

September, 1893.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS— 8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the 1st Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
3.30 p.m. Baptisms.
6.30 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.

Thursday, September 21st.—S. MATTHEW'S DAY.
Apostle—for he was one of the XII called by our Saviour to follow Him, and after His Ascension to go out and proclaim the good news. **Evangelist**—for he wrote the Gospel that bears his name. **Martyr**—for he gave his life and suffered death for His Master's sake. His name was also Levi and he is so called by S. Mark. The account of his call is given by himself (S. Matt. ix., 9). He was occupied at the time in his ordinary business as a collector of the taxes, or 'publican' as it was called. He is an example to men of business and active occupation, not to allow their work or worldly duty to interfere with the claim of Christ upon them.—(Services as above for Holy Days).

Friday, September 29th.—Festival of S.S. Michael and All Angels. At this Festival we recall the holy beings which Scripture describes as the ministers of God's will, especially in relation to men—guarding them, guiding them, cheering them. This revelation is no more than our reason would lead us to expect; that whereas there are beings lower than us, so there is no reason to think that men are the highest of all God's creation. There should be much comfort in the thought of the companionship and care of the holy angels—as it is written (Ps. xxxiv., 7) "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

As last year the Harvest Thanksgiving Services will be associated with this Festival (see below in Parish Notes.)

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

Sept. 3rd: Gen. xxiv.	} Hymn to be learnt— finish 225.
10th: „ xxvii.	
17th: „ xxviii.	
24th: Go over the three lessons again.	

Baptisms.

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

July 23rd: Florence Joyce Dale.
30th: George Barnett Martin.
Aug. 6th: Mary Vince Bushell.
Thomas Arthur and Jessie Hannah Boyer.
13th: Constance Mary Holmes.
17th: Lawrance Harold Facer.
20th: Florence May Boyer.

Marriage.

Aug. 7th: John Henry Johnson and Emma Brown.

Burials.

July 29th: Jane Mee, aged 63 years.
Aug. 7th: Rebecca Orton, aged 19 years.
21st: Dorothy Parker, aged 8 months.
24th: Sarah Bancroft, aged 76 years.
26th: Ernest William Lakin, aged 6 months.
And one other, infant.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.	Special.
July 30th—	£0 5s. 3½d.		
Aug. 6th—£2 5s. 7d.	£0 5s. 6d.		
13th—	£0 5s. 6½d.		
20th—£2 17s. 11d.	£0 7s. 7½d.		
24th—			Foreign Missions.
27th—			£1 14s. 6d.
			£4 9s. 6½d.
			£0 17s. 0d.*
Poor Box—	£0 3s. 3d.		
Totals	£5 3s. 6d.	£1 7s. 2½d.	£7 1s. 0½d.

*Collection at the Children's Service for the Negro Boy's Fund.

Hymns.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Sept. 3rd {	317	207	180
	261	225	231
		194	20
10th {	208	165	237
	184	225	287
	269	334	292
17th {	4	193	291
	279	225	298
	264	26	27
21st {	—	—	261
			433
			438
24th {	160		299
	278	225	282
	238		229
28th {	—	—	166
			382
			223
Oct. 1st {	166	382	166
	318	339	382
	387	194	381
			223

5. Barholomew's—CONTINUED.

PARISH NOTES

We were very sorry that the School Treat had to be put off for a week. This was because the Village Hall was engaged on August 26th for the Vegetable Show. Happily the children knew of the alteration in good time, so that much disappointment was saved. As a Conjurer and 'Punch and Judy' have been engaged we expect the children will enjoy this stay-at-home Treat and remember it with pleasure.

As usual we have to thank a large number of willing subscribers. Some few have refused to give this year on account of the Treat on the Royal Wedding Day. But no one can really think that it would be fair to deprive the children of their Sunday School Treat on this account. This is a reward for attendance all the year round, the other was given to all children whether they attended any School or not.

The subject of the Sunday School Treat suggests one or two important questions which should often be put before the parents of children. What are you doing to see that your children are learning to live godly and christian lives? You send them to Day School and Sunday School. That is right as far as it goes, but neither teachers nor clergy can make them really religious, it depends upon *you* whether they are to be godly or godless. We can teach them the Commandments of God and His great love in Christ JESUS, but you only can get them to keep and believe in them. There are also some children who neither go to Day School nor Sunday School, and often such children though brought up in greater comfort and expense are sadly ignorant in religious knowledge. The least that should be done in such cases is that instruction should be given by the parents themselves at home, which if carried out carefully is far the best way of all. But in all cases and among all classes example is the most important part of religious education.

The Collections at the Dedication Festival for Foreign Missions amounted to just over £7. This is little enough for this important cause, but it is satisfactory to notice that it is £1 10s. more than last year.

The Wake will come and go again before another Magazine is published. We wish we could look forward to it without fear for those who make it a time for intemperance or sinful dissipation. If it was only a time for harmless enjoyment we should look forward to it with pleasure. As it is we think it right to mention it with a word of warning.

The HARVEST THANKSGIVING Services will be held as last year, in connection with the Michaelmas Festival (Sept. 29th). It has been thought better to keep to this arrangement, though the corn harvest is so much earlier than usual, for at that time we should call to mind not only this, but all benefits which God gives us through the fruits of the earth. The Collection at the Festival will be divided between the Loughborough Dispensary and the Leicester Infirmary.

On August 15th the General Annual Meeting was held to elect a new local committee for carrying out Technical Education in the village. A careful report and balance sheet for last year was produced, and numerous classes during the coming winter were announced. There will be a wide range of subjects in both male and female work.

It is to be hoped that each year more people will make use of these advantages. At the Meeting votes of thanks were given to Mr. Wright and Mr. Hayward, through whose energy and perseverance chiefly the classes have been maintained.

From the OLD OAK CHEST in the Vestry.

We are now able to give extracts from the ancient Registers of the Parish. These are contained in several volumes, the early ones being of parchment. The first volume begins in the year 1576, that is to say it is more than 300 years old. It is brown with age and dilapidated in parts, but most of the writing is still plain and readable. The writing however is quaint and old-fashioned, so that it requires some skill and practice to make it out accurately. The Rev. Canon Stocks, Rural Dean of Leicester, who has had experience in these matters, has kindly rendered assistance, and we hope by his help to have a complete and plain copy of these old entries produced and kept for reference.

It must be remembered that when these first entries were made Queen Elizabeth was on the throne. Since then there have been thirteen Kings and Queens, there have been three revolutions, and numberless changes of every kind, both as to Government and ordinary life, but all this time this old book has been lying in our old Church, and the village life has gone on quietly and undisturbed, men have been born and lived and done their work, and then passed away. This old volume, like a Book of Fate, has noted the first and the last fact about men, paying no regard to the events in the great world outside. It is an emblem too of the work of the Church and the ministers who kept the entries, all through these changes, sometimes under persecution, living in the midst of quiet country folk, and ministering to them, regardless of the events and changes in the great world outside.

The Register begins with the Baptisms in the year 1577, and the first name of all is Margaret, daughter of John Hamp.

In 1578 there is a Humphrey Chaveney. This was an ancient family who lived in the house now occupied by Mr. Bolesworth. There is also a tombstone to one of them by the tower, just under the clock.

In 1579 there are two names still known in the village, viz: Wm. Gresley and Joan Folds (or Foulds). In this year there are 23 baptisms recorded, from which we may judge that the population was then large for a country village.

Among the burials, 1576, there is a Wm. Kinge (King) and Robert Gamble, and Joan his wife. 1579, Robert Fouldes and John Foulds, no doubt the same family as Joan Folds baptised in the same year. The name Ball occurs 1577 and 1579, in the former case spelt Bawle. The name Squire (or Squires) first appears in 1580, and Shephard the same year in the record of marriages. In 1583 there is the baptism of Humphrey Roe, which is probably the same as the Quorn name Rue.

Very likely people will be surprised to hear how long their names have been known in the same place.

Among the names which occur most frequently are Courtby, Dutton, Bradshaw, Wheatercroft, Griffin, Appleby, Willows, Staples, Ratcliffe, Hebb. Perhaps some of our readers will remember people once living in Quorn of these names.

QUORN CRICKET CLUB—Matches played since the last reported in the July number:

July 29th—v. Swithland Won. 83 to 49.

Aug. 5th—Married v. Single. This match proved so exciting and called forth so much interest that we give the score in full below.

Aug. 12th—v. Thurmaston. Won. 69 to 54.

Aug. 19th—v. Mountsorrel. A very exciting match and, as is often the case under such circumstances, the Umpire's decisions were much questioned. Quorn claimed a tie, 62 each. We don't know what the other side say.

§. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED

Aug. 5th.

MARRIED.

T. Lucas, b. Bonser	0
F. Waite, b. Beardmore	14
G. Canning, c. Kelcey, b. Beardmore	0
G. White, b. Bonser	2
J. Adcock, run out	3
J. Rumsby, b. Bonser... ..	4
J. Cuffling, b. Preston	9
C. Gamble, b. Bonser... ..	9
J. Lovett, b. Preston	1
Ridnall, b. Disney	2
W. North, c. Beardmore, b. Bonser...	2
J. Grant, b. Bonser	0
Sutton, b. Preston	1
Willows, not out	0
Byes	7
Leg-byes	7

Total 61

SINGLE.

E. Foord-Kelcey, b. Rumsby	10
W. Waite, c. Lovett, b. White	2
W. Heggs, b. Rumsby	0
J. Beardmore, b. Rumsby	10
W. Thornton, b. Rumsby	9
T. Wykes, b. White	4
G. Preston, b. Rumsby	7
W. Armston, not out	2
M. Bonser, b. Rumsby	0
J. S. Disney, ran out	1
T. Rumsby, b. Rumsby	0
W. Gamble, b. Lucas	0
E. Pearson, b. Lucas	3
Byes	10
Leg-byes	4

Total 62

The box handed round produced 11/8 towards the expenses of the Ground.

Matches at Quorn in September:

9th—v. Stanford Hall.

23rd—Closing Match. Married v. Single



"IN QUIET PASTURES."

Drawn and Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]



LESSONS IN PRAYER BOOK STUDY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY, D.D.,

Canon of Windsor; Author of "*The Teacher's Prayer Book*," etc.

THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

(Continued from page 172.)

BUT the time of a severer conflict was at hand. On the one hand, after much hesitation, the Papacy declared open war, excommunicated and deposed the Queen, and gradually formed its English adherents, as "recusants," into a separate communion. On the other hand, there grew up within the Church of England the great party called Puritan, destined to divide itself hereafter into Presbyterians and Independents, but throughout strongly Calvinistic in doctrine, Presbyterian in theory of Church government, more or less anti-liturgical in idea of Church worship. From Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* we see clearly what were its leading principles—an insistence that nothing could be rightly ordained in Church government or ritual, which was not plainly authorized in Holy Scripture; a dislike of form and ceremonial, as impairing the spirituality of worship; a strong Calvinistic exclusiveness, fundamentally opposed to the comprehensive spirit of our Prayer-Book; a disregard of the authority of antiquity, and an antagonism to all Episcopal or royal authority, as inconsistent with the Divine right of Presbytery. Necessarily, it was discontented with the Prayer-Book. If it did not oppose all Liturgical worship, it would at least have revolutionized the Prayer-Book in some of its leading principles. It aimed, also, in the first instance, at remodelling from within the whole system of doctrine, ritual, and government of the Church itself. Kept down with a strong hand in the later years of Elizabeth, it conceived fresh hopes on the succession to the throne of a king, brought up in his youth in a Presbyterian atmosphere; and expressed those hopes in the Millenary Petition, which led to the Hampton Court Conference, and so to the third revision of the Prayer-Book in 1604. The demands advanced were considerable, including the acceptance in the "Lambeth Articles" of the most rigid form of Calvinistic doctrine. The changes actually made were trifling—the restriction of private Baptism to a "lawful minister," the addition to the Catechism of the exposition of the Sacraments, and the insertion of some Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings. But these were but in very slight degree concessions to the desires of the petitioners. The Prayer-Book

remained substantially unaltered. Almost the only great result of the Conference was the undertaking of the "Authorized Version" of Holy Scripture.

This failure of the Puritan party was followed, under James I. to some extent, and under Charles I. absolutely, by the ascendancy of the High-Church School of Andrewes and Laud—strictly Anglo-Catholic in principle, but allying itself dangerously with the pretensions of monarchical absolutism, and strongly repressing by authority all Puritan practices and ideas. That ascendancy seemed to have gained an unquestioned victory over all antagonism, and, in fact, it has left, for all time, a decisive impress on the Church of England. But in the storm of the Great Rebellion it was, for a time, swept away, with the absolute monarchy on which it leaned for support. In the early days of the Long Parliament the idea was still of a sweeping Church reform. But, as the war proceeded, the gulf between the Parliament and the old constitution in Church and State widened continually; and at last the alliance with Scotland resulted in the complete victory of Presbyterianism—marked by the acceptance in the Westminster Confession of its doctrinal standard, the abolition of the Prayer-Book, and the substitution of the "Directory of Public Worship" for the Liturgical system. The process of Revolution was carried further still by the rise of true Nonconformity in the Independents, the Baptists, and the Quakers. By these, even the Presbyterian order was rejected. Under the toleration of Cromwell, Popery and Prelacy remained more or less under the ban. The Prayer-Book, so far as it was still used, was used illegally, under connivance in some cases of the authorities. The very idea of Liturgical worship seemed to have been nearly abolished, till the Restoration in 1662.

With that Restoration the Prayer-Book revived at once; for the laws abrogating it were pronounced to be themselves illegal, and so null and void. But one last attempt was made at revision, in accordance with the promises made by Charles II. to the Presbyterian party in the celebrated Declaration of Breda. The Savoy Conference met. But it soon appeared that reconciliation and comprehension were practically

impossible. On the one hand, the demands for revision by the extreme Presbyterian school, as represented by Richard Baxter, amounted almost to reconstruction; on the other side, the tone of the antagonistic school, lately proscribed and now victorious, is clearly seen in the Preface to the Prayer-Book—the more clearly because that Preface came from the pen of Bishop Sanderson, confessedly one of the most moderate and conciliatory of its representatives. The revision which followed, and which brought our Prayer-Book to its present condition, did much for completeness and definition, not only on some controversial points, but on many more which tended simply to good order and decency. But it was certainly the reverse of conciliatory. It refused even some concessions of detail, especially in ceremonial, which might have reunited very many of the moderate Presbyterians to the Church. It added much to the completeness of the Prayer-Book, both in substance and in clearness of ritual direction. But the changes made—in one or two points, it would seem intentionally, in others indirectly—tended to alienate, rather than to reconcile, those who had prayed for the revision. The maintenance, with some alteration, of the Ornaments Rubric, the significant change in the Declaration on Kneeling, the explicit enforcement of Episcopal Ordination—all marked what has been fully described as the victory of the principle of Anglicanism in the Church, the definite refusal of all the demands of the Puritan party, and consequently the establishment in England, at first under proscription, subsequently by avowed toleration, of the Nonconformity which has inherited so many of the Puritan traditions.

IV. This is the second great period in the history of our Prayer-Book. The first period had seen some really important modifications; the second may be said to have been in all substantial points a period rather of maintenance of the Prayer-Book, against demands of modification or reconstruction. The principles, on which what has been called its "Elizabethan settlement" was based, were severely tested, and, having stood the test, were deepened and strengthened by trial. It is perhaps not surprising that no substantial alteration has been made in it for more than two hundred years; in spite of many proposals of revision, especially that which took shape in connection with a fresh attempt at comprehension in 1688. In our own days the Lectionary has been re-modelled, the terms of subscription to the Prayer-Book have been made less stringent, and some measure of elasticity in the use of it has been authorized by the Amendment of the Act of Uniformity. But the Prayer-Book itself has been substantially untouched, and its influence has been left to tell, as we have already seen, on the whole of religious thought and life in England.

In view of proposals made from time to time from opposite quarters for further revision, it is well to know something of the history and significance of these revisions in the past. From these it may be

safely concluded that the Prayer-Book, as it stands now, after the changes made and the more important proposals of change rejected, is the great bond of union between the various schools of thought and practice in the Church of England, and that on its maintenance, both in letter and spirit, the unity of the Church very largely depends. Like one of our great cathedrals, it has grown up through generations, and that growth has left its trace in some irregularities, and some co-existence in it of different styles. But these things rather increase than diminish its time-honoured and venerable beauty; and the very variety of its elements has given it variety of interest and of spiritual power over all sorts and conditions of men



"ONLY."

I.

TWAS only a broken dollie,
'Twas only a baby's shoe;
But the mother's tears were falling,
Like the drops of morning dew.

II.

'Twas only a golden ringlet,
A curl of the baby's hair;
But the mother touched it gently,
As though 'twere a jewel rare.

III.

'Twas only an empty nursery,
The room where he used to play;
But the mother enters it daily,
To weep and perchance to pray.

IV.

'Twas only a baby's plaything,
'Twas only a childish toy;
But ah! how the mother cherished
Those relics of her boy.

V.

Ah! 'tis when our darlings leave us
We cherish their relics thus;
When the little ones who wore them
Are crumbling into the dust,

VI.

Till the Day when the Dear Lord Jesus
Shall waken them out of sleep,
And gather the lambs in His bosom
For ever them there to keep.

ETHEL C. MORRIS.

JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

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

CHAPTER V.

A PUBLIC MEETING.



BRUNTDALE was all astir. It had a double excitement. Timmy Brodie and his donkey-cart had been espied approaching the village, while in the evening a "public meeting" to discuss the question of the new Club was to be held in the school-room; and as by the big bills posted at the forge and on the door of the schoolhouse—the two most frequented spots in the village—it was announced that discussion was invited, the whole of Bruntdale intended turning out in a body to hear, or take part in, the meeting. The advent of Timmy Brodie always marked an era in the housekeeping annals of the village, for Timmy was the only chimney-sweep who ever visited the place, and on his visits depended the safety of the village. Timmy was somewhat of an autocrat; he came and went as it pleased him best. Messages, notes, and entreaties might be, and often were, sent to his lodgings at Skirley, by those housewives who were anxious to plunge into the annual excitement of spring-cleaning, but to no avail. Timmy was of opinion that he knew best when the chimneys required sweeping. "Mrs. Ashford now," Timmy would say on hearing one of these appeals; "she thinks I be going up to the farm after her chimneys. Well, then, I ain't, so there! And you may tell her that straight from me. I knows when her chimneys wants sweepin'; and when their time comes round I shall be there to do it. Tell her she bain't to get in no sort of a hoe 'bout it; I shall come when 'tis time, and 'tain't no use to talk to me about wanting to begin house cleanin'; house cleanin' can wait. Like enough she'll want a fire again in her best parlour 'fore the week's out." So all the households, who depended upon any higher skill than a furze bush, pulled up and down the chimneys for cleansing purposes, had to wait for Timmy's pleasure; and when his burly form seated in his cart was seen approaching the village there followed a great raking out of fires and preparation of rooms for the sooty event to follow. The village loafer, too, hailed his appearance with delight; for Timmy was an orator,

and the taproom of the "Crook and Shears" was sure to be crowded on the nights of his visit to Skirley. He had had the advantage of being born in London, and during his youth and early manhood had tramped the country in search of work. In this manner he had acquired an amount of varied information during his wanderings; and had in addition picked up much political lore, with strong socialistic and revolutionary leanings. The "powers that be" found no favour in Timmy's eyes, and it was no crime from his point of view to speak evil of authorities. His religious ideas, or, to be more correct, his irreligious ideas, were equally pronounced, and his followers and admirers were wont to say that there was no creed in which Timmy could not pick a hole.

"Ay, lad," responded Timmy proudly, on over-hearing this remark, "ay, I can pick a hole in 'em, and dig a hole in 'em, and bury 'em away out of sight. Best place for 'em too. Sich things isn't for men, good enough for women and brats; but men want stronger stuff than any sort o' parsons can give us."

Brodie's quick eye soon espied the big bills which adorned the walls of the forge, and he pulled the donkey up that he might the better read the notice.

"Fine times! Fine times indeed!" he exclaimed. "Public meeting! And 'discussion invited.' S'pose there wouldn't be any room for me in the room. I might like to say a word, and just let these folks, who fancy they're the big-wigs, know that there's some one about who can say a word or two, and give 'em the benefit of a working man's opinion. Is a man to have things all his own way like, 'cause he've got a few pounds a year more behind him than we have? Who's the backbone of the country if it isn't the working man, that's what I want to know?"

"Well, we'll be all workin' men o' one sart or 'nother there to-night," said the smith coming out of the forge. "There's Farmer Ashford. He's a workin' man if you like, and 'bout the best master hereabouts; looks after his men like a father, that he do; and then there's Mr. Denman. He works, too, in his way, though you mightn't think so, Timmy; and as for the rest, why, we'll be as free to speak as we likes." And somewhat exhausted with his long speech, the smith, who was a slow and heavy man, turned and re-entered the forge.

"Ay, well! 'Tis scarcely to be supposed that you can have much experience 'bout this sort of thing," retorted the sweep pityingly. "You've never bin far from the sight of your own doorstep. But now I must get on; there's work to be done to-day if I'm to go to this meetin' and let these fine workin' folks know my views on things."

"Well, 'pon my word now, Master Brodie, I can't say that I'm over pleased to see you," said Mrs. Harker. "I hadn't set out to have our chimneys swept for a week or two yet."

"Well, ma'am, I think 'tis 'bout time to give 'em a brush up afore long evenin's and big fires gets to be

the fashion. I knows how 'twould be then, when your chimley was afire. You'd run and call for Tim Brodie then; and, holler as much as you would, I shouldn't hear you. 'Tis now or never, ma'am, with me."

And so Timmy worried all the housekeepers who had been wishing to get their day's work over to accompany their husbands to the meeting; but, however busy they might be, as a rule the women were resolved to go. They were as much interested in the matter of the club as their husbands, and were attracted by the novel idea that they might hear some of their neighbours speak, or even have the still greater pleasure and pride of listening while the man who was their own especial property, aired his views in public. As a result, the schoolroom was full to overflowing in good time for the meeting, and the arrival of Mr. Denman, Mr. Ashford, and one or two other farmers from the neighbourhood was received with vociferous applause and stamping of feet.

After a few preliminary remarks from the vicar, Mr. Ashford rose, and in plain but forcible language told the tale of the breaking up of the old Bruntdale Club. This was a well-known story; but before long he broke away into what was, to his audience, quite new ground. He traced the origin of the modern Club, or Friendly Society, from those early days when great guilds and corporations had each their treasure chest, destined to receive the contributions of members, part of which would be expended on feasts and pageants, but of which a full share was held in reserve to relieve the wants of any of their number if overtaken by sickness or misfortune. In later days these Friendly Societies had been established in order to ensure a provision during any period of ill-health, and for this purpose men associated themselves together; the certainty of the stability of the many being set against the uncertainty of the fortunes of the individual. The latter might, if he chose, place his savings in a savings bank, but it would be some years before he could accumulate enough to support him through a long illness; while, if he had the misfortune to fall ill immediately after he had invested his first saving in the Friendly Society, he could at once begin to reap the benefit of his thrift. But in order that he should be able to continue to do this, it was absolutely necessary that the Society, or Club, should be founded on thoroughly business-like and trusty principles; there must be a safe deposit for the moneys received, and above all one member must not be allowed to benefit at the expense of the rest. In the late Club, which had now collapsed, men of all ages were allowed to enter at the same rate of payment; this was a manifest injustice to the younger men, who during their years of good health were helping to make payments to the elder members who fell frequently upon the sick list, but by the time that they themselves required aid, the funds of the Club had become exhausted, and they were left unprovided for.

Here James Clark was heard to give a feeble

groan, while his neighbours looked at him admiringly, as a real and personal "case in point."

"What was needed in a Club," Mr. Ashford continued, "was an assurance that there should be no break down in the finances; and this was the more easy to guarantee when there was a considerable number of members, than when they were but few. Therefore stability and prosperity was the more certain if they would consent to be a branch of a large society, like their County Club, than it would if they again started a small Club on their own account. Mr. Starkie, who had come over from Arminster purposely to speak to them on this point, would now tell them how this great Friendly Society was managed, and what were the benefits falling to its members."

Then Mr. Starkie came forward with a formidable pile of papers, and read a great many figures. A few of the men, after making a special effort to follow him, subsided into apathy, while subdued talk might be heard throughout the room. Mr. Starkie soon became conscious that his sums for expenditure, his totals, and his balances were not entirely to the liking of the audience, but being a man of a persevering turn of mind, he plodded through the mass of figures, and sat down at length with the happy conviction, that he had not only exhausted himself in a good cause, but had utterly tired the patience of his hearers.

When, therefore, Mr. Denman got up to speak he was greeted with a round of cheers, and stamping. The vicar had not been very long in Bruntdale; he was, indeed, still known as the "new pa'son"; but in the few months he had been there he had made a fair way towards winning the goodwill of his flock. "A real poor man's pa'son, I calls un," was the comment frequently passed upon him, for Mr. Denman was a "house-going" parson, and the result soon became evident in an increase in the "church-going" people. The parishioners rightly thought that the man who sympathised with them in their ailments and troubles, and who had a word of sound practical advice to offer as to the conduct of their affairs in this world, was a good guide for spiritual matters relating to the next. In the course of a few weeks he had become acquainted with every man and woman in the parish, could remember who had an only child, and who had a family of nine; he could inquire after James Clark's son who was a sea-faring man, or for old Dame White's daughter, who was with her soldier husband "out in the Indies."

It was some few moments before Mr. Denman could make himself heard, so desirous were the people of assuring him of a welcome. Mr. Denman did not plunge into the mists of antiquity, as Mr. Ashford had done, to show that thriftiness was a virtue of days long gone by; but he pressed upon his hearers the necessity for a wise spirit of saving, which, he pointed out, was a totally different thing to that greed for money which was the root of so much evil. The

former was an act of wise policy, and of honesty, both toward themselves and toward their country. The man who, without making any effort to prevent it, drifted towards the workhouse in his old age, was rarely a man who did the best either for himself or for his master; the lack of the quality of thriftiness made him a wasteful and inefficient servant; while the man who made an effort of self-denial to lay by a little money, or to pay regularly into a Club, was generally a man with sufficient self-respect to lead a respectable life, and to do his best for his family during his lifetime. Fatalism, he told them, was not faith, and carelessness was not belief; the man who believed most strongly in God's goodness in providing for His people was the one who worked, as well as prayed for his daily bread, and showed by his actions that he believed God had given him abilities and strength to use for his own benefit. Then he urged some of those present to come forward and set a good example by being the first in Bruntdale to join. If they preferred to think the matter over first, and would like another meeting, the schoolroom was quite

at their service any day this week. A committee would be formed before the meeting separated, to receive the names of those who proposed to join, and in the meantime he would beg anybody who wished to say a word, either for or against the project, to come forward and state their views without delay.

Then a great silence fell on all. Men who had come primed with a little speech for the occasion felt their courage oozing out at the tips of their fingers, and each would give an encouraging look to his neighbour to induce him to stand up and hold forth. The women openly expressed their disappointment, and the younger members of the audience tittered and giggled. Then suddenly from the back of the room a familiar form rose from among the crowd, and a voice was heard asking "if they meant to let pa'son have it all his own way?"

Mr. Denman stepped forward to the edge of the platform, and politely invited the speaker to come forward where he would be better heard. "I have heard," he said, "that Mr. Brodie is a most excellent speaker, that he has travelled much, and has used his faculties to great advantage in collecting general information, and for that reason alone he would be very welcome here; but as he is so closely associated with Bruntdale, and watches so carefully over the welfare of life and property, I am sure we all feel that he is doubly welcome; for though he does not live among us he has yet founded a right to be one of us."

Timmy stared. This was scarcely the reception for which he looked, or indeed for which he wished. Opposition on such an occasion as this, was as the breath of life to his nostrils, and the kindly welcome

took "the wind out of his sails" in an unexpected and unwelcome manner. He hesitated; but there stood the Vicar smiling genially; and his neighbours were nudging and elbowing him up, and telling him "not to be feared"; and, feeling that to draw back now might be taken as evidence of



"THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!"

lack of courage, he pushed his way through the crowd, and ascended the platform.

"Sims to me," he began, casting at the same time a suspicious glance at the Vicar, who was now seated, "sims to me as how you wants some one to git up and talk 'bout t'other side o' the question. We've bin a-hearin' a lot 'bout what you ought to do—how you ought to be keerful and 'dustrious, and how you ought to put by a bit for your old age; but what I wants to know is, how they," jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the party on the platform, "means to help you. Sims to me, we might up and tell them what *they* ought to do. Just let 'em know that if we works for 'em, and makes money for 'em all the days of our life, that 'tis they should keep us, and not expect us to keep ourselves when we gets old. Rich folks lives on the poor man's work. Rich folks can't

get on without us. The farmer can't till his ground, nor get in his harvest without *us*. Then if we be so useful to him, 'tis *he* and the likes o' he wi' plenty of cash that should give us enough to live on in comfort. What 'ud he do at harvest time wi'out us? 'That's what I wants to know.' Here Mr. Ashford was observed to smile, and a reflection of the smile flitted across the faces of others present, who knew what were Timmy's powers for work in the harvest field. "This is the sort o' thing that Gov'nment ought to look after; and if Gov'nment was made up o' the right sort—nobody but working men—they'd look to it. Now they goes about stirring up a little war here, and a little war there, and has the poor workin' man out, and leaves him killed upon the gory battlefield." This was a favourite draw of Timmy's, with which he generally managed to "bring down the house"; but in this instance his audience received the speech in unappreciative silence. Somewhat disconcerted, he resumed, "Pa'son says, 'Save yer money; put it into the Club.' What does pa'son do, I should like to know? Pa'son's a rich man. He can spend and spend, and then when he dies he've got rich relations to look after his children. Let the rich folk come, and put down their money to help us, and then we shall b'lieve that they means what they says. Till they does that I'd have my own Club, and manage it what way I liked best; and if you men hev got the spirit of a mouse that's what you'll do!"

The people glanced uneasily from Timmy to "the pa'son." They had been accustomed to look upon the former as the champion of their rights and of their order, but just now it did not sound quite right.

After a moment's pause Mr. Denman rose. "It is the first time in my life," he said, "that I have ever been called a rich man, and the idea is so strange to me that at first I had nothing to say; still, since I have heard Mr. Brodie speak, I have become convinced that from his point of view he is right, and that by comparison with many of my neighbours here present I am rich; and so, as he wishes to know what rich men do, I will tell him how I manage. I know what my income is, and the first thing is to make a strong resolution to live within it. I set aside one portion for the needs of the household, and I keep another part to return to Him who gave me all. I use another to insure my life—that is my Club; and by keeping it paid up regularly I ensure a certain sum for my wife and children in the event of my death. And another portion of my income is laid aside in order to educate my children. They are young now; but as years go on expenses in this direction will increase, and so I provide for it in time. I take a pride, and one in which I believe you will all share with me, in feeling that I have done what I could to provide for my family. God has given them to me as very precious gifts, and at the same time He has given me the means of providing for them. Another part of Mr. Brodie's speech to which I wish to refer is that in which he thinks the Government should do something to help

all those whose means will not allow them to help themselves to any great extent. It has been a favourite dream of mine that perhaps the time may come when the Government of our country, which I thank God I can say I believe has always the welfare of the labouring classes at heart, may see its way to some great national scheme for helping those in distress, and at the same time helping and encouraging them to help themselves. I don't mean by giving away large sums, and so pauperising the people, and robbing them both of their self-respect and of their incentive to labour, but rather by forming a great combined National Bank and Friendly Society, so that when a man had worked and saved according to his ability, he might have so much more added to his money, and the firm assurance that in his old age and feebleness he should have the wherewithal to keep him from starvation. Then, too, although they have done a great and good work in their day, I would wish to see the workhouses swept off the land, except when, in the form of infirmaries, they would shelter the sick, and those incapable of looking after themselves. For the idle and vicious I would have other places. It may be a dream, but it is one which in one shape or another I pray earnestly may some day be a reality. I have talked of it with my friends. Some have smiled, and told me such a thing can never be; but others have taken up the idea, and are trying to turn it to practical account by seeing how, and in what shape, it may be of use to those who form so large a proportion of our countrymen—the honest labouring and hard-working men and women, the sons and daughters of our dear old Mother England."

The vicar sat down, and then Timmy, who had sat staring open mouthed during the speech, jumped up.

"Do you mean what you say, pa'son?" he demanded.

"Certainly I do. I tell you it is the dream of my life to see some scheme of this kind set on foot; and I would willingly work to make the idea a fact."

"Then I'm your man, pa'son; you're a good chap, arter all. We'll fight it out together. Hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, in church and out o' church, we'll stick together. Tell'ee what, lads, you've got a man here. A man, I says; not a poor mis'able image of one; a real live man; and we'll just give him a cheer. Now then, lads, holler!"

And they did "holler," till the roof of the school-room seemed likely to be lifted by the tumult, and all the cocks in the neighbourhood, suddenly startled from their evening nap, began to crow in sympathy.

Then, when the excitement had somewhat subsided, and everybody felt hoarse and hot, Timmy, who seemed to have taken the leadership into his own hands, ordered them to come up, "every man jack of them," and join the Club; and so, with great heartiness, the Bruntale branch of the County Club was founded; and so, too, was laid the commencement of a true and life-long friendship and esteem between Mr. Denman and Timmy Brodie.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE DAY AFTER."



TIMMY BRODIE was more welcome in Bruntale on the morning after the meeting than he had been on the previous day. Both he and the Vicar had been elevated to the position of heroes in the eyes of the simple-minded people of the village; and many a housewife would willingly have gone through the trouble, and confusion, of having her chimney swept over again in order that she might talk matters over with Timmy. But that gentleman had no intention of throwing away his reputation in this manner. He ran over in his mind the houses which he intended to visit, making a mental selection of those where he would have the best chance of telling his story in his own way. He knew he might count upon a cordial reception at the Old Hall, for Mr. Atherfield and he were somewhat birds of a feather. Timmy could talk of horses and racing, he had visited almost every racecourse in England; and under stress of circumstances, when he had been kept from his favourite amusement for some time for lack of a companion, Mr. Atherfield had been known to invite the sweep to take a hand at cards, and had kept him at the Old Hall all the day, enjoying his company exceedingly, laughing uproariously at his stories, and willingly losing his money in order to retain so cheery a comrade.

Mr. Atherfield was lounging in the sunshine by the stable door when Timmy entered the yard, and received from him a cordial greeting; Stella, too, who had noted the arrival from the window, ran out, for Stella loved gossip, and she knew she was certain to hear some news when the sweep arrived.

"And how's the handsome young lady, sir?" asked Timmy, as she appeared. "Dear, dear, how she do grow! Quite the lady, to be sure, and as fresh and sweet as a bunch of roses. You'll soon be having the young gents coming here a-courtin', sir; you can't expect to keep such a flower to yourself for long; 'tain't in natur' to think you will."

But Mr. Atherfield was averse to such flattery at the present moment, though on some occasions he would have treated Timmy's remark as a capital jest. He scowled savagely, and his voice was stern as he told the sweep that he "wanted none of that rubbish." The latter, seeing that he had made a mistake, changed

his tactics, put on his most business-like air, and, while taking his brushes and sack from the cart, hoped he might get about his work as soon as possible, as he had a "menjous lot to get through that day, and must be off again as soon as possible."

But Mr. Atherfield was lying in wait for him when, having finished his work and refreshed himself, he again appeared in the yard.

"Had any lunch, Tim?"

"Yes, sir; the young 'oman in there have looked after me well. Never bin better took care of since I fust came to this house."

"Well, you haven't so much to do to-day but you can come in and have a glass of grog, and a hand at cards. Go into the kitchen and have a wash up. I've got a fine colt to show you, such a clipper as you don't see every day; I'm going to make my fortune out of him; you'll get a chance of backing him for the Derby next year."

A malicious twinkle came into Timmy's eyes. "Well, sir, I don't know 'bout that; this is how 'tis, you see, I'm pa'son's man now. I giv' him my word last night, and I'll stick to it; just so long as pa'son keeps to be the chap I takes him for, just so long I stands by him. I says last night, 'Hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, pa'son,' says I; and Tim Brodie's a man to his word; what he says he means, and what he means he'll stand by."

"Parson's man!" echoed Mr. Atherfield, in much surprise. "What are you talking about, Tim? You're not the man to take up with the black coats. That's a pretty joke you're trying to cram me with."

"No joke at all, sir; leastways, not as I looks at it, and this is how 'tis, if you'd like to know. Me and pa'son, we met last night on common ground, on the platform, sir, and we arg'd the matter, we did, and I come to the conclusion that pa'son was a man, and a man as I'd feel proud to stand by, 'in church and out o' church says I,' and I means it, too. So don't you see, this is how 'tis, I don't rightly know what's pa'son's 'pinion 'bout cards, and bettin', and sich, I must have a talk wi' un and find out, 'tain't no good to say as you'll stand by a man, and then go and run contrary fust chance."

"I never thought you'd be such a fool, Tim," remarked Mr. Atherfield.

"Not me," sir, returned the sweep. "Tim Brodie ain't no fool; don't you go for to think it. Me and pa'son's going to do our best to help folks a bit. Why, if it hadn't bin for me last night pa'son 'ud never got that club started, good chap though he be, real grit, I calls un, not the chap to take up the man who's a fool; so don't you run away wi' that idee, Mr. Atherfield."

"But what was it all about, Tim? Do tell me, I don't understand," said Stella, who was standing by.

Then Tim gave a full account of the meeting at the Bruntale School, not forgetting to give due prominence to his own share in the matter, and of his promise to stand by "pa'son, shoulder to shoulder, in church and out of church."

"Well, the parson's a better fellow than I took him to be," said Mr. Atherfield, after hearing all; "but why that's to interfere with you looking at as fine a colt as ever you'll have the chance of seeing, or of taking a hand at cards, I can't see, Tim. If you're going to be led by the nose by anybody that thinks it wrong, why, you are a fool, Tim Brodie, and nothing else." So saying, Mr. Atherfield walked off.

Stella had an idea that the situation was somewhat strained, and rushed into the breach to try to mend matters. She did not want the sweep to go away just yet; so she began to ask a few questions about Bruntdale; and Timmy, nothing loth, was soon at the high tide of conversation; he felt that his audience was appreciative, and he rose to the occasion. The whole story of yesterday was repeated, with the various comments of the villagers, and how he had walked home with the vicar after the meeting, and how they were going to have another good talk before his work was finished in the neighbourhood, "just to settle everything up, and make all straight till I come again," concluded Timmy, who took all the credit of the success of the late meeting to himself.

"I think I should like to see that Mr. Denman," said Stella; "I shall make Ruth take me down to Bruntdale, some day. I'll go this very afternoon."

Stella carried out her project. She got permission from her father for Abraham to drive her down to the village, and then hastened off to order Ruth to dress herself early.

"Won't to-morrow do, Miss Stella?" asked Ruth. "I have so much to do this afternoon, clearing up after the sweep."

"No, to-morrow will not do; to-morrow it may rain, or hail, or snow; to-day the sun shines. Come, Ruth, the work must stand over; you ought to be glad of the holiday. Abraham shall drive us down, and we will walk home. Mrs. Harker will give us some tea; she is always glad to see us. Be quick, Ruth. I'm going to make myself look nice, quite tidy and neat, just as you like to see me."

When the dog-cart came round to the door, Ruth was obliged to confess that Stella had been as good as her word. Arrayed in the blue serge frock which Ruth had made for her, her masses of dark hair brushed into one great plait, her cheeks glowing, and eyes sparkling at the idea of a little change, Stella looked a very type of happy, healthy girlhood. She chatted gaily during the short drive, and declared that if her father would only spare Abraham and the horse for their use, this should not be the last time they would go out before winter came.

"You like driving, don't you, Ruth?"

"Yes, Miss Stella," was the reply, "I like it very much, only I feel that I ought to be at home doing my work. I don't quite like to leave the house with only the master there."

"The master can take care of himself, and the house too, never you fear," said Abraham gruffly. "I'll be home in half an hour, and get him all he

wants. Just you enjoy your outing when you get the chance; and, Miss Stella, you ask for me and the mare next week, or the master will be off to Doncaster, and then I don't see that Ruth can very well leave the house till he comes back."

Ruth gazed wistfully at the old grey church and the pretty vicarage as they drove past. She had now been a month at the Old Hall, but each Sunday had been a day of great festivity, and of much cooking, company, and noisy hilarity. She had been able with difficulty only to read a part of the Church service, and so to keep herself in touch with the day of worship which had wont to be so peaceful in itself, and so helpful in preparing for the work of the coming week. "I feel like a heathen," Ruth had written to Mrs. Merton. "I wonder if I shall ever go to church again. I feel sometimes that I cannot stay here; but then I promised Mrs. Atherfield that I would not go away until her return, and I have got to love Miss Stella very much. I feel she wants me, and so I must stay."

"Now get you down," said Abraham, as he pulled up in front of the wheelwright's cottage. "Here comes Mrs. Harker along the path. Good-day, ma'am; our young lady is just comin' in to see you for a bit."

"I'm sure I'm pleased and proud to see you, Miss Stella, my dear; 'tis a while indeed since you came to see me. See now, Bessie," to her pretty daughter, who stood smiling at the door, "does the kettle boil? We'll have tea directly for you. I've just got a few of the loveliest brown eggs you ever set eyes on, just what you like, I know, for tea."

"Oh yes, your brown eggs are always so good, Mrs. Harker," said Stella; "and I want to go and see the hens and the bees and the garden. See, Ruth, isn't it sweet? Don't you wish we had a garden like this? We have no flowers at Old Hall. You must like Ruth, Mrs. Harker; I love her. We have never had anybody like her to live with us before; she takes such care of me. She makes me tidy, trims my hat, and makes my frocks."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it, and glad to see her, too," said Mrs. Harker, looking approvingly at Ruth. "Young ladies like you, Miss Stella, want somebody to look after them a bit. And now, would you like to come round till tea is ready?"

By the time the tea was on the table Stella and Ruth, under Bessie's guidance, had made the tour of the garden and orchard, had peeped into the hen-house, looked at the bees, and otherwise exhausted all the delights of the place, and came in fully prepared to do justice to the meal which Mrs. Harker had prepared for them in her neat little parlour.

"And now," said Stella, "I want to hear all about this wonderful parson of yours that Tim Brodie has been telling us about this morning."

Mrs. Harker laughed.

"I expect Timmy has been sounding his own trumpet," she said, "as well as Mr. Denman's; he generally knows how to do that. But what is it you want me to tell you about our vicar, Miss Stella?"

He's a real good man, and a kind friend to all his people, and Mrs. Denman is good and kind too, only a bit delicate and weakly; she can't get about, walking over the parish, like he can. But hasn't he been up to the Old Hall yet, Miss? I thought he went everywhere to see those in his parish."

"Oh yes!" answered Stella, colouring hotly, "he did come, but—but—I did not speak to him."

Stella was becoming conscious that the very act on the part of her father towards Mr. Denman, of which she had boasted to Ruth, was not a thing to be spoken of openly; indeed, a dim feeling was struggling to light, that it had been really what Ruth termed it—a cowardly thing—and that it was more the act of a bully than of a brave man.

"Ah well, Miss, you'll get the chance no doubt, and then you'll say with me, I know, a kinder gentleman doesn't tread the earth. He's a true friend to those in trouble, and always has the right word on his lips when you're in distress."

Here the old woman sighed, for she thought of her husband's bond, and of the ruin which the father of the girl to whom she was speaking might work in her peaceful home.

Stella was deaf to Ruth's hints that it was time to be starting on their homeward walk, she wanted to hear all about the family at the vicarage, the subject seemed to have a fascination for her; and not until she had had a description of the personal appearance of Mrs. Denman and her children, and had heard all about the governess and where she came from, would she consent to start for the Old Hall.

"I would like to go part of the way with you, Miss, if you will let me," said Bessie.

"Why, of course, we shall be glad of your company," was the reply; and so together the three young girls started.

"I should like to walk round the churchyard, Miss Stella, if you don't mind," said Ruth.

"Yes, so should I," said Stella. "I wonder if we can get into the church. I should like to see it."

"But you have been into it?" said Ruth, in astonishment.

"No, never. I only remember going into a church once, and that was when mother took me away with her years ago, and one of the servants at my uncle's took me with her. I didn't like it at all; I had to sit so still. I didn't wonder that father wouldn't go; but now I think I should like to come and hear this Mr. Denman that everybody speaks so well of preach. Don't you think you could bring me to church some day, Ruth?"

"Oh, Miss Stella! it is what I want above all things; but you know I have never been able to leave on a Sunday yet; there has always been cooking and company."

"I'll manage it. Father will be away for a week or two, and then we shall be able to do as we like on



"SEE, RUTH, ISN'T IT SWEET?"

Sunday. It would be a nice change to walk down here and see the people."

"Yes," said Bessie, "'tis very nice, Miss, to see everybody in all their best things; 'tis a'most as good as going to Skirley on market days. How nice it must have been for you, Ruth, to live there always! I wonder you could ever bear to come away."

"It is a good thing she did bear to do it," said Stella, "or I should never have had her. I don't know what I should do without Ruth now."

"Bessie is a nice kind girl," she said presently, after the latter had left them, "but I am glad she is gone; I like to have you to myself, Ruth. I wonder why I am so fond of you?"

"I am very glad you are, Miss Stella; but I don't know why it is, for I am not bright, and full of fun and laughter, like Bessie."

"I never loved anybody before, only Dad, and you aren't a bit like him, are you, Ruth? Only when you frown and look stern there is a little pucker comes between your eyes just like his; isn't that funny? But tell me about going to church, Ruth. What is it like? What do you do?"

Stella was not able to comprehend all that Ruth told her in reply; but the idea became a prominent one in her mind that church was a comfortable and comforting place, a haven of refuge in storm and stress; and she pondered over it often in her lonely hours, and the impression grew deeper, and the desire to attend the services became stronger. Stella's ideas of right and wrong were in a state of change; she began to find that there were other standards of conduct besides the one in vogue at the Old Hall; her father's opinion, which she had always looked upon as a very rock of strength, was beginning to tremble and shake to its fall. Her love for him was just as intense as ever, perhaps deeper; but, in spite of it, she was becoming aware that her idol of gold had feet of clay.

(To be continued.)



CAPEL CURIG.

A MEDITATION.

WHO sees not God in all he sees around
Sees nothing. Or whate'er his eye of flesh
Sees is dead matter—soulless, spiritless,
A corpse all beautiful that so hath lain
For countless ages. The great sun from Heaven
Shines upon it. Clouds wind-drifted o'er it,
Mountain summits thrusting up their heads
Into the skies, and burying their feet
Deep in the waters of the gloomy vales.
And then he says, "So it hath ever been—
Eternal matter uncreate that ne'er
Hath known beginning and shall know no end!"
But I look down upon the outspread plain
Of placid waters shining in the light
Of the bright noonday sun, and know
Who placed him there to shine in Heaven, and said,
"Let there be light," and in the clouds behold
The curtains round His throne. The lake
Recalls to me that Galilean Sea
Whereon the Lord, whom winds and seas obeyed,

Walked while He calmed their raging with a word—
The word of their Creator, "Peace, be still!"
The mountain peaks, covered in vapour-cowls,
Proclaim the mystic might of Him who touched
Their summits till they smoked, and in the roar
Of thunders and the blaze of lightnings said,
"I am the Lord thy God," and left the sheen
Of His effulgence on the prophet's face
On whom He looked. Oh, world most beautiful!
I gaze upon thee now with purged eyes
No longer blind, but filled with spiritual light
From Him who touched the blind man's eyes, and said
"Be opened." Lo, I see God all around.
In earth and sea and sky I hear His praise
Proclaimed through all Creation; the Heavens declare
His glory, and the firmament shows forth
His handiwork. In reverence profound
I bow my head, and join the glorious hymn
Of universal adoration, and I say,
Praise thou the Lord, my soul, the Lord Most High.

J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

WHAT I FOUND ON A ROSE-BUSH.

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

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

PART II.



IN concluding the first part of this paper, I said that the young shoots of my rose-bush were tenanted by two most interesting insects. I ought rather to have said that they were clothed with them. For one of the two, at least, was present in such astonishing numbers, that it entirely concealed the greater part of the shoots from sight.

This, of course, was the Aphis, "green-fly," "green-blight," or "ant-cow"; after the locust,

the most destructive insect on the face of the earth.

Yet it is so small. Ten thousand aphides would scarcely occupy a cubic inch of space; the same number, it is said (I have not verified the statement), weigh only one grain avoirdupois. And some of those upon the shoots of my rose-bush were so tiny that, without the help of a powerful magnifying-glass, I could hardly see them at all.

And it is so weak and helpless. The slightest touch will crush it; and it has no weapons of any kind with which to defend itself against its many enemies. Neither does it possess speed of foot by means of which to escape them.

But, on the other hand, it is so marvellously prolific. Where one aphis is to-day there will be a hundred or two next week, and a hundred or two of hundreds the week after that. And the young are born alive. Save, as a rule, in the case of one generation in the year, there is no egg-stage to be passed through. The little ones enter the world in a semi-perfect condition, ready at once to begin their work of destruction. And in a very few days' time they have attained to maturity, and are themselves producing living young at the rate of twenty or thirty a day.

It is so marvellously voracious, too, if that term can rightly be employed when the food consists only of sap. No sooner is a little aphis born than its long, sharp beak is plunged into the tissues of a leaf or a shoot; and there,

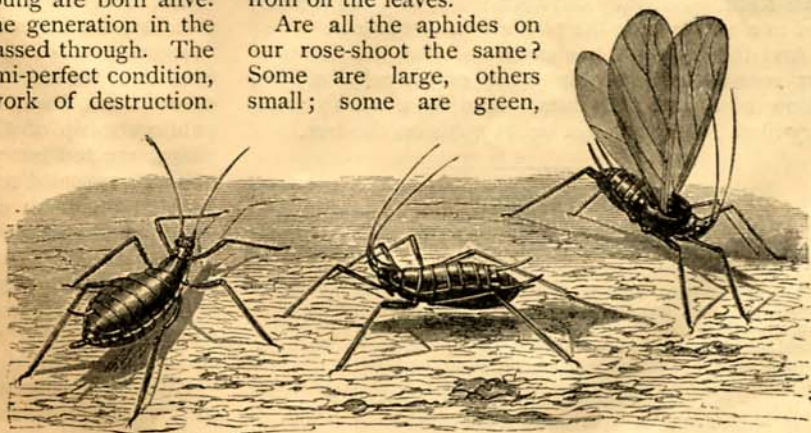
almost without intermission, it remains as long as its owner lives, ceaselessly sucking up the vital juices of the plant. Now let us remember that the numbers of the insect, at times of aphis visitation, are doubled, trebled, or quadrupled daily, and we can easily understand that even this weak and tiny little creature may become a perfect scourge to civilised man.

There is scarcely a cultivated plant which escapes its ravages. This aphis upon the shoots of our rose-bush is but one species out of many. A second attacks the hop, and sometimes devastates whole plantations in a few days. A third is confined to corn; a fourth to the broad bean; a fifth to the apple; a sixth to the plum; and so on almost without limits. Some aphides live upon the leaves, and others beneath them; others on the branches and stems; others even, underground, upon the roots.

And the extent of their mischief is not confined to the extraction of sap; for these terrible little insects are continually pouring out a thick, sugary liquid known as honeydew, which falls upon the leaves below, and clogs the little holes through which plants breathe, and also obtain a great part of their nourishment. This liquid issues from two tiny tubes upon the back, and is the "milk" which ants seek to obtain from these their tiny "cows." Watch a thirsty ant making his way along one of the shoots, and you will see the whole performance. He goes up to an aphis, and gently taps it with his feelers. But the insect has just been "milked," and makes no response to his overtures. So he passes on to another, and taps that in the same manner; and instantly there oozes out from one of the tubes a little drop of honeydew, which is quickly licked up by the ant. Then a third is visited, with a like result; and so on until hunger, or thirst, is satisfied.

So fond are the ants of this sweet liquid, that they will even convey a drove of "cows" into the recesses of their nest, to be milked as occasion requires. Other insects are fond of it also; and if we were to visit this rose-bush at night, we should probably find quite a number of moths, all busily engaged in licking it up from off the leaves.

Are all the aphides on our rose-shoot the same? Some are large, others small; some are green,



others red; some have wings, others have none. Surely these must all belong to different kinds.

No, they are but varying forms of one and the same species; and the presence of so many winged examples is simply a sign that the sap is becoming poor and scanty. For, strange to say, so long as these remarkable insects can obtain plenty of food, their wings remain undeveloped. But, when the food-supply begins to fail, wings appear; and the insects take their departure to seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Here is an aphid with a little round hole in its back. We look closer, with the magnifying-glass, and see that it is only an empty skin; yellow, hard, and horny. What is the meaning of this?

Why, that a deadly little enemy—known as an ichneumon-fly—visited the hapless insect when it was yet young, and laid an egg in its body. The egg hatched, and produced a hungry little grub, which began to feed upon the flesh of the aphid, and gradually devoured all but its limbs and skin. And the little round hole is the aperture through which, when it had turned to a little black fly, it escaped.

But here is another and a deadlier foe of the aphid, and the second of the two insects of which I spoke—namely, a ladybird. Wherever aphides are, ladybirds are not far off. They destroy them in thousands and millions; they follow them from place to place; they even come in search of them from over the sea.

I once saw a flight of ladybirds come in, not a couple of miles from the spot where this very rose-bush is growing; and a very wonderful sight it was. The hops were being laid waste by blight, and the ladybirds were arriving just as I went down to the shore. The sand, the seaweed, and the rocks were red—literally red—with their crawling bodies; the air was full of them; the cliffs were covered with them. And stretching along the beach for miles was a *bank*, three inches deep, of their dead bodies, drowned, and washed up by the tide.

They were late in coming; the aphides had spread over every leaf and stem in the great hop-fields of East Kent. But they did their work, and did it well; and in a week's time the plantations were clear.

And this ladybird has come to clear the shoots of our rose-bush; probably some of his relations will follow him, and help him. And in a week's time, very likely, there will not be an aphid on the tree.

TO PARENTS.

"SUNDAY SCHOOL teachers can do very little unless their influence is supported by the parents at home. The child is in close contact with the parents every day and all day long; and if he sees impatience, irreligion, meanness, selfishness, self-indulgence, in a word, an un-Christlike life in those to whom every natural instinct bids him look up, how can you expect a Sunday School, which has the child under training for one hour in the week, to teach him the exact opposite to what he sees at home? 'Father,' said a child once, 'when shall I be old enough to leave off saying my prayers?' What a terrible question! The father leaves God out of his life; can you be surprised if the child thinks he will one day be old enough to do the same?"—THE REV. G. L. KING, M.A.

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.

IX.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, OF ALL THE RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE COUNTRY, IS BEST FITTED TO BE AN EFFECTIVE, AND PERMANENT WITNESS TO GOD'S REVEALED TRUTH IN THE LAND.

IF all the religious bodies in the country, the Church of England is the only one that penetrates into every nook and corner of the land.

Every village and hamlet, however small and however remote from the great centres of population and life, are included in the area of her ecclesiastical organisation, mission, and work.

Her parochial arrangements intersect and comprehend the whole of the country. Her Houses of Prayer, as centres of public worship, are studded over the kingdom. Her clergy have been, from the earliest days of England's history, and are now, placed in charge, not of a selected portion of the people, who hold certain opinions as to doctrine and Church government, but they are placed in charge of the whole population, irrespective of political and religious opinions. The voice of the Church of England, through her clergy, is heard everywhere throughout the kingdom, and her work is seen in every parish throughout the kingdom.

Of none of the religious bodies outside her communion, nor all of them put together, could it be said that it or they could supply the place and do the work of the Church of England, the work for God, for truth, and for the moral and spiritual welfare of all classes of the people, that the Church of England is effectually doing in every part of the land.

Then, as a witness to the truth of God's revealed Word, and as a witness to spiritual religion and morality, the Church of England bears her testimony in every part of the kingdom. Her many fabrics, from the loftiest cathedral to the lowliest village church, and from the most ancient building for the public worship of God to the most modern mission chapel erected but yesterday, all testify to the power of God's revealed religion. They all owe their existence to the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as accepted by the nation.

On that great truth they are founded; that great truth they embody; of it they are the substantial and permanent memorials; and of it they speak with varied but united voices throughout every diocese and parish in the kingdom.

And within her sanctuaries, and throughout all her services, arrangements are made entirely apart from, and independent of, the judgment and discretion of

the officiating ministers to give prominence to and do honour to God's own Word.

At Morning and Evening Prayer Lessons are read from the Old and New Testament.

In the administration of Holy Baptism, and in the celebration of the Holy Communion, the Word of God is equally honoured by having given to it a prominent place in both of these services.

It is the same in the ministration to the people of the various Offices of the Church. The Word of God is blended with and is interwoven with them all, and is regarded by the Church as the supreme Authority for their ministration to their recipients.

The work of witnessing for God, for truth, and for righteousness in every part of and in every corner of the land, which the Church is now doing, is the work which she has, under all the changing scenes of her life and throughout all the eventful crises of her history, continued to do from the early days of her foundation till the present time.

It is far from being any intentional disparagement of any religious body outside the Church of England to say of it, that it has neither the authority, nor the mission, nor the capacity, nor the organisation, to do this great work as it has been done, and is being done, by the Church of England.

Nor would all the religious bodies combined, with their changing and uncertain organisations, be equal to it.

It is only the Church of England, with her diocesan and parochial systems, with which hundreds of years ago she covered, and in which she comprehended the whole land, that has the time-tried organisations and the permanent methods of carrying the Gospel and the means of grace through her ministrations into the back streets of every crowded city, as well as into every remote and obscure place in the country.

And given that the Church were deposed from her present territorial diocesan and parochial position by Disestablishment, and that she were robbed of her cathedrals, parish churches, and property by Disendowment, all her ancient organisations for witnessing for God and for truth and righteousness in the land which have so long and so well served their purpose, would be destroyed, and the people throughout the land—especially the poor in crowded towns and cities and in the remote and sparsely populated districts of the country—would be left dependent for the means of grace upon the uncertain ministrations of the Gospel which would result from the new revolutionised, disorganised, and impoverished order of things, which would be brought about by Disestablishment and Disendowment.

REBUKED BY NAPOLEON.

It is related of Napoleon that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving it as his opinion that it was true, the Emperor quietly remarked, "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible."

HOW THEY TELL THE TIME AT GREENWICH.

A VISIT TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS OBSERVATORY.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

Author of "Faith's Father," etc.

(Continued from page 166.)



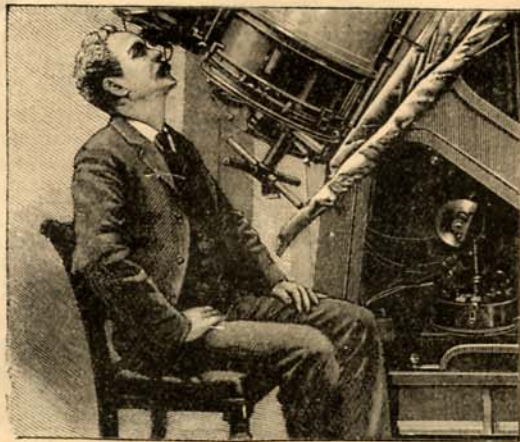
BUT the keeping of the time for the whole British nation is not the only work at Greenwich, important though that may be. Those green domes of which rambles in the Park catch glimpses are all built over large telescopes used for observing and photographing the heavens. There are no fewer than nine great telescopes at Greenwich, and a larger one than all is now being erected. It will be nearly 30 feet long, and will have an object-glass 28 inches in diameter.

Over this will be built a beautifully shaped dome, made, like most of the others, of solid papier-maché stretched over an iron framework. This construction combines lightness and strength, and enables the domes to be easily moved on wheels. One portion opens like a sliding shutter, revealing a strip of sky from the zenith to the horizon; so that, by turning the dome round, any part of the sky can be speedily and easily brought under observation.

The telescopes, though hung variously, are all supported by solid columns of masonry extending down through the buildings to the ground beneath. With the exception of the transit circle, they can be moved to survey any part of the heavens, and the transit instrument can survey any spot on the meridian or centre line of the heavens.

A list is made out every week of those workers who are appointed to take their turns in observing at night. The dome rooms are very plainly furnished. There are ample resources for the scientific work, but little or nothing else. In one you may perhaps see a light hammock chair; in the centre stands the huge silent telescope massively mounted; a very accurate clock ticks on your left, a few electric wires wriggle about—for electricity is now pressed into the service—other scientific instruments are to be seen, and that is about all.

"How cheerless, how dull!" exclaims some one, thinking of cosy hours of comfort by the fireside. How cold it must be on those keen, frosty nights when the heavens are so clear and the stars flash so brilliantly! But the work goes on unceasingly.



THE GUIDER AND PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK.

In one of these domes the large telescope is devoted to the stupendous work of photographing the heavens. About a dozen Observatories are engaged in this truly gigantic task, each having a certain portion allotted to it. The large telescope at Greenwich used for this purpose is threefold. Two are joined together something after the manner of the Siamese twins, one of which is the "guider" and the other the "photographer," while next to the latter is a much smaller telescope of less power called the "finder."

The names indicate the use and purposes of each. The "finder" covers a far larger range of sky than the others, and enables the observer to find the star or small patch of sky he desires to observe or to photograph. The "guider" is used for observation when the patch is found, and also to guide the other in any particular direction desired. In the "photographer" instead of the eye-piece is placed a large photographic plate—the gelatine dry plate—on which a photograph of the star or group of stars desired is taken. In the winter this photographic plate is exposed to the star for forty minutes, and, as in that time the earth has appreciably changed its position, the telescope must be gradually turned to follow the star in its apparent movement down the vault of heaven.

The alteration of the telescope to follow the star is regulated by the sidereal clock ticking so solemnly near by; and as the clock-ticks mark the rotation of the earth, the telescope is gradually moved to follow the star by means of electrical communication with the clock. By these means the faint light from the star is kept falling exactly on the same spot on the extra sensitive gelatine dry plate which is slowly taking the photograph of the star millions of miles away.

This indeed is one of the most marvellous triumphs of science—that machinery should be so beautifully made and adjusted as to follow the movement of the earth so accurately, and to register a representation of a faint star as its light filters so far through space. That light, gradually imaging the star

on the plate, may have left the star itself thousands of years ago; so far away from us is it that even the star itself which is being represented may have been annihilated in the great clash of worlds before the light which shone from it reaches our earth, and yet it is caught on this little 6½-inch plate.

In addition to photographing the heavens, a daily photograph of the sun is taken whenever the capricious weather permits. The exposure of the photographic plate for this purpose is but about the 10,000th part of a second—an almost inconceivable tick of time;—in the summer, though a little longer in the winter; yet there are the sun-spots clearly recorded on the truthful plate. The daily photographing of the sun has continued since 1873.

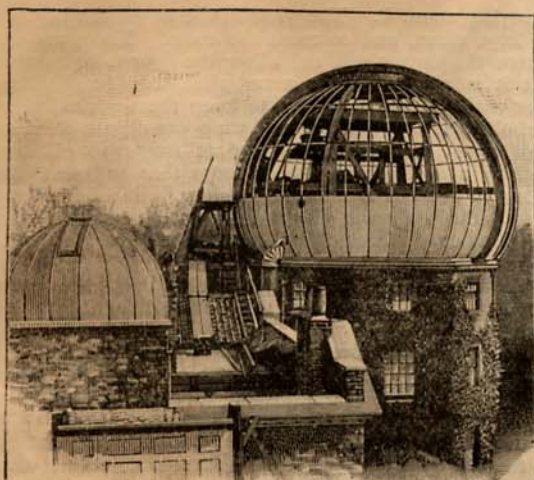
Spectroscopy also forms a branch of work at Greenwich—that is, the splitting up of the light from the heavenly bodies, by which means the composition of those bodies can be to some extent arrived at. Thus, if the splitting up of the light, say, from hydrogen gas, gives certain spectra, the presence of the same spectra in the light, say, from the sun, gives the opinion that burning hydrogen is present in that fiery globe.

Constant observation of the heavenly bodies is also conducted, and meteorological and magnetic observation are carried on. There is indeed the continuous observation of the three classes of phenomena, but most attention is paid to the astronomical, especially for the purposes of keeping the time and of photographing the heavens. The task of reducing and issuing these observations is one of great labour.

Greenwich Observatory was founded in the reign of Charles II., the exact date being 1675, for the study of astronomy and for purposes of navigation. Flamsteed was the first director—being appointed "our astronomical observator" by Charles II.—and the long line of distinguished men who have succeeded him have maintained our national Observatory in the front rank of similar institutions in the world.

The director is the Astronomer-Royal, Mr. W. H. M. Christie, who resides at the Observatory, having a private house and grounds there, and the Chief Assistant is Mr. H. H. Turner. There are also a staff of first and second-class assistants and computers. Bradley's observations, made at this Observatory about the middle of the last century—he died in 1762—form, indeed, the basis of present sidereal astronomy.

The irregular, rambling buildings of the Observatory suggest its age and date of origin. They are arranged round a square or courtyard, as so many old and large houses were a few centuries ago; but the instruments have overflowed into that part of the grounds which are not in the private occupation of the Astronomer-Royal. The large south-east dome is in the grounds, some of the photographing apparatus, the meteorological and magnetic departments, the thermometers—one of which is sunk 20 feet in the ground—and the rain gauges. These latter are like wide-mouthed funnels, about a foot across at the top,



THE NEW DOME.

and leading to a measuring-glass underneath. Wind gauges surmount the summit of one of the buildings, and the cups whirling round register automatically the rate of the wind in the room below.

It is very quiet in the Observatory. There is no pretentiousness, and no noise. Day after day and night after night the observations go forward and the calculations are made; but there is no ostentation and no meretricious display. The clocks tick off the hours, keeping time for millions of people, the seasons pass in eternal procession, the trees around bud and leaf and change to lovely colours autumn after autumn, the work proceeds quietly, solidly, surely, and the calm spirit of Science broods over all.

A FESTAL HYMN.

[BASED UPON THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.
SUITABLE FOR A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.]

WATHER of mercies, now we raise
To Thee our joyful hymn of praise,
On this our Festal Day;
We know that of Thy bounteous love
Thou sendest all things from above
To cheer us on our way.

We know all creatures came of Thee,
And in them all Thine image see,
The impress of Thy will.
We thank Thee for existence here;
Lord, give us grace, each in our sphere,
To do Thy holy will.

Thou hast preserved us all our days,
And we now render thanks and praise
For Providential care.
Apart from Thy sustaining power
We should not live one single hour
In this Thy world so fair.

For all the blessings of this life;
For parents, children, husband, wife
For friends sincere and true;
For happy homes and peaceful lives;
For Freedom's land where commerce thrives;
For health and comfort too.

[Our special thanks to-day we yield
For plenteous crops in harvest field,
Thy bounteous gift for all;
For products of the earth and sea,
For all our needs supplied by Thee—
We thank Thee for them all.]

But far beyond all these, O Lord,
We thank Thee for th' Incarnate Word,
The pledge of Thine own love;
Redemption for our ruined race,
And Jesus in the sinner's place,
Divinely planned above.

And also for the means of grace,
Appointed for the human race,
To draw us nearer Thee;
Two Sacraments, and prayer sincere,
Thy Word when heard with godly fear,—
These are the Sacred Three.

For hope of glory in our heart
Which Thou Divinely dost impart
To every human soul.
We laud and magnify Thy grace,
And long to see Thee face to face,
And reach the promised goal.

For all Thy mercies, Heavenly Lord,
Unfeigned thanks with one accord
From grateful hearts we raise;
Both with our lips and in our lives
May we show forth a sacrifice
Well pleasing all our days.

Ourselves and all that we possess
In righteousness and holiness
We dedicate to Thee—
To Thee, O Father, through the Son,
Who with the Holy Ghost art One,
Thrice Blessed Trinity. Amen.

FULHAM.

F. C. ARNOLD-JARVIS, M.A.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

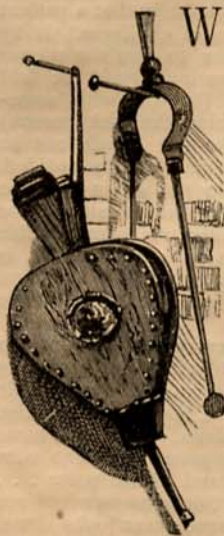
BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 184.)

4. THE ROOM.

WHEN a man falls ill and is taken to hospital, the ward or room into which he is put has been made for his use. It answers in every way to his comfort and to the comfort of those nursing him, and is a direct aid, by means of its arrangements, to his recovery. When a person falls ill and has to be nursed at home things are very different. It often happens that the room in which the patient lies is the one living-room of the family, and still more often that it has to be at night a sleeping-place for others besides himself. But a principle of nursing is to make the best of things as they must be. The writer of these notes has seen in a poor London room a patient washed from a tea-cup!

(i) The most important matter to attend to in connection with the room is the ventilation. The kind and quantity of air admitted must be carefully



regulated. Pure air is composed chiefly of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, and also contains a very small proportion of carbonic-acid gas. In air that has passed into and out of our lungs the proportion of this latter constituent is very much increased, so that in a room in which people have been breathing for some time there is less oxygen and more carbonic acid gas than in perfectly pure air. But pure air,—i.e., a due proportion of the three gases—is, of course, essential to health and to recovery from sickness. It is therefore necessary to arrange for the continual escape of the surplus carbonic-acid gas and the continual supply of fresh oxygen to take the place of that which has been used up in the process of breathing. This object will not be accomplished by opening the window, and (as is sometimes done) the door, too, just before the doctor's visit. This will only make the room cold, and perhaps give the patient a serious chill.

Now, there are in most rooms three possible means of ventilation—the window, the chimney, and the door. Unless the doctor forbids it the window should always be kept open an inch at the top *both night and day*, except when the weather is very stormy or foggy. At times it will be necessary to open it wider for a few minutes, but it must always be opened from the top. And windows that are not constructed to open in that way should, if possible, be altered, so that the fresh air may be in some degree *warmed* before it reaches the patient, and not blow in directly upon him.

The chimney is a good ventilator when there is a fire in the grate. The door, too, is a ventilator, but a bad one, because it admits used-up air more often than fresh air. It is of course important to remember that there must never be a door and window open at the same time, for fear of the draught giving the patient cold. And this brings us to another point to be attended to in connection with the room.

(ii) The temperature. It is important to preserve an *even* temperature, else the patient will be at one time too hot and at another time shivering. Careful attention to the door, the window, and the fire, which should not be allowed to get low before being mended, will easily secure the uniform temperature so necessary to the comfort and well-being of the patient. One reason why a sick-room should never be allowed to become cold is that a patient can never sleep if he has a sensation of chilliness. If by accident the fire at any time ceases to give the proper warmth to the room, an extra covering should be laid over the patient, and a hot bottle (covered with something to prevent its actually touching the sick person) should be placed in the bed. The fire should not be mended while the patient is asleep if it can be avoided. If necessary, however, coal may be put on in separate lumps with the fingers; and the lumps should be wrapped in thin paper, so as to cause the least possible noise. With the same object in view a small stick is preferable to an ordinary poker for stirring the fire. Quiet, as has been said before, is an essential requisite in the sick-room.

(iii) Lastly, there must be, in every way, scrupulous cleanliness. A great writer has said that "the beginning of art is in getting our country clean and our people beautiful." And the dictum may be applied to nursing. It is impossible to have things too clean, and at the same time cleaning must not be always going on. The wise man says, "There is that labourer and taketh pains . . . and is so much the more behind." Some housewives are always cleaning up, and yet their house never looks clean. Others always have things clean, but never seem to be

worrying about it. The patient, the nurse, the bed, must be kept clean, and so must the room. There are cases where the doctor will not allow the floor to be scrubbed, but it is almost always permissible to wipe the boards over with a damp cloth, and to keep them sprinkled with carbolic acid and water. And the room should be literally *kept* clean, and not *cleaned up* at intervals. There is nothing a sick person dreads more than to hear that the room is to have a "thorough clean." It is much more easy to keep a room clean if the carpet is removed, and the number of pieces of furniture reduced to the smallest point.

The windows should be kept bright; light cannot come through dingy panes, and we cannot live healthy lives without light.

Dusting often seems a thankless, and useless task, at least in a town where dust and dirt gather almost as soon as they have been cleared away. But it is necessary, and should be done twice a day, first after tidying up the hearth, which should be before the bed is made, and then in the afternoon. No soiled lined or used vessel of any kind should remain in the sick-room; they should be removed at once. The same ought to be done with slops of every kind. They should be covered and carried away immediately, because their presence in the sick-room poisons the air and the patient.

HOUSEHOLD PIETY.

BY THE REV. J. WAGSTAFF, B.D.,

Vicar of Christ Church, Macclesfield.

"With Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever."—2 SAM. vii. 29.



THE true wealth of a family is the blessing of God. "That," says Solomon, "maketh rich"; and, unlike so many other forms of riches, "God addeth no sorrow with it" (Prov. x. 22). There are many things which we rightly term blessings—such as good bodily health, an easy lot in life, the attendance of prosperity upon our labours, the accumulation of money. They are things which

we naturally desire, and which we ought to be thankful for. But in themselves they do not constitute "the blessing" David is here speaking of. That is of a far higher kind. It may be described as the approving presence of God in the heart and home. This is but another way of saying that the blessing of God is God Himself. Thus the poet says:—

"Give what Thou wilt, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

To express it more at large, the blessing of God is God realised as a *Father*, directing all our affairs with unerring wisdom and in tender love; God realised as a *Saviour*, pardoning our shortcomings and sins, receiving us into His favour, and not imputing our trespasses unto us; God realised as dwelling in us by the *Holy Ghost*, to restrain us from evil, to prompt us to good, to strengthen us for duty, to support us in trial, to make us holy in our personal character, and gracious in all our influences. This blessing may be accompanied with success in life or failure. It may go along with health or sickness. It may be the companion of an easy lot, or of one that is anxious and hard. In fact, it is independent of all such things. "It maketh rich," whether these things are given or withheld. I have seen it light up the dwelling of poverty, and make the face of a sufferer like the face of an angel, and cause the heart to break forth in song amidst the wreck of worldly hopes and prospects. Without it, that brilliant Frenchman, Lamartine, sitting alone by his fireside, wished he could exchange natures with the dog which lay stretched on the hearthrug at his feet. His past successes brought him no comfort. The years gone by he described as seeming to him like the spectres in Macbeth, standing behind his chair, and pointing with their lean and bony fingers over his shoulders only to the dismal prospect of the grave. With it good Jeremy Taylor learned the art of "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying"; and, when, in evil days, he was cast forth from his parish and his home, and had fallen into the hands of "publicans and sequestrators," who had taken all from him, he still could maintain a cheerful trust in the Providence of God and the promises of the Gospel. He could cherish his hopes of Heaven and his charity towards mankind, and find in God Himself a better treasure than the things that he had lost.

This text of Scripture not only suggests the kind of blessing we should seek for our families, but helps to point out the way to obtain it.

Let us note, then, that it is the *conclusion of a prayer*. David had wanted to build the House of God. Nathan the prophet, after approving of this purpose, was sent to tell him that God reserved that honour for his son Solomon. But he gave a promise to David which more than made up for the disappointment. He said that God's blessing should be on David's family for ever, as long as they should seek His Face. Then David, full of gratitude and humility, prayed that this blessing might really come. And in his prayer he used strong arguments of faith. He remembered God's power:—"And now, O Lord God, Thou art God." He strengthened himself in God's faithfulness: "Thy words be true." He pleaded God's promise: "Thou hast promised this goodness to Thy servant." Therefore, he concluded, "With Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever." Here is an example which parents may well follow. Pray earnestly for this

blessing on your household. Search the Bible for God's promises; then, placing His power on the one side of them, and His faithfulness on the other, plead for their fulfilment to your children.

But then let us note also that this text is the *beginning of effort*. Luther used to say that to have prayed well was to have worked well; but this was so because his prayers were but the beginnings of his work. If we would have the blessing of God resting on our households for ever, our efforts must follow hard upon our prayers. This is just what we find David doing. The story is continued in 1 Chron. xxviii., and there we find him charging Solomon thus: "And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever." In this way of personal and affectionate admonishing of, and pleading with, our children, may we seek this blessing for them. But added thereto must be other things. Practical example on our part is even much more necessary than personal advice. They should see us loving the things we recommend. Our own religion must be real. All shams and pretences, all mere word-religion is sure to be found out in the home. God must be a Living Presence in our own hearts, if we would have His blessing sanctifying our households. And then what care and diligence should we use in training children! How careful should we be in the selection of a school in which a truly religious education is given! How particular in the choice of companions for them! Parents who wish their children to grow up in the fear of God will try and have family worship every day, will take them along with them to church, will encourage them to join Bands of Hope, and take part in every good work. In these ways they may humbly hope that God's blessing will be found for themselves and for their children.

The text we have been thinking of is carved in stone over the fireplace in the hall of a northern parsonage. It would be well if it formed part of the daily prayer of every parent: "With Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever."

HINTS FOR CHURCH GOERS.

1. Always be in your seat before the Service begins.
2. Always kneel reverently during the Prayers.
3. Always join heartily in the Responses.
4. Always join in the Singing.
5. Always contribute as much as you can to the Offertory, remembering the gift is to God, and not to man.
6. Do not hurry out immediately the Service is over, but always spend a few moments in prayer.
7. Always enter and leave the House of God as noiselessly as possible.

"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 III.

THE GAME.



MONDAY passed without any further tidings of the lost ten shillings, and Prior determined not to speak to Tubbs on the subject.

On Tuesday, just after dinner, Mortimer in ordinary clothes and Tubbs in football "togs" were standing together near the match ground—a very sacred piece of turf indeed, except that there was hardly any grass left on it, but that was a mere detail. It

was level, and in a good position for accommodating sight-seers all round.

Tubbs appeared in high spirits. Well he might, for he was playing in the eleven, for the first time, as a substitute for Mortimer. Much depended on how he acquitted himself. There would be two vacancies very shortly, and Tubbs was one of four or five boys who had an equal chance of "getting their colours"—that is, of getting into the football eleven, the highest ambition of an Edenite.

It is all very well for people to decry athletics at public schools, and to say that too much time and thought are given to them.

But the discipline of the playground is an immensely important part of a lad's education. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

You see what he meant—that the lad who can make a good captain of a cricket team or a football eleven, who has the judgment to place his men, the tact to be firm yet courteous, the perseverance to cheer his men on in face of defeat, such a lad will assuredly make a leader of men in the larger fields of afterlife.

Yes, lads, never miss the lessons that games can teach you—self-control, self-discipline, strict obedience, co-operation, public spirit, above all, unselfishness.

The best side of a lad's nature, as well as the worst, comes out in the playing fields. The opportunity for self-improvement is a magnificent one.

"Just like my luck," exclaimed Morty; "out of it again. When is this wretched angle going to get strong?"

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If I can only get a chance, I shouldn't wonder if this match goes a long way towards my 'colours,' eh?"

"Hullo, there's Tom! Just the chap I wanted. Tom! Come here, sonny."

A small, pale, rather cunning-looking lad of about ten ran up. "What do you want, Mr. Mortimer?"

"Run down to Pike's for the *Sporting Life*. And look here, wrap it up in this," producing the outside sheet of a *Boy's Own*. "There's a penny for the paper, and you shall have another for yourself when you get back."

Tom had but a little way to go, and returned in ten minutes.

In their intense eagerness to see the result of the race

the two boys quite forgot to dismiss the messenger before looking at the paper; so Tom stood by, an interested spectator of what followed.

"In luck this time, Tubbs," exclaimed Mortimer.

"Well, I deserve it, for it's been nothing but losing lately."

"Think of Highflyer having beaten the two favourites. I did count on that as a safe two shillings for me."

"That's why you were so keen about the bet—eh, Morty?"

"Here's your ten bob," exclaimed Morty, taking a half-sovereign out of his purse; for his father was rich, and kept him always well supplied with money.

"I can't take it now, with these football togs on."

"Short reckonings make long friends," so you'd better take it while you can get it. Besides, we are going to turn over a new leaf, you know. I shall decline to pay to-night."

"If that's the case hand it over." So saying, Tubbs took the half-sovereign and put it into his pocket, meaning to run up to the study with it before the match began.

"Hullo!" said Mortimer, suddenly noticing Tom. "What are you hanging about for, you little sneak?"

"Please, sir, I want the penny."

"Oh, I had forgotten that. There you are!" throwing a penny about twenty yards off. "Go, fetch!"

"I say, I hope that little brat won't go and split on us, Morty."

"No fear; he knows what he's about too well for that."

Just as Tubbs was starting off at full speed up came the captain of the eleven, by far the most important person in the whole school. A nod from him, or a mere recognition of the existence of a small boy, was much more than an invitation to tea from "the Doctor." Such is school life.

When a parent goes to see a younger boy at the school he is informed, with the utmost unconcern, that so-and-so is "Old Briggs," said to write the finest Latin verses of any man living; that so-and-so is "Chubby," a great swell at mathematics. Then suddenly the boy's manner changes. He clutches his father's arm, and whispers in tones of solemn awe—

"Dad! look there at that man with the striped blazer and the blue cap. That's Brown."

"Well, my boy, who is Brown? I've heard the name before. Is he Dicky who was at school with you at home?"

"No, Dad!" with an accent of pained wonder on the word "Dad." "That's our captain. He's one of the finest 'forwards' in England."

Then follows a recital of how he has been invited to play for the county in the holidays; and the old father begins to feel himself getting young again, and is appalled at his own ignorance.

"Glyde," said the captain, "I can't put you 'half-back' in Mortimer's place. You'll go forward 'inside right.' Don't get trying experiments on your own account. You'll have Dickson as centre on your left. Pass to him, you understand, unless you are quite certain that you can 'shoot' a goal."

"I'll remember," said Tubbs, with all respect.

"Now," continued the captain, "go and hurry up Phillips. Tell him I want him at once."

This commission quite put the half-sovereign out of Tubbs' head, and so it remained in his breeches pocket.

The rival elevens are in the field. A dense ring of boys, parents, and masters are standing all round the ropes. It would be hard to say who is taking the keenest interest, players or spectators, young or old.

Grey-headed parents vie with twelve-year-old urchins in shouting, "Well played, Phillips!" "Well saved!" "Stick to it!" "Well passed!" and from time to time, as the inspiration seizes them, the whole assemblage sets up a roar of "Ed—e—e—e—ns!" the prolonging of the second syllable having the effect of a hyena laughing over its dinner.

For a while neither side secured a goal, as the teams were wonderfully well matched. Just before "half time," when the two elevens change ends, St. Eden's got a goal. Mighty was the cheering, redoubled the efforts of the strangers to score too. So it went on till within ten minutes of the close of the game, when one of the strangers, by a magnificent run halfway down the field, followed by an unerring "shot," managed to make matters equal—one goal each.

Was it to be a drawn game after all? The play became faster and faster. No sooner was the ball outside than it was back again in an instant, for there was not a moment to lose. The oldest "old boy" declared he had never seen such a game in his life, though he had said the same thing before many times for the last thirty years when watching matches.

Two minutes left. St. Eden's were pressing the ball up to the strangers' goal, working together like one man. "Outside right" passed it with the most accurate judgment to "inside right," our friend Tubbs. There was a clear space between him and the goal, but it was a "side shot," and the posts showed only a small opening to Tubbs. The centre man was in his place immediately in front of goal. The captain's words came back to Tubbs: "No experiments on your own account, unless you are quite certain." In that brief instant the thought of "getting his colours" rushed on him. His decision was formed with the quickness of one flash of thought. He would not "pass" the ball on to the "centre"; he would risk all on making the "shot" himself. "Bravo, Tubbs! well shot!" was the next thing he heard resounding on all sides; for at the moment of kicking he was sent spinning to the ground by a tremendous charge from one of the strangers.

The charge was too late. The ball had gone through the posts, and the match was won for St. Eden's by one of the finest "shots" ever seen on the school field.

Poor Tubbs was badly sprained though, and the whistle was blown while he was being carried behind goal. The game was over.

A crowd gathered round Tubbs, mingling congratulations and condolences, till he was picked up by Prior and another fellow, and carried off to the study.

There he was soon helped out of football clothes, and just as Prior was hanging Tubbs' "knickers" over the back of a chair out rolled the half-sovereign.

Had either Tubbs or the other fellow observed it? Prior thought it was not possible, as the former was in far too great pain now to notice anything, and the latter was bending over him with a bottle of stuff always used for sprains.

Besides, the half-sovereign fell on the carpet without making any noise. Prior quietly placed it in his own pocket. Even his generous mind was hardly proof against such a shock as this. Yet he would not act hastily. He determined to say nothing at present, and as soon as Tubbs had been lifted across to his bedroom he went down to tea.

When snugly in bed the injured boy's pain began to decrease, and he recollected the half-sovereign in his pocket. The Matron had just come into the room, so he asked her to bring his things across, and to put them on



THE GAME WAS OVER.

his playbox by his bed. She did so, and left him soon after.

Directly he was alone he stretched out his hand for his "knickers," felt in both pockets, and then thought to himself, "There's a go; got jerked out of my pocket, I suppose, when I was knocked over. Well, I am in a fix. I can't go and look after it; I daren't ask about it. Oh, I know what! I'll send for Mortimer and ask him to look for it."

However, nobody came near him for the next hour. He called out to one or two passing boys, but they either didn't or wouldn't hear, and he was left alone to bemoan his ill luck.

Even Prior kept away from him, and the poor boy, what with pain of body, stings of conscience about taking the half-sovereign at all after what "the Doctor" had said, and grief at losing it, was in a pitiable plight, and hardly closed his eyes all night. His only consolation was that he was pretty safe to get his "colours."

(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

25. DECAPITATION.

A gift Divine my letters tell
For all who will live wisely well.
Behead, a struggle now is shown;
Behead again, I'm one alone.
Behead again—with brevity
A skilled profession I imply;
Behead once more, and now behold
Whence wise men seeking came of old.

26. PUZZLE.

I am a cry. By variously changing my first letter I become something used by—

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| (a) Animals. | (e) Ancient warriors and letter-writers. |
| (b) Prisoners. | (f) Dairymen. |
| (c) People who avoid prison. | (g) Steam-engines. |
| (d) Blacksmiths. | (h) Vessels. |

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or if preferred two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. ALICE WINTER, 3, Donnington Road, Reading.	15	St. John's: Rev. F. T. Colson, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. W. Hume Campbell, M.A., Curate.
2. SIDNEY GATEHOUSE, 13, Victoria Bldgs., Twerton-on-Avon.	15	St. Peter's: Rev. Preb. Stokes-Shaw, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. J. W. Gatehouse, S.S. Su-
3. DAISY SHEPARD, The Vicarage, Eton.	15	Parish Church: Rev. S. L. Laidman, Vicar.	Rev. J. Shephard, M.A., Vicar.
4. EPHRAIM P. ALCOCK, Aspect Cottage, Barnton, North-	15	Parish Church: Rev. C. H. Fynes-Clinton, M.A., Rector.	The Vicar.
5. ELLA MANN, 46, Victoria Road, Blandford.	14	Parish Church: Rev. W. Clement Ketchley, St. Thomas: Rev. R. F. G. Smithwick, M.A., Vicar.	The Rector.
6. ARTHUR WARRELL, Farmborough, Bath.	10	Parish Church: Rev. C. Sharp, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. W. A. Cooke, B.A., Curate.
7. MILDRED SUMNER, 41, Cambridge Road, Seaforth, near	14	Hornsey Parish Church: Rev. J. Jeakes, M.A., Rector.	The Rector.
8. ENNIS IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham, Woking.	12		Rev. H. M. C. Price, M.A., Vicar.
9. KATHERINE THEODORA ZACHARY, Abberley House, Cirencester.	14		Mrs. Zachary, Teacher.
10. ARTHUR CURGIVEN, 9, Caroline Villas, Albert Road.	12		
11. ARTHUR MONTAGUE MOORE, Hillsborough, Crescent Road, Crouch End, N.	15		
12. EMILY WEST, c/o Mrs. Poston, 14, Crouch Hall Road,	15		Rev. Tilden Smith, M.A., Vicar.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive:—

January 1st.—(1) Luke ii. 18, "wondered"; ver. 33, "marvelled"; also ii. 19, "pondered"; ii. 51, and i. 66. (2) By "proving" or testing what they had heard, i. Thess. v. 1. By "preaching" it when so proved, Rom. x. 15. By "praising" God first, Psalm cl. (3) "So named of the angel," see Matt. i. 21; "circumcised," see Gal. iv. 4, also Gal. v. 3. **January 8th.**—(1) "Trusted" in that they did not inquire where he was or what doing till end of day; "beloved" in that they afterwards sought him so long. (2) Keeps the Passover as being "under the law." (3) When considered old enough to know His own mind He took His place as other Israelites did at the same age, in observing the ordinances of Israel, just as we virtually do in confirmation as preparatory to our Passover, the Holy Communion. **January 15th.**—(1) "Given to hospitality." (2) "Distributing to the necessity of the saints." (3) "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it"—showing how complete was the confidence of His mother both in His wisdom and goodness. So the difficulty of John the Baptist—"Comest Thou to me?" Also the immediate removal of that difference, "Then he suffered Him"; both showing apparently how complete was his confidence in the goodness and wisdom of Jesus; and that, be it observed, before he fully knew who He was, and only judged (apparently) by the past, John i. 31-33. **January 22nd.**—(1) The leper for himself, the centurion for his servant. (2) His sympathy for his servant; his faith in Christ's power; his humility; "and not worth." (3) Alike in himself; not worthy; worshipped Him; faith; speak word only; thou canst; in happy result; servant healed; was cleansed; promptness of result; mourned; self-same hour; in being severed from others; one with an "ill," the other without. **January 29th.**—(1) They were all willing to work. (2) Generous; gave to some more than their due; gave less to none; didst not thou agree? take that thine. (3) 1 Sam. xxx. 9, 10, 21-25.

February 5th.—(1) Acts xvii. 32-34. (2) Gal. iv. 15; i. 6. (3) Rom. iii. and 23 and 24. All the three earlier classes "come short" of bearing "fruit" like the last. **February 12th.**—(1) Natural, in the beggar himself; spiritual, in the disciples not "seeing" our Lord's meaning, and in those persons who not "seeing" the fulness of His mercy forbade the blind man to cry out. (2) "Go up," see Luke x., in opposite direction, "went down"; also 2 Kings ii. 23, from Jericho to Bethel, "went up," "going up," "go up" twice. (3) In that "knowing" the sorrows that were coming upon Him He was yet full of thought for the welfare and safety of others. **February 19th.**—(1) "Fasting," "necessities." (2) Jas. iv. 7; 1 Pet. v. 9. (3) In the fact that our Saviour used this "sword" of the Spirit three times over in resisting the Evil One. **February 26th.**—(1) Prov. xix. and of v. 7. (2) 1 Kings xvii. 8-16; Luke iv. 26. (3) By coming to Jesus at all; by doing so as a Gentile; by refusing to be put off; by calling Him Son of David; by speaking of the great mercy she asked for as a very little thing (a mere crumb from the table) unto Him.

March 5th.—(1) 2 Pet. ii. 21, 22. (2) Luke ii. 19. (3) Better be without speech than use it in the utterance of either uncleanness or blasphemy. **March 12th.**—(1) The numbers present; the only provision available; the utter perplexity of Philip, etc. (2) More over than to begin with—many times more. (3) Deut. xviii. 15, "like unto me"; John vi. 32, 48-50, greater than Moses, even as the Gospel is greater than the Law as symbolised in the things mentioned in the Epistle. **March 19th.**—(1) Luke vi. 33. "He hath a devil." (2) Who through the Eternal Spirit. (3) By the death of Christ they are redeemed from the domain of evil and that for ever—"eternal

redemption"—eternal inheritance, etc. **March 26th.**—(1) That of Judas; that implied in the silence of the priests on the subject in v. 4; also ver. 19; also question and answer of v. 23; also in the wonders which accompanied His death, and their effect on the Centurion. (2) His being treated as worse than a murderer, and therefore unfit to live, John xviii. 40; Acts iii. 14. (3) Such as His "death" in one; "gave up Ghost"; death of the Cross; crucified Him; every knee shall bow; truly this was the Son of God.

April 2nd.—(1) Peter first where Jesus was last, and vice versa. Also Mary first of all and last of all at the sepulchre. (2) What is said of the "napkin" quite unlike haste of a stealthy removal. (3) See especially end John xxi. **April 9th.**—(1) See Luke xxiv. 37, 38. (2) Luke xxiv. 41-43. (3) How "weak" these disciples in themselves, how strong when breathed on by Christ. **April 16th.**—(1) "The shepherd"; "one shepherd." (2) The Good Shepherd; 1 Pet. v. 4. The Chief Shepherd. (3) Isa. liii. 5, 6; Rom. v. 6, 8. **April 23rd.**—(1) "Heart shall rejoice"; Psalm iv. 7, gladness in my heart. (2) On the society of his Master; shown by what is taken for granted as the sorrow caused by its loss and the joy caused by regaining it. (3) "So shall we ever be with the Lord," 1 Thess. iv. 17. **April 30th.**—(1) John xvi., end 16, end 17, 5, 7, "I go away"; "I depart." (2) The greatness of the Comforter in the fact that it was expedient for the disciples to lose Christ that He might come. The greatness of the Ascension in the fact that even this Comforter should speak so pre-eminently of Him; see also John xvi. 15. (3) See John v. 40, vi. 29, viii. 24, iii. 18, 19, etc.

May 7th.—(1) See Matt. xxvi. 31; Mark xiv. 37; Luke xxii. 34. (2) "It is finished." Until the Saviour's mediatorial work was "finished," no "asking" in His Name. After it is finished it is the one way of success. (3) Matt. xiii. 3-53; Mark iv. 34; Luke xxiv. 27, 44-48. **May 14th.**—(1) Luke i. 2; Acts i. 21, 22. (2) How important that He whose special duty it is to "testify" should be the "Spirit of Truth." (3) See John ii. 22. **May 21st.**—(1) The same name (v. 17), similar office (v. 26). (2) Spirit of Christ, Rom. viii. 9; Spirit of Life, Rom. viii. 21; Spirit of Holiness, Rom. i. 4; Spirit of Adoption, Rom. viii. 15; The Spirit, Rev. i. 10, etc.; The Spirit of the Lord, 2 Cor. iii. 17, 18; Spirit of God, 1 Cor. ii. 14; the Holy Spirit after, etc. (3) Rom. viii. 26, 34; St. John ii. 1, etc. **May 28th.**—(1) The work of God the Son in being "lifted up" for us to save us from perishing, and so giving us a right to the kingdom of heaven. The work of God the Spirit in renewing our natures, and so giving us a fitness for the kingdom of Heaven. (2) In both cases the Saviour begins His instruction by speaking in figurative language of the gift of God's Spirit. (3) In both cases a marked distinction is made between the "flesh" and the "spirit."

June 4th.—(1) In "Epistle" "fear hath torment"; in Gospel fear of rich man lest his brother should also come there. (2) As to wealth, health, food, clothing, burial, etc. (3) Comp. John v. 46, 47, with xii. 10, 11. **June 11th.**—(1) 1 Tim. ii. 4. (2) All lawful in themselves; all turn upon self; all might have been set aside. (3) Turning to the Gentiles in Acts xiii. 46; xviii. 6; xxviii. 28. **June 18th.**—(1) The One "seeks" in order to "save"; the other to "devour." (2) The Pharisees murmur to see sinners received; the angels rejoice to see them repenting. (3) Luke xviii. 9-14. In all we see how differently God deals with the humble and the proud. **June 25th.**—(1) Matt. xviii. 28; 2 Sam. xii. 1-10. (2) How wise and happy it is to "follow" that which is perfect. (3) How foolish and hurtful to follow that which is evil.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (January to June) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. LILIAN MAUD SMITH, 212, Moseley Rd., Balsall Heath, Birmingham.	11	Mr. R. Windmill, Supt. St. Paul's School.
2. BERTHA LEE GINNS, Post Office, Rothwell, Kettering.	14	Miss Shrivess, S.S. Teacher.
3. M. AMY HOPKINSON, Monkwearmouth Vicarage, Sunderland.	14	Miss Hopkinson, S.S. Teacher. [George.
4. MORRIS YEOMANS, Castle Street, Astwood Bank, Redditch.	14	Rev. P. N. Lawrence, M.A., Curate-in-Charge of SS. Matthias &
5. MIRIAM ETHEL BIGGS, Capworth Street, Leyton.	15	Miss Biggs, S.S. Teacher.
6. MYRA COTTON, 81, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W.	11	Rev. C. G. Williamson, Vicar of St. Paul's, Great Portland St., W.
7. MARY HAMMOND, 42, Huskisson Street, Liverpool.	14	Mrs. Hammond, S.S. Teacher.
8. GERTRUDE ELIZABETH BULL, 3, Belgrave Pl., Salop Rd., Oswestry.	11	Miss Leigh, S.S. Teacher.
9. THOMAS PICKARD, c/o Mrs. Walker, 139, Main St., Bulwell, Notts.	16	Rev. T. B. Hardy, M.A., Rector of Bulwell.
10. WILLIAM BOLITHO, The Gardens, Strelley, Notts.	12	Mr. J. Llewellyn, B.A., Head Master, Church Schools.
11. JOHN HAND, 10, Bower Street, Hanley.	11	Mr. J. H. Speakman, S.S. Superintendent.
12. ETHEL E. ISABEL M. WILSON, North Road, Southall, Middlesex.	14	Rev. J. Jackson, M.A., Vicar of Southall.

The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

- HIDDEN Eatables.—
(1) Beans; (2) soles; (3) sausage; (4) veal, meat; (5) toast.
- TRANSPPOSITION.—
(1) Tares, (2) rates, (3) stare, (4) tears, (5) a rest.
- MISSING LETTERS.—
Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.
- WORD SUPPLY.—
(1) Bear, (2) pier, peer; (3) rose, rows; (4) punch.
- SQUARE WORD.—
LENT
EMIR
NINE
TREE
- CONUNDRUMS.—(1) Hart, calves, hares.
(2) In the figure 8.
- WORD PUZZLE.—Cathedral.
- ELIMINATION.—Friend, fiend, find, fin, in, I.
- ENIGMA.—"Answer."
- DECAPITATION.—Share, hare, are, R.E., E.
- ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION.—
(1) Dove, (2) Lizard, (3) Cowes, (4) Lyons, (5) Turkey, (6) Worms.
- DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Napier: Gordon.
Nelson
Alt O
Pound
Idle R
Echo
K u G
- PUZZLE.—(1) OVID, (2) DIDO, (3) VIOL.
- TRANSPPOSITIONS.—
(1) Marmion, Scott; (2) Childe Harold, Byron; (3) In Memoriam, Tennyson.
- CHARADES.—
(1) Justice; (2) black-guard (3) aloe, A.L.O.E.; (4) not-able.
- HIDDEN TOWNS.—
(1) Tenby, Dover; (2) Lyons, Ems; (3) Ayr, Agra, Oxford, Susa; (4) Nice, Tours.
- WORD SUPPLY.—
(1) And; (2) sea, see; (3) arm; (4) ate, eight; (5) ale, ail.
- REVERSI.—
(1) Madam, (2) Hannah, (3) civic, (4) minim, (5) level, (6) noon.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

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

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

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

Sept. 3rd, Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke xvii. 11-19.)

- What verses in Lev. xiii. and xiv., and what in St. Matt. viii. and ix. are illustrated by the injunction given to the lepers in this "Gospel"?
- What verses in Heb. xi. and Rom. iv. are illustrated by the ready way in which they complied with this injunction?
- What verse in this Gospel, and what like verses in other Scriptures, are illustrated by the happy result of this compliance?

Sept. 10th, Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. vi. 24-34.)

- In what well-known Psalm, and in what verses of other Psalms, are we taught the same lesson as that which our Saviour enforces here from the case of the "fowls of the air"?
- What other Scriptures help to show us that it is only anxious forethought that is here forbidden by the Saviour?
- What peculiarity is there in the way in which the Saviour uses the case of the "Gentiles" for our instruction?

Sept. 17th, Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke vii. 11-17.)

- What is recorded of the Saviour in the "Gospel" for to-day which illustrates what is said about Him in the "Epistle" for to-day?
- What is recorded of the Saviour which illustrates what is said about God the Father Himself in the "Epistle"?
- How may the story of the "Gospel" be both compared and contrasted with that told in Mark vi. 36-48?

Sept. 24th, Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke xiv. 1-11.)

- What do we read in the previous chapter which helps to account for what is told us at the end of verse 4?
- Where else do we find the Saviour—and where else do we find both those who preceded and those who followed Him—teaching us as in verse 11?
- What is said of our Saviour in this story which helps to show His acquaintance with the law of Moses?

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in Sunday by Sunday Questions:—

SARAH ISABELLA CHILD, 32, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness; GEORGE ARMSTRONG, Canal House, Tullamore, Ireland; N. HIGGINS, Willsbridge House, near Bristol; W. H. HACKLEY, 27, St. Barnabas Street, Wellingborough; CECIL G. LOVER, The Gardens, Peever Hall, Knutsford; EMILY SILCOCK, Burlingham, St. Edmunds, Norwich; FLORENCE M. TRENDALL, 5, Duncombe Road, Hornsey Rise; HARRIET A. BELL, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; G. BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate; MAUD C. MASKELL, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; FLORENCE WILLIAMS, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; E. B. TAGGART, St. Matthew's Vicarage, Douglas, Isle of Man; W. J. SIMMONDS, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; KATE BASCOMB, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; MARY SATCHEL, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; HILDA TATE, 97, Edward Street, Weelsby, Grimsby; ROBERT V. WATSON, St. Helens Street, Elsecar, Barnsley; BERTHA M. TAYLOR, Marshland Fen, Middle Drove, Wisbeach; ROSAMOND J. VEASEY, 15, Pennington Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells; ROSETTA E. SMITH, 192, Eddlestone Road, Crewe; THOMAS PICKARD, 139, Main Street, Bulwell, Notts; ALICE E. STEELE, Steventon Terrace, Riverdale Road, Ludlow; G. A. BUTCHERS, Myrtle Cottage, Icklesham, Rye; JAMES W. ATKINSON, 61, Tindal Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; ALICE J. PRINS, R. S. & M. Orphan Home, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth; ANNIE RIMELL, Weston Subedge, Broadway, Worcester; ARTHUR J. REDFEARN, Lea Marston, Minworth, Birmingham; CLAUDE DAVIDSON-HOUSTON, St. John's Vicarage, Sandy-mount, Dublin; LOUIE RIGG, Vernon House, Hartington Place, East-bourne; MILDRED C. RAMSAY, Everton Vicarage, Bawtry; M. J. P. DE MARTIN, 12, Market Street, Wellingborough; HARRY E. PIGGOTT, West End, Alton; MARTHA E. BERRYMAN, Ballylifford, Moneymore, co. Kerry; REBECCA COOPER, Yew Tree Hill, Netherton, Dudley; J. T. SENIOR, Cuckson's Cottages, Maghull, Liverpool; HILDA DICKSON, Stewkley Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard; J. H. GARRAD, 23, John Campbell Street, Kingsland, N.; KITTY LOW, 35, Trafalgar Road, Newport, Isle of Wight; JESSIE M. MCNEILE, Shrigley Vicarage, Macclesfield.

"Sun of my Soul."

Words by JOHN KEBLE.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dew of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sa - viour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5. Watch by the sick—enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Mariam's Eagerness.

BOOKS are dear in Uganda. The cheapest costs ten strings of shells, and a woman is quite willing to work a whole month for five strings. Mariamu was a woman who was too poor to buy a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, which is the only one printed in Luganda, the language of the country. So she borrowed one from a richer neighbour, and learned it off by heart. One evening, Mr. Walker tells us, she came to him, and wanted to say the whole Gospel to him. He begged to be excused, but she persisted, and would not let him off until he consented to hear at least the whole of the fifth chapter.

Pay in Your Money.

"If you please," it is often said, "I would rather not have my missionary box opened yet. I should like to wait until it is a little heavier." And so it is sometimes more than a year before the box is opened. All that time the money is lying idle. In like manner the treasurers of parochial missionary associations wait till the very latest day before paying in their money to the parent societies, so as to make the amount seem all the greater. They do not know that the parent societies have to borrow large sums of money during part of the year to discharge their liabilities while they are kept waiting for their money. One of the great societies calculated recently that it was "borrowing money at the rate of two missionaries a year," that is, that if it were not for having to pay so much interest, they might keep two more missionaries. Much of this loss could be avoided if money was paid in as soon as any considerable sum was collected.

GARDEN WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT out cauliflower which were sown in August about the end of the month. The beds should be about four feet wide, and the plants should be planted about four inches apart each way. Place frames on the beds, and if the weather is cold or very wet put on the lights to protect the plants. In about a month transplant into other beds, using frames and lights as before. In warm weather give plenty of air. Prepare a piece of ground, and transplant cabbage, broccoli, and cabbage coleworts. The latter will be ready for use in about six weeks. Earth up celery. Sow winter spinach. Gather seeds of plants which are now ripe, and spread them out in the sun to dry. Take them indoors at night-time. Dig up potatoes.

Fruit Garden.

Gather the different kinds of fruit which are ripe. Dry weather is the best. Make new strawberry beds. Choose the strongest runners. The plants should be a foot or so apart each way, in rows, and the ground should be well dressed with rotted manure. If the weather is dry plentifully water the beds when planted. Take advantage of moist weather, if possible, for planting, as the plants will root more easily.

Flower Garden.

Transplant perennials—viz., carnations, pinks, sweetwilliams, etc. Divide roots of polyanthes, pansies, auriculas and daisies.

