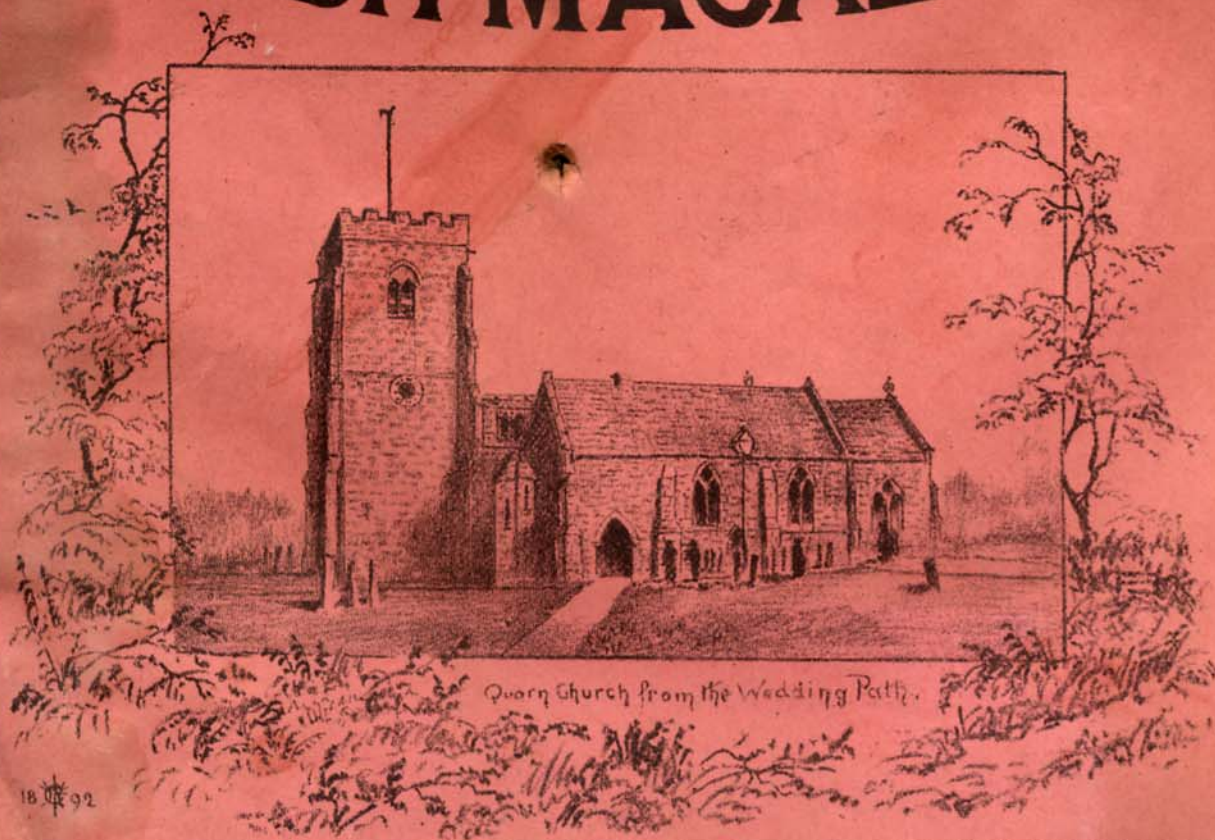


APRIL.

1894.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

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

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

SAINTS DAYS and HOLY DAYS—

8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10 a.m. Mattins.
7.30 p.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon
All other Week Days—
8.30 a.m. Mattins (with the Litany on Wednesday and Friday)
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Wednesday, April 25th. Festival of S. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr. Mark was new to S. Barnabas who was the companion of S. Paul. He was not a disciple, but one of those converted after the Ascension of the Lord. Like the other Saints of God of whom we read in Holy Scripture he was not perfect, and we are told how when he started with SS. Paul and Barnabas on their first missionary journey he dared not face the dangers and risks with them, but returned before the most difficult part of the journey began. For this reason we read that S. Paul refused to take him with him on his next journey. He did not however utterly fall away, but lived to do good work for Christ by writing the Gospel which bears his name. The character of S. Mark may encourage us when we are inclined to give up because of our many falls and failures. Every time we are cowardly in christian duty we run the risk of utterly falling away, but if we repent and take warning by our failures God will, for Christ's sake, forgive and restore us to a condition of grace. In some cases great sinners have been so restored and become very distinguished soldiers in the army of the Lord.

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

April 1.	"	S. John xx. 1-18	} Hymn to be learnt— begin 140
8.	"	" 19-end.	
15.	"	" xxi. 1-14	
22.	"	" 15-end.	
29.	Revise.		

Baptism.

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

Feb. 20th—Fred Gilbert Lee.
March 11th—Cecil Chapman.
25th—Hilda Warr.
Maud Elizabeth Kay.

Marriages.

March 26th—John James Tungate and Clara Birch.
Henry Hackett and Eliza Mary Orton.
Henry Corah and Sarah Wykes.

Burials.

Feb. 27th—Edgar Smith, aged 20 days
March 5th—William Palmer, aged 68 years
14th—John Marson, aged 82 years

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
Feb. 25th:	—	—	0 5 8
Mar. 4th:	—	3 3 6	0 4 6
11th:	—	—	0 4 1
18th:	—	4 10 4½	0 4 8
25th:	—	—	25 1 0½
Poor Box:	0 1 0	—	(For the Vicar)
Totals	£0 1 0	£7 13 10½	£25 19 11½

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
April 1st {	292	220	2
	137	140	Anthem
	135	194	302
	138	—	20
8th {	303	221	219
	136	140	140
	26	358	24
15th {	34	290	298
	301	140	240
	299	231	31
22nd {	3	238	292
	229	140	160
	196	236	215
5th {	—	—	261
	—	—	433
	—	—	26
29th {	4	243	299
	143	140	143
	290	331	142

PARISH NOTES.

What a glorious Easter! Easter is always glorious to the thoughtful christian mind—but when it comes with such warmth and brightness even outward things seem to accord with the Easter thought of life out of death, or rather that there is no death at all. Things that seemed dead all the winter burst into new life and show that they are not dead but only sleeping. Can we not realize through this that they who "sleep in Jesus" will wake to a new and more glorious life under the sunshine of the smile of God. May it not also bring home to some who are "dead in trespasses and sin" that Easter message that they may, if they will, now rise to newness of life through the power of the crucified and risen Lord!

The Easter Offerings for the Vicar amounted to £25 1s. 0½d.

TO THE CHILDREN.—Take notice that a collection will be taken for the Negro Boy Fund at the Children's Service on Sunday afternoon, April 8th.

At the Vestry Meeting held on Easter-Monday the Church Accounts as given below were produced by Mr. Thornton. They were considered very satisfactory, as they showed an actual balance in hand of £20 16s. 11d. Last year the accounts were only balanced by making a private collection before they were published. The year before they were £8 on the wrong side. We are very glad indeed that this result has been attained, as it has always seemed to us that it is a scandal for a christian congregation to be in debt.

When the time came the Vicar said he had requested Mr. Thornton to act once again as his Churchwarden. He stated that on account of his co-warden leaving the parish most of the business had devolved upon Mr. Thornton alone, and much credit was due to him for carrying it through to so good an issue. He hoped that this year Mr. Thornton might act as Churchwarden with more continuous assistance. Mr. Meakin, of Soar House, was then proposed for Parish Warden and elected. The following were elected Sidesmen: Messrs. Backhouse, Brown, Cuffling, T. Gamble, Hayward, Hensman, Sault and G. White.

To say a few words on the Church Accounts we notice that the amount collected for Church expenses was about £7 more than last year, but then there have been four more collections, so that the average is very slightly less at each collection than in last year.

The reason for the large balance lies first in the fact that last year's accounts were made up and there was no adverse balance to begin with—and then, the expenses have been less. Comparing the two balance sheets we find that the expenditure in repairs to the buildings is nearly £5 less, also the mild weather has saved the coals, though the gas bill is £2 more. But no matter how it has been managed, to have a balance on the year of £20 is certainly most unusual and very pleasing.

Perhaps this fact of the large balance led to several matters being mentioned which will entail considerable outlay. One was the state of the battlements of the tower, which may have to be attended to before long; another was the ventilation of the Church; another, putting some kind of railing along the Church paths. To all these matters the Vicar and Churchwardens promised to give prompt consideration. And lastly, a very important matter was discussed. This was the question of making all seats in the Church free and open to all the parishioners. This is a matter that will require very careful consideration. In the first place there are some old inhabitants who have attended the services and contributed towards the expenses for many years, and their feelings in the matter must not be disregarded. Then there is the financial question. £42 is now raised by seat rents, and there would have to be more frequent collections to meet expenses. The meeting was however strongly in favour of taking steps in the matter, and a resolution was carried unanimously requesting the Vicar and Churchwardens as soon as convenient to call a meeting of the Church-goers, or otherwise to obtain their opinion upon the question. An alternative plan was mentioned, viz: to retain the appropriation at the Sunday morning service (11 a.m.), and free the Church at all other times. We suppose that all people now-a-days agree that in principle the free and open Church system is most desirable, but it is only right to use care and consideration in interfering with long established custom.

The Vicar mentioned one other matter which has had to be dealt with since last Easter, viz: the expenses in connection with the organ and choir. Everyone knows that hitherto all these expenses, amounting to nearly £70 a year, have been paid by one generous individual. This however ceased last year, and the expenses had to be provided for. It was thought right in the first place to reduce the scale of these expenses. The Vicar undertook to raise the money for the organist's salary, which has been done. The subscriptions towards the other expenses are not quite complete. Next month we shall hope to give a further account of the matter.

There is one item in the accounts which is rather more than last year, which however represents a very important advantage. This is the amount paid for Fire Insurance. It was thought that the amount for which the Church and fittings were insured was not sufficient. The total was £1,200 for the whole. A new policy has therefore been taken out with the Ecclesiastical Building's Fire Office on much more advantageous terms, so that for an additional payment of 4/- per year the building and all the interior fittings, including the organ, bells, clock, plate, &c., have been fully insured—to the amount of £2,570.

The summary of collections shows that this year £120 19s. 11½d. was collection as against £115 6s. 3d. last year.

The subject of the accounts reminded us of the old Churchwarden's book which was found in the OLD OAK CHEST in the Vestry. We looked to see what took place at the Vestry meeting just 100 years ago. At that time there seems only to have been one meeting and one set of accounts for two years, so that 1794 and 1795 go together. The meeting also was held about Whitsuntide instead of at Easter. In this case it was held on June 19th, 1795. The following parishioners were present and signed the accounts, viz: Edward Farnham, Thos. Chapman, Wm. Chapman, Wm. Baker, Robert Parkinson, Edmund Bates, Wm. Judd, Richard Sarson, Richard Fox, Joseph Chapman, Thos. Parkinson, Wm. Parkinson. The Churchwardens were Wm. Cock and John Bostock.

Just 100 years ago there seems to have been a new Church clock. Whether there was one before or not we cannot say, but the new clock was matter of consultation with the Churchwardens. It seems to have been a thirsty job, for we find this item in the accounts: "Paid for ale when consulting about the clock, 9/-" Fancy, nine shillings worth of ale bought and (we suppose) drunk on such an occasion! We should think that where so much ale was consumed a bad bargain was made. The clock seems to have cost £49 odd besides the ale! We can judge of the price of coals at that time by three items—8-cwt. 6/8, 10-cwt. and carrying 10/-, and '2 lode (loads) of coles' 9/-.

The musical instruments in those days did not cost so much as the organ does to keep in order, but there seems to have been paid 10/- each year for 'reeds.' A musician will understand what this means. A few years later (1804) a new set of strings was bought for the violoncello, which cost 5/- In 1803 the Church was broken open. We know this because the crier was sent round to call a meeting about it, and he was paid 6d. for his job.

From an item in 1805 it would seem that the holy vessels for the celebration of Holy Communion were made of pewter! for there is a charge for 'cleaning the pewter.' There is still a large flagon made of pewter belonging to the Church. The present vessels are of solid silver. How long ago is it since there was a pall to cover the coffins with at burials? There was one in 1806, and 24/10½ was paid for 'satten' (satin) for repairing it.

CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS

EASTER 1893 TO EASTER 1894.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Rent of Seats	42	5	0	
20 Offertories	50	11	5½	

SICK AND POOR FUND.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Balance from last year	0 9 6 ³ / ₄	Given away in small sums	3 14 1
Collections at Early Celebrations	10 16 3 ¹ / ₂	Bread	0 11 0
" Christmas Day	4 3 8 ¹ / ₂	Milk	0 17 8
Poor Box	1 5 4 ³ / ₄	Coals	4 18 1 ¹ / ₂
				Orders for Provisions	1 7 0
				*Wine for Holy Communion	0 13 6
				Paid for persons at Convalescent Home	1 0 0
				Paid to Dorcas Society	1 1 0
				Sent to Leicester Infirmary	1 1 0
				" Loughborough Dispensary	1 11 7
				Balance in hand	
			£16 14 11 ¹ / ₂				£16 14 11 ¹ / ₂

*This is only just begun.

SUMMARY OF COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
For Sick and Poor Fund	16	5	4½
For Church Expenses	50	11	5½
For Special Objects	54	3	0½
Total	£120	19	11½



From a Photograph by FRANK M. SUTCLIFFE WHITBY.]

"PICK-A-BACK!"
(A STUDY FROM LIFE.)

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]



“THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

THESE words, which form the third petition in our Lord's Prayer, as recorded by St. Matthew, are, according to the Revised Version, entirely absent in the Prayer as recorded by St. Luke. It is not necessary for us at this time to explain this and other interesting differences in the versions of the Prayer as given by the two Evangelists. In the present case, however, it will be granted by all who, from childhood, have repeated the Prayer, that there would be a felt want and a sense of incompleteness if this clause, “Thy will be done,” were omitted from the familiar form of words. It has been said that in the first petition, “Hallowed be Thy Name,” we have the *root* of all true religion, and in the second, “Thy kingdom come,” the uprising *stem*. If this illustration be based on truth, then in the third petition, “Thy will be done,” we must look for the abundant *fruit*.

With the first petition it has been usual to associate the first Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, “Our Father—hallowed be Thy Name.” With the second, to associate the second Person, who came to establish a dominion which shall have no end, “Thy kingdom come.” And therefore, with the third petition, to associate the third Person, whose special work it is to enlighten our minds and to sanctify our hearts so that in all things we may obey His blessed will, “Thy will be done as in heaven, so on earth.” The structure and the associations of the Prayer alike forbid the omission of the clause, “Thy will be done,” from our consideration of the Perfect Prayer.

I. Let us inquire what is meant by “Thy will.” When we speak of a man's “will,” we imply that he has a power of choice, and that this “will” is the mainspring which influences and controls his thoughts, his words, and deeds. A man's final “will” is the authoritative expression of his choice as to the disposition of his property when he himself has left the world. If we would intelligently recognize our Father in heaven we must be assured that He has a will in reference to all those events and circumstances which constitute the daily life of His children. True religion, it ought never to be forgotten, does not consist in more or less vague ideas as to what is right and wrong in the abstract—it is not a question as to

the expediency of adopting certain courses of conduct; it is not the mere habit of following certain customs, or conforming to traditional forms; but it is the realization of a Personal Supreme Power, possessing a distinct will. Such knowledge will lead us to say with one in old time, “Thou, O God, seest me,” and with another to inquire, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

II. Let us proceed to inquire what is meant by this will of God being done on earth. Too often this petition is restricted to a prayer for resignation to “accept the inevitable” trials which must befall all God's children. It was an example of such resignation to His Father's will that our Lord left us, when thrice in the garden He prayed, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” The prayer, however, is not one for dark days only but for daily use, not a request so much for passive resignation as for active obedience. How little do we recognise that all the blessings of life, the joys which we experience, the duties which it is our privilege to discharge, come from Him, who is the Author and Giver of all good gifts—that they are God's doings on our behalf, the expressions of His will concerning us! That the petition is primarily to be understood in the widest and not in the narrow sense of resignation to God's will in times of sorrow, we may be assured when we realise what is involved in the accompanying clause, “in earth as in heaven.” It is the blessed condition of heaven that there no sin and no sorrow can be found. Among those who dwell therein and do God's will there can accordingly be no need for resignation, in the sense in which from time to time God's children on earth are called to exercise that grace as they drain to the very dregs the bitter cup which a loving Father's hand has prepared for their salutary use. Co-operation with God's will in the fulfilment of His purpose is, in the very nature of the case, a greater thing than resignation to God's will in acts of sorrowful submission. When we therefore combine the three petitions in their ideal fulfilment we have the glorious picture of a world in which God's Name shall be universally hallowed, a kingdom in which all men everywhere shall recognize Christ as

Lord, and a service in which all men, in all things great and small, will count it their chief joy to know and do His will.

III. And, lastly, let us observe that this will is to be done by God's children here on earth, as it is done in heaven. How that will was done by our Lord when here on earth the Gospels testify in every page. And we are not left without some intimations as to the way in which that will is done by the angels above. Not only do those bright spirits seek to do that will perfectly, but their service is one of (a) *reverence*, as in His presence they cover their faces with their wings whilst they cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory" (Isa. vi. 3.) Their service is (b) a *service of love*; for we are told that they are all "ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation" (Heb. i. 14, R.V.) And again our Lord has set forth to us the joy in which they share over one sinner that repenteth. And, again, it is (c) a service *marked by intelligence*, for the mysteries of the Gospel are to them objects of deep contemplation and earnest inquiry—"which things the angels desire to look into" (1 St. Peter, i. 12) And, finally (d) their service is one of *absolute devotion and attentive obedience*. As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, so the angels wait upon the Lord their God to anticipate His will. "They do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word" (Ps. ciii. 20.) It is the constant remembrance of such perfect service which will work in us, when conscious of our own weakness, the increasing desire to pray more earnestly, "Thy will be done in earth, as in heaven." May the closing words of the second exhortation in the Communion office remind alike the writer and the readers of this paper of their bounden duty, not only to "submit themselves wholly to His holy will and pleasure," but "to study to serve Him in true holiness and righteousness all the days of their life."

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

KEDGEREE.	Average Cost.
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice	d. $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish (cooked)	4
1 Egg	1
1 Saltspoonful salt	
$\frac{1}{2}$ Saltspoonful pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 oz. dripping	6
	<hr/>

Prepare the rice in the same way as for curry. Take the fish from the bones, and break into flakes with two forks. Boil the egg twelve minutes, take off the shell, and put in a cup of cold water till required. Melt the dripping in a saucepan, put in the boiled rice, stir well with a fork, chop the white of egg, and add it to the rice, with the fish, pepper, and salt. Mix all till quite hot, put on to a hot dish, and rub the yolk of the egg through a strainer all over the top.

Serve with square pieces of toast put all round the dish.



"BEARER WAITS FOR AN ANSWER."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

SUMMONED my boy from his urgent employ
Of whistling a dolorous ditty:
"Come, Walter," I said, "put your cap on your head,
And bustle post-haste to the City."

"There goes the half-chime!—it's a match against time!
Be as brisk and as bold as a lancer:
Here's the letter—but stop! see, I write on the top
"The Bearer will wait for an answer."

In ten minutes, not more, came a rap at my door,
And I glanced in surprise from my quilling:
"I'm back, sir," said Wat, rather breathless and hot;
But proud—and prepared for a shilling.

With a wave of the hand I enjoined him to stand
Till a voucher was back in its docket:
Then, "Famous!" said I: "let me have the reply":
And I sifted the coins in my pocket.

"The reply, sir?" he said, very anxious and red,
For he saw that the tip wasn't yet won:
Then, rubbing his knee, "There was none, sir," said he:
"At any rate, I didn't get one."

"You got no reply? then it's clear enough why;
I read the whole truth at a glance, sir:"
(And the shilling, alack! to its place jingled back)
"You omitted to wait for an answer."

"Go back like a man just as quick as you can:
This time there must be no mischance, sir:
Let them see you are there, sitting down in a chair—
The person that waits for an answer."

Then I thought to myself, as the poor little elf
Slunk off, my injunction obeying,
"There's a moral in this we should none of us miss—
A lesson in trusting and praying."

"We kneel down to pray, then we go on our way
No stronger, or wiser, or better:
The petition is vain, and the reason is plain—
'Tis the same with the pray'r as the letter."

"We expect no reply from the Father on high:
The prayer is mere parrot-like prating;
But the soul that believes a due answer receives:—
It comes *when the bearer is waiting.*"

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

Author of "Black or White?" "Turning the Tables," "Held to her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT.



IT was to Guy Ryder's great astonishment next morning, that whilst he was dividing his attention between his breakfast and the *Guardian*, Helen and Caryl were announced. He started up in something like dismay.

"Is Mrs. Brookes ill?"

he inquired.

The Countess laughed and came forward, holding out her hand. Had the young clergyman ever sufficiently interested himself in her to analyse her different moods and the various changes of her manner, he would have instantly seen that the lady was upon fascination bent, and might therefore have been put upon his guard. But, unfortunately for him and others, his main study had always been how to avoid her.

"Indeed no!" she answered. "Are we then such birds of ill omen that we must make you to think of bad luck; and all because we come out together for a refreshing promenade?"

That speech gave Guy time to recover his manners, though certainly it did not allay his surprise. Early walks were a most unexampled form of exercise upon the part of brother and sister.

"Will you allow me to offer you some coffee?" he responded. And as Helen smiled her acceptance of the invitation he gave her a chair, and rang the bell. "But I am afraid," he added, "that my landlady will scarcely produce such nectar as the coffee at Kingston Villa."

"Anything will be welcome, my dear fellow," from Caryl, with the most intense good humour. "It is a terrible thing to have a sister who does not hesitate to drag one out at unseemly hours."

She gave a playful little pout.

"Who said last night that he wanted to be of the most industrious? And industry in England always begins with the dawn. Is it not so, Mr. Ryder?"

Guy raised his shoulders and laughed, not committing himself to any statement. In truth, the whole

interview seemed so puzzling, that all ideas but those of astonishment had deserted him. Surely these two people could not be the same as those who yesterday received him with haughty anger, scarcely deigning to afford him even such slight information as Mrs. Brookes desired them to give? Yet here was Caryl smiling with languid complacency, and his companion all amiability.

"You see, I have much business on hand. Even to-day must Mrs. Brookes' investment be made. The responsibility is great—vast!" spreading out his hands as if to measure its magnitude. "By the way, my friend, have you yet negotiated that little business which devolves itself upon you?"

"No. It was impossible. The Bank was closed last night."

"And this morning?"

"Oh, it does not open until ten. Here is the coffee at last. You will allow me——"

"No, no! Oh please, pardon! But to see a gentleman fatigue himself with such work for women! It is not fair. And besides——"

She looked up at him with marked hesitation, a request clearly written upon every line of her colourless face. Guy could do no less than help her to bring out the rest of the sentence.

"Besides——"

"Well, I have a curiosity. I want so much to see that famous cheque of Mrs. Brookes'. Twelve thousand pounds! Ah, to think of spending it with one or two strokes of the pen! You take milk, Mr. Ryder?"

Guy's bewilderment was momentarily growing. But he really could think of no reason for refusing so slight a favour. Unclassing his pocket-book he took out the slip of paper and placed it before her. Helen caught it up, and examined it with an air of childlike amusement and curiosity.

"I am not poor—me!" she said. "But I never saw a piece of paper worth so much quite before. Caryl, behold!"

It fluttered across the white tablecloth in the direction of Mr. Clive, who carelessly took it up between his finger and thumb.

"What queer creatures the dear women are!" he remarked, laughingly, to the other man. "Helen, have you noticed, my dear, how this bank prints little tiny words all over the paper? No? Come to the window, and you can see."

"It is clever," she said, after a moment. "You, Mr. Ryder, have observed it before?" turning her head to speak over her shoulder to Guy, still employed with his coffee cup and standing by the table.

"Often. Ah, there is ten striking! It is not often that I am so late at breakfast, but I was detained in church after the early service."

"And we must hinder you now no longer," quite sweetly from Helen. "Here is the cheque. Thank you for showing it to me so kindly. I must fly to my friend at the Villa, who will lament herself at my too long absence. And you, Caryl——"

"I have an engagement in town. You go to finish this business at your bank, Mr. Ryder? Then we can walk part of the road together," watching Guy—who had seized a pen, and was endorsing the cheque—with a peculiar smile.

"Why not the whole way? Then I would give you the notes upon the spot," he answered. "The bank has had notice of the sum needed, so there will be no delay."

Caryl, however, shook his head.

"My engagements prevent. But if you allow I will call here upon my way back—say at twelve o'clock. Then the little affair will be quite off your mind."

At noon it was, therefore, that the Curate paid over to Caryl Clive ten of the twelve crisp, new notes, each of the value of one thousand pounds, which he had previously received over the bank counter, and of which two already stood to his own credit. There was a gleam of intense satisfaction upon the generally impassive face of the man who clutched at the small packet that Guy tendered, and he shook the clergyman's hand violently as he said, "So glad of your able assistance. But I cannot now wait. Life is all one hurry. Adieu!"

"I will have a receipt though, please," said Guy, secretly regarding himself as a miracle of prudence.

Upon which Clive sat down and scrawled an informal acknowledgment upon half a sheet of paper.

"I can't stop to do better now," he declared.

He was actually outside before he had finished speaking. And when Guy, who was, unhappily, not blessed with much idea of business, had written a note to Mrs. Brookes, in which he detailed the arrangement upon which he had entered, and declared himself her debtor to the amount of two thousand pounds, held in trust for her late husband's children, he considered that all necessary precautions had been taken. Especially as he personally delivered the letter into the lady's hands, accompanied by the receipt which he had himself received. "There! You see I paid over the ten thousand," he said lightly. "As the money belongs to you this had better come to you also."

Remarkably little attention, however, did she vouchsafe to the transaction. All her ideas were fixed instead upon the information that Caryl was giving her as to the Zarina stock, and the huge percentage which she would receive. Guy actually had the mortification of seeing her hand over both documents—one bearing Caryl's own signature—to that untrustworthy counsellor.

"You can take care of 'em. You will do *half* my business in future," she told him. "It is such a mercy to be relieved."

Day by day, indeed, it became apparent to all on-lookers that her confidence in the brother and sister was increasing. Once or twice Guy, whose interest in the matter was naturally more deep than that of the outside world, almost began to fear that the influence which they were undoubtedly acquiring was

not only the result of their machinations, but that her own intellect was not what it had been. So utterly did she surrender herself into their hands.

"If Stella would but come home!" was Guy's constant longing. Which at last reached such a pitch, that he found himself moved to write urging her return. Though the notion of the girl he loved being subjected to the companionship of Countess Helen, and possibly to the unwelcome attentions of her brother, still weighed heavily upon his mind. These considerations dictated, indeed, the final sentence of his letter:—

"If Mary could be with you for a week it would be a good thing. Perhaps she might bring Mrs. Brookes to reason. Something, I am sure, ought to be done."

But, unfortunately, little May was ailing just then, and could on no account be left. Besides, as Mary herself observed when the letter was under discussion, what could she do in regard to the money? The whole fortune was absolutely at her step-mother's disposal, and if she chose to fling it into the sea there was no one who possessed the power of hindering her.

"Only I don't half like to let you go back into her clutches, Stella," she said afterwards, when they and Wynne were alone together. "Stay with me altogether, dear. I know that Walter would be only too pleased."

But Stella shook her head. Timid and gentle as she was, Miss Brookes was not without a mind and will of her own, which just now were under the compulsion of a very uneasy conscience.

"I ought never to have come away. Jack told me to stop at home," she answered. "If the money vanishes it will be my fault. And I don't want to have that recollection all the days of my life."

"If Mr. Clive bothers you just send him down to me. I shall understand," Wynne declared. "A word to the doctors, and——" she finished with a laughing gesture, that indicated the malefactor's doom. But Mrs. Jaxon took up the subject of Caryl with more seriousness.

"Remember that you must let me know at once if he should. That is what you sha'n't bear; no, not for millions! But surely he and his sister will leave the house as soon as you return? Even Mrs. Brookes cannot intend them to live there for ever."

Stella made no answer. Indeed Wynne did not give her time.

"Oh, don't you worry yourself, Mary. Guy and I will keep an eagle eye over the menagerie. Anyway, it's nuts to be able to travel together, you and me, old thing!" hugging Stella's arm affectionately. For during the weeks they had spent together all the old intimacy between the girls had been revived, and the childish love had quite reawakened. "How charmed they'll be to see me back in the ward!"

"I wonder when Harry will take that run down to Shingleby of which he talked before he left us," Mary remarked. She tried not to speak pointedly. Yet she was narrowly watching the effect of her brother-in-law's name upon Wynne's merry face. Whilst as to



"SHE WAS SITTING AT THE PIANO."

Stella she openly laughed at her friend's sudden blush.

"How can I tell?" with a great affectation of carelessness. "I wish, Mary," changing the subject with suspicious promptitude, "that you'd let May come with me——"

"You ridiculous creature! Ah, talk of an angel! Well, my treasures," as the two mites trotted happily in, hand in hand. "Really, Wynne, that baby is much better to-day."

"Yes, that baby is *much* better," from sedate Ivy. "It's me is the ill one now," with a grievous sigh, as she put her head on one side, and drooped her curved lashes over the big brown eyes. But her mother laughed heartlessly.

"Are you, my darling? Where do you feel it?"

The small maiden considered for a moment, then lifted her long, Kate Greenaway dress to show a pretty round knee.

"Auntie Wynne bound up May's," she said. "Mine is *velly* bad too, I think."

"But May fell down and bruised herself," remarked Wynne, half puzzled. "Have you had a tumble?"

"No." Then a tear forced itself out, and trickled down her soft cheek. "And May ate *all* the sweets, movvy!"

"So that's what the ailment is! I expected as much," to Wynne. "There, mother will find some for you both, when you've said good-night."

It was a lingering operation, but accomplished at length. By-and-by from their bedroom there was to be heard only the sound of May's voice as she crooned over nursery ditties to her doll. Ivy was already asleep when Wynne peeped round the corner for a last glimpse of her god-child.

"Hush!" holding up a warning finger to the mother who was close behind. "Listen!"

Little Jack Horner had just finished his self-praise as they came within hearing. Now May was conversing with her unresponsive child.

"Well, Dora Rosina," she said, "are you weepy? I am; we must go to weep togezzar." There was some patting and smoothing of the blankets. Then the little one jumped up in bed, and began to hunt all round. "But, dolly dear, I've lost my velly last sweetie. It s'ipped out of my mouf. Have 'ou eated it, dolly dear?" A tiny sigh. "'Cos I'll forgive 'ou if 'ou has, and will on'ey tell your movvy the troof," with the quaintest imitation of Mary's intonation.

Wynne slipped away to laugh at that point. And as quietness reigned thereafter, apparently terms of peace were arranged between the conscious and the unconscious babies.

Whether or not Mrs. Brookes intended to board and lodge the Clives for the remainder of their natural lives, Stella's return to Kingston Lodge had no immediate effect upon the arrangements there. Neither Helen nor Caryl made the slightest suggestion of quitting their comfortable quarters, and every corner of the place seemed pervaded by them. Life promised to be almost unendurable to Stella. Nor did it tend to make matters easier for her, that she now first began to vaguely suspect Guy Ryder's feelings towards herself. His unconcealed delight when he greeted her at the station, together with one or two casual words dropped by Mrs. Brookes, whose strong point was certainly not delicacy of feeling, resulted in producing, at any rate for a time, a change in the girl's way of regarding her brother's friend. As a consequence, she became shyer and quieter in his presence, and far less ready than before to ask his assistance in her troubled path.

But it was not until she had been at home for more than a week that the full force of the position broke upon her.

She was sitting at the piano in the dim light of the waning evening, singing to herself, when the door opened, and Helen appeared in evening dress. With one glance round she crossed the floor to the window, where the last rays of the setting sun fell full upon her.

"A most silly little girl it is not to come to the beautiful concert," she said banteringly to Stella. "Did she think that I would have let some bad man eat her?"

For in spite of all persuasions upon the part of her step-mother's friends, and, indeed, of Mrs. Brookes herself, Stella had been firm in her refusal to appear in public with Helen. And her persistence had angered the Countess more than that lady had, thus far, allowed to be seen. Now, however, revenge was in her grasp, and she would not forego it.

With her usual winning gentleness Stella rose and followed her across the room.

"It was very kind of you to be anxious to give me pleasure," she said. "But——" then breaking

off with a start as her glance fell upon the necklace which her companion wore,—“why, where did you buy that? I have seen one of exactly the same pattern before.”

It was a rather remarkable ornament, formed of pearls, set in a filigree of gold, and clasped tightly round the throat after the fashion of a dog-collar. Helen put up her hand and touched it.

“Ah! The too dear Madame, who is so good, she gave me my little treasure. And you like it? You think it becomes me?”

Stella had grown quite pale. Such intelligence was indeed a shock, and Helen was able to enjoy her vengeance to the full.

“It was my mother’s!” the girl stammered. “Mrs. Brookes never *could* have given it to you!” And with that she hastily left the room.

But on inquiry she found that the Countess had not deceived her. The statement was only too correct.

“Why should I not do what I like with my *hown*?” Mrs. Brookes demanded. “She has laid herself *hout* to please me, as neither you nor Mary *hever* did. In one more week I draw my first dividends, too, and become a richer woman than I *hever* *hepected* to be, thanks to *er* brother. And then you blame me for *hofferin’* *er* some little token of gratitood!”

And Stella could do nothing but write to Mary of how the most cherished memorials of their dead mother were being dispersed and desecrated, and then hide herself in her own room and pray for patience and submission.

From that time forward, as though the mention of the fact to Stella had forcibly impressed it upon her own mind, Mrs. Brookes continually harped upon the approaching payment of the Zarina dividends. Morning, noon, and night she talked of it, always accompanying her anticipations with the inquiry: “And you will see to the business part of it, Mr. Clive?” Over and over again Stella listened to his promise that he would undertake the whole affair.

“You had better give me the scrip, had you not?” he remarked one afternoon, when only very few days remained before the eventful date.

“Yes. Come, and I’ll get all you want now,” she said.

That same evening Kingston Villa was thrown into sudden confusion and alarm by a telegram summoning both Helen and Caryl to London, to meet a relative, just returned from India. With radiant smiles Helen displayed the missive, and set about her preparations.

“Ah! the joy!” she cried, flinging up her hands. “My uncle! My dear, unforgotten father’s brother. You can understand?” bestowing a beaming glance upon Guy, who happened to be paying one of his frequent calls. Much more frequent they were now than had been the case a fortnight earlier, when Thetfield still held Stella.

“Oh, of course,” he answered, being unable to

conjure up any other reply. Then, as she glided away, leaving him alone with Miss Brookes, “You will have a little peaceful time, at any rate.”

She drew in a deep, long breath of relief.

“Indeed, yes. Not that things have been as bad as they were before I went to Mary.” And then she blushed, remembering her ideas of a day or two ago, ideas that Guy’s quiet self-possession had, however, nearly lulled to sleep again.

“Clive has not pressed those horrid attentions of his? No. So I have noticed. I suppose,” with a smile, “he looked upon your running away as his answer.”

“I’m very glad. Why, they are going already!” For a station fly had drawn up at the door.

Amid a flurry of leave-taking, the pair departed within ten minutes, much to Stella’s surprise. Mrs. Brookes stood out upon the hall steps to shout after the cab the request she had already made fifty additional times since the arrival of the telegram—“You will be back to do my business on Toosday, Mr. Clive?” And Caryl leaned from the window to nod a final promise. Finally the three who were left turned back to the dining-room, conscious of the strange hush that always succeeds a time of confusion and bustle. It was Stella who first broke the silence.

“What a pile of luggage!” she said. “Surely Helen never found time to pack it in the quarter of an hour she was upstairs!”

“It certainly looked enough to last a year,” returned Guy. Adding, in a whisper, “Let us hope it may.” But Mrs. Brookes’ ears were keen.

“And *indeed* I call that a most *unmannerly* and *unkind* wish, Mr. Ryder; specially when you *ave* *heard* me *pressin’* *im* to be *ere* o’ Toosday. You’re jealous of my friends, that’s what you are! Jealous!”

It was certainly unfortunate that she had overheard. Happily the previous excitement had somewhat wearied her, however. And shortly afterwards she was to be seen nodding in her chair, with the yellow rose, which had lately displaced its pink predecessor of venerable memory, slowly sliding towards the nape of her neck.

That a letter, announcing the safe arrival of the travellers in London, would reach her in the course of the next day, was a settled article of Mrs. Brookes’ faith. Indeed, she was quite angry with Stella for venturing to doubt it.

“They could do no less than write, polite and civil as they *ave* *halways* bin. It is *honly* doo to me. Caryl Clive will know I’m of a *hanxious* turn o’ mind.”

And after the last postal delivery had brought no line her indignation actually asserted itself.

“I didn’t think it of the Countess Helen!” she said.

When, however, Sunday and Monday came, and still no news arrived, anger gave place to an undefined feeling of fear.

“Suppose that *e* shouldn’t be back in time to do my business!” she exclaimed. Not indeed, that she

had the remotest notion of what this particular business might consist, Caryl's crafty directions and instructions to her, before she had actually thrown upon him the onus of carrying them out, having entirely confused her. "Mr. Ryder, will you 'ave the kindness to 'arsk at the station whether the five-thirty on Saturday met with any delay or accident?"

"We should have seen an account of that in the papers, mother," Stella reminded her. "Oh, I dare say there'll be a note in the morning. They are sure to be very busy."

It soothed her for the moment to listen to the excuse. But the calm did not last for long; and when Tuesday dawned without bringing either intelligence or the much-desired presence of the financier himself, her condition grew truly pitiable. She would allow no one to look into her affairs, no lawyer to be called in and entrusted with the task which Caryl had undertaken, no word of advice to be offered. She simply walked from room to room and window to window, wringing her hands, and watching for the man who never came. Who never would come, as Stella and Guy began to believe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRISIS.



MEANWHILE, at Thetfield Vicarage, life pursued its ordinary course without any of the excitements that were agitating the small world of Kingston Villa. One great interest of late had been that of Tom Beresford's recovery, and the prospect of his consequent speedy dismissal from the hospital, where, however,

Mary had already several times visited him. She had taken pains to give him such accounts of the night-school and Bible-class, as to interest him in the subjects which she was seeking to instil into the minds of his "mates," without, on her part, seeming to preach to him.

It was greatly to Mrs. Jaxon's joy that the matter of Baptism had been by no means allowed to fall to the ground, after the Bible-class at which it had been talked of and discussed. Upon the next evening, at the night-school, half-a-dozen lads, including Stacey and Riley, waited behind to give their names as being desirous of further instruction. Though, with true Yorkshire caution, their spokesman, Furniss, told her "Maybe oos wain't be done, after arl. But

oos'd loike t' knaw, if so be as yow wull tell oos." Right gladly did Mary undertake the task.

It so happened that, owing to a sudden need for extra beds at the Infirmary—one of the frequent consequences of the all-too-often recurring accidents at the works—Tom ultimately was sent home a day or two earlier than had originally been expected or intended. Hence it was somewhat to Mrs. Jaxon's astonishment, and perhaps alarm, that one Friday evening, as she was passing down Young Street, at the back of the school buildings, a tall young fellow rushed out of "The Jolly Grinders," and stopped her by calling her name. In a moment, however, she was reassured by recognising Charlie Furniss.

"Tom's oop yon," he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "Ef yow'd coom in and see 'im he'd be main and pleased."

She had not the heart to refuse the lad's invitation. "You'll take care of me, then?" she said, and walked in by Charlie's side.

There was a hush in the noisy talk going on around the small and dirty counter, as she passed through the bar. Certainly no one seemed at all inclined to utter a word, good or bad. Even the most sodden drunkard stared and held his glass from his lips until the further door had closed behind her. But Furniss saw that she gave a little shiver of disgust and relief when the scene was shut out.

The small, upstairs room in which Mary, in another second, found herself, certainly showed no traces of the horrors that were working havoc below. But for the sound of loud bursts of laughter and the odours of beer and tobacco which together came up through the floor it might have been the home of any labourer or mechanic. She noticed that one or two of the parochial library books were lying upon a box, and that Furniss had adorned the walls with sketches from his own pencil—sketches of which two or three had previously been brought to the school for her inspection and criticism. The lad had a decided gift for drawing.

Beresford put his thin white fingers into the hand she held out. Mrs. Jaxon always treated her scholars as gentlemen, which perhaps may have been the reason that she invariably received the attention due to a lady.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said. "What have you all been doing up here, may I ask?"

"Dominoes and talk," answered Stacey for the rest. "Oos minded, arl on oos, wot yow said aboot gambling, but oos thowt theer warn't no 'arm in dominoes ef oos didn't play for money. 'Ere's a chair for 'er, Charlie."

She nodded brightly, and laughed, as she accepted the seat.

"You must really teach me the game some day, as you play it. I cannot imagine how you make it interesting. And now, Beresford, how are you? And have the rest told you all the news of the place?"

She stayed and chatted for ten minutes, and then rose to leave.

"It's getting quite too dark to stop any longer—

unless there was anything particular you wanted to say," observing rather a disappointed expression come over the happy faces. "You tell me, Furniss."

But Furniss looked on the ground, and began to swing backwards and forwards a clogged foot, watching the metal-capped toe with the most intense absorption. Clearly no one was quite ready to explain, and Mary resumed her chair.

"I expect it is about Baptism," she said, comprehending well that only an approach to religious subjects would induce this unwonted shyness. "What have you all decided?"

"Oos 'ud loike to be done," from Stacey; "on'ey can I coom? I ain't no cloes but these." For he was poor, his wages as a grinder being much less than those of Furniss and Beresford.

"It isn't the clothes that matter," Mrs. Jaxon assured him quietly, though her heart was filled with thankfulness. "It is the souls and bodies that Christ came to save, and wants you to give Him. I will tell the Vicar about it, and ask him to arrange. There is to be a Confirmation before long, and I expect he will wish you to be confirmed also—if he thinks you understand enough about it."

"Yow've bin reet good to oos," remarked Stacey, shamefacedly. Thanks were not the sort of talk to which his lips were best accustomed. "Will yow tak' this? I made it for yow mysel'."

It was a small penknife that she found hastily thrust into her hand as an offering of gratitude and affection. The handle was tortoiseshell and the workmanship as careful as it was skilful. Her eyes filled with tears.

"But you should not have wasted your time and money on me," she said. "Of course I like to know you value what I can do; but you must not think I want such things to show it."

"Yow're good to oos and oos' ull be good to yow," the young man answered, characteristically. Not in Yorkshire nature was it to depreciate his own gift. "Then yow'll tell oos o' Sunday about t' Baptism?"

"And you lads will be trying to keep these bodies of yours as God would have them kept when they are so soon to be offered to Him and to receive His mark, will you? No bad words to pass the lips, no clouding of the brain with drink. Ah! what terrible sounds those are downstairs!" shuddering, and secretly dreading the moment when she must again pass through the bar. "Yes, I'll be very sure not to forget. I'll tell you on Sunday."

But, though she promised, that was an undertaking which Mary was not able to perform. For before Sunday a telegram reached Thetfield containing a summons which could by no means be disregarded:—

"Pray come at once. Mother very ill. I want you."

The trio, Mary, Walter, and Mrs. Jaxon, had just risen from their early dinner when the maid brought the message in. Walter read it aloud over Mary's shoulder, even Granny for once oblivious of the

merry children who had run into the apartment after Sarah.

"What can have happened? You must go at once," the elder lady was the first to exclaim. "Oh! Run away, Ivy, my precious. Wait a minute, dear."

"You will see after the house and my bairnies? What a comfort that you are here!" And so for a few moments they stood discussing arrangements. It was a tiny stifled sob from Ivy that finally made Mary look round.

There stood the child, tears pouring down her cheeks, making no attempt to cover the small, convulsed face, but just given up to woe. Her mother was kneeling on the floor in a moment, pressing the shaking little form to her heart.

"What is it, my darling? And Movvy has to go away and leave her pets. Oh, Ivy, don't sob so!"

"It's all injured feeling," pronounced the father, with a little laugh, surveying the group. "Granny told her to run away, and she's hurt. See, Granny, the effects of your snub. Also, Mary, behold your youngest daughter."

May, indeed, was extremely busy, too much engrossed even to observe Ivy's tears. She had taken hold of the heavy crape widow's bonnet which Mrs. Jaxon always wore, and which she had put down upon a side table before dinner, to await the arrangement therein of a new cap. With this adornment perched on her fair head, the small child had clambered upon a couch, and was surveying herself with delight in the chimney glass. And all the time the rosy lips were muttering, "Handsome May! Handsome May! Movvy's handsome 'ittle dirlie!"

In spite of pressing anxieties, all who saw her burst into a laugh, in the course of which Ivy's griefs were forgotten.

But though merriment was still possible at Thetfield, as much could not be said of Kingston Villa. Neither Walter nor Mary were at all prepared for what they found upon arrival there late the same night.

Only that morning had Guy at length prevailed upon Mrs. Brookes to call in the legal advice which he had for so long advocated; and truly thankful were both he and Stella to see Mr. Keen, the family solicitor, enter the door. As he did so the postman ran up the steps and thrust a letter into Guy's hand, the curate happening to be the person nearest to the entrance.

"For Mrs. Brookes, and from the Bank," he remarked. "This way, I suppose, Stella?"

But Mrs. Brookes, whose senses during the last few hours had seemed preternaturally acute, had overheard the observation. She came into the hall.

"How do you do, Mr. Keen?" she began, in a visible flutter of excitement. "I really think that hafter hall I needn't 'ave troubled you to come. But Guy Ryder there, 'e does nothink but fret and worry." And that whilst her own fingers were shaking nervously and the always ruddy countenance showed a purple roseate hue. "What does the Bank want along o'

me?" Then, tearing open the envelope, "Guy thinks as somethink should be done about the Zarina—ah!"

It was not a scream exactly, nor precisely a gasp, that ejaculation uttered with quivering lips and whilst her eyes were still fastened upon the paper she held. But the sound alarmed the three persons who heard it, and Mr. Keen exchanged a glance with Guy. For the clergyman had himself conveyed Mrs. Brookes' message to the solicitor, whom he had persuaded at once to go with him to the villa. And their walk thither had afforded Guy the opportunity of giving Mr. Keen some glimpses of the proceedings of the Clives, as well as of receiving in return a statement upon the subject of the Zarina mines, which Mr. Keen declared did not at present and never had existed. Now, apparently, a fresh revelation awaited them.

"It is to say that my account is overdrawn! What do they mean? They've still a clear twelve thousand there, to my certain knowledge, even after paying the cheque I gave to you, Guy! Do go and see!" Guy went, Mr. Keen accompanying him.

But the news proved all too true. On an examination of the ledgers—Mrs. Brookes' bank book was not to be found anywhere—it was immediately seen that a second cheque for twelve thousand pounds had been presented for payment on the very day that Caryl and Helen quitted the town, and, moreover, that the document had been duly honoured.

"I was not surprised," said the manager. "For, just as he had done before Mrs. Brookes drew the former large cheque, Mr. Clive had, three days previously, brought a verbal message from her to tell me that the sum would be required for re-investment. He specially desired it to be paid in small notes and gold, for which I therefore made arrangements."

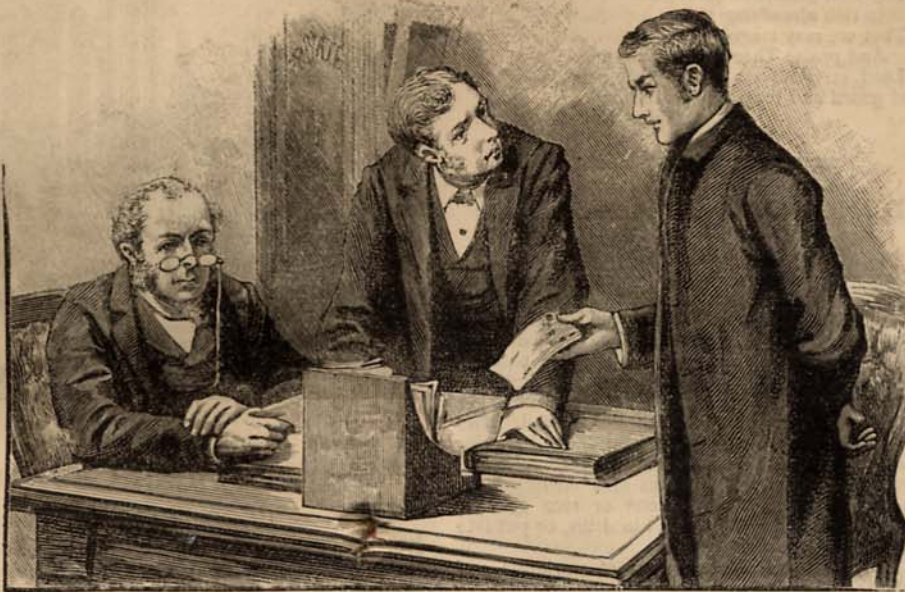
"But if the money was for investment, surely large notes were the more natural medium. Did not that strike you?"

Mr. Lewell, the Bank manager, merely shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear sir, people have such funny fancies—especially women. And remember, please, that I considered Mr. Clive merely as Mrs. Brookes' agent. He waited that day until her book had been made up, and paid in the few pounds needed to bring up the balance we held, including her current account, to the full amount. And when, on the Friday after, he presented the cheque, made out to Mr. Ryder and endorsed by him, as the other one had been——"

"I never endorsed a second cheque," cried Guy, in a panic. "Have you them here?" And on the papers being produced he immediately pounced upon one. "That is not my handwriting."

The face of the business man grew disturbed and stern.



"THAT IS NOT MY HANDWRITING."

"But this is undoubtedly Mrs. Brookes' signature," he said, turning the slip over. "Of those I have seen too many to be easily mistaken."

"Yet this is a forgery," declared the solicitor, pointing to the scribbled "Rachel Brookes" at the foot of the other order, the same one which bore upon its back

the signature to which Guy had owned. "Where did you get it?"

"Have I not just said?" testily. "Mr. Ryder presented that himself. The two transactions were precisely alike, except that in the one case Mr. Ryder, and in the other Mr. Clive, received the money."

Without an instant of delay notice was given, by the direction and upon the authority of the bank, to the police for the arrest of Caryl Clive and his companion; though whether or not the Countess had been an accomplice in the basest part of the plot remained yet to be seen. Then the two men returned with grave faces to Kingston Villa, to break the news of the disaster as gently as might be to Mrs. Brookes.

She listened, without a word, to their story. Then, whilst a vivid flush dyed her cheeks and neck and forehead, she started from her chair and struggled to

she had sunk in a fit upon the floor.

She was still unconscious when Mary and her husband reached Shingleby.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER FOR THE ROGATION DAYS.



RISE, O Lord of hosts!

Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Thy best gifts from on high

In rich abundance pour,

That we may magnify

And praise Thee more and more.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Bishop Walsham How.

GARDEN WORK FOR APRIL.

Kitchen Garden.



MAIN crop of potatoes should be planted early this month. The ground most suitable for this excellent vegetable is a light soil, well drained. Manure is applied in two ways—by digging into the soil before planting, and also by scattering it on the top after the potatoes are planted. In the latter case, when the rows are hoed up, the manure gets scattered about the roots. Both of these modes may be tried, according to the nature of the soil. The rows should be about two feet apart, and the space between the plants should be from nine inches to one foot. The sets should be chosen of good sound potatoes of a medium size; large potatoes should be cut, leaving one or two eyes on each piece. The potatoes may be planted in drills, or put into the ground with a dibber.

Herbs, such as balm, thyme, lavender, sweet marjoram, and sage, may be planted from slips.

Fruit Garden.

Grafting apple, pear, and plum trees should be done early in the month.

Flower Garden.

Pruning of rose trees should not be delayed beyond this month. All weak shoots must be cut out, leaving good stout rods. Cut out all cross-growing shoots, especially those growing inwards. Sow and plant all kinds of annuals and biennials.

ST. MARK THE EVANGELIST.

(APRIL 25TH.)



HE lion-faced, he told abroad

The strength of love, and strength of faith;
He showed the Almighty Son of God,
The Man Divine who won by death.

O Lion of the Royal Tribe,

Strong Son of God, and strong to save,

All power and honour we ascribe

To Thee who only makest brave.—C. F. Alexander.



ST. PAUL'S, PENZANCE.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III. ST. PAUL'S, PENZANCE.

FIFTY years ago last April St. Paul's Church was first opened for public worship. This little building is in the later Early English style of architecture, cruciform in shape, and of very elegant and striking appearance.

The walls are of the best quality granite rubble, finely pointed; the door and window jambs, buttresses, spring courses, coping, and bell turret being of the best granite ashler. The doorway at the western front is composed of two orders, that is, an impost of two columns, placed in hollows, supporting the arch mouldings, which consist of three rounds with a fillet on the outer one. The door, which is very massive, is of English oak studded with nails and supported by heavy ornamented hinges. The western windows are (as are the eastern) triplets. They are, with a slight difference in the mouldings, taken from the celebrated triplets in Wimborne Minster. Each of the three lights may be said to be a window within a window, with geometrical tracery in the arch. The eastern windows in their details are compounded of windows in Beverley Minster and the Chapter House at Oxford, with the proportions of the five sisters in York Minster. Both windows are filled with rich stained glass, executed by Willement. The bell turret, which is surmounted by an ornamental cross, is taken in most of its details, with the exception of the cross, from the church of St. Nicholas, Glastonbury.

In 1886 a very fine granite porch was erected at the west front in Clarence Street, and dedicated to the revered memory of Miss Emily Bolitho, of the Coombe.

The interior of the building is most carefully finished. The pulpit, hewn out of a single block of granite of ten tons, was designed from that of St. Peter's at Oxford. On the upper chancel step is placed a rail, or rather screen, of delicately worked granite. The model was taken, with some slight modifications, from the parapet of Salisbury Cathedral. It is a fine example of what can by patience be executed in granite. Within the rail are three plots of granite, on which rests the Holy Table, which is made of English oak, elaborately carved; it is, with some alteration, copied from the Communion Table of Bishop Jewel, in Sunningwell Church, Berkshire. The reredos at the back of the Holy Table and sides of the chancel is, with slight alterations in the mouldings and columns, in order to make it correspond with the style of the building, taken from the arcade in Lichfield Cathedral. In four of the niches are placed sedilia for the use of the clergy. The caps and bases of the columns and the prominent mouldings of the arches are all gilded. One of the arcades is deeply recessed for a credence-table. The roof is open to the church, after the model of the Suffolk roofs; and though it is of massive proportions, yet from its height and extreme pointedness is of elegant appearance.

At the time of the erection of St. Paul's there was no idea of its being made into a parish church. It was virtually a little chapel-of-ease to St. Mary's. It was in 1857 that the Rev. G. Fenton was appointed to the sole charge of St. Paul's—a man of God, whose memory is still (twenty-eight years after his resignation of the pastorate) fragrant in the place, and of whom it may emphatically be said, "his works do (still) follow him." The Rev. R. Aitken, of Pendeen, so widely known for his evangelistic labours, was a frequent preacher at St. Paul's, in Mr. Fenton's time. Well did the congregation love and value the message at his lips, and mighty was the blessing that accompanied his preaching. At one time a constant preacher at the very helpful Tuesday evening services was the well-known missionary, the Rev. W. Haslam, who used to come over from Hayle, at which place he was carrying on an important work.

In 1866, on the resignation of Mr. Fenton, the church was consecrated, having a parish assigned to it, and the Rev. A. Rudall was instituted as the first Vicar. Mr. Rudall's ministry lasted about two years, and was succeeded by the Rev. R. W. Aitken. After him came (in 1877) the Rev. J. F. Thiselton-Dyer, whose ministry was not of long duration; and in 1878 the Rev. R. J. Martyn was appointed Vicar. It was during Mr. Martyn's time that the late Dean Close took up his residence at Penzance, and attached himself to St. Paul's, and his vigorous preaching and Bible-readings were made of much blessing. After four or five years' earnest work Mr. Martyn accepted the living of St. Buryan, and St. Paul's was offered by the patroness to the present Vicar, the Rev. J. J. Hunt, who entered upon his ministry on the first Sunday in 1883. The church has long been conspicuous for the earnest work carried on in connection with it.

Occupying an important place in the church organisation are the day-schools. These were built in 1876 in memory of Miss Elizabeth Carne, a devoted member of St. Paul's; and underwent enlargement by the present Vicar in 1884. Yet another enlargement is in course of being carried out. The schools consist of mixed and infants' departments, and have 591 children on their books. The average attendance is 429. For many years the schools have received

"excellent" (the highest award) in both departments at the diocesan inspector's examination; and have done equally well in the Government examination. In the Sunday Schools interesting work is going forward, carried on by an earnest band of forty workers.

Prayer Meetings are held regularly every week, one for women and the other for the general congregation. A Bible Class for Young Men, and a Women's Bible and Prayer Meeting are respectively carried on on the Sundays; as well as a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Union, and a Bible-reading for women, during the week. Other agencies at work are classes for young communicants, a Mothers' Meeting, Girls' Friendly Society, Coal and Clothing Club, and Church of England Temperance Society, to which is attached a vigorous Band of Hope; also a Church Helpers' Band, which attends to the repair of church linen, etc. The parish is well visited by a band of earnest district visitors. Due prominence is given to Foreign Missions, working parties for adults and children respectively being held every week, and several members being enrolled into the "Gleaners' Union." Two members of St. Paul's have recently gone out into the Foreign Mission field.

This interesting church is now undergoing enlargement, an aisle, of the same proportions as the nave, being substituted for the transept on the north side.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Mr. Robert H. Preston, Penzance.



ST. PAUL'S, PENZANCE, INTERIOR.

WAS THE RESURRECTION A FACT?

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF
GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

(Continued from page 69.)

BUT these very Epistles enable us, by just and reasonable inference, both to extend this area of universality of belief, and also greatly to diminish the twenty-eight years which, for the present, we have adopted as the period after the Crucifixion when the belief in the Resurrection was indisputably universal. When we remember that these very letters which we are considering tell us that three years after the Apostle's conversion he went up to Jerusalem, and had interviews with St. Peter and St. James, both of whom the Apostle himself tells us had seen the risen Lord, it becomes obvious that we may add the Church of Jerusalem to the other Churches we have specified as holding the common belief. And we may further say that not merely within twenty-eight years after the Crucifixion, but within thirteen years, at the very latest, it may be claimed, by means of these Epistles, as an historically-proved fact, that the belief in the Resurrection of the Lord was not only general throughout the rapidly-spreading Church, but was regarded as that to which, after the death of the Founder, the Church owed its renewed and continued existence.

This practical universality of the belief at so early a period as that to which it has been traced is so obviously incompatible with the assumption that belief in the Lord's Resurrection grew by degrees, and at length, after more than two generations, assumed the form in which it appears in the canonical Gospels, that we seem fully justified in saying that no candid mind could fail to admit the completeness of the disproofs that belief in the Lord's Resurrection was the aftergrowth of Christian credulity.

Bearing this now clearly-established argument fully in mind—the early date at which the *fact* of the Lord's Resurrection was universally believed—now turn to the Gospels, of which, hitherto, we have made no use whatever in the argument. Turn to them, and what do we find? First, not a trace of any dogmatic interest in the stupendous miracle; simply a recital of appearances and occurrences, and—be it especially observed—exactly such a recital as is really only to be accounted for on the assumption that the Resurrection was a fact, and that the wondrous story was true. Mark the very confusion that can be traced in the narrative—the confusion of which opponents of the past used to make their petty capital, but of which opponents of the present make no use whatever, because they are intelligent enough, and I might add, honest enough, to admit that it is just the confusion that might be accounted for by the surprise, amazement, and bewildering joy which such an event as the Resurrection of a dear and dead Lord would be certain, on the common principles of

human nature, to have called out in the minds of men in whom hope itself had been quenched by the Crucifixion. This particular character of the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection is of the highest evidential value. Next, observe the manner in which the holy writers relate the circumstances of the Lord's appearances—the suddenness of the manifestations; the strange reality of the blessed Body which human hands were permitted to verify, and human eyes to identify; the suddenness of the departures—and withal no trace of any attempt to account for or explain any one of the boundless mysteries in which the whole subject was involved, no hint whence He came or whither He went in the intervals between His blessed manifestations. And they, the narrators, so precise in their details of place and circumstances in all other portions of their narrative! Whence this partial confusion, these broken threads of narrative following closely on what was once a continued and orderly history?—this total absence of every attempt to explain or account for what was thus patently contrary to all human experience, and as amazing as it was inexplicable? The Gospel narrative of the Resurrection positively admits of only one intelligible explanation—viz., that it presents to us a truthful recital by contemporaries of a *fact*, and its concomitants; and, further, that it discloses the mingled fear, joy, and amazement under which the fact was originally realised. To suppose that such a narrative was the aftergrowth of a story which had its sources in delusion—for fraud is now considered to be out of the question—is, on literary grounds, as it has been shown to be on historical grounds, inconceivable. Literature tells us that if the men who wrote it were honest and sincere, never was a story which was less compatible with the hypothesis of delusion, or, amazing as the story might seem to be, more suggestive of veracity and fact.

There is really no event in the whole area of ancient history that can be more conclusively verified than the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ—no fact in the remoter past on which we may rely with more complete confidence. Praise be to God that it is so, for on this stupendous miracle rest all our hopes here and hereafter; all the highest aspirations of the individual and all the prophetic future of the world. It is to the Resurrection that all created things owe the hope of their final consummation. Through this all the wide heathen world is dimly hoping for some brighter and purer future than the dull, toilworn, and transitory present. Through this, we to whom the first-fruits of the Spirit have been vouchsafed, have here below, the vital assurance that God has accepted the offering of His Son, and that redemption has been purchased for us here. Oh! brightest and holiest thought! the hour is coming, it may be swiftly coming, when the poor, perishing body will be changed, even as His was changed, into the body of glory, and *we shall be*—God grant it to every one of us!—*with Him for evermore.*

"UP IN A LIGHTHOUSE."

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "Jack Marston's Anchor," etc.



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

At the top of the tower rises the lantern—or more strictly speaking, the lamp-room—about ten feet high, whence the guiding light flashes forth over miles of sea.

The lantern is largely made of glass, like a hothouse; and splendid views you can gain, through its glazed sides, of miles of heaving sea. A blue expanse it appears this afternoon, flecked with white in the summer sunshine.

In the room itself glass and bright metal glint everywhere. It is domed with copper, and fitted with quarter-inch or half-inch plate-glass "sides," supported in diagonal astragals, or mouldings of gun-metal. These are so arranged that they do not intercept the light where it is required to beam forth.

In the centre rises the lighting apparatus, and at first sight it seems something like a mound of prisms.

What can be the reason for all these ribs of glass? The answer is that they help to condense the rays of light into one strong beam. "Why, I suppose our light here," says the lighthouse keeper, "can be seen for nearly twenty miles—seventeen at least, and perhaps more."

"But I don't see how these curious triangular ribs can accomplish that."

"Well, you must know—nearly everybody knows—how much a shining reflector behind a lamp intensifies its light in one direction. And the mirror is usually concave to bend the rays that radiate above and below more decidedly into one line. That is what these reflectors accomplish; only far, far more effectually. A parabolic reflector twenty inches or so across will increase the light-giving power of the lamp about four hundred times, or even more."

"Then these prisms are to bend down the rays of light that would rise too high,

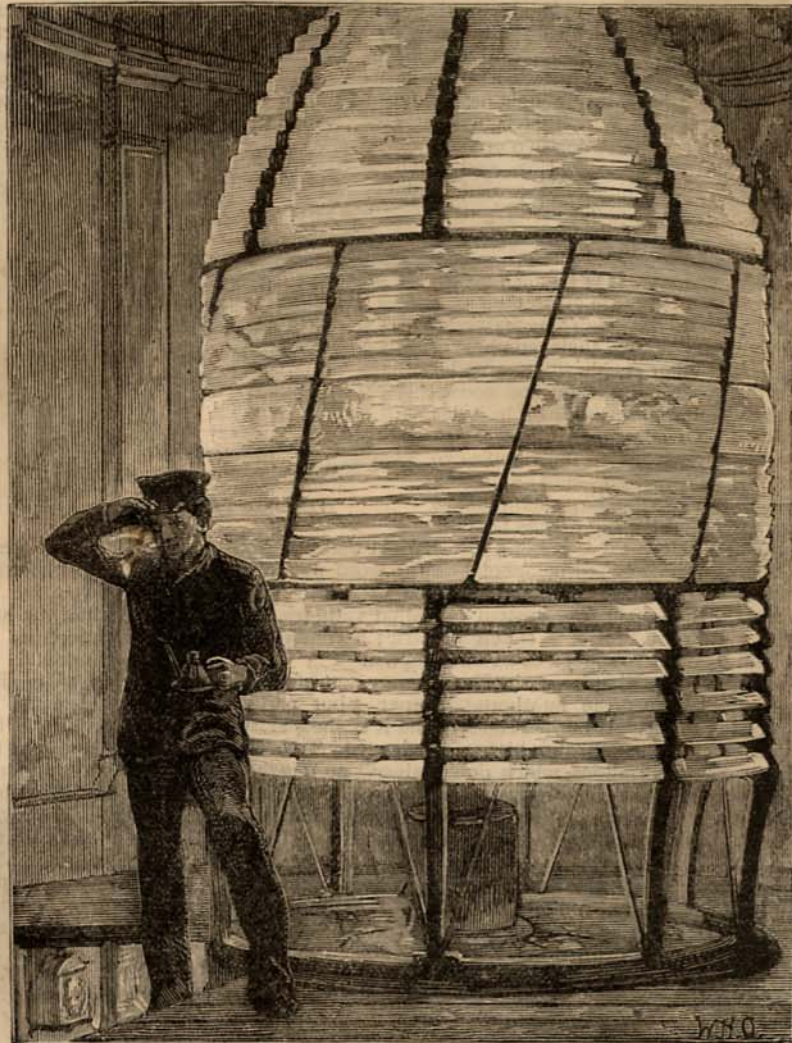
"TAKE care! Mind how you go! These steps were not built for unaccustomed visitors."

"All right, I can manage, I am used to strange places." And clinging tightly to the rail, we mount the almost perpendicular stairs.

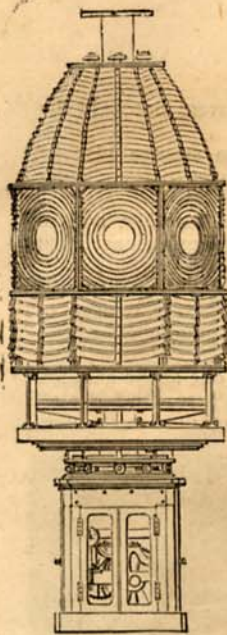
So solid is the masonry around, so firmly jointed together, and so smooth for the raging sea to slip past without doing any damage, that the broad-based tower seems as though it might live for ever.

Look below at the foundations. "Aye, they are cut deep into the solid rock," says the lighthouse keeper; "and then for twenty or thirty feet up the tower is built strong of blocks of granite dovetailed together."

At about that height the dwelling-rooms commence, one above another, and are reached by ladders. Three men always live here, the full staff being four; but one is usually away on shore, the men going off duty in rotation.



THE LANTERN (EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE).



HOLOPHOTAL REVOLVING
LIGHT—FIRST ORDER.

can also be shown."

"Ah! just so. It is by such means as these that lights are given their characteristic and distinguishing features."

"And, by noting their number of flashes, or other peculiarities, a sailor can tell what light it is, and consequently determine, more or less, his position. Of course, we have a lens as well—even a policeman's bull's-eye lantern has a lens—and with the numerous wicks and large lamp-flames now used, and the big prisms bending above and below, there is not a ray of light that escapes."

This system is called holophotal. The word means reflecting or refracting light, without loss of light. When mirrors reflect light, the system is called catoptric, and when glass refracts it, it is called dioptric; a combination of both together is spoken of as catadioptric.

Paraffin is the illuminant. "Nearly every sort of oil has been used," says the lighthouse keeper, "but paraffin comes to the top. It burns brighter, and it is cheaper."

"Greater economy, and higher efficiency! Two very necessary qualifications, which do not always go together."

Peering into the midst of the prisms to see the gigantic lamp itself, we distinguish not one wick only, but many—seven in fact, like concentric rings—one within the other.

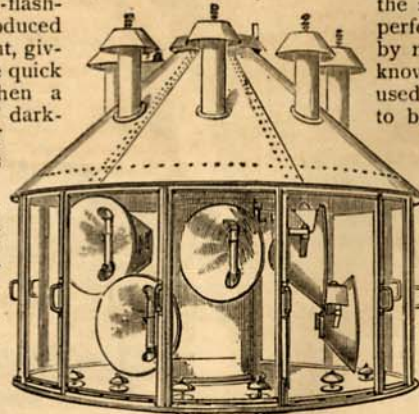
Some lights, indeed, have nine wicks; this multiplication of them, of course, greatly increasing the illuminating power. With these numerous wicks, the oil has to be supplied by clock-work pumps, or pushed up by a heavy piston. An overflow pipe permits the paraffin to run back to the fountain, should it at any time rise above a certain point. The electric light has also been used with great success at various lighthouses; and for harbour lights, where gas may be readily obtained, that illuminant is sometimes employed.

and to bend up the rays of light that would sink too low?"

"Exactly; we do not want to try and illuminate the sky and the sea; we want to send strong beams as far as we can round the horizon. A lighthouse is a guide, rather than an illuminator, like a street lamp."

"And why have you several reflectors grouped round like this?"

"In order to send several beams of equal power all round the horizon, where there is sea. That arrangement gives what we call a fixed light. For a revolving light, if the reflectors be grouped on a frame, with only two or more faces as required, and the frame be caused to revolve, light and dark intervals are of course produced—for the light only shines through the faces. In a similar manner, by a suitable arrangement of the reflectors, a group-flashing light is produced—that is, a light, giving two or three quick flashes, and then a brief period of darkness. Lights of different colours



FLOATING LIGHT LANTERN.

But at times, even the most powerful illuminants are obscured by fog—what then?

Then this curious-looking trumpet comes into play. Terrible is the noise it makes. No human breath blows it. Gas engines are needed, and in some lighthouses oil engines and compressed air are used to evoke its ear-splitting, but useful, sound. When the day is dense with obscuring fog, and even the light of a nine-wick lamp, focussed into a few powerful beams by many prisms, can struggle but a poor mile or two into the bewildering gloom, then this trumpet, called by strange irony a siren, will shriek forth its warning blasts.

There are two discs in the siren-trumpet, each disc a foot in diameter, and with a dozen radial slits. One disc is fixed, but the other rotates rapidly, nearly two thousand times a minute. Sirens can be so arranged as to give signals, such as two or three blasts in rapid succession at certain intervals; and the passing sailors should then know the lighthouse, even as if they could see its characteristic light. The shriek of the siren can be heard sometimes for ten miles. Charges of detonating powder are also fired at some stations, electricity being used to explode the cartridges; so that when light fails to pierce the shrouding fog, lighthouses still strive to perform their duty of guiding and warning, by means of thunderous sound. A little-known explosive called tonite is sometimes used for these warnings. Tonite appears to be a mixture of gun-cotton and nitrate of baryta forced into a cartridge like a candle.

"And what are those panes?" you ask, looking at frameworks of copper filled with glass.

"Storm panes," is the answer; "they are kept in readiness should a pane of glass be broken in the lantern."

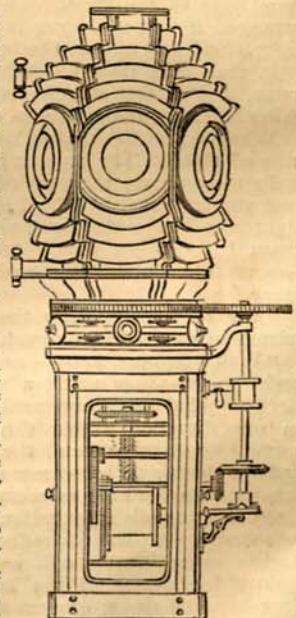
"And do you often have to use them?"

"Very rarely; and then it is generally because birds or stones are blown against the lantern glass in a tremendous gale. It is very seldom that the wind alone breaks the glass. You see these gun-metal mouldings and thick plate-glass panes are very strong."

"Do birds break the glass?" exclaims some one in surprise. "They do so, and no mistake. You might be watching here some dark night, and see scores of birds beating against the glass, and blown hard against it. Perhaps they are migrating to another country at the change of seasons, or perhaps they are coming to this land. Anyhow, there they are; likely enough they are tired out with their flight, and attracted by the light, or knocked against the glass by the wind."

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HOLOPHOTAL REVOLVING LIGHT
—FOURTH ORDER.



THE INCHCAPE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

What a different scene is thus conjured up, from the calm, bright summer sunshine of the lovely afternoon. But whatever the moods of weather—though tempests rage, and torrents of rain lash the streaming glass; though the storm-tossed billows strike the house with thunderous sound, and dash the spray high up

the sides; though the blasts seem to shake the massive tower with the fury of wind and wave; though choking fog encompass it around, or the calm moon rides in a cloudless sky—yet still in every change of changeable life this friendly beacon sends forth its warnings of light or sound.

PLAIN REASONS AGAINST GAMBLING.

BY THE REV. W. M. MEREDITH, M.A.,
Rector of St. James', Muthill.

1. **I**t is mean to take advantage of another man's ignorance to make money out of it; for you think that you know better than he which horse will win, therefore you lay on it, etc.
2. *It is wrong to risk money upon pure chance* (and you do this, if you are not trusting to superior knowledge when you bet), for money is a valuable talent which we can spend usefully in many ways which are sure and not risky—and we must at last give account as stewards to God for the use which we have made of His money.
3. *It is a dangerous excitement.* We know how men and women have been led on to risk whole estates upon a throw of the dice, or on the length of a straw, for which folly, nothing but mad excitement and desperation can account.
4. *It is a dangerous example:* for, supposing that you yourself never bet beyond what you think you can afford to lose, you may lead others to begin or to continue betting, who cannot stay where you do, but may lose more than they can afford—as indeed, the very man with whom you

are betting may not be able to afford to pay you, if he loses, without wronging some one else.

5. *It leads into bad company.* Not perhaps so evidently at first, yet too often grievous sins—drinking, lying, stealing, etc.—are found so closely connected with it, that it is quite fair to consider the one as leading to the other.

6. *It actually encourages crime,* for sharpers, bookmakers, etc., live by it; and the evidence of law courts plainly proves that gambling has been at the bottom of many of the gravest crimes committed against the laws of God and man.

7. *It is the ruin of homes and the breaking of hearts.* Many a happy home has been wrecked, many an estate has changed hands, many a woman has been broken-hearted by the love of gambling in a husband, son, or brother.

8. *It ruins the character of the gambler,* for it destroys his love of home, it breaks down his self-respect, it perverts his views of the use of money, of his duty to his neighbour. Too frequently it blinds him to the value of life itself, and the unhappy gambler seeks refuge from poverty and disgrace in self-murder.

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

YOU ask me whether the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England would not lead to a more extensive adoption and practice of the "voluntary principle" within her Communion, and whether it would not result in greatly increased "voluntary liberality" on the part of her members? And you say: "that such would be the certain products of Disestablishment and Disendowment is a commonly held and expressed opinion, not only amongst Nonconformists, but amongst many Churchpeople whose attachment and loyalty to the Church cannot be doubted."

Well, we are really glad to have the opportunity of answering your questions, of refuting these current opinions, and of pointing out to you the very erroneous grounds upon which they rest.

To begin with, we must define our terms, and come to an agreement as to what we really mean by the phrases, the "voluntary principle," and "voluntary liberality"; for as it appears to us the "voluntary principle," and "voluntary liberality," as accurately understood, have been in the past, and are at this moment, as extensively acted upon and practised by the members of the Church of England, as by the members of any other Church or religious body in the world.

But we confine our remarks to the Church herself, and to the Nonconformist bodies in England outside her Communion, from which come the cries for Disestablishment and Disendowment, with the promises that, amongst other advantages which would result to the Church from these revolutionary processes, would be those of the more extensive observance of the "voluntary principle," and the greater practice of "voluntary liberality" on the part of her members.

What then is meant by the "voluntary principle" as the source of money contributions, or contributions of money's worth, for charitable and religious purposes?

Surely it means, and exclusively means, the individual recognition and adoption of the truth, that each member of a religious community has a duty to perform, and a privilege to exercise, in contributing a fair proportion of his means, or of his income, toward the religious body and its institutions of which he is a member, and that he should so contribute spontaneously, entirely of his own free will, and solely from his sense of his duty and privilege so to do, unsolicited by any person, and uncoerced by any external circumstances.

Contributions of money or property thus made to a religious body, or to any of its institutions, would be accurately and justly described as "voluntary liberality," and as the result of the operation or exercise of the "voluntary principle."

But amongst the Nonconformist bodies, whose example the Church is invited to follow in the matter of "voluntaryism" at the cost of Disestablishment and Disendowment, where, we ask, to any great degree, are "pure voluntaryism," the "pure voluntary principle," and "pure voluntary liberality" resulting therefrom, to be found as the proved adequate sources of supply of the funds necessary for maintaining the Nonconformist organisations and ministries?

The existence of notable and praiseworthy instances and illustrations of these in the ranks of Nonconformist bodies we do not deny. Nay, we gladly admit them. We know of them, and confess them to be worthy of all imitation.

But who would venture to say that such instances and illustrations of "pure voluntary liberality" are more numerous, or even so numerous as those which already exist in the Church of England, as an established and endowed Church?

If the "pure voluntary principle" and "pure voluntary

liberality" were universally, or even extensively, observed and practised amongst the Nonconformist bodies, where would be their frequent need to have recourse to such expedients for getting money to maintain their organisations and institutions as bazaars, sales of work, concerts, drawing-room meetings, begging-letters, and personal canvassing, as well as other methods inconsistent with the efficacious and adequate working of the "pure voluntary principle," in order to obtain the necessary means to support some good work?

Mind you, we are not here condemning these expedients, nor are we in the slightest degree censuring those who have recourse to them. It is altogether beyond our object so to do.

These expedients for raising money may, under certain circumstances, be most commendable; and the action of those who adopt them may be most praiseworthy.

All we say is, that the adoption of such expedients for raising money is neither part nor parcel of the "pure voluntary principle"; and the money which results from them has no claim whatsoever to be called the result of "pure voluntary liberality."

And further, we maintain that where these expedients for raising money for Christian purposes are resorted to, the "pure voluntary principle" and "pure voluntary liberality" are confessedly only partially acted upon and practised or are altogether total failures.

Yes, what you remind me of is quite true. These expedients for raising money, which we have described as inconsistent with the "pure voluntary principle" and "pure voluntary liberality," to some extent prevail in the Church of England, as well as amongst Nonconformist bodies.

But then, you will see that it is because these religious bodies represent themselves as examples of the "pure voluntary principle," and "pure voluntary liberality," in the support of religion, which they invite Churchmen to follow, at the sacrifice of the historical status and property of their Church, that we are obliged in the plainest manner to inquire whether, after all, these religious bodies owe their support to the operation of the voluntary principle pure and proper, and to the practice of purely voluntary liberality; whether they are in a position to hold themselves up to the Church as examples in this matter; and whether, after all, the Church as an established and endowed Church has not only been in the past, but is now, in all these respects a more voluntary Church than the Nonconformists have ever been in the past, or are now, in the present voluntary bodies in the true and proper sense in which we have defined "voluntaryism" in this article.

TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Lew Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

IV.



THE day was Sunday, the time afternoon, after church. On this Sunday it was the turn of Jemima Anne and Jessie to go out. They walked down the lane together. Jemima Anne did not much like to be seen with Jessie, because Jessie was the kitchenmaid. Moreover, Jemima Anne was in her white straw, with spangled lace veil, her stamped crimson velvet dress, and, above all, the humming bird fastened into the flame-coloured bow of her hat. Jessie,

on the other hand, was in a quiet blue serge dress, and a little grey hat with navy-blue ribbon. No one was in sight, so *Jemima* graciously allowed *Jessie* to trip at her side. Should any one appear, then it would be another matter; she would sweep ahead, and *Jessie* might appear as though she were her maid, and held up her train.

It cannot be said that *Tom Nayles* was unexpected, or was wholly unexpected, for he was encountered or overtaken now and then in the lane, as *Clover Farm* adjoined the glebe land that lay in a ring fence round the Rectory, and the way to *Clover Farm* lay along the same lane as that which led to the Rectory. The lane was said to be haunted. Two white pigs, linked together by a silver chain, were reported to gallop down it on dark nights, and the girls at the Rectory were somewhat shy of that lane after nightfall. But now it was day, the sun was inclining to the west, but the summer evenings were long; two hours would elapse before the sun set, and even then there would be twilight.

On the present occasion only *Jemima Anne* and *Jessie* were walking down *White Pig Lane*; they were, however, startled, and uttered an exclamation of alarm, when over an orchard gate at the side leaped *Tom Nayles*.

"Oh my!" exclaimed *Jemima Anne*. "You did make my poor heart stand still. I thought it was the ghostesses."

Then, remembering the humming bird in her white straw hat, she held up her head, and turned, so that the full blaze of the flame-coloured bow, and the glitter of the shining-plumaged bird, might flash in the eyes of *Tom Nayles*.

"Well, *Jessie*!" he exclaimed, "how goes the book?"

"Tom, what do you think? I am ahead of you now!"

"Nonsense!"

"It is true. I have half-a-crown."

"Are you fond of brandy-balls?" asked *Jemima*, pulling a cornet out of her pocket. "Do take one and suck it."

"Thank you. I have a bad tooth."

"But do—do now, to please me. If you will take one so will I."

"I," said he, "I only eat them when I buy them myself. If I offered me, I find they don't agree with my tooth. Where are you going, *Jess*?"

"Nowhere particular, Tom."

"That's remarkable. It's precisely where I was going, and as we are both going in the same direction we will trudge along to Nowhere in Particular together. It's a highroad, and not very far off."

"Do, please, have some brandy-balls," said *Jemima*. "They are intended for you."

"Not for me?" asked *Tom* in astonishment.

"Indeed they are. I heard you liked them, and so I got them for you."

"Not all?"

"Take them all. I shall be but too pleased."

"Come along, *Jess*," said *Tom*. "It's very good of *Jemima*, and I thankfully accept. Let's trot along to Nowhere in Particular; and we'll suck *Jemima's* brandy-balls together."

Was ever a girl so dismayed?

Actually! *Tom* paid no attention to her, to her red velvet stamped dress, to her white straw and flame ribbon, and to her spangled veil; he did not even lift his eyes to the humming bird; and, to make matters worse, he had accepted her cornet of brandy-balls, was marching off with them, and *Jessie* was helping him to consume them.

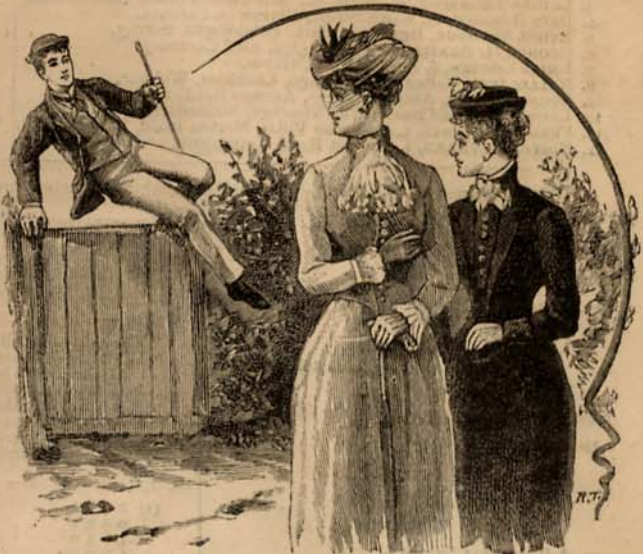
"*Jess*," said *Tom*, "I've news to tell you. What do you think? I've been made horse-man by master, and my wage is increased to fifteen shillings a week. Is not that fine? I shall begin to pile up in my book."

"And I've news too, *Tom*," said *Jessie*, "I haven't broken

any crockery. Mistress is so pleased; she has given me a shilling, and that shall go into the book on Monday."

"That's fine!" said *Tom*.

"But there's finer behind," said *Jessie*. "The cook is going. She says there's too much work, as we've had company for two days. Mistress has spoken to me, and asked me if I'd try the cooking. We don't often have company, only just now and then. I've been kitchenmaid



"TOM WAS NOT WHOLLY UNEXPECTED."

three years, and learned a good deal, and mistress will rise my wage to twelve pounds, and if I give satisfaction——"

"Which you're sure to do."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I am sure of it! Well, go on."

"If I give satisfaction, at the end of six months my wage will be raised to fourteen—which is what *Jemima Anne* gets as house and parlourmaid."

"Does *Jemima Anne* know this?"

"No; I haven't breathed a word to any one," said *Jessie*. "And I wouldn't have told you now, as it's no concern of yours, but that you are so interested in my bank book. I shall be able to race yours now."

"That's fine!" exclaimed *Tom*.

"It won't be so very long, at this rate, before I have five pounds in the bank, and they begin to lay."

"Nor I, neither," said *Tom*; "that's finer still."

Both walked on in silence on the road to Nowhere in Particular. Presently *Tom* said,—

"Look at this, *Jess*. At this rate, in a few years I shall have twenty-five pounds saved."

"And so will I," said *Jessie*.

"Then," said *Tom*, "when you have saved twenty-five pounds, and I have saved twenty-five pounds, then that will be fifty pounds between us. Why, *Jessie*, what'll be the good then of having two books? Don't you think we'd best put them together and keep only one?"

Then *Tom* stood still and laughed.

"What is the joke, *Tom*?"

"Lawk!" said he, "you said, and so did I, that we were on the road to Nowhere in Particular, and here we are marching straight on to Matrimony."

THE END.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. LOUIE RIGG, Vernon House, Hartington Place, Eastbourne.	15	Miss Rigg, Teacher Holy Trinity Sunday School.
2. DOROTHY BEDWELL, 2, Marlborough Grove, York.	15	Rev. C. E. Bedwell, Curate of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York.
3. LOUISA THOMPSON, 20, Sears St., New Church Road, Camberwell.	13	Rev. Norman Campbell, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Camberwell.
4. JOHN BURROW, 25, Keith Street, Barrow-in-Furness.	12	Mr. W. Clark, Supt. St. Mark's Sunday School. [well.]
5. ETHEL SEYMOUR, Brockham Park, Betchworth, Surrey.	12	Rev. Henry H. Rugg, Vicar of Brockham.
6. GEORGE H. BRAZINGTON, Fillongley, near Coventry.	14	Rev. A. B. Stevenson, M.A., Vicar of Fillongley.
7. EMILY GODSEN, 6, Station Road, Hayes.	15	Rev. H. Bertie Roberts, B.A., Rector of West Wickham.
8. NELLIE IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham, Woking.	9	Rev. H. M. C. Price, M.A., Vicar of Valley End.
9. STUART BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate.	15	Rev. T. M. Macdonald, M.A., Curate of Southgate.
10. LAURA A. F. DE COBAIN, The Vicarage, Swinefleet.	13	Rev. J. W. F. de Cobain, Vicar of Swinefleet.
11. FREDERICK JAMES, 1, Arlington Villas, Merton Road, Wandsworth.	12	Mr. I. N. Hopwood, S.S. Teacher, St. Michael's, Southfields.
12. EDITH SHEPARD, 3, Baronet Road, Tottenham.	14	Rev. A. O'B. Brandon, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Tottenham.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows:—

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Pin : Mow.

P M
I O
N W

20. CHARADE.—Bay-o-net.

21. REBUS.—

- (1) I see you are after me.
(2) You overrate my undertaking above what is right.

22. PROVERB.—Many hands make light work.

23. ACROSTIC.—Watch.

Words
Actions
Thoughts
Company
Heart

24. A BOTANICAL STUDY.—

- (1) Daisy, (2) Lily, (3) May, (4) Olive,
(5) Rose, (6) Lily.

25. DECAPITATION.—Grace, race, ace, C.E., E.

26. PUZZLE.—Wail.

- (1) Tail, (2) jail, (3) bail, (4) nail, (5) mail,
(6) pail, (7) rail, (8) sail.

27.—PIE.—

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity:
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth,
But Love is indestructible.

28. SQUARE WORDS.—

(1) POLL	(2) SEAL
OBEY	ETTA
LEAR	ATOM
LYRE	LAMB

29. CONUNDRUMS.—(1) Lo(u)nger, (2) Short(er).

30. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Darwin : Edison.

D a t E
A c i D
R a b b i
W a l r u s
I O
N o o N

31. GARDEN PRODUCE.—

- (1) Sage, (2) Mint, (3) Stocks, (4) Iris,
(5) Apple, (6) Pears.

32. MISSING LETTERS.—

- (1) All is not gold that glitters.
(2) A stitch in time saves nine.

33. ELIMINATION.—Chain, Cain, can, an, A.

34. REVERSI.—

- (1) Mart, tram; (2) rats, star; (3) leek,
keel; (4) liar, rail; (5) top, pot.

35. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Mad : Dig.

M D
A I
D G (Dei gratia).



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS

Buying Missionaries.

MOSHESH, a Basuto chief, sent a man down south with a hundred cattle wherewith to buy missionaries, because he had heard that they brought peace to the tribe they lived with. The man met a party of French Protestant missionaries travelling north, who took this as an indication of God's will as to their destination. They settled in the land; and, when Moshesh died in 1878, he died a Christian.

A School Treat in India.

THIS is how they managed their school treat at Ranchi, Chota Nagpur. The boys and girls marched out into the jungle very early in the morning, and amused themselves with running about after jackals and other animals. At nine o'clock they came back to a large grove of mango trees, where their dinner of curry rice was being cooked in rows of earthen pots. For plates they had leaves, and for knives and forks they used their fingers; and of course they sat cross-legged on the ground.

Then came sports. Besides those which English children have, the Ranchi children had two special games of their own. The boys play with a curious short bow, which has two strings, kept apart by a little piece of bamboo, and a little cloth pocket between the two strings. With this they shoot little pellets of mud. So they had shooting contests at a tin bird nailed to a tree. The girls have races with *gharas*, a kind of pitcher, filled with water, on their heads. The prize went to the girl who came in first without spilling the water. Some of them got drenched, of course, and one girl dropped her pitcher close to the judges, and gave them a good wetting.

The Kings with Red Hats.

IN Asaba, Bishop Hill tells us, you may see walking about men wearing red hats that seem to be nearly two feet high. They are called "kings." There are about four hundred of them. Asaba is not a very large place, and naturally there are not kingdoms enough to go round. What, then, does the title mean? It is given to any man who has presented a slave for sacrifice to the heathen gods.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

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

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. ROSETTA E. SMITH, 192, Edleston Road, Crewe.	15	Parish Church: Rev. G. J. Howson, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
2. AGNES SIMMONDS, 6, Oddfellows' Cottages, London Road, Moreton-in-the-Marsh.	10	Parish Church: Rev. S. J. Jones, M.A., Rector.	Rev. Gabriel Stokes, B.A., Curate.
3. P. W. STEED, Ratling Court, Adisham, Dover.	14		Miss Pepper, Throwley House, Adisham, S. Teacher.
4. CLARA OWEN, 54, Lichfield Street, Walsall.	14	St. Paul's Church: Rev. E. M. Fitzgerald, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Vaughan, S.S. Teacher.
5. FLORA MACDONALD, 31, Rialto Terrace, South Circular Road, Kilmainham, Dublin.	14	St. James' Church: Rev. J. C. Irwin, B.D., Vicar.	Mr. W. White, S.S. Teacher.
6. ANNE FRANCES NORA FRANKLYN, care of Miss Scott, The Lindens, Crawley.	14		Rev. W. Loveband, M.A., Vicar of Ifield.
7. CECIL G. LOVER, Higher Peover, near Knutsford.	12	Parish Church.	Rev. H. W. Trott, M.A., Vicar of Higher Peover.
8. BERTRAM RUSSELL LEAVER, St. Michael's School House, Sittingbourne.	11	Parish Church: Rev. W. Bell, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
9. WILLIAM H. HACKSLEY, 37, St. Barnabas' St., Wellingborough, Northants.	15	St. Barnabas'.	Rev. W. H. Davis, B.A., Curate-in-charge.
10. SARAH ISABELLA CHILD, 32, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness.	14	St. Mark's, Barrow: Rev. E. S. Savage, M.A., Vicar.	Miss M. Lowther, S.S. Teacher.
11. REBECCA COOPER, Headington Cottage, Yew Tree Hill, Netherton, Dudley.	13	Parish Church: Rev. S. J. Marriott, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
12. RUTHA MARY CLAY, St. Michael's Rectory, Tyndall's Park, Clifton, Bristol.	15		Rev. J. H. Clay, M.A., Rector of St. Michael's.

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

ANNIE CHILD, 32, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness; H. HEINRICH, 200, Selhurst Road, South Norwood; MAGGIE FIDDYMONT, 200, Selhurst Road, South Norwood; G. BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate; W. J. SIMMONDS, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; G. A. BUTCHERS, Myrtle Cottage, Icklesham, Rye; HARRY E. PIGGOTT, West End, Alton; HILDA DICKSON, Stewkley Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard; MARY CHRISTINE BULSTRODE, Hedgerley Lodge, Madingley Road, Cambridge; A. M. MOORE, Crescent Road, Crouch End; SYBIL A. BLUNT, M. A. BLUNT, Manor House, Dorchester, Oxon; ELIZABETH BEGGS, 1, Chelmsford Street, Hammersmith; KATHARINE T. ZACHARY, Abberley House, Cirencester; ANNIE ELIZABETH DOWNS, Willow Cottage, Chirbury; ENNIS IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham; EMILY GODSELL, Tatting Cottages, Withyham.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—

July 2nd.—(1) Acts ii. 41, xv. 47. (2) Jesus in the ship, on the shore; net breaking, not broken. (3) Luke v. 8, John xxi. 7. July 9th.—(1) Matt. xxiii. 3, 5, 14, Luke xviii. 9. (2) John iii. 15. (3) Matt. xviii. 23-35, vi. 12. July 16th.—(1) Considered how long with Him, how far some had come, how extreme their wants, what would happen if sent away empty. (2) "gift," vi. 37. (3) Luke xv. 17, Mark vi. 42, 43. July 23rd.—(1) Fate of tree that bringeth forth no fruit, vii. 19. (2) End of xiv. 23. (3) Ezek. xxxiv., Matt. xxiii. 14, Luke xvi. 14, 2 Cor. xi. 9. July 30th.—(1) The man ready to waste is also ready to defraud and to tempt others to do the same. (2) 1 James v. 1-5. (3) Ashamed of poverty, but not of theft.

August 6th.—(1) "Every side"; even with the proud; the "children" as well; one stone upon another. (2) See Luke xvii. 37, Matt. xxiv. 28, Job xxxix. 30. (3) Psalm cxxvi. 6, 1 Kings xix. 18. August 13th.—(1) afar off; not so much as his eyes; smote breast; asked only for mercy; confessed his sinfulness. (2) Chap. xvi. 14. (3) In Phil. iii. 5-7, what he trusted in, how he despised others. Here—puts himself below others, "not meet to be called an Apostle"—gives all the glory to God's grace. August 20th.—(1) See Mark v. 26; the man in this place (Decapolis) had heard much before of the Lord's miracles, and wondered; what they see now impresses them even more; "all things well." (2) Looks up to heaven; sighing (growing in Himself); word of command. (3) Verse 53, how the fame of His miracles endangered His life, and so threatened to interfere with His work. August 27th.—(1) Compare "took care of him" and "take care of him." (2) That righteousness before God cannot be by a law, see Heb. vii. 19. (3) The priest and the Levite, symbolising the law, did nothing but look on and pass by; the good Samaritan representing our Saviour, did everything for the traveller, that freely and at much cost to Himself.

September 3rd.—(1) Lev. xiii. 2, xiv. 1-7, Matt. viii. 4, v. 17. (2) Heb. xi. 1, 27, etc., Rom. iv. 21. (3) Verse 19, Luke vii. 50, etc. September 10th.—(1) Psalms xxiii., civ. 27, 28, cxlv. 16, etc. (2) Prov. vi. 6-8, 1 Tim. v. 8, 2 Cor. xii. 14, etc. (3) "Flowers" and "fowls" examples; Gentiles, a warning and contrast. September 17th.—(1) The Saviour's deep

and ready "compassion" illustrates the "love which passeth knowledge." (2) The Saviour does for the woman beyond what she "asked" or "thought." (3) In both cases word of command to the dead, or immediate restoration. In one case just after death, in the other on the way to burial. September 24th.—(1) See chap. xiii. 11-17. (2) Matt. xxiii. 12, Luke xviii. 14, etc.; Deut. iv. 37, James iv. 6, 1 Pet. v. 5, etc. (3) See reference to verse 5.

October 1st.—(1) The Saviour's reference to law and prophets (46) and Psalm xlviii. See Luke xxiv. 44. (2) Christ as man, David's son; as God, David's Lord. (3) "Knowledge"; "utterance"; perhaps also "blamelessness." October 8th.—(1) See Mark ii. 12, took up whereon he lay; before all; Luke v. 25. (2) See Mark ii. 4, Luke v. 19. (3) "Their faith"; in all three accounts. October 15th.—(1) The word "ready," prepared; verses 4 and 8; also, on the other side, 11, 12. (2) Verses 3, 6, 7. (3) Verse 10; robe of righteousness provided by God Himself. October 22nd.—(1) In Gospel the three stages of nobleman's faith. See "Teacher's Prayer-Book." (2) In Epistle, whole armed of God. (3) In Collect, pardon and peace. October 29th.—(1) Abound more and more in love. (2) God's mercy higher than man's, Isa. lv. 7-9. (3) Verse 31; 1 Chron. xxi. 13.

November 5th.—(1) Herodians, men who sided with Herod and the Romans against the Pharisees, who could only therefore have been "with them" in pretence. (2) If the Saviour had said "do not give tribute" to Caesar, that would have "entangled" Him with these Herodians. (3) Luke xix. 22, "out of Thine own mouth." November 12th.—(1) Presence of "minstrels" or hired mourners, and their utter contempt for the Saviour when they understood Him to say that the damsel was alive. (2) "Arose and walked"; showed herself in need of "meat," i.e., food. (3) The one trusted to touching His garment, the other to being touched by His hand; one hoped for deliverance from a long-standing disease, the other from death itself. November 19th.—(1) Rev. i. 7; every eye shall see Him; like men do the lighting for themselves; no need to be told. (2) See Matt. xiii. 40-42. (3) John iii. 2. November 26th.—(1) All that one disciple could think of, all the others could hear of, not sufficient to touch their need. (2) After they "filled" and having as much as they would; more left over than they began with. (3) No excuse for ever wasting food; man not live by bread alone; that in feeding others they were fed themselves; Jesus Christ scattereth yet increaseth; that the Saviour's ministers are first to receive, then to give.

December 3rd.—(1) By predicting exactly that which He did at this time. (2) By speaking of Him both as a prophet and as Son of David. (3) By acting as One having authority to cleanse the Temple itself. December 10th.—(1) The thought of "hope." (2) The word "Gentiles." (3) Every spring is a prediction of summer; and so, in a figure, of the return of the Saviour. December 17th.—(1) In apparent doubt about Christ, and so far therefore like a reed shaken by the wind. (2) The prophets had only spoken of Christ as about to come; John the Baptist as close at hand. (3) See Isa. xli. 1, Luke iv. 18, Mark xii. 37. December 24th.—(1) Luke iii. 15. (2) Mal. iv. 5; Deut. xviii. 15, 18, 19; John vi. 14. (3) Helps to show how the Baptist "prepared" the way of the Lord.



ORIGINAL FABLES.

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

GOLD MAY BE BOUGHT TOO DEAR.

"I CAN'T think how you get on this weather," said a sleek, well-fed pug to a wiry-looking mongrel who was looking about for a bone; "you must be frozen to death at night, besides being half starved by day."

"Well, it certainly is a little hard sometimes," said the mongrel, "and I must confess I could do with a little more to eat; but for all that, I wouldn't exchange my life for yours."

"I'm glad to hear it, friend, for I certainly don't mean to give you the chance; still, I should like to know *why*. Perhaps you are not aware that I have three meals a day regularly, and very often sweet biscuits in between."

"So I've heard," said the mongrel.

"And, besides that, I have a basket lined with cushions to sleep in."

"You don't say so!" cried the mongrel.

"Yes, and my mistress is so fond of me, she can't bear me out of her sight. A little while ago she gave me a collar with my name on it and a silver chain."

"Ah," said the mongrel, "it's very flattering, no doubt, to be thought so much of, but never having been used to it, you see I don't miss it; and, to tell the truth, ma'am, I'd rather pick up my meals as I can, or even go without one now and then, as long as I can hunt a rat when I feel inclined, or have some fun with the rabbits when the keeper is out of the way."

"Oh, well, every one to his liking," said the pug indifferently; "it is well you are satisfied. I wouldn't be in your place for a good deal."

"I daresay not, ma'am; and though you may not believe it, I assure you I wouldn't give up my liberty for a silver chain, even with the biscuits thrown in."

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)

First Sunday after Easter. (Psalm i.)

1. What illustrations of verse 1 may we find in 1 Kings xxii.; Prov. iv.; Jer. xv.; and Luke xvi.?

2. With what verses in Deut. ii. and Psalm xxxvii. may the beginning of verse 7 be compared?

Second Sunday after Easter. (Psalm xl.)

1. In what part of the New Testament are we taught to apply verses 8-10 of this Psalm to our Saviour, and in what respects?

2. In what New Testament passages do we find the Saviour Himself using language about Himself like that contained in verse 10?

Third Sunday after Easter. (Psalm lxxviii.)

1. What great contrast between God and Israel do we find in this Psalm? (In this case see Bible version.) Is verse 35 a real exception to the contrast in question?

2. In what other Psalms of a similar general character to Psalm lxxviii. do we find the same contrast set forth?

Fourth Sunday after Easter. (Psalm cvii.)

1. In what prophetic work do we find an illustration of verses 23-28 of this Psalm?

2. In what historical work do we find illustrations of both parts of verse 38?

Rogation Sunday. (Psalm cxxxix.)

1. How does the beginning of this Psalm teach us that God knows all about us at all times, and in all circumstances and places?

2. How do verses 23, 24 show the thorough sincerity and deep humility of the Psalmist?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a Special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

4. WEAPONS OF WAR.—Where do we read of some of these being so employed as to convey a message of both peace and war? Where of others made use of to point a message of deliverance? And where of one of them made use of to fulfil a prediction of judgment? Where, also, of its being a very good thing to have an abundance of "living" weapons of the same description? Where, again, of certain figurative weapons of this sort which are most of all to be feared? And where, finally, under a slightly different name, of one that appears to describe our Saviour Himself?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

VII. CHARADES.

4. My first avoid not with your feet
 When mud lies thick on road or street.
 My next of varied hues is seen
 From black to white—but never green.
 My whole you come to for repose,
 And find oblivion from your woes.
5. My first is sometimes right and also often wrong;
 What women often take, and swaggering youth put on.
 My next is lodging, food, the timber-merchant's store,
 And what you ne'er escape in closed or open door.
 My whole is said to "groan" when feasts are holding sway,
 And wealthy hosts use me, to furnish forth display.

VIII. DECAPITATIONS.

1. What we constantly pray for, and often abuse;
 First and last at a feast, also what some would choose
 In a gallant or maiden, as lending a charm
 Which all other defects would but seldom disarm.
 Behead me, and lo! I am off like the wind,
 For on land or on water my goal you may find.
 When beheaded again, I'm an honour to hold,
 And if doubled or trebled, possessors grow bold.

"Wind, Wind, Come Over the Sea!"



"Wind, wind, come over the sea,
And bring my bonnie bird back to me."
With a sob and a sigh the West wind came,
But alas! it brought only the soft, soft rain!



"Wind, wind, come over the sea,
And bring my bonnie bird back to me."
But the North wind came with the sleet and the
snow,
And laid the pretty flowers low, so low.

"Wind, wind, come over the sea,
And bring my bonnie bird back
to me."



But the South wind sighed as
it wafted away,
"I will, little maiden, on some
fine day."



"Wind, wind, come over the sea,
And bring my bonnie bird back to me;
I'm tired of waiting so long for his sake.
Oh, bring him back soon, or my heart will break!"

EVELYN STUART HARDY.

There is a Happy Land.

Words by A. YOUNG.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, Mus.Bac.
(Vicar of Heslington.)

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clef) and provides harmonic support for the vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. Dynamics such as *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo) are indicated throughout the score.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh how they sweet - ly sing, Worth - y is our
Sa - viour King! Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

