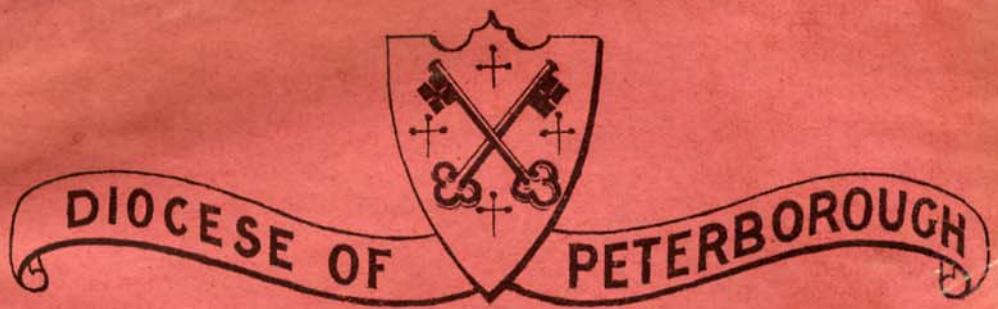


October, 1893.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

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

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

SAINTS DAYS and HOLY DAYS—

8 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10 a.m. Mattins.
 7.30 p.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon

All other Week Days—

8.30 a.m. Mattins (with the Litany on Wednesday and Friday)
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Wednesday, October 18th.—Festival of S. Luke the Evangelist. S. Luke was not one of our Lord's Apostles but was probably converted to the Faith through the teaching of S. Paul. He is chiefly known as the companion of S. Paul on his missionary journeys & he remained faithful to him in his last days of trouble, when all others had deserted him (2 Timothy, iv. 11.) Under the influence of S. Paul he collected the accounts of our Lord's Life which he wrote down in the Gospel that bears his name, and he also wrote the Acts of the Apostles as a continuation of the Gospel Story. S. Luke is believed to have been a physician (Colossians, iv. 14.) and his writings show traces of a higher education than is found in the other Evangelists. His two books entitle him to a high place among the sacred writers.

Saturday, October 28th.—Festival of S. Simon and S. Jude. Very little is known of these two Apostles. They are coupled together in all the lists of the Apostles, and they are by some supposed to have been brothers. Jude is also called Judas (not Iscariot). The general teaching of the Festival as shown in the collect is to call attention to the Holy Faith delivered by the Lord through His Apostles — and the Church — as S. Paul writes (Ephesians, ii. 20) "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets."

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

Oct. 1st: Gen. xxix. to v. 20	Hymn to be learnt— begin 215.
8th: " xxxii. and xxxiii.	
15th: " xxxvii. to v. 11	
22nd: " xxxvii. from v. 11 to end	
29th: 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).

Sept. 10th: Margaret Harrison.

Marriages.

Aug. 30th: Edward Pepper and Ellen Beatrice Snowden.
 Sept. 9th: William Arnson and Sarah Deveille.
 11th: John Henry Needham and Ellen Sheffield.
 Charles Henry Harris and Elizabeth Martin

Burials.

Sept. 5th: James Toone, aged 64 years.
 9th: Thomas Arthur Boyer, aged 2 months.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.
Sept. 3rd—	£1 17s. 10½d.	£0 9s. 10d.
10th—	—	£0 4s. 11d.
17th—	£3 2s. 0½d.	£0 5s. 2d.
24th—	—	£0 3s. 5d.
Poor Box—	—	£0 0s. 3d.
Totals	£4 19s. 11d.	£1 3s. 7d.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Oct. 1st.	166 318 387	382 339 194	166 382 381 223
8th	160 279 290	242 215 224	180 174 28
15th	4 199 254	194 215 331	107 184 12
18th	—	—	261 433 24
22nd	140 176 270	165 215 13	167 164 27
29th	200 168 238	254 215 17	237 255 215

PARISH NOTES.

We think we may say that the School Treat on September 2nd was a complete success. The Village Hall with the skittle alley at the back seated all the children for tea at one time. The tea was most carefully arranged by the ladies who had it in charge and carried out by the help of many willing hands. As soon as things could be cleared away the children were brought back to the Hall for the Entertainment. As we expected, this gave great delight. A professional Conjurer and Ventriloquist had been engaged who began by displaying his skill in conjuring. He ate up a newspaper and then drew it out of his mouth in a strip of paper yards long, he produced an endless number of things out of an empty hat and did other wonders. The next part of the entertainment caused great amusement, when he sat a little old man and woman on the table and made them talk and quarrel. But best of all, and most enjoyed by old and young was the Punch and Judy. We noticed a few of the quite little ones who were at first rather afraid of Mr. Punch's queer face and shrill voice, but they were soon comforted and the whole body of children and grown up people too were kept for half an hour continually laughing. Altogether there seemed to be great enjoyment throughout and we hope that the Treat of 1893 will be remembered as a very happy one. We give below a list of the Subscribers to the Fund.

S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED.

All being well the Mothers' Meetings will begin for the winter on Monday Afternoon, October 23rd, at the Coffee House at 2.30 p.m.

We venture again to commend to our readers the half-penny weekly religious paper called the "*Church Evangelist*". Since we last mentioned it nearly 100 copies have been sold in the village every week, which shows that it is liked. We feel sure that those who like a little real Sunday reading will be glad to have it. The Vicar has it delivered at the houses at the end of every week.

The Schools were examined in drawing on Friday, September 15th, by Major Ingles the Government Inspector and we shall hope for a favourable report in a few days.

The time is approaching when the CLOTHING CLUB must be settled. It is well that the money should be spent and warm garments bought before the winter weather sets in. The Vicar will therefore be obliged if all cards are sent in & left on Monday, October 9th, when they will be reckoned up and given out again at the usual time on the following Monday.

From the OLD OAK CHEST in the Vestry.

We have only space this month for a short portion under this head. It may interest our readers to see a few lines of the ancient Parish Register just as they stand in the old book. We give the entries of burials for the year 1589. This was in the reign of "good Queen Bess"—and the year after that very important event the attempted invasion of England by the enormous fleet sent from Spain, called the "Invincible Armada." This great danger to our Country by the mercy of God was repelled through the skill and courage of our English sailors. The names we give this month will include persons who just lived to hear the joyful news.

John Bradhurst, July 21.

Margarett Bradhurst, July 29.

John Steevenson sonne of Henry, Au 5.

Henry Bramson, Decem. 25.

John Care, January 20.

Widdowe Etroffe, Feby. 21.

Robte. Sutton, March 2.

Fra. (Francis) Baradell sonne of Edward, March 6.

Walter Farnham sonne of Mr. Humphrey, March 22.

This is the first mention in the Registers of the Farnham family. They had of course been located at Quorn long before this—about 300 years before. The Registers at this period were very irregularly kept. Thus in 1587 only two burials are put down (William and Isabell Purse). That very year John Farnham whose beautiful tomb stands in the private chantry, died.

QUORN CRICKET CLUB.—We are glad during the Summer to have been able to give a short account month by month of the cricket matches played by the village club. The Season was brought to a close on September 9th, though other matches had been arranged. Our football players were eager to begin. This year there have been 16 matches played of which 7 were won, 5 lost, 3 drawn, and 1 tied; and upon this record we may congratulate the club on an interesting and successful season.

We are very glad that arrangements have been made by the FOOTBALL CLUB to play their matches in Stafford's Orchard. Everyone will see what an advantage it is to have the matches in the very centre of the village, and we shall hope to see large attendances of lookers-on. The first match of the season was played on September 23rd, against Hathern, and resulted in a tie (1 all). Matches are fixed to be played here on October 7th, 14th and 21st.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mr. Warner...	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Horspool	...	0	2	0
Capt. Warner	...	2	0	0	Mr. Cuffling...	...	0	2	0
Mrs. Hole	...	1	10	0	Mrs. Martin...	...	0	2	0
Mrs. Herrick	...	1	0	0	Mr. Hill	...	0	2	0
Mr. Cradock	...	1	0	0	Dr. Unitt	...	0	2	0
Dr. Harris	...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Chapman	...	0	1	6
Mr. Hayward	...	0	10	0	Mr. Moore	...	0	1	6
Mrs. Hayward	...	0	10	0	Mr. F. Brunton	...	0	1	6
Mr. Meakin	...	0	10	0	Mrs. T. Lucas	...	0	1	0
Rev. E. Foord-Kelcey	...	0	10	0	Miss Hack	...	0	1	0
Mrs. G. Cooke	...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Fewkes	...	0	1	0
Miss Hawker	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Needham	...	0	1	0
Mr. Geo. White	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Stanyon	...	0	1	0
Mr. Thompson	...	0	5	0	Mr. Shenton	...	0	1	0
Mr. Firr	...	0	3	0	Mrs. Waddington	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Laundon	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Paget	...	0	1	0
Mrs. O. S. Brown	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Darker	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Pepper...	...	0	2	6	Mr. F. Thornton	...	0	1	0
Mr. Sault	...	0	2	6	Mrs. W. Camm	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Cuffling, Senr.	...	0	2	6	Mr. Herbert	...	0	1	0
Mr. Stevens...	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Daft	...	0	1	0
Miss Corlett...	...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Horspool	...	0	1	0
Mr. P. Wright	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Slight	...	0	1	0
Miss Inglesant	...	0	2	6	Mr. Voss	...	0	1	0
Mrs. I. hornton	...	0	2	6	Mr. Caiow	...	0	1	0
Mr. Lowe	...	0	2	6	Mrs. C. Webster	...	0	1	0
Mr. Fewkes...	...	0	2	6	Mr. Swain	...	0	1	0
Mr. Backhouse	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Clark	...	0	1	0
Mr. Facer	...	0	2	6	Mrs. White	...	0	1	0
Mr. Turner	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Saunders	...	0	1	0
Mr. Jas. Camm	...	0	2	6	Mr. C. Smith	...	0	1	0
Mr. Robinson	...	0	2	6	Mrs. G. Holmes	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Kinch	...	0	2	0	Mr. Dyball	...	0	1	0
Mrs. W. Fewkes	...	0	2	0	Mr. Kite	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Wright	...	0	2	0	Mr. Earp	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Huskinson	...	0	2	0	Mr. Snowdon	...	0	1	0
Mrs. W. E. Cooke...	...	0	2	0	Mr. Barber	...	0	1	0
Mr. Adams...	...	0	2	0	Mr. Ward	...	0	1	0
Mrs. F. Facer	...	0	2	0	Mr. Squires	...	0	1	0
Mr. W. Richardson	...	0	2	0	Amounts less than 1/-	...	0	9	8
Mrs. J. Wright	...	0	2	0	1/2 of Balance of Royal	...			
Mrs. Lucas	...	0	2	0	Wedding Fund	...	1	3	2
Mrs. Cragg	...	0	2	0	Mrs. Martin	...			
Mrs. Inglesant	...	0	2	0	Mrs. Callis	...			Provisions
Mr. North	...	0	2	0					



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.]

[Drawn and Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VIII. THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

on March 13th, 1823. His father was a member of a family of French extraction, which took refuge in England at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His mother was the first Englishwoman who opened a school for native girls in India. After receiving his early education at Norwich Grammar School, he entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where his career was a distinguished one. He was appointed Bell University Scholar in 1842, Crosse (Theological) Scholar in 1845, Tyrwhitt (Hebrew) Scholar 1848, and he won the Members' Prize for Latin Essay in 1844, 1846, and 1848. He took his degree in 1845, and in 1849 (after taking orders in 1847) was elected Fellow of his College. Among the other honours which he gained at the University it may be mentioned that he was twice examiner for the Classical Tripos, several times select preacher at the University Church, Hulsean Lecturer (1868), and Lady Margaret's Preacher (1874). He was also known in London as Lecturer and Professor at King's College, and as assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn. From 1862 to 1872 he occupied the position of Vice-Principal at St. David's College, Lampeter. He was in 1872 appointed Praelector in Theology, and in 1873 was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was D.D. of his own University (1873), and received the same degree as an honorary distinction from the University of Edinburgh at its tercentenary in 1884. From 1874 to 1876 he was Cambridge preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; Canon-residentiary of Llandaff from 1869 to 1878; and Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge 1875. In 1875 he was appointed an honorary chaplain to

THE
RIGHT
REV.
JOHN
STEWART
PEROWNE,
D.D., Lord
Bishop of
Worces-
ter, is a
son of the
Rev. John
Perowne,
formerly a
mission-
ary at
Burdwan
in Bengal,
where the
Bishop
was born

the Queen, and in 1878 he was nominated, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, to the Deanery of Peterborough in succession to Dr. Saunders, where he did magnificent work in improving the services, and in the restoration and rebuilding of the venerable cathedral. It may also be mentioned that Dr. Perowne was a member of the company engaged on the revision of the Old Testament, and also of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts.

Bishop Perowne's literary efforts have been greatly appreciated by a very wide circle. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and among his best-known works may be named *The Book of Psalms*, a New Translation, with Notes, Critical and Exegetical, which has passed into six Editions; Articles on the Pentateuch, Zechariah, etc., in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*; *The Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments* (five Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral), *The Remains, Literary and Theological, of Bishop Thirlwall*; *The Cambridge Bible for Schools*, and *The Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools*.

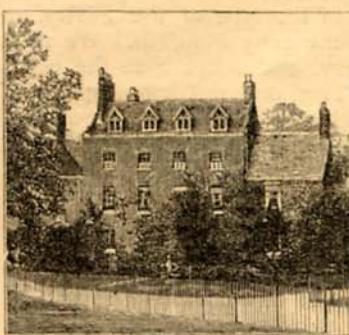
It may be added, that prior to his acceptance of Worcester in 1891 Dr. Perowne had declined two Bishoprics—that of Llandaff, on the death of Bishop Ollivant, and that of Bangor, on the resignation of Bishop Campbell.

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

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:

HOW CAN WE MAKE IT MORE EFFICIENT?

BY THE REV. ROBERT R. RESKER,
Vicar of Purley, Surrey.



ROBERT RAIKES' BIRTHPLACE, GLOUCESTER.

EFFICIENCY" is the order of the day. We see this exemplified in the present condition of elementary education, as contrasted with what it was fifty, or even twenty, years ago. A day school which might then have passed as efficient would now possibly receive a "warning," or be classed as unsatisfactory.

We see it also in our Navy. It has ever been the boast of our country that she is "mistress of the seas."

But, in the face of progress in other countries, she has lately been obliged to spend fourteen or fifteen millions of pounds yearly, not only in adding to the strength, but also in increasing the efficiency of her ships of war. The fresh discoveries (or adaptations of discoveries) of Science—especially in the department of electrical engineering—are constantly being applied to our ironclads, so that, in the terrible event of war, our Navy should not be behind that of other nations. No greater evidence of the vast strides which the Navy of England has made during this century could be seen than in an afternoon visit, say, to H.M.S. *Victory*, and then to one of the newly equipped ironclads.

The Sunday School is the Church's great educational agency for training her young members. It is also a powerful machine for guarding them against the attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and for extending Christ's kingdom. That it has done untold good in the past no one can deny who has any knowledge of the subject. In its influence on the national life, in welding classes together, in being the "nursery of the Church," and in supplying a sphere of usefulness to those desirous of working in the Lord's vineyard, it is second only to the Church herself. It is not too much to say that it owes most of its efficiency to the work of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, which has celebrated its jubilee this year.

That it is capable of doing still more in the days to come is equally true. Indeed, the Sunday Schools of our Church seem destined, by force of circumstances, to become in the future of vastly greater importance. Already, where School Boards exist, the Sunday School alone can give adequate or definite religious teaching. And there may be changes impending in the regulations affecting our National Schools, which may leave the Sunday School as the only place, except the Church, where the religious education will be unfettered.

Most important is it, therefore, that this agency should be made as perfect as possible. We can no more afford to meet present needs, or future contingencies, with plans and methods which did very well a generation or two ago, than we could fight a naval battle with war-ships of the type of the *Victory*, or even of the class of the early ironclads. We must overhaul our machinery, and adapt it to the needs of the present day. Then only will it be capable of bearing the strain which may come upon it by-and-by.

We may go on to consider what the Clergy, Teachers, and Parents may each do to make the Sunday School more efficient. Limits of space lead me to be brief and terse.

I. The *Clergy* may do much by taking a deeper interest in their schools. Two cases have recently come under my notice of incumbents of large town parishes, who for over thirty years have been present at the opening of morning and afternoon school. We need more of this personal interest. By keeping the Sunday School prominently before the congregation,



ROBERT RAIKES.

by assigning to it its rightful place in parochial organisation, by giving the teachers due recognition of the important office they fill, by being on the constant watch for teachers, by instructing them in the preparation of the appointed Lessons, and by providing the pecuniary help for the proper equipment of the Sunday School—both as regards the place of meeting, and the necessary books, maps, and models for teachers and scholars—the parish priest may greatly further its efficiency. In many parishes from which the middle classes have retired the only chance of providing teachers will be to "grow" them. Confirmation candidates and elder scholars may be gathered into classes, where they may be instructed in the art of teaching, and prepared to take the post of teacher. It is from our day scholars that the ranks of pupil teachers are almost solely recruited. It is from our elder Sunday scholars that we must draw our Sunday teachers.

II. To the *Teachers* themselves, however, we must especially look in this matter. For the organisation, however perfect, must fail if those who work it are inefficient. The present efficiency of day-school teaching has done two things for Sunday Schools: (1) it has removed the drudgery arising from the children not being able to read; and (2) it has made it impossible for the teacher to meet his scholars without some kind of preparation, both as to *what* to teach, and *how* to teach. Scholars accustomed to skilled teachers for five days a week will soon find out whether their Sunday teacher can teach. A sharp boy may make an ill-prepared teacher very uncomfortable by a difficult question. Teachers must also realise to a greater degree the high dignity and solemn responsibilities of their office; must take pains to acquire some knowledge of "How to teach" (they may learn something about this by hearing a day-school teacher give a lesson, and by regularly attending the Association meetings); must regard attendance at the Preparation Class as indispensable, and spare themselves no trouble in doing every detail of their work. To this end they must have a deep interest in it. I would say they must even be *enthusiastic* about it. "This one thing I do" must be their motto. And this will lead them to take an interest in their scholars out of school and in their homes. They must also be loyal to their Church and

to their clergyman (whose officers they are), and while seeking to instruct their scholars out of the Holy Scriptures as the great lesson-book, will also try to give them sufficient reasons why they belong to the Church, and to impart a knowledge of the Prayer-Book and Catechism, so as to make them intelligent churchmen.

III. *Parents*, also, can very considerably aid this greater efficiency of the Sunday School, by taking an interest in their children's lessons, seeing that they learn the appointed texts, etc., and answer questions, if they bring home scholars' lesson-papers. They can further the teacher's work by minding that their children are never absent or late. Dear parents, the Sunday School teacher should be regarded by you as the greatest friend of your children. He seeks to train them to be obedient, happy, and holy in this life—

“Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.”

Your co-operation is absolutely necessary. A bad example at home can only result in defeating the instruction of the teachers. The little crabs will soon learn to act contrary to the instructions they have received to swim like good fishes if they see the parent crabs swimming sideways.

But Clergy, Teachers, and Parents alike need to learn that efficiency is “not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit.” Good plans are in vain without God's aid. That aid we must seek by prayer. A truly efficient Sunday School is one where every effort is put forth by all who have to do with it to make it as perfect as possible, and where every one also realises how absolutely dependent we are after all for blessing upon God's Spirit.

JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

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

CHAPTER VII.

“THE LOVE OF GOD.”



WHILE Ruth and Stella, engaged in affectionate and confidential chat, were climbing the hill towards the Old Hall, Timmy Brodie, washed and shining, as regards

head and hands, and with as much superfluous soot as possible shaken from his clothes, was seated in dignified state in the Vicar's study. In spite of the comfortable chair in which the Vicar had placed him, it could scarcely be said that Timmy felt at his ease. The unwonted surroundings took from him much of the effrontery with which Nature, and his mode of life, had liberally endowed him. A little tray stood on the corner of the writing table, bearing a teapot and two cups, and at the moment Mr. Denman was adding to Timmy's confusion by pouring out a cup of tea for him. “Sugar, Brodie?” he demanded, holding the sugar-tongs in his hand; “or perhaps you prefer to help yourself?” “No, sir, thank you, sir; I'd rayther not; whatever you please to give me, sir;” and Timmy backed away from the proffered sugar bowl in alarm.

“Then I'll treat you as I do myself, two pieces to the cup, and I hope you will like it.”

The refreshing cup having been emptied and replenished, Timmy waxed bolder. “I'd like to know your opinion on things in general, sir,” said Timmy anxiously. “You see, this is how 'tis: if folks is to run in double harness, 'tis all the same as 'osses. They must pull together; and if I don't 'zactly know how you're going to pull, and which way you're going to pull, why, I'm a bit in the dark, don't you see?”

“I'm afraid if you want to know my opinion of things in general, Brodie, we shall have to sit here for a longer time than either you, or I, have to spare; but I quite agree with you in your simile about the horses. ‘Can two walk together except they be agreed?’ asked the old prophet; and the question is as pertinent now as it was all those years ago. You came forward last night and offered me your assistance, and now I am glad to find that you wish to know the opinions of the man whom you have offered to help. But there is one thing that I must say about this running double. When horses are in harness, they are, as a rule, being driven; they have to trust to the guidance of the coachman. Now, who is to be our coachman, Brodie? There must be the guiding will, and hand, and we must obey it. Who is to be the coachman?”

Brodie pondered. “Well, sir, I can't 'zactly answer that question; 'tis a bit of a poser. P'raps we shall each drive ourselves; we've each got our own idees, I take it, to guide us by.”

“That won't do, Brodie; our own ideas may not run on the same lines, and we may bring our coach to destruction between us. We must have a better guide than that.”

“Well then, sir, what d'ye say to Public Opinion?”

“Public Opinion is a many-headed monster, Brodie. Our movements, I fear, will be very unstable if we are swayed by it.”

“Then I gives it up, sir! I leaves it to you to give the name to the coachman.”

“What was it induced you to promise to stand by me and act with me?” asked Mr. Denman. “Wasn't

it the fact that you thought I had the welfare of the poor and needy at heart? And you had their welfare at heart, too. To whom, then, should we look for guidance but to the One to whom we owe every good and pure feeling in our hearts?"

Timmy shuffled uneasily in his chair. He had said, "in church and out of church," and now it seemed as if church was being brought down to him in the study. It had been a favourite phrase for him to use, that "Pa'sons was cowards; they preached at the poor man, when in the pulpit, where nobody could answer them, but they would be afraid to say the same thing to a man face to face." And yet here was this parson quietly sitting down and giving him the chance of replying to his utterances.

"But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" said Mr. Denman. "I think that is the coachman we need, Brodie; *the love of God* must be our guide, or we shall do little good."

"Well, sir, I said I'd leave it to you to name the coachman, and so you shall," answered Tim; "but there'll be a mistake somewhere, if you reckons upon me havin' much o' this world's goods."

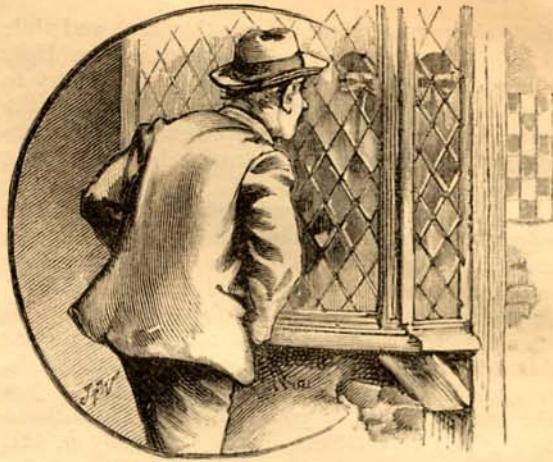
"We may have goods in other forms beside gold and silver, Brodie. It seems to me that you have them in the form of a strong mind, a ready tongue, a good judgment, and in the power of being able to make men listen to you. With the love of God to guide you, these are valuable gifts indeed!"

A glow of intense gratification spread, not only over Timmy's countenance, but over his whole body. Praise like this from Mr. Denman was praise, indeed; the sweep's heart warmed and softened; he felt that this was a man whom he could indeed stand by, for he knew how to appreciate him. There was a suspicious huskiness in his voice as he answered,

"You're very good, sir, to say so, and I'll bide by you, as I said. I leaves it to you, sir, to give the word, and I'll answer to it; you may trust me that far."

It was strong evidence of how much the personality of Mr. Denman had been impressed upon Timmy. The man was conceited and doggedly obstinate. As a rule, he bowed to no man's opinion; he was "a law unto himself," and a law which heretofore nobody had been able to gainsay; and yet the few gentle words which the Vicar had spoken had melted him at once, and he honestly meant what he said in stating that he would be entirely guided by Mr. Denman.

The two had a long talk that evening. If the Vicar was not able to express the whole of his opinion on "things in general," he was at least able to let Timmy see what manner of man he was. To an observer, the appearance of the two men would have presented a striking contrast—Mr. Denman, refined and gentle, possessing all the better qualities, endowed by birth and education; Brodie, small, active, alert, and, as his face told, obstinate to a fault; yet as he sat listening



"HE PAUSED OUTSIDE THE WINDOW."

eagerly to his companion's words, little by little the brute element seemed to melt away, and leave a better and a manlier man in its place.

Timmy walked home in a very meditative frame of mind that night. He pondered much as he wended his way towards his lodgings; he felt that there was some strong guiding power which influenced Mr. Denman, but under whose spell he had not himself fallen. He paused outside the window of the little inn at which he always took up his abode when in Brundale, and listened for a moment to the noise and laughter going on inside; he could distinguish the various voices of his own special cronies, and instead of desiring to join them, and to take his place as leader in the joviality, Timmy felt a shrinking from them which surprised even himself. He walked off somewhat moodily, filling his pipe as he went, and paced round the village green.

"Bother it all!" he exclaimed at length, "pa'son's right, I believe; 'tis the love of God, and that's what he's got, and that's what I wants. There was poor old Mother Brooks; why, she was as poor as poor. I've know'd her lie on that bed of her'n for days wi'out a scrap o' fire, and precious little to eat, and yet she was always bright; and I says to her one day, 'What makes you so bright and peart, mother? You haven't got nothin' as I knows on to look so glad about.' 'Yes, I have, Tim,' she says; 'I've got the love o' God to make me bright, and keep me warm;' and that's what makes pa'son look so glad. I sees it right enough. He does good to others 'cos the love of God puts it into his heart. I used to get up and talk big to 'em 'cos I liked to spout. 'Tain't the right way, Tim Brodie,' he continued, "'taint the right way; I sees it now, and somehow or other I means to alter it, if I'm going to be pa'son's man, I'm going to be like him, too. Let's see how I can fit things in. I must be off to-morrer and finish up Naresdown way, and then I must go to Skirley. I promised to sweep the chimneys at Lawyer Dale's afore the week was out;

but Saturday night I'll come back, and just see what pa'son's got to say for hisself on Sunday."

Timmy carried out his plan, and soon the villagers of Bruntdale learned to look for a washed and clean Timmy Brodie to drive into the village on Saturday, and for a still cleaner Timmy to appear at church on Sunday. At first he came in his sweep's clothes, but by degrees his sooty garments vanished, and were replaced by others of a semi-nautical cut, of which, in the depth of his heart, Timmy felt exceedingly proud. Indeed, he had gone to the extent in extravagance to purchase a clothes brush, and every Monday morning the suit was subjected to a severe examination and brushing before it was again tied up in the red cotton handkerchief, which served as his travelling bag. But no thought of clothes or personal appearance interfered with Timmy's attention to the service; and his reverent demeanour was a model to the congregation. His responses were so sonorous, and his singing so hearty, that he began to be looked upon as only second to the organist in matters musical, and the circle round him were inspired, by his example, to sing their best. The change was not only in the outward man. Timmy had set himself a model. He wished to be "like pa'son"; but as he listened to Mr. Denman's teaching a conviction stole upon him that there was even a higher model than the Vicar whom he must follow and copy; there was no sudden upheaval or conversion in his heart, but, little by little, old things, old friends, old amusements, lost their charm, and instead of them a love of goodness, kindness, and charity, had taken their place. Timmy knew now what it was to own the guiding power of the love of God.

But though he had loosed himself from his old ways, he had not lost that gift which made him a power among men of his own class. Although now his theme would be very different, and he had ceased to rail at governments and powers, he was still able to command an attentive audience. His manner was short and incisive, and he had a humorous way of putting things which compelled consideration. Though at first his old comrades shirked his company, and dreaded to hear him speak, yet by degrees they would gather round him again, and many a word of warning and advice from his lips, bore seed in after days.

When chimney-sweeping was slack, Timmy would lend a hand at the quay-side, or in the harvest field; and he had often found an excellent chance of pointing a moral, even while cracking a sly joke and raising a laugh. Among the other good things which his change of life had brought to him, was the friendship which had sprung up between him and the wheelwright's family.

The Sunday tea at Mrs. Harker's cottage, passed into a regular institution, and no temptation would have drawn Brodie away from that pleasant meal. The friendship had its earliest foundation in the common admiration they both felt for the Vicar, and soon other points of mutual interest were discovered.

"Declare if you two don't talk like a book," John Harker would say admiringly, as he listened to an

exchange of opinions between the two. "'Pon my word now, 'tis a pleasure to listen to you; pa'son hisself couldn't 'spound better than you can, Timmy, and as to my old 'ooman, why, she allays was real smart to 'splain what ain't quite clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

STELLA'S RELATIONS.



TELLA was right in her conjecture that her father would soon be leaving home again. The great autumn race meeting at Doncaster was coming on, and Mr. Atherfield had heavy

stakes on the St. Leger. Without any thought for his daughter or his household, he absented himself from home for a fortnight. Ruth was only too glad to avail herself of Abraham's offer to look after the house, on the Sunday after his departure, to take Stella with her to church. At first the young girl felt only curiosity, and stared around her at the unwonted sight; but by degrees the solemnity of the service began to influence her. She tried to follow the prayers in Ruth's book, but it was not until Mr. Denman mounted the pulpit that she really settled down quietly, and gave her full attention. That she did not understand one half of the sermon was true, but she was perfectly absorbed in trying to do so; the intentness of her gaze even attracted the notice of the preacher, who became conscious of the magnetic power of the big dark eyes so earnestly fixed upon his face.

"I like your church, I shall come again, Ruth," she remarked, as they turned their steps homeward; "but I don't understand it all, you must teach me; and, Ruth, you must get me a Prayer-Book; I see that everybody has one; Abraham must get me one at Skirley. He must drive over this week, and you must tell him where to go."

That evening, as they sat together by the fire, for the chill of autumn was creeping over the land, Stella said suddenly, "Read to me, Ruth; there are a lot of things I should like to know; read to me, and perhaps I shall find them out." Ruth complied willingly enough. She had frequently urged Stella to read, and amuse herself with books, but had found her very averse to doing so.

"She didn't care for books," she would declare; "she never meant to be a book-worm any more than father was. He always said that one was enough in a family, and mother read enough for all of them put

together." She had managed to conceal from Ruth the fact that she could barely read at all. The latter had been reading aloud for some time, when, looking up, she noticed that tears were standing in the child's eyes, and slowly rolling down her cheeks, and it was some time before she could comfort her, but Stella resolutely refused to tell the reason for this unusual outburst of feeling.

The following day, in response to Stella's request, Abraham drove into Skirley, and brought back the Prayer-Book. For the first half hour she was as pleased with it as a child with a new toy, but ere long she came to Ruth, and said sadly,—

"Ruth, do you know, I cannot read it?"

"Not read it, Miss Stella! Do you mean you cannot read at all?"

"Scarcely at all; that was what made me cry last night, when I heard you reading so nicely. I felt as though my heart would burst, when I knew that I could not do it, and now I have my beautiful Prayer-Book, and I cannot read it."

"But you can learn, Miss Stella. I will teach you, if you will let me, till Mr. Atherfield returns, and perhaps he will make some arrangements for you."

"Dear Ruth!" cried Stella, impulsively throwing her arms round Ruth's neck, "nobody is so good to me as you. I never knew till you came how ignorant I was."

Stella could scarcely bear to wait until the work of the day was over, and Ruth at leisure to commence her new duties of teacher; the child's soul had awakened, the first spark of womanhood was appearing, and it showed her that the life she had led up to the present was debased and grovelling. She had vague and indistinct cravings and longings for something higher and better, and the only way in which she could at present see any outlet for her aspirations was by learning to read.

Ruth was horrified to find that she must take Stella's "scarcely at all" in quite a literal manner, for beyond words of three or four letters, she could read nothing; but Stella threw herself into her new occupation with such ardour, and worked so hard, that before her father returned she had made considerable progress. Naturally endowed with excellent abilities, and now inspired with a burning desire to acquire knowledge and to be as other girls, she sat for hours together at her books. Ruth hustled to and fro in the kitchen, pausing now and then at the little table by the window to make some explanation, or answer a question; Stella would grow flushed and heated as she struggled with the difficulties of spelling and pronunciation, or dabbed both fingers and copybook with ink in her endeavour to shape her letters properly. It was with difficulty that Ruth could persuade her to leave her studies and take exercise; and so great was the change from the free, open life which she had hitherto led, that it began to tell upon her, the bright colour in her face paled, and the bright eyes became heavy.

A letter announcing her father's intended return, with an order for Abraham to meet him at Skirley, broke the spell, and all that day she wandered restlessly about the house, unable to settle to her books, and speculating uneasily as to what "Dad" would say to her new studies.

"Perhaps he won't like it, Ruth," she would say. "I don't think he cares for learned people; but then, I'm not learned yet. You do think I am getting on though, don't you, Ruth, dear?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Stella; I think it is quite wonderful what you have done in the last two weeks. I believe you will turn out very clever if you will only keep to your books, and have somebody who understands teaching to help you."

"Nobody could help me like you do; but oh! I do so wonder what Dad will say. Will he be pleased, or will he be angry? Do you know, Ruth, I am half afraid to tell him."

Ruth pondered a minute, and then said, "I think you ought to tell him yourself, Miss Stella, or I would offer to do it for you, only your father will like to hear it from yourself first. I will speak afterwards if there is need."

Mr. Atherfield missed the boisterous welcome which Stella had always accorded to him, but he was conscious as she clung to him, that there was more of depth in the quieter greeting which she gave him.

"Why, what has my girl been doing to make her look so pale?" he exclaimed, as she lifted her head from his shoulder, and gazed wistfully into his face, trying to read his mood, and to guess whether it was a happy moment to make her confession.

"I daresay you will say I have been very silly, Dad," she answered, as she rubbed her cheek against his arm. "Ruth has scolded me ever so many times; but I was so busy I could not go out; I have been learning to read. You won't mind, will you? I want so badly to be like other girls, and to know what they know."

Mr. Atherfield lifted her head and looked curiously and intently into her face; then he laid it back again on his shoulder with a heavy sigh.

"You're not angry, are you, father?"

"No, I'm not angry, only I don't think you will be any happier in being like other girls, or in knowing what they know, my dear; but I suppose these things must be. You're not a child now; and as you grow to be a woman you'll forget your Dad, and you are all he has got to love."

"Never, never, father! I shall love you to the end!" cried the child, flinging her arms about his neck, and kissing him passionately. "I've got nobody else to love but you—you and Ruth. She loves me, too, but mother doesn't care. I shall love you always."

"Yes, child, love Ruth too; she is a good girl," said Mr. Atherfield.

"And Ruth says I must love mother; she won't allow me to say anything against her," continued Stella.

"Ruth is a good girl, different to others we have had here before, isn't she?"

"Oh, quite different! I feel as though I'd got a sister in Ruth," answered Stella with enthusiasm.

"Yes, she is a good girl. Do what Ruth tells you, only don't let any one drive your father out of your heart; never forget, Stella, you are all I've got to love."

A little later, when Ruth entered the room with the lamp, Mr. Atherfield spoke to her—

"So you have been turning governess, Ruth?"

"I have done what I could for Miss Stella, sir. She was anxious to learn, but she ought to have somebody else to teach her—a lady who understands more than I do."

"Nobody would teach me like you do, Ruth!" exclaimed Stella.

"There are a great many things that young ladies learn that I know nothing about, Miss Stella. You ought to have a governess, or else go to school."

"Oh! I couldn't go to school, and leave the dear old place, and Dad and you, Ruth. Why," reproachfully,

"do you want to get rid of me in this unkind way?"

"Indeed I do not," answered Ruth, suddenly aware that if Stella left the Old Hall the brightness of her life would be gone; "all I want is for you to be taught properly."

"Stella doesn't want to go to school, and I'll have no governess here, so you'll have to be teacher still, Ruth."

"But, sir," said Ruth anxiously, "couldn't you send her into Skirley twice a week for lessons? I have tried to think it all out. I—I—don't want to be impudent, but when you and Mrs. Atherfield are away, I feel Miss Stella is in my charge, and I think a good deal about her; I want her to get some education."

"I'm not sure that you don't look after her better than either her father or mother," said Mr. Atherfield; "you shall make inquiries at Skirley for some one to give her lessons."

"And there is another thing, sir," said Ruth nervously; "I have gone to church at Bruntdale while you have been away, and Miss Stella has gone too. She wishes to go again, but I felt I must speak to you; I could not take her without your knowledge."

Mr. Atherfield sprang to his feet, and paced the room with an expression on his face which made Ruth tremble.

"Let her choose," he cried at length, "between the church and me. If that parson gets hold of her, and puts ideas into her head, I'll never forgive him, or her either."

"Father, Mr. Denman wouldn't do it; only last Sunday he preached on the duty of loving."

"If your love only comes from a sense of duty I want none of it; you must give me something better than duty-love, that is too cold for me."

"Father!" cried Stella earnestly, "you know I love you better than anything else; if you say I must not go to church: I—"

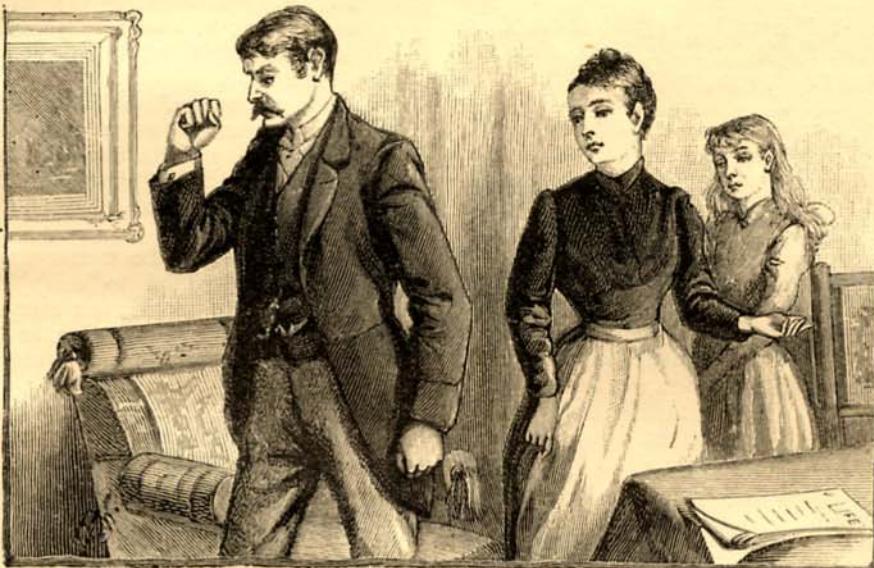
"You wouldn't have Miss Stella grow up like a

heathen, sir," interposed Ruth in a quiet, grave tone.

Mr. Atherfield resumed his angry march up and down the room, and at length, by a tremendous effort, he commanded his temper, and answered calmly,—

"You're a bold girl, Ruth, to stand to your guns in this way; 'tis not every one has the courage to face me, but you're right, girl, have your own way, take her to church. I don't believe she'll forsake her old father for anybody else. And see for some one to teach her. I've come home flush of money now. You shall have plenty to-morrow; you can be trusted; you shall keep it, so as to have something to fall back upon when I am hard up."

As soon as Abraham was at liberty to drive them into Skirley, Ruth and Stella went down to the little port to make inquiries for a governess, from whom Stella could receive lessons; but they were unable to find one who could take her. Then Ruth thought of Miss Cousins, a kind old lady, the daughter of a



"MR. AHERFIELD RESUMED HIS ANGRY MARCH."

former Vicar of Skirley, and a close friend of Mrs. Merton's. By her they were advised to apply at a school which had recently been established, and where, according to Miss Cousins, all sorts of outlandish subjects were taught.

"We never wanted to know how many bones we had in our bodies when I was young," said the old lady, "and I have got along very well without any such knowledge; but I daresay it is needed now, all the women seem to be turning into blue-stockings."

It was very evident to Ruth that Mrs. Wright, on whom they next called, was surprised that a servant should have been sent to make arrangements with her. She inquired for Mrs. Atherfield, and on hearing that she was absent from home, said she would write to Mr. Atherfield.

"Father doesn't like to be worried about these things," interposed Stella; "Ruth looks after me. He said Ruth was to arrange; whatever Ruth thinks is right he will agree to."

But Mrs. Wright waved her on one side, saying she preferred to deal with principals; she would write to Mr. Atherfield when she had considered the matter.

"Ruth," said Stella, "shall I ever grow to be like that? If Mrs. Wright is a lady, I don't want to be one. Now that dear old Miss Cousins is nice, even if she doesn't know the number of bones in her body."

Both the girls waited impatiently for the promised letter from Mrs. Wright. Mr. Atherfield gave it to Ruth, telling her to settle the matter as she thought best; but an unexpected opposition was thrown in the way by Abraham, who declared that he could neither promise to drive into Skirley on set days, nor could he spare the hours which must be given by Stella to her lessons.

"I'd have to waste two whole days a week, and I can't do it!" he declared; "the master would never wish it."

Finding that Mr. Atherfield agreed with Abraham in the matter, Ruth thought of walking down to Brundale to make inquiries there, and, hearing of her destination, Mr. Atherfield sent a message by her to the wheelwright. "Tell Harker I have written to Kempstone to-day and sent him his money; so he may make himself easy, he will get his bond back in a day or two."

"There now, wife; what did I tell 'ee?" exclaimed John Harker when he received the message. "Didn't I say as Mr. Atherfield was a gentleman, an' he'd behave like a gentleman should? I wa'n't afraid, not I, an' I wouldn't be 'fraid again."

Mrs. Harker said nothing. She was greatly relieved to find that what she had felt to be an imminent danger was gone, and she determined that, if she could help it, John should never again sign his name to any such document.

Mrs. Harker could give no information to Ruth concerning a governess. "Well, now, to be sure!" she exclaimed, on hearing the errand which had brought her the pleasure of a visit from Miss Stella,

"it is nice to hear of a young thing like you wanting to learn everything; but there isn't nobody here, my dear, to teach a young lady like you. What a pity, now, but you could go up to the Park and get your lessons with the young ladies there; and they your cousins, too! I'm told they've got as many as two ladies up there to teach 'em, but I doubt if they're as natural clever as you are, Missy!"

"I'd rather learn nothing all my life than have lessons with those girls!" cried Stella hotly, with a flash of the old passionate temper which had lately been lying dormant. "I hate to think that they are my relations; but I will never recognise them, never, never!"

"Why, here's the Vicar coming up the path," said Mrs. Harker. "If anybody can tell you about a governess he can; he knows everybody in the parish."

The case was explained, and Ruth modestly stated what was needed.

"I know of no one," said Mr. Denman, "but I have a good governess for my own children. If Mr. Atherfield has no objection to his daughter coming to my house it might be arranged. I will speak to Mrs. Denman about it at once, and then she will write to you."

To Stella's great joy the matter was soon settled. Mr. Atherfield declined to enter into any correspondence on the matter, but sent Ruth down to finish the arrangements, giving her, at the same time, a sum of money to cover two years' expenses. "Keep it by you, and use it for the child; and, look you! never let me have it, not even a shilling, however much I may want it; and don't let your mistress know either. You can't trust either of us in the matter of money; but you are an honest girl, and I will trust you."

Happy, indeed, was Stella to find she could have her desire. Every morning, as soon as she had despatched her early breakfast, she was to be seen on the road to Brundale, eager for work. She returned after the morning lessons, and Ruth's services were put into requisition during the afternoon and evening to assist her in her preparations for the next day's work. It was a happy time for both girls. Stella made rapid advances along the paths of knowledge, and she was determined to take Ruth along with her. Together they struggled through the intricacies of arithmetic, and together floundered among French genders, and German cases; Ruth willing to work hard at these new branches of knowledge in order to incite her young mistress to further efforts. To her kind friend, Mrs. Merton, she told of all the strange things which had come to pass, and from her she received sound advice and encouragement, which helped her along a somewhat trying and difficult road.

(*To be continued.*)

SHE who does not make her family comfortable will herself never be happy at home, and she who is not happy at home will never be happy anywhere.—ADDISON.

A FESTIVAL HYMN.



"**L**O, I am with you alway,"
The Master spake the word;
Shall we not trust His promise,
The promise of our Lord ?
Invisibly amongst us
He reigns as King Divine,
He fills the Church with glory,
With love and light benign.

Then hail ! Thou Royal Saviour,
Whose death hath won our life,
Whose life sheds Heavenly radiance,
And peace, o'er earthly strife.
Thy Presence still is with us,
Our souls by Thee are fed,
The Church, which Thou hast ransomed,
Adores Thee as her Head.

When at the holy Altar
In faith and love we kneel,
As Lord of life and comfort,
Thou dost Thyself reveal.
The blest Baptismal waters
Thy word doth consecrate ;
'Tis Thou receiv'st the infants,
By grace regenerate.

Then may we all confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King ;
And bending low before Thee,
Our humble offerings bring.—
Hearts glowing with devotion,
And lips attuned to praise,
And lives of loving service,
And worship, all our days !

All praise to God the Father,
Creator of the spheres ;
All praise to God Incarnate,
Our human flesh who wears ;
All praise to God the Spirit,
Our soul's abiding Guest ;
All praise, O Lord Thrice Holy,
One God for ever blest ! Amen.

HUBERT SANDS.

ST. OSWALD'S, BIRMINGHAM.

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.

Oct. 1st, Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. xxii. 34-46.)

1. What remarkable testimony to the Old Testament as a whole can be traced in this "Gospel," and in St. Luke xxiv. ?
2. How can Christians reply to the question asked in verse 45 ?
3. How does this "Gospel" show that our Blessed Saviour was in full possession of some of the endowments mentioned in the "Epistle" ?

Oct. 8th, Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. ix. 1-8.)

1. What evidences of completeness of cure besides those specified in verse 7 are mentioned in the corresponding accounts of St. Mark and St. Luke ?
2. What special evidence of the "faith" mentioned in verse 2 is given us in both those accounts ?
3. What special encouragement is there in all these accounts to those who desire the true welfare of others ?

Oct. 15th, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. xxii. 1-14.)

1. What one word in the Collect for to-day describes what was true on the one side, and untrue on the other, of those mentioned in the "Gospel" ?
2. What features in this Parable seem to apply especially to those who heard it at first ?
3. From which verse in Isa. lxi may we learn the probable cause of the speechlessness described in verse 12 ?

Oct. 22nd, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

(St. John iv. 46-54.)

1. How are the ideas of growth and completeness brought before us in the "Gospel" for to-day ?
2. How in the "Epistle" for to-day ?
3. How in the Collect ?

Oct. 29th, Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. xviii. 21-35.)

1. What expression in the "Epistle" for to-day is illustrated by our Saviour's reply to St. Peter in verse 22 ?
2. What verses in Isa. iv, and in 1 Chron. xxi, are illustrated by the Parable which follows ?
3. How does the same Parable teach us that an unforgiving temper is hateful to men as well as God ?

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE thirty-second Church Congress, will assemble in the metropolis of the Midlands, under conditions which give promise of a most successful gathering. It is the first occasion on which the Congress has visited the Diocese of Worcester, and Archdeacon Emery will see one of his long-cherished hopes realised in a manner which, we trust, will make the Birmingham Congress memorable in the annals of the Church. It is a significant fact that the first item in the official programme after the President's Address is "The Increase of the Episcopate, with Special Reference to the Needs of the Diocese of Worcester and the City of Birmingham." We need not refer to the chequered story of the Birmingham Bishopric scheme. That something should be done, and done speedily, must be apparent to all who are familiar with the devoted work of the Clergy in Birmingham, where the Church is terribly undermanned, many of the parishes being of great extent, and all being densely populated. A good work is going on, and even on purely sentimental grounds Churchmen in general will recognise that they owe a debt of gratitude to the community in which the early days of Lightfoot, Benson, and Westcott were passed.

The Congress Sermons are to be preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Archdeacon of Westminster. The Mayor will give an official welcome to the Congress at the



THE REV. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.,
Canon of Worcester.

Meetings, which will be held in the Congress Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings; and as the speakers will all address themselves to special subjects, there can be little doubt that the working men will get an insight into Church Work and Church Methods such as could hardly be obtained in any other way. It is interesting to note that the sketch programme for these Working Men's Meetings in no sense repeats itself or overlaps on the successive days. For example, on Tuesday the topic is "The Work of the Church among the Artisan Population," divided as follows: (1) "How to Reach the Careless and Non-Church-goers"; (2) "How to Break Down Prejudice against the Church"; (3) "How Best to Adapt Church and Mission Room Services to Popular Needs"; (4) "How to Influence the Home." On Wednesday evening "Licensing Reform" is to be considered, in the form of the Bishop of Chester's Scheme, the C.E.T.S. Bill, and the Local Veto; while on Thursday evening the important subject of

"Church and State" will be dealt with from three points of view: "What We Gain by It," "What We Lose by It," and "What Re-adjustments are Practicable."

Turning to the programme prepared for the other sittings of the Congress, we are glad to note that a place has been found for the consideration of the "Financial Condition of the

Clergy." This will be a great opportunity for helping forward a most pressing problem in Church affairs; and we have no doubt that the appointed speakers will so prepare their arguments as to stimulate the practical efforts of the Clergy and Laity alike to grapple with the grave difficulty.

Social and Labour Questions will of course have attractions for local Churchmen, and the breadth of the subject is indicated by its subdivision as follows: "The Duty of Employers towards Employed—(a) Direct Employers, (b) Indirect Employers (e.g., Shareholders and Customers), Employed towards Employers, and Clergy towards both Employers and Employed."

The great interest which the President of the Congress has shown in Home Reunion gives special force to the subject set down for Thursday morning—namely, "The Church of England in Relation to other Bodies of Christians"; while in the afternoon of the same day an opportunity will be afforded of considering the "Housing of the Poor," a matter which the Rev. Arthur Robins has been striving to bring to the front for some years. Home and Foreign Missions, Education, Sunday Observance, Church Reform, Funeral Reform, and the Church and the Press, are among the other Congress subjects, so that those who have not yet attended a Church Congress



THE REV. C. MANSFIELD OWEN, M.A.,
Vicar of St. George's, Edgbaston,
Hon. Canon of Worcester.



THE REV. E. A. KNOX, M.A.,
Vicar of Aston.



THE REV. J. S. POLLOCK, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Alban's, Birmingham.



J. D. GOODMAN, ESQ., TREASURER.

which the Congress is to meet. Its name has been a great puzzle to antiquarians; but the late E. A. Freeman, the historian, was strongly of the opinion that "Birmingham" is of Saxon origin. "The final syllable, *ham*, means a home or residence, and *Bermingas* would be a patronymic or family name, meaning the Berms (from *Berm*, a man's name, and *ing*, or *ining*, the young, progeny, race, or tribe). The word, dissected in this manner, would signify the home or residence of the Birms; and there can be little question that this is the true meaning."

In Domesday Book there is mention of one Richard, "who holds of William (Fitz-Ausculf) four hides in Bermingeham"; and at the battle of Evesham, in 1265, William Birmingham led a body of his people in support of Simon de Montfort. Although it is an old town, it was only by the Reform Bill of 1832 that Birmingham became a Parliamentary borough, and by the Charter of Incorporation, granted

in 1838, that it became a Municipality.

The civic life of the city and the public spirit of its inhabitants have long been the admiration of the country; and the number of able men who have gained their first experience of responsible work in Birmingham is very large.

Among the chief institutions of the City may be named

lows:—Canon Shore by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Canon Owen by E. B. Mowll, 174, Broad Street, Birmingham; Mr. S. Royle Shore by John Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham; and all the others by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham.

A word or two may be added as to the City in

King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, of which Dr. Prince Lee was so long the Head Master; Queen's College; the Birmingham and Midland Institute, which has had a long succession of distinguished Presidents, including Dickens, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Professor Fawcett, etc. This Institute has done an admirable work in its day by

means of Popular Lectures and Classes, and the fees are very small.

The Free Library and Art Gallery is a splendid example of what an active Corporation can do for a community. Housed in a magnificent building, it was the first special library founded as a literary memorial, and Shakespeare was rightly selected as the great luminary whose works should be collected. The fame of Birmingham's great collection of Shakespearean books is worldwide.

On another page we give some particulars of the Parish Church, St. Martin's; and of the other historic churches in the city, mention may be made of St. Philip's, of which the Bishop of Coventry is Rector; St. George's, of which the Rev. J. W. Mills, M.A., is Rector; St. Thomas's, of which the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A., is Rector; and All Saints', of which the Rev. W. Laporte Payne is Rector. In the graveyard of the latter is the family grave of the father of Archbishop Benson, and the Primate used to attend this church as a boy.

The Hospital Sunday movement had its origin in Birmingham. In 1798 an anonymous writer in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette* suggested that an annual collection should be made in all the churches and chapels for charitable objects. The proposal was adopted for two or three years, and was then discon-



JOSEPH JAMES, ESQ.



S. ROYLE SHORE, ESQ.



HOWARD LLOYD, ESQ.

tinued until 1858, when Dr. Miller, who was then Rector of St. Martin's, took the matter up, and the first of the present series of collections was made in October 1859, when the munificent sum of £5,200 8s. 10d. was raised. Hospital Sunday has since been regularly observed every year, and the movement has also spread all over the country. The first Hospital Saturday Collection was made in 1873, and £4,705 11s. 3d. was received.

The Town Hall is a handsome building, and is known far and wide as the scene of the Musical Festivals, which have attained such celebrity. The organ is one of the largest in the world, and was built by Hill.

The Council House is a fine structure, which occupies a commanding position in the centre of the city. The foundation stone was laid during the



E. M. GOODMAN, Esq.

mayorality of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and has cost not far short of a quarter of a million.

The trade of Birmingham is enormous. Industries of all kinds seem to flourish. The Gun Trade, Brass Trade, Glass Trade, Jewellery Trade, Button Trade, Coining, Pin Trade, Pen Trade, Electro-Plate Trade, etc., find employment for multitudes of skilled workers, and the relations between employers and employed compare favourably with other towns.

The fifteenth annual Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition in connection with the Church Congress will be held in a building adjoining the Congress Hall. The exhibition, which has developed into an indispensable adjunct of the Congress, will again be under the efficient direction of Mr. John Hart, and will embrace everything used in the structure and adornment of churches. The loan exhibits will include many valuable books, pictures, and objects of great interest, and the general public, as well as members of the Congress, will find much to interest them in the Exhibition.

LEISURE is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

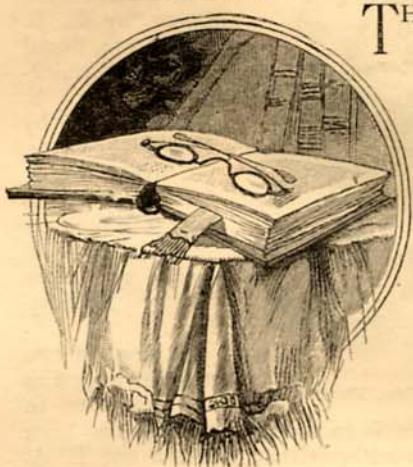
To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

"COMFORTABLE WORDS."

BY LAURA L. PRATT,

Author of "Plucked from the Burning," etc.

"Come ye yourselves apart."—ST. MARK vi. 31.



even to eat their meals.

In these days it is no uncommon thing for a busy doctor to be hardly able to find time to eat; and no wonder that when sick people could go to the Apostles and come away cured, that "many were coming and going."

The Apostles could not go on without the help of their Master, so "they gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told *Him all things*, both what they had done and what they had taught."

Then what did the Lord Jesus do? He took them apart.

Does He not act with us in the same way now? We may not recognise that it is His doing, but, nevertheless, it is. Perhaps the father or mother of a family, one who has toiled early and late for the benefit of the children, and who has had no time for God's service, is laid on a bed of sickness; it is the Voice of Jesus, saying, "Come ye yourself apart." Just at first you may not be able to hear that it is the Voice of Love. Very likely you will say—

"Oh, why has this trouble come to me?" The father will think, "Who will earn the children's bread?"

The mother will think, "Who will look after the household affairs?"

But just tell Jesus "all things." As you lie on your sick-bed just speak to Him as you would to a beloved and trusted earthly friend, and remember that He will hear you.

Now, what did the Lord take His Apostles apart for? It was to "rest awhile."

Let your sickness be a time of rest. Yes, it may be that, even if it is a time of bodily suffering. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." If you could put all your affairs into the hands of some earthly friend, whom you knew was both able and willing to look after house, and children, and work,

THE Apostles had been very busy. They had been preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and healing the sick. Our verse tells us that "they had no leisure so much as to eat."

So anxious were the people to come and be healed that the Apostles had not time

would you not gladly do it? Then trust all to your Heavenly Father, and leave the issues in His Hands. He is far more powerful than the greatest of human beings: "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Depend upon it that there is a "needs be" in your affliction. Do not miss the lesson that God would have you learn.

Where did the Lord Jesus take His Apostles? "Into a *desert place*." But He was with them; He did not *send* them there; He went with them. So He will be with you all through this time of sickness—able to support you in pain and weakness, able to make you patient in suffering, able to take care of all dear to you, "able to save," able to raise you up to health again, or to take you to dwell for ever with Him, "which is far better."

But all these promises are only for those who are His blood-bought children. The Apostles had accepted Him as their Saviour; each one knew what it was to have personally come to Him, and so must you. You must know Him as your *own* Saviour. He will enable you to come to Him, and He will receive you. Then do not delay; go to Him at once; never mind how feeble you are. He has said, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out."

Then all His promises are yours, all His comforts, all His love, and in sickness or in health, in joy or in sorrow, you will be able to say,—

"Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well,
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all, is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well."

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. DEAN, B.A.,
Senior Curate of St. James', Shirley, Southampton.

BEHOULD a scene of pure delight
In yonder eastern sky!
The harvest moon is rising up
With fleecy clouds on high.
Mid pendent lamps of lesser light
She grandly threads her way,
And makes her slow nocturnal trip
O'er ocean, sea, and bay.
Asserting right to rule the night,
She climbs the vaulted sky,
And floods with silver light the earth
While clouds are passing by.
In solemn silence thus she shines
Upon the harvest fields,
Whose golden grain, now silver tipped,
Their waving surface yields.
As she her sacred orb uplifts
For one and all below,
And sheds her bright diffusive rays,
Wherever man doth go;
May we an upward course pursue,
As through this world we move,
And round us shed a sacred light
To guide and to reprove!

AWAY IN SPACE.

BY AGNÈS GIBERNE,

Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," "The World's Foundations," "The Ocean of Air," etc.

III. DAY AND NIGHT: SUMMER AND WINTER.

(Continued from p. 188.)



THE first thing which we notice, even in childhood, connected with Earth and Sky, is the daily rising and setting of the sun. Every morning he comes up from the eastern or south-eastern horizon. Not always at the same hour, or at the same spot; for in these respects he varies much through different months of the year. In summer he comes farther north, in winter his position is farther south. In summer he rises early and retires late; in winter he gets up late and goes to rest early. So we say, though in truth the ever-active sun knows no repose.

Perhaps one of the earliest questions asked by thoughtful men of bygone ages was, "What becomes of the sun when he goes out of sight?"

Many years ago, when a child in Switzerland, I saw an interesting sight—simple but suggestive. Some of us were on a mountain-side, and the sun had just dipped down below the horizon, his last twinkle having vanished. Then we started to run up the mountain higher; and as we ran the sun rose slowly from below the horizon, till he shone full upon us again. We stood still, and he slowly sank a second time out of sight; and again we ran up the mountain, and saw him rise anew in all his splendour, a third time to disappear. So all the while the sun was unquestionably *there*; not changed; not "snuffed out"; but only hidden from our eyes by the solid earth coming between. The higher we mounted, the wider became our horizon, because we could see farther over the earth's curved surface.

This is always the case, as already pointed out. If you wish for a wide view, you do not stand on low ground, but you climb a tree or mount a hill—not merely because you will see over other trees or buildings, but because your whole range of sight is thereby increased. At the ocean-level one's range is very much circumscribed. A man in a small boat at sea, if his eyes are just ten feet above the surface of the water, can see to a distance of eight miles all round, provided that no large waves rise up between. Beyond eight miles all is hidden by his horizon-line. But if he mounts the mast of a large ship, his horizon retreats many miles farther away. And just as he, from the mast-head, might see a ship which he could not possibly have seen from the boat, so, on the moun-

tain-side, the sun could be seen from a greater height, while hidden lower down.

Somewhat later, of course, the sun would have sunk so far as not to have been visible from the top-most peak of the mountain. For, as we all know, or ought to know, he has to journey the whole way round the world. After leaving England, he crosses the Atlantic to shine upon America; then he pours his beams on the Pacific, and travels over Asia; and so he gradually works his way round, till he once more rises in the English east and sets in the English west. Only, all this is, to some extent, a figure of speech, a mere popular phrase; because the sun does not really journey at all in the sense above-mentioned. He does not travel round the world. So far as our Earth is concerned, he remains persistently in one place. It is *we* who move, not the sun, for that particular purpose—the making of Night and Day. The Earth whirls continually round and round, like a vast spinning-top; and, as she does so, each part of her surface in turn is presented to the sun, to be lighted and warmed by his rays.

Once in every twenty-four hours the earth revolves; and so, for most countries on earth, once in every twenty-four hours, there is Day and there is Night. Far north and far south the days and nights grow rapidly longer; till at the two Poles we find a day of six months, and a night of six months, alternating. But other causes operate here.

If you have a lamp on a table in a dark room, and a large ball in your hand, you may see for yourself how the spinning of our earth brings about Night and Day. Hold the ball a little way from the lamp, and notice that one half of it is in full brightness, while the other half is in shade. Then turn the ball gently round and round; and each part of its surface in succession passes from shadow into light, from light again into shadow. With a globe the size of our earth, and at so great a distance from its "lamp," the shadow becomes pitch darkness.

People sometimes ask, How can the world be always moving, and yet we do not feel it? The reason why we are not conscious of this motion is that it is perfectly even, perfectly steady, perfectly noiseless. We are so accustomed to the rattle and shaking of vehicles made by man, that we can hardly understand any other kind of journeying. But in the swift calm whirl of Earth, no creak or rattle is ever heard, no jar is ever experienced. Moreover, things that are on the earth—people, houses, trees, hills, water, and air—all move steadily with the moving surface of our globe. We have, therefore, no outside objects by which to judge of our own motion, except the heavenly bodies. Naturally for a long while all motions were ascribed to them, instead of only some to them, and some to our own earth. Notably it was so with this spinning motion.

Earth is not the only spinning body in space. The great Sun whirls upon his axis continually—as an orange might be made to whirl upon a slender knitting-

needle stuck through its centre. The Sun's movements, like those of the earth, are entirely steadfast and uniform; and a single whirl occupies over twenty-six days. The little moon whirls likewise, but far more slowly; since, small as she is, she takes four weeks to accomplish a single complete "spin." All the planets revolve after the same fashion, each one upon its axis; some more fast and some more slowly. The huge body of Jupiter whirls round once in less than eleven hours; while Venus, which is about the same size as Earth, has also about the same length of day and of night. Eleven hours divided in half give a very short day for work, and a very short night for rest. But if Jupiter has any inhabitants, which seems most unlikely in that planet's present heated and stormy condition, they are doubtless adapted to their surroundings.

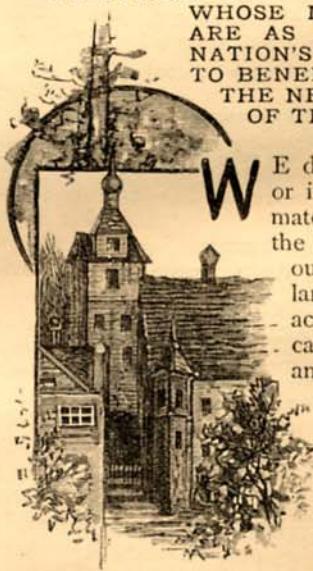
(To be continued.)

SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,
Rector of St. Michael, Royal College Hill, and All Hallows the Great-and-Less; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

X.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE ONLY RELIGIOUS BODY IN THE COUNTRY WHOSE MISSION AND WORK ARE AS EXTENSIVE AS THE NATION'S WANTS IN SEEKING TO BENEFIT GENERALLY ALL THE NECESSITOUS CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY.



W E do not seek to depreciate, or in any way to under-estimate, the good works which the various religious bodies outside the Church of England are doing in the land, according to their light, capacity, and opportunity, and the means at their disposal.

But it is not, and cannot be possible for any one of them, or for all of them put together, to do anything like the vast and varied work for good which the Church is doing, not only for the members of her own communion, but for the whole of England.

To begin with, the religious bodies outside the Church are all, from the very nature of things, special societies, or bodies voluntarily formed by individuals on the basis of their personal profession of, and adherence to, some particular and distinctive religious opinion. The chief aim of such religious bodies is to give publicity, prominence, and, if possible, permanence to the specific truth or principle which constitutes the very reason of their existence.

They are thus of necessity characterised by narrowness in their self-constituted foundation and self-imposed aim. It is not for a moment suggested that practically they confine their efforts in doing good within their restricted sectarian areas, or that they logically limit their good works within the spheres of their professed and declared denominational existence.

No doubt outside their denominational domains they do much good in a general way, but, after all, their benevolent efforts are seldom to be seen very far beyond their denominational communion.

No doubt here and there it is possible to find remarkable exceptions—but they are exceptions.

It may be asked, how can such statements as these be justified, and on what data are they based? The answer, in the first place, is that almost every town and country parish in the land in which the recognised work of the Church is fairly done furnishes abundant proof of the accuracy of what has been stated.

There is no religious denomination in any parish outside the Church of England that supports parochial organisations, and undertakes parochial work, having for their object the good and benefit of all classes, as does the Church of England.

If any of our readers, resident in any populous town or country parish, should doubt the accuracy of this statement, let him obtain the Annual Report of the organisations in connection with his parish church, and the various kinds of work undertaken by them in the course of the year; and let him, at the same time, obtain the like report or reports of the chapel or chapels within the same parish, and carefully compare them with the parish church report, and he will at once see the striking difference between them.

He will observe that, in all works of charity and philanthropy, what is done by the Church is done for the whole of the people of the parish who require her help, altogether irrespective of their religious and political opinions, while what is done by the chapel is, for the most part, done for those connected with it.

Moreover, he will notice that in addition to those societies and organisations that are founded upon what may be called Church lines for the good of all the parishioners who need their help, and care to be benefited by them, there are often numbers of other philanthropical and charitable organisations maintained for the purpose of benefiting the poor and needy of the parish, on no other grounds than that they require to be helped.

If we read the Annual Reports or the Year Books of all the religious denominations in the Kingdom, we shall find no record of general benevolent and charitable work done by them such as that which we find recorded in the Official Year Book of the Church of England.

It is mainly the Church that has founded, and that supports the continually increasing numbers of nursing institutions, cottage and village hospitals, convalescent homes, orphanages, reformatories, penitentiaries, and

other great charitable organisations throughout the land, and that during the last twenty-five years has spent upon such noble objects as these some four millions sterling.

Then as to the charitable institutions which are jointly supported by the Church, and all other religious bodies, the Church supplies by far the larger portion of the funds.

Nothing could prove this more forcibly than the monetary results of the collections on what is called Hospital Sunday. During the last twenty years the total amount raised by these collections was £624,095 9s. 8d., of which sum the Church contributed £478,623 10s. 9d., while on Hospital Sundays in the year 1892, the Church contributed £22,531 8s. 5d., as against £12,384 9s. 7d. contributed on that day by all other religious bodies in the Kingdom.

It will thus be seen that, apart from her own religious and ecclesiastical work, the Church is quite unique in her widely extended and varied efforts generally to benefit all classes of the community who require her help, and that all the religious bodies put together are neither doing nor attempting to do anything like the great social work for the people, to the performance of which she has devoted herself, and which she is so successfully carrying out.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

27. PIE.

Heyt nis how lelt su veol nad die;
Thiw file lal retho sosnaips fyl,
Lal thores rae tub nativy :
Ni veenha moibtian tonnac welld,
Ron ravecia ni het vlauts fo lehl ;
Raythel sheet sosnaips fo teh thear,
Heyt rispeh wheer eyth haev thire thrib,
Tub vole si indestrucbilet.

28. SQUARE WORDS.

I. II.

(1) A bird that appears at elections.	(1) An aquatic animal.
(2) What children should do.	(2) A girl's name (shortened).
(3) A Shakespearean king.	(3) A tiny bit.
(4) A stringed instrument.	(4) Juvenile mutton.

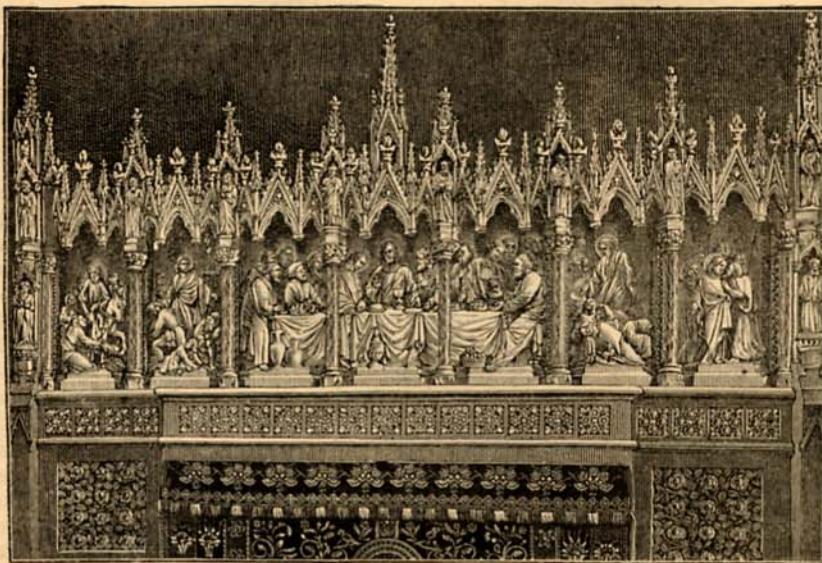
29. CONUNDRUMS.

(1) What word becomes longer by removing a letter?
(2) " " " shorter by adding two letters?

30. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No greater names than these does Science know;
One lives, the other died twelve years ago.

(1) 'Tis sometimes eaten, sometimes learnt by heart.
(2) 'Tis always bitter, always sour and tart.
(3) A "Master" thus a Jew could understand.
(4) An animal that lives on sea and land.
(5) A number these two letters signify.
(6) A time that never comes when night is nigh.



THE REREDOS.

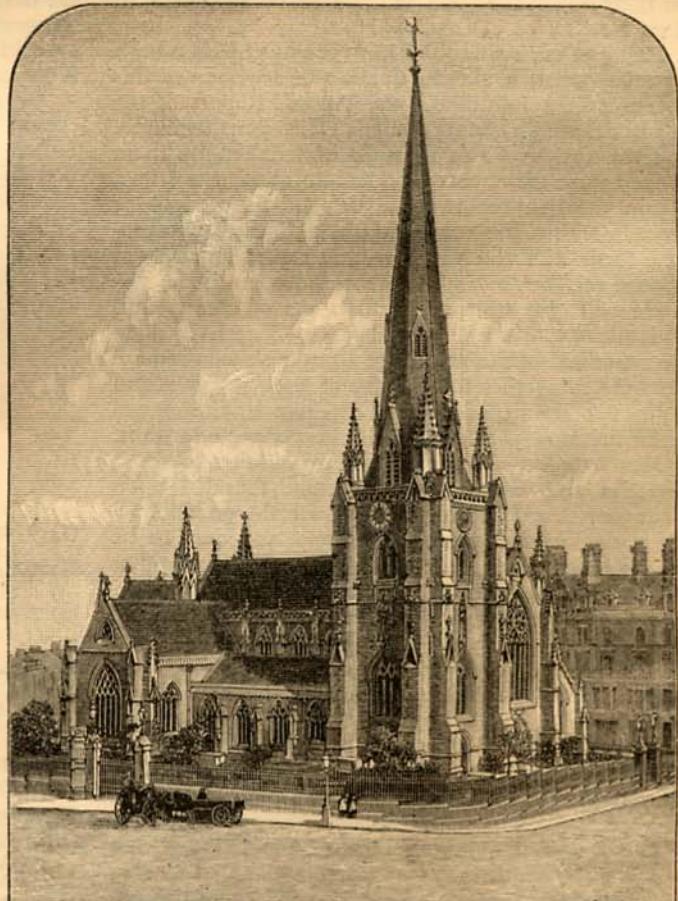
OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VII. ST. MARTIN'S, BIRMINGHAM.

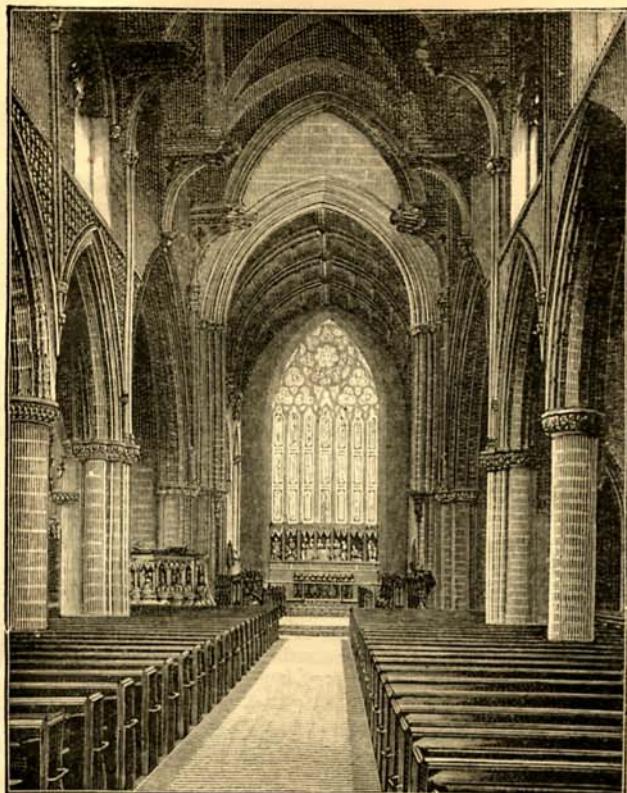
VISITORS to Birmingham during the Church Congress will find much to interest them in this rapidly developing city. Its chief streets, especially New Street, Corporation Street, and Colmore Row, are lined with notable buildings—*e.g.*, the Council House, the Town Hall, the Museum, the Art Gallery, the “King’s School,” etc., etc. Several of its churches are worthy of interest, especially St. Martin’s, St. Philip’s (destined, we hope, to become the future Cathedral), St. George’s, and the Edgbaston churches, as well as Aston and Moseley parish churches.

St. Martin’s—originally the oldest church in the city—is now a magnificent structure, having been rebuilt about twenty years ago, under the guidance of the well-known architect, Mr. J. A. Chatwin. The older edifice, hallowed by recollections of the eloquent Dr. Miller (to whose memory a window and brass tablet are erected in the chancel), was an ugly but capacious building, surrounded by galleries, and centred by the usual “three Decker.” The Rev. Canon Wilkinson, D.D., the present venerable Rector, has carried out the restoration of the whole building, whereby Birmingham possesses, though situated in an unfortunate position—the Bull Ring—one of the finest churches in the country. Its noble spire surmounts a bell-tower in which is located a peal of twelve bells, the tenor of which weighs no less than thirty-two hundredweight. The interior, early Gothic in design, possesses many points of historical as well as architectural interest. In the chancel are monuments supposed to commemorate the old Birmingham family, the original lords of the manor; one of these, probably the

most ancient, being a tomb, supporting the effigy of a Crusader (presumably Sir W. de Birmingham of the time of King Edward I.), and surrounded with quatrefoil panels. Other recumbent figures are to be seen, and a magnificent arcaded and pinnacled altar-tomb, the buttresses of which contain figures of angels holding shields. The east and west windows, and others also, are of stained glass, and perhaps one of the chief features of the church is a splendid marble and alabaster reredos, representing the Last Supper, and scenes connected with our Lord’s entry to Jerusalem. The nave roof is carved with shield-bearing angels, and the transepts are adorned—and the side aisles also—with coronated gas pendants. The carved stone pulpit is well situated to command the whole church. Altogether—if it were not for its unfortunate position—St.



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

Martin's should be the mother church of the coming Birmingham Diocese. The length of the church from east to west measures over 155 feet inside; while the width of the church, including the nave and north and south aisles, is 67 feet, of which 25 feet is occupied by the nave. At the transepts the width of the church measures from north to south 104 feet. The height may be estimated from the chancel arch, which rises to 60 feet. In the north transept is a fine memorial window, designed by William Morris, author of *The Earthly Paradise*. It contains representations of the typical forerunners of our Saviour,—Moses, Elias, Melchizedec, David, and Solomon, surmounted by our Lord and the four Evangelists. This beautiful window was presented by Mr. T. Ryland, in memory of his wife. In the north transept is a memorial window to John Gough, who was a churchwarden of St. Martin's for seventeen years. The figures in the window represent the Prophets. The restored church was consecrated on July 20th, 1875, and cost upwards of £32,000. Our illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from new photographs taken for the purpose by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, the well-known photographer, of 11, New Street, Birmingham.

J. W. M.

THE young men are the backbone of the country. If they go right the country will go right; if they go wrong the country will go wrong; and if they are neglected a day of reckoning will surely come.—EARL CAIRNS.

GREAT deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.—TENNYSON.

GARDEN WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT out lettuce sown in August in sheltered positions. Cauliflowers in frames should have plenty of air in fine weather, but they should be protected from cold and wet weather. Thin winter spinach and loosen the earth round the roots with the hoe, keeping the beds also free from weeds. Earth up celery, keeping the hearts clear of earth. August sown cabbage will now be ready for transplanting into the beds where they are to remain. They may be planted in rows one foot apart, so that a portion of them may be used in April or May, and thus leave plenty of space between those left to grow. Before planting out the ground should be well dug and dressed with rotted manure. Dig up potatoes, also carrots and parsnips. These require to be kept dry and protected from frost.

Fruit Garden.

Gather winter pears and apples. In doing so care should be taken that they do not knock against one another, as if bruised they will not keep very long. They should be gathered in dry weather. Store them in a dry place where the frost cannot penetrate. Towards the middle of the month prune and transplant all kinds of fruit trees. Cut out all the old stems of raspberries which have borne fruit, and leave from four to five of the strongest of the new shoots in a clump for next year. Cut off the tops about eight or nine inches, and tie each clump to a stake.

Flower Garden.

Bulbs of all kinds should now be planted in dry weather after the beds have been properly dug and prepared. Divide perennials, and plant out biennials in the places where they are to remain. Dig borders, and clear away all refuse.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

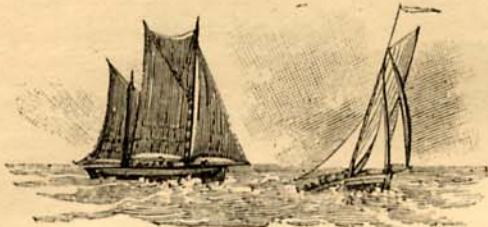
BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

Split Peas Pudding.—
1 pint split peas (average cost, 2½d.), 1 oz. butter (1d.), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful pepper (½d.). Total, 4d.

Soak the peas for twelve hours in cold water. Four hours and a half before the pudding is required tie the peas loosely in a cloth, put in a saucepan covered with cold water, and boil for three hours. Then pass through a coarse sieve or colander into a basin, stir in the butter, pepper and salt, flour the cloth, tie the pulp firmly in it, and boil for an hour. This pudding is usually served with boiled pork. The peas are extremely nourishing, but are deficient in fat, and for that reason are generally eaten with fat meat, to form the proper proportion of force and heat-producing food. Instead of the butter, an egg well beaten is often used, and sometimes both, if economy is no object.

KNOWN BY HIS COMPANIONS.—“Tell me,” said Goethe, “your associates, and I will tell you what you are; tell me what you busy yourself about, I will tell you what may be expected of you.” This thought has been expressed in many ages and in many languages. Socrates said: “A man is known by the company he keeps.”



ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER,
Author of "Fables for You," etc.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"**H**OW slowly you do get on, to be sure!" said a trim little yacht, scudding before the breeze, to a heavily laden fishing boat returning to anchor in the bay. "I've been watching you for ever so long, and I'm sure I've done double the distance in the time."

"Very likely," said the fishing boat, "but you seem to forget that whilst you have everything in your favour, I, with a heavy load on board, have to struggle against wind and tide."



A COMMON ERROR.

"I'M so nervous, I don't know what to do," said a young horse, as he was being led on to the show-ground.

"There's no need, my dear," said an old mare, who was fastened to a gate-post outside; "take it quietly."

"It's all very fine to talk," said the young horse, "nobody's thinking of *you*; but the moment I get inside they'll all be making remarks about *me*."

"Don't disturb yourself, my boy," said the old mare. "I made the same mistake when I was your age, but I soon found out I had disquieted myself unnecessarily, for instead of thinking of *me*, they were all thinking of *themselves*."

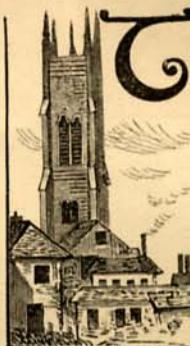
JOHN BRIGHT.—John Bright's favourite authors were Milton, Whittier, Longfellow, and Byron, and he loved to read their works aloud evening after evening to his children. He explored the bypaths of literature for undiscovered poets. His memory was stored with poems, which he would repeat as he drove along in his quiet journeys with his sisters or children through Scotland or Italy. "There is nothing," he used to say, "which gives so much pleasure as poetry, except little children."

CHURCH BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

BY ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

(*Of Brentford.*)

(Continued from page 116.)



THE inscriptions upon old bells are mostly pious aspirations, frequently addressed to the patron saint in whose name the bell, or the church containing it, had been consecrated, as at St. Margaret's Church, Margaretting, Essex, where the 2nd bell bears + Sancta · Margareta · Ora · Pro · Nobis, in beautiful letters with a crown on each initial. The 1st bell has + Sancte · Johannes · Ora · Pro · Nobis, together with four good figures of St. John.

As with brasses, monuments, and art in general after the Reformation, all of which had been tainted by the Renaissance, bell inscriptions became secularised as a rule, and bore doggerel rhymes, puns, makers' or churchwarden's names and dates, in place of the pious ascriptions and prayers of earlier date. It may be interesting to give some of these quaintnesses, a list of which might be extended to a very great length. [The number preceding the inscription shows which bell of the peal bears it, and those not mentioned have names, dates, or initials only.]

Margaretting, Essex (4 bells).

3. + Sit · Nomen · Domini · Benedictum. (Blessed be the Name of the Lord.)

4. + In · Multis · Annis · Resonet · Campana · Johannis (For many years let the bell of John resound.)

This is considered to be the oldest bell in Essex.

4. Sum Rosa Pulsata Mundi Katrina Vocata.* (I am called Katherine when rung, the rose of the world.)

5. Dulcis Sisto Melis Vocor Campana Michaelis.† 1588. (I who am (closely) associated with melody am called sweet bell of Michael.)

Bowers Gifford, Essex (2 bells).

1. + Sit Nomen Domini benedictum. (Blessed be the Name of the Lord.)

Christchurch, Hants (6 bells).

5. + Sit nobis omen (Now that Tozens be thy name, Tozeyns cum cit Good luck befall us just the tibi nomen, same.)

Virtus campane faciat (May the charm of the bell nos vivere sane. Keep us healthy and well.)

Westminster Abbey, and Slatton, Northants

Christe audi nos. (O Christ, hear us.)

Higham Ferrers, Northants (6 bells).

2, 3. I.H.S. Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum, Fili Dei, miserere mei.‡ (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, O Son of God, have mercy upon me.)

Norwich, St. Swithin's (3 bells).

Nobis solamen, sit Deus. Amen. (May God be our comfort. Amen.)

Oxted, Surrey.

Ab omni fulgore defenda nos, Domine. (From lightning defend us all, O Lord.)

* Also at Magdalen College, Oxford, and many other places.

† Also at Oxford and Gloucester Cathedrals, Fawsly, Northants, and elsewhere.

‡ Also at Dunton, Frolesworth Leicestershire, Charwelton, Dodford, Brackley, Hellidon, Northants, and many other places.

Here may be given some examples of later date, showing what doggerel, rubbish, and bad English were then often placed upon bells, the old religious feeling having in a great measure died out.

Ingatestone, Essex (5 bells).

1. The founder he has played his part,
Which shows him master of his art;
So hang me well and ring me true,
And I will sound your praises due. 1758.

High Ongar, Essex (5 bells).

5. While thus we join in chearfull sound *
May Love and Loyalty abound. 1773.

Barking, Essex (8 bells).

1. Tho I am but small, †
I will be heard above you all. 1746.

Ripponden, Yorkshire.

O may their souls in heaven dwell,
Who made the last a tenor bell.

Pilton, Devonshire, 1851.

Recast by John Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for church-bells won
At the Great Exhibition
In London 1. 8. 5. and one.

Bath Abbey (Tenor bell).

All ye who hear my solemn sound
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.

From a Norfolk village tower:-

Pull on, brave boys, I'm metal to the backbone,
I'll be hanged before I'll crack.

Abingdon, St. Helen's (8 bells).

4. (1764). Ye ringers all that prize †
Your health and happiness,
Be sober, merry, wise,
And you'll the same possess.
5. In wedlock bands all ye who join,
Your hands with hearts unite,
So shall our tuneful tongues combine
To laud the nuptial rite.
7. Our voices shall with joyfull sound §
Make hills and valleys echo round.

Wellcombe, Devonshire.

1. When I begin let all strike in.

Mappowder, Dorsetshire (5 bells).

5. (1735). I sound to bid the sick repent ||
In hopes of life when breath are spent.

Kemerton, Gloucestershire (6 bells).

6. (1754). I to the Church the living call ¶
And to the grave do summon all.

Wherwell, Hampshire (5 bells).

4. (1707). On earth bells doe ring, **
In heaven angels sing. Halaluiyah.
(To be continued.)

* Found also at Shaftesbury, Dorset.

† Also at Dorchester, Dorset, Broadchard, Devizes, and Hilmarton, Wilts.

‡ Likewise at St. Michael's, Coventry.

§ Found also at Godmanchester, Hunts, Foulden, Norfolk, St. Peter's, Nottingham, and numerous other churches.

|| Also at Bromham, Wilts, etc.

¶ Also at Quedley, Gloucestershire, Foulden, Norfolk, Floore, Northants, Cound, Shropshire, Edington, and Warminster, Wilts.

** At St. Mary, Devizes, and Chirton, Wilts, and many other churches.

"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 IV.

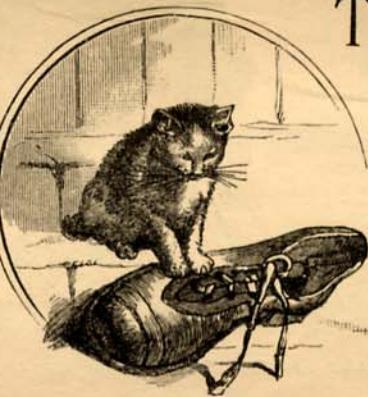
"YOURS OR MINE?"

THE morning after the match Prior went up quite early to the sick-room, taking with him the half-sovereign.

As he approached the bed Glyde caught sight of it in his hand, and exclaimed—

"Hullo! have you found the ten bob?"

"Yes, I have found a half-sov., if that's what you mean," said Prior very quietly.



"Well, is it yours or mine that has turned up?"

"Exactly what I wish to know."

"Where did you find it?"

"Now, come; it's no good your shamming any more. The half-sov. dropped out of your pocket when I was taking your football togs off for you!"

"Then it is mine," said Tubbs; "that's exactly what I wanted to know, too."

"Yours! yours! You are not going to lie about it like a little street cad, I hope?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Look here, Glyde. Sunday afternoon you have only three shillings, and you tell me you can't get any more for the testimonial. Monday morning you are alone in our study; my half-sov. disappears. Monday evening you put your name down for ten bob on the list. Tuesday afternoon the very sum rolls out of your pocket on to the floor. Seems to me that you are not only a thief, but a very clumsy one, too. You've laid the scent pretty thick!"

Poor Tubbs went crimson, and then as white as the sheet he was lying on.

He saw it all in a moment. He knew that certain disgrace awaited him, whichever turn the matter took.

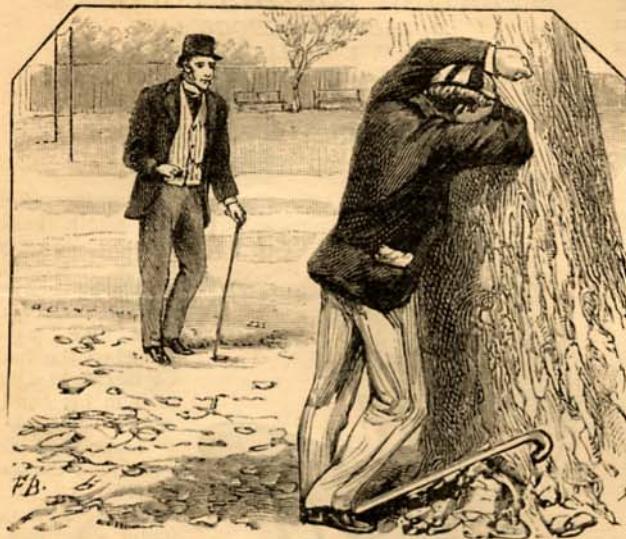
His first thought was to say he did steal the ten shillings, and throw himself on Prior's mercy.

No; he could not brand himself as a thief, even if only in the eyes of one boy. Besides, he had never yet told a deliberate lie. This reason, too, prevented him from saying his father had, after all, sent him half-a-sovereign, though the temptation was strong upon him. He dared not own to the bet, for he knew Prior and the head master well enough to feel sure that then both he and Mortimer would be expelled.

Long as it takes to put these thoughts into words, yet they flashed through Tubbs' brain in an instant of time; and he made up his mind to try and bluster through it.

"How dare you call me a thief, you abominable cur? You know you wouldn't do it if I weren't on my back! I'd thrash the life out of you!"

"Don't be an ass. I shall be delighted to hear any explanation you can give!"



"HE LEANT UP AGAINST A TREE."

"I sha'n't explain, you cad!"

Prior had a habit of growing provokingly cool and deliberate whenever any one else lost his temper. He now replied quite calmly—

"Permit me to say that I think your judgment is wrong."

"Think what you like, owl, mule, booby, *saint*!"

This last word in a tone of supreme contempt.

By this time Tubbs was really angry. He began by trying to be, but his own knowledge of his perfect innocence soon fired up his passion in earnest.

"Glyde, tell me where the half-sov. came from; and I will kneel down here and apologise for calling you a thief!"

"Find out for yourself, cad!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind; but I give you this choice. Tell me before Saturday where you got the half-sov. or else I lay the matter before the Doctor. Meanwhile, I shall say nothing to any one. You can chatter about it as much as you like. I shall lock up the half-sov. in my desk."

"Thief yourself, and sneak, too!" almost roared Tubbs, as he seized the tumbler at his bedside and threw it at Prior's head.

He missed his aim; so Prior quietly stooped down, picked up the broken pieces of glass, put them on the fire, said "Good-morning, Glyde," and went out.

Tubbs soon cooled down when he was left alone, and began to realise more fully still how serious his position was.

In any case, he must be disgraced, expelled, and probably have his prospects injured for life.

Over and over again the temptation came to him to say he had stolen the ten shillings; but a small voice seemed to whisper, "Tubbs, two wrongs don't make a right." The more he thought the more clearly he saw that the only way out of it was to confess to the having made the bet. But then—oh, the shame of the thing! When did he make it? Sunday night, with the Doctor's words ringing in his ears; with Prior's advice fresh in his mind! With whom? With the head of the school; the very boy who ought to have been the strictest guardian of the morals of the school. Why did he make it? Because he was too proud to do less than others. What hope was there that he and Mortimer would not both be publicly expelled?

Yes, one ray of hope—the other half-sovereign might

turn up; then he could make Prior apologise, and drop the matter entirely.

While Tubbs was lying utterly wretched and ashamed of himself the school doctor came in, and, after examining the leg, told him he need not go into school, but might move about a little with a stick, if he felt inclined. The moment he was dressed he went into the study, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner again; even poking a piece of wire down a mouse hole in the vain hope of hearing something tinkle, and being able to prove to Prior that he was not a thief.

All in vain. Poor Tubbs! the half-sovereign is a mile away; put by as carefully as the one you had yesterday.

During the course of the morning, and while all the other boys were at work, he walked down to the match ground, and as he looked at it could not help thinking how happy he was the day before when playing for his colours; how utterly wretched now, feeling indeed as if he should never care to play a game again as long as he lived.

There was nobody near, so he leant up against a tree and burst out crying. He sobbed on so long that he never noticed a man coming towards him. It was one of the school servants, who was just recovering from a long illness. He was in trouble too, poor fellow. His wife's illness, his own, and the misconduct of a son had completely scattered his savings; his false pride would not allow him to ask for the help which the master would readily have given if they had known anything about his needs. So he suffered in silence, and the family were nearly starving. Tubbs was not aware of his presence till he heard him say—

"Well, Mr. Glyde, I didn't think you would take on like that over a bad leg."

Tubbs started round, uncertain at first whether to be civil or sharp to Pritchett. But his trouble was too strong for him, and he was one of those warm natures to whom sympathy is very necessary; so he said—

"I'm not blubbing about the leg, that's nearly well already; but I'm in awful trouble."

"How's that?"

"I'm accused of being a thief."

"Never mind, sir, if you know you are innocent."

"I am, indeed I am; but, don't you see I can't prove it."

"I can't understand that a bit."

"Well, it's this way. Prior has lost half-a-sovereign; it was bagged out of our study, you know; and then last night Prior found half-a-sovereign in my breeches pocket when I was knocked down, and he thinks it's his."

"Surely there are more half-sovereigns than one in the world."

"Yes; it's beastly insulting of Prior to charge me."

"But can't you show him how you got the half-sovereign?"

"That's the difficulty. I'm bound to another fellow not to tell. And you know school-boys are precious particular about that sort of thing."

Notice carefully that this was all true, and yet what a false impression it gave, because it was only half the truth.

"I'm afraid I can't help you then, for I can't even understand why you should be suspected."

"No; it's a jolly shame!" and with that Tubbs burst out crying again, as he felt what a hopeless tangle he was in, and how his shuffling attempt to ease his mind had only made him feel his sin more deeply.

While he was crying Pritchett walked quietly away, thinking over something apparently not very pleasant, judging by the look of his face; and by the words "Young rascal, young rascal!" which he muttered to himself several times.

(To be continued.)

DOT'S DUMPLING.

BY
CVELYN STUART
HARDY.



"SEE, Mammie, what lots of apples I've finded under the trees!
Sall we make puddins wif dem?"

"Yes, dearie," said Mammie, "and you shall make a big round dumpling for poor little Jacky Brown your very own self!"

"Hooray!" cried Dot. "How velly nice dat will be. 'Cos he telled me he was velly, velly tired of other puddins. I sall take it to him my own self, sha'n't I, Mammie dear?"

"Yes; if you are a good girl!"

So Dot speedily set to work. She had to stand on a stool to roll the paste, and she picked out the rosiest, roundest apple of the lot. By-and-by the dumpling was made, and Dot's mother popped it into the oven, and Dot trotted off to the nursery for her bonnet and red cloak, because, although Jacky Brown only lived a few doors off, Dot said it would never do to go out in her garden hat in case she should meet any one who might say, "Oh, what an untidy girl you are!"

When the dumpling was baked it was packed in Dot's basket, and she ran off with it, and Roger, her little dog, went with her for company.

Jacky was so pleased, and he enjoyed the dumpling so much, and told Dot he should soon get well again. And Roger—yes, Roger sat up and begged for a bit, and seemed delighted when Jacky tossed him a mouthful. Of course little girls cannot be expected to make apple dumplings for sick boys every day, but most little girls might easily do a kind act to somebody every day!



EVGENY STUART HARDY.



Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A.
(Vicar of Horning.)

1. Je - su, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bo-som fly, While the gath'ring wa - ters roll,
 2. O - ther re-fuge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone—
 3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - ry sin; Let the heal-ing streams a-bound;

While the tem-pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the Foun-tain art— Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide— O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

The Badge of a Christian.



IN Uganda it is easy to tell whether any man you meet is a Christian or seeking to become one, for if so he wears a skin bag hanging in front of him over one shoulder. It contains his books. They are much too precious to leave at home, where the white ants and other insects might destroy them, or the rain get in and damage them, or thieves steal them. The only safe place for them is the person of their owner, and as the Baganda have no pockets, a rain-proof bag is the only resource. At first it is very thin, for there is only a reading-sheet inside it. When the owner has advanced a little his bag gets better filled, for it contains a Gospel, or a portion of the Prayer-Book. The carriage of parcels from the coast, six or seven hundred miles, on men's heads, is expensive, so that books are dear. Only a few rich chiefs, who can read Swahili as well as their own language, have more than two or three

books. A chief does not carry his own books, but has a man to carry them about for him, so that his library is always at hand!

"Used to not feeling well."

Said a lady missionary of the Universities' Mission at Mbweni, "You here have got to be used to not feeling well. None of us do." What a volume that simple saying tells us of the languor produced by the great heat, of the constant attacks of fever, not to speak of other complaints, which are cheerfully borne by those who carry the Gospel to these dark places of the earth!

"His food was locusts and—"

We often talk of the Bible being translated into foreign languages, but how seldom have we any conception of the difficulties it involves. In Mota, one of the Melanesian languages, it was found impossible to translate St. John the Baptist's "locusts and wild honey," for those islands have no honey since they have no bees. The translators searched for the nearest equivalent they could use, and so the passage reads that St. John the Baptist's food was "locusts and the oil of blow-flies!"

