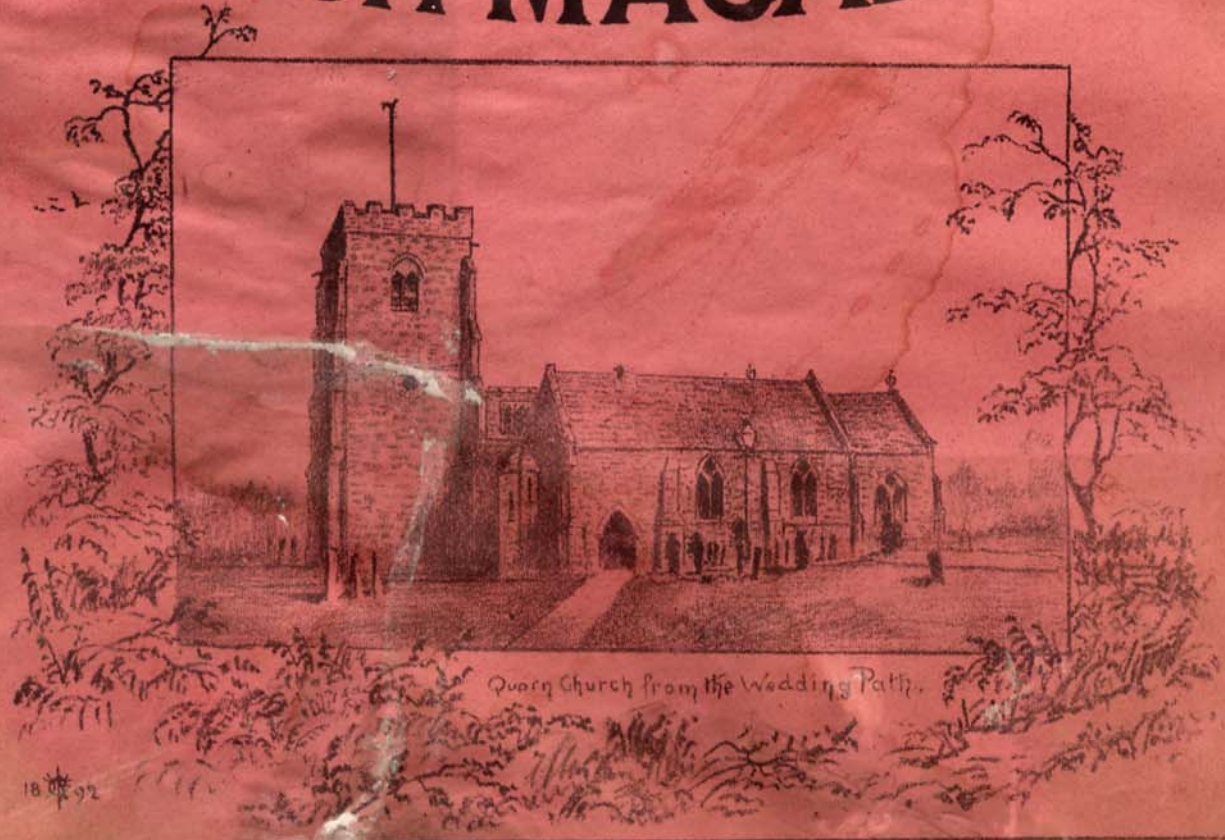


OCTOBER

1894.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S
QUORN
PARISH MAGAZINE



S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

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

Thursday, October 18th.—Festival of S. Luke, the Evangelist.

The Festival of S.S. Simon and Jude will fall on Sunday, the 28th.

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

Oct. 7.	Numbers xiii.-xiv.-24,	} Hymn to be learnt— 3 (First Part.)
14.	" xvi. 1-10.	
21.	" xx. 1-13.	
20.	Revise	

Baptisms.

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

Sept. 1st.—Herbert William Giles.
 9th.—Esther Mary Ellen Pepper.
 16th.—Marshall Mee.
 Elizabeth Ann Disney.
 Bernard Allen.

Marriages.

Sept. 4th.—Henry Facer and Lucy Ellen Rue.

Burials.

Sept. 20th.—Henry Edward Hole, aged 52 years.
 22nd.—Thomas Wykes, aged 59 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Church Expenses.	Special.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sept. 2nd—	0 6 7	1 9 1	
9th—	0 5 4		
16th—	0 7 7½	2 9 1½	
20th—			1 17 1½
23rd—			5 19 8½
Poor Box—	0 0 3		For Hospitals.
Totals	0 19 9½	£3 18 2½	7 16 10

Hymns.

	Holy Com.	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Oct. 7th {	323 194	160 320	242 3 13	180 174 28
14th {	—	4 199 254	194 3 331	107 184 12
18th {	—	—	—	261 433 24
21st {	—	140 176 270	165 3 23	167 164 27
28th {	261 194	261 160 439 164	—	261 432 215 437

PARISH NOTES.

During this month signs of the approaching winter will be gathering round us, and we are reminded of certain work that must be begun. First: The CLOTHING CLUB must be settled up so that goods may be bought before the cold weather comes on. All holders of cards please take notice to pay them up by Monday, Oct. 8th, and to leave them to be made up that day. They will be given out again on the following Monday.

Secondly: The MOTHERS' MEETINGS will begin at the Coffee House on Monday, October 22nd, at 2.30. Old and new members will be welcomed.

A very important matter seems likely to be settled during the month. We have more than once spoken of the resolution which was passed at the Easter Vestry in favour of freeing the seats in the Parish Church. The Churchwardens have now come to the conclusion that the time has arrived to carry that resolution into effect, and a meeting of the present pew-holders has been called to consult upon the measures to be adopted when the Church is freed.

The Mission at Mountsorrel, for the workmen at the reservoir, will be opened on Monday, October 1st, in the presence of the clergy of the neighbouring parishes.

The amount collected for the Negro Boy Fund at the meetings that Mr. Lawson addressed was £2 1s. 1d. September 17th (Afternoon), £1 9s. 1d., and September 19th (Evening), £0 12s. 0d.

There is now in hand for this fund £6 5s. 0d., so that we only need £0 15s. 0d. to make up the £7 for the year. We shall hope to get two collections before Advent (December 2nd) so that we may have something in hand towards next year.

The following letter has been sent to our African boy:—

"To dear Bartholomew Mmenyanga, at Newla, Central Africa.

"I write another letter to tell you that I and all our children here remember you still, and love you dearly. It would make us very sad to hear that any evil had happened to you, or that you had done any bad thing. We are trying to be good, and to keep from wickedness. It is difficult for us sometimes, as it is for you. Try hard, dear boy, to serve God as the Lord Jesus Christ has taught us. We have just been thanking God for making the corn and other things

"grow for our food. God is very good to us in this country. He gives us plenty of corn to make bread, though there are very, very many people. In our village there are nearly 1000 people—and this is quite a small place—yet there is enough for us all. We never have the locusts come to eat up the corn as you do. It is colder here than it is where you are, and we have to wear thick clothes. I have a picture of you and I see that you do not wear any shoes. All our little boys wear thick shoes to keep their feet warm and dry. You do not wear anything on your head. Our boys all wear hats to keep off the hot sun and the rain. You would not be able to live here for sometimes it is very cold, and our boys would not be able to live with you, because it would be too hot. I hope you have seen pictures of English people so that you may know what we are like.

"If you will write to me again I will ask the children to bring you a present, and I will send it to you, so that you may know that we love you.

"May God bless and keep you, dear child.

Your loving friend,

EDWARD FOORD-KELCEY

Quorn, England,
September 25th, 1894."

The collections at the Harvest Festival this year came to £0 11s. 0d. less than last year. This small difference is easily accounted. Besides the beautiful part of the decorations—and surely they were never better—there was a good contribution of useful things, so that a large sack of potatoes was sent off to the Loughborough Dispensary, besides a basket of other vegetables.

On Sunday, October 14th, there will be collections for the Archidiaconal Educational Fund.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

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

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



REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VII.—THE BISHOP OF EXETER.



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT
REV. EDWARD
HENRY BICKER-
STETH, D.D.,
Lord Bishop
of Exeter,
was born at
Islington on
January
25th, 1825.
His father
was the well-
known Ed-
ward Bicker-
steth, so
many years
Rector of
Watton.

The Bishop
graduated
at Trinity

College, Cambridge, and won the Chancellor's Medal for English poetry three years in succession. He was ordained in 1848 to the curacy of Banningham, Norfolk, and in 1852 became Curate of Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells. In the same year he was appointed Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset. In 1855 he was preferred to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Hampstead, where he laboured with conspicuous zeal and devotion for the long period of thirty years. While his parish was at all times his chief concern, he nevertheless managed to take a considerable share in the work of the Church Missionary Society, and there can be no doubt that the cause of missions generally is under a debt of gratitude to the Bishop which it is impossible to over-estimate.

Upon the translation of Bishop Temple to London in 1885, Mr. Bickersteth was called to the See of Exeter, his consecration taking place in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Mark's Day. From that time to the present the Bishop has devoted himself to the care of his large diocese with indefatigable earnestness, and has been most happy in organizing special conferences and receptions which have brought him into touch with all classes of Church workers.

The Bishop is widely known as an author, his poem, *Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever*, having passed through several editions both at home and abroad. Among his other works may be named, *The Rock of Ages*; or, *Scripture Testimony to the One*

VII. 10.]

Eternal Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; The Blessed Dead: What does Scripture reveal of their State before the Resurrection? The Risen Saints: What does Scripture reveal of their Estate and Employments? The Two Brothers, and Other Poems; The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond; Practical and Explanatory Commentary on the New Testament; while as a hymn writer and Editor of the *Hymnal Companion*, the Bishop has rendered great service to the Church at large. The Bishop has contributed to our own pages on several occasions, and one of his hymns, *Peace, Perfect Peace!* has been a comfort in the hour of trial to countless multitudes.

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

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AUSTRALIAN CHILD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SANDFORD.

I WAS said the fairies used to shower
On some favoured infant's cot
All the gifts within their power
To enrich its happy lot;
Wealth and charms of looks and mind
Gave these fairies, good and kind.

Is the earth less bright that now
These are held but fancy's dreams?
Is there less in joys which flow
From a mother's love that gleams
In every look she casts on thee,
As thou playest merrily?

Is his heart less true and warm,
Beats it less with love to thee,
As, within thy father's arm,
Thou leapest up with shout and glee,
Fearing-naught whilst, at thy call,
He guards thee safe from hurt or fall?

Gwynnith, dear, thou know'st not yet
All their love and watchful care,
All their hopes upon thee set,
Finding voice in praise and prayer,
Better far than fairy's wand
Choicest blessings to command!

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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 VII.

A WORD IN SEASON.



THOSE who are left behind often stand in as much need of sympathy and help as those who go forth on big ventures and in quest of fortune.

To that sentiment Mrs. Jessop would have agreed, and so would Dick. Certainly that young gentleman had a grievance. It was he who had set the emigration ball a-rolling, and having done so he had been promptly ordered to stand aside. The poor little chap was sorely disappointed; nor was he to be consoled till Captain Playfair had solemnly promised that if he was a good lad and got on at school, he, the captain, would in due course find him a berth on board his own ship, and so start him advantageously for a life on the ocean wave. Polly, too, was in need of consolation; but she sufficiently found it in the increase of domestic duties and the added importance that came to her in consequence of Sybil's departure.

But poor Mrs. Jessop had a sorrowful time before her. Reginald especially she missed at every turn; and she also missed the income, small as it was, that her two elder children had brought in. And, as though to prove the truth of the adage that "misfortunes come not singly," the villa, on the rent of which the widow mainly depended for support, fell vacant, and remained unlet for half a year. The consequence was that for a time Mrs. Jessop and her two children were reduced to absolute penury. Not even the Playfairs knew what privations they were called on to endure.

On his return from America Mr. Turner had called, and endeavoured to cheer the widow by giving her as hopeful an account as he honestly could of Reginald and Sybil. He had seen them off in the train from Quebec. Both were in excellent health—Sybil bright and hopeful, Reginald full of earnest purpose and quiet determination. But Mrs. Jessop did not seem to be much interested, while of the importance of the

change that the clergyman described as having taken place in her son, she did not appear to have any conception at all. Reginald had always been a gentleman, she said quietly, and it would not be possible for him to act otherwise than as such. On the whole, Mr. Turner was disappointed with the interview, and soon took his leave.

About a week after Mr. Turner's visit the Jessops were having tea with the Playfairs. This was now a pretty frequent occurrence, and one to which Polly and Dick looked forward with pleasure. The fact was, that while the fare at home was excessively meagre, Susan made most excellent cakes; and good Mrs. Playfair never seemed so happy as when pressing the children "to make themselves at home, and eat all they could." Dick privately confided to Polly that while fully appreciating what "eating all he could" meant, he did not see the connection between that process and "making himself at home." "Mother Playfair's teas wasn't one bit like home," he said scornfully.

On the present occasion the hot cakes, etc., having been satisfactorily dealt with, Dick finding it rather a "slow tea-party," left the ladies, and sauntered out in search of more genial companionship. A moment later he rushed in with a letter in his hand.

"I say, mother, here's a letter from Sybil! Good luck I happened to come along just as the postman was going away from our door."

Mrs. Jessop took the letter with more eagerness than was customary with her, and began to read.

"Any news about Reggie? Has he got on a farm yet?" queried Dick, after he had waited in patient silence for a minute or two.

"Don't flurry me. I've not come to anything about the dear fellow yet," said Mrs. Jessop nervously. "It's all description—the big trees in the park at Vancouver; the lovely sail to Victoria; how pretty the harbour is; how like England it seems. Dear, dear me, as if we cared about all that!" And so, murmuring to herself, she skimmed down the paper that shook in her trembling hand.

"I'd like to hear about those trees, and about the sort of boats they have there," said Dick meditatively.

"Hush, you naughty fellow! and don't disturb your mother," whispered Mrs. Playfair.

And Dick, who always acted on that lady's suggestions, was quiet at once. Then, finding the tension of keeping his mouth shut too strong for him, and no news of a sensational character being forthcoming, he turned and left the room.

"Such an unsatisfactory letter," said Mrs. Jessop plaintively, as she looked up from her reading. "She says scarcely anything about herself, only that she is well, and likes the business. She does not even say what it is. She gets big pay; but it seems everything is very dear, and they have no coin under twopence-halfpenny."

"Oh my, what an odd place it must be!" cried practical Polly. "It must be proper queer not to be

able to get a pen'orth of tea or sugar or anything. I wouldn't like to live there, anyhow."

Mrs. Jessop glanced reproachfully at her unmanly offspring, and heaved a pathetic sigh.

"Come, Polly, I want you upstairs. You know you haven't mended your frock or looked at your lesson for Sunday School," said Susan, rising and holding out her hand.

"No, more I haven't," assented the child. Then, with a slight shrug of contempt in the direction of her mother, she rose and went away to her tasks.

"And is there nothing at all about poor Reggie?" inquired Mrs. Playfair sympathetically.

"Oh yes, just a postscript at the end; I had overlooked it in my hurry. This is it: 'Reggie is at New Westminster, a place you go to by electric car in about an hour from Vancouver City. He has got employment there, and says he hopes he will like it. I am to tell you from him that he will write as soon as he is settled; but that in the meantime you must keep up your spirits, and not be uneasy about him. I may tell you Reggie seems ever so much older than he was when he left home. He has become awfully 'serious'—a good thing in the end perhaps; but he is not half as good company as he used to be.'"

So, with a few affectionate messages and some rather forced chaff, the letter ended.

"I call it all very unsatisfactory, very disappointing," said Mrs. Jessop, fidgeting about nervously. "Sybil says hardly anything about herself or her brother, and the little she does say leaves the impression that some cloud was hanging over them."

"Oh, you mustn't think that," responded Mrs. Playfair. "Remember they have not had time to settle down or get accustomed to the country. They cannot see into the future, and, very sensibly I think, do not wish to say much about it."

"Oh, but I thought they would have been sure to drop into something good at once—such a handsome, clever fellow as Reggie is; and as for Sybil, it's not often you come across a girl like *her*!" cried poor Mrs. Jessop.

Mrs. Playfair smiled at the maternal vanity. "Well," she answered in her kindly way, "perhaps they have both dropped into something good before now. We must wait for the next letter, and be hopeful."

"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Jessop impatiently. "It's easy for you to talk; you never seem put out about anything. You've grown accustomed to partings and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Yes, perhaps I have," was the quiet reply. "I have certainly had to part with my dear ones very often."

There was a quaver in the voice and a far-away look in the steadfast eyes that put the petulant widow to sudden shame.

"There, my dear Mrs. Playfair, I did not mean to hurt you or to say anything rude or unkind or unbecoming a lady; but you do seem to take things

so quietly; I often wonder at you. Why, if I had a son or—or a husband at sea, I'd worry myself to death about them; I know I should. But I daresay you can't understand that feeling. Some people are so much more sensitive than others."

"I can understand it well enough, my dear," replied Mrs. Playfair, with a gentle smile; "and there was a time when I used to worry a good deal; but I am thankful to say that has all passed away long ago."

"Ah, just what I said. You have grown accustomed to the Captain and Tom being away."

This was said rather triumphantly.

"It is not that," said the good woman, as she took her friend's hand and fondled it. "It is because I have been enabled to trust them both to God. They are safe, these dear ones of mine, with Him; and I rejoice to believe that they feel as I do. When I was first married—yes, and till after Susan was born—I used to fret myself, and lie awake at nights listening to the wind, and imagining all sorts of things. Then my husband would come home, and laugh and tell me what a good voyage he had had, and how that he had been asleep in his bunk just when I was crying and looking out at the scudding clouds through the blinds. He used to chide me, and tell me I ought to have more faith; but for a long time his talk had no effect upon me. Then there was one lovely summer night. He was expected to dock in the morning, and I said to myself, 'He must be quite safe and happy.' I had company in that night. We laughed and sang and danced, and did many a foolish, light-hearted thing. Well, next morning they brought my husband home to me, and laid him on his bed. Just off the bar, after sailing nine thousand miles in safety, his ship had been run down by a steamer in a fog. There were five widows in Liverpool that morning, and it was by the mercy of God that I was not added to the number. My husband had a most narrow escape; he was picked up quite exhausted, and it was months before he fully recovered his health. He was never



TEA WITH THE PLAYFAIRS.

so near death as at the moment when I was laughing and dancing and thinking nothing about him. I began to learn my lesson then, and since then I have learned a good deal more."

"If you will excuse me saying it"—and the widow spoke with an air of dignified authority—"I do not think it was quite becoming to give a party at such a time."

"Perhaps not, admitted Mrs. Playfair, with just a shade of impatience; but we were young then, and had many friends. My husband liked me to enjoy myself, and there was nothing wrong, nothing for me to be ashamed of."

Mrs. Jessop was pleased that she had unintentionally turned the tables on her would-be counsellor. She spoke quite encouragingly, not to say patronisingly.

"Oh, nothing wrong, of course—no one would think of such a thing in connection with you; but I only meant to give a hint on the point of propriety. You see, I have mixed a good deal in society; I was not always in my present position. I can quite understand what a shock that accident must have been to you, what a lesson it taught as to the uncertainty of life. Surely I know that—know it as well as any one."

She stopped speaking, with full eyes and a bitter compression of her thin lips. Doubtless her thoughts had wandered far away, behind that dark veil that hung across the background of her present life.

If good Mrs. Playfair had experienced a passing emotion of anger, the sight of that pathetic, suffering face softened her at once.

"My dear friend," she said quietly, "let me speak to you plainly. It is no use to fret about the uncertainty of life; it was not that I was thinking of. The sorrow of the world worketh death, and so does the worry and anxiety of the world. That is the lesson the Lord in His goodness has taught me. You talk about my being accustomed to part with Tom and his dear father, and perhaps you imagine I have got hard like; but it's not so. I think my heart is softer than ever it was; and certainly one gets to think less about themselves and their own personal pleasure as life goes on. But every night I commit those I love, and for whom I live, to our Heavenly Father's care. Somehow I feel that He is watching over them when I am asleep."

"But sailors are sometimes drowned, for all that," said Mrs. Jessop snappishly.

"Yes, that is just it," was the calm response; "and that is why I said there was no use fretting and complaining about the uncertainty of life. A man can die but once, and in one way, as my dear, brave husband says. And what matters it how or when he dies, so that he has made his peace with God? Should it be the Divine will that Tom or his father should perish at sea, I would try to believe that God knew best, and I would try to accept His will."

"I envy you your faith," said Mrs. Jessop, impressed in spite of herself.

"It is but a poor, weak thing, and not to be envied,"

replied Mrs. Playfair, smiling. "I mean there is no need to be jealous, for you can have as good a faith, or a better, for yourself. You have had many advantages, dear Mrs. Jessop—advantages of education, of——"

"I know," interrupted the widow, "I know I am not ignorant as some are; but I confess I have never been accustomed to look at things in this fashion. I do not mean that we were not religious people. My dear husband always paid for a pew in church—yes, for a whole pew—while others who could afford it just as well were content with two or three sittings. He was always most liberal with his money, poor fellow; and you know how particular I was about having Reggie and Sybil confirmed."

The seaman's wife—simple, earnest, true—looked into the pinched, petulant, and still pretty face before her. She looked straight into the faded blue of the lacklustre eyes, and her honest heart went forth in yearning pity towards this poor creature, who seemed, so far, to have lived and suffered in vain.

"I am thinking," she said, "of what Mr. Turner said in his sermon the other night: 'God seeks not ours, but us.' We can't do anything for Him by which He is the gainer. The only thing we can really do is to give *ourselves*; all else comes after that."

"I am sure it is very kind of you to take such an interest in me," replied Mrs. Jessop; "but, as I said just now, I have not been accustomed to think of these things in the same way as you seem to do. A great deal depends on how one has been brought up. But now, if you'll excuse me, I shall say good-night. This letter has upset me, and I want to think over it quietly. You can send Polly in when Susan is tired of her. Don't let the child tease you or annoy you with her uncouth ways."

After the departure of her guest Mrs. Playfair sat for a long time thinking—thinking, dreaming, aspiring, hoping, praying for the deliverance and enlightenment of a darkened and burdened soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

DARK DAYS.



MR. PLAYFAIR'S faith and patience were destined to be sorely tried, and the lesson thus afforded was not without its effect on Mrs. Jessop.

Captain Playfair's ship, the *Firefly*, was considerably overdue, and soon disquieting surmises began to

be expressed about her. She had cleared from San Francisco for Hong Kong on a certain day, but since then mail and telegraph had been silent as to her fate.

For some time Mrs. Playfair seemed to take the matter very quietly. The *Peruvian* was almost due, and she busied herself as much as possible with anticipations of Tom's return. In some way she associated husband and son together, and talked as though the safe home-coming of the latter would be a pledge that all was well with the former.

"At all events," she said to Susan, "the dear boy will cheer us up, and perhaps he will have something to suggest about the cause of his father's prolonged absence."

The disappointment was all the harder to bear therefore, when, the very day before the *Peruvian* was to enter the Mersey, a letter, *via* New York, announced that Tom was not on board.

The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I've but a few minutes in which to write this letter, so that you may have it before the *Peruvian* gets in. I wouldn't like to think of you or Sue coming to meet me or hearing what I have to tell about from any but myself. I've had a famous offer made me; yet I don't know as I'd have accepted but for one reason, that perhaps you may guess. It happened this way. You know I got a bit talked about for what I did in patching up the shaft of the *Peruvian*? Well, a few days ago, one of the bosses of the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railway that means) came along and offered me a berth aboard one of the 'Empress' steamers, that run from Vancouver to China and Japan. It was grand promotion for me, and the big men at our office in Montreal said I ought to accept, and that they would not stand in my way. So it was settled right off, and I've to start by rail right across America the day after to-morrow. You know there is one person I'd like to see out that way, only I don't know that there will be time this trip.

"And now, mother darling, I must wish you and Sue a long good-bye. I'm thankful for this opening, but I'd be much happier in slipping into it if I could have had a run home first just to see you all, and have a kiss and get your blessing. Well, I know I'll have your good wishes and your prayers. I calculate you'll have father safe home before this letter arrives. Give him my love, and say I'll write full particulars after the first run. Perhaps I'll be coming across him some of these days out China way, if he continues to take that route.

"Now I must really say good-bye. Be looking out for a letter. I'll drop a line from Vancouver if I can manage it; but if you don't hear, my brave old mother will not be uneasy. God will take care of her boy.

"Your loving son,
"TOM."

"Well, mother dear, we ought to be thankful he has got such a good appointment, and I daresay we shall hear more about it from some of his mates on the *Peruvian*. Mr. Jennings is sure to come to see us."

Mrs. Playfair smiled as she looked into her daughter's innocent face. The fact was that this Mr. Jennings was the "slap-up" personage whose liberality had made such a favourable impression on Master Dick, and of whom Susan, in common with the rest of her family, was supposed "to think no end." That he was greatly interested in Tom there could be no doubt; but that Tom's sister had something to say to the length and frequency of his visits to Leafy Lane was more than probable, at least, in Mrs. Playfair's judgment. So Susan's suggestion met with a hearty response.

"Oh yes, he is sure to come up to tell us all about Tom's good fortune. There is no one will rejoice at it more sincerely. But, oh, Sue, how I do long to have your dear father at home. We might all be so happy then."

And then the poor woman's pent-up feelings got the better of her, and she began to sob.

"Mother, darling, you must not give way like that," urged the girl lovingly. "We may have good news of father any day, or any hour. The same God who has been mindful of us in the past will not desert us now."

"I know that, dear," replied Mrs. Playfair; "but somehow I had come to build so much on Tom's return. His brave, honest face would have cheered us in itself; and now he thinks father is with us, and that we are all quite happy."

"Well then, let us be glad that he does not share our anxiety. You and I have borne our troubles together before now, mother; and we are not going to give in this time, are we?"

And Susan put her arms round her mother's neck, and gave her a hearty kiss.

"I think," said Mrs. Playfair, with tears in her eyes, "that poor Mrs. Jessop depresses me. All seems so dark to her, and, in trying to raise her up I fear I have been dragged down myself."

"Indeed, you have been a great help to her, poor soul!" cried Susan eagerly. "She was saying so to me only this morning. She said that at first your patience and hopefulness made her quite angry; but that now she envies you, and longs to know for herself what it is that makes your life so bright."

"Come, did she really say that now?" And the good woman brightened up immediately. "Well, I have always said, Sue, there is nothing like trying to help some other poor body if one wants to get helped themselves."

"Yes, you've said it, and you've done it too, mother dear. You taught me to be ashamed of my selfishness when I was quite a little girl, though I fear you undid some of the good by spoiling me and doing too much for me."

And Susan bent her head lovingly till her cheek rested against her mother's.

"There now, Sue, don't talk like that; you were always a good little girl—except when you were naughty," remonstrated Mrs. Playfair through her tears. "But just think what a thing it would be if we were allowed to help this poor wandering, weary soul to come to the Lord! It's worth having one's own troubles just to learn how to hold out the hand to others. I'm sure whenever St. Peter held out his hand to help any one, he recalled how he had clung to the Master when the boisterous waves had frightened him."

"Yes, mother, we must do our best," assented the girl.

Thus planning together for the good of another, these two God-fearing women found solace in their own dark day of anxiety.

Mr. Jennings duly called, sang Tom's praises "through all the moods and tenses," cast sheep's eyes at Sue, won further golden opinions from Dick, and then went away. He was frank and pleasant throughout; only when they asked him what was being said in shipping circles about the *Firefly* his answers were evasive and constrained.

Thus the days passed heavily, till one morning Mrs. Jessop hurried—we had almost said bounced—into her friend's house with the joyous announcement that she had received a letter from Reggie.

"The darling boy writes so nicely and so modestly about himself! It seems he has left New Westminster, and gone to a place called Kamloops, up among the mountains, and ever so high above the sea. He had not been feeling at all strong, and hopes the change will be beneficial. It seems he has met with some one to appreciate him at last, a gentleman named Parkinson, who was glad to have his help, and treats him as a friend. The dear boy seems quite surprised and grateful; though, of course, I, knowing

his worth, feel that he has only met with his deserts. It's Reggie's fault that he does not sufficiently appreciate himself. Just listen to this—

"I cannot be thankful enough to God that He has sent me a friend—a true friend in this far-off land. I was very low, I can tell you now, mother, when Mr. Parkinson found me. He has been like a brother rather than an employer to me. He is a splendid fellow, and I can never repay him. Already I feel the better for the change of air and free dom from anxiety, and if only health and strength are granted me, I hope to

make some return for all that has been and is being done for me."

"Dear lad! All so modest and gentlemanly, is it not?"

There was a slight pause, and then Susan said, not without emotion:

"He seems to have been very ill."

"Oh dear no! nothing of the sort," protested Mrs. Jessop vehemently; "not ill, only a little indisposed. His constitution was always sensitive and highly strung, and no doubt he missed the comforts of his home at first. But see, there is something about Sybil! He was with her for an hour or two, and thought her looking well—yes, well, though rather anxious, whatever he means by that."

Neither mother nor daughter spoke

while Mrs. Jessop re-perused the precious document, turning from one page to another, and reading under her breath.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, after a little, "here is something that concerns you, Susan. Listen to this:—

"I often think of you all. Indeed, the dear faces of those at home seem to be never quite absent, waking or sleeping. I hope Susan is well and happy; happy she deserves to be, if ever any one did. Tell her I am much changed, and that I doubt if she would know me now. But I think I am getting to know myself, and that is the great thing after all.



"WE MAY HAVE GOOD NEWS ANY DAY."

Perhaps I will write to her some day, but not just yet."

"Now, you see, my dear, what a treat is in store for you!"

So the fond mother babbled on, reading extracts, dilating on her son's graces and abilities, hunting up "particular bits" that were always escaping her, till at last she was quite exhausted; then she went back to her own house.

"There is something about the tone of that letter I do not like; it makes me feel anxious—" began Mrs. Playfair.

A sharp cry from Susan, as though wrung from one in mortal pain, arrested her.

"What is it, dear child? Are you ill, or—or—is it news—bad news?"

Susan still held the morning paper that she had casually taken up in her grasp; then they read together the fatal paragraph:—

"Advices from Shanghai report the total loss of the barque *Firefly* of Liverpool, which has long been overdue. Details are not yet to hand, but it is supposed that all on board have perished."

Cold, brief, to the point. One glance was sufficient to take the whole agony in!

(To be continued.)

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.

WHERE, we ask, is the proof to be found of the assumption that the State gave to the Church the property that she possesses in lands, cathedrals, parish churches, and endowments? Are there any ancient royal charters setting forth this alleged fact?

There are none, so far as the most diligent research has yet ascertained. If there are such charters, let the advocates of Disendowment say where they are to be found.

Are there any statutes of the realm declaring that the endowments of the Church come from the State or nation?

Not one!

Even Henry VIII., when he robbed the Church of a large portion of her endowments, never based his claim of right to do so on the assumption current in these modern days, that "the State, having given the Church her endowments, has a right to take them away." If he did make such a claim, let the opponents of the Church produce or refer to the words of such claim either in a letter or other document under his hand or contained in any statute of the Parliaments of his reign.

Has Parliament up till the present time, by any resolution or other formulated statement, laid claim to its right to take away from the Church her property, on the grounds that "as the State gave it to her the State has the absolute right to take it away"?

Parliament has never formulated any such claim.

But even if the State had given to the Church her property, on what possible honest and equitable grounds could the State arbitrarily deprive her of it after hundreds of years' possession, so long as she is using it for the purposes for which it was originally given?

Though the State gave numerous grants of lands and other property to individuals, institutions, and corporations, it does not lay claim at its will to deprive them of its possession. A gift may be absolute or conditional. If absolute, the recipient of the gift may use it as he thinks fit, without any responsibility in accounting for its use to the donor. If conditional, it is admitted that the donor has a perfect right to demand the return of the gift, if the condition of its bestowal and receipt be not fulfilled.

In either case, even if the State had bestowed upon the Church of England her property, her right to its possession cannot be called in question. There is not a charter, or Act of Parliament, or deed that has hitherto been brought to light purporting to show that any property has been given to the Church which indicates that the gift was other than of an absolute character.

All donations of property, whether in land, buildings, or moneys, given to the episcopal and parochial corporations of the Church, were given to "God and His Church," or to the Holy Church, or to "the honour and glory of God," or were given in some such words of dedication, without any other restrictive conditions being attached to the gift.

Such words as "for the benefit of the nation," or "for the benefit and use of the nation," or "for the advantage and use of the public," or "to be held by the Church until the public, or nation, or Parliament shall otherwise determine," are never to be found in any royal charter or statute of the realm or deed of gift in the settlement or confirmation of the settlement pertaining to any Church property. The State, indeed, in troublous times, has frequently robbed the Church of portions of her property, but by no formal declaration did it ever show itself so ignorant of the origin of Church property as to lay claim to its ownership on the grounds that it had given it to the Church, and that therefore it had a right to resume possession of it at its pleasure. But even if the State had given the Church her endowments, and given them conditionally, we have a right to inquire of the opponents of the Church: What are those conditions? Where are they set forth, and to be found? We know of no such conditions.

But suppose that they were given on the conditions that the Church should use them for the moral and spiritual benefit of the nation. Where is the proof that she has ceased so to use them? Where is there a Church or institution in any country in the world that is doing so much for the people of the land in which it exists as the Church is doing for England?

Wherein has the Church on the whole failed in her mission more than any existing institution composed of fallible men might be expected to fail?

The Church is, we admit, far from perfect in her organisation, administration, and work.

But what religious body or institution in the land can lay claim to exemption from such imperfection?

She deprives none of her opponents of the moral and religious advantages which she is able to afford to the people of the land by the possession of her endowments. If they do not avail themselves of such advantages, it is entirely their own fault.

Their being debarred from them is the result of their own act and deed. They can relinquish them when they will, and resume the use of them when they please.

But because they do not value them, or because they may even despise them, that is no just ground why they should seek to deprive their fellow-countrymen of such advantages, or try to abolish them altogether.

No! the endowments of the Church are of private origin.

They were not given by the State.

They are in no sense "State property," or "national property," or "public property," according as those terms or phrases have ever yet been defined in any statute of the realm, or, indeed for that matter, in any standard dictionary.

A PROMISE FOR PARENTS.

"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring."—Isa. xlv. 3.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

PARENTS have one great object of anxiety which others have not—their children. And Christian parents have one which other parents have not—their children's spiritual welfare. In the eyes of worldly parents this is little; but to Christian parents there is nothing greater.

Now, here is a promise full of encouragement to such. It was the promise of Jehovah to the pious Jews of Isaiah's time, with regard to their children and posterity. The parents feared the Lord; but, in those evil times, would their children after them fear Him? In that generation there were yet a few godly men; but, as things seemed to be going from bad to worse, would any such be found in the generations that were to follow? Yes; the Lord promised that so it should be. He would pour forth His Spirit, He would preserve a godly seed, He would draw one after another to Himself.

The believer may take to himself the promises made by God to Israel; and this special promise the Christian parent may apply to himself and his children. It is full of encouragement to prayer, and effort, and faith.

The figure is one of the plainest, and one often used. Water here means the Spirit of God and His blessing; and by the dry ground we are to understand the hearts of children—whether still children, or grown up: "him that is thirsty" we may apply both to the child not yet renewed by the Spirit, and to the parent thirsting for the Spirit to come to his child.

Every heart, both of parent and of child, is dry ground till watered by the Spirit of God; every one till then is *thirsty*, in the sense of having no water; but it is only the renewed heart that thirsts for God, as *desiring* Him. A Christian parent, then, thirsts and longs, not only on his own account, but for his children too—to see in them some sign of turning to God, some token of His grace.

For this many godly, prayerful, and painstaking parents have to wait long. From the cradle the mother has taught her little ones, from their earliest years both father and mother have trained their children for God, and prayed for them, and set them the example of a godly life; but hitherto no sign of grace in them has appeared. Their children are like other children; in some cases they have even gone far in sin. Often have the parents' hopes been raised, but only to be disappointed; a striking sermon, a serious talk, a startling event, has seemed to make an impression, but it did not last; and sometimes a son or daughter has seemed humbled and softened, but nothing came of it; and the parents, so often dis-

appointed, are cast down. Will the blessing ever come? Will they ever have the joy of seeing their children come to God? Has not God forgotten to be gracious?

No! God never forgets to be gracious. One thing He is teaching such parents very plainly—that *they* cannot change their children's hearts. This is a most important lesson. But what should follow upon it? More earnest prayer. Not an effort should be relaxed, not one outward means should be neglected or discontinued; but all should be done with a more entire trust in the grace and blessing of God alone. What they find they cannot do they should the more earnestly beseech God to do.

Promises should not only lead to prayer, but should give a tone to prayer, making it earnest, hopeful, and trustful. Parents plead the promise with God! Plead it in your Saviour's Name; ask the Lord, for His dear Son's sake, to pour His Spirit upon your seed, and His blessing upon your offspring!

Observe the words, "I will pour water," "I will pour floods." This is no mere drop or dribble of blessing; all here is copious, full, and free; and *sure*, too, for God says "I *will*"; not "perhaps I may," but "I *will*."

In some cases the blessing comes down on a family precisely in this way, God *pours* forth His blessing, and at almost the same time turns several of the offspring to Himself. In other cases, and more often, they are turned to Him one by one, at different times, and by different means, in a way agreeing more closely with the words that follow the text: "And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

Let us leave the Lord to fulfil His word in His own way, and at His own time; only, let us be sure that He *will* fulfil it. Whether the Spirit be poured as a flood, or come more softly like the rain and dew upon the grass, or the gently flowing watercourses that feed the willows by their banks, it is the Lord Himself that works, and that by a life-giving power in the heart.

Parents, never lose sight of such a promise as this! Use all means, be watchful and diligent, live a godly and consistent life before your children; but all the while keep the eye of faith firmly fixed on the Lord Himself, and so await His time. You can but lay the tinder, the spark must come from Him; or, to keep to the figure of the text, you can but prepare the dry ground, and lay it open to the shower, and thirst for its coming; but the shower itself must come from above, and these floods have their source in God alone. But He will never fail those who seek Him through Jesus Christ. Therefore "tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord."

HYMN FOR A DEDICATION
FESTIVAL.

LORD, behold us with Thy favour,
Hear our prayers, our praises hear,
As we offer our thanksgiving
To Thine honour year by year;
We are sinful, Thou art holy,
Thou in heaven, on earth are we;
Yet we dare to come before Thee,
Dare to lift our hearts to Thee.

Praise we render for the blessings,
All unnumbered as the sand,
From Thy treasury exhaustless
Showered by Thy gracious hand;
For the Father's love creating,
For the Saviour's cleansing tide,

For the Spirit's grace, we praise Thee,
Made, redeemed, and sanctified.

For the Font's Baptismal Waters,
For the Altar's Feast Divine,
Ministered in changeless order
By the sacred threefold line;
For Thy Spirit's holy unction,
For the living Word's blest page,
For Thy Church's creeds undying—
Her enduring heritage;

For the memories we treasure
That to this our home belong,
Hours of sweet and high Communion,
Matin prayer, and Evensong,
For the lessons Thou hast taught us,
Taught by joy, and taught by pain;—
Lord, for all Thy countless blessings,
We uplift our festal strain.

Thankfully our hearts remember
Whom our eyes no longer see,
Knowing, though the veil conceals them,
They with us are one in Thee,
Ever one, for One our Father,
One our Church, and one our Creed—
They who worshipped here before us,
One with us their latest seed.

Grant us, Thine own royal priesthood,
Lord, like them to work, to pray,
In Thy world and in Thy temple
Sacrificing day by day;
Then, our earthly worship ended,
And our earthly labour done,
Bid us worship, bid us labour,
There, where work and prayer are one.

E. A. WELCH.

VEN. BEDE VICARAGE,
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.

GARDEN WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PREPARE beds for planting out cabbage by digging and dressing with well-rotted manure. Transplant the strongest plants about the end of the month. Dig up beetroot, parsnips, and carrots. Store them in sand, so that in the winter they may be easily got at when required. Dig up also potatoes, and store in a dry place. Transplant the August-sown lettuces in a warm exposure. Celery should be earthed up in dry weather. Hoe the later planted cabbage, broccoli, and other vegetable plants, also spinach. Loosening the earth greatly promotes their growth. Dig up all vacant spaces of ground.

Fruit Garden.

Fruit trees of nearly all kinds may be transplanted this month. Prune plum, apple, cherry, and pear trees, also gooseberry and currant bushes. Propagate gooseberries and currants by cuttings and suckers.

Flower Garden.

Transplant into the places where they are to remain perennial and biennial flower plants. Propagate, by parting the roots of polyanthus, primrose, hepaticas, campanulas, London pride, pansies, Michaelmas daisy, etc. These often grow into large clumps, thereby covering more ground than can be spared, and the plants are benefited by the roots being thus divided. Plant bulbs of all kinds. Plant evergreen and flowering shrubs.

EXETER CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton; Hon. Sec. of Derby and Wolverhampton Congresses; Editor of "Church Congress Official Reports 1882 to 1893."

THE thirty-fourth meeting of the Church Congress is to be held at Exeter during the present month. The attendance at recent Congresses testifies to the increasing popularity of this great annual gathering of churchmen, and is a good and sufficient answer to those who have been wont to declare that Congress has seen its best days, and is nearly played out as an annual assembly. In the last seven years the number of members' and day tickets sold have been as follows:—

1887.	Wolverhampton.	2,567 members,	641 day tickets.
1888.	Manchester.	4,450 "	1,531 " "
1889.	Cardiff.	2,348 "	691 " "
1890.	Hull.	2,303 "	1,023 " "
1891.	Rhyl.	3,225 "	37 " "
1892.	Folkestone.	3,343 "	827 " "
1893.	Birmingham.	4,396 "	2,082 " "

A considerable number of evening tickets were also sold at each Congress. The numerical success, and the acknowledged usefulness of the Church Congress, have led to the institution of similar meetings in Scotland, Canada, the United States, and Australasia. A correspondent of *Church Bells*, writing from Sydney in February of this year, on the Hobart Church Congress, said: "I have just come back from one of the most interesting Church Congresses I have ever attended, even in England, and that is



THE VEN. E. G. SANDFORD, M.A.,
Archdeacon and Canon of Exeter.

saying much. The episcopate was well represented. There were present the Primate of Australia, the Primate of New Zealand, and the Bishops of Tasmania, Adelaide, Melbourne, Riverina, Rockhampton, Newcastle, North Queensland, Nelson, Ballarat."

On eight occasions Congress has visited Cathed-

dral cities—viz., Oxford (1862), Bristol (1864), Norwich (1865), York (1866), Dublin (1868), Bath (1873), Carlisle (1884), Manchester (1888). Liverpool, Newcastle, and Wakefield welcomed Congress before they became Cathedral cities. This year, Congress, after a considerable interval, takes up its abode under the shadow of a Cathedral Church, and for the second time visits the ancient western diocese of Exeter. It is eighteen years since it met at Plymouth.

Exeter, the capital of Devonshire and the metropolis of the West, is situated "on a hill among hills," upon the East bank of the river Exe, from which it derives its name. The original foundation of the city has been much debated by antiquaries. History and tradition concur that it was a place of importance before the Christian Era. The name of the city has changed with the changes of the ages. In the far past *Corinia* was the name common to the district comprised in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and to its capital. By the Romans it was called

Augusta Brittanorum. The Britons knew it by various names. To Cornishmen it was known as *Pennecaire* (the chief city), *Caireruth* (the red city, from the colour of the soil), *Cairiske* (the city of Iske, the name of its river). The Saxons, as was their custom, changed the name to *Monketon*. Its present name it



THE REV. E. I. GREGORY, M.A.,
Prebendary of Exeter and Vicar of Halberton.

owes to King

Athelstan, who, after subduing the Cornish, surrounded it with walls, erected a castle, and called it after the name of the river, *Esse-terra* or *Exe-terra*, that is Exeter, A.D. 925 to 940. In an old chronicle it is named *Exan-cestria*, or *Exan-cestre*.

The See of Exeter dates from A.D. 1046, when the dioceses of

Cornwall and Crediton were united, and the Bishop's seat was fixed at Exeter, with Leofric as its first Bishop. The history of the early Church in the West is very obscure. There is, however, evidence that the Church was planted here as early as the fourth century, and that British Bishops presided over it. But there is no record of the succession of Bishops until the ninth century, when two lines appear—one line of Bishops ruling in Cornwall, and a second line ruling over Devonshire, with the Bishop's seat at Crediton. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with this early period will find all that is ascertained in an article by Bishop Stubbs, in a little handbook of Truro Cathedral called *The Cornish See and Cathedral*.* The Cornish See was resuscitated in 1876, when, by an Act of Parliament (39 and 40 Vict., c. 54), the county of Cornwall was constituted diocese, and the Bishop's seat fixed at Truro. The first Bishop of Truro was the Right Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., now Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England.

The Cathedral is the chief point of interest; it is the third of a series of churches. Originally a monastery occupied the site of the Lady Chapel, and became the Cathedral of



THE REV. C. I. ATHERTON, M.A.,
Canon of Exeter.



THE REV. T. J. PONTING, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Matthew's, Exeter.

* Published by Heard & Sons, Truro, price 6d.



A. BURCH, ESQ.

Leofric, the first Bishop, A.D. 1049. Then followed a Norman building, which was ultimately supplanted by the commencement of the present Cathedral early in the thirteenth century. Thus this mother Church, completed and restored, is an example of the gradual growth and development, through centuries,

of the magnificent Cathedrals we inherit from our Christian forefathers. It witnesses also to the continuity of the Church through all changes, civil and ecclesiastical; and to the continuity of her life, her ministries, her worship, and her work.

Exeter is a city of churches. In addition to the Cathedral, which attracts large congregations, particularly at the popular Sunday evening service, there are no less than twenty-one parish churches and five episcopal chapels. It is also a city of schools, there being ample and excellent provision for the education of her youth. For other particulars of this ancient and interesting city we must refer our readers to the local handbooks.

The list of Congress subjects is a comprehensive one; and the readers and speakers, as far as is known at the early date this sketch is written, compare very favourably in weight of influence and freshness of voice with any former Congress. The following are the subjects: Elementary Schools: (1) Religious

Instruction; (2) Confederation; (3) Maintenance. Sunday Schools, Secondary and Public Schools. Training and Studies of the Clergy before and after Ordination. Biblical Criticism. Christian Doctrine in Relation to (1) Agnosticism; (2) Indifference; (3) Anarchy and Atheism. Church Worship: (1) Art; (2) Hymnology.



LIEUT.-COL. VAUGHAN.

The Cathedral System and its Adaptation to Present Needs. The Church in Country Districts. Church Reform and Discipline in Reference to (1) Admission to Holy Orders; (2) Patrons; (3) Superannuation. Church Organisation; (1) The Reform of Convocation; (2) Church Work and Church Workers. Church

Finance. Foreign Missions. The Work of the Church (1) In the Royal Navy; (2) Amongst Soldiers; (3) Amongst Seamen. Care of the Poor: (1) Old Age Pensions; (2) Housing of the Poor; (3) Discriminating Treatment of those receiving Relief. Temperance Work and Legislation. The Ethics of Amusement: (1) Athletics; (2) Field Sports; (3) Theatre and Music Hall; (4) Club Life. The Catholic Church. National Churches. The Church of England and Nonconformity. The Present Relation of Morals and Politics and of Morals and Commerce. The Distinctive Character of Christian Ethics as compared with non-Christian Systems.

Among the selected speakers are the Bishops of London, Winchester, Salisbury, Southwell, Peterborough, Truro, Dover, Marlborough, Gibraltar, and Bishop Barry; the Archdeacons of London, Cornwall, Westminster, Huddersfield, and Macclesfield; the Dean of Bristol; Canons Driver, Body, Newbolt, Ince, Browne, etc.; Professors Sanday, Cunningham, Gwatkin, Swete, and Ryle; the Earl of Meath, Lord Clinton, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, Lord Kinnaid, Sir R. E. Webster, Sir J. Stainer, Sir B. W. Richardson, Sir J. H. Kennaway, etc.

At the Working Men's Meetings the following subjects will be discussed:—



A. J. MACKEY, ESQ.



H. H. WIPPELL, ESQ.

(1) Why we believe in Christianity; (2) Why we belong to the Church; (3) What we mean by Religion; (4) Church and Home; (5) Church and State. There will be a meeting for working women; and a special meeting for women members of the Congress, to be addressed by Mrs. Temple. Mrs. Creighton, Lady Laura Ridding, Miss E. Wordsworth, etc.

The Friday Morning Devotional Meeting will be held in the Cathedral, the subject to be treated being The Doctrine and Dispensation of the Holy Spirit.

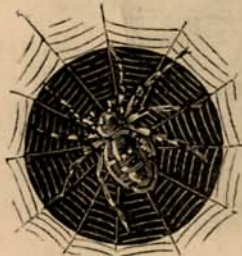
This mere outline of the proceedings is enough to show that Exeter Congress is likely to prove a Congress of more than usual interest and importance.

Our Portraits have all been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs as follows: Archdeacon Sandford, Canon Atherton, and Mr A. Burch, by Messrs. Heath and Bradnee, 235, High Street, Exeter; Prebendary Gregory, by Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde; the Rev. T. J. Ponting, and Mr. A. J. Mackey, by Messrs. Scott & Sons, 11, High Street, Exeter; Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan, by Mr. J. Browning, 11, Bedford Circus, Exeter; and Mr. H. H. Wippell, by Mr. J. F. Long, 45, High Street, Exeter.

Arrangements have been made for the Sixteenth Annual Ecclesiastical and Educational Art Exhibition to be held in the Higher Market, Exeter, by the courtesy of the Mayor and Corporation. This Exhibition, which owes its origin to the enterprise of Mr. John Hart, has proved for many years to be a most interesting adjunct to the meetings of the Congress. All the leading publishers and church and school furnishers throughout the country have signified their intention of exhibiting, so that the Exhibition will be representative of the entire trade. The Church Societies, who have found by experience that the Exhibition forms a splendid rendezvous for their supporters, will again muster in force, and the Exhibition will become for the week a veritable "Church House." The exhibits will include everything used in the furnishing of churches, goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, ancient and modern and ecclesiastical metal work in general, tapestry, embroidery, wood and ivory carving, church furniture, paintings, drawings, and architectural designs. A very fine collection of stained glass is expected.

A FEW WORDS ON BREATHING.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND
LEGH, M.A.,
Vicar of Steeple Stansgate.



BREATHING is a double function. By it we imbibe oxygen, which helps to feed us, and by it we expel carbonic acid, which would otherwise weaken or destroy life. In an address by Charles Kingsley, delivered at Winchester, he says: "I should wish to call this lecture 'The Two Breaths,' because, every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another.

The composition of these two breaths is different, and their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again. Those who habitually take in fresh breath will probably grow up large, strong, ruddy, cheerful, active, clear-headed, fit for their work. Those who habitually take in the breath which has been breathed out by themselves, or any other living creature, will certainly grow up, if at all, small, weak, pale, nervous, depressed, unfit for work, and tempted continually to resort to stimulants." The lecturer goes on to point out in this connection the dangers arising from a child being allowed to sleep with its head under the bedclothes, or from people assembling in a crowded room with door and windows closed. "The breath which we take in is, or ought to be, pure air composed of the whole of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid gas. The breath which we give out is impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." These facts are indisputable. Hence arises the importance of the proper ventilation of rooms, and houses, and churches, and other places of assembly.

There are kindred points of great interest upon which we must not omit to dwell. One is the great importance of *bodily exercise*. It is important for this very reason, that without it the body itself is not properly ventilated. The lungs are never properly filled or emptied; so that they retain what they ought to expel, and all the functions of life are impeded or arrested in their course. And closely allied to this danger is that arising from *enforced silence*, especially in the case of the young. "Where the breathing organs are of average health children cannot make too much noise." Every shout, or laugh, or song conduces to health, by rapidly filling and emptying the lungs. So that a preternaturally quiet child, admirable as he or she may appear in the eyes of the cross nurse or tired mother, is presumably an unhealthy child. It would be well if some of our teachers would take a note of this. And there is one other matter, of even greater importance, though it affects the health and happiness only of the female sex. While want of exercise, and a sedentary life of comparative quietness, are unfortunately the inevitable fate of many women, there is a still greater evil arising to the health of the body from what is known as *tight-lacing*; a habit adopted in obedience to the laws of fashion, and founded upon no intelligible principle either of taste, of science, or of art. In the latter respect it certainly does not conduce to the conformity of the female figure to Greek models of human beauty, which are generally held to be unapproachable in art. The science of the thing lies in a nutshell. Tight-lacing "deliberately crushes that part of the body which should be especially left free, contracting and displacing the lungs, the heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and thereby causes disease in some cases, inconvenience and discomfort in many more. It is one of the most common causes of ill-filled lungs, and of all the evils which must follow. The quantity of air drawn into the lungs at each ordinary inspiration, when the body is at rest, amounts probably to about twenty cubic inches on the average. Some exertion and fresh air in early morning, or after breakfast, and some exercise before any meal, are very essential to persons whose occupations preclude active habits. The object is to infuse more oxygen into the blood, and so to replace the foul air which is driven out by expiration." Dr. William Strange is our authority for these practical hints. "He who duly obeys the laws of Nature" (writes Charles Kingsley) "will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe." For he is "glorifying God in his body," which is "the temple of the Living God."



BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. W. STEWART WALFORD,
Rector of Dallingham.

BEE-KEEPING in England ought to be more cultivated than it has been. Why should we allow the foreigner to send into England between £4,000 and £5,000 of honey each month into our markets, and allow the tons of honey in the fields to go to waste because we don't cultivate the honey gatherers. *Why, one hive is capable of producing enough honey to pay a cottager's rent!*

I think if this were realised many would go in for Bee-keeping as an experiment if for nothing else. It is possible in a good year to realise this. At the end of one season my profits from one hive stood at £7 10s. But this, I will allow, was obtained from an exceptionally good market. But putting the sale of good section honey at one shilling per pound, which may be realised in a good market, such as a sea-side town, what an amateur has done once, namely, to produce a hundred and four sections of one pound each, of pure virgin honey, in the comb, out of one hive, he might do again; and if one amateur can do it why not another? But how is it done? my readers will ask. Well, it was done by the new style of Bee-keeping, by keeping the bees in the Bar-frame hive, and taking the hive in the month of May, and placing it near a white clover field. Before this success was obtained, the hive, in the months of March and April, in some of those warm days that now and again favour us, was opened, and a general spring cleaning took place. The roof was removed. Each Frame was taken up with the bees upon it, then rudely shaken off and examined carefully, and the propolis scraped off, and the frame thoroughly cleaned and overhauled.

Each frame was for a time placed in an empty hive, and the same process of examination gone through with every one. The carpets were then temporarily placed upon the frames. Attention was then paid to the cleaning of the body box and the floor board, and when these were cleaned the frames were again restored to their proper place, and the carpets placed over the frames, and the busy workers were allowed to go on undisturbed. A few days longer, and the hive was again visited by the bee-master, when an outside comb, where sealed honey had been stored, was taken from its place, the caps of the honey (not the brood) were sliced or shaved off, having first shaken off the bees that remained clinging to the comb. After this operation the combs were pushed aside or divided in the centre, and the uncapped frame was placed in the gap, and the carpet put back again. You ask what was the object of this? It was to stimulate the hive to action. The bees from this would imagine that the honey harvest had begun, though perhaps a good three weeks before the flow of honey in the fields had commenced. The bees then set to work and empty the unsealed honey, and carry it back to the outside combs inside the hive, and the queen shares in the stimulus given, and proceeds to fill the empty cells with eggs. The same process was repeated after a few days, till the whole hive was brought up to a state of efficiency, when on, or about May 20th, the hive was removed to a white clover field to take the fullest advantage of the honey harvest that commences at that time.

Enough has been said, I think, to stimulate our

readers to think of Bee-keeping, and I would ask all Bee-keepers of the old type, are they content to let their bees master them instead of making them serve them? Are they content to continue the old ways after the above result obtained by the new system of Bee-keeping? But as I am writing for the month of October I must go back a few months, and say a word or two about wintering bees. I would not discourage the Bee-keeper of the old type by saying "you are out of it," but I would beg of him to stop and consider whether his supposed humane way of slaughtering a colony wholesale *is* humane. Think of how the little creatures have been labouring night and day for you through the summer, and ask yourself if you cannot return them some higher recompense than being choked to death in the sulphurous fumes of the pit! But as self is, alas! far too often a court of appeal, and in this case a worthy judge, ask again, can I not get more profit out of them by keeping them alive through the winter? Yes, you can; and I would advise if you have had a first swarm in the summer to keep it through the winter. In the following spring feed it up, and give it pollen in the shape of pea flour, if not to be found in the flowers. Sprinkle your crocuses with the flour, and the bees will roll in it, and fill their pockets, and return home humming a song of satisfaction and thankfulness to you for your kind forethought on their behalf. Then obtain a Bar-frame hive, and the first swarm that comes put into this, and become a master over your own bees!

But a word in conclusion about wintering. I have this past winter left all my sections on, and lost none of my colonies. It may be rather luck than otherwise, and yet if bees are in their wild state, having the roof of a house or church for their home, or the hollow of a tree, their overplus of honey remains with them all the winter, and as far as we know they come to no harm. But the more correct way is to take off all the sections, and then place a frame about two or three inches deep, made to fit the top of the hive. Stretch a cheese cloth across the bottom of this frame, and nail it on, fill it with chaff, and then place it upon the top of the frames, and leave them alone all through the winter. If you think that they have not sufficient honey left them, then place under the carpet, or covering at the top of the frames, candy cake, made of the proportion of three-quarters of a pint of water to six pounds of white loaf sugar, which is put in gradually after the water comes to the boil. Keep on boiling, till, after dropping a little into a saucer, it sets hard when cool. Keep stirring to prevent burning. It is well to lay a stick across the top of your frames under the carpet, so as to allow a passage for the bees to pass from one frame to the other at the top instead of at the bottom, where they would have to descend and get chilled.

PRAY against sin, but don't sin against prayer.
PRAYER oils the wheels of the wagon of life.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night! the little birds
Have sung their sweet "Good-night";
From hill and dale the lowing herds
Have fled till morning light.

The tiny stars begin to peep
And deck with gems the sky;
While children's eyes are closed in sleep
The gentle Lord is nigh.

And with the rosy dawn's return
He bids His creatures wake,
And loving children lowly learn
His easy yoke to take.

Then, as we trust Him through the dark,
Remember that His eye
Still sees us in our play or work,
Though He alone is by.

And if our task be hard or long,
The day, or dull or bright,
Fear nought but only to do wrong,
And faithful do the right.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII.—ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

THE Church of St. Andrew, Plymouth, locally called Old Church, in contradistinction to Charles', which is termed New Church, is surrounded with a host of historic events, and connected with a multitude of interesting associations. Though, in all probability, no part of the present building dates back farther than the end of the 14th or the beginning of the 15th century, it is certain that there has been a Church of St. Andrew, doubtless on the same site, from very much earlier times; for, amongst other proofs, there is mention of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, in Pope Nicholas' taxation, which was begun in 1288 and ended in 1291.

Only a few facts can be gleaned with reference to the construction of this sacred edifice. An aisle, probably a south chancel aisle, long since departed, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in August 1385, and another, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was added in 1441. Its massive and majestic tower, which forms such a striking feature in the Guildhall Square, was erected in 1460, or, according to some records, in 1440.

Leland, the famous antiquary to Henry VIII., relates that "One Thomas Yogge" (this unpleasant looking name is the same that is now called Young), "a Marchaunt, of Plymouthe, paid of late yerres for making the Steple of Plymmouthe Cherche. The Towne paide for the stuffe." One might well be tempted to pause in meditation on the varied scenes which this grand old tower has looked down upon in such an interesting town as Plymouth, with its beautiful surroundings. It watched, so to speak, the historic game of bowls played by Drake and the other hardy fellows upon the Hoe, only a short distance off, when the Armada was coming, full sail, up channel. It saw the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers on May 31st, 1607. It witnessed the siege of Plymouth, when the parliamentary inhabitants so sturdily and successfully resisted the attacks of the Royalists. And it has gazed upon many another stirring incident and interesting event. It has also beheld many a curious custom, one of which, closely connected



ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

with itself, must just be mentioned. This was the annual "Ale" held on the feast of Corpus Christi, "for the honor of God and for thencecreasing of the benefittes of the Church of Seynt Andrewe," when every person was to come to the "Parishe Church Yarde," and, according to the Black Book of the Corporation, "bring with theym, except brede and drinke, such vytale as they like best. . . . Item, it is agreed, that every taverner of Wyne and Ale within the said Burge do forbear theyre sale the same daye of theyre wyne and ale, for the well of the said Churche." This tower contains a splendid peal of ten bells, in connection with which is a beautiful carillon of fourteen tunes, which plays every four hours, commencing at midnight, and gives a different tune each day for a fortnight.

The Church of St. Andrew, as will be understood from the illustrations, is a large and commodious edifice, being "seated" for 1,700 people. It consists of a nave and chancel, with north and south aisles throughout, and north and south transepts. The roofs are barrel-formed, and, there being no clerestory, their comparative lowness mars somewhat the general effect of the interior as well as of the exterior of the building; but it is considered a fine specimen of a Devonshire perpendicular church. Within, there are some interesting tablets and monuments. The gem is that seen in the view of the interior taken from the south aisle. It stands conspicuously against the east wall of the aisle under the window, and is a beautifully executed bust, by Chantry, of Dr. Zacariah Mudge, a Vicar of St. Andrew's, who died in 1769. It was taken from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and cost £700. There are two sepulchral effigies (one in a very mutilated con-

dition), which are of considerable interest; and there are many tablets to "the Artist-sons of Plymouth, and to their families, and to other men whose greatness in the various walks of 'the polite arts' has been their own making, and whose genius has cast such a bright and lasting halo around the locality." Of course there are the usual rhyming and punning epitaphs which were thought in such good taste in days gone by. One of the "best," perhaps, is to a member of the Sparke family who died in 1665:—

"Life's but a Sparke, a weak, uncertain
breath,
No sooner kindled than puffed out by
Death.
Such was my name, my fame, my
fate, yet I
Am still a living Sparke, though thus
I dye,
And shine in Heaven's orbe, a star
most bright,
Though Death on Earth so soon eclips
my light."

Until the dissolution, St. Andrew's belonged to, and was a prebend of, Plympton Priory, being served by clergy from that religious college; and close to the south side of the church abutting the wall of the churchyard is an old building called the "Abbey" (used now as stores), which, though never an abbey in reality, is interesting as being in all probability the old "prysten" or clergy-house of the town.

In the clergy-vestry of the church may be seen a list of the vicars from Ealphege, who died, or resigned, in 1087, to the present incumbent, the Ven. Archdeacon Wilkinson, D.D., who was instituted in 1870, and who has done such good work in restoring the sacred edifice.

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



THE SOUTH AISLE.



"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

A TEMPERANCE STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. R. COTTER HODGINS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Cyprian's, Liverpool.

I HAVE never recounted the story of Mrs. G. without being urged to put the narrative into a permanent form, if for nothing else, for the encouragement of those engaged in that most difficult, and often most disheartening of all Christian enterprises, the work of seeking to reclaim some poor brother or sister from the tyrant slavery of strong drink.

I am conscious, too, that the incidents which I am about to relate had upon myself a very real personal influence, and taught me to believe practically, what, of course, we all accept theoretically, but often, I fear, theoretically only, that "While there's life there's hope"—that there never was, and never will be, a case too desperate for the followers of Christ to hope and seek to rescue; for the Master whom they serve has a strong arm as well as a most loving heart, so that absolutely no one, however far gone in sin, is beyond the reach of His sovereign grace and power.

For these reasons I take up my pen to set down, without either exaggeration or embellishment, the record of some most pathetic and almost romantic episodes in the humble life of a former resident in my parish.

It is nearly seven years since, in the dusk of the evening, there came to my door an anxious-looking woman of some five-and-thirty years of age. She wished to speak to me, she said, on an important personal matter. A nervous manner, and a face, that will, I fear, carry to the grave the evidences of a long course of self-indulgence and sin, by no means prepossessed me in her favour.

"This, sir," she began, "is the first time for two years that I have crossed the threshold of my door, or ventured to take even these few steps in the open street; but something impelled me to come to you to-night to ask your kindly advice. For ten years I was an inveterate drunkard, but, by God's mercy, I have not tasted drink for the last two years. I feel now I should like to attend church, but oh, sir, I am so much afraid lest the old enemy should tempt me again, that I hardly know whether I ought to risk leaving the house even in order to worship God, and to thank Him for His grace in sparing me in my sin, and bringing me to what I am to-day. But I do long to go to church, if I could steal in on some weeknight and sit where no one would notice me."

I told her there need be no difficulty about that, as my good Bible-woman would gladly take her to and from the church, and sit with her wherever she liked. Mrs. G. thanked me heartily, and said that would give her just the confidence she felt she needed. Then she told me more of her story.

"For ten years, as I have said, sir, I was a wretched drunkard. Even before I was married I had acquired the

love of strong drink, and afterwards its power over me still increased. My husband is a God-fearing man, and was always good and kind to me. When he discovered my failing he was much saddened, of course, but I think it made him even kinder and more patient than before. He is a mate in a sailing ship, and away for long voyages. During his absence I used to spend all the money he allowed me, and often stripped our little home as well to gratify my craving. Things went from bad to worse, until at last my husband determined that there was nothing for it but to put me under restraint. Accordingly he made arrangements with the matron of the — Home for Inebriates to receive me, and keep strict watch over me during his next voyage. But I did not go to the Home. Oh, how good God has been to me since then! The morning of the day on which I was to be removed I woke very early. My husband had not gone to bed, but was kneeling by my side. I watched him for a while without speaking, and then, fearing something might be amiss, I called him by name, and asked him what he was doing. He told me that he had been beside me for some hours watching me asleep, and praying earnestly that God would yet have mercy upon me, and prosper to my rescue the means he was using in sending me to the Home.

"Bad as I was, sir, I was completely broken down. The loving patience of my dear husband touched the few better feelings that still remained to me. 'If that is what you have been doing,' said I, 'I promise you never to touch the drink again. Don't send me to the Home. I vow to you, God helping me, drink shall never pass my lips again.'

"Something in my manner, I suppose, convinced him that I meant it this time; and so my husband cancelled his arrangement with the matron, and started on his voyage next evening in fear and in hope. And I have kept my promise to this hour. This is the second anniversary of the day on which I made it, and I have not broken it once, though, God knows, the struggle was often most terrific. I knew if I mixed with my old companions the temptations they would put in my way would be too strong for me. I would never go near them again. If they came to see me I would not admit them. I would shut myself up in my house, and so keep well away from my evil associates and the public-houses, where, alas! I was only too well known. Thus have I passed the last two years of my life, my old mother, who lives with me, kindly doing all the errands, so that I might remain indoors. But now, sir, I feel I am a little stronger in health and in resolve, and I think I may venture to go out just to the House of God. I am sure it will strengthen and cheer me much."

I was deeply touched with this interesting story; and after commending my poor friend in a few words of prayer to Him who had so signally proved that He is able to keep us from falling, I arranged with her that she should come to church on Wednesday evenings in company with the Bible-woman. This she did regularly for about three months, and I know not that among the congregation there was any more appreciative or, in a sense, happier worshipper. At the end of that time, her courage increasing, she came to church regularly on Sundays, also, and a little later I had the intense pleasure of welcoming her to the Table of the Lord. She came, I have every reason to believe, with a true penitent heart, with a lively faith in Christ her Saviour, and steadfastly purposed to lead a new life—a sinner still, but a sinner saved by grace, both from the guilt and from the power of sin.

Meanwhile her husband had determined to give up the sea, and having saved a little money, he went to Australia, and there began farming. It was his intention to form a

home, and then to send for his wife and her mother to join him.

About twelve months after my first introduction to Mrs. G., she came to me, saying she had received a letter from her husband, bidding her prepare to go to him the following month, as he had now enough money in the bank to pay for the two passages. My poor friend was in great glee, and looked forward impatiently to the time when the seas should no longer separate her from the dear one who had always been so good and true to her. But, alas! almost on the eve of the day on which she was to sail, there came another letter from her husband, with the sad intelligence that the bank into which he had put the passage money had failed, and that he was now left absolutely without any means. He would, however, work hard, and he trusted that, by God's help, he should ere long be in a position to send for her.

Here was a new and unexpected trial. The blow was a crushing one, especially as the poor woman had broken up her little home in prospect of leaving. She was left without any means save the small sum obtained from the sale of her furniture. However, she took a humble lodging, and earned what she could with her needle. For nearly a year she worked bravely on, and managed, with many ups and downs, to support herself and her mother, all the while keeping faithful to her promise, and trusting herself and her future to the good Hand that had been over her hitherto.

At length the wished-for day arrived. God prospered the earnest labours of her devoted husband. The passage money was paid, and the two women started for Australia. In due course they reached the new home; and since then both I and her faithful friend the Bible-woman have had many happy letters from Mrs. G., telling of a contented life, of healthful and prosperous toil in company with one who to her, at least, seems the noblest of mortals, and telling, better still, of a master sin vanquished, and a peace, which at one time seemed very far off, won through Him in Whom, for ever and for ever, is both pardon for the guiltiest of penitents and power for the fiercest of temptations. "While there's life there's hope." "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Our God is able to deliver, and He will deliver."

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.)

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xxxvi.)

1. With what verse in 1 St. John i. may verse 2 of this Psalm be compared?
2. With what part of a verse in Exod. xviii. may the end of verse 4 be contrasted?

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm lxxi.)

1. How is Psalm lxiii. 8 exemplified in this Psalm?
2. How is Psalm li. 13 exemplified in this Psalm?

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. (Psalms cv. and cvi.)

1. What verses in these Psalms enforce the lesson taught us in Psalm ciii. 2?

2. What other verses in these Psalms when contrasted with the above serve to show us how greatly God differs from man?

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxxxvi.)

1. In which part of the Communion Service is the great truth of this Psalm expressed in a different form?
2. In which other Psalm for the 28th day of the month are we taught to use the same lesson as a plea for ourselves?

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.)

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.—A certain man, who is mentioned by name only nine times in the Bible, was seventh in order in a list which is already of very great length, though still incomplete. The same man was first in order in another incomplete but very short list, which is by-and-by to contain in it very many more names. In the former of these lists will be found at last all mankind except two. It might almost be said, indeed, all mankind except one. In the latter list it is not impossible that the names of some now alive may ultimately be found. It may be added that the experience of one of this man's sons was in one respect even more exceptional than his own. The experience, also, of his great-grandson was something quite by itself.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXII. ENIGMA.

(A word of three letters.)

My whole has in my first its habitation,
My last finds in my first its destination;
My first and second mean a combination,
My third and first suggest an iteration,
My second has but little valuation;
My last and first in Roman numeration
Remind us of the brave determination
Displayed by heroes of the British nation.

XXIII. INTERPRET THESE SENTENCES.

- (1) Hal Falo a Fisbet Terth An Obre Ad.
- (2) Eno Ughi Sasgo Odasafe Ast.

XXIV. MISSING WORDS.

Supply one word to the blanks in each of these sentences which will make them sound intelligible.

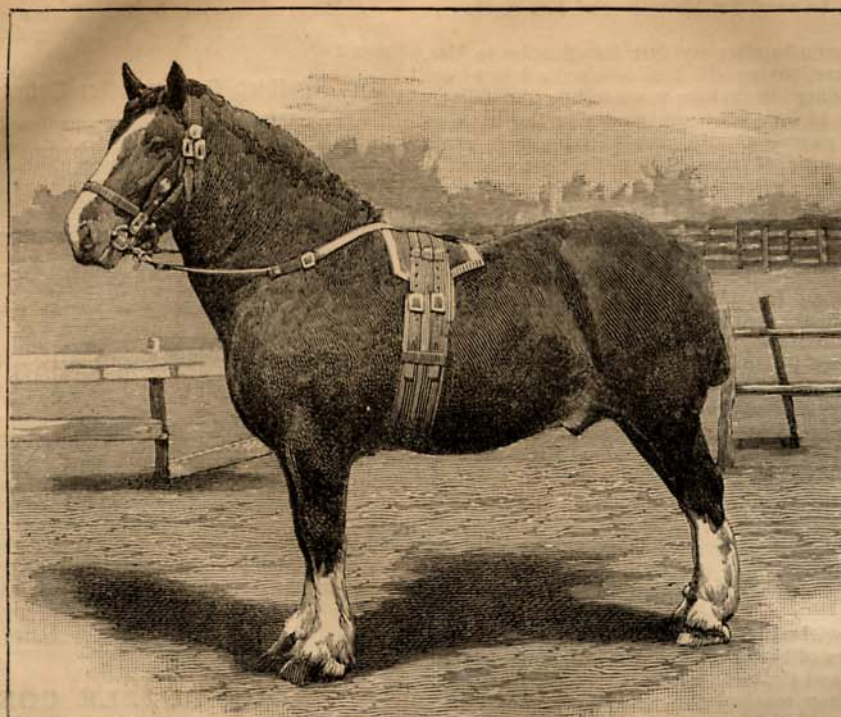
- (1) I — go next — to — o.
- (2) The duke's — has f— h— and w—s a proud —.
- (3) Off Dover Mr. G— said with em— he had n^o n— them — of the — could be so unpleasant.
- (4) The —'s daughter —y rides a black —.
- (5) Ed— and —ifred are t—s.

XXV. CONUNDRUMS.

- (1) What number becomes half as great again after removing a third part?
- (2) How does $\frac{1}{2}$ of 11 + $\frac{1}{3}$ of 7 + $\frac{1}{4}$ of 6 = 56?

XXVI. PUZZLE.

I am small but weighty; I am worth some thousands of pounds, but turn me over and I am not. When new, I am a philosopher, and when engaged in laundry work, I am a statesman. I am contained in all stones, and I contain them.



HORSES AND THEIR OWNERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

THE Editor of this Magazine has requested me to write a short paper about Horses, pointing out the duty of treating them with thoughtfulness and consideration, and the manner in which they repay our kindness. The subject is indeed a most important one, and I shall base what I have to say about it upon two old Arabian sayings.

The first of these refers to the horse in relation to man: "God made horses for man, and shaped their bodies in accordance with his needs."

I suppose that most of us have been struck with the marvellous suitability of the horse's frame to the work which it is called upon to perform. We want to ride the animal; and its back seems shaped purposely to receive the saddle. We require to direct its course; and its mouth seems specially formed to receive the bit. We expect it to draw heavy weights, often over rough ground; and we find that its strength is largely concentrated into its fore-quarters. We call upon it to gallop at speed, and sometimes to leap over obstacles; and we discover that its feet are provided with strong, stout hoofs, which not only protect them from injury against the ground, but also serve to break the shock of its fall. For the hoofs are not mere solid blocks of horn, as we so often imagine,

but are made up of a vast number of springs, which are very similar to those which we use in the framework of our carriages, and fulfil exactly the same function. Add to all these the horse's docile nature, and ignorance of its own strength; and one can scarcely help feeling that the Arabs are right, and that the connexion between horse and man did indeed enter into the scheme of the Creator.

But—perhaps by reason of these same natural advantages—we are rather apt to look upon the horse as a kind of live machine. We fail to credit it, for example, with the intelligence which it really possesses. We "break" it to its work, often by a system of perfectly needless cruelty. When it is "broken" we expect nothing more from it than a mere mechanical obedience to our commands. Yet the horse which is allowed, and encouraged, to work intelligently is by far the better servant; and, when it has thoroughly learned its duties, no animal is more trustworthy.

Take, for example, the huge cart-horses which may be seen working any day at Hitchin railway station. The two last carriages of the early morning trains are "through coaches," and have to be backed on to a siding, in order that they may be attached to the London express, which stops at the station shortly

afterwards. This work is performed by horses. As soon as the carriages are uncoupled the animals drag them away to the siding, and there stand patiently waiting for the express. The odd thing is, that they are perfectly aware that the main line expresses, which run through the station, have nothing to do with them, and pay no attention to them whatever. But the very moment that the fast train from the Cambridge branch passes they bend to their work, drag the carriages along until they are only half-a-dozen yards away from the rear of the train as it stands waiting at the platform, and then suddenly step sideways off the line, so that the impetus of the coaches may carry them to just the required spot.

A porter accompanies the animals, it is true; but he never touches them with whip or rein. He seldom even speaks to them, save to utter a word or two of encouragement. And the secret of it all is simply this—that the horses know their work, and are trusted to perform it intelligently, as almost all horses will if they are treated kindly, and the opportunity is afforded them.

It is scarcely too much, indeed, to say that there seems to be in the horse a natural willingness—almost a natural desire—to recognise man as its master, and to serve him to the best of its ability.

The second of the two Arabian sayings, which is traditionally ascribed to Mahomet, refers not to the horse in relation to man, but to man in relation to the horse: "As many grains of barley as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many blessings do we daily gain." The great prophet was one of the first to realise that the animals which work for man have a distinct claim upon him for services rendered; although a Greater than he had taught the same lesson before in slightly different language.

There cannot be a doubt, on the whole, that animals are better treated than they were. We are gradually awakening to a sense of our responsibilities, although the cruelties which are still too often practised are sickening enough. But even now it is only too true that—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

And horses especially suffer from thoughtless and unintentional cruelty.

What else than cruelty is it to strap up their heads with tight bearing-reins, and then expect the same amount of work from them as if their heads were free? A horse cannot put out its full strength unless it can lower its head; and to prevent it from doing so by a bearing-rein is simply to reduce its usefulness by at least one half, and at the same time to condemn it to severe and unnecessary torture.

What else than cruelty is it to fasten broad "blinkers" closely over its eyes, and then punish it for taking fright at objects which it is no longer able properly to see? Even the most timid horse will seldom "shy" at an object of which it can command a full view (steam-engines of course excepted!). What a horse dreads is the unknown; and blinkers allow it to gain but the merest passing

glimpse of some unfamiliar object, with the very natural result that it takes fright, and attempts to escape from the imaginary danger. If blinkers *must* be employed—and their only useful office is to protect the eyes from the whip of a careless driver—they should stand out almost at right angles to the head, and should *not* cover the eye, which by unduly heating it, and otherwise, they greatly injure.

What else than cruelty is it, once more, to keep a horse in a stable in which it can obtain neither light nor fresh air? I have been greatly struck by noticing how often, in some of the Hertfordshire towns and villages, the horses of tradesmen and others are kept in "barns" scarcely large enough to contain them, in perfect darkness, and with no provision whatever for ventilation; and I sincerely wish that a law could be passed to prevent such shameful ill-treatment of an animal which is often the true "breadwinner" of the family. Thoughtless cruelty it is, perhaps; but it is cruelty all the same. And the horse suffers just as if it were intentional.

Truly there are many ways in which the lot of animals may yet be improved, and a little more thought and a little more consideration will brighten the life of many a hard-working servant of man.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Traits of African Character.

FEW of the good people at home who think how romantic it must be to work amongst uncivilised races have any idea of the patient toil it involves.

Dr. Hine's journal of his life at Unangu, for instance, exhibits the idleness and want of perseverance of the Central African native very clearly. He says: "Of course they have no ideas of hours or fixed times, nor of sticking to the work when they begin it." Again, "When you do get them to work, it is very hard to keep them at it, and you have to stand by them most of the day, perpetually hurrying them up. This, for six or seven hours in a broiling sun, with the thermometer, as it is to-day, at 112°, is fatiguing."

Not less disheartening is the attempt to teach. Few would view so humorously as Dr. Hine the following scene:—

Dr. Hine: "Who made the world?"

Boys, all together: "Who made the world?"

Dr. Hine: "Don't repeat my words, but answer me."

Boys, as before: "Don't repeat my words, but answer me."

Dr. Hine: "I want you to tell me who made the world."

Boys: "I want you to tell me who made the world."

Dr. Hine: "No, don't say my words."

Boys: "No, don't say my words."

Dr. Hine (getting impatient, and lapsing into English): "Oh you sillies!"

Boys: "Oh, oo 'illies (Loud laughter)."

Such is the unpromising material, such the prospect of weary drudgery. The attraction of romance, if it ever existed, soon fades, and nothing but the love of God and of the souls of men enables a man to endure.

Closed Doors.

THERE are still countries into which the message of Christianity is not allowed to enter. Tibet, Nepal, Bhotan, Afghanistan, and Kafiristao, in Asia; and the Soudan, with its supposed sixty or eighty millions of inhabitants, are the chief. But some other countries, though nominally open to missionaries, impose great restrictions on their work. Such are Turkey, Persia, and Japan.

DISHES AND DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

BY MAY COCHRANE.



WE know that the life of the sick lies as often in the hand of the cook as in that of the doctor.

The ancient Romans understood this, and used the same word to express healing by medicine and the preparation of food by cooking. Every woman should therefore consider it both a duty and an honour to learn how to prepare the food and drink needed in the various stages of illness and convalescence.

No pains should be spared to make the invalid's tea-tray attractive to the eye as well as to the palate. Beef tea may be made by the best recipe, arrowroot may be of the finest Bermuda quality, but if the one is decorated with "eyes" of grease, and the other with black specks, they will be refused or eaten

with disgust, and therefore without full benefit. A fresh napkin, shining glass, and a flower are wonderful appetisers. Remember that the sick generally dislike sweet things, therefore use the sugar sparingly. Seek variety. Season with judgment. Have hot things hot, and cold things cold.

Refreshing Drinks.—1. Dissolve one teaspoonful of currant or plum jelly in a tumbler of water.—2. Put two drachms of cream of tartar, the juice of a lemon, the rind thinly shred, into a large jug, and pour on one quart of boiling water. Stir, cover closely till cold, then sweeten.—3. Mash together one cup of cranberries and one of cold water. Boil one tablespoonful of oatmeal in two quarts of water, with the yellow of a lemon, add the berries and two ounces of sugar. Simmer fifteen minutes. Strain.—4. To the juice of three oranges and one lemon add one quart of cold water. Sweeten.—5. Set fresh currants, raspberries, or cherries in a jar in the oven until the juice runs out. Squeeze through muslin, dilute (one tablespoonful to a tumbler of water), and sweeten.—6. Mix one tablespoonful of the above juice, one tablespoonful of cream, a lump of ice (if possible), and let them stand a few minutes before filling up the tumbler with soda water.

Nourishing Drinks.—1. Cut a large lemon in three pieces, removing the seeds, press in a basin with three lumps of sugar until the juice is expressed and the skin soft. Take out the rind, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of cracked ice (if possible), a raw egg, and a tumbler of cold water. Beat well.—2. Beat together a yolk, the juice of a lemon, and some sugar. Mix well, or the milk will curdle, then stir in three-quarters of a tumbler of milk.—3. Four tablespoonfuls of syrup of gum, three tablespoonfuls of orange water, well mixed, add gradually half pint of boiling milk.—4. Beat together one yolk, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one of lemon juice, add a tumbler of water, and, just before drinking, stir in the white of the egg beaten stiff.—5. Barley water. (a) Thin.—One tablespoonful of pearl barley, well washed, one pint of boiling water. Cover the jug close with a cloth

for eight hours. Strain. (b) Thick.—Two ounces of pearl barley, one quart of cold water. Boil two hours. Strain when cold. May be flavoured with lemon juice or apple.

Gruels.—1. Boil half cup of oatmeal in one quart of water for two hours. Pass through a fine strainer, thinning as required with hot milk or cream.—2. Wet one teaspoonful of ground rice with cold water, stir into a cupful of boiling milk or water, and boil till thick.—3. Chop twelve large raisins, boil for half hour in a little water, add one cup of milk, and when it boils stir in one teaspoonful of flour, wet with cold milk until a thick custard.—4. Cook together four tablespoonfuls of pounded toast biscuits, quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one cup of water until thick. Add enough boiling milk to give the desired consistency.—5. Into two cups of boiling milk and water stir one tablespoonful of flour mixed with cold milk, and cook until it thickens. Salt or sugar may be added.—6. Boil one tablespoonful of pearl barley in one cup of milk until as thick as cream.

Toast.—1. Toast a slice of bread on one side, butter the other whilst hot, spread with a well-beaten raw egg, add pepper and salt, and heat gently before the fire.—2. Pour over a small piece of toast in a little dish two-thirds of a cup of raw oysters, put a bit of butter on the top, some pepper and salt, and stand in the oven for three minutes.—3. Score deeply, whilst hot, a piece of very rare and juicy steak. Squeeze out the juice over a piece of hot toast.—4. Over pieces of hot toast pour lightly salted boiling cream, and soak in the oven for two minutes.

Broths.—1. Chicken broth can often be taken, hot or cold, when all else is rejected. Cut a raw chicken in half, remove skin, fat, liver, etc. Slice and place in a saucepan with one quart of boiling water. Cover closely, and simmer gently over a slow fire for two hours. Remove to the hob for another half hour. Strain and season.—2. Oyster broth is very strengthening, and easily made. Into a basin of boiling milk drop chopped raw oysters. Season.—3. Nourishing soup. Soak one large tablespoonful of sago in a cupful of cold water for ten minutes. Cook till tender and very thick. Into a cupful of boiling cream stir one beaten yolk, add the sago and one pint of hot beef tea. Stir well, and season.

Meat Jelly.—Half a small chicken, half pound of knuckle of veal, one quart of water, seasoning. Simmer gently six hours. Strain into moulds.

Steamed Chop.—Most digestible. Remove all fat from a tender loin chop. Place in a glass jar, screw-topped. Stand the jar in a saucepan of warm water, with the cover on loosely. When the water boils screw down tightly, and simmer gently until the meat is tender.

Essence of beef.—(a) Cooked. Cut the raw meat (top side of the round) into tiny bits, put in a wide-mouthed glass jar or bottle, and set it in a saucepan of cold water with the cover on loosely. Heat slowly, and when the water boils screw down the cover or cork tightly. Boil for two hours.—(b) Raw. Soak half pound of chopped raw beef for three hours in a teacupful of soft water, slightly salted. Press out all the juice with a lemon squeezer. Use cold, in a green glass, to disguise the colour.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and these are the words beneath: "All that troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance, in the main aisle, is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

HIDE AND SEEK:

A RHYME FOR THE TINY TROTS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.



BABY is looking for Father and Mother—
 She had confided the secret to me—
 They have both vanished, the one and the other,
 Baby is wondering where they can be!

Can they have possibly got in the cupboard?
 Open it wide, let the myst'ry be shown.
 Well, it is hard on this wee Mother Hubbard!
 Nothing at all there—not even a bone!

Next she imagines them under the fender—
 Yes, that's a new place to look, I declare;
 Yet I don't know, for though mother *is* slender,
 Father could never have squeezed under there!

Now she examines the waste-paper basket,
 Shakes the long curtains, and lifts up the mat.
 Some one might tell her—of whom shall she ask it?
 Pauses a moment, and questions the cat!

Then she crawls carefully under the table,
 Feels in the pockets of Father's great-coat,
 Takes out the horse from the precious toy stable,
 Looks in the vase *where the gold fishes float!*

Under the sofa perhaps they might scramble!
 Are they crouched down *by the Japanese screen?*
 Really they've gone for a very long ramble,
 Not the least trace of them yet to be seen.



Baby has grown rather tired of pretending,
 Surely the time for their hiding is past—
 What if the game has a sorrowful ending!
 What if she really has lost them at last!

Up in the blue eyes two big tears are welling,
 As she sits wearily down on the floor.
 Well, then I'll whisper—but mind, this is telling—
 "Have you looked outside the drawing-room door?"



Over the carpet the tiny feet patter,
 Rattle the handle, then fling the door wide.
 She was half frightened, but what does it matter?
 There they are patiently waiting outside!

Now with what kisses she hastens to smother,
 Each of them surely will know to their cost!
 Stroking her Father, and hugging her Mother—
 Really I fancy she thought they *were* lost!

Well, they are found, and so ends all the sorrow,
 Only the joy and the triumph remain—
 Yes, sweet, 'tis bedtime—another to-morrow
 Baby and I will go seeking again!



"Let all the world in every corner sing."

"His Name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth."

Words by GEORGE HERBERT.

Original key—C.

Music by ARTHUR H. BROWN.
(Brentwood, Essex.)

f *cres.*

1. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing, My God and King!

TREBLES ONLY.

TWO TREBLES (or with Tenor also).

mf *† mp*

The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thith-er fly; The earth is not too low,
TENORS & BASSES (or Tenors only).

HARMONY.

cres. *f* *f*

His prais-es there may grow. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing,

piu f *ff* *mf*

My God and King! My God and King! A-men.

2. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout—
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King! Amen.

VERSE 2, line 5. *†*

out; But a-bove all the heart

† The Trebles may join here if desired.

