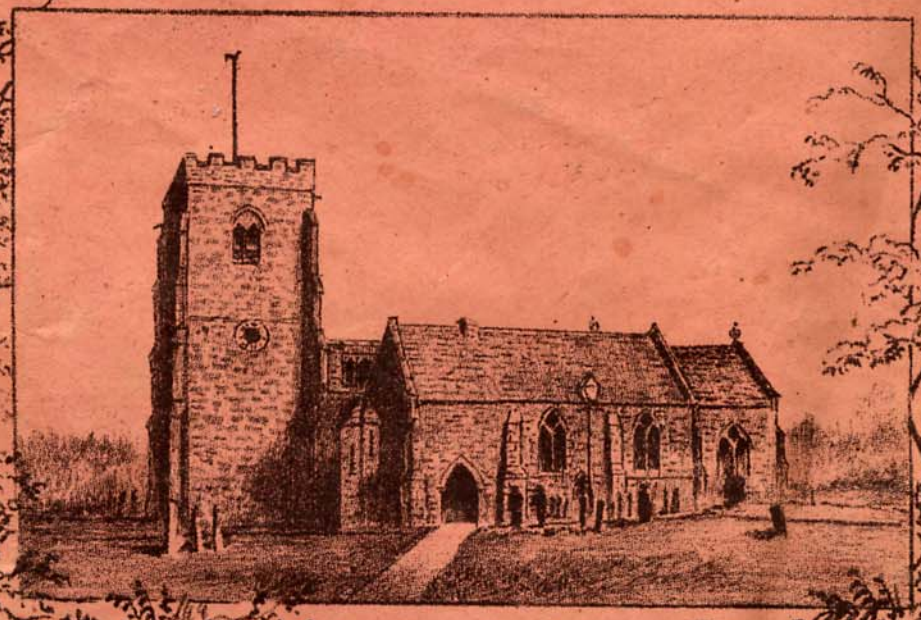
July, 1893.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

# S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

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# 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 (with the Litany on Wednesday and Friday)
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

### HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

**Tuesday, July 25th Festival of S. James, Apostle and Martyr.** James the son of Zebedee and brother of S. John the Evangelist. They were called to be disciples of the Lord Jesus when employed as fisherman on the lake of Galilee, (S Matt. iv. 21.) These two with S. Peter were chosen to be present on very special occasions in the Gospel Story, e.g —at the Transfiguration, (S. Matt. xvii. 1.) and the Agony in the Garden, (Matt. xxvi. 37). From the love of his Master he became steadfast even unto death. He was the first of the Apostles who was martryed, while still a young man, (Acts, xii. 2.)

Subjects for Sunday Morning Lessons and Catechizing at the Children's Service on Sunday Afternoons in July:—

July 2nd: Gen. vii. and viii.
9th: ,, xi. 1-9
16th: ,, xii. to 27. xii. to 9
23rd: ,, xiii.
30th: ,, xviii. to 15
} Hymn to be learnt— 291

### Baptisms.

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

June 4th: Muriel Hilda White.
Edward Henry Beeney.

### Marriages.

June 26th: John Holwell and Mary Ann Brookes

### COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

| | Church Expenses. | Sick and Poor. |
|---|---|---|
| May 28th— | —— | £0 4s. 0d. |
| June 4th— | £2 3s. 9¼d. | £0 5s. 1d. |
| 11th— | —— | £0 6s. 7d. |
| 18th— | £1 17s. 8½d. | £0 5s. 2d. |
| 25th— | —— | £0 6s. 8d. |
| Poor Box— | | £0 2s. 1½d. |
| Totals | £4 1s. 5¾d. | £1 9s. 7½d. |

### Hymns.

| | Matins. | Children's Service. | Evensong. |
|---|---|---|---|
| July 2nd | 317 | 194 | 240 |
| | 403 | 291 | 290 |
| | | 332 | 26 |
| 9th | 299 | 193 | 273 |
| | 283 | 291 | 168 |
| | 279 | 13 | 228 |
| 16th | 247 | 264 | 221 |
| | 238 | 291 | 242 |
| | 176 | 17 | 229 |
| 23rd. | 303 | 160 | 268 |
| | 278 | 291 | 282 |
| | 281 | 184 | 13 |
| 25th. | | | 261 |
| | — | — | 431 |
| | | | 23 |
| 30th | 202 | 339 | 270 |
| | 254 | 291 | 233 |
| | 264 | 255 | 27 |

### PARISH NOTES.

It is three months ago since (in the April Magazine) we were speaking of the weather, and then expressed a hope for for real spring weather after the hard winter. As it turned out we have had more sunshine and heat than we wished for. All of us, whether we have land or gardens ourselves or not, should share the anxiety of those who depend upon them—firstly because we should be ready to think of the troubles of others as well as our own; and secondly because the state of the land and crops sooner or later affects the general prosperity of the country. At the same time it is probable that a dry season like this does some good to the land if we could only take a wide view enough. And it certainly has this use that it teaches us our own helplessness and real dependance upon God. There are many things which show us our power, and we might be apt to think too much of these if we were not reminded now and again that our power is really very limited, and our dependance upon our Heavenly Father very real.

# S. Bartholomew's—Continued.

This spring, as last, a pair of swallows built their nest in the Church porch and hatched out a little family. One would have thought that they would have been safe there, but it was not so. One Sunday afternoon the nest was knocked down and the little ones killed. We don't know who did it, and don't want to know, but we are afraid that some boys were the offenders. It seems a small thing, but it is a piece of thoughtless cruelty, and a cruel boy will turn out a cruel man if he is net warned in time.

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The Examination of the National Schools in Religious Knowledge was conducted by the Rev. F. Bell, the Diocesan Inspector, on Wednesday, May 31st. Within a few days the reports were sent as here given:—

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL.—"The children are in very good order, and shewed interest and improvement, and passed a good examination throughout the School." The written examination was very satisfactory.

INFANT SCHOOL.—"The children are in excellent order and have been carefully and successfully taught in spite of illness."

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On June 27th a Public Meeting was held at the Schools to decide what steps should be taken to commemorate the Royal Wedding on July 6th. It was resolved that a Tea should be given to all children under 15 and to all old people over 60 A committee of those present at the meeting was appointed to carry out the arrangements.

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On account of this, the School Treat will be put off for a month or six weeks, so that the two treats will not come too close together.

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On Monday, June 19th, Mr. J. A. Williams, who has been for nearly 20 years a member of the Central African Mission, in two addresses gave an account of the people and the work. The afternoon meeting on the Tennis ground was attended by more than 50 people, and of course there was a crowd of children at the Schools in the evening. We are apt to think sometimes that our work and lot in this country are hard—it is good for us to hear about those (and even see one with our own eyes) who, *without being paid for it*, leave their homes and go to live and work among the savage tribes of Africa. The greatest hardship which they suffer is the climate—our hottest day would be a cool one there. Then there is the isolation and loneliness which at some of the Mission Stations has to be endured, sometimes to be months without seeing a white face. Mr. Williams has been working near Lake Nyasa, which is a three months' journey (all on foot) from the sea coast. It is good for us to know that there are still such heroes of Christian Faith—good to shame us for all that is selfish in our own lives.

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We hope that it will interest our grown up readers as well as the children to hear what Mr. Williams told us about the Negro boy Mmenyanga, whom our children are supporting in one of the Mission Schools. He is in the School at Newala, which is about 100 miles from the mouth of the River Rovuma. His father is Chief in that district. The boy is bright and intelligent, about 15 years old, naturally he has a hot temper which used to make him quarrelsome, but he has always been anxious to overcome this fault and striven and prayed earnestly against it and now is much improved. He has not yet been baptized, being a child of heathen parents, but he will be now before long. Mr. Williams saw him on his way down to the coast, and he describes him as a very nice lad and likely to turn out well. He wishes to fit himself for a Christian Teacher. Mr. Williams pointed him out in a group of boys shown by the Magic Lantern. We hope to get a separate photograph of him and to have it copied so that each of our children who are helping to support him may have a copy.

We hope that many of our children will do as Mr. Williams asked, and when they say their prayers and ask God to bless the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers will also put in the name of "Mmenyanga, the African boy."

As was promised at the Meeting the Vicar has written a letter to Mmenyanga in the name of the children which we give below and as soon as a reply comes to it, it shall also be printed in the Magazine.

The following sums were collected at the Meetings on Monday: Afternoon £2 9s. 3½d., Evening (children) 11s. 4d.

If all this be added to the £3 7s. which is already in the Post Office Bank, only about 13/- is required to make up the £7 which will pay for the boy's maintenance for this year.

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*To Dear Mmenyanga, at Newala, from a Minister of the Lord JESUS Christ, at Quorn, in England.*

I send you love and good wishes from myself and many boys and girls in this place. We have heard a great deal about you and your people through the good Bishop and others, and now Mr. Williams who has himself seen you has come and told us all about you. He showed us a picture of you which pleased us very much. He told us also about your father, the chief Matola, and how kind he is to the Bishop and his helpers. Will you please write us a letter soon and tell us about yourself, and if you can, send us a picture of yourself.

I am sending you a little picture of our Church. It is 500 years old, and is called Saint Bartholomew's, after one of the twelve disciples of our Lord. When you are baptised will you ask to take for one of your names either 'Bartholomew' after the name of our Church, or else 'Quorn' after the name of our village. We will try and often remember you and we will pray for you, and will you please pray for us all, for we are trying to serve God, and sometimes find it hard as you do.

May God bless and keep you dear Mmenyanga, for JESUS Christ sake.

EDWARD FOORD-KELCEY.

*Quorn, England,*
*June 26th, 1893.*

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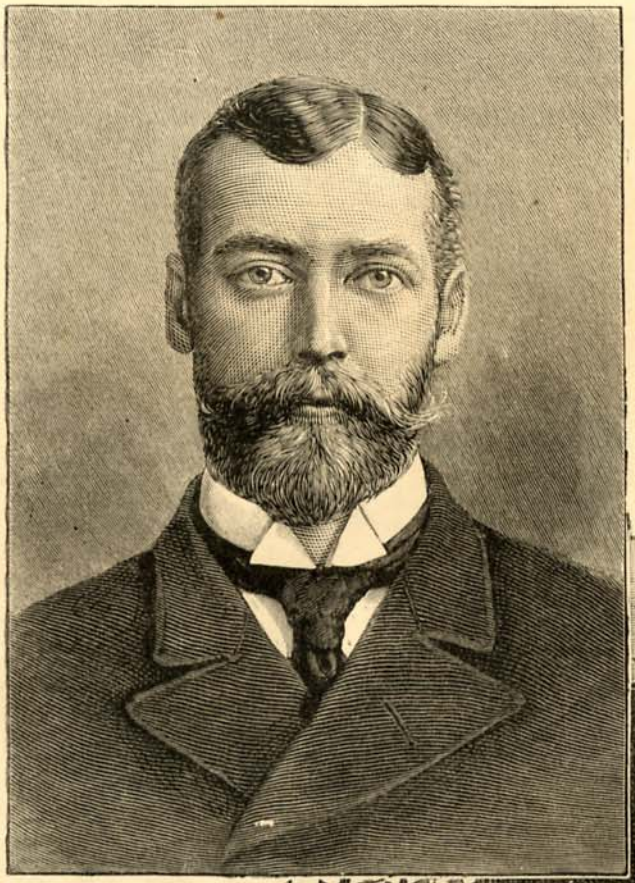
According to our promise of last month we give a few extracts from the books in the "Old Parish Chest."

This time it shall be from the Churchwardens' Accounts for the year 1745. They seem to have been very carefully kept, and were produced at the Vestry Meeting and signed as approved by five persons, viz: Thomas Turlington, Thomas Chapman, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Parnam, and Thomas Fellows. The Churchwardens were Samuel Stevens and John Bailey.

The Parish Clerk seems to have been one Joseph Fukes, and there are several payments to him for different work, *e.g* Dec. 27th, to Joseph Fukes for Sticking and Cobwebing the Church, 3/- Can our readers guess what 'Sticking' the Church means. 'Cobwebing' seems to show that the Church was not kept very clean in those days.

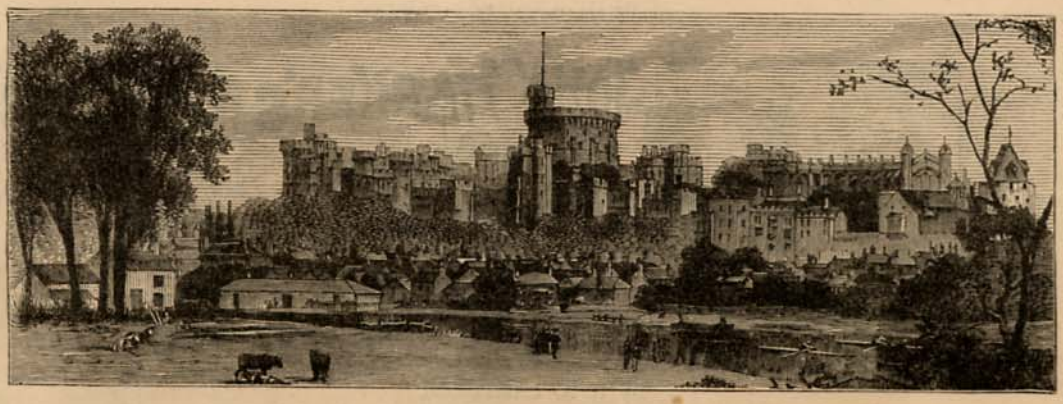
Oct. 4th, the Ringers were paid 6/- for Ringing when the Bishop passed through the village.




WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

## THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE PRINCESS MAY.

*[The Duke of York's portrait is from a Photograph by* W. & D. Downey, *Ebury Street, S.W.; Princess May's portrait is from a Photograph by* Russell & Sons, *Baker Street, W.]*



## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE marriage of H.R.H. Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, K.G., to H.R.H. Princess Victoria Mary Louise Olga Pauline Claudina Agnes, usually known as Princess May of Teck, is an event which is viewed with universal satisfaction. The lamented death of the Duke of Clarence, in the early part of last year, called forth the deepest sympathy for the young Princess, whose fortitude under the specially trying circumstances commanded the admiration of all.

The Prince and Princess are greatly beloved in their respective circles, and so much of their careers as have been spent in public work have won for them a warm place in the popular esteem.

The Duke of York is the only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, and was born at Marlborough House on the 3rd of June, 1865, and baptised at Windsor Castle on the 7th of July following. He was educated, together with his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, at Sandringham and Marlborough House, the boys' tutor being Canon Dalton. When fourteen years old Prince George and the Duke of Clarence were entered as cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, where they were treated like any other cadets, except that they were accommodated with a separate cabin. After leaving the *Britannia* the Princes entered the *Bacchante* as "middies," and went round the world with Lord Charles Scott. On their return Prince George entered the Naval College at Greenwich to study for his examination as a sub-lieutenant. He was a capital student, with a real talent for scientific study and a strong capacity for grasping the salient points and bearings of any subject put before him. He became a sub-lieutenant on the 3rd of June, 1884, and a lieutenant on the 8th of October, 1885. In 1890 he was appointed to the command of a gunboat. After the death of his brother, early in January 1892, it was inevitable that a title should be conferred on the Prince, and he received the Royal Dukedom of York.

It is said by a writer in the *Young Man*, "that Prince George, as captain of the *Thrush*, had, according to the Admiralty regulations, to read morning prayers on board after divisions each day, and himself to conduct the Sunday service. In preparation for this last he always practised on Saturday evenings with such officers and men as volunteered to take part in the singing of the chants and hymns for the next day. We are told that his favourite hymns appeared to be such well-known ones as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'O God, our Help in ages past,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,' 'Jesu, meek and lowly,' 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' and Keble's morning and evening hymns. These and others he had been wont in his boyhood to sing at home with his brother and sisters, to his mother's accompaniment on the piano; and therefore to him, as to so many others of us, the words of the hymns had acquired an additional force and meaning from being hallowed with many recollections. In the evening, when in port, he generally attended Church ashore with a few friends. In all this there is perhaps nothing remarkable, nothing but what many another naval officer is in the habit of doing. But it may interest some of our readers to know that it was so."

Princess May is the eldest child and only daughter of the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary of Cambridge. She was born at Kensington Palace on the 26th of May, 1867. The greater part of her life has been spent at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, the residence of her parents for many years. She is an excellent horsewoman, a skilled musician, and an artist of considerable talent.

The Princess has taken a deep interest in the various philanthropic movements and works of mercy of which her mother, the Duchess of Teck, is the centre; and her home training has been marked by that quietness and simplicity which are the charm of a well-ordered English household.

In common with our brethren of the press throughout the Empire, we tender to the Bride and Bridegroom our hearty congratulations; and we know that we are only expressing the sincere feelings of our readers in all ranks of life, both at home and abroad, when we pray that the Prince and Princess may be "endued with the Holy Spirit; enriched with Heavenly Grace; and prospered with all Happiness."


BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

*Author of "A Good Position," "Nellie's Firstfruits," "Miss Priss," etc.*

## CHAPTER I.

### CHANGES AND CHANCES.

"AND if here isn't the very girl I want! Here have I been worrying my head till it aches, for a girl fit to send up to the Old Hall, and never gave you so much as a thought, Ruth March, till you walk in upon me, as much as to say, 'Here I am ready to go.' Sit down, girl, for a moment in that corner out of the way till I've got time to tell you all about it."

Mrs. Buckle, the speaker, was generally breathless on Skirley market day, but on this especial day she was more than ordinarily so. Her shop—which was really a "much in little," providing such diverse wares as buns and sweetmeats, tobacco, toys, and fancy work, besides being the only registry office for servants of which the little port boasted—was quite thronged, and Mrs. Buckle, with her two daughters, had more than enough to do in keeping their customers supplied.

Ruth March, a gentle, pleasant-faced girl with a retiring manner, did as she was told; drew her chair into a quiet corner, and watched the busy throng. At the counter were ladies matching silks, and an old country woman buying stout "fingering" of serviceable colours for her knitting; a noisy and very quarrelsome party of children were choosing toys, and exercising a terrorism over a very meek governess who held the purse-strings, and who was vainly endeavouring to make the two ends of their desires, and the sum of money which she was entrusted to spend for them, meet. A couple of small farmers stood sheepishly at the door, afraid to come forward among so many of the fairer sex, to make known their wants in the direction of shag or "a nice mild bacca." Women and children devoured cakes and buns at the confectionery counter, while a group of red-cheeked country girls, all waiting to be hired, stood giggling and talking loudly in the centre of the shop. Amid this throng, every member of which was known to her, Mrs. Buckle darted in and out. The ladies were supplied with silks, the shy men induced to come forward and state their wishes; with the air of a born directress she demanded of the worried governess the amount of money she wished to spend, divided it by the number of children, whisked away the more expensive toys, leaving only those which were of the ascertained price, hushed the clamour by choosing what she considered fitting for each, and sent them out of the shop satisfied and rejoicing; then, after silencing the centre group with a lofty "Manners, young women!" she found time to turn to Ruth.

"I declare if I ain't ready to drop. I've been that busy, you'd never believe, since nine o'clock this morning. 'Tis half-past two now, and not a bit of dinner have one of us been able to get—nothing but just a bite at a bun, when we could turn our heads away from the customers for half a minute. Ah well! 'tis all good for trade. But I wish I could spread the business out over the week, instead of squeezing it into one day. But what I want you for, Ruth March, is this; and what made me think you walked in like a Providence is that I've got a place for you, a nice genteel place, too, made a-purpose, I might say. When that groom from Old Hall came in this morning and said he must take a servant back for Madam this very day, I was a'most driven crazy, for nothing but that sort," nodding to the girls still standing waiting, "had come in, and that wouldn't do at any price. Madam Atherfield was brought up quite the lady, and used to keep a lot of servants, but now she's come down to one, but that one must be the right sort,—pleasant-like to look at and to speak to, and able to cook a bit, for Madam don't do anything herself. I won't deny that it's an out-of-the-world sort of place, with a big house half shut up; and most of the girls I send come back at the end of a month, some of them before, say 'tis too lonesome; but you ain't one of that sort. You've been trained to know what's right and proper, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Merton. Ah! 'twas an evil day for Skirley when we lost that good man; and I think you'd feel 'twas your duty to stay and give the place a trial if you once went there. People do say that girls brought up in a workhouse ain't never any good; but you're an exception,

Ruth March, and sometimes I'd have had as many as half a dozen places I could have popped you into, but you've come upon me all in a hurry, and now this seems the only thing to offer unless you can wait."

"Mrs. Merton offered to pay for me to board with Mrs. Blake, the milkman's wife, till I could hear of something to suit me," answered Ruth, "but I do not want to put her to that expense; and if you think I should be able to manage for this lady, and do the work, I shall be glad to go. Are there many in family?"

"Only three. Mr. Atherfield—and he's more than often away—and Madam, and a little miss about twelve, I should think. And if you ask me if I think you can manage I say yes. That's just what you want up there, —to manage a bit, to do the work yourself without bothering madam at all, and the wages is twelve pounds. That's a nice rise for you all at one jump, and they do say that Mr. Atherfield is free with his money when he's got it, and thinks nothing of tossing the maid half-a-sovereign if she'll cook him a dinner or supper to his mind."

"And when must I go? How can I get there? I have only heard of Old Hall. I don't quite know where it is."

"Go? Why, this very afternoon," answered Mrs. Buckle. "The old groom—and a surly, crusty old fellow he is—says he's got to take a maid back, and he means to do it. He'll be looking in here in a few minutes to see what I've got for him."

"I should like to have seen Mrs. Merton and all of them off. They leave to-morrow, and I think I must help them to the last. I don't know how I'm going to get on without them," and the tears rose in the young girl's eyes.

"Well, well! It does seem hard for you now, but law! you'll get used to it in time; and if here isn't the old man himself. Just speak to him, and ask if you can't stay for another day or two. Well, Mr. Choules," turning to an elderly man who entered at the moment, "I've been as good as my word, and got a young woman to suit you at Old Hall."

"That bit of a girl!" exclaimed the old man contemptuously. "How's she to get through the work o' that big place? I wanted a woman, Mrs. Buckle, and not a child."

"Ruth March is no child, Mr. Choules. She's eighteen; and you may hear her character all over Skirley, and a good one it is. She's clean and steady, and she can cook and wait, and knows how to manage without a mistress always at her heels. Why, she has lived for the last six years with our dear good Mr. Merton, that's gone; and when Mrs. Merton was laid up for the matter of six months and over, this girl kept everything going, looked after the house, and managed the children, and nursed her mistress; and if that isn't character enough for you, why, you'd better go round to Mrs. Merton herself, and see what she's got to say about it."

"Ah! lived at Parson Merton's, did she?" said the old man, stroking his chin reflectively. "Well, she'll be none the worse for that, nor none the better, that I knows, only she'll be thought none the better of up there," jerking his thumb vaguely in the direction of Old Hall. "But then, if she only fits in, and will do her work, they'll ask no questions; so upon your recommendation, ma'am, I'll take the girl. You'd better," turning to Ruth, "just get your things put up, and I'll come round to Mrs. Merton's in about half an hour."

"But," said Ruth, "I didn't think of going to-day. Mrs. Merton isn't leaving till to-morrow, and I can't let her do without me."

"You must choose 'twixt the new missus and the old," said the old man somewhat roughly. "You've got to leave Mrs. Merton, and, I takes it, you ain't a lady of fortune. You've got to earn your living; so it's take it or leave it. Either you get ready and come right along with me now, or I'll look after some one else."

"Go round and ask Mrs. Merton about it, Ruth. She's a sensible woman as ever lived, and she'll soon see what's best for you," suggested Mrs. Buckle.

"Ay, do that, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put off my start a bit; I'll say five o'clock, and I'll be round as the church bell strikes, so don't you be a minute late," said Choules. "Looks as though she might do. She's got a sensible little face when you come to have a look at her," he added, as Ruth closed the shop door behind her. "Only it ain't any good to let women fancy you think too much of them. She'll be all the better for my pulling her up a bit sharp."

"Ah, Mr. Choules! you ain't over complimentary to us poor women," said Mrs. Buckle, "But you take my word for it, Ruth March is something like a treasure, and you give her a help, if 'tis only a kind word now and then. All the world knows your influence up at the Old Hall, and what you can do."

"'I KNOW YOU WILL,' SAID MRS. MERTON."

The old man sighed heavily, and shook his head. "'Tis little enough I can do, or anybody else, for the matter of that; but if a word will help the girl, she shall have it from me, and sometimes, maybe, I can set a farm boy to lend her a hand. Does she come from these parts?"

"That's just what nobody knows," replied Mrs. Buckle. "She was left at the workhouse door one night—the 1st of March 'twas; and that's how she got her name. She was only a few months old baby then, but she was tidily dressed, and wrapped in a good warm shawl, with 'Ruth' just written on a piece of paper, and pinned to her frock. So as nobody knew her other name, the master called her March, as that was the month. Ruth has got the bit of paper now, and all the clothes she had on at the time. Mrs. Merton took her out when she was about twelve, and a good servant she's made of her, and a good girl, too. There ain't no nasty tricky ways about Ruth. She ain't much to look at, as far as beauty goes, but somehow she always reminds me of a lady. I think her people must have been above the common run of folks."

"Handsome is as handsome does" replied Abraham Choules. "I hope nobody won't try to set her up to make her think she's a lady. The first of March, eighteen years ago, you said, Mrs. Buckle, I think?"

"Why, Mr. Choules, you never know anything about it, do you?" asked Mrs. Buckle curiously.

"No, I don't," replied the old man crustily; "so don't you go making any romance out o' that, Mrs. Buckle. I'll pay you your half-crown, and be off now. I only hope I sha'n't have to come again on the same errand in a month's time."

In the meantime Ruth had hurried back to the Vicarage, to the house which, in its truest sense, had been home to her, and was telling her tale to Mrs. Merton. "I don't see how I can go, ma'am," she said. "I couldn't leave you here all alone."

"I know you would not willingly leave me one moment before we are obliged to part, Ruth," replied her mistress; "but the parting must, in any case, take place in a few hours. And in the circumstances in which you are placed I think you must accept this offer. The wages are much better than you have had with us, and you cannot afford to slight this. I, too, wish I could have had you with us till the last, but that cannot be. There is so little to be done now, that we can quite well manage without you."

"I can't bear to leave you!" sobbed Ruth, feeling that all the world was suddenly sinking away from her, and that she was surrounded by infinite space.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Merton, taking her hand, "you must have courage. These things are not in our hands. Neither you nor I would have chosen to part; but a stronger Power than ours has said that our paths must be separate, for a time at least. Who knows what may be in the future for us? It may be that some day you will be able to return to me. Till then, Ruth, your duty will be to your new mistress. Her ways and mine will doubtless be different; but unless your conscience tells you that it is anything wrong, it is her ways that must be yours now."

"I don't know how I shall get on at all," sobbed Ruth. "Nobody could have such good ways as you, dear mistress. Oh! you have been everything to me—mistress, and mother, and friend."

"Yes, and shall always remain so, I trust. But now I am your best friend in telling you to cheer up, to look life bravely in the face, and to learn to stand alone—alone as far as human aid or intercourse, I mean, for God's presence is always with us if we only look for it. Now, Ruth," she continued, for she saw that the girl was getting almost hysterical, "you must do as I tell you, and at once. This is my last act as your mistress. Pack your box, and make yourself ready by the time Mr. Atherfield's groom comes for you."

"My box is packed, ma'am," answered Ruth, steadying her voice as best she could, for her mistress' voice acted like a tonic upon her; "I have only to make a parcel of the few things that are left out, and I will do my best to Mrs. Atherfield or any other mistress, for the sake of you and the dear master that is gone."

"I know you will," said Mrs. Merton cheerfully. "And you will remember that your old friends are always within reach of you by post, and always interested in hearing of you."

## CHAPTER II.

### "NEW FRIENDS."

WHEN Abraham Choules drove up to the vicarage door, true to his word, as the clock was striking five, he found Ruth waiting for him, with a group of children gathered round her. Mrs. Merton came out to speak to him.

"You will tell Mrs. Atherfield that I can give Ruth an excellent character," she said; "and I am sure she will find a faithful servant in her."

The two younger children clung round the girl crying, and it was plain that tears were not far from the eyes of Mrs. Merton, or of her eldest daughter, while the boy, a fine lad of fourteen, vented his feelings in truly masculine style, by whistling, and kicking at the pebbles in the path.

"Come, young woman, we must hurry up," said the old man, as he respectfully touched his hat after Mrs. Merton had spoken. "I ought to have been halfway home by this time. If you wouldn't mind just standing by the mare's head, sir, I'll put up the box."

The boy blushed with pleasure. "She's a beauty," he said, as he stroked the mare's soft nose.

"Ay, ay, sir! She's all that, but a bit cantankerous in her temper; can't trust her overmuch. Now, young woman, up you get!" and amidst a chorus of "Good-bye, Ruth," they drove off.

"Seems pretty much set on you," said the old man, looking down at his companion, and noting that she had dried her eyes, and was sitting with firmly compressed lips gazing ahead of her.

The words, which called up to Ruth all that she had lost, brought the tears welling once more to her eyes, but, remembering her mistress' words, she dried them, and answered as cheerfully as she could, "Yes, they all know me so well, and they know how I love them."

"And is that all Parson Merton's family?"

"Yes—Miss Helen and Master Philip, and the two little ones, Miss Amy and dear little Master Tom. Just look what he squeezed into my hands when he said good-bye," and half-laughing, half-sobbing, she held up a top. "It is his favourite top, dear little boy."

"And what are they going to do? Folks say that the parson hadn't got much laid by."

"How could he?" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, the living is a very poor one, and master was the most charitable of men."

"Charity begins at home with most folks," answered Abraham. "He'd better have got a bit together for his wife and children, than given it to those who never gave him Thank you, I'll be bound. He'd have died easier if he'd have thought his own was beyond the reach of want."

"You wouldn't say that if you'd only known him," said Ruth earnestly. "When he knew that he must die I saw him take mistress' hand and pat it, and then he looked up into her eyes, and said, 'The Lord will provide, Maggie; you will not be downcast or lose courage.' And my mistress smiled back so bravely, though I know her heart was almost breaking, and said, 'Yes, John, the Lord will provide.'"

"And what are they going to do now?"

"Well, Miss Helen is going to a school—one of the big High Schools—and she will work and learn too. She's very hopeful, so like the dear mistress; and she says in a few years she is going to make a home, and we shall all be together again. Then Master Philip has got a free scholarship, and he says he means to win another at school, which will take him to college. He is set upon being a Clergyman, like his father. He turns after his father more than any of them—just so quiet and kind. And the two little ones are to go to school in Eastbourne near to where Mrs. Merton will be, so she will be able to see them, and that will make it less lonesome for her. She is going to be a matron or something of the sort at a home for ladies—quite a lady's position, they say; and she will have servants under her, and nothing to do herself only to superintend, and help comfort these poor ladies, and well she knows how to do that. But it makes my heart ache to think of her, poor thing, that has always been used to her own home, and has had all her children about her, to be cut off from them all at once, and she goes about and says how thankful she ought to be."

"A nice time she'll have of it, shut up with a lot of peevish old women," said Abraham. "I wouldn't get up much thankfulness for that if 'twas my case."

"Then, you see, she is always thankful. I heard master say to her in his funny, quiet way one day, 'My dear, you find sunshine in the heart of a stone,' and so she did. She can always turn the bright face of the hardest trouble to you, and make you feel ashamed that ever you felt it a trouble at all."

"Well, you'll find a bit of a change," said the old man. "Your new missus ain't like that, not quite."

"Will you tell me something about her, and about the little girl, too?"

"What, Miss Stella? Well, you won't find her much like those you've left behind. She's a fine big girl, as tall as you, though she is but fourteen. A real Atherfield is Miss Stella, true at heart, if she is a bit short in the temper at times, like the mare here. She'll kick over the traces when she's in the mood; she's let run wild too much; no school, no governess; just does as she pleases. It isn't the upbringing for a lady. I wish she had such an one as Mrs. Merton yonder to be with."

"But her mother ——"

"Her mother? Well, you'll see for yourself in an hour if you're the girl I take you for. Her mother cares for herself, and nothing else, and her child is just nothing to her. Poor thing, she's got her troubles, too! Ah! a broken house—a broken house!"

And then the old man relapsed into silence, and appeared deaf to all Ruth's remarks. By this time they had left the neighbourhood of Skirley well behind them, and were gradually and gently ascending to a much higher level of land than that upon which stood the little seaport, though they appeared to be going inland; yet occasional glimpses of sea showed that it was still a near neighbour. They were, in fact, crossing a promontory, high, bold, and rocky on one side, and with a low and gently curving shore on the other. The road lay between high hedges, and here and there was a small hamlet or a solitary farm. Presently a dip in the road brought them into a small sheltered valley, and here, nestling under the hillside, lay a small village, "just like you see in pictures," commented Ruth, as she noted the grey cottages, with their bright gardens, the little green with its pond, whereon ducks and geese were enjoying an evening swim, a substantial church, and trim vicarage.

"How pretty it all is!" she said. "And what beautiful trees!"

"Yes, the trees are in Bruntdale Park, that belongs to another of the family, our master's far-away cousin. Long ago Old Hall was the place where the Atherfields lived, but one of them got a fancy 'twas too cold and bleak, and so he built the house and enclosed the park, and since then the family has drifted apart, till, though they're cousins still, Old Hall and Bruntdale Park scarcely knows one another. Ah, pity, pity! Evenin', Mr. Harker."

"Good-evening, Mr. Choules," replied a pleasant-looking old man, who stood smoking his pipe by his garden gate.

"Why, you're late home this evenin'," said his wife, who, with a pretty, fair, curly-haired girl, was stooping over the bright flower border which ran on either side of the path to the house door.

"Ay," was the only response; and Abraham gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip, and sent it on at a quicker pace.

"Disagreeable old man!" said the young girl. "Why couldn't he have stopped and given me a chance of seeing who he's got with him?"

"A new maid for his mistress, I reckon; there's many changes going on there. She was a nice tidy-looking girl," replied the mother.

"Well, I thought she looked a terrible dowdy, with that plain hat, and her hair brushed so smooth and straight, but she'd have been better than nobody to speak to."

"'Tisn't everybody has got my Bessie's curly locks," said John Harker, looking lovingly at his pretty daughter.

"Ay, and 'tisn't everybody that's got your Bessie's vanity neither," retorted the wife. "Now, to my thinking, that girl was just as nice as she could be; she'd got something better than good looks in her face."

In the meantime the travellers were climbing a steep hill. "You may say good-bye to trees now," remarked the old man; "we leave them behind us in the village." And the remark was true, for as they mounted higher and higher, even the hedges got lower and smaller, and at length they emerged from the lane on to a road which ran across the open down.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Ruth, as the view of the coast suddenly broke upon her, with its rocky cliffs broken here and there into little coves and bays; while the sea, which glimmered in the evening glow, showed huge piles of rocks, fashioned by the waves into every conceivable fantastic shape, raising their grim heads above the heaving water.

"Ay, ay, that's what folks say when they sees it in the summer, but wait till you see the waves lashing round the sides of those rocks in the winter gales; there ain't much beauty in 'em then, I can tell you. You've heard tell of the Rocks of Brampton, I dare-say. Well, that's Brampton Cove over yonder. 'Tis bad luck for a ship that gets too near Brampton Rocks; and the cliffs go sheer down to the water. Once you go over 'tis all up with you; there's nothing to rest on till you get to the bottom. And now here we are. Go you in at that door; I'll bring your box by-and-by."

Ruth did as she was told, and shivered as she entered a big, grey stone kitchen, dirty and untidy. A few embers were still alight in the huge kitchen range, an overturned kettle lay on the fender, and a stream of water had spread itself over the stone floor.

"How miserable, and how different from my dear little kitchen at the Vicarage!" thought Ruth, and then she tried to put away the home-sick longing for her old surroundings which beset her. "I'll try to make it look better to-morrow," she said; "but I wonder where I ought to go to find any one?"

Footsteps were now heard, and a door flew open.

"Are you the new maid?" asked a voice. "How was it I didn't hear Abraham drive up? And I've been waiting and expecting you for so long. I'm so glad you have come; we want some tea; I tried to get it myself, but when I had filled the kettle, and was lifting it up to put on the fire, I dropped it, so the fire went out and we couldn't have tea. It always makes mother cross if she doesn't get her tea, so look out for squalls, and come along."

Ruth followed the voice, for she could only dimly discern the child's figure in the dark kitchen. They crossed a big hall, also of stone, and entered a large room, which might have been comfortable if it had been tidy; the remains of dinner still covered one end of the big table, and everywhere was confusion and untidiness. A lady sat buried in the depths of an old armchair near the fire, wrapped in a shawl, reading by the light of a candle placed on a little table near. "Here's the new servant, mother," said the little girl.

The lady turned. "I am glad you have come at last. How is it that you are so late? I am starving. That," waving her hand to the remains of food on the table, "is all I have had for dinner, and I can get no tea; but no one cares how I suffer. What can you do. Can you cook?"

"Yes, ma'am; I can cook and do all kinds of housework. I will do my best to please you," answered Ruth.

"You all tell the same tale at first," answered Mrs. Atherfield. "Now get me some tea at once—do you hear?—at once; I am famishing."

"I'll come with you," said Stella; "you won't know your way."

Ruth was glad that the child accompanied her, and, with her guidance as to where to find fuel, the kitchen fire was soon kindled, the fallen kettle re-filled, and placed on the fire. Then the dining-room table was cleared, the fire rearranged, and hearth swept, chairs picked up and put in their places, and the room generally straightened.

"Is there a lamp anywhere?" Ruth asked of Stella, for the latter was following her about plying her with questions, and evidently enjoying her company.

"Oh yes, lots; we've used them all till we can't use them again. You'll find one lying out on the garden path if you look. Dad threw it out of the window. Oh, how cross he was; and how he talked at it because it would smoke and smell! If you can make our lamps burn you will be clever, Ruth; none of the other servants could."

Upon examination Ruth found that, for the present at least, the lamps were beyond her powers. "They are all so dirty!" she exclaimed in disgust; "that is why they will not burn; but they are beautiful lamps. To-morrow I shall put some of them in order. Now I will find another candle to take in and put on the tea table."

"You can't do that," said Stella; "that is the last that mother's got in the dining-room. Oh, you'll get used to this sort of thing," she went on, noticing Ruth's look. "Sometimes we haven't got candles at all, and then we sit in the dark. When Dad's been in luck we have plenty of everything. I hope he will be lucky now! I do want a new frock, and he promised he would bring me one if he was. See, this is all in rags!" and the child held up a silken skirt which was, as she expressed it, all in rags.

"'SHE'S GOT HER TROUBLES, TOO.'"

Ruth had little time to bewail her old friends, or even to think of her strange new experiences; she was kept busy until she went to bed.

"Miss Stella, hadn't you better go to bed now? Do you know it is almost ten o'clock?"

"Oh, I stay up till any time!" answered Stella carelessly; "and I don't want to go up till you or mother comes up. I can't go to bed in the dark; I hate it! Why, do you know, this house is haunted. I never saw anything myself, but I've heard it lots of times, and I can't go to bed alone; I shall sleep with you to-night."

"Miss Stella, you don't believe in such nonsense, do you?"

"Why, of course I do; and, besides, the maids say they have seen it—a big bogie thing with great eyes like fire, and horns and claws. Oh, I can't bear to think of it!" and the child caught Ruth tightly by the arm and held her.

"Well, you shall wait for me if you feel frightened," said Ruth, "only I'm afraid you will be tired. But, Miss Stella, don't believe any such nonsense; those wicked girls must have told you these tales to frighten you."

"But I've heard the noises—dreadful noises," said Stella, shuddering. "I can't sleep in my room any more; I hear them there, and I daren't tell Dad; he would laugh, and so would mother. I think she would be glad. She likes to say something nasty about the old house; she hates it, but I don't. I love it, so does Dad, but mother hates it, and hates us too."

"Miss Stella, you must not say these things to me; it is not right."

"But it's true, and you'll find it out." Then the girl laughed as she saw the shocked look on Ruth's face. "You'll see. Oh, we're a bad lot, we Atherfields; but you are good, Ruth, I know you are. I shall love you."

"Miss Stella, you've forgotten your prayers," said Ruth an hour later, when, having assisted her mistress to undress, she returned with Stella to her own room, which she found as dirty and untidy as the rest of the house.

"What should I say prayers for?" asked Stella contemptuously. "Are you one of what Dad calls 'the pious sort,' Ruth? If you are, you'd better keep it to yourself here. You'll have a fine life of it if Dad finds it out. Didn't you hear how he just took the man up by his belt who came here to preach, and pitched him into the pond? We've never had a man here to preach since. Mr. Denman, the new Vicar down at Bruntdale, came up here to call, and Dad went to the door to meet him with his hunting-crop in his hand, and he just flourished it round that poor man's head till he was glad to go, I can tell you. Dad didn't hit him, you know, he only frightened him; that was prime

fun. It's what Dad calls 'baiting the parson.' You would have laughed if you'd seen him, Ruth."

"No, Miss, I should not," said Ruth stoutly; "and I don't think it was a nice thing for one gentleman to do towards another. Perhaps Mr. Atherfield wouldn't have done such a thing to any one else. I think it is very cowardly to attack a clergyman, whose religion will not let him strike back again if he is hurt."

"My father isn't a coward," said Stella hotly, her black eyes flashing ominously; "no Atherfield is a coward. I don't like you, Ruth, if you say such things. I shall go to sleep, and leave you to your prayers."

The last words were uttered with so much vehement contempt as to cause Ruth to start, but she knelt to her own prayers with a sad heart. She felt the utter contrast of the moral atmosphere which now surrounded her to that to which she had been before accustomed. Here, instead of support and help to herself, she saw that she must be the one to give counsel and guidance. The situation was so strange to her that at first she felt dazed and confused, her thoughts wandered, she could not shape her words in prayer; but with a strong effort she overcame this feeling, and earnestly laid her case before One who ever lends a listening ear. "Poor little girl," said Ruth, bending over the sleeping Stella, "God will help me to show you that there is good in prayer."

*(To be continued.)*

## RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINE,

*Vicar of Grove Park West, London; Author of "The Battle of Belief," "The Sceptic's Creed," "The Voice of the Prayer-Book," etc., etc.*

MY friends and fellow-workers of the industrial classes, I propose for your careful consideration a subject of the most urgent importance both in respect of your present welfare and future happiness. Among the many questions that press themselves upon your attention in the present day, and that properly invite your consideration, none has so immediate and commanding a claim upon your careful thought as the religious question. I am well assured that I need only your open mind and honest judgment to bring home to your intelligent conviction the truth and justice of this contention.

Questions respecting religion are "in the air." Sometimes these questions take definite shape in spoken words, perhaps more often they only murmur in the mind, troubling the judgment, puzzling the will, leaving the unanchored life without chart, compass, or steersman at the mercy of every impetuous current and perilous squall. A life without definite views and settled convictions is apt to become the plaything of circumstances, and the ready victim of that deterioration of character that is the natural tendency of a life that is without the restraints of religious obligation and the elevating stimulus of an immortal hope.

Now let me put into straight and simple form the main questions which I have found more or less definitely influencing working men, as I have gone in and out among them, not only in parochial ministration, but in lectures, discussions, etc. And I shall try to answer these questions with frank and fraternal sympathy and on broad practical grounds.

"Why should I be religious? If I look after 'No. 1,' mind my own business, do my duty, can't I get on just as well without religion as with it?" "As to Christianity, it is only one of many religions; how much better is it than the others?" "What has Christianity ever done for the working man? Christianity may do very well for the *classes*, but of what practical use is it to the *masses*?" "There are so many mysteries in religion; and how can a man accept what he can't understand?" "There are so many differences of sects and opinions in religion, how is a man to choose which is right?" "There is such a lot of hypocrisy and humbug in religion, Christians that profess one thing and practise another, how is a man to know what is genuine and what is false?" "The present brings so many toils and cares, that I must wait till I have more convenient time to think of the future."

Now let us consider together candidly these very practical questions and objections.

1. "Why should I be religious? If I look after 'No. 1,' mind my own business and do my duty, can't I get on just as well without religion as with it?" No, you cannot. It is impossible. You cannot fulfil your life, attain to the best standard of a man's growth apart from religion. There are depths in the human soul that give responsive echo to no voice but the voice of religion; energies that it only can awaken; possibilities of joyful present possession and of ennobling anticipation of which religion alone holds the "open secret." In short, there are occasions in life, and those among its gravest and most trying experiences, when, if religion were dumb, there would be no voice to solace and to cheer the weary and wounded heart. If religion were but a dream, life would be a despair. "No. 1" is a much larger quantity than they are apt to imagine who often use so glibly this familiar phrase. "No. 1" is the entire self of a man; and its proper care includes his body with its material needs and well-being, his mind and its right employment and improvement, his character, what it may and should be, he being a man and no meaner thing. "No. 1" is indeed the factor that represents that entire and complex being, the individual human life, with its many sides and many needs. The first and due care of "No. 1" is the unavoidable and responsible stewardship of personal manhood. So, then, a man cannot even "mind his own business" if he is neglecting his true welfare, and those important things that concern the "profit" and progress of himself. A man's life is no petty huckster's shop dealing in the small wares of mere material and temporary needs. The business of a man's life, truly understood, is a vast concern. It holds commerce with all the hunger of human life, its deep and varied needs, and there comes within the scope of its traffic a possession, "profitable unto all things," "for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

A man, therefore, is not doing and cannot "do his duty" to himself even, if he is not making the most and best of himself. But "none of us liveth unto himself." We cannot, if we would, live morally apart from our surroundings. The electrician can charge his Leyden

jar, and placing it on a glass-legged stool, he insulates the electric energy till the proper conductor is applied; but there is no apparatus of moral insulation. The energy of our personal influence, of whatever sort and strength it is, is being given off despite ourselves. A man's duty, therefore, extends of necessity beyond "No. 1." Himself is not his sole concern. He is in debt to Society. He owes duty to wife and child, parent and friend, and to that wide social confederation of which he is a brother. But if a man is not living a true life, self-restrained, pure, gentle, good—thinking the best he knows and aiming at the best he can do, how can he comfort himself that he is either "minding his own business" or doing his real "duty"?

Further, man is not imprisoned within the iron cage of the visible present. Just in proportion as his life has been quickened by education and roused to thought, he claims for himself a larger liberty, and lives at times in regions raised above the narrow round of daily toil, the dust and turmoil of this workaday world. "Man looks before and after," and hungers for things that are not of the senses but of the soul. On the wings of memory and anticipation, imagination and hope, he finds a wider region of activity and delight; and he can "take his pastime therein." But he is neither true friend nor wise counsellor who would persuade the toiling sons of labour that life is but a kind of mill-horse round of daily drudgery, that at best may be relieved of some of its burdens, and beguiled by sops of earthly indulgence; and that no words of Divine comfort have ever been spoken to strengthen, and no vision of eternal hope has ever been given to cheer the workers on their journey home. The Secularist and the Materialist "gospel" says, that, so far as the working man is concerned, the best and only thing you can do for him is to endeavour to bring about improved social conditions, better housing, better wages, shorter hours of labour, promote education, multiply free libraries, and increase his amusement, and so make him "better off." Yes! And then what? Surely these do not give "finality" to all our aims at human progress and the elevation of man. Has man no kinship to a higher life? Is there no beyond to the horizon of time and death? It was the rich fool, you remember, in the immortal parable, that "having much goods laid up for many years," and seeking to beguile his life with its temporal insufficiencies, said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry"; while to his very door had come already "the Shadow fear'd of man," and the sensual dreams of time were fading before the imminent solemnities of eternity. Let us have in mind that the future life, with all its solemnities, may be nearer to us than the dawn of to-morrow.

Hasten the time when all men everywhere will be "better off"; and it is the ceaseless struggle of religion in her many activities to make men "better off"; and that not only in all that belongs to his true well-being and well-doing here and now, but with added heirships to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The religion which we teach, and whose blessings we proclaim, comprehends the present as well as the future life, "having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Religion, as we shall have farther to show, whenever its advocates have understood its true spirit and been alive with the activities of its many-sided aims, has been the most energetic and benevolent force in human progress; it is now the busiest worker in every field of labour for the public good; and the vast majority of the best and busiest friends of the workman, and they who are most active in practical efforts to improve his social condition, brighten his home, and better his life, will be found in the ranks of the parochial workers of the National Church.

But with all our hopes for an improved future—and religion foretells it in promises beyond the dreams of the poets—you, my brothers in the toil and care, sorrow and needs of to-day, require a closer comfort and a richer hope, than you can possibly find in the indefinite prediction that in some nearer or more distant to-morrow men will be "better off." You want a personal possession and a present good; the awakened heart hungers for bread of life, water of life, wine of life. Religion alone can supply that profound demand, and satisfy the inborn cravings of the human soul.

Possibly some objector may reply, "Yes, that is your opinion." It is; but it is more than my *opinion*, it is my radical conviction. And it is in the force of that rooted conviction that I make my urgent appeal to you, my friends and fellow-workers in the great business of life.

Further, that this is not a mere clerical persuasion, but an amply sustained conviction; that, indeed, religion is recognised as an essential factor in human life, and that its advantage and necessity are conceded by the most distinguished representatives of physical science, "Free Thought" and "Advanced Opinion," I hope to show you in some following papers.

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## 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.*

### VII.

### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE ONLY CHURCH OR RELIGIOUS BODY IN THIS COUNTRY THAT HAS A RIGHT TO THE DESIGNATION OF "THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS."

THE designation of "The Church of our Fathers," as applied to the Church of England, is one that ought, more or less, to appeal to the heart, and move the feelings, of every Englishman.

There are few Englishmen, even outside the communion of their National Church—whether professing some adopted form of religion of their own or professing no religion at all—who have not some feelings of reverence for their ancestors, and some interest in considering what were their religious opinions, and what was the Church of which they were members, and in whose Communion they lived and died.

However much they may differ from that Church, and on whatever grounds they may dissent from her teaching, even to separation from her fold, still they cannot altogether forget, or be indifferent to, the fact

that she was the Church of their Fathers throughout many centuries of English history, long ages before any organised religious body existed in the kingdom outside of her communion.

It may be interesting to the Congregationalist, the Baptist, and the Wesleyan to review the past of the religious bodies to which they severally belong, and to recall the names of their immediate ancestors who in the midst of various religious circumstances, and for what they considered urgent religious reasons, took part in the founding and organising of such bodies.

But it is far more interesting to them, still, to go further back, and to think of that great historic Church of England, which is the Mother of all religious bodies in the country, from which alone they all sprang, from which they are in a state of temporary alienation and separation, but to which in due time it is not too much to hope they will all return when the causes of their separation shall be removed, or when they shall more clearly understand those points in her doctrine and teaching, mistaken views respecting which have led them for a time to forsake her fold.

For though to Nonconformists the religious bodies to which they severally belong may to them, in a very real sense, be regarded as the religious communities of their immediate fathers, yet the Church of England is, in the truest sense, the one and only Church of their fathers' fathers, and of the long line of their ancestors extending over more than twelve hundred years.

Such considerations as these cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence upon the minds of those Nonconformists who earnestly enter into them, and allow their thoughts to dwell upon them, in attracting them to the Church of England as the Church of their fathers, in causing them to think kindly of her, and in inducing them, it may be, in due time to reconsider their position, to retrace their steps, and to seriously ask themselves what there is to justify their longer continued separation from her communion, and wherein they are gainers or losers by such separation.

Given that there are not permanent and unchangeable grounds for separation from the Church of England, it is difficult to imagine how any Nonconformist can either regard, or wish to regard, such separation as other than of a merely temporary character, the continuance of which can be justified only so long as the causes of it remain.

Looking at the Church of England as the ancient Church of his Fathers and of his remote ancestry, and as the historical Church of his people and nation, there is every consideration to induce a Nonconformist not to continue in a state of separation from her, but to re-enter her fold, and to claim the privileges of her communion and fellowship, assured that he can obtain from her the truth and the means of grace which are essential to his salvation.

It is difficult to imagine any Englishman being a separatist from the Church of his fathers for the mere love of being in a state of separation from her fold, and not for some motive or reason in religious matters which to him, for the time being, appears to be of overwhelming importance, and which, for the time being, necessitates his separation.

But when such motive or reason which is the alleged ground of his separation from his Mother Church disappears, there remains no adequate cause why he should not, at the earliest opportunity, return to the communion of the Church of his fathers.

This return to the Church of their fathers on the part of the children and the grandchildren of those who originally separated from her is one of the most remarkable signs of the present day.

From the bodies of Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyans alike, ministers and members are constantly returning to the fold of their Mother Church.

## GARDEN WORK FOR JULY.

### Kitchen Garden.

PLANT cabbages, savoys, and broccoli. It is always beneficial to water the plants when put in the ground, but it is necessary in dry weather, as they thereby more readily take root. The ground for these should have been dug before planting. Sow scarlet runners and kidney beans, soaking the seed in water, for a few hours, if the weather is dry. Plant out cauliflower. Transplant celery, and earth up any beds which require to be done. Lettuce beds should be thinned out, or plant new ones. Sow winter spinach, carrots, turnips, radish, coleworts, also peas for a late crop. Clear beds of all refuse from plants which have done bearing, slightly digging or hoeing the beds prior to being dug later on.

### Fruit Garden.

Destroy wasps and snails. Wasps are easily trapped into bottles half-filled with any sweet-smelling liquid, and are drowned. The bottles should be hung about the garden on the trees. Fruit trees may now be budded.

### Flower Garden.

Transplant perennials sown in the spring, also carnation layers, seedling auriculas, and polyanthuses. Annuals may also be transplanted, taking care to have a good ball of earth with the roots. Keep the beds clean and free from weeds and decayed leaves and stalks.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*To be solved entirely in six letters.*)

When summer has come and the weather is fair
The finals describe what the farmers will do;
The initials a sharp little creature declare,
With a head but no brains and familiar to you.
(1) The first in the morning I never did know;
The second a number of vowels will show;
To the third you must turn if to Greenland you go.

20. CHARADE.

My first both in seas and on horses is found,
My second, though nothing, may have a big sound,
With my third does the fisherman capture his prey,
My whole is a weapon invented to slay.

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### VII.—THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

THE REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS, who has been called to succeed Dr. Pelham in the Bishopric of Norwich, is a son of a late Rector of St. John's, Coventry, and is related to John Sheepshanks and the Rev. Richard Sheepshanks, the former of whom presented a valuable collection of paintings to the nation, while the latter made the munificent benefaction of £10,000 to Trinity College, Cambridge, for the promotion of the study of Astronomy.

The new Bishop was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree (2nd class Theo. Tripos) in 1856, proceeding to M.A. in 1859. He was ordained to the curacy of the parish of Leeds, of which Dr. Hook was then Vicar, and served under this distinguished ecclesiastic for three years. He was then attracted to the mission field, and went out to British Columbia to work with Bishop George Hills, the first Bishop of the Diocese. Mr. Sheepshanks was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop, and Rector of New Westminster. He built the first church erected in that vast territory. It was a wooden structure, which was afterwards destroyed by fire. The Rector determined to build a permanent edifice, and returned to England to collect money for the purpose. His visit was eminently successful, and a commodious stone building was the result—a church which has recently been selected to be the Cathedral of the Diocese.

Among the Indians and the varied classes of the people of all nationalities who had rushed to the gold diggings Mr. Sheepshanks found much exercise for his missionary zeal, and his kindly disposition made him welcome even to the roughest of those with whom he became acquainted. After being engaged in this manner for nearly eight years he returned to England on account of the death of his father, and for a year after this sad event he travelled over a wide area, particularly in China, India, and Siberia.

From 1868 to 1873 he was Vicar of Bilton, near Harrogate, where he established for himself a high reputation, and whence he removed to Liverpool in the latter year, to become first incumbent of the new church of St. Margaret, Anfield.

When Mr. Sheepshanks entered upon his duties in Anfield only the church was erected, but it is now surrounded by the schools, vicarage, and mission-hall, forming altogether a magnificent block of buildings, and a striking example of Mr. Sheepshanks' untiring efforts to further the cause of the Church in the district. The parish is admittedly one of the best organised in Liverpool, while the schools are deservedly considered patterns of what higher grade Church schools should be. This circumstance is so well recognised, that not only have the institutions the full number of pupils they can accommodate, but many parents vainly seek the advantages for their children.

It is an open secret that Mr. Sheepshanks has been offered more than one Colonial Bishopric, and there can be no doubt that he will speedily make his mark upon the Church life of the historic Diocese to which he has been called.

The new Bishop has always been a friend of the poor, and his earnest practical sympathy may be counted on for every real effort towards the improvement of their social surroundings. Self-help, thrift, temperance, and sanitation are aids which he is never tired of commending to working people, and while thus caring for the body he is of course ever mindful of the soul.

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Mr. H. B. Woodburn, from a new photograph by Messrs. Brown, Barnes, & Bell, of Liverpool.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

### VI. St. Lawrence, Thanet.

THE PULPIT.

THE Isle of Thanet, comprising the eastern corner of the county of Kent, is rich in monuments of early church architecture. It was here—at Ebbsfleet, on Pegwell Bay—that St. Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, landed in A.D. 597, and was welcomed by the Christian queen, Bertha. The history of the rapid growth of Christianity and the better organisation of the Church of England (which had been persecuted and injured by the Teuton invasion) is too well known to need repetition.

The grand old Church of Minster was built not long after the time of St. Augustine, and in due course the monks of Minster proceeded to make provision for the spiritual wants of their neighbours. It is to them that we owe the erection of the three historic churches of St. John, the parish church of Margate, St. Peter of Broadstairs, and St. Lawrence of Ramsgate. They were all originally chapels-of-ease attached to Minster, to serve the needs of the sea-board of the Isle of Thanet.

It is difficult to ascertain with any certainty the exact date of the earliest Church of St. Lawrence. It is stated (in Mockett's *Journal*) that in A.D. 1062 this church was built "as a chapel to Mynster," and there is little doubt that a portion of the existing fabric dates from that time. A chapel is mentioned by William de Thorne as having existed here in the year A.D. 1128. The church was made parochial about the year A.D. 1200, and in A.D. 1275 the churchyard was consecrated by Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury. This was Archbishop Kilwarby, who removed all the old registers of the Church of England to Rome, causing irreparable loss by depriving her of these ancient records.

The church is dedicated to St. Lawrence. It has been thought by some that the patron saint is Laurentius, or Lawrence, the companion of St. Augustine and his successor in the See of Canterbury. But it seems more probable that the church is named after St. Lawrence, archdeacon and martyr, who was burnt alive on a gridiron—the orientation of the church being almost a conclusive proof.

The Church of St. Lawrence is a grand and massive building. It consists of nave, with north and south aisles; central tower, with short transepts; chancel, with north and south chapels. The architecture is late Norman, and some portions belong to the Transition period.

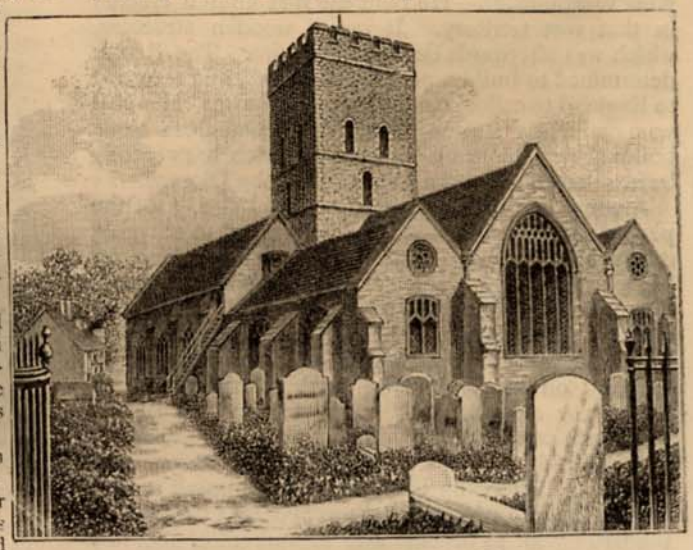
The tower is of considerable interest, both from an archæological and architectural point of view The upper stage, with embattled parapet, is of later date. On the east and south sides of the tower is found a string of plain octagonal small pillars and semi-circular arches, which carry the date back, probably, to the eleventh century. The windows of the tower are plain Norman. At the west end a narrow, pointed doorway, presumably leading into the belfry from the rood-screen, has been blocked up. The tower rises from four massive, pointed arches. Above the arch on the east side is an excellent specimen of the old "dog-tooth" carving, and the capitals of the central pillars all bear witness to their Norman origin.

The west end of the church has been ruined by modern (so-called) restoration. There was originally a handsome west door; but, unfortunately, in the early part of this century the doorway was blocked up, and a large perpendicular window, utterly out of all proportion, was cut out of the west wall.

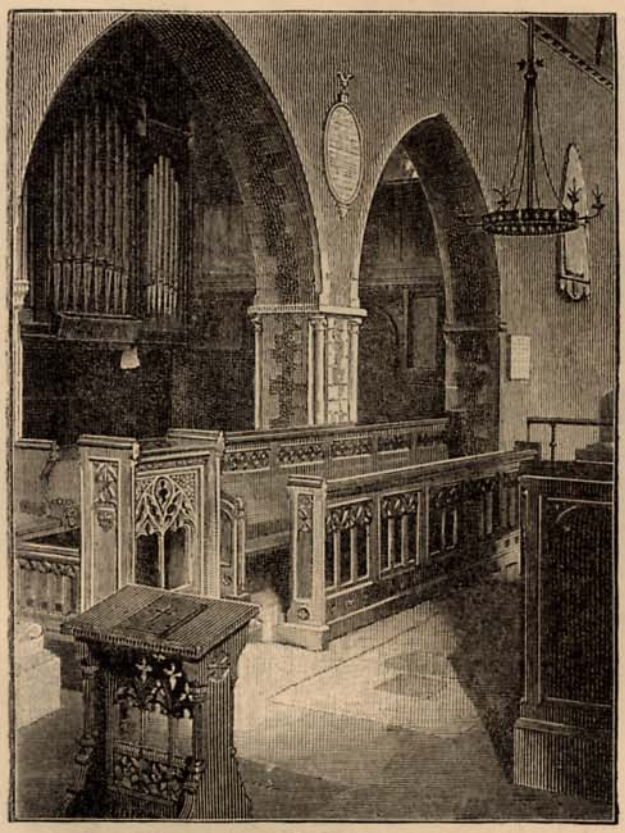
The arcades on each side of the nave are good specimens of Transition work, the circular pillars surmounted by plain capitals being Norman, and the arches Early English. On two of the capitals facing south are carved heads, one being gagged by a band passing through the mouth. The old waggon roof of the nave has been plastered over, and is covered with hatchments. Fine king-posts rise from plain tie-beams. The north and south aisles are of later date than the nave, having been most probably added in the fifteenth century.

North and south of the tower are two small transepts, which open into the two side-chancels. That on the north is called the Manston Chapel, having been erected by the Manstons of Manston Court, many of whom lie buried in it. The organ stands in the west end of this chapel, the east end being separated off by an old oak screen. Several brasses of interest are found here. One of these, having been detached from its ledger-stone, has been screwed up to the vestry screen. It is the effigy of a lady in a butterfly head-dress and curious belt *chatelaine*, representing Juliana de Manston, who married Thomas St. Nicholas, of Thorne, near Minster. Close by, on a stone reared against the north wall, is a brass of an armiger or esquire in full armour, belted and spurred, with a faithful hound at his feet, and round his neck the collar of S. S., being the badge of the Guild or Order of the Holy Spirit.

Just outside the vestry door is the tomb of Peter Johnson, who, having taken Presbyterian orders in A.D. 1654, was put in possession of this living under the rule of Oliver



THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.



THE CHOIR.

Cromwell, but, not being in Orders, was promptly ejected at the Restoration, whereupon he proceeded to found the Congregational Chapel in Ramsgate.

The chancel is, perhaps, the oldest portion of the church. It had originally three narrow lancet windows, being lighted by windows on the north and south side, traces of which still remain. The piscina, with trefoiled head, is old. The roof is barrel-shaped, and the principal rafters are moulded, with carved bosses at the intersections.

During the recent alterations in the chancel traces were found of a wall running north and south near the eastern end of the choir stalls. The foundation is too narrow to have been an exterior wall, and was probably that of an interior division, perhaps a rood-screen.

In the south-east chapel are preserved the old "Communion Table,"—a Chippendale table with ball-and-claw legs,—and the old round-topped chest, bound with seven bands of iron.

Besides the high altar in this church, there were formerly altars dedicated to St. James, St. Catherine, St. Thomas, and the Holy Trinity. The legacies left for the burning of wax-lights at these shrines are recorded.

The church has undergone numerous alterations. Sir Stephen Glynne, in his *Churches of Kent* (written between A.D. 1830 and A.D. 1840), says: "The whole of the church is fitted up with pews and galleries painted with the most glaring white."

The old galleries were removed during the restoration by the Rev. G. W. Sicklemore, in A.D. 1858. At that time the heavy stone pulpit and stone reredos were erected, and the south-east porch was built.

In A.D. 1888 the tower and aisles were restored during the incumbency of the Rev. C. A. Molony. The crushed pillars were solidly underpinned with concrete and carefully strengthened; the lateral arches in the transepts, which had entirely disappeared, were rebuilt on the ancient footings; the battlements and cornice below the parapets nearly rebuilt; and the interior of the church was thoroughly renovated.

In A.D. 1890, during the incumbency of the Rev. Montague Fowler, the chancel was taken in hand. The ceiling was lined with oak, leaving the old rafters exposed; the Sacrarium was raised a foot; a handsome oak screen and oak sedilia placed in the south-east arch; and the heavy stone communion rails replaced by a light brass standard and oak rail.

During the past two years several valuable gifts have been added by parishioners and friends, including a handsome brass eagle lectern, magnificent carved oak choir-stalls and priests' desks, a carved oak Litany desk, an exquisite carved oak pulpit, and a beautiful silver paten and chalice.

The vicarage is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was presented by him to the Rev. Montague Fowler, M.A., who was for six years His Grace's Domestic Chaplain. Mr. Fowler has recently resigned the living.

## COTTAGE COOKERY.

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

### EGGS AND ONIONS.

| | *d.* |
|---|---|
| 2 Eggs | 2 |
| 2 Slices of Bread-and-butter | 1½ |
| | 3½ |

Peel the onions and boil till tender, then chop finely. Put two thin slices of bread-and-butter in a shallow dish, cover them with chopped onion. Above this place two eggs carefully, so as not to break the yolks, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and bake in a hot oven till the whites are set.

### HOW TO POACH AN EGG.

Have some boiling water about an inch deep in a shallow pan; add to this a dessertspoonful of vinegar and a pinch of salt. Break an egg into a cup, then pass it carefully into the water, draw the pan to the side of the fire, and let the egg cook gently from two to three minutes. When the white is firm lift out with a pierced slice on to a piece of toast, buttered or dry, as preferred. Serve very hot.

### BAKED HAKE.

| | Average Cost. *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| 2 lbs. Hake | | 10 |
| 1 Tablespoonful breadcrumbs | | 1 |
| 1 Dessertspoonful chopped parsley<br>1 Teaspoonful mixed herbs (chopped) | | 1 |
| 1 Egg | | 1 |
| Dripping, pepper, salt | | 1 |
| | 1 | 2 |

Wash and dry the fish. Put into a small basin the breadcrumbs, parsley, herbs, and a little pepper and salt. Break the egg into a cup, beat slightly, and mix the contents of the basin into a paste with the egg; place the stuffing in the opening made in cleaning the fish, and sew up firmly with coarse thread (*white*). Melt the dripping in a baking tin, put in the hake, and bake in a moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour, basting frequently. Before serving remember to take out the thread used in securing the fish.

THE TROUT.

## ALONG THE BANKS OF A TROUT STREAM.

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

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

THE words call up a vision of a charming, limpid stream, rippling joyously along between bushy banks, overhung with pendent foliage, introducing the wanderer at its every winding to fresh scenes of rural beauty.

But my trout stream is not like that at all. It takes its hidden origin beneath a hill two miles away, and, after performing such useful duties as those of flowing through an extensive bed of watercress, nourishing an acre or so of osiers, and turning a couple of mill-wheels, passes placidly on through the first stage of its long journey towards the sea. It does not ripple at all, like an orthodox trout stream; it only flows. Its waters are not particularly limpid; its banks are not even bushy, at any rate during the greater part of its course. Yet there is no path in the neighbourhood which so attracts me as that which runs through the fields by its side.

Such hosts of living beings are to be seen from it. Not only the trout, though there are plenty of them—fine, speckled fellows of two or even three pounds apiece, nearly eighty of which I once counted in less than a quarter of a mile of stream. They are not so shy as other trout of my acquaintance. They do not object to my standing upon the bank and watching them for as long as I choose to remain. Perhaps it is that they are so very seldom disturbed. Times more than I should like to count I have passed along the stream, and never yet have I caught sight of the rod and line of the angler. And save for the periodical visits of the dredgers, who come with great rakes to clear out the mud and the weeds, they live their happy lives unmolested by man or beast.

There are coots without number, secure in the immunity from harm which for years past they have enjoyed in common with the trout. They come from a small lake into which the stream widens out half a mile higher up, and which is the peaceful home of water-fowl many and various. They are fed here, regularly, by the people who live at the mill. So they do not depart for the seaside in autumn, after the manner of coots in general, but stay on through the winter; establishing a new tradition among coots, which in course of long ages, perhaps, will develop into an instinct. They are happy little birds, and seem to enjoy life. One can see them ducking and diving merrily away, at any time from dawn till dusk. And they are very conversational. They are continually calling to one another, no doubt about matters of great importance — the abundance or dearth of water-snails, the rapid growth of the weeds, and the disgracefully muddy condition of the water when my dog happens to be engaged in his aquatic gambols up above. And

DABCHICK.

SHREW.

one can hear their voices—if the wind should be in the right direction—from nearly a quarter of a mile away.

There are dabchicks, too, now and then. I saw my last some months ago. I was walking along the banks of the stream with a net—not for the purpose of catching the trout—and I came to a little patch of weeds, which looked as if they might harbour some beetles. So I sent in the net, and was instantaneously startled by a great splashing, and the apparition of a black, winged creature just beneath

WATER RAT.

me, which rose up out of the water, and dashed away at a great pace down stream. Then I knew that it was a dabchick, which had seen me coming, had dived beneath the surface, and was holding on to some submerged weed until I should have passed by. The appearance of the net within an inch or two of its beak it had not allowed for at all; and in its sudden alarm it lost its presence of mind, and trusted for once in a way to its powers of flight.

Of shrews there are plenty, although one does not often see them. They are shy little creatures, and do not like to be watched; so one has to sit silent and motionless for a few minutes, till their alarm at one's coming has passed away. They look pretty in the water, swimming, as they do readily enough, beneath the surface, with hundreds of silvery air bubbles entangled in their fur. Not so the water rat, which is a presentable rodent upon dry land, but looks, when in the water, like nothing so much as an over-grown sausage, which has split, as sausages sometimes will in the course of frying. He is clever enough to make a second entrance to his burrow beneath the water's edge, so that, when once he dives in, you see him no more.

The banks of the stream are carpeted with flowers; some, such as the clustered campanula, of exceeding beauty. And water-plants flourish in a little ditch which runs for two or three hundred yards as an off-shoot of the stream. A couple of years ago the fig-worts here were stripped nearly bare by the caterpillars of the mullein moth—beautiful grey-green creatures with black-and-orange markings, variegated beyond all description. The sight of them awoke the old collector's ardour. I had given up moth-collecting for nearly ten years, but I must take these caterpillars home and rear them. Alas! I had no pill-boxes with me! One does not want pill-boxes for collecting beetles. And when I came again, two days later, the caterpillars had all gone to ground.

Such parts of the figworts as the caterpillars had spared were being devoured by queer little weevils, looking, as they lie in one's hand, for all the world like small grey lumps of mud, with a black splash in the middle. But there are six long legs and a long beak curled up underneath them; and both are soon thrust out, and the weevils stand confessed

Other beetles there are, too, in myriads; not large, but glorious. Green and blue and gold and coppery and purple and red, streaked and spotted and marbled, glowing with metallic radiance, refulgent in the sun. Why *will* people assume that beetles are ugly creatures? They need only look at these to be assured of their mistake.

At all seasons of the year this path by the trout stream has something worth seeing to show one. I have just passed along it, on a bleak March evening, and have seen things I never saw there before. Its banks were bare as yet, but it was as full of interest as ever. And when I left it at last, and looked down upon it from the road above, the bright hues of the sunset sky were reflected from the water, and the stream looked like a streak of liquid gold.

## HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all-things rest;
n lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## "ONLY A GERANIUM!"

(*See Illustration, page* 163.)

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

*Author of "More than Conquerors," etc.*

THERE are more ways than one of helping on Temperance work, and certainly it was a very pleasant way which the Vicar of St. John's launched last year. The parish is a poor one, in a crowded quarter of a northern town. The large houses were long ago deserted by the merchants and their families, and are now let off in rooms, so that it is no uncommon thing to find four or five different families living in one house. The most dismal road in the parish is called Mount Pleasant, and there are other reminders of the happier past in such names as Atkinson's Gardens, Laburnum Grove, Poplar Walk, Elm Road, and Pear Tree Lane. Alas! the gardens and groves have long since been covered with bricks and mortar, and there was hardly a tree or a growing plant to be found in the whole of St. John's with its eight thousand people a year ago, when the Vicar announced the first annual Flower Show.

The Band of Hope is one of the most popular agencies at work in the parish. The children crowd the schoolroom every Thursday evening, and spend a most pleasant hour with music, recitations, and the bright, cheerful speeches of the different helpers who give a friendly hand. The Vicar accordingly determined to try the experiment of a Flower Show in connection with the Band of Hope. The expenditure of £2 provided a large supply of cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, and other hardy plants, and these were distributed on a given evening in April to those boys and girls willing to try and rear them at home. To guard against any attempt to exchange or tamper with the plants a label was secured to each, and sealed with the Vicar's seal. Ninety-five separate plants were given out, and the exhibition was fixed for the first week in July.

For nearly three months the parish was in a ferment over the coming Flower Show. It was a pleasant sight on an evening to find three or four men gazing in at a window, taking stock of Mary Smith's fuchsia, and discussing what chances it had of securing a prize. Some of the boys and girls, who had not taken plants at the distribution, were now anxious to join in, and besieged the Vicar early and late, until he had set them up with plants. They were, of course, not a little disappointed to find that it was too late to enter their plants for competition, although they might bring them to the Show for decorative purposes.

The folk soon found out that if the plants were to thrive they must get plenty of fresh air, sunlight, and clear water. So by degrees the flowers resulted in no end of window cleaning, and general smartening up. Then, too, these silent messengers of God's love became missionaries in another direction. Dr. Chalmers' famous saying about "the expulsive power of a new affection" was shown in a remarkable manner, in the case of one Timothy Watchett, who was a carter employed at Compton's Flour Mills. He was a widower, with one little girl, who had been sadly neglected for the eleven months past, since her mother's death. Indeed, it would have gone harder still with little Susan Watchett but for the kindness and motherly sympathy of some of the neighbours. Timothy, as often as not, wound up the week with a thorough booze, and did so on that particular Saturday afternoon when Susan had taken home her plant. On the Sunday morning, when Timothy awoke, his eyes rested on the little geranium which Susan had brought home to grow.

"Whose is that, Susy?" he asked.

"It's mine, father. At least it's mine for just a little while. It really belongs to the Band of Hope, but the Vicar has lent it me to grow for the Show. We're going to have a Flower Show, and there's to be prizes, and a band of music, and if I get a prize, I'll buy a stone for mother's grave."

And then poor Susy began to sob, for she could never speak of her mother without giving way.

Timothy called his little girl to him, and said nothing, but the big tears rolled down his cheeks,—tears he did not attempt to wipe away.

Presently Joe Reynolds, one of his mates, called in, to ask him to walk as far as the "Throstle's Nest," a public-house a mile outside of the town, which was a favourite resort of Sunday idlers.

"No, I'm not a-going to-day," said Timothy.

"Why? A nice bright morning like this."

"No, not to-day. I've something else on."

"Oh, all right, sulky," said Joe, giving a dark look at Susy, and away he went alone.

Then Timothy had a wash, and greatly pleased Susy by making a thorough examination of the plant, and pronouncing it very healthy and sturdy.

"You will see, Susy, if I look after it properly for you, it will come in for a prize safe enough."

"Ah! but, father, it's mine, you see, not yours, and the Vicar said we must mind 'em by ourselves."

"Well, then, I will get a plant to grow too."

"Ah! but you can't, 'cause you are not a member of the Band of Hope."

"No, I'm not," said Timothy slowly; "more's the pity."

And Susy could not make out how it was that her father was so kind that day, nor why it was that he proposed to take her for a walk to the cemetery, to see her mother's grave. Poor Timothy! it was only a geranium, but it had set him thinking, and he was thinking to a good purpose. He knew that drunkenness was his besetting sin, that his wages were more than enough to keep him and his little girl in comfort, and that those days of his youth, which now seemed so far off, were far, far happier than the present.

On the Monday morning one of the earliest visitors to the Vicarage was little Susy, who went on her own account, to ask if her father might have a plant to grow for himself. The Vicar is one of those earnest souls who thoroughly believe in following up matters, and in Susy's call he saw at once the opportunity of reaching her father. That same night he had a genial chat with Timothy, and had the pleasure of taking his signature to the pledge. When the Flower Show was held Susy's plant gained the fourth prize, and the happy little girl went the round of the schoolroom, again and again, with her delighted father, who cheered most lustily when one of the speakers talked about the plants as water-drinkers, and called out at the top of his voice, "And so are we too!"

There are now three plants in Timothy's window. One is Susy's, one is Timothy's, and the other is one which Timothy and Susy call "Mother's"; yes, and I am quite sure that this is the one which they both love best, although it is "Only a Geranium!"

*Drawn by* PAUL HARDY.] [*Engraved by* R. TAYLOR & Co.

"ONLY A GERANIUM!" (*see page* 162).

## "PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS."

### *A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.*

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,
*Vicar of Upper Tooting, and Rural Dean of Streatham; Author of "Drifted Home," etc.*

### CHAPTER I.

### GOOD ADVICE.

REMEMBER, boys, the words of that muscular Christian, Charles Kingsley, 'All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning; it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance.'

"Yes, my friends, the man who bets is a knave or a fool,—a knave, when he has superior knowledge as to the race; a fool, when he bets upon inferior knowledge. In betting or gambling, the more honourable you are the worst chance you have.

"I must close by saying that any boy who is found out gambling or betting in any way will be immediately expelled from this school."

These were the closing words of an address which the worthy Dr. Passmore, headmaster of St. Eden's, gave to the whole school, specially assembled in the hall one winter Sunday afternoon. Some things had reached the Doctor's ears which made him feel that the time had come for plain speaking and prompt action.

Wonderful man the Doctor; a great puzzle to the boys. For instance, there was big Marshall. Bounce he was always called, on account of his constant habit of showing off. Well, one day he was talking to some younger fellows—who looked up to him immensely, chiefly because he wore wondrous collars, and smoked cigarettes on the sly—and informed them that they needn't be afraid of the Doctor, not they; for he was a blind old bat, who didn't even know the name of a single boy outside of the Sixth Form, and his own house.

His chatter was interrupted by the voice of the "blind old bat" saying somewhat sternly, "I've just sent for you, Marshall; come with me."

Then the youth with the wondrous collars found out that, though he was not in the Sixth Form, nor ever would be, neither was he in the Doctor's house; yet the Doctor possessed a whole storehouse of facts concerning him and his doings, and proceeded to use them to great advantage in the long interview that followed.

When next Marshall had to find a nickname for his headmaster a remarkable change had taken place; for lo! the "blind old bat" had become a "sly old fox."

But Marshall has nothing to do with our story, so we will leave him, and turn to those two who have just come out of the hall, and are talking about the Doctor's speech.

"Well, I'm jolly glad he's spoken out. A lot of fellows have been just making fools of themselves over this disgusting betting craze, and the sooner it's stopped the better," said Marson Prior.

"I don't know. I expect he's put it into some fellows' heads who haven't thought of it before," was Henry Glyde's reply. He did not mean what he said, but was in a fix, and had to say something.

He was a weak, good-natured fellow, easily led, a general favourite, always short of money, owing to his father's poverty, and of late had been making some money by a little quiet betting, in which he had been unfortunate enough, just at first, to win several times.

His elder companion, Marson Prior, did not know of this, though at times he suspected it; in fact, Tubbs, as Glyde was called because of his fat, chubby frame, was most careful to keep it from Prior.

They shared a study between them, but were boys of totally opposite dispositions.

You might as well try to lead a lamp-post to a watering-trough, or a church steeple down a country lane, as to lead Marson Prior against his own judgment in matters of right and wrong.

Our zoological friend Marshall had invented a compound sort of beast to represent him; he was an "owl of a mule." This sounded fine, and mightily impressed the small boys, who, however, never could remember which creature ought to come first.

Yet Prior was no "owl"; in fact, "owls" never got into the Sixth Form, or became monitors, as he was. Nor was he a "mule;" for no one was more open to fair persuasion, and no one more ready to act at once, especially for the good of some one else, than he.

There was no mere obstinacy for obstinacy's sake in his character, but any amount of determination.

He saw at once that Tubbs was using speech to conceal his feelings, and replied with the single word, "Bosh!"

They walked on a little way in silence, when in a tone of half jest, half earnest, Prior proclaimed,—

"Be it known that I, Marson Prior, member of the honourable body of students of St. Eden's, and monitor of the aforesaid corporation, do solemnly intend to set my face against the hurtful, foolish vice known as betting and gambling. And in pursuance of this resolution I intend to denounce to the Doctor of the aforesaid school all and sundry whom I may catch in the pursuit of the aforesaid vice, be they high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple. God save the Queen!"

Tubbs tried to say "Amen" in a funny way, but it was a distinct failure.

After that the subject changed, and Prior asked Tubbs what he was going to do about the "teapot" to Mr. Wright, their house master, a very popular man who was just going to be married.

We must perhaps explain that "teapot" is a school boy's term for a testimonial of any kind, from a gold watch to a pair of slippers.

"What are the other fellows giving?"

"All the Upper School are giving ten shillings each."

"Well, I can't do that, and I won't do less than others, so I'll stop out of it."

"Nonsense, man; that's false pride. How much have you got?"

"Three bob."

"All right, I'll give you two; that'll make five."

"Not if I know it." Then, after a pause, "Thanks all the same."

"No need for thanks. My father has sent me half-a-sovereign for the 'teapot,' and I've got some loose cash over."

"No," this time rather sullenly; "ten bob or nothing." And then, half to himself, "Wish my father wasn't so precious poor."

Ah, dear boy! you are old enough now to know the reason; and you know, too, that you are going to run the same risk, in spite of all the warnings your father has given you, from his own sad experiences.

They had reached the house. Prior had gone off into the library, Tubbs to the study.

A tall handsome young fellow was looking out for him at the head of the stairs.

"Hullo, Tubbs! alone? Where's the mule?"

"Down in the library, Morty."

"Very well, then, I'll give you the benefit of my company, for my fire's out; and the mule always looks so sour if I come in when he's here, that I don't care to risk it." When Mortimer was seated he continued, "Fine oration to-night, my dear Tubbs. Mind you mend your ways."

"I'm seriously thinking of doing so, honour bright."

"To-morrow, dear Tubbs, to-morrow, you know; 'cos why: 'to-morrow never comes.' Look here, just one more little lark before we turn over that new leaf. I'll give you five to one against Highflyer, and we'll do it with that florin you're fiddling about. You see, my boy, Highflyer wins, I pay you ten shillings, Highflyer loses, you pay me two shillings."

Tubbs made a feeble attempt at resistance. About as useful as that of the baby who kicks off his little shoes in the hope of stopping nurse from putting him in his perambulator. For Mortimer was the head boy of the school. He had gained his position by brilliant scholarship, fairly hard work, and careful attention to all school rules. In fact, he was far too clever to allow himself to be caught at any mischief; and even the Doctor himself, though he distrusted Mortimer, and had strong suspicions that he was double-faced, yet never could find him out in wrong-doing.

No wonder that in Mortimer's hands Tubbs was like a piece of putty under the glazier's knife.

So the bet was made.

*(To be continued.)*

"TO-MORROW NEVER COMES."

## HOW THEY TELL THE TIME AT GREENWICH.

### A VISIT TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS OBSERVATORY.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

*Author of "Faith's Father," etc.*

"HOW is the time told at Greenwich?"

"As it is told elsewhere," exclaims someone; "by looking at the clock."

Just so; but who is to certify that the clock is correct? Over half the world clocks are kept, and ships are worked, by Greenwich time. If your timepiece should go wrong you regulate it, possibly, by the old church clock in the tower; but who regulates that worthy piece of mechanism? One way or another, I think you will find it is regulated by Greenwich time. In short, Greenwich time is the standard for the British nation, for British ships at sea, and for the ships of most other countries as well.

Now, how is the standard of time kept at Greenwich? Of course, when Greenwich time is spoken of, Greenwich Observatory is meant. It is a quiet, retired spot, well walled around, and situate on one of the slopes in Greenwich Park, some 150 feet above the average height of the river. The roar of London sounds muffled and distant, and only emphasises the sense of calmness and silence in this abode of science. And here, above the trees of the old Park, and on the rim of the mighty city, the astronomers keep the time for half the world.

The fixing of the standard of time depends on astronomical observations. When the sun is exactly south—on the meridian as it is called—the hour is twelve o'clock noon. As the movements of the sun apparently fluctuate, astronomers call this apparent noon. In the old days our ancestors used to discover when this hour was reached by the sundial; and still in delightful old-world gardens or churchyards sundials may yet be seen.

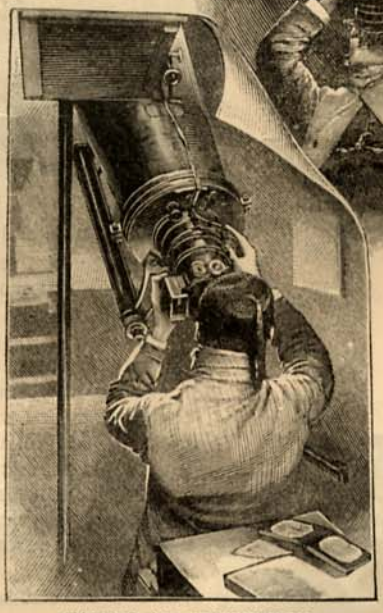
At twelve o'clock, the sun being at its highest point for the day, a straight, short shadow is thrown by the upright on the dial, but both before and after

that hour a sloping shadow falls, which creeps silently round the dial as the winged hours fly by.

The sundial is a very ancient instrument, and used to tell the time before clocks and watches came so much into use. Some of those old dials were very elaborate, and bore quaint inscriptions. But if the weather were cloudy, or the bright face of the sun were obscured by fog, what then? The dial ceased to tell the time. And even now, the obscurities so often clinging about the sun render him unreliable as a timekeeper; so at Greenwich, observations of the stars are generally substituted.

The way of it is this: There are two finely made clocks—the solar clock, keeping the solar time to which we are accustomed, and the sidereal clock, regulated by observations of the stars. The sidereal clock is kept as the standard, and every night or day that the weather permits its error is determined by observations of the heavenly bodies. From this is found, by comparison of the clocks, the error of the solar clock, which is then corrected.

It is a very quiet, unassuming sort of clock, is this great timekeeper for millions of people. It has some electrical wires about it, and some of its works displayed, and it stands about as high as a short man, in a very quiet, unpretentious little room. Yet every day it automatically sends off signals to the General Post Office at exactly ten o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon, and through the Post Office signals are distributed to some six hundred towns, and to whomsoever desires and will pay for them.



TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

At precisely one o'clock also this wonderful timepiece releases a small lever, which instantly permits a large ball to descend from top to bottom of a pole on the Observatory, and proclaims the exact time to whoever will see it. Further, it is in electrical communication with similar balls at Deal and Devonport, and at precisely one o'clock in the day these also fall. Moreover, there is in the wall of the Observatory a large twenty-four hour clock-face—*i.e.*, with hours marked from one to twenty-four, to include a day and night—where the time is exhibited at any hour for any one who chooses to climb the pleasant hill and behold it.

The standard time, therefore, is kept for the nation at Greenwich by constant observation of certain stars, checked by observations of the sun. Any star would answer the purpose; but, as a matter of fact, some 250 are calendared at Greenwich, and are known as "clock stars." Some of these are observed at night, and the observations reduced early next morning; any error in the solar clock is rectified, and it sends its messages in accordance therewith.

The observations are made with a fine instrument called the transit, or meridian, circle. Greenwich has the honour of having been the first Observatory in the world where a large transit circle was mounted—viz., in 1850.

Briefly, it is a large and fine telescope, mounted between two uprights, and pointing exactly to the centre line—the meridian—of the heavens, as seen at Greenwich. As the telescope is so hung that it will swing round in a complete circle between the uprights it can view any point in this centre line of the heavens. The roof of the room in which the telescope is placed can be opened by sliding or trap-doors above it, and along any point of the meridian.

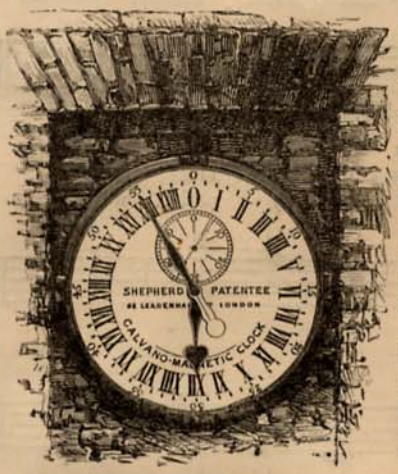
This centre line is supposed to be drawn across the heavens from pole to pole of the earth through the Greenwich zenith, and it is when on this centre line in their journey from east to west, that the sun and stars are said to be on the meridian, or at their highest altitude, or "south," as astronomers say; and when the sun is on this line the hour is exactly midday at Greenwich.

In the eyepiece of the telescope are various fine wires, one of which is exactly in the middle. When, therefore, the star passes this line it is at its highest, or crossing the meridian. This, however, is not exactly the same as the actual time, because no transit telescope is probably exactly on the meridian line, and the error is corrected by various calculations.

Connected by electricity with the transit circle is a chronograph, which at Greenwich is on the other side of the courtyard. The chronograph is a cylinder on which paper is fixed, and on the paper is registered automatically the times of the stars' transit across the fine lines of the telescope; it can also register the seconds of a sidereal clock.

By this system of registering the transit of stars greater accuracy is gained, and also greater time is permitted to the observer to gaze through his telescope.

But, it may be asked, why are stars selected to tell the time? Because, for one very potent reason, there is but one sun, and there are so many more stars;




THE TWENTY-FOUR HOUR CLOCK.

therefore so many more chances of good observation. There are very few nights on which some of the 250 clock stars used at Greenwich are not observable. Further, the observations on the various stars may be used to check one another and correct errors, while but one observation of the sun on the meridian can be made. To adapt an old proverb, clock stars are used because in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom—if their counsel, it may be added, is wisely used.

But how can the passing of the stars over the meridian tell the time? In this way: The complete turning round of the earth on its own axis causes a day and night—*i.e.*, twenty-four hours; which, in astronomical language, form one day. If, then, a certain star be on the meridian at such a time, it should be on the meridian again, after a lapse of twenty-four hours, at precisely the same time; and the clock to be accurate should agree. The earth has made one complete turn round—one complete rotation—and one complete day and night have passed. This is termed a sidereal day, and it is regarded by astronomers as always of the same space of time, because the turning of the earth is regarded as almost exactly uniform. The solar day—or solar time—is measured by the passage of the sun, day after day, across the meridian, and is four minutes more than the sidereal day. Further, the solar day differs somewhat in length, through the irregularities of the movements of sun and earth—thus the earth moves more quickly in winter than in summer—and these differences are allowed for by astronomers in calculating time. The result is what is called "mean" time.

The reason of the difference of four minutes is that the movements of the sun fluctuate, and, in short, there are 365 days in the solar year, by which our time is regulated, and in which time the earth is calculated to go round the sun; while, at the same time, there are 366 sidereal days.

The four minutes per day difference therefore makes in the year another whole day—*i.e.*, 24 hours 20 minutes. If I wanted to moralise, here is a fine opportunity! Four minutes a day lost makes up a whole twenty-four hours at the end of the year!

(*To be continued.*)

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### Huge Dioceses and brave Bishops.

BISHOP HORDEN, of Moosonee, died some months ago after spending more than forty years among the snows of the far North-West of America. He went out as a missionary in 1851. When he was consecrated Bishop in 1872, the *Record* tells us, his jurisdiction was described in the official documents as "the whole coast of Hudson's Bay, and the inland country for about five hundred miles on the south, east, and west sides." Hudson's Bay itself is not very much smaller than the Mediterranean, so that it is easy to calculate how vast was the sphere of his labour. His constant journeys, many of them on foot, some in canoes (in summer time), or in sleighs, extended over thousands of miles, and took weeks, and even months.

Bishop Reeve, of Mackenzie River, has a still more remote diocese. A little time ago he was rejoicing that the nearest railway is now *only a thousand miles away*. Once upon a time the missionaries had to order any goods they needed two years beforehand. Now they can actually receive them within nine months! The post now comes in as often as three, and even occasionally, four times in the year. "The new see of Selkirk," he writes, "has taken a big slice off the western part of the diocese, but it is still 500,000 square miles in extent. Each missionary has a parish of about 100,000 square miles. The stations in the two extremes are more than 1,100 miles apart, and the nearest are nearly 200 miles from each other." A considerable part of this great area falls within the Arctic Circle. Bishop Reeve has often had to suffer hunger as well as cold. One winter the supplies ran short. For months he went without a full meal, and then travelled off to another station, that there might be one mouth the less to feed.

### "This is Christianity."

SOME time ago an old Mohammedan Moulvie, an Afghan who was accounted to be a saint by the men of his village, was brought to believe in Christ by a long train of circumstances, the story of which is told by Dr. Martyn Clark in his little pamphlet, *A Record of Two Lives*. After his conversion Dr. Martyn Clark asked him one day if he had ever heard the Gospel before he came to Amritsar. "Yes, once," he replied, "about forty years ago. I had a friend called Dilawar Khan. I heard he had become a Christian, and I went five days' journey to curse him, and I did. Now Dilawar Khan was a man who would have cut your head off on the slightest provocation, and yet he sat still and said nothing. At last I shook him, and said, "Why don't you say anything?" He said, "This is Christianity." Then he told me of it, and then I cursed him till I could curse no more, and all he said was, 'Lad, I have a beard, and thou hast none. The Lord will yet have mercy on thee, though it may be when thy beard is not only as long as mine, but white;' and this day," added the old man, stroking his white beard, "is that saying of Dilawar Khan's fulfilled, for the Lord has had mercy on me."

### How to meet Persecution.

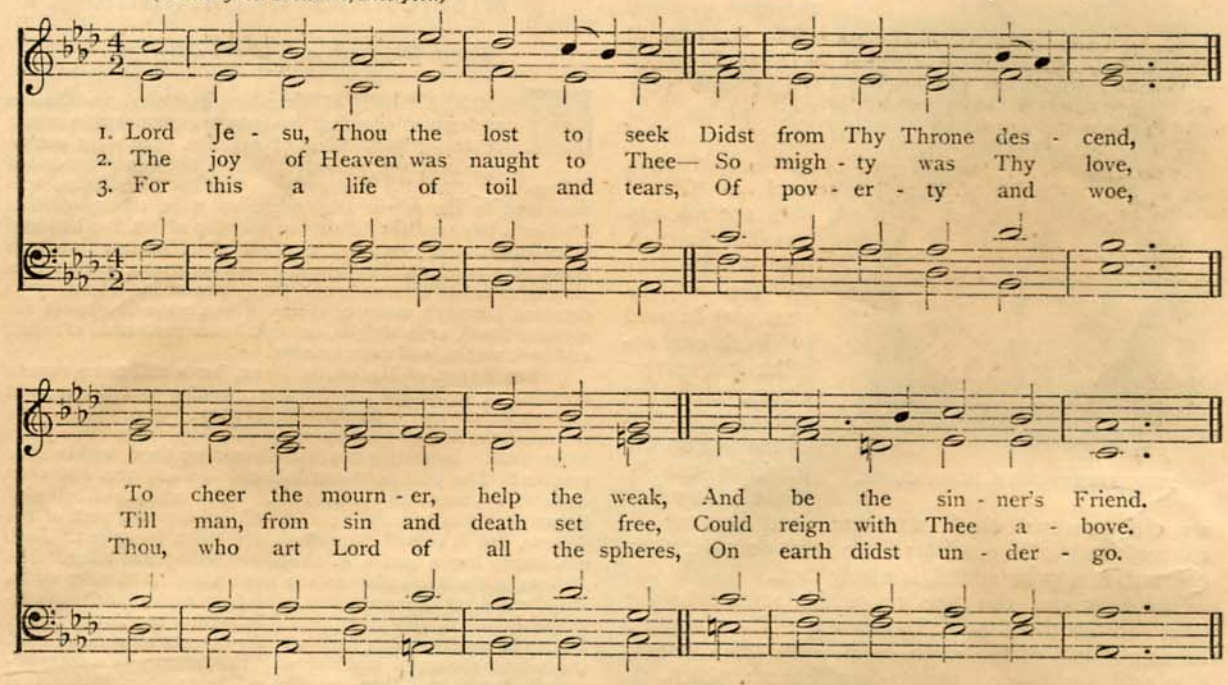
THE following letter written to the Rev. Ll. Lloyd, of the Church Missionary Society Mission, Fuh-kien, China, by a native Christian, is printed in the *Church Missionary Gleaner*. It tells its own story.

"The Christian Ting Great Grace is continually being persecuted by the heathen. Last year, in the ninth moon, seven-tenths of his sown corn was hoed up and destroyed; again during the tenth moon eight-tenths of his sugar-cane was stolen. This year, on the third day of the fifth moon, a pig worth two thousand cash was stolen; again, on the second day of the seventh moon, his growing crops were destroyed; and a few nights later his fruit-trees were stoned. Now he begs the Missionary Lloyd to pray for him and for his persecutors."

# "God so Loved the World."

*Words by the* REV. HERBERT M. BRAITHWAITE, M.A.
*(Curate of St. Saviour's, Liverpool.)*

*Music by* SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.




4. Grant us Thy grace, O Saviour dear,
To count all things but loss,
That we Thy steps may follow here,
And patient bear Thy Cross.

5. Teach us to make Thy joy our own,
Nor in self-love to rest;
To live not for ourselves alone,
To bless, and so be blest;

6. To lead the lost soul back to light,
To bind the broken heart—
Such deeds with angels' praise are bright,
And Heavenly joy impart.

7. For since Thou didst the Cross despise,
With all its shame and wrong,
The praises of love's sacrifice
Have been Heaven's triumph-song.

## SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR, *QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS.*

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

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

**July 2nd, Fifth Sunday after Trinity.** (St. Luke v. 1-11.)

1. Where do we read of the fulfilment of the promise contained in verse 10 in the case of St. Peter?

2. How far does the story of this "Gospel" differ from the parallel story in John xxi. as to the facts of the case?

3. How far does it differ as to the effects produced on St. Peter?

**July 9th, Sixth Sunday after Trinity.** (St. Matt. v. 20-26.)

1. What were some of the principal defects (according to St. Matt. xxiii. and St. Luke xviii.) of the "righteousness" mentioned in verse 20?

2. With what declaration in 1 John iii. may verses 21 and 22 be compared?

3. With what parable of our Saviour and with what part of the Lord's Prayer may verses 23 and 24 be compared?

**July 16th, Seventh Sunday after Trinity.** (St. Mark viii. 1-9.)

1. In what special ways does the story of this "Gospel" illustrate the great considerateness of our Saviour?

2. What leading feature in the story (compare ch. vi. 37) is put before us by one word in the close of the "Epistle"?

3. What verse in St. Luke xv. is illustrated by the issue of this miracle and of that recorded in ch. vi. 35-44?

**July 23rd, Eighth Sunday after Trinity.** (St. Matt. vii. 15-21.)

1. How does this "Gospel" warn us against sins of Omission?

2. With what sentence in Prov. xiv. does the close of it agree?

3. With what chapter of Ezekiel and what language in St. Matt. xxiii., St. Luke xvi., and 2 Cor. xi. may its opening words be compared or contrasted?

**July 30th, Ninth Sunday after Trinity.** (St. Luke xvi. 1-9.)

1. What special light does this "Gospel" throw on the wickedness of being wasteful?

2. How does St. James describe some (comp. Rom. ii. 5) who do not make "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness"?

3. In what two ways did the unjust steward show the falseness of his pride?

# S. Bartholmew's—Continued

In April some work was done to the Steeple (was there a *Steeple* in those days, or does it only mean the Church Tower?), and Plumbers and Masons were employed, and they evidently were not teetotallers, for there is an item on April 4th for drink for ye Plumbers and Masons, 7d.

What does 'the 8 o'clock bell' mean in this item? To Mr. Cock for 3-lb. of Candles to ring ye 8 o'clock bell, and 6-lb. of Oyle for ditto, 2/-

In these accounts there is mentioned twice a man called the "Palliter." Does anyone know who he was?

The whole account comes to £16 4s. 11d. That was almost 150 years ago, this year the Churchwardens' Accounts shew an expenditure of nearly £90. Perhaps we use the Church now more than they did in those days. It is certainly 'Cobwebed' more than once a year.

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On Monday, June 26th, the Church Choir had a most enjoyable outing—to Skegness. Starting from Quorn about 7 a.m., they were driven to Leicester and there took the train, arriving at Skegness about 11.30. Out of the twenty boys who went only four had *even seen the sea*, so that it was a very real treat to them. The party which included ten men as well as the boys had dinner and tea together and spent most of their time on the sea shore. It was nearly 11 when Quorn was reached again. The expenses of the day were paid by Captain Warner.

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The Cricket Club have played five more matches since the one which we reported last month They have been fairly successful, having up to the present lost 3, drawn 1, and won 3. We are glad we have another winning match which we can report in full—

June 10th—*v.* Rothley House C.C.

QUORN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. Beardmore, c. and b. Reid | ... | 8 |
| H. Orson, run out | ... | 0 |
| J. Mee, b Reid | ... | 15 |
| J. Rumsby, b Sleath | ... | 27 |
| G. Preston, b. Reid | ... | 2 |
| W. Thornton, b. Archer | ... | 6 |
| W. Heggs, b. Archer | ... | 6 |
| A. Disney, b. Archer | ... | 0 |
| M. Bonser, not out | ... | 3 |
| W. Machin, b. Sleath | ... | 0 |
| J. S. Disney, b. Archer | ... | 0 |
| Byes | ... | 7 |
| Leg-bye | ... | 1 |
| | | 75 |

ROTHLEY HOUSE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. Reid, b. Bonser | ... | 0 |
| J. Hickling, c. Mee, b. Bonser | ... | 14 |
| J. Archer, c. and b. Mee | ... | 4 |
| J. Sleath, c. Beardmore, b. Rumsby | | 12 |
| J. Toone, c. and b. Mee | ... | 0 |
| C. Steel, b. Beardmore | ... | 4 |
| J. Jelly, b. Bonser | ... | 14 |
| A. Preston, c. Heggs, b. Rumsby | | 0 |
| B. Lowe, c. Mee, b. Rumsby | ... | 0 |
| C. Sibson, not out | ... | 8 |
| H. Sibson, b. Beardmore | ... | 0 |
| Byes | ... | 11 |
| Leg-byes | ... | 2 |
| | | 69 |

On June 24th, a good match was played against Thurmaston, our team won by 99 for 9 wickets against 47.

Two matches are arranged to be played at Quorn in July; *v.* West & Blackwell on the 1st and *v.* Woodhouse on the 22nd.