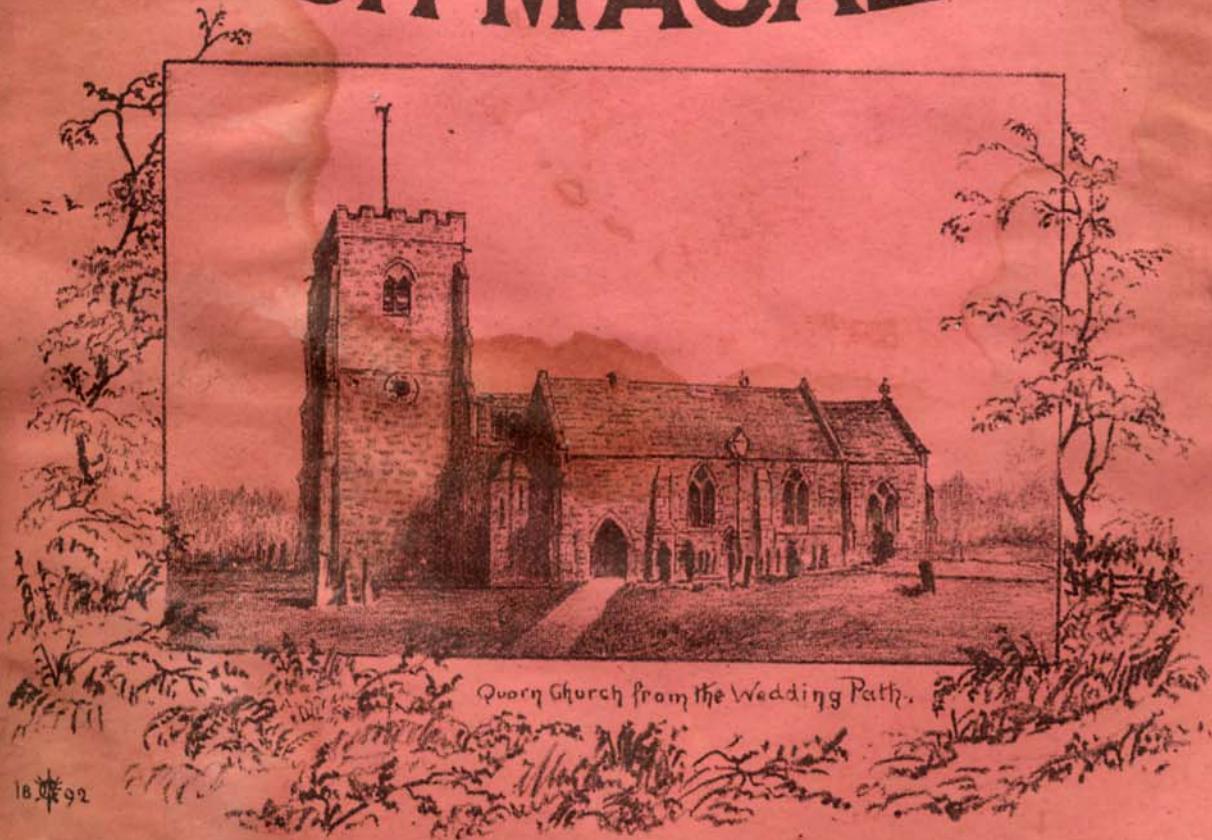


December, 1893.



DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

# S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

## S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

### Services in the Parish Church.

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

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

#### SAINTS DAYS and HOLY DAYS—

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

#### All other Week Days—

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

#### HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

**Thursday, December 21st.—Festival of S. Thomas the Apostle and Martyr.** Also called Didymus—both names, one Hebrew and the other Greek, meaning a twin brother. As he is named with S. Matthew in the list of the Apostles he is by some thought to have been his brother. He is chiefly remembered because of his refusing to believe in the Lord's resurrection until he had himself seen Him, and the means Jesus used to convince him (S. John xx. 24-29). Tradition tells of his travelling as a missionary into the far East, and of his martyrdom there.

**Monday, December 25th.—Christmas Day.**—The day which from very early times has been set apart to commemorate the Nativity or Birth of the Son of God upon earth. The passage appointed for the Gospel (S. John i 1-14) sets for the great doctrinal teaching of the day, how that the Son, who was from all eternity with the Father, sharing in His glory and His works, became man in all reality that he might be the light of men, and give them power by the new life through Him to become the sons of God. This fact of the Son of God taking man's nature is called the Incarnation. It was by this taking of man's nature, even in the helplessness of infancy, that made it possible for Him to set the Perfect Example of what man should be. It made it possible for Him too to suffer and die for man's sins. It is the understanding of this doctrine of the Incarnation which gives it importance to this Festival. (For services on Christmas Day, see below in the Parish Notes.)

Christmas Day is immediately followed by three Holy Days. S. STEPHEN'S, the first Christian Martyr of whose work and death we read in Acts vi. and vii. S. JOHN the Apostle and Evangelist, called the "Divine" because of the sublimity of his character and writings, the Apostle who of all understood the nature and teaching of the Saviour most completely. And the HOLY INNOCENTS—that is the infants who were slain by the cruel King Herod in his search for the Infant Christ (S. Matt. i. 18).

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

Dec. 3rd: Gen. xlii.	Hymn to be learnt— begin 47.
10th: " xliii.	
17th: " xliv.	
24th: Special—S. Luke ii. 1-20	
31st: " S. Matt. ii.	

#### Burials.

Nov. 25th.—Ellen Revell, aged 7 years.

#### COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special £ s. d.
Oct. 29th—0	6 4	—	—
Nov. 5th—0	4 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 3 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
12th—0	5 11	—	—
19th—0	3 8	1 5 4	Children for Negro Boy Fund.
26th—0	3 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	1 0 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Poor Box—0	1 9	—	—
Totals	£1 5 2	£5 8 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	£1 0 4 $\frac{1}{4}$

#### Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Dec. 3rd {	53 47 217	53 47 27	53 51 24
10th {	48 243 51	197 47 17	50 242 54
17th {	160 263 355	353 47 13	217 353 27
21st {	—	—	261 432 26
24th {	50 47 238	194 47 62	60 353 27
25 {	At 8 a.m. 59 323 193	—	60 62 30
31st {	58 292 165	300 60 23	220 176 288

## S. Bartholomew's—CONTINUED

### PARISH NOTES.

The first Sunday in December is the first Sunday in a new Christian Year. It begins the season called Advent (which means "Coming,") and it is appointed as a time of preparation for Christmas when we commemorate the coming of the Son of God "in great humility," and also to recall the thought of the day when "He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead." The message of Advent is well put in the verse of the Hymn (47):—

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;  
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;  
Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day.

We call attention to the Special Prayers and Address on Wednesday Evenings in Advent (Dec. 6, 13, and 20), at 7.30. The Address on Dec. 20 will be in preparation for Communion at Christmas.

Advent will be scarcely more than three weeks this year as CHRISTMAS DAY falls on a Monday. This is one of the great Festivals on which all Christian people should receive the Holy Communion. There will be two Celebrations, Choral at 8 a.m., and also after Morning prayer. For those who cannot come then, there will be an opportunity on the three following mornings at 8 o'clock. Evensong on Christmas Day will be at 6.30 p.m.

The Examination of the Schools by the Government Inspector was held on October 12th, and his Report came a fortnight later. He gave a very good account of the work, both Departments having gained the highest possible Grant in all subjects. This is a good opportunity to say a word

of praise for the Master, Mistress and Staff of Teachers, to whose energy and perseverance in their very laborious duties the success of the school is owing. We are glad to state that Mr W. H. Sutton, the Assistant-Master, who left us in October, after 10 years faithful service, has obtained a good appointment in Leicester.

As a result of the careful teaching in our schools one of the scholars, Percy Moore, aged 11 years, has obtained a scholarship from the County Council, which will give him free education in the Quorn Grammar School for three years. It is of the value of £15 a year.

The Sunday School year ends on Sunday, Nov. 26th, and the marks for the year will be reckoned up and the prizes given as soon as possible.

The first year of our children's collection for the maintenance of our little lad in Africa also ends then, and we are glad to say the amount we wished for (£7) has been raised, leaving a balance of 12s. 6d. to begin the fresh year with.

It will be remembered that a letter was written to the little African, on behalf of our children, in June, and was published in that month's Magazine. The letter in answer to that, written by the lad himself, which we now publish, was received on Nov. 15th. It will be seen that according to the suggestion in our letter he has been baptized in the name of Bartholomew, after our Church. The letter was of course written in his native language, and what we give here is a translation.

"Newala, Sept. 2nd, 1893.—My Dear Sir,—I greet you very kindly, and after my good wishes I go on to tell you my news. I understood all your letter, and I received that little picture of your Church which you sent me. Then I understood that you said our Bishop was very good, also that you chose the name Bartholomew for me; and I understood it all. 'A'so you tell me that Mr. Williams had come to your country. He used to be our teacher here. And you said you would like me to send you an answer, then you would write to me again. I was very glad, indeed, to get your letter, and, as you told me, I chose the name Bartholomew when I was baptised. I do very much want to have an answer to this from you. Good-bye. I am, your,—BARTHOLOMEW M."

The Vicar hopes to write another letter to him before Christmas, and it will be published in the next Magazine.

As last year the Vicar is having a Parish Almanac prepared, which he wishes to go into every house in the parish with his good wishes for the New Year.

We must put off till next month further notes on the Old Registers, and also the account of Football Matches.

We publish below a Balance Sheet of the Clothing Club for the season ending in October. The Balance Sheet for last season will be found in the Magazine for last January. By comparing them together we notice that about £4 less was paid in this time than last, and this may be taken as satisfactory, considering that it has been a bad year with some of our members. The amount paid out in bonuses was £28 13s. 0d. It will be noticed that there is now a balance of nearly £20 in the Bank, which looks as though the Club was in a highly satisfactory condition, but it is only right that there should be some small fund to fall back upon in case of any sudden emergency, and meanwhile the interest which it earns in the Bank will go towards paying bonus-s on free cards.

The new season began on Nov. 6th, three weeks earlier than last year, and the first payments came in very well. We are glad to be able to give the names of four fresh subscribers (to the amount together of £3 7s. 0d.), but two (to the amount of £2 2s. 0d.) have ceased to subscribe.

As the prospects of the club for the year look promising a few more free cards will be issued. On these cards no interest can be definitely promised, but providing the payments are made regularly 1d. in the shilling is generally given as bonus. Only heads of families should apply for these cards, and the application should be made at the schools on Mondays at 1 o'clock.

### QUORN CLOTHING CLUB—1892-93.

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1891-2	...	...	11	13
Interest ...	...	...	2	12
Subscriptions ...	...	...	25	12
Discount on Bills ...	...	...	6	13
Paid in on 167 Cards	...	...	183	19
				4
		£	230	10
PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.	
Cash paid out on 3 Cards	...	...	0	13
To Tradesmen for Goods	...	...	205	19
For Publishing Account in Magazine	...	...	0	5
Postage, Printing, Stationery, &c.	...	...	0	16
Cheque Book	...	...	0	2
Dorcas Society	...	...	3	0
Balance in Pares's Bank	...	...	19	14
				5
		£	230	10
				4

## S. Bartholomew's.—CONTINUED,

### SUBSCRIBERS—1892-3.

		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Farnham	...	5	5	0
Mr. Warner	...	4	4	0
Mrs. Hole	..	3	3	0
Mr. Cradock	...	2	2	0
Mrs. Herrick	...	2	0	0
Mrs. Woodward	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Harris	...	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Wright	...	1	1	0
Capt. Warner	...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Farnham	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Cuffling	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hayward	...	1	0	0
Miss Hawker	...	0	9	0
Mrs. North	...	0	5	0
Mis. Firr	...	0	4	0
Mrs. Andrew	...	0	4	0
A Friend	...	0	10	6
		£25	12	6

### FRESH SUBSCRIBERS—1893-94.

		£	s.	d.
The Hon. Mrs. Lowther	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Meakin	...	1	1	0
Mr. P. Wright	...	1	1	0
Mrs. O. S. Brown	...	0	10	6
Miss Hack...	...	0	4	0

We have been asked to publish the List of Subscribers this year to the Waifs and Strays' Society.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Warner	...	2	2
Capt. Warner	...	2	2
Rev. E. Foord-Kelcey	...	0	10
Miss Hawker	...	0	4
Mr. North	...	0	2
Dr. Harris	...	0	2
Mr. Firr	...	0	2
Mrs. Hensman	...	0	2
Dr. Unitt	...	0	2
Mr. Richardson	...	0	2
Mr. Sault	...	0	2
Mr. W. Webster	...	0	2
Mr. J. Wright	...	0	2
Mr. Thompson	...	0	2
Mr. Backhouse	...	0	1
Mr. Cuffling	...	0	1
Mr. Herbert	...	0	1
Mrs. Martin	...	0	1
Mr. Tacey	...	0	1
Mr. Thornton	...	0	1
Boxes—Miss Farnham	...	0	8
Misses F. & G. Firr	...	0	3
Miss Wright	...	0	2
Infant School	...	0	5

£7 3 7½

Last year £7 17s. 0d. was collected. We are sorry to see any falling off in contributions for this excellent object.



A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

*Drawn by H. FRENCH.*

*[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]*



### “YOU MAY.”

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.”—ST. MATT. xxi. 16.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

*[I have tried to express in simplest verse words which recently fell from the lips of a little lamb of Christ's flock, not four years old; though, as James Montgomery said when he versified another infant's utterance, “A flake of snow falling on a child's cheek is hardly more incontrovertible without damage.”—E. H. EXON.]*

#### I.

**N**URSE heard her little prattler say  
Once and again in earnest tone,  
“You may, You may; oh yes, You may.”  
The words were scarcely like his own;

#### II.

And bending over him she cried,  
“What mean you, lamb? what may I do?”  
The boy look'd upward and replied,  
“I was not talking, nurse, to you.

#### III.

“I spoke to Jesus. Mother said  
That He would dearly like to come  
And watch beside my little bed,  
And make my happy heart His home.

#### IV.

“And, if He wants to come to-day,  
And never, never from me part,  
Come, Jesus, come; You may, You may,  
And live for ever in my heart.”

## JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

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

## CHAPTER XI.

## NEW DUTIES.



it will have to stand over for another day."

"I wish you wouldn't work so hard, grandfather," said Ruth anxiously. She had noted the old man's failing strength, and wished him to take more rest; but he was anxious to work, both from a habit of industry, and also from a strong desire to save his small hoard of money, until he was really disabled.

"What would you do, my dear, if I were to be ill for long?" he asked his grandchild one day. "You couldn't work for us both, and then when my little savings were gone you would have to go to service again and put me into the infirmary. No, no, I'll work while I can; though sometimes I misdoubt me that I'm not doing the right thing by you. Even if you be my grandchild, you're the daughter of a gentleman, too, and you oughtn't to be living in a poor little cottage like this. Sir Ralph is kind enough to me; but I wonder that he can see his own kith and kin—and you are that to him, Ruth—living at his elbow a'most, in this poor way."

"Oh, Sir Ralph is very polite," answered Ruth, laughing. "He makes me a bow as though I were the Queen herself when he meets me; he does not forget that I am some connection, though I wish he would. I shall always be grateful to him for his goodness to Stella, but I want nothing from him for myself."

Mr. Denman had suggested to Sir Ralph that if he wished to help Ruth, he could not do it better than by giving work to her grandfather, and therefore a place was found for the old man in the gardens. It had been Abraham's boast throughout his life that he gave "a day's work for a day's wage," and he threw himself with energy into his new occupation; but his declining strength would not always bear the strain, and he often found that he must rest for a day or two. Ruth, who

was desirous of saving him as much anxiety as possible, busied herself in whatever work came to hand. Mrs. Denman gave her some needlework, and tried to interest Lady Atherfield in her behalf; but that lady declined to have anything to do with "a person occupying so peculiar a position." "Perhaps she would expect me to ask her to lunch when she brought home her bundle of work," said the lady, with a laugh. "No, my dear Mrs. Denman, you may give her that from me, but I must decline to recognise such a very unpleasant family connection."

But Mrs. Denman refused to be the bearer of the half-sovereign which Lady Atherfield tendered to her. "Ruth is not in need of charity," she said. "I am sure she would not take the money if I gave it to her; she has a great deal of independence."

"I do not care to encourage such a spirit in that class," replied Lady Atherfield; "and if she is that sort of girl I shall certainly not send her anything."

So for the time Ruth contented herself with such work as she could obtain in the neighbourhood, and did her best to lay out her grandfather's money to the best advantage.

"What a pity it is that the people round here are so wasteful!" she said to her kind old friend, Mrs. Harker. "I notice how few of the women have any idea of making the best of things. If they kill a pig, they eat it up as fast as they can: they have bacon fried and bacon boiled at every meal; even the smallest of the children are allowed to eat it as often as they like; and then, when it is all gone, they live on bread and cheese or butter, and the children have treacle till pig-killing time comes round again. I can't bear to see the little things always running about with a slice of bread and treacle in their hands. They seem to have no proper idea of meal time, but have their food when they ask for it, and generally waste the greater part of it."

"So you've found that out already, my dear?" replied the old woman. "Well, folks talk of the waste in the houses of the rich; and it goes on there, I know, for I've been in service in good families, and I've been shocked at the waste that takes place. But when you put it income to income like, there's a deal more waste in the houses of the poor than in those of the rich. There is only one woman that I know of in all this parish that understands what thrift means, and yet her neighbours call her extravagant because she always has a change of food for her children; and when they come home from school, after being away all day, she gives them a good dish of hot potatoes for their meal, with a slice of bread and jam to top up with. Folks forget that blackberries are to be had for the picking, and that the sugar which goes to the jam is cheaper than butter."

"I wish I could teach them better," said Ruth thoughtfully. "It seems so bad when a man comes back from a hard day's work that he should not be able to have a meal fit to eat."

"You'll have to give a lecture in the schoolroom, Ruth. I believe 'tis a deal you could tell them, and you're a favourite, too, with most of the folks about. I think they'd listen to you there. A-many things women folks want to be taught. A lot of the women in the village never went to service at all, were never taught how to do anything in the house; they work in the fields at harvest and haying time, and go weeding or stone picking, and the rest of the year they just shift along as they can. Then a young man comes a-courtin', and they get married, with no more notion how to look after a house than my old cat; and they haven't half the notion of how to bring up a family as puss. She seems to know by instinct how to manage, but plenty of the mothers haven't either reason or instinct either; and the poor children are neglected, and left to bring themselves up the best way they can. 'Twould be a good thing if somebody like you could take 'em in hand, and show them how to cook and cut out and sew—ay, and to wash, too. Mrs. Denman has a class for sewing, but there's not many goes to it. They want somebody to go after them, it seems to me—somebody they wouldn't be afraid to talk to and ask questions of. You and Timmy Brodie has a wonderful way of talking to people."

"Who's talkin' about me?" asked Timmy, appearing at the door.

"Why, 'twas me, Timmy. I was sayin' that you and Ruth here have got a wonderful gift of talkin' to folks and makin' them listen to you," answered Mrs. Harker; "and I thinks that poor folks wants teachin' a power of things, and you two might set them straight here. Ruth could teach them all about cooking and such-like; and as to you, Mr. Brodie, I wonder what 'tis you couldn't talk to them about?"

"Thank you for the compliment, ma'am," said Timmy, "but I've got my doubts about my powers o' teachin'. I could talk, as you says, but talkin' and teachin' ain't altogether one and the same thing. Time was when I used to get up and spout, and say to myself arterwards, 'You be a fine feller, surely, Tim, and what a power o' good you do do, 'xplainin' to folk what they ha'n't got the sense to find out for themselves'; but I think different about that now. Not but I do like at times to say a word to the men about, just to show them, as well as I can, that more'n often their want comes 'cause they can't keep a hold upon themselves, and keep themselves in bounds; and that though they talk about freedom, they don't know what it means till they learn to obey; and that the man as won't own a master, and won't knuckle down to this rule and that rule, is a bigger slave than the one who just works away and shows his freedom by keepin' the laws. There's lots o' things I'd like to tell them. Parson, he talks of it, too, and he says, 'Maybe if he can get some good folk as is fust-rate hands at makin' speeches to come, he'll have a few addresses on these like subjects next winter; it'll do a power o' good if the men will only come.' As for Miss Ruth here, I make no doubt but she could do plenty o' good in her



"SHE LAID HER HAND ON THE GIRL'S ARM."

way teachin' the women; but I prays that her teachin' may not have to take the shape o' nursin' lessons. Perhaps you haven't heard what's happened down at Skirley?"

"What is it? Not cholera, I do hope?" queried Mrs. Harker.

"Small-pox," was the answer. "A foreign boat put in there about a fortnight ago, and 'tis supposed as they brought it. At any rate, folks is sickenin' all round wi' it now; down by the quay 'tis in a'most every house. I went to my old lodgings yesterday, but they'd got it, so I fetched my traps away. Not that I've much dread. They say as the soot is good, and keeps the sweep safe from these'fectious things. But I met Mrs. Denman walkin' down the street close by where 'twas, and I goes up to her and I says, 'Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, you've no business here; you'd better be gettin' back as fast as you can.' And then I found she didn't know nothin' at all about it. She'd been speakin' to a woman at a house where I know there is two cases, and never a word had they said."

"I hope she will not take it," said Ruth anxiously; "Mrs. Denman is far from strong."

But Ruth's hope was unavailing. Mrs. Denman sickened with the disorder; the following day Tim Brodie was stricken down; at the other end of the village a child was taken ill; and a panic reigned in Brundale. People shunned their neighbours, each looking upon the other as a probable carrier of infection. No one knew how the disease spread, but spread it did. The inmates of lone cottages were attacked, none knowing how they had come in contact with the disease. There was no lack of work for Ruth now. Mr. Denman had at once come to her when his wife was disabled, and had asked her assistance in nursing in the village.

"I know," he said, "that it is a hard thing I ask of you; but at present I scarcely know to whom I can turn for aid. You have health, strength, and sound common-sense in your favour. The doctors will tell

you everything that is necessary. Perhaps you know that Dr. Crozier, who brought Mr. Atherfield home after his accident, is working into the practice with Dr. Digby, who is thinking of retiring. It is fortunate for Brundale that we can command the services of a young and very capable man."

"I will undertake the work, sir," answered Ruth, "as far as I can, and I will do my utmost to help."

So Ruth passed from house to house, helping and aiding; seeing that the doctor's orders were properly carried out; speaking words of comfort to the dying and to the bereft; tending the convalescent, and tenderly looking after the wants of the little ones when, as happened more than once, both father and mother had been stricken with the loathsome disease. It was a marked feature of the epidemic that more adults than children were attacked by it. If Ruth had felt a desire to help her humble neighbours, that desire was granted now to the full. Her appearance was waited for in the sick-rooms, and hailed with delight. Many a time in the past years, when she had contemplated her own lonely position, her prayer had been, "Make me of some use." She had felt the necessity of living for others; to be of use was the best panacea for loneliness; and now her prayer had been answered, and that not grudgingly.

"A splendid girl!" declared Dr. Crozier enthusiastically. "She is the greatest support, both physically and morally, to these poor, panic-stricken creatures. She seems to impart some of her own strength and vigour to them when she comes into the sick-room."

"I hope she will not give all of it away, and leave herself destitute," replied Mr. Denman, to whom the doctor's remark had been addressed. "She is looking pale and tired."

"Well she may, for she is on duty by night and by day; but now things are on the mend. There are no new cases, and all the old ones are doing well. Mrs. Harker does her part well, too; she makes her broths and gruels, and helps the weak ones back to strength again."

"Yes; I think I am particularly fortunate in having two such reliable and self-sacrificing women in my parish," said Mr. Denman. "It is in cases like this that a man feels how helpless he is without a woman's help. I think I never realised how much value my wife was to me until she was taken ill. I have never before known what it was to be unable to go to her room and consult her, or tell her of what was happening in the village. I thought I acted chiefly on my own judgment before, but I have learned how much I really relied upon her. I cannot bear to think of the long time which must elapse before I dare trouble her again."

And Mr. Denman sighed deeply, for his wife had been left in a very weakly condition by the small-pox.

It was not long after this conversation that the Vicar laid an offer before Ruth for her consideration. He was, he said, fettered in his work by the fact that Mrs. Denman must be for a very long time unable to

resume her duties in the parish, and if Ruth would undertake the visiting and the control of the sewing and other parish meetings, he would gladly offer her a salary. The sum named seemed to Ruth a very generous one, but Mr. Denman assured her that it was no more than was usual to give in such cases.

"Your time," he said, "will be greatly taken up, and you will be precluded from earning money in any other way, so that it is but fair to you that you should be placed above the necessity of providing for your wants. You will consult with Mrs. Denman in any difficulty. She is able to think and direct, though unable to take any active part in the work."

Ruth was now thoroughly happy. She felt that if her grandfather's health failed she should have the means to keep him in comfort. She had learned to love the people around her during the time of the illness in the village, and their affection for her was warm and real. They felt that she had worked for them in their distress, and in this manner a way was paved for her to prosecute sundry small schemes of domestic reform; for those who felt how much they owed to her were willing to listen to her suggestions as to the re-organisation of their households. Her intercourse with Mrs. Denman, with whom she was brought into frequent and close contact, was of the greatest service to her; the kindly and intimate manner in which she was treated gave her self-respect. From Mrs. Denman she learned that it was to Sir Ralph Atherfield she owed the salary she received.

"He did not wish you to know at first, fearing that you would refuse to take the money; but my husband considered that you ought to be told. You will not be too proud in the matter, my dear, will you?" and she laid her hand on the girl's arm appealingly.

"My pride is gone," answered Ruth, with a smile. "I have seen what poor stuff it is; only another form of vanity. I will not only thankfully receive the money from Sir Ralph, but I will go up and thank him for it." And this she did.

"Say no more, Ruth Atherfield," said Sir Ralph; "the money is a small matter. I am proud to think that one of our family has acquitted herself in the noble way that you have done of late. I am glad that you have allowed me to help you, and through you to help my friend Denman, who, I fear, was feeling his wife's ill-health and incapacity for helping him very keenly; so you see you are really putting me under an obligation to you." And Sir Ralph shook her heartily by the hand.

"You make me feel ashamed of myself, sir, by your kindness," said Ruth, quite overwhelmed by his cordiality. "You have been the best of benefactors to Stella and me."

"Well, well! You are my own flesh and blood after all, and there is a certain selfishness on my part in not wishing to see you starve. I hear capital accounts of your sister from her school. I expect you will be anxious to see her."

"It is my dearest wish," said Ruth. "Stella is dearer to me than anyone else on earth. Mrs. Denman wished her to spend her next holidays here, but Mrs. Atherfield objected, so I suppose I must be patient."

CHAPTER XII.  
A USEFUL LIFE.



who had been dozing in his comfortable chair, hobbled out to greet "Missy" in high glee; for it is doubtful whether Ruth really held a higher place in the old man's affection than Stella.

"Well, well! you be grow'd, surely! A real grow'd-up lady; an' handsome, too, as a ripe peach! A real Atherfield you be, miss. Ah! 'tis a pity; but Ruth, here, she more favours her mother's side. She looks kind o' homely alongside o' you."

"She's a dear!" cried Stella, again embracing her sister; "and I was just thinking how nice she looked when you made that very uncomplimentary speech, Abraham. I think it is very ungrateful, for I am sure she takes good care of you."

"Ay, that she does. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' and my Ruth is good all round; but there, I won't stand talkin' here; 'tis plenty you'll have to tell one another, I'll be bound. Not but I'll be glad enough to hear all you've got to tell when you're in the mind for it, Miss Stella." And so saying the old man toddled back to the chair beside the kitchen fire, where he now spent the greater part of the day. The improvement in Ruth's circumstances had enabled her to take a better cottage; and as Mrs. Harker had given up her home some little time before, Ruth and Abraham moved into the vacant house, and its former occupant had returned to lodge with them. The arrangement was a very desirable one for Ruth, who could now leave home and follow her parish duties with greater comfort.

The two sisters entered Ruth's little parlour, and sat down for a long and confidential talk. There was much to be told, far more than could be thoroughly entered into in this one interview. Stella

had to tell of her school days, and of how thoroughly happy she had been during that time, the holidays being the only exception. "I did so detest those weeks at Drayton Lodge," she said. "There was not one congenial soul among all the troops of people I met there. Poor mother! I don't think she was really happy, although she seemed to crave for the gaiety of the place, and would be annoyed with me because I could not enter into it. I hope she will be happy in her new home. I saw her husband several times. He seemed a more honest class of man than those I generally saw at my uncle's house, a little dull and slow perhaps, but straightforward and honest. He has a good home and estate, over in Ireland, to give mother, and I am sure he is very fond of her; so I hope she will be happy. I shall go and see her during my holidays."

"But you have left school now, dear. Will you not live with her?"

"Oh no; I could not do that! Sir Ralph has been so generous to me. You know that during the last nine months I have been travelling with friends of his; as he represented it to me, I was doing a service by giving my companionship to Mrs. Grafton, but I find that in reality he bore the whole of my expenses. I have perfected myself in both French and German, for Mrs. Grafton is a splendid linguist; and I was constantly having lessons in different subjects, so that it was really a continuation of my school days. And now I hope to turn it to account, and if I can't repay Sir Ralph in coin, at least I can show him that his money has not been thrown away, and that I can be a creditable member of the family. Ruth, I feel full of shame when I remember how I used to hate that man, and how good he has been to me."

"Yes I have often been ashamed of myself," said Ruth, "when I remember the bitter thoughts I had about Sir Ralph; but he has heaped coals of fire on both our heads, for I owe my present position and salary to him, and he has shown such great delicacy in bestowing his gifts that I can never thank him enough. I only wish I had the chance of showing my gratitude to him."

"It can never be my Ruth who talks of being proud and wilful!" said Stella. "I thought that was my share of the family failing."

"But I am a very bad, weak Ruth at times," was the response; "full of faults and failings, always stumbling, and often falling as I go."

"Yes; but climbing the upward path, dear, always. You can't think, Ruth, how the memory of you, and of your talks to me, has often helped me during the three years we have been separated; how I have longed to come to you at times! And oh, how delighted I was when Mrs. Denman wrote and invited me here again! I bound her over to secrecy about my movements. I wanted to give you a surprise. And now, dear, tell me all about yourself. You are a good correspondent; but letters seem so unsatisfactory compared with a talk."

Then Ruth had to tell of all the details of her life, and of her work among the people. "Mr. and Mrs. Denman are very pleased with all that has been done. I have classes for sewing, and I teach cookery, too—just the plain elements of boiling, and roasting, and stewing, and how to make nice, cheap soups; but I find one or two of my pupils are getting beyond that, and I am able to instruct them in such a manner as I think will turn them into good servants by-and-by. Then one evening in the week I have a class for boys who have left school, and another evening I give to the girls. We read and talk and sew just as you and I used to do."

"What a useful life yours is, Ruth! I envy you in that."

"Yes, I believe I have been of use, and a comfort to some of the poor creatures about here; and I thank God with all my heart that it is so. I have learned to understand the poor. And oh, Stella, how I wonder at their patience! When times are bad for the farmers they are bad with the men, but it is wonderful with what patience they bear the pinch of poverty. Of course I know we have not the terrible misery and the squalid poverty!—and thank God we have not the glaring vice either—which exists in great cities; but I see enough at times to make my heart ache. I know a family in which thirteen mouths have had to be fed from thirteen shillings a week, and rent to be paid as well. Of course I know there is the garden and the pig, which town dwellers have not got, and wood is often to be had for the picking up; and then, again, the mother often makes money by field work. If she did not, how could the children be clothed? But fancy, Stella, what it is to have to feed eleven hungry children as well as the father and mother off thirteen shillings a week! That is only one case I could tell you of; but you will come with me and see some of my poor people, won't you? They often ask me about you."

"Why is it that things are so unequal in the world, Ruth?" asked Stella. "Why have some people more riches than the greatest extravagance can spend, while others work hard for a bare pittance? Sometimes I think of these things till they almost drive me crazy."

"We cannot tell, dear," answered Ruth. "But be sure of this; these things are ordered with a purpose. The time will come when we shall see with changed eyes, when those who have toiled and suffered here will know the reason why; but until people learn to resign themselves to God's will they will never even begin to understand His purpose with them."

"I feel that you are right, Ruth; but I should like to know that I am not going to lead a useless life. I want to be up and doing something now—something for others as well as for myself; something to help make the world a better and brighter place. I feel so full of energy that I must be up and doing. Why, Ruth, is not that the doctor who came home with dear father after his accident?"

"Yes, it is Dr. Crozier. Have I never told you that he has taken old Dr. Digby's practice? He is a most useful man, and much liked in the neighbourhood. I see he is coming here now. He tells me when there is any case he especially wishes me to visit."

"I should not have recognised you again," said the doctor, looking earnestly at Stella. "You have much altered."

"Yes; I expect the past three years have wrought more change in me than they have in you. I knew you at once."

"Miss Ruth," said Dr. Crozier, "will you go to-morrow to old Mrs. Brown at Gravel End? She is in need of your kind attention, and of a little beef-tea as well, I think. You see, Miss Atherfield," turning to Stella, "your sister has become a very important person in Brundale lately. We can do nothing without her help."

Stella's holidays passed happily at the Vicarage. Mrs. Denman's kind and motherly advice, and the Vicar's wise words and counsel, were of the greatest value to her, when she was now, for the first time, to embark on life's river, and to begin her work in the world alone. Her enthusiasm needed checking, for, with her, zeal was apt to overrun discretion; and her desire to serve led her to embrace wild schemes of philanthropy, more calculated to harm than to benefit those for whose good they were set on foot.

"You are all too wise for me," she said, one day. "You throw cold water upon my schemes, and Ruth laughs at me outright. Only Dr. Crozier is polite. He always listens to what I have to say, and is willing to discuss the matter with me without making fun of it at all. He does not make sarcastic remarks about 'tilting at windmills,' but helps me with his advice."

"My dear, if you have made a convert of Crozier to your views, you should certainly consult with him," said the Vicar, with a quizzical look in his eye. "Perhaps I am getting too old to be sympathetic. I have for some time suspected that I am drifting into fogeydom, and now I am sure of it, when you young folks upbraid me for lack of sympathy."

Stella laughed good-humouredly. "You must acknowledge you are rather hard upon me; but I forgive you, dear Mr. Denman. I daresay you are right; but you do knock down my castles in the air with such tremendous blows; you shatter them so irretrievably, there is no good in picking up the fragments to build them again."

"Dear child," said the Vicar kindly, "that is just what you should do. The notions of youth are often impracticable, but yet they are built up of God-sent ideas; and if we can only gather them together, and place them, not according to our own fancies and wishes, but according to His will, then we may hope to achieve some permanent good, to build on a sure foundation some edifice worthy of Him who put the good desire into our heart."

"What a fine pair they do make, surely!" said Abraham Choules that afternoon, as he saw Stella

and Dr. Crozier walking together down the village street. "Ay, but it would have cheered the squire's heart to see it."

"Why, grandfather, what do you mean?" asked Ruth, throwing a startled glance at the advancing pair.

"Why, dearie, ha'n't your young eyes spied out yet what my old ones have seen this week or more? Why, the doctor is fair set upon Miss Stella."

"I never dreamed of it," gasped Ruth. "I always thought of him as such a quiet man, not at all likely to fall in love; and then he's ever so much older than Stella."

"Well, even the quiet, sober kind likes a pretty face, and Miss Stella is as winsome as a rosebud, and good too; and as for his age, he's but a young chap yet, not much over thirty, I'll be bound, and Miss Stella will be twenty her next birthday — just the right age, both of them, I says. He'll look after and care for her better than some slip of a lad her own age. Now, if the boy up at the Park was a few years older, there'd be a match, and no mistake; but he ain't but just going into his teens, so I suppose 'twouldn't do to count on that."

"Indeed, no," cried Ruth, laughing; "but what an old matchmaker you are, grandfather!"

"I likes folks to be happy, and 'marrying and giving in marriage' was made for this world; so 'tis right, I takes it."

Ruth looked suspiciously at the pair advancing up the garden path, and thought she saw traces of confusion in their faces.

"I have just come to tell you, dear," said Stella, "that Sir Ralph has finished the arrangement he was making with his friends the Cravens for me. I am to go next week down to their place in Scotland. Isn't it nice? I am to have two little girls of ten and eleven as my pupils, and a salary of sixty pounds a year. Fancy it, Ruth—a whole sixty pounds a year!"

"I am glad for your sake, dear, because I know how anxious you are to be doing something; but I shall miss you sorely." And the tears stood in Ruth's eyes as she looked wistfully at her sister.

"And I want you, Miss Ruth, to persuade her to throw this engagement up altogether. You want her, and I want her. She says I must get your consent in the matter, or she will not have me at all; but do persuade her to give up this scheme of taking a situation. It is not much, perhaps, that I have to offer her. I am but a plain fellow, but I love her truly, and will care for her to the end; and I have a home ready now. You would trust her to me, I think?"

"Indeed I would," answered Ruth, with emotion. "I should feel so sure of her happiness in your hands. If Stella loves you, there could be nothing left to desire."

"Yes, Stella can answer that question quite satisfactorily," replied the girl, with a happy glance at her lover; "but, nevertheless, we must wait. Ruth, do you remember the promise I made in a letter about father's debt to poor old John Harker? I have never forgotten it, and

I have tried to save a little money towards it. Now is my opportunity to redeem my promise, and I intend to do it. If Dr. Crozier will wait, I will marry him when the debt is cleared; but I do not know that it is fair to him to ask it."

"I will wait, if need be—that you know," said the young man reproachfully; "but you also know that I will willingly give the money to clear off the debt, and so put an end to any necessity for waiting."

"That could not be, Dr. Crozier," said Ruth, "and I think Stella is right; if she can help to clear off a part of this sum of money, I, too, shall do my share. Indeed, I have a few pounds already laid by for this very purpose. As yet Mrs. Harker does not need assistance, but the day will come when she will want it, and then we can at least clear our father's memory by paying this debt."

"I did not think you would be against me, too,"



"WHAT A FINE PAIR THEY DO MAKE!"

said the doctor disconsolately. "But, Stella, promise me to make the time of waiting as short as possible."

"Only three years—not a day more, I promise; and you see I know how to keep my promises."

So it was settled; and the following week Stella left Brundale for her new home in Scotland. The happiest times in Ruth's life were the holidays which, with the exception of a short visit to her mother in Ireland, her sister always spent in Brundale. From thence she brought satisfactory reports. "Mother is so changed," she told Ruth. "Her home influence is so different to anything she has ever been accustomed to before. Mr. Twynam is so kind, and her home is very nice; she seems to have softened so much. She is quite pleased at the idea of my marriage; and as I tell her the wedding will take place here, she says she shall come over. Mrs. Denman has invited her, so you will meet; and I hope she will take you to her heart as her other daughter."

Stella kept her promise to her lover. The necessary sum of money for the repayment of the debt had been carefully saved by the time the three years were over, and at the wedding all Brundale flocked to the ceremony. The little old grey church was full to overflowing. Dr. Crozier was well beloved, and the sister of "dear Miss Ruth" was an object of interest to all. The story, too, of how the bride had worked for years, and waited for her home and happiness until she could redeem her father's honour, had leaked out, and Stella was regarded very much in the light of a heroine. A murmur of pleasure was heard as she entered the church on the arm of Sir Ralph Atherfield, who had insisted upon taking the parent's place for the day, and giving the bride away.

"Never a prettier bride in all the weddings I've seen in this yer church," said old Dame White, as she hobbled down the path after the wedding party.

"An' as good and sweet as she's pretty," said Timmy Brodie, who, arrayed in a brand new suit of broadcloth, and with a large posy in his buttonhole, ably assisted the clerk in keeping order. "But when all's said and done, she ain't no sweeter than our Miss Ruth. I've got it in my heart to wish for a good husband for she, too, only I don't know how this here place would get on wi'out her, and that's a fact."

"That's so, Tim," assented Abraham, mightily pleased to see his grandchild quite "among the quality"; for Lady Atherfield and her daughter were among the wedding guests, while Mrs. Twynam, her old mistress, had taken Ruth's arm, and walked from the church to the vicarage with her. "She's my grandchild; but she's a lady, too, is my Ruth."

A similar remark had been made by Sir Ralph to Mrs. Denman. "Yes," replied the latter, "God uses humble instruments. Ruth was but a poor workhouse-bred child; but when we look round this parish and see what her influence has effected in it, and when we consider that the happiness of to-day is, in the main, the outcome of her work, we may bless God that He shews us His purposes."

THE END.

## 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, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

### XII.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, MORE THAN ALL THE RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE KINGDOM, SECURES THE NATIONAL RECOGNITION OF RELIGION, AND, TO A GREAT EXTENT, HOLDS IN RESTRAINT MANY LATENT POWERS OF EVIL AND LAWLESSNESS.



WE know somewhat of the part which the Church of England has played in the history of the kingdom, and the inestimable services which in all the periods of her life she has rendered to the English people and nation.

From the very beginning of Christian England she took her place in each Anglo-Saxon kingdom as the Church of the whole Christian people within its borders, and as the source and centre of all missionary effort to those within the kingdom who were still in the darkness of heathenism.

The sphere of the chief Bishop's rule in Anglo-Saxon times was the whole of the king's dominions, and within the royal dominions he was the unquestioned exponent of truth and righteousness, and on behalf of the Church claimed that which the king of each kingdom willingly and gladly ceded—namely, the national recognition of the Christian religion, and of the Church as its organised and authorised representative. Occupying this position, the Church exercised an immense power for good over the whole of the people. None were exempt from her influence.

In those cases in which she failed by the force of truth to constrain men to practise goodness, she, to a great extent, by the fear of her censures and the penalties she could impose for wrongdoing, compelled them to refrain from lawlessness and wickedness.

She, in fact, not only on all hands throughout the kingdom encouraged goodness, but held evil in restraint. She could not utterly abolish injustice, oppression, and tyranny, but she did much to hold them in subjection to righteousness, and to check them in their lawless outbursts.

From the time that the Church was founded and organised in any kingdom, and was recognised as the authorised exponent of Divine truth and Divine love to the people, there was no one within the kingdom, however high his rank or great his power, who could with impunity abandon himself to a course of lawlessness and wickedness.

Not even the king himself could afford to defy or despise the Church's protests and remonstrances

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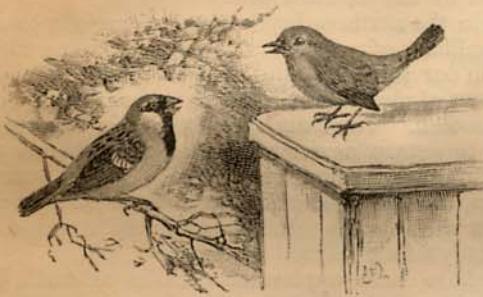
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against evil, and her just censures against all manner of wrongdoing.

And the universal recognition of, and respect for, the Christian religion, its facts, its truths, and laws which the Church secured in all the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, she succeeded in maintaining throughout England when all the kingdoms were united and became one English kingdom.

Christian England, in fact, has had no past without her Church as the supreme exponent of religious truth, and as the supreme judge of religious conduct, and the enforcer and defender of truth and righteousness, against error and wickedness.

In the family, in society, and in the national life, the Church is still a great restraining power over evil, and her influence in this respect is felt everywhere, even when it cannot be accurately defined.



#### NOT TO BE PITIED.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER.

*Author of "Original Fables," etc.*

"How hungry I am, to be sure!" sighed a robin, as he looked round discontentedly from the top of the pump.

"Haven't you had any breakfast, friend?" said a sparrow, who was trimming his feathers close by.

"Not a mouthful," said the robin.

"How's that?" asked the sparrow.

"I waited to see if they would put out some crumbs, and I suppose I was too late, for when I went to look they were all gone."

"Well, there were lots of berries on the old hawthorn this morning."

"I daresay there were, but I thought I'd see if there was any of the corn left that they throw out for the fowls, and by the time I got back you and your friends had cleared the tree."

"Ah, you should have been a bit sooner; but I daresay you'll find some hips on the rose bush by the garden gate."

"Perhaps so, but it isn't worth while to go all that way on the chance."

"How do you expect to get some breakfast then?" asked the sparrow.

"I suppose I must wait till something comes in my way."

"Then, my boy," said the sparrow, "don't expect me to pity you. Folks that are too lazy to look for their breakfast don't deserve to find it."

#### A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.



If in thy dreams some vision haunt thy way,  
If in thy heart some hidden hope abide,  
Too deep, too dear, to live in common day,  
God give thee joy of it, this happy tide!

If in thy prayer some keener sense awaking,  
Show thee glad Angels on life's dark hill-side,  
Tell thee the Christ is born, the bright day breaking,  
God grant thee grace of it, this holy tide!

H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH, M.A.

*St. Nicholas Cole Abbey Rectory, E.C.*

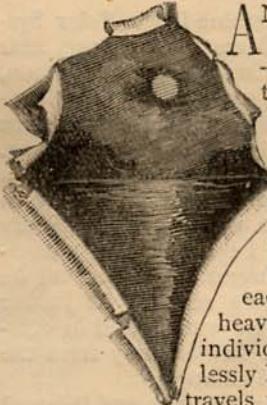
#### AWAY IN SPACE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE,

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

#### III. DAY AND NIGHT: SUMMER AND WINTER.

(Continued from page 232.)



A NOTHER motion of Earth has now to be considered,—her annual journey round the sun.

We have seen the sun to be the centre of the Solar System, with all his planets ranged at different distances from him. But it must not be supposed that the planets remain fixed, each upon one spot in the heavens. On the contrary, each individual planet, as it spins ceaselessly like a top upon its axis, also travels incessantly round and round the central sun—not in a circle, but in a pathway of slightly oval form, commonly described as an "ellipse."

A single journey round the sun for a planet means one year in that planet's existence—one Summer and one Winter.

Imagine a very large tub, partly full of water, and a great many balls floating in the water; a big ball in the middle, many small ones around. The balls would float, partly in and partly out of the water; and the flat surface of the liquid represents well what is called "the plane of the ecliptic,"—that plane in which, with slight variations, almost all the chief planets lie, one outside another. They do not whirl round the sun in any and every direction, but nearly all in the same direction, and nearly all on very much the same plane or level.

Once again, the real spinning balls in the sky do not remain stationary. They are one and all whirling at a great pace round the sun, not by any means at the same pace. Mercury, the nearest, goes marvellously fast, and accomplishes his yearly circuit in about 33 days; while Venus takes 225 days; and our Earth's year, as we all know, has a length of 365

days. Far-away Jupiter, travelling more slowly, gets once round the sun in about twelve of our years; and the still more distant planets, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, are proportionately slower and longer,—longer partly because of their enormously lengthened annual journey, partly from their diminished speed.

The speed is naturally diminished with the more distant planets, and increased with the nearer planets. Two mighty forces are at work here. The sun attracts, or draws towards himself, all the planets unceasingly; and the rapid rush of each planet through space causes a constant pull in the opposite direction, known as "centrifugal force." If it were not for this centrifugal or outlying force, caused by the invariable tendency of a moving body always to travel onward in a straight line, then the planets would fall in upon the Sun, overpowered by his great attractive force, and would be destroyed. If it were not for the Sun's attractive power, all the planets moving at their present rates would rush away from the Sun to indefinitely vast distances.

The two forces must so combine if the Solar System shall continue to exist. Mercury, being very near to the Sun, is drawn by a terrific strength of attraction, or, as it is commonly called, gravitation. He therefore travels at a wild rate of speed, to resist the force of that drawing, and to remain in his pathway. Jupiter, being very far from the sun, is subjected to a much smaller degree of gravitation, and needs to travel at a slower pace, year by year. If Mercury journeyed at Jupiter's speed he would wind in ever-lessening circles, nearer and nearer to the Sun, till he dropped down upon that raging surface. If Jupiter travelled at Mercury's speed he would wind in ever-widening circles, farther and farther away from the Sun, till lost in outer cold and darkness.

But how do we obtain our Summer and Winter? Why does not the sun shine always equally upon all parts of the earth, all the year round, day after day?

Because of the manner in which the earth is placed with respect to the sun.

This is rather difficult to make clear without some means of ocular demonstration. But you may work the matter out for yourself; and, after all, no knowledge is so well worth having as the least little scrap that we have laboriously worked out for ourselves.

Have once more a lamp in a darkened room, and have a small globe of the world, with the continents marked upon it. A ball or orange will not do here. Walk slowly round the lamp, at a little distance from it, holding the globe with the north pole pointing *straight up to the ceiling*. As you go, turn the globe gently round and round. You will see that the lamp shines equally always from north to south, over half the world, and all the world enjoys an equal amount of warmth and light.

If our Earth were placed thus with regard to the sun, then the climates of Earth would be in many respects very different from what they are now. Possibly more pleasant; probably not so good for man-

kind altogether. For some good and wise reason,—and whether we can understand that reason or no is a matter of secondary importance,—Earth is placed with a *slanting axis*.

Walk once more round the lamp, and start, holding your globe with its north pole slanting, so as to point—not towards the ceiling, but *towards the upper part of the opposite wall*. As you walk, take care *not to change the slant*. The north pole, pointing at first towards the lamp and the upper part of the wall beyond, must continue to point towards the same wall; and when you have reached the other side of the lamp you will see that the north pole is turned *away* from the lamp, and that the south pole is turned *towards* it.

That means—when you started, summer for the northern hemisphere, and winter for the southern hemisphere. When you get round to the other side of the table it means—winter for the northern half, and summer for the southern half.

We in the northern hemisphere are actually two or three millions of miles nearer to the sun in our winter than in our summer. But two or three millions of miles out of ninety-three millions are a very unimportant amount. The main question is, not whether we are a tiny scrap nearer or farther, but whether the half of the world on which we live is turned *towards* the sun, so as to receive the full blaze of his light and heat, or whether it is turned *away* from the sun, so as to be only faintly reached by either.

We have some unpleasant climates on earth, but we should probably find ourselves by no means better off if we could take up our abode on Jupiter or Venus. Jupiter, indeed, being in an only half-cooled condition, cannot be counted habitable for any beings such as man. Venus may be better fitted for the purpose, since she appears to have reached about the same stage of cooling as our Earth. But if her axis is as severely tilted as some think, her inhabitants may have to endure an exaggeration of Earth's climatic extremes.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



SWEET to the eastern shepherds  
The Angels sang :  
With praises to the Christ Child  
Their voices rang.

And lo! upon our ears  
Blest tidings fall :  
He came to bring us Peace,—  
Goodwill to all.

Adoring let us haste  
Our King to greet,  
And lay ourselves as gifts  
At His dear Feet.

Monyash Rectory.

S. FORD.



E. S

★ A... HAPPY... CHRISTMAS... MORNING. ★

"IT was the happiest Christmas Morning I can ever remember," said Gerald. And as Gerald is only three years old of course he cannot remember many.

"Well, what made it such a happy time?" said I. And Gerald's eyes sparkled, and he said he would tell me all about it, every bit.

"You see, the very first thing when we woke up we all found our stockings hanging up by our beds, and they had toys, and sweets, and all sorts of things in them. Now just after we had breakfast and were saying our Grace, the postman gave such a rat! rat! rat! rat! at our door, and we had heaps, and heaps, and heaps of letters! There were pretty cards for all of us, and it took us such a long, long time up in the nursery to open them all. We spread them all over the floor to see whose were the prettiest. Then father and mother came up,

and we had kisses all round, and—and—and I can't think of anything more, except it was really the very, very, very best Christmas Morning I ever remember!"

I hope Gerald and all the little boys and girls who see these pictures will have a very Bright, Happy Christmas this year; and I hope they will all remember that Christmas is the great Giving Time.

Our Heavenly Father sent us at Christmas time the Gift of His only Son, the Holy Jesus, Who

*"died that we might be forgiven, . . .  
That we might go at last to Heaven,  
Saved by His precious Blood."*

So at Christmas time we ought all to give something to God's poor, and try to make them as Happy as we are ourselves. If we cannot give money we can at least give a kind word, ever remembering the true saying of old George Herbert, the poet, "Good words avail much and cost little."



## THE LESSON WHICH CHRISTMAS TEACHES.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.,

*Late Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.**"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."—St. JOHN i. 14.*

of age, and for a brief space renew their youth.

The social side of the Christmas Festival is not a matter to be laughed at, or reproved, or combated with; rather should every effort be made to retain the custom of family reunions at such a time.

But there can be no true happiness or joy in the Christmas party unless the religious side of the Festival is kept prominently in the foreground.

Why? Because the very mirth and laughter that proceed from the home where all the members are once more assembled as an undivided family are the human expression of the Divine joy and peace which fill, or ought to fill, the soul of every child of God. Alas! too often the gross and earthly merriment overshadow, if they do not utterly drive out, the holier grace.

Now, what is the special lesson which Christmas teaches? Christmas—or Christ's Festival—brings back to our remembrance, year by year, the glorious fact of the Incarnation. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He, Who was in the beginning with God, was willing, for our sakes, to humble Himself, to empty Himself of the glory which He had from eternity, and to take upon Him our nature; to be made in the likeness of men; to be exposed to every temptation, every form of suffering, which can fall to the lot of mankind. Why did He do all this? Because of His infinite love to the human race; in order that, as Man, He might show to us the ideal, the perfect life—that, as Man, He might reconcile us to God, and open to us the gate of eternal life.

But there are some who read these lines to whom the earthly joys of Christmas are a thing of the past. One by one the old familiar and well-beloved faces have disappeared; one by one the chairs round the table in the old home have been left vacant. For them Christmas brings little else save memories of bygone days, tinged with the bitterness of bereavement. Is it possible that this is the sole message of Christmas to them? No, a thousand times, no. It is to these, smitten and scarred by the trials and sorrows that have overtaken them, that the message of Christmas joy comes, if they will have it, with irresistible force.

When the Angel, in obedience to the Divine command, had made known to the shepherds the joyful news of the birth of Messiah, the heavenly choir pressed forward with their joyous Christmas anthem, so that heaven and earth

alike rang with the melody: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

We cannot be wrong in tracing to these angelic words a description of the Christian's life. 1. In "Glory to God in the highest" we find the ideal of Christian worship. 2. In "Peace on earth" we find the ideal of Christian joy; while 3. in "Goodwill towards men" we find the ideal of Christian love.

1. *Christian worship.*—What are the elements of true worship? Prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. We are most of us ready enough with the former, at least, whenever we are in trouble of mind or body. On occasions, if we are specially reminded of all we owe to God, we are not unwilling to accord Him an expression of thanksgiving. But how few of us realise the blessedness of praise! We join in the singing of the psalms, the hymns, the spiritual songs. But how rarely the whole heart goes up in a loving tribute of praise to Him to whom we owe our own life, our breath, our all—praise for all His goodness which endureth continually!

2. *Christian joy.*—When all seems dark—when weeks, and months, and years of sickness and poverty have crushed out of us every capacity for earthly enjoyment—let us endeavour to open our hearts to Him who gave, as one of His last earthly legacies, the promise—"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." Look up, then, bereaved heart! He will—nay, He does—give you the blessing of peace.

3. *Christian love.*—"Goodwill towards men." Have you this love in your heart, love that can overcome the false pride which declines to confess itself in the wrong? There can be no Christmas joy for the unforgiving soul. The utmost you have to endure is as nothing compared to what Jesus suffered, and He was able to pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If you have a feeling of anger or hatred in your heart towards any one, do not rest until you are "at one" again.

Then, too, there is no use in professing our love to God if we shut up our sympathies and our pockets from those who are in "trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity." Almsgiving is a solemn duty we owe to God. It should be undertaken cheerfully and ungrudgingly. It should be done with discretion. It should be the result of self-denial.

If we aim in a greater degree to realise the joy of worship, if we strive after Divine Peace, if we cultivate the Spirit of Love—then we shall indeed enter into a deeper and more blissful enjoyment of all that Christmas brings.

## CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,

*Author of "At even, ere the sun was set."*

**S**AID Health to Sickness, "Christmas brings  
To me much mirth and goodly cheer;  
To you I fear it only rings  
The death-knell of another year."

Said Sickness, "Nay, that is not true,  
Christ came to set the afflicted free;  
If that be joyful news to you,  
How much more hope and life to me!"

Said Youth to Age, "We youngsters like  
The season's sports, the season's lays;  
But oh! how dull its voice must strike  
On people far advanced in days!"  
Said Age to Youth, "The closer death,  
The nearer He who made it bliss;  
Wait till you fail in strength and breath,  
To know what Christmas really is!"

## FAIRY DISOBEDIENCE: A TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY DOROTHY MARTIN.



They are so wild that if you were to take one step nearer they would bound away.

But I must return to the old stone house. The six Smiths live there; the eldest is hardly more than a child. The house is a long, low building; it is really the remains of an old farmhouse.

"Oh dear, how late the twins are to-night, and it's snowing so fast! I told them to get home early, but Nell is so fond of going to tea with Lucy Winter on her way home from school, and Lilian is always led by Nell."

The speaker was a tall, fine girl of about fifteen summers. Bessie was mother to the five children, all younger than herself. It was she who kept the snug kitchen so clean and tidy. What would they have done without her? She stood looking out, her face pressed against the tiny lattice window. The snow was falling very heavily; it had been snowing all day, but not so heavily as now.

The twins were about ten years old. They were naughty, merry girls, and full of mischief; but Nelly was the worst. She was always leading Lilian into mischief. Bessie was beginning to feel anxious. Baby Hetty was sitting by the hearth playing with pussy. She looked as happy as a little queen, so clean and tidy. "I will go and look out," said the girl; "perhaps I shall see them coming." She put on her hat, and threw her shawl about her shoulders. "Hetty, be good, and don't touch the fire, dear," she said, and then ran quickly to the door. The snow was now nearly four inches thick. She stood looking through the mist and snow, but she could see nothing. Suddenly, through the noisy wind, she heard a clear, ringing voice, "Halloo, Bess, here we are!"

"Oh, Bob dear," said she, "the twins are not home yet."

"Not home yet!" echoed Bob: "why, they ought to have been home an hour or more ago, if I am not mistaken."

"I hope you are," said Tommy.

"Well, come in and have something to eat," said Bessie; "it's half-past five now."

"You are quite right, Bob," sighed tired Tommy, when they got into the warm little kitchen.

"We must go and meet them, Tommy, my boy," said Robert.

"Can't I go?" said Bessie.

"No, Bess dear," he said; "you must put a light in the window, and have something warm ready for us when we come home."

"Make haste, Bob," said the poor girl. "I do hope you will find them."

Meanwhile Nell and Lilian were enjoying themselves with their friend, Lucy Winter. She lived in a comfortable cottage in Goathland.

"We had better not stay to tea," said Lily.

"Why not?" said Nell.

"Because it's getting so dark, and it's snowing so hard."

Suddenly a fairy appeared before Nell's eyes; and, sad to tell, it was the Fairy Disobedience.

"It really does not matter," said the Fairy: "you are quite old enough to take care of yourself; besides, Bessie is only your sister, and you need not obey her."

"It doesn't matter," she replied sharply to Lily. "You can go home, but I sha'n't."

Then Lily said no more. They stayed to tea; and it was not until the clock struck six that they thought of the time.

"We must go now," said Nell.

"Oh, stop till the half-hour," begged Lucy.

At half-past six they started. It was still snowing very fast. For about half a mile their road led them through fields and over stiles; the next mile and a half was moorland; there was only a tiny pathway all through the heather. The children walked on in silence for the first quarter of a mile, then Nell suddenly stopped, and said quietly and slowly, "Lill, we are off the path!"

"Oh, Nell, what shall we do? Oh, how cold it is! I wish we had never gone to see Lucy Winter," and poor Nell began to cry.

"It's no use crying over spilt milk," said Nelly, "so cheer up, and let us try to find the path again."

The two little girls strove in vain to find it; but it was of no use, and soon they realised the sad fact that they were lost in the snow.

Nell had managed to keep up her courage until now, but at last the tears would come. They stood still, and Nell said,

"Lill, I am very, very tired, and dreadfully cold, and I know you are too, and we shall have to stay here all night; but, dear, it's all my fault. You wanted to be good, you tried to make me come home, but I wouldn't. I was very unkind to you. Oh, darling Lill, please forgive me!"

"Of course I will, and I am so glad you are with me. Nell, if I were alone I should lie down in the snow and cry myself to sleep."

"What shall we do?" said Nelly, after a minute's silence.

The snow was falling quite as heavily as before.

"My feet are soaked," sobbed Lill.

"So are mine," sighed Nell. "Stop, Lill: I can feel our fence along the garden."

"But perhaps it is only the plantation fence," whined Lill.

"I am afraid it is," replied Nelly sadly; "because if it were our fence we should see the light in the window. Let's climb up and rest a little while on the fence," suggested Nell.

"I can't get up," said poor worn-out Lill, "my hands are so cold."

"I will help you," said her sister. "There, you just lean your head on my shoulder and rest; go to sleep, if you like."

For an hour they remained so, the one sitting and the other standing. Nell was awake, but she could not move—she was quite numb from the cold; but her sister was

asleep. Suddenly, in the pitch darkness, the bark of a dog was heard. Nell heard it; it came nearer and nearer, until she could hear her brothers shouting her name. She gave one feeble cry, and then she knew no more until she woke up and found herself and her sister in their bed. Bessie's anxious face was bent over them.

"Oh, Bessie," sobbed Nell, "I am so sorry I have been so disobedient; I saw Fairy Disobedience, and she told me to be naughty, and I listened to her. I am very sorry now, and I will try to conquer her."

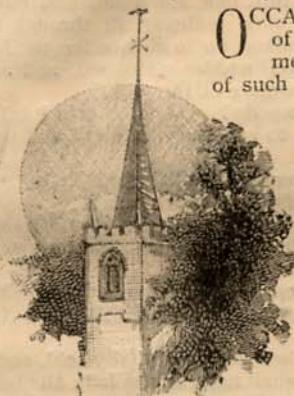
"All right, Nelly dear; don't talk any more now, but drink this hot gruel, and then try and go to sleep." And Nelly did try.

Oh, children, of all the naughty fairies Disobedience is the worst. And remember, it is always found out and punished; and I hope you will learn a lesson from naughty Nell and her sister Lill, and all their trouble which came from disobeying their sister.

### CHURCH BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

BY ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,  
of Brentford.

(Continued from p. 252.)



Occasionally we find gifts of bells to churches commemorated on the Brasses of such benefactors. A few such examples of great interest may be given in full. One is at the very out-of-the-way church of Holme-by-the-Sea, Norfolk, a beautifully engraved memorial representing the donors, with the following inscription in letters of much elegance:—

Herry Nottingham and hys  
wyffe lyne (lie) here  
Yat maden \* this Chirche  
Steppull and queere  
(choir).

Two vestmentz and bellez (bells) they made also.

Crist hem (them) save therefore fro wo.  
Ande to bringe her (their) saules to blis of heven,  
Sayth (say) Pater and Ave with mylde steven (humble  
voice).

The date is not given, but it is evidently A.D. 1405.

A curious Brass in Morley Church, Derbyshire, to John and Cecily Statham, 1454, who are represented kneeling, states that, among other charitable bequests, they "yaf (gave) to yis Churche iij belles." At Watlington, Oxon., a Brass commemorates the giver of one of the bells in the steeple:—

Here lyeth buried the body of Jerem. Ewstes, eldest sonne of Robert Ewstes, late of this town of Watlington, who gave the treble bell that hangs in this steppill. He deceased the fyrist day of May.

The bell itself is inscribed—

Jerem Ewstes gave this bell in 1587.

At Wyke, or Week, in Hampshire, is a remarkable little Brass, having a figure of St. Christopher bearing the Infant

Saviour over a stream of running water, with the underwritten inscription:—

Here lieth Willm. Comlyn and Agnes his wyfe, y<sup>e</sup> whiche Willm. decessid y<sup>e</sup> xxij day of May in y<sup>e</sup> yere of oure Lord M<sup>cccc</sup>lxxxxvij. Also this be the dedis (deeds) y<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> said Willm. hath down to this Church of Wike, y<sup>e</sup> is to say frest (first) dedycacion of y<sup>e</sup> Church XL\*, and to make newe bellis to y<sup>e</sup> sam Church X<sup>o</sup>—also gave to y<sup>e</sup> hallowyeng of y<sup>e</sup> grettest bell vj<sup>h</sup> viij<sup>l</sup> and for y<sup>e</sup> testimonyall of the dedicacion of y<sup>e</sup> sam Church vi<sup>h</sup> viij<sup>l</sup> on whos soules ihu haue mercy. Amen.

At St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster, the Bells are inscribed as follows:—

1. Blessing. 2. Glory. 3. Wisdom. 4. Thanksgiving. 5. Honour. 6. Power. 7. Might. 8. Be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

Another good example is at St. Gabriel, Pimlico:—

1. St. George. Glory to the Father High,
2. St. Michael. To the Son's dread Majesty.
3. St. Barnabas. To the Spirit, One and Three,
4. St. Paul. Blessing, Honour, Glory be;
5. St. Peter. Ever as ere the world begun,
6. All Saints. Ever as now while ages run,
7. Blessed Virgin Mary. Ever as shall be evermore,
8. St. Gabriel. When this world of change is o'er.

Doubtless the strangest use to which bells have been applied was that of cursing, "by bell, book, and candle." Among the curiosities disposed of at Strawberry Hill during the twenty-four days' sale in 1842, was a silver bell made by Benvenuto Cellini for Pope Clement VII., which bore a rich display of carvings on the exterior representing flies, grasshoppers, and other insects, serpents, etc., the purpose of the bell having been to serve in a Papal cursing of these creatures when they became so troublesome as to demand that mode of castigation. A woodcut of this bell is given in Chambers' "Book of Days," vol. i., p. 324.

During the reign of Edward VI. the destruction of Church property was enormous. Chalices, vestments, organs, books, brasses, and bells were made away with by wholesale. This pillage is well exemplified by Mr. W. H. King in his highly interesting "Inventories of Church Goods Edward VI." contributed to the "Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society." It affords many shameful instances of spoliation of Essex Bells, and among them the following:—

At St. Laurence, Essex—

"Item we had iij bells in the stepull in wayte vjC<sup>dl</sup> p'ce p' Cxxv\* (price per cwt. 25/-), and boute by on Mast' capolen dwelling w<sup>t</sup> in a letyll of london stone."

Sir William Pyrton carried off the bells from Little Bromley, and Sir John Raynsforth the two largest from Bradfield, both in Essex. This had become a very common practice in this reign; the bells were broken up, and the metal was exported in large quantity, or sold at home to be converted into cannon. Sir William Stafford forcibly carried off the bells from five Essex churches in Rochford Hundred—Rochford, Ashingdon, South Shoebury, Hawkswell, and Foulness—and appropriated the proceeds of the sale to his own use. In the clockier, or bell-tower of Old St. Paul's Cathedral (an admirable drawing of which was given in the *Builder* last year), were four large bells, which tower was pulled down by Sir Miles Partridge, at that time of sacrilegious destruction, the reign of Henry VIII.; and "the common speech then was," says Stow's "Survey of London," "that he did set a hundred pounds upon a cast of dice against it, and so won the said clockier and bells of the King, and then causing the

\* i.e., gave, or caused to be made.

bells to be broken as they hung, the rest was pulled down." This sacrilegious robber was hanged on Tower Hill in the reign of Queen Mary.

One other use of bells may be mentioned, which is familiar to us all at the present day, though not employed strictly according to the order of the Church, and that is the Bell for the Passing Soul, often called the Passing Bell. In some places it is designated the Soul Bell, as in the Pulhams, Norfolk. This has degenerated into the unmeaning act of tolling a bell only *after* a death, to testify to the parishioners that a fellow-churchman has left this world. The 67th Canon of the Church says: "Whenever any is passing out of this life, a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his last duty. And after the party's death, if it so fall out, there shall be rung no more than one short peal, and one other before the burial, and one other after the burial." Bishop Hall says: "It calls us to our prayers for the departing soule; to our preparation for our owne departing." This idea is well exemplified by the inscription on the tenor bell at Graveley, Cambridgeshire, already mentioned: "I sound vnto the living when the soyle doth part way." See also the inscription on the 7th bell at S. Giles', Norwich.

An explanatory description of the science of *Change Ringing* has been purposely avoided here. This is by far too important for such an imperfect and sketchy paper as this, and can be acquired *only* by frequent and regular attendance in a belfry under the guidance and instruction of an experienced ringer; but it may safely be added that no person having acquired the management of a bell will rest satisfied with merely ringing the *rounds*. He will experience a delight, equal in its way to the exhilarating enjoyments of riding, skating, bicycling, etc., which will urge him on to the higher branches of the art, thus calling forth all his skill, thought, quick apprehension, and graceful deportment. Only it must never be forgotten that the Belfry is as much a part of the House of God as the Chancel, and that the bells are only another kind of Organ to be used for His glory. Let there be no unseemly conversation or behaviour when engaged either in learning or ringing, but "let everything be done decently and in order," and "all to the Glory of God," as is prettily expressed on a bell at North Tamerton, Cornwall:—

Jesu, fulfil with Thy good grace  
All that we beckon to this place.

And on another at Peterborough:—  
Give no offence to the Church.

The intending campanologist is recommended to study the following highly useful and indispensable works, from which, as well as from some articles in the *Ecclesiologist*, *Notes and Queries*, and the *Church Builder*, many extracts have been made in the foregoing pages, for which the writer hereby expresses his indebtedness and grateful acknowledgments.

"First Steps to Bell Ringing," by S. B. Goslin. (Warner.)  
"Rope Sight," by Jasper W. Snowdon. (Wells Gardner & Co.)

"An Account of Church Bells," by the Rev. W. C. Lukis. (Parker.)

"The Art and Science of Change Ringing," by W. Banister. (Warner.)

"Standard Methods in the Art of Change Ringing. Diagrams." By J. W. Snowdon. (Wells Gardner & Co.)

Ring on, ring on, ye joyous bells,  
And still for ages ring,  
Until we change thy strains for songs  
Which holy angels sing.

## "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 VI.

GONE!



THERE was great excitement in Mr. Wright's house next morning. He had taken up Morty's breakfast himself at 8 o'clock; and, on unlocking the door, found the room empty, the bedstead dragged up to the window, and tied round one of its legs was a rope formed of two blankets, and a pair of sheets, neatly cut into strips, knotted together, and reaching nearly to the ground.

Yes, Mortimer had taken his fate into his own hands, and fled.

No one had seen him go; and as he probably had got several hours' start, pursuit was hopeless. The only thing to do was to telegraph to his father at once.

This even was needless, as Mortimer had slipped down in the middle of the night, walked a dozen miles to a large station, and turned up at home just as his father was sitting down to breakfast. He told a plausible story, with just truth enough in it to throw dust in his father's eyes, putting all the blame on Tubbs, who was a young scamp, and would make him bet, and declaring, with the most unblushing effrontery, that it was the first time, and he was very sorry for it.

Alas! in his foolish kindness, the father believed the tale, even after he had heard the school version of the matter. He never would chastise his clever and idolised boy; so the poor fellow went from bad to worse, got himself into a serious scrape over horse-racing, and disappeared in the colonies under another name. There we leave him.

At 9 o'clock the little company appeared before the Doctor, poor Tubbs being by this time so ill that he had to be carried in and laid on a sofa, looking the very picture of misery.

Prior had been summoned, and Pritchett was accompanied by his son Tom.

The Doctor had already heard the outlines of the story, and so proceeded at once to the main point, which was the theft of the half-sovereign.

Turning to Pritchett, he said—

"I am told that you know who stole the half-sovereign; and so, in order that Glyde, who has very naturally been under suspicion, should be cleared, I must ask you to give up the name to me; and then," he added, turning to Glyde, "the other matter which has led to the discovery, I shall go into afterwards."

"If you please, sir," said Pritchett, who was thoroughly sorry for Glyde, and wanted to help him if possible, "I mean no disrespect, but might I humbly ask one favour first? Could you say as how you wouldn't send Mr. Glyde away? He's suffered a lot, sir, and he wasn't half

so much to blame as the chap that bolted this morning. Oh, he was a bad lot!"

"I will make no promise of the kind," replied Dr. Passmore very sternly.

Pritchett was a very dogged man; he possessed a valuable piece of information, but, for a good reason, did not wish to give it up unless he got something for it. As we have seen, he wanted to do Tubbs a good turn, and he thought, too, that the Doctor would be more likely to let the thief off easily if he could be induced to deal gently with the boy who had betted. But why was Pritchett so interested in the thief, too? That we shall see in a moment.

However, the Doctor was as dogged as the servant, and after a little more haggling, was on the point of sending Pritchett away, when Tubbs exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, please don't! Pray do make him say who stole the half-sovereign."

The Doctor relented so far as to say he would promise to consider the whole circumstances; and that if he could feel thoroughly justified in inflicting any other punishment for the betting he would do so.

Pritchett had to be satisfied with this, and turning to his son Tom said—

"Now, my boy, tell the headmaster all about it."

"Stop!" cried Dr. Passmore, "you said you knew. I wish to hear from you."

"Better listen to him, sir," replied Pritchett. "Go on, Tommy."

Then the poor lad, sobbing and trembling, blurted out his confession.

"Last Monday, sir, one of the servant gals sees me a-playing about, and she says, 'Go up to Mr. Prior's study and fetch my duster, what I left on the table'; and, please sir mother's been very bad, and father's been very bad, and we ain't had enough to eat, and we was all very cold." Here the poor lad stopped to sob, and even the calm old Doctor looked as if he could cry too.

"Go on!" said his father sternly.

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean to do it, I really didn't, but I saw the ten shillings a-lying on the desk, and I—I—I—" The rest was lost in a fresh outburst of sobs.

"Prior," said the Doctor, "take the lad outside, and stay till I send for you."

As soon as the door was closed, the Doctor asked the father how he found out that his son had stolen the ten shillings; and then Pritchett told him that on the Monday afternoon his son had come in with a half-sovereign, which he said he had picked up near the school. He took it away from him and put it by, in case he should find the owner, though he was sorely tempted to spend it for food and firing; in fact, his wife said she thought God had sent it on purpose to supply their needs. He made up his mind, however, to keep it for a week at least. Then the next day he met Glyde, from whom he heard of the theft. On returning home he taxed his son with having stolen it. The boy confessed at once, and also told all about the bet

between Mortimer and Glyde. He then sought an interview with the two lads, intending to return the half-sovereign and let the matter drop; but this plan was upset by the attack which Mortimer had made on him, and the arrival of the master just as they were struggling on the floor.

The Doctor only asked one question.

"Pritchett, why did you not tell any one about your distress?"

"Too proud, I suppose, sir," was the reply. "I've never begged, and I never will."

Then the Doctor paused for a minute. Two things he was never known to do—to make up his mind in a hurry, or to go from his word.

At length he spoke.

"Pritchett, call your son back, and remain here with him; Glyde, you will go to your study in charge of the monitor, and in one hour I shall give my decision." Then, turning to Mr. Wright, he said, "Kindly come with me."

Wearily enough the hour dragged out for some of those concerned, though the Doctor found it all too short for his earnest consultation with Mr. Wright, and then his own private prayer for guidance. Never before had he gone from his word, yet he seemed to hear a voice saying, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." False pride had largely contributed to Glyde's sin; false pride had kept Pritchett from asking help. Might it not be that he himself would err in the same way if he expelled Glyde and damaged his prospects for ever? Besides, Mortimer was out of the way; had he been there both must have been expelled. His mind was made up.

Again the five are assembled with the Doctor in his study. "Glyde," he

says, "you have been guilty of a gross act of disobedience with my warning ringing in your ears. I believe you were led on by one older and certainly worse than yourself, but I do not intend to disgrace you for life. You will be degraded into the Fifth Form, and you will not be allowed to play in the eleven again. Dear boy, take this warning to heart, and may God help you to lead a manly, upright life, to fight against the false pride and that cowardly yielding to temptation which have so nearly ruined you. Tom," he continued, "I shall ask Prior to forgive your theft, and shall settle with your father as to the best way in which you can have such punishment as will make you feel how wickedly you have acted."

Then they all knelt while the Doctor, very simply, yet with tender earnestness, asked God to bless the future of the lads, and to make this a lesson for life.

Tubbs and Prior became fast friends; and though, in spite of some hard pleading on the part of the captain of the eleven, Tubbs never "got his colours," yet he gained something more noble still—a strengthened character, which led to a useful life.



## GARDEN WORK FOR DECEMBER.

## Kitchen Garden.



DIG, trench, and manure unoccupied ground in dry weather. The manure should be dug in about one spade deep only. In digging and trenching, about two spades deep, according to the depth of soil, is required, so that the under soil may be exposed to the atmosphere and weather, and be thereby enriched and mellowed.

## Fruit Garden.

Apple, pear, and other fruit trees may still be pruned.

Dig in manure about one spade deep round the roots of fruit trees where the ground is impoverished. In dry, open weather fruit trees may be planted, but their roots should be protected from frost by loose litter being spread thickly on the surface of the ground.

## Flower Garden.

Cut down all withered and decayed plants, and generally clear up all beds, digging the borders when the weather will allow of its being done.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

We are glad to welcome a new, enlarged, and illustrated edition of the Oxford Bible for Teachers, which is published by Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press. It would make an admirable Christmas gift. The Oxford "Helps to the Study of the Bible" is so widely known, and has earned such enthusiastic praise from Biblical scholars, that it is hardly necessary to recommend it. Those who wish to have the "Helps" apart from the Bible will be glad to be reminded that it is published separately. Every Sunday School Teacher should have a copy of this attractive book. Its clear type, convenient arrangement of maps and tables, and concise classification of topics are alike admirable, while its accurate scholarship and suggestive treatment of the several subjects leave nothing to be desired. To those who have small libraries, the "Oxford Bible and Helps" will prove a perfect treasury of information; and those who are fortunate enough to own large libraries will find the volume extremely useful for ready reference. We are more than pleased with the manner in which this new edition treats of the various manuscripts and recent archaeological discoveries. It is no easy matter to keep such a work abreast with modern research, and those responsible for the "Oxford Bible and Helps" are to be congratulated on the success which they have attained. Although primarily intended for Teachers, all earnest students of the Word will do well to make a note of this work.

## "WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE MAGAZINE?"

We ask this question, because we think that some of our readers are not aware that handsome cloth cases in scarlet and gold are provided at a very low cost, so that the twelve monthly numbers can be bound together and thus make an attractive volume for the home bookshelf. Whoever supplies you with the Magazine monthly can give you particulars as to the binding arrangements.

## 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.

## Dec. 3rd, First Sunday in Advent.

(St. Matt. xxii. 1-13.)

1. How far does ancient prophecy as here quoted bear testimony to Jesus of Nazareth?
2. How far does this "Gospel" describe His fellow-countrymen as doing the same?
3. What position does it describe Him as claiming for Himself?

## Dec. 10th, Second Sunday in Advent.

(St. Luke xxi. 25-32.)

1. What one thought do we find (a) in the Collect for to-day as a purpose; (b) in the "Epistle" for to-day both as a purpose and a prayer; (c) in the "Gospel" for to-day as a promise?
2. What oft-repeated word in the "Epistle" for to-day is calculated to bring this thought home to us in this land?
3. How may each returning spring be employed to bring this thought home to all Christian believers, according to the "Gospel" for to-day?

## Dec. 17th, Third Sunday in Advent.

(St. Matt. xi. 2-10.)

1. What part of our Saviour's description of St. John the Baptist appears justified by what is said of St. John in the earlier part of this "Gospel"?
2. What part seems justified by what is said of him at the close?
3. What part of our Lord's answer to the disciples of the Baptist is illustrated by expressions and statements to be found in Isa. lxi., St. Luke iv., and St. Mark xii.?

## Dec. 24th, Fourth Sunday in Advent.

(St. John i. 19-28.)

1. What do we read in St. Luke iii. which helps to account for what we read here in verse 20?
2. What do we find in the Book of Malachi and in Deuteronomy (see also St. John vi.) which helps to account for the two questions asked in verse 21?
3. How does the last part of this "Gospel" illustrate what is said in the last words of the Gospel for Sunday last?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.

## 34. REVERSI.

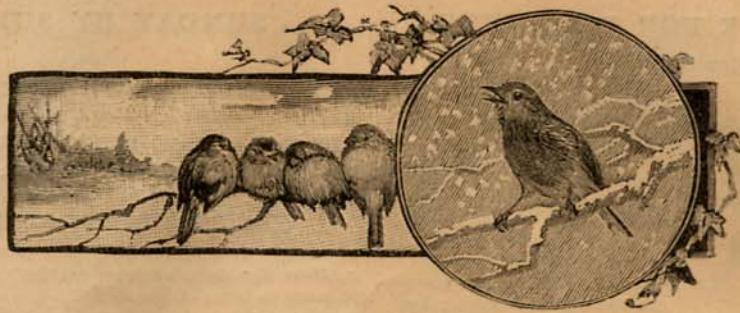
- (1) A selling place: reversed—a public conveyance.
- (2) Unpopular animals: reversed—a heavenly body.
- (3) A vegetable: reversed—the lower part of a ship.
- (4) A story-teller: reversed—a bar of iron.
- (5) A boy's toy: reversed—an implement of cookery.

## 35. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(To be solved entirely in six letters.)

If you have sober sense you this are not; (initials)  
To do this act was our first father's lot. (finals).

- (1) A learned physician.
- (2) First-rate condition.
- (3) The best permission.



## If came upon the Midnight clear.

Words by E. H. SEARS.

Music by CANON F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.  
(Rector of Sandringham.)

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From An - gels bend-ing  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd; And still their Heav'nly  
  
 near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good will to men, From mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world: A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They  
  
 Heaven's all - gra - cious King !?" The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the An - gels sing.  
 bend on hov - ring wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The Bless - ed An - gels sing.

p rall.

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow—  
 Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing ;  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the Angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Shall come the time foretold—  
 When the new Heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the Angels sing.

