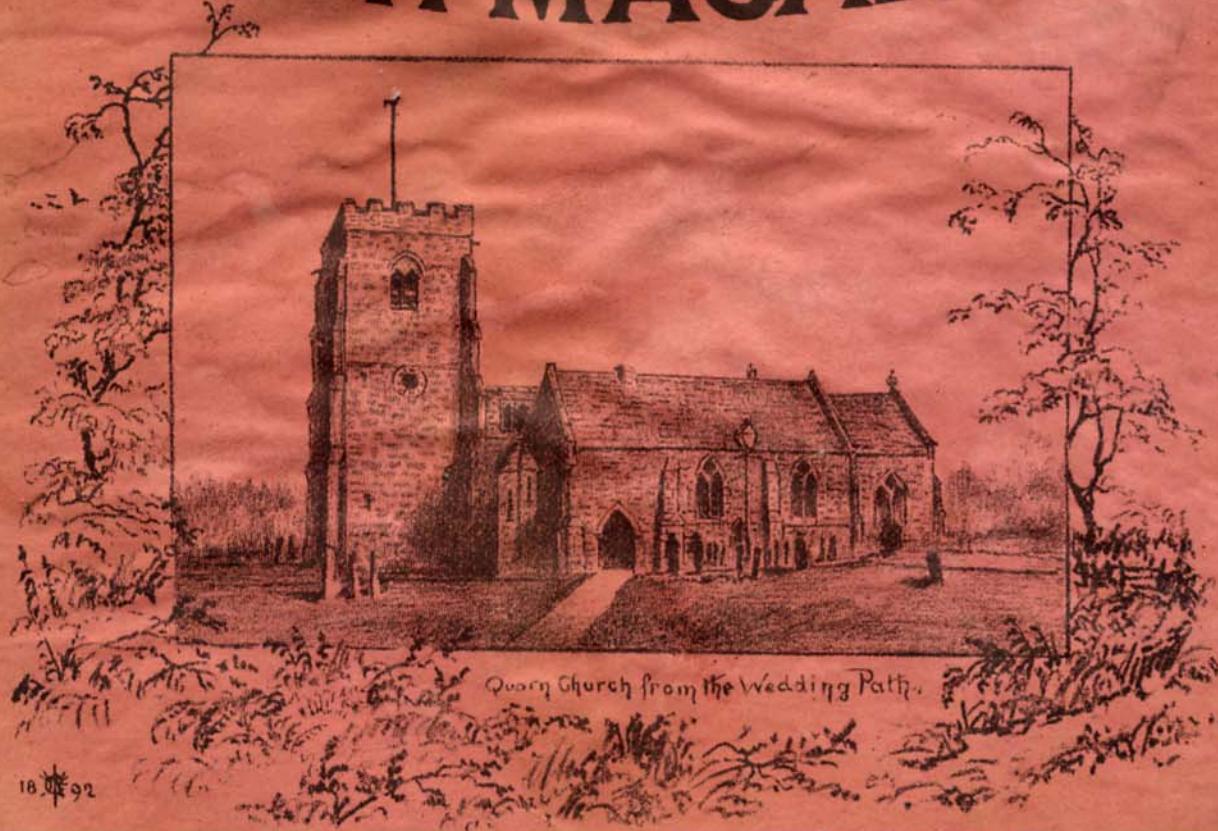


March, 1893.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the 1st Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms.
 6.33 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. on 1st and 3rd Sundays for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

SAINTS DAYS and HOLY DAYS—
 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10 a.m. Mattins.
 7.30 p.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon.

All other Week Days—
 8.30 a.m. Mattins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

On Wednesday Evenings in Lent their will be a course of plain, practical addresses on Common Christian Duties. This will be at 7.30 p.m., and with Prayers and Hymns will last about three quarters of an hour.

The Subjects of the remaining Addresses will be as follows:-
 Mar. 1st.—Christian duty at work and at home.
 8th.—Private Prayers.
 15th.—Public Worship.
 22nd.—Devout receiving of Holy Communion.
 29th.—Preparation for Easter Communion.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Sat., Mar. 25: The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On this day is commemorated the first message from heaven of the coming of the Saviour. The story of the Angel coming to Mary is found S. Luke, i. 26-38, which passage is appointed for the Gospel. It is the first mention we have of the pure and humble-minded woman who was to be so highly-favoured and to be called Blessed by all generations.

The Choral Evensong and Sermon for this Festival, will be held on the Eve—i.e. Friday Evening at 7.30.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent—(Mar. 19th,) is called "Passion Sunday" because then we begin to contemplate the Passion or Suffering of our Lord, which we are so soon to commemorate.

The Sixth Sunday in Lent—(Mar. 26th,) is called "Palm Sunday" in reference to the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, when the people made a triumph for Him by waving the palm branches before Him and strewing them in His way—(S. Matt. xxi. 1-11.)

The Week beginning on Palm Sunday is called **HOLY WEEK** because of the peculiarly solemn and sacred subjects which are commemorated day by day, viz:—The actions and saying of the last days of our Lord on Earth.

GOOD FRIDAY—(Mar. 31st,) is of course the most solemn day of all—the day of our Lord's Crucifixion.

The next month will open with the happiest day in all the year
EASTER DAY—(April 2nd.)

Notices of the Special Services in Holy Week and Easter will be circulated later.

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

5th—} 12th—} The Gospel for the Day.
 19th—S. John xi
 26th—S. Luke xix. 28 to end. } Hymns to be learnt—
 finish 92, begin 140.

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished).

Feb. 6th: Herbert Harold Burton.
 8th: Isabella Thompson.
 19th: Margaret Ellen Mee.

Burials.

Jan. 26th: Edward Sketchley, aged 80 years.
 Feb. 13th: Norah Ward, aged 54 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.	Special. C.E.T.S.
Jan. 29—	—	£0 4s. 6d.	£4 3s. 2½d.
			Negro Boy.
Feb. 5—£2 7s. 10½d.	£0 3s. 3d.	£1 2s. 0d.	
12—	£0 6s. 10d.		
19—£2 17s. 3½d.	£0 4s. 2d.		
Poor Box	—	£0 12s. 9d.	
Totals £5 5s. 2d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£5 5s. 2½d.	

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Mar. 5th	317 197	165 92 27	240 193 28
12th.	160 250 238	290 92 291	290 269 25
19th.	4 91 265	207 92 13	264 164 27
24th	—	—	261 450 24
26th	172 99 98	98 108 193	99 96 31
31st	107 108 184	332 108 194	108 123 124

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

PARISH NOTES.

This year the month of March brings us quite close to Easter. Easter Day will be April 2nd. This is very early. Last year it fell a fortnight later, but in 1891 it was earlier than this year, March 29th. The last day of this month will be the most solemn and sacred of all (Good Friday.) How will you spend it? Perhaps you will have to go to work all day—well and good—if it cannot be helped. But if there is no work, shall you spend it as a holiday or day for gaiety. It is hard to understand how any thinking person can do this. We cannot let the Magazine go out this month without a word of warning on this subject. In Church there will be Morning and Evening Services just as on Sundays, and notice of Special Services for that day and Holy Week, will be published later.

We shall hope for a good attendance at the Lecture on Temperance at the Schools, on Monday Evening, March 6th. The Lecture will be given by the Rev. E. G. Hodge, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Leicester, and it will be illustrated by a lime-light lantern, to begin at 7.30.

In last month's Magazine we called attention to the little half-penny illustrated, religious, weekly paper, called *The Church Evangelist*. The sale of it in the parish started far better than was expected. It is being taken week by week in more than 100 homes. We are very glad of this and hope more yet will take it.

The following letter on the subject of the Confirmation, was read in Church on Feb. 19th:—

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

A Confirmation will be holden, God willing, in Quorn Church, on Wednesday the 19th day of April, at half-past Eleven o'clock.

I hereby earnestly invite all such among you, as have not been already confirmed and are of fit age, to prepare themselves for this Scriptural and Apostolic Ordinance, considering seriously how dangerous a thing it is to refuse the offer of any means of Grace, and how great a blessing they may obtain by the faithful use thereof.

I would remind you that Confirmation brings before you in a special manner the duties and privileges of the Christian Life.

Firstly, it is the renewal of your Baptismal vows and the public dedication of yourselves to God's service.

Secondly, in the laying on of hands, you look for a special gift of God's Holy Spirit to strengthen and confirm you in your battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Thirdly, it is an introduction to a higher spiritual life, which is nourished by the faithful partaking of the Holy Communion.

On all these points, your Clergy are prepared to give you full instruction, which I would urge you all to attend, that you may be the better able to decide upon the meaning and importance of this solemn Ordinance. I commend it to the earnest consideration of those whom it concerns, and I pray God that it may be as greatly blessed to many among you as it has been to thousands upon thousands in every age of the Church's history.

I desire also to ask all Christian people in this parish to pray to God for a blessing upon the coming Confirmation.

Your faithful friend and father in God,

MANDELL PETRIBURG.

Although the work of preparation has already begun, yet the Vicar will be willing to receive more names. A responsibility lies upon parents, god-parents, guardians and masters of households in respect of those under their care, to see that they do not neglect this means of grace. It affords an opportunity for giving them instruction which may never come again, and also for plain warnings against the temptations which they must meet with. In regard to the proper age; all over 14 are certainly old enough. Generally those who are old enough to go to work are old enough to understand the meaning of this Ordinance, and to prepare themselves for it.

On Sunday, March 12th, all being well, the Sermons will be preached by the Rev. Canon Stocks, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leicester, and Rural Dean.

We are glad to notice that the Second Collection for the Negro Boy at the Mission School in Africa, on Feb. 5th, amounted to £1 2s. Od. being 1s. more than the First Collection.

The second awfully sudden death this winter has taken place in the Village! And this time plainly due to intemperance. In neither case was it a Quorn man, but the death happened here as a warning to us. Is there any part of our time in which it would be awful to meet death if it came upon us suddenly?

Report of Football Matches in February will be given in next month's Magazine.

The following Matches are arranged to be played at Quorn in March:—

1st Team

Mar. 4th—v. S. Margaret's, Leicester.
11th—v. Kegworth.
—v. Sileby

Reserve Team

Mar. 25th—v. Staynes & Smith's Reserve.



Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.]

"IN THE OLD BELFRY."

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

CHURCH BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

BY ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
(*Of Brentwood.*)

"To call the folk to church in time,
We chime.
When mirth and joy are on the wing,
We ring.
When from the body parts the soul,
We toll."



PERHAPS there is no art about which the world at large knows so little as that of Bell Ringing. Nearly every representation of ringers in a belfry that one sees in magazines and illustrated papers depicts the men holding the ropes in such a manner as to render it impossible for them to ring the bells. They are generally shown to be either grasping the ropes' ends as high as they can reach, or holding them with both hands in the middle, as if the bells were pulled with a sudden jerk, while the ends are lying about on the ringing floor.

In the first number of *Punch* for the last year, four large bells without any manner of tackling are represented as being rung with one thick rope by a child, who moreover is *sitting down* to his work! How different is all this from the reality!

In like manner the drawings of the bells themselves on title-pages of music, Christmas cards, book-covers, etc., afford no idea whatever of the manner in which bells are hung in the bell chamber. Whether bells were adopted into the Church from heathen temples, or whether, like organs, they are of Christian origin, cannot be discussed here, but few things have had greater influence over Church architecture than the bell.

"To it," says a writer in the *Church Builder*, "we owe the most striking external feature of our churches, the tower. If we stand on some hill and look down upon the many-towered city beneath our feet, or gaze upon the village tower sheltered among the trees of the wooded country landscape, or watch the lofty spires rearing themselves up against the horizon, and looking, when seen in the horizontal rays of a rising or setting sun, like ladders of fire, or if we turn our attention to the varied form of cot or spirelet which crests the humbler village churches of the south of England, or the plain open gable so common in mountainous districts; for all these varied objects of beauty we are indebted to the church bell."

One of the finest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts in existence, the ancient Benedictional of the See of Winchester, that of Bishop Æthelwold (an illuminated manuscript of the tenth century, executed in this country between the years 963 and 984, now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire), has one illumination representing five bells hanging in a tower and not in an open turret, which shows that they were in use at this period.

It is not the purpose of the writer of this paper to enter into the history and antiquity of bells in general, as this has been done already by such competent authorities as the Revs. A. Gatty, H. T. Ellacombe, W. C. Lukis, and others; but it may be stated that no church bells of a date before the thirteenth century are believed to exist. The earliest dated bell, A.D. 1258, is at Freiburg in the Black Forest, says the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. At Cold Ashby, Northamptonshire, the treble bell has + Maria: Voco: Ano: Dni: Mo CCC^o XVI.

In Lacroix's "Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages," it is stated that "it is possible to trace back to the sixth century the first use of church bells, but their general introduction into the Western Church dates from the eighth century. They were termed *seings* (in Latin *signa*); they were not rung, but were simply struck with wooden or metal hammers, as is still done south of the Pyrenees. From this practice comes the word *toc-seing*, or *tocsin*, applied to the municipal seals of the Middle Ages and of later times" (p. 228).

He gives an illustration of a Romanesque perforated handbell of twelfth century date, representing the symbols of the Four Evangelists, preserved in the Archaeological Museum at Rheims, together with an engraving of a stone statuette of St. Anthony of the third century, holding a bell in his right hand. In a manuscript of the fourteenth century at Paris is an illumination of the casting of a bell in the presence of a bishop, who gives it his benediction.

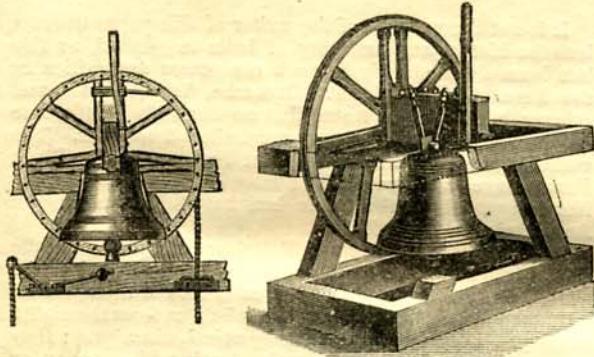
A few years ago, to mount a church tower as far as to the bells, would in most cases have been a very difficult and sometimes an impossible task; for in the days of carelessness before the Church revival, no portion of our sacred buildings was so grievously neglected and desecrated. The spiral staircases were blocked, often knee-deep, with sticks, straw, feathers, old nests, and rubbish of all kinds, which had been carried in by daws and starlings, and the ladders, floors, and bell-frames, in a like condition, were frequently so rotten and decayed that it was a dangerous operation to move from one part of the tower to another; the ringing chambers, in addition, too often showing signs of recent drinking and smoking. Now, happily, all this is remedied in most instances, and the belfries are as well cared for as the chancels, while the ringers themselves are generally highly respectable men, who have the interests of the church as much at heart as the clergy.

Let us now ascend the stone staircase and enter the bell-loft to see how the bells are hung; but here a necessary warning is most important. ↗ Let no inexperienced person ever presume to handle a bell-rope, in case the bell be set for ringing, as a very slight pull will then suffice to let the bell go, and he may pay dearly for his temerity by

being drawn up and dashed against the ceiling, and so probably lose his life. An accident of this kind occurred in an Essex belfry only a few years ago, and one at Doncaster in 1778. Still more painful is a case recorded by the Rev. W. C. Lukis, which occurred in 1812, when a boy sitting near a ringer was caught by the rope, and so seriously injured that he died, and was buried in the same grave with a brother who had been drowned. On the gravestone they are thus quaintly commemorated:—

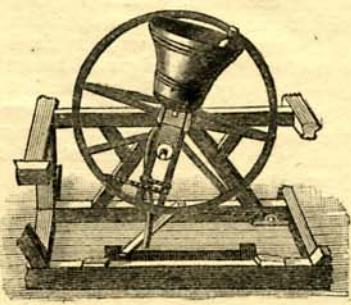
"These 2 youths were by misfortune serounded,
One died of his wounds, and the other was drownded."

The following illustration of a bell at rest, with the description of its various parts, will make clear all its arrangements.

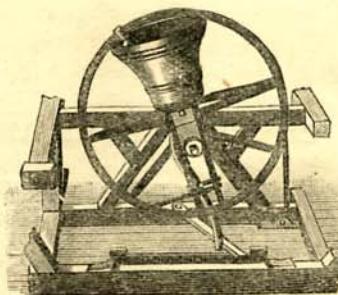


BELLS AT REST.

In order to *ring* a bell, it will be necessary first to *raise* it, and this is done by pulling the rope so as to swing the bell gradually from side to side, till at last it swings so far each way as to describe a complete circle, when the bell is said to be *up*. If necessary, it may be allowed to lean a little *over the balance*, until the *stay* moves the *slider* to the extremity of the notch in which it works. Thus leaning at rest the bell may be left, and it is then said to be *set*. A very slight pull of the rope will cause it to swing back and set itself in the opposite direction, hence the danger to inexperienced persons should they meddle with the ropes, as notified in the caution above; but an unnecessarily strong pull would very probably break the stay and turn the bell over. The ropes are generally fastened in a long twisted loop at the end, a little above which some soft tufting, called the *sally*, is woven into them, so that they may be grasped readily. In Yorkshire the ropes are single to the end below the sally. When the rope is nearly all off the circumference of the wheel, as shown in the following illustration, it is said to be *set at hand-stroke*. Then, the bell having been *pulled off*, it revolves in the contrary direction, and winds the rope round nearly the whole circumference of the wheel, when it is said to be at *back-stroke*. Observe how differently the rope is grasped in both cases. At *hand-stroke* (Fig. 1), both hands hold the *sally*, but at *back-stroke*,



AT HAND-STROKE.



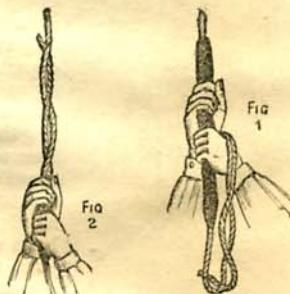
AT BACK STROKE.

(Fig. 2) both hands grasp the *rope-end*, because most of the rope is then wound round the wheel. Under no circumstance is the end of the rope ever allowed to leave the hand while ringing. All this is clearly exemplified in the following examples.

It is quite an error to suppose it to be

hard work to ring a bell. On the contrary, to an experienced ringer it is perfectly easy, and he is as sensitive to the position and "feel" of the rope as though it were merely a light silken cord. It has been well remarked that "it is *knack* and not strength" that is needed in ringing. A great deal of practice under the guidance of an expert ringer—the bell having its clapper lashed to prevent noise—will be necessary before a novice will be able to *raise*, and afterwards ring a bell gracefully and without effort; but similar care and practice are also required to accomplish other acts gracefully, as archery, bicycling, etc. Beginners are often much concerned about the *sally* when once it has left the hand, but it is sure to return to the *hand-stroke*, and practice will enable the ringer to catch it as it were by instinct, and even without looking for it, as organists can use their keyboard in the dark or with their eyes shut.

(To be continued.)



GARDEN WORK FOR MARCH.

Fruit Garden.

HERE standard apple and pear trees have attained sufficient size and age to produce fruit but fail to do so, or where the fruit is of inferior quality, the present is a good time to cut them down and regraft with varieties which have been proved to succeed in the locality. Many varieties of the apple and the pear, but particularly the latter, although known to be of first-rate quality in certain soils and localities, are found to be quite the reverse in others, and where this is the case it is useless to continue growing them.

Kitchen Garden.

A sowing should be made on a border of cauliflower seed, Early London and Walcheren; Autumn Giant also being sown, as this and Eclipse, an admirable variety, withstand drought better than the first two, and to which they form a desirable succession; also of Brussels Sprouts, Drumhead Savoy, Heartwell and Ellam's Early Cabbage, and a little leek seed for raising plants where these are required early. Also on a warm border should be sown Early Horn Carrot, Nantes being excellent, and early Milan Turnip, which comes in several days in advance of any other variety. All small salads may be sown once a week, such as cress, radish, mustard, etc.

THE PATIENCE OF TWO.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,
Author of "Strayed East," "The Flower of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A BENEFACTOR IN THE FLESH.



WHEN Mark Anstead left the engaging but still costly company of Captain Armstrong, he had no definite plan in mind; but as he walked slowly away from the "Red Lion," it suddenly occurred to him that it might be as well to see in what manner of building "Benefactor" was housed.

Accordingly he journeyed into the City, thinking by the way of some obvious posts of pleasant and not too trying activity which "a position of trust" might reasonably cover. Like many a prodigal, who has found it convenient to see a good deal of the world, he was fully persuaded that his varied travels had given him no common endowment of wisdom. His consoling reminder to anxious friends, "I shall be all right," was in reality the expression of perfect trust in himself. It did not occur to him as possible that within the limits of the mother-country there should be found persons who could outwit him.

And yet his confidence did not extend to a belief in his own virtue. Mark Anstead never so far deceived himself as to suppose that his own lack of steadiness and industry was not observed. He knew of this lack himself; he did not mind if other people knew it too. His only wonder was that anybody should behave otherwise than he himself did. The rush and bustle in which some men lived; the long hours of work to which they cheerfully consigned themselves; their self-denial in refusing to have things within their means—all this amazed him. These busy people were, he thought, no better than fools. His policy was to go through life with as little exertion as possible, and to gather as much "enjoyment" as he could by the way. If a grateful country would have given him a small pension—just enough to buy an occasional change of raiment, lodging, food, tobacco, and beer—he would never have done a stroke of work for the rest of his days.

His intimates called him "a jolly fellow," for he was always careless and good-tempered, and when he had money he spent it freely; when he had none, he waited until the easiest way of getting a little presented itself.

Musing over the advertisement of "Benefactor," he was a good deal struck by the name.

"Perhaps," thought Mark to himself, puffing contentedly at his pipe on the top of a City bus, "he's one of those old boys who like to help deserving people into work. I'm the man for him—as long as the work is easy."

The demand for capital was an obvious difficulty in the way of this interpretation, but he got over it by presuming either that "Benefactor" did this to lessen the number of his applicants, or that the sum was wanted as an assurance of good behaviour in the "position of trust."

He found his way without difficulty to the street, and to the house given in the advertisement. But he was not much enlightened by an inspection of the premises. It was part of a new block wholly taken up by offices. Brass plates, large and small, covered both sides of the door, and no name upon them particularly suggested the title of "Benefactor."

He surveyed the entrance hall, he looked up at the windows from the opposite side of the road, he refreshed himself at the bar of an adjoining public-house. And then, as midday was at hand, it occurred to him that he might just as well go home to Grandworthy Street and enjoy a comfortable meal at the family table.

He found his mother dozing in the breakfast-room, for she had risen, as she reminded him, at least an hour earlier that morning on his account. Kezia was hard at work preparing their midday dinner, and Mark was pleased to smile approvingly at her labours.

"Well, my boy?" said Mrs. Anstead in the tone of one inviting confidence.

"Well, mother," said her son composedly.

"Have you had any success?"

"Why, no; I can't say that I have. But I heard of something."

"Ah, I knew you would!"

"Something in the City," continued Mark, between pulls at his pipe, "something light, and gentlemanly; 'position of trust,' you know."

"The very thing! But how did you come to hear of it? And so soon, too!"

"Well, I saw it in the paper."

"And you have been to see about it?"

"Well—er—yes; that is, you know, I had a good look at the office from the outside."

"Only that?"

"Well, you see, mother, it says applicants must write—"

"Then why not write at once?"

"And they must have some capital."

"Capital! Oh!"

Mrs. Anstead's countenance fell. Walter's did not. What was one place, more or less? Doubtless something would turn up in time.

"Yes; I don't know how much, but I'm told it might be a trifle of £50 or so."

"Fifty pounds seems a good deal of money, and I'm sure none of us have it."

"No; suppose not," returned Mark comfortably. "And I suppose one couldn't borrow it?"

Mrs. Anstead shook her head dolefully.

"Ah, well," said Mark, "it doesn't matter; something is sure to turn up. Anyway I shall be all right."

And so for the time the subject was dropped.

Mark was extremely agreeable at dinner. He complimented Kezia upon her cooking; he congratulated his mother upon her looks; he told them stories of his adventures in strange places. Mrs. Anstead was charmed, and Kezia forgot for the moment the bearing upon her household expenditure of Mark's presence at their table day by day.

The meal over, he lit the everlasting pipe, and lounged out, as he said, "just to look around."

His steps seemed to lead him quite naturally to the bar of the "Red Lion," where he found Captain Armstrong, his countenance a little redder, and his hand a little more tremulous than it had been in the morning.

The obliging Mark of course provided the Captain with more refreshment, and it was but natural that, under these circumstances, their conversation should have a confidential turn.

"Thought any more about that little place I pointed out to you?" said the Captain.

"Well—er—yes," said Mark.

"Going in for it?"

"No; can't find any capital."

"Umph," said the Captain, with a keen scrutiny of his companion; "pity, I must say."

"Can't be helped."

"Nothing to borrow on?"

"Not of my own."

"No furniture?"

"Not mine."

"Whose?"

"Well—er—mother's."

"Won't she join?"

"Haven't asked."

"Ask her, man. I've been making inquiries about this business, and I fancy a trifle of £30 or so would do it. A nice, gentlemanlike pursuit, too."

"What is it?"

"Well, I find it's an old friend of mine, who is in the financial business."

"Oh, financial?"

"Yes, in a large way; and wants a young man of good appearance to see customers for him. Salary decent."

"Ah, how much?"

"Something, I should say, between two and three pounds a week, when experienced. And the work light."

"Ah—but the money!"

"Well, get your mother to give a bill of sale on her furniture."

"A bill of sale? What's that?"

"A mere form, you know. Not the slightest danger; only a security, you know."

"But I don't know. How could it be done?"

"There's a friend of mine," said the Captain, with the slowness of one who is searching his mind for a half-forgotten fact, "who *might* be induced to manage this little business for you."

"I'll think it over."

"No trouble," said the Captain, with a trace of eagerness; "just a glimpse of the furniture, the lady's signature to a little document, and the thing is complete. It strikes me you might have that place at your disposal."

"Lend me the paper," said Mark, "and I'll see what can be done." So, with the paper containing the advertisement in his pocket, Mark tore himself away from the "Red Lion," and went out to meditate upon the scheme.

He reflected that Walter would certainly be back in a day or two, and could give him some advice. But what would that advice be? Mark could not conceal from himself that his brother, with the burden of the household upon his shoulders, was hardly likely to have £50 or £30 to lend. Nor was he at all sure that Walter would deem light work, such as this 'position of trust' suggested, the best thing for him.

But you may have remarked that a prodigal is usually resentful of interference. He likes to make much of his own liberty, and to question the right of any person to interfere.

When, therefore, the prodigal Mark thought that Walter would look coldly upon the "position of trust," that instantly became in his mind a strong argument for going on with the matter.

He accordingly returned home in order to carry the proceedings a step further.

He showed the paper to Mrs. Anstead (Kezia was out), who agreed with Mark that the right thing to do was to write "Benefactor" a letter of inquiry.

The letter was soon written, although not without some fear lest Walter should return, and bring the whole affair to an untimely end.

But this alarm was speedily relieved in what was to Mark a most agreeable manner.

There came a telegram from Walter to say that he had received instructions to look up certain other cases in the north, and that he should not be home for several days. The way was therefore open for Mark to pursue his investigations in the fullest manner.

"Benefactor" did not seem to be troubled with many applicants; or it may be that he saw in Mark's letter signs of peculiar adaptability to his purpose. At all events, Mark was not long in getting a telegram inviting him to attend at the City address.

Of course Mark went, entertaining himself by the way with conjectures as to his duties when he should have entered the services of "Benefactor."

He had been told to seek the offices of Messrs.

Preston & Co., financial agents, and he found by the plate on the hall door that they were housed on the fourth story.

Toiling up many pairs of stairs, he looked for the particular door which might conceal the operations of Messrs. Preston & Co. His search was facilitated for him.

As he was peering around, a door opened, and a weeping woman appeared. She stopped apparently to begin a last appeal.

"Oh, sir—r—"

But a voice behind her cut the appeal short.

"No!" it cried, "not a day, nor half a day; so look out for yourself if it ain't paid by Tuesday week." And with this, the door was violently slammed in the petitioner's face.

"Rummy go," said Mark to himself; and then he saw that the words "Preston & Co." were on the door whence this petitioner had emerged.

He knocked, and turned the handle to enter.

A stentorian voice from within greeted him in a quite unexpected fashion.

"It's no good your coming back here with your whining, go and—"

But here the representative of Messrs. Preston & Co. caught sight of his visitor's form.

His manner changed with remarkable rapidity.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure; take a seat. Just had a painful duty to perform; very scandalous case; woman a swindler, sir, a swindler, and wants to defraud a hard-working client of mine."

"Dear, dear," said Mark, for want of anything more appropriate to say.

"Yes; I give you my word, sir, you wouldn't believe the things we have to put up with in this business; and for what? It's a bare living."

Having said this much, the representative of Preston & Co. stopped, as though to give Mark an opportunity of explaining his business. He was a short fat little man, with a clean-shaven face, and a pair of small eyes. Neither his countenance nor his manner could be called engaging; but Mark was not a judge of character.

"I came," said Mark, "about an advertisement."

"Mr Anstead I presume; glad to see you," said the financier.

"Being just home from abroad," continued Mark, "it occurred to me that the place you name might suit me. Something light, I think?"

"That's it; something light. Just to see a customer or two now and then when I'm engaged on business elsewhere—and trifles of that sort, you understand?"

"Certainly; but about the capital?"

"Well, of course, you see, this is important work, and my helpers have to deal with money, and of course I must have reliable persons."

"Quite so. But how much is wanted?"

The financier scanned his visitor closely before answering.

"Well," he said slowly, "I like your appearance, and for a gentleman of your character I shouldn't mind saying £25 as a kind of premium."

"Twenty-five pounds," said Mark musingly.

"A mere trifle."

"When you have it."

"Of course; but to a gentleman of your appearance?"

"Yes, yes; but when is it to be paid?"

"The moment you enter on your duties."

"Ah! and you think I should suit?"

"My dear sir, beautifully."

"I'll see about the £25," said Mark, rising.

"Do. Of course," said Mr. Preston. "I have other applicants; but I like your face."

So Mark departed much flattered, and anxious to bring the negotiations to as speedy an end as might be possible.

On the way home he decided that it might be as well not to take Kezia into his confidence. Reflecting on her extremely frank dealings with him, he felt a much-injured person, and decided that she should know no more of his plans than might be absolutely needful.

Then the question arose as to getting the money. Captain Armstrong seemed confident of being able to arrange that, and certainly the method suggested by him was quite beautiful in its simplicity. A glance at the furniture, Mrs. Anstead's signature to a trifling document, and then the money! What could be easier? But if some representative of the lender were to visit the house, Kezia would be inconvenient, and must of course be out of the way. However, that could be managed when the thing was fixed.

Mark found his mother full of eagerness on his return, and anxious to hear what "Benefactor" was like, what his "position of trust" was, and whether Mark, of all persons in the world, did not seem to him the very one who might be expected to fill it with distinction.



"OH! DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ME!"

So Mark, refreshing himself with a pipe, told his story. The incident of the woman he touched on lightly, but Mrs. Anstead was not to be put off.

"Ah! a female swindler. I know 'em. Don't you remember—but of course you wouldn't; you were abroad—that dreadful person who took a house over the way, furnished it, and promised to pay by instalments, but never did, and had it all carried off again by the people, and she declaring they had cheated her out of all the instalments she had paid? But I never liked her."

Mark smoked contentedly until his mother had finished, and then took up his tale once more.

"Of course he wants money!"

"How much?"

"Well! a matter of £25."

"My dear boy," cried Mrs. Anstead, "that's a dreadful sum now! I don't know where it's to come from; and then what will become of you?"

"Oh! don't trouble about me," said Mark composedly. "I shall be all right."

"Yes; but about the money?"

"Well, if it isn't to be got we can't have it. But I wish we could manage. Couldn't you borrow?"

"Borrow? Don't they want security or something? You don't mean the pawnbroker, do you, my boy? I couldn't bring myself to—"

"No, no, mother; nothing like that. But there's the furniture, you know, and by signing a bit of paper I'm told you could easily raise money on that."

"Well!" said Mrs. Anstead musingly, "it certainly is mine, although your brother pays the rent."

"It would only be for a time, of course, and nobody need know but ourselves."

"And you are sure it could be managed?"

"I haven't a doubt of it if you will just sign your name."

"Well, my boy, of course I don't mind, why should I? I'm sure you will come out of it all right, and never let me suffer."

"But we mustn't let Kezia know, and perhaps we may as well get it over before Walter comes back."

"Yes, yes."

"So you take Kezia out to-morrow morning, and I will bring in the man who is to look at the furniture, and we can easily manage your signature."

Accordingly, Mark repaired in high spirits to his friend, Captain Armstrong, who for a consideration—the paltry sum of a sovereign, as he put it—undertook to arrange with a friend for lending a sum not less than £25 on Mrs. Anstead's furniture.

The next day was Saturday, and despite certain household arrangements peculiar to that morning in their household, Mrs. Anstead insisted on taking Kezia with her to town. She was dying she said for a change, and if Kezia would not go with her, Mrs. Anstead really did not know what might not happen in the course of the day.

So Kezia was hustled off to the 'bus. Mrs. Anstead bade a very affectionate adieu to her son, and

urged him to take particular care of himself that day.

"Oh," said the prodigal, "don't trouble about me, I shall be all right."

Upon the whole there was much truth in the statement, so far as it implied the firm resolution of Mark to take care of himself at anybody's expense, save, if possible, his own.

CHAPTER VI.

A MERE TRIFLE.



RS. ANSTEAD and his sister being out of the house, Mark repaired by arrangement to the bar of the "Red Lion," where he met Captain Armstrong and his "friend."

The "friend" proved to be a very seedy-looking per-

sonage, who in no respect resembled a capitalist, according to the conception which the general public have of the character.

Together they all returned to Grandworthy Street, where Mark introduced them into his mother's house with all the air of a proprietor.

The Captain's friend produced a book, into which—"Just as a matter of form," so the Captain explained—he proceeded to enter details of all the more substantial and valuable furniture on the premises.

They were busy in the breakfast-room when, to the surprise of the company, Mary Wakefield, with a preliminary tap, walked in.

Upon seeing three strangers she stopped short with amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said Mary; "I came to see Mrs. Anstead."

"Very sorry, mum," said the seedy person, "but she has just stepped out on pertickler bizness."

"Nice gal, that," remarked Captain Armstrong in an audible whisper.

Mary retreated with some haste to the door, and went home to tell her mother that three very strange men were in the Ansteads' house, and she hoped that the bailiffs were not in possession.

This was, indeed, a view of the case which occurred to more than one neighbour, and old Mrs. Sheepshanks, who regarded herself as keeper of morals for the entire street, happening to pass as

Captain Armstrong and his friend entered the door, at once spread a report that something had happened to the Ansteads.

The news went around with frightful rapidity, and by the time it reached the last house in the street, it was generally agreed that Walter Anstead had absconded, from an inability to pay his debts that Mrs. Anstead had taken refuge with friends; and that the brokers were in possession.

So convinced was Mrs. Sheepshanks of the existence of something tragic that she felt it a personal injury when, just before two o'clock, Kezia and her mother came home—"as bold as brass," so Mrs. Sheepshanks said—and entered their own house "for all the world as though nothing had happened."

They found Mark composedly smoking in the most comfortable armchair; but he took an early opportunity of telling his mother that the document and the money would be ready on Monday morning.

On Sunday the news was nearly reaching Kezia's ears. She met Mary Wakefield coming home from church, and Mary, still apprehensive that all could not be right, ventured upon a question.

"I looked in yesterday morning," said Mary, "just to see how you all were."

"Yes?" said Kezia.

"Do you know, such a funny person was in your breakfast-room."

"Ah, yes," answered Kezia, in some haste, "my brother Mark, you know, he has come home quite suddenly, and I expect Walter had not time to tell you."

Now Mary always seemed to feel that she should receive no information about the family save through her affianced lover, so that she pursued this topic no further.

Kezia went home and carried the news to her mother.

"Mother, Mary came in when we were out on Saturday, and found Mark here."

"All by himself?" said Mrs. Anstead.

"I suppose so; who else should be here?"

"Mark never mentioned it," said his mother.

"No; you see Mark is not a conversational character."

"Kezia, how can you? I am sure your brother is most kind."

"I didn't say he wasn't; all I said was that he did not shine in conversation."

"Yes, a very unkind remark, when you think how long your brother has been abroad."

"But, mother, I suppose people talk even in British Guiana?"

"I've no patience with you, Kezia," continued Mrs. Anstead, discreetly evading the question, "I call it most unkind; but I know it is only because you see how attached I am to your brother."

"Nonsense, mother," said Kezia. She herself thought nothing of these little differences, but they were of some importance in their way, because they strengthened the idea in her mother's mind that Mark had no sympathy from any one save herself. With this thought prominent Mrs. Anstead had little difficulty in persuading herself that she might, in perfect fairness to her other children, perpetrate a secret bargain for the sake of Mark.

Mark had ascertained from his mother that Kezia would be out on Monday afternoon. It happened that Kezia, who had few distractions, was then due with her mother at a missionary working-party held in the parish. But Mrs. Anstead feigned an excuse for not going, and Kezia set off alone.

Mrs. Anstead, who had hitherto thought of a lie with horror, was amazed to find how easy it had become to deceive. And yet she was so far unconscious of her fall that any hint as to the wrongfulness of her conduct would have been received with very genuine indignation. But how rapidly moral decay proceeds when it once sets in!

Captain Armstrong, together with his friend, arrived punctually at the time agreed on. The former produced a document which to Mrs. Anstead's eye looked most formidable. He did not, however,



"I BEG YOUR PARDON," SAID MARY; "I CAME TO SEE MRS. ANSTEAD."

enlarge upon its character or contents ; quite the reverse.

"A mere trifle, I assure you, ma'am," said he, indicating the place for Mrs. Anstead's signature. "Indeed, the merest trifle. But business men, you know, ma'am, must abide by business forms."

"Indeed, I do know," said Mrs. Anstead, "for my poor dear husband used often to be worried with this paper and that. I'm sure I often used to say to him of an evening, when he happened to be at home, 'William'—that was his name—'why don't you put those bothering papers away, and come out for a little walk?' And then, poor man—for he was a slave to duty—he would say, 'Business, my dear, is business.'"

"A remark, ma'am," said the Captain, "profoundly true."

"Rather," said his companion, in a husky voice. "Don't you make no mistake about that, ma'am."

"My friend, ma'am," said the Captain, "merely means that the remark which your late husband made was—er—if I may say so—er—a precept of universal acceptance."

"Rather so," cut in "my friend," and he would apparently have said more, but that Captain Armstrong perpetrated a series of most astonishing winks, one after another. The confederate understood. At all events he stopped abruptly, coughed in a way that no one could suppose to be natural, and relapsed into silence.

Captain Armstrong turned the subject by producing the money consideration for which the deed had been signed. He handed it to Mrs. Anstead, and then showed a disposition to close the interview at once. Neither she nor Mark cared to prolong it, and the visitors left the house.

"A charming man, your friend Captain Armstrong," said Mrs. Anstead to Mark ; "so gentle in his manners, so refined in his speech ; I'm sure he must be a very thoughtful man."

"Oh, very thoughtful," said Mark ; "but hadn't I better go and see Preston & Co., and pay that money ?"

"Certainly, my boy."

So Mark set off in great contentment to the City. He found the sole representative of Preston & Co. in the office, and at once told his errand.

That worthy took the money, and was good enough to give Mark an elaborate receipt for it. This done, he crossed one leg over the other, and fell upon the discussion of details.

"I don't know," he said musingly, "that there will be anything for you to do before Monday ; but you might turn up on Monday, say at ten."

"Monday at ten. All right."

"And then about wages."

"Yes," replied Mark with heightened interest, "about wages."

"I've been talking it over with my partner, and he thinks that as you are inexperienced we must start gently at first."

"Yes, yes, I understand that. Though mind you," added Mark, "I've seen the world, and know something of business."

"Of course anybody can see that with half an eye," said the employer in reassuring tones.

"But I must learn details."

"Just so ; it's the details that take the learning. Well, shall we say fifteen shillings a week ?"

"Fifteen shillings ! I had thought, that is—er—I had been led to expect—"

"Fifteen shillings," interrupted Mr. Preston, as one who mused aloud, "is a lot of money. And the people who wanted this place ! I think I see 'em now" (here he shut one eye as though in the remote distance the candidates were passing before the other)—"three retired generals" (ticking them off on his fingers), "two majors, five captains, a gentleman who had once been in the highest position in the City, another who— But there ; why should I tot 'em up ? There wasn't one who wouldn't have come for the sum of fifteen bob a week ; and, if you will believe" (sinking his voice), "there was a major who said he would take it for three half-crowns !"

"You don't say so !"

"But they weren't in it with you, sir, because I saw you were the man to get on."

"Oh yes, I shall be all right, I know."

"Then we will say fifteen shillings, just for the present, and you will enter upon your duties on Monday morning."

Upon this understanding Mark returned, placid, both hands in his pockets, and smoking furiously, to Kennington.

A surprise awaited him. Walter had returned, successful, and a little excited, from his journey. He had reported himself in the City, been complimented upon the way in which his work had been done, and been told that he could go home for the day. Thus it was that he reached Grandworthy Street soon after five.

"Halloa !" cried the prodigal on seeing his brother, "you home again ?"

"Yes," said Walter, with a laugh. "I hope there's nothing improper in my coming back as soon as possible to my own house."

"Certainly not," replied Mark, although the three or four days of Walter's absence had sufficed to make him appear in Mark's eye an interloper of a peculiarly unwelcome kind.

"And how are you ?" said the elder brother kindly.

"Oh, I'm all right. Just got a place," he added in the tone of one who was conveying the most ordinary and casual piece of news.

"I heard something about it just now from mother. What are the people ?"

"Well—er—something in the financial line."

"Rather indefinite, that."

"Yes," this with a lordly air, "but good enough for me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, see people, and that kind of thing, you know."

"Well, I can't say that I do know. But if they have taken you on that is saying a good deal. You are amazingly well off to have got into something so soon. Why, many who are out just now have been without anything for months, and see no prospect of getting a job. Look at Mr. Wakefield, for instance."

"Oh, Mr. Wakefield," broke in Mrs. Anstead impatiently, "he is old."

"Yes, mother, but he knows his work."

"Ah," observed Mark, "it isn't experience they want in every place; it's go, and—what-d'ye-call-it?—initiative, and that sort of thing; that's what they look for in these days."

Walter regarded his brother with a half-amused smile. Yet he felt that there was a certain element of truth in what Mark said. Did he not know some men who had got on in the world by the aid of little more than what a fellow-clerk once called "most incredible cheek"? Perhaps, then, Mark, had found somebody to whom his self-confidence seemed the very quality that meant useful service. At any rate, work had been found for him, and to Walter that was a matter of very genuine thankfulness.

All this passed swiftly through his mind before he said very heartily, "Well, Mark, I'm uncommonly thankful you are so soon settled, and I hope it will turn out a good thing."

"Oh, don't you trouble about me; I shall be all right."

Kezia, who had been a silent witness of the proceedings, sniffed audibly; but Mrs. Anstead beamed upon her boy with perfect confidence.

As for Mark, he smoked on with complete composure.

(To be continued.)

A PLEASANT OPPORTUNITY.

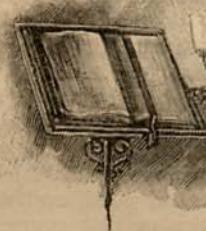
MANY people look upon the Clergy as a kind of patent "Giving Machine." When anything is wanted, from a ticket for soup to a ticket and free outfit for Canada combined, there is one man, and one man only, in the parish to apply to, and that is the Parson. Day after day all the year round the Parson must "give, give, give!" Happily, however, there is one season in the year when the good old custom prevails in some parishes of making an Easter offering to the Clergy. I say in *some* parishes, but why should it not be in *all*? It is not the amount given, but the kindly expression of affectionate regard which cheers the Parson in his ceaseless round of anxieties that is so much valued. Sometimes I am asked by men who are Churchwardens, and by men who hope to be Churchwardens, this hard question, "What is the Duty of a Churchwarden?" I have always one reply, "See to it that the Clergy of your parish have a worthy Easter offering! Churchwardens, do your duty this Easter-tide, and you will close your year of office in a very happy and agreeable manner.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

A LIVING SOUL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 28.)



WELL, now we will pass to something simpler and easier, though I will not say something quite simple and easy. I take it for granted that when I say, "I think," or "I remember," or "I hope," or "I fear," or "I wish,"

or "I will," by that little word "I" is implied a being with a spiritual nature differing altogether from what is material, and having a separate personal and independent existence. I am something greater and nobler than my body or my brain. Shall we go on to ask whether we can trace out and understand some of the ways in which this spiritual being, which we call the "living soul," moves and acts? Let us study it a little. Let us ask, What do we find when we look within? What does this "living soul" seem to be like, or to be made up of? I suppose the first thing that strikes one is that in this soul there seem to be a great many different feelings and inclinations, likes and dislikes, wishes and fears; just as there are all round about us a vast number of things which stir and move these. Thus in the soul we find a very strong and keen feeling, which we call Love; and round about us we find persons and things which stir and move this feeling of love. So, too, we find in the soul a quick and violent feeling called Anger; and round about us many things which kindle and excite anger. Hope is a feeling in the soul; and there are things around us to hope for. Joy is a feeling of the soul; and there are things to rejoice in. Desire is a feeling of the soul; and there are things to be desired. And all these feelings and inclinations want to have their way, and to be indulged and satisfied. It is just like a little kingdom in which there are a great many subjects, all wanting this or that, and clamouring to be attended to. Some of these inner feelings are lasting in their nature, like Love or Hatred; some are passing and of short continuance, like Anger and other passions and emotions. Some again are plainly better and more worthy of being attended to than others, though perhaps not so much in themselves as in that which they seek and aim at. Thus Benevolence, which seeks and aims at doing good to others, is plainly a more worthy feeling than Spite, which seeks to injure or annoy. It seems, however, that each of these feelings has some object which it is meant to aim at, and is right in aiming at, and that none of them is without its proper use and purpose. Thus Anger is surely righteous, and fulfilling its proper task, when it is felt against low, mean, selfish

conduct, or against cruelty and injustice. I am not sure that I could find a good object for Spite, but perhaps Spite is only the name for a bad unworthy and misdirected sort of Anger. But a little kingdom would be very unpleasant and ill-arranged if each subject could do just as he liked or was strong enough to accomplish, and if there were no order, or rule, or government. This would be simply anarchy. And it is plain enough, if we look a little carefully into this inner kingdom of ours, that there are some of the subjects we find there fitted by their very nature and character to rule and govern the others. For example, there is one of these subjects called Reason, and another called Conscience. The one (Reason) can tell you what is best for the general good, and what will be the consequences of this or that course of action, and the like; while the other (Conscience) has a strange power of passing judgment on what you are doing, or going to do, making you content if it is right, and dissatisfied and uncomfortable if it is wrong. Now any one could tell that it would be better for this little kingdom in the soul that Reason and Conscience should bear sway, and rule the other subjects, and keep them to their proper work, and restrain them from pushing their claims too far, than that some low, unworthy passion should seize on the throne, and make the rest obey its lawless will. Order, harmony, subordination,—these are necessary for the well-being of the kingdom. There can be no peace or happiness where all is confusion and chance, and where the stronger is always pushing aside the weaker, and first one desire and then another comes to the front and gets its way. Everything really depends upon the due harmony and relative proportion of all these feelings, and motives, and passions, and desires. Each has its own place and its own work, but none must usurp the place of others, or seize on unlawful powers. There must be balance and proportion among the various powers, and faculties, and feelings.

But this brings us to a very important question: How is this order and due adjustment of work and power among the subjects of the inner kingdom to be brought about? *You* must bring it about. *You* are responsible for the right management of the kingdom within. *You*—the separate conscious being, who are regarding all this, and trying to understand it all—you must regulate and rule the “living soul” within you. You must be king. You must govern your kingdom. And you have a power within you which is supreme. I do not now speak of the power and presence of the Holy Spirit of God; that is something added to and beyond what exists in every man’s “living soul.” I speak now of the power of Will. It is the Will which chooses, the Will which decides, the Will which acts. That Will must be under the power of God’s grace and Holy Spirit no doubt. But it is by that Will that you must reign. It must be *your* act and deed which gives to the best and noblest faculties within you their rightful authority and pre-

eminence. It must be *your* act and deed which holds in check, and restrains as with a rod of iron, each unworthy and insubordinate desire. The Will is that power in you which is most closely bound up with yourself. Your Will is *yourself in action*.

And as it is with the general government of the inner man, so it is with the regulation of each particular action. In each case in which you have to choose between right and wrong there are motives and feelings pulling you, as it were, in either direction, and you have to exercise the Will and make your choice. Let us take an example, the simpler the better. Let us suppose the case of a boy tempted to tell a lie to hide a fault. On the side of yielding to the temptation there is the fear of punishment for the fault to be concealed; there is the hope of escaping that punishment; there is the desire to stand well with the person to whom the lie would be told. On the other side, the side of resistance to the temptation, there are the prickings of Conscience; there is the calm voice of Reason telling of the sin of lying, and of the ruin to the character which this habit of lying will entail; there is the fear of breaking a plain command; there is the wish to be honourable. Who or what shall decide? *He* must decide—*he*, that being in whom all these strange, complex, mysterious struggles, and swayings to and fro, and alternations of success and defeat, are going on perpetually,—*he*, that being who in his consciousness of power to choose and to act and to govern has the pledge of his personality, of his separate immaterial existence,—*he* must decide. And this is what we mean by the exercise of Will. The Will is the deciding power. But it is very hard to discriminate between the Will and the man himself—the “living soul,” which is the seat of all mental and spiritual action. After all, we can scarcely speak of the mysterious processes of this “living soul” except in language which must be more or less popular and inexact. Yet we are conscious that *after* the contention of the various feelings and motives which range themselves, as it were, in opposite camps,—*after* the temptings and drawings on the one side, and the checks and counter-movements on the other,—there is the final choice and decision to be made as the last step before action, and this final choice and decision we assign to the Will. It is a great thing to have a strong, firm, resolute Will. If this is set on the side of good it makes a man brave, consistent, dependable,—a true man. We may almost say the whole character depends on the Will. There are plenty of people with good intentions, right feelings, amiable dispositions, who nevertheless, for lack of strength of will, are always falling away, always yielding to temptation, always disappointing one. To choose simply, to choose strongly, and to choose rightly, this makes a noble character. And now I have tried to describe what I understand by a “living soul.” I suppose the word “living” is used of the conscious personal existence which gives to each man his individuality. I cannot tell *what* life is, but I feel it,

I know it, I exist by it. I could not understand the meaning of the soul apart from life. I am a "living soul." And when I recognise this, and try to grasp something of its awfulness and mystery, I know how truly the Lord spoke, when He said, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III.—THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

Rector of Bergh Apton in 1837, where he laboured with great zeal for fifteen years. In 1852 he accepted the vicarage of Christ Church, Hampstead, and three years later he was promoted to the Rectory of Marylebone, which he held until 1857, when, upon the resignation of Dr. Hinds, he was consecrated Bishop of Norwich. Among other famous men, the See has been held by the saintly Joseph Hall, in the troubled times of Charles I., and by George Horne, who wrote a *Commentary on the Psalms*. Dr. Horne was consecrated so late in life, that when he saw the steep flight of steps at the Palace he said, "Ah, I come here when I can neither go up nor down these steps in safety."

During his long years of service on the Episcopal Bench Bishop Pelham has endeared himself to clergy and people alike by his earnest, loving zeal and kindness of disposition. The Bishop's wise administration of his diocese has commanded wide-spread admiration and respect, and his persevering devotion to duty is not the least noticeable feature of his distinguished career.

In one of his Charges to the Clergy the Bishop writes:—

"In Christ, once dying for us, all has been provided. By Him, now living, all is held in right



THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

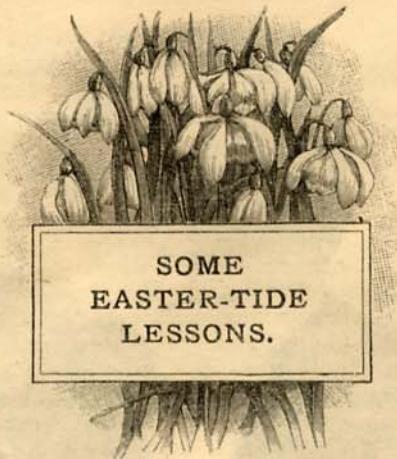
and possession for us—held out by His loving, once-pierced hand for our appropriation; His Word assuring us of its all-sufficiency, inviting our free acceptance of it—pardon for all through the Precious Blood of His great Atonement, and heart-renewal by the power of the Holy Ghost. Oh, there may be—there is—much need of mercy to pardon, of grace to sanctify; but all is ready. The soul in faith looks to Christ and lives; grasps Him and lives; yields itself in will and heart to Him, and is His. Thus by Him alone can we be better than we have been, or do better than we have done. We must receive more *from* Him if we would do more *for* Him or become more *like* Him."

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a recent photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

A GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING.

MEN do not reap in the spring, my dear,
Nor are granaries filled in May,
Save it be with the harvest of former years
Stored up for a rainy day.
The seasons will keep their own true time, you
Can hurry, nor furrow, nor sod;
It's honest labour and steadfast thrift that alone
Are blest by God.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



BY THE REV. C. J. RIDGEWAY, M.A.,
Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, W.; Author of
"Is not this the Christ?" etc.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. xv. 57.

EASTER is the queen of all Christian Festivals, the greatest of all the Church's Holydays. There is little need of sermons upon Easter Day, for Easter speaks for itself. The risen Jesus, pointing us to His wounded side and hands and feet, is our best Teacher. To-day the fact of the Resurrection is its own preacher. To-day all our surroundings contrive to remind us of the great truth we are commemorating. The Lenten minor tone of sadness has passed away, our churches are clothed in white, and decked with God's spring flowers. Glad hymns, bright Services, happy Communions—all tell us to-day, without a sermon, of the greatness, the gladness, the rejoicing of Easter Day.

But why is all this to-day? It is because Easter Day is the day of victory. Yes, Jesus came not to send peace on earth but a sword. He, the Prince of Peace, came to win peace at the edge of the sword. From first to last His life was a conflict, and the conflict culminated on the Cross. He fought the battle and won the victory, but it was a battle fought and a victory won unto death. Did we not stand at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday? Did we not hear the Victor shout? "It is finished," He cried. And as we listened we knew that He had conquered. Yet you say we want more proof than this that His death was victory, not defeat. That Body, so torn and mangled, covered with wounds from which the life-blood poured forth, that Body tells of weakness, does it not? His enemies thought so, His disciples thought so. All through yesterday the foes of Jesus exulted, the friends of Jesus mourned. But to-day, early this morning, all doubt as to who was victor was put an end to, for Jesus came forth from His grave the conqueror.

Do you ask who were the enemies with whom He

fought and overcame? First of all sin, and then as the consequence of sin, death.

He overcame in, as it showed itself among men; sin, as it asserted its dominion over sinners, spoiling the bodies God had made; sin, as it worked out its fatal effects in the world through the great enemy of souls.

And as Jesus overcame sin He overcame the power of death—death, the last enemy that shall be destroyed. The fear of death is taken away, because sin, which is the sting of death, is conquered. You and I can look along the valley of the shadow of death, and lo, it is no longer utter darkness to us, as it was to men of old; but to us it is only the valley that leadeth onward to the celestial mountains. We gaze through the portals of the grave, and we know that it is not the end of all our hopes and fears, but the gate through which we pass to a joyful resurrection.

Hence Easter Day, because it tells us of the victory over sin and death, is a joyous day. Well may we sing to-day, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." Well may we raise our Christian paean to-day, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But perhaps you will ask, "Why should it be a day of gladness to us? Why should we rejoice?"

It is a joyful day to us because of our sympathy with Him, the sympathy which must exist between the members and the Head. We have sympathised with Jesus in His sufferings during the week just passed. Many of us have come day after day, and have thought it worth our while to show our sympathy with the Christ in the days of His Agony and Bloody Sweat, of His Cross and Passion. And because we have sorrowed with Him in His Passion, therefore we also do well to rejoice with Him in His joy of victory.

It is a day of rejoicing to us because Right has triumphed. We may have sunk low indeed, but there is something of good left in us that is worth keeping hold of if we can still triumph in the cause of right and rejoice when all that is noble gains the upper hand. Yes, to-day we rejoice, for Easter tells us of the triumph of what is right.

But we rejoice, too, because the Resurrection of Jesus is the assurance of our victory, because we know as we see Him conquer that we may conquer.

Christ is gone up, but His Body, the Church, is still on earth. That Church has a battle to fight, for it is His Church militant here on earth. It has the same foes to contend with that Jesus contended with, the same battle to fight that Jesus fought.

And we are members of that Body. We have been baptised into His Church. We bear the mark of His Cross on our brow, pledged to be His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end, bound to fight manfully against sin, the world, and the devil. If we are true to our Christian profession, if we are not deserters but true soldiers, then we have foes to fight with, a battle to contend in, and, thanks be to our risen Lord, a victory to win.

Yes, to-day, coming to us in the beauty of His risen life in the Easter Communion, He assures us of the victory. Holy Communion is not only the soldiers of Christ taking the Christian's oath to serve their Captain more loyally, though it is this. Holy Communion is not only the memorial of the Cross and Passion of Jesus whereby He conquered, though it is this. But Holy Communion is also the coming to us of the risen Saviour in all the power of His resurrection life, to impart to us His own life, so that it is not we that fight, but He that fights in us, so that it is not we who live, but Christ who liveth in us.

See, then, that we bear this in mind, as, Easter Day over, we go back to our warfare. We know what it is to fight and grow weary with sin—do we not?—to go into the battle and be wounded again and again, and come back in apparent defeat. Let us learn, then, to realise how, in this Sacrament of Dying Love and Living Power, Jesus offers refreshment to the weary, healing to the wounded, so that we who come, weary and weak, may go back again into the battle “strong in the strength which God supplies through His Eternal Son,” singing with new hope and courage, “Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

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.

III

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ALONE PROVIDES A PERMANENT MINISTRY AND A PERMANENT HOUSE OF PRAYER IN EVERY PARISH.

HE Church of England differs from all religious bodies in this, that she holds herself responsible to minister to all the inhabitants within a given area—that is, the parish—who may require, or will accept, her ministrations, and not merely to those who attend her services.

Dissenting bodies have no legal obligations to minister to any but their own members, and morally they recognise no binding obligations to minister to any persons who do not attend their congregations.

The theory of the parochial system of the Church of England is that every resident of the parish has a religious and legal claim upon the services of the parochial clergy whenever he chooses, in accordance with the laws of the Church, to avail himself of them, while the theory of Dissenting bodies is that no persons have a vested interest of any kind in the privileges of their chapels, or the services of their ministers, except those who have joined themselves to their communions.

The parish church is for all the parishioners. Dissenting chapels, on the contrary, for all the purposes of public worship, are the property of their members, held by them in trust for the propagation of their peculiar opinions. They alone, and those

whom they permit, have any legal right to be accommodated with seats at any of their services.

So that, really, however much, and in whatever respects, the different Dissenting bodies may set themselves up as rivals to the Church, the Church has in reality no rivals in these respects, that she alone has, and acknowledges, religious and legal care for the whole population of the parish, and her parish churches as places of worship, and for the purposes of worship, are alone the property of all the parishioners.

The Dissenting minister in a given town, parish, or hamlet may, if he thinks that it does not answer his purpose to remain, “take himself off” to-morrow; and there is no guarantee whatever that any one will be appointed in his stead to minister to his deserted flock, much less religiously to look after those outside its restricted fold.

Not so with the clergyman of a parish. If for any reason he resigns his position, a successor is appointed in his place, so that neither the congregation of the church nor the people of the parish are ever left without a pastor, who is responsible for seeing after their spiritual wants, ministering to them in the public services and sacraments, and performing for them, when required, the offices of the Church.

So the chapel of any Dissenting body held in trust in any town, parish, or hamlet, even restricted as it is to the uses of the particular communion to which it belongs, though it may have, for the time being, crowded congregations, and may be prospering, yet it may, through adverse circumstances, be for ever closed as a place of worship, and may be sold or rented for secular purposes.

Through opposition to its minister, a change in the pastorate, or foreclosure of a mortgage upon the building, or want of general monetary support on the part of its adherents, it may prove impossible to maintain the services, and keep the building any longer open for worship, and so the building which is now boasted of as providing permanent accommodation for public worship equally with the parish church, may suddenly cease to exist for any religious purpose whatsoever.

Not so with the parish church. As a House of God and place of prayer and praise in the parish, the property of all the parishioners, and open to them all, it continues as a permanent centre for worship. Come what may, amidst all changes, it remains as the religious home of the people of the parish.

Here, then, in two very simple but important matters which everybody can understand, are advantages secured to the people by the Church of England as the ancient established and endowed Church of the country—namely, *a continuous ministry* for the whole population of the parish, and *a permanent House of God* in its midst as their religious home, which cannot, as such, cease to exist and be sold or rented for secular purposes.

It is for those who know and feel the value of these advantages and blessings to see that they do their utmost to prevent the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church.

DAYBREAK.

BY THE REV. ALFRED PEARSON, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Margaret's, Brighton.

To the Tomb, at early dawn
On the first grey Easter morn,
Wended weepers three:
Earth beneath and boughs o'erhead,
Dew-bright for hem seemed to shed
Tears of sympathy.

Climbed the morning towards His throne,
Through the sad green eafage shone,
Slid down Olivet.
From the three no welcome caught,
To the three no morning brought;
For their sun had set.

Nature's morning songs of praise,
Songs that wood and welkin raise,
Mocked their bitter woe:
Can creation nurse a joy,
Praise her wakened powers employ,
When her Lord lies low?

Last who left the Cross of shame,
To the Tomb those weepers came:
Who shall move the stone,
Like the heavy grief that lay
On their hearts unrolled away,
If they go alone?

By the Tomb at length they stand;
Need they no kind stranger hand;
Open lies the grave.
"Tis some robber this hath done;
Wherefore left we Him alone?
Let us search the cave."

Pass they through the portal drear,
Round the rocky chamber peer,
Peer they through the gloom
Ah! what form in sheen arrayed,
Sitting where their Lord was laid,
Guards His second womb?

"Fear ye not," the angel said,
"Seek not Life among the dead,
For your Life is risen!
Risen!—whom they crucified;
Risen!—see the portals wide;
Yea, the Lord is risen!"

From the Tomb, on light feet borne
On the first glad Easter morn,
Sped those women three:
Earth beneath and Heaven o'erhead
Lauds unto the Living Dead
Sung in harmony.



HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

Continued from p. 14.)

2. THE NURSE.

IN taking upon herself the charge and care of a sick person there is one thing that the nurse must do—she must lose herself in her patient. This is what makes nursing so serious, high, and difficult an undertaking; on this giving up of self depends, in a large measure, the patient's good recovery. The nurse must never consider anything that can be done for her patient's ease a waste of time. *Anything* she can do for him is worth doing, and taking trouble saves time. If a pillow has to be shaken up six times when twice ought to be enough, still it should be done. The sixth time the patient may find it just right, though

the nurse must never mind if her services are not acknowledged, or even if they are received with rudeness.

In all the management of her patient she must be at once gentle and firm. The sick person wants to depend upon his nurse. He will not fail to do so if she is quite decided, and, at the same time, never rough or hurried. She must be always calm and bright, and never timid or capricious, and she must not fatigue the patient unnecessarily, or allow other people to do so. A patient may be fatigued in many ways, and therefore a few simple rules for the avoidance of this pitfall may be given under the heads of Voice, Foot, and Hand—it being understood that all that is here said applies not only to the nurse but also to all who ever enter the sick-room.

(i) *Voice.*—Whispering in a sick-room should *never* be allowed. The patient's brain may be unhealthily active; he will always strain it to hear what is being said, and evidently not meant for him to hear. The irritating hissing sound caused by whispering will annoy and therefore fatigue him. On the other hand, talking in a loud tone will give him a headache. The best tone to use is a subdued but natural voice—neither whispering nor the opposite extreme.

It should be remembered that however unconscious a patient may appear, he hears and knows more of what is going on than his attendants suspect or he can explain. Nothing, then, should ever be said in his hearing which it would worry him to know about. Nor should he and his chances of recovery be discussed in his room. It is very painful to see the way in which, without any idea of hurting or offending the sick person, people will sometimes crowd into the room to look and point and whisper and sigh. Those deep sighs, repeated at intervals, while the head is ominously shaken, are more trying than anything else. And when the poor hopes the sick man has of ever going to his work again are canvassed in his hearing, it is a wonder sometimes that he does not die straight away. The nurse, then, should never allow, or be a party to, this sympathetic nuisance. The writer recalls a case of a little lad suffering from a disease in his head, which necessitated absolute rest and perfect quiet. But he lay in a room in which there were always four other persons, more or less noisy, and he possessed five uncles, great, strong, deep-voiced, rough hawkers. They went one day in a body to visit him, and the district nurse found them round his bed

talking to him, touching him, pressing on one another in their anxiety to get near him. It was terribly mistaken kindness, but when the mistake was pointed out they went away like lambs, and were content to show their devotion afterwards by breaking the ice day after day in the river below the house, and staggering up the frozen hill with great loads of it, that the two ice bags the child had at his head might be kept filled day and night.

(ii) *Foot*.—Just as whispering and loud talking must be avoided, so must the corresponding motions of the foot—walking on tip-toe and treading with a heavy step. The nurse should wear a shoe soft and warm, and tread the floor firmly, so as to avoid irritating the patient's nerves, but lightly withal, so as to avoid shaking his bed. Her movements should never be hurried. Hurry is annoying in itself, and also may cause the nurse to break or spill something, and thus to jar the sick person's sensibilities.

(iii) *Hand*.—The hands should act just as the feet and voice are to act. Their touch should be light, firm, and deliberate. The nurse should never *snatch* at anything, but *draw* it gently to her. Things should be laid down quietly in the sick-room, not dropped suddenly. The touch is perhaps most severely tried in the combing of a female patient's hair. The hair must not be jerked with the comb, nor should the comb be allowed to work its way through the hair, to come out at last after a furious tug-of-war! If the hair is knotted, the best way is to separate a few locks from the rest, to comb them out slowly and gently and secure the ends firmly. The next day the process may be continued till all the hair is smoothly combed out. Often, to attempt to do more than this is too wearying for the patient, but the hair should be attended to in some way every day. The more the nurse can do for the patient's happiness, even as regards personal appearance, the better the recovery that will be made.

The ideal set before the nurse here is a high one; but it is worth while to try to reach it, though the best nurse will feel, after much and long experience, how many have been the things left undone that ought to have been done, how many the things done that would have been better not done.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

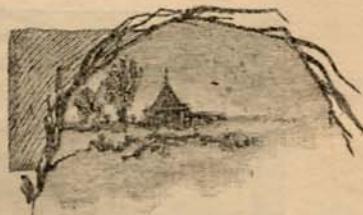
BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

GINGER PUDDING.

Half-pound flour, 1d.; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. suet, 2d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar (moist), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 1 dessertspoonful ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping, 1d.; average cost, 5d. Place a large saucepan three-parts full of water over the fire to boil. Put the flour into a basin, chop the suet very finely, and rub well into the flour till no lumps remain. Next add the sugar and ginger, mix thoroughly all together, put into a basin well greased with the dripping, cover with a piece of buttered paper the size of the top of the basin, then tie a pudding cloth securely over. Plunge into the saucepan, and boil continuously for six hours. As will be seen, this pudding takes a long time to boil, so it will be necessary to partly cook it the day before it is wanted, unless the one who makes it is a very early riser. Syrup forms an excellent accompaniment, and costs less than making a sauce, though for state occasions the following will be found very good:—

LEMON SAUCE.

A lemon, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. loaf-sugar, a teacupful cold water, a tablespoonful jam. Rub the pieces of sugar on the lemon rind, put them into a small saucepan, cut the lemon in two, and squeeze the juice and pulp on to the sugar, carefully keeping back the pips (which would give a bitter taste if put in). Next add the water and jam, and stir all till boiling; let the sauce boil fast for ten minutes, then strain through muslin over the pudding just before serving. Though no liquid is used in making the ginger pudding it will be moist when cooked, and will turn out readily if care is taken to grease the basin sufficiently.



EASTER EVE; OR, JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

THERE was a good man, and a just,
Who never gave his word's consent
To murder of the innocent.
He came, and on his head was dust,
And he had torn his garment's hem—
Joseph, the man of "Ramathem."

He once was fearful, would not speak;
No craven coward was he now,
Who dared his Master bold avow.
Strong now for Jesus, he who, weak
And wavering when the Sanhedrim
Condemned, would be condemned with Him.

He heard the fierce centurion's word,—
"This surely was a righteous man,"—
Had watched his face so grave and wan.
A righteous man! Nay, righteous Lord!
My Lord, though mine His death shall be!
And so to Pilate straight went he.

And there, with face like iron set,
With tone unfaltering, void of gloss,
He begged the Body from the Cross;
And Pilate, stern, half-fume, half-fret,
Felt there was that in Joseph's voice
That left his trembling soul no choice.

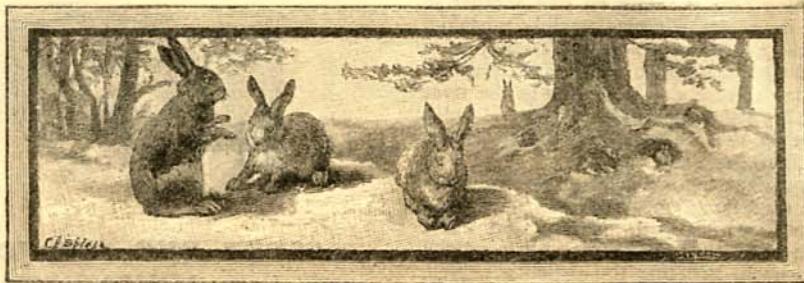
For Joseph had large fields, and gold,
And Joseph was a councillor,
So Pilate gave the Body o'er.
That Body long time since was cold;
The frost was falling, it was late
When Joseph went from Pilate's gate.

Then, while dogs barked, from off the hill,
Before the Paschal moon was bright,
They bore the Body, stark and white;
They washed it in the garden rill,
They wrapped it in a linen shroud;
And tears fell fast, and vows were vowed.

But Nicodemus, once afraid,
Had felt the new-born spirit stir,
And he brought frankincense and myrrh.
So these rich men together laid
Their Master, as the Scripture saith,
There with the rich man in His death.

Hard by, where Jeremiah pined
In caverned prison, travellers say
You see that sepulchre to-day;
Beyond the city wall you find
The newly hollowed garden tomb
That held the world's life in its womb.

But be that false, or be it true,
I know it was an open grave
Made Joseph strong, Nakdimon brave;
And I have faith, when from the blue
Falls the dark bolt, that by the Cross
Comes courage born of love and loss.



A FEW HINTS ON RABBIT-KEEPING.

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.

WITH the exception of the dog and the cat, and perhaps one or two of the cage birds, there is no animal more popular as a domestic pet than the rabbit. It is easily obtained and easily kept, and has this further advantage, that it can, without difficulty, be made a source of some little profit. As, however, without attention to certain points, failure is inevitable, a few words of advice to those intending to take up rabbit-keeping may be found of service. And I therefore propose to speak briefly of these points, arranged under five different heads.

1. THE HUTCH.—This need not be at all elaborate. For a single rabbit, a perfectly satisfactory hutch can be made out of an old tea-chest. This must be divided into two chambers, one twice as large as the other, by a partition of thin board, at the bottom of which has been cut a hole of sufficient size for the animal to pass through. A sliding door must be provided, by means of which this hole can be closed while one part of the hutch is being cleaned. The simplest plan is to procure a square piece of wood, a little larger in diameter than the aperture, and to furnish it with a handle of stout wire, just long enough to pass through a hole in the roof when the door is lowered. Before fastening the partition in its place, lay this door upon it, so as to cover the aperture, and nail a straight piece of wood upon either side, to serve as "guides," or "runners." Upon each of these nail another and a thinner strip, half an inch wider, so as to project over the door upon either side. By this means the door will be prevented from slipping out of position, as it is raised or lowered between the runners.

The front of the larger compartment must be filled in with stout wires, placed perpendicularly, or a piece of wire netting, of moderate mesh, may be nailed over it. Both compartments must of course be furnished with doors, the hinges of which may be made of stout leather, while the fastening consists of a simple hasp or "button."

At the bottom of each door a few small notches should be cut, to facilitate the running away of moisture; and the hutch itself, which should never be placed upon the ground, should always slope slightly backwards for the same reason. If the floor of both compartments can be paved with slate, so much the better.

2. FOOD.—This should be of mixed character, with due regard to an occasional change of diet. The dry food may consist of bran, barley, oats, maize, and dried peas, the latter only in small quantities. In winter time oil-cake is very useful, and the rabbits soon learn to like it. By way of green food, parsley, lettuce, carrots with their tops, turnip tops, vetches, grass, milk and sow thistles, clover, and green furze tops are all useful. Cabbage leaves should only be given occasionally and sparingly, as they are apt to produce a bloated and unhealthy condition of body.

In spite of a widely spread impression to the contrary, rabbits *do* require water now and then, more especially in captivity, when their food is not damp with dew. A trough should be provided for the food, and by running a stout wire along the centre of this, and another about an inch from the side and half an inch below the edge, the rabbit can be prevented both from sitting in the trough, and from scraping out the food with its fore feet.

3. CLEANLINESS.—This is most important. Both parts of the hutch should be carefully cleaned out at least once every day. Neglect of this precaution means certain discomfort to the animal, and probable disease and death. By means of the sliding door, the rabbit can be confined to the sleeping chamber while the day compartment is cleaned, and *vice versa*. A little permanganate of potash dissolved in water and sprinkled on the floor of the hutch will serve to keep it sweet.

4. EXERCISE.—If possible the animal should be let out of the cage for half an hour or so every day, and allowed to run about; but a watch must be kept upon it, to see that it does not burrow. If a paved



LITTLE DORA'S PETS.

yard be available, the period of exercise may be extended.

Two families of rabbits should never be released from their hutches together, for there is much jealousy among these animals, and the probable result will be a fight. The buck, too, must never be allowed to run with the young, for he will almost certainly kill them, even though they be his own offspring.

5. BREEDING.—Rabbits begin to breed at about eight months of age; but a stronger and healthier litter will be obtained if the parents are not allowed to breed for a full year after birth. Not more than three broods in a year should be allowed. The buck and doe must be kept in different hutches, out of sight of one another, and only allowed to remain together for a short time.

Shortly before the young are born, the doe will begin to make ready a nest for them, by biting the hay, etc., of which her bed is composed, into little pieces, and plucking the down from her body. As soon as she is seen to be thus engaged, a quantity of fine, soft hay should be provided. While she is suckling her young, a shallow pan of water must always be kept in the hutch, and she will require more green food than at other times. It is well, too, to provide her, now and then, with a mash consisting of barley meal and milk.

During the first ten days, at least, after the young are born, the door of the sleeping compartment, which has now become the nursery, should not be opened; for the mother rabbit is strangely jealous of her little ones, and will often kill and eat them if they are touched or even looked at. After about five weeks, the little animals will begin to nibble grass-blades, and other tender green food. By this time it will be seen whether or not there is a sickly member of the brood. If so, it should be at once held up by the hind legs, and destroyed by a sharp blow just behind the ears, which will kill it instantaneously, and without pain.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Work amongst Women.

We have a Bible-woman working at Bellary. We extract the following from her interesting report:—
“In one house where some Lingait women had listened to me very attentively I read the fourteenth chapter of John, and taught them the Lord’s Prayer, which I asked them to say daily. Some of them said they would. On another occasion I had a large gathering of women, twenty-two in one house. I showed them Scripture pictures, and told them several Bible stories. They said, ‘Our gods are true gods.’ I asked them how they could be gods when they were made by men, and explained that God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; that the true God is pure and holy, while the idols made by men were supposed to have committed every possible sin. I then told them the story of the Prodigal Son, and said we were all like him, to which they agreed, and said, ‘That is the best story we have ever heard.’ I begged them to follow the Prodigal’s example and return to our Heavenly Father, and pray to Him.”—From the Zenana Society’s Report.

Village Schools in India.

Miss Tasca writes:—

“One school in particular has been previously mentioned (in my diary) in terms of praise. It is taught by two converts from Mohammedanism, and who were baptized by Mr. Hackett in 1890. There are many entries concerning this school, such as this one: ‘The school in Mutiyagange gave me great satisfaction. The children answered all the questions set them, and the girls answered smartly, and as they read they gave the meaning of the different words asked them. When asked why Christ died for them, they replied, ‘He gave His life for us because He loves us.’ It is quite wonderful how quickly they take in Bible truth. They are quite sure that Jesus loves them as well as other children. Of another school I find written: ‘Even the very little children know all about Jesus Christ.’ Two of the pupils simply came to school to be taught about the Saviour. They were willing to learn anything else we liked to give them, because they wanted to know about Jesus.”

LITTLE CHARLEY: A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,
Author of “Denis O’Neil,” “A Thorny Way,” etc.

CHAPTER III.



given up hope, he refused to listen to their words.

The crisis came and passed, and Charley still lived. “He’ll do now,” said the doctor, looking kindly at Watson, “and he owes it all to you.”

The man made no reply, but the working of his face showed what he felt; and though he said nothing, he took, if possible, more care than before of his little patient. Charley’s recovery was a slow one, and the doctor feared that he would never become really strong. The weakness seemed to have settled in his legs, and it was doubtful if he would ever walk again.

Watson was quite well by now, and it was time for him to leave the infirmary. He and Charley were inseparable, and it seemed impossible to part them; but still it must be done.

The chaplain was sitting in his room one day, when he heard a knock, and to his surprise Watson entered.

“The matron said I might come down and speak to you, sir,” he said.

“Sit down,” said the chaplain kindly, pulling up a chair.

Watson sat down on the extreme edge of the seat, and twisted his hands together awkwardly.

“I can’t give up little Charley,” he said at last.

The chaplain’s face fell. “I am afraid there is no help for it,” he said. “You are quite able to go out now, and even if you do not leave the workhouse at once you cannot stay in the infirmary any longer.”

“I ain’t going to stay in the infirmary, and I ain’t going



"YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?"

to stay in the house neither," said Watson. "I'm going out next Monday, and little Charley must go along of me."

"That is hardly possible, I think," said the chaplain, who felt that his experiment was taking a turn altogether beyond his intentions. "The child will want great care for a long time, and you told me yourself that you have no home to go to."

"That ain't no reason why I shouldn't make one, is it?" said Watson fiercely.

The chaplain was not offended, for he saw the anxiety that lay beneath the man's manner. "You can't make a home without hard work," he said.

"And who says I won't work!" cried Watson.

"Nobody says so; but you know as well as I do that it is not always easy to find work when a man's been on the tramp as you have."

"I know it," said Watson, his head sinking dejectedly as he spoke. "But look here, sir! I wasn't always like this. I'm a joiner by trade, and there was a time when I earned good wages. I'd given it all up, and I'd never have took to it again, but you've treated me like a man, and the little 'un—." He stopped for a minute, with a choke in his voice, and then went on again. "I never had none of my own, sir, but the little 'un calls me 'Daddy,' and he must come along of me."

The chaplain listened to him thoughtfully. "But do you know that the doctor thinks the child may never be able to walk?" he asked. "Just think what a burden it would be to you."

"But that's why I want him," said Watson. "Little Charley 'll never be able to shift for himself."

"I wouldn't part you from Charley for the world, but I must think for the child as well as for you. If he stays here he will be well taken care of, and we shall try to train him both for this world and the next. I know if you have him you will feed and clothe him, but will you always set him a good example; will you teach him to be truthful, and honest, and obedient? Will you bring him up as a Christian child?"

Watson flushed uneasily. "I learnt all that once," he said, "but I've not thought of it for years past."

"So I feared; but you have had a little teacher who has made you think of it again."

Watson looked up with a somewhat puzzled face. "A

teacher?" he said; "why, little Charley can't say nothing but 'Daddy.'

"I know that; but isn't it true that since you began to love him you have remembered holy things which you learnt when you were a little fellow yourself?"

"How d'ye know that?" asked Watson quickly.

"I only guessed it," said the chaplain.

"Ah!" said Watson, with a sigh of relief. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought as some one had been spying on me, when I knelt down by the little 'un's bed after he was asleep and tried to say one of the prayers I used to know."

There was silence in the room for a minute, and then the chaplain spoke again. "I have a plan to propose to you," he said. "You say you are a good joiner. I know Mr. Davey the builder, who lives in the next town, and if I can I will get you a place with him. Then, if you work steadily for the next six months and can make a little home, I will speak to the guardians, and arrange for you to have Charley."

Watson got up from his chair. "I will try, sir," he said solemnly. "God help me!" and the chaplain echoed his prayer.

Nearly a year had passed by since this eventful evening, when one day a carriage stopped at the great gates of the workhouse. It had no prancing horses or liveried servants; it was made of rough unvarnished boards, and was drawn by a man who held the long wooden handle. No snow was on the ground, but the cold wind blew the clouds along and whistled through every crevice and round every corner, yet the occupant of the carriage was warm and comfortable, for he was wrapped up in rugs and shawls, and he laughed merrily as he peeped out from under his coverings.

"You know where you are, don't you, Charley?" said Watson, as they crossed the open courtyard and drew up at the door. "And you know who this is?" he added, as the door opened and the chaplain and the doctor came out together.

"Why, Watson!" cried the chaplain. "Have you brought Charley here to see us again?"

"Yes, sir," said Watson proudly; "I've made this little carriage for him out of hours, sir, and he rides along in it like anything. He likes going out with Daddy, he does!"

"And how are you getting on?" asked the chaplain in a lower tone, as the doctor turned aside to speak to the little boy.

"First-rate, sir! I'm earning a pound a week now, and the wife of the man I lodge with she looks after Charley while I'm out. He can't walk, sir, but when he's a bit bigger I'm going to draw him to school every day, and he goes to church on Sundays with me now."

"You've kept your promise, Watson!" said the chaplain. "We'll have some more talk presently. Take him in now out of the cold, and tell the matron that you and Charley are to have tea in my room. I shall be in soon."

"Well, you were right and I was wrong," said the doctor, as they walked across the court. "The wild beast in that man has got tamed somehow, though *how* I can't understand."

"Can't you?" said the chaplain. "Did you never hear of such a thing as love?"

"Oh, yes, now and again!" said the doctor, laughing. "But what puzzles me is how you could have expected a man with such a hard heart as that to love anything or anybody."

"Because I knew that the child loved him," said the chaplain. Then, putting his hand on his friend's arm, he added earnestly, "That is the way all hard hearts are softened. Won't you believe now what I have so often told you—'We love Him because He first loved us'?"

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

GHE following is the Prize List for the third quarter of last year—July to September. The names are given in order of merit. It will be remembered that the questions were prepared by the Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N., and that we offered as prizes six volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The conditions were that "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. 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, and state their ages."

NAME.	AGE	SCHOOL	ATTTESTED BY
1. ZOE M. H. DUKE, Colworth House, West Dean, Chichester.	14	St. John the Evangelist, Littlehampton: The Rev. John Cooke, Incumbent.	The Incumbent.
2. ARTHUR JOHN REDFEARN, Lea Marston, Minworth, Birmingham.	14	Parish Church: The Rev. F. Cooper, B.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
3. EVA CECILIA POSTANCE, St. George's Vicarage, Everton, Liverpool.	15	St. George's, Everton: The Rev. R. Postance, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
4. J. HAROLD NICHOLSON, 5, Trinity Crescent, Folkestone.	14	Holy Trinity: The Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. E. J. Hampson, M.A., Curate.
5. ADA GWENDOLEN MOLLOY, Ventnor Villa, Lower Weston, Bath.	14	St. John's, Weston: Rev. W. T. H. Wilson, M.A., Vicar.	The Rev. H. Anderson, Curate.
6. CHARLES COLLINS, Weaver Cottages, Weston Point, Runcorn.	14	Christ Church: The Rev. J. H. Wilcockson, M.A., Vicar.	Mrs. Wilcockson, S.S. Teacher.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in Bible Explorations:—

AMIE NISBET, Ringwould Rectory, Dover.
ARTHUR T. DWELLY, 107, Fore Street, Saltash, Devon.
FLORENCE D. GALE, 7, Ranelagh Road, Winchester.
WILLIAM H. HACKSLEY, 37, St. Barnabas Street, Wellington.
REBECCA COOPER, Yew Tree Hill, Netherthorpe, Dudley.
ROSETTA E. SMITH, Edleston Road, Crewe.
ARTHUR M. MOORE, Crescent Road, Crouch End, Middlesex.
WALTER J. SIMMONDS, Moreton-in-Marsh.
MARGARETTE S. BLENKINSOPP, 7, Magdalene Terrace, Ripon.
EULALIE TAGGART, Derby Square, Douglas, Isle of Man.
ARTHUR CURGENVEN, Albert Road, Addlestone, Surrey.
GEORGE BELL, 37, Kelvin Grove, Liverpool.
MILDRED A. BROWN, Oldbury Vicarage, Worcestershire.
KATE NORRIS, 11, Defoe Road, Stoke Newington.

We append the answers, July to September inclusive:—
July 3rd.—(1) Samuel on speaking "truth." (2) Samuel described as "a child"; ch. ii. 11, 18, 19, 21, 26; iii. 1, 8, 19; or described as "growing"—therefore still young. (3) God was with him; 1 Sam. iii. 19; Acts x. 33. *July 10th.*—(1) Two sons of Naomi, and youngest of Timothy's mother. Ruth's piety. Eunice's faith and knowledge of Scripture. Not told the name of Timothy's father. (2) The people hiding themselves (v. 6), followed trembling (v. 7), their numbers diminished from 3,000 (v. 2) to 600 (v. 15). (3) "Teaching"; Matt. iv. 23, v. 2, on; Sam. xii., end 23. *July 17th.*—(1) That he was "anointed", and was taken from "among his brethren"; Acts iv. 27; x. 38; iii. 22; vii. 37. (2) 1 Sam. xv. 22; Psalms 1. 8, 9; li. 16, 17. (3) Both travelled by ship, and had many companions, and were much disliked by those they visited, and exerted great miraculous power. *July 24th.*—(1) Felix and David. (2) "My brother Jonathan"; 2 Sam. i. The same is my brother. (3) That of David for Absalom, that of the people for David. *July 31st.*—(1) That He was the Son of God; Matt. xvi. 16; Rom. i. 4. (2) Both built by a Son of David; one by a faulty son, the other by a perfect One. The Jewish Temple a Christian Church; one material, the other spiritual; one temporal, the other eternal; one built by Solomon, the other by Christ. (3) 1 Chron. xxi. 26; God answering David and showing His acceptance of his offering by fire after his sin. 1 Chron. xxii. 8; God's reason for not allowing David to build His House.

St. James' Day.—2 Kings i. 10, 12; Luke ix. 54.
August 7th.—(1) Prov. iv. 7 (R.V. margin); 2 Chron. i. 10. (2) A "perfect heart" or uprightness of heart; 1 Chron. xxix. 17, 9, 19. (3) Matt. xx. 30-34, hearing about Jesus, praying to Jesus, using their eyes to follow Jesus. *August 14th.*—(1) Such passages as 1 Kings xi. 12, 13, 32, 33, 34, 36, 38. (2) Matt. xxiv. 2. No; not of Solomon's temple, but of that second temple which Zerubbabel restored, and Herod adorned. (3) 1 Kings xi. 9, "twice." *August 21st.*—(1) Matt. xxvii. 20, 29, 30; 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2. (2) 1 Kings xii. 33, "out of his own heart." (3) 1 Kings xiii. 33, "After this thing"—this message, this judgment, this mercy, this series of wonders. *August 28th.*—(1) 1 Kings xxii. 27-29, compared with 25. (2) Elijah's apparent unbelieving flight, rebelliousness, and despair; 1 Kings xix. 3, end of 4, end 10. (3) Idols called "vanities"; Jer. xiv. 20; Acts xiv. 15 on. *Supplemental.*—The mention of that "ladder" to which the Saviour seemed to refer when speaking to Nathaniel in John i. 51.

September 4th.—(1) Kings xxii. 6, 8, 11; 2 Kings ii. 6; those at Jericho and Bethel not "enumerated" in lesson. (2) Fulness of His compassion (Mark vi. 34), knowledge, "teach many things" (34); bounty—feeding 5,000; power—over the elements, over diseases, speech, curing them by a touch (56). (3) "comfort"; 2 Kings iv. 16, 36; perhaps also ii. 10. *September 11th.*—(1) Infliction; 2 Kings vi. 18; 2 Cor. iii. 14, 15. Rest or improvement; 2 Kings vi. 17, 20; 2 Cor. iii. 16; Mark x. 46. (2) Elisha brought about restoration of sight by prayer; 2 Kings

LOUIE RIGG, Hartington Place, Eastbourne.
WINIFRID A. GEE, Elmshurst, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.
FLORRIE E. MACDONALD, 31, Rialto Terrace, Kilmainham, Dublin.
DOROTHY CHAMPION, Corfton Hall, Craven Arms, Salop.
ELIZA F. CHILD, Clifton Vicarage, Brighouse, Yorks.
MILDRED C. RAMSAY, Everton Vicarage, Bawtry, Notts.
EMILY GOODSELL, Tattlem Cottage, Withyham, Sussex.
LILIAN A. MILLIGAN, 4, Addingham Road, Ilkley, Yorks.
MAUDE J. P. DE MARTIN, Wellington.
ANNIE T. CHILD, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness.
BLANCHE M. L. LEECH, Surrey Road South, Bournemouth.
SARAH I. CHILD, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness.
LIZZIE IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham.
ROBERTA M. WILLIAMS, Rosendale Road, West Dulwich, Surrey.

vi. 18. Christ by His own Word; Mark x. 52. (3) The request of v. 35, and the indignation, etc., of the ten (v. 41 on), so soon after the teaching of 32-34. *September 18th.*—(1) v. 22, 25, 26, 34, 36, 37. (2) Peter's self-commendation; its results. (3) Elisha; 2 Kings x. 10, also ix. 14; encouraged to rebel by hearing Elisha's message. *Unbelief*; x. 29, 34; xiii. 2, 6, 11. *September 25th.*—(1) Gal. iv. 4. (2) Made haste; Luke v. 39. (3) 2 Kings xxiii. 25; compared xviii. 5. Perhaps more like Hezekiah for trust, or Jonah for zeal.

St. Matthew.—How he left his calling, Matt. ix. 9; like Elisha in 1 Kings xix. How he used his wealth, Luke v. 29, in God's service, like David in 1 Chron. xxix.

St. Michael.—Both Jacob and the Apostle delivered by angelic interposition from threatening danger; Gen. xxxii. 11; Acts xii. 3, 4. Jacob, however, awoke at night and wrestled in prayer; Peter being asleep and being prayed for by others; xii. 12.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

7. WORD PUZZLE.

I am a word of nine letters; my picture has often appeared in the CHURCH MONTHLY.

With the 587 of your 4586 you may 4527 a 1299 and a 3295.

457296 is a fourth letter.

6557 and 723 and 183 are animals.

45873 is possessed by all these animals.

458934 is sometimes drunk in 895.

987657 and 159987 are storerooms.

14273 is useful to a navigator.

986657 " " " builder.

9586 " " " plumber.

1273 " " " farmer.

8. ELIMINATION.

I am a word of six letters.

Entire I am an agreeable person. By removing one letter (any) at a time I become successively (1) a very disagreeable person, (2) a discovery, (3) a part of a fish, (4) a preposition, (5) myself.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

THE interest in this Competition continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes six volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (July to September last) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
LOUISE QUAIF, 22, Southampton Street, Camberwell, London.	12	The Rev. Norman Campbell, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Camberwell.
2. EDWARD S. ARMSTRONG, 6, Rosetta Gardens, Ormeau Road, Belfast.	13	Mr. J. S. Scotter, Teacher St. Jude's, Belfast.
3. LILIAN MAUD SMITH, 212, Moseley Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.	11	Mr. R. Windmill, Supt. St. Paul's Sunday School, Balsall Heath.
4. STUART BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate, Middlesex.	14	The Rev. T. M. Macdonald, Curate of Southgate.
5. ELIZABETH BAXTER CRANE, 36, Highenden Road, Hastings.	15	The Rev. A. Hodges, M.A., Blacklands Vicarage, Hastings.
6. ARTHUR MONTAGUE MOORE, Hillsborough, Crescent Road, Crouch End.	14	The Rev. C. W. Edmonstone, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Hornsey.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to September inclusive, are as follows:—

XXI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M a g I
Enchant
Saracen
Alban
Vouch
Exotic
Scot
Naom
Indictmen
New
Enigma

XXII. BURIED TRANSLATORS AND REVISERS
OF THE BIBLE.—Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale,
Westcott, Lightfoot, Hort, Stanley, Alford.

XXIII. CHARADE.—Goldsmith.

XXIV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

P u s S
A H
W h O
Nightcap

XXV. ANAGRAMS (Famous Poets).—

(a) Alexander Pope.
(b) George Herbert.
(c) Alfred Tennyson.
(d) William Shakspeare.
(e) William Cowper.

XXVI. REBUS.—DAY. D (Dee). A. Y (Wye).

XXVII. SQUARE WORD.—

A I S L E
I S L A M
S L A V E
L A V E R
E M E R Y

XXVIII. PIE.—

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head."

SCOTT's *Lady of the Lake*.

XXIX. LOGOGRAPH.—D E L F.

TO THE PRIZE WINNERS.

THE successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or if preferred two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

BIBLE QUESTIONS ON THE "SUNDAY GOSPELS" THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

March 5th, Third Sunday in Lent.

(Luke xi. 14-28.)

- In which of St. Peter's Epistles do we find a statement which agrees in spirit with that of v. 26?
- What verse in St. Luke ii. goes to prove that our Saviour's mother was not without the blessing mentioned at the close of this "Gospel"?
- What are we told of in the "Epistle" for to-day, and what else in the "Gospel" for to-day, both of which are worse than the "dumbness" described in the latter? (See James iii. 2, etc.)

March 12th, Fourth Sunday in Lent.

(John vi. 1-14.)

- What details in this story help to show the exceeding greatness of the need supplied by the Saviour?
- What details show the extraordinary abundance of the supply provided by the Saviour?
- How may this "Gospel" remind us of what is said by Moses in Deut. xviii., and of what is said about him in other verses of John vi.? And how do these other verses tally with the strong contrast presented to us in the "Epistle" for to-day?

March 19th, Fifth Sunday in Lent.

(John viii. 46-59.)

- Where do we find the Jews saying the same of John the Baptist as they here say of our Lord?
- How does the "Epistle" for to-day teach us that the very opposite was true about Him?
- In what way do the contents of that "Epistle" help to explain, and so to justify the statement contained in John viii. 51?

March 26th, Sunday next before Easter.

(Matt. xxvii. 1-54.)

- How many testimonies to the innocence of our Saviour do we find in this chapter?
- What appears to have been the greatest of all the indignities offered to Him? (Compare what is said on the same subject in John xviii. and Acts iii.)
- What special words or statements about the Saviour in the "Epistle" for to-day are illustrated by special statements in the "Gospel" for to-day?

“I am Thine for ever.”

A CONFIRMATION HYMN.

Words by the REV. W. A. BATHURST, M.A.
(Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Eastbourne.)

Music by GILBERT A. ALCCC.
(Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Eastbourne.)

1. I am Thine for ev - er ! Lord, Thy child de - fend ; Fill me with the Spi - rit,
2. I am pledged for ev - er To be Thine a - lone ; Sa - tan shall not claim me,

Keep me to the end. Foes are all a - round me I am weak in - deed -
I am not mine own. Now, the world o'er - com - ing, Strong in faith and love,

Be Thou, Je - sus, near me, Still sup - ply my need. A - men.
I will fight in earn - est Till I rest a - bove.

3. Holy Father, take me
'Neath Thy guardian care ;
May Thy love possess me
Always, everywhere :
In Thy fear abiding,
Honouring Thy Name,
Sanctify me wholly,
Shelter me from blame.

4. I will serve for ever
Thee, my Lord and King ;
Body, soul, and spirit,
Gladly offering :
I will yield my talents
All to Thine employ,
Finding in Thy service
Solace, rest, and joy.

5. At the Holy Table
I'll renew my vow,
Take the sacred emblems
Offered to me now ;
Plead my Saviour's merits,
Praise Him that He died,
Seal, with saints, our union
In the Crucified.

6. Lead me, blest Redeemer ;
Seek me when I stray ;
'Mid surrounding danger
Be Thyself the way :
Ever, Lord, defend me
With Thy heavenly grace,
Daily grant Thy Spirit
Till I see Thy face ! Amen.

