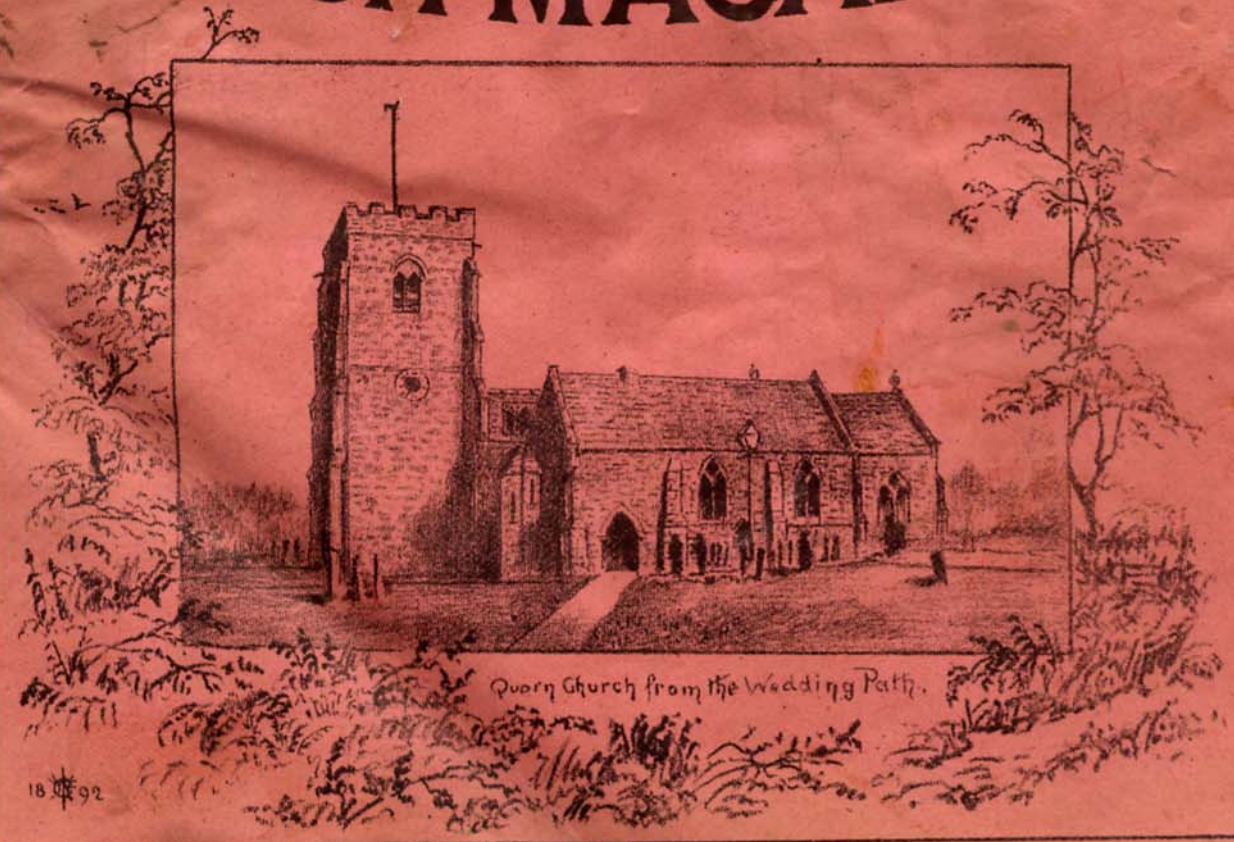
AUGUST 1894.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

# S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

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# S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

## Services in the Parish Church.

**SUNDAYS**— 8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first 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. Evensong.

All other Week Days—

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

### HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

The only Saint's Day in August is on the 24th—**The Festival of S. Bartholomew, (Apostle and Martyr.)** As this is the Saint in whose name our Church is dedicated, the Dedication Festival will be held at that time.

There will be Choral Evensong on the Eve of the Festival, Thursday, August 23rd, at 7.30 p.m.

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

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aug. 5. | Exodus xv. | Hymn to be learnt— |
| 12. | ,, xvi. | |
| 19. | ,, xvii. | 242. |
| 26. | Revise | |

### Baptisms.

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

July 27th—Frank and Jesse Harris.
29th—Edward Gartshore.
George Arthur Lakin.
31st—Thomas Cyril Cragg.
William Ernest Watling.

### Marriages.

July 18th—George Brewin and Mary Hannah Paget.

### Burials.

June 30th—Ann Markham, aged 61 years.

### COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

| | Sick and Poor. £ s. d. | Church Expenses. £ s. d. | Special. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| July 1st: | 0 9 2 | 1 9 7 | |
| 8th: | 0 4 9 | | |
| 15th: | 0 5 3 | 2 0 7 | For Paths in Churchyard |
| 22nd: | 0 3 9 | | 1 0 0 |
| 29th: | 0 7 10 | | |
| Poor Box: | 0 1 7¾ | | |
| Totals | £1 12 4¾ | £3 10 2 | £1 0 0 |

### Hymns.

| | Holy Com. | Matins. | Children's Service. | Evensong. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aug. 5th | 5 | 315 | 341 | 228 |
| | 318 | 176 | 242 | 193 |
| | | | 221 | 26 |
| 12th | 5 | 160 | 339 | 175 |
| | 318 | 224 | 242 | 277 |
| | | 243 | 334 | 27 |
| 19th | 5 | 270 | 261 | 260 |
| | 318 | 265 | 242 | 274 |
| | | 299 | 332 | 231 |
| 23rd | — | — | — | 166 |
| | | | | 419 |
| | | | | 242 |
| 26th | 5 | 166 | 166 | 166 |
| | 318 | 412 | 242 | 431 |
| | | 242 | 358 | 395 |
| | | 358 | | 359 |

## PARISH NOTES.

If all be well, the School Treat will be held on Wednesday, August 22nd. As the plan adopted last year of having an Entertainment in the Village Hall after Tea proved so successful, the same course will probably be pursued this year. There is a good deal of difficulty in taking the children away in wagons for the afternoon and we hope that they like the kind of treat which we had last year quite as well.

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The Choir Treat took place on July 9th, before the wet weather set in. A party of about 30 travelled by road to Leicester and then took the train to Skegness. A special saloon carriage was provided which added to the convenience of the party. Those who know Skegness will understand how the time was passed besides the time occupied at a good dinner and tea. There were only two little mishaps and these were not very serious. First, one little fellow lost himself at the dinner hour and was not missed till after it was over being then found in deep distress at finding himself all alone in a strange place and so far from home. Secondly, another little boy could eat no dinner and was very unwell for some time after through eating a penny ice. However these troubles were forgotten before the day was over and it will only be remembered now for its enjoyment. The expenses of the treat were paid, as last year, by Captain Warner.

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Our readers will remember that in the May Magazine there was a letter inserted which had been written to the Vicar. It promised £1 towards improving the Churchyard paths, and was signed by "One who wishes to remain unknown." We have never found out who this generous person is but whoever it is he has been as good as his word, for on Sunday, July 15th there was put into one of the collecting bags a packet addressed to the Vicar containing a sovereign and a note to the following effect.

"Rev and Dear Sir,

"I enclose the £1 which I promised you last April "towards whatever will be thought suitable for the Church-"yard paths.

"8th Sunday after Trinity, 1894 Yours respectfully

"Rev. E. Foord-Kelcey.

It will be observed that this time the note is not signed at all, but that does not matter and the Vicar wishes to thank his unknown correspondent for his kind contribution. It will be carefully kept and expended in the way desired.

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It would be very gratifying if some other person generously inclined would take it into his head to give a good round sum for the work to be done on the Church tower. We publish the report of Mr. Naylor of Derby. Of course a vestry meeting will be called to consider the matter before any further step is taken, but it would seem that after this report the work must not long be delayed. It would have been better if possible to have put it off till the £200 to be spent on the Schools is forgotten.

REPORT.

### CHURCH OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, QUORN, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Irongate, Derby, June 26th, 1894

GENTLEMEN,

At the request of the Vicar and Churchwardens I have made a careful inspection of the Tower of the above Church and find it to be a substantially built structure of Decorated Style, built of stone and faced with random granite outside. The buttresses, windows, and all ornamental features are of freestone, some of which is of very soft inferior quality. The whole Tower wants over-hauling, all loose joints carefully raking out and repointing and all unsound stones replacing. The parapets are very dilapidated and though not actually dangerous now, are in such a condition that after a frost or high wind they might very possibly become a source of serious trouble and I very strongly advise that they be taken down bodily and rebuilt.

There are two courses open to you—

1. To have the Tower pointed and loose stones secured and those imperfect re-placed, the Parapets being re-built and the string under same re-placed when defective; also new Gargoyles to take the place of those thoroughly decayed at the angles of Tower. Any facing work where loose, to be grouted in with Portland Cement and secured. Approximately the cost of this would be £150 to £180.

2. To undertake the work so far as it applies to the parapets of Tower which, with the scaffolding, &c. necessary, approximately I estimate would cost from £70 to £90.

Of these two courses I need hardly point out that looking to the future, the former would prove the most satisfactory as the expense of scaffolding a second time would be saved, and it is certain that the work if not done now will very shortly become necessary.

I am, gentlemen,
Yours very truly,
J. REGINALD NAYLOR,
F.R.I.B.A.

To the Vicar and Churchwardens,
Quorndon Church.

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With regard to the Schools—people will have seen that the work has been begun, and notwithstanding the unsettled weather it will be finished before the Schools are opened again. We could only speak last month quite indefinitely about the subscriptions promised. We put down the Managers at £50, but the sum really raised among them is £61, besides this £65 has been promised, so that £126 out of the £200 is already accounted for. Within a week or two a formal appeal will be published.

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

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS" (*see page* 181.)

# "BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

(MATT. vi. 13.)

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

THIS petition of the Lord's Prayer brings us back again to the point from which that prayer started. It begins by turning our minds to God—God as He is in Himself, and God's eternal purpose for ourselves. Then it turns our minds to ourselves and our frailty, our difficulties in the body where we are beset by the needs and the temptations of our daily life. And then at last it turns us back again sharply and directly to God, as the one Power to help us, the one means of deliverance from all our difficulties. There they are—the flesh, the world, and the devil—revealed in all their strength; it is God, and God only, who can draw us out of the sphere of their influence. Did we pray for the growth of the Kingdom of Heaven? Did we ask for all that we needed to fit us for entering therein? Yet one thing more is needful, God's grace to deliver us from the dominion of evil, which is ingrained in our mortal nature, which surges round us on every side, and is so hard to fathom in all its manifold seductiveness. God, and God alone, can deliver us from it; He must keep us true to our citizenship of Heaven; He must teach us to see in all we do the difference between good and evil, between the temper of His children and that of the children of this world. For *evil* means the whole region of the power of wickedness—the evil one and all his works, and all the means by which he works them. Our prayer is not merely the expression of our desires to God, but has in itself a mighty power to educate and to reveal. Only after we have contemplated God and His Kingdom, can we appreciate our own needs; and as we frame an expression of our needs, we see the root of them all in that mysterious power of evil by which we feel we are surrounded. Only when we have seen this clearly are we secure in our hold upon God, because the sense of sin stamps on our soul indelibly the need of God's help to keep us from the dangers which beset us on every side. "Deliver us from evil": it is the supreme cry of the soul for itself and others; it is the form in which God's kingdom is brought most near to us. In itself that Kingdom of God may seem vague and shadowy, distant and unapproachable. Look around you, and see what else there is which is clearer and yet adequate to your needs. Look at the world as it goes on its way: does this satisfy you? Look into your own heart and see what are the real motives of much that you think and say and do: are you pleased with the result of your examination? There is evil everywhere; the mark of imperfection, the trace of damage. You can conceive an orderly and gentle life; you can reason about the causes of error; you can prescribe an ideal line of conduct which would secure happiness. Why are men so blind to their own true interests? Why do they profit so little from the moral experience of others? It seems that with a little more care, a little more forethought, a little more intelligence, the world might be such a brighter and happier place. So men have always thought; so have they prophesied one to another. Human society could not exist without its ideals, its hopes of a better time, its efforts to promote human progress. But ideals are not realised, and hopes still are floating phantoms, and efforts have not accomplished all that they promised. Why, we ask, is this? There is but one answer: human nature is corrupt and does not of itself love that which is good. It needs restoration, reparation, deliverance. The world sitteth in darkness, and knows not its darkness save by the light of God.

And this light is seen as something which cleaves the darkness. God, once grasped by faith, is made clearer by experience. Every time that we look into our own hearts, or think over our own lives, we find new testimonies to the power of evil and the power of God alike. Life may be pleasant to the young and thoughtless; but as years go on reflection is forced upon us by the sense of failure and dissatisfaction with self, which comes, sometimes at least, to all. Life, after all, we find is grim and stern; and round us work severe and relentless forces. We may have a lofty purpose, a high sense of duty; we may be free from the temptations of the lower forms of selfishness, and of the grosser sins. Still we are not what we dreamed we should be, and we have not done what we expected to have done. Instead of the buoyancy of youth is the enduring spirit which says, "Well, I must make the best of it." Whence comes it that this is all? Subtle influences wove themselves around us; there were forces, within and without, which we could neither explain nor resist. The world used us for its purposes, excited our desires, refused to gratify

them, and left us tantalised and enslaved in some part of our being. Yet ever to the eye of faith, behind and beyond this disenchantment, rises clearer and brighter the sense of the presence of a Heavenly Kingdom. Earth's failures exhibit Heaven's realities: our own weakness reveals God's strength. Evil, it is everywhere; but God can deliver. It is worth while to feel the first of these truths deeply, depressingly, that we feel the tranquillising power of the second.

"*But* deliver us from evil." It is a climax; first we pray for victory over our own nature, then for victory over the world. God explains to us our individual temptations by giving us an increasing power of detachment from the actual appearance of things, and a clearer perception of the Divine order which underlies them here, and will be the abiding reality hereafter. The meaning of that deliverance was made clear in the Atonement. The life of Christ revealed the possibilities of the regenerate nature, and set forth the beauty of the Heavenly Kingdom, which was to have its beginning here on this earth. "The Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." He bade His disciples "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." Of the fruits of that conquest He made them sharers by His atoning death. In His Cross we see the great deliverance which God prepared for His people. "Deliver us from evil"; it is indeed the most comprehensive of our petitions, embracing the spirit of what has gone before, and bringing all into close relation to ourselves. Faith can be explained and justified by our own experience. The survey of ourselves and others shows us the power of sin, yet reveals also the longing for righteousness. Humbled by the sense of frailty, longing for what we cannot obtain, we commit ourselves to God, and in His strength feel that we too may be strong. Do we wish to know how, or how far, God will accept us? The Cross of Christ tells us of His mercy and justice, alike boundless, and alike extended to our individual needs. We pray that this faith may more and more take hold of our actual life, and draw every part of our activities and aspirations under its sway. We long to feel our life's progress as a perpetual deliverance, wrought by the Holy Spirit of God applying to our earthly nature the benefits of our Master's Redemption. So does our daily course grow clearer before our eyes, our whole being grow more exultant through the knowledge of its ransom and restoration, and the Heavenly Kingdom rise more distinctly into view, and possess us with its glory and its beauty.

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"THE MESSAGE WHICH MUST BE ATTENDED TO."—"A man may fix his own times for admitting serious thought, for attending public worship, for prayer, for reading the Bible. All such matters he can defer to the 'convenient season,' which is so apt never to occur at all; but he cannot defer, for one single moment, the necessity of attending to a message, which may come before he has finished reading this page, 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.'"—LEWIS CARROLL.

## A PEARL FOR OUR SEA-KING'S CROWN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—*The news of this heroic deed comes from Victoria in British Columbia. A storm raged so furiously on Wednesday, January 24th, 1894, in the harbour there where* H.M.S. Garnet *was lying, that a sailor was blown clean overboard. It is easy to understand from this fact the force of the wind, and what the waves would have been like. On the disappearance of the sailor, orders to lower the cutter were immediately given. It was seen, however, that the man was drowning, and his death would have been certain, had not Midshipman Addison, the very youngest officer of the ship, jumped overboard, and supported the man until help arrived. Captain Hughes-Hallett of the* Garnet *reports that the action was one of uncommon bravery, as a full gale was blowing, and he will recommend the young officer for the Royal Humane Society's medal.*

I.

*GARNET!* one of the jewels we wear in our Sea-king's crown,
Fairer you shine for the jewel of English courage to-day—
You, who rode to the storm, when the glass went suddenly down,
And the waves rose up and roared right into Victoria Bay!

II.

Man overboard! like a leaf blown clean from his clasp of the boom;
Man overboard! how it shrilled through quarters, cabin, and hold!
But the boatswain's pipe blew shriller to save a soul from its doom,
And we sprang to "lower away" more swift than the telling is told.

III.

But swifter still was the eye, and surer the dauntless will,
Of one young midshipmite, and he cried, "Can he swim? can he swim?"
And over the side he leapt like a flash, for good or for ill,
Lost to our sight in the surges that rose to swallow him.

IV.

Then fell a silence on all, for the stoutest heart was a-feared;
But the tightest lip ever set to a Father in Heaven can pray,
For we loved that midshipmite, and we knew the course he steered
Was Death in the hurricane hollows of dark seas there in the bay.

V.

Our "cutter" she dashed to the helping, a true hand cast the line,
And drew not one, but twain, from the jaws of the ravening wave;
And we cheered that midshipmite who had made our *Garnet* shine,
And set in our Sea-king's crown the pearl of a deed that is brave.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

*Crosthwaite Vicarage.*

# THE JESSOPS:

## AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,
*Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

### BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE lecture was both interesting and helpful. The speaker knew what he was talking about. He had had plenty of practical experience, having himself conducted parties of emigrants to Manitoba and elsewhere; he had no personal interests to serve, and was the better able, therefore, to lay the advantages and drawbacks of emigration impartially before his hearers. He told the people just what they wanted to know, and everybody went away satisfied.

But the Jessop family were more than satisfied; they were enthusiastic. Even Mrs. Jessop could not altogether resist the contagious excitement of a new hope. Her long-suppressed nature revived with a sudden spring. Fantastic dreams of coming prosperity haunted her. She lived in a flutter of pleasurable anticipation. The warnings and cautions of the lecturer—and they had been sufficiently definite and emphatic—were, for the time, as much thrown away upon her as upon the younger members of the family. Poor woman! Life, being measured by the intensity and quick succession of emotion, she lived more truly now in a couple of weeks than she had through months or even years of her previous monotonous existence.

Meanwhile Reggie and Sybil laid their plans with quiet dignity and with an ever-growing confidence in their own sagacity and courage. As for Polly and Dick, there was no living in the house with them. It was chatter, chatter, chatter, all day long, and every day. They had already established themselves in a ranche of their own at the foot of the "Rockies." Polly was milking and making cheese, while Dick was madly careering after the cattle on a swift-footed, fiery mustang. This free and happy life they had already begun to enjoy; though when confronted by the jibes of Sybil and the criticism of Reggie, they had to admit that there must intervene certain years of prosaic apprenticeship before these glowing visions could be fully realised. But childhood easily overleaps all troublesome and ugly gaps that threaten the continuity and safety of hope's flowery path.

The emigration scheme found its only opponent in Tom Playfair. The young engineer, landing after a rough voyage from Quebec, was surprised to find the emigration fever raging in Heather Terrace.

"I never knew such a pack of fools! What do they know about emigrating?" he exclaimed bluntly, when Susan told him the news.

"Oh, they know all about it by this time—at least, they think they do," responded Susan. "Reggie talks like a book full of pictures, and Sybil is eager to be off. That is—I mean——" and she stopped abruptly.

Poor Tom gave a sigh. "So she never thought of waiting to hear what I might have to say about it. And are you wishful for them to go too, Sue?"

"For myself I don't know that I care very much," replied the girl frankly. "Every one says emigration is a good thing, and Reginald, at all events, seems to be wasting his time here. You know, they are really very badly off."

"They might be worse off out yon," said Tom gravely. "Emigration is all very well for the right sort of people, but it's a bad job for those who are not the right sort. I've seen lots go out, and I've seen a many come back too—'returned empties,' you might call 'em."

"But don't you think Sybil ought to do well?" inquired Susan.

Tom winced. "Ay; but if she'd be advised by me she might do well without going all the way to America."

"I know what you mean, brother; but I am afraid Syb is not the sort of girl to be advised by any one."

"And what about Master Reginald? I'd have thought you'd have taken an interest in him, anyway."

"Not any special interest, Tom. I told him I thought it might be a good thing."

"And you and he are quite content to part?"

"Why not? That is—of course, the Jessops are our friends, and we'll miss them, it will make a difference——"

"You don't mean to say," interrupted the young man, "that the children are to be taken, and that poor wee woman that looks as if they kept her in a band-box from Monday till Saturday?"

TOM AND HIS SISTER.

"They are all going—going in a family party," explained Sue.

"Well, I call it madness, cruelty to animals, anything you like," cried Tom indignantly.

Susan Playfair was deeply distressed. "I wish we had said nothing—not till you came home, at all events. Perhaps I was wrong to encourage poor Reggie——"

"To encourage him—how so?" inquired Tom, perhaps maliciously.

"I mean in the notion of emigrating. You know very well that is what I mean," retorted Susan.

"All right," laughed the young engineer; "but to tell the truth, I think you'd have done him less harm if you'd encouraged him a bit the other way. Not that I want him for a brother-in-law—at least, that is, not that way, not through you. But now will you just tell me what a chap like that could find to do in a new country?"

"Well, a gentleman who gave a lecture here said lots of young fellows got on as farmers—fellows that had been brought up in offices, too, just like Reggie."

"That may be," replied Tom, "I'm not disputing it; though I'd guess most chaps of that sort were country bred, and never took kindly to office work. But I'll allow that a fellow with grit in him can do most things. Only folks go out from the old country, and they have no notion what they are going to; they don't know what they will have to put up with both on the way and when they get there."

"But they can read about these things. The gentleman who lectured said there would be hardships, that people would have to 'rough it,' as he called it, that there would be temptations and all that," urged Susan.

"Ay, that's right enough; but it's one thing to read about matters, and quite another to have to go right into them. There is a danger of people working themselves up till they think they are fit for anything. But the question is, will they persevere? And then, there is another thing——" and the young fellow stopped abruptly.

"Yes, Tom," said his sister encouragingly, for she noted that he seemed embarrassed, and that the colour had mounted to his swarthy cheek.

"Well, it's about religion," explained Tom. "You know, Sue, I'm not the sort of chap to sit in judgment on others, but I always think a man or woman has need of a double supply of the grace of God when they go right away from home like that into a strange country. It's not only the temptations—for there are temptations everywhere—but it's the change of life, the new surroundings, the cutting away of so many things that help to keep men straight at home, things we don't always think about, but which people are bound to miss when they get fixed in those wild, out-of-the-way places."

Susan Playfair glanced tenderly at her brother. He was not in the habit of speaking much on religious subjects—indeed, like many another, he kept his light too carefully under a bushel, forgetting the obligation laid upon us all so to let our light shine before men that they may be led to glorify the common Father, from Whom descendeth every good and perfect gift. And yet there were times when Tom could speak out bravely enough, though few knew how uniformly wholesome was the influence that he exercised on his mates and acquaintances.

"Perhaps, Tom, you ought to tell the Jessops what you think. What you say would have great influence," suggested Susan.

The reply came prompt and almost stern.

"No; my advice has not been asked, and I shall not volunteer to give it. As people make their beds they have got to lie on them. One gets no thanks for rousing them up and offering to make them more comfortable."

"You forget, you were far away when the idea was started, and father thought it was not a bad one at all," said Susan.

"Did he so?" and the question was asked with evident surprise. "Well, that is no affair of mine. Perhaps he is right, perhaps they are right; anyhow, I've my own opinion, but I won't trouble any one with it till I'm asked." And so the conversation ended.

And none of them were in a hurry to ask Tom Playfair his opinion; and that because people seldom seek for advice unless they have reason to hope that it will fortify them in the direction in which their own inclination has already turned them.

Reggie Jessop, having read a good many pamphlets and pored over several maps, began to consider that he had made quite an exhaustive study of the emigration question. He professed to set but little store by Tom's opinion; but as a fact he shrank nervously from the brutal directness of all questions as to what he was going to do, and so forth. He had established himself in dreamland, and there he wished to remain

for the present. He could not say exactly what he was going to do. But had it not been almost invariably so with the pioneers of progress, and the men who had won to themselves the best places in the race for wealth beyond the seas? They had gone forth without any settled plan; they had followed their luck; something had turned up; they had "caught on" somewhere just at the right moment. So it had been often; so, no doubt, it would be again.

As for Sybil, she laughed to herself when she heard it whispered that Tom was dead against the emigration plan. She thought she knew the reason; and, perhaps, in part she did. No doubt poor Tom had been wounded in a tender spot, and the pain of that wound had unduly warped his judgment. That much he might have himself admitted had Sybil given him the chance to discuss the matter; but that was what she took good care not to do. She was determined to show her own independence; and indeed, as a matter of fact, Tom and his opinions did not trouble her much. She, too, had her dreams about what might happen in the realms of good luck and chance. She easily imagined herself "doing better" than marrying a grimy-faced engineer.

At all this honest Tom was grieved, but not surprised. Being a modest young fellow and a true lover, he willingly took Sybil at her own valuation, and himself too. He really believed that he was not worthy of her, and that he, a grimy mechanic, was guilty of great audacity in aspiring to win the affections of so smart a young lady. Mrs. Jessop always received him with an air of gentle condescension, and he became unconsciously impressed with the idea that he and his family were inferior people as compared with their more pretentious neighbours.

There was one thing, however, that surprised and puzzled Tom at this juncture—that was the relationship existing between his sister and Reginald Jessop. He had come to fancy that his own attitude towards Sybil found a counterpart, allowing for the difference of sex, in that of Sue towards Sybil's brother. And this idea had been confirmed, if not originated, by Reggie himself. That young gentleman, taking it for granted that he was the object of Susan Playfair's admiration, neither boasted of the supposed fact nor yet attempted to conceal his consciousness of it. That the girl should be fond of him was natural—almost inevitable; whether he did or would return her affection was a matter for further consideration. This being the state of Reggie's mind, he was not a little disgusted, as we have already said, to find the prospect of his departure from England viewed with such apparent equanimity by Susan. And it was by this same phenomenon that Tom was now puzzled in his simple heart.

It never occurred to either of the young men that whatever Susan's feelings might have been as a mere girl, a change might have come over them with the dawn of womanhood.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

DURING the short time that he was at home Tom Playfair held his peace; but he took a step that was far more effective than any verbal argument could have been, in compelling the Jessops to realise the true character of their proposed undertaking.

"As you are all so set on this venture, why don't you come aboard the *Peruvian* to-morrow morning, and see what an emigrant ship is like? I'll be happy to show you round."

This suggestion, thrown out casually, as it were, by Tom, as the two families were having tea together on the eve of his departure for his next run to Quebec and Montreal, became the subject of an animated discussion. For a time there was some hanging back. Mrs. Jessop, though willing to dream about a journey of several thousand miles, at a distance of a month or six weeks, doubted whether she could stand the racket and fatigue of a trip to the north end of Liverpool on the following morning. Reginald talked mysteriously about "his engagements," and Sybil hesitated, not feeling quite sure whether or not she fancied the idea of being "shown round" by the stoker, as she was pleased to designate Tom Playfair when in one of her haughty moods. Finally, however, the matter was arranged, chiefly in consequence of the enthusiastic advocacy of Polly and Dick.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the Jessop family found themselves standing, a somewhat forlorn little group, at the shore end of the gangway that led from the quay-side to the crowded deck of the *Peruvian*. There was a short interval of embarrassed hesitation. Dick, who, in his eagerness, had rushed on in front, had been invited by one of the sailors to say who he was and where he was going. And Reginald, to whom the others naturally looked for direction and leadership, was a little shy of venturing on board lest he should be turned back in the presence of a jeering throng of onlookers and emigrants. However, the tension of the situation was quickly relieved by the appearance of Tom Playfair. Recognising his expected friends from the deck, he hurried on shore with outstretched hands and words of hearty welcome.

"Well up to time. That's right. Take my arm, Mrs. Jessop. Don't hurry. That's it. You'll make a first-rate sailor."

They now stood on the main deck, and Sybil noticed how smart and handsome Tom looked in his neat uniform. He was quite clean, and was apparently off duty for the time being. Her opinion of "the stoker" began to improve.

But what chiefly attracted Sybil's attention and filled her with delight was the concentrated mass of life and energy and excitement that thronged round her on every side. The decks were crowded with people of all sorts and conditions, and of various nationalities. There was a large number of Norwegians—big, fair, good-humoured-looking people, who laughed and chatted together, and were evidently bent on making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Huddled together in a sunny spot, and removed a little from the ever-moving stream of intending voyagers, was an interesting group of brightly clad little girls, who were being convoyed out, under the guidance of an experienced lady matron, to the Canadian homes that awaited them. A few only of the crowd seemed downcast or disagreeable; for the most part hope and good-humour seemed to reign supreme.

But while Sybil and the two younger children were delighted with all they saw, Reggie felt or affected considerable dissatisfaction, and even disgust. As for poor Mrs. Jessop, in five minutes she was completely bewildered. She held tight to Tom's arm, followed passively where he led, listened with a sort of scared interest to his various expositions, and drew her own conclusions silently.

If the scene on deck was bewildering, that below was little short of horrifying to the poor lady. She caught glimpses of women, amid a labyrinth of crowded bunks, unpacking food and chattels, undressing children, soothing babies, and generally making what seemed hopeless efforts to get things tidy and ship-shape. A glimpse, in passing, of the unmarried men's quarters revealed a forest of hammocks hanging close together in a space where a man of moderate height could not stand erect. The very thought of her Reggie entering such a place sent a shudder through Mrs. Jessop's sensitive frame.

Tom Playfair smiled to himself, and began to speculate as to whether a small dose of practical experience might not be effective where argument had failed.

However, seeing Mrs. Jessop look so miserable, he said cheerfully—

"You know, this is the steerage, and it's not much you can expect for four pounds ten. Let us go along to the 'intermediate'—that's where your quarters will be, I understand."

Things were certainly better in the "intermediate"; there was more room, more air, more light. The improved accommodation was certainly well worth the additional payment demanded for it. The sleeping cabins, though plainly furnished, were wholesome-looking and airy, and the passengers in this part of the ship seemed all of a respectable class. The stewardess was a bright, pleasant woman, and withal of a kindly, sympathetic disposition: so, at least, Mrs. Jessop concluded after a brief conversation with her.

"What I should miss would be my privacy. One could never be alone in such a place as this," said the widow, looking round her with more cheerfulness than she had hitherto displayed.

"Oh, we get accustomed to that," replied the stewardess. "You see, it's not for very long, and the passengers are all friendly like when they are thrown together in this way."

"United by common misfortune, chained together like galley-slaves," muttered Reggie, as he turned disgustedly away.

Mrs. Jessop said nothing; she contented herself with a vague smile and a deprecating motion of her head. Yes, she was not thinking of the danger of the voyage, of what it would cost, of whether she would be sick, of what fortune might await her on the other side. The one overwhelming thought was that she would be obliged to live more or less in public for ten days. She could never be five minutes alone. Other women would see her dressing and undressing. She would have to take her meals along with a mixed multitude; all sorts of people would be free to look at her, to watch her, to "take stock" of her. She could not endure the thought. She had lived so long in privacy, had "kept herself to herself," had shrunk under the blight of misfortune from society and human sympathy, that the glare of publicity was as painful to her as the sunshine would be to one who had been nurtured in a dark cavern.

The party now returned on deck.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tom, "there goes the chief steward. I'll just ask if I may take you through the saloon. You'd like to see what the first-class accommodation is like, wouldn't you?"

The requisite permission was at once given, and Tom led his party into the great dining-room, which extended right across the ship. Very few first-class passengers had yet come on board, but the tables were laid to accommodate a goodly number.

"Oh, isn't it just lovely!" exclaimed Sybil, as she feasted her eyes on the scene before her, appreciating at a glance the spotless linen, the gleaming silver, the polished glass, the piled-up fruits, and the fresh-cut flowers that lay beside each serviette. "If ever I come home to England, it will be in *this* part of the ship."

"I hope it may be so," said Tom, looking at her with admiration. "I am sure you would enjoy it."

Having inspected the music-room and glanced into two or three of the cabins, they were mounting to the saloon deck, when Sybil peremptorily exclaimed:

"I should like to go down among the machinery, where you work, may I?"

"I'm afraid I can't gratify you so far to-day," replied Tom. "But if you make the voyage with us

"'WELL UP TO TIME. THAT'S RIGHT.'"

next trip there'll be plenty of opportunities. I'll make a regular engineer of you if you like."

"I shall be too sick to enjoy anything then," retorted the girl petulantly.

"Oh no you won't!" laughed Tom. "Beside, we'll have plenty of smooth water in the St. Lawrence."

"But why can't I go now?" she persisted.

"Because it is contrary to rules when we are getting ready to start," was the curt reply. Then he added, as he looked at his watch, "I'm afraid I must leave you now. We sail in half an hour, and it's my time to go on duty. You can wait till the bell rings, if you like; but it might be as well to get ashore before the fuss at the last. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and I'm sure we are very much obliged to you—very much indeed," said Mrs. Jessop warmly.

"Farewell, old boy! I suppose we may look forward to seeing you within the month?" cried Reggie, with more heartiness than was usual to him.

"Ay, it will be about that, all being well. We don't stop more than two or three days at Montreal this trip."

"The quicker the better!" cried Dick. "We'll be ready for you. Poll and I have packed half our things already."

The children ran up the gangway in front. Then Reggie, thinking perhaps that he had not cut a sufficiently important figure when coming on board, gave his arm to his mother to assist her ashore.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" inquired Tom, as he ventured to detain Sybil's hand a moment.

"I think it's splendid; I'm sure I shall enjoy the voyage immensely. I shall be counting the days till —well, till you are back again."

He gave her a grateful look.

"But perhaps you will all have changed your minds before that."

And his eyes wandered towards the two figures that were cautiously treading the gangway in front.

"*I* won't, you may be sure of that," she cried

positively. "So I'll be here, whoever isn't; and you'll have to look after me, and show me the engines and everything else—mind! Good-bye; a prospero voyage to you, and a quick return."

Tom Playfair watched her with admiration a moment; then he turned towards the engine-room, a glow of delight thrilling through his honest heart.

"Let us get home as quickly as possible; my poor head is swimming," said Mrs. Jessop, as her daughter joined her.

"Oh, I say, mayn't we wait to see the *Peruvian* start? There's the second bell; she is sure to be off in a few minutes now," remonstrated Dick.

"I should like to," said Polly, sidling up to where her brother was standing at the very edge of the quay.

Sybil hesitated a moment. Curiosity prompted her to remain, and it is to be feared she had but little sympathy with her mother's complaint. But, on the other hand, it went against the grain to agree with her younger brother and sister in anything, nor did she fancy taking her stand among the crowd of sympathetic friends who were now beginning to wave handkerchiefs and call out final adieux to those on deck.

"Yes, perhaps we had better go. There is nothing more to be seen, and the people are troublesome."

"Well, then, let us go by the overhead railway. I'm awfully anxious to see it," pleaded Dick.

"Why, the stupid old trains have no engines!" said Polly scornfully.

"You silly girl! Don't you know they are worked by electricity, like telegraphs are?" explained the boy in lordly fashion.

They had reached a spot from which the long, sinuous line that now forms one of the sights of Liverpool was visible. A station was close at hand. The train went gliding past every five minutes, and so, for once, a suggestion of Master Dick's met with general acceptance. Before the *Peruvian* had cleared the dock the Jessops had arrived at the pierhead station, and were waiting for the tramcar that should take them direct to Leaffy Lane.

(*To be continued.*)

## GARDEN WORK FOR AUGUST.

### Kitchen Garden.

PREPARE the ground, and sow cabbage seed for the spring and early summer requirements. Sow also coleworts and red cabbage. Plant out savoys and broccoli. Sow winter and spring onions, also early horn carrot. Earth up celery plants where necessary, taking care to keep the hearts of the plants free from earth. Cauliflower-seed should be sown from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth of the month. Sow winter spinach. Plant out lettuces.

### Fruit Garden.

Remove all new shoots on vines. Look over wall trees, and keep all branches nailed securely.

### Flower Garden.

Propagate pansies from cuttings, and plant out seedlings. Plant out pinks, sweetwilliams, wallflowers, Canterbury-bells, stocks, polyanthuses, and picotees. Remove all dead and decaying stems, leaves, and flowers.

## 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, "Would not the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in England or Wales be justified as an act of justice to the Nonconformists in both places?" and you further inquire "what right the State has to set up the Church of England in a position of special privilege above other religious bodies in the kingdom?" and further you tell me that in expressing these opinions you are representing the views on the subject of many people that you meet with.

The answers to your questions are:—

The State never set up the Church of England above other religious bodies in the kingdom.

To assert that it did so proves that the person who makes the assertion is entirely ignorant of the simplest facts of English history.

For however the Church may have acquired her historical, legal, and national position, it is certain that she was in possession of that position, and continuously held it, for a period some eight hundred years before any one of the present religious bodies in England came into existence, or before any organised religious body outside her communion was legalised or even existed in England.

How, then, it may forcibly be asked, could the State under such circumstances have set up the Church of England in a position of special privilege above all other religious bodies in the kingdom? and how can the fact of the Church of England occupying such a position be to them a cause of well-founded grievance or injustice?

These religious bodies are constituted of men whose ancestors or themselves, of their own freewill went out from the communion of the Church, or were compelled to leave her fellowship because for some reason or other, well founded or otherwise, they did not feel themselves able to conform to her requirements.

But because they or their ancestors thus separated themselves from her,—organised themselves into religious bodies—built chapels, and adopted their own forms of ecclesiastical government and public worship, and have succeeded in acquiring for themselves positions protected and privileged by the law, surely these facts constitute no reasons why the national church of the country should be deposed from her historical position and robbed of her ancient endowments.

In the discussion of the proposals for Disestablishment and Disendowment, has it come to this that only the feelings and opinions of the minority of the people of England who profess no religion, or some form of religion different from that of the Church of England, are to be taken into consideration, and that the wishes and views of the great majority of the people of the kingdom, who are gratefully and loyally devoted to the Church of England, and who regard as inestimable blessings to themselves and their countrymen her existence and ministrations, are altogether to be left out of account and treated as of no importance?

Why against the wishes of the vast majority of Englishmen it should be required that the Church of England should by the State be deposed from her ancient position and deprived of her property as an alleged act of justice to the Nonconformist bodies—bodies which would not suffer the State to deprive them of a single right or liberty which it has conceded to them by its laws, or take from them one single stick or stone of their property—is, on the grounds of reason, common sense, and justice, above comprehension.

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VI. THE REV. F. E. WIGRAM, M.A.,

THE REV. FREDERIC EDWARD WIGRAM, M.A., so widely known in connection with the Church Missionary Society, of which he is the Honorary Secretary, belongs to a distinguished and wealthy family. His father was for many years Treasurer of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and gave liberally to its funds, and two of his uncles were the late Bishop Wigram of Rochester, and the late Vice-Chancellor Wigram, the eminent Chancery Judge. He is a graduate of Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree from Trinity College in 1857, and proceeding to M.A. three years later. He was ordained in 1858 by Bishop Turton, of Ely, and his first curacy was at St. Paul's, Cambridge. He remained in his university town for five years, removing in 1863 to the Curacy of Wanstead. But his stay there was short, for in the following year he was presented to the living of Christ Church, Portswood, Hants, which he held for sixteen years. His parochial experience has thus been long and varied—a fact not often present to the minds of those who think of him only in connection with the Church Missionary Society. In 1881 he was invited by the committee of the Church Missionary Society, of which he had long been a warm and attached friend, to become Honorary Secretary of the Society in succession to the late Rev. Henry Wright, his brother-in-law. He accepted their proposal, and from that day to this his time, his energies, and, to a large extent, his fortune, have been devoted unreservedly to the work of the Church Missionary Society. A detailed account of a day's work in Mr. Wigram's office would astonish many who are too apt to regard missions and everything connected therewith as mere child's play. Mr. Wigram represents essentially the personal side of the Society. He sees the candidates for foreign service before their names are brought before the committee, and more than one notable missionary (*e.g.*, the late Bishop Hannington) has afterwards spoken of the very searching time the interview proves. In 1887-1888 Mr. Wigram went, partly to recruit his health, and partly to see the missionary stations, on a tour round the world. The great lesson which it taught him was the utter inadequacy of the missionary force to avail itself of the unlimited openings in all directions. "Terribly undermanned" was his account of almost every mission district in Ceylon, India, China, and Japan;

THE REV. F. E. WIGRAM, M.A.

and it is the one desire of his life to see these openings filled by devoted and consecrated members of the English Church. Two of his children are now in the mission field. His eldest son, the Rev. E. F. E. Wigram, who had a brilliant career at Cambridge, is stationed in the Punjab.

Our portrait has been engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XVI. CHARADES.

7. He consulted my first about my second,
   And then placed it in my whole.
8. My first is an organised plan;
   My next is four-fifths of part of a house;
   My third is a confederate;
   My whole describes the way in which things are done at the G. P. O.

### XVII. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an elephant like a brick?
2. What question is that to which you must answer yes?
3. Why is a dog's tale like an old man?
4. If a fender and fireirons cost three pounds, what will a ton of coals come to?
5. When was the largest amount of beef-tea made at one time in England?
6. Why does a hen cluck when she drops an egg?

### XVIII. BOTANICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

EEIIWNPLRK. HHWNATRO.
EEXRTBO. COMMELPOANM.


## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

### VI.—St. Peter ad Vincula, Within-the-Tower.

IT is somewhat of a paradox to speak of this church as a parish church, for in truth it is a Chapel Royal; nevertheless, it is the only church for the residents in the Tower, who number about a thousand souls, and has always been regarded as a parish church.

A church has stood on the site of the present building from very early, some say Saxon, times. Certainly there was one here in the year 1241, for King Henry III. issued instructions for the repair and decoration of "the chancel of St. Mary, and the Royal stalls in the chancel of St. Peter for the use of himself and the Queen. . . . Two fair tables to be made, with the histories of St. Nicholas and St. Katherine before their altars in the said church, also two fair cherubim with cheerful and merry faces, to be placed on either side of the great Crucifix."

This older church gave place in 1305 to the present building, erected by order of King Edward I., who afterwards issued a warrant that "Ralph de Sandwich, Constable of our Tower of London," be reimbursed for the outlay incurred "in the construction of our new chapel within the Tower."

The church consists of a nave, a very small chancel, and a north aisle of the same dimensions as the nave. Formerly a second altar, dedicated to St. Mary, stood in this north aisle, as is proved by the discovery a few years since of a small piscina and a hagioscope in the eastern wall. This hagioscope, or "squint" as it is more popularly called, was apparently to enable the priest officiating at St. Mary's altar to see the high altar of St. Peter.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the chapel suffered much from fire, and was allowed to fall into a state of decay, so that in 1532 it had to be restored; the present windows, the pillars, and the chestnut roof are all of this date.

During the Georgian period, a hideous gallery over the whole of the north aisle was erected; and the usual high pews were introduced. These were all happily swept away in 1876, when the interior of the church was brought into its present form.

The dedication is to St. Peter ad Vincula (St. Peter in chains), no doubt in allusion to the church being the place of worship for the prisoners. There are very few churches so dedicated, two or three only that we know of in England, and one well-known one in Rome, where chains, which legend says are those worn by St. Peter in prison at Jerusalem, are exhibited annually on August 1st (Festival of St. Peter ad Vincula).

The visitor to this chapel will not fail to observe the handsome old organ in the north-east corner. This organ was the first built in England by Father Schmidt; indeed, it was to build this organ that he was brought over to England by Charles II. in the year 1676. It stood in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, better known as the Chapel Royal, till the year 1891, when that building ceased to be used for Divine service. Her Majesty then gave instructions that it should be brought to St. Peter ad Vincula. The organ has been rebuilt by Hill & Son, and the machinery is all modern, but the case and some of the pipes are original.

It is, however, as a burial place that this church is most interesting. There is a handsome Elizabethan monument on the north wall of the chancel to Sir Richard and Sir Michael Blount, father and son, who were successively lieutenants of the Tower: while the oldest monument in the church is an altar tomb to Sir Richard Cholmondeley, who fought in the battle of Flodden, 1513. It is worthy of note that, when this tomb was moved, about seventeen years ago, the font was found, broken in seven pieces, concealed within it: possibly it was placed there to save it from destruction at the hands of Cromwell's followers.

But it is the graves of those who were buried without any mark of honour or respect that chiefly claim our attention. "Thither," writes Macaulay, "have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men, who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." Here were interred most of those, who for various causes, justly or unjustly, were condemned to die as traitors. Behind the church door is a brass plate giving the names of those persons, best known in history, who are buried here: in this short article we cannot do more than mention some of the most interesting of these; but the visitor should not fail to read the list.

THE NAVE AND CHANCEL.

"Under the communion table was interred James, Duke of Monmouth, the handsome, profligate, and ungrateful son of Charles II.," who was beheaded only a few days after his defeat at Sedgmoor in 1685. The record in the church register is "James, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded on Tower Hill, y^e^ 15th, and buryed y^e^ 16th July." "Here lieth," says the old record, "before the high altar in St. Peter's Church, two dukes between two queens . . . all four beheaded." The two queens were Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, the young and hapless wives of Henry VIII., who were executed on "Tower Green," just outside the chapel. Of the two dukes one was Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, the other was his rival, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the ambitious and unscrupulous father of Lord Guildford Dudley. "Lying with the attainted group" is the aged Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, whose only crime seems to have been that she was the mother of Cardinal Pole. Outside the altar rail is buried the Lady Jane Grey, between her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, and her father, the Duke of Suffolk.

At the west end of the church was buried Bishop Fisher, whose body was removed from the churchyard of All Hallows, Barking, that he might be near his friend, Sir Thomas More. Here, too, were buried the Scottish Lords, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, the last who were ever beheaded in this country, in 1746 and 1747. A peculiar mark on the pavement shows the spot where they were buried, and their coffin plates are framed and hung on the wall above it. "In truth," we may say with Macaulay, "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery."

Our illustration of the exterior is from a drawing by Mr. Herbert Railton, that of the interior being engraved from a photograph by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

## "IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

HARVEST Thanksgiving Services have made a great stir in our parish, and they have done some good in a way which I feel sure the Rector little anticipated. Here is a case in point. Little Fanny Stubbs was present at the Children's Service. She was delighted with the beautiful decorations; her heart was all aglow with the joyful music, and for many days after she went about the house singing—

"Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread!"

Upstairs and downstairs, here, there, and everywhere, little Fanny's voice might be heard singing these two lines over and over again. But more than this, the Rector's homely words on the text, "In everything give thanks," and his request that the children would never sit down to a meal without "saying Grace," set little Fanny thinking. She wondered why it was that they never said "Grace" in their home: and she thought that perhaps it was because her father and mother had never been told anything about it. She only knew one "Grace"—the one which they had every year at the school treat, so Fanny made up her mind that she would say this at home at every meal. That night, when they sat down to tea, the father and mother were surprised to see Fanny put her hands together, and to hear her repeat—

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee!"

So to one house in our parish (perhaps to more than one) the "Harvest Thanksgiving Services" have brought a daily blessing, and the voice of their little girl is to John Stubbs and his wife a daily reminder that God should be daily thanked for His daily gifts.

F. S.

## SOWING, REAPING, HARVEST.

(St. Mark iv. 29.)

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,
*Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgewater; Author of "Gleanings after Harvest," etc.*

"WHEN the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Let us take some harvest musings from these words of the Lord. They set before us, in parable, God's Sowing; Reaping; Harvest.

God's Sowing. Every one is a sower. Not every one is a sower of seed *for God*. From the sowing of some there follows the bending wheat of the life lived to God. From the sowing of some there springs the noxious weed, or the idle growth whence is borne the light thistle-down of words, looks, acts, vain or vicious, which the passing wind easily wafts into a neighbour's plot. *All* are sowers. All may be sowers for God—pre-eminently, that appointed sower, whose mission it is to sow, in God's House, again and again, the seed of God's word in, it may be, a thousand hearts at once. Anxious sowing; sometimes seemingly profitless sowing. Yet we sow, by drill in the weekly converse, broadcast in the House of God. And then the sower passes, and he goes about his daily work; he sleeps, it may be that long sleep that men call death. And he leaves the seed to germinate, he knoweth not how. He leaves it to other influences, to the power implanted by God in seed and soil combined; to the breath and the dew of God's Holy Spirit. He may pass, and fall asleep, and never have known of the result. Yet it may be that, though the sower knew not, the seed had taken hold, and, after possibly a long dormant time, the impulse and stir of life has come, from the Life-Giver, and, unseen by human eye, the seed begins to swell, and to put root downward into the softened soil, and to send shoot upward. And the thin green blade of awakened spiritual life breaks then, with its weak might, the hard surface of indifference and of evil habit. And the corn grows fair and stately, and sends out the ear, from which the stamens tremble in the soft air; and in the summer sunshine, or even, later sometimes, in the day, growing now autumnal, the light green husks fill out, and presently the stalk bends under the blue heaven with the golden treasure of the full corn in the ear.

And then comes the Reaping. When the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle. And His reapers are the angels. The Husbandman knows, and watches, and gives the word. As he knows when hope for the worthless darnel is past, and it is ready for the burning, so He knows also when the good corn is full in the ear, and the fruit is ripe, and the harvest has come.

And this explains to us many problems. A precious life, we may have noted, a life of early piety, of maturity, of saintliness even in life's young days. And from this we may have looked forward to a long life of usefulness for God. But have we not often noticed how *early ripening* means *early reaping*? The fruit was ripe, and the Lord of the Harvest knew this.

Or a life we noted, of, as it were, veteran corn. It has grown on, through Spring and Summer, ever growing and maturing—useful, indeed, and precious, in a world of prevailing weeds, and of feeble growth of even good seed. But, suddenly, and in full strength, it bends before the sickle. We had not realised that it was full ripened. But the Lord of the Harvest knows.

Ever the reaping is going on, but ever nearer is drawing the day of the Lord's great Harvest. Daily the reapers are carefully binding the grain into sheaves, and at the great Harvest sowers and reapers shall rejoice together—sowers and reapers, and living garnered grain. The sharp sickle shall then be laid by, becoming but a harvest trophy. Those who resigned their treasures with tearful trust shall find them safe in the keeping of the Lord of the Harvest.

Ah, friends, there is much to be achieved here that few are attempting now, and those few, often, but languidly! There is seed to be sown, here and now, that might, if we may say so, increase God's Harvest sixty and a hundredfold. Issues of Eternity depend upon our labours in Time; and occasions, every moment, are passed by, neglected, unimproved, each of which is worth an angel's ransom.

Lo, the autumn days are with us, and the hour of work is on the wane. Let us be sowing diligently, and on every likely or unlikely plot, in season and out of season, that we, even we, may be swelling the fulness of the Harvest of God. And that, at the great day of harvest rejoicing, we, even we also, may rejoice, entering into the joy of our Lord, bearing our sheaves with us.

## LINDISFARNE; OR, HOLY ISLAND.

ON a rocky islet, washed by the Northern Ocean, there stand the ruins of the grand old Priory, built by Ædward in 1093. He was a monk of considerable power and influence, both at the Court of the Northumbrian King, and with the people; and the church built by him became a second, and pocket, edition of the Cathedral at Durham, so similar was it in style and harmony of design to the Mother Church; being, in fact, largely due to the suggestions of the two men who were most interested in the erection of the Northern Cathedral—Bishops Carileph and Flambard.

Of course there had been older churches on the island. As long ago as A.D. 635 it was an episcopal see, and no less than sixteen prelates, one after the other, filled the Bishop's throne, beginning with the universally well-known St. Aidan, and ending with the less-noticed Eardulph, who seems, nevertheless, to have had his share in the wars and tumults of wars that fell to the share of the Church at that time.

In those days the Kings of Northumbria held their court at Bamburgh, now only a small fishing and seaside resort; and here it was that Oswald, who was more than half-civilised, reigned in St. Aidan's day. His residence in Scotland had taught him the value of Christianity as a medium for spreading the blessings of civilisation amongst his barbarous subjects; and he was therefore quite ready to lend a helping hand to all efforts which tended to spread religion in his dominions. Aided by King Oswald, St. Aidan chose Lindisfarne as the home of his priestly brethren; and very probably he congratulated himself upon the choice he had made, hoping to find safety there from marauding foes, and trusting to the sea to secure it from molestation and depredation. Alas! in those days nothing was safe. Even holy places were wrecked; and Aidan's little sanctuary, built partly of stone and partly of timber, was three times levelled to the ground by the restless Danes, who ran their flat-bottomed boats ashore here, and pillaged and plundered at their own sweet will, only retiring when they had set fire to the sacred buildings.

THE RUINS OF LINDISFARNE PRIORY.

It must have needed patience and faith to triumph over obstacles like these time after time. But in 868 an unusually severe incursion drove the little band of faithful monks from their island home to seek a shelter and a refuge on the mainland amongst the sheltering hills and dales of Northumbria; and for a period of two hundred years, or so, the sound of holy chant and psalm was hushed upon the spot where prayer had been wont to be made.

All this time the monks were not idle. Wherever they went they established centres of usefulness. Churches were built, and the people were taught; and to this day the torch of truth is still burning in many a remote upland or lowland village, where the pious fathers of the faith had lighted it so many hundreds of years ago. Then a new day dawned upon Lindisfarne. Ædward, a monk of distinguished piety and wisdom, determined to revise the work, and rebuild the Priory; and thus, in 1093, he embarked upon the undertaking. Being endowed with the spirit of true patience, he succeeded, and the ruins, amongst which we wander to-day, are those of Ædward's Priory church, a building of noble yet beautiful proportions, and of almost unrivalled and unique situation. All that we see now only goes to show how much we have lost; for in the days of its magnificence and splendour Holy Island must have been a most stately and imposing fane.

At that time men were content to spend their lives over their work. They were content to do a little, *and* a little; perfecting each part as they advanced, until they arrived at a complete whole. And at Lindisfarne it is pleasing to note how these later builders incorporated into their work those earlier traces of still older builders with which the place abounded. So we observe a carved stone of Saxon workmanship in the north-western tower, bearing the "head of a sheep, with the tail of a fish"; and recent excavations carried on under the watchful care of the Vicar, have revealed some most interesting facts concerning the lives and occupations of the former inhabitants of the now lonely Priory.

Of necessity these men were a warlike race. Their sacred buildings were fortified, so that here we have an edifice half-fortress, half-church, in which, with a ruined piscina and fragments of an altar, we find no less than four cannons, and some stone balls, which must have been originally intended to be used as cannon-balls. This gives us a stirring picture of the lives of holy men of old. If they did not exactly pass their days like Scott's warriors in Branksome Tower, of whom we read:—

> "Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword, and spur on heel:
> They quitted not their harness bright,
> Neither by day, nor yet by night;
> They lay down to rest
> With corslet laced
> Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
> They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

Still, sword and buckler were never very far away from the hands that were uplifted in prayer, and that toiled so laboriously for the good of others; for in the ancient records there are still preserved lists of the various

weapons and armour which formed part of the priestly accoutrements in those warlike and bygone days.

The priests were, in spite of their prowess at arms, much given to deeds of piety and charity. They seem to have lived simply and industriously, and to have regulated their lives by rule, devoting many hours to the services of their church. Their vocation forbade the accumulation of personal wealth; but the priests who served at the fisherman's church received the munificent sum of £2 13*s.* 4*d.* annually, a sum which did not allow of much extravagance by the way!

With many alternations of prosperity and adversity, the monks contrived to hold their own until the reign of Henry VIII.; when the Priory was used as a "victualling station for the military," and much injury was done in various minor ways to the ancient fabric. Bishop Sparke held the place in trust "for the King's use; for his cart-horses (during his occasions to use them)"; with the proviso that "the Bishop should be otherwise recompensed." And thus its downfall commenced. Later on, Lord Walden finished what had been begun, by robbing the Priory right and left, and walking off with whatever took his fancy, or that of his men; until hardly anything was left. And, in addition to these acts of spoliation, the whole place passed away into private hands, in which it has remained until now. Within the last few years, however, much time, and no little money, have been spent in excavations, and the relics that have been brought to light are most interesting and important. So many of Northumbria's spiritual heroes have been connected with Lindisfarne, that it cannot fail to engross our attention. The great St. Cuthbert himself, to whom the Priory is dedicated, passed no inconsiderable portion of his life here, amidst the sound of the beating surf, and the cry of the wild sea-gulls, as they soared around that older sanctuary that was so rudely razed to the ground by the Danes. The Saint's days passed in calm unbroken meditation, varied only by occasional retreats to the neighbouring island of St. Catherine's, where he spent certain portions of each year in prayer and fasting. And his affections appear to have so deeply rooted themselves in his island-home, that he was led to the still greater solitudes of Farne Island, where he built a cell, and where, after many changes and chances, he ended this mortal life in May 688. His body was brought away by the pious monks, and buried at Lindisfarne; but even here he did not rest long; and only after wandering aimlessly from place to place, did it find a quiet tomb in the chapel of the Nine Altars, at Durham, where it has been the object of veneration to the faithful in all ages, from that day to this.

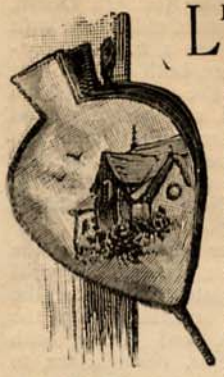
It may be well to note that Lindisfarne is said by the historian to be the more ancient name of the island, the other one having come in later, when the odour of sanctity had attached itself to the men who had made it their life-long home.

Holy Island may be reached from the mainland by fording, by boat, and by wading; and even, at low tide, by simply removing shoes and stockings. And in recent years the Roman Catholics have made several pilgrimages to the sacred spot on which St. Cuthbert and St. Aidan knelt and prayed, and watched and toiled. Life on Lindisfarne must be somewhat of a Robinson Crusoe style of existence, interspersed with numerous exciting incidents. To reach it one may at certain seasons partake of not a few adventures. But be this as it may, not the least interesting of the many historic "remains" in wild, rugged beautiful Northumbria, is this ancient home of the faith, the island of Lindisfarne.

MARY S. HANCOCK,
*Author of "Sydney's Inheritance," etc.*

## HOW TO PREPARE A SICK-ROOM.

BY MAY COCHRANE.



LIGHT and air are the two great essentials of animal and vegetable life. The situation and ventilation, therefore, of the sick-room are matters of the utmost importance. Many a patient has died in consequence of his surroundings rather than of his disease. Light and air purify, restore, strengthen; they are free, God-given medicines. Miss Nightingale says, "It is not only light, but direct sunlight, that the sick need. The best rule is, if possible, to give them direct sunlight from the moment he rises till the moment he sets." The sick-room should therefore be the sunniest in the house. It should also be as large and lofty as possible, for the sick frequently suffer from a nervous sensation, as though walls and ceiling were about to crush them. The smaller the room also the greater the difficulty of ventilation without draught. A quiet room is most desirable. Trampling overhead, and sounds heard through a thin partition, are even more annoying to an invalid than noises in his own room; for he can see the cause of the one, which therefore works on his imagination to a painful degree.

The next step is to clean and furnish the selected room. It is common knowledge now that oil-painted (or varnished paper) walls and stained floors are the most healthy arrangements for bedrooms at all times, in cottage or in mansion. Where this knowledge is acted upon, the work of preparing a sick-room is lessened, and the chances of its inmate's recovery increased. Carpets, hangings of all kinds, large pieces of furniture, and the contents of any cupboards there may be, must be banished. These things harbour dust and disease germs, besides occupying valuable air space. The walls must then be carefully dusted from top to bottom; all the woodwork, including the ledges over the doors and windows and the interstices of the skirting-board, must be wiped with a cloth wrung out of hot water mixed with Condy's Fluid or Sanitas. If the patient is to come in at once, the floor must not be scrubbed, but rubbed, well and hard, with damp cloths.

The less furniture there is in a sick-room the better for its inmate. The bed should be six and a half feet long and three and a half feet wide, with a woven wire mattress and one of hair. Feather beds are utterly inadmissible, as they retain the exhalations from the sick, and cause the skin to re-absorb the very poison that nature is trying to throw off. They cause bed-sores, and fatigue both nurse and patient. The hardest mattress is preferable. If you are obliged to use a wide bedstead, do not let the patient get into the middle of it; lay him at the side. You can then attend to his needs with greater comfort for him and less risk for yourself. No under blanket is required, and the lower sheet should be firmly fastened with large pins to the outside edge of the mattress, to prevent the wrinkles which help to cause bedsores. The sheets should be cotton, not linen. Abolish the counterpane—it is heavy and unhealthy; a clean sheet over the blankets will be light and tidy. A bolster is not needed, and there must be neither valances nor curtains to bed or window. All that is required for the latter is a dark green or buff blind. The bed should stand out of the draught, away from the wall all round, in the lightest part of the room, and where the patient can see out of the window. Hang

a thermometer on the wall nearest the bed, on a level with the invalid, and keep the temperature as close to 60° as possible; never let it rise above 65° or fall below 55°. A washstand, one or two small tables, some wooden or cane-bottom chairs, a chintz-covered arm-chair and foot-stool for the nurse are required. A screen is also useful, but a clothes-horse with a shawl pinned securely on it is a good substitute. Mark any boards in the floor that creak, and avoid stepping on them; have wedges to cure rattling windows and door; a piece of stick and a pair of gloves should take the place of the noisy poker and tongs.

"The first rule of nursing is to keep the air of the sick-room as pure as the outside atmosphere without chilling the patient." Our next step must therefore be to secure a sufficient outlet for the bad air and inlet for the fresh air. The outlet is found in the chimney, which must never, under any circumstances, in any room, be stuffed up or closed. A fire is an invaluable assistant in purifying a room, as it hastens the outrush of the used-up air. The inlet for fresh air is the window, not the door, which must always be closed, or the bad air from the house will find its way into the sick-room. The window should be kept open at the top, two inches at least, both day and night. If this causes a draught, firmly tack a piece of gauze across the opening; this will break the draught and also keep out dust and damp. The gauze should be frequently washed. If the window will not open at the top, you must get a piece of six-inch board the length of the lower sill and shut the window tightly down on it. This will leave an opening between the sashes through which the outer air can enter. Do not be afraid of fresh air; people do not catch cold in bed if they are properly covered. Of course when your patient is sitting up, or being washed, the window must be closed. The way to test the purity of the air of the sick-room is to come into it straight from the open air, and if the room seems close there is something wrong with the ventilation, heating, or cleanliness that must be remedied.

It is cruelty to let a sick person lie, day after day, with nothing but the bare walls to look at—blank spaces on which his imagination paints gloomy and horrible pictures. The preparation of the sick-room is not complete until we have hung up one or two good engravings where they can be easily seen. But, above all, flowers, cut or growing, with their bright colours and lovely forms will cheer and soothe the trying hours of pain and weakness. Strongly-scented flowers are to be avoided, as heavy perfumes depress the nervous system. Miss Nightingale is a great believer in the beneficial effect of flowers in the sick-room, which they not only brighten, but purify, by using up the poisonous carbonic gas and throwing out the life-sustaining oxygen needed by the sufferer.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

(AUGUST 24TH.)

HE bore an agony whereof the name
Hath turned his fellows pale;
But what if God should call us to the same;
Should call,—and we should fail?

Nor earth nor sea could swallow up our shame,
Nor darkness draw a veil;
For He endured that agony whose name
Hath made his fellows quail.

*From Verses by* CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## OUR PARISH CLUBS.

BY KATE MEREDITH.

"A PENNY saved is a penny gained" is a maxim, the abstract truth of which is allowed by most people. Comparatively few, however, put it into practice, and even then probably only in principle, by locking away pennies collectively in the shape of some silver coin.

A recent invention would seem to imply that nothing less than silver is worth saving; but there are people to whom a penny is a penny indeed, and who, if they could only save in sixpences, would never save at all. They are to be found living under thatched roofs in quiet country villages as well as in the dull stretches of four-storied tenements in crowded city streets. The pennies are perhaps more easily earned in the towns, but are sooner parted with by reason of the dearness of things and many temptations.

It ought not to be such a difficult matter to refrain from buying what is only a luxury, or, at any rate, not an absolute necessity, in view of future need or benefit; but human nature is apt to run into extremes. You have either the miser dying in a garret of starvation with £200 in gold beneath his pillow, or you have men and women of intelligence—and in other things a keen eye to their own interests—spending their "little all"—living up to their income, be it small or great,—without a thought of a possible rainy day.

The minority who are willing to save find the money burning the proverbial hole in their pockets, and have recourse to various plans to keep strong their praiseworthy resolutions.

A Chubb's lock, however, will not keep some people from squandering their hard-earned savings, if only they have the key; much less the trouble of reaching down the cracked china cup from the high mantel-shelf. The children among us must have money-boxes that cannot be opened till they are full, unless you break them, and their elders go further and put temptation out of reach by giving their savings to somebody else to keep, with the added inducement that if they will only save for long enough they shall be rewarded with bonuses and interest.

It is out of this inability of human nature to keep their savings that our parish clubs have arisen.

There may be some who say, "How can the poor save at all?" The answer is, they can, and do. Lord Bacon says "it is better to look after petty savings than to descend to petty gettings." At the present time we know of a gardener and his wife receiving twenty-four shillings a week, not total abstainers (so the gain is not by saving beer-money), who put by regularly three shillings a week—an eighth of their income—in the parish clubs.

There are generally several kinds of benefit clubs in a parish.

(1) The provident or bank, from which they receive their savings back in cash, with a bonus if not withdrawn till the end of the year. Whole families may be found belonging to this, the parents paying sixpence each and the children threepence weekly; it is evidently a settled sum laid aside regularly by the careful mother. The amount put to the

children's names does not probably belong to them, but will be spent eventually for them, and this plan has the advantage of early inculcating a thrifty spirit. The poorest children, however, spend many halfpennies on sweets, which they are encouraged to take to the bank or *providence*, as they often call it.

Of course, when work is scarce, or the members are not methodical in their efforts to save, the contributions come in either in pennies literally, or only now and then, but it is a step gained when they are at any rate enrolled in the provident club.

(2) There is the coal club, an even greater boon, and many a mother's heart grows lighter at the certainty that when Christmas Day comes round, whatever else they lack, they will not be fireless.

Here they receive their savings only in kind, the orders being served on some dependable coal merchant, who delivers at each door the number of sacks to which they are entitled.

(3) The shoe club is invaluable where there are children. Boots are a serious item in the family clothing account. They cannot be bought in small quantities—one boot is of no use—and, unless the money can be saved gradually, it comes to this, that the week the boots are wanted something else (by no means unnecessary) must be done without or left unpaid.

(4 and 5) The dispensary and blanket clubs. The advantages of these are obvious. In the former, by payment of threepence a week, a man with his wife and several children get medical attendance at their own homes, with any sort of medicine at twopence a bottle. In the latter a pair of really good blankets are obtained and paid for fully by the weekly instalments at a lower rate than they could be bought anywhere else.

It is an interesting morning's work to receive the pence for these various clubs; one gets glimpses of the lives and characters of the contributors.

The thrifty wife of a man in regular work, who doesn't spend his wages in drink, will bring her cards herself. Why shouldn't she? The elder children are at school, and the younger ones come with her. Monday morning is associated in most feminine minds with an unvarying quantity of "busy-ness," but this woman with the regular and sufficient sum to spend every week needs not to go out "charring," but can devote her whole time to making her home comfortable. Her social duties being less, too, than those of her sisters a few rungs higher up the ladder of society, she can find leisure, even on a busy Monday morning, to come to the clubs herself. She is tidily dressed, and her cards are produced from a cheap though neat satchel.

By her side stands a woman equally thrifty and hard-working, but unkempt and frowsy—her hands still red and damp from the washtub.

"It's hard for her to put by a penny," she will tell you. "She never knows how much she will get from Jones, though he is in regular work," and so she "goes out" five days a week, and Monday is the only time she can "do a bit of washing" for herself. The earliest comers are usually old people with plenty of time on their hands, who are glad to have a rest before wending their slow way home again.

Most of the cards, however, are brought by children of all ages (and degrees of cleanness), time and labour being often economised, when one child brings several belonging to the neighbours as well.

A certain little maid I know of, not more than nine years old, comes with six or seven cards. She knits her brows in anxious thought, as she hands each over with the words, "Sixpence on that, twopence on that, threepence on the coal," etc., and she never makes a mistake. But when you see her pushing the baby in the "pram" she looks just as "whole-hearted" about it—as if it was the only thing she had to do in life.

Her manners leave nothing to be desired, which cannot be said of many of the girls, who bang down their money without a "please," or "thank you"—or of the boys who forget to take off their caps, and begin to whistle.

You can generally tell by the look of the cards from what kind of homes they come. Some arrive in little cotton bags, and are as clean at the end of the year as when they were given out. Many are so soiled and greased you can hardly write on them, and they are not altogether pleasant to touch.

A mother will sometimes come to explain the non-appearance, or appearance in two pieces, of her card by saying that the children were playing with it and burnt or tore it; and, except that it is neither the time nor the place, you feel inclined to read a homily on the advisability of providing out of her savings other toys than the family banking books.

Now and then one comes face to face with a deeper trouble.

An anxious-looking woman says she wants to draw out the money, and to the question, "Can't you keep it in a few weeks longer and get the bonus?" she answers, with tears in her eyes, "My husband is ill, and I want it to pay the rent."

It is well for her she has it to draw out, and I for one would be likelier to look up and help that struggling woman than one who, when she could, never tried to help herself.

Not unfrequently death has visited a home, and a little store will obviate the dread necessity of being buried by the parish.

Sometimes it is withdrawn for a happier purpose.

Better work has been heard of elsewhere, and the money is to be used for the "move." The furniture is not "much" probably, the only things not strictly useful being the framed coloured portraits of the father and mother, taken soon after they were married, when, though money was not more plentiful, calls were fewer.

Those portraits not useful did I say? Their use is surely lasting, and they are worth moving if the sight of them ever reminds one or the other, in the midst of present worries and perhaps mutual recriminations, of the time when love and help and sympathy were apparent and not buried virtues.

Or, there is an excursion to some seaside place. An adult's ticket (including tea) may be had for three or four shillings, and a child's for one shilling and ninepence. It will be a long day probably, with several hours in a crowded train—an early start and a late return, with the chance of it turning out wet after all.

But the money is well spent when they can have seven or eight hours by the "briny ocean," which, whether azure blue, breaking

"In ripples on the pebbly beach,"

or grey and dark flecked with white fleecy heads, is still the sea they have so often heard of, and perhaps never seen before; and when they come back they have left a good many little worries behind them, and have no added burden to carry in the thought that their pleasure has yet to be paid for.

A good deal has been said about the "careful mother" and nothing of the careful father; not because men never

save, but rather because it must rest chiefly with the working man's wife whether any money is to be saved at all. The wife has much in her power, not only in a judicious outlay and a checking of waste, but in making the home so comfortable that the husband shall not be tempted to spend money in going elsewhere.

Even if the man drinks, his wife may, by dint of hard work, manage to lay by something, but let the woman become intemperate, and there will be no pennies to take round to the clubs on Monday morning.

Is it objected that the aim of all this saving is a selfish one? It can hardly be so, since there are few who have only themselves to think of; and the missionary boxes in Sunday Schools and mothers' meetings prove that the saved pennies are not all spent even on their own families. If much cannot be accomplished in this big world of ours with the sums put by in our parish clubs, there must be benefit somewhere, if only in the strength of character acquired in the effort to exercise the virtues of temperance, forethought, and self-denial.

## A NIGHT IN A HERRING-BOAT.

BY THE REV. A. M. FOSBROOKE, B.A.,

*Curate of Stoke-on-Trent.*

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon when we started from Port Erin. There were eight of us on board, seven fishermen and myself. The dingy having been hauled up, and the sails hoisted, in a few moments the strong breeze blowing carried the *Puffin* out of the bay, and westward towards the Irish coast. We had a mackerel-line out, and, though the boat was going much too fast for satisfactory fishing, about half a dozen were caught before evening. The sky became dark and cloudy, and before long the rain descended in torrents, so as to make one thankful for the oilskins, sea-boots, and sou'-wester which a sailor had kindly lent. About 8 P.M. the sky cleared, and we were favoured with a beautiful sunset. The wind fell, and practically no further progress could be made, so it was decided to "shoot" the nets. We were now about mid-channel—the Manx coast on the one hand and the Mourne Mountains on the other being distinctly visible. A large number of puffins and other birds were flying about, which made the men think they might have a successful night. The sails were lowered, with the exception of a small jib; and as the boat slowly moved on by means of this one sail the net was cast out, it being connected at intervals to a strong rope, called the "spring-back," the same length as the net, the purpose of which will be explained in a moment. The two are connected together by one of the men as they are thrown out. Let me try and explain the nature and position of the net as it lies in the water. On the surface there are large cork floats about every ten yards; from these hang down thin ropes, called the "straps," about nine feet long, which are fastened to the spring-back mentioned above; from this, again, hang thin ropes, called the "legs," about twelve feet long; these are fastened to the rope along the top of the net, which is called the "back," and the net itself, weighted at the bottom to keep it perpendicular, is about thirty feet deep; so that from the surface of the water to the top of the net is about twenty-one feet, to the bottom of the net fifty-one feet. The length of the net is about one mile, or sometimes longer than that. The object of having the net so far below the surface is partly, of course, as being more favourable for catching the fish, but also to enable any ship which might happen to cross the net to do so without causing any damage. Even still, a ship drawing a great deal of water, such as our ironclads, will sometimes carry away their nets, to the great loss of the fishermen.

The whole of the net having been "shot" out, the large mast is lowered by an ingenious device, in order that the boat may not roll so much in a rough sea, and also to prevent the wind catching her so much. A small sail at the stern keeps her steady with her head to the wind. A light is put up as a danger signal, one man stays on deck to keep watch, the rest retire for the night, and there the boat lies tossing about on the rolling waves, looking very much like a wreck, with her mast lying down and her ropes hanging loosely about.

Before we lay down to rest in the small cabin an impressive little incident occurred. An evening hymn was sung, and prayer offered by one of the men (several of them take it in turns), commending themselves and their loved ones to the care of our Heavenly Father, and asking Him to "preserve to them the produce of the seas." It was the prayer of a rugged, uncultivated nature, and perhaps, in some respects, would seem offensive to refined minds; but it came from the heart, and so was undoubtedly well pleasing in His sight. This is an old time-honoured custom among the fishermen; it is still kept up on many of the boats, though not on all. Would to God that we could all so realize His presence with us in the midst of our daily work!

> "How would our hearts with wisdom talk
> Along life's dullest, dreariest walk."

One cannot help being struck by the nobility of character displayed by the great majority of these hardy toilers on the deep. They are temperate in their habits, pure in their conversation, and godly in their lives. It was rather a remarkable fact that all my seven companions that night were total abstainers. Nothing of an intoxicating nature is allowed on board the *Puffin*—surely an argument against those who say that for men who have to work hard, and are exposed to the severities of the weather, intoxicants are *necessary*!

It was very hot and stuffy with seven of us in the small cabin, about three yards long by two yards wide, and a hot fire in the grate on an August evening! This heat and the rolling of the boat in a rough sea were very conducive to sea-sickness. I was not sorry when at 3 A.M. the day began to dawn, and all hands were called on deck to haul in the net. This, of course, is the most interesting part of the proceedings. The net is not drawn in from the two ends, enclosing the fish, as many of us might suppose, but just hauled in from the one end in the following manner: Two men work at the winch, hauling in the spring-back (the long, thick rope). The boat is thus gradually drawn along by the weight of the net. Another man unfastens the cords connecting the spring-back to the net; two others haul in the net, and set free the fish; one arranges the net in order in the hold as it comes in, another coils up the springback in another part of the hold; so that the seven men are all really required for the work. The fish are caught by swimming into the net and getting fastened by their gills in its meshes; then, as the

net is hauled over the bulwarks, they are pulled off one by one, or, if the catch is a large one, they are shaken off on to the deck by jerking the net.

Unfortunately, the fish seem to be leaving the Irish Sea; for the last four or five years only very few have been caught. Only four hundred were taken on this occasion, and many a night they do not take so many as that, whereas in the good days they would take as many as the boats could carry. They have sometimes been known to take as many as one hundred mease (a mease = five full hundreds of one hundred and twenty each). One cannot help feeling great sympathy for the fishermen in the poverty and distress which seem to threaten them at present. The hauling of the net took over an hour; then the mast of the boat was re-erected, the sails hoisted, and her bow turned towards home. We caught a few more mackerel with the trawling-line while returning.

Breakfast was prepared on board, consisting of coffee, bread-and-butter, and a *real fresh* herring, which was most delicious. The sun rising over the Manx hills, and lighting up the sky with very varied tints, made a beautiful picture. A strong, favourable wind bore us on at a great speed, and by 8 A.M. I was back again in Port Erin Bay after a very interesting and enjoyable experience, feeling glad that I knew more of the process by which our herrings are caught, and could understand and sympathise better with our sturdy fishermen in their hard and often perilous life.

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THE BEST TEACHER.—"I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind."—DR. ARNOLD.

## POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,
*Editor of "Fowls."*

### III.—ACQUIRING STOCK.

HAVING completed the poultry house and run, our next move must be to find suitable tenants. A glance at the advertising columns of *Fowls*, which is the only weekly journal entirely devoted to poultry keeping, will reveal many tempting offers. Yet we would advise the new beginner not to be too precipitate in making a choice, but first of all fully determine what object he has in view in establishing a poultry yard. It is simply and purely as a hobby? Is it to secure new-laid eggs for home use? Is it to breed table-poultry, and thus provide, now and again, a home-grown dinner? Or is it a love of feathered pets, stimulated by a visit to some poultry show which has fired the new beginner's enthusiasm to cultivate a few beautiful specimens such as delighted his eyes on that memorable show day? Or perhaps it may be a judicious blending of pleasure and

business—an interesting hobby turned to a profitable account, or something to do when the day's ordinary work is completed.

Now, in making choice of a breed we shall do best, without a doubt, if we give these matters proper consideration, and direct our method of procedure accordingly. A bad start quickly leads to dissatisfaction, and terminates in a bad ending. To end well it is necessary to begin well. In nothing is this more true than in poultry keeping. How often we hear people say, "Oh, I mean to keep a few fowls! I don't care what sort they are. I only want some new-laid eggs, and a bird now and again for the table." Consequently, they imagine their wants limited, and so they think the price should be limited, and the man who will sell the cheapest secures their custom.

It is this—this buying of rubbish—which works incalculable harm. How often it is, after a few weeks' or a few months' experience, when the ardour of a first love has cooled, that the recently imported tenants have notice to quit, or the sentence of doom is pronounced upon them; meanwhile their owner loudly proclaims that they do not pay; whereas it is not that poultry keeping does not pay, but it is this cheap and nasty method of starting and prosecuting it which fails. The vendors of poultry are not the shallow-brained folk novices imagine them. They are fully as cute as those carrying on other trades, possibly a shade cuter; and when they have good birds they know it, and do not distribute them at the first offer of a few pence. Far better is it to buy half-a-dozen good birds than twice the number of inferior ones; for remember, the good ones cost no more to keep than the bad ones, though they make all the difference in the world in the appearance of the annual balance sheet. Besides, there is always more pleasure, more pride, more satisfaction every way, in possessing fowls that are worth looking at, than such as can be seen surmounting the summit of every dung-heap from John O'Groats to Land's End. "What beautiful fowls those are of yours! Where did you get them from? What do you call them? How do you manage to keep them in such perfect health and lovely plumage?" These are the kind of remarks the real, enthusiastic, determined-to-succeed kind of poultry keeper likes to hear. Every visitor is welcome (except the nocturnal gentleman!), and he feels a proper sort of pride in showing his favourites. All the villagers speak in high praise of Harry Feather's birds, and no visitor to the big house or the humblest cottage can sojourn long in the place without being interested both in Harry Feather and his fowls. They see he loves his pets, they observe his care, they note his industry, they remark on improvements, they discern the good use he makes of leisure hours, they are proud of his successes. Yes, in many ways, a Harry Feather is a most desirable object lesson in any village. He will not look at bad fowls; he will have good ones. "Improve, improve!" is his poultry-yard motto. And folks think Harry improves, too, and forms a striking and elevating contrast to many another village lad who spends life's leisure hours playing pitch-and-toss in the roadway, and his hard-earned wages in the public-house.

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"Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life; it's more than food and raiment."—DR. ARNOLD.

TRUE COMFORT.—"We have the comfort of thinking that, with the heart once turned to God, and going on in His faith and fear, nothing can go very wrong with us, although we may have much to suffer and many trials to undergo."—DR. ARNOLD.

## TOM AND TOMMY.

### *A TALE OF THE GARRISON.*

BY ETHEL JONES,

*Author of "The Search for Daisies," "The Story of Penelope," etc.*

THEY were the greatest chums, they lived next door to each other in the right-wing, married quarters, they went to the garrison school together, and stood up for each other against bigger boys, and, most conclusive of all, they divided all stray coppers and sweet-stuffs that fell in their way.

Then something occurred which upset everything.

It was at the School treat, when all ought to have been fun and jollity and good temper. Tom and Tommy were standing together in front of the long table on which the different prizes were arranged so prettily; they had just finished an enormous tea, and were occupied in wondering what was to come next.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Wright, two of the ladies of the regiment, were getting ready to present the prizes; they had drawn off their gloves, and looked quite business-like.

Tom—he was the bold one—crept cautiously nearer the table; then his eye caught something, and he blushed a rosy-red. Right in the centre of the white cloth were two lovely things—a shining silvery sword with a sabretache and all accessories, and a splendid red leather writing case or desk. The sword *was* a real beauty, almost as big as a grown-up soldier's. Each article had a small ticket on it, on which Tom plainly distinguished *T-h-o-m-a-s* written; he was too excited to read more.

Now in the regiment—it was rather remarkable—there were only two Thomases, and of course every one knew who they were.

Tom, quivering with excitement, stole back to his waiting chum.

"Tommy," he said "I believe that sword is for me. I told Mr. Jones"—the schoolmaster—"I wanted one badly."

"Oh my! It is a beauty! I am glad," returned Tommy, ungrudgingly. With chums it is safe ground to surmise that one generally gives up and defers to the other.

"I'll lend it to you, Tommy, see if I don't," went on Tom.

"*Silence!*" The schoolmaster rang the bell, and there was a sudden hush in the crowded gymnasium.

The list of names was called out, and Tom's patience was much imposed on as his waiting period grew longer. At last Mrs. Miller held up the desk; the sword could not be far off.

"Thomas"—a pause, apparently she was engaged in deciphering the surname.

"That's you, Tommy," nudged Tom.

"Thomas Rockstro."

"Quick! don't loiter, Rockstro," called Mr. Jones impatiently.

Tom managed to go forward somehow, and get through his salute in the proper military fashion, but he felt it horribly all the same. No more enjoyment for him that evening. He knew in an unheeding, unresponsive fashion that Tommy had received the sword, and was holding it up for inspection. He escaped presently from the noise and glare, and ran home, for once in his life without his faithful companion, who rambled about unsuspiciously, wondering wherever he had disappeared.

Tommy could not help feeling pleased he had the sword—who could? But as the week went on, and Tom

avoided him in every possible way, he grew miserable. He was cute enough to recognise the bone of contention, and resolved, after sundry deliberations and much anxious thought, to bear it no longer. So he went and knocked next door, and to his joy found Tom alone inside, gloomily poring over the fire.

"Tom," he cried, dashing into the subject with an appearance of great unconcern, "Tom, please exchange. Let me have the desk and you take this sword,"—holding it out persuasively—"as you like it best. I don't mind—that is, not much," truthfully.

"Don't you really?" said Tom eagerly.

"No. Only be friends again, please, Tom."

"Oh, all right," returned Tom, grasping the coveted beauty affectionately. "But, remember it is your free will, Tommy," he added suspiciously, as a thought of the keen-eyed, sharp-voiced mother next door darted across his mind.

"Yes," murmured the other huskily, however.

"There's the desk. It's really worth more; it's full of paper, and envelopes, and pens, and I haven't touched a thing," said Tom, delivering it over.

Tommy had a good cry in bed that night, things were so crooked, and Tom did not seem as if he half appreciated the sacrifice. The latter was indeed a little ashamed. When his chum had departed he had time to think. Then Mrs. Rockstro came in and caught sight of the sword.

"Well I never!" she said. "If that isn't Tommy's sword."

"It's mine now," said Tom defiantly.

"You have never been and taken it from him?"

"I gave him my writing-case for it."

"And he so fond of the sword," pursued Mrs. Rockstro. "Why, his mother told me only yesterday that he *would* take it to bed with him, and even kissed it just like a baby when no one was looking. I wonder at you, I do, being so selfish as to deprive that little chap of it. You ought to ha' been contented with your own nice present."

Mrs. Rockstro's words haunted Tom in his dreams all night. He hated the sword when he looked at it next morning; the possession of it was not half so satisfying as he had imagined. He looked forward eagerly and yet fearfully to seeing Tommy, but his mind was soon set at rest on that point. Tommy was not at school either that day or the next. He had the "mizzles" said his little sister, but he was getting on all right, and the doctor said he must be kept warm. Tom, who had already had that common complaint, spent some days in enforced retirement from Tommy because the baby might catch it; but at last he was free, and made up his mind once and for all.

Tom took the sword from the drawer, where it had lain the last three weeks, and paid a visit in his turn. Mrs. Wood, Tommy's mother, was ironing busily, and only nodded as he walked into the back part of the large room, which was curtained off as a kind of sleeping apartment.

Tommy was sitting by the fire; his cheeks were feverish and his eyes bright, but he smiled pleasantly as the other advanced with his hands behind him

"Tommy, I have brought it back. I know you want it really. I was a pig to take it."

"Oh, Tom, do keep it, please."

"No. I'll play with it sometimes, if you like, but I sha'n't do anything else. That's settled, so don't bother."

Tom was very determined. Tommy knew him of old, and that it was no good to entreat further.

"Then take your desk, please. I'm afraid it's a little scratched, but I let it fall when I was ill in bed."

"No, you're to have it; it's my present to you to amuse you while you're indoors. It's no use to me. I shall throw it in the fire if you give it to me," and Tom looked very fierce indeed.

It would be difficult to say to whom the sword belongs now—Tom or Tommy—it is divided so impartially between them. Queer things happen sometimes, and a little bird whispers that a certain human fairy, who has heard the story, is preparing a grand surprise for Tom and Tommy next Christmas, and I should not be surprised if swords had not something to do with it.

## 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.)

### Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xxvii.)

1. With which of the Collects for Morning Prayer and with which verse in Rom. viii. may the first verse of this Psalm be compared?

2. Of what two women mentioned in the Gospel of St. Luke may verse 4 remind us?

### Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm lxvii.)

1. In which of our Church Prayers do we find marked reference to one part of this Psalm?

2 "The light of God's countenance" is here connected with the thought of His mercy. Where do we find it connected with the ideas of satisfaction, victory, being saved, and (three times over) with that of being "made whole"?

### Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalms xcv. and c.)

1. How do these Psalms agree, and how do they differ, in what they tell us about God?

2. What corresponding difference may be found in what they tell us about the worship of God?

### Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxix., last portion.)

1. What is there in the General Confession and in Isa. liii. to remind us of what is said in the last verse of this portion?

2. What is there in the same Confession to remind us of what is written in the beginning of this portion?

## 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.)*

UNKNOWN AND WELLKNOWN.—A certain man whose name we do not know for certain—although we do know that, in its English form, it did not begin with a B or an S, but may have begun with an A or a Z—is yet mentioned by name more than once in the Book of Genesis. We also know that his name occurs in the Books of Exodus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, and other Old Testament Books. Probably, also, in the Book of Revelation. It seems highly probable that the man in question was kind to animals. It is almost certain, that, on one occasion, he was cruel to man. How can these statements be made good and explained?

## "WHEN DORA MAKES THE TEA!"

'Tis lovely in the sunshine when Dora makes the tea,
And we have a sort of picnic, with no one but we three!
Of course we ask dear Fido, and Kitty comes as well,
But we make believe they're servants, and call them with a bell!

'Tis fun to see them watching and waiting till we've done,
'Tis fun to pay them wages (little bits of penny bun!).
Then sometimes Fido's sulky, and turns his back to Kitty!
Why cannot dogs and cats agree? it does seem such a pity.
Their tempers make them dreadful cross and very rude and fretful;
And then, you know, the worst of all, they are—oh, so forgetful!
Still, after all, one can't complain, for boys and girls get grumpy,
And sometimes sit and scowl and frown when they are in the dumpy!

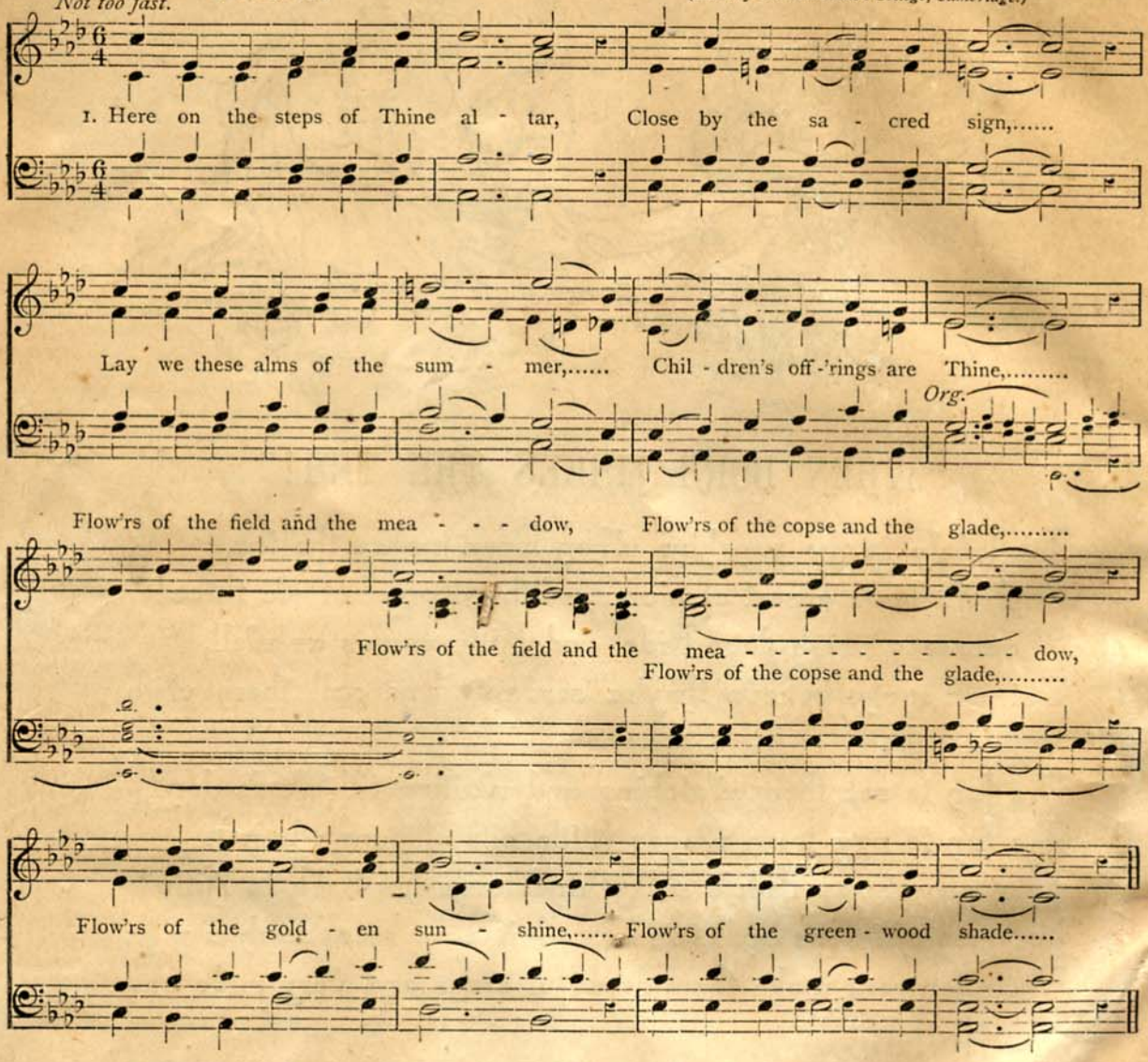
But we can't help being jolly when Dora makes the tea,
And we sit out in the garden with no one but we three!

# Hymn for a Children's Flower Service.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

*Words by the* VERY REV. CHARLES STUBBS, M.A. *(Dean of Ely.)*

*Music by the* REV. W. T. SOUTHWARD, M.A., Mus.Bac. *(Dean of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.)*




2. Rose of the hedgerow brier,
Careless, and fresh, and gay;
Rose of the lordly garden,
Queen of the garish day.
Bluebells that grow by the wayside,
Daisies that smile at our feet,
Lilies we find by the brookside,
Mallow and meadow-sweet.

3. Common, and dear, and lowly
All—we offer to Thee,
Give to be given as love-gifts,
Love in simplicity.
Yes, but do Thou, O our Master,
Take but the gifts we bring,
Touch them—they bloom with Thy blessing,
Pledges of endless Spring.

4. Take them, these children of summer,
Messengers joyous and glad,
Filling God's Hostel with fragrance
For hearts that are weary and sad;
Take them, sweet benisons, wafted
From angels of lawn and of lea,
Gifts to the least of Thy children,
Given, dear Saviour, to Thee.