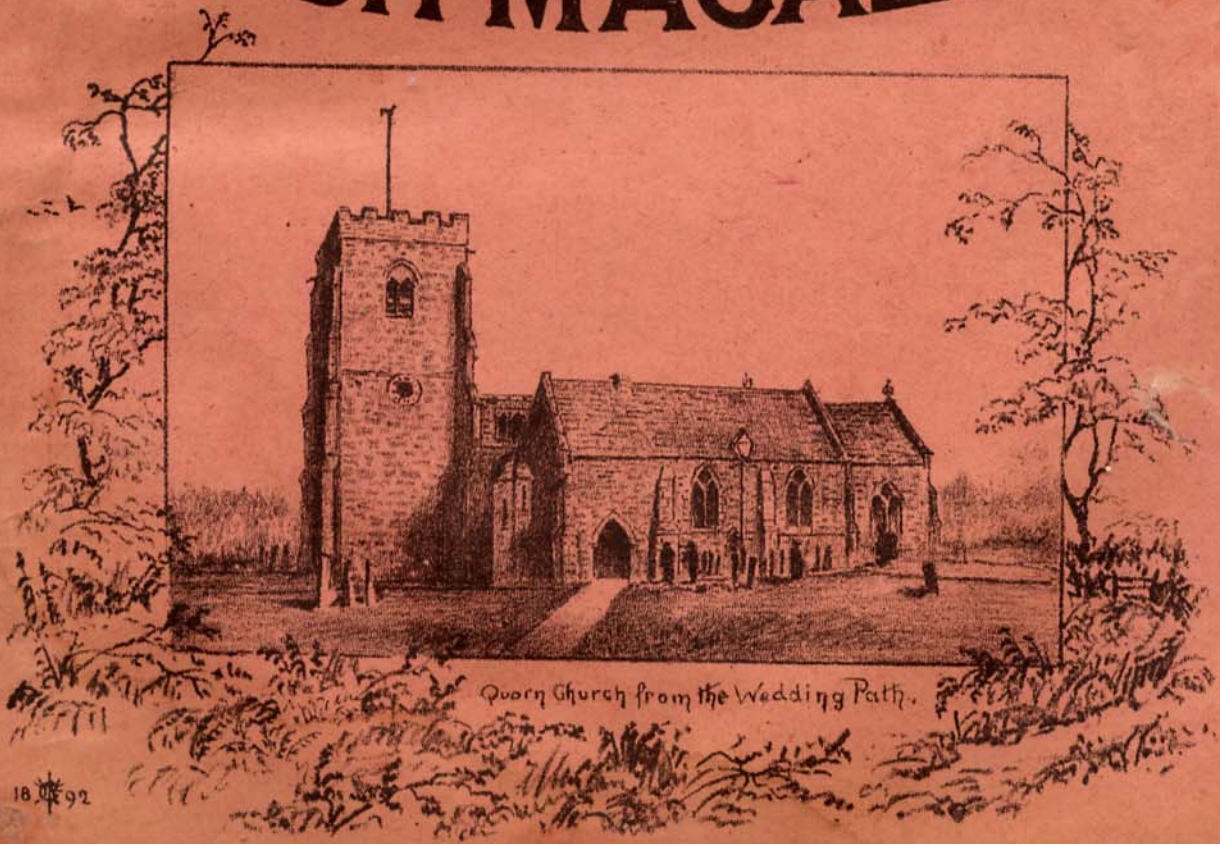
November, 1893.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

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S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

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

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

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

All other Week Days—
8.30 a.m. Mattins (with the Litany on Wednesday and Friday)
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Wednesday, November 1st.—All Saints Day.— On this day we are called upon to think of all those, whether known or unknown now by name, who have departed this life in the faith and fear of God—not only the chiefs and officers of Christ's Army whose names are enrolled upon her records, but also those 'Thousand times ten thousand' who though forgotten by men have their names written in the Book of Life. We are reminded to thank God for their blessedness, and are encouraged to follow their good example. In the Gospel for this day (S. Matt. v. 1-12) the qualities which make men saints are set out as from our Saviour's own lips.

Thursday, November 30th.—Festival S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.—This is the first one, who is recorded as coming to follow the Lord as His disciple, and he was in some sense also the first Evangelist, for he went away and brought his brother, the Great Simon Peter to Jesus (S. John i. 40, 41). Probably this is the reason why the week of his Festival has been chosen as the time for prayer for Missionary work. Holy Scriptures tells us little about him personally. He suffered martyrdom by being crucified like his Master.

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

Nov. 5th: Gen. xl.
12th: ,, xli. v. 1-41.
19th: ,, xxxvii. to v. 11
29th: Go through the three lessons again.

} Hymn to be learnt—begin 24.

Baptism.

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

Nov. 15th: Florence Brown

Burials.

Oct. 14th: Isabella Thompson, aged 9 months.
19th: Henry Preston, aged 47 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Special
Sep. 28th—	——	£3 2s. 9d. Hospitals
Oct. 1st—	——	£5 17s. 7½d. ,,
8th—	£0 5s. 1½d.	——
15th—	£0 4s. 8d.	£2 12s. 10½d. Archidiaconal Education Fund.
22nd—	£0 3s. 7d.	——
Poor Box—	£0 1s. 10d.	——
Totals	£0 15s. 2½d.	£11 13s. 3d.

Hymns.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Nov. 1st.	—	—	261 427 428
5th	217 107	331 194 24	108 255 26
12th	172 263 220	221 335 24	196 178 25
19th	34 285 299	238 279 24	169 297 22
26th	170 268 225	282 373 24	298 214 289
30th	—	—	261 403 358

PARISH NOTES.

The month began in the Harvest Festival. Though it seemed late this early season yet we had no lack of flowers and fruit for the decorations. The Church looked very beautiful, the work having been done most tastefully. We have seen Churches sometimes *over-loaded* with decorations. One of our Bishops has thought it right to point out the mistake of doing this. In our case the decorations were complete without being over-done. We only mention one item—because it was brought by a little lad—this was a string 12 or 14 feet long of "cheggies" (as the boys call horse chesnuts), this was more curious than beautiful, but it is nice of a child to like to make things for the Church. The vegetables and fruit were removed on Monday morning and packed up and sent to the Dispensary at Loughborough. Another year why should we not ask people to bring in offerings of potatoes, &c., for this purpose? In this way many who could not give money could help to support the good work of the Institution.

As will be seen above the collections at the Festival came to £9 0s. 4½d. Last year the amount was £8 8s. 0d.

S. Bartholomew's—Continued

The Clothing Club will not be settled up soon enough for the accounts to be published this month, but we know now that about £5 less than last year has been paid in. Last year it was about £188. This has been a bad year for Quorn in some ways, and it is a wonder that there has been no greater falling off. We hope the members have made good and useful bargains with their cards. The first payments on the new cards will be taken on Monday, Nov. 6th, at the usual place and time.

This month we notice that we have only *one* Baptism to record. Must there not be several little ones who have not yet been brought to Christ in His Holy ordinance. Sometimes Baptism is neglected by being put off from Sunday to Sunday without any special reason. Sometimes it is the weather—Sometimes it is hard to get people to come and answer for them. In regard to this latter point, when it is found very difficult to get God-parents, then the parents should themselves bring them and answer for them—even if the mother has to come alone (for sometimes fathers are ashamed to come), she should do so and not put off the baptism of her little one. Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." The Vicar is always ready at the Church for Baptisms *every* Sunday at 3 30 (sharp), but the first Sunday in the month is the most convenient for him.

TO THE CHILDREN.—We must have one more Collection among our children for the Negro Boy Fund before the Christian year ends and Advent comes (Dec. 3rd) We will have it on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 26th. Please, boys and girls, save your pennies or halfpennies for that day! We only want a very little to make up the £7 to pay for our little lad this year—but we ought to have some over to begin the next year with.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Sets of lessons will be prepared and printed to begin the year in Advent with.

Mrs. Henry Preston has asked us to thank those many persons who have given her assistance in the time of her trouble

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Thursday, Nov. 20th (S. Andrew's Day), will be observed as the day of Intercession for Foreign Missions There will be Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; Mattins at 10; Choral Evensong with Address on Missionary Work and Collection at 7.30.

From the OLD OAK CHEST.

We have got on with our copying out of the old Register but have not met with much of general interest. The following names will be recognised as still known in Quorn. Among the Weddings of 1589 there is a Thomas Hallam: in 1589, a John Antill: in 1591, a Nicholas Cross; in 1593, a George Boyer. The latest of these is 300 years ago!

Turning over the leaves of the old volume our attention was attracted to the entries of about 40 years later when they seem to have been made with greater care than formerly. Here we found that the trades of people were put down as well as their names. It is surely interesting to know who were the butchers, bakers, tailors, &c., 250 years ago. In 1336-7, there were tailors:—Henry Fewkes, Robert Theobalds, and Adrian Tollington (This last is no doubt the same as the name Turlington, which Quorn people shorten into "Tolly" to this day).

Blacksmiths:—Thos. Ward and Thos White.

Basketmaker:—Thos. Lockey.

Baker:—Wm. Stevenson.

Carpenters:—Francis Harrys (Harris) and Aaron Johnson.

Butcher:—Thos. Purse.

Henry Preston and Brandson were fullers (not many people will know what that means—was it not a man who whitened linen?) and there is a "naylor," which we suppose means a nail-maker. The parson was Anthony Beveredge.

It seems that at this time a good many people from Mountsorrel were buried at Quorn. In those days there was only the tiny graveyard of S. Peter's there. For instance, in 1636 "Ellen Homes, of Mountsorrel, an old woman buryed May 7." Twice we noticed the description 'a poor mayde."

In 1636 there was a blacksmith at Woodhouse, and his name was William Simson.

The names Tacey and Sculthorpe appear at Quorn the same year. We have noticed the name Purse (spelt Purss) mentioned above, and also last month, is to be seen on a tombstone dated 1710, close by the little chancel door.

We have passed over one interesting entry, viz.:—the burial of John Hynde, Aug. 7, 1582. This is one of the ancient family of Hind (as now spelt), a branch of which has been settled at Quorn during the present century, and over their vault along the main path a granite cross has this year been set up.

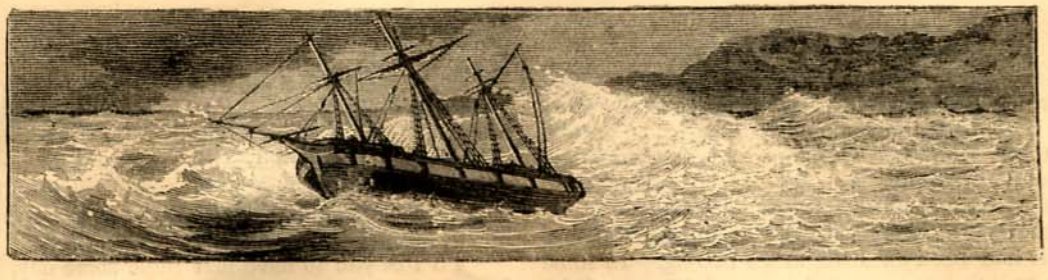
We wish to say one last word about the use of 'Stafford's Orchard" for a cricket field last summer. The Vicar made himself responsible for all the expenses. After receiving contributions from the Cricket Club and the Grammar School, there was a sum of £2 13s. 10d. to be provided, and this was generously given by the Messrs. Wright, so that the matter could be settled up without any delay or trouble.

FOOTBALL.—The following matches have been played since our last report:—Oct. 14th, v Kegworth, lost (1—4). 21st, v. London Road, Leicester, won (3—0); and v. Hugglescote, lost (1—3).

In November, at present there is only one fixture to be played at Quorn, viz.:—on the 18th, v. Leicester Excelsior.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE (*see page 259*).

Drawn by H. JOHNSON.] [*Engraved by* R. TAYLOR & Co.



A SONG OF THE SEA.

THE mother sits by her cottage door,
She looks on the sea, and she looks on the shore;
The sea is calling, she hears it moan,
It ebbs and flows with a deep ground tone.
His boat is out on the wild waste sea,
And he thinks of the haven where he would be,
While she presses her baby close to her heart;
For it's two together and one apart—
It's two together and one apart!

The years pass on in their joy and gloom—
And now she sits in an empty room;
For she is alone, and she knows no rest
As she thinks of the two her heart loves best.
And the wind blows high, and the wind blows low
O'er the cold grey waves where her sailors go;
And she must wait though the tears may start,
For it's two together and one apart—
It's two together and one apart!

The wind blows high, and the wind blows low,
The storm sweeps up in an angry glow;
And the empty boat, where they used to ride,
Is tossed on the sand at the morning tide.
And she is alone to watch and wait
Till they meet once more at the golden gate,
For ever and ever—heart to heart—
For it's three together and none apart,
It's three together and none apart!

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

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

CHAPTER IX.

"PEACE!"

LIFE at the Old Hall flowed on very smoothly. Ruth occupied with her household duties, and Stella with her studies, were both too busy to feel the monotony of the existence, which would have proved trying to many. During the winter Mr. Atherfield did not absent himself so frequently from his home, and gave himself up very much to training the colt, of which he had spoken to Timmy Brodie, and upon whose good qualities he was building castles in the air, which shaped themselves into dreams of restored fortune and easy days in the future, and a provision for Stella after he himself had been taken from her.

Soon after Christmas Mrs. Atherfield returned. No letter had been received from her for some time, and her arrival was entirely unexpected. The brightness of manner with which she had started on her holiday had quite forsaken her, and her spirits were as dull as the remains of the finery she had brought back with her. For a few days she amused herself by recounting the history of the new clothes she had purchased, and the pleasant houses at which she had visited; but she soon sank back into the condition of idle apathy which seemed her usual state when at home. She appeared to be much astonished when she heard of the new arrangement for Stella's education, and for a moment a flash of annoyance that she had not been consulted in the matter was visible in her manner; but even this faint reflection of a motherly interest in her daughter was soon extinguished, and she appeared to take not the slightest notice of her child's movements.

The state of finances at the Old Hall seemed to be somewhat easier, for if old debts still pressed, there was at least ready money enough to stave off present difficulties. Ruth had developed into an excellent household economist; and was able occasionally to stem the flood of wild extravagance into which it was Mr. Atherfield's custom to burst upon any occasion when he had been fortunate in his betting. In some strange way the man seemed to stand in awe of the young servant, who could be so firm as well as so gentle in her remonstrances; and he fell into the habit of giving her the money to spend. This added materially to the general comfort of the household, which in bygone days had vibrated so frequently from the feast to the fast. The store cupboard was never empty now, and neither parlour nor kitchen sat in darkness because there was no oil for the lamps. Mr. Atherfield's desire for noisy revels and wild company also appeared to be dying out. He became conscious that the guests who favoured him with their presence, when he was well supplied with money, were not desirable companions for his daughter. The redeeming point in his character was his love for Stella; and the honesty and purity of this affection was showing itself in many little ways. It enabled him to put self on one side, and for the first time in his life to place something else before his own gratification. During her childhood he had loved Stella, passionately it is true, but selfishly as well, as a source of amusement and pride to himself, but now, as childhood was passing away, and as the flower and soul of womanhood was about to appear, his feelings for her underwent a change; the passion gave place to reverence, the selfish wish for amusement, or gratified pride, into a desire to protect, and to keep his child from harm. He sought her companionship more frequently than of yore, and threw himself with something of enthusiasm into her account of her studies. Still it was to Ruth that Stella turned for real help in the matter of her lessons, and together the two would pore over the books, to their mutual advantage; for Stella's quick perception, and Ruth's more mature judgment, supplied each to the other, the qualities in which they were most deficient.

For Ruth, now that her mistress had returned, the pleasant church-going on Sunday had more than often to be suspended, and so she was deprived of what had been her greatest stay and comfort; but when unable to go herself she always tried to make arrangements for Stella, and she would often coax Abraham Choules to drive her young mistress down to Bruntdale to the morning service. The old man had become very much attached to Ruth, and when with her and Stella always showed to the best advantage. His captious temper seemed to be softened when in their presence, and it was noticeable that he encouraged the younger girl to look up to, and lean upon the elder, while he encouraged Ruth to act in the office of protector to Stella.

He would sit and listen to the reading and lessons which often occupied the evening hours, and especially showed his interest in the Bible reading which Ruth had made a daily institution. One Sunday they noticed that he was following the words of the evening lesson from a large old-fashioned Bible, and Stella suggested that he might as well draw up to the table and read with them.

"I'd like you to have that Bible some day, Ruth," he said; "it was your—leastways 'twas my wife's. See, her name is writ in it."

"Why, her name was Ruth too," said Stella, who had taken the Bible in her hand, and was looking at the title-page.

"Ay, Ruth's called after her," answered the old man.

"Why, how can that be?" queried Ruth, much astonished. "Your wife never knew me."

"That's so, that's so," answered Abraham, very much confused. "I was thinking of my own girl. I've got mixed up a bit. You favour my girl Ruth. I often think of her when I looks at you, and that's why I'd like you to have the Bible, Ruth. When I'm dead and gone, I'd like you to have it, so you remember."

"It is very kind of you to wish me to have it," said Ruth, "and I shall value it greatly. I shall almost feel as if I was some relation to the Ruth whose name is written in it; I shall try to fancy that I am, for"—and here her lips trembled—"I often wonder if there is anybody left in the world that I belong to. It is very lonely to feel that there is nobody who cares for you in any way."

"Well, you go on fancying that the Ruth whose name is set down there is some kin to you," said Abraham; "'twill do you good. She was a good woman, was my Ruth, and it seems to me you turn after her a good bit; I'll keep her Bible a bit yet. Seems to me I'm beginnin' to see where my Ruth got her comfort, and her gentleness, and her patience from, and I'd like to feel I was readin' up to the last in the very Book she always used; but you must have it when I'm gone. Miss Stella here will know as I wished it."

"That I will, Abraham. I'll look out that nobody but Ruth has the Book; only I hope it will be long indeed before you give it up to her."

"And I'm so glad you find the comfort of it," said Ruth softly.

"Ay, 'tis a comfort, I'm bound to confess. Time was when I thought 'twas a dull sort o' Book, but since I'm got to be an old man seems as how 'tain't dull at all. When I've sat here, and heard you two readin' it out verse by verse, somehow or other a new meanin' came out of the words. I've bin to church too once or twice when I've driven Missy down, and Mr. Denman, he seemed to put things clear and understandable to me, more than ever I could see in 'em before; and all I wishes now is that I'd seed things years agone as I do now. P'r'aps I'd ha' bin a happier man."

Nothing happened during the following year to disturb the quiet tenour of their life. Mrs. Atherfield left home occasionally, but she habitually so withdrew herself from intercourse with the rest of the household that her absence was scarcely perceived. Stella, who was now nearly sixteen years old, had far outstripped her fellow-pupils, and was now giving herself up to a course of reading suggested to her by the Vicar, with whom she was a great favourite. Her life was peaceful and happy, so happy that she sometimes wished that time might stand still with her, and that she might never proceed farther along her life's journey, never pass beyond that region of quiet and calm which now surrounded her.

But life and its mysteries lie not in our own hands. However much we may love the serenity of the tideless lake, yet the strong current of the ever-rushing river impels us forward; "never resting" has to be the watchword for all. Though the shores we pass be pleasant and sunny, though the outlook ahead be dark and shrouded in gloom, yet we must hasten on, each to take up our own share of life with its burdens and its duties, never resting till the words "Well done" greets at last those who have struggled and striven, with eye fixed on the beacon light, to reach the harbour of refuge.

So it was with Stella. She loved her home and her father, and she delighted in her studies. The unknown life of the future, instead of attracting her, filled her with an indefinable dread. She fain would stay where she was, but the inexorable current of the river bore her on. The pleasant, sunny banks were left behind, and a gloomy gorge opened up to her view.

Mr. Atherfield had left home one morning in May, in order to attend a steeplechase at the county town, some fifteen miles distant. It was not expected that he would return the same day; but, as twilight set in, a carriage was seen coming up the hill towards the house. Stella, who was pacing up and down the garden path, came round to the hall door expecting to meet her father, but, to her surprise, Timmy Brodie stepped out of the carriage. A stranger followed him, and then Stella could see that within the vehicle lay an unconscious, helpless body.

"Father! father!" she cried, and Timmy stepped forward.

"Yes, Miss, 'tis the squire, more's the pity. We've brought him home, for come he would; and sorry I am to come with such trouble to the house."

Then the stranger came forward, introducing himself as Dr. Crozier, and begging that he might have assistance to carry his patient indoors, and that a room might be at once prepared. "A brave girl," he remarked to Tim, as Stella, with a tremendous effort, steadied herself, and flew into the house to get the necessary help.

"'I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.'"

"You spake true, sir," answered Tim. "She's real grit is Miss Stella, one of the good old stock. Never an Atherfield but was full of courage, though the squire, poor chap, has brought his courage to a bad end. Ah me! 'tis sorrow we've brought to the Old Hall this day."

By this time Stella had returned, bringing Ruth with her, while Abraham had gone to call for help to lift his master. Under the doctor's directions he was carried in, and laid on a hastily improvised bed, and such restoratives as he had brought with him were administered to the dying man; for the owner of the Old Hall had only come home to die. While riding a young horse at a jump on the racecourse it had fallen, crushing its rider under it. In spite of the agony which he endured he insisted upon being taken home, though it is doubtful whether the doctor would have yielded to his importunities, had not Timmy Brodie, who had heard of the accident, appeared on the scene.

"Doctor, can't we take him home?" asked the sweep. "He says he has that to do which must be done before he dies. The living has to be righted, and only he can do it. I'll go with you if so be 'twill be any help."

Timmy did his duty during those hours of agony occupied in the journey. Seated by the sufferer, he whispered words of comfort and good cheer, trying, even at the eleventh hour, to make some impression

upon the dying man, and happy to find that his words were listened to, and not scoffed at, as he feared they might be.

Under Dr. Crozier's treatment Mr. Atherfield recovered consciousness, and then, bidding those around to raise him up, he began to speak slowly and painfully.

"Is Ruth here? I want her. I have something to say."

"I am here, sir," answered Ruth, who was kneeling on the bed, supporting the pillows upon which he was propped.

"I must see you. Come round here." The doctor slipped into Ruth's place, and she stepped round to the side of the bed. "Stella, take Ruth's hand; you love her, I know. You are right. She is your sister, your elder sister. Clara," turning to his wife, "forgive me. I deceived you, but not as you think. I was a widower when I married you. I married Naomi, Abraham Choules' daughter, three years before. Ask him. He knows. Kiss me, Clara. Poor girl, I've been hard upon you. We might have been happy. Kiss me now, and forgive me. Stella, you'll love your sister; and, Ruth, take care of her, my darling child; she has had all my love. Take care of her, Ruth. You can't love me; I don't deserve it. But she's your sister."

"I will take care of her, sir," said Ruth, putting her arm round Stella.

"Call me father," he said. "I can't expect any love from you, but call me father before I go."

"I will take care of her, father," said Ruth firmly. "Leave her to me. I will not desert my trust."

"Do you forgive, Clara?"

Mrs. Atherfield drew back, but the agonised expression in her husband's eyes compelled an answer. "I forgive," she said coldly.

"Stella," said her father, "I wish I could have seen your Mr. Denman. I've never got it off my mind that I used him badly when he came up here to see me; and he's repaid me by heaping goodness on you. Tell him what I say; and John Harker, too, poor John, he mustn't be a loser. Clara, you must see to that. You must get money somehow to meet that bill. Stella, you see to it. John mustn't be a loser. I wish I could have seen Mr. Denman. Perhaps he——"

"Dear father," said Stella, "you shall see him. We will send down. I know he will come."

The dying man's strength seemed to be exhausted. He lay motionless, listening to the words of his two children, who tended him with every care. Stella sat on the bed beside him, clasping his hand, controlling her grief by a great effort, while Ruth busied herself in the more active ministration of the sick-room. Mrs. Atherfield, crouched in a chair near the bed, neither moved nor spoke; the doctor, who remained at the Old Hall, occasionally administered a little restorative. The hours wore on, and the messenger who had been despatched for Mr. Denman returned, saying that the Vicar was gone to a clerical meeting in a neighbouring parish, and could not be back for some hours. Night had fallen, and still the watchers kept their places. Stella, wan and drooping, refused to leave her post. Ruth, kneeling by the bed, strove to steady her voice as she offered a prayer for the father who had ignored her existence for so many years.

Abraham, who had never left his master's side since he had helped to lay him on the bed, became conscious that a horse was approaching at a quick trot, and surmising that it might be Mr. Denman, hastily left the room. A few moments later the door softly opened, and a voice was heard uttering the words, "'Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.'"

Mr. Atherfield opened his eyes and fixed them on Mr. Denman's face. "Peace!" he murmured. "Peace! Yes, forgive me—forgive. Look after Stella, all of them—forgive—John Harker——"

"If I ever had cause to forgive I do so now with all my heart," said the Vicar, pressing his hand, "and I will do my utmost for your child." And then again he entreated, "'Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers; spare us, good Lord.'"

Once more the dying man essayed to speak. "Happy now—Ruth too. Kiss me, Stella—Clara, forgive," he whispered, and then, with a smile on his face, he closed his eyes for the last time.

At a sign from Dr. Crozier, Mr. Denman gently took Mrs. Atherfield by the hand and led her from the room. But once away from the feeling of awe associated with a dying bed Mrs. Atherfield recovered herself.

"I shall leave here at once," she said. "I have had an insult put upon me to-night. I do not wish to see that girl Ruth again; she is a serpent." Then, seeing Abraham crossing the hall towards the kitchen, she suddenly demanded, "What is this story? Tell me at once; I have a right to know."

"God knows you have a right, ma'am," said the old man respectfully. "The story has been a sad burden to me for many a day; but if I am to tell it, I must tell it before Ruth and Miss Stella. P'r'aps 'twould be as well if parson could hear what I've got to say; somebody must tell the tale to the world, and——"

"Yes, yes; Mr. Denman shall hear. I do not object; why should I? It is I who am injured. Tell it to everybody," exclaimed Mrs. Atherfield wildly.

In a short time Abraham entered the dining-room, bringing the two girls with him, and in his own fashion told the story of his daughter's marriage to Mr. Atherfield. Noting the young man's attentions to his daughter, and feeling sure that no good could come from such an attachment, Abraham and his wife had obtained a situation for Naomi in London; but during a visit to the metropolis her lover had met the girl, and persuaded her to marry him. The marriage was kept a secret; and it was not till Naomi arrived at her home one night in an exhausted condition that her parents had any suspicion of the fact. She had walked from Skirley, and, being overtaken

by a terrible storm, had fallen exhausted by the way. She had been discovered at daybreak by some labourers going to their work; and though every means were used to restore her she died from the exposure. In her pocket her mother discovered the certificates of her marriage with Walter Atherfield, and of the baptism of a baby—Ruth, daughter of Walter and Naomi Atherfield. A terrible scene took place between the father and husband of the dead girl; but the latter was able to show conclusively that he had not neglected his wife, and declared that he had always intended to acknowledge her upon the death of his father. Knowing the temper of the latter, and that the young man was utterly dependent upon him, Abraham kept his secret, on condition that search was made for the baby. It was found that when Naomi left London the child was with her; beyond that nothing could be heard of it. A terrible dread that the mother had destroyed the infant kept Abraham silent; but when he heard the story of Ruth's appearance at the workhouse he became suspicious that she might prove to be his grandchild. He managed to bring the conversation round to the subject, and got Ruth to show him the clothes she wore when she was found, and the piece of paper upon which her name was written. He immediately recognised the writing, and the shawl in which the baby had been wrapped, which was one he had given his daughter when she left home. Naomi had doubtless felt her strength failing, and had left the child, feeling sure it would be cared for, and trusting to the name as a means of identifying her baby. When Abraham was able to set the facts of the case clearly before his master, the latter promised that he would recognise his daughter; but a dread of how his wife would act, had driven him to put off the disclosure, though at the same time the knowledge had been the cause of that curious ascendency which Ruth appeared to have over him; and it was this sense of the great wrong he had done to her, which caused his determination to be brought home after his accident, in order that he might make what reparation lay in his power.

CHAPTER X.

"SACRIFICED FOR OTHERS."

THE death of Mr. Atherfield brought a host of creditors down upon the Old Hall, each eager to save something out of the wreck. Little enough was to be found. The house and land had been mortgaged up to their full value, and only the forbearance of the mortgagees had kept a home over the family for some time, as the interest of the mortgage money was largely in arrears. The stock on the farm, the furniture in the house, had all been used as pledges to different creditors; while the number of those who held no such security was legion. Mr. Denman came forward, and did his utmost, with the aid of a lawyer at Skirley, to arrange matters and to obtain even a small sum of money for the widow and children; but their efforts were unavailing.

Mrs. Atherfield left the place immediately after the funeral, filled with passionate resentment against the dead; not only for the state of poverty to which she was reduced, but on account of Ruth, whom she obstinately refused to acknowledge, notwithstanding the clear evidence of the truth of her husband's dying words. Stella, who was broken down with grief at the loss of her father, clung to Ruth with an excess of devotion. The affection she had always felt for her was now justified, and she felt that her father had placed her in her sister's hands, and she desired to remain with her. But Mrs. Atherfield would not hear of this; and she alternated between upbraiding her daughter with lack of natural affection for herself, and taunting her with her low-born sister.

"What am I to do?" cried Stella. "If I go with mother I shall be miserable. She doesn't care for me. Can't you keep me with you, Ruth?"

"Dear Miss Stella," began Ruth, but Stella answered her indignantly, "How dare you, Ruth! You forget that I am your sister. Do you want to disown me? Father left me in your care, but nobody wants me now that he is gone."

"Dear sister," said Ruth, drawing the sobbing girl to her, "do not say, do not think, that I don't love you. If you only knew how much happier I feel now that I know that I have some one belonging to me! But because I feel that you are my special charge, I must advise you to do what I know is right. I want you to go with your mother, to be gentle and submissive, to try to put away all your childish fancies that she does not care for you, to try to win her love by your conduct towards her. Dear Stella, it is your duty; and if you run against it, you run against God's will, and you will be doing wrong. If Mrs. Atherfield did not wish to take you with her I should think it my duty to try in some manner or other to provide for you, but I should be doing a great injustice to you if I took you to live with me. Grandfather has taken a little cottage at Bruntdale. He has saved some money, and he thinks he can get some work among those who know him. I shall keep his house, and I, too, must get work of some sort to do. That is very well for me. I have never had a home of my own before; and though this one will be poor and humble, I am very thankful for it; but it would not be the place for you. You are a lady, and you must keep in your proper position."

"Well, if I am a lady, Ruth, you are one too. We are both well born if that is any use to us."

"I am afraid that I can never accept the fact of being 'well born,'" said Ruth, with a smile, "for I can never get over the equally undoubted fact that I am workhouse bred. No, little sister, you must love me as Ruth March the waif, rather than as Ruth Atherfield; for if it had not been that our father's disclosure gave me a sister I could wish that it had never been made."

"Don't say that, dear," said Stella, giving Ruth a hug. "You can't tell the comfort you are to me. I will do what you advise, and go with my mother, and I will try to make her love me; but I shall be miserable. You don't know the sort of place my uncle's house is. Of course he has plenty of money, and there is every comfort to be had there; but we were quiet, respectable people here, compared to what they are at Drayton Lodge. You see, my uncle is a bookmaker, and his friends are a very loud, fast set of men. Mother likes it; but I remember that even as a child the company frightened me, and now that Mr. Denman and you have taught me, I dread the life more than I can tell you."

"You must be with them, but not of them, dear," said Ruth. "It seems hard to understand, but God has some wise purpose in all this trouble for you. Cheer up; don't be downhearted. You will have to fight your fight alone, but God will be with you always, and will give you all the support you need if you will only ask for it."

In a very short time the Old Hall was given up to the creditors. Mrs. Atherfield and Stella left for Drayton Lodge, and Ruth took up her abode with Abraham, at Bruntdale. Soon after her arrival she was surprised by a visit from Mr. Denman and a strange gentleman. The latter asked her many questions concerning her life at the Old Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Atherfield, and Stella. "I am Sir Ralph Atherfield," he explained, noting that she appeared unwilling to answer some of the questions. "I have good reason for asking you for information. I believe from what Mr. Denman tells me that I must claim you as a kinswoman." The tone of voice was sarcastic, and roused Ruth's resentment.

"You may be sure, sir, that I shall never lay claim to that honour. I have lived as Ruth March all my life, and prefer to retain that name. Mr. Atherfield, I know, wished to make reparation by acknowledging me. If I had had any choice in the matter the news should never have been made public."

"It was impossible to prevent it, Ruth," said Mr. Denman; "neither would it have been right to conceal the truth."

"You have got the Atherfield spirit, young woman," said Sir Ralph grimly. "And now I want to know something of this sister of yours. There were obvious reasons why I should have nothing to do with my scapegrace relative who is dead; but I should like to help his daughter if I can do so. I hear that the mother has no money, and also that her connections are not desirable."

"Will you do something for Stella?" cried Ruth. "Oh, sir, that is indeed good news! If you would only send her to school for a year or two it would be the greatest boon to her, and take her away from surroundings which she detests, and which are likely to do her harm."

"If her mother will accept my offer I will do what you suggest; and as Mr. Denman has shown a great interest in the girl I shall ask him to select the school. And now, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Ruth. "But I am truly grateful for your kindness to Stella. I think it will be the best thing for everybody if you will forget that I am in any way connected with the Atherfield family. I do not think I shall ever remind you of the fact."

"A girl of great spirit and character," remarked Sir Ralph, as he walked away with Mr. Denman. "I respect her for her pride in the matter."

"Ruth is a true lady at heart, and, better still, a truly good girl," answered the Vicar. "I believe her influence at the Old Hall has been of vital importance. It is well known that the rowdyism which used to prevail much diminished after she was established there; and her care of Stella was beyond all praise. The girl owes all that she now is to Ruth."

"I can see that she is too independent to take anything from me; but if there is ever a chance of my helping her I look to you, Denman, to act for me in the matter," said Sir Ralph.

A few days later Ruth received an enthusiastic letter from her sister. "I am going to school," she wrote; "and oh! I can never tell you how glad I shall be to get away from here. Mother will not tell me who is the kind friend who is doing this for me, and I cannot guess; but I am so delighted. How hard I shall work! And then, Ruth dear, in a few years perhaps we shall be able to live together. I will teach and get the living, and you shall be the housekeeper. There is a matter that has weighed on my mind ever since I left the Old Hall. What did father mean about John Harker? Do you think he owed the old man any money? Can you find out? Tell him from me that I have nothing now, but that some day I will pay him; I promise it."

By the time she received the letter Ruth knew only too well what had been the meaning of Mr. Atherfield's incoherent remarks about John Harker. The poor old man, arguing from the fact that because he had not been a loser before, he therefore might expect a similar experience in like transactions again, had once more given his name as security to a bill of much larger amount than before. The creditor, on hearing of the death of Mr. Atherfield, immediately demanded payment, and then John was obliged to acknowledge his folly to his wife, and ask her counsel.

"What shall I do, wife? Tell me now, do 'ee. You can always see the way out of a trouble."

"I can't see the way out of this, John," said his wife. "You've promised by that bit o' paper, an' you must keep your promise as well as you can; but every penny we have saved must go, and more, too, for every

penny in the bank won't meet what the man asks for; but if he'll wait we'll pay it."

"Wife," said the old man, coming to her with tears in his eyes, "you're better to me than I deserve. God knows I'm sorry enough now for what I've done, and sorriest of all that I never told you. If you'd up and hit me 'twouldn't be more than I deserve; but to see you a-settin' there and sayin' 'we'll pay,' when I've brought you down, makes me feel bad—that it do."

"'Tain't no use cryin' over spilt milk, John," answered the old woman. "'Tis a blow, and I ain't goin' to deny it; but I've thought many a time of what Mr. Denman said to me long ago. He said I was too much set upon money, and p'r'aps he was right, and this has come upon me just to show me that there is something better than riches to trust to; so, John, we won't say another word about it. You must draw out what we've got in the bank, and we must pay the other by degrees; and if we do have to spend our last days in the union, why——" But here Mrs. Harker's voice forsook her. The vision she had conjured up was so appalling that she burst into tears.

But the creditor would not be content with the hundred pounds which John carried to him. He was determined to have the full amount of his bill, and that at once. Unless the sum was paid within a month a distress would be levied and goods seized. Poor old John tramped round to the various customers who owed him small bills; but all the money he could collect fell far short of the required amount, and the cow had to be sacrificed in order to make it up. With a heavy heart he made his way to the county town to discharge his debt, and came back with the fatal paper which had caused so much distress to himself and his wife. The latter had prepared a substantial meal for his refreshment, but the poor old man was too broken down to be able to eat. Pleading fatigue, he went early to bed; but when, a little later, Martha went upstairs he was still tossing uneasily on his bed.

"I 'lows you was right, Martha, 'bout that money," he said pitifully. "You said I was encouraging badness to put my hand to a bill for a man that lost his money over cards and racing. I've got it on my mind, and I knows I done wrong about it. I met Timmy Brodie on my way home yesterday, and I told him my errand and all about it. He talked to me straight, did Timmy, and he says, 'You must not only avoid evil, but you must avoid the very appearance of evil.' 'Tain't no good to keep only from doin' a bad thing yourself; you must see as you don't 'courage it in others. Timmy is a terrible smart man with his tongue. When he've a-got anything to say he says it downright, and no mistake."

"Don't lay it so to heart, now, don't, John," answered Martha, in her most comforting voice. "Let's thank God now this minute that we had the money, and then never speak of it again." Then the old woman knelt down, and in homely language gave thanks that they had been "helped to live as honest folk, and had money to pay their debts," and prayed for faith to help them in the coming years.

Martha found that her faith needed strength and support when towards morning she was roused by her husband's heavy breathing. She endeavoured to rouse him, but found that he was helpless and speechless. The doctor was hastily summoned, but at once pronounced the case a hopeless one, and in a few hours John Harker was no more.

Grief at losing her husband was not lessened to Martha by the fact that the attack of paralysis had been brought on by the anxiety he had suffered concerning his bond.

"My man has been sacrificed to the wickedness of others," she said bitterly. "The savings of our life are gone, and my poor John is dead, all because Mr. Atherfield must have his horse-racing and his card-playing. If only our Vicar's plan could have

"'LET'S THANK GOD.'"

been worked out, and we put our money where we couldn't have touched it, I'd have had him with me still. It isn't that I'm afraid of work, but I'm getting an old woman now, and I mayn't be able to keep on much longer; and then what is there before me but a workhouse?"

"Not that, mother, while I've got a home to offer you," answered one of her sons. "Come back with me now, if you like. Annie 'll be glad to give you a room and take care of you."

"You're a good boy, Thomas; but I don't want any home but the one I work for. You've got your wife and your children, and they're enough for you at present. It shall never be said that I go and live on my children while God gives me strength to work; so we'll say no more about it."

"Have you heard the news of Grimshaw's Bank?" asked Timmy Brodie, who had just called to inquire for his friends.

"Nay, I've heard nothing," answered Martha wearily. "There was a time I used to worry about Grimshaw's; but I've no call to think about it now."

"Well, it's broke," said Timmy, "and Skirley is in a state o' uproar. There've been a big bank smash in London, and it pulls a lot of small country houses down with it; but 'tis a many of our neighbours as will be ruined. 'Twill be terrible bad for the farmers and the tradesfolk round about. We shall hear of more than one going bankrupt. 'Tain't many pounds that I've got; but since I've took to livin' a decent life I've put by a few shillings; but they're safe and sound in the Post Offiee Savings Bank. Parson he talks to me 'bout it, and we went into figgers, and I can see if I'd only begun to save before, and kept up reg'lar payments, I might ha' retired from business by-and-by, and set up as a private gentleman. Well, thanks be to God, I've got a better bank than even our Government can offer me; and if we ha'n't got gold and silver, Mrs. Harker, we've got better riches. Ain't that so?"

"'Tis so, friend," answered Mrs. Harker, "and I thanks you for putting me in mind of it. I told my poor old man, not long before he was taken, that I doubted I was too much set upon money, and I fears it still, and I pray agen it. It seems to have been sent as a warning that we wasn't to have that money.

(To be continued.)

GARDEN WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

DIG all the vacant ground, throwing it up in ridges. This is especially advantageous for heavy soil, as the frost and rain enters into it and breaks the hard lumps, rendering the earth more easily worked in the spring. The surface of the soil should be turned over so as to be at the bottom, while the lower soil will be at the top. It is advisable to manure heavy soil at the same time when it is dug. Light soils need not be manured until the spring. Plant cabbage, if any left over, early in the month. Hoe cabbages planted in October. Beans and peas may be sown thickly in a dry sheltered position, but in frosty weather cover with litter. Cauliflowers in frames should have the air admitted to them. In wet weather raise the glass, but do not expose the plants to the rain. They must be protected from frost.

Fruit Garden.

All kinds of fruit trees should now be planted, and pruned. In pruning cut out branches which cross each other, and cut back to eyes which are shooting outwards. Dig between the fruit trees.

Flower Garden.

Prepare the ground for next year's planting by removing all withered plants. Dig all the borders, and plant perennials and biennials in the places on which they are to remain. Plant hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, etc. Plant flowering shrubs, such as lilacs, laburnums, honeysuckle, jasmine, roses, also evergreens.

THE SUNBEAM'S SERMON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. P. W. N. BOURNE, D.D.,
Vicar of Christ Church, Doncaster.

IT is necessary, dear children, to talk a little about the sun itself before we can properly understand what a sunbeam is, and the work which it does, because, as you know, all sunbeams come directly from the great sun. The sun is a long way from the earth; in fact, 91,000,000 of miles. Supposing it were possible to travel in an express train—one of those splendid trains which are constantly running through Doncaster at sixty miles an hour—it would take us *one hundred and seventy-one years* to reach the sun! Think of that! and when we got there, how immense should we find him to be! The old philosopher, Anaxagoras, used to say the sun is "as large as the Peloponesus"—*i.e.*, it covers as much space as the county of Middlesex, in which London is situated. We know that the earth on which we live is so large, that travelling at the same rate of sixty miles an hour, it would take us *a month to go round it.* But try to understand how immense the sun must be, when I tell you that it is *a million times larger than our earth*, which is like a little mustard seed compared to it. But wonderful as all this is—and it makes us feel that God, who created all, must indeed be truly kind to take notice of us; yes, and to love us as He does—God has made the sun to be our servant, and has commanded him to give us two things—*Light and Heat*, without which neither ourselves nor any living creature could exist.

Let us think about the first—LIGHT. Just look towards the sun. Those 91,000,000 of miles which come between are made up of *the atmosphere*, which for many miles surrounds our earth, and which we breathe to live, and that which is called *ether*, which fills the vast space beyond. Through these, then, the light must travel before it reaches our eyes; and it is the fastest traveller in the world; for while you can count "one," a ray of light has travelled 192,000 miles. But you may ask, "And who gives it a start?" as we say. God has beautifully arranged this. Round and about the sun itself He has caused the atoms of various gases to be always clashing quickly together, in order to cause light and heat, and these gases agitate, or violently disturb, the ether, and thus "push on," or start the light, which never stops till it reaches our eyes. You have all watched the water in yonder pond, how, when there has been a gentle breeze, it has moved in thousands of wavelets or tiny ripples. In like manner the sunlight travels through space in tiny waves, all following close upon each other. Now a SUNBEAM simply means a *line of light sent forth from the sun*, a line composed of myriads of these tiny waves of light, although there is no perceptible movement of transition.

But the sunbeam sent forth by the sun teaches us, dear children, some holy lessons. We as Christians have another and even brighter Sun than that which we see with our natural eyes. Ages ago it was promised to them that should fear God's Name, "*the Sun of Righteousness should arise.*" Now, our Blessed Lord Jesus came to be that "Sun," for did He not say, "*I am the Light of the World: he that followeth Me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life*"? And again Jesus tells us that He is the "*true Light.*" Now, as we have been baptised into Him, and are connected with Him, we ought to be "sunbeams" in the world, receiving light and heat from Him, and handing it on to gladden others. Therefore our every morning prayer should be,—

"Come, Very Sun of Heavenly Love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And shed the Holy Spirit's ray
On every thought and word to-day."

But the natural sunbeam teaches us *how to be useful* like itself. We say that it is white, but its beautiful whiteness is a combination of different colours—viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, dark blue or indigo, and violet. These, blended together by God in proper proportion, form the beautiful white light which we take in with the eyes.

But yet more wonderful is the way in which the sunbeam acts upon various objects. That green plant draws in all the coloured waves but one,—the green, which is *reflected back to us*, and we call it by that name; so this red flower uses up all except the red waves, which in like way are *reflected back to us*, and we call it a "red flower." What is true in the world of nature is also true in the kingdom of grace. The spiritual sunbeam is made up of different colours or graces, and St. Paul tells us very plainly what they are: "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These colours or graces together make a perfect "sunbeam," and the more completely we possess each, the nearer shall we be towards perfection, and a means of blessing to others. For instance, you meet with a slighted and consequently downcast Christian; as a sunbeam, you "shed" upon him, by your loving life and words, a gleam of the love of God; it is exactly what he is now needing, and he drinks it in, along with the *joy* and the *peace* which accompany it. That weary sufferer, irritable, perhaps, from long illness, may learn from you the lesson of longsuffering, as you gently "beam" upon him, the reflection of a Christ-taught forbearance. So each will utilise that colour or grace, which is shed upon him by ourselves, and which he feels he so much needs. And as we behold his grateful countenance, it will be a truer reward than a houseful of gold or silver. Thus, God will be using us as one of His own "sunbeams."

Next the sunbeam gives out HEAT.

The myriads of light waves which make up the sunbeam are all of them *hot*. We cannot see them, but we feel them. Heat is necessary both for vegetation and animals, as well as for mankind. Our bodies could not live without it. See how the blades of grass in yonder field are drawing in and storing up the heat which comes from the warm waves of the sunbeams. Those sheep so peacefully grazing are also taking into their bodies the heat which the grass has extracted from the sunbeams. And we, as we eat the sweet and wholesome mutton, are using up that selfsame heat, which from the sunbeams has passed through plant and animal, and is now to give to our body that support without which it must grow cold and die. Are not the works of God wonderful? But the spiritual "sunbeam" is also full of warmth. And this is because the "Sun of Righteousness," even Jesus, from whom it comes, is the source of all spiritual heat. By heat I here mean *sympathy*, which has a wonderful power over others. It has been said

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

And this is sympathy, the power of feeling for and with others in their times of sorrow, suffering, and joy. Just as man's body cannot live without heat, so man's heart cannot live without sympathy. Even a wicked man must have sympathy in order to carry on his wicked deeds. Much more, then, are those who are trying to live a better life strengthened by the warm sympathy of Christ's sunbeams. Some people have such cold natures they almost chill one to go near them; and so because they lack this, it is all the more necessary that you should be able to teach them—ay, and to give to them the sympathy of a loving, Christian heart, the warmth of a heavenly sunbeam.

The ancient Greeks used to worship the sun as a god; that we know is a sin. But we, on the contrary, not only may, but *must* offer up worship to our Sun, even JESUS, who is Light of Light, Very and Eternal God.

Are you, dear children, offering to Him the worship of your life by striving to love Him more every day, to hate and keep from sin because He hates it? In Holy Baptism He made you His children; in Confirmation He strengthens you by His Spirit, that you may not be drawn away; in the Holy Communion He is ever inviting His children to come and receive more light. And all that you may be able to say from your heart,—

"I heard the Voice of JESUS say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In Him my star, my SUN;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

And when the end comes, and your life is clouded over by the great shadow,—the shadow of Death, as David calls it—even then the promise is, "*The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light.*" Having been Christ's sunbeams in this world, you shall outlive the natural sun in the life beyond the grave, for yonder heavenly city has "*no need of the sun to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof.*"

CHURCH BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

BY ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

(*Of Brentwood.*)

(*Continued from page* 237.)

VERY good mottoes of 1638 are on the bells of St. Burian, Cornwall, near the Land's End.

1. Non clamor sed amor cantat in aure Dei. * (Love, not noise, resounds in the ear of God.)
2. Sonoro sono meo sono Deo. (To God I sound with my sonorous tone.)
3. Cantabo laudes tuas Domine. (I will sing Thy praises, O Lord.)
4. Domini laudes non verbo sed voce resonabo. (Not with speech but by my voice will I sound the praises of the Lord.)
5. Jubilate Domino salutari nostro. (O be joyful in our beneficent Lord.)
6. Merorem mæstis, letis sic leta sonabo. (I will sound forth sorrow to the sad, and joy to the joyous.)
7. Vocem ego do vobis, (I give my voice to you,
   Vos date verba Deo. Give ye your words to God.)

St. Alkmund's, Derby.

Ut tuba sic resono ad templa venite pii 1586. (As a trumpet so I sound, come, ye pious, to the temple.)

Preston, Northamptonshire.

Cum sono si non vis venire, (When I sound, if you do not wish to come,
Nunquam ad preces cupies ire. 1631. † You will never desire to go to prayer.)

Youlgrave, Derbyshire (4 bells) ‡

Cople, Bedfordshire (5 bells).

3. Believe, be wise, and return, remember to die.

Stourton, Wilts (6 bells).

4. O Lord, accept this bell of mee,
   To call Thy people unto Thee.

Llandaff Cathedral (Tenor bell).

When I call, God calls.

Abergele, Denbighshire (6 bells).

Os meum annunciabit laudem tuam. (My mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.)

Salisbury, St. Martin's (6 bells).

6. Call a solemn assemblie—gather the people. 1628.

Meole Brace, Shropshire (3 bells).

1. Three are our voices, but their chime is one,
   Inviting all, their work-day labour done,
   To worship God the Father, God the Son,
2. And God the Spirit, those Eternal Three
   Who yet are One, and one shall ever be,
   Co-equal Trinity in Unity.
3. We greet the bridal and the birthday feast,
   We speed the soul from fleshly bonds released,
   To that long home where grief and sin have ceased.

Sometimes sentences from the *Venite* were very aptly placed upon bells, as at Cherry Hinton, Cambridgeshire, of which only two now remain. Similarly the *Te Deum*, as at Oxborough, Norfolk, and sometimes the Lord's Prayer. The following are constantly met with:—

Jesus be oure good speed. God save His Church. God save the King. Let youar hope bee in the Lorde. Feare God, honour the Kinge. Prayse the Lord. Gloria Deo in excelsis. Prosperity to this parish. Cum and praie.

Peace and good neighbourhood.
I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

Cum wen I call. Goy in God. God be our guyd.
My roaring sound doth warning give
That men cannot heare always lyve.

At All Saints, Norwich, is the following curious one:—

Gallus vocor Super omnia sono. (I am called the Cock, I sound above all.)

At New College, Oxford, on several bells:—

Manners makyth man.

At Masham, Yorkshire, a peal of six (1766) gives the following rules for ringing:—

1. Look to my brethren whilst the peal I lead;
2. We to the treble's motion must take heed.
3. In various courses we are taught to range,
4. In singles, doubles, and in triples change.
5. In every peal is rung by different scheme,
6. Dodge, and Bob, and Round at the extreme.

Perhaps the most remarkable bell existing in England is the 4th at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, which is encircled with two bands of musical notes of diamond form. A copy of this music is given in the Rev. W. C. Lukis' book. At the commencement of the music in the upper line (to quote his words) is a half figure of a man in the dress of the period, 1612, with this inscription on a surrounding label:—

+ keepe tyme in anye case,

and at the beginning of the lower line of music is a similar figure with:—

+ Then let us singe it againe.

The former of these injunctions is more easily given than obeyed, for the music is not barred, and there is great difficulty in barring it. The music looks like a Round in six parts, and is placed on a staff of five lines in the Soprano Clef. Much of the music appears to be syncopated after the manner of the old Cathedral services and anthems by Tallis, Byrde, Gibbons, and others.

The longest bell inscriptions are at Glasgow Cathedral, 1583, and St. Sampson's Church, Guernsey, 1759.

(*To be continued.*)

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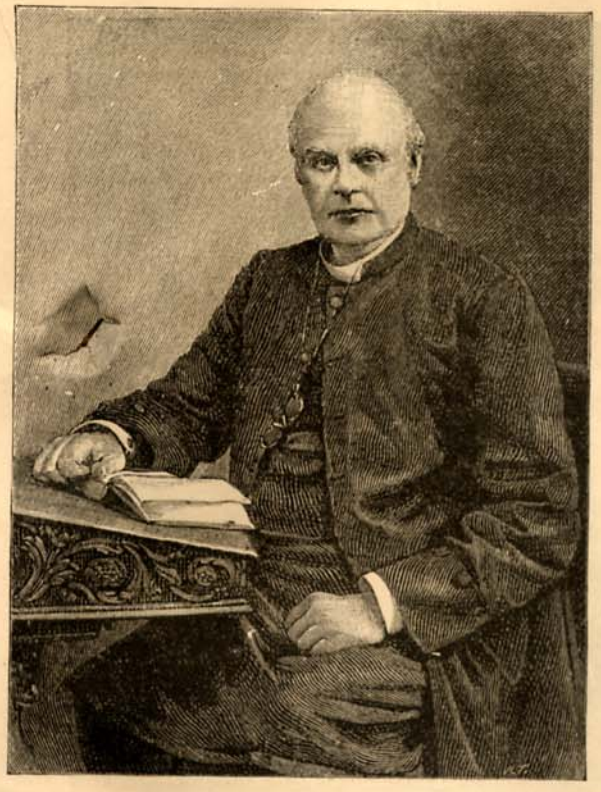
* And at St. Edward's, Cambridge.
† Also at Charwelton, and Brackley, in the same county.
‡ Found also at Repton and Sawley in the same county, and numerous other churches.



REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IX. THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

THE REV. J. C. EDGHILL, D.D., Q.H.C., was born in 1835, and educated at King's College, London. He was ordained Deacon in 1858, and Priest 1859, by the Bishop of London, and was appointed to the Curacy of St. Mark's, Whitechapel.

Predisposition to consumption, combined with the laborious duties of a parish like St. Mark's, soon produced their inevitable results, and within two years he was incapacitated, for a time, for further work.

Dean Stanley, who had examined him before ordination, strongly urged him to enter the Army as a chaplain, and at his request Dr. Gleig, who was then Chaplain-General, gave Mr. Edghill a commission in the Department under his care. He was sent for a time to Aldershot, and in a few months the pure air and the pleasure attending his work produced so marked a change in his health that the specialist who had been consulted pronounced him out of danger.

In 1863 Mr. Edghill was ordered to Chatham as Senior Chaplain, although quite a young man, the appointment being justified by its results. The chapel school was quickly filled on Sunday evenings by a large congregation of soldiers, and an intimate relation was established between him and the corps of Royal Engineers, which has never since been broken.

From Chatham he was sent, for his tour of foreign service, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and his zeal and energy were crowned with great success. During his stay the huge church was renovated, an organ purchased, and the first surpliced choir in the diocese established. His popularity as a preacher was undoubted, and, at the Bishop's request, he constantly occupied the pulpits of many of the civilian churches. He also took a prominent part in diocesan work, and his memory is still cherished and honoured by churchmen in Nova Scotia. After six years incessant labour his health again gave way, and he was compelled to return to England. The following extract from *The Church Chronicle* shows how deeply his work had impressed all who came within the sphere of his influence :—

"His absence will be deplored by churchmen far and near, but they alone by whom he was intimately known can fully appreciate the sound wisdom and earnest devotion with which he won the love and gained the confidence of all classes. It must be left to a future and a greater day to fully reveal how much, in a few short years, he accomplished by the bravery of his faith and the purity of his life."

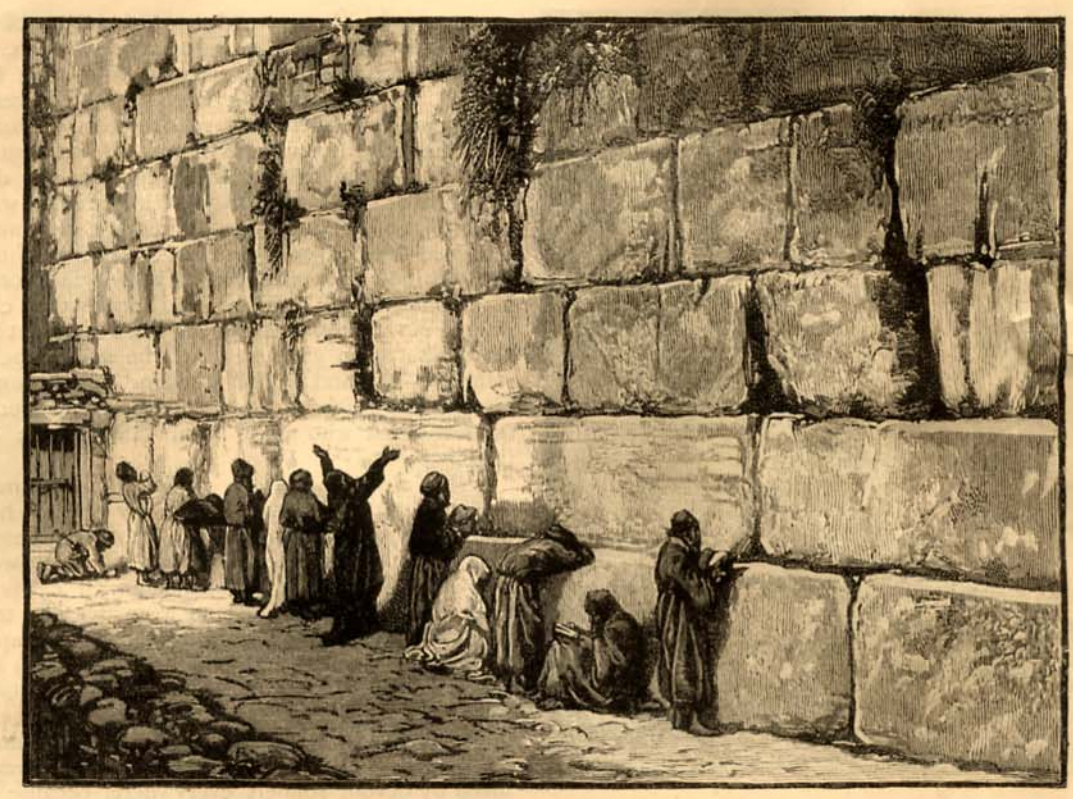
Mr. Edghill was next appointed to the Iron Church, South Camp, Aldershot, and the influence he exerted for good was by no means confined to the limits of his district. The Iron Church became known and loved by devout soldiers everywhere, because within it so many received their first impulse to good.

At Dover and Gibraltar the same success attended his ministry, and in 1882 he was appointed Senior Chaplain at Portsmouth.

Mr. Edghill was made Chaplain-General in February 1885, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to mark his approval, conferred on him the degree of a Doctor of Divinity.

In the summer of 1887 the Synod of Nova Scotia unanimously elected Dr. Edghill as Bishop; but on the ground that "he had no right at present to leave his work in the Army" he declined the offer. In making this decision he was considerably influenced by the Archbishop, who wrote to him, "I cannot conceive that you are called to Nova Scotia, or to do anything but to walk with God in a great office more actively and closely still."

Dr. Edghill is a strong advocate of total abstinence, and has for a long period been associated with the Church of England Temperance Society, and the National Temperance League, of which he is a Vice-President. In 1887 he was appointed Chaplain to the Tower of London, a position he resigned in 1892. In 1888 the Queen made him one of her honorary chaplains, and he is one of the Commissioners of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Chelsea. Our portrait has been engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.



JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

PALESTINE TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. R. F. G. SMITHWICK, M.A., *Vicar of Seaforth.*

JERUSALEM AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—THE PLACE OF WAILING.

WHAT the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is to the Christian the site of the Temple is to the Jew—the principal place of pilgrimage within the City. But with this difference. The Holy Sepulchre being in the possession of Christians, is open at all times for the purpose of worship; not so the Temple, which is still held by the Mohammedan power. Christians are now allowed to enter the Great Temple enclosure, and to visit the mosques, but the Jews are still rigidly excluded. All that they are permitted to do is to approach the walls which once surrounded their glorious Temple. At a point nearest to the spot on which it is believed the Holy of Holies stood, the Jews assemble week by week for the purpose of prayer and lamentation. The sight is a most touching and interesting one. Although the original level of the ancient Temple is now covered with some seventy feet of rubbish, much of the old wall remains. Every Friday afternoon, on the eve of the Sabbath, a strange and motley crowd may be seen wending their way to this spot. The place consists of a narrow paved area or court, bounded on one side by a low parapet, and on the other by the Temple wall. The lower stones are of great antiquity, some of them fifteen feet long. There is little doubt that these stones occupy their original position, and have never been disturbed. They seem to have a strange fascination for the Jews. Here they assemble, coming from all parts of the world. All ages are represented—old men, pale and haggard, with flowing beards and tottering steps, bending beneath the weight of years, and youths just entering upon life, yet not without careworn faces, all dressed in their long "gaberdines" and fur-trimmed caps. Here and there we see the prostrate figure of a woman.

This touching spectacle is of great antiquity. A writer of the fifth century makes mention that, in his day, the Jews used to bribe the Roman soldiers to permit them to go and weep over the ruins of their city. Lamentations are heard on all sides, whilst some of the more devout worshippers kiss the stones with a fervour which testifies to the reality of their grief. With low and melancholy wail they chant their Hebrew Psalm, "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt Thou be angry for ever?" (Psalm lxxix. 1, 4, 5.) In addition to this Psalm, solemn litanies may be heard from time to time, wherein the reader strikes the keynote, and the people respond. In spite of their down-trodden condition, the Jews seem to be inspired with a profound conviction that Zion will once again become their own. Of this there is no doubt, that every year sees a large increase in the Jewish popula-

tion, owing to the number of foreign Jews who are returning to Palestine. This, in a great measure, has been brought about through the exertions and liberality of the late Sir Moses Montefiore, who at the age of ninety-two went to Jerusalem to investigate the condition of his co-religionists. While much remains to be seen in the city, we feel that the neighbourhood is fraught with even greater interest. Buildings must of necessity change, mountains and hills ever remain the same. The first place to which we naturally turn our steps on leaving the city is the Mount of Olives, so intimately associated with the life and sufferings of our Blessed Lord. Passing out by the St. Stephen Gate, on the eastern side, we come in a few minutes to the Brook Kedron, which is crossed by a bridge of one arch, from whence a steep path leads up to Olivet. *It* can hardly lay claim to the term "Mount," if by it we mean a great elevation. This it certainly is not, being but some three hundred feet higher than the Temple area; and yet the steep declivity by which it is approached from the city, across the Kedron Valley adds to its dignity, and causes it to appear higher than it really is. It has three summits, the middle one being somewhat higher than the other two. The view from here is most striking. Far away in the distance are seen the blue waters of the Dead Sea glittering in the sunshine, backed by the mountains of Moab, and at our feet the Holy City, with its grey walls and ruined towers. Olive trees are scattered here and there, but by no means so abundantly as we might anticipate from the name. Doubtless many were destroyed by the Roman soldiers when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus. Tradition has centred itself around the Mount. At the base lies the "Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin," where it is said she was buried by the Apostles, while, on the summit, we are shown the "Church of the Ascension," from whence, it is said, our Lord ascended into Heaven. The latter is no doubt supported by a very early tradition dating from the commencement of the fourth century, but this hardly coincides with the words of the Evangelist, "He led them out as far as to Bethany." It may have been, and doubtless was, from some part of the Mount of Olives that the Saviour returned to the Father, but probably not from the traditional spot. There is one place, however, at the foot of the Mount which tradition has preserved, and which is well supported by the testimony of Holy Scripture, and that is Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane is one of the sweetest spots in Palestine. We feel that here we are indeed standing upon holy ground. It not only has the support of early tradition, but agrees well with what we are told in the Gospels, being across the Brook Kedron. (St. John xviii. 1.)

The Garden is enclosed by a high wall, and is carefully tended by a few Franciscan monks. It is somewhat spoiled by a number of "stations," which are placed round the walls. In spite of these modern additions the place is of the deepest and most sacred interest. The olive trees which flourish there are without doubt the oldest in Palestine. If not the very trees under which the awful Agony took place, they can be little less than a thousand years old. The impression which a visit to Gethsemane leaves upon the mind is one which can never be forgotten. While we are on the slopes of Olivet we feel we are not far from Bethany, the home of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. The ancient Roman road from Jerusalem can be easily traced. Crossing the Kedron valley, it passes the Garden of Gethsemane, winding round the southern side of the Mount. It was along this road that our Blessed Lord made His triumphant entry into the Holy City on Palm Sunday. Dean Stanley, in a well-known passage, has described the scene in his own graphic way: "Two vast streams of people met that day. The one poured out from the city (St. John xii.), and as they came through the gardens, whose clusters of palm trees rose on the south-eastern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, . . . and moved upwards towards Bethany with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night. . . . The two streams met. Half of the vast mass turning round, preceded; the other half followed (St. Mark xi. 9). Gradually the long procession swept round the little valley that furrows the hill, and over the bridge on its western side, where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-western corner of the city. It was at this precise spot, 'as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives,' that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, 'Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!' Again the procession advanced. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent; it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view." It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and "He, when He beheld the city, wept over it." Bethany, the "House of Dates," which is now better known locally as El Azarieh, or Lazarieh, the "place of Lazarus," is about two miles from Jerusalem. Doubtless it commended itself to our Saviour for its seclusion. To this day it maintains this character, and we can well understand how Jesus would long to retire to this quiet retreat from the noise and bustle of the crowded city, for it is never recorded that He spent a night in Jerusalem. The village is a poor place now, consisting of a few wretched dwellings, which can hardly be dignified by the name of houses. It has, of course, its traditional "sites." The Castle of Lazarus, the House of Martha and Mary, and the Tomb of their brother, are all pointed out. The last is utterly unworthy of credit, being in no way like the rock-hewn tombs of the Jews. The grave of Lazarus must be sought, not in the village, but outside it. If it is difficult to find the exact spot, we still feel that this is Bethany, the scene of our Saviour's greatest miracle, and that from this place issued those words which have been the comfort and solace of millions of Christian mourners: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die" (St. John xi. 25, 26).

AN EVENING HYMN.

FATHER of Heaven, Ineffable, Divine,
In whom undimmed eternal glories shine;
Here in Thy house Thy beaming light display
To us who seek Thee ere the close of day.

Dark shadows fall across our pilgrim path;
Father of Lights, Thy light no shadow hath.
Into our hearts Thy brightest radiance pour,
That we Thyself may see yet more and more.

Weary of toil, we long to share Thy rest;
Weary of strife, with peace we would be blest;
We grope in darkness till Thy beams we see,
And life is void of good if void of Thee.

Grant us to know Thy truth, O God of Love,
As in our pilgrim way we onward move,
Till faith shall see the beacon light of Home,
And voices, hushed by death, shall bid us come.

W. J. HOCKING.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
TUFNELL PARK, N.

ALL SAINTS.

THEIR road was rough; their goal is passing sweet.
Though haunted by a radiant spirit-guest
Their life was toilsome; now their life is rest.
Dust of the highway soiled their aching feet:
To-day they walk the stainless jasper street;
Stumbling at times they made the Master sad.
Lo! now they are by Him made very glad—
In rapt fruition gloriously complete.

O Thou! who journeyedst first the arduous way,
Reft of whose aid the lustiest traveller faints,
Whose miracles are not of yesterday,
Whose puissant arm shall never brook restraints—
Guide, O Thou Shepherd of the sheep that stray,
All sinners to the Home where dwell All Saints.

THE SAINTS OF TO-DAY.

WHAT saves a Church in her forgetful hour?
The sentiment and prestige of her age?
The records of her bright heroic page?
The memory of her primal spirit-dower?
Ah no! when faithless apathy has power,
And tempts the fulness of Almighty rage,
A goodlier pleading must with God engage,
To stay the fierce annihilating shower.

Christ's living saints who follow in His track,
The spellbound few whose prayers and lives are one,
Who keep their garments white when ours are soiled,
Whose souls are steadfast still when ours are slack;
Who still achieve, though multitudes be foiled—
Through these the Church's race is not yet run.

ST. ANDREW.

Come after Me, O fisher! High renown
Awaits thy craft upon an ampler sea:
Thou shalt catch men to keep alive for Me.
Deep into Andrew's soul that Voice slid down;
He saw the smile, he dared not bide the frown;
But to a noble carelessness enticed,
He flung his heart to meet the beckoning Christ,
And won Saint Andrew's cross, Saint Andrew's crown.

Come after Me. August, perennial call!
Imperiously winning, it sounds still.
Alas for us if on our ears it fall,
And find the drowsy limbs, the laggard will!
O Thou who taught so well a servant's part!
With Thy free spirit nerve each listening heart.

SYDNEY T. SHARPLEY.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII. ST. MARY'S, LEICESTER.

A NORMAN DOOR.

"ST. MARY'S CHURCH is really the centre of the old life of this great town. It is the first object to which every passing stranger turns his attention, and it naturally carries with it a great reputation." Such were the words of the eminent churchman and historian, Dr. Creighton, the present Bishop of Peterborough, when preaching at St. Mary's in March 1892.

A visitor coming into Leicester passes abruptly through the Magazine Gateway from all the bustle and turmoil of a large manufacturing town, into surroundings which present a marked contrast to those which he has just left. He has entered the Newark—the old-world quarter of the town—and sees before him what remains of those buildings which, clustering round the Old Castle, made Leicester so important a place in the history of our country, centuries before it became a prominent manufacturing town.

The most striking and most beautiful of these is St. Mary's Church, the subject of our sketch.

In Saxon times there was on the present site a collegiate church, situate very near the castle, whose founder is unknown. At the time of the Norman Invasion they were both almost entirely destroyed. Happily this destruction occurred at a time when there was that great enthusiasm for church-building, to the existence of which many of the noblest of our cathedrals so fully testify; and Robert de Bellmont, the then Earl of Leicester, showed his determination to take his part in the great movement by practically rebuilding in 1107 the almost entirely ruined church, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary. He placed in it a dean and twelve secular canons, and among other endowments gave it the patronage of all the churches in Leicester except St. Margaret's.

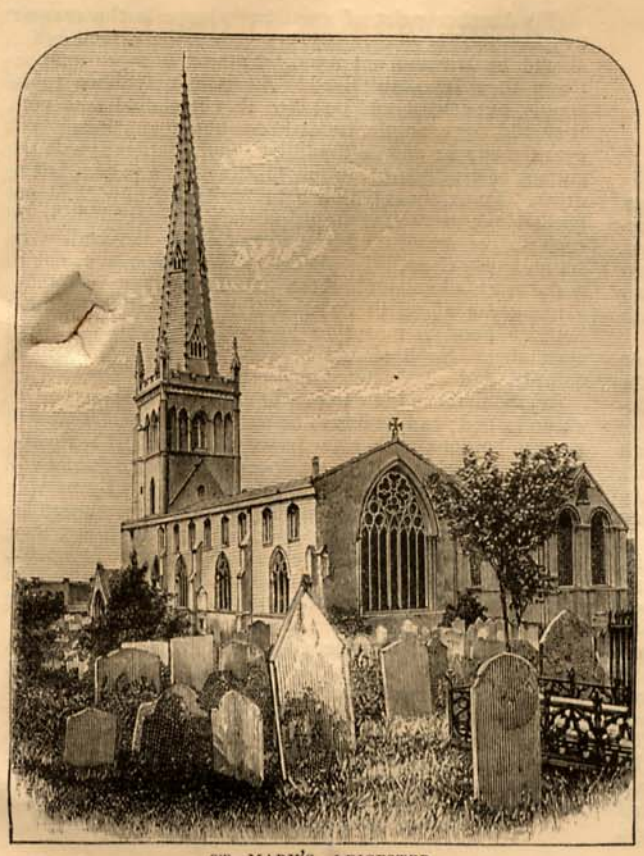
Owing to its proximity to the castle, with the fortunes of which it was so closely identified, it was given the name of St. Mary de Castro.

Many beautiful specimens of Norman work are still to be found in it, among which we may especially mention the arcade at the west end, the exquisite sedilia in the chancel, and the clerestory windows. For clerestory windows these are very small, and leave us to imagine how dark many of those long, low Norman churches must have been. There was less need of light in those days, for but very few of the congregation could read; and the windows, while they let in the light, let in also the foul weather.

The south aisle, which is of very considerable width, was built on to the old church, so that there were originally two distinct churches.

In the south wall of this aisle are to be found some elaborately carved Early English sedilia and piscina.

These two churches were subsequently united, probably about the year 1400, by the perforation of the dividing wall, so that an easy communication might be made between them, three lofty arches and four smaller ones



ST. MARY'S, LEICESTER.

being cut through without destroying the upper works, of which, among others, a beautiful row of clerestory windows still remains. The whole building thus became, as it still is, a parochial church.

The enlarging of the south aisle is by many attributed to the great John of Gaunt, who, as Duke of Lancaster, would have occupied the adjoining castle. He was a firm patron of the Lollards, and under his patronage, and, as his guest at the castle, Wickliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," is said to have preached in St. Mary's.

From this church there used to be a solemn procession every Whit-Monday to St. Margaret's, in which the image of the Virgin Mary was carried under a canopy borne by four persons, with a minstrel harp and other music.

The font, a fine specimen of Early English work, is circular, and curiously carved with angels and other figures.

The tower, under which the font stands, is situate at the west end of the south aisle; it is not incorporated in the church, but rests on three arches and the wall of the building. It contains a peal of eight bells, and is surmounted by a lofty and elegant crocketed spire. Its great height has exposed it to disaster, as it was struck by lightning three times during the latter part of the eighteenth century, so that it was necessary to rebuild it in 1783. It forms a landmark visible for miles round; and any one wandering across the river on the outskirts of Leicester will note the two spires of St. Mary's and St. Martin's rising over the town in striking contrast to the forest of warehouse roofs and tall manufacturing chimneys around them—the former typical of the faith and idealism of the Middle Ages, the latter of the practical industry and energy of our nineteenth century.

The roofs of the church are richly carved. That of the south aisle has been considerably lowered, the marks on the east side of the tower showing the pitch at which it formerly stood.

Between the years 1844 and 1861, under the supervision of Sir G. Gilbert Scott, and largely through the munificence of J. Nevinson, Esq., the church was completely restored.

This beautiful pile is, in fact, the work not of a few years but of centuries. To the student of architecture it is of intense interest, as containing fine specimens of so many different styles, from the Early Norman arcade at the west end, to the debased Perpendicular clerestory windows of the south aisle. To any visitor of intelligence and imagination it must be very fascinating; in fact, to use the words of a leading man of letters of the present day, "St. Mary's is a poem in itself."

In the limited space at our disposal, we have only been able to touch upon a few of the leading features of this venerable House of Prayer.

Our illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

ST. MARY'S, INTERIOR.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(*Continued from page 210.*)

5. The Food.

A DOCTOR will, in most cases, give all necessary instructions about the patient's food. But there are several points for the nurse to remember which it may be worth while to mention.

(i) The food must be given *regularly*. Much of the patient's progress may depend on the observance of this rule. If he has to wait long past the proper time his temper is irritated by the nervous exhaustion which an unsatisfied appetite causes; the irritation brings on pain, pain induces feverishness, and when at last the food comes all inclination for it has gone. On the other hand, it is equally bad to get it ready *before* the right time, and especially if the patient is awakened to eat it. The digestive powers of a sick person are weakened by illness, too frequent eating may result in acute pain and discomfort, just as meals delayed beyond the fixed hour will be the cause of exhaustion both of mind and body.

(ii) The strictest attention must be paid to the doctor's instructions regarding the *kind* and the *quantity* of food to be given to the patient. It is a serious mistake to suppose that a little more or less, or a slightly different kind of food from what has been ordered, will do just as well. Sometimes terrible injury, sometimes even death, results from the sick person's friends supposing that they know better than the doctor how to feed him. *Bread*, for instance, would be as deadly as poison in certain stages of typhoid fever. It is important that it should be generally understood that milk is not, as many people think, a "starving diet." Chemically analysed milk contains everything necessary for human nourishment. And therefore patients can, and sometimes are obliged to, live on it for weeks, or even months.

Equally important is careful attention to the instructions regarding the *quantity* of food. The proper quantity may have to be a very small amount given frequently. This will depend upon the nature of the illness. A large quantity of food served at one time is always wrong. It often makes a patient quite sick to see a heaped-up plateful, and the injunction "Eat what you can, and leave the rest," is one which should never be given. The patient is disheartened and sickened by the sight of so much more than he wants. His appetite needs to be tempted, and the best way to do this is to serve a *moderate* quantity neatly and cleanly. Sometimes, however, it happens that even a moderate quantity causes vomiting. In such cases the patient should not be persuaded to swallow the whole at one time, but it should be given *in small quantities* at frequent intervals.

(iii) Another point of great importance is the *manner* in which food is given. If it is meant to be served hot, it should be hot and not tepid. Nothing is more unappetising than lukewarm food. Again, it may have to be simple, but care should be taken that it should *look* nice. It should, for example, be dished without any being spilt over the edges; and no liquid fat should be floating on the surface of beef tea or mutton broth which a patient has to drink. Toast should be a light brown *all over*, and not burnt black and left white in patches. Especially should each dish or vessel used to convey food to the patient be scrupulously clean. To attend to these details is not to make much ado about nothing. In illness there is nothing a nurse can afford to do well if it is possible to do it better. Food is meant to be soothing, nourishing, and sustaining. So it should be cooked thoroughly, served daintily, and administered regularly.

(iv) Sometimes the doctor will not allow the patient to sit up in bed; and he has to be fed lying down. This will need to be done with a feeder or a spoon. If a regular feeder is not obtainable a small common brown teapot will serve the same purpose almost equally well. By passing one arm under the patient's pillow the nurse can support his head and prevent his having to exert himself in any way, while in the other hand she holds the feeder or spoon, from which she slowly feeds him. After taking food in this or any way a patient should always lie back and rest.

(v) A last hint may be given here, which would have come in equally well at several other points. There should always be a kettle full of hot water at hand. Those who have to nurse the sick learn, if they did not know it before, how vastly important a part water plays in life, especially hot and boiling water. The kettle in illness is quite a personage.

6. The Doctor.

Under this head there is only one thing to say, but it is so important that it has a place given to it by itself. When a doctor is called in he should be trusted and obeyed. His orders should be strictly carried out, and no attention paid to the friend or neighbour who thinks "you had much better have called in Mr. So-and-so instead," or another who says her husband was cured by Mr. Blank the bone-setter, whose ointment is a sure remedy for every conceivable disease. To be faithful to the doctor is the truest way of being faithful to the patient.

It can hardly be necessary to add that these hints are not in any way intended to suggest that good nursing can take the place of medical skill and knowledge. It cannot; it can only supplement it. And therefore it is a great mistake to let a sick person go on getting worse and worse in the hope that it will not be necessary to call in a doctor. The doctor should be sent for at the beginning of an illness, before the disease has got hold of the patient, and while simple treatment may put him quickly right. This is the more economical and the fairer course. It is fairer to the patient, and fairer to the doctor, because it is very unjust to blame a doctor for not curing a patient when he has been called in too late to be of any service.

One last word. Love must be the very root and spring of all good nursing work—love for the patient, and growing out of that love for the work done for him. This, and only this, will make a service that is often repellent, and always heart-aching, comforting and beautiful.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—ST. JOHN vi. 12.

NOTHING is lost in God's eternal plan,
Though much is wasted by unheeding man.
The little cloudlets floating in the sky
Collect the mists which earth and sea supply.
The flames which light the home, and cheer the hearth,
Are fragments gathered from the teeming earth.
Creation's mysteries with one accord
Obey the will of their Almighty Lord.

Nothing is lost—except the misspent days
Unmarked by any deed deserving praise.
The mighty ocean, with tumultuous glee,
Greets every river winding o'er the lea.
The sun and moon, with their alternate rays,
Make up the sum of earthly years and days.
Oh! why should man forget his Master's call,
Neglecting fragments life can ne'er recall?

At Christ's command the multitude defiled
Upon the sloping mountain's grassy wild,
Waiting in patience for that promised food,
The earnest of the Saviour's flesh and blood,
Soon to be offered on the sacred tree
To win for man a bright eternity;
And when both young and old were freely fed,
Twelve baskets full remained of broken bread.

Before the sunbeams left the mountain crest,
And darkness veiled Gennesaret's placid breast,
A new commandment was to man addressed
By Him who bade the weary pilgrims rest;
A kindly message faithfully fulfilled,
By hearts intent to do whate'er He willed—
"Gather ye up the fragments that remain,
Let nothing left be wasted on the plain."

Allowed to close another Christian year
Enriched by holy days and seasons dear,
Look earnestly as Jesus looked around
To gather up what fragments may be found.
One vow recalled—one wilful sin deplored;
One lesson learnt anew from Christ our Lord,
May quicken souls the falling crumbs to glean,
And prove a feast, by carnal eyes unseen.

Nothing is lost—except what we despise,
The varied talents which we sacrifice,
The silver and the gold a self misspent,
The many gifts which Heaven to earth hath lent;
The blessings oft cast carelessly aside,
And swept away on life's receding tide.
The fragments glean, the harvest thou shalt gain,
When angels come to reap the golden plain.

THE VICARAGE, BOXMOOR. A. C. RICHINGS, M.A.,
Author of "The Church's Holy Year."

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 242.)

EVERYBODY knows the telegraph messenger. All over the kingdom, in town and country, his bright, smart uniform is to be seen, and next to the postman, no public servant of the Queen is more in request. His office is one of great responsibility and usefulness; and if on any given day the electric telegraph suddenly came to an end, business would speedily become disorganised, and a great inroad would also be made upon the happiness of many homes.

The messenger has no knowledge of the contents of the brown envelopes which are put into his hands to deliver with all speed. When he knocks at the door and hands in his message, he cannot tell whether he is a bearer of good news or ill. Sometimes his visit means nothing but sorrow. It may be the loss of the breadwinner by a fatal accident; or the news of a loved soldier son's death in a far-off clime; or the tale of an attached daughter's end in a London hospital after a lingering disease. Ah, well! for good or ill the telegraph messenger bustles about day after day, proud to be in Her Majesty's service, and conscious that his calling is of real use to the community.

The conditions on which boys are taken into the service are not without interest. The limits of age are from 13 to 15.

Candidates between 13 and 14 must be at least 4 feet 7 inches in height, without boots, and candidates between 14 and 15 not less than 4 feet 8 inches. They must have passed Standard V. of the new Educational Code, or some equivalent test, and are required to produce a satisfactory certificate of health from their own medical attendant, and certificate of having been satisfactorily vaccinated within the last seven years.

Duty does not commence, as a rule, before 8 A.M., and it continues for 9 hours. The wages are 7*s.* a week, rising by 1*s.* a week annually to 11*s.*, and uniform is supplied, including boots. All candidates have to sign a declaration, stating they are fully aware that this employment will not entitle them to promotion, compensation, or pension. That their services will be discontinued on their attaining 16 years of age, unless they then succeed in passing a competitive examination for direct appointment as postmen on reaching 18 years of age, or elect to remain two years longer as messengers, on the understanding that if they then enlist as soldiers, they shall, after serving the prescribed time with the colours, have preference over soldiers who have never been in the service of the Post Office, in obtaining employment in that department.

The other day I had a peep at the small Blue Book of "Instructions for Messengers in London," which each messenger is required to produce at every inspection, and also whenever asked for by the messenger's superior officer. The instructions cover conduct and delivery; and one cannot but regret that some other boys are not under the same discipline as our friends the telegraph messengers. All boys, for instance, would be the better for being put under Rule 6: "You are at all times to keep yourself scrupulously clean, and to have your hair short and neatly cut." Or Rule 9, which reads: "You must always take off your cap when in the Office, and you must always be respectful in your manner when spoken to by any person." City messengers are specially cautioned against sliding down handrails of the staircases! This is certainly a hard saying, for most healthy, high-spirited lads are under the impression that sliding down the handrail is an expeditious and graceful way of coming downstairs!

Rules 11 and 12 will command the sympathy of many people. 11. "You are strictly forbidden to smoke in or about the Office, at any time, or in the streets when you are in uniform. Gambling, raffling, playing cards, and practical joking are strictly prohibited." 12. "You must not, no any account, go into public-houses during your hours of duty except to deliver telegrams," which leads me to say that the Post Office

Total Abstinence Society, which was established in 1877, under the presidency of Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., has done an excellent work in the Service. Of the total membership of 2,390 about one-half are telegraph messengers. At Christmas time severe temptations are placed in the way of the postmen and telegraph messengers. The "Christmas glass" has been the ruin of many fine fellows. Let us hope that this year the Christmas-box to the postman and to the telegraph messenger will be given in current coin, so that the receiver may take it home, and spend it in the way he thinks best, or put it by in the Savings Bank for the rainy day which is sure to come when least expected.

FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.

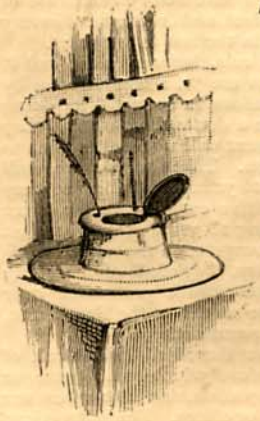
SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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.

XI.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, MORE THAN ALL THE RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE KINGDOM—OUTSIDE HER COMMUNION—PUT TOGETHER, CAN, FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVERY GOOD WORK, SECURE THE CO-OPERATION OF ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY.



THERE is no religious body in the country that has got such a moral and religious hold on all classes of the people as has the Church of England.

It is only natural that this should be the case, for she is the only old Church of the country that has from time immemorial ministered to the religious wants of the whole people of England, throughout every period of their history.

She is a Church whose history is interwoven and blended with the individual lives of Englishmen, as well as with the corporate life of the nation.

She is a Church, which has a House of Prayer, and a parochial priest, or minister, in every parish in the land.

She is a Church, which can produce her religious, ecclesiastical, civil, social, and national credentials justifying the historic position which she has occupied in England in past centuries, as well as making good her claim to be called "*the* National Church" of the kingdom at the present day.

From the earliest times she has included in her fold "all sorts and conditions of men." She has provided for them the means of grace, given to them opportunities for worship, utilised their talents, and secured their co-operation in every good work.

In the building of her magnificent cathedrals and noble parish churches throughout the land, in the centuries that are past, she secured the co-operation of men of genius—men of wealth and of unbounded liberality, together with the artist, artizan, and common labourer, by whose joint efforts she succeeded in erecting these lofty piles.

In the creation of religious orders and organisations of various kinds, she likewise brought men of all classes of society together and united them—diverse as they were personally and socially—in the promotion of the common ends, and of that society in which she had incorporated them as members.

Differences of personal character, of birth and social rank, which, without the Church's intervention, would for ever have kept men apart from and unknown to each other, were altogether forgotten, and, indeed, almost disappeared in the performance of the common duties and work of their religious brotherhood.

And though times and circumstances have changed, the Church's power to unite her members in the performance of every good work, and in a way that has no parallel in other religious bodies, has not diminished.

For whether the Church's call of duty to her members, is to restore, or rebuild ancient churches, or to erect new buildings, and provide them with endowments, to found and endow new bishoprics, or to originate new ecclesiastical and benevolent institutions, to engage in new works of charity and mercy, to support and make more efficient the means and agencies for the education of the people, or to send the Gospel to distant lands, men of the most diverse classes of the community willingly rise up to do the Church's bidding and to help in doing the great works, to the performance of which she has called them.

In no Church in the whole world are there to be seen such differences in birth, wealth, and power, as are to be seen in the ranks of the English Church's willing and united workers, at whose call they have undertaken some specific work, and to do it in the way that she has prescribed.

In this respect the united efforts of all the religious bodies in the country could not, were an opportunity given them, take her position, fill her place, or do the work which she is now so successfully doing for the good of all classes of the community.

Whatever may be the important places which the various religious denominations may fill in the religious life of the nation, however good and great may be the work that they do, and however valuable may be the services which they render to their own adherents and to the people generally, they could never speak to all classes of society with the same authority as the Church of England, they could never possess themselves of the all-pervading influence which she exercises in the country for good; and in the vast and varied field of Christian labour they could never secure the co-operation of all classes of the community and of "all sorts and conditions of men" as does the Church of England.

"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 V.

THE WILD BEAST.

AFTER dinner Glyde and Mortimer were in the Sixth Form room together, when a servant came in and said to the latter, "Pritchett wants to speak to you, sir."

Immediately Mortimer's thoughts flew to the bet paid over on the football ground in the presence of Tom, who was Pritchett's son. "I see," he said to himself; "the brat has split on us, and now the father has come to get money out of us for holding his tongue."

There was no one in the room at the time, so Mortimer told the servant to show Pritchett in.

When all three were together, and the door was shut, Mortimer began—

"What is it, Pritchett?"

"About Mr. Glyde's trouble, sir."

"What, his leg? That's no trouble, and he's safe for his colours; finest goal ever shot on the field."

Poor Tubbs went crimson for the second time that day. Morty knew nothing about the stolen money, and here was Pritchett going to let it all out. In vain Tubbs got behind Morty and shook his head, and put his finger up to his lips. Pritchett knew what he was about, and there was no stopping him.

"ALL THREE WERE SHOUTING TOGETHER."

"Mr. Glyde is in great trouble, sir. He is accused of having stolen ten shillings; and he has got ten shillings that he dare not account for. Now I know who has stolen the ten shillings."

"Hurrah!" interjected Tubbs, as the first gleam of hope he had felt for a long while shot through him.

"But I also know," continued Pritchett, "where Mr. Glyde got the ten shillings from."

"Little cur! I knew he'd split," Morty whispered to Tubbs.

Pritchett overheard it, and said, "You're quite right, Mr. Mortimer; it was my son who told me. But take care what you are doing calling him names. I've got you in my power, you know; and I owe you one or two for the way you have treated me."

Mortimer had always been overbearing and insolent to the servants, who hated him thoroughly.

"Nonsense!" replied Mortimer; "you and your brat only want to be paid to keep it quiet. There, that will settle you, I know," and he tossed a sovereign to Pritchett. "Go away and hold your tongue."

Thereupon both Tubbs and Pritchett spoke at once. The former exclaimed, "No, Pritchett, you sha'n't go till you've told me who stole the ten shillings."

The latter burst out with, "Call yourself a gentleman, and try to buy a poor man with your dirty money! If I were strong I'd give you such a thrashing as you've never had in your life before."

For the next few moments all three were shouting together, when Mortimer, mad with rage at what he thought was the insolence of a servant, rushed on Pritchett, and knocked him backwards over a chair.

Tubbs threw himself into the fight and tried to hold Mortimer back, when——

The door opened, in came Mr. Wright, the house-master, to find a struggling mass of legs and arms, mixed up with fragments of a broken chair.

The fighters picked themselves up at once, and then began a babel of sounds, amid which Mr. Wright could only catch such phrases as "Not a thief, he can prove it!" "Flew at me like a tiger!" "Insolent cad of a servant, indeed!"

The first thing was to restore silence, and to get poor Pritchett, who was still a cripple, seated in one chair, and Tubbs, who had brought his sprain back worse than ever, in another.

"Mortimer, you are the head boy of the school; speak first," said the master. "Explain this!"

But Mortimer never opened his lips, and moved towards the door.

The master saw his intention, and as he had a pass-key, quickly slipped back, locked the door, and stood facing Mortimer.

"Explain!"

"I'll throw you out of the window if you don't let me go out of this hole!" roared Mortimer to Mr. Wright. He could have done it, and probably would if the master had shown the smallest sign of fear. But though physically a weak man he was morally a splendid character.

Mere brute force would have been useless; for, as we said before, right is not might, though right does give a courage which will often conquer mere angry passion.

"Mortimer," he answered, speaking with the utmost distinctness and firmness, "I shall not unlock the door; you *can* throw me out of the window, but *you will not*."

"Let's see," said Morty, coming a step towards him.

Poor Tubbs struggled to his feet to try and help his master.

"Sit down," said Mr. Wright. "This is my matter." Then in a tone of authority to Mortimer, "Stop! think of your future!"

The wild beast was quelled for a moment at least; he dropped his hands, and went back into the middle of the room.

"Once more, explain!"

"Sha'n't!"

"Very well. Glyde, explain."

Our friend Tubbs did so, fully and truthfully, from the beginning, Mortimer meanwhile standing by, and looking

fiercely sullen. No sooner had Tubbs finished than Mortimer made a dash for the open window, which was only six feet from the ground, evidently intending to jump out.

The master laid hold of him by the collar, and closed the window. Then, seeing that the poor boy was thoroughly desperate, unlocked the door, and called in the school servant, who was taking Pritchett's place.

"Help me to remove this boy," he said; and then, turning to the others, "Remain here till I come back."

Mortimer was walked off to a study at the top of the house, and locked in for a while.

On his return, Mr. Wright asked Pritchett who really did steal the half-sovereign.

"That, sir, I can only say in the presence of the headmaster, and the two young gentlemen themselves."

Unfortunately the Doctor had gone away for the afternoon, so it was settled that Mortimer should be kept under lock and key till 9 o'clock the following morning, when all the parties concerned were to appear before Dr. Passmore. Pritchett went out of the room, leaving Glyde and Mr. Wright alone.

"Come to my study, Glyde," said the master sadly, yet with no tone of anger in his voice.

As soon as they were seated, Mr. Wright began by saying—

"This is a very, very sad business, Glyde, from first to last. How long has the gambling been going on in the school?"

"I really don't know, sir; I only began last quarter."

"Poor boy, poor boy! you have done it with your eyes open; you know the consequences. I fear nothing can save you from the disgrace of being expelled."

"Oh, sir, do plead for me; do beg the Doctor to look over it this once, only this once! I can't bear it; I can't bear it!" And he almost screamed in his excitement.

"Calm yourself, my boy. Sin must be punished, and disgrace now may be far better for you hereafter than escaping the consequences of your disobedience."

"May I see Morty, sir?"

"Most certainly not; no one will speak to him till we all meet before the headmaster to-morrow."

"Mayn't I even see him in your presence?"

"No, not till to-morrow. And now, Glyde, I shall help you up to the sick-room, where you will remain till a monitor fetches you to-morrow morning."

The sun set that afternoon on two boys about as wretched as could be imagined. Both were experiencing the truth of the fact, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

One was full of wild thoughts of revenge against Tubbs, Tom, and Pritchett; the other heart-broken for his weakness, his false pride, and his folly; yet withal getting just a grain of comfort from the thought that come what might, he would be cleared from the accusation of being a thief.

(To be continued.)

A GREAT MAN'S FAVOURITE HYMNS.—The Bishop of Worcester, in a touching sketch of the late Rev. Charles Pritchard, D.D., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy in Oxford University, quotes a letter in which the great scientific man remarks: "At eighty-four these are three hymns which I daily con: (1) 'Holy, holy, holy' (morning); (2) 'Rock of Ages' (evening); (3) 'Father, I know that all my life' (noon)."

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

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

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

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

Nov. 5th, Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. xxii. 15-22.)

1. How is the hypocrisy of the Pharisees shewn by the persons they sent to the Saviour?

2. How is it shewn by comparing what is said about their purpose in verse 15 with the language used by them in verse 16?

3. What remarkable expression in St. Luke xix. 12-27, is exemplified by the way in which the Saviour here puts his adversaries to confusion?

Nov. 12th, Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Matt. ix. 18-26.)

1. What special proofs are given us in the latter part of this "Gospel" of the reality of the death of the ruler's daughter?

2. What special proofs in the corresponding story of St. Mark's Gospel that she was afterwards really alive?

3. How may the faith of the woman here healed by the Saviour be both compared and contrasted with that of the ruler?

Nov. 19th, Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.*

(St. Matt. xxiv. 23-31.)

1. How is the advice given in verses 23 and 26 justified by what is told us in verses 27 and 30 and in the first chapter of Revelation?

2. What reasons, according to this Gospel and St. Matt. xiii., will "the tribes of the earth" have for mourning when the Saviour appears again?

3. What reasons will others have for rejoicing then according to the "Epistle" for to-day?

Nov. 26th, Sunday next before Advent.

(St. John vi. 5-14.)

1. How does the earlier part of this "Gospel" show us the greatness of the need here supplied by the Saviour?

2. How does the latter part show us the more than completeness of that supply?

3. What probable lessons, both temporal and spiritual, would the disciples themselves learn from the whole?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,

Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.

31. GARDEN PRODUCE.

(1) A very learned man.
(2) Where money is made.
(3) Where money is invested.
(4) Part of your eye.
(5) Also belonging to your eye.

32. MISSING LETTERS.

(Two Proverbs.)

(1) A—l—s—o— g—l—t—a—g—i—t—r—.
(2) A—t—t—h—n—i—c—a—e—n—n—.

33. ELIMINATION.

A series connected sometimes with men, monkeys, mountains, and measures. By reducing it by one letter (any) at a time it becomes successively

(1) A murderer.
(2) A vessel (not a ship).
(3) A small article.
(4) A smaller article.

* The gospel for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany has been used for this Sunday, as permitted by the Rubric.

KITTY'S REQUEST.

I WISH to have my portrait done,
I'll sit as good as gold;
Please let it be a handsome one,
Don't make it look too old.
I've made myself so nice and smart,
Just tell me when you're ready —
Oh dear! You gave me quite a start!
There! Silence! Ready! Steady!!

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

An African Convert's Letter.

IT is not always direct professions that impress us most. Here is an extract from a letter written by Yohana Mattayo (that is, John Matthew) Mgonea, an African lad who lived at a place called Mkuzi. He had been to the Universities' Mission College at Kiungani, and had grown tired of it, and had gone away. One of the hardest things an African Missionary has to contend against is the utter disinclination of the native to apply himself continuously to any kind of labour. At length Yohana repented. "After some days," he writes, "a teacher came here from Magila, and his name was Samuel Sehoza, and he called me and taught me a little about the Talents in the Gospel of St. Matthew, in that parable which our Lord spoke to the Jews. At once my heart felt moved to return to Kiungani, and I knew that it was the Lord God who had put that wish into my mind, in His mercy. . . . And now I am here at Kiungani . . . and I shall try very hard to learn with all my might, and I ask my God that He will help me in this work, and I shall do what I am able with my talents if God helps me, and at last I think I shall go and teach those, my friends, who are in darkness." Who can doubt that Yohana, in spite of his want of application, is a sincere Christian?

The Best "Footman."

Bishop Selwyn quaintly said of Bishop Smythies, referring to his long journeys on foot between Lake Nyassa and the coast, that he was the best *footman* he knew. Bishop Smythies himself said (and it sounded very strange) that it would be much easier for him if half his diocese were in London instead of on the Lake, for it only took him about six weeks to get from Zanzibar to England and back again, whereas it took him several months to get to the Lake and back. Such a fact brings home to us the length and tediousness of these African journeys, and makes us glad that Nyassaland has been made into a separate Bishopric.

Mbweni School Children.

In the Universities' Mission School at Mbweni there are about eighty girls, chiefly released slaves of various tribes on the mainland. *African Tidings* tells us much about them and their life. Many of them, we learn, are known by tribal marks of some kind. One dear little child, now called Jemima, has all her teeth filed to a point, by which she is known to come from a tribe far away in the interior. Others ha . holes in their skin, either the cheek, the arm, or the back Some are known by the language they speak. They dress in coloured frocks, with a handkerchief or *Kafiyeh* on their heads. They bathe every morning in the sea at half-past five. It is amusing to see them in school doing their sums by counting on their toes, as English children like to do on their fingers. Many of them learn to love Jesus, and become faithful and true Christians.

Cakes of Flies.

Bishop Smythies says that on Lake Nyassa you may sometimes see what seems to be a thick dust or smoke blowing from the lake. In reality it is a thick swarm of small flies, which seem to breed on the lake and get blown on to the land. The natives catch them and eat them, and take home baskets full to make cakes of, which are called Kungu. The Bishop sent home a large specimen of these cakes, but it gradually disappeared through being tasted at the missionary meetings it was sent to.

Brought to Jesus through the Telegraph.

Bishop Bickersteth of Japan, speaking at one of the Rev. T. Selby Henrey's open-air services in St. Botolph, Aldersgate Churchyard, told the following story. In one of his journeys in the Northern Island of Japan he had spent a night at a lonely telegraph station, where the Japanese official was a Christian. Not long before this man had been a heathen, and he had never seen a Christian. But during the winter he and those who lived at the other northern stations had little to do. An operator at one of the other stations was a Christian, and had occupied his spare time in corresponding with his neighbour by the telegraph, sending him passages of Scripture telling him about Jesus. The result was that the heathen telegraphist was converted, and when Bishop Bickersteth saw him believed on Christ. How many men, shut up as the Christian telegraphist was, would have said, "I can do nothing for Jesus"?

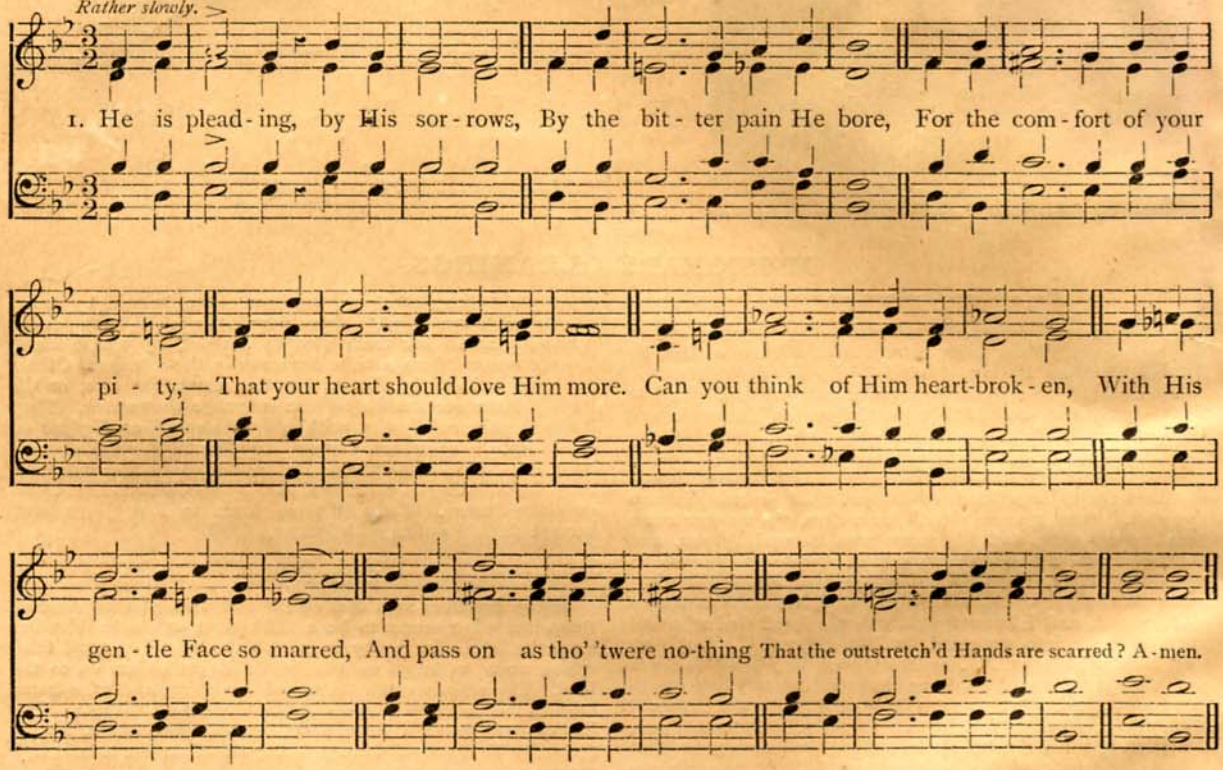
A Mission Hymn.

"HE IS PLEADING."

Words by the REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.
(Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W.)
Author of "The Sower went forth Sowing," &c.

Music by F. G. COLE, F.C.O.
(Formerly Organist of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W.)

Rather slowly.



2. He is pleading, by your burdens,
By your weariness and smart,
By life's wild unanswered questions,
And your emptiness of heart.
Will you keep your care, unheeding
The calm Voice that offers rest?
And your soul drift farther, farther,
From the shelter of that Breast?

3. He is pleading, by the darkness
Of the life without His light,
By the ever-thickening shadows,
And the coming on of night;
Will you choose the deepening twilight,
With its final chill and gloom,
While sweet dawn breaks thro' the windows
Of the brightening upper-room?

4. He is pleading, by the glory
On the golden-paved street,
And the never-broken union
Where the souls made perfect meet;
Will you lose the pleasant pastures,
For the shore without a fold?
And the stillness of their waters,
For the torrent black and cold?

5. He is pleading, ever pleading,
Here below, as there above,
By the Father's perfect pity,
And the Spirit's tender love.
He is pleading, *now* is pleading
With the sheep that He hath found—
Yield your heart, your life to Jesus,
That His love may fold you round.