



December, 1892.



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



THE MAGAZINE.



ONE PENNY.



H. Wills, Printer, Market Place, Loughborough.

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—FAMILY GROCER—

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Sauces, Marmalade, &c.

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Choice Fruits and Spices.

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

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The Post Office, Quorn.

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

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"TRIUMPH MODEL" PIANO

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Wire Netting.

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Machines.

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FAMILY GROCER, PROVISION DEALER.

BEST GOODS AT STORE PRICES.

1, HIGH STREET, LOUGHBOROUGH.

*Children's Collection for our Negro Boy last
Sunday (Nov 27th /16)
£1.11.0 (number of coins 218)*

DECEMBER.

4 S	Second Sunday in Advent.	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.
11 S	Third Sunday in Advent	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. only, other services as on the first Sunday in the month.
18 S	Fourth Sunday in Advent	
		Collection for Church Expenses
21 W	S. Thomas	Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Mattins, 10 a.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
25 S	CHRISTMAS DAY.	Holy Communion 8 a.m., and after Mattins. Other services as on ordinary Sundays. Collections for Sick and Poor Fund.
26 M	S. Stephen. First Martyr	Holy Communion 8 a.m. Mattins 10 a.m. Evensong 6.30
27 Tu	S. John. Apostle and Evangelist	
28 W	Holy Innocents.	

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

We must call attention to the fact that Christmas Day is one of the three great yearly Festivals upon which all christian people are called upon to receive the Sacrament of Holy Communion. As will be seen above abundant opportunity will be afforded. Those who really cannot come on Christmas Day, may come on one of the three Holy Days that immediately follow

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

Dec. 4.	S. Matt. xxv., 31 to end	Hymn to be learnt, 53.
11.	S. Luke, iii., 1—20 and the Gospel	
18.	S. John, i., 19—24	
25.	Special	

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.

Mr. George White is trying to get together some books, to lend the members of this class, and he will be much obliged to anyone who can let him have any books, interesting and suitable for them.

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

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms.)

Oct. 30th.—Herbert and Charles William Lockwood Lee.

Marriages.

Oct. 31st.—Joseph Hall and Harriet Sketchley.

Nov. 14th.—Arthur Baum and Minnie Wykes.

Burials.

Oct. 28th.—Jane Greasley, aged 71 years.

" Hannah Beatrice Lock, aged 28 years.

Nov. 10th.—Elizabeth Webster, aged 44 years.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Dec. 4th	{ 48 317 —	— — —	50 243 22
11th.	{ 160 47 353	51 53 24	353 217 27
18th.	{ 50 51 238	217 53 27	49 52 24
21st	{ — — —	— — —	261 432 26
25th	{ 60 59 —	60 62 59	60 Anthem 62 300

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.
Oct. 30.—	£0	6s. 10d.
Nov. 6.—	£3 6s. 6d.	£0 4s. 3½d.
" 13.—	—	£0 3s. 7d.
" 20.—	£2 11s. 8½d.	£0 4s. 1d.
Poor Box	—	£0 0s. 3d.
Totals	£5 18s. 2½d.	£0 19s. 0½d.

PARISH NOTES.

With this number we complete another year, and as far as the Magazine is concerned we may say that it has been a successful one. There are few parishes we should think where the Parish Magazine is taken by so large a proportion of the inhabitants. We know now the exact number of houses in the parish and according to our accounts the magazine is taken in 5 out of every 7. With this success in the past we are determined to make every effort to give our readers every advantage. We have made an entirely new arrangement by which we shall be able to supply a better magazine for the same payment. Instead of the 'Dawn of Day' we shall have the 'Church Monthly' which is the one that has the largest circulation of any magazine used for this purpose. It is produced in the best style both in printing and pictures, and some of the best and most learned religious writers of the day contribute to its pages. Another alteration may also be looked for in the January number. There will be a new cover specially designed for our magazine with a fresh view of the Church upon it. This has been very kindly done by Mr. W. E. Cooke, of Brooke House. To carry out these improvements has required careful consideration and management but we have good hope that with the help of our readers, distributors and subscribers, we shall be able to make it a financial success. We shall again hope for a good number of subscribers of 2/6. Those who wish to have it sent to them every month by post we shall ask to send 3/-. As we shall in future dispense with all advertisements we take this opportunity of thanking those who have helped us in the past in this way. We hope during the coming year to be very careful that the magazine is delivered punctually, never later than the first day of each month. The writer of these notes will try every month to give news that will interest his readers and at the same time he will never hesitate by this means to say a word in season either by way of exhortation or warning to those whose welfare he has closely at heart.

§. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

During the present month the Vicar will have delivered at every house a Parish Almanac for 1893, which he will ask all to accept as a little Christmas or New Year's gift.

We feel that we ought to recall again the terrible event of Saturday evening, November 5th, when a man was killed in an instant in the very centre of the village. Death has always something that is sad about it, but death so sudden becomes awful to think of. There are two ways in which we may come not to fear death; one is to put it out of mind or to be utterly thoughtless of it, like an animal, or we may humbly prepare ourselves for it by living as in God's presence now, then we need not fear to see Him face to face, however sudden the call may be

One sign of the approach of Christmas was the closing of the Clothing Club on Monday, Nov. 7th. Last year it was closed on the last Monday in November instead of the first: It was thought that the earlier date would be more convenient to the members, as it would enable them to buy their winter things before the cold weather really set in. We are glad to notice in looking over the club books that most of the members paid very regularly. It is those who pay in this way (a small sum each week) who feel the real benefit of the Club. We must not forget to express thanks to those who subscribe to this institution. We find that the Club has been in existence for nearly 43 years! One lady who was at the meeting at which it was started, is still living at Quorn. No doubt there are several people who have had cards and made payments during all that time. May the club thrive and last for as many years more!

We cannot give the full accounts of the Clothing Club this month, but we may state that the amount paid in was £189 5s. and paid out, i.e., with the addition of bonuses was £219 8s. 9d. Last year the two amounts were £183 2s. 9d. and £210 17s. 1d.

On Monday, Nov. 14th, the Temperance Meeting which had been announced by a leaflet all round the Parish, was held at the Quorn Mills Institute. The room was nicely filled. Addresses were given by the Vicar, the Rev. D. Dewar, who attended as Diocesan Secretary for the C.E.T.S., Mr. Hensman, of Woodhouse and Mr. Walker. The two last very strongly advocated total abstinence as a duty upon all. The outcome of the other two addresses was this that total abstinence is plainly a duty under any of the following circumstances—(1.) When excessive drinking is a temptation to any one, (2.) When the taking of drink puts a temptation in any one else's way; (3.) When the example may help to strengthen others who are weak. (4.) When the money spent on drink, which is not necessary for health, ought to be devoted to other purposes. To how many selfish cowardly fellows might this last instance apply, they spending money at the public house which the wife and children at home have a right to. Are there any like that in Quorn?

A committee has been formed for carrying on the C.E.T.S. Work here and we shall hope for good support in all our efforts to keep the subject before the Parish.

A Tea for those who attend the Mothers' Meetings will be held on Tuesday, December 5th. We are glad to see such nice large meetings, if they increase a little more we must have a larger room.

A Magic Lantern display was kindly given at the Coffee House to Band of Hope on Thursday, Nov. 24th, by the Rev. Summer C. Wood, of Christ Church, Mountsorrel. We expect the children will be looking for a tea before long, and we must see what we can do for them.

Last month we mentioned the visit of the Government Inspector to the Day Schools on Oct. 17th and 18th. The report of the Inspector which came from London was very short but satisfactory, simply stating that the schools in both departments are in good order and condition.

Our children have now begun subscribing to support a negro-boy at the Mission Schools in Central Africa. A boy has been specially allotted to us and it will require £7 to support him in every way. We do not fear that there will be any difficulty in raising this sum. It is intended that this money should be contributed by the children themselves. We do not want them to go about bothering other people, but they should save a penny or a half-penny out of their own money and bring it to the Children's Service, and put it in the plate when the collection is made. It will be a good plan if they will wrap their money up in a piece of paper, and write their names on the outside. From time to time news will be told to the children about their little African boy.

In Christmas Week there is to be a Sale of Work and Christmas Tree at the Village Hall. Working parties will be held there on Mondays, at 5 and 8 o'clock, Fridays, 3 and 8 o'clock to make things for the Sale.

Mr. V. DEARDON, Organist of Quorn Parish Church, (Pupil by Herr Richter,) is open to receive Pupils in Pianoforte-playing, Organ-playing, Harmony and Counterpoint. Address—109, Emerald Street, Leicester.

Report of Matches of the Quorn Football Club—

First Team.

Oct. 29th.—v. Loughborough Park, won 6—1.
Nov. 5th.—v. Coalville East End, (began late, short game,) won 2—0.
19th.—Benefit Match (see below.)

Reserve.

Oct. 29th.—v. Syston Swifts, lost 4—0.
Nov. 5th.—v. Mountsorrel, won 3—1.
12th.—v. Shepshed Reserve, drawn 1—1.
19th.—v. " " match replayed, lost 3—0 (began late, ended before time on account of darkness.)

It was very pleasant to see the large number of spectators at the Football Match on Saturday, November 19th; when a collection was made on the ground for the benefit of one of our young men who has been incapacitated from work through the loss of a limb. The game too was most good natured and yet heartily contested, much fun being made by certain of the players who had arrayed themselves in grotesque nigger costumes. At the conclusion of the game the party of players and helpers was entertained at a substantial tea at the Coffee House. We are glad to say that the collection on the ground brought in £7 1s. 0d. which was very much more than anyone expected.

Matches to be played at Quorn in December:—

First Team.	Reserve.
Dec. 3rd.—v. Shepshed.	
10th.—v. Leicester Hornets	
24th.—	v. Kegworth.
26th.—v. Melton Town.	
31st.—	v. Sileby Rangers.

The Household
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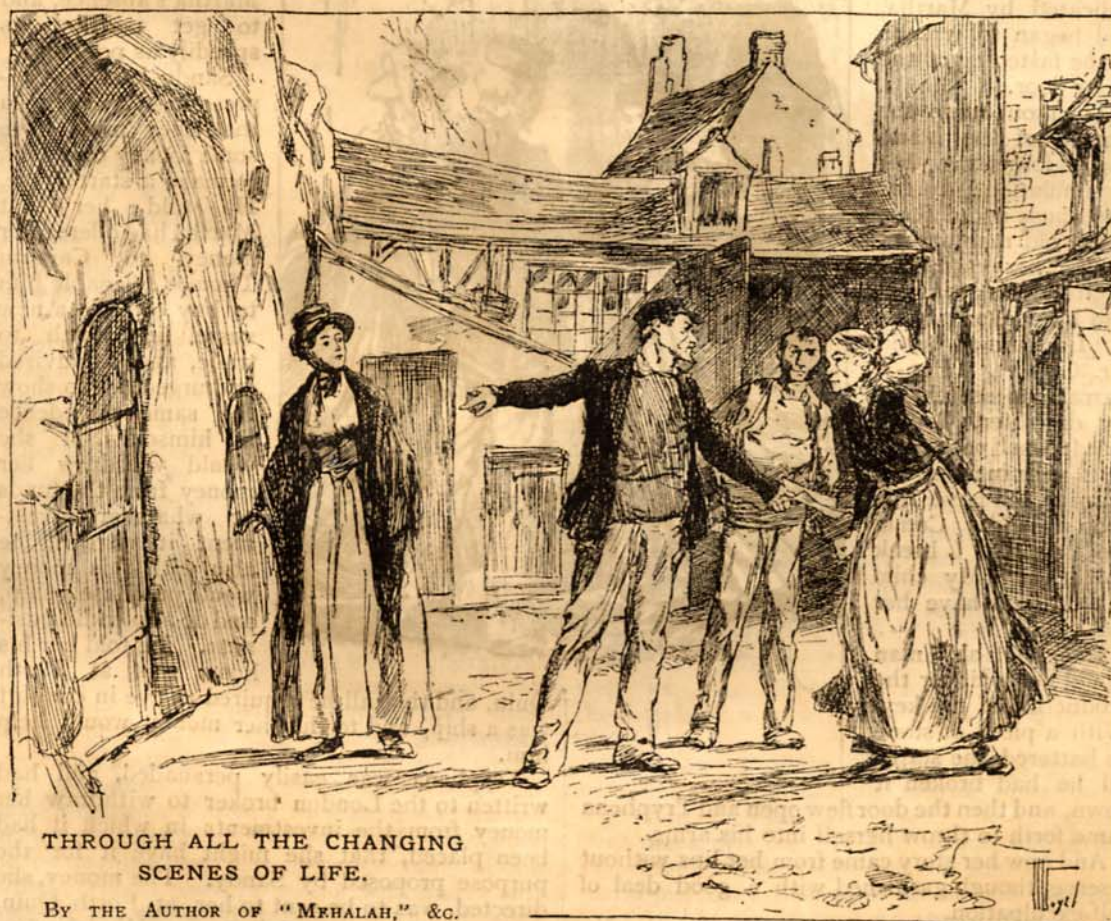
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No. 180, NEW SERIES.]

DECEMBER, 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.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

XII.—The Psalm again.

IN a few minutes Mr. Gilbert and the constable were on the spot, the latter coming leisurely, and endeavouring by various devices to disabuse the old man of the idea that his daughter could be concealed at Porth Quin, and to persuade him that Martha was labouring under a delusion in supposing she had heard her sister's voice.

But the old yeoman paid him no attention. He ran to the spot indicated by Martha, and began to wrench at the fastening of the cellar door.

Then out came the woman of the house and, forgetting her dissimulation, burst into abuse and threats at the old man for invading her yard, and for attempting to break into her locked place.

"Look here!" said Mr. Gilbert, "I've a warrant to search for my daughter. I provided myself with that. But warrant or no warrant, I'll have this door opened. Come, the key, or I break the lock! My child is here, and have her out I will."

But the old man would not wait for the production of the key. With a piece of stone he battered the staple till he had broken it down, and then the door flew open and Tryphena came forth to throw herself into his arms.

And now her story came from her lips without reserve, though garnished with a good deal of self-exculpation.

Sandy Stout had laid violent siege to her heart, and had won her affections, or she supposed he had. He was a very handsome man, and she could not be insensible to his good looks. He had ingratiated himself with her by

joking about Captain Thomas and Martha, and had sown in her seeds, not exactly of mistrust of her sister, but of disregard for her opinions and feelings. Sandy had put Martha in a ridiculous light as a believer in Thomas, whom he used all his wits in describing as a fool. So matters had begun between them, and it as speedily ripened into attachment. Sandy then represented to Tryphena that it would not be possible for them to be married with the consent of the father, as Martha was certain to

interfere and prejudice the old man and her brother against him. There was nothing for it but for them to run away together during Martha's absence, and to get married as speedily as possible.

Sandy had next represented to Tryphena that they must have some money on which to make a start in life. He told her that Martha had offered her money to Captain Thomas to enable him to buy or build a new vessel in which to trade, and he advised and urged her to show the same confidence in himself. If she would withdraw her money from the funds or whatever investment it were in, he also with this money would purchase a ship, and do a splendid business. He told her his home was at Porth

Quin, and that all he required to live in comfort was a ship, and to that her money would help him.

Tryphena was easily persuaded, and had written to the London broker to withdraw her money from the investments in which it had been placed, that she might have it for the purpose proposed by Sandy. The money, she directed, was to be sent to her at Porth Quin, in the parish of S. Endelion, near Wadebridge, North Cornwall.

She and Sandy had escaped during the night from her father's house, on a couple of the horses belonging to the farm, and had ridden



the whole way. On reaching Endelion, however, they had dismounted and turned the horses adrift. Thus it was that the pursuers had met them, returning, according to their instinct, to their old stables.

The woman in the house was Mrs. Stert, not Saunders or Stout and was the mother of Sandy, and she was neither deaf nor dumb. They had been alarmed by a boy arriving at full speed from S. Endelion, sent by Mr. Hocking, to warn Sandy that he was followed and might be captured unless he made his escape. In alarm he had proposed to conceal

Tryphena, and she had consented. He had fastened her in the pilchard cellar, and then, as Tryphena supposed, had himself fled to be out of reach of those who were after him. She had remained for some time in darkness, or with only so much light as came in under the door, and had heard nothing. Then she had begun to wonder whether her father and brother had come after her, and she had begun to cry. She recalled how good to her they had been, how happy her life

had been at home, and how ungrateful and unfilial her conduct now was. At the same time qualms came over her, at the prospect of the future. She really knew nothing of Saunders Stert, with whom she had eloped, and certain words that had passed between him and his mother had roused in her the suspicion that he lived principally by smuggling, and that the inhabitants of the other cottages were in league with him. Not only so, but his mother had thrown out some question relative to Thomas's ship, and she had acquired a suspicion, more dreadful than that of his being a smuggler, namely, that he was what may be called a professional wrecker;

that he had deliberately gone among the crew of the *Martha* with the purpose, if he had the chance, of running her on the rocks at the mouth of Porth Quin, so as to give her for a prey to the inmates of the three houses in the little colony.

Whilst thus brooding over her fears, Tryphena heard her sister's voice—there was no mistaking the voice—and the psalm she sang dispelled any little doubt she might have entertained whether the singer was Martha. Her conscience had spoken, and she had answered, and by answering betrayed her place of concealment.

Tryphena had hardly concluded what she was saying, before a man came in with a letter. He had brought it on from Wadebridge, where it had come from London, directed to Miss Tryphena Gilbert, at the house of Mrs. Stert, Porth Quin. It was registered, and must be delivered into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed.

It was the answer from the broker in London, and the letter contained an order on a Cornish banking company for nearly £700.

"That's well,"

said old Gilbert, "we've saved that as well as you, Tryphie, from falling into the hands of a great rascal. But who comes here?"

They saw Captain Thomas and Penaluna and Sampson approaching carrying some one.

Then a cry from Mrs. Stert, she rushed to meet them, uttering a wail of dismay and grief. The three men were carrying her son.

Happily they had gone at once in pursuit, after the boy despatched by the constable, and had not waited for him to put on a suitably clean and starched shirt. By this means they had got close to Porth Quin before Sandy started to escape, and they had been able to give him



chase over the downs, keeping him in sight along the cliffs. He had doubled and dodged to throw them out, but they had closed in on him and driven him towards the edge of the headland that forms one horn of the Porth Quin bay. Then to escape them he had endeavoured to scramble down the cliff, but when half-way down his foot had slipped, or a stone had given way under him, and he had been precipitated to the sands. When the three men descended and reached him they found him not insensible, but with a dislocated and broken thigh, and with an arm and probably a rib broken—a shattered wreck. They were now carrying him to his home. When they reached the house they laid him on his bed. He was groaning and in great pain. But he turned to old Gilbert and Martha and said:—

"I have wronged you—there, leave me alone, here is your money. It is in my pocket-book—nothing missing—take it and forgive me—and go to Wadebridge and send me a doctor."

That same night Thomas, Penaluna, old Gilbert, and his son and daughters, were assembled in Trenance. All the lost money had been recovered and what was better still, Tryphena had been rescued from a scoundrel.

"And now," said Martha, "it is my place to say that we have been delivered by a merciful Providence from a great disaster, the ruin of my sister and the ruin of our fortunes; so let us sing together, in token of our thanksgiving:

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

(Concluded.)

THE cow-tree, the sap of which closely resembles milk, is a native of South and Central America. It is a species of evergreen and grows only in mountain regions. A hole bored into the wood, or even a wound made in the bark of this remarkable tree, is almost immediately filled with a lacteal fluid, which continues to flow until it coagulates at the mouth of the wound, soon healing the abrasion. This curious fluid is both palatable and nourishing.

A CORPS of skaters is attached to the Norwegian Army, the members being men selected for good physique and accurate marksmanship. These skaters can be manœuvred upon ice or over the mountain snowfields with as great rapidity as the best trained cavalry.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE is a well-known proverb in this country, "Let well alone," which is often thought to enjoin a somewhat lazy state of being, not only unambitious, but slothful. From a proper point of view, it is one of the most wholesome of our proverbs, enjoining quiet, Christian contentment, and conveying a word of encouragement to those who prefer enjoying those blessings which they have already received, to rushing into the midst of the restless, ambitious crowd, which is every day increasing in numbers and eagerness, of those who spend their lives in pushing and hustling after what they have not got, and what in all probability they will never get until the time for enjoyment has ceased, and even the long-coveted prize no longer has the power to please their wearied senses.

Some people are always changing their masters, their houses, and their tradesmen all because of some trifling fault. They seem to forget that one cannot expect perfection in this world, and that life is not long enough for such constant change. And what is the result? They are always worse off after so many changes. A rolling stone not only gathers no moss, but is sure to get a good many hard knocks in its course. As a matter of mere worldly policy, then, and setting aside every higher motive, there can be no doubt that it is best to "let well alone" in most cases.

But it has doubtless occurred to many who have thought over this proverb: What is well? What is to be let alone? What degree of success in ourselves will justify us in resting, so to speak, upon our oars? and what degree of unworthiness in our surroundings should be passed over and let alone? Of course no rule can be laid down for our conduct in this matter, and discretion must decide every case on its own merits; though one good rule to follow would be never to part with anything which fulfils the purposes for which it is required, without being able at once to become possessed of something which will suit you very much better, without wronging yourself or anyone else.

The Arabs say, "Although your coat is dirty, you do not burn it," but if you can afford to buy another you may give it away to someone to whom it will be very useful. As far as personal advancement is concerned, there is no reason why we need ever cease to increase in knowledge, in rank, in power, so long as this increase does not interfere with the great principle of human life, the gradual and equal

development of our human nature until it approaches more nearly to the Divine. Ambition can never be called a vice, but rather the noblest of human virtues, when it does not take such entire possession of a man as to make him careless or unmindful of others, or prevent him from devoting his attention to the full and proper development of every part of his human nature. We have no right to neglect any of our faculties, to leave a single talent hidden away in a napkin. The highest ambition, no doubt, is to be useful to our fellow-men, and the nearer our ambition approaches to this standard, the more margin may we give to our contentment. We might almost say that the more contented we were on our own account, and the less on account of others, the nobler would be our lives, and happier too, for true happiness is only to be found in this qualified contentment.

THE average girth of the larger British trees is not more than 12 ft., nor the average height above 60 ft. But in New Zealand there are miles of kauris whose average height is not less than 100 ft., and whose girth is not less than 30 ft. The largest kauri yet discovered was 70 ft. in girth, and the trunk was 200 ft. high.

WHEN given a fair chance the yew-tree grows to a great size. It is said there are two yew-trees in the department of the Eure, in France, which are supposed to be 1,500 years old. They measure about 30 ft. and 35 ft. in circumference respectively.



LESSONS FOR DECEMBER.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS	
4	B 2	Sunday in Advent	Isa. 5	2 Peter 1	Isa. 11 to v. 11; or John 13 v. 21
11	B 3	Sunday in Advent	Isa. 25	1 John 3 v. 16 to 4 v. 7	Isa. 26; or John 18 v. 28
18	B 4	Sunday in Advent	Isa. 30 to v. 27	Rev. 2 v. 18 to 3 v. 7	Isa. 32; or Rev. 3 v. 7
21	W	St. Thos., A. & M.	Job 42 to v. 7	John 20 v. 19 to 24	Isa. 35
25	B	Christmas Day	Isa. 9 to v. 8	Luke 2 to v. 15	Isa. 7 v. 10 to v. 17
26	M	St. Stephen, the First Mart.	Gen. 4 to v. 11	Acts 6	2 Chron. 24 v. 15 to 23
27	Tu	St. John, A. & E.	Exod. 33 v. 9	John 13 v. 23 to 36	Isa. 6
28	W	Innocent's Day	Jer. 31 to v. 18	Rev. 16	Baruch 4 v. 21 to 31

OUR WORSHIP.

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

No. XII.

HOW OFTEN ARE WE TO WORSHIP GOD IN
PUBLIC PRAYER?

WE have now examined certain leading points connected with the services of the Church. This question now requires to be answered. Has the Church left any rule as to the frequency with which her daily offices of public worship are to be offered to Almighty God? She has done this in requiring, as a part of the duty of the parish priest, that the order for Morning and Evening Prayer shall be said and used daily throughout the year. This is the first rubric in the Prayer Book, and it is the echo of a part of the preface concerning the service of the Church, which runs thus: "All priests and deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause. And the curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel, being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the parish church or chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto at a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word, and to pray with him."

Universal rule of Daily Service.

In all branches of the Catholic Church this rule of daily worship has been ordered, and has been observed in many branches much more frequently and regularly than in our branch.

Now this rule of daily service has been a law in the Church of God ever since He had a Church upon earth. The account of the institution of it in the Church of Israel is to be found in Exod. xxix. 38-39: "Now this is that which thou shalt offer upon the altar: two lambs of the first year day by day continually. The one lamb thou shalt offer in the morning, and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even. . . . This shall be a continual burnt offering throughout your generations at the door of the Tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord, where I will meet you to speak there unto thee."

The Levitical Offering.

Now if it be objected that it is improper to cite this passage as a precedent, seeing that it belongs to a Levitical ceremonial which has passed away utterly, we reply that it would be exceedingly improper so to cite it if one brought

it forward for the purpose of showing the sort of offering, and the manner of offering it. But we use it for no such purpose, but for this, to show that God requires, and so must be pleased with, a daily acknowledgment of His mercy and goodness to His Church. This daily offering of these two lambs did not for a moment supersede the family worship of devout Israelites; for the devout Israelite would recognize that having been placed by God Himself at the head of a family, and enjoying the blessings of home, he could thank God for those blessings in the midst of his particular family: but God had bound together His people in a Church, whose centre was the tabernacle or temple, where these daily sacrifices were commanded to be offered, and the Israelite would be present at such offering to offer his National or Church acknowledgments to God for His ever-recurring mercies to the seed of Israel.

These daily sacrifices of lambs, though they do not set forth the manner, set forth the principle, which is, that in whatever bond God has united us together for religious purposes in that bond we are to acknowledge Him.

If, then, there were no place to be cited from the New Testament, this example of what was ordered under the old covenant would be a very fitting warrant for daily public prayer, for inasmuch as the blessings and privileges of the New Covenant are so much greater than those of the Old, so it is incumbent upon us to acknowledge them and to thank God for them oftener and more heartily.

The Practice of the Pentecostal Church.

When we come to the New Testament we find the same principle of daily worship acted upon in the Pentecostal Church. We read (Acts ii.), that the Pentecostal Church continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and in their fellowship, "and in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers"—mark the definite article, not in breaking of bread, *i.e.*, any breaking of bread, but in the particular breaking of bread practised by Christians—*i.e.*, in the Eucharist, and also not in prayers, that is in any prayers—but in the particular prayers, *i.e.*, the prayers of the temple. This is very remarkable. The temple was, so to speak, in the hands of those very high-priests that had just crucified Christ; but this did not prevent the followers of Christ from realizing its dedication to God, and the acceptableness of its services (which was principally Psalmody) to God. It was in their eyes what it had been in Christ's eyes—"My Father's House."

Example of the Apostles.

The next chapter begins with the recognition of this principle by the two foremost Apostles. "Now Peter and John went up together to the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."

There is another place in the Acts of the Apostles which learned and thoughtful men have supposed to refer to a form of daily recurring Divine Services. It is where it is said that "at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God." The expression in the original is "at the time of the midnight," as if we should supply the word "service." The mention of midnight, rather than simply "during the night," seems to imply that a particular hour was alluded to. A very learned and devout man (Freeman), in his principles of Divine Service, has shown that the very earliest forms of Divine Service, apart from the Eucharistic, were nightly or for the night, one of them being called by the very name used in Acts xvi. 25, the *Mesonuktion*, and in the Jewish Church devout persons roused themselves in the dead of night to worship, as it is written: "At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments." (Ps. cxix. 62.) Again, another Psalm clearly recognizes the nightly services in the Temple: "Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the House of the Lord." (Ps. cxxxiv. 1.)

The Early Ages.

In the early ages, after the New Testament times, the custom of morning and evening prayer was universally observed. There are morning prayers in a book of directions for services called the Apostolic Constitutions, which must have dated from long before the Council of Nice, and from the simplicity and purity of its devotions had probably descended in its main parts from the time of the Apostles. It prescribes the 63rd Psalm as the morning Psalm, beginning as it does with "O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee," and in the evening the following prayer, which I am sure I shall, if I reproduce, be forgiven: "O God, Who art without beginning and without end, the Maker of the whole world by Christ, and the Provider for it, but His God and Father, the Lord of the Spirit, and the King of intelligible and sensible beings; Who hast made the day for the works of light, and the night for the refreshment of our infirmity; for 'the day is Thine and the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun'—do Thou now, O Lord, Thou lover of

mankind, and Fountain of all good, mercifully accept of this our evening thanksgiving. Thou hast brought us through the length of the day, and hast brought us to the beginning of the night; preserve us by Thy Christ; afford us a peaceable evening, and a night free from sin, and vouchsafe to us everlasting life by Thy Christ, through Whom glory, honour, and worship, be to Thee in the Holy Spirit for ever." Amen.

Let the reader remember that this is not a private prayer, but one to be said in church, for it is to be said by the Bishop or President of the congregation, and after it the Deacon is instructed to say, "Bow down for the laying on of hands"—that is, for the blessing with uplifted hands. The great ecclesiastical antiquarian, Bingham, considers that from the time of Cyprian—the former part of the third century, 200-300—"there can be no dispute about the Church's daily sacrifice of prayer and praise in her morning assemblies." (xiii. 9.)

Where two or three are gathered together.

It is well known how the Church of England provides for this. For first of all the same prayers (including confession and absolution) are offered up as on Sundays, each day of the month has its appointed Psalms, and each day of the year has its appointed lessons. But here some make an objection. They point to the paucity of churches in which the rule of the Church is observed, and the comparative fewness of the worshippers in the churches where the order of the Church is obeyed. But how can we urge such an objection in the face of the Lord's promise, "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Worship is not to be gauged by numbers, but by earnestness and self-denial, and regularity. In every place where I have had or attended daily services I have noticed that every worshipper spent some time on his or her knees, before the minister began, and after he had concluded. Putting aside the prayers which are common to all, who will dare say that those prayers, mostly said by devout communicants, are not heard and accepted by God, and contribute something to the continuance of personal religion amongst us? Let it be remembered that though such congregations contribute but few worshippers, yet, taking the aggregate of sanctuaries thus open daily, these worshippers are to be counted by tens of thousands, for there are hundreds of churches thus open in London, and some, if not many, in all our large towns.

But what of the Country?

But what of the country? Why, let the reader mark what I am going to relate. A clergyman, and not a young man either, determined to open his church daily at twenty minutes past six, in order to give opportunity to labourers to attend before they went to their daily work, and he had an attendance of between thirty and fifty. This continued for some years, and though the numbers fell off, yet he had always more in attendance than in the average of town churches.

Take another case, in a parish of which I was myself incumbent (though not in my incumbency) a fearful epidemic broke out. The church was open at an hour in the evening at which the poor could attend, and every evening there were between 150 and 200 present for worship; and this continued for some time after the epidemic had ceased, and came only to an end when the church was closed for restoration.

The mere sound of the bell.

Again, would not the mere sound of the bell, reaching far and wide to summon Christians to church, remind those who could not attend, that some of their brethren were about to engage in worship, and would lead them to join with those of the church with a collect or two, or a part of a Psalm? A man was once walking in a distant pasturage far from the church, but which was within hearing of the church bell, and seeing a poor shepherd boy pull out a book, he asked him the reason why he did so; the answer was, "As soon as I hears that bell I pulls out this book."

Will not family prayer do as well?

Such is the daily service. Now, it may be asked, will not family prayer do as well? No, we answer; and for this reason, that God has joined Christians together in a higher bond than that of the family. If it is conceivable that God should have created men to live alone, then it would have been sufficient for them to worship alone by themselves; but every man is brought into the world a member of a family in which he has to be brought up in and to learn his duties to society; so that wherever it is possible the family should be gathered together, and the head of it, as a priest in his own house, should read the Scriptures, and pray for the grace of a pure and holy home; but we are very ill-instructed Churchmen indeed, if we do not recognize in the Church the Body and Spouse of Christ, a far higher, because a more heavenly, and mysterious bond. The centre of this unity is in heaven at the right hand of God

Every member is joined to Him by mystical joints and bands, and so are all one in a sense that the members of any human family cannot be one, for it cannot be said of the family as it is said of Christ and the Church, "We being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

So that meeting together for Christian Worship is a recognition of the highest bond in which God has united us, and doing this daily is a recognition of the ever-abiding nature of this bond—that its claims upon us are not occasional but perpetual.

What is unprofitable?

Now certain objections have been brought against this. First it is said that it is unprofitable. But what is unprofitable? Is the reading of the Scriptures unprofitable? Is the devotional reading of the Psalms unprofitable? Is the *Te Deum* unprofitable? They are never by anyone supposed to be unprofitable on the Sunday. Why are they assumed to be so on the Monday or on the Tuesday? With respect to the mere reading of the Scripture, if read devoutly and not hurriedly, it sinks into the mind both of the hearer and reader better than when it is read in private. The place—the intonation—the fact that it is a part of worship as well as of instruction, all conduce to a deeper impression than when it is read at home. The fact, too, that the whole of Scripture is read, at least that no part is left out because it does not suit the private opinions of the reader, is a more direct honouring of the whole of God's Word than if each one chose out his particular scripture for himself. Again, excuses are made on behalf of the pastors of the Church that they have no time for this daily service, and that the time would be better spent in visiting and teaching in schools; but I have known Pastors most diligent in visiting and in attendance at schools, who have offered up to God the daily service twice. And so far from complaining of it as a burden, they look upon it in a totally contrary light. One of them has written, "So far from diverting one's time, it gives it a fixedness and regularity which would wonderfully extend pastoral usefulness." Every day at a certain hour, their people would know where to find them for counsel, or consolation, or help of any kind. Nothing would more assist them in their office than a habit formed in their people of coming to seek them in the place where the parish priest is daily known to stand ministering in the order of his office.

Exactly the same thing was said to me by a

priest whom I was engaging to take some temporary week-day duty. He was a minor Canon, but he assured me that this work would be rather a help than a hindrance to the assistance I required, as he found it enabled him to be more exact and punctual in all his ministerial engagements.

In writing the above, my principal object has been, not so much to commend the attendance at daily service to individuals, as to show that the Church of England as a branch of the Catholic Church has recognised it as a law in God's Kingdom. Of course, in a state of society like ours, it cannot be held to be the duty of each and every individual, but if what I have written comes by God's blessing home to any Christian, so that amidst stress of worldly or secular duties he should try and make time for some half-hour or so to be spent in the Service of God in His Sanctuary, I have not written in vain.

HOUSEHOLD FOR DECEMBER.

Onion Sauce.—Boil a dozen onions until tender, press them through a colander and season them with pepper and salt to taste. Make half-a-pint of plain melted butter and stir it smoothly into the onions. Let it boil up for a minute and serve in a tureen very hot.

Baked Potatoes.—Peel the potatoes and throw them into water. Wipe them dry, and put them in the dripping under the meat to bake brown. Turn them very often and sprinkle with a little salt. Serve hot.

To Preserve Parsley for Winter Use.—Wash the sprigs of parsley well, and throw them into a saucepan of boiling water, slightly salted. Let them boil for two minutes, and then take them out, drain them, and dry as quickly as possible before the fire. When quite dry, put it into a tin box with a lid. When you want to use it, soak it for a few minutes in warm water.

Baked Tomatoes.—Choose six large smooth tomatoes. Cut a slice off the stem end, and carefully scoop out the seeds. Mix half a cup of finely-chopped, cold boiled ham, two tablespoonfuls of stale bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne, with a tablespoonful of melted butter. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, heaping in the centre;

sprinkle over the tops with bread-crumbs; put the tomatoes in a pie-dish, baste with melted butter, and bake in a hot oven thirty minutes. When done take up and serve hot.

"DAWN OF DAY" FOR 1893.

NO pains or expense will be spared next year to render the DAWN OF DAY by far the best, as it is the cheapest of Parish Magazines.

Certain mechanical difficulties which were experienced this year in connection with the printing and folding of the magazine, and which were due to the increase in size, have now been successfully surmounted, and every precaution will be taken to ensure that the magazine is issued in the best possible style.

The serial story for next year will be from the pen of Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "George Geith," etc., etc., with illustrations from the pencil of Mr. J. Nash, and will be full of interest. There will also appear in the coming year another serial tale of exciting interest from the pen of the well-known novelist, Mr. B. L. Farjeon. Other features in the magazine will be an important series of papers on the teaching of the fabric of a church, by the Reverend G. F. Maclear, D.D. There will also appear articles on Baptism, Holy Communion, Confirmation, etc., with illustrations, papers on Christian Socialism, short illustrated tales for children, news in regard to current Church topics, short and practical articles on Amateur Mechanical Work, notes on Gardening, Cookery, etc., and brief notes on the Calendar, papers treating of Personal and Household Health, papers on Emigration, a series of notes on Hymnology, etc., etc.

The prices charged for the magazine will continue unchanged.

Terms for Localising, which include the price of the Magazine:—

For ONE page of matter, in addition to Local Title-page—on a four-page wrapper:—100 copies, 13/- per month; 250 copies, 18/- per month; 500 copies, 30/- per month; 1,000 copies, 50/- per month.

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These terms include the price of the Magazine, but not the expense of stitching on the covers, or the cost of delivery.

NOTES ON THE SUNDAYS IN DECEMBER.

Second Sunday in Advent.



AS the First Sunday in Advent directed our thoughts to the Incarnation, the coming of the Son of God in lowliness and meekness, as imagined by his demeanour and surroundings as He entered into Jerusalem before the Passion, so the Second Sunday in Advent leads us to contemplate "the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory."

Third Sunday in Advent.



One figure stands out very prominently before us on the Third and Fourth Sundays in Advent; it is that of St. John the Baptist. In to-day's Gospel we have the last-recorded act of his life. He is now set before us in the day of his adversity, confined to prison. But so mighty and far-reaching is the fame of Christ's miracles, that it finds access within the walls of the dungeon of Machaerus, for there it was where John heard "the works of Christ."

Fourth Sunday in Advent.



In the words of to-day's Gospel we read the answer of St. John the Baptist to the Jews who sent to find out who he was. He answered them, and told them that he was not the Christ, nor Elias, nor that Prophet which was to come; that he had only come to prepare the way for One who was greater than he, who was to come after him.

Christmas Day.



If we could only have the true and living idea and impression of what this day means—of what happened on this day! Then should we bow down and adore its graciousness, its tenderness, the divine majesty of the love which for us surrendered all, for us accepted all. The day is here, to call on us to think about it. Let us learn for future use to take a true measure of the unspeakable majesty and living goodness with which we have to deal.

It is stated that oil can be produced from grape seeds. This promises to take an important place in manufacturing industries.



CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS.

As the festive season of Christmas draws near, everyone looks forward to happy hours of mirth and gladness. The young folks are in expectation of fun and frolic, and the old man as he gets out his fiddle, seems to call to mind happy days of years gone by, when he, too, used to be eager for the enjoyments of the season, and although he has grown old, he means to do his best to make the young folks enjoy themselves, and ever bears in mind the Christmas motto of "Peace and goodwill toward men."

The Children's Corner.

JIM'S CHOICE.

"WANTS to leave home, does he? Tired of the place he was born and brought up in, eh?" The old farmer looked down with a kindly smile at young Jim Aggett, and slowly shook his head. "I tell ye, lad, you may go further and fare worse."

"So I says," put in old Jim Aggett hurriedly, "so I says. I wouldn't go for to stand in the lad's way, Muster Collins. I dunno as I'd mind for myself so much, but," scratching his head, "there's the old woman, you see; Jim's mother, sir, has set her heart on his getting work round here. There's only him left of four, the youngest of the lot—they all take to roam, and—" the elder Aggett could have said a great deal more, but he paused there and merely shook his head.

"Mr. Collins," said Jim, lifting his somewhat grave eyes to the farmer's face, "I would do better in a town. Country life don't suit me. I—"

"Ay, ay, you're the smart chap of your school—top of the class and all that, I know," interrupted the farmer. "Think a smart chap's wasted in the country, eh? Tell ye, lad, you're wrong. We want smart chaps here. I want you; and," screwing up one eye with a humorous glance out of the other, "you're not such great shakes neither, Jim, after all."

Jim Aggett reddened, and let his eyes fall. He was proud of being top of his class, and of being thought the smart chap of the school. Tom Bowden, who came after him, and whom he had beaten with some difficulty, was going to a situation in Exeter at a big bookseller's shop, and had crowed over Jim.

"Going to be left behind at Chagford to be horse-boy," he said, with a laugh.

And Jim was foolish enough to feel humiliated and was seized with the idea that town life was the thing for him, though up to that date he had taken kindly to the thought of beginning life as Farmer Collins' horse-boy, to ride a horse himself over the wild, breezy moor, collecting the cattle and sheep browsing on the far-off hill sides with some faithful old dog at his heels.

It was Sunday morning, and they were on their way to church, and the Aggetts had fallen in with Mr. Collins, and Jim's father had started the subject that had been troubling Jim's mother so much.

"My brothers all left home, they took to town life," said Jim. "Father let them take their choice; why shouldn't I choose as well?"

"And I'm cleverer than they were," he wanted to add, but didn't like to say it.

"Choose!" repeated Mr. Collins; "choose to break your mother's heart, you mean."

Jim looked up sullenly. "It wouldn't break her heart; she'd get over it," he said. "She let Tom, Dick, and Harry go."

"Perhaps you've got the warmest corner in her heart, eh, Jim?" said the farmer

pleasantly. "You're the youngest, you know."

"The youngest always comes the worst off," growled Jim.

"Nay, lad," put in his father quietly, "you've no cause to say that."

No, he hadn't; and it was that that fidgeted Jim.

"Mother'd get over it," he said again.

"Ay," said the farmer, "when she was laid there, perhaps," and he pointed with his stick towards the churchyard, where in the distance through the trees, a white tombstone showed here and there, "and that would be too late," he added.



Jim almost felt inclined to smile, though he looked up in his usual grave way. "Oh! mother wouldn't die," he said; "she'd get over it after a time. It wouldn't be as bad as that." Then with a pair of eager eyes lifted to the farmer's face, he went on excitedly, "Such an opening as 'twould be for me! It's father's cousin wrote three days ago from London, offering me a place in his shop—from London!" repeated Jim, with enthusiasm. "Oh! Mr. Collins, I'd give a heap to see London! Ain't that the place to start life in! You'd see more there in a couple of hours than you'd find in Chagford for a twelvemonth!"

"That's how he goes on!" said Jim's father, in a dejected voice. "Nothing but London, now! It's worriting his mother dreadful. I wish, I do, that letter had never come!"

"Father," said Jim, "it's not the letter that's put London in my head; you know I've always wished to be stirring. My brothers all had their wish."

"Couldn't ye wish to bide by your mother, Jim? She's set her heart on ye, lad. She's been a good mother," Mr. Aggett said.

"Jim," said the farmer, looking towards the churchyard again, "it was through me that my poor old mother was laid up there good twenty years before her time. I can feel for you, boy; I was like you when I was young. I wanted to see London, and get work there if I could, though I knew my mother's heart was set to have me follow father on the farm. I did a shabby thing, Jim; I ran away, leaving a letter to tell where I was gone, and how I'd make a fortune, and come back to her someday. I did come home a few years later, grewed out of knowledge, and a stranger in my native place—proud, too, that no one knew me, and thinking how I'd please them at the farm, for after the first week or so I had never written home.

"Can you tell me," says I to the first fellow I recognized in Chagford, though he did not

know me a bit, 'if Mrs. Collins still lives at Holm Farm?' 'No,' says he, staring hard at me, 'she don't. They buried her there last month,' and he pointed to the churchyard yonder.

"Ah! Jim, I never pass through that gate-way there without remembering how I leaned upon that gate, and looked for the first time on my mother's grave, or the bitter, bitter feelings that I had. Later on, I found father at the farm—ay, and a sad meeting it was; she had pined after me, he said, and never was the same woman after I ran away."

The farmer paused, and laid his hand on young Jim Aggett's shoulder. "Think, lad, before you make up your mind to London town—think of your mother, Jim."

He did think of her. Thoughts of her would come crowding in during the service now and then—her love for him, her anxiety to keep him near her—her best-loved boy—at home; and as the familiar service proceeded in the old familiar place, he felt a sudden rush of tenderness for the home he was ready to leave, and he fidgeted less than usual, and was more reverent during the prayer! Jim was very silent on the way home; his father, too, seemed to have nothing to say—perhaps they thought the more.

Mrs. Aggett had been ailing; she hadn't been to church, and she

was laying the cloth for dinner.

"Mother," said Jim, when he saw her, finding his voice at last, "I'm going to be horse-boy to Mr. Collins; I'm not going to London; don't fret."

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, leaving the table to put her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Jim!"

That was all. And somehow Jim was content.

ALICE F. JACKSON.



BUILDERS OF THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.

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

II.—The Piddock.



WE have seen, in a previous paper, how a great part of the "crust of the earth" is made up of the empty shells of creatures which lived and died hundreds and thousands of years ago—long before man appeared in the world; how these were so exceedingly tiny that it would be quite impossible even to see them without the help of a powerful microscope, while nearly four millions of their cast-off dwellings have been found to exist in a single ounce of sand; and how the stone of which the great Pyramids of Egypt are built really consists of very little else than the shells of these wonderful beings. And now I want to tell you of another and an equally marvellous creature, which is living and working in the world to-day, and which has had no small share in controlling the destinies of nations by making the face of the earth what it is.

The holes in the rocks.

This most remarkable animal is a shell-bearing mollusc, related to the scallops and the mussels, and commonly known as the Piddock. On most of our coasts it is very common indeed. As we walk among the weed-covered rocks at low water, we see that many of them are perforated by a number of round holes, sufficiently large to admit a man's little finger. Sometimes these tunnels are so numerous that the chalk is quite honeycombed by them, so that the walls between them are very little thicker than this sheet of paper upon which I am writing. They are almost as cleanly cut as if they had been bored by

an auger. They run into the rock for some little distance. What can have caused them?

What has caused them?

In order to answer that question we have only to break off a tolerably large piece of the rock, take it home, and split it carefully open. Then we shall find within it a little animal, from two to four or five inches in length, and with a long, narrow, white shell consisting of two valves hinged very strongly together. This is a piddock, and by its labours the burrow was made.

But how?

We have only to examine its shell in order to see. We notice at once, in the first place, that it is shaped like a pointed cylinder. This form is common to all creatures which fly through the air, swim through the water, burrow in the ground, or tunnel through wood or stone; for it is that which offers least resistance to the substance through which a passage is to be made. And so we have adopted it for our missiles, and also our boring tools. We make our bullets in the form of pointed cylinders; and so we do our gimlets, and our bradawls, and our augers. And when we want to send a "torpedo" through the water, to strike the hull of a ship at a distance, we make that in the form of a pointed cylinder too.

What does it burrow with?

But its mere shape, of course, will not enable the piddock to burrow, although it will allow it to do so with as little difficulty as possible. Clearly the creature must have something to burrow with.

Now, if we look closely at the shell of the animal, we shall see that it is crossed and re-crossed by a large number of grooves, so that its whole surface is very much like that of a rasp or file. If we pass a finger along it, it is quite rough to the touch. If we were to do so often, we should wear the skin away, and quickly draw blood. And we can easily understand that if this shell were to be forced into the chalk or limestone in which the piddock lives, and turned repeatedly from side to side, a burrow, or tunnel, would very rapidly be formed.

A living rasp.

And this is exactly what takes place. When the piddock wishes to bore a hole it protrudes between the smaller ends of its shell, at the very tip, that part of its body which we call the "foot." With this it has the power of

clinging closely to the rock. Then, pressing the sharp, rough edges of its shell against its foothold, it begins to turn very slowly, first to one side, and then to the other. The result is, of course, that the action of the rasplike shell upon the rock cuts it gradually away, and before very long the entire length of the animal is hidden within the newly-made burrow.

But how is it, we ask, that the shell does not quickly become clogged by the tiny particles of chalk or limestone which it is incessantly scraping away?

If we examine the *body* of the mollusc we shall see.

The "Syphon."

We do so, and at once notice a curious tube which projects from the larger, or gaping end of the shell. This tube is called the "syphon," and is double in structure, consisting of two distinct tubes. Through one of these water is drawn into the body, from which, after passing over the gills, it is driven out again through the other.

Now, when the piddock is boring, and finds that its tunnel is becoming choked, and its shell clogged by the material which it has cut away, all that it has to do is to squirt out a jet of water from this syphon. This, of course, washes out the tunnel and cleanses the shell, and enables the little animal to go on with its work.

Such is a brief account of the manner in which the piddock drives its burrows through the solid rock. Now let us see how its labours affect the face of the earth.

Miles of cliff cut down.

We must remember, then, that the mere force of the sea, beating upon even so soft a substance as chalk, wears it away but very slowly indeed; for the face of the rock is quickly covered with a thick coating of weeds, which almost prevents the water from coming into contact with it at all. But the piddock cares nothing for weeds, and, forcing its way through them, drives its tunnels just as though they were not there. Before very long it has honeycombed a part of the rock; *and the sea enters its burrow, in which the weeds cannot grow.* All day long the water is washing in and out, sometimes with all the force of a mighty wave, until at last the dividing walls are broken away, and a piece of the rock falls. Then the piddocks go to work again upon the newly-exposed surface, and in the course of a few weeks or months another piece is washed away. And so the work goes on, day after day, and

year after year, until *miles* of the chalk or limestone cliffs are cut down, and washed away into the sea. For the mollusc and the water labour together; the one begins the work, the other completes it. And so the inroads which the sea is constantly making into our coast-line are largely due to this wonderful little animal, without whose help it is no exaggeration to say that the work would be delayed for centuries.

"Has controlled the destinies of nations."

But I said that the piddock has "controlled the destinies of nations." And so in very truth it has. England, for instance, would never have become the powerful nation that she is, if it had not been for the piddock. For our greatness is very largely due to the fact that we live on an island. The "silver streak" which separates us from France has saved us over and over again from invasion by foreign armies, with which we could never have coped if we had been forced, unaided, to meet them in the field. We are what we are, in fact, simply because twenty-five miles of ocean separate us from the rest of Europe.

England not always an Island.

But geologists tell us that those twenty-five miles of ocean were not always there! They tell us that once the land in which we live was actually joined to that which now we call France; that England was not an island then, but a peninsula, and that it only became an island by degrees. And what made it an island? The sea, of course, which cut away the neck of land uniting it to the Continent. *And what enabled the sea to do so?* Most certainly, only the piddock. But for the unceasing work of that humble mollusc, England would be a part of the continent of Europe still. The sea would not yet have had time to cut the chalk away. And, in that case, England could never have become a great nation. It would probably, indeed, never have become even a *separate* nation. And then the whole history of modern Europe would have been different, and consequently the history of other parts of the world too. And all because of the absence of one little shell-bearing animal!

A chief cause of this constant change.

That very rock from which we took our piddock was once the base of a cliff; and if the piddock had never burrowed into it, it would, in all probability, be the base of a cliff still. But the piddock opened the way for the sea, and the sea cut it down. And now it is carrying it away to some distant part of the

coast, and building it up again there. For what the sea takes away in one place, it gives back in another. The cliff is washed away here; but the land is gaining there. And the chief cause of this constant change is really the wonderful little animal which we found lying hid in its burrow, and which is certainly one of the most marvellous of the "builders of the crust of the earth."

CHURCH NEWS.

On the tombstone of the late Dean Alford, whose remains lie in S. Martin's Churchyard, Canterbury, believed to be the oldest sacred church in England—are the words—"The resting-place of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem."

Daniel Radebe, after two years' training at the native college in Grahamstown, is now engaged in teaching a class of boys in Zululand. At Isandhlwana, a meeting was lately held amongst the Hlajakazi and the Magogo with very satisfactory results.

Mrs. McMahon gives a bright picture of a happy Easter Sunday at All Saints' Church in Madagascar. The church was crammed with natives, many of them having walked for two hours in order to be present at the service. "I am quite sure," she adds, "that some real good is being done here."

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Oxford Calcutta Mission, Mr. Chowdhry, B.A., a native layman, said the training college in that city had twenty-five students, many of whom have taken their degree. The majority were theological students, and some were already ordained, and at work in various parts of India.

The Rev. A. Hunter Dunn, Vicar of All Saints', South Acton, near London, has been elected, by the Synod of Quebec, as bishop in succession to the late Bishop Williams. In his parish there are 200 voluntary workers, and on last Easter Day there were 1,170 communicants. Such results could only be reached by a vigorous, prudent and devoted man, to whom a bishopric has come as a fitting reward.

PAPERS ON BIBLE DIFFICULTIES.

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

VIII.—The Victories of Joshua: and the Slaughter of the Canaanites.

THE Bible difficulty that I propose to consider in the present Paper is a different one in every way from the one which was treated in the last—that was a difficulty occurring in the natural order of things, this belongs to the moral and spiritual order; that was a difficulty gloried in by objectors to revealed Religion, this is a difficulty which troubles the earnest believer in Revelation, the thoughtful student of the Bible.

It can hardly be denied that the earlier chapters of the Book of Joshua, which narrate the savage warfare of Israel and the indiscriminate slaughter of the Canaanites, do present very great difficulty, a difficulty moreover which presses with double force in the present day.

The tendency of the age in which we live is to be unduly sensitive to bodily pain and suffering, and very callous and insensible to moral evil and spiritual loss.

Thus seldom is there a murder committed, however cruel and remorseless, however long meditated and craftily accomplished, but efforts are made to save the perpetrator of the crime from the extreme penalty of the law. The sufferings of the unfortunate victim are forgotten, his untimely cutting-off is passed over, pity and sympathy are bestowed not on the victim, or upon those who mourn for him, but upon the condemned murderer—that *his* life should be taken, that he should be cut off in the bloom of *his* years, this seems to these inopportunist-humane people to be too terrible: "It must not be!"

No doubt that a human being, a fellow-creature, should be forced on a scaffold, and there strangled, is in itself a very terrible thing, a very shocking thing; but there are other things to be considered—the sanctity of human life has to be thought of, the interests of society must be considered; and in the light of these things the execution of the criminal, though still in itself shocking and revolting, becomes an absolute necessity, a satisfaction to outraged justice, a tribute to the supremacy of the Law.

Now just as it shocks us to read the account of an execution, so no doubt it does shock our moral sense to read in our Bibles that, when the walls of Jericho fell down, Joshua and the Israelites utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old,

with the edge of the sword; that when Israel had made an end of slaying all the inhabitants of Ai in the field, in the wilderness wherein they chased them, they returned unto Ai and smote it with the edge of the sword—that they fought against city after city, and utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein—that they utterly destroyed all that breathed, and left none remaining, but utterly destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe.

If this is terrible in the mass, when we attempt to realize the sack of 31 cities, how infinitely more terrible does it become when we attempt to break up the mass into fragments, when we picture the field of battle, and the incidents of the flight and pursuit: when we picture the slaughter of men in the streets, the massacre of defenceless women and innocent children, and tottering old men, in the houses and upper chambers whither they had fled; when we attempt to realize the frantic shouts of the pursuers, the piercing cries of the fugitives, the unavailing appeals for mercy, the cries of agonized mothers as they try to shield their children from that "edge of the sword," of which we bring ourselves to read so calmly.

It is quite possible that many readers and hearers of the Book of Joshua have never found any difficulty in them: but if so, it must surely be because they have never attached any definite meaning to the words which they have read or heard. And further, it is quite possible that some people might say, if those whom you write for have never felt this difficulty, why should you suggest it, why should you raise the question at all?

I should answer: If the readers and hearers of these chapters in the Book of Joshua have never perceived any difficulty in them, it is quite time they did. That they have found no difficulty hitherto is a proof, not of strength of faith, but of feebleness of imagination; the composure with which they read or hear them is not the composure of faith, but the composure of ignorance.

But now, having raised the question, how are we to answer it? Having suggested the difficulty—though it is hardly conceivable that it has not already suggested itself—how are we to meet it? How do we justify the apparent cruelty of an execution, how do we lessen the shock that it gives us?

We do so by taking a wider view of things, by considering the greatness of the wrong which is thus expiated, by calling to mind the paramount claims and interests of society.

In reviewing the course of history we see abundant evidence that political liberty and

social advance have not been attained without revolutions and social convulsions, which involved at the time much pain and suffering, and that these great movements are, in spite of the pain and suffering, nay, of the wrong and evil which they produce, part of God's righteous government of the world.

Now the occupation of Palestine by the chosen people was one of these *great movements* in which we can trace the finger of God's providence. The world is infinitely better and richer for that occupation—the evil, the cruelty which characterised it, have passed away, but the solid good remains.

Let us work this out a little. In the first place, the occupation of Canaan by the Israelites was no suddenly adopted action, it was only the carrying out of what was all along intended. Canaan was as much the "Promised Land" as Israel was the "Chosen People." The people were intended for the land; the land was intended for the people. That that land was at the present occupied by the Canaanites did not affect the question. The land was intended not for them, but for others, and the Canaanites had to give place to those for whom it was intended.

The interests of the world and of mankind required the substitution of Israel for the Canaanites. It was no mere favouritism, the preference of one nation to another. The substitution of Israel for the Canaanites was the substitution, so to speak, of wheat and barley and oats for thistles and nettles; the thorn and the briar were uprooted, but it was to make room for the olive and the vine.

We hardly realize the wickedness and lawlessness of these nations, the absence of high and noble purposes which as a race they displayed.

When God spoke to Abraham of the settlement of his descendants in the land of Canaan He told him that the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full: it was growing, but it was not yet full grown; it was filling up, but it was not yet full.

But in the time of Moses and Joshua, the iniquity of the inhabitants of Canaan had reached the maturity of its noxious growth. "Defile ye not yourselves," said Moses to the Israelites, after warning them against various unspeakable enormities—"in any of these things, for in all these the nations are defiled which I cast out before you; and the land is defiled, therefore do I visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants." And again, "Ye shall not walk

in the manners of the nation which I cast out before you ; for they committed all these things, and therefore I abhorred them."

By their outrageous and unbearable wickedness, these nations had forfeited their rights to the possession of the land which they defiled ; the righteous retribution which had come upon the cities of the plain in flames of fire, came upon the inhabitants of Canaan by the swords of the Israelites. The Israelites were but the instruments of this righteous retribution, the executioners of God's justice, the agents of His government.

Nor were they the less God's instruments because they were fierce and barbarous and cruel, and lived in a cruel and barbarous age. Their very barbarity and cruelty made them the more efficient ministers of God's retribution. In exterminating the Canaanites, in the ruthless slaughter of women and children, the Israelites were but following their own instincts. Their law, as they understood it, required them to love their neighbour, that is, their fellow Israelite ; but it required them none the less to hate their enemy ; and every tribe or nation beyond their own people was an enemy, an enemy to be hated, and, if possible, destroyed, unless a special exemption were made in their favour by a treaty or league of peace.

Nor ought we to be surprised or too much scandalised at this, since it is not so very long ago that English people were accustomed to regard the French as their "natural enemies."

It may be said indeed, and said with perfect truth, that the Israelites proved to be in many ways as bad, if not worse, than the nations whose place they took. The Prophets expressly charge them with this.

But the failure of Israel was not total and complete. The wickedness of Israel at certain periods of their history must not blind us to the debt of gratitude which the world owes to it : we must not forget the part that the seed of Abraham has played in the world's education. We must not forget the noble enthusiasm for righteousness which was imbedded in Israel, we must not overlook the tenacity of its grasp upon the unseen ; we must remember what was the "hope of Israel," the hope kept alive by the utterance of Prophets, and the songs of its Psalmists, and the glorious fruition of that hope in Jesus Christ and in His Church.

The expelled Canaanites could never have been to the world and to mankind what Israel has been.

Was it not better that Canaanites should be slaughtered, or even exterminated, that room might be made for a race in which was hidden

the root of the world's Salvation? better that Canaanites should suffer pain, than that the world should suffer an infinite loss ; better suffering than sin ; better the infliction of pain than the triumph of evil.

When, then, we read with sorrow and pain of the wars of Israel, and of the slaughter of the Canaanites, let us force ourselves to take a wider view—let us take into account the great purposes of God's government of the world, to which their destruction was a necessary step : let us take into account the moral degradation of the Canaanites, which brought upon them the inevitable doom of righteous retribution ; and let us remember that the manner of Israel's warfare, cruel and barbarous as it was, was in keeping with the feelings and practices of the age in which they lived, and that in their barbarous warfare they only followed the dictates of their own instincts and beliefs.

Besides, the extermination of the Canaanites was by no means so complete as we might imagine from what we read in the earlier chapters of the Book of Joshua. We might almost suppose from what we there read, that the land of Canaan was depopulated, and that the tribes of Israel had nothing to do but to take possession of their allotted inheritance.

But the actual facts of the case were widely different. Even in the Book of Joshua itself we read that even the most powerful of the tribes, Judah and Ephraim, were not able to drive out the Canaanites, though some of the tribes succeeded in putting them to tribute. And in the Book of Judges we read that Judah had still to fight, and to fight hard for their inheritance, so much so that in one battle 10,000 Canaanites and Perizzites were slain ; and they had again to take the cities of Hebron and Debir, which Joshua had before taken, and put them to the edge of the sword. The utmost that this powerful tribe succeeded in doing was to drive out the inhabitants of the hilly country, but they could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron. And as for the Northern tribes, we read that Jabin, king of Canaan, for 20 years mightily oppressed the children of Israel.

Thus in reading the Book of Joshua we must not only make allowance for the wickedness of the Canaanites, and for the cruelty of the times, but must also take into account the universal Eastern practice of hyperbole and exaggeration.

The slaughter of the Canaanites was no doubt great, but it was not so great as we might imagine ; the victories of Joshua were decisive, but they were not so final and complete as is generally supposed. Canaan was no more con-

quered at the battle of Bethhoron than was Saxon England at the battle of Hastings, the Israelites no more exterminated the Canaanites than the Normans did the Saxons.

But there is one thing which the history of Joshua's battles ought to do for us, and that is to enforce the principle, which, as has been said, is specially needful in the present day, that ease is dearly purchased by the allowance of evil—that pain is preferable to sin, and the greatest temporal loss of no consequence compared with the loss of God's favour, and the fall from the high calling of God.

BAD WATER.

THE water from a pump near to me has been pronounced by the authorities unfit for use; yet I find it hard to convince some of my neighbours how it is possible that a well, from which they and their fathers before them have been accustomed to drink, can have anything unwholesome in it. This has made me wish to gossip a little about water.

People in country places ought, one would think, to be better off as regards pure water than those who live in large towns; such, however, is not generally the case. In villages and small towns we depend mainly upon our wells, which are but a doubtful source. A shallow or surface-well (and all under 20 feet in depth may so be called) drains all the ground round it for a width equal to its own depth, and though all soils act more or less as filters, and in a measure stop impurities, it is scarcely possible but that some offensive matter from the surrounding cesspools and pigstys, or from the emptying of slops, will find a way into it. Wells which draw their water from deep and pure springs are liable to be contaminated in the same way if the upper portion of their sides is not so cased as to be watertight. Streams also flowing near houses are almost sure to be polluted with animal or vegetable matter.

It is disgusting to think that one is daily drinking, as so many of us do, particles of filth in this way; yet it would seem that in ordinary times we may do so, up to a certain point, without apparent ill effects. *Very* impure water is, however, liable at all times to cause mischief. But the great danger is when certain diseases appear in a neighbourhood, for polluted water then becomes nothing more or less than a poison. Impure drinking-water is the most common way in which the seeds of these diseases are spread. Cholera is one of them. Happily, it is only

rarely that we have cholera here; but another, typhoid fever, is always with us. More than 15,000 persons die yearly in this country from typhoid, and most of these take the disease in the water they drink, in the shape of particles of matter which have come from the persons of those already suffering, and which have found their way into wells, etc., in the manner above described.

It will thus be seen how important it is to have water from a source which cannot be polluted; but, unfortunately, most of us are obliged to get our water, not from where we would, but from where we can; and when sickness is around, and we have any grounds for suspecting pollution, we should use reasonable precautions; and I offer one or two suitable ones for the benefit of my neighbours.

A few drops of Condry's Disinfecting Fluid, added gradually to the water till it becomes for a time pink, is believed to destroy any germs of disease in it, and does not affect the taste. The water will afterwards have a yellow tinge, but this is harmless, and may, if disliked, be removed by a pinch of alum.

Filtering will do much towards cleansing foul water. A poor man's filter, which costs next to nothing, may thus be made:—Into a common earthenware garden flower-pot, the hole of which you have covered with a bit of zinc gauze or clean flannel, put three inches depth of smallish gravel, then three inches of fine white sand, then four inches of animal charcoal—all being first well washed, the charcoal repeatedly with boiling water. Press well down and it is ready for use. The filtered water can be received in a wide-mouthed glass bottle under the hole. The filter-beds will occasionally need removing and washing. Common earth, heated *red-hot* in a shovel, and allowed to cool, may serve instead of charcoal.

Boiling also is a good and simple precaution. In the epidemic of typhoid at Tottenham, in 1862, it was observed that those only suffered who used water from shallow wells in the gravel, which were, unknown to them, poisoned by soakage, and that one family only using such water escaped. That family always boiled their drinking water. By first filtering and then boiling suspected water much danger may be avoided. M. M.

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Calendar for December.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

DECEMBER.

4	S	Second Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address, 6.30 p.m.
11	S	Third Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address, 6.30 p.m.
18	S	Fourth Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m. Service and Address on "Christmas Communion," 6.30 p.m.
21	W	S. Thomas Apostle and Martyr Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Litany, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.
24	S	Christmas Eve. Choral Evensong and Carols, 7 p.m.
25	S	Christmas Day. 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.
26	M	S. Stephen the First Martyr. Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
27	Tu	S. John the Evangelist. Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
28	W	The Holy Innocents Day. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Daily Services: Matins 8.15 a.m. Evensong, 5.30 p.m.

ADVENT.—The Sermons on the Sunday mornings during Advent will be on the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Who for us men, and for our Salvation came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man."—*Nicene Creed.*

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

The Subjects of the Addresses on Sunday Evenings will be: Dec. 4th, The Holy Scriptures. Dec. 11th, The Church and Holy Baptism. Dec. 18th, The Holy Communion.

There will be Special Services on the Wednesday Evenings during Advent, at 7 p.m., commencing Nov. 30th; consisting of Evensong and Sermon.

On Sunday, Dec. 4th the Collections will be for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

It is hoped that the first week of Advent, commencing Nov. 27th will be observed as a Week of Prayer for God's Blessing on Foreign Missions, more especially the first Sunday in Advent, Nov. 27th, and S. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th.

There will also be a Meeting in the Hall on Friday, Dec. 2nd, at which there will be an Address on Missions, specially for Children. At the same time we hope their parents will attend. The Meeting will be at 6 p.m. No collection.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES.—These will be given in the Hall, on Sunday, Dec. 18th, after the Morning Service.

BAND OF HOPE.—The Monthly Meeting will be on Tuesday December 13th, at 6 p.m.

A Choir formed out of the members of the Sunday School and Band of Hope, are now practising a Cantata, entitled "The White Garland." We hope that it will be performed with other Songs, &c., during the Christmas Season.

SALE OF WORK for the Convalescent Home. This was held in the Hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, and was in every way a success. There was a clear profit for the Home of £30 0s. 0d.

MUSICAL SERVICE.—An account of this will appear in the January number of the Magazine.

	Morning.	Spms. Afternoon.	Evening
Dec. 4th {	53 51 362	226 47 364 464	243 217 54
7th {			269 362 23
11th {	352 50 203	52 268 51 464	353 333 260
14th {			225 215 23
18th {	48 51 202	49 226 203 464	197 208 26
21st {			404 47 282
24th {			58 Carols 62
25th {	61 Anthem 60	59 Anthem 62 329 58	

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