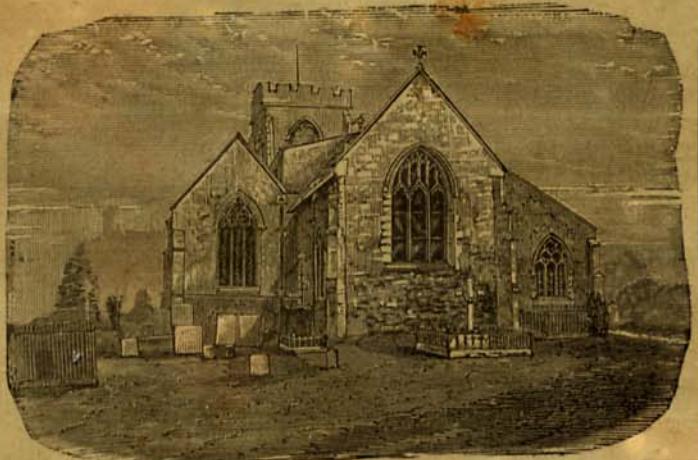


November, 1892.

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



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

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BEST GOODS AT STORE PRICES.

1, HIGH STREET, LOUGHBOROUGH.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Kalendar for November.

NOVEMBER.

1 TU	Festival of All Saints	Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
	Mattins at 10.	Choral Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.
6 S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.	Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and after Mattins. Mattins at 11 a.m. Children's Service at 2.45 p.m. Baptisms 3.30 p.m. Evensong 6.30 p.m. Collection for Church Expenses.
13 S	Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. only, other services as on the first Sunday in the month.
20 S	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.	Collections for Church Expenses.
27 S	First Sunday in Advent	
30 W	Festival of S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins at 10. Choral Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

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

Subjects for Catechizing at the Children's Service on Sunday afternoons in November:—

Nov. 6.		
13.	Gospel for the day.	Hymns to be learnt, finish 23
20.		and begin 51.
27.		

A CLASS for BIG LADS is held on Sunday afternoon, at the Vicar's house, at 2.45. Any lads between the ages of 14 and 18 will be welcome.

A CLASS for BIG GIRLS is held at the same hour by Miss Corlett at the Schools.

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptism.)

Sept. 25th.—Daisy Phipps.
Oct. 26th.—Thomas and Charles Clarke

Burials.

Oct. 6th.—Sarah Robinson, aged 49 years.
Ann Mayfield Jalland, aged 37 years.

N B.—Baptisms, &c., are not inserted in the Magazine when it is not wished.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Nov. 1st	— — —	— — —	261 427 428
6th.	140 318 —	331 23 194	167 164 27
13th.	200 168 238	217 23 243	237 255 26
20th	165 265 225	196 23 225	259 220 288
27th	47 51 217	53 51 27	53 51 24
30th.	— — —	— — —	261 403 358

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.	Special. (Hospitals.)
Sept. 29.	—	—	£2 18s. 0½d.
Oct. 2.	—	—	£5 9s. 11½d.
" 9.	—	£0 4s. 9d.	
" 16.	£3 1s. 9d.	£0 3s. 8d.	
" 23.	—	£0 4s. 11d.	
Poor Box	—	£0 1s. 7½d.	
Totals	£3 1s. 9d.	£0 14s. 11½d.	£8 8s. 0d.

PARISH NOTES.

The Harvest Festival came too late for any notice last month. We have to thank the ladies who undertook the decorations and carried them out with so much taste, also the many friends who sent flowers, fruit, &c. On the Monday morning all the fruit and vegetables were sent to the Loughborough Dispensary. We are sorry to notice that the collections were £5 less than last year.

The Schools were examined by the Government Inspector on Monday and Tuesday, October 17th and 18th. There is every reason to hope that a thoroughly satisfactory report will be given by him. At the same time the Inspector goes carefully through all the accounts for the year, to see that all money received has been properly expended. By careful management and by help of the subscribers the schools have been carried on efficiently and without incurring any debt.

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

We were sorry to hear that there were more than 40 children examined with a view to pass to 4th standard so that they might then leave school. It is a very great pity that they should be taken away from school so soon. Parents should give their children as good an education as they possibly can. By letting them leave school so early they give them very little chance of rising in the world. And now that there are no school fees to pay there is less excuse.

The last payments to the Clothing Club will be taken on Monday, November 7th. After that the accounts will all be settled up as soon as possible.

Our BAND OF HOPE meets on alternate Tuesdays at the Coffee House. The days in November will be the 8th and 22nd. Children should be there sharp at a *quarter to six*. We want none over 13. The Meetings are held early so that it may not be an excuse for children to be out late. We are often saddened to see young boys and girls out in the streets much later than this, we hope there are many parents who are more careful of their children than to allow this.

The MOTHERS' MEETING is held on Mondays, at 2.30 at the Coffee House, where a nice warm room has been engaged for the purpose.

Arrangements are being made for a Temperance Meeting, on Monday, November 14th. By kind permission of Messrs. Wright it will be held at the Quorn Mills Institute.

The year for the Sunday School will come to an end on November 20th, and the marks will be reckoned up and prizes given out as soon as possible afterwards. A new set of lessons for the year begining on Advent Sunday will be prepared and given to the Teachers.

We once more call attention to the Service of Scripture Exposition and Prayer, that will be held on Wednesday Evenings in the Church at 7 o'clock. The first will be on Wednesday, November 2nd. We invite all grown-up persons, who will be glad of instruction and help in their religious life, to attend.

A Meeting of the Subscribers to the Quorn Nursing Fund, was held at the Village Hall, on October 18th. A full Report and Account for the past year was produced by Mrs. Wright, who has acted as Hon. Secretary. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to her, and the ladies of the Committee for their very satisfactory conducting of the matter, and it was resolved to continue the work on the same lines. We give a list of the Subscribers—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs Farnham	15	0	0	Mr. O. S. Brown	1	1	0
The late Mrs. Warner	15	0	0	„ W. E. Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Hole	5	5	0	Mrs. Andrew	1	1	0
„ Herrick	5	5	0	„ Hayward	1	0	0
Messrs. Wright & Sons	5	0	0	Mr. Thornton	1	0	0
Mr. Cradock	2	2	0	„ Turner	0	10	6
Collection in Church	2	0	0	Mr. Turner, junr.	0	10	6
per Rev. R.C. Faithfull				Mrs. Simpson	0	10	6
From Church Sick &	3	0	0	Miss Hawker	0	10	0
Poor Fund, one quarter				Mr. W. Fewkes	0	10	0
Mrs. Cuffling	1	1	0	„ Backhouse	0	5	0
„ Inglesant	1	1	0	„ J. Cuffling	0	5	0
„ G. White	1	1	0	„ Laundon	0	5	0
Miss Inglesant	1	1	0	Mrs. T. Holmes	0	2	6
Mr. Thompson	1	1	0	Mr. Adams	0	2	6
„ G. Cook	1	1	0				

Questions have been asked about the use of the Church Bells. The Vicar is anxious that no one should be annoyed by their long and frequent ringing. The Parish ringers never practice more than once a week, and then seldom ring for more than an hour at a time. Permission is also given occasionally to ringers from other places but this will not be oftener than once a month, and under no circumstances will ringing be permitted to continue after nine o'clock.

We gladly give an account of the matches played by the Quorn Football Club. Though our space will only admit of a very brief notice.

The Season opened on Oct. 1st against a strong team from Leicester (Messrs. Staynes & Smith's) who won by 2 goals to nil.

Oct. 8th. v. Loughboro. Robin Hoods. Our team was two men short and so only scored 1 goal against 3.

The same day the Reserve Team beat Anstey easily, 8 to 1

Oct. 15th. v. Woodhouse, draw 2 goals each.

22nd. v. Loughboro. Victoria, a very hotly contested game. Our team won by 2 goals, scored by Preston and Beardmore.

There will be matches at Quorn on Nov. 12th, 19th, and 26th. One thing we feel bound to mention and that is the free use of bad language upon the ground, we do not mean by the players but by those looking on. We have seen lots of matches at Leicester and other places but never heard anything of the kind. Why should it be so at Quorn? Some may think it manly. It would show more manliness and pluck to stop it. If this were stopped we should like to see many more of the villagers out to see these games.

MR. V. DEARDON, Organist at Quorn Parish Church, (Pupil of Herr Richter,) is open to receive Pupils in Pianoforte-playing, Organ-playing, Harmony and Counter-point.

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THE DAWN OF DAY



No. 179, NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER, 1892.



THROUGH ALL THE
CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," &c.

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THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

By THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

XI.—The Pilchard Cellar.

WHEN old Mr. Gilbert had been in the first and largest of the inhabited houses—that in which was the old woman deaf and dumb—whilst her father was addressing and questioning her, Martha had watched her face and that of the constable, and she was convinced that a sign of intelligence had passed between them. There was something in the way in which he closed his eyes, then raised his brows, and moved his lips, that made her believe he was asking a question by sign, and when she saw an answering nod and turn of the hand behind the body from the woman, Martha was convinced that the constable had asked her whether Stout was apprised and had made his escape, and that she had answered in the affirmative. Her father was too incensed and excited to observe this. He hustled about, prying in all directions, and continuing his questions although aware that the woman could not hear what he said. The old man was also conscious that the constable was endeavouring to screen the man whom he sought, and this consciousness, instead of making him more on the alert, confused him.

Martha was satisfied that no satisfactory results would be reached in the way in which her father was conducting his search, she maintained her self-control, and looked attentively about her. Then she thought she recognised a mitten, lying on a sideboard in the sitting-room. It was of wool, black, with a lavender line round it. She could not be certain, for the pattern was

a common one, still, she knew that her sister had a pair of mits of this description, and it was unlikely that another of exactly the same description should be there, the property of the deaf-and-dumb woman. She went to the sideboard and took it, but took it with an eye fixed on the woman, and she observed in her an involuntary start, and an expression of alarm in her eyes. Martha replaced the mitten with assumed indifference, and followed her father when he left the house.

But Martha, though she left the house, did not go with her father to the next house. She was certain in her own mind that the clue to the discovery of her sister was in her hands.

When they were on the doorstep, the deaf-and-dumb woman, with an angry expression slammed the door upon them and turned the key in the lock. Martha was convinced that she heard her muttering some words to herself within, as she turned away. If so, then this woman was not deaf and dumb as she pretended.

Instead of crossing the road to the rather large cottage, into which her father now entered—that in which was the woman with the toothache—Martha remained behind, walked up the road and examined the house she had left.

She observed that it stood back against the black slate cliff, with a narrow yard behind it, dividing the house itself from the rock. There were various out-houses adjoining, and a pig-sty, and by the sty a little gate, the door of which was ajar. She considered for a moment, and then slipped through the door into the yard—not six feet wide; and then saw what she had suspected, that in the face of the rock were excavated cellars like those she had seen in ruinous condition further down the road, in the face of the



cliff, and these in the yard were furnished with doors that were locked.

Martha had lived all her life near the coast, and she knew but too well what was the meaning of these pilchard cellars. Ostensibly they served for the curing and storing of the fish caught, but they served another purpose, the concealment of smuggled goods. That coast with its many bays, so dangerous, and so intricate, was as though made for smugglers, and a large portion of the population lived by the profession. There was a deeper depth of lawlessness reached by some men—they were wreckers, and combined wrecking with smuggling. If caught, they pretended to be salvors, and demanded salvage. If not discovered they appropriated to themselves all that they could take from a vessel cast on that inhospitable coast.

It was said, and said with truth, that many a vessel was either drawn or driven to ruin, drawn by false lights, driven by connivance of those on board with the wreckers on shore.

Martha could with confidence explore the yard behind the house, certain that she would not be observed, for the woman's attention would be taken up with the proceedings of old Gilbert and Hocking.

Nevertheless she proceeded with caution. She looked at the cellar doors, of which there were three, all firmly barred and padlocked. These doors were low, and were not noticeable from without, in the road, as the outbuildings completely concealed them.

Where could her sister be?

If the boy had given the alarm, Stout might have escaped over the hills, but hardly Tryphena, she must be concealed somewhere in Porth Quin, if there at all. And if concealed there—was it with her consent? Tryphena had indeed run away from home, but would she willingly remain in hiding when she knew that her father and sister were searching for her? Martha knew that Tryphena was a giddy girl, but also that she was not heartless. She had been induced to leave her home, but her conscience was sure

to speak to her after she had done so and reproach her. Tryphena if inconsiderate, was yet with a conscience, and conscience was certain to awake in her if it had been sent to sleep for awhile. Martha looked up at the house. Her sister could not be concealed there, or she would have heard the voices of father and sister, and would have revealed her presence; with the impulsiveness natural to her, she would have come forth, thrown herself into their arms, and then poured forth a torrent of excuse and self-justification. No, Martha was sure the girl was not in the house. Yet she could not be far off. Was it possible that she was hidden in some of the out-houses, or even in one of the pilchard cellars?

Martha did not wish to shout out her sister's name, lest she should attract the attention of the woman of the house, now engaged in watching the proceedings in the other habitation entered by Mr. Gilbert and the constable, and who, in spite of her pretence, Martha was convinced could both hear and speak.

Then she remembered how she had told her sister the story of the rescue of the shipwrecked men at the headland, and how that all had

united after they were saved, in an act of thanksgiving to Him by whose providence they were delivered, singing together the 34th Psalm. The story had made a great impression for the moment on Tryphena. Martha began to sing, in her sweet, pure voice, as she moved up and down in the yard:—

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still,
My heart and tongue employ."

Then she heard her name called, "Martha! Martha!" and she stood still. She could not be certain whence the sounds came. In a tremulous voice, she continued—

"Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name."



and she heard from within one of the cellars, a muffled continuation of the Psalm—

"When in distress, to Him I called,
He to my rescue came."

Now Martha knew where her sister was. She

rushed to the door and tried to open it. In vain. The lock was fast. Then calling to Tryphena to be of good cheer, she would release her, she ran in quest of her father.

(*To be continued.*)

GIVING OF THANKS.

(*A true incident.*)

THROUGH the warm summer woods I took my way
On pastoral duty bent, and lingered not 'Neath the low murmuring pines, as oft my wont,
To hear their tender music—to inhale Their odorous breath—or watch the sunbeams fall
On the brown, chequered earth.

No shady nook
Or bird's melodious song might stay me now,
For I was summoned to the side of one
From whom this fair, bright scene was fading fast
Into the Shadow Valley;—a young soul
Called to depart in heyday of its Spring,
Its careless, godless freedom. In the woods
Her people tarried—wandering gipsy folk
To see her die; and one, her father, came,
Seeking God's priest to speed the parting soul.
A dark-browed sullen man—no love had he
For this, his errand, but—it was her wish—
And so he called me; and now strode before
Showing the path, and with an iron frown
Defying sorrow. Stern his brief replies
To words that ever and anon I spoke.
She was his only child—sixteen years old—
Untaught—and unbaptised—and dying. Such
Was all I knew, and this my call. To do
The work of sixteen years in one short hour,
If even that were granted.

Thus we came
Upon a glade where burned the gipsy fires,
And children played in wild unconscious grace,
And men lounged idly. Further in the shade
I saw a group of women, gathered round
A ragged bed laid on the pine-strewn sward.
One saw, and came towards us. "'Tis too late.
She does not know us—she is sinking fast."
The father grasped me roughly by the arm—
"Yet come," he said, "do what you can for her."
Alas! what could I do? I stood beside
The pale, still form that even Death's approach
Had robbed not of its beauty. There she lay
Wrapped in unconsciousness—poor little maid!

So late a gay and reckless child. My heart
Brimmed o'er with pity and with silent prayer.
Then the rough father came and gently took
The drooping little hand, and called to her
To wake—to look at him—to speak one word!
But not a quiver stirred the still, white face—
There was no voice nor any answered him.
"Parson!" he fiercely cried, "speak you to her."

And a poor woman whispered through her tears,
"Aye, sir, say something good, and maybe that
Will reach her." To my mind came Holy Words,
I spoke them clearly—

"God so loved the world
He gave His only Son." O Sword divine!
How great thy piercing might! We thought her gone

Beyond the sound of human speech, but now
The dark eyes opened, and the pale lips moved.
"Did he?" she said, "did He so much?"

And I—
I never thanked Him." Then one upward look,
And she was gone—gone to the feet of Him
Who had so loved and never had been thanked.
Yet dared I hope this poor neglected child
Found mercy with the Judge Who asketh less
Where less is given. That one moment's
flash
Of love divine—repentance—gratitude
Could not be fruitless.

In our Father's hands
I leave her—sure of mercy.

Aye, for her,
But what of us, to whom so much is given—
Whose years of life have been all crowned with
goodness,
Who take the gifts, yet never have returned
To glorify the Giver? What of us
Who know what God hath done, yet never
thank Him?

C. M. P.

OUR WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. PREB. SADLER,

Author of "Church Doctrine, Bible Truth."

No. XI.

SOME OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES OF OUR CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

1. Repentance or Conversion.

ONE of the most popular and most used words in modern religious conversation is conversion. When any one (as is supposed) begins to be seriously affected by religion he is said to be converted. He is then supposed to enter into a real relationship with God, which he is assumed not to have been in before. His Baptism is never supposed to have done him the least good, or to have in the least degree affected his standing with God: his morality, *i.e.*, his keeping himself from certain gross sins, is said to have been no better than that of the Pharisees. A great revivalist preacher, one too, belonging to our Church, once said seriously to me, "If you teach children their duty towards God, and their duty towards their neighbour, you are in danger of making them little Pharisees." Even a man's very belief in Christ as being the Son of God, if it is not expressed in a certain way, is counted, I might really say, as unbelief.

Seldom used in the New Testament.

Now it is a remarkable fact that this word, "conversion," is scarcely ever, or extremely seldom used in the New Testament: and it is a still more serious fact that it has taken the place of a far better word, a word of far deeper and more serious meaning, and that word is "repentance." Conversion means turning—turning in the middle of a walk, whereas repentance means a change of heart or mind, and is always the word used for a deep religious change, as for instance, the change from heathenism to Christianity. Thus, when it was reported to certain Jewish Christians that some of the Gentiles had been made Christians they glorified God, and exclaimed, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." (Acts xi. 11.) The preaching of John the Baptist to prepare the way for Christ was the preaching of repentance. The first preaching of Christ Himself was the preaching of repentance. (Mark i. 15.) St. Paul's preaching is described as the preaching of repentance. (Acts xxvi. 20.) Once the exhortation to repentance is connected with baptism, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ" (Acts ii. 38); once it is connected with conversion, "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted

out." (Acts iii. 10.) Christ is exalted to "give repentance." (Acts v. 31.)

The sense in which Christ uses the word.

The most significant place respecting conversion is where Christ says to the Twelve, when He had found them disputing which should be the greatest, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.) Now this was said to those who had long been chosen by Him, and been long in union with Him, and had long followed Him, and had been called by Him His friends: so it seems exceedingly improper to make conversion to be the beginning—the beginning of life or of Sonship, or of union with Christ.

The sense now usually assigned to it.

Now, it seems to me an extraordinary thing that a word of a much lower meaning should have been, by so many professors, substituted for one of a much higher and deeper significance. Such a thing must be disastrous and misleading. For what is the usual idea attached to a converted man. It is almost always, if not always, that of a change of views. I mean a change of views respecting Christ; at the best it denotes a much livelier apprehension of Him, not as saving the world, but as saving the man in particular. It does not, as commonly used, imply a deep realization of the Godhead and Incarnation of the Lord—of the surpassing holiness of His Life and Teaching. It takes into very little account His Resurrection and His Ascension, and His being made Head over all things to the Church, which is His Body, or of His soon to be expected return. Particularly in the vast majority of cases it ignores His judgment seat; His judgment of the righteous as well as of the wicked—the judgment of believers as well as of unbelievers. It has been actually said that believers are raised into a sphere above judgment, a sphere of which I need not say that SS. Peter and Paul knew nothing. According to the general estimate of conversion, a converted man need not be by any means a humble man. He need not be a man who has any marked detestation of sin. He may be a fomenter of those divisions against which Christ prayed so earnestly.

But all this is impossible in the case of a penitent man. Such a man cannot be proud, cannot be conceited, cannot look with the smallest allowance on any sin, I mean in himself.

True penitence.

True penitence, which is worth anything, implies self-abasement. I think it must be accom-

panied by self-denial. As long as any sorrow continues in any man he cannot be self-important, self-exalting, self-complacent.

Repentance must come from God.

Now this repentance, in common with every Christian grace, must come from God and be a gift of His, as in the text I have just quoted: "Then hath God also unto the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Again, "If God peradventure shall give them repentance." Again, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

Now whilst conversion is not so much as mentioned, as far as I remember, in any prayer in the Prayer Book, we are constantly directed to ask God to give us repentance. Daily, for seven consecutive weeks before the festival of Easter, we ask God for repentance in very humble words indeed. "Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent, create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness." Again, in our Daily Matins and Evensong we express not so much conversion as repentance in our confession, and at the conclusion of the Absolution the priest moves us to beseech God to give us "true repentance and His Holy Spirit." And in the Litany, "That it may please Thee to give us true repentance," &c.

If it be objected that so much is said about this repentance that it palls upon the ear, and like other too familiar but most necessary things we pay no attention to it, we answer that such is the case with very many of the most familiar teachings of the Bible, and the only remedy for this is the earnestness of the ministers and stewards of God's mysteries, that they should let it be known, to all that hear them, that they themselves are personally interested in these great things—that they realise them as necessary for themselves as much as for those whom they teach—that they themselves have not merely repented, but are living in the grace and spirit of repentance.

We must take heed how we use the word "convert."

Let it not be, however, supposed for a moment that I mean that we are not to use the term "convert," only we must take heed how we use it. The great change from spiritual death to spiritual life in a professing Christian ought to be called Repentance, as including sorrow and self-abasement for, and loathing of, past sin, and a determination to seek the grace

of God. Now this repentance, this "metanoia," being a change of heart and mind, is an inward thing, and necessitates an outward manifestation. This outward manifestation is "conversion," which is a turning of the outward life in all respects answering to the change of heart. Thus, when St. Paul's preaching is described, it is that men should repent and turn to God—that is, be converted to God, and do works meet for repentance, that is, it should be a conversion, proceeding from a change of heart, not a fruitless conversion, but one abounding in works meet for, or in accordance with, a real inward change.

Even the Disciples were in need of "conversion."

The precept of the Lord, "Except ye be converted and become as little children," is the most instructive place of all. It was spoken, as I said, to persons already so far converted to Him that they had given up all for Him. They had done what is far beyond the conversion now imagined by the religious world, they had given up all their property, all their means of subsistence, to follow the Lord; and yet, because they were not without ambition and self-seeking, He says to these persons, His chosen, His followers, His friends, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The root, so to speak, of their conversion, must have been a thorough change of mind and will, but its manifestation was their being turned from seeking great things for themselves in the kingdom for which He was preparing them to be ministers.

Again, we may properly call the turning from a life of seeming indifference to a life of religious earnestness, conversion, if we teach simultaneously that there must be repentance for a life of indifference to such motives as are presented to us in the Gospel; and the opening of the mind and heart to clearer views of the surpassing excellency of the Person and Work of Christ may be called a turning, though its more appropriate name seems to be rather that of an enlightenment, according to the words of St. Peter, "Till the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." (St. Peter i.)

Devout contemplation of the sufferings of Christ.

We have now to consider another characteristic of Catholic worship, which is the dwelling upon the sufferings of the Son of God as they are set forth in the Scriptures. In the last chapter but one of each of the Synoptics, and in the last chapter but two of St. John, the actual sufferings of Christ are set before us for our devout contemplation. It is not the doctrinal—

the redeeming results of these sufferings, but the actual sufferings themselves. We have the mock trials—the scourging, the spitting on, the blindfolding—the crowning with thorns. We have the seven words—the “Father forgive them.” The “this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;” the “Woman, behold thy Son—Behold thy mother;” the “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani;” the “I thirst;” the “It is finished;” the “Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.” Then the supernatural darkness—the earthquake, the rending of the veil, the piercing of the side.

Now the recitation of these things is Catholic. Some perhaps may interrupt me and say, It is Scriptural. Well, of course it is, but I answer, Bodies of believers outside the pale of the Catholic Church have simply dwelt on the atonement wrought by these sufferings, or the robe of righteousness woven by them, or the imputation of them apart from the sufferings.

Some years ago a book on the Crucifixion and its attendant events was published by one belonging to the most influential Calvinistic body, and a sort of excuse was made for its appearance, because such a thing had never been known in such a body of Christians before.

The key-note to our contemplations.

Now, guided by Scripture, and following in the footsteps of the Church, we devote a whole week to these sufferings themselves, and little enough, seeing that these sufferings are those of God Incarnate. Now, the key-note to our contemplation of these sufferings is struck in the Epistle for the Sunday which begins the week in which we read from the Gospels the account of them. “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a slave, and was made in the likeness of man, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” (Phil. ii. 7, 8.)

We are to suffer with Him.

The recital of the actual sufferings of the Son of God, by which He redeemed us, will best serve to remind us that we are to suffer with Him. This the mere mention of the atonement brought by the sufferings will fail to do. “I am crucified unto Christ,” says the great Apostle of the Gentiles, “nevertheless I live.” “He was despised and rejected of men;” and so are we to be; and the mere recital of the account of His sufferings shows us how complete that rejection was. How He was rejected by all classes; by the disciples, by the mob; by the

leaders of religion; by the chief ministers of the only God-ordained religion; by the secularists; by Herod; by the Romans, the masters of the world.

There is another point, and not a small one, in which we are one with the Catholic Church of the earliest times, and that is, in praying for our enemies. In the earliest type of Liturgy, the Clementine, we have the petition: “We further beseech Thee also for those who hate us and persecute us for Thy Name’s sake; for those who are without and wander in error; that Thou wouldest convert them to that which is good, and appease their wrath against us.”

For this we have a suffrage in the Litany, “That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts.”

“No! I never did.”

If the substance of this petition were left to the will of each member, it is probable that it would not be mentioned in the ears of God, once in five hundred, perhaps not once in five thousand instances of public prayer. I remember once talking over the matter of public prayer with a very godly Nonconformist, and asking him, with some hesitation, the plain question, Did you ever hear such a petition from any of your ministers in your place of worship? He turned round very sharply, looked me full in the face, and answered, “No! I never did.”

We are not left to ourselves.

Now, in writing this I do not for a moment mean to say that we of the Church of England, if we were left to ourselves, would put up this petition more frequently than those who secede from us. But, thanks be to God, we are not left to ourselves. We are obliged, for our people’s sake, to put up not our own petitions, but those of the Catholic Church, and this among them.

Now this petition is the counterpart of the petition in the Lord’s Prayer, “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” A good Christian, conformed by God’s Spirit to the image of a forgiving Saviour, will be thankful for an opportunity of praying for those whom he is required to forgive, for nothing so advances the soul in the spirit of forgiveness as bringing before God the forgiveness of those who have wronged us. We cannot do this without remembering the innumerable faults for which we require mercy at the hands of God; at least, we may be sure that God will remind us of them if He desires us to grow in the grace most pleasing to Him, the grace of humility.

NOTES FOR THE SUNDAYS IN NOVEMBER.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.



LITTLE did the villagers of Capernaum know of the blessing which the fever that had laid low his son brought to the house of the nobleman mentioned in the Gospel for to-day. Little did the father imagine when first his son was stricken, what joy would, through that anxiety and sorrow, bless his household. But for that fever Christ might have stayed at Cana in vain, or even have visited Capernaum in vain, so far as the nobleman was concerned. It is so still: sickness invades an English home and the only son of his mother lies in deadly peril; or in another all the children one by one are laid low. And as the parents ask His blessing on them, He waits to give it according to His loving wisdom, and according to their faith, not now as then, by a miracle, but in the ordinary course of His providence. Let us then always believe that it is the Lord's voice, the Lord's power, the Lord's love which effect the cure; that He is still the only curer of the sufferings and sicknesses and diseases of men; that every cure that is worked by the physician is as really His cure as was this cure at Capernaum.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.



"Lord, have patience with me and I will pay thee all." These are the words of the unmerciful servant in the parable. Observe, however, the ignorance of this cry. How can he ever pay all? How can he even pay part of the debt? He means well, no doubt, but if he really felt the vastness of the debt, he would not make so rash and vain a promise. But if this servant's petition was so ignorant, what should be our cry when we are brought to see the greatness of our debt? Not, "Lord, have patience with me and I will pay Thee all," but "Lord, have mercy upon me, for Christ has paid the debt for me."

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.



The answer given by our Lord to the spies who came to ask Him whether it were lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar was indeed an excellent one. It not only fully answered the question which had been asked, but like most of our Lord's answers, it left a large truth for its hearers

to ponder. It intimated to them that there was a distinction between the respect paid to Cæsar and that paid to God; and it left the eternal sentence that obedience was due to both.

By the things of Cæsar are meant, as we are well aware, such as concern the civil government of the country to which we belong, the regulations of which may vary in different places and at different times. The things of God are the great truths or laws which can know no change, and the spirit of which does not lend itself to human handling or adaptation.



First Sunday in Advent.

Those who received Christ as He was entering into Jerusalem, went forth to meet Him. We must do the same by a holy desire and longing for His presence. We must, by true repentance, "cast off the works of darkness" and "put on the armour of light." We must put away sin, and imitate the virtues and obey the laws of our King. The disciples, we are told, took branches of palm and olive with which to greet Him as He approached the Holy City. S. Augustine tells us what those symbols mean. One is victory over ourselves, over our appetites and passions: the other is the emblem of love and peace.

BLACK snow lately fell in the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland—a phenomenon which was once thought to presage the black plague and other calamities, but is now known to be due to a fungus in the snow.



LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER.

		MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
1 Tu	All Saints' Day.	Wisd. 3 to v. 10	Heb. 11 v. 33 & 12 v. 17 Wisd. 5 to v. 19 v. 17
6 B	21 Sunday aft. Trinity, Leonard, Confess.	Daniel 3	Titus 3 Dan. 4; or 5 Luke 23 v. 26 to 50
13 B	22 Sunday aft. Trinity, Britius, Bishop	Daniel 6	Heb. 7 Daniel 7 v. 9; or 12 John 3 v. 22
20 B	23 Sunday aft. Trinity, Edmund, King and Martyr	Eccles. & 12	Heb. 12 Hag. 2 to v. 10; or Mal. 4 v. 3 & 4 John 6 v. 20; or 22
27 B	1 Sunday in Adv.	Isa. 1	1 Pet. 1 to Isa. 2; or 4 John 10 v. 22
30 W	St. And., A. & M.	Isa. 54	John 1 v. 17 Isa. 65 to v. 35 to 43 John 12 v. 20 to 42

BUILDERS OF THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

I.—*Foraminifera*.

TO most of us it comes as a kind of revelation when we learn that animals have had a great deal to do with the formation of the crust of the earth.

"Continually changing."

At first, indeed, it seems almost incredible. We have been accustomed, very likely, to think of the world as though it had been made just as we see it now; with so many square miles of ocean, so many of desert sand, and so many of rich, fertile soil. We call the mountains the "everlasting hills," and imagine that they are as old as the world itself. We think of land and sea as if they had been precisely the same from the very beginning. We take it for granted that the rivers have always run exactly where they are running now, and that islands were always islands, and continents always continents. And it is quite a new idea to us when we learn that the face of the earth has for countless ages been continually changing, and that it still is changing almost daily, even while we ourselves are living upon it.

How the changes are caused.

Yet such is most certainly the case. Geology, that wonderful science which has told us so much about the world's history, bids us look back through millions of years to the time when the globe was a molten mass of an inconceivable heat, and even to an earlier period still, when it was nothing more than a dense volume of mingled vapours and gases—"without form, and void." Then it traces for us the different steps by which the long process of cooling took place, until rocks were formed, and the outer crust of the earth became hardened and solid, although still with a core of fire beneath it. And it shows us how the mountains were reared up, and how the ocean came to occupy its bed—"the firmament dividing the waters from the waters." And then, more startling still, it assures us that ever since those remote ages vast changes have been constantly taking place, and that those changes have been largely due to the presence and the work of animals.

Now, I propose to speak of one or two of the more important of the "builders of the crust of the earth," as these animals may justly be called. And for our subject this month let us take those singular little creatures which are known as *Foraminifera*.

3,800,000 to the ounce!

I am sorry to have to use such a long word, but it cannot be helped, for these tiny beings have no English name by which they can be called instead. Perhaps this is scarcely to be wondered at, for none except those who work with the microscope ever see them at all. They are shell-bearing animals, it is true; but their shells are not like those of the whelks, and cowries, and limpets which we find lying so commonly on our sandy sea-shores, and with which every visitor to the coast is more or less familiar. We cannot pick them up one by one and examine them, for they are so exceedingly small. You might have thousands of *Foraminifera* in your hand, and never know that they were there! Thousands? Yes, and millions; for, impossible as it may seem, it has been estimated that no less than 3,800,000 were present in a single ounce of sand.

What sand is made of.

Sand is not always made up of tiny fragments of flint, as so many of us imagine. Much of it is formed almost entirely of the shells of these infinitely-tiny creatures, which lived and died thousands and thousands of years ago, and left their empty dwellings to help in the work of building up the crust of the earth. And if there are so many in a single ounce of sand, think what there must be in a ton; and then think of the countless millions of tons of sand which border our seas, and spread over vast tracts of inland country, where a drop of rain never falls, and no blade or leaf of grass can be seen! The imagination fairly gives way before the idea of the immensity of the numbers involved—3,800,000 shells to an ounce of sand; 35,840 ounces of sand to a ton; and how many tons of sand containing the shells even in this proportion?

The materials of the Pyramids.

But these little *Foraminifera* are not found in sand only. They are also present, in equal and even greater numbers, in many of the more recent geological formations. Chalk, for instance, is full of them. If we powder a little, from a suitable locality, and place it beneath a powerful microscope, we find that it contains immense quantities of the most delicate and fairylike little shells; and all these are the shells of *Foraminifera*. In Russia, too, there are enormous beds of rock, hundreds of feet thick and hundreds of square miles in extent, which are literally almost entirely composed of the shells of these tiny creatures, all belonging to one and the same species. Then the Tertiary rocks; as geologists call them, which underlie

the greater part of Austria, Italy, and France, contain, as it has been estimated, about 58,000 to the cubic inch, or nearly three thousand millions in a cubic yard. Many of the houses in Paris and other French and Austrian towns are entirely built of blocks of stone cut from these rocks. While, finally, the same shells form the stone of which the greatest of the pyramids of Egypt is composed!

"Builders of the Crust of the Earth."

"Builders of the crust of the earth." Such, indeed, they may without any exaggeration be termed, since sand and chalk and rock alike teem with them in such inconceivable numbers. And we cannot help thinking of the long ages which must have elapsed while all these myriads of little creatures were living and dying and adding their cast-off shells to the layers which, in after ages, were to be compressed and hardened into rock. Neither can we help thinking of the marvellous manner in which the microscope has opened up creation to us, and shown us that there is infinity in things little, as well as in things great.

Marvels of delicate workmanship.

For every one of these tiny shells—so small that it cannot be seen at all without the help of a very strong microscope—is a marvel of the most delicate and intricate workmanship. It is exquisitely moulded, and sculptured, and chiselled. Its whorls are as perfect, and graceful, and finished as those of the most elegant of the great shells to be seen in museums. And in this infinitesimal atom of a dwelling lived an animal, the outer covering, or "mantle," of whose body possessed the strange power of secreting this shell; so that the little dwelling was gradually built up and added to, until it assumed its finished form.

What are these shells like?

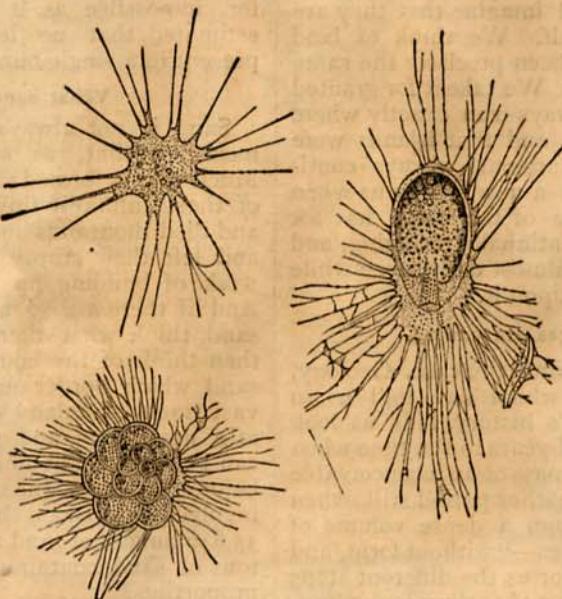
That, of course, depends upon the species to which they belong, for a very large number of

different kinds have been discovered. In the Tertiary rocks, for instance, which have already been mentioned, at least five hundred distinct forms have been detected, while nearly as many more have been obtained from the chalk. More than a thousand species, too, are still existing. Sea-water is full of them, and as they die they sink to the bottom, just as their predecessors did hundreds of thousands of years ago, and help to form a layer which by-and-by, perhaps, will be turned into chalk or stone. And, of course, it is impossible to write a description which shall apply to all alike. Some have a kind of flinty skeleton, like the most delicate basket-work. Some are spiral, and look something like the "twists" which we may see in bakers' windows. Some, although on a very much smaller scale, are not unlike many of the shells which we gather on our sandy shores. While others, and perhaps these are the commonest of all, are much like those flat, spiral shells so common in our fresh-water ditches.

The shells of all the true *Foraminifera* are divided into a number of compartments, like that of the chambered nautilus, the dividing walls between being perforated by a number of small holes. It is owing to this fact, indeed, that the name

of "*Foraminifera*" has been chosen for these marvellous little creatures, for that title is formed from two Latin words, and signifies "hole-bearers." In many of these creatures, too, the outer shell is perforated in just the same way, and through these little holes are thrust out long, slender feelers, which seem to have the power of seizing and carrying into the body the tiny particles of animal and vegetable matter which serve as food.

Such are some of the animals which have helped to build up the crust of our earth, and which even now are carrying on the work which they have been performing for ages of which it is difficult to form any conception.



The Children's Corner.

JONAS ROWNTREE, COBBLER.

By E. A. KILNER.

WHEN I was a little girl one of our neighbours at the end of Tithe Lane was an old cobbler. He mended our boots and shoes; and there was nothing we liked better than to take them ourselves to his funny little house, or rather room, for he had but one. He was very old,—a few curly hairs were sprinkled along the sides of his head, otherwise it was bald, and very shiny. We thought him as old as his room, but he said, "No,"—his grandfather had owned the whole house of which his dwelling was now only a part. It was a queer place,—you went down three steps from the street, and from Jonas's seat by the window you could only see the feet of the passers-by. We asked him if that was not dull, and he said, "No," again; "for you see, my dear, I can see what kind of shoes they wear, and by their shoes I know what kind of people they are. All sorts of people pass my window. I cannot see their faces, but their feet tell me enough; for you may know a man by his gait, as much as by the look on his face."

"Some folks tread their heels down in no time, and go lurching along; some step on their toes and peck the ground like a chicken; some forget they've got any toes, and think they've only heels to grind along on; and the way some women and girls slip and slither in their shoes over the pavement, beats me. They're a lazy lot! a lazy lot;" and Jonas shook his head. "When it's a pair of shoes of my making I know they're wearing all the shape out of them, and I am fair vexed."

You see, Jonas was proud of his trade, and he patched and mended as neatly as ever he could. It was not easy to do so always, for folks made frightful holes in their boots sometimes,—but he did his best for his customers. Nothing was

slurred over, for although the boots might not be worth much, his business was to make the best of a bad job. The trade of a cobbler is of small account, but in God's sight Jonas made it honourable by putting good work in all he did.

The old man was alone in the world, and very poor, but he managed to help those who were worse off. We found out how he did it quite by chance. "Who are you making those shoes for, Jonas?" I asked him one day. "Why don't you cobble those on the bench first?"

"I shall come to them presently, missy," he replied, "but I must do a bit at the 'offering' now. It's an offering to the Lord," he continued, as we looked puzzled. "I can't do much for Him, but I like to keep a pair of shoes handy for any footsore tramp who goes past my doors.

I can manage it famous with the bits I save from the mendings. Sometimes I've only enough stuff to make a child's pair, but they come in useful at Fair-time. You'd never think, missy, what a lot of forlorn children there be about then."

Jonas said all this so simply, and his way of talking made us think only of the poor children, and how glad they would be when the shoes fitted them.

One Wednesday—it was the close of a sultry day in autumn—Jonas rose from his bench and began putting away his tools.

His face wore a look of sorrow, as he turned and picked up a pair of boy's shoes. "It's strange that I've tried them on three lads, and they wouldn't do. Well, well, I should like to have given my 'offering' on his birthday," and the old man sighed. By his birthday he meant his son Tom's; for Jonas, lonely in his old age, had once a loving wife and a bonny son. The wife was dead, and Tom was a wanderer, his father knew not where. His almost constant prayer was that he might see him and be reconciled before he died; for they had parted in anger. The boy had got into bad company, and the father, who was quick-tempered, had been exceedingly angry at his "goings-on," and after one scene, when poor Mrs. Rountree was lying ill in bed, and was made worse by the trouble of



it, Tom disappeared, and had never been heard of since.

Jonas felt himself to blame; he might have had more patience with his erring son, and but for the wife who was on her deathbed he would have sought for him.

Years had now passed, and Tom was as one dead to his companions, but in his father's heart he was ever present. After Mrs. Rowntree's death he began making his "offering," and while at work on it his practice was to pray, first, for God's forgiveness for his own hasty words, and then that He would lead his son home, "To Thee, O Lord, if not to me," was the burthen of his prayer.

I must tell you that Jonas Rowntree's family had been shoemakers for generations, and he always marked his boots and shoes—for he made, as well as cobbled—with their own trademark, of which he was very proud. This was not his name stamped in gilt letters, as we often see now, but a curious set of stitches, worked in one particular spot on the upper leather. Jonas said the stitches represented a rowan-tree, from which his name was taken,—but you would never have guessed it.

He looked at this mark as he picked up the "offering," and, contrary to his custom, put the shoes into his pocket before setting out for his stroll on the common, where he went every fine evening to smoke his pipe, and hear the larks sing.

A river—a slowly-rolling stream—cut the common in two, and about an hour later, when Jonas was walking on its banks, he saw a boy wading through the ford opposite. "I thank the Lord that He has taken my 'offering,' to-day," he said as he watched him.

When the boy landed, he threw himself wearily on the turf, a ragged, forlorn object, just what Jonas was looking for.

The boy was not very grateful when Jonas gave him the shoes. Perhaps he was too much surprised to think, but Jonas did not heed that, his heart was brimming over with thankful love to God that He had heard his prayer; for the shoes fitted perfectly.

But as the boy walked away towards the large town to the westward, his wonder at the old man's kindness gave place to a feeling his hard, cruel heart had never felt before. He slept at a common lodging-house that night, and he told his "pals" of his luck in meeting an old chap who had given him a new pair of shoes.

"I can't make out what for he gave 'em to me. A poor chap he was—a cobbler, he said—an' he said as how he had a son, bigger nor

me, a-wandering he didn't know where, an' he said a prayer like the parson, when the shoes slipped on easy."

" Didn't you larf? " asked one of the listeners.

" Noa, I didn't. I felt solemnlike, and I tell ye, chaps, I, as never did a stroke for anyone but myself, couldn't a help wishing I could do a good turn to some'un."

One of those standing by, a pale, haggard young man, asked in a hoarse whisper to have a look at the shoes, and he examined them carefully. Apparently satisfied, he handed them back without a word, and sat down covering his face with his hands. The little crowd dispersed, and he, turning to the boy and using, unknown to himself, the words of Holy Scripture, asked:

" Is the old man well? " and then, " Did he look lonely? "

" Well, a bit," was the reply, " but he cheered up sudden, when he found the shoes a-fitted me. That beats me, it does."

The man was Tom Rowntree. He had long been repentant, and was then on his journey "from a far country," to his father, but he was very unhappy, and feared to approach him. He had hastened his mother's death; he had struck his father in his blind rage; and his life for many years had been a bad one, and his sins lay heavy on his heart. He had been lingering in the town for several days, craving for the forgiveness of God and of his father, and yet fearing both. The sight of his father's work, and the story the boy brought came like a direct message to him. All night he pondered, and at dawn the prodigal took courage, and "came to his father—and when his father saw him he fell on his neck and kissed him."

Father and son restored to each other after long years of sorrow, lived together in peace and love. The younger man regained his health, the elder failed in his; he was nearing his rest, and he was thankful; but as long as his finger could stitch leather he kept an "offering" ever ready for the outcast who passed his door, an "offering" now of thankfulness and grateful love.

IN Italian cities the cleaning of streets is sold to the highest bidder at a public auction. The bidder puts every 400 yards of street in charge of one man with a handcart, who is kept constantly at work from sunrise to sunset and in the twilight. At intervals large carts go round and receive the contents of the handcarts. The dirt is taken to a factory, where it is pressed into blocks of about a cubic yard in dimension. These are placed on the market, and are sold for fertilising purposes.



"WHY YOU BE LAME, GARGE."

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

"EVENIN' to ye, Garge."
"Evenin' to *you*, Bill."

The two men met each other about this same spot nearly every weekday in the year, as they were returning home from their daily toil; and now as if by mutual consent they stopped to indulge in five minutes' chat.

Riding slowly along the road—for it was indeed a heavenly summer's eve—I overheard a portion of the conversation.

"How's things wi' you?"
"Proper. How's things wi' yourself?"
"Proper."
"Fine weather, ain't it?"

"Ah! this'll do."

"But as I came along, Garge, I fancied you was walkin' a bit lame, as ye might say."

"Nothin' much the matter though, Bill. On'y my feet."

"Ah! Garge, I've had 'sperience o' that myself. But I takes care o' mine now. Why don't ye go and see the new doctor? He's a capital chap."

George looked at him with open eyes and open mouth, and finally burst out laughing.

"What!" he cried, "go to a doctor for—for on'y my feet."

I rode on, but I could not help thinking, for I meet so many working people who suffer from this complaint—"On'y my feet."

I am convinced it is because they do not take care of them nor attend to the proper fitting of

boots and socks. A hint or two about this may, if taken, do a world of good.

First then as to the boots or shoes. I am no advocate for thin soles, yet I am quite convinced that boots are oftentimes most unnecessarily heavy. I say without hesitation that if a working man, say a gardener's assistant, instead of buying the cheap hurriedly-got-up articles he sees exposed for sale on a Saturday night, would pay a shilling or two more, and have himself measured for a pair by a respectable village shoemaker, he would be very much the gainer in the long run.

Those cheap heavy-soled boots are *not* the thing to wear either for thrift or comfort. The soles are often good and strong, though far too heavily *nailed* or *mailed* for even a navvy, but though the sides be of thick leather, this leather is common badly-tanned trash.

Now, what is the consequence? Why this: the extra-heaviness of the boot tires both foot and ankle; when the sides are wetted they afford but little support, and therefore if one is at all inclined for rheumatism, the feet and ankles are usually the first parts attacked. It may not be acute rheumatism, mind you. Indeed it seldom is. The wearer of these bad, heavy-soled boot's, with their wash-leather uppers, only just complains of an extra feeling of tiredness about the ankles, with now and then darting pains in the instep or ball of great toe. That is incipient rheumatism without a doubt. And the boots are to blame.

But this is not all, for badly-fitting boots create corns and bunions. Ready-made boots and shoes are made of different sizes it is true, but *not* of different *shapes*, and there are hardly any two pairs of feet alike in the wide world.

Now about *stockings* or *socks*. Of course men who only work for a few months at a time in one place cannot be expected to get socks woven for them, so they are obliged to buy the cheap and nasty kind that unprincipled outfitters rush them with on a Saturday night. But it is cheaper in the end to have socks made for you with worsted you buy yourself. It is not only cheaper in the end, but it is better all through. The bought socks or stockings have generally one of two faults: they are either hard and thin, or they are soft and fluffy—shoddy, I think, is the right name—anyhow they not only stretch too much, but the wool rubs off, and gets between the toes, and plays all sorts of mischievous pranks.

When I first came to England from the very far North, where corns are almost unknown, I

was much surprised to hear people talking about their corns, just as if these painful things were quite as much a portion of their anatomy as toes or toe-nails. I maintain that the wearing of badly-fitting boots or shoes and ill-chosen stockings or socks is mostly to blame for the English corn.

Now a working man having found good boots—not too heavy—to fit him, and possessed himself of good warm, rather soft, wearable socks, cannot be too careful with his feet, unless he cares to walk lame like Garge, and so throw open the door for Mr. Rheumatiz to walk in. Take my advice, then, and wash the feet every second night, if you cannot *EVERY* night, using lukewarm water and a nice morsel of carbolic soap. If you have corns they can be cured with care, thus: soak the feet for some minutes in hot water, then pare off all the hard part with a not-over-sharp knife. Don't draw blood. A little bit of soft wash-leather with a hole in it may then be put on with just a drop of oil in the centre, and the sock drawn carefully on. Or the corn plaster may be worn. This treatment will effect a cure in a few weeks, if you wear good fitting boots. Don't buy quack stuff on the streets.

A bunion is a more serious business. It is a hard, painful swelling, generally over a joint. Give the foot a Sunday's rest with warm fomentations. Wear an easy shoe if your work will permit, and while keeping the feet perfectly clean, paint the bunion every night with tincture of iodine.

The toenails need seeing to every week. Cut them straight across, *never down the side*, else you may get an ingrowing toenail. Remove every bit of rough skin, especially from between the toes, for it is this that causes a soft corn.

I hope to have more to say about the feet another day, for the subject is of very great importance indeed.

I cannot finish this paper, however, without a word or two for the children's sake. It is chilblains that make their little lives a weariness in winter-time. Well, keep their feet dry, *clean*, and warm, and never let them near a fire when they come in out of the snow.

To cure the chilblain, if not broken, get a bottle containing soap liniment with a little laudanum in it. Mark it poison, of course. Make the child rub the chilblain night and morning with this, and it will soon go away.

If the blain is broken oxide of zinc ointment is the remedy.

And now, if you take the above simple advice I don't believe you'll ever be lame like Garge.



AN INTERESTING LETTER.

TOMAS SEROMEA is an inhabitant of the island of Levuka, one of the Fiji Islands, but he is not a native of that place. His home is in the Solomon Islands, one of the innumerable groups of islands which stud the great Pacific Ocean. The Solomon islanders have been taken to Fiji in great numbers to be servants and labourers to the white settlers. A clergyman, the Rev. William Floyd, who has been working many years in Fiji, has established a Church Mission among those at Levuka, which has been very successful. He was recently in England raising money to build a church, when he received a photograph from Tomas Seromea, accompanied by a letter, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"Tomas Seromea, May day 17, 1890. Mr. W. W. Foyld. please, will you have this fotu. and a give this Those fotu for nothing. you do not buy for me, because a very like to give this for you. And a like you See how my face is: fine are not. See is the hat in my Hand. And a put on the black coat. Then a very kind to you."

The broken sentences are meant to convey that Tomas desires to present his friend and pastor with his photograph, and that between

them such sordid considerations as a money payment in acknowledgment could not exist. It is plain his wish that Mr. Floyd should see "how my face is" is subordinate to his anxiety to show without delay the imposing appearance he presents in his black coat and hat. A simple vanity is one of the most prominent characteristics of these kindly islanders.

CHURCH NEWS.

The Rev. Charles William Browning resigned the living of Litchborough, Northants, in order to become a missionary at the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission, Norfolk Island. Mr. Browning with his wife and two children sailed for his post on the 9th of June last.

One very interesting phase of Christian work amongst the young in London takes the name of the Church Lads' Brigade. As members of the Brigade the boys are specially taught two virtues—self-restraint and obedience. Once a year as many as can be sent go into camp for a holiday in the country, the number in 1889 having been 600; in 1890, 1,037; in 1891, 1,200. This year there were nearly 2,000 so happily provided for. This movement supplies a real want in Church organisation, and deserves a warm welcome and practical support.

A stained-glass window, representing the Missionary Apostles, S. Paul and S. Barnabas; a brass lectern; and a carved oak super-altar were recently dedicated as memorials of John Holford Plant, late priest of the Melanesian Mission. They are placed in the parish church of Weston, near Stafford. Bishop Selwyn gave an address in which he spoke in high and loving terms of his late assistant in the Mission-field.

The Bishop of Durham was the means of putting an end to the disastrous strike and consequent misery amongst the miners in the North of England. Inviting the representatives of masters and men to his own residence the Bishop made an earnest appeal to the masters to yield to the terms of the men, and the appeal was successful. The good Bishop has earned the gratitude of all classes of the community, but especially from the sufferers from the strike, for his wise, timely, and successful action.

GARDENING FOR NOVEMBER.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.

HERE should be little to do in this department now, beyond the digging or trenching up of the various plots as the weather permits. This work ought, however, to be nearing completion by this time, at any rate where the soil is of a heavy or stubborn nature, so that it may be finished off before winter sets in, and thus receive the full benefit of the frost and snow. It must be done thoroughly all the same, and this takes time, so that it is always wise to begin early; but this does not by any means imply that the surface is to be chopped up finely—on the contrary, every lump should be left just as it comes from the spade. Manure is also much better applied now than in the spring, as by that time it will have become well decayed and thoroughly incorporated with the soil, and in the case of root crops, in particular, this is a matter of great importance. Where the soil is heavy the rougher the manure that is used in the bottom of the trenches the better, the finer and more decayed material being far more useful near the surface, and this may be applied in the spring as well as, or better than, now.

HOUSEHOLD FOR NOVEMBER.

Sago Soup.—Put into a saucepan one pound of gravy beef, four medium-sized onions, one carrot, threepennyworth of veal bones, a bunch of sweet herbs, and pepper and salt to taste. Let them all simmer gently for four hours, then strain through a sieve and put back into the saucepan with three ounces of sago, and boil until the sago is quite done, which will be in rather less than an hour.

Shrimp Fricassee.—Boil and pick two plates of shrimps. Put into a saucepan one heaping tablespoonful of butter, into which mince half of a small onion, sprig each of thyme and parsley, pinch each of salt and pepper. Add shrimps, stir until brown, add one cup of milk, boil up and serve. With plain rice this cannot be excelled.

Bullace Tart.—Pick the stalks from the bullaces, and discard any that are decayed. Fill the pie-dish with the fruit, and add an equal weight of moist sugar. Cover with short crust, brush over with white of egg. Sift sugar over, and bake until the fruit is done.

THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN ENGLAND.

THE Church of England, a true branch of Christ's Universal Church, was founded by Christian missionaries from France, Italy, Scotland and Ireland, between the years 597 and 668. To this Church was united, in A.D. 1115, the British Church, which had been founded by the first preachers of Christianity in our island.

The Presbyterians.

The Presbyterians separated from the Church of England* about 1572, because they objected to the order of Bishops and the use of the Prayer Book. From them have sprung the Reformed Presbyterians, the Unitarian Presbyterians, the Apostolic Church, or Irvingites, and the Sandemanians, or Glassites.

The Independents.

The Independents separated from the Church of England about 1585, because they desired each congregation to be an independent community. From them have sprung the Calvinistic Independents, Unitarian Independents, Congregationalists, and other smaller bodies.

The Baptists.

The Baptists separated from the Church of England about 1607, because they objected to infant baptism. From them have sprung the General, or Open, or Congregational Baptists, Particular, or Strict Baptists, Calvinistic Baptists, Seventh-day Baptists, Bunyan Baptists, Presbyterian Baptists, Unitarian Baptists, and Baptist New Connexion, and others.

The Quakers.

The Friends, or Quakers, separated from the Church of England about 1647, because they objected to a human ministry and outward ordinances.

The Unitarians.

The Unitarians separated from the Church of England about 1649, because they disbelieved the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity.

The Methodists.

The Methodists formed separate congregations about 1739, because they desired to be independent of the control of the Bishops and parish clergy. From them have sprung the Wesleyan Methodists, Calvinistic Methodists,

* These dates are taken from books issued by the denominations to which they refer.

Lady Huntingdon's Connexion, Bible Christians, Primitive Methodists, Methodist New Connexion, Methodist Free Church, Reformed Methodists, Armenian Methodists, Independent Methodists, Refuge Methodists, Inghamites, Salvation Army, and other smaller denominations.

The Brethren separated from the Church of England about 1835, because they disbelieved in an ordained ministry, and desired more strict discipline.

Other Denominations.

All other religious denominations in England have sprung from one or other of those named above, except those which are branches of foreign churches, or denominations, such as the Church of Rome, Greek Church, Russian Church, Lutherans, French Reformed Church, Christadelphians, Swedenborgians, Moravians, Free Episcopal Church, and a few others.

Let us ask God to hasten the day when all divisions may be healed, and His Church may be one.

NOTE.—The endowments of the Church of England consist mainly of churches, churchyards, schools, houses for the clergy, glebe lands, and tithes. These have arisen from the gifts of Christian kings and Christian people from the year A.D. 597 down to the present time. All ancient endowments were given to the Church of England because, until the year 1572, there was no other religious denomination in the country, and, consequently, no other community to which to give them.

IN Peru the cotton plant rises to the distinction of a tree, instead of the comparatively diminutive shrub which grows in some countries. The tree commences bearing fruit when it is two years old, and it continues to bear every year for 40 or 50 years.

IN Chili they let nothing in the apple go to waste. There, after making cider and wine from their apples, they extract from the refuse a white and finely-flavoured spirit, and by another process they procure a sweet treacle, or, as they term it, honey.

THE elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by it.

WHITE BREAD AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

I WAS startled the other day when an acquaintance, a working man, said to me, "So much cheap and good bread as we now have is a bad thing." Knowing him to be a thinking man, whose words always meant something, I asked him to explain. "It makes our wives lazy," he said, "it keeps them from doing enough cooking."

I suspect that he did not speak so strongly without some ground for complaint. True, his home is in a manufacturing district, where the women help their husbands in the work of the shop, and have a fair excuse for avoiding cooking as much as possible; yet among our farm-workers also there are many families in which bread is used in an undue proportion to home-cooked food. Rich people would be astonished could they see the number of loaves that some of my cottage neighbours take weekly from the baker.

It is not well that a family should be fed almost entirely on any bread; a mixed diet is more economical, more agreeable, and more healthy. But that a family should make their meals wholly on *white* bread is very bad management—it means an extravagant waste of food, with no proper return in the shape of nourishment.

Why it is so, I will explain in a few plain words—for it is a matter which ought to be understood by all. Remember that we do not eat merely to free ourselves from the disagreeable feeling of hunger, but to supply our bodies with the materials to build them up whilst we are growing, and afterwards to keep them in proper repair and working order. Science teaches us in what way these materials are used. They are applied to two chief purposes—to make heat, that is, to supply our natural bodily warmth; and to make flesh, that is, to replace the waste which is constantly going on in all the soft parts of our bodies. There are other uses for food, such as making fat, bones, &c., but *heat-making* and *flesh-making* are the two most important ones. It has been roughly said that an average man needs, if they could be weighed *dry*, a quarter of a pound of flesh-making, and a pound and a quarter of heat-making matter every day.

These heat-making substances we regard as poor food—potatoes are such; but flesh-making substances we call nourishing food—butcher's meat is one of these. A man can get his $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flesh-making material from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of

butcher's meat, but he will have to eat $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes to get it: hence a man who has plenty of meat is well fed, and one who lives on potatoes badly fed.

Now to apply this to our bread. Wheat flour is mostly starch, which is a heat-maker only. Give a man no food but starch, and however much he eats he will waste away and die of starvation. But there is also in wheat another substance, called "gluten," which is chiefly found about the bran. This gluten has in it just as much flesh-making material as butcher's meat. Give a man bread made of wheat in which the bran has been ground down with the flour, and though he has no other food he will not starve.

We see now why *white* bread is a poor food. The gluten has been dressed out to make it look delicate. It is nearly all starch. This matters little if we have plenty of flesh-forming material in meat or other things, but it matters much if we have to live upon bread. The person who lives on white bread, like the person who lives on potatoes, has to eat an undue quantity in order to get his necessary amount of flesh-making material. This is why I spoke of living on white bread alone as "extravagant."

There are plenty of articles of food which are good as flesh-makers beside butcher's meat: $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of oatmeal are equal to 1 lb. of meat, so are $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of maize; pea and lentil flour are even richer than meat. These will nourish every bit as well as beef-steak, and costs no more than bread; and in households where meat cannot be afforded, the use of any of these, made into porridge, &c., wonderfully lessens the quantity of bread wanted, and renders the meals more palatable and enjoyable. Only, to come back to my friend's grievance, these things require some trouble in cooking, which bread does not.

M. M.

THERE is a spider in New Zealand that usually throws coils of his web about the head of his prey until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

THERE are many people now living who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come. This strange circumstance is due to the fact that they were born on February 29, and to the further fact that the year 1900 will not be a leap year.

LITTLE THINGS.

By R. METCALFE.

"**L**IFE," it has been said, "is made up of little things."

Great things have only to be done once or twice in a lifetime, or not at all for most of us: little things fill our days from sunrise to sunset.

Very small they are for most of us—too small seemingly to be worthy of much thought, of much speech, yet these "trifles light as air" weigh heavy in the balance of our lives, and well or ill done make all the difference both to our own character, to others whom our lives may touch, and to the issue of those lives themselves.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves" is a wise saying for other things besides material copper and gold; it is wise for the precious metals of life—the small things which by being well done will turn in due time into gold. The things of true worth to a man—his real possessions are not anything outside him; they are within: they are not things which the moth or rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal—they are the only things he can call his own, for all save they must one day be left, they are the possessions which he has won for his own character by stedfastness and self-discipline in these very little things—the gold of courage, unselfishness, patience, strength of will in doing right.

"Everything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Then besides these there is another sort of possession which is like that of the fairy in the story whose wand turned all it touched into gold, only the gold cannot be seen nor touched at present, it is "treasure in heaven," and the alchemist's wand which accumulates it there is called *love*. These treasures we may, if we choose, be gathering all day long, and they are chiefly gathered in very small coin—may be only a gentle word—a smile—the touch of a hand—a kind look—a very small act of thoughtful help, but touched by that wonderful alchemist's wand they become gold; they forge tiny, unseen links in the great chain of brotherhood that binds human hearts together, and all to the Father; they are one chief way by which He would have us love Himself. "The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children"; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

We love God when we love our neighbour as ourselves, for the two things are but one, like the root and blossom of the same flower. Few of us are called to do great things for God; but

"little things" we may all do, and He is so great that He will be glorified by them. We can be faithful in our prayers to Him; we can be loving in our regular attendance in His public worship, which is our bounden acknowledgment of our loyalty to our King; perhaps we can go to a church where but few others go, and so make one more to give Him glory there; we can seek out and love His glory in things so small that others despise or overlook them; we can take an interest in the Church's work for Him, both in this land and in foreign missions, and give there our "little things" of time, prayers, work, or coin; we can offer and consecrate to God the little things which fill our days—none are too small for Him to accept and turn to His gold.

There is another aspect of little things: they have to be *borne* as well as done. Here, again, only twice or thrice in a lifetime, perhaps, we are called upon to bear great things; it is the little things that make up our daily burden, the little frets and jars, common little cares and anxieties; the small pains, weariness, fatigues of our daily journey, which are often harder to bear than the greater pains, because the great ones pass, but these are always with us. They are the little splinters of wood which go to form our cross, and after all it is not a small one; and we know who has told us that unless we take it up and go after Him, we cannot be His disciples; He deigns to dignify these things by the name of our "cross."

"Little things!" Is there not an attractive sound in the very words? Great things are formidable: they loom too large for our feeble grasp, too heavy for our little strength; but little things! they sound so hopeful: we feel we *may* compass them, even become saints through them. Such things have been known.

There was that hermit of the Thebaid, who had forsaken all that he had, and lived a holy life of sternest sanctity, who saw in a dream that there dwelt in the city a man holier than himself—an humble shoemaker, whom when he had found and entreated him to tell him the secret of the sanctity by which he served the Lord, replied in astonishment: "I? Why, I only work early and late for my family, and pray morning and evening in few words for the whole city."

"Small things are best,—
Grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

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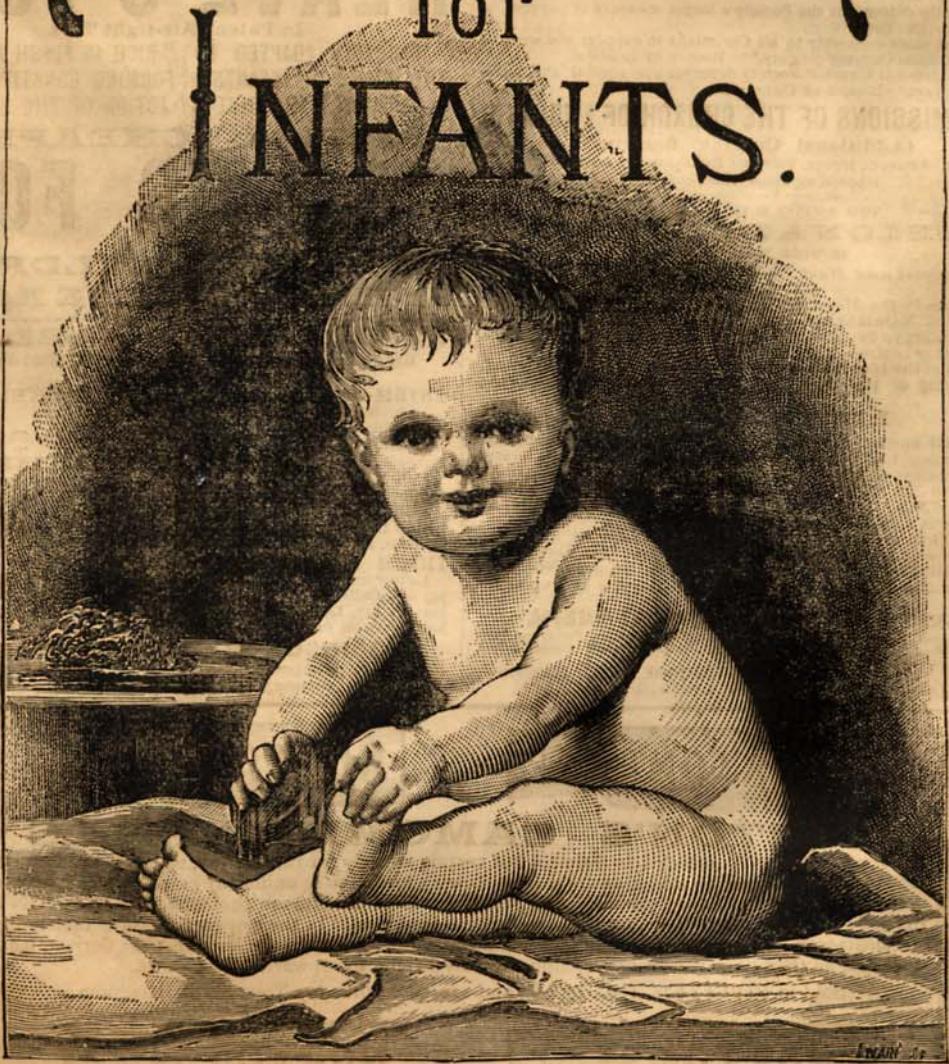
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WOODHOUSE
Church of S. Mary-in-the-Elms.

Kalendar for October.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

NOVEMBER.

1 TU	All Saints' Day.	Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.
6 S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.	Within the Octave of All Saints. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion (Choral), 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address, 6.30 p.m.
13 S	Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity	Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
20	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.	Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address on Holy Communion, 6.30 p.m.
27 S	First Sunday in Advent.	Intercession for Foreign Missions. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Litany and Address on Missions, 6.30 p.m.
30 W	S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.	Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.

NOTE.—The week commencing with November 27th, the First Sunday in Advent, will be observed as a Week of Intercession for Foreign Missions, more especially November 29th, the Eve of S. Andrew, and November 30th, S. Andrew's Day.

DAILY SERVICES.—Matins 8 a.m. Evensong 5.30 p.m.

MUSICAL SERVICE.—There will be a Musical Service, on Wednesday, November 23rd, at 7 p.m.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting will be on Tuesday November 15th, at 6 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MEETING, Friday, November 18th, at 6 p.m.

SALE OF WORK.—There will be a Sale of Work on behalf of the Charnwood Forest Convalescent Home, on Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, in the Hall. Further particulars will be duly announced.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held on S. Luke's Day, Oct 18th, and also on the following Sunday, Oct. 23rd. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m. on the 18th, and at 8 a.m. and Noon on the 23rd. The Sermon at the Evening Service on the 18th, was preached by the Rev. W. A. Hayes, Vicar of S. Peter's, Accrington. It was of a very simple and useful character. On the following Sunday the Vicar preached in the Morning and the Rev. H. Hampson, Curate of S. Paul's Woodhouse Eaves, in the Afternoon. All the services were well attended, and exceedingly bright and hearty. The Choir, both Men and Boys, sang particularly well. The Anthem on S. Luke's Day, was "Fear not O Land," Cook. This was repeated on the Sunday Morning, and in the Afternoon, Stainer's "Ye shall dwell in the Land" was given, the Treble solo being sung by T. Waterfield. The Offertory on the 18th, which amounted to £7 17s. 3d. was given, as usual, to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

CONTINUATION CLASSES.—In connection with the Technical Education Scheme of the County Council, Classes have been opened at the National School, Woodhouse Eaves. Instruction is given in the Elementary Subjects, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, and also in the Principal of Agriculture, and in the Laws of Health. The Classes are held from 7 to 9 p.m. on Monday, and from 7 to 8 p.m. on Thursday. About 40 have joined, and so far the attendance has been very good. It is a great advantage for those who have left school to continue their education in this way.

DRAWING CLASS.—There is also a Drawing Class in connection with the County Council Scheme, held at the National School, from 7 to 9 p.m. on Friday. About 19 have joined this class. The Instructor is Mr. Burrowes, of Rothley.

DAILY SERVICES.—It is earnestly hoped that more persons will avail themselves from time to time, of these services. We know that a large number cannot be expected, still the services ought to be better appreciated than they are. It is the rule of the Church of England, as we may see in the Prayer Book, that the Parish Priest, unless prevented by due cause, shall say Morning and Evening Prayer daily; and it is far better when some of the Parishioners can be found to join with him, in offering this sacrifice of Prayer and Praise to our Heavenly Father. We trust that as time goes on this will be the case, and that more will be found, who will from time to time, find this quiet opportunity of communing with their Maker, useful to their Spiritual Life.

Hymns.			
	Matins.	Evensong.	E.
Nov. 1st			435
		Anthem.	428
6th	435	436	429
	438	Anthem.	447
	428	427	21
		437	
13th	221	214	
	230	369	
	368	222	
20th	165	225	Psalm 26
	254	260	107
	242	288	290
27th	46	Anthem	358
	48	49	217
		51	
		464	
30th			403
			47

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