Death of Christ, but the inestimable benefits of that Death are, as to their distribution, entirely in the hands of God the Father, and it is verily perilous indeed to count upon His assigning any part in them to those who have all their lives wilfully disregarded that act of worship in which His Son Himself



has ordained that His Death should be set forth and commemorated, and in the devout use of these elements which by words are consecrated to be our spiritual food and sustenance.

— · · · —

### FIVE SHILLINGS REWARD !

— · · · —

“ THEN you won’t let me have the skates, mother ? ” Jack said, turning a disappointed face away.

“ I can’t, Jack, ” answered Mrs. Martin. “ If I could, I would, you know ; but I’m very pressed just now ; there’s the baker’s bill to pay, and Annie’s boots want mending. Don’t bother me just now. ”

“ I haven’t bothered you this whole long year, ” said Jack. “ And every fellow’s got a pair of skates this time. The marsh up Preston Road is frozen over, as smooth as glass. Jim Johnson’s got a pair of skates. So’s Harry Blake. ”

“ Jim Johnson’s got a father, Jack, to work for him ; his mother’s not a widow woman like poor me. And Mrs. Blake has got her lodgings full—she always has. Don’t bother ! ”

Jack gave a disappointed snort, and flung himself away. “ It was very hard, ” he thought. He had done without a lot of things that Blake and Johnson had, but the skates he really wanted very much, and had set his heart on them. Here were the Christmas holidays going so fast, and this last week a splendid frost had come. Everyone had a pair of skates except poor Jack himself.

The streets were full of people hurrying on, all going in the direction of the marsh ; young men in top-coats, ladies dressed in fur, sailors in their loose blue jackets, school girls and boys of every class in life ! And nearly everybody was carrying a pair of skates !

“ Bother the baker’s bill, ” thought Jack, “ and bother Annie’s boots ! ”

He went along with the stream of people till the swans under the bridge in the backwater attracted his attention. He had told Jim he would meet him on the marsh—it was no use now. He stopped to look at the swans instead, and watched them for awhile.

Soon the greater number of people had gone by, the road was quieter now, and beginning to feel rather cold, Jack ran to warm himself. He had not gone very far when something caught his eye. He stopped at once to have a closer look. “ Hello ! ” he said, “ what’s this ? ”

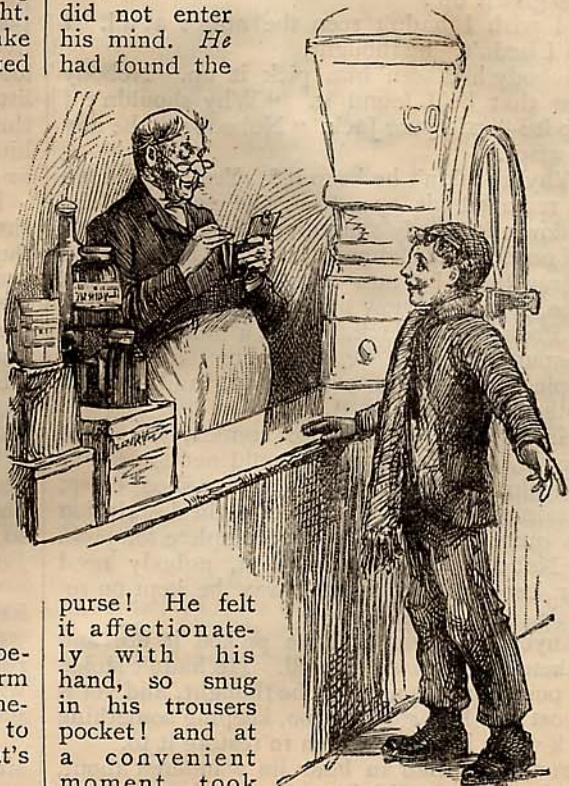
It was something in the gutter between the pathway and the road—a yellowish something with a shining clasp. Jack’s face flushed crimson as he picked it up. “ Good gracious ! ‘tis a purse ! ” he said.

It was a purse—a yellow leather purse ; his fingers trembled as he tried to undo the clasp. Some one had dropped it on the way—one of the skaters, probably. “ What a find for me ! ” thought Jack. A find indeed it was—the purse held five gold pounds. “ Five pounds ! I never had so much in all my life ! ”

Then, seeing some people coming up the road, he pocketed the purse. “ They would have found it if I hadn’t first. Why, what a lucky thing ! I’ll have the skates ! ” thought Jack. The skates ! Why, they were only three-and-six ! How many other things he could buy !

A new suit for himself—his best was getting shabby ! Something for mother—he would not keep it all. Annie would want a present, too. Good gracious ! How very rich he was !

So many thoughts kept running through his mind. His face was hot and flushed. Somehow the person who had lost it did not enter his mind. *He* had found the



purse ! He felt it affectionately with his hand, so snug in his trousers pocket ! and at a convenient moment took

it out and examined it again. How pleased his mother would be! How happy, too, he was himself! It was quite a Providence he had come that way. It was evidently meant that he should. And as he went along he counted up again what he could buy.

Skates first! A new suit for himself! A shawl perhaps for mother. Annie—Annie might like—when, “Lost” caught his eye in a big round hand on a sheet of paper stuck in Gray, the grocer’s window!

Jack turned quite pale. He almost ran away, but something impelled him to stop and read the rest.

“Between Lennox Street and Alexander Terrace, a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold. Five shillings reward is offered by the owner, who is in very great distress.”

“Five shillings!” Jack could have almost cried. He had been counting five pounds as his very own.

And now? Somehow he had never thought of the loser at all, and had taken it for granted that the find was all his own. His pleasant castles in the air came tumbling down. Ought he to give it up?

“I wish I hadn’t seen the notice at all. I wish I hadn’t,” he thought.

Nobody had seen him pick it up. Nobody knew that he’d found it. “Why shouldn’t I keep it?” said poor Jack. “Nobody will be any the wiser.”

Why shouldn’t he keep it? Yes, why not? He removed his eyes from the paper in the window and slowly sauntered along.

If nobody had claimed it, it might have been a different thing, but now—now he knew the owner’s name, or would know by asking at the shop.

“Pooh!” said Jack, “what a noodle I am! My purse needn’t be *that* purse, of course; people lose purses every day, and this is another purse.”

He tried to get a little comfort from the thought, but the comfort would not come—“a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold”—the description was quite complete—far too complete for Jack.

“Nobdy knows I found it, nobdy need ever know,” in a dogged way he kept on repeating it to himself.

Anyone else might have picked it up, and pocketed the money as well. He hadn’t stolen the purse, he was no thief, he thought, and yet it almost felt like stealing too, keeping something back when he knew whom to restore it to.

For more than an hour he wandered about, fighting a battle with himself, and his conscience

would not rest. He was not dishonest, he had *found* the purse; still he knew who the owner was. Wouldn’t it be dishonest to keep the thing? In his heart Jack knew it was.

Then something stole into his troubled mind—words he had heard only last Sunday morning—“Thou shalt not steal.”

And, “Lord have mercy upon us,” cried Jack, “Incline our hearts to keep this law.” He knew now what he had to do, he wouldn’t hesitate any longer; and without waiting to think another thought, Jack hurried off to the grocer’s.

“Who’s lost a purse, Mr. Gray?” he asked. “I’ve found one like that,” with a nod at the paper in the window. “I picked this up at the end of Lennox Street a couple of hours ago,” and he felt so relieved that somebody else shared his secret and that he could not be tempted any more.

“Mrs. Tom Jenkins lost it yesterday,” said the grocer, looking so pleased. “Poor soul! Such a way as she has been in! It was the money to pay her rent. That’s her property, you may be sure,” he added, examining the purse which Jack had drawn from his trousers pocket; “buff-colour, horse-shoe clasp, and five pounds in gold; it’s all there!” and he looked approvingly into Jack’s fresh young face, little knowing what temptation he had just gone through. Then giving him her address he bade him run off and make the poor soul easy as fast as ever he could.

Poor Mrs. Jenkins! Her harassed face showed the distress she had been in. She thanked Jack with tears in her eyes, and gladly pressed on him the promised reward.

“I knew I should get it back if an honest person found it, for I’d put plenty notices about; but every person isn’t honest, you know. Thank God, you’re an honest boy!”

And Jack blushed crimson to the very roots of his hair.

With the honest shillings in his hand and a heart as light as air, Jack ran into the town and bought himself the pair of skates he had gazed so longingly at that afternoon in Stone and Pearce’s window.

“The eighteen-pence that’s over, Annie shall have,” said he.

“Why, Jack!” exclaimed Mrs. Martin, as he rushed into the house and dangled the skates, with a laughing face, under his mother’s eyes, “what have you been up to now?”

“Shut the door, mother,” said he, “come and sit down, and I will tell you all.”

And Jack did tell her everything.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE WORKING MAN.—III.

BY E. M.

## Unequal Distribution of Wealth.



NOTHING, perhaps, I said, has had more to do with the making of Socialists than a survey of the unequal fortunes of men. One man has plenty and to spare, another is a beggar. One man inherits thousands of pounds from his father, while another inherits nothing but strong arms to gain his daily

bread by continuous labour. One man sees at the end of a life of toil nothing open to him but the workhouse and a pauper's grave, while another is seemingly independent of fortune, and can look forward to an old age spent amid luxury.

When men, whose lives are hard, and who are always face to face with possible abject poverty, if their strength and health should fail them, look at the unequal way in which the good things of the world seem to be distributed they are disposed to be discontented, and to seek for some re-arrangement on better lines. They think this may be done without stopping human progress. Several plans have been put forward by which wealth may be equally distributed. One plan, of which I have already spoken, seems at first sight to be full of promise. It aims at making the State the holder of all property, and, therefore, impossible for any one to own anything which he could call his own. If the State—which means the whole people of a country—owned all the land, all the railways, all the steamboats, all the mines, in a word, all the industries, then no one would have more or less than his neighbour, all would be equally wealthy. This seems to satisfy our natural sense of justice, and such a plan has found many to believe in it. There are a few difficulties, however, which must be faced before such a plan can become practical.

The work of the world to-day, the daily toil of the people, the whirring loom, the factories, railways, steamships, are all kept going because men believe that they will get something for

their labour and their skill. It is, as I said, the hope of getting together some property which makes men labour hard for years, and it is the same hope which urges producers to rival each other in making articles better and cheaper than they did before. It is with this hope they take pains to excel their neighbours in skill.

I think it is quite clear that the possibility of acquiring private property is one of the most powerful influences in making a people put forth their energies to get the most out of things, and if it were wanting, nothing but compulsion, or a kind of slavery, could seemingly supply its place. Men's fortunes are unequal because their powers of acquiring property are unequal. Some are weak, some are stupid, some are idle, and success waits, as a rule, upon the clever, the prudent, and the industrious. We cannot, therefore, get rid of inequalities as long as men are unequal in their strength and their intelligence, and nature never meant human beings to be all equal. There must be children who are dependent, and there must be old men who can no longer work. Inequality and dependence are a law of human society, and any attempt at levelling down or levelling up would be like an effort to make the tide rise and fall at the same time all over the world. We have just to look around to see proofs on every hand that nature meant things to be unequal. No two things are exactly alike, no two faces, no two animals, no two rivers, no two mountains. Variety is the rule everywhere; and it is owing to this variety that men can be of help to each other. If all men were thoughtful students, and no hewers of wood and drawers of water, things would soon come to an end. If every man were a bricklayer, or an engineer, and nothing else, we should soon want bread for lack of farmers to grow the grain. We must have various occupations, and we must thus be dependent upon each other, the whole community prospering most when every man is in his proper place, and not when all are on one dead level of work or fortune.

It is not private property, then, that makes men unequal, or that makes them fail to see their duty to their fellow-men, but *selfishness*. Selfishness, as I have said, is the thing we have to fight with, and no re-arrangement of property will get rid of it. It is a thing of the heart, and must be met by something that touches the heart. What this is will be dealt with in our next paper.

WHAT THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
IS DOING.

BY REV. T. P. GARNIER.

II.—The Education of the People.

THE question of National Education is a great deal before the public at this time. The State is taking it up in good earnest. But it is not generally realised that for hundreds of years in this land the Church was the only educator of the people. It is true that this education was in no sense general, and yet in the cloister schools attached to the monasteries, which were scattered broadcast all over the country, education was provided to which all classes were eligible. They were not seldom found to be a ladder by which the humblest born might scale to the high places in Church and State.

The great Scholastic foundations.

As the Reformation drew near, it was a sign of the times that the monastic system had become corrupt and was losing the confidence of the Church, when the offerings of the faithful came to be devoted to the foundations not, as in the past, of religious houses, but of our great schools and colleges. William of Wykeham founded his school at Winchester, and his college at Oxford, in 1452. His example was followed by many others. This education was, above all, *religious*. For example, when Dean Colet founded St. Paul's School in 1513, he set up the image of the child Christ over the head-master's chair, with the words, "Hear ye Him," graven beneath it. And then he wrote to his scholars, "Lift up your little white hands for me which prayeth to God for you!"

The Church still the sole Educator.

To pass over the intermediate time and to come nearer to our own age, it is still the Church that is the sole educator of the people. In the last century charity schools were set on foot in London and in other large towns. In the country parishes the clergy set on foot dame's schools as the best that could be done with the means at their disposal. In 1717 two Churchmen, whose names deserve to be had in remembrance, Robert Raikes, and the Rev. Thomas Stock, of Gloucester, devised between them the expedient of the Sunday School. In 1881, the Sunday Schools of the Church of England had two millions and a half of children on their roll of members.

The part taken by the State.

It was not till the year 1833 that the State took any part in National Education, when a

small grant of £20,000 was made in aid of establishing new schools, to be equally divided between the *National Society*, representing the Church, and the *British and Foreign School Society*, representing the Dissenters.

The National Society.

In 1843 a private individual at Oxford, the Rev. Richard Greswell, called upon his fellow-Churchmen to make a great effort to promote the religious education of the poor. In response to this appeal the National Society entered the field with a capital of £250,000.

But even these efforts pale before the sacrifices that the Church has made in more recent times. From March 31st, 1871, all State building grants to Denominational schools were withdrawn. What was the effect? In ten years from that time the Church has added accommodation for another million of children. At this time she is just about doubling the school provision which she had previous to that date. She has now nearly 12,000 schools, with room for 2,651,078 children of the poor of this land.

Twenty-two millions in 24 years.

The expenditure of money on this branch of her work has been very great. As it is ascertainable from official sources, it may be relied upon as correct: "The actual total expenditure of the Church on elementary education during the twenty-five years, 1860—1884, has probably exceeded twenty-two millions. The annual subscriptions amount to £589,640. Last year's voluntary expenditure upon Church schools and training colleges raises the amount spent by the Church since the National Society was founded (1811) to more than £34,500,000."

Instructive Figures.

Compared with other Voluntary schools, the following statistics are instructive:—

For three years (1887—1889) the money subscribed for

Church Schools .....	£1,744,971 16s. 8d.
Other Schools .....	492,604 13s. 9d.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain calculates that to supersede the Voluntary schools with Board schools all over the country would entail upon the nation a capital expenditure of perhaps forty millions for the supply of school buildings, and would further add £1,680,000 per annum to the existing rates; in other words, increase them to the extent of 130 per cent.

The Church's motive.

It will be asked, Why has the Church made these supreme efforts in such a cause? The answer is that she sets store by *religious education*.

In her eyes "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." She has seen the effect of what is called *secular education* in other lands. She fears to educate the rising generation as it is being educated in America and in some of our own Colonies. For example, "A standard work on science was removed from the authorised list of books in America because it contained the name of God as the Author of nature. In the Fourth Royal Reader, in the elementary schools of Australia, the last stanza of Longfellow's poem on *The Wreck of the Hesperus* was left out. Why? Because it contained the lines—

"Christ save us from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's woe!"

This was because some people objected even to the very name of God and Christ."

Two answers.

Again, a Government Inspector in Australia put the question to the children—a question which surely must come up again and again in dealing with the young—"Why ought you to obey your father and mother?" A child made answer, "Because God tells us to do so in the Fifth Commandment." The Inspector replied, as indeed the law compelled him to reply, "I am sorry I cannot give you any marks for that answer; you ought to have given the answer in the Manual, 'Because they clothe me and feed me.'"

It is to retain the fear of God in her teaching that the Church is making these great sacrifices, believing that "without Him nothing is strong, nothing is holy." She cannot content herself with such religious teaching as may be given in Board schools, subject to the condition laid down by what is called the Cowper-Temple Clause, "No religious Catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school." She claims to teach the whole Truth, the historic religion of Jesus Christ, "the Faith once (lit., once for all) delivered to the saints." This is her claim as a free institution in a free country. This is the due of the children of her communion. Above all, it is this that her Lord requires of her.

WHAT will happen to-day I know not, but *I hope*. The ignorance of coming happiness constitutes its charm. This is so true, that God has made a mystery of Paradise. Those who would know all, know not how to be happy.—M<sup>lle</sup>. EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

## GARDENING FOR JUNE.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN.

GOOD breadths of winter greens in variety ought to be planted out as soon as possible now. Work of this kind is always best done in showery weather, otherwise the young plants must be kept moist at the root until they become established and begin to grow again.

Brussels sprouts combine hardiness with delicious flavour and great productiveness, so that as large a breadth as possible ought to be got out; and savoys and broccoli, of both the hearting and sprouting varieties, ought also to find a place.

Cabbages for late summer and autumn use must be planted out now; Sutton's "Earliest" and Imperial varieties are both first-rate, and make a good succession. As a vigorous and rapid growth is desirable for this batch, let the ground be both deep and rich, and do not make it so firm as is advisable in the case of crops to stand the winter.

Put sticks to scarlet runners, and if dwarf rows are wanted nip out the points of the plants before they reach the top of the short sticks. Sow more French beans for late cropping. Sow peas for late use in deep, rich and moist ground, and an open situation; the tall strong-growing marrow varieties alone will do much good now.



### LESSONS FOR JUNE.

		MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
5	B	Whitsunday. Pr. Pss. M. 48, 68; E. 104, 145. Ath. Cr.	Deut. 16 to v. v. 18. Rom. 3 to v. v. 18. Isai. 11; or Ezek. 36 or Acts 18 v. 25. Gal. 5 v. 16; v. 24 to 19 v. 21.
6	M	Mon. in Whitsun week.	Gen. 11 to v. v. 10. Cor. 12 to v. v. 14. Num. 11 v. 1. Cor. 12 v. v. 16 to v. 31. 27 & 13.
7	Tu	Tues. in Whitsun week.	Joel 2 v. 21. Thess. 5 Micah 4 to v. v. 12 to v. v. 8. John 4 to v. 14.
11	S	St. Barnabas. A. & M. Emb. D. F.	Deut. 33 to v. v. 12. Acts 4 v. 31. Nah. 1 24. Acts 14 v. 6.
12	B	Trinity Sunday. Ath. Cr.	Isai. 6 to v. Rev. 1 to v. Gen. 18; or v. 11. 9 v. 1 & 2 to v. v. 4. Eph. 4 to v. 17; or Matt. 3.
19	B	1 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Joshua 3 v. Acts 3 7 to 4 v. 13 to 6 v. Peter 4 v. 15. 21; or 24. 7.
24	F	Nat. of St. John Bap. Ath. C. F.	Mal. 3 to v. Matthew 3. Malachi 4 7. Matt. 14 to v. 13.
26	B	2 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Judges 4. Acts 7 v. 35 to 8 v. 5. Judges 5 or 1 John 2 to v. 11. v. 15.
29	W	St. Peter, A. & M.	Ezekiel 3 v. John 21 v. Zech. 3. Acts 4 v. 8 4 to 15. 15 to 23. to 23.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"Read, and you will know."

THE celebrated scholar and linguist, Sir William Jones, was born in London in 1746. His father was a scientific man and a friend of Newton, and his mother a woman of strong character, who endeavoured to instil into her son's mind a love of knowledge by making it as attractive as possible to him. In reply to his many questions for information on every subject she always answered, "Read, and you will know," a saying he frequently quoted in after life.

An active mind.

In 1753 he was sent to Harrow, where he was distinguished by his diligent application, as well as by his extraordinary powers of mind, and where he devoted many of his recreation hours to study. The Head-master of Harrow, Dr. Thackeray, once said of his distinguished pupil, "His mind is so active, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the way to fame and riches."

## University Career.

In 1764 he entered University College, Oxford, where he began the Oriental studies for which he afterwards was celebrated, and at home occupied himself in learning Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He became tutor to Lord Spencer's son, Lord Althorpe, but was enabled to continue his studies, and in the twenty-first year of his age he began his "Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry."

After a few years he resigned his tutorship and became a student of the Temple, as his friends urged him to take up the study of the law. He was called to the Bar in 1774, and soon acquired a considerable practice, devoting all his energies to his new profession.



## Political views.

His political views were very enlightened, he disapproved of the conduct of the Government towards the American colonies; and his opinions of the slave trade were well expressed in the following words: "My mind burns with indignation at the horrible traffic in the human species, from which part of our countrymen dare to derive their wealth. . . . Let sugar be as dear as it may be! it is better to eat none, to eat honey, if sweetness only be palatable; better to eat aloes, or coloquintida, than violate a primary law of nature impressed on every human heart not imbruted by avarice, than rob one human creature of those eternal rights of which no law on earth can justly deprive him."

Mr. Jones' acquirements in Oriental studies and his want of fortune made him anxious to obtain an Indian appointment, and in 1783 he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court at Fort William, in Bengal. He was also knighted, and soon after married Miss Shipley, the

daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph.

## A Righteous Judge.

On his arrival in India he set himself to accomplish his new duties with all his accustomed energy, and soon gave universal satisfaction. His character as a judge was stainless, and his inflexible integrity was long remembered in Calcutta both by Europeans and natives. No endeavour could induce him to use his influence to promote the private interests of his friends; but his one aim was to exert his talents for the benefit of mankind.

He soon became deeply interested in the study of Sanscrit and Hindoo law, and drew up a digest of Hindoo and Mahomedan laws on

the model of Justinian. He encouraged a taste for Oriental literature, and originated the Asiatic Society, of which he became the first President.

His health, however, suffered severely from the Indian climate, and his brilliant and useful life terminated, after a short illness, on the 27th of April, 1794.

#### One Ambition.

The crowning virtue of his character was his ardent desire to benefit mankind, and to this end he used all his great talents of learning and genius. He regarded knowledge as a means only of leading man to true happiness in the exercise of virtue, freedom, truth, and honour. He knew no ambition save that connected with the interests of his fellow creatures. His friend, Dr. Parr, gave his character in the following short sentence: "To exquisite taste and learning quite unparalleled, Sir William Jones united the most benevolent temper and the purest morals."

#### A Wonderful Linguist.

His knowledge of languages excited the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. English, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit, he knew perfectly, and the following he was acquainted with, though less critically: Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindu, Turkish, Tibetan, Pali, Phalani, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. From many of these languages he made excellent translations, and his services in the science of philology were of great and lasting importance.

It is not well to indulge that feeling of weariness and disgust which gnaws at the very heart. I compare it to those tiny worms which live in old wooden furniture, and whose cric-crac I occasionally hear in my little room, where they are busy reducing their homes to dust. What must I do, then? Certainly not write and spread abroad my feeling of discomfort. No! I know something better than books or pen, and that is *prayer*. When before God I say to my soul, "Why art thou cast down within me, O my Soul?" and I know not what to answer, but I just let it grow calm as a weeping child at the sight of its mother. Yes; Divine compassion and tenderness have something maternal in them.

JACOTOR's motto was, "To will is to do." How well he understood the power of the will, that lever which can raise man from earth to heaven!—M. DE GUÉRIN.

#### THE POOR MAN'S POT OF OINTMENT.

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

WHAT an interesting book it would make if some work-a-day doctor in our great metropolis were to write us tales of heroism in humble life from his own experience. I myself have met many true heroes who never wore a sword or handled a pistol, and who never donned a jacket of any texture more romantic than moleskin or corduroy. Some portions of the life-histories of a few of these I may tell my readers from time to time in these pages.

I remember while sitting one evening in my garden a bright-faced, sturdy lad of about fourteen, with a very determined look in his eye, coming all unannounced down the path towards me.

"Please, sir," he said, "I want to take father's place for a few weeks. Our doctor says I ain't 'arf strong enough, but I knows I be. Mother thinks I might fall and break my neck, and between the two on 'em I—I—"

Here the poor boy nearly broke down.

"But what do you want to take father's place for?"

"I want to give father a rest. The doctor says his leg'll never get better 'athout, and we're so precious poor!"

"Bravo! boy. Well, come in here and strip off your jacket."

The lad's young heart was as right as a bell, and he was extra-well developed. I should have been proud to pass that boy into the Royal Navy.

"What does your father do?"

"A hodman, sir. Takes bricks up to the top of a ladder. There ain't no science in that Wy, a cow could do it."

I smiled.

"A cow is no great shakes," I said, "at climbing ladders. However, go and tell the foreman he will oblige me by letting you try."

"Oh, thank you, sir." There were tears in the lad's eyes now.

I strolled round to see his father in the evening. It was in September, but there was a bright bit of sun shining, and Mr. Able was sitting in his own porch with his leg up. Now Able had never joined a club of any kind, which in my opinion was a mistake of his, so he had no allowance when sick, and no doctor to attend him gratis.

When I taxed him about it—

"They"—he meant the club doctors—"don't give you the attention you ought to have. It's all rule 'o thumb with the young ones anyhow, and thank goodness I've always been able to pay a doctor. As yet," he added with a sigh,

"Then Sally, my wife, takes a—a bit of washing in."

"And Jack, your son, is going to do hoddng for you and you're going to take a month's rest."

"But poor Jack ain't strong enough!"

"Fiddlesticks! I've passed him. And I've passed thousands weaker than he into Her Majesty's service. Now let me see your leg. How did you do it?"

"Barked it, sir. One rung of the ladder gave way, and let me down smartish on the other."

It was a bad leg, and in a bad place, beginning right in front of the shin, and working round to the outside. Angry-looking, too, and with inches of rough skin, red and blue, around it.

It was simply wrapped in a few bits of rag with some leaves of plantain over it.

"I've tried 'Olloway and lots of advertised ointments, sir, but I can't get 'im to dry up like."

"Now, Mr. Able," I said, after looking at the ulcer for a short time, "you couldn't expect a man to make bricks without straw, could you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, and neither can Nature. Here in your leg you have a large unwholesome semi-inflamed sore, and you keep on irritating it with leaves and silly ointments, and expect it to get well. Nature wants material to build up this great open space. That material must be got from good wholesome blood. Nature wants rest, too, in order to do the work. If Nature has a hundred-and-fifty other things to see to, why she can't devote either energy or attention to the slow repair of this raw surface. Now, how do you live as regards food?"

"Not over dinky, sir. A drop of tea and a bit o' bread for breakfast and supper, and whatever Providence provides for dinner."

"Bother the tea," I cried. "Beer ruins people to some extent, and helps fill our jails, but bad shop tea helps to fill our graves. Now, Able, I am going to cure that leg of yours if you'll let me. And as you appear to be an intelligent man, I don't mind explaining to you how I am going to do it."

"I'll be glad, sir, though I'm afeared I'll never be able to pay you."

"You can take your time about that."

"Well, first and foremost you must do everything I tell you. That's only fair to me, you know."

"There are four reasons, Mr. Able, why your leg won't heal; four at least. First and foremost your blood is not rich enough, and as I said before, Nature needs straw to make

bricks. Secondly, you have irritated it with Quackanbosh's ointment and these plantain leaves. You have, moreover, half-poisoned it—pardon my candour—with dirty little bandages. Thirdly, you have been keeping your leg in a too dependent, or hanging position. And, fourthly, you havn't given either your leg or your own mind rest."

"Oh, he does worrit so!" his wife put in.

"Doubtless," I said, "but now we'll alter that, for even the loss of a night's sleep will throw a bad leg like this back for days. If this sore of yours were a healthy one perfectly bound, white at edges, and yellow wholesome-looking matter over it, a piece of lint simply steeped in water to which a few drops of pure carbolic acid had been added, applied over it, with some oiled silk over that, and a bandage, would soon bring it together. But you have managed to make it angry. You see how red it looks, and how hot and painful. The leg must be kept up and we'll use a little cooling spirit lotion for days with no oiled silk."

"Rest is of the utmost importance. So you must not walk for weeks, you must *always* have the leg on a chair with a pillow beneath it. And even in bed it should be kept pretty high up."

"As soon as I get rid of the inflammatory action I expect the sore will be rather indolent, so we shall just use the red lotion, and that you really could make yourself. Get a dram of sulphite of zinc and put in an ordinary clean beer bottle, fill up with water, and add half an ounce of tincture of lavender. Dress twice a day, simply steep the lint in it, and put a bit of oiled silk smoothly over that, then a nice bandage, put on as I shali show you, all the way up from the toes. Not too tight though."

"But to strengthen your blood I shall give you iron and quinine, and cod-liver oil. Add to this plenty of milk food. Yes, a little good stout won't hurt you. You must eat of as strengthening food as possible, soups, stews, meat, eggs, &c. Take my word for it you'll soon be a different man. But the skin will be tender for many a day, so you must wear a pad. You asked me about a good, useful poor man's ointment that might be generally useful, I gladly give it all the more readily because it is a capital thing for eczema. Get an ounce of pure lard, melt it, and add thereto eight grains of benzoin, strain, and when cold add eighty grains of oxide of zinc."

Reader, in a month's time Mr. Able was well, thanks to his son who worked so hard to give his father a rest. No wonder that, in his plain hodsmen language, Able told me his son was an "out-and-out brick."

MARK YOUR LINEN  
WITH  
"MELANYL"  
REQUIRES NO HEATING.  
SIMPLE IN USE AND WARRANTED  
INDELIBLE AND HARMLESS.

OF STATIONERS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE, OR POST  
FREE FOR 13 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS,

Cooper, Dennison & Walkden, Ltd., Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TEST THEM   
FREE OF CHARGE.

WRITE for samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, naming *Dawn of Day*, and they will be sent you gratis and post free. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are the pleasantest and most efficacious of all spring medicines. They are invaluable in the treatment of all Blood and Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Eczema, &c. They are specially indicated for children, being alike safe, pleasant, and efficacious. As a remedy for women's complaints they are unequalled. They are preventive of chills, colds, rheumatism, and constipation, and are of great service in the treatment of these complaints. They are the best of all blood purifiers, and ward off influenza and infectious complaints.

Those who desire a good skin and complexion, clear, healthy, and free from blemish, are especially recommended to use Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally and Frazer's Sulphur Soap externally. The last named is the purest of all soaps, and absolutely the best. It leaves the skin soft and smooth, and neither dries the nails nor hair. It is free from excess of alkali or fat, and contains extra soft cream, which is especially soothing and beneficial to the skin.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in 1s. 1½d. packets; post free 1s. 3d. Frazer's Sulphur Soap (scented) in white card boxes, price 6d. unscented in green boxes, price 6d.; three, post free, 1s. 6d. Frazer's productions are sold by or may be ordered of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at home or in any part of the world. Sole Proprietors, Frazer's Tablets, Limited, 11, Ludgate-square, London, E.C.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU EAT.  
Do not be poisoned by using  
BAKING POWDER adulterated  
with Alum. Insist on having

**Borwick's**

which is pure and wholesome  
the best that money can buy, and  
has the largest sale in the world.

**THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.**

"It would be totally impossible for the present work of the Church of England to be carried on with half its efficiency were it not for the help of this Society in our most important places."—<sup>A</sup>  
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"I cordially entreat for the Society a much larger measure of support."—ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

"I most earnestly appeal to all Christians to support the work of the Additional Curates Society."—BISHOP OF LONDON.

**ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY.**

**HOME MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**

OFFICE—ARUNDEL HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.

(OPPOSITE THE TEMPLE RAILWAY STATION.)

The unequalled importance to the whole Church of England of the Additional Curates Society, otherwise known as "Home Missions of the Church of England," renders it most desirable to place before Churchmen and Churchwomen a statement both of its present work and of its pressing necessities.

**THE OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.**

The Society is the *only* organization co-extensive with, and as comprehensive as, the Church of England, that has for its object "to increase the means of pastoral instruction and superintendence," necessary if the Church is to be faithful to her Mission, amidst a population increasing yearly by vast numbers.

*The Society has been, and is, making most strenuous efforts to provide Clergy to minister among the vast populations crowding into and round our towns.*

**NUMBER OF GRANTS VOTED DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS.**

For the Year ending Lady Day,  
1883..... 637 | 1885..... 663 | 1887..... 746 | 1889..... 922 | 1891..... 1,046  
1884..... 632 | 1886..... 717 | 1888..... 851 | 1890..... 988 | 1892..... 1,125

The ability of the Society to make and continue its Grants depends absolutely on the voluntary contributions received year by year.

The Committee, while gratefully acknowledging the aid they have received in support of the vigorous effort the Society is making to provide the Church's ministrations to our ever-increasing population, are constrained

**TO APPEAL MOST EARNESTLY FOR STILL FURTHER HELP.**

CONTRIBUTIONS will be most thankfully received at the Society's Office. Cheques, Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Secretary," and crossed "Messrs. Coutts."

JOHN GEORGE DEED, M.A., Secretary.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1891.

**IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Children's bordered ... 1/3 { do | Hemstitched: ...  
Ladies' ... ... 2/2 { do | Ladies' ... ... 2/11 { do  
Gents' ... ... 2/3 { do | Gents' ... ... 3/11 { do

**IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.**

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/24 each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven and embroidered.

**IRISH LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.**

Ladies' and Children's Collars, 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/6 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11. Matchless Shirts, best quality, Long-cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 the half-dozen (to measure, 2/ extra).

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.) Please name this Publication.

FIRST ESTABLISHED 1825.

**NEAVE'S FOOD**

In Patent Air-tight Tins.

"ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF INFANTS." "RICH IN FLESH AND BONE-FORMING CONSTITUENTS."

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE BOWELS.

**BEST & CHEAPEST.**

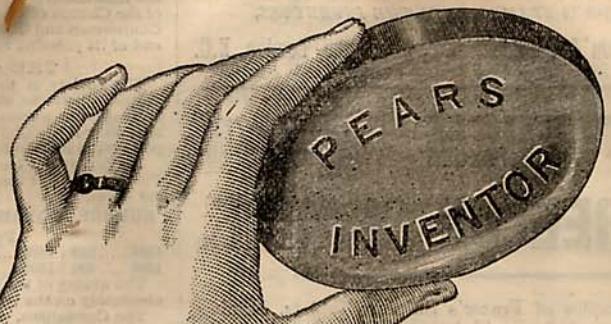
**NEAVE'S FOOD**

FOR  
INFANTS, CHILDREN,  
INVALIDS & THE AGED.

\* Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to Hart's Advertising Offices, 17 & 18, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

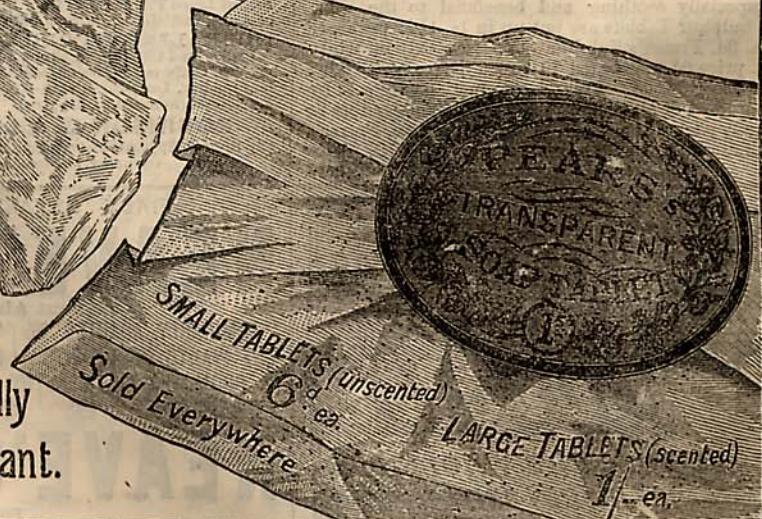
# PEARS'

## SOAP



Produces  
Soft, White  
AND Beautiful Hands

Delightfully  
Fragrant.



Printed by PERRY, GARDNER AND CO., FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, and Sold at their Depositories, Northumberland Avenue,  
Charing Cross, W.C.; and 43, Queen Victoria's Street, E.C.

[FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.]

PERRY, GARDNER AND CO., PRINTERS.]

# WOODHOUSE

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

### Kalendar for June.

#### HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

##### JUNE.

5 S	<b>Whitsun Day.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, (choral) 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
6 M	<b>WHITSUN MONDAY.</b> Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
7 TU	<b>WHITSUN TUESDAY.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Sermon for the Members of the Druids' Club, 11 a.m. The Sermon will be preached by the Rev. E. S. Shuttleworth, Rector of Brampton S. Thomas, Cheshire.
11 S	<b>S. Barnabas Apostle &amp; Martyr.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Evensong, 7 p.m.
12 S	<b>Trinity Sunday.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Children's Service, 2 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
15 W	Musical Service, 7.30 p.m.
16 TH	Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
19 S	<b>First Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Children's Flower Service, 6.30 p.m.
24 F	<b>Nativity of S. John the Baptist.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Address, 7.30 p.m.
26 S	<b>Second Sunday after Trinity.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address on Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m.
29 W	<b>S. Peter Apostle &amp; Martyr.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Collection for S.P.G. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

Daily Services as announced on the Notice Board.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.—These have now been discontinued until the Autumn.

The Meetings have been well attended all through the winter. During Lent the Members kindly gave their time to making garments for a poor Parish in Birmingham in response to an appeal from the Rev. A. Smith, Vicar of All Saints', Small Heath. These were sent to him at Easter, and Mrs. Hiley has received a most grateful letter in reply, in which he sends his thanks for the work which has been done at Woodhouse.

The Musical Service that was alluded to last month will be held on Wednesday, June 15th, at 7.30 p.m. There will be a collection at the end to defray the expenses connected with it. If there should be anything over it will go towards paying for the Summer Excursion of the Choir and Bell Ringers, which we hope to make arrangements for before the Hay Harvest.

ALMSGIVING.—We would earnestly appeal to the Congregation to give more liberally at the ordinary collections. We are not now speaking of the special collections for Missionary and other Societies which are well supported, but of the offertories for Church Expenses and for the Choir. Last Easter there was a Balance of £6 due to the Churchwardens. Surely it is our duty to contribute to these expenses, to the best of our power.

**WAND'S**  
Leicester Drug Stores,

CENTRAL DEPOT.

*Warehouses cover the Floor space of 6,880 feet.*

**18, HAYMARKET**

BRANCH:—

**LONDON ROAD,**  
(Corner of HIGHFIELD STREET.)



EVERY ARTICLE entering  
into the trade of a Chemist and  
Druggist have been

**REDUCED IN PRICE,**

♦♦ Trusting to a ♦♦

*Discerning and Discriminating Public  
to know how and where to get value  
for Money.*

Consumers are in their own interest  
solicited to carefully note the Prices of  
WAND'S, and compare with those usually  
charged, it will at once be seen that MONEY  
MAY BE SAVED, and a High-Class of  
Goods obtained.

Wand's Cash Stores, Leicester.

**H. WILLS,**  
**Picture Framer,**  
**CARVER & GILDER,**  
**No. 5, MARKET PLACE,**  
**Loughborough,**  
adjoining his own Bookselling and  
Stationery shop.

**Alliance Assurance Company**  
FIRE! LIFE! HAIL!  
ESTABLISHED 1824. CAPITAL £5,000,000  
Head Office: Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.  
The Right Hon. Lord Rothschild, *Chairman.*  
Robert Lewis, *Chief Secretary.*  
Leicester Branch: Offices, 27, Market St.  
BOARD:  
Lord Henry Grosvenor, Ketton Cottage, Stamford,  
*Chairman.*  
George Henry Blunt, Esq. (Messrs. Freer, Blunt,  
Rowlett & Winterton), Leicester.  
John German, Esq., Ashby-de-la-Zouch.  
Joseph Phillips, Esq. (Messrs. Phillips, Evans &  
Phillips), Stamford.  
J. F. L. Rolleston, Esq. (J. P., Grey Friars), Leicester  
H. Clough Taylor, Esq., 39, Friar Lane, Leicester.  
William John Woolley, Esq. (Messrs. Woolleys,  
Bardsley & Bosworth), Loughborough.  
Leonard H. Brook, *Secretary.*  
Agent for Quorn—Mr. GEORGE WHITE

**B. BALDWIN,**  
**WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,**  
**JEWELLER,**  
**SILVERSMITH & OPTICIAN,**  
**7, MARKET PLACE,**  
**LOUGHBOROUGH.**

Repairs promptly and cheaply done.  
Antique Silver and Curiosities. Wedding  
and Birthday Presents. Engraving.  
Use Baldwin's Famous Plate Powder, 1/-.

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

**STEAM SAW MILLS,**  
QUORNDON.

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

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

**T. LUCAS,**  
**WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER**  
and OPTICAN,  
HIGH STREET, QUORN.

Watches, Clocks & Jewellery,  
At lowest possible prices.

Large quantity of Fancy Goods suitable  
for Presents, comprising Work Boxes,  
Jewel Cases and Writing Desks. Fancy  
Toilet Sets, and Ornaments of every  
description.

Church Services, Hymn and Prayer  
Books, Bibles, &c.

Large Quantity of Purses, Ladies' Com-  
panions and Japanese Goods.

Mr. LUCAS being in connection with the  
leading houses in the Electro-plated Ware,  
keeps a large stock at very low prices,  
consistant with quality.

18-Carat Gold Geneva from 40/-;  
Silver, 18/6.

Special English Levers £2 10 to £3

Christmas, New Year and Birthday Cards.  
All Goods Warranted.

**BALDWIN'S**  
**BALSAMIC COMPOUND**

A safe and effective remedy for Conghs, Colds,  
Hoarseness, Irritation of the Throat, Bronchitis  
and Consumption. Being a compound of mild,  
soothing, and expectorant drugs, it will be  
found very valuable in cases of shortness of  
breathing with difficulty of expectoration. It  
also helps to cut the thick phlegm so distressing  
to sufferers from weak chests, helping its  
removal; and, being of a tonic or strengthening  
nature, prevents its formation, braces up the  
relaxed membrane of the chest and throat,  
and restores it to a natural and healthy tone.

DOSE—One or two tea-spoonfuls, to be slowly  
swallowed three or four times a day, with or without  
water, or when the cough is troublesome.

In Bottles, 9d. EACH. Prepared by  
GEO. J. BALDWIN,  
Family and Dispensing Chemist,  
14, HIGH STREET, LOUGHBOROUGH.

**W. J. BARKER,**  
**3, High St., Loughboro',**  
has fresh arrivals of all kinds of  
**Fish, Game, Rabbits, & Poultry**  
in Season Daily.

Whitstable and Dutch Natives at  
short notice.

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

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

**J. SKINNER,**  
**Baker & Confectioner,**  
5, Leicester Road,  
LOUGHBOROUGH.

Household, Fine and Fancy Bread  
Rolls, &c., fresh daily.  
Licensed for the district for Oliver's Patent  
Brown Bread.  
Most nutritious and digestive.  
Wedding & all kinds of Iced Cakes.  
Pork Pies & High-class Confectionery.  
Household, Hungarian and Pastry  
Flour.

**F. FROST,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Studio open daily,  
out of door work by appointment,  
**Enlargements,**  
**PICTURES FRAMED,**  
**REGILDING,**  
19, CHURCH GATE,  
LOUGHBOROUGH