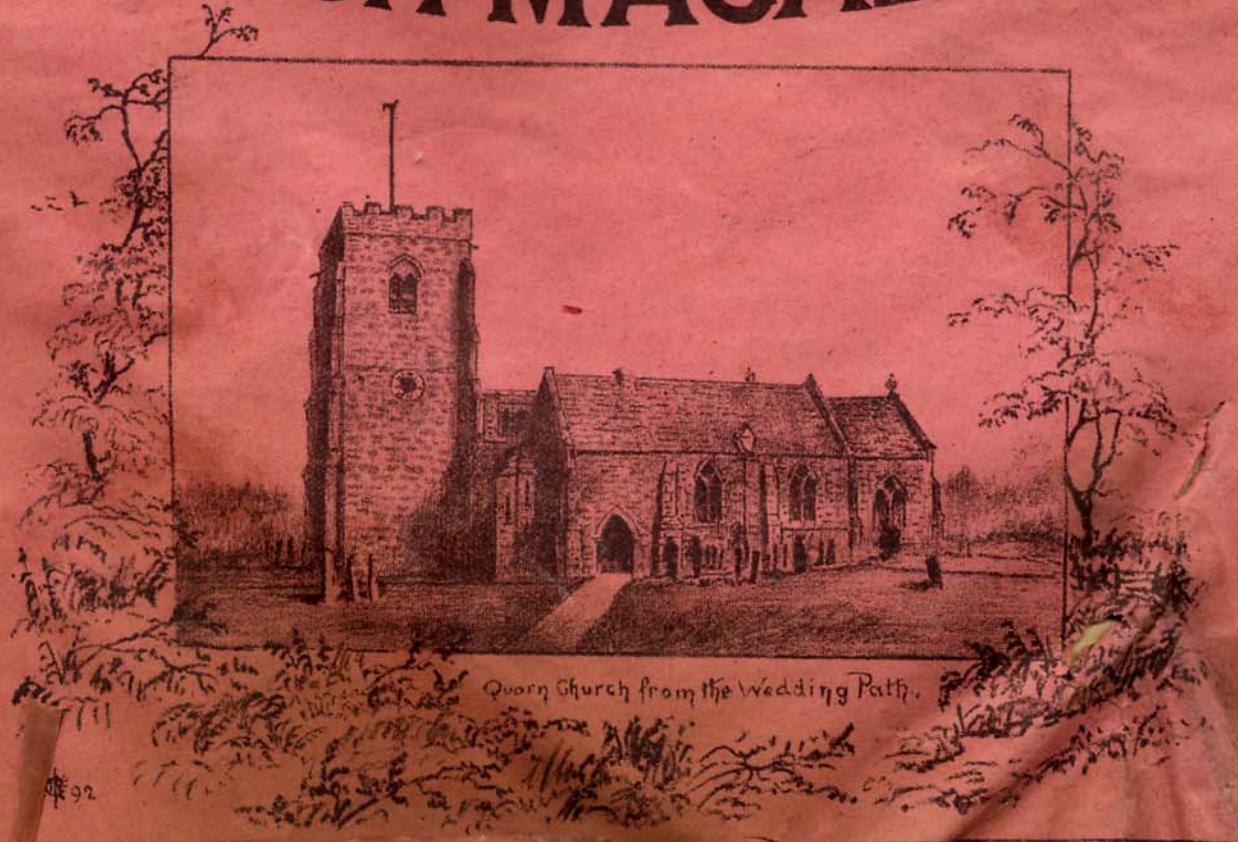


May, 1893.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

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.
6.30 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 Evensong is at 7 p.m., and at 7.30 there is a Bible reading and explanation with prayers and hymns.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Monday, May 1st.—Festival of S.S. Philip and James. It is not known why these two Saints are commemorated together on one day. S. Philip was one of the xii. Apostles. We only read of him in S. John's Gospel, who relates (i. 43) how he was "found" by Jesus and immediately brought Nathanael (Bartholomew) to the Lord. He is also mentioned at vi. 5; xii. 21; xiv. 8; beyond these few notices we know nothing for certain.

S. James the son of Alpheus (S. Matt. x. 3) we find an important person in the Church after the Lord's Ascension. He acted as Bishop of the Church at Jerusalem where we find him presiding at a Council of the whole body of the Apostles and Elders, (Acts xv. 13.) He was known as "James the Just," for his clear and upright character and was martyred through the envy of the Pharisees. The Epistle which bears his name is a store-house of vigorous moral teaching.

Thursday, May 11th—ASCENSION DAY. This (though it now so badly observed) is one of the great Festivals of the Christian Church. It commemorates the glorious Ascension of our Blessed Lord into Heaven as related in S. Mark, xvi. 19; S. Luke, xxiv. 51; and Acts, i. 9. This was the necessary completion of the triumph of the Resurrection and the Festival is placed 40 days after Easter that being the time which came between the two facts. (Services as above, for Holy Days.

May 21st.—WHIT-SUNDAY. The third great festival with Christmas and Easter. The Birth-day of the Church—when by the power of the Holy Spirit sent from heaven according to the Lord's promise—the Apostles were enabled to begin the mighty work that was set them. It falls upon the day of the old Jewish Feast of Pentecost and so comes 50 days after Easter. The events of Whit-Sunday are related in Acts, ii. (Holy Communion at 7 and choral at 8, and also after morning Mattins.)

The Festival is continued on Monday and Tuesday. There will be Holy Communion on Monday at 8 a.m., and Tuesday after Mattins at 10 a.m.

May 28th—Trinity Sunday. Closes the series of Sunday Festivals for the year. It is appointed that after we have commemorated again the work of God in Redemption we may consider the nature of God Himself.

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

7th—Gospel for Ascension Day
14th—Acts i.
21st—Whit-Sunday, Acts ii. 1-21
28th—Trinity Sunday, the Gospel } Hymn to be learnt—
149.

Baptisms.

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

Apl. 2nd: Ida Annie Lovett
Ivy Caroline Warr
Dennis Stewart Axtan
Dora Alice Ellen Heighton
4th: Cecil Algernon Pepper
9th: George Edward Adecock
14th: Alice Hutchinson
Katie Disney

And one adult baptized and one received into the Church.

Marriages.

Apl. 3rd: Harry Hull and Sarah Esther Jones
16th: George Robotham and Florence Annie Hackett
23rd: Thomas Henry Waite and Agnes Maria Melton

Burials.

Mar. 25th: John Henry Sutton, aged 3 years.
Apl. 8th: William Shaw, aged 78 years.
19th: Catherine Elliott, aged 54 years.
22nd: Arthur Bagley, aged 6 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

| | Church Expenses. | Sick and Poor. | Special: |
|------------|----------------------------|----------------|------------------------------|
| Mar. 26th— | — | £0 3s. 4d. | £21 8s. 2d. |
| Apl. 2nd— | — | — | Diocesan |
| 5th— | — | £0 3s. 9d. | Association |
| 16th— | £2 12s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. | £0 5s. 7d. | £4 5s. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. |
| 23rd— | — | £0 4s. 10d. | — |
| Poor Box | — | £0 1s. 6d. | — |
| Totals | £2 12s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. | £0 18s. 7d. | £25 13s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. |

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

| | Matins. | Hymns. | Children's Service. | Evensong. |
|---|---------|--------|---------------------|-----------|
| May 7th | 315 | 243 | 143 | |
| | 143 | 149 | 174 | |
| | | 331 | 21 | |
| 11th | | | 147 | |
| | — | — | 143 | |
| | | | 25 | |
| 14th | 201 | 147 | 148 | |
| | 150 | 149 | 304 | |
| | 147 | 301 | 24 | |
| 21st | * | 154 | 154 | |
| | 154 | 149 | 155 | |
| | 157 | 207 | 152 | |
| * Holy Communion at 8 a.m., 155, 322, 318, 193 354. | | | | |
| 28th. | 160 | 160 | 160 | |
| | 161 | 149 | 164 | |
| | 281 | 163 | 22 | |

PARISH NOTES.

The past month began with Easter and all its bright gladness.

Very glad and bright it is for those who have been trying to keep their Holy Week—and judging by the attendance at the numerous services we hope that many were trying to do so.

On Easter Day the number of Communicants, though sadly few considering the population, showed an advance on last Easter, for which we must thank God and take courage. It is reported of a parish in Wales where the total population is 2113 (just about the same as Quorn) the number of Communicants this Easter was 300. When we consider the neglect of teaching on the subject of Holy Communion in the past, it is very encouraging to know that the number of Communicants is increasing all over the Kingdom year by year.

The offerings on Easter Day which were given to the Vicar, amounted to £21 8s. 2d.

On Easter Monday the usual Vestry Meeting was held for the appointment of Churchwardens. The Vicar selected Mr. Thornton for his Warden and Mr. Geo. Cooke was chosen by those present as People's Warden.

The account of Church Expenses (which is published on the next page) was produced and may be considered satisfactory. Those who have the Magazine for last May will be able to compare it with last year's Balance Sheet. It will be noticed that the Collections for Church Expenses have brought more than last year, though circumstances have been unfavourable, and the adverse balance of £8 9s. 2d. has been paid off. We are heartily glad of this for it is surely a scandal for a Christian Congregation to be in debt!

The account of the Sick Poor Fund is also published with this number. Here also we are glad to note an increase on last year—though there has been one less general Sunday collection on this behalf. It will be noticed that more than half the whole sum has been devoted to the Fund for the support of the District Nurse.

The collections have been so carefully reported month by month in the Magazine, that it has not been thought necessary to set them all out again with the accounts. From the Summary it appears that altogether they amounted to £115 7s. 3d. if we add to this the Poor Box and the sum privately subscribed for Church Expenses, the total comes to £125 4s. 2d. Last year the total amount collected for all purposes was £123 6s. 8d.

The few Missionary Boxes given out for Lent have yielded £1 8s. 2d. which sum has been sent to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

We were glad to see so many people at the Confirmation Service on Wednesday, April 19th. We know that the hour at which it had to be held was inconvenient to many, it is impossible for the Bishops (who are very hard worked and their time very closely filled up) to fix times convenient at all places. There were 79 candidates confirmed altogether; 34 of whom came from Quorn. We are sure that all present must have been impressed with the earnest practical words of the Bishop, and with the solemn and reverent way in which the Holy rite was administered. How different to what some of our older readers will remember!

It happened very suitably, in honour of the Bishop's visit, that a successful peal of 5040 Grandsire Triples was rung in the Evening at Quorn Church by the following: T. Herbert, (treble); A. W. Matthews, J. Sharp, W. Inglesant; J. W. Taylor, junr., (Conductor); A. Jacques, W. Dexter and Chas. Clarke.

At the Meeting of Subscribers to the National Schools the same evening, a vote of regret was passed at the loss of Mr. Thompson who has been connected with the Schools for many years. Mr. R. Thompson and Mr. Fewkes were elected to fill the vacancies on the management.

The last of the Mothers' Meetings was held on Monday, April 24th. The attendance at the Meetings during the winter is considered to have been satisfactory. There have been 27 Meetings, only twice there have been less than 20 present, the largest number at any one meeting was 39 and the lowest 18, 51 attended altogether but some of them only a few times. The season will close with a second Tea at the Coffee House, on Wednesday, May 3rd.

The Special Services on Wednesday Evenings (at 7.30) will not be resumed till after Whitsuntide. There will be a Service in preparation for Holy Communion on Whitsunday—on the Thursday Evening before May 18th, at 7.30, and there will be a Choral Celebration on Whitsunday at 8 a.m. as at Easter.

The Secretary of the Football Club has sent us the summary of matches during the season as follows—

FIRST TEAM—20 matches played, 8 won, 10 lost, 2 drawn.

RESERVE TEAM—13 matches played, 6 won, 5 lost, 2 drawn.

We were sorry to hear that the Quorn Cricket Club had been unable to secure a ground for the season. This was most unfortunate but we hope that the difficulty has been got over. The Vicar by undertaking to pay a sufficient rent has obtained the use of Stafford's Orchard for cricket purposes. Mr. Geo. Cooke has very kindly undertaken to share the responsibility, and it is hoped that by careful management the Ground may be useful not only for the Club, but for other parties of men or lads who wish to play. The long dry weather has been very unfavourable for getting the ground in order.

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

QUORN CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNT.

For the Year Ending Easter, 1893.

| 1892-3. | RECEIPTS. | £ s. d. | 1892-3. | EXPENSES. | £ s. d. |
|--|-------------|-----------|-------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Rents of Seats | | 42 14 6 | Balance due to Churchwardens | ... | 8 9 2 |
| 16 Collections for Church Expenses | | 43 8 8 | Visitation Fees and Expenses | ... | 1 2 0 |
| Heating and Lighting Mr. Farnham's Chantry | | 3 0 0 | Rent of Churchyard | ... | 2 0 0 |
| Herbage in Churchyard | | 0 10 0 | Tradesmens' Bills. | | |
| Privately Subscribed | | 7 4 6½ | Mowing Machine | ... | 2 2 0 |
| | | | Caster | ... | 0 19 0 |
| | | | Lead | ... | 0 15 0 |
| | | | Fewkes | ... | 7 18 8 |
| | | | Backhouse | ... | 6 14 8 |
| | | | Lucas | ... | 3 14 0 |
| | | | Thornton | ... | 4 4 11½ |
| | | | Facer | ... | 0 17 7 |
| | | | Hymn Books, &c. | ... | 3 1 3 |
| | | | Saunders | ... | 2 11 9 |
| | | | Fire Insurance | ... | 1 14 0 |
| | | | Printing | ... | 2 6 9 |
| | | | Holmes | ... | 0 4 6 |
| | | | North | ... | 0 3 2 |
| | | | Sundries | ... | 0 5 0 |
| | | | Oil for Bells | ... | 0 2 0 |
| | | | Herbert, Cleaning Flues | ... | 0 2 0 |
| | | | Carting Holly and Help at Christmas | ... | 0 8 6 |
| | | | Heating and Lighting. | | |
| | | | Cuffling, Coals | ... | 8 6 2 |
| | | | Gas Company | ... | 10 1 1 |
| | | | The Stoker (27 weeks at 2/6) | ... | 3 7 6 |
| | | | Salaries | | |
| | | | Neal, Cleaning Church | ... | 7 0 0 |
| | | | " Washing Surplices | ... | 1 13 0 |
| | | | Herbert, Clerk | ... | 6 0 0 |
| | | | Collecting Seat Rents | ... | 1 0 0 |
| | | | Ringers | ... | 5 0 0 |
| | | | King, for Work in Churchyard | ... | 3 10 0 |
| | | | Fidler, Washing Surplices | ... | 0 16 0 |
| | | | Stevenson, Washing Altar Linen | ... | 0 8 0 |
| | | £96 17 8½ | | | £96 17 8½ |

SUMMARY OF COLLECTIONS.

| | £ s. d. |
|------------------------|----------|
| For Sick and Poor Fund | 19 14 8½ |
| For Church Expenses | 43 8 8 |
| For Special Objects | 52 3 10½ |

SICK AND POOR FUND.

Easter, 1892 to Easter, 1893.

| RECEIPTS. | £ s. d. | EXPENSES. | £ s. d. |
|--------------------------------------|----------|--|----------|
| Collections at 46 Early Celebrations | 10 10 4½ | Paid to Nursing Fund by 4 Quarterly Payments | 12 0 0 |
| ," July 23rd for Nursing Fund | 2 13 10 | Given away in Small Sums | 4 19 9 |
| ," Christmas Day | 6 10 5½ | *Wine and Brandy for Sick | 2 5 0 |
| Poor Box | 2 12 4½ | *Wine for Holy Communion | 1 7 3 |
| | £22 7 0¾ | *Cod Liver Oil | 6 1 |
| | | Milk... | 5 7 |
| | | Food | 10 6 |
| | | Coals | 3 4 |
| | | In Hand | 1 5 6 |
| | | | 0 9 6¾ |
| | | | £22 7 0¾ |

*Part of these are left



Drawn by W. S. STACEY.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & CO.]



DAVID.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER,
Author of "The Burial of Moses," etc.

KING DAVID of the psalm and sword,
What great things out of little spring!—
The chosen chief, the nation's lord,
The shepherd boy with stone and sling;

Who led his father's wandering herd
Thro' Bethlehem's pastures green and fair,
Whose warrior soul within him stirr'd
To slay the lion and the bear;

Who, when the host of Israel shook,
Nor drew the glaive, nor bent the bow,
Chose out a smooth stone from the brook,
And laid the proud Philistine low;

Who, when the God-forsaken king
Strove with the gloomy fiend in vain,
Touched his sweet harp's impassion'd strings,
And pour'd the soul-refreshing strain.

It died awhile—but died not all;
The echoes of that golden rhyme
Are ringing on from fall to fall,
For ever down the stream of time;

At matin hour, in vespers low,
They ring, they ring, those silver bells,
For praise, for plaint, for joy or woe,
Whene'er our strain of worship swells.

The fair Cathedral's arches grand,
Her marble saints with lifted palms,
Her carven pillars ever stand,
Wrapt in a dream of rolling psalms.

The grey old walls beneath the yew,
With modest porch and taper spire,
Have ripened to their music too,
Rung from the clamorous village choir.

The sick man who uneasy longs
For the first throb of breaking light,
What snatches of those heavenly songs
Have come to him at dead of night?

Some grand Laudate's lofty roll,
Some tender penitential wail,
Have made a music in his soul
Sweeter than any nightingale.

Come, blessed Psalms! when mists of sin
Over my soul beclouded lie,
Pierce thro' the wide world's strife and din,
And bid the evil spirit fly.

Come, blessed Psalms! when weak and lone
My heart breaks down, and finds no aid,
And let me find in your deep tone
Some voice of comfort ready made

For who shall find in pain or loss
Words of such sweet sustaining power
As those that hung about the Cross,
And soothed my Saviour's dying hour?



VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

WHAT ABOUT EMIGRATING?

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A., *Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Jasper Rentoul," etc.*

"The world owes all its inward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

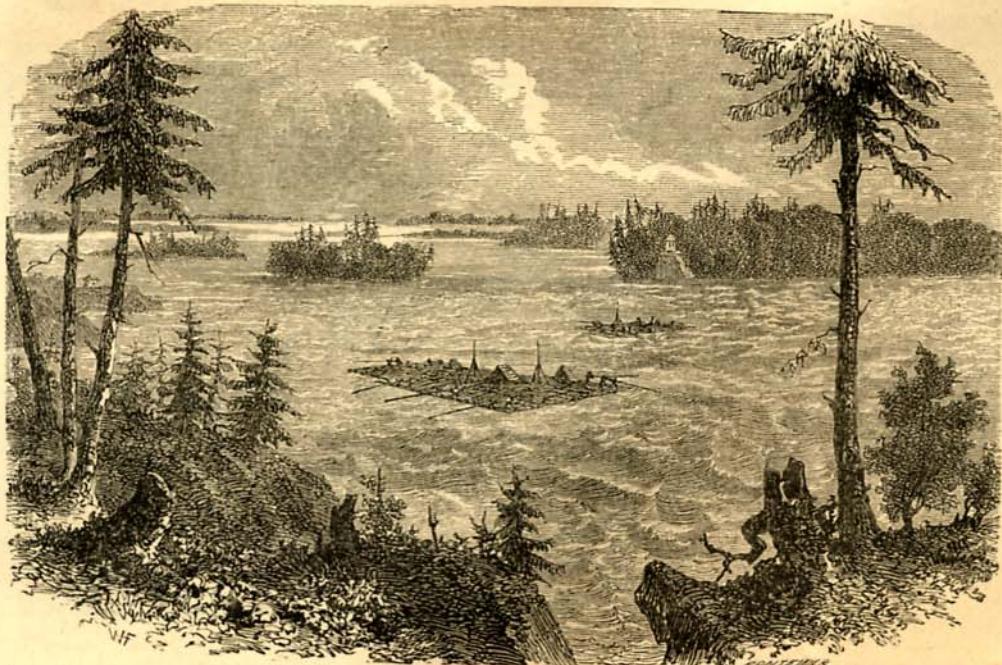
We are told that when David established himself in the Cave of Adullam he was joined by "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented" (1 Sam. xxii. 2). Here we have three classes; and it is to the members of such classes—numerous enough among us at the present day—that we recommend emigration. And, by preference, we name as our Adullam the great north-western region of British America.

1. *Those in distress.*—How many thousands there are to whom life in this old country is but a long struggle to keep the head above water—a twisting, straining, contriving to make both ends meet! This is *distress*, indeed: unintermitting pressure in the present, wearying anxiety as to the future; or, it may be, a resolute, yet wretchedly, shutting of the eyes to all that lies beyond the sphere of diurnal toil. To such we say it is *not* better to bear the ills you have than to fly to others that you know not of. For, after all, you *may* know something about them. There is the long journey, and the long winter. There is the severing of old ties, and the adapting yourself to new surroundings that may not be altogether to your taste. There is the certainty that you will have to

"rough it" a good deal, to work hard, and, it may be, to encounter many difficulties. But, against all this, set the good hope that cheers and brightens life in that new land. Honourable independence almost surely awaits those who will honourably and honestly work for it. Let a man be healthy, sober, persevering, resourceful, and then the chances of success are nearly all in his favour. Let him push out well to the West—to Winnipeg, or beyond—ready to work, ready to turn his hand to anything, willing to learn, prepared to wait, and, by God's blessing, such a man has a future before him—a future such as he could never have reasonably hoped for in England.

2. *Those in debt.*—We don't advise a man to fly to Canada in order to cheat and escape his creditors. No; but if a man have a millstone of this sort round his neck, we advise him to get rid of it by legitimate means, and to make a fresh start in a new country. People in every rank "get behind," and that hinders them from going forward. It may be the house rent that has run in arrear; it may be the borrowed capital upon which interest has to be paid; or it may be some other form of indebtedness. But, in any case, the victim struggles vainly, like a fly caught unawares in a web. The spider, in the shape

of the creditor, lives on him, and sucks him dry. Well, here is another sort of man who is on the look-out for the Cave of Adullam. Let him sell up everything, pay his debts, and be off! In this land of which we tell he doesn't want capital; probably he is better without it. He just wants to get there with, it may be, a few pounds in his pocket to make things a bit easy for him while he is looking round. He may have to rough it, and his wife and little ones, too—if it has been found necessary to bring them along in the first instance. But any man who knows what debt is will agree with me that it is worth while to endure a good deal in order to be a free man once more, to have before him a fair



JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS ST. LAWRENCE AND OTTAWA.

field in which there is no favour, and to be able to "look the whole world in the face," because "he owes not any man."

3. *The discontented.*—A huge and motley throng which no Cave of Adullam, however accommodating, could contain. Yet through north-western America a good many thousands might be scattered about with considerable advantage to themselves, and without producing any very disastrous effects on the community at large.

A man may be discontented—"bitter of soul" the margin of the Bible has it—for many reasons. He may have been crossed in love. He may be suffering under some domestic bereavement. He may consider his talents unappreciated, his energies wasted, his sphere of action too limited. He may have relatives and so-called friends who are neither a credit nor a help to him. Or he may be fired with an ambition to see the world, to be up and doing, to push out into the unknown. Well, then, here is an opening for such an one—a Cave of Adullam in which he may work off his discontent and find solace for his bitterness of soul. Yes, by all means, let the discontented man try emigration as a tonic for his dol-drums.

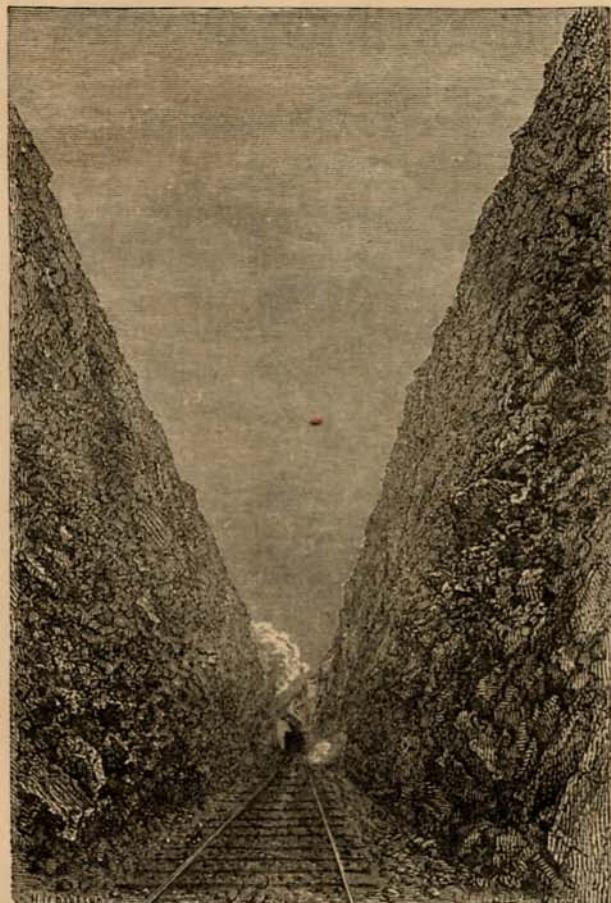
But there were yet others who sought David at Adullam. It is not said that these were in distress, or in debt, or discontented. They were his blood relations. "His brethren and all his father's house went down to him." So the man or woman who "goes out to friends" emigrates under the happiest and most comfortable conditions. A lot of trouble is saved, and many risks avoided. By all means, if you have the opportunity of going out to join relations already settled in Canada, do not hesitate to avail yourself of it.

To all these classes we recommend emigration. Write to Messrs. Allan, James Street, Liverpool, and they will give you plenty of information about steamers, booking arrangements, etc. You can get across, and be well fed for eight or nine days—provided you are not too sick to eat!—for four pounds; and the rail journey won't cost you very much at either side. You can get land for nothing; and if you write to the European agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway—also in James Street, Liverpool—he will send you reports and pamphlets about crops and cattle and conditions of settlement, enough to keep you busy for some time.

On board the steamer you will have the sympathy and services of the chaplain, who is provided by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He will advise, and, if possible, help you. He will tell you what to do, and will, if you like, introduce you to the clergyman nearest to the place where you think of settling. When I went out on the *Parisian* we had a very happy time. We had over 1,200 souls on board; but before the week was over I felt as though they had all been my parishioners for years, and with some I had struck up quite an intimacy and friendship. In addition to the regular Sunday services we had a delightful gathering on deck nearly every day. I found many willing Christian helpers. The people crowded round, joined heartily in the singing, and were most attentive.

Now just a word to the people who ought *not* to emigrate. If you don't belong to any of the classes enumerated above; if you are not very strong, not very energetic, not very handy; if you have no great object to work for; no children to put forward; no character to be retrieved; if you are tolerably comfortable at home, with certain work and fair wages, then why should you think of emigrating? Don't imagine that you will find things made easier for you in the New World than they are here. Nothing of the sort. Indeed, as I have warned you, it is quite otherwise. Don't "chuck up" a good thing here with the notion that a fellow will fall on his feet somehow out yonder. Don't let the lazy fellow who is always trying to shirk work at home, who loves to hang about the street corners and the village ale-house, delude himself with the notion that there is a welcome awaiting him in a land where all men are at work, busy, eager, hopeful in carrying on the God-assigned task of conquering the earth and subduing it.

After a land journey of three thousand miles I met again one of my fellow-voyagers. We were afloat together once more,



IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

crossing from the mainland of British Columbia to the Island of Vancouver. My friend, who was a coal miner, had hitherto failed to obtain work, and he was now making for the coal fields of Nanaimo. He was decidedly down in the mouth, and bitterly lamented that he had given up an assured two pounds a week in England to go on this venture. Well, I was sorry for the poor fellow, and I incline to think it *would* have been better for him to have stayed at home. For, though a good pitman could win more than twice two pounds a week at Nanaimo, my friend was hardly, I fear, the sort of man for that job. He did not seem very bright or pushing, nor yet a physically strong man. I have my doubts, too, whether he would prove strong enough to resist temptation. He was not in very sober or desirable companionship when I took my leave of him.

Of the hundreds with whom I sailed "out into the West," but two returned in the same ship with me to England. A respectable, God-fearing couple, they, too, were bound to be happier in the old country. Childless folk of fifty, who have been comfortable and respected at home, are not of the stuff from which successful emigrants are made. The change of life is too sharp for them, and they have no sufficient inducement to face and become accustomed to it. So my friends came back, the richer by their experience, but the poorer by the amount of their double passage money. I do not think they will have much to say in favour of colonial life.

THE PATIENCE OF TWO.

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF A BENEFACTOR.



ARK ANSTEAD continued, with as much punctuality as he could master, to attend at the office of Messrs. W. Preston & Co. His duties did not offer much variety. For some weeks he sent off circulars extolling the merits of Wiggins' Mammoth Stove Polish, Wiggins' Perfected Lung Healer, and Wiggins' Peppermintised Peppermint

Drops. For an equal period he conveyed the spoils day by day to the bank.

There were, however, certain other tasks neither so pleasant even to his easy-going nature, nor so easily discharged.

Owing to what Mr. Preston called "the amazin' greediness of some people; expectin' to be told the way to a gold mine, and all for the triflin' sum of two-and-six," the office was at times sought by indignant clients, male and female, who had not taken in good part the recommendation to vend from door to door the healing balms of the great Wiggins.

It was the custom of Mr. Preston, if any such visitors came when he was in the office, to retire with the utmost modesty and expedition to the little inner room, insisting that Anstead should say he was "away on important business." Many of them called in the afternoon, when the principal was really out, and Mark's mind was more easy in respect of the answer.

One of the first visitors who came upon this errand was a young man of a very truculent appearance, who bounced into the outer office without so much as saying, "By your leave."

"This Preston & Co.'s?" he briskly asked, fingering a slim walking-stick in a suggestive manner the while.

"Yes, sir," said Mark, eying the stick apprehensively.

"And are you Preston or the swindling Co.?"

"I'm neither. I'm the clerk."

"Ah! but where are the noble principals? I have urgent business to transact personally with them."

"Out. But I can take any —"

"Are you authorised to take a licking on their behalf?"

"It isn't in my agreement."

"Ah! I'll look in another time." And with this the visitor departed.

Mark, upon the following morning, described in great detail the appearance and the manner of this caller.

"Young man, did you say?" asked Preston, with a disordered countenance, contrasting oddly with his very assertive manner. "Look savage? Carry a stick, did you say? Want to see the firm; want to assault me? Like his impudence, the ruffan! All because they don't like the Wiggins fake, and me goin' to all this trouble to put the thing into their hands! Don't let him see me. I'm not strong, and I can't stand the excitement of a scene."

"Very well, sir," said Mark, with much inward satisfaction.

That morning Preston bolted himself securely in his room, and carefully reconnoitred before he made a dash on leaving the premises.

Other complainants were of quite a different type. Several said they had, in answer to the advertisement, sent their last half-crown, and were then at the point of starvation; could they have their money back, as the "advice" was useless to them?

To all such appeals Mark Anstead—by command—had but one answer to give. No money could be returned; a bargain was a bargain, and, if they did not like their side of it, that was nothing to W. Preston & Co.

Some of the applicants wept; some talked bravely of asking a magistrate's advice; a few went away in the utter silence of despair.

As the weeks passed it began to get uncomfortably plain to Mark Anstead that he was helping in a business which was little better than an organised system of theft.

He thought over it a good deal, and resolved that something ought to be done. But what?

At last he reached what seemed to him a satisfactory decision.

He would ask for a higher salary. Surely if he were expected to countenance and aid in a business which, to put it tenderly, was scarcely honest, he ought to be remunerated on a higher scale? Moreover, time was passing, and he felt that his merits could not be properly recognised by a less salary than a pound a week.

This, of course, was bad morality on the part of Mark Anstead, but he was very far indeed from being the first offender of this kind. In many trades there are persons who, if really hard pushed, would confess that they consider themselves paid to do or to connive at things which they know to be wrong. "Tricks of the trade" they call them. The columns of a Non-conformist weekly paper gave us, not so long ago, a large number of letters explaining what these were, and how people brought themselves to condone them.

At all events, Mark Anstead led himself to think that he could not go on ignoring the very peculiar character of the business done by Messrs. Preston & Co. unless he were better paid. For a consideration he was ready to waive the question of morality.

There was another reason why he wished for more money, and yet was not very anxious to lose his place. The sum he was receiving did not leave a very large balance, after he had paid his fare to and from the city, and had provided for a midday meal. More than once Kezia had intimated to him in a sisterly fashion that he did not pay enough into the common fund for household expenses, and that he was partly living on his brother. But it was impossible that he could pay more unless he ceased his visits to the "Red Lion," and that was a piece of self-denial which it never entered Mark's head to attempt. After all, he argued, Walter could afford to keep the house going.

He explained to Mr. Preston his feelings on the subject of more salary on the following Saturday. But he was not happy in the choice of a moment.

Just as he had finished his statement, a heavy tread was heard on the stairs, and Mr. Preston, dreading a violent visitor, skipped into the inner room and bolted the door with a hurried assurance to Mark that he would "let him know." The principal departed with equal haste when his portion of the day's work was over, and Mark rashly inferred that the request would be not merely ignored, but forgotten.

As to this he was quite mistaken.

If he could have followed Preston when he left the office that day, Mark would have tracked him to a public-house in which he seemed to be a familiar customer. He went, not merely for the satisfying of a thirst always more or less urgent, but also to meet some one. The somebody proved to be no other than Captain Armstrong, and the two retiring into a corner bar, fell into eager converse.

It would doubtless have come as a surprise to Mark Anstead to find that his employer seemed to know the whole story of the bill of sale, and took a very lively interest in it. The point at issue between the two was whether the time had come to "put the screw on" Mrs. Anstead. "As a mere matter of form," she had undertaken to repay in regular monthly instalments (with interest) the sum borrowed. Neither she nor her son had taken much note of these particulars—a fact which would astonish anybody who was not aware that much the same kind of thing seems to happen nearly every day. When Mrs. Anstead gave a thought to the subject it was always without any specific reference to dates or to particular sums. If the thought intruded upon Mark, he invariably put it aside as an unpleasant detail which could be considered when absolutely needful, and until then might as well be shirked. Doubtless that moment would come; when it did he assured himself that, in one way or another, he would be "all right."

As a result of this, they had allowed one instalment,

and one part of the interest to become overdue. Preston was for at once asserting the powers of the person to whom the bill of sale had been given—a person who was merely a nominee or agent for himself. Captain Armstrong, on the other hand, held that it might be worth while not to proceed to extremities at once, but to see what could be got by way of interest before endeavouring to get back the principal.

"But then this Johnnie wants more money!" urged Preston.

"Well, you get him cheap enough, don't you?" said the other.

"A boy would do as well."

"But a boy wouldn't pay £25 down on the nail for the privilege of sitting in the office of W. Preston & Co., and addressing a few dozen circulars a day. Eh, old chap?"

In the end Preston came over to his companion's way of thinking, and between them they arranged a course of action. The agent who appeared as lender was to write Mrs. Anstead a letter, explaining what she had done, and asking for the instalment and the interest due to be paid at once. Upon this understanding they parted.

The representative of Preston & Co. acted with business-like punctuality in this matter. The letter was delivered at Mrs. Anstead's house on the following morning.

Kezia scrutinised the envelope, and decided from its common-place look that it contained the advertisement of some new business just opened. Letters from friends were rarities in their house. Strange missives nearly always meant advertisements.

Nevertheless, when Mrs. Anstead came down in the morning Kezia told her, as a stimulating little piece of intelligence, that there was a letter on the table.

"A letter for me!" said Mrs. Anstead joyously. She was still impervious to all teachings of the past, and ever expecting some wondrously good news to come by post and surprise her as she breakfasted.

"Only an advertisement," said Kezia as she poured out her mother's tea. "Jenk's sale, probably."

"How your thoughts do run on sales! Now it's very much more likely to be—"

"Well, open it and see, mother."

"There you are again, Kezia! How often have I told you not to be so impatient?"

"Well, mother, I only thought you might like to get it over."

"Ah! now I wonder if there really is a pleasant little surprise for me here?"

And then, having stayed herself, as it were, by a little tea and toast, she opened the letter.

Kezia had almost dismissed the subject from her mind, and was putting away some things at the other end of the room. She did not see the sudden change in her mother's face, the puzzled look as she read the letter, or the hasty act by which she put the document in her pocket and then thrust the envelope into the fire.

When Kezia did turn, the blaze of this caught her eye.

"What!" she cried; "was I right after all, and have you been angry enough to burn the thing? But perhaps your good news will come some day."

And then, with a hasty kiss upon her mother's forehead, she left the room.

For it was not Mrs. Anstead's way to take disappointment kindly, and Kezia, good girl, thought she might simplify matters by leaving her mother in solitude.

When Kezia's footsteps had died away upstairs, Mrs. Anstead took the letter from her pocket, and read it once more. It was signed "W. Potten." It reminded her of the money due. It also demanded immediate payment in the horribly plain terms proper to such a communication.

"My poor head!" cried Mrs. Anstead. "Whatever shall I do?"



"MRS. ANSTEAD WEPT IN SILENCE."

Mr. Potten asked, with threats, the sum of £3 6s. 8d. Mrs. Anstead considered all her resources, and found that, apart from the housekeeping money, she had five-and-sixpence to call her own. It was improbable that Mr. Potten would consider this in the light of an instalment. She spent the morning in racking her brains for means by which the money could be raised, but found no hope save in the thought that Mark might, somehow, bring relief.

Mark came home about five, and was overcome with astonishment when his mother asked him to take her for a walk. He consented, under a suspicion that there was more in the suggestion than Mrs. Anstead's urgent need for what she called "a breath of fresh air."

The faithful Kezia gave them some tea; Mrs. Anstead, with tremulous fingers, arrayed herself becomingly; and Mark escorted his mother to the Park.

She did not explain her mission until Grandworthy

Street was far behind. Then, fumbling in her dress pocket for the letter, she said—

"Have you ever thought, my boy, about the interest and the instalments on that loan?"

"Never," said Mark. "They have slipped my memory entirely."

It was not true; but he meant to keep himself, if possible, out of blame.

"Ah, no wonder, with your anxious work every day! Read this."

Mark read it.

"Humph!" said he; "well, the fact is, mother, I rather fancied you would manage all that."

"I, my boy? How could I?"

"Well, of course, I didn't go into details at the time, but I somehow thought that you had it all in mind."

"But surely it was all done for you, and you were to see that nothing happened?"

"Well, you know, it wasn't I that borrowed the money."

"But you had the benefit of it."

"The benefit! I hate the place, and the paltry sum they pay me. But what's the good of our squabbling over it? Something has to be done, and done at once."

But Mrs. Anstead was weeping; partly from unformed fears of trouble ahead, and partly from a dawning conviction that her favourite son was not quite acting as she could wish.

At last she gathered strength to speak through her tears.

"Are you going to pay this money?"

"Am I going to liquidate the National Debt?" said Mark, with a coarse laugh.

"Then who is to pay?"

"Upon my word I don't know; but a poor fellow on half-a-sovereign or so a week can't do it."

"And what am I to do, pray?"

This with some indignation.

"Ask Walter," said Mark, with a sneer.

"Mark, my boy," said Mrs. Anstead, resolved to try persuasion where threat seemed of no avail, "your poor mother never loved anybody as she does you, and now—"

"Oh, bother!" said her son, "let's be getting back. Potten must do as he likes. I daresay Mark can find the coin if he wants to."

"Wretched boy!" cried Mrs. Anstead, with an accession of passion which surprised herself.

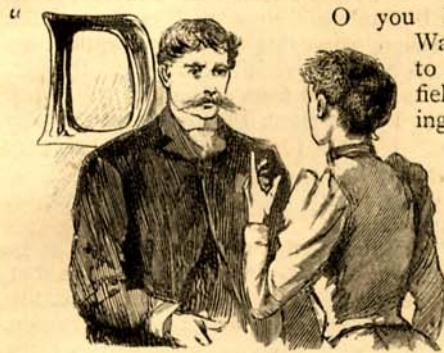
"Oh, come," said he; "if you are going to carry on in that fashion I shall hook it."

And with this he sauntered off without so much as casting one glance behind him.

Mrs. Anstead wept in silence for some minutes, until seeing that she was an object of great interest to a group of children who had stopped their play the better to examine her, she dried her eyes, and set out for Grandworthy Street, to face the situation as best she could alone.

CHAPTER X.

A BENEFACTOR IN POSSESSION.



"Well," said Mary, with the cheerfulness which refused to meet troubles halfway, "I daresay something *is* going to happen. When you come to remember," continued Mary, stitching away with annoying industry, "the things that may happen, as the calling of the water-rate man, the arrival of the sweep, or even the—"

"It's all very well to laugh, Mary, but I'm sure something is going to happen."

"Very well. Then something is going to happen. Now tell me the symptoms; perhaps out of my immense experience I may be able to put you on the track of a great discovery. Once upon a time I should have said the servant was going to give notice; but I know you have long been free from that terror."

"The symptoms?" said Walter hesitatingly, as he watched the busy needle fly in and out of the work.

"Yes, the symptoms,—the signs, you know, that the dreadful something is about to occur."

"Well, I suppose I may as well tell you. But you mustn't laugh, for I am sure there is something in it."

"Do you suppose I should laugh if—"

But here Walter intervened, and the sentence was never finished. Presently he began his story.

"First, mother's symptoms. Two or three times lately I have found her crying alone. Now when she used to weep, it was generally in the presence of somebody, and these secret tears seem to me quite another affair."

"Poor thing," said Mary compassionately. "I daresay she has not felt quite herself. Look at the weather—"

"But when I asked her how she was, she said she was as well as ever! It is curious, too, that she didn't seem to like being found crying, whereas, you know, mother used to be one of those people who rather enjoy a good social cry now and then."

"Yes; and what else?" said the judicial Mary.

"Once or twice I have found my mother and Mark whispering together, and they have looked very un-

comfortable when I came in. Well, you know, one can't help feeling—"

"Of course not; there is nobody like a man for talking about feeling, although you like to pretend that women are the sole offenders in that way. Go on."

"Haven't I said enough?"

"Not if there is more to follow."

"I don't like Mark's reticence. He never volunteers anything as to how he is getting on; never has any chat about the office as other fellows have; never even runs down his master—a most extraordinary thing, if you come to think of it!"

"Oh, indeed!"

"And when once or twice I have rather pushed him with a question or two, he has always put me off with that parrot cry of his, 'Don't trouble about me; I shall be all right.'"

"Very trying to your dignity, I'm sure."

"Now don't laugh at me, Mary. Haven't I to think of work, and plan and contrive for them all? And doesn't it seem queer that just when, so far as I know, everything is all right, there should be all this—all this—"

"Thunder in the air. Poor fellow. I'm sure it is very trying. And now," continued Mary, putting her sewing aside, "let us see what is to be done. Is it money?"

"I don't think so. I don't see how it can be. They have never run in debt since father died; and things like rent and taxes I always pay myself."

"Is Mark courting?"

"Mark courting?"

"Yes. You surely don't suppose you act for the whole family in that respect. Perhaps there's an old attachment, and he has confided it all to Mrs. Anstead. She doesn't like to tell you, because of Mark's imprudence in making such haste."

"No; I don't think it can be that. Try again."

"I don't believe I have anything else to suggest just now. But don't look so miserable; it may turn out to be nothing after all."

"Very likely," said Walter, with an assumption of gaiety he was far from feeling.

Leaving the house that evening, he met Mr. Wakefield, and stopped to discuss with him the progress of the great book.

Presently he exclaimed: "By-the-bye, Walter, I was nearly forgetting. Wonderful woman, your mother! Wonderful woman!"

"Really? What has she been doing?"

"Wonderful woman! I see now where it is you get your aptitude for business from. Will you believe me—but there, you must know it—that she takes an interest, a deep and intelligent interest, mind you, in your book?"

"I am very glad of it. But what makes you think of it just now?"

"Well, this. I was taking a little walk this afternoon when I met Mrs. Anstead. We came back

this way together, and in the course of conversation she asked how the work was getting on. I told her where we were, and she asked about bills of sale."

"Bills of sale! Odd subject, isn't it?"

"Well, it is. But then, my dear sir, women are such delightful people. Perhaps she thought I might take it as a delicate compliment if she talked about a professional subject."

"Very likely," said Walter, and so their conversation ended. So far as Walter was concerned the subject might soon have been forgotten, but that it was presently recalled to his mind in a very pointed way.

Returning home a day or two later, he was surprised to find the breakfast-room occupied by a seedy-looking person well advanced in middle life, and no doubt of a very contented disposition. At all events, he was very plump, and when Walter Anstead found him he was seated in the easiest chair with his legs stretched comfortably out upon the fender.

"Holloa!" cried Walter, with his mother's talk of the long-lost uncle in his mind, "you don't mean to say that you are—"

"I don't mean to say as I am, young sir," said the man, with a horrible leer, and without attempting to rise.

"Well, who are you?"

The visitor leisurely blew a cloud of smoke from his pursed-up lips, and then calmly replied:

"I'm the man in possession."

"The man in possession! What? A bailiff?"

"Just so, young sir."

"But who put you in? What is the meaning of it?"

"Suit of Mr. W. Potten; sum of £26 17s. 6d., and costs."

"There must be some mistake! I never heard of Mr. Potten!"

"Not a bit, guv'nor. The lady of this 'ere 'ouse, she give, as I understands it, a bill o' sale on her furniture and effects, and then never pays the instalments nor interest."

"A bill of sale? My mother? Impossible!"

"Ah, that's what a lot on 'em says; but they finds it's all right though. Oh, them wimmin!" said the man in possession in lugubrious tones. "I could tell you a power of stories about their goin's on."

"Thank you, I'm in no humour for hearing stories. I must find my mother."

"Right you are, sir; you'll diskiver it's all correct. W. Potten don't make no mistake in little matters of this kind."

"You stay here," began Walter, "until—"

"Why, bless you, sir, it's my business to stay 'ere! But now, if so be as anybody should come and find me 'ere, and there's anythink in purtickler you like me to pertend to be, why, say the word, an' it shall be done. Why, I was in a artist's 'ouse on'y last week, and when 'is fr'en's came in, I 'ad to pertend as I was a model, an' e was a-drerin' of me. An' in another

'ouse I was the cook's brother from the country, as 'ad such an affection for 'er as they wos obliged to let 'im stay in the 'ouse for a week when 'e wanted to, or she'd pack 'er box an' go. Now 'ere," continued the man in possession, surveying the scene with complacency, "I might be a favourite old uncle of yourn, as 'as returned unexpected from abroad."

"Thank you, I don't think I'll trouble you to play any part here. I think I shall shortly be able to settle your account, if this debt is really owing."

"Very good, sir; very good," said the visitor, as Walter left the room.

"Strange," continued the unwelcome one, as he pulled vigorously at his pipe, "'ow they all says that, and then it comes to sellin' up most on 'em arter all; 't all events most as comes into th' 'ands of W. Potten. Well, well." And with this he smoothed out the crumpled sheets of a halfpenny evening paper, and addressed himself to its contents.

There was a silence in the house upstairs which, under the circumstances, surprised Walter. Could they all be out?

He went up to the bedroom floor.

At the door of his mother's room Kezia met him. She motioned for silence, and led Walter into his own room.

"She has just fallen asleep."

"Who?"

"Mother. Ever since that man came"—and here Kezia choked back a sob—"she has been in a terrible way. I was almost afraid I should have to fetch the doctor; but she has quieted down this last half-hour and gone off to sleep."

"But this man downstairs? What is the meaning of it all?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I couldn't get a word out of her except 'My poor dear boy.'"

"Well, I'm glad she thought of me, at any rate."

"It wasn't you; it was Mark."

"Mark? Is he mixed up in this?"

"I'm sure I don't know. You must ask mother when she wakes; but don't be hard on her, Walter."

"Kezia, you and I have done our best to keep things together since father died. We have suffered a good deal in ways you know of. Do you think it likely either of us will begin now to turn on our mother?"

"No, no: but it is hard on you, Walter; and I don't quite understand what all this new trouble means."

"Nor I; but I understand quite well that there is a fellow downstairs who says mother has given a bill of sale on the furniture, and that he wants the sum of £26 17s. 6d., with costs."

"And you might add," said Kezia, with the ghost of a smile, "that he promises to be 'no more trouble nor a pet dawg' if you will only feed him well."

"But how to get him out, that's the question."

"And before we can answer that we must know how he got in."

"Has Mark been home?"

"Not yet; and it's a good deal behind his usual time."

"When he comes in I must see him at once."

"And what am I to do with the man downstairs?"

"You must give him his meals in the breakfast-room, and we will take ours in the drawing-room."

"And if this money is really owing?"

"I can say nothing about that until somebody tells the facts of the case; but I needn't tell you, Kezia, that I haven't the sum of £26 17s. 6d. as well as costs in the house."

Walter went to the drawing-room, and Kezia went down to get the family tea.

She found Mr. Winkler, the bailiff, in a state of animation, which contrasted strongly with the air of contentment she had observed not so long before. He had smoked quite as many pipes as he cared to, and his inner man cried out for tea. That is why, on Kezia's appearance, he greeted her in an injured tone.

"Now, miss, I put it to you, is this fair? Didn't I say that I'd be no more trouble nor a pet dawg, perwided only as you fed me? An' ere it is a-goin' on I dunno 'ow much past six, an' you 'aven't so much as arst me whether I've got sut a thing as a mouth to my face."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. ____."

"Winkler, miss,—Thomas Adolphus Winkler."

"Well, Mr. Winkler, I'm sure I'm exceedingly sorry; but we are so sadly put about by this, and my poor mother is no better than an invalid."

"Well there, miss, don't say no more about it; we can't fare everywhere alike; though I will allow as it was werry pleasant to be in possession in the gentleman's house where they passed me off as the cook's affectionate brother from the country. How she did fatten me up, to be sure!"

As Kezia prepared the tea, and laid a cloth at which Mr. Thomas Adolphus Winkler might atone for the shortcomings of the afternoon, she ventured upon a question or two in the hope of throwing some

light upon a situation which was as full of mystery to her as it was to her brother.

"How much did you say we should have to pay you, Mr. Winkler, before you could leave us?"

"A matter of £26 17s. 6d., miss, and costs."

"That is a good deal of money, Mr. Winkler."

"Bless you, miss, it's nothing to what I'm sometimes in for."

"Perhaps not; but it is a great deal to us. I can't think how my mother can have got into this difficulty."

"Sure I don't know, miss. You see, the needful dockiment is put into my 'ands, an' I'm told to go and do my dooty. An' that's why I'm 'ere."

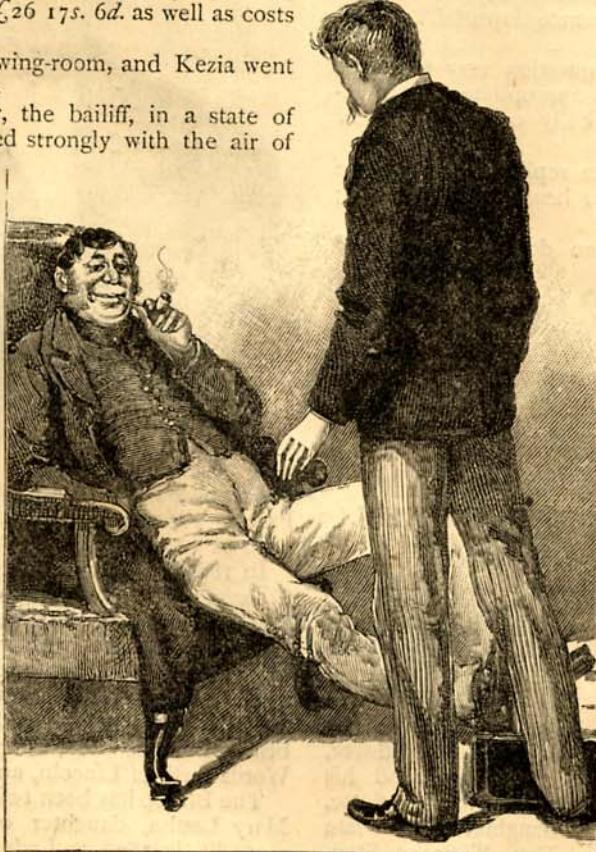
So Kezia had no news for Walter when she took him some tea. She found him pacing the room with unsteady steps, thinking, of course, of the one subject which filled both their minds.

"I can't see light through it, Kezia; I don't know why this money can have been borrowed or how it can have been used."

"Well, never mind now; we shall hear it all from Mark when he comes in."

It must be confessed that Kezia spoke with a confidence she did not quite feel. It was a good deal past the hour at which Mark was used to honour the house with a brief spell of his presence, and Kezia could not repress a fear that, if he knew of the present difficulty, he might have decamped. But she said nothing, and, as a matter of fact her fear was groundless.

Mark came in about seven, and had obviously been seeking consolation for some misfortune at the bar of the "Red Lion." Moreover, he entered with the air of a man with a grievance. Walter and Kezia had braced themselves up to receive him with the feelings of people who feel assured that they are going to have a culprit before them. But there was nothing of the culprit about Mark—save in the suggestion of the "Red Lion" in his flushed face and disordered attire. He met the looks of his brother and sister not with the diffident air of one who is conscious that



"THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE."

he is in fault, but with looks of one who knows that he is entitled to sympathy, and courts the fullest inquiry into his sorrows.

It is possible that Mark saw on the faces of his brother and sister a look of seriousness which he had not expected. But he was not abashed ; he merely threw himself into a chair, without salutation or word of inquiry, as though his own sorrows were of necessity the one absorbing topic for them all.

Walter and Kezia were, it must be confessed, a little taken aback. At last Walter found his tongue.

"Has anything happened to you, Mark?" he asked. He meant it in sarcasm, not looking beyond the difficulty represented by the presence downstairs of Mr. Thomas Adolphus Winkler.

Mark, however, took the question very much in earnest--indeed, as a highly appropriate way of inviting him to explain the wholly unexpected blow which had just fallen.

"Anything happened?" he replied. "I believe you ; monstrous thing ; never heard the like of it ; and to do it to me, too!"

"You don't mean the man downstairs?" asked Kezia hastily.

"Man downstairs? I don't know anything about any man downstairs. What I'm talking about concerns me."

"Then," said Walter, composing himself as contentedly as he could to hear, "you had better tell us all about it."

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

V. THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

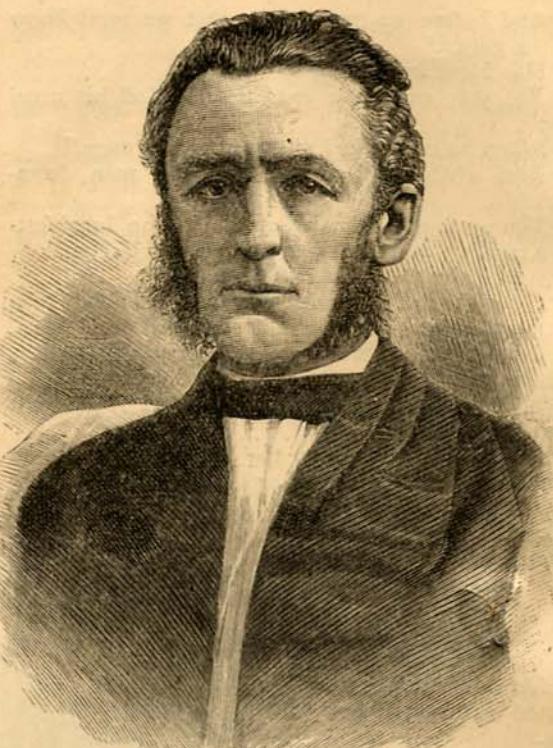


SOUTHWELL MINSTER.

B.A. (First Class Lit. Hum., and Second Class Math.), 1851 ; Latin Essay, and M.A. Exeter College, 1853 ; D.D., 1869. He was ordained in 1854, and was

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE RIDDING, D.D., Lord Bishop of Southwell, is a son of the late Rev. Charles Riddings, Vicar of Andover, Hampshire, and his mother was Charlotte, daughter of the late Ven. Timothy Stonhouse-Vigor, 3rd son of Sir James Stonhouse, 7th Baronet.

He was born on March 16th, 1828, educated at St. Mary's College, Winchester, and proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. Craven scholar,



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College 1852-64 ; Junior Proctor 1861-62 ; Select Preacher 1862-64, and again 1890-91 ; and Hon. Fellow of Exeter College in 1890.

In 1863 he became Second Master of Winchester College, and four years later he was appointed Head Master, a position which he held with great distinction and success for seventeen years. Upon the formation of the Diocese of Southwell Dr. Riddings was called to be the first Bishop of the See, and was consecrated on May 1st, 1884, the officiating prelates being Archbishop Benson, and Bishops Claughton of St. Albans, Wordsworth of Lincoln, and Maclagan of Lichfield.

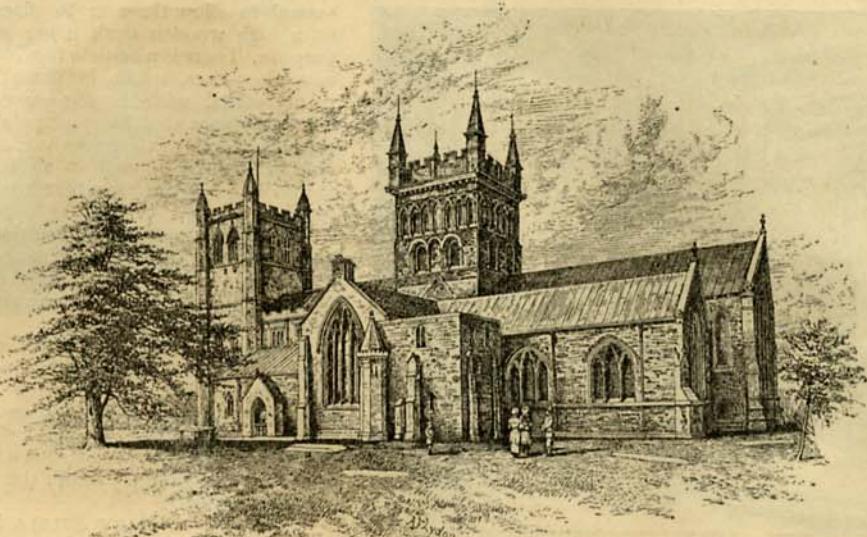
The Bishop has been twice married, first in 1858, to Mary Louisa, daughter of Bishop Moberley ; and secondly, in 1876, to Lady Laura Elizabeth Palmer, a daughter of the Earl of Selborne.

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

THE SLAVERY OF SIN.

A GOOD man, though he were a slave, is yet free ; whereas a wicked man, though he were a king, is yet enslaved ; nor is he enslaved to one sin only, but, which renders his case so far worse, to as many masters as he has lusts.

AUGUSTINE.



OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

IV. WIMBORNE MINSTER.

WIth the days when Roman Catholicism was dominant in our land Minsters were as numerous as they are now scarce, it being necessary that each monastery should have attached to it a Minster, which, technically speaking, is the church of a monastery.

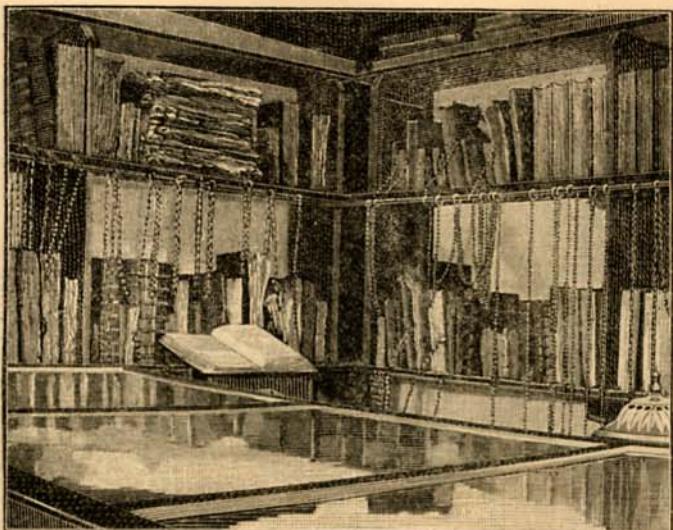
The noblest Minster existing in the present day is undoubtedly to be found at York. A more modest specimen lies near Bournemouth, in Dorsetshire, and at no great distance from the famous ruins of Christchurch. I refer to Wimborne Minster. Wimborne Minster cannot lay claim to the grandeur of that at York, nevertheless it possesses some curious characteristics which time has not been able to efface so effectually as it has effaced the frescoes once adorning the walls. It is somewhat difficult to fix the date at which this ancient structure sprang into existence. There are indications that it had its origin in Saxon times, but the architecture, the most reliable evidence to be had, only goes back so far as the eleventh or twelfth century, and shows itself in a massive Norman tower. The construction of the building and the subsequent additions to it, coupled with the restoration of different periods, offer ample opportunity for research to any one who will care to trace out the different phases through which our artistic thought has passed—from the Norman work already mentioned, to the Early English workmanship which existed, roughly speaking, from the reign of Richard I. to Henry III., and again through transitional periods to the architecture of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, generally termed the Perpendicular.

This ancient church is cruciform in construction, being built in the shape of a Latin cross, and consists of an Early English nave, a sacristy, or vestry, north and south porches, a choir with aisles, transepts, a crypt, and a chained library. Above the transverse of the cross rises the Norman tower. Three centuries ago the spire which it supported fell, and, unfortunately, was never replaced. At the west end of the church is a bell tower of Early English

architecture. Dr. Alfred Crespi, in an interesting article on Wimborne, points out that the appearance of this second tower is an unusual feature, there being only four other examples now extant. They occur at Ely, Purton, in Wilts, and at two churches in Constance.

The interior of Wimborne Minster contains numerous antiquarian relics which deserve attention, and which go back beyond Norman times to the days of the Saxons. Conspicuous among these is a chest, much cracked by age, that seems to have been hewn out of a solid piece of oak. It was made, doubtless, for the purpose of holding the sacramental vessels, and the date given to it is considerably previous to the reign of King Alfred. It is claimed for Wimborne Minster that Ethelred I., the son of Ethelwulf and the predecessor of Alfred, lies buried within its walls. A brass indicates the place where his body is thought to rest. Another tomb of ancient date (1444) shows a large gap in the chronicles of time, and is to the memory of a Duke of Somerset. A century elapses, and 1558 dates a tomb of a Marchioness of Exeter; and later still is the grave of Anthony Ettricke, Recorder of Poole. The name of Anthony Ettricke is connected with the committal of the Duke of Monmouth, who was taken prisoner near Wimborne after the battle of Sedgemoor. The tomb of Ettricke is erected actually in the south wall to meet his own wishes, which were, that he should be buried "neither in nor out of a church." A curious custom carried on in the Minster is the use, at Holy Communion, of three benches. These are covered with white cloths, and are placed across the chancel in front of the Communion table. It is said that these benches were introduced by Bishop Ridley—not the martyr—and that in his days they were used as seats. Now the communicants kneel in front of them.

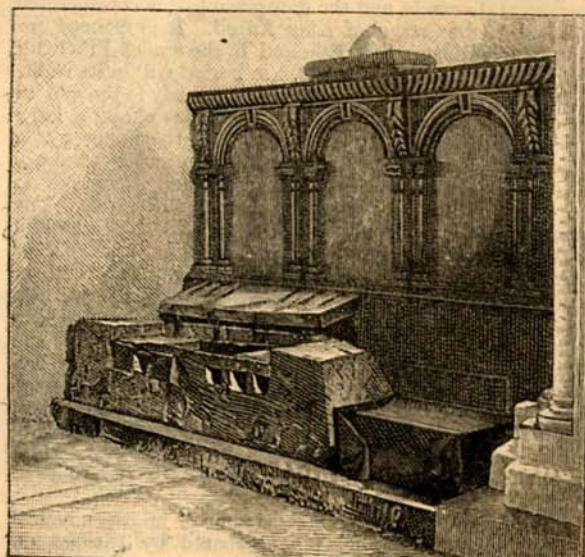
One of the few remaining specimens of an astronomical clock, similar to the machine invented by Richard de Wallingford in the fourteenth century, must not be overlooked, since it shows us the ideas our ancestors had with



THE CHAINED LIBRARY.

regard to the science of astronomy. In the centre of the dial-plate of the clock a stationary globe, representing the earth, is placed, from which a single revolving hand, with a small gilt sun affixed, points to the hours, beginning at the top of the face with I. and coming down to XII. at the bottom, and then going up on the other side from I. to XII. again. By this means the sun is represented as travelling round the earth once in twenty-four hours. On the outer rim of the dial a disc rotates, and shows the varying phases of the moon.

Attached to the Minster—and, indeed, forming part of it—is what is believed to be the only example of a complete chained library. All the books upon the shelves have chains attached to them, fastened to iron bars, and long



THE OLD OAK CHEST.

enough to allow them to be placed, when read, on a high wooden desk made movable for the purpose. There is a book in this library, preserved in a glass case, which Matthew Prior, the poet, is accredited with having partially destroyed. The story goes that he accidentally burnt a hole through several of the pages while reading it; but that he applied himself so skilfully in restoring the book to completeness that it is little the worse for the mishap.

The followers of Matthew Prior seem to have shown the same zeal with regard to the modern restoration of the Minster as the poet did with the book, so that, happily, the ancient character of the building is retained.

Leaving the old edifice with the mind concentrated on bygone ages, it is by no means difficult for the imagination to stretch back over the centuries that are gone, and to see Wimborne encompassed with the Roman legions in the days when it formed one of Cæsar's winter stations, and when England lay under the bondage of the Roman power.

MARY STELLA RICHARDSON.



GARDEN WORK FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.



PLANT scarlet runners. In gardens where slugs abound it is a very good plan to fill some large flower pots with earth, and then plant the beans in them. When they have come up, and are good strong plants, transplant them into the ground, scattering a little lime or ashes along the rows. Sow also kidney or French beans in rows, about a foot between each row. Sow beet in rows. Sow also broccoli, cabbage, cress, endive, lettuce, and spinach. Plant out vegetable marrow, giving them a plentiful supply of rotted manure. They should be in an open situation, well exposed to the sun. When planted, let the roots be well watered. Plant peas and potatoes. Transplant cabbage, savoys, and cauliflowers.

Fruit Garden.

Wall trees and espaliers should be well looked to. New shoots should be thinned out, and those to be kept trained into their places. Destroy all kinds of insects, snails, etc., found on the trees. If the weather is dry, water strawberry-beds plentifully.

Flower Garden.

Sow hardy annuals. Strike pansies from cuttings. Plant dahlias. Keep the beds neatly raked and free from weeds.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL WAS HELD.

THE GLOUCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL: A NURSERY OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. ROBERT R. RESKER,

Vicar of Purley, Surrey.

RIT was under the shadow of Gloucester Cathedral that the Sunday School, as an organised institution, had its birth. It is true that something had been attempted in this direction before, as witness the instruction of children on Sundays in the aisles of Milan Cathedral. But these were isolated cases; and it was not until Robert Raikes opened his school in the city of Gloucester in the year 1780 that the effort to teach and train the lambs of Christ's flock was made on a definite and systematic plan.

What led Raikes to put forth his scheme was the low moral and spiritual condition of the boys and girls of his native city, and the manner in which they spent their Sundays. He devised the plan of gathering them into school on that day, to teach them to read, and instruct them in the Church Catechism and the Bible. By these means he hoped to impart to them such principles as would prevent their growing up in indolence and vice, and thus swelling the ranks of the dangerous classes, which were then seriously on the increase. No doubt Raikes' plans were in many important respects very different to those which regulate our modern Sunday Schools. We know, for example, that he paid his teachers, and that the scholars received a certain amount of secular instruction. But for all that, we have in the school which Robert Raikes, with the approval and co-operation of the Rev. Thomas Stock, commenced in 1780, the germ from which the existing Sunday School system sprang. He sowed the seed from which every Sunday School throughout the world has grown.

The effort thus put forth had, no doubt, all the advantage of being made known and commended to others by Raikes' own newspaper, the *Gloucester Journal*, and this led to its adoption in other parishes. But the good man could never have imagined that the rill which he had caused to flow out of the threshold of the sanctuary would become so wide and deep and

spread over the whole earth as it has done. It exists now in almost every country. The parish in which there is no Sunday School is an anomaly. To show what its influence is it is only necessary to quote the most recent statistics,* which show that there are nearly eighteen millions of scholars and two millions of teachers connected with Sunday Schools throughout the world. Well may we say "What hath God wrought?"

Probably most of my readers are, in one way or another, connected with this institution; if not as clergy, teachers, or scholars, then as parents of scholars, or as having once belonged to a Sunday School. I may assume, therefore, that all, more or less, are interested in this important agency; and I invite your attention, first, to a brief consideration in this paper of the question, "What is the right position of the Sunday School?" and, in a subsequent one, to some suggestions, "How to make it more efficient."

Now, in the first place, it may be well to say what the Sunday School is *not*. It is not a means whereby parents may be relieved of the presence of their children on the morning and afternoon of Sunday. Children are sometimes very troublesome, and parents are often only too glad to send them off to Sunday School to get them out of the way. But this is not the reason why the Sunday School exists.

Again, the Sunday School is not intended to relieve parents of their duty to train and instruct their children in religious principles. We know, alas! that many parents are utterly ignorant of the Bible and Prayer Book, and could not teach their children about either; and that others are altogether irreligious, or at least indifferent, and will not do so even if they could. They may probably bring their children to Holy Baptism, and may perhaps desire that they should grow up better men and women than they are themselves; but as for helping them to live a Christian life, you might as well expect a fish to fly. No doubt it is a matter of great thankfulness that the Sunday School does supply much of that which the parents I am referring to cannot or will not give their children. But I maintain that this is not its proper function, and that the general acceptance of the idea that the Sunday School is to supply the parents' "lack of service" to their children has, more than anything else, led to the unfortunate result that, in England at least, the Sunday School has come to be regarded as intended only for the children of the poorer and less educated classes.

What, then, is its true function? It is nothing less than that of being the "Nursery of the Church," where the young plants are to be nurtured and cared for in such a way that, by-and-by, they may, as it were, be transplanted into the Garden of the Church, so "nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine" (1 Tim. iv. 6), that they may be enabled to withstand the fierce winds of temptation, and to bring forth the flowers and fruits of a holy life.

* *Church Sunday School Magazine*, 1892, p. 408.

As to the Church's duty towards the young, nothing can be clearer. Our Lord's own memorable words, "Feed My lambs," place it on an equality with the duty of feeding the sheep. The Church, moreover, provides a form of "instruction to be learned of every person before he be brought to be confirmed by the Bishop." This, be it noted, is not only placed in the hands of godparents—as when they are charged to "provide that the baptised child may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose"—but it is also given to the curate (*i.e.*, he who has the "cure of souls" entrusted to him) as the groundwork of his instruction of the young. For it is provided that "he shall openly in the Church instruct and examine so many children of the Parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism."

The clergy, then, have a clear duty laid upon them of caring for the religious training of all the children of their parishes. But how is it possible for a clergyman, often single-handed, to give that personal and individual care which each child needs? If this was impracticable in Raikes' day, how much more is it out of the clergyman's power in these days of multiplied parochial activities and increased populations!

Here the Sunday School teacher comes in as the pastor's representative and agent. Hence, the clergyman appoints the teacher, whose officer he is, and to whom, under the superintendent, he is responsible. To him is committed that *individual* care of the class of little ones over whom he is placed which the pastor himself cannot possibly give. It is his duty and privilege to instruct them in Bible truth and Church doctrine,—thus carrying out Raikes' purpose in establishing the first Sunday School,—and in leading them on to Confirmation and the Holy Communion. In this work he will not cease to pray for the scholars individually that his instruction and influence may be blessed by God the Holy Ghost, so that each may be a true soldier of Jesus Christ, and a faithful member of His Church.

How this conception of the Sunday School as the great agency of the Church for training Christ's lambs adds to its importance—placing it on an infinitely higher platform than that assigned to it when it is regarded as simply an effort to discharge parental obligations. No space remains for me to show how truly the Sunday School has been the "Nursery of the Church," except to say that Sunday Scholars form no inconsiderable proportion of Confirmation candidates.

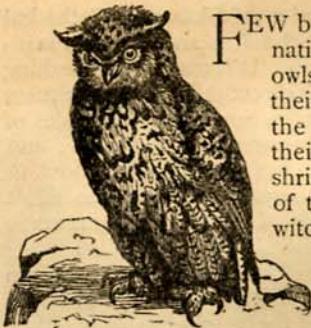
Two practical reflections naturally flow from this aspect of the Sunday School. First, that every parish should promote Sunday School teaching for the children of all sections of the parishioners. If class prejudices prevent their being gathered together under the same roof, then let separate classes be formed in some other parochial building, or, failing

this, in a private house or the Church, for these children. Next, that by thus presenting the Sunday School as the Church's agency for teaching her little ones, we may hope to enlist the sympathy and personal service of the best qualified of our young men and young women to a greater degree than is the case at present. In saying this I have no wish to depreciate the work of, or to discourage offers of service from, those who have had fewer intellectual advantages; but I do urge that this important agency, if it is rightly to fulfil its mission, must enlist more of those who possess the intellectual as well as the spiritual qualifications needed for this responsible work.

ABOUT OWLS.

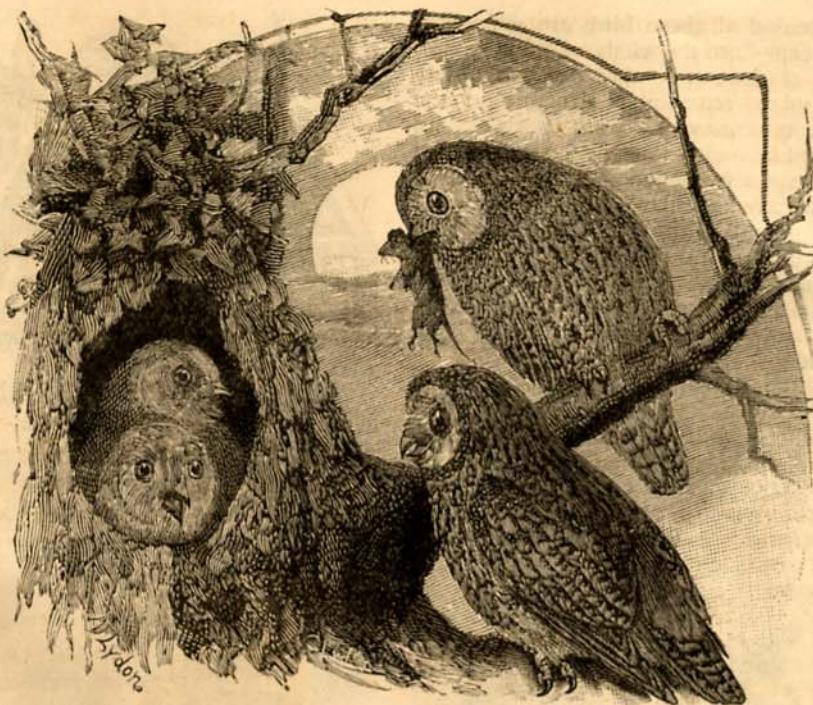
BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Nature and her Servants," "Life and Work of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



FEW birds are so strangely fascinating to most of us as the owls. Their darkling habits, their noiseless, gliding flight, the spectral suddenness of their appearing, their eldritch shrieks, and the old legends of their mystic relations with witches and warlocks, and other fearsome beings of the night—all these combine to endue them with a weird attraction which none others of the feathered race possess. And though we are less superstitious, in some ways, than our forefathers, though the cry of "the screech-owl, screeching loud," no longer raises in our minds the grim ideas with which it was once associated, still we can scarcely help feeling a kind of thrill when an owl sweeps silently by, as though we had witnessed the advent of a being from another world.

One cannot sufficiently regret that these quaint, harmless, useful birds have incurred the wrath of those indiscriminating individuals, the British game-keeper and—dare I say it?—the British farmer. Unjustly ranked by the former as vermin, their lifeless bodies decorate the branches of the trees whereon he hangs his victims; while the latter, fearing that they will carry off his chickens, nails their carcasses with extended wings to his barn door. The pity of it! For every owl is a killer of mice at the rate of thousands a year. He takes up by night the work which the kestrel performs by day. From dusk to dawn he scours the fields, scanning every foot of ground as he sweeps along with keen, telescopic vision, detecting through the gloom the tiny brown mouse creeping upon the brown earth in fancied security. He skims round the corn-stacks, night after night, to



BROWN OWLS AND YOUNG.

snatch up the mischievous little rodents while engaged upon their evening meal. And if, now and then, when urged by stress of hunger, he does carry off a chick from the farmyard, a leveret from the fields, or a young partridge from the coverts (though his depredations in this way are very few and far between), the wage is surely a small one for so heavy a tale of work.

I wish that all farmers and gamekeepers who shoot owls would just watch by a nest throughout a summer's night. Then they would find that mice, voles, and young rats were being brought in, for the benefit of the hungry young, at the average rate of one in every quarter of an hour—to say nothing of those with which the diligent hunters satisfy the pangs of their own appetites. The voracious little ones keep ever on the watch for their parents' coming. The successful forager is espied from afar, and greeted with a chorus of hisses and strange snorings, the latter suggestive of slumber, but in reality indicating wakefulness and keen expectation, and developing into a small tumult of eagerness as the work of division goes on. And then, when apportionment has at last been made, there is silence in the nest for a brief space, and the hard-working parent slips quietly off to resume the labours of the chase.

Two years ago, a brood of young owls, with which I was acquainted, escaped further detection and capture simply by reason of the strange hissings and groanings to which they gave utterance at night. For the rustic mind, greatly perturbed thereby, decided

that the tree was "haunted," and not a soul would venture to approach it after dark. Naturally, I did not attempt to dispel the prevailing impression, and in due course had the satisfaction of knowing that four young owlets were spared to the world, which otherwise would have been ruthlessly captured or slain.

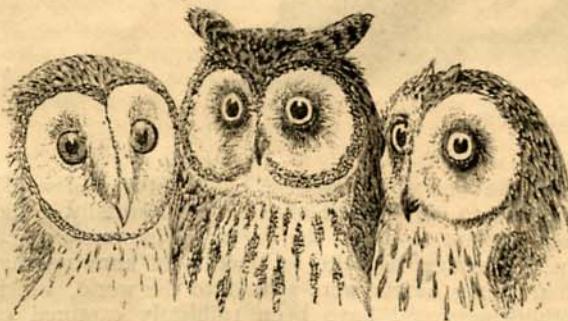
The holes in which owls breed or roost may always be recognised by the heap of accumulated "pellets" which they contain; these pellets consisting of the bones of mice, etc., which have been swallowed by the birds, and afterwards rejected as indigestible. Each pellet contains the remains of from four to seven mice; and, as no less than a bushel of pellets have been taken from a hole which had been tenanted by a pair of owls for only sixteen months, it may easily be imagined that they constitute eloquent testimony to the value of these birds to mankind.

Owls are strangely economical in the labour of hatching. They lay four eggs, it is true; but, instead of depositing them one after another after the manner of birds in general, and then sitting upon the lot, they lay two first, and then, after an interval of a fortnight or so, a couple more. The result is, of course, that the two first laid hatch out long before the others; so that the eldest pair of owlets are able to take their share in the work of incubation, and keep the eggs warm while the parents go out hunting.

Let it be here noted that the slaughter of mice by owls, or other birds of prey, involves no pain to the

mice, for the talons of all these birds are self-acting, and are forced deeply into the vitals of their victims by the very act of seizure, so that death is instantaneous. The same remarkable structure of the claws, and of the muscles which work them, enables all the perching birds to roost for hours upon a branch without experiencing fatigue. The grasp is maintained, not by any muscular effort, but simply by the action of the weight of the body pressing downwards upon the limbs. And although a bird may sit for twelve or fourteen hours in one position, supported, perhaps, only by a single limb, it puts out no more active exertion than we ourselves do while lying motionless in bed.

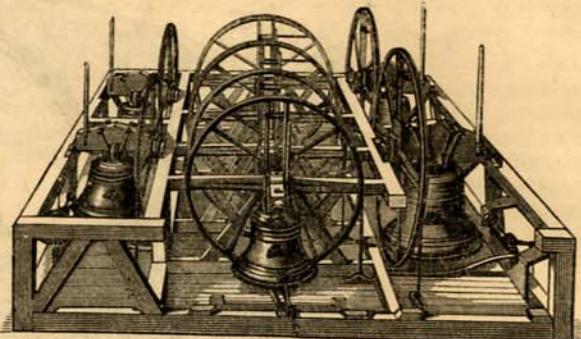
The talons of the owl are sufficiently formidable weapons—a fact of which their owner is perfectly well aware; and he who ventures to grasp the bird with unprotected hand will have good cause to rue his temerity. When about to fight, the bird usually rolls over upon its back, so as to set both its feet at liberty for purposes of offence. And the stroke is delivered so suddenly, and with such accuracy of aim, that it is with difficulty avoided.



BARN OWL. LONG-EARED OWL. SHORT-EARED OWL.

Much misapprehension exists as to the cry of owls, the popular belief being that all these birds hoot. As a matter of fact, however, the true hoot is uttered by the brown owl only, while the barn owl screeches, and the long-eared and short-eared species deliver a kind of plaintive wail. According to the Rev. C. A. Johns, the hoot of the brown owl can be imitated, with such exactness as to deceive even the bird itself, by "forming a hollow with the fingers and palms of the two hands, leaving an opening only between the second joints of the two thumbs, and then by blowing with considerable force down upon the opening thus made, so as to produce the sound hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o-o." But my own efforts to produce the sound in this way have invariably resulted in failure.

THE TRINITY.—Nothing is such a distress of soul to me as to have this Divinity of Christ assailed, yet I feel we must never lose sight of the Unity of the Godhead, the Three Persons of the Trinity being like three candles giving together one light. I love that hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and should like to write such a one."—THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.



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."

(Continued from page 52.)

THE above illustration shows a peal of eight bells as they would appear in the frame or cage in the belfry.

We have below an illustration of a ring of eight bells and ringers, with bells set at hand-stroke, ready to start for either round or peal ringing.

Whether ringing in a peal of 4, 5, or more bells, the whole and undivided attention will be exacted by this scientific, health-giving, exhilarating, and delightful art.

The first, or highest-toned bell, is called the *treble*, and the last, or lowest-toned bell, the *tenor*; the others are named second, third, etc. Peal ringing is practised only in our own country, "the bell-ringing island," as it is called, and this science was not introduced till about the year 1642. Previously to that time the bells were not raised, but only *chimed*, consequently the complete wheels, stay, slider, and pulley, were not required. Then two or three bells sufficed for the Church's offices, a prayer or sermon bell, a sanctus bell, and a soul bell, sometimes called the passing bell. "It is probable," writes the Rev. W. C. Lukis, "that the full wheel was not employed much before the year 1677. Before that period bells were moved by means of a short piece of wood fixed at right angles to the stock (as at Manningford Abbots, Wiltshire), or by a half wheel, which was in use in 1527, and is still to be met with in Dorsetshire, at Dunchideock church, Devon, at Westcote Barton, Oxon, where there are three, and at the church of St. Saviour in Guernsey." He gives an illustration in his "Account of Church Bells" of the beautifully moulded old half, or rather three-quarter wheel at Dunchideock, of fifteenth century date. At this period, as has been already stated, bells were *chimed*, and this process is effected by swinging the bell very slightly, which, being suddenly checked, causes the clapper to strike and rebound; and this method is generally employed for calling the parishioners to service. As George Herbert sings:—

"Think when the bells do chime
'Tis angel's music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay, give, to see the show?"

To *toll* a bell is to *raise* it, as explained already for change ringing, and after one, two, or three strokes, to leave it *set* for a short period. For this the tenor bell usually serves, which in mediæval times was frequently inscribed, *Funera Plango*. Hone, in his "Ancient Mysteries," states that it is "an old custom to toll three times for a man, to recognise his worship of the Divine Trinity, and of His representative form; to toll twice for a woman, as she represents the Second Person of the Blessed Godhead." One stroke is usually given for a child.

In poetry bells are often referred to, and frequently very incorrectly. To quote a well-known instance in the Canadian Boat Song—

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime."

As has been already shown, the two operations of *tolling* and *chiming* are totally different. On the Continent some of the church bells, as well as those in the Hôtels de Ville, are used differently from our own methods. Throughout Belgium carillons are employed with delightful effect. These are *fixed* bells played by means of a cylinder like that in a barrel-organ, the spikes on which set the tongues and hammers of the bells in motion. At Ghent there are forty-four in the Belfroi, and ninety-nine at Antwerp Cathedral, the smallest of which is only fifteen inches in circumference; the largest, cast in 1507, weighs eight tons. They chime every quarter of an hour in gradually lengthened strains of music, and at every seven

and a half minutes a slight sprinkle of soft and dainty sound delights the ear. The air seems always full of heavenly music, and the effect is charming beyond description. On certain feasts and other days the bells are played by a musician who uses an apparatus resembling the keyboard and pedals of an organ, and enormously laborious work it appears to be. On one occasion, when I witnessed the performance in the belfry at Bruges, the player's hands were clothed in thick leather pads, like boxing-gloves, with which he smote frantically the rude projecting keys, and trampled violently upon the pedals, the perspiration meanwhile streaming copiously from every pore, for it was a burning hot July day. Although the carillons were only just overhead, the hideous clatter of the cumbersome mechanism quite prevented the bells from being heard with any distinctness, while the exhausting contortions of the player rendered it rather a painful than a pleasing exhibition. This uncouth arrangement has since been greatly improved upon in some other towers, by which the performance is rendered an easy matter.

It would be a great boon were there a set of carillons in every large town in England, pouring forth their rich subdued *harmonies* instead of the prim, formal *melodies* that we now undergo, so that people's thoughts might occasionally be lifted above the turmoil and bustle of the world to higher and nobler aspirations.

"Church bells," to quote from an article in the *Church Builder*, "during the whole mediæval period were, like other productions of that age, well worthy of study as works of art. A vast field of beautiful lettering and diapered ornamentation may yet be gleaned from our English belfries, particularly from those in the Eastern Counties, including Lincolnshire, where the art of casting was carried to the highest perfection. Such curiosities, however, must be sought, not in the easily accessible tower of the minster or town church, where peals have been increased for change-ringing, and funds for re-casting easily provided but in the out-of-the-way village belfry . . . containing one, two, or at most three bells, that have chimed for Divine Service from time immemorial . . . Their inscriptions were in single capitals, each highly ornamented in the missal style, the initial letters particularly so. Often the human figure is introduced in attitudes to suit the letter, usually in ecclesiastical or monkish costume. The initial letters are besides beautifully crowned.* The inscription begins with a floriated cross, more or less elaborate, and between each word is a stop, usually a *fleur-de-lis* or sprig of some flower. The *cannons* of bells of this date are sometimes beautifully moulded, taking the shape of the head of a bird or animal."

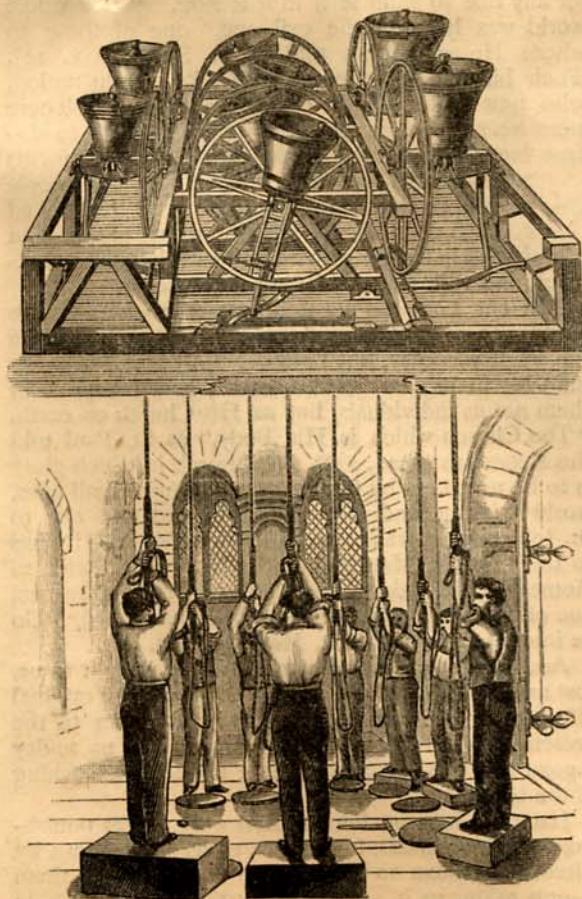
There are some good crosses and designs on the old bells of Clyst St. George, Devon. On the 1st bell at Shipton, Hants, is a roundel, or medallion, containing a human head, encircled by the names of the three Magi, Balthasar, Gaspar, Melchior. On the 7th bell at Magdalen College, Oxford, is a stop, in the centre of which are two birds perched upon a tree of flowers, encircling which is the maker's name, + William Ffoudor, *me fecit*. The letter "r" in this example appears as a sprig with a leaf branching from it. It is evident that Churchmen in those days did not work by contract, disdaining

"the lore

Of nicely calculated less or more."

Often, too, are found on bells shields bearing heraldic and other devices, heads of kings and queens, figures of saints and angels, grotesque figures, monograms, roundels,

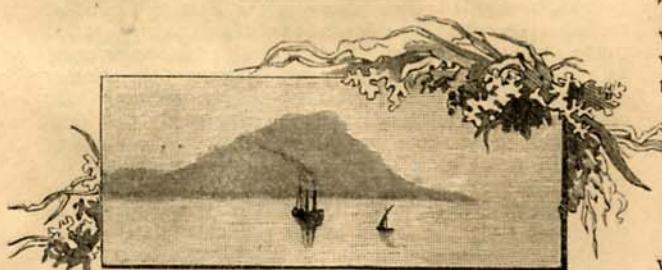
* A very handsome bell of this kind exists at Margaretting Church, Essex.



founders' initials and symbols, musical notes, the alphabet, coins, etc. All these are nearly always of beautiful design and good execution. Part of the alphabet, as far as to the letter O, is given on the 3rd bell (1602) of St. Peter's, Bedford, and (1611) of Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. From A to G on bells 2, 4, 5, at Leighton Bromswold, Hunts, at Elford, Staffordshire (4th bell), and at Bemerton, Wilts, on 1st bell. At Hoby, Leicestershire (4th bell), the letters run from A to I. On the 4th bell at Elstow Church, Bedford, the letters go from A to G, then from A to E, and from R to W, all of which are upside down. The old founders sometimes made such blunders, as we find on a bell at Aubourn, Lincolnshire, I HC NE MI ON NI, for IN NO MI NE JHESU, the syllables being set in backwards.

It has been thought by some that this alphabetical fancy may have had some connection with the universal practice of writing the alphabet at the dedication of a church, on the dust and sand with which the pavement was strewed, Greek and Roman letters being employed, to signify the perseverance of both the Eastern and Western Churches in the Faith, the Hebrew being omitted, because the Jews had fallen away from it. As Greek alphabets are not known to occur on bells, this solution does not solve the difficulty satisfactorily. With more probability these letters were simply for the sake of displaying the caster's art, just as in Aldine and other early editions one sees immediately after the colophon an alphabet of both great and small letters.*

(To be continued.)



“THE MASTER’S MESSENGERS.”

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON CORNISH,
Vicar of Kenwyn.

“Go ye into all the world.”—ST. MARK, xvi. 15.

TIS very easy to find reasons for neglecting Foreign Missions—very plausible reasons that look like the truth, though they are generally urged by those who are least active in good work of any kind.

(1) There is so much left undone at home. Think of East and South London, or any of our great towns, or, indeed, any of our wide country parishes.

Then (2) Is there no waste of power in teaching degraded savages, whilst others that seem far nearer Christianity are not Christians?

Whilst (3) some say daringly, Christianity is not so well suited to some natures as their own religion.

But the first objection proves a great deal too much; for if we wait until all the work is done in our own country before we do anything beyond it, or in our

* See *Hierologus*, by Dr. Neale, p. 290.

own parish, or even in our own family and our own hearts, before we do anything beyond them, I fear that we shall end in living each for himself alone.

Whilst the second objection can only be raised by those who do not know what Christianity has done for degraded races, impressing by so doing some unbelievers with its power who had not been otherwise influenced by it.

As to the third—what should we be if men had so spoken of us? We are but bearing back to the East when we go there, the faith that we have received from it. No one can urge it who knows anything of the deep need of human hearts which only Christ can satisfy, and the feeble power of the noblest unchristian religion, however firmly it may hold those who are afraid to disbelieve it.

But if we could not answer either objection, our duty would still be quite clear, for Christ's command is quite clear. He said: “Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you.” (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) And He said it at a time when it was far more difficult for any one to fulfil it than it is now. “The whole world was lying in the evil one,” one of those to whom He spoke has told us (1 St. John v. 19). Their bitterest opponents were God's chosen nation, who now have almost ceased to oppose. There were no steamers or railroads to carry them to distant lands, no printed Bibles, no New Testaments at all, to help them as they taught the people to “observe all things whatsoever Jesus had commanded them.” There were but eleven men whom He spoke, without any earthly power whatever, and with almost every earthly enemy.

But our Lord did not tell them to go because the world was so wicked and wanted them, or because the work was easy, but because, “All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth”; and He spake of them not as individuals, but as His Church on earth, “The Church which is His Body,” as St. Paul told the Ephesians (i. 22, 23); the Church in which glory is to be unto God by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end (iii. 21). He did not say to St. John that he was to go to Ephesus, or St. Thomas to India, or St. Matthew to Scythia, or St. Peter to Rome, but He spake to them all as a body—members one of another because His members, and said, “Go ye into all the world” (St. Mark xvi. 15).

And so giving His commandment He gives it to us, just as in the eye of the Law of England the original gift of the endowment of a Living is given to the present Incumbent; our Lord assigning to us to-day a great and glorious and possible work—the teaching of the heathen.

He trusts it to our honour, as it were, never punishing us, as individuals, for neglect, never intervening, by direct revelations to the heathen if we neglect them—only asking us in our hearts to think whether we do

really value ourselves that which we are so careless in giving to others, though our own light would shine the brighter for our lighting of theirs. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

He trusts us, one by one, expecting every one to do something. One can give, and speak, and study, and pray, another can do hardly anything except pray. It does not matter at all how little we can do, so long as we do it. We see that He does so plainly from the story of missionary work in the first days; and indeed, from the spirit and the teaching of the whole Bible, it is a series of biographies. Though it speaks so often and so wonderfully of God's chosen nation, and of the kingdom of Heaven, yet the first chapter of Church history, placed as it is amongst the inspired books of the Bible,—the Book of the Acts of the Apostles,—is almost a history of St. Peter and St. Paul. There can be no doubt as to the sense in which those who heard our Lord speak understood His words. They plunged almost at once, and almost, as it might seem, recklessly, into the work on the widest scale. They had a message to all, and they delivered it far and wide, and the Lord was with them, with His power, as He had promised, and as He is with us; and very soon men and women who had never heard of Jesus Christ when He was crucified, were ready to die rather than deny Him, and did die, hundreds and thousands of them, in the ten great persecutions.

Man marked the earth with ruin, but his control was bounded by the faith and love and steadfastness of those who loved not their lives even unto death, if they could take part in bearing the great witness to the world.

Wonderful things indeed they did, with such little power, as it might seem, to do them—and so can we. All our riches and strength, indeed, are nothing in themselves, but they are all great gifts which the Holy Spirit can use if we consecrate them to His use. And we are very rich and very powerful. The penny subscription at the Jubilee brought in, we are told, £80,000. The duty paid on tobacco last year was £9,965,221—i.e., it was £428,987 more than it was in the preceding year,—or, the increase in the duty paid on tobacco, in one year, was £43,610, more than the whole combined incomes of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society from all sources. And still our Lord is saying, "Go ye . . . for I am with you." Go, by your prayers—not false-hearted ones offered because they cost us nothing, but prayer that makes the simplest gifts glow with light and power. Go, by whatever you give, yourselves, your children, your gifts of intellect or property. Go, by your sympathy with those who are gone to the front, and are patiently fighting the good fight of faith. We have no time to lose. Every moment a heathen dies—and more, we too are dying. The night cometh when none can work. And after the night the morning, and Jesus standing on the shore eager to welcome all into the life that is life indeed. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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 "Festive
Hymns," etc.

May 7th, Fifth Sunday after Easter.

(St. John xvi. 23-33.)

1. In which of the other Gospels do we find our Saviour speaking as in St. John xvi. 32?
2. What word of Christ when on the Cross helps to throw light on both the beginning and the ending of v. 24?
3. What special examples of speaking "in proverbs," and what of speaking "plainly," do we find recorded of Christ?

May 14th, Sunday after Ascension Day.

(St. John xv. 26 to xvi. 4.)

1. In which verses of St. Luke i. and Acts i. do we find that which harmonises with that which is said here in St. John xv. 27?
2. In what way is the importance of the Name here given to the Comforter shown by what is said here of His office?
3. Where does this Evangelist tell us of the disciples actually doing the kind of thing predicted of them in the beginning of xvi. 4?

May 21st, Whitsunday.

(St. John xiv. 15-31.)

1. How does this Sunday's "Gospel" agree with that for last Sunday both in the Name which it gives to the Comforter and in what it says of His office?
2. What other titles are given to Him in the New Testament?
3. Understanding by the word "Comforter" some one "called in," on what grounds may it be applied (as here) to both the Saviour and the Holy Spirit?

May 28th, Trinity Sunday.

(St. John iii. 1-15.)

1. What does this "Gospel" teach us, on the one hand, as to the work of the Son of God, and, on the other, as to the work of the Spirit of God, in the salvation of man?
2. In what respects may its teaching be compared with that of St. John iv. 1-14?
3. In what respects with that of Rom. viii. 1-9?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

12. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials read *downwards* and the finals read *upwards* give two brave heroes to be seen in Trafalgar Square.

- (1) Another hero of Trafalgar Square.
- (2) A voice-part in music.
- (3) A weight and a coin.
- (4) What no schoolboy should be.
- (5) A famous mimic.
- (6) A covering for a cold day.

13. PUZZLE.

Find out the names of—

- (1) A Latin poet whose four letters added together make 506.
- (2) A famous queen whose four letters added together make 1001.
- (3) A musical instrument whose four letters added together make 56.

14. TRANPOSITIONS.

Discover in these letters three famous poems and their authors.

- (1) Rominam by Tocts.
- (2) Doallhiclehr by Norby.
- (3) Acioirnmnm by Nontynes.

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.

V.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE ONLY RELIGIOUS BODY IN THE COUNTRY THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND CHANGE.

NOT only is there no religious body in this country which has stood the test of time and change as has the Church of England, but there is no institution in the kingdom that has such an ancient history, and stretches so far back through the long vista of ages to the early days of the English people.

The Church was founded and organised amongst our Anglo-Saxon forefathers immediately after they had emerged from heathen darkness into the true light of the Gospel, ere, as yet, they had scarcely settled down in the land of their adoption, and while their opposing tribes were still engaged in deadly and exterminating strife with each other for supremacy of rule and government.

Kingdom after kingdom succumbed to their successive tribal warriors, until at last the whole of the kingdoms, under only one over-lordship, were merged and absorbed in one united realm of England, under the reign and rule of one king.

But whether in six or seven kingdoms, or in only one kingdom comprehending all the kingdoms, the Church of England survived and remained the same Church of, and amongst, the English people. So also, though, through the Danish invasion and conquest, the Church's sanctuaries were desecrated and destroyed, her property spoliated, her members, especially the inmates of religious houses, massacred, and her priests slain at the altar, yet she not only survived these terrible disasters, but actually converted to the Faith of Christ her barbarous and murderous invaders, some of whom afterwards became most zealous in trying to extend, build up, and enrich the very Church which in their heathen fanaticism and fury they had sought to destroy.

In the same way the English Church survived the great changes which took place in the country at the Norman invasion. Though the Normans, after their conquest of the kingdom, took the place of Englishmen both in Church and State, yet the Church survived all these revolutions, her identity remaining also entirely unchanged and her continuity unbroken.

And though for a time her nationality was threatened, her chief places of honour and dignity occupied by foreigners, and her own English clergy and members were subject to spoliation, violence, and ignominious treatment, yet the indestructible English element and spirit embodied in the Church gradually rising from the dust of humiliation reasserted itself, and English Churchmen, instead of being Normanised by the invaders, succeeded in transforming their conquerors

into patriotic Englishmen, and moulded them into loyal English Churchmen like themselves.

And that marvellous tenacity of continuous organised life and activity which the Church manifested and maintained in the face of successive foreign invaders, she also exhibited in the midst of those terrible civil conflicts and revolutions in which her own children were arrayed against each other in the deadly strife of decimating wars. Though she could not prevent the reckless cruelties of feudal tyranny, nor still the raging storms of political party passions, nor save the throne of England itself from being the object of prolonged and embittered contest for its possession, still at opportune moments, and especially during intervals of truce, she could speak, and did speak, effectual words of peace, counselling brethren to sheathe the swords of cruel wars which they lifted against each other.

All through the long Wars of the Roses, the rupture with Rome and the abolition of Roman Supremacy, in the reign of Henry VIII. (1534), the attempted restoration of that Supremacy by Queen Mary (1553), the execution of Charles I. (1649), and the rebellion of Cromwell, the abdication of James II., the revolution and accession to the throne of William III. (1688-9), the Church of England survived, and maintained her identity unchanged and her continuity unbroken.

And so the English Church has remained from the beginning of England's history till the present hour, through all the changes of time and circumstances, not only the same Church in all that is essential to her identity, but the only religious body that has been with the English nation throughout all the changing events of its life and history from its very beginning till the present moment.

The oldest Nonconformist body in the kingdom cannot, at the utmost, claim to be more than three hundred years old, while the present Roman mission and body in England are of far more recent origin, dating only from 1850, the year in which they were founded by Pope Pius IX. Neither this Roman Hierarchy—now in England consisting of a Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishops, etc.—nor its mission have any connection whatever with the past history of the English Church and nation, and are but the modern creations of Papal authority, to which they are in all respects in a state of absolute subjection.

All religious bodies outside the communion of the Church of England, however perfectly organised or zealous in trying to do good, are, in fact, but modern institutions, comparatively untried by time and circumstances, and are unable to produce evidence of permanent and enduring life. Even the strongest amongst them are showing unmistakable signs of decay and approaching dissolution, while the Church of England, amidst all the opposition of her enemies, and in the face of all the attacks made upon her, never gave greater evidence of renewed life, adaptation of organisation, and extensiveness and success of work than she presents to the public in the present day.



"MAKING PICTURES!"

• THERE'S Johnny, and Flo, and May,
In a house not far from here,
And when I popped in one day,—
A day, when Flo was so queer
That she had to be kept in bed,—
This, this was the sight I saw—
Johnny gravely wagging his head,
And telling sweet May to draw
A picture of poor sick Flo!
Flo looked very solemn and sad,
And declared that she'd "have
'em to know"
It was altogether too bad
To worry an invalid so!
But when the picture was done,
And she saw on the slate her face,
Oh, then it was capital fun!
And she kissed them both with a grace
Quite charming and nice to see!
Little dots, so loving and true,
"May your lives bright pictures be!"
And this is my wish for you!



A Hymn for Whitsunday.

Words by S. BROWNE.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc
(Organist of the Temple.)

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '2') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '3'). The music is written in a treble clef for both staves. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with the first two lines of the hymn appearing above the first staff and the remaining lines appearing below the second staff.

1. Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, Heaven - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove : Be
Thou our Guar - dian, Thou our Guide ; O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side. A - men.

2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3. Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4. Lead us to Heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there ;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

