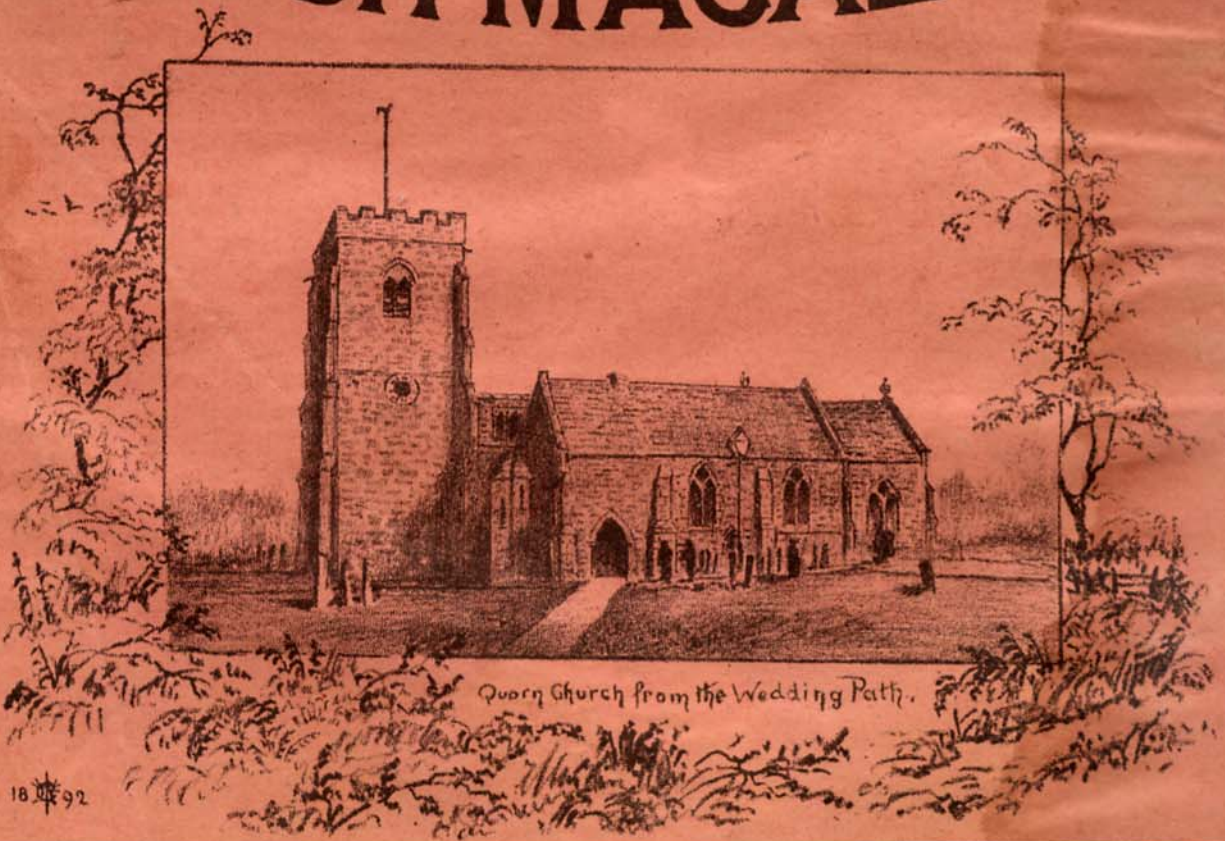


January, 1893.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Calendar for January.

JANUARY.

1	S	Fest. of the Circumcision. (New Year's Day.) 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.
6	F	Feast of the Epiphany. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Mattins, 10 a.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
8	S	First Sunday of the Epiphany } Holy Communion at 8 a.m. only, other services as on the first Sunday in the month.
15	S	Second Sunday after Epiphany }
22	S	Third Sunday after Epiphany }
24	TU	Choral Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
25	W	Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, 10 a.m.
29	S	Septuagesima Sunday.

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

On Wednesday Evenings at 7 p.m., after Evensong there is a service consisting of Intercession, Prayers, two Hymns and Scripture Reading, and an Address upon it. At this Service the seats in the Church are free and open to all.

NOTES ON THE SPECIAL DAYS IN THIS MONTH.

- 1st: **CIRCUMCISION**—The Son of God being born as one of God's chosen people, submitted to all the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish Religion. On the eighth day after birth He was given His Holy Name, as other Jewish children were on their Circumcision.—S. Luke, ii. 21.
- 6th: **THE EPIPHANY**—This word means "shewing forth," or manifestation, on this day is commemorated the coming of the "wise men" from the East—when for the first time the Saviour was shewn to any but Jewish people.—Matt. ii. 1—12.
- 25th: **CONVERSION OF S. PAUL**—This day of course commemorates the great event told in Acts ix., how Paul the Jewish persecutor, was converted and became a most devoted servant and Apostle of our Lord.
- 29th: **SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY**—This word means "seventieth" and is so called because it is about 70 days before Easter. Up to this time we have been reckoning for Christmas we now begin to look forward to Easter.

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

Jan. 1.	S	Luke, ii., 1—21	} Hymns to be learnt, finish 60, begin 196.
8.		The Gospel for the day	
15.	"	"	
22.	"	"	
29.	"	"	

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. Mr. White is glad to acknowledge some volumes, already given, with thanks.

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.)
Nov. 27th: Two Infants

Burials.

Dec. 7th: Charles William Cross, aged 11 months.
12th: Thomas Bramley, aged 76 years.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Jan. 1st	{ 60 70 176	{ 78 60 62	{ 60 165 74
6th.	{ — — —	{ — — —	{ 79 76 26
8th.	{ 79 80 78	{ 62 60 338	{ 76 219 24
15th	{ 4 80 290	{ 60 207 79	{ 247 406 28
22nd	{ 160 224 237	{ 165 60 346	{ 202 229 223
24th	{ — — —	{ — — —	{ 261 406 26
29th	{ 3 168 264	{ 184 196 300	{ 164 172 281

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.	Children, for Negro Boy	Special.
Nov. 27.—	—	£0 4s. 3d.	£1 1s. 0d.	Foreign Mission
" 30.—	—	—	£1 10s. 0d.	Sunday Schools
Dec. 4.—	—	£0 3s. 3d.	£2 10s. 0d.	
" 11.—	—	£0 5s. 2d.		
" 18.—	£3 9s. 5d.	£0 4s. 3d.		
Poor Box	—	£0 2s. 6d.		
Totals	£3 9s. 5d.	£0 19s. 5d.		

PARISH NOTES.

The writer wishes to all his readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

and he means by that a new year with a good start, a careful continuance and a good finish—if we are good we may be sure of a happy year; if we are not, the year can't be happy; as for good luck and bad luck there is no such thing. "All things work together for good to those that love God." May we grow in the fear and love of God, and then the year will be happy for us whatever it brings.

We hope our readers will like the alteration we have made for the New Year in the Magazine. The first thing that all will notice is the new cover, which we promised last month. At the top will be seen a shield bearing the arms of Peterborough with the name of our diocese on a scroll. We ought all of us to know in what diocese our parish is. Unfortunately our Cathedral city is a long way off, and very few people in Quorn have seen the beautiful Cathedral. Mr W. E. Cooke, of Brooke House, has lately produced a handsome engraving of the West End of Peterborough Cathedral, and has kindly presented a copy to be hung in the Vestry. For a time at least it shall be placed in the Church Porch so that people may get an idea of their Cathedral. But to return to the Magazine cover. We feel sure that the pretty view of the Church from the Wedding-path will be admired. We are very much obliged to Mr. Cooke for designing and drawing the cover, and thus giving a new attraction to our Magazine. We hope also that now we have provided the Magazine that people seem to like best, that more people than ever will purchase a copy and so contribute to its success.

We give a list of the children in the Sunday School who have gained prizes for the year, ending on Sunday, Nov. 20th. Besides those mentioned, there are very many who attended well but of course all could not have prizes.

The prizes will be presented at the Schools, on Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 1st, at 3.15, when we hope to see the parents as well as children.

BOYS.

- Class 1—Percy Moore, Alfred Hickling, Titus Howes.
 " 2—William Underwood, Cecil Holmes.
 " 3—John Payne, William Wilders.
 " 4—Frederick Steele, Philip Barnett, T. Pepper, F. Cotton, John Sutton.
 " 5—G. Rennocks, E. Winterton, E. Thompson.
 " 6—J. Howlett, A. Wilders.
 " 7—W. Rennocks, H. Mee, W. Thornton.
 " 8—W. Sault, A. Sault.
 " 9—H. Thompson, F. Sault, G. Barby, C. Sutton

GIRLS.

- Class 1—R. Hickling, G. Adams.
 " 2—E. Sault, L. Howlett.
 " 3—A. Martin, S. Barnett.
 " 4—N. Taylor, M. Howes, H. Sheffield.
 " 5—M. Sault, A. Tungate.
 " 6—C. Taylor, A. Gaze, K. Bancroft.
 " 7—M. Heap, A. Moore, L. Martin, E. Barby, E. Adams.
 " 8—P. Martin, B. Holmes, L. Winterton, C. Noon.

Besides the above there are prizes for the Lads and Girls Bible Classes, and the Infants.

We shall hope to give a list of the prizes in the Day School next month.

One of our boys, Ernest Webster, will have to spend his Christmas in bed at the Loughborough Dispensary. He broke his leg on Dec. 13th. but is doing well

We were very pleased with the result of the collection at the Children's Service for the little Negro boy at the Central African Mission. It amounted to £1 1s. 0d. We were glad to see so many little packets, with names on. All these names have been taken down and will be kept in a book. All being well, we will have another collection on the first Sunday in February, (5th.)

An Account at the Post Office has been opened for this Fund,

On the Day of Intercession (St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th,) the box placed in the Church for offerings produced the sum of £1 10s. 0d. which has been sent away to the S.P.G.

A Subscription is being made throughout the diocese among women only, towards a splendid new organ for our Cathedral. We believe that £4000 in all is needed, of which a large part as already been raised. In Quorn the sum of £1 9s. 10d. has been collected,

By request of the Bishop there will be Sermons on Temperance, on Septuagesima Sunday, (January 29th.)

Last week we reported the amount collected at the Football Match for the young man who has lost a limb. Since then £9 5s. 0d. more has been added to the Fund (which has been all paid into the Post Office,) making altogether £16 6s. 0d.

We give this month the accounts of the Clothing Club for the year ending in Nov. last. By good management it will be seen that the Funds have been put into a very good condition.

The Mothers' Meeting Tea, held at the Coffee House, on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, was most successful. Forty-six sat down (not counting the babies!) and not only was the Tea much enjoyed, but the party amused themselves with games for nearly three hours after. Mothers get very little change and few holidays, and it is nice to see them enjoy themselves now and then. One-third of the expenses of the Tea were paid by the Mothers' themselves and the rest was privately contributed by a few friends. The Meetings on Monday afternoons are being very well attended, but the Vicar would be glad to meet more still. These Meetings give him an opportunity of making friends besides the reading and prayers.

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

We must put the results of the Football Matches very briefly this month.

1st TEAM.

Nov. 26th—v. Castle Donnington, lost 3—0
Dec. 3rd—v. Shepshed, won 4—1
10th—v. Leicester Hornets, won 3—0

RESERVE.

Dec. 17th—v. Woodhouse reserve, won 9—0

—
We are sorry to report an accident to J. Adcock early in the match on Saturday, Dec. 3rd, v. Shepshed. He had only consented to play after considerable persuasion. He has been laid by for three weeks, but we hope will soon be well.

Matches at Quorn in January:—

1st TEAM.

Jan. 7th—
14th—v. Leicester Excelsior
21st—v. Leicester S Saviour's

RESERVE.

—
These only are at present fixed, but there will no doubt be others arranged.

QUORN PROVIDENT CLOTHING CLUB, 1891—92.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1890-1	1	13	9	Cash paid on 2 cards	0	5	8
Interest ...	4	18	1	For goods supplied	214	18	11
Subscriptions ...	24	13	0	Magazine, for publishing accounts	0	2	11
Discount on bills 1891	3	10	4	Dorcas Society ...	3	0	0
" " 1892	7	4	5	Balance carried on			
Paid in, on 173 cards	188	0	11	for next year...	11	13	0
	£230	0	6		£230	0	6

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mr. Farnham	...	3	3	0	Mrs. Hole...	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Farnham	...	2	2	0	Mrs. Wright	...	1	1	0
Mr. Warner	...	2	2	0	Capt. Warner	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Warner (<i>the late</i>)	...	2	2	0	Mr. G. Farnham	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hole	2	2	0	Mrs. Faithfull	...	0	10	0
Mr. Cradock	...	2	2	0	Miss Hawker	...	0	9	0
Mrs. Herrick	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Hayward	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Cuffling	...	1	1	0	Mrs. North	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Firr	0	4	0
Mrs Woodward	...	1	1	0					
								</	

—
We are glad to call attention to the Concert which our Organist, Mr. Dearden has arranged for Wednesday Evening, Jan. 25th. Judging by the names of the performers it bids fair to be far above the ordinary standard of a village Concert. We hope the people of Quorn and neighbourhood will support him in his enterprise.



Drawn by J. K. SADLER.]

"GRANNIE'S LITTLE COMFORTER."

[Engraved by G. LYDON.]



BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Author of "Strayed East," "The Flower of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF THE TWO.

BUDGATE CIRCUS was uncomfortably crowded, for it was Saturday afternoon, and the exodus from the city had well set in.

The King's Cross 'bus, which plods on to Kennington, had just reached the Circus, and a polite but still indignant conductor was struggling valiantly with a crowd which was boarding his vehicle with an entire contempt for the legal limits of its capacity.

An exceedingly stout lady, hugging a large parcel, had been propelled into the doorway of the 'bus, which she entirely filled. She could go no farther, for an excited petitioner of her own sex was begging leave to get out.

To retreat seemed equally impossible, for the clamorous crowd waiting to fill the few vacancies inside and outside the 'bus pressed hard upon her.

The timely arrival of a constable brought relief. An imperative shout of "Ire up!" to the driver made the 'bus move on, and so broke up the crowd at the steps. Then the doorway was relieved of its block, the vacant places counted, and fresh-comers allowed to rush in and fill them.

But this process was not done in the most orderly fashion. Indeed, the successful persons were thrown into the 'bus or on to its stairs by the pressure of contending persons behind, and paid for their success in bruises.

When you are projected into a 'bus in this way it is not easy to find a seat without inflicting discomfort on somebody. In the present instance a young man who came last was pursued by misfortunes. He began by treading upon the toes of an old gentleman at the door, who raised something like a howl of pain. Turning to apologise, the unhappy passenger was, by the sudden moving of the 'bus, thrown on to the knees of the stout lady who had entered before him. Rising hastily from this refuge, and aware that nothing but severely disapproving or contemptuous looks were bent upon him, he finally sat down in the remotest corner of the 'bus.

The space given to him was but small. An aggressive

VI. 1.]

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sive-looking woman, with a brown basket in her lap, was his nearest neighbour, and he did not venture to lean back lest he should commit some new crime. In great discomfort, therefore, he was jolted over Blackfriars Bridge; nor had he cooled down into composure before the "Elephant and Castle" was reached.

To Walter Anstead, these experiences were at once disconcerting and painful, for he had all the week made up his mind that this should be a pleasant afternoon. Alas! he was finding out how very much easier it is to plan than to see one's plans fulfilled.

To begin with, he had not been able to leave the office as early as he could have wished. In the second place, his entry into the 'bus had been not merely undignified but inconvenient. It was true that the old gentleman upon whose most sensitive toe he had balanced himself had, when he apologised, exclaimed, "No matter; no harm done, I assure you." But the agonised look on his face did not bear out the truth of these statements. He was also conscious that the passenger upon whose lap he had unexpectedly sat down continued to regard him with a suspicious eye, and probably thought him under the influence of liquor. And because all this did not suffice, he was now possessed by a conviction, that it was for him only the beginning of the afternoon's disappointments.

At first he resolutely thrust the thought aside. When it recurred, he tried to persuade himself that it all came from a disordered liver. But when, for a third time, the unwelcome thought appeared, he ceased to fight.

"All right," he said doggedly to himself, "if something's up, I must face it." And with this he smoothed out his halfpenny evening paper, and did his best to read.

At Kennington he dismounted, and took his way briskly through many byways to his home.

The house was one of a long and rather dismal street. You ascended a narrow flight of steps to the main entrance, and there found yourself almost halfway up the front of the house.

But Walter Anstead did not go up the steps. He

was content to use the same door in the area beneath as that at which the baker and the milkman rang.

A latchkey admitted him into a narrow passage, from which he at once passed to an apartment which in Grandworthy Street it was usual to speak of as the breakfast-room. For the Anstead family it was also dining-room, and tea-room, and supper-room; but no power on earth could have persuaded Mr. Anstead to call it anything other than the breakfast-room.

Upstairs there was an apartment in which, on Sundays and certain other high days, they sometimes drank tea—a room with a damp and musty odour about it, where most of the chairs were swathed in cotton antimacassars, and a plaster bust of Charles Dickens looked inquiringly out of the window.

In the breakfast-room Walter Anstead found his gloomy apprehensions fully verified.

Mrs. Anstead lay upon the sofa, and Kezia Anstead was fanning her with a penny Japanese fan.

In a moment he knew that the plans formed for the enjoyment of his one weekly holiday must be thrown aside. That this would mean disappointment for another besides himself was the bitterest part of his discovery. But whatever annoyance he may have felt, he smothered it at once. He could do this now; although once there had always been a struggle. But it was his pleasure to abide by the Apostle's law: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

"Not well, mother?" he said in the kindest of tones, drawing near to the couch.

Kezia Anstead looked almost pityingly at her brother, as though to remind him that no questions were needed, the facts spoke for themselves.

Mrs. Anstead only heaved a sigh, and began a kind of whimper, suggestive of hysterical habits.

"Well, never mind, mother," said the son soothingly, as he took one of the invalid's hands, "I am just going out for ten minutes to see Mary, and then I shall be back to spend the evening with you. We will have an early cup of tea, and then I'll read the paper to you."

"Tea!" said Kezia. "Don't you remember that Dr. Wagford says mother mustn't touch it after the morning? Tea, more than once a day, is like poison to her shattered nerves."

"All right, Kezzie," said her brother, with the air of one whose temper nothing could disturb, "you and I will drink the poison, and mother shall have some cocoa."

"No, no," said the invalid faintly, "it goes to my liver so."

"Well, then, coffee, mother—strong, and with plenty of hot milk."

"Strong and with plenty of hot milk," rejoined Kezia; "you must be thinking of the coffee they give you in the City. You know we must not have it strong here. And as for the milk——"

A shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence, and left the hearers to imagine anything they pleased

to the discredit of the milkman. Kezia was not ill-tempered, but she was a good housekeeper, and jealously watched expenditure in the interests of the common purse.

"Never mind," said Walter, with amazing cheerfulness, "we will have it strong for this once, and the milk shall be hot, too. We will have it at half-past five, and that will just give me time to run around and see Mary before we sit down comfortably. Anything for me, mother?" he asked in another tone.

"Only the poor rate," said Kezia.

Her brother heaved a sigh, as men have a way of greeting demands for rates or taxes, gas-bills and water-rates, in this well-known style. Presently he kissed his mother, who seemed to be falling asleep, and with a whispered assurance to Kezia that he would be "back in half an hour," left the room.

He had not far to go. In an adjoining street he entered the gateway of just such a house as his own. His arrival may have been looked for; at all events, he was seen at once. A group of children ran from the lower entrance, led him down the steps in triumph, and at once conducted him into the breakfast-room.

"Mother," they cried with one accord, "here's Mr. Anstead."

Their mother, a toil-worn woman with an anxious look, came into the room to greet him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Wakefield?" said Walter cheerily.

"Very well, thank you," she replied, with a wan kind of smile.

"And how is Mr. Wakefield?"

"Well, he is but poorly. He went to the City this morning again to see if he could hear of anything; but it doesn't seem any good. They all want such young men now, and at wages we never heard the equal of for poorness in Snood and Merlin's time. I'm sure I don't know what the country's coming to, I don't."

And here our Mrs. Wakefield lifted the corner of her apron, and wiped away a stray tear.

"Never mind, mother," said a bright boy of seven, "I'll work for you and father some day; see if I don't."

Whereupon, of course, Mrs. Wakefield kissed her son, and the two little girls hung round her neck by way of showing that they, too, were not wanting in sympathy.

Walter Anstead broke into this little scene with another question:

"And how is Mary?"

"She's as well as she can be, thank you," said the mother, putting the young people aside, "and I think she was expecting to see you this afternoon."

"Yes; we had made up our minds to enjoy a long walk, but we cannot have it this time. My mother has one of her attacks, and she is so low-spirited always with them that I must stay at home to cheer her up."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Wakefield; "she does seem to suffer. And indeed, I know what it is to be melancholy. I'm sure many's the time since Snood and Merlin failed, and Mr. Wakefield was thrown out of his berth, that I've felt as though I must give up. But here's Mary."

The door opened, and Mary came in, greeting Walter simply but affectionately, and at once catching up for repair one of the little girls whose costume had got sadly out of order in the rough-and-tumble pleasures of their Saturday afternoon.

Mary Wakefield was no longer a girl; indeed, she was upon the verge of thirty, by which time, as we all know, many people have settled down to most matronly appearances and habits. There was a tired look in her face, too, just as there was in her mother's; but it struck you less because of the gentleness and patience which you could see in her face.

And indeed she, like Walter Anstead, found her little world full of opportunities in which to practise both patience and gentleness. She, too, had learnt them from humbly following that Best of Teachers. She was neatly, and of course quietly, dressed, but looked to Walter Anstead, fresh from the bustle and turmoil of a day's work in the city, a very pleasant and restful object for his eyes to dwell on.

"I've brought you bad news, Mary," said Walter.

"Bad news?" she repeated, with a quick flush of alarm, which told you she was not unused to such messages; "what is it?"

"There is no walk for us to-day; mother is ill."

"Is that all?" said Mary, with relief.

"Well, what a compliment," returned Walter, in tones of mock amazement. "Here have I been thinking ever since Saturday last of the pleasant time we would have this afternoon, and now when I come to tell you that we cannot go, you calmly ask, 'Is that all?'"

"I thought," said Mary, "it might have been something wrong in the City."

"Yes, indeed," broke in her mother, "it seems to me we never get anything but bad news from there."

"Don't say that," said Walter cheerily. "I'm coming in some evening to tell you that Sprigley and Higgs have raised me to old Birch's place, which will mean another pound a week for me. And then—and then——"

He looked in a way which no one could mistake at Mary.

"And then," said Mrs. Wakefield, sitting down with a look of complete despair on her face, "I really don't know what we shall do. If Mary goes, what is to become of us all?"

"Oh," said Walter, "by that time your ship will have come home. Mr. Wakefield will have been found a good place in the City, and you will be wearing that new black silk dress on which you know your heart is set, and everything will be going as merry——"

"As a marriage-bell," put in Mary, with a laugh. "But to come back to present life; I hope Mrs. Anstead is not very ill?"

"Oh no; but when she is out of sorts you know she gets so low-spirited that I do not like to leave her much when I can be at home. So we must put off our walk till next Saturday."

Whilst he was speaking Mrs. Wakefield had, in a very judicious manner, escorted the two younger people from the room, so that Walter and Mary were left to themselves—a condition which is generally deemed very agreeable to young people who for two or three years have been looking forward to the day of their wedding. Walter sat down in a high-backed chair with a home-made cushion in which Mr. Wakefield used to repose when at home. Mary was content to sit upon a hassock, just at his feet.

"I was a brute just now, Mary," said he.

"Really? You look a very good-natured brute."

"Ah, that is your way of making the best of things. You know what I mean."

"Indeed I haven't the faintest notion. Show me now how you look when you are a brute, and I will try to remember what you were saying when you looked like it just now—that is, of course, if I can see any likeness."

"Don't you think it was too bad of me to talk of getting that other pound a week and old Birch's place when I see no prospect of either?"

"Of course it was," said Mary. "Why should you want to turn out Mr. Birch, who is always so kind to you?"

"Turn him out? It is not that. Everybody knows that the firm want to pension him off quite comfortably, with enough, you know, to live happily on ever after, in some jolly little cottage with climbing roses all over the front, and a little arbour in the garden, sacred to Birch's afternoon pipe and the peaceful occupation of the spiders."

"But don't people always die when they are pensioned off? I'm sure you can't want——"

"Die when pensioned off? Why, Mary, don't you know that there is no specific in the world like a pension for keeping people alive? It arrests decay like nothing else I know of, and that's why old Birch ought to go. He's breaking up; his intellect is tottering on its throne, and his legs totter beneath his body. Somebody ought to interfere."

"But perhaps he likes work?"

"Of course he does. That is the nature of the old fellow. He loves it; and no power on earth will convince him that Sprigley and Higgs could possibly go on if he were to leave his post of observation in the outer office."

"Well, never mind, Walter; I'm sure something will turn up all in good time. We can go along very well as we are, and you know I could not possibly leave home while they are still in trouble."

"Of course not; what would they do without you? But you are the most patient little woman

there ever was. And now I must be going, for I promised to be back in half an hour."

So Walter Anstead said good-bye, and set his face homeward once more, whilst Mary went back, with the old look of patience and to the old task of mending and patching a pile of children's clothes.

Walter Anstead would have been less than human if, as he went home, he had not felt tempted to indulge in at least a few bitter thoughts. But he fought that temptation down as he had done many another like it. Two years and a half before, when he had asked Mary Wakefield's hand of her father, there had seemed no reason why their wedding should not come off as soon as the bride could bring herself to name the day.

His father was alive, and a commercial traveller by occupation; doing well, but, like many of his class, spending his money as freely as he gained it. They did not then live in Grandworthy Street, but in a more pretentious neighbourhood. Kezia, —her name was due to an exaggerated regard for the maiden lady who was one of her godmothers; but who, in the basest manner, as Mrs. Anstead always said, left her little fortune not to Kezia, but to the Home for Lost Dogs—Kezia, I say, did not in those times concern herself much with the problems of domestic management. She preferred tennis, spent a good deal of time in strumming on the piano; and took in a weekly paper which dealt in great detail with the fashions, and obliged its readers with all kinds of confidential information through some columns headed "Answers to Correspondents."

Walter himself, living at home upon a salary of £150 a year, found it easy to save money, for his habits were naturally quiet and frugal. Had he not, moreover, the stimulus of looking forward to married life?

But his plans were changed in a very unexpected way. Mr. Anstead caught a chill upon one of his journeys; neglected it; and when at last he came

home, found himself ill with congestion of the lungs. Within a week he was dead. He had made no provision for his family—not even so much as a small life-assurance policy. "I can always begin to save when I want to," had been his excuse. That was true. Out of his earnings in the thirty-four years of his married life it would not have been hard for him to have laid aside as much as would at least have kept his wife and daughter from entire dependance on his son. But the convenient season—often anticipated for the settlement of still more serious affairs—never came.

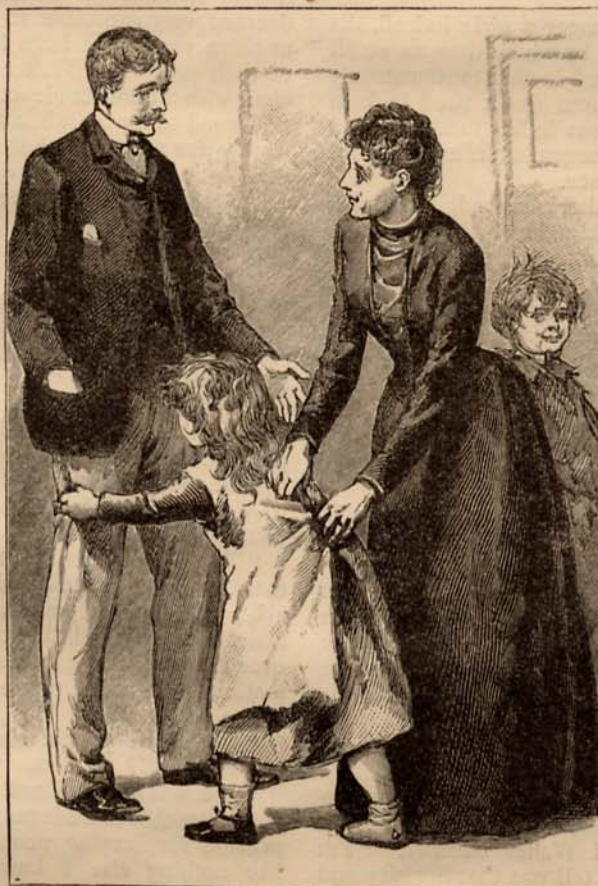
At his father's death there was but one course open to Walter Anstead. A great part of his savings went in meeting the expenses of his father's illness and burial, in paying off some debts which he found owing, and in removing the household to a smaller dwelling. That done, he had to take the burden of the family support entirely upon his own shoulders.

Kind advisers, who under such circumstances as these always have a dozen plans for the improvement of the family fortunes, suggested a variety of ways in which at least partial relief might be given to him. Most of them, however, meant Kezia's going out into the world.

Now Kezia, an only daughter, had not been taught to look for a time when she might need to earn her own living. She could do a little of many things, but nothing well.

The situation was often considered, but nothing ever came of it only sometimes Mrs. Anstead, patience exhausted, would taunt her daughter with her uselessness, and Kezia would momentarily lose her temper, and in return would ask, "Who brought me up to it?"

But this difficulty was solved in an unexpected and yet very decided way. Mrs. Anstead, always an irresolute and hysterical woman, began to have fits of depression which amounted to ill-health of a very distressing kind. When they were upon her, she lost interest in everything, cared nothing for her house, and generally looked like a victim of confirmed



"AT ONCE CATCHING UP ONE OF THE LITTLE GIRLS."

melancholy. It was Walter's habit, when he saw a fit impending, to devote himself with all his might to rousing and cheering his mother.

She, on her part, was not unwilling to be roused. It was, indeed, she seemed to feel, only her due. Strange as it may appear, in the troubles that had come upon them she thought of herself as the only real sufferer. That Walter should be condemned for years to a single life; that Kezia's prospects in life should be wholly changed; that Mary Wakefield should see her youth grow into middle age whilst she waited for Walter—these things were, no doubt, painful, but still were the merest trifles in comparison with her own loss and sorrow.

And yet, however often the home might be darkened by his mother's indisposition, however sorely Kezia might show the stress of bearing her part of the burden, not one word of reproach ever escaped Walter Anstead's lips. He cast no reflection on his father; he never by implication blamed his mother; he never added to his sister's difficulties by reminding her of the sacrifice demanded from himself. In patience he possessed his soul, coming down in the morning with a cheerful face, returning at night with a budget of gossip from the City, doing his best to be both husband and son, father and brother, to the two whose care was laid upon him.

They, at all events, never knew how sometimes at night, over an open Bible in his own room, there were wrestlings in which the agony of self-sacrifice would have seemed harder than could have been borne, but for the memory of a still greater Sacrifice whereby he himself hoped eternally to profit.

And Mary?

CHAPTER II. THE OTHER.



HERE was a time when Mrs. Anstead looked down upon the Wakefields, and received with surprise, not unmixed with scorn, the news that Walter wished to take a wife from that family. For Mr. Wakefield was, as Mrs. Anstead liked to say, "no better than a clerk." He had been, however, in the employment of one firm nearly

all his life, and had come quite naturally to think that with them he should end his days.

But Snood and Merlin were, I suppose, behind the times. At all events, their business went from them little by little, until there was practically nothing left.

Then there rose up a young Mr. Merlin, who resolved to change the condition of affairs.

"What we want," he used to say to Mr. Snood, his aged partner, "is more energy and more enterprise." The energy and the enterprise he certainly had, but neither the capital in money nor experience, without which, the other qualities were useless. Two years of his energy and enterprise were enough to bring the ancient house of Snood and Merlin to the bankruptcy court. Mr. Snood died of the shock, though there was nothing unexpected in the calamity; young Mr. Merlin went off to find scope for his energy and enterprise in a distant colony; and the clerks of the firm found their services no longer required.

Mr. Wakefield's salary had never been anything but small, for his work was of the kind which many sharp youths and young women will cheerfully undertake to do. When he came to look for another place he found that things had vastly changed from his own younger days. For every situation which he himself could hope to fill, the applicants were to be numbered not merely by the score, but by the hundred. Day by day he rose early to scan the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Day by day he applied personally or by letter for such posts as were vacant; but never had he come even near an engagement. The younger men had always taken the prize.

Once, indeed, a ray of hope illuminated the household. A friend assured him that a comfortable income was to be made by canvassing for orders for coal. He saw the merchant who had just opened a depôt in the neighbourhood, and arranged terms of commission. Then, full of expectation, and with his own probable profits calculated to a penny, he began his work.

Somehow the demand for coal in the neighbourhood seemed entirely to have ceased just then. At many houses Mr. Wakefield did not even obtain the smallest approach to a hearing. Impertinent little maids—the servants were, for the most part, very small in that locality—slammed the doors in his face, with every sign of contempt in their expressive countenances. At others, thrifty wives viewed him with suspicion through the window as the possible bearer of a demand for rates, and when he began to unfold his errand, hastily closed the interview with an abrupt, "Not to-day, thank you."

There were times when Mr. Wakefield wished that, like certain sturdy and very importunate beggars, he could thrust a foot into the doorway, and refuse to depart until he had at least been given a hearing.

A still greater humiliation was in store for him in the attitude of certain persons amongst his neighbours. Aware that his fortunes were at a low ebb, some of them felt it their duty to invite him into a public-house in order that, in sundry glasses to be served at their expense, he might drown the cares of the moment. Happily for himself, he had a deep-seated horror of sinking to the level of the poor besotted creatures, who, in threadbare garments, hang around the gin-



"MRS. WAKEFIELD SHED A LITTLE TEAR OR TWO."

palaces in the hope of obtaining gratuitous liquor by the misplaced kindness of stray acquaintances. All such proposals he refused with dignity, and at last declared himself a total abstainer, as being the one complete defence against all such blandishments.

Finally, the coal business was abandoned, and the weary search for occupation in the city once more taken up.

In the meantime, how did the Wakefields live?

Although only three children survived, there had been a large family. But death had been busy in their household, and year by year it seemed to Mrs. Wakefield that the savings chiefly accumulated by her own thrifty management were but gathered in time to meet the expense of the next funeral. But at the time when Snood and Merlin threw themselves upon the mercy of their creditors another little nest egg had been set aside. After a close calculation, Mrs. Wakefield made up her mind that it would keep them, on half-rations, as it were, for at least six months. At that time she ventured to hope that Mr. Wakefield would have found no serious difficulty in obtaining some kind of employment, and it was not until three months out of the six were past and nothing had been done, that the true nature of the situation came home to her.

But happily this was not their only source of food-supply. Mary Wakefield had from her earliest years shown unusual intelligence—an intelligence which somehow gave Mrs. Wakefield great pleasure to describe as coming from her branch of the family and not from that of her husband. It seemed to her a pity that, if Mary really were a clever girl, she should have no opportunities of using her talent. It was when they were considering this subject that

some one said, "Why not make her a schoolmistress?"

Now this was not quite the right way to put the suggestion; it was too much like the statement of the little boy who declared his intention of beginning life as a bishop. But perhaps it conveyed the possibilities of the situation more clearly to the minds of Mary Wakefield's parents than if the advice had been, "Why not make her a pupil-teacher?"

Mrs. Wakefield was not at first attracted by the idea. If Mary could, without exceeding the expenses they could bear, have been prepared for the life of a governess in a private family, she would have received the proposal with joy. It was so eminently respectable to be a governess. She had heard that ladies of distinction had thought it no shame to keep shops, and she felt quite sure that, if people with names, and ancestors, and crests, and mottoes (not discovered at the shops where you order your cards, but undoubted possessions of real antiquity), could sell bonnets and household furniture, there would be nothing wrong in Mary undertaking to teach. And why not as a governess in some private family?

"For a great many reasons," said her sister-in-law, to whom, as the wife of her prosperous brother, she was accustomed to pay some deference.

"In the first place, you could hardly bear the cost of giving Mary a training in the accomplishments she would need. In the next place, if you could, her father's occupation would keep her out of good houses. In the third place, you want her to be more than a nursery governess. And in the last place, she can do very much better for herself by becoming a certificated teacher."

So Mary became a pupil-teacher in the large schools of an adjoining parish; gained her scholarship; went to a training college; got her certificate with high distinction; and then found a place in a finely organised church school, some four miles from her home. By the time she was twenty-seven Mary Wakefield was in the receipt of a handsome salary. From the first, with the thriftiness of her mother, she settled her own expenditure upon a definite system. One part went for her dress, travelling, and other needful expenses; another part paid month by month for her board and lodging at home. A third (much against the will of her father and mother) repaid to them little by little the expenses which her training had entailed upon them. A fourth went regularly to the savings bank. Nobody asked why she saved, but in her own mind she had fixed upon a definite purpose, a double purpose, for this hoard. She was not without a hope—let us trust that nobody will deem it an improper one—that some day an honest man might wish to make her his wife. It was her wish, therefore, that before this could happen she might have saved, not merely enough money to pay the cost of her own wedding and outfit, but also as much as would make a little dowry. If that hope

should be proved vain, then her little savings, year by year growing larger, would, at least, make some provision against sickness and old age.

An extraordinary girl?

Perhaps so, but certainly one who was worth imitating.

When Snood and Merlin's failure left Mr. Wakefield without a place, Mary's hoard had reached seventy pounds, and she was consumed with an anxiety to make it thirty pounds more before her wedding.

When the crash came, Mrs. Wakefield took counsel with her daughter.

"There is just a little more than fifty pounds laid by," said her mother.

"There is more than that," added Mary.

"How do you make that out?"

"There is my seventy."

"Mary," said her mother, with a look of reproach, "do you think your father and I would touch a penny of that, knowing as we do what you are saving for?"

"Why not, mother?"

"We should be robbing our child, and——"

"Nonsense, mother; I'm not married yet. While I live at home, I am just as much part of you all as when you used to work for me a few years ago. I should like to know how I could ever have earned the income which now fills my pocket, unless you and father had been so very good to me?"

Mrs. Wakefield shook her head, and shed a little tear or two. Whereupon, of course, Mary put an arm around her mother, and added a tear on her own account. This happy stage being reached, the two had, according to the notions of their sex, a really enjoyable time, and came out of it amazingly strengthened and refreshed.

So, little by little, Mary's savings, in addition to her salary, were drawn upon, and she saw the object for which she had denied herself many things driven farther and farther away. It would be wrong to say that she saw it without a pang, for Mary was quite human, and never felt in the least disposed to say that she was free from temptation. But, although sometimes the wasting away of her little store caused a momentary twinge, she made the sacrifice joyfully, and never allowed herself to suppose for an instant that she was doing aught but the commonest of every-day duties as God had set them before her.

And the wedding? That, of course, in the face of the united sorrows of the Ansteads and the Wakefields, could not for the time being come within the range of practical politics. The first duty of Walter and herself, obviously, was "to show piety at home and to requite their parents." Some day, they hoped, the clouds would clear away, and then they could talk with comfort about the pleasures of setting up house together.

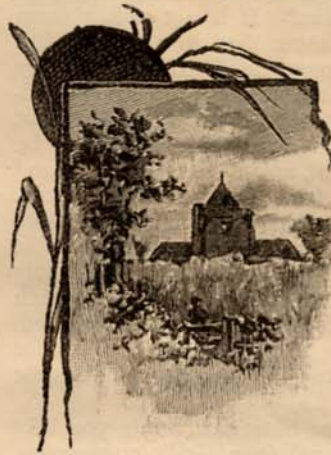
(To be continued.)

ON HOPE DEFERRED: A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Beside Readings," etc.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."—Prov. xiii. 12.



"HOPE deferred" means a desire that does *not* come—that does not come *yet*. We set our heart on something that we think would do us much good, and make us very happy, and we see reason to think we shall get it, and get it soon; but we are disappointed, difficulties arise in the way, we cannot prevail on the person on whom our hope was fixed, or events take an unex-

pected turn, and delays occur one after another; again and again our hopes are revived, but again and again they are disappointed. Then takes place what is described in this sentence, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick"; sick with weary waiting, and with hoping in vain, and with repeated disappointment. This is no uncommon case, and often the very face shows the heart-sickness within.

Sometimes, however, the hope is of a higher kind than for mere personal happiness or pleasure; for instance, for restoration to health, or the recovery of a sick child, or (higher still) for the turning of some dear one from sin or the world to God. The wish is strong and constant, but is not yet granted. The health is not restored, the child remains delicate, the loved one seems as far from God as ever. If hopeful signs ever appear, again and again do they die away and come to nothing. Then often the spirit fails, the spring of hope becomes weakened, and this "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." This is a sorer heart-sickness than the first.

"He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust" (Psalm ciii. 14); more than that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him" (ver. 13). This heart-sickness He sees and knows—not a feeling of disappointment is hidden from Him, not a sinking of the spirit, not one of those oft-repeated seasons of depression arising from "hope deferred." Our Father knows them all. He knows *us*, and the feelings with which He made us, and the impression made upon us by present things. He remembers what He made us of—the very lowest and most worthless material, the *dust* of the earth; and He remembers that in ourselves we are but dust still, so poor and low and weak, so unworthy, so helpless. But He does not despise the work of His

own Hands; He does not think nothing of us, because "we are dust"; on the contrary, He has compassion upon us on that very account; He *remembers* that we are dust, and pities us.

Does not a father feel a tender and loving pity for his child in its little troubles? Even so does God pity "them that fear Him." It is not said, "them that *serve* Him," but "them that *fear* Him." But ought they not to be stronger in faith? Ought they not to *trust* more? And, if they were truly God-fearing, would they not? And then, would they not be more free from these heart-sinkings? It may be so; yet God is very pitiful, and of tender mercy, and accepts a very weak and faulty fear and love, if true. Let but the heart be humbled and submissive before Him, let it but just look to Him, and have a feeble hope in Jesus, and a simple regard to God's holy will in all, then the Lord graciously numbers such among "them that fear Him," and pities them accordingly. Man may despise them for want of spirit, for being so easily cast down; but God does not despise them.

Yet, you who are thus heart-sick, while you take comfort (as well you may) from God's compassion, try to rise above this effect of hope deferred, do not give way to this sickness of heart. God pities you; but God can also cheer and help you. Your heart gives ready echo to the words, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick"; but think also of those other words, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." This is an exhortation; the other is but a description.

Who is it that *defers*, or puts off, your hope? Could it be thus deferred without the will of your Father? It is His holy will that is concerned here, not chance, or misfortune, or untoward circumstances. He has power over all your concerns, over your own health, and your child's health, and over the hearts of those you love. He could at once do for you all you wish, and more; but He defers your hope. Bow to His will; not by constraint, but in loving submission.

Try to rise to the belief that all is well, though your hope is deferred. Try to believe that it is better that it should be. Ask God, by His Spirit, to bring you to this mind. Is not God wiser than you? Is He not a far better judge of the right time to fulfil your hope? Does He not know better than you whether that particular hope of yours is a *good* hope? "Hope deferred" may keep you, as regards your spirits, rather in the valley than on the mount; yet, if you *believe*, it will not make you heart-sick.

Think much of God's *love*. Never think that He takes pleasure in deferring His children's hopes. Believe that He pities and loves you, all through the time of waiting; if you believe this, can that time be a time of heart sickness? If your loving Father saw that it would be good for you to have the desired thing *now*, He would give it now. Wait His time; not sick at heart, but with your heart *trusting* in Him and loving Him.

Be much in prayer—humble, submissive, trustful,

grateful prayer. Do not give up praying because the thing so often asked for does not come; pray all the *more* for that. First, be sure of your ground—pray upon a *promise*—then pray, and pray on, more and more earnestly, and more in faith.

When, after long waiting and many disappointments, the desired object is gained, the joy is in proportion to the heart-sickness. But then, if "hope deferred" has depressed the mind too much, there is danger lest hope fulfilled should too much elate it; for some minds pass quickly from the depth of depression to the height of exultation, and such sudden success after long failure is apt to upset the judgment and throw thought and feeling out of balance. This however applies mainly to the lower objects of desire.

But, with regard to *all*, the man of faith will seek to keep the balance undisturbed; neither too much cast down by "hope deferred," nor unduly lifted up by hope fulfilled. If, while God defers your hope, you still look to Him, trust in Him, and patiently wait His pleasure, then, when (by His loving-kindness) the desire comes, it will bring you nothing but good. As you saw a Father's dealing in the delaying of the hope, so you will see His loving Hand in the granting of it. To you the desire, when it cometh, will come from God. This will make it doubly delightful, but the delight will be in God—sober, wise, well-balanced.



A FAMILIAR FRIEND.

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

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



MUSCA DOMESTICA. If any of my present readers should entertain the impression that interest and rarity go hand in hand together, perhaps they will find themselves mistaken. For I am going to speak of an insect that is commonest of the common—the familiar house fly. We all know it; but we most of us know little or nothing about it. And we almost all of us, perhaps, consider it as one of those pests with which Providence, for some inscrutable reason, has seen fit to afflict us.

And yet I have called it, in the title-heading of this short paper, "a familiar friend." Familiar it is, no doubt; but a *friend*? We commonly look upon it as a noisy nuisance, a living irritant, a winged worry. Better call it a familiar enemy, surely, than a familiar friend.

But friends are of two kinds—open and secret, known and unknown. And those of the latter class are sometimes the truest and the best, although they

appear, very often, to our prejudiced eyes, in the guise of enemies. So it is with our fly. Outwardly and seemingly he is disagreeable to a degree; actually and really he is a friend, whose services can scarcely be estimated too highly.

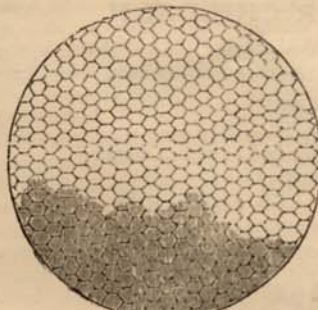
For, before he became a fly, he was a maggot—an eyeless, legless maggot, possessed of an astounding and insatiable appetite. And his days and nights were passed in the ceaseless absorption of such decaying matter as, if left unconsumed, would speedily poison the air. He forms, in fact, an important member of Nature's great army of scavengers; animals of high degree and low, whose task it is incessantly to purify earth and air and water, and to transmute death into life. What we owe to these hard-working creatures few of us ever know. We benefit by their work, and yet never even dream that the work has been done. And only too often we fail altogether to perceive their real character, and wage war against them as though we knew no bitterer foes.

Even in the fly itself there is much to interest us. Few of us, for example, would be likely to imagine that on that tiny head were no less than four thousand separate eyes. Generally we speak of the *two* eyes of a fly, and think, if we have ever looked at them at all, that they are remarkably big. But, as a matter of fact, each of those two "eye-masses," as they are more properly called, is made up of two thousand separate lenses, which of course are remarkably tiny. And as these are all set in different directions, their possessor can command the entire field of vision, without the necessity for even moving his head.

And behind his wings, in the place where the hind wings ought to be, are two little organs looking like small white scales. These *are* the hind wings, in an undeveloped form; and all that need be done by any one who longs to wake, like Byron, and find himself famous, is to discover in what way these useless-looking scales are employed in flight. So rudimentary they are that they have little or nothing of the nature of wings, and yet if they be injured or lost flight is impossible. It is a striking testimony to the limitation of our knowledge, that the world of science should be utterly baffled by a mystery in the structure of one of the commonest of common insects.

The feet of our fly, too, are well worthy of notice. Placed beneath the microscope, as one is placed before me now, the extremity of the sole of each foot is seen to be furnished with a double pad, closely set with multitudes of long, trumpet-shaped hairs. These hairs possess the property of exuding at the will of the insect a highly glutinous fluid, traces of which can easily be detected on a window-pane over which a fly has been walking. And by means of this fluid each pad is converted into a large and powerful sucker, the adhesion of which to the smoothest surface is amply sufficient to counteract the attractive force of gravity.

Even the wings of our fly are worthy of examination, for they are closely set with curved hairs, the office of which I will not attempt to decide, but which must



THE EYE OF A FLY.

number some hundreds of thousands in all, while in each of the nervures which traverse and support them is an air-tube, closely connected with that marvellous system of breathing apparatus which practically makes the entire body of an insect—head, body, wings, and legs—one comprehensive lung. And when we

learn that these wonderful wings are moved in flight at the rate of some three hundred and fifty vibrations a second, we gain some faint idea of the marvellous perfection of the muscular system which pervades that tiny frame.

And on the head of our fly are two three-jointed horns—"antennæ," if we wish to speak scientifically—set, like the wings, with numbers of tiny hairs. Here we meet with a mystery again, for, although all perfect insects possess them, no one has ever yet discovered the object for which these delicate organs are provided.

The irony of it! We go searching the world for wonders and marvels, and, with all our boasted knowledge, here we are beaten by the winglets and the horns of a fly!

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. PAUL.



WHEN came the Lord, the Holy Ghost,
In the dread gale of Pentecost,
He shed, like cloven tongues of fire,
His light on oneness of desire.

Men of all nations, hasting came,
Midst rushing wind and leaping flame:
Each in his mother-tongue heard told
The wonders God had wrought of old.

And with the blinding light, which burst
Across the path of Saul, athirst
With threat'nings dread and slaughter fierce,
There came a Power that heart to pierce.

No more the foe the saints should bind,
But he a captive's chain should find:
Struck to the earth, a Voice he hears,
And, trembling, he is filled with fears.

That Voice, it breaks the rocks of stone,
The cedar trees are overthrown,
And pride, before it, falls afraid,
The foe is a disciple made.

The light, the Voice, around, above,
The pleading voice of Jesu's love;
What miracles of grace they wrought,
As Saul the Master's purpose sought.

Then, when the will of God was done,
And grace its blessed work begun,
Saul was baptised, and evermore
He taught the truth he quenched before.

So while the power of Grace we praise,
The Master's Name we humbly raise:
All laud to God the Three in One,
Both now and evermore be done. Amen.

W. CHATTERTON DIX,

Author of "As with Gladness Men of Old."

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

*Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc.**"The multitude of His mercies."—LAM. iii. 32.*

HEAVEN deep, from thee peep
 Countless hosts of golden stars!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

Ocean strand, strewn with sand,
 Countless grains on thee are spread!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

Mighty sea, how in thee
 Countless drops of water stand!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

Summer field, thou dost yield
 Countless grains of golden corn!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

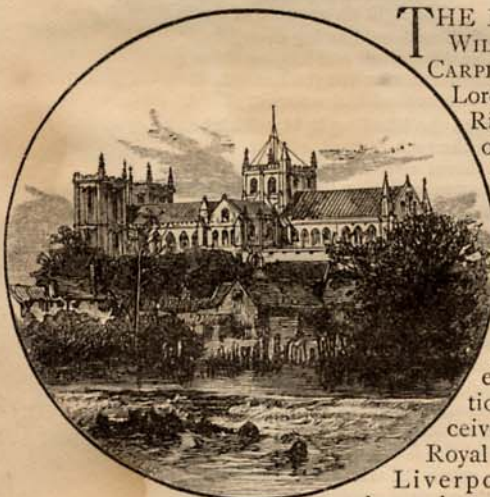
Forest green, in thee seen,
 Countless verdant leaves unfold!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

Sunbeam bright, in thy light
 Countless motes in glory shine!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

Evermore—untold store,
 Countless hours dost thou sustain!
 Countless more, blessings pour
 From the Lord of Light above.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE BISHOP OF RIPON.



RIPON CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD-CARPENTER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon, is a son of the late Rev. Henry Carpenter, Vicar of St. Michael's, Liverpool, and was born in 1841. His early education was received at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, from

whence he proceeded to Cambridge, where he was scholar of St. Catherine's College. He took his degree in 1864, coming out as Senior Optime. In the same year he was ordained by Archbishop Longley and licensed to the curacy of Maidstone, after which he became successively curate of St. Paul's, Clapham,

and curate of Holy Trinity, Lee; and then, during the illness of the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, he was placed in charge of St. James', Holloway, to which Vicarage he was presented on the death of Mr. Mackenzie in 1870. In 1879 he was promoted to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, where he



THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

attracted one of the largest and most influential congregations in the metropolis. In the same year he was nominated an Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and also Chaplain to the Bishop of London. In 1882 he was appointed a Canon of Windsor, in 1883 a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and in 1884, upon the death of Bishop Bickersteth, he was elevated to the Bishopric of Ripon. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter stands in the front rank of pulpit orators, and he has been twice appointed Select Preacher before his University, first in 1875, and again in 1877. In 1878 he filled the office of Hulsean Lecturer, in 1882 he was Select Preacher at Oxford, and in 1887 he was Bampton Lecturer.

Amongst his published works are *The Witness of the Heart for Christ* (Hulsean Lectures), *Commentary on Revelation* (Bishop Ellicott's New Testament Commentary), *Permanent Elements of Religion* (Bampton Lectures), etc. The Bishop is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines, and he has written both prose and verse for our own pages. Our portrait has been specially engraved by Mr. R. Taylor, from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.



MY object is to put before the reader, as clearly as may be, some points attention to which in any and every sick-room is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the patient. Sick-ness finds its way, at one time or another, into every home; and though most people are able to procure in some way skilled medi-

cal attendance, yet there are very few who can command the services of a trained nurse; and, in cases of prolonged sickness, the care of the nurse is often, as is well known, nearly as important as the care of the doctor himself. It will be convenient to group the simple hints which it is intended to give under six heads: (1) Patient; (2) Nurse; (3) Room; (4) Bed; (5) Food; (6) Doctor.

I. THE PATIENT.

The Nurse's object is to try to help the Doctor to bring back the sick person to health. It may seem almost absurd to say that this is a nurse's work, and yet it cannot be denied that a patient's recovery is frequently hindered by the neglect, on the part of those who are tending him, of two simple and chief necessities of healthy life—cleanliness and fresh air. From disease assisted by the presence of dirt and foul air there are few chances of recovery.

(i) *Cleanliness.*—The patient must be kept clean, and therefore he must be washed. Not long ago a woman, who had taken her husband to a hospital in London, told the sister of his ward, with evident expectation of approval, "I have taken every care of him; I have washed nothing but his face since this day week." "Ah!" replied the sister quietly, "the doctor has just ordered him a bath." It must be remembered that we breathe by means of our skin, as well as by our lungs, and the millions of tiny pores by which the skin is pierced require water to be passed over them that they may be kept open and unchoked by bad matter, the presence of which both prevents regular breathing and renders the person offensive.

How, then, is the patient to be kept fresh and clean? There is only one way, and that is by washing him. It is understood, of course, that he must never, on any account, be taken out of bed without the doctor's permission; and it is quite easy to wash a patient without uncovering him for a moment or running any risk. First, the window and door of the sick-room must be closed, so that no draught may reach the invalid. Next, the sheets (or at least the upper one) should be removed in order to avoid damping them. The best way of doing this will be explained in my next paper. The patient should then be *rolled* into a piece of blanket or an old shawl. How to do this will also be explained later on. He is now (we will suppose) warmly covered from neck to waist. The further directions will best be given in the imperative mood, like a cooking recipe. "Remove as quickly and as gently as possible the night-clothes, keeping the chest well covered while you do this. Turn the night-clothing inside out, and put it to air at the fire; do the same with the sheet or sheets which you have removed. Have warm water in a basin close to your hand, and soap and flannel in the basin. At the fire have a towel warming, and keep a kettle hot, so that you

may from time to time add to the water in the basin, in order to maintain it, as far as possible, at the same temperature, let the soap (plain yellow is best) dissolve for a short time in the water, so that the flannel may absorb some of it—this is better than rubbing the soap on the flannel. Then take the flannel, being careful to squeeze the water well from it, wipe the face with it, and dry firmly and quickly with a soft towel. It is well to have two towels at hand, so that as one becomes damp you may exchange it for the dry one. Wash next one arm and hand, then dry and replace the blanket or shawl; next wash the other arm and hand, and cover. Then pass the flannel gently and smoothly over the chest from neck to waist, and dry. To wash the back of the neck and the back of the chest, you must *roll* (no lifting!) your patient on his side, keeping the front of his chest covered, slipping the shawl off, but never leaving him uncovered for a moment. When he is in this position, and after you have finished the washing, slip on the night-clothes, fitting in first the arm which is uppermost; then, passing your arm gently under the head, pull the clothing over the head with your free hand, drawing it also well down over the shoulders. Roll up tightly the shawl on which the patient is lying, and which must now be removed. Place the patient on his back, fit in the other arm to the clothing, close up the neck, roll the patient towards you, and draw the shawl out quickly and firmly. This amount of washing must be done daily. The feet ought to be washed twice a week in the following way: Get water, soap, flannel, and towels ready as before, unfasten the bed-clothes at the bottom of the bed and turn them back; pass your arm, *not* your hand, firmly under the patient's legs, just below the knees; take the shawl, and with your free hand pass it under the legs from knees to heels, and turn the ends of the shawl back over them so that they are covered. Now wash the limbs thoroughly and dry them, remembering always to keep the second covered till the first is finished and covered again. When both are washed, raise the limbs as before, draw out the shawl, turn down and tuck in the bed-clothes."

In cases of fever, *e.g.*, typhoid, the washing of a patient is a very special feature in the treatment which the doctor orders. In such cases the washing is done without soap, and is usually called "sponging." The following hints may be taken as directions for sponging: The water must be at the exact heat ordered by the doctor. The patient must be rolled *from head to foot* in the shawl or blanket. It is not necessary to use an actual sponge, flannel will do just as well. Proceed as before until you have finished the front of the chest. Then sponge the stomach and lower parts of the body gently and thoroughly, drying them as carefully and tenderly as if you were tending an infant; then sponge and dry the thighs, taking first the one that is further off, continue in the same way, sponging and drying, from the knees to the soles of the feet. You must now roll the patient on his side and sponge the back of the chest to the waist, and dry; then the back parts of the body, and dry; then the thighs, and so on to the ankles. This treatment is likely to be ordered to be given night and morning; in critical cases, where there is good nursing, it may have to be given three times a day. Fatigue and anxiety will be forgotten by the nurse when she sees how often a sweet sleep will follow the sponging—sleep from which the patient will awake refreshed and strong for the next sponging. It is well to have close at hand a cupful of milk with which to refresh the patient from time to time, as the process is often rather exhausting.

(ii) The giving of medicine needs the application of the same rules, which will afterwards be suggested for the giving of food. Here it will be enough to say that

medicine must always be given at the exact hour, and in the exact quantity ordered by the doctor. The writer heard recently of an old countryman who was suffering from influenza, and whose doctor ordered him to take a certain medicine in two doses. He went to the chemist's and swallowed the first at the counter; and then, in order to avoid having to pay an extra penny for the bottle, immediately swallowed the second also. He is still alive, but one feels almost tempted to say, "he hardly deserves to be."

A separate glass should be kept for any medicine with a strong taste, such as castor-oil or cod-liver oil. And, if there are any immediate effects of the medicine (such as vomiting, headache, diarrhoea, etc.), they should be reported to the doctor at his next visit, in order that he may know, as far as possible, how the medicine is acting upon the constitution of his patient.

(iii) A few general remarks as to the treatment of a patient will appropriately close this first section. In all that is done for him *he must be kept free from worry*. Worry has killed its thousands. No strong person ought to indulge in such "unbelieving labour," no sick person is fit for it. A patient should be kept calm and restful; his questions should be answered *truthfully*, or, if that is impossible, he should understand that it is so. Sick persons should never be "put off" with false statements. They generally see through them, and are more annoyed by them than they would have been by the truth. A patient should not be allowed to be selfish and to be constantly demanding his nurse's services; and, as a rule, he will not be exacting if he sees that the nurse is always ready to do all that he really needs before he knows that he needs anything.

(To be continued.)

GARDEN WORK FOR JANUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

IN open weather fill up vacancies in cabbage beds which have suffered from the severity of the weather. Also plant some of the strongest plants of the Early York kind. Prepare ground for early crops of beans and peas, choosing sheltered borders.

Fruit Garden.

Prune fruit trees of all kinds which have not yet been attended to, and train and nail up wall and espalier trees.

Flower Garden.

Anemones, ranunculuses, crocuses, snowdrops, and other bulbs may be planted in open, mild weather.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,
Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.

1. HIDDEN Eatables.

- (1) This puzzle should easily be answered.
- (2) Take my umbrella also, lest it should rain.
- (3) Swearing is a usage to be condemned.
- (4) I believe all boys like a game at cricket.
- (5) I am coming to a standstill.

2. TRANSPOSITION.

The same five letters transposed give

- (1) something that farmers don't like.
- (2) " " householders don't like.
- (3) " " strangers don't like you to do.
- (4) " " nobody likes.
- (5) " " tired persons like.

3. MISSING LETTERS.

Supply the alternate letters, and give a well-known couplet.

—a—l—t—b—d—a—l—t—r—s—.

M—k—s—m—n—e—l—h—a—d—e—l—h—a—d—i—c—.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies."



"AN only son, and she was a widow." It is a bold picture in a few words. And such a picture! The widow Jervis loved her son more than her life; and although every one had given him up as a worthless vagabond, the poor old mother kept a warm place for him in her heart, and believed in him still. Night after night, no matter how late the hour when he

rambled home from the "Fox and Crown," he was sure to find the patient, forgiving, old mother, waiting to let him in; and when he was the worse for the few glasses—as, alas! was often the case—no word of reproach escaped her lips; but with the great aching load of sorrow in her heart she would wisely watch her words, and console herself with the thought, "He'll be more sensible in the morning, and then I'll give him my bit of advice!" Miss Abbott, the squire's daughter, had tried again and again to get Tom Jervis to turn over a new leaf. But even she was wearied out, and had despairingly said to his mother, "Well, Mrs. Jervis, I've done my best, but it's all of no use; it's a hopeless case!" "Ah, Miss!" quietly replied the widow, as the tears glistened down her cheeks, "I don't deny that you've done your best, but no matter who says 'It's a hopeless case,' his mother will never give him up!" And she never did. And there is no need to give him up now, for the widow's prayers have been answered, and the mother's love crowned with the joy of a son reclaimed. Yes, Tom Jervis' mother says, "Many and many a time, when I sat up till one and two in the morning, I felt inclined to cast him off; but whenever I took down the little Testament I always seemed to turn to the Prodigal Son, and that drove all the harsh thoughts out of my unkind old heart, and I hope God has forgiven me!"

COTTAGE COOKERY.

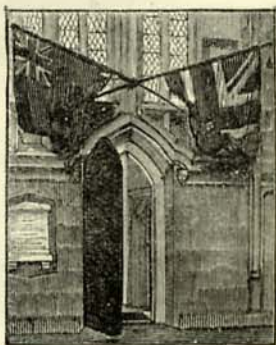
BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

LEEK SOUP.—4 leeks, 4 potatoes, 2d., 1 tablespoonful dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper 1 teaspoonful celery seed, 1d. Average cost, 3d. Wash the leeks and potatoes, pare, and cut into slices. Melt the dripping in a good-sized saucepan, and fry the vegetables for five minutes. This process is called sweating, and extracts the flavour of the vegetables better than by simply boiling them in water. Next add a quart of boiling water, pepper, salt, and the celery seed tied in a piece of muslin, let these all boil together for one hour remove then the celery seed, and the soup is ready. It is a general favourite, and is savoury, nourishing, and economical. Instead of the seeds, a blade of celery may be used when obtainable or in season. It should be cut into pieces about half an inch long. Like most vegetable soups, leek soup is improved by the addition of a little milk.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

I.—ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

COLOURS OF THE LIXth NOTTS REG.

THE church of St. Mary the Virgin has ever been the pride and glory of Nottingham, not only as an ecclesiastical edifice, but as the finest architectural structure in the town. It was erected in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and most probably with the materials of a previous edifice. Coupling these considerations with the fact that it was built on that portion of the borough which was formerly assigned by the Norman Conqueror to its English population, St. Mary's has peculiar claims to veneration and respect. The founders of the edifice evidently took a more liberal view of church accommodation than that which now prevails, for the whole population of the parish could at that time have been gathered within its walls; and how truly glad must those have been who, as Bishop Corbet states, even in his time, were earthed in holes in the ground, to leave their dismal abodes, and enjoy the privilege of entering this sacred shrine when it was in all its glory, glowing with colour and gold, and brightened with "storied windows richly dight," and there to spend a quiet hour over their devotions.

When Leland, the antiquary, visited St. Mary's in 1540, he said there were "so manie faire windowes yn itt, yt noe artificer could imagine to set more."

The materials for a structural history of the church are very scanty, there being no authentic record earlier than 1517, and this merely had reference to a dispute arising out of a wager respecting the painting of the rood loft. There is a tradition that the chancel was destroyed by the fall of the upper part of the tower in a storm during the reign of Queen Mary, which is favoured by the known destruction of the stone vaulting at the intersection of the nave and transepts, also by the deviation from the perpendicular of the piers in the nave. However this may be, if we let the church speak for itself, it would seem to disclaim all contemporaneous connection with the present chancel, as the poverty of detail in the latter fully proves. If this was the time when the present chancel was rebuilt, it is clear that a century must have elapsed between the erection of the two edifices, and it is quite possible that when the rest of the church was rebuilt, the then existing Norman chancel may either have been deemed too good to pull down, or lack of funds may have precluded its re-erection in harmony with the rest of the church,

The western wall of the nave and aisles has been twice rebuilt since the year 1725, the object in each instance evidently being to produce something in accordance with the prevailing taste of the day.

The windows in the south aisle were removed in 1761, and it is to be regretted that they were not restored in their original form, as exhibited by those in the north aisle. Prior to 1810 the fair proportions of this noble edifice were hidden from view by the ponderous galleries and the huge screen partition cutting off two bays of the nave and aisles. The prominent feature of such disfigurement was the ringing loft of the belfry, supported by wooden props springing from the tower piers. This was erected on the supposition that more length of rope was required than was originally provided for. The Rev. James Orange, in his *History of Nottingham*, says the boys used to amuse themselves after service time by swinging from the belfry floor into the body of the church over the pews and pulpit!

During the Vicariate of Archdeacon Wilkins something was done towards giving the building a more church-like aspect. The transition from capacious cushioned pews to rush-bottomed chairs could not then be thought of, so narrow pews, curtailed of everything but their exclusive doors, covered the whole area of the nave and aisles. The destruction of the great screen forming what was called the "ante-church," was compounded for by the erection of a solid stone one underneath the chancel arch. This, however, formed a double purpose in forming a reredos to the railed-off sacarium on its western side, and in transforming the chancel into an apartment to be exclusively used for baptisms and marriages. A stone gallery was erected at the west end of the church, and was surmounted by the organ.

In 1844 a new Vicar was appointed, who, with the best intentions, made a clear sweep of nearly all his predecessor



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.



ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

had done, including the demolition of the stone gallery and chancel-screen. Apart from the restoration of the west front the services of the architect on the occasion appear to have been comparatively slight, being chiefly confined to superintending the pulling down and carting away the costly erections of the former "restoration." Two more decades brought with them another "restoration"; and it is something to have gained once more a clear and unobtrusive view of this noble interior. Whatever may be the "beauty" which is "a joy for ever," those who have watched the recent growth of artistic beauty in St. Mary's, whether found on floor, wall, or window, as expressive of affectionate remembrance of absent friends and relatives, can truly say that its loveliness increases. We may add that the font contains an inscription in Greek, which reads the same backwards as forwards, with an injunction to "wash away thy sin, wash not thy face only," and that the pulpit was presented by members of the Church Congress, held at Nottingham in 1871. The oak chancel, screen, and reredos were the gift of T. Hill, Esq., churchwarden in 1885. Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor.

T. C. HINE, F.S.A.

TWO GREAT PAINTERS ON SUNDAY REST.—Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., the well-known painter, says in his *Autobiography*, that he ceased to paint on Sundays, believing that one day in seven was required for rest. He adds, "There never was a more industrious painter than my old friend Sydney Cooper, R.A. When he was asked if he painted on Sundays, he replied, 'No; if I can't get my living in six days, I shouldn't manage it in seven. Putting aside graver reasons, I would advise all students to set apart one day in seven for rest. I attribute my long-continued good health to my perseverance in this practice.'"

SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

I.

THE CHURCH AS SHE IS IN THE PRESENT DAY.



YOU ask, What are those unique features? I shall briefly endeavour to describe a few of them. Let us for a moment put aside all our knowledge of the records of ecclesiastical history from which we learn how the Church of England originated, was organized, extended and grew into her present vast elaborate and intricate organization, and look at her as she is in the present day, and what do we see?

Limiting our present view to her external framework, we see her organizations and works covering the length and breadth of the land, dividing it into two archbishoprics, thirty-four bishoprics, and some fourteen thousand parishes, with cathedrals, parish churches, and parsonage houses, besides some five

thousand mission churches and chapels, with efficient elementary schools in almost every parish.

We see the ordained ministry of this great institution divided into three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons—the number of the archbishops and bishops being thirty-six, with eighteen suffragan bishops, the number of parochial incumbents with cure of souls being nearly fifteen thousand, with between six and seven thousand assistant curates besides other ministering clergy.

And we see efforts being made continually to increase the number of bishoprics and cathedrals, parishes and churches, and schools, voluntary agencies, and to provide parochial endowments and houses of residence for the clergy, by purely voluntary contributions.

As the result, we see this great institution daily and rapidly growing in strength and expanding in dimensions in every part of the kingdom, so that the visible signs of its existence—its energy and its work—are everywhere manifest around us, attracting our attention, and witnessing to the activity of a mighty power in our midst, of which they are the outward and visible expression and result.

In addition to these great organizations of this institution in England, it has extended into the colonies and heathen lands, in which it has now over eighty bishoprics, and some four thousand clergy.

And this great institution is the Church of England. Here we say nothing of her vast landed property and endowments, the result of voluntary gifts in the long past, as well as the outcome of the liberality of her members in the present day.

We simply say—Here is this great Church of England covering the whole country with her sacred edifices from the humblest mission chapel to the magnificent mother church and cathedral of Canterbury, with many thousands of general Diocesan and parochial Church societies and organizations all intended to promote the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of the people.

Surely such a spectacle ought to excite our deepest interest in obtaining accurate answers to the inquiries—When, how, and by whom was this Church founded and organized?

How is it that this Church has survived the tremendous revolutions in the history of England, and that, while other institutions founded at the same time have been swept away, the Church still survives? How comes it to pass that at the present moment her position is stronger in the country, and that she has a deeper hold upon the intellect and affections of the people of England than she ever had before at any previous period of her history?

This Church, though she has passed through many changes which have left their indelible marks upon her character, is the only historical Church of the country. She has no equal, and no competitor. She is the only Church in which all our Christian forefathers lived, worshipped, and died.

She is the only Church which throughout the long centuries of England's eventful history was with our forefathers, and ministered to them in all the changing scenes of life from the cradle to the grave.

(To be continued.)

MANHOOD.*

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

"Quit you like men; be strong."



THESE words, or their exact equivalent, were uttered on very different occasions, and by very different voices. Each of the Testaments records them. The first Testament gives them as the almost desperate battle cry of the Philistines, when they heard the shout of Israel, as the ark of God was borne into their camp, and they felt that only a tremendous effort would save them from utter defeat. The second Testament borrows the pen of the Apostle to the Gentiles for impressing on an infant Church, exposed to the corruptions of a depraved society, the absolute need of moral power. But surely, to be strong, if we rightly understand the word, is the great necessity of us all, and there can be no manhood without it; and though all sorts of power have their use and fitness and beauty, power of limb and brain, power of resource and capacity, power of wealth and accomplishment, the power that works for goodness is the first and the last, the one indispensable power, the crown and bond of the rest. Further, as the Apostle reminds us elsewhere, power is not only a privilege, or a talent; it is a distinct, and solemn, and universal, and possible duty. It is provided for us in the indwelling God; we are to find it and use it in Him. What, however, do you understand by manhood? What are its constituent and inalienable elements? To quit us like men, we must see what it means to be men. The Roman had one idea of it, the Greek another, the Hebrew another; but the best is the Christians', formed after the mind and life of Christ.

The first characteristic of genuine manhood is self-restraint,—that invisible, often unconscious, but truly regal faculty, which springs from a sense of responsibility, which implies the highest kind of dignity, that of self-respect, which keeps vigilant watch over thoughts and words, impulses and habits, over flesh and spirit, over things innocent and things perilous, which is careful not to go too near the thin

* The substance of an address given at Bisley Camp to the National Rifle Association.

borderland that separates good from evil, which can say no, and even a sharp no, to itself as well as to others, which within the realm of the spiritual faculty is king. There is no manhood possible without this. With it, even in the absence of other desirable things that beautify, and mellow, and perfect it, it is still confessedly and undeniably the foundation on which true manhood is built. To rule others, we must first rule ourselves. In this sense it is that we are kings as well as priests to God.

But we are priests also if we are true men,—priests who offer sacrifices, not only of the lives of other creatures (a thing cheap and easy enough to do), but, when there is a needs be for it, of our own. Always, however, as duty indicates, and circumstances direct, including the surrender of much which goes to make life honourable, beautiful, convenient, enjoyable. A soldier (and what are you if you are not soldiers?), by the very law of his existence, and by the very nature of his profession, is one who must be prepared to go forth with his life in his hand, to whom home is a word that at its best means "no certain or permanent dwelling-place"; who risks health, meets hardships, encounters loss, confronts disaster, without either thought of praise, or whimper of discontent; who takes things as he finds them, and makes the best of them; who, in exact proportion to the fibre and staff of his manhood, scorns, while on duty, the thought of an inglorious ease. It is a mean life that has no ventures in it, and a poor life that never faces loss. If Julius Cæsar had shrunk from crossing the Rubicon, one of the greatest names in history would never have adorned it. If Washington had not risked everything for his country's sake the grandest instance of patriotism would have been lost to the world.

People say now, in a pessimism as detestable as it is unjust, that love of country has died out of the English people, and that the citizens of Athens cared far more for the liberties and independence of Greece than we Englishmen of to-day. It is easy to say such things, and hard to disprove them, for it is nearly a hundred and fifty years since, for a few anxious hours, there was a brush of civil war in England. It is centuries since the Wars of the Roses drenched English soil with blood, or since foreign enemies trampled on its dignity. We have, in fact, so entirely lost the fear of invasion out of our hearts, that the mere thought of it provokes a scorn too languid for anger. Yet the English people, once roused by a real danger, once united by a foreign foe, would prove itself again, as it has proved itself before, to be so passionately in love with their soil, their traditions, and their honour, that when the fighting is over, their enemies will have disappeared. Another feature in manhood—manhood of the best kind—is tenderness; tenderness for the young and the weak, for the sick and the suffering, for mother and wife, for daughter and little child. By tenderness I do not mean smothering with sugar plums, or lavishing gushing caresses, or the use

of endearing epithets, which, if constantly used, lose much of their sincerity, and all their sweetness, or the forbearing to be straight and honest, when there is a needs be for it, even at the risk of giving, perhaps, a quick pain to those we love. But I mean that tenderness, so peculiarly the quality of the strong, which hiding, and almost ashamed of itself when it does not feel to be wanted, quickly and instinctively reveals itself by the bedside of a little child, or in the long watching hours of a wife's sickness, says but little, though when it speaks, utters in a sentence volumes, is ever fain to have a reserve of love behind it, which years will not exhaust nor even death destroy. The glance of the eye, the sudden tear on the cheek, the pressure of the strong hand, and the hushed, heavy footstep, all speak of tenderness, all convey the impression of its unutterable pathos to the soul.

One thing more I must name; I wonder if you will agree with me. Courage admittedly is a feature of manhood, which almost goes without being named. But what is courage? Is it the total absence of all sense of fear, whether from a supreme ignorance of the perils to be encountered, or from a sort of brute instinct of blind and headstrong temerity; or rather is it not the serene and manful quality which sees and appreciates danger, and yet goes forth to confront it, feels alarm, but so far from being scared by it, tramples it under foot; which in the solitude of the tent the night before the battle muses gravely, though with nothing of panic or regret in it, over what to-morrow's fight may mean for wives made widows, and children fatherless; for desolated homes, and dearest joys buried for ever; and yet rises from it all, staunch and resolute, and with a gleam in the eye; for is it not all for duty, and for honour, for fatherland, and for the home where little ones are sleeping, unconscious of a cloud over their heads, where there is one waking, who lives in his heart, and to whom his life is worth more than a world? He gulps down his trouble, he tosses off the rising tear, he calms and strengthens himself on his knees, then he takes his rest, as if to-morrow were his bridal, not the less a man because he is sensitive to the emotions and susceptibilities of manhood, brave, not because he does not feel fear, but because he loves duty, and trusts God more.

My friends, believe me, the true secret of manhood is faith in the living God; and the best kind of manhood is that which lives in the sense of His overruling Providence, and in the childlike fear of His Holy Name. Do not try to live without God, as if you did not need Him every hour. He is your Father, and His Son, whom He gave to mankind, out of His love to us, took flesh that He might show to us what tenderness and self-sacrifice, what self-government and courage mean. He is at once our Life and our Pattern, our Saviour and our Friend. As you look to Him, and try to resemble Him, will you quit you like men, and be strong!



BETHLEHEM.

PALESTINE TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. R. F. G. SMITHWICK, M.A.,

Vicar of Seaforth.

BETHLEHEM, THE CITY OF DAVID

PALESTINE is the most interesting country in the world. Who is there who has not longed to visit "those holy fields, over whose acres walked those Blessed Feet which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed, for our advantage, on the bitter Cross"?

We propose taking our readers to some of those sacred places so familiar to us in connection with the life of our Blessed Lord.

We commence with the place of His birth. Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, we proceed for six miles over a road teeming with historical associations. Roads in the East are as unchangeable as fords and springs; we therefore feel that we are treading in the very footsteps of the old patriarchs. From this road Abraham and Isaac must have had their first glimpse of Moriah, while it was here that Rachel died and was buried, and to this day her tomb is to be seen on the wayside, a site which has never been disputed, and which is acknowledged by Christian, Jew, and Moslem. To Ruth this road must have been familiar, while David must have often traversed it. But our thoughts dwell rather on two weary travellers, who made their way along this path to be "enrolled" in the city of their ancestors, when "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed."

We approach the town by a steep ascent. Few places are more beautifully situated than Beit-Lahm, "the house of flesh," by which name it is known, rather than by the one so familiar to us. Standing on a ridge of a "long grey hill" of limestone, it commands extensive views of the surrounding country. On all sides we find terrace-gardens filled with olive and fig-trees, while the ground is carpeted with the most brilliant wild flowers, particularly the scarlet anemone. The town is no longer walled, but in other respects it presents the same view it must have done in the days of David, for, from its peculiar situation, it is impossible to extend it. The inhabitants, numbering between four and five thousand, for the most part Chris-

tian, are spoken of as hard-working and industrious. The women are remarkable for their beauty. It is said that they are not without a tinge of Norman blood in their veins—the result of the Crusades. They wear a peculiar head-dress, a round brimless hat, over which is thrown a light veil, generally about two yards long, used not so much for the purpose of covering the face, as for holding anything they wish to carry. To this day they may be seen following the example of Ruth,—the veil filled with barley. The forehead is usually covered with rows of gold or silver coins, a woman often carrying her fortune on her head. No doubt it was to one of these coins that reference is made in the parable of the "lost piece of silver." The house would need to be swept diligently, for the rooms often have no windows at all. The men of Bethlehem are, for the most part, engaged in agricultural pursuits, tending their flocks, or cultivating their vines, although many are employed in wood-carving, and in the manufacture

of "mementoes" made of mother-of-pearl, brought from the Red Sea, which find a ready sale amongst the pilgrims.

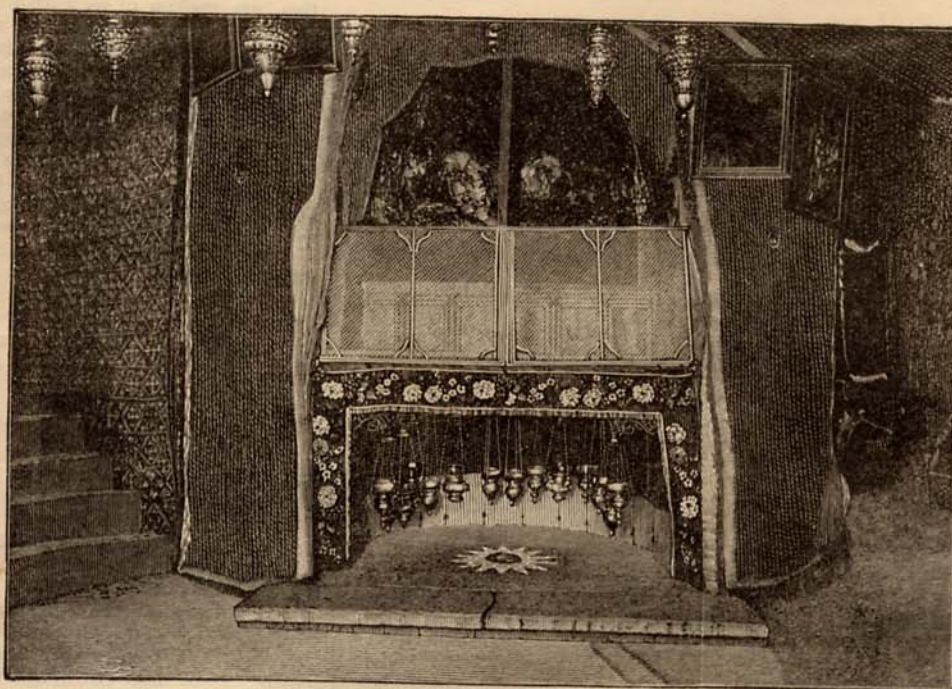
Passing through the narrow streets, we come to an open space, on one side of which stands the noble basilica of St. Helena, the oldest Christian church in the world, containing within its walls the Cave or Grotto of the Nativity, the "Stable" in which the Lord of Life was born.

The church, erected by the mother of Constantine in A.D. 327, has from time to time been "restored," the last repairs being executed by Edward IV. of England. Still, much of the original building remains, therefore we have here the "oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world."

Whatever doubts may exist regarding some of the sacred sites in Palestine, there can be but little question regarding the "Grotto of the Nativity." As early as Justin Martyr, A.D. 120, "a certain cave very close to the village" was pointed out as the birthplace of the Lord. To this day caves are used for the purpose of sheltering cattle, while it is an acknowledged fact that Khans or Inns never change in the East. Interesting as the church is, with all its historical associations, its interest pales before that which lies beneath.

Leaving the church by a half-sunk arched doorway at the east end, we descend a well-worn flight of steps, and soon find ourselves in the Chapel of the Nativity.

Although now almost entirely cased with marble, there can be no doubt that we are standing in a rock-hewn cave. Its length is about forty feet, the height about ten. It is lighted by a number of handsome silver lamps, which are carefully tended by priests of the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Churches. In a recess at one end of the grotto there stands an altar, and beneath it, on the marble floor, is seen a silver star, with an inscription which has thrilled the hearts of millions of Christian people, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est* ("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary"). We feel we are indeed upon holy ground, a feeling which is shared by Christians of every Church, and throughout the day the cave is seldom without its kneeling figures. That here the Lord began His earthly life we have no doubt. We have already referred to the testimony of Justin Martyr, which is confirmed by Origen, in the early part of the third century, while St. Jerome for thirty-four years lived in an adjoining



THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

cave, in order that he might be near the birthplace of his Master; from that cave issued the great work of his life, the Vulgate or Latin translation of the Scriptures, and here he died in A.D. 420. It is hardly necessary to say that the Christmas services at Bethlehem are of the most interesting character. Crowds of pilgrims arrive on Christmas Eve, at midnight a mighty burst of praise ascends from all hearts, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* is sung to the accompaniment of the organ and the pipes of the shepherds.

The well of Bethlehem next claims our attention, situated at the north end of the little town. It recalls to our minds an event in David's chequered life, bringing out the nobility of his character. As a boy he must often have slaked his thirst at this well, and knew how sweet and refreshing were its waters. When he and his men were secreted in the Cave of Adullam, and Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philistines, a longing came over him for a draught of the water. "Oh, that one would give me drink of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." No sooner was the wish expressed, than three brave followers broke through the ranks of the enemy, and procured for their king what he so longed for. He, however, would not drink, but poured it out unto the Lord. (2 Sam. xiii. 16.) To this day the well exists, hewn out of the rock, but now partly filled up with stones.

The traditional "Field of the Shepherds" is situated but a short distance from the town, for it must be remembered that Bethlehem has no suburbs. A very old tradition tells us that this is the field where "shepherds watched their flocks by night all seated on the ground," and it is quite possible that the tradition may be a correct one. Shepherds are often to be met with in this neighbourhood not driving their sheep, but going before them, illustrating the Saviour's words: "The sheep follow him for they know his voice." While wandering round the town, the history of Ruth is

forcibly brought to our minds. The blue hills of Moab are not far off, while the field is still pointed out by the natives of Bethlehem where she gleaned. The words of salutation are still to be heard as of old, "The Lord be with you," followed by the response, "The Lord bless thee." Indeed, the life in every detail is as in the olden time, the reapers sleeping on the ground at night, together with the gleaners who follow them. Coming from Jerusalem by Rachel's Tomb, we return by another way, passing the "Gardens of Solomon." It is springtime, and the trees are looking their best, clad in their early green vesture, the branches heavy with blossoms of every kind. Apricots, mulberries, peaches, and almonds abound. Here it was that "Solomon made him a garden and orchards, and planted in them all kinds of fruits, and pools of water, to water therewith the wood that brought forth." Doubtless the water was conveyed from "the pools" at the head of the valley, for the aqueducts can be distinctly traced. The gardens were long left uncultivated, but now, thanks to European enterprise, they have been taken in hand, and large quantities of fruit and vegetables are grown annually, and find a ready sale in Jerusalem.

THE CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.



HANDSOME Silk Banner, value Five Guineas, will be given by the Editor of "THE CHURCH MONTHLY" to that Company of the Church Lads' Brigade which earns the greatest number of marks in our "Sunday by Sunday" and "Puzzle Corner" departments from January to June, inclusive. All communications respecting this Banner Competition should be addressed to the BRIGADE SECRETARY, CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE, CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

LITTLE CHARLEY: A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,

Author of "Denis O'Neil," "A Thorny Way," etc.



WHEN the Chaplain of the workhouse stood at his window looking out upon the snow, the white sheet spread over the landscape far and wide, only broken here and there by a bare tree, hardly visible above the snowdrifts. The leaden-coloured sky seemed to close the earth in like a prison roof, and the Chaplain sighed as he looked at it, and turned his eyes away.

The courtyard of the workhouse was full of snow, for it was still early, and the men had not yet begun to clear it. Nothing was moving, except the faint thread of blue smoke that curled up from the chimney of the porter's lodge.

But as the Chaplain looked across to the great iron gates, he started suddenly, and came closer to the window that he might see more clearly; then, opening it, he leaned out into the clear cold air.

The sound of a door made him turn his head, and the old woman who waited on him came in with his breakfast.

"What be doin' with that window?" she exclaimed sharply, for having "done" for the Chaplain, as she called it, ever since he came to the workhouse, she felt she could say what she chose to him.

"I'll be back in a minute," was his only answer, and, seizing his hat, he rushed out, without waiting for her reply.

"He be clean mazed!" said old Sally, as she went to the window and watched the black figure plunging through the snow.

The Chaplain turned neither to right nor left. Straight across the yard he went, never heeding the piled-up drifts that reached almost to his knees; straight on till he reached the gates, and there he paused for a moment in wonder.

Yes, his eyes had not deceived him. It was a tiny child that leant against the iron bars,—a tiny child, wrapped in a little black cloak, and with bright curly hair that peeped out from under its hood. At first the Chaplain thought it was dead, for its eyes were shut and it did not stir when he put his hand through the bars to touch it; but its face was warm, and he saw that the angle of the high wall had sheltered it from the cold and snow.

Rising quickly to his feet, he knocked at the porter's door, and called to him to bring his keys and undo the gate.

The porter had no particular wish to leave his warm fire and half-finished breakfast; but as soon as he saw the strange little figure, his movements were as quick as even the impatient Chaplain could desire. Fetching a spade, he shovelled away the snow, and pushed back the heavy gate far enough to make room to pass out.

Still the child did not move, and the Chaplain raised it unresistingly in his arms, and carried it into the porter's lodge. The fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and, sitting down beside it, he took off the little cloak and hood. The fair curls fell over his arm, and as he bent his head anxiously towards the white face, he felt the child's breath touch his cheek. It was still alive, and telling the porter to take off the tiny wet boots, he began to rub its hands to bring back their warmth. It could not have been very long at the gate or it must have died from the cold, but

how it had come there was a mystery. The first thing to be done, however, was to bring it back to consciousness, and the two men did not stop their efforts until the eyes unclosed, and with a sigh the child moved its head; then, taking some milk that the porter had warmed, the chaplain fed it by spoonfuls.

"I wonder if it can tell us where it comes from," he said, but all his questions ended in nothing but a wondering stare.

"Here's something on the cloak!" exclaimed the porter, holding out the little garment as he spoke.

A piece of paper was fastened to the inside, on which the words were written, in an uncertain hand—

"Pleese take litel Charley in."

"Did mother bring you here?" said the Chaplain.

Little Charley shook his curly head.

"Well, he shall stay in my room to-day," said the Chaplain, wrapping the cloak about him. "The Guardians will be here presently, and perhaps we shall find out something before then."

He had forgotten all about his breakfast by this time; but old Sally, who had been watching eagerly from the window, was ready for him when he entered with the little black bundle in his arms.

"Look here, Sally," he said, "this is what I found at the gate!"

"Poor little lamb!" cried Sally. "How did it get there?"

"That's more than I can tell you," said the Chaplain. "This is all I know," and he read her the words from the paper.

"Well, I'm beat!" said the old woman. "Shall I take him with me," she added, "while you get your breakfast?"

"No, he shall stay here," said the Chaplain; and, laying the little fellow carefully on the sofa, he sat down to his cold coffee.

Little Charley seemed quite contented with his new quarters, and soon dropped off to sleep, lulled by the quiet and warmth; but his face was flushed, and from time to time he gave a sharp cough.

"He'll have to go to the Infirmary," said the Chaplain to himself; and, before going to see the Guardians, he sent for the Matron, and asked her to take the child upstairs.

The Guardians listened to the story with interest, and examined the paper.

"Of course the child must stay here until we can find out to whom he belongs," said one of them. "He must have been left here by some one on the tramp. I suppose, so we shall have to wait until they come this way again."

But little Charley's father never came that way again. Only a few days passed before news was brought to the workhouse that a man had been found by the roadside in a neighbouring village, whom no one knew, and who died before it could be discovered where he had come from. But a pawn-ticket was found in his pocket, on which was the name "Charles Harper," and no doubt was felt by any one that he was the father of "Litel Charley."

"How is the little boy?" the chaplain asked one morning of the nurse in the children's ward.

"His cough is much better," said the Nurse, "but we can't get him to eat much, and he frets a good deal. The only time when he seems really happy is when he goes into the men's ward."

"I suppose he has been used to being always with his father," said the Chaplain. "Are the men kind to him?"

"Yes, all of them, except that last man who came in—Watson, his name is. I never had such a difficult patient to deal with before. He's always bad-tempered and scowling, yet it's odd that little Charley seems to take to him



"WITH A SIGH THE CHILD MOVED."

more than to any of the others. But Watson quarrels so with the other men that I mean to ask the Doctor to let me put him in the little ward by himself."

"What! do you think of putting Charley into the little ward with him?" said the Chaplain.

"Alone with Watson!" cried the Nurse. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I think that's a dreadful idea. You don't know how bad that man is."

"Yes I do," said the Chaplain; "but all the same it may be the right thing to do. If you put Watson in that ward alone he will take it as a punishment, and give you more trouble than ever; whereas if he has the charge of the child he will feel that he is of some use."

"But what will become of Charley?" said the nurse.

"You say that he is not afraid of Watson; that proves that there is some good in the man after all; the child has found a soft spot that you could never reach. Besides, your room opens into the little ward, so that you can always keep an eye on them. I am coming up to the infirmary presently, and I will see about it."

(To be continued.)

THE EPIPHANY.

"We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."—ST. MATT. ii. 2.

O, a fair and goodly star,
Dawning on the Persians' gaze,
Sheds its glory near and far,
Calls them with prophetic rays—
Calls them, draws them, leads them on
Faithful, joyful, not afraid,
Till behold, it stays anon
Where the Holy Child is laid!

Is there now no star to guide
Pilgrims through a world of sin?
Outward beam may be denied,
Yet there shines a star within.
Holy Spirit, Living Light,
Rise serene in every breast,
Lead us on through storm and night
Safe to Jesu's Home of Rest!

FREDK. LANGBRIDGE.

ST. JOHN'S RECTORY, LIMERICK.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

Jan. 1st, The Feast of Circumcision.

(Luke ii. 15-20.)

1. Where else, in the beginning of St. Luke, do we read of conduct similar to that described in Luke ii. 18 on the one hand, and Luke ii. 19 on the other?
2. In what three ways, which can each be described by a word beginning with the letter *p*—such words to be found respectively in 1 Thess. v., Romans x. (twice), and Psalm cl. (many times)—did the shepherds, mentioned to-day, give evidence of their faith?
3. How can Luke ii. 21 be shown to agree with the contents of both the Gospel and Epistle for the Sunday after Christmas?

Jan. 8th, First Sunday after Epiphany.

(Luke ii. 41-52.)

1. How does this "Gospel" help to show that the "Child" Jesus was both greatly trusted and greatly loved by "His parents"?
2. In what way does it further illustrate one of the points touched on in the third question for last Sunday?
3. How may it be made use of in connection with Confirmation?

Jan. 15th, Second Sunday after Epiphany.

(John ii. 1-11.)

1. What words in the "Epistle" describe one point in the character of those who invited the Saviour and His mother and disciples to the feast spoken of in the "Gospel"?
2. What words in the same "Epistle" describe one point in the Saviour's conduct on the same occasion?
3. What words in the same "Gospel" seem to show the effect produced by the whole previous life of the Saviour on those who knew Him best? And what two things are mentioned in Matt. iii. which seem to point in the same direction?

Jan. 22nd, Third Sunday after Epiphany.

(Matt. viii. 1-13.)

1. How does this "Gospel" encourage us in praying both for others and ourselves?
2. In how many ways may we consider the centurion, here spoken of, to be deserving of our imitation and praise?
3. In what points may we compare, and in what points may we contrast, his conduct and experience with those of the leper mentioned in the same passage of Scripture?

Jan. 29th, Septuagesima Sunday.

(Matt. xx. 1-16.)

1. In what respects do all the labourers spoken of in this Gospel appear to have been alike?
2. How can it be shown that the householder in this parable was generous to some without being unjust to any?
3. In what part of the story of David do we read of the establishment of a long-observed ordinance, the principle of which was much the same as that acted on in this parable?

* * * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted from January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. The winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. For example, the answers to the above questions for January must be sent in on or before February 1st. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, state their ages, and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—"Bible Explorations," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



NEW YEARS CARDS
FOR GOOD LITTLE
GIRLS AND
BOYS.



PUSS LETS IN THE NEW-YEAR.



CRUMBS FOR THE DICKIES.

FOR THE TINY TROTS.



TAKING CARE OF DOGGIE.

Dear Cecil, whose doings I've left till the
last,
With his sledge rushes backwards and for-
wards so fast,
That his little pet howl-wow, quite mad with
delight,
Thinks it never has seen such a wonderful
sight.
So, my dear tiny readers, from far and from
near,
May you all have a very bright Happy
New Year.

A Happy New Year for good girls
and good boys,
With bright pretty cards and plenty
of toys.
The postman is coming, I hear his
rat-tat!
Yes, and Connie's New Year is
"let in" by the cat;
While Gerald, our boy with the fat
chubby thumbs,
Stands feeding the dickies with
sugar and crumbs.
And big brother Arthur walks off
with the doggie,
To take a small present to old
Kitty Coggie.



SLEDGING.

A.R.

A New Year's Hymn.

Words by the VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.
(Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster.)

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)



1. The old year's wing-ed hours, From day to gold-en day, With win-ter snows and
2. What price-less boon, O Time, To thy New Year is given? Oh, may it help our



sum-mer flow'rs, Have sped up-on their way— Have sped up-on their way, To
feet to climb The nar-row path to Heav'n— The nar-row path to Heav'n, Where,



come no more a-gain, With hopes and fears, and joys and tears, And gifts for men.
on the sap-phire floor, God's sons shall stand at His right hand For ev-er-more!

3. Vain, vain is all beside !
Nor gold nor love can save
Our glory from the rolling tide
Which sweeps us to the grave—
Which sweeps us to the grave,
Where, though all else decays,
God's Word is sure, and shall endure
To endless days.

4. Oh, while the New Year rolls
To join the darkening past,
Teach us, dear Saviour of our souls,
Our cares on Thee to cast—
Our cares on Thee to cast,
To know as we are known,
Till angel throngs shall join our songs
Before Thy Throne.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"Read, Mark, and Learn."

MR. WALKER, the Scripture Reader to the Sailors at Marseilles, is a good speaker, and has a ready knowledge of his Bible. His method of meeting opposition is well illustrated by the following extract from his journal: 'Went on board ss. —. One of the engineers said, 'Don't come here with that nonsense; the Bible is a lot of lies.' 'Come now, surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood?' That's true, and that's in the Bible. Can you mention any statement in the Bible that you can prove to be a lie? No answer. Then I challenged him to quote one verse of the Bible, and he could not. I said, 'Why, you don't know anything about it; then what right have you to say it's all lies? My advice to you is to read it, and it will tell you a great many more truths that will do you good to know.'

A Besetting Sin.

THE REV. W. ROSSITER, writing from Aliwal North, in the Diocese of Grahamstown, says: "There is much drinking in this as in other towns of the colony, and the natives are more easily drawn into the evil than even Europeans are. It is a vice that suits their soft and indolent natures; lolling, lounging, crouching, and walking in the attitude of drunkards are natural to them, and as their wants are few, they can spend the chief part of their wages upon drink. In this small town, with only one butcher, there are nineteen licensed drinking places for Europeans, canteens for natives, and bottle stores for families, and they are all making a livelihood. With such besetting temptations you can imagine how seldom it is these poor weak people can rise superior to them, and how seldom it is that the soil of their hearts is ready to receive the seed of the Word that may bring forth fruit to the glory of God."

