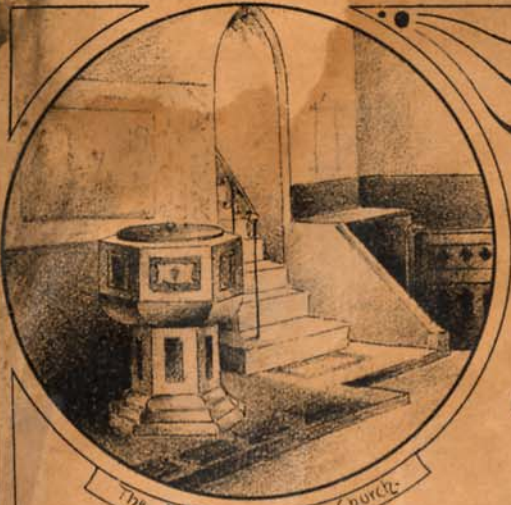


SEPTEMBER

1895



The Font, Quorn Church

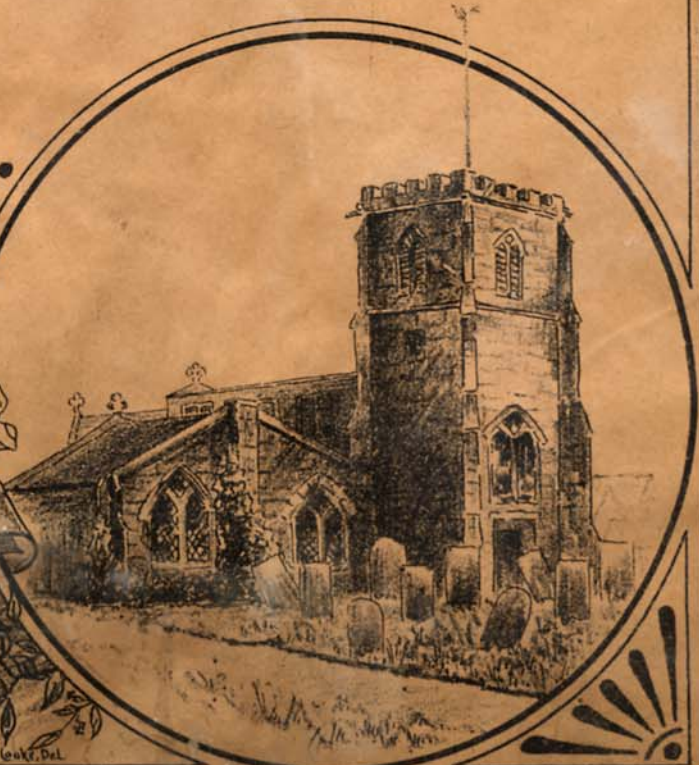


S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



Claude Loeke, Del.



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. every Sunday 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.

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Sept. 1st—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
 8th—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 15th—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 21st—Saturday—Festival of S. Matthew, Apostle, Evangelist and Martyr.
 22nd—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 29th—Festival of S.S. Michael and All Angels (Harvest Thanksgiving Services).

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

Sept. 1.	I Samuel xv.	} Hymn to be learnt—382.
8.	" xvi.	
15.	" xvii. 1-55.	
22.	" xvii. 55-xviii. 16	
Harvest Fes. 29.	S. Matt. xiii. 24-43.	

Baptisms.

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

Aug. 15th.—Mary Ellen Askham.
 18th.—George Holmes.

Burials.

Aug. 3rd.—Thomas Edward Stevenson, aged 10 months.
 Alice Hutton, aged 6 months.
 6th.—Fred Gilbert Lee, aged 2 years.
 8th.—Arthur Edward Brown, aged 10 months.
 10th.—Jesse Harris, aged 15 months.
 23rd.—Lucy Bagley, aged 7 months.
 24th.—Mary Ellen Askham, aged 8 months.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
July 28th—	—	2 0 7	0 4 10
Aug. 4th—	—	1 19 0½	0 4 10 2 15 10 (For Dispensary.)
11th—	—	2 0 6	0 5 4½
18th—	—	—	4 7 3 Foreign Missions. 0 13 6 Negro Boy Fund. 0 4 5
25th—	—	1 16 0	—
Poor Box—	0 1 3	—	—
Totals	£0 1 3	£7 16 1½	£8 15 3½

Hymns.

	At 8 a.m.	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
Sep. 1st {	—	317 261	207 382 194	180 231 20
8th {	—	4 279 264	193 382 26	291 298 27
15th {	—	208 184 269	165 382 334	237 287 292
22nd {	—	3 162 225	281 382 13	202 176 19
29th {	—	381 323 318 324	166 318 424 194	166 382 379 223

PARISH NOTES.

We have before pointed out in these notes that the WAKE originally formed part of the Dedication Festival of the Parish Church. For instance, the Wake at Quorn falls at the beginning of September, because (according to the old style of reckoning) S. Bartholomew's Day (in whose name our Church is dedicated) used to fall at that time. In the same way at Barrow, where the Church is named after the Holy Trinity, the Wake comes at Whitsuntide, when Trinity Sunday used to occur. This shows the Wakes to be a very ancient institution, having been held ever since our ancient Parish Churches were first built. In some cases, however, there is reason to believe that they have an earlier origin still. When Christianity was being introduced among our forefathers, 1300 years ago, it was found that at certain times of the year the people assembled and held a feast at their idol temples, and when they were converted to Christ, instead of abolishing the feasting it was shifted so as to fall at the anniversary of the Dedication of their Christian Church. The good Christian Missionaries of those days tried by this means to teach that there was nothing wrong in feasting and merry-making so long as it did not lead to intemperance and other wickedness disgraceful to the Christian profession.

It is sad that after more than 1000 years of Christian teaching it should be necessary still to speak of the evils that these times lead to. There is nothing wrong in the keeping of special holidays so long as they do not interfere with the proper fulfilment of our duties; but often these times through wicked indulgence leave men worse fitted for duty than they found them, and what should be a time of enjoyment is made a time of misery for others, if not for themselves. It is very nice and right that there should be a season when people should revisit their old homes—see their old friends—and so for many it is a time looked forward to, and remembered with real pleasure; but how often with others is it made a time of harm through the evils of intemperance and bad company!

As usual on Wake Sunday evening, (Sept. 8th) the Vicar will preach a special sermon on Home.

As we announced last month, a special service for the Benefit Societies of the parish was held on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 4th. This event originated in a proposal of the 'Blooming Rose' Lodge of Odd Fellows. It was settled to revive the custom of 'walking' or going in procession on the August Bank Holiday, and the Committee requested that a service might be held for them on that day. To this the Vicar and Churchwardens readily consented, but the Vicar proposed that the other Benefit Societies of the parish should be asked to attend the service as well, and that it should be held on the Sunday afternoon instead of Monday. The Lodge willingly assented to these suggestions, and the 'Hand and Heart' and the 'Mutual Aid' Clubs were invited. Shortly before the day the Women's Branch of the 'Mutual Aid' asked that they also might join, so that the procession to Church reached large proportions, and only a small part of the outside public could be accommodated in the Church. Probably there has seldom been heard in Quorn Church such a body of sound as came when, with the nave full of men, the old hymns were sung—

"All people that on earth do dwell,"

and—

"O God our help in ages past"

For numbers, heartiness, and attention, the service was certainly very pleasing; but the scene suggested other thoughts also to the writer as he looked down upon that throng of upturned faces. He could not help thinking with sorrow, how many of these, his friends and neighbours, seldom or never enter a place of worship except upon some special occasion. Would not Quorn be a happier place if once a week each one of those present joined some Christian congregation where the Word of God is read and preached? Life has its special hardships for those who work for a daily wage, and they need—as

much as those who have the temptations of plenty—that which will ennoble and sweeten life with high thoughts and hopes. But whether they come seldom or often we hope that all felt that they are gladly welcomed to their own Old Church, which stands open to them whenever they like to come. We hope at least this one united set of worship will be kept up year by year. The amount of the collection at the service was £2 15s. 10d., which was sent, by desire of the Societies, to the Loughborough Dispensary.

By the time this is issued the work upon the CHURCH TOWER will have been begun. Although we hope that there will be no serious repairs to be done beyond the battlements at the top, yet it was necessary to make a complete scaffolding all round all the way up. This work alone took almost a fortnight. As the necessary holes were knocked in the walls it was found that the stone-work was very sound and solid, so that one part of the work that was thought might be necessary will not be required. The tomb-stones that have been taken up during the work will be re-placed or re-arranged. They did not before stand in their original places, and they are all very ancient ones of people quite forgotten.

Now the work is actually in progress it makes it an important question, how is it to be paid for? And this leads us to speak again of the BAZAAR.

Whatever money may be made by this means, *already* it has succeeded to this extent, that it has brought out a great deal of kind co-operation among the parishioners. It would be difficult to count the number of people who have contributed in some way or other, by sending something to be sold, or promised help, and we are sure that many more will do the same. We want to point out one way in which very many can help, which they might not think of, that is by sending vegetables, potatoes best of all, because they will be sure to sell. Could not many people send a nice basket of potatoes that would sell, say, for a shilling; others could send a basket of apples or other fruit. And out of Quorn we can get potatoes and fruit that will make a good show too! If any one could even send a sack of potatoes they will be welcomed. And then when everything is sent in we hope people will not mind coming to buy if they can only spend a little. There will be articles of all values, and the prices in all cases will be fair and moderate, so that purchasers may be sure of money's worth as well as helping a good cause.

And people ask, how much are you going to make by the Bazaar? We will tell you *exactly* how much.....next month!

The Opening Ceremony will take place on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6th, at 3 o'clock.

It is natural to pass from the work in the Church Tower to the Dedication Festival (August 18th), which reminds us how those beautiful and solid structures were raised by the zeal and piety of our forefathers hundreds of years ago. Very suitable to such an occasion was the visit of Mr. Alban Wright, who told us in a very intelligent and stirring way of the work of the Church among those, who like our forefathers in the old days, have no one to teach and guide them, where there would be no teachers and no churches except for the heroism of Missionaries, and the offerings of Christian people at home. We heard of one man who heard the sermons on that Sunday who said that they entirely altered his views of Missionary work. The same result would follow with many persons if they would give themselves an opportunity to get information on the subject. The score or so of persons present at the meeting on the Monday afternoon are certain to feel a keener interest through what they heard then. What we like about Mr. Alban Wright is that though eager, zealous in the cause as a Christian man should be, he has plenty of common sense, and does not ignore difficulties and failures which beset the work, though there are never wanting abundant tokens for encouragement.

Amount collected at Dedication Festival:—At 8 a.m., £1 5s. 6d.; at 11 a.m., £1 17s. 6d.; at 2.45 p.m. (for Negro Boy Fund), £0 13s. 6d.; at 6.30 p.m., £1 4s. 3d.; at Missionary Meeting, £1 0s. 0d.; total, £6 0s. 9d. Last year the amount was £5 5s. 2½d.

We hope that the children enjoyed the treat on Saturday, Aug. 24th. Such a procession of brakes and vans was quite a novel experience for Quorn. We wish it was more often possible for our village children, and their fathers and mothers too, to have a few hours in the lovely spots which are only such a short distance away. After the shower that overtook us on our way through Loughborough the weather was beautiful, and the view from Longeliff was at its best. On behalf of the children we should say a word of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Warner for giving the tea, and to our numerous friends who subscribed to the large expense of the conveyances. The party exceeded 250, and we were thankful that all—some quite little ones—were brought safely home.

The record of burials in August shows a strange contrast when compared with that of the previous month. In July there were six names, and of these two were over 80, two over 70, and one 69. In August the seven burials were *all of infants!*

This is no doubt owing to the measles though no children have died with the complaint actually out on them.

The Festival of S. S. Michael and All Angels falling on Sunday, Sept. 29th, the Harvest Thanksgiving Services will be held on that day.

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

In the July Magazine we brought our notes on the Parish Register down to the end of the second volume. The third volume begins with the Baptisms for the year 1704, and among them appears—

“Margarit Sarson, Daughter of John Sarson,”
and—“Elisabeth, ye Daughter of Benjamin Chapman.”

This volume is more orderly than the last, but the parchment varies—sometimes it is brown, sometimes white; sometimes the writing is good and plain, sometimes it is bad, and difficult to make out, and in some cases part of the page has been cut right away. The first few pages are very plain, and mostly written in one hand, the spelling is rather shaky, *e.g.*, we find daughter spelt “dayughter,” later on “dater.” Probably these entries were made by the Curate (there was no Vicar of Quorn till about 30 years ago), but he does not always sign his name to them.

In the year 1710 the Curate signs his name “Charles Lynes,” with the Churchwardens, Thomas Chamberlain and John Stubbs. Mr. Lynes was a careful man, and during the three years he was here the entries are regular and neat. In 1710 there is one very interesting note which shows that he

was a conscientious man. We will give this, and explain it afterwards. “Robert Slingsby, Widdower was buried the 31st of May—Note that I have received no affidavit of Robert Slingsby being buried in woollen as is required by statute, “and that I gave notice of this in writing under my hand to the “Parish Officers, upon the 10th of June, 1710. Chas. Lynes.”

In order to get an accurate explanation of this we wrote to a friend in London, who has an extensive knowledge of historical matters, and he at once gave the necessary information. In the year 1677 an Act of Parliament was passed that all dead persons should be buried in a woollen shroud. The purpose of this was to encourage the manufacture of woollen materials. This law was in force till 1815, but it was never generally enforced, and was soon forgotten. Mr. Lynes was a careful and conscientious man, and knowing the law, he thought it wrong to let any breach of it pass unnoticed. When the body was brought for burial they ought to have produced an affidavit or declaration that the law had been complied with. As this was not done, he did not delay the burial, but gave notice to the Churchwardens, whose duty it was to see that the law was carried out. At Quorn the law seems generally to have been obeyed, for even Mr. Lynes only noticed six cases in which he was not satisfied.

Mr. Lynes also in some cases in entering burials put the cause of death. Thus in 1710, Mary Chapman “died of convulsions, occasioned by a scald”; Ann Peirce and Sarah Bostock “died of a consumption”; Elizabeth Knite died of “an imposthume in her head.” In 1711, Francis Wheatley, of Mountsorrel, died “of grief which occasioned a fever.”

In the early years of the last century many familiar names occur. For instance 1704, John Daft, of Mountsorrel, was buried; 1706, Joseph Fewkes, James Sculthorpe, Mary Greasley. In 1713, Mary Howes; 1714, Thomas Willows; 1715, George Brewin; also at different places, Stubbs, Stevenson, Hicklin, &c. In those old days there seems to have been some Quakers at Quorn, for in 1711 we find “Deborah Harris died, buried by ye Quakers.”

We have now come to the time when the tomb-stones begin. There are only two or three that are dated before 1700, after that time they are numerous.

Talking of the tombstones reminds us of a conversation in the churchyard a fortnight ago. We met an aged parishioner in the churchyard, and asked him a few questions about some of the names. His memory went back so far that he could remember the burial of James Sculthorpe in 1818, who was killed by being thrown off his horse coming home one night from Nottingham. There is a Mr. Ward Crock buried in the railings (in 1819), opposite the belfry door, and our old friend could remember him, and said that he once kicked a football over the Church! He went on to say that he could remember when there was no one buried on the upper side of the Church but a man who hanged himself, and that that part was used for football and cricket! Also if any fight occurred it was held in the churchyard by the west gate. He remembered one fight in which a man's leg was broken at that spot. Happily we treat our churchyard better, and it is to be hoped that it will be treated better still as time goes by.



Drawn by A. S. BUCHANAN.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *[See page 203.]*

POWYS BROTHERS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Bond Slaves," "From the Same Nest," etc.

CHAPTER V. THE GREAT CITY.



SURELY enough, year by year, nay, even journey by journey, Richard Hughes complained, and not without cause, that the weavers and knitters in the bye-ways did not always wait to deal with him, but carried their produce to the nearest fair or market, taking back needful supplies for domestic use, the new roads gradually opening out in different directions facilitating this. As his trade fell off, doubts assailed him of his own wisdom in training his sister's son to a calling so clearly and rapidly on the decline, and he reluctantly admitted the truth of Mr. Howell's prediction, "that when he went off the road there would be no room for a successor."

He was a just man; and, as from time to time, Llewelyn Howell renewed his overtures to Richard Powys, he resolved that no selfish desire to retain his capable assistant should be permitted to stand in the young fellow's light.

Barely three years had rounded when he broached the subject to his sister.

"I saw your old sweetheart, Llewelyn Howell, in Birmingham," he began. "He has not forgotten you, Rachel; and for old times' sake would be glad to take your Richard into his business, and, as he says, 'make a man of him.' He has neither child nor chick, and might turn over his business to Richard in the long run."

"That was what *you* did be saying, Brother Richard. Do you be getting tired of my boy?"

"Dearie me—no! He do be a good trader, and worth more than I can pay him. And he do be like a son to me. But soon there will be no packmen but the pedlars, and Dick be too good for that." Then he entered more fully into details, until he convinced Rachel that in justice to her boy Mr. Howell's proposal should be accepted.

By that time the Powys family had become accustomed to the absence of Richard, and to the frequent partings; but a parting with return in the

VIII. 9.]

long and doubtful distance assumed weightier proportions.

Stephan and Richard did not get on very well together; their self-importance clashed. The former would not break his heart when the other went. Evan the fisherman was too seldom at home to miss him much. The two girls had felt themselves at a discount since he met the wonderful Miss Amory, but they shed some very genuine tears when they heard of the new arrangement, and both Winifred and Gwen—then twelve years old—began to knit industriously at stockings, lest there should be a dearth of them in London.

Rachel herself went about her daily tasks, with sober aspect and heavy heart. She had trusted her boy to her brother in all confidence; but though Llewelyn Howell had been equally trustworthy in the days when he sought to make her his wife, she did not know how evil influences might have corrupted him since she had seen him last.

But it was tender-hearted Hugh who was in the greatest distress at the prospect of losing his best brother. Stephan and Evan ordered him about as if he had been born to do their bidding, and could not feel fatigue. Richard had never laid on him a harsh command, and all the fine tendrils of his young heart clung round the brother he was so soon to lose.

Instinctively Richard and he strolled up the steep hill, side by side, the last Sunday afternoon they could spend together; and among the hoary ruins of Llantyst Castle, looking eastward over the river and the expansive bay, they gathered strength for the coming parting in a solemn compact, as they sat on a lichen-dappled stone hand clasped in hand.

"I will be suer to follow you to London, Richard *bach*, as soon as I be old enough, even if I do run away. Stephan will be marrying Joan, and I shall be in the way, look you. He do say I am not worth my salt now. But you will be sending us word where you do be staying, and I will find you out, wherever you do be. 'Deed I will."

"Suer, and I will be glad to have you there, Hugh. But you must not leave home unless mother be willing. She will want you, if Stephan do not."

"'Deed and mother do have Winifred and Gwen and Evan, if Stephan do be all for Joan. Nobody do care for me but you. I do miss you all day long."

"Well, well, but you must wait till I be sending for you. London is a big place, all houses like Birmingham, and no farms where you could work. You must learn to read and write English first, look you."

"And then will you be sending for me?"

[All rights reserved.]

Richard nodded assent.

"Then I'll get Aunt Hughes to teach me."

And with that the pair clasped hands to seal the bargain. In another minute they had left the castle by the ancient Norman gateway, with the sunset lighting their path downhill, and the warm glow of brotherly love in both their breasts.

The parting came all too soon both for Hugh and their mother, scarcely reconciled to lose her son.

"God bless you, my dear Richard, and keep you humble and upright in all your dealings. You may make fresh friends and fine ones, but none will be loving you better than those you do be leaving. And unless you do make the Great and Good God your Friend, nothing will be going well with you," were her last words, as she turned with a sad heart back into the house to hide her fast-falling tears.

Hugh meanwhile stuck close to Richard, and would have kept by his side all the way up the steep hill in the rear of the team, had not Stephan impatiently hurried after them, caught the boy by the shoulder, and giving him a good shake turned him back homewards, in spite of Richard's remonstrance.

There could be no doubt that Stephan sought to rule, and was jealous of Richard's power over Hugh. He could not understand how the silken thread was stronger than the hempen cable.

Mr. Howell turned up at the Castle Inn surely enough, and then ensued a business conference independent of woven or knitted goods, for a knotty point had to be decided with respect to Richard.

The terms offered appeared wonderfully liberal to the young Welshman, and were on a rising scale; but with that he coupled a condition that the young man should be bound to him as an apprentice for seven years. Uncle and nephew both looked blank at this.

"Dick be in his twentieth year; he be too old for a 'prentice-lad," urged Hughes. "He do not have all his trade to learn, look you."

"I might want to be marrying," faltered Richard, crimsoning to the very tips of his ears.

His elders laughed. "Time enough to think of that seven years hence," said they both. "You must have the means to furnish a nest before you take a mate, my lad."

"I do not wish to bind you to menial duties as if you were a workhouse brat of twelve or fourteen. But if you aspire to become a freeman of the City you must serve an apprenticeship of seven years to a City freeman; and *I* am one," said Howell, as if it had been an honour.

"Dearie me! *You* served no 'prenticeship!" exclaimed Hughes.

"No, I had to pay—and heavily—for the privilege. By apprenticeship a man obtains his freedom for himself and his descendants after him, without 'redemption,' as it is called."

"But what do be the good of it?" asked Richard doubtfully.

Mr. Howell smiled. "There are many profitable

trade and other privileges. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and Common-councilmen, are all elected from the freemen."

Richard Powys became interested. "If I became a freeman, could I become Lord Mayor?"

"Any worthy and distinguished citizen who has served the other offices might be elected."

No other stimulus was needed. Ambition was fired. It only remained for Uncle Hughes to see that the indentures contained no objectionable clause. And when Richard Powys mounted the stage-coach with a new world before him, he was bound to his fellow-traveller for seven years.

Prior to that there had been another parting besides the lingering leave-taking of his uncle.

In his three years' visits to Birmingham Richard Powys had cultivated his friendship with the Amorys, or rather with Miss Amelia Amory as the representative of the family; and whether called to the warehouse on business, or to the cosy parlour by hospitality, contrived to impress on the young lady the fact that he was her devoted admirer.

In those three years she had grown into majestic womanhood, and had other admirers who had frequent opportunities for making their devotion felt—young men in their own sphere or above it; but nothing touched her so much as the silent homage of the handsome young Welshman, whom she only saw once or twice at intervals of half a year.

His shyness and awkwardness had worn away in successive visits. He had made her acquainted with Mr. Howell's proposals, and on this latest occasion ventured to speak of the hope he built thereon—the hope that she would some day become his wife.

She had listened with heightened colour, and eyes downcast, her fingers straying mechanically over the keys of her pianoforte, but she answered him neither "yea" nor "nay." She was, in fact, too perplexed to venture on a decision. And when he pressed her for encouragement, she could only answer that he had "taken her by surprise, that he and she were both too young to engage themselves, and that her parents would not hear of such a thing." Yet she tempered her reply by a hesitating consent to give him a hearing if he made the same proposal in two or three years' time.

Not a word did she say of any disparity between them, though she saw and felt it. And her mother afterwards commended her for her prudence.

And although the extorted half-promise was a link as frail as a cobweb, Richard grasped at it as a chain of gold to bind together his hopes and his ambition.

And if at any moment Uncle Hughes had questioned the love or gratitude of his nephew whilst Howell dangled London as a golden bait before the young man, all doubt was set at rest after the indentures were signed, and there was no retreat. The strife of feeling between ambition and natural affection was evident to his shrewd eyes—so uneasy was Richard lest the Welsh lad engaged to supply his place should

prove unequal to his trust, so careful was he over the packing of the home-bound panniers, so troubled lest he had done wrong in quitting his good uncle for a stranger, so afraid lest the former should feel his desertion to be selfish.

The "Royal Mail" started at six in the morning from the Swan, a little way from the Castle Inn, where the packman's team, already loaded, was left in charge of "Boots" and the new boy, whilst the owner saw the last of his sister's son.

Places in the stage had been booked in advance. Mr. Howell, already on the steps of the inn, clambered by the hind wheel to the back of the coach; his new apprentice silently followed to the seat beside him; the coachman mounted his box; the scarlet-coated guard his solitary perch facing our two friends; Richard leaned over the low side rail to wring his uncle's upstretched hand once more. There was a prolonged blast of the guard's horn, a crack of the driver's long whip, the ostlers stood back, and the four spirited horses went tearing along the street, whilst the long horn was blown to clear the way, and the heart-strings of parting friends were torn unregarded.

A tear had dropped on the packman's brown hand before it was released, and told him, better than words, that with all his ambition, the heart of Richard Powys was still true and tender.

There were brief stoppages to change horses—always waiting in their harness by the roadside—longer stoppages for hasty refreshment, or a stretch of stiff limbs; but when the tedious day had worn itself out, and Tyburn turnpike was passed and with it the first London lamp, an exclamation of satisfaction broke from Richard, cramped with long sitting, who fancied their journey must be near an end.

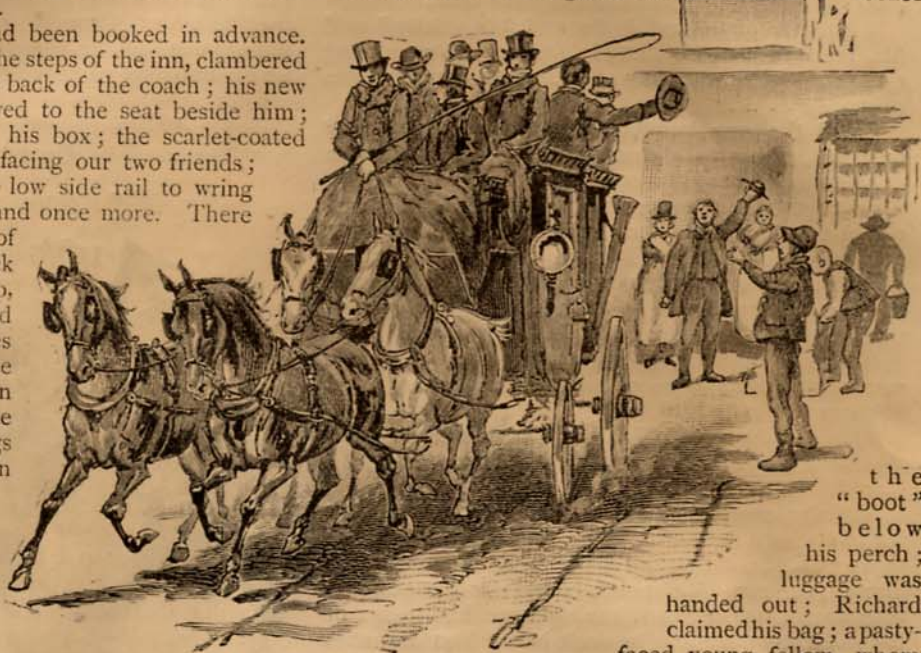
Mistaking his cry as they together watched the bright lights dot the darkness in continuous line, Mr. Howell cried proudly, "Ah, that's *gas*, the magic light that will extinguish all the old oil lamps before long." And forthwith he proceeded to enlighten Richard's darkness. But though he listened as they raced along Oxford Street, through Broad Street into Holborn, and on at a rattling pace through narrow Holborn Bars, and still onward to plunge down Holborn Hill, cross the bridge over the Fleet, and pant up the steep ascent to Newgate Street, where the gloomy prison frowned upon them, the young man began to think both discourse and town interminable.

The guard's horn was vigorously blown; there was a sudden cry from Richard's master, "Look out!

duck your head!" The coach gave a lurch, they were passing under the low gateway of the Bull and Mouth, and the reeking horses came to a standstill in the great inn yard, where faces peered down upon them from three tiers of galleries, and ladders were hooked on to the coach for the cramped "outsides" to alight.

Richard was half stunned with the bustle and confusion around him. Ostlers with lanthorns flitted here and there; the guard un-

locked



"THE FOUR SPIRITED HORSES WENT TEARING ALONG."

the
"boot"
below
his perch;
luggage was
handed out; Richard
claimed his bag; a pasty-
faced young fellow, whom
Mr. Howell hailed as

"Birch," shouldered his master's valise, and in a surly voice bade Richard follow him.

Not recognising his authority, the latter waited until Mr. Howell had "remembered" both coachman and guard, keeping close to him as he moved out of the inn yard.

"Ah, Powys, is that you?" he said, turning his head sharply. "I thought you had gone with Birch."

"Am I under his orders, sir?" questioned Richard, airing his English, though not for the first time.

"No, certainly not. Why do you ask?"

"Suer, sir, I thought it was best to know."

Mr. Howell made no further remark, nor did Richard. The latter had ascertained his position, and the former understood.

The two turned the sharp corner into Aldersgate Street, and trudged on together along the narrow pavement until the former crossed the road to an opening on the right, and told the young man, "This is Barbican." It was a confined and more antiquated thoroughfare than at this day, badly lighted with oil lamps, and indifferently paved, but Mr. Howell made no stumble. About midway he dived into a covered passage on his right hand, where a ray

of light from a door ajar fell on three or four well-worn stone steps like an invitation.

The door, when pushed back, shut off a flight of stairs leading to the kitchen below, and revealed to Richard a large room straight before them, shelved round and filled with goods, and in the midst a table, lit by a solitary candle, where an elderly woman was laying a hot supper for one. "Welcome home, sir," said she, placing a smoking joint on the board, glancing aslant at Richard at the same time.

"Another plate, and knife and fork, Betty," said Mr. Howell, at which Betty looked up with wondering eyes, and Birch the pasty-faced gave a perceptible start.

"Will the new 'prentice sup with you, master?" he asked, with a peculiar set of lip, and a contraction of his straw-coloured brows, as Mr. Howell's decided "Yes!" took him by surprise. His thin lips spread out in a sickly, obsequious smile, he turned without another word to follow Betty to her kitchen underground; but there was so much evil in his face and in his mutterings, when he took his accustomed seat, that Betty felt constrained to take him to task.

"Look ye, Birch, yon chap ain't no parish 'prentice, mark that. He's some o' master's Welsh kin, an' it behoves you to be civil."

"Civil be hanged! He's but a new 'prentice, with all his airs. I'm not bound to knuckle under to him!"

Upstairs, over their supper, his master was explaining to Richard the duties and position of an ordinary apprentice, bound at an early age, and one like himself, the son of a friend, bound for his personal advantage in riper years, having some knowledge of the trade and the goods he dealt in. "You are more an improver than a common apprentice," he said at the close. "To-morrow I will appoint your duties, and, look you! I shall require strict performance. I am not your uncle, remember, but your master, and require to be obeyed."

"I understand, sir. My uncle would not permit negligence, and he required obedience," answered Richard, but with no tinge of servility.

"Where is the new 'prentice to sleep?" questioned Birch sullenly, when he had helped Betty to clear the table.

"On the sofa-bed in this room. He will wash downstairs, and breakfast with me."

"Ugh! Queer sort of 'prentice!" muttered Birch, opening a two-leaved glass door into what seemed a cavern of darkness, and disappearing, after a gruff "Good-night," into what was in reality the outer shop.

Betty had brought up a couple of glimmering rushlights, fenced round with tall screens of japanned metal pierced with holes. Mr. Howell took up one, and after wishing Richard a good night's rest, went his way upstairs in his slippers, leaving Betty to adjust the sofa-bed for the new inmate.

"You'll have to shut it all up in the mornings, an' make it yourself at nights, my lad, now I've showed

you," she said, with a good-natured motherly smile, adding, as she snuffed out the candle, and retired to the regions below, "and be careful how you put out the light."

Sleeping accommodation in wild Wales when the century was young was often on the principle of herrings in a barrel, and Richard's travelling experience had not made him dainty. The sofa-bed was a luxury to him—his master had slept on it for many years when building up his business—the familiar odour of woollen fabrics in a close room did not oppress him, his sleep was sound, all the sounder for his unfailing habit of prayer.

CHAPTER VI.

"A WORD IN SEASON."



LONG day's tramp beside his uncle's pack-horses would have fatigued Richard less than his cramping journey atop of the "Royal Mail"; indeed, the beat of hoofs and the tinkling of Brean's bell were in his dreaming ears when he was roused the next morning by a rough shake from Birch to a consciousness of his own stiffness, and the sound of tramping feet outside in the street.

"Now then, lazy-bones, look alive!" cried out the fellow sharply. "Bartlemy's clock's striking six. Other folk are up and off to work, an' you'd best not let master catch you here abed. It's time our shutters was down."

"Then take them down," replied Richard calmly, as he began to dress; "that is *your* work. Mr. Howell will not find me slack over my own proper work when he sets me about it."

"It be your work as th' youngest 'prentice to take th' shutters down an' sweep out th' shop; an' you'd best be sharp o'er it, Taffy, afore master catches you idling," retorted Birch in domineering tones.

The fiery youth who had quitted home rather than submit to an elder brother's dictation was not likely to be more submissive to an insolent underling after his three years' freedom; but those three years spent with his Uncle Hughes had not been without their influence on his character. He had learned to keep

a bridle on his temper and his tongue. His answer lost nothing of force from its incisive coolness, or from its decidedly Welsh accent.

"I am here as a salesman, not as a sweeper. Mr. Howell is my master. I can take orders only from him."

Birch blustered, and became abusive in his language, his pasty face darkening threateningly. A sharp rap at the shop door proclaimed an early customer impatiently seeking admittance. With an unsavoury exclamation he darted forward to repair his own dilatoriness, and Richard could hear him noisily unbarring and unlocking the door, lost in obscurity, which the dim rays straggling through heart-shaped openings high up in the shutters did not suffice to dissipate.

Meanwhile Richard had dressed and re-converted his bed into a sofa by the greenish light of two diamond-paned casements, overlooking a backyard, one of which served to light the enclosed staircase to the upper rooms; and without listening to the irritable customer's grumbling at his loss of time, while Birch removed shutters to enable them to distinguish goods at the counters, and apologised evasively, he betook himself down the flight of steps which landed him in Betty's kitchen.

He found the good woman busy at a long deal table extending beneath two mud-bespattered windows, the lower halves of which were sunk below the level of iron gratings and the street. Bidding her a civil "good-morning," he asked where he was to wash.

"There, my lad," said she cheerily, pointing to a bowl on the sink, which she filled from a tap above it, "and there's a towel on the door beside it. You'll be glad of a wash after your long journey."

Richard assented, baring his arms as he spoke.

There was a splashing and swishing of water, a rub up with the rough towel, the application of a pocket-comb to his dark curly hair; then he thrust his arms into his coat-sleeves, and with ruddy cheeks and "shining morning face," he asked the old housekeeper if there was anything he could do to help her before Mr. Howell came down.

"Why, yes," said she, as a long cooing cry intended for "Milk below!" was heard in the street. "I'd be glad if you'd take yon brown pitcher and fetch the milk. You must go to the side door," she called after him as he hurried off.

A short, sturdy woman with a fresh-looking face set round with the formal frill of a clean white linen cap confronted him on the entry steps. Her petticoats were short and full regardless of fashion, a small shawl was crossed decently over her bust, and kept in place by the strings of her white linen apron. From a wide wooden yoke borne across her shoulders hung a couple of bright tin milk-pails, which she set down with a rattle, taking the pitcher from his hand, and measuring the milk into it mechanically.

Somehow, as he looked down on the neat, short-skirted London milkwoman, his thoughts flew off to

his distant mother, wherefore he could scarcely have told.

"Thank you," said he, as she handed the pitcher back and stooped to re-hook the cans to the swinging chains.

"Eh!" she ejaculated, looking up suddenly, as if thanks were unexpected. "Well, you're a civil chap! Ain't you a new 'prentice?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Richard, with a nod.

"Hev t'other one left?"

He shook his head.

"I'm sorry for that." And without further question or remark she lifted her cans and went down the dark entry to the open street, leaving Richard wondering what she meant, and half inclined to walk after her and ask. He was anything but prepossessed with Birch, and her enigmatical expression tended to confirm his prejudice.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, whatever?" he asked Betty when he set the pitcher down.

"Well, if you don't mind you might make master's toast, and when Birch has swept up the floor overhead, perhaps you'd carry up the breakfast tray to save an old body's legs."

He was willing to oblige, did one or two voluntary services, and finally carried the heavy wooden tray upstairs, to the utter amazement of Birch, who had barely finished sweeping out the shop.

Mr. Howell had not come down, so Richard walked into the shop, a fairly large one for the period, double-countered and well stocked, though somewhat low in the ceiling. Thence he descended the three steps into the street, and stood back to take a better survey. It was an old half-timbered building, stuccoed over. Richard had never heard of the Golden Fleece, yet there it hung, suspended as a sign above the door and between the two slightly embayed windows, the frames of which were thick if the panes were smaller than a page of foolscap. Above these were two leaded casements with still smaller panes, a third showing above the side entry, and another glistening in the gable over all.

The stucco and the paint might have been fresher, the fleece have been a brighter gold, but to inexperienced Richard it was all imposing. Nor had he a word to say against the steps, or the hard cobble stones paving the narrow footway, for they, too, were common wherever he had been.

"I think you might ha' found something better to do than stare about you," called Birch irritably from the doorway. "The counters want dusting, and here's master coming downstairs."

Mr. Howell might have overheard, he demanded so promptly, "Why are you so late this morning, Birch? You are three-quarters of an hour behind time."

"Jackson the tailor came in wanting kerseymere for a waistcoat, and hindered me," was the ready excuse. "And our new 'prentice never lifted a hand to help. The lazy lout!" he added under his breath.

"Do your own work properly, and do not expect others to do it for you," was all the reply he got. But when Powys followed Mr. Howell to breakfast in the back-room, which commanded a view of the front shop through the wide glass doors, he left Birch rubbing the counters down viciously.

Birch's ill humour continued the whole of that day, whilst Mr. Howell, during the absence of customers, pointed out to his new salesman the shelves and compartments set apart for different classes of goods, and gave him a list of private marks to study. Nor did he show a more smiling face when the Wood Street carrier's cart brought the goods Mr. Howell had sent on from Birmingham by canal, and he was set to help the carter to carry in the heavy packages, whilst Powys, as if by instinct, decided which packages should be kept together, and where they should afterwards be placed.

It annoyed him still more to observe Mr. Howell's satisfaction at the knowledge Powys displayed of goods upon the shelves, and his deft handling of them in recommendation to purchasers. But he set down the newcomer as a simpleton when he found that he never sought to palm off an inferior article for a good one.

And when Betty Simpson insisted that Powys was "a downright willing and obliging chap, one he had best take pattern by," and the subject of her praise continued to have his meals with his master, whilst he hurried over his in the kitchen as of old, his jealousy increased, though he thought proper to change his tactics, and assume a friendliness he was far from feeling.

Richard was not misled by Birch's change of manner. First impressions are not easily effaced. Dislike and his own strong spirit of resistance had been instinctively roused even at the coach-office, by the sullen scowl on the fellow's pasty-face and his dictatorial "Follow me!" His over-bearing and insolent attitude later had been as a seal on heated wax. The grumbling indulged in out of Mr. Howell's hearing deepened the impression. And, if confirmation of his prejudice had been wanting, Mary the milkwoman had supplied it.

"Why were you sorry Birch had not left?" he had asked when taking the milk another morning to save Betty a trot up the awkward stairs.

"Well, I thought you was a civil-spoken young man, not like 'tether; an' I knows as how 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' Maybe you've heard that afore?"

"Suer, it's in the Bible. I think St. Paul said it."

The answer was unexpected. The woman looked pleased. "I'm glad as you've learnt to read the Scriptures. Don't you set the good Book aside now you've got to London. You'll have need of its help and counsel with that sly fox in your kennel. Was you at church yesterday?"

"Yes, suer; I went with Mr. Howell."

"That's well. I was afraid as you might have

gone off with Birch. But I mustn't stand prating here while folk are waiting for breakfast."

A nod, and she was gone; but she had left something for him to ponder. And as if drawn to the young man by his first act of civility, she had generally a word of caution or good counsel for him; and seemed pleased as a mother might be to find that he was no more inclined to consort with friendly Nathan Birch than with the unfriendly one.

Repelled and disgusted in the first instance, there was nothing about Birch to attract Richard Powys. The taint of the workhouse still clung to him. He was artful and cunning, coarse and vulgar in speech and habits, and the secret associates of his few leisure hours were not of a type to refine him.

Life at the Llantyst farm had been primitive enough, but the religious training of the Powys family had served to give stability to character; and Richard's natural ambition had been a spur to improve his small educational advantages, whilst the three years spent with his uncle had enlarged his ideas, and smoothed down asperities of voice or manner.

Then his admission to the Birmingham factor's fireside had opened out a view of social life under another aspect, and widened his aspirations, albeit only middle-class life in a trading community. And there can be no doubt that at this critical period of his career the image of Amelia Amory had a great influence in keeping him from associates who might have dragged him down, at the same time causing him to devote all his energies to business as the sure road to success.

It was not easy always to shake off Birch, who sought to draw him out for a stroll during the hour the young men had for themselves after the shutters went up at half-past eight, the tempter urging that his health would suffer in the close confinement, and that he ought to learn his way about the city.

Conscious that there was some truth in both these arguments, backed as they were by the sarcasm, "I suppose you're too proud to go out with me," Richard allowed himself to be drawn forth one night when he had been about three weeks shut in with books from his master's shelves.

It was the first time and the last. Their ramble was not a long one. It ended at a narrow alley turning out of Whitecross Street, and in a low room sunk two or three steps below the pavement, where a number of young men were seated with long clay pipes in their mouths, and glasses or pewter pots on the smeared tables before them.

The flare of three or four common tin oil-lamps hung up against the grimy plaster walls scarcely enabled Richard to discern this through the thick haze of tobacco-smoke, but he could hear a rattling as of dice, and the blasphemous oaths of card-players quarrelling over their games, at different tables.

As they descended into this place he could hear a voice hail Birch with a special welcome for "bringing his fellow-'prentice at last," a voice which



"I'LL PUT YOU RIGHT."

came from a greasy-coated individual seated in an armchair elevated above the rest, and he became aware that he was a centre of attraction, so many were the dirty hands thrust forward to shake his, so simultaneous was the call for "half-a-crown to pay his footing," a demand with which he hesitated to comply. He sought no footing there.

In the whole of his experience of inns and hostels along the roads he had travelled with his Uncle Hughes he had never witnessed such a scene. There was no house in Llantyst licensed for the sale of liquors. Theirs was consequently a sober community; and his had been a religious training.

Whilst debating within himself whether he should suffer this misuse of his hard-earned coin a song was being sung, and the whole company of 'prentice lads (they were little more) took up the ribald chorus. His sense of decency was shocked. He hesitated no longer. Without a word he sprang up the steps near which he stood, and was out at the open door, pursued by shouts and footsteps.

Heedless which way he went, he fled as if for life. Sober and swift of foot he speedily distanced his pursuers, but by that time he had lost his bearings. He turned this way and that until at length a glimmer in the distance proved to be the welcome lanthorn of a drab-coated old watchman, bawling out, "Nigh ten o'clock, and a moonlight night!"

Ten o'clock, and he not indoors! What would Mr. Howell think?

A civil question elicited a civil answer. "Barbican did you say? Why, you're going t'other road. See, come with me, I'll put you right; I can hear you're a stranger."

"Deed yes; and I'm late," replied Richard, only too glad of a guide.

After a turn or two the watchman stopped short. "See, young Taffy, this is Chiswell Street; go straight along it till the road divides. Take the street to the left, go straight on, and there's Barbican."

Richard was careful but not mean. The good watchman had well earned a gratuity. His hand went to his breeches pocket. It was empty, not a coin left.

A cry of dismay broke from his lips. "I've been robbed of all my money!"

"I'm afraid, Taffy, you've been in bad company," said the other severely; "good-night." And before Richard could recover from the shock the watchman was gone.

Birch got home before him and made his tale good to Mr. Howell.

"Is it true that you gave Birch the slip?" was his master's interrogation.

"Indeed, yes, sir. I did not like his friends, and left them. And I lost my way home."

"Thought yourself too good to associate with other 'prentices, I suppose," sneered Birch?

Richard's blood was none too cool, but all his reply was an incisive "I did."

Mr. Howell's bedroom was over what was called "the back shop." His door was partially open. As he undressed the voices of the two he had left below floated up the enclosed stairs in loud altercation.

He heard sufficient to give him an inkling of the case as it stood, and to confirm his wisdom in keeping the two apart on different levels as it were.

Over the front shop he had a well-furnished private sitting-room, where he occasionally received friends or wholesale buyers. Thither Birch was summoned the next morning, and came down again like a beaten cur, cringing, but wrathful in his secret heart.

To his master he professed penitence, and promised to drop his wild 'prentice associates, after a caution he was bound to heed. How he kept his promise was a different matter.

He was very humble for some time, went to church regularly, and treated Richard with deference. Then he lamented to Betty, with many sighs, that he had not been so well brought up as Mr. Powys. Ere long he thought it was a pity the back shop should be used as a bedroom when there was an empty attic Powys could have upstairs.

Unconscious Betty shot his bullet for him.

He had reckoned without his host.

"Ah, so there is," acquiesced his keen-sighted master. "Let Birch clear away the packing-cases and lumber to one end, and take his own bed there."

Birch was caught in his own trap. He had no desire to quit his own lair under the counter.

His thanks were as doubtful as his reformation. He vented his spleen in blaming his ill-luck with every box he dragged aside. He had been wont to unlock the side door in the dark entry, after his master and Betty were safely asleep in bed, sneak out quietly, and return as warily in the early morning hours.

With Powys sleeping like a watch-dog on the sofa-bed this was too risky to be attempted. And he loved the latter none the better for inadvertently thwarting his plans and exposing his associates.

He had just as inadvertently done his rival a good turn.

(To be continued.)

THE DIVINE DISCONTENT.

(A PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.)

WHEN all is at its brightest, deep blue skies
That ring with sweetest song, and blooms ablaze
In all the brakes and tangled woodland ways,
And winds that make us fairy lullabies,—

Then is the soul most sad, and yearns for wings
To rise above these petty doubts and fears—
Man, as he is, close chained to earth, appears
A Discord in the harmony of things.

His voice, how harsh beside the silver strain
Of woodland bird! How tempest tossed his breast
Beside the calm deep rapture of the rest
That reigns in yonder cushat dove's domain!

Is there within him aught that will not die
When there shall be no longer land or sea?
His strong soul straining t'wards the far "To-be,"
Shows then her vast potentiality!

In his dull ear she gently whispers "Yes!
Anon I shall be free, and soar away
Beyond the crimson verge of dying day,
Clothed in unutterable loveliness!"

But more than this she whispers in his ear
In these inspired hours; she tells him *all*
Created things, however mean or small,
Shall still live on in some serener sphere!

Look on the joy of Earth's awakening,
When winter's past, with all its ruth and rue!
Not stately blooms alone will live anew:
The meanest wild-flower finds a second spring!

Aye with the bluest Heavens above us bent,
And in our holiest moods, we still abide
Disconsolate, unfilled, unsatisfied—
And *more* Divine is then our Discontent!

F. B. DOVETON.

"SOME DAY."—The mother of the great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, was a conscientious school teacher, and she earnestly desired that her son should love and long for knowledge. And when he brought his "rubbish," as some people would have thought it, in the shape of wire, nails, old type, and so on, into the basement of their house, she made no objection, nay rather, she looked on approvingly, and encouraged him, saying, "The world would hear of him some day."

THREE HEARINGS IN ONE DAY.

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

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice."—PSALM IV. 17.



THREE times in the day did David pray. And how often in the day did God hear? Three times; for he says, "And He shall hear my voice," that is, every time that I pray. It is not, that he would pray and get no hearing, and pray again and still the same, and pray a third time and then at last prevail on God to hear him. No. God is *more* ready to hear than we to pray, not less. The *morning* prayer was heard, the *noontide* prayer was heard, the *evening* prayer was heard: three hearings in one day; in the space of four-and-twenty hours three audiences granted by the King of kings!

But did not St. Paul beseech the Lord thrice that his thorn in the flesh might depart, and yet it did *not* depart? Yes, but God heard every one of those prayers nevertheless. We *know* that God heard him, because He answered him; and we may be quite sure that He heard him every time. And what an answer! "My grace is sufficient for thee"; an assurance of all-sufficient grace and favour. St. Paul's prayers were not unheard; and such an answer did not disappoint him. Gladly would he keep the thorn *now*!

But another psalmist wrote, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments" (Psalm cxix. 164). Now, every time he praised he was certainly heard. Therefore he found not three but *seven* hearings in one day!

But the Lord does not limit His hearings even to seven. If we cry oftener, He will hear us oftener. David says again, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of *all* their troubles" (Psalm xxxiv. 17). They may cry at any moment, much oftener (if need be) than *seven* times a day; and the Lord will always hear. In seasons of great trouble, distress, or need, neither three times a day nor seven times are enough. "Seventy times seven" comes nearer the mark; many, many times in the day—in thought if not in word, standing or sitting or walking or lying, if not kneeling—does the believer lift up his heart to God from the depths of his distress, and seek mercy, help, and comfort. And never once without a hearing. God does not count the number of His audiences; *whensoever* we cry in our Saviour's Name, He will hear.

Let us remember the psalmist again: "I *love* the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my

supplications" (Psalm cxvi. 1). If he loved Him for *one* hearing (and so he seems to mean), how should we love the Lord for *three* hearings, *seven* hearings, countless hearings! If we loved the Lord when the day began, our love should be yet more drawn out to Him at its close, because He has admitted us into His presence so many times, and so often heard our voice and our supplications.

He is always near. We need not go far to cry to Him. From wheresoever we are we may enter into His presence, and find a hearing. One moment will take us into the audience-chamber, and plant us before the Throne. For the man of prayer does, so to speak, *dwell* in the courts of the Lord's House; keeping within speech of Him always, and always sure of a gracious hearing through Jesus Christ.

"Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord!" A prayer-hearing God, so easy of access, so kind to all who come, rejecting none who approach Him in His Son's Name, never tired of seeing us before His Throne, and never sending us empty away



J. F. Bridge

From a photograph by FREDERICK THURSTON, Luton.



HENRY PURCELL.

BY J. F. BRIDGE, D.MUS.,

Organist of Westminster Abbey; Gresham Professor of Music.

THE year 1895 is the bi-centenary of the death of England's greatest musician, Henry Purcell. All lovers of Church music and all frequenters of our Cathedrals know what a precious possession is the glorious Church music of this distinguished composer. I propose to put before the reader some particulars of Purcell's life, and to supplement my remarks by some illustrations connected with the subject which cannot fail to interest not only the musician, but the general reader.

The father of Henry Purcell was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and a member of the choir and master of the choristers of Westminster Abbey. The actual date and year of the birth of Henry Purcell junior, cannot be precisely fixed, for unfortunately his baptismal register has so far eluded all search; but it was probably in 1658 or 1659.

In 1683 Purcell published some sonatas to which his portrait was prefixed (a copy of which we give above), and on this portrait he is said to be "in the twenty-fourth year of his age" (*etate sue 24*). This would give us the above-mentioned dates as the probable time of his birth. We cannot fix the exact *place*, but we know that in 1661 his father lived in "the



PURCELL'S HOUSE, BOWLING ALLEY EAST.

great almonry south" near Westminster Abbey, a spot just opposite to the present Westminster Palace Hotel. Here little Henry lived, and no doubt also he often went into the Abbey with his father, and in that glorious fane began to delight in the music of which he was to become so great a master.

In the year 1664 his father died, and the next year we find (by referring to the rate books of St. Margaret's, Westminster) that "Widdow Purcell" paid rates for a house in Tuttle (now Tothill) Street. Here, no doubt, the fatherless boy resided while attending the Chapel Royal, to the choir of which he was admitted at the age of six. There were many clever boys in this celebrated choir during the first few years after the Restoration, and to the example and teaching of two of these boys, Pelham Humfrey (the composer of the well-known "Grand Chant") and Dr. Blow, Purcell no doubt owed much. We cannot follow his youthful career very minutely, but must pass on to the time when he was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey. This was in 1680, at the early age of twenty-two. He had already produced an opera and other music for the theatre, but we do not know much of his *Church Music* up to this time. It is probable that Purcell married as soon as he received his appointment of organist of the Abbey, for we find he paid rates for a house in Great St. Ann's Lane in 1681. The houses

of that period in this street have all been pulled down. We find, however, that in 1685 he lived in Bowling Alley East. This is now part of Tufton Street, and leads up to the south entrance of Dean's Yard. The houses on the east side are still standing, and, so far as can at present be determined, the house inhabited by Purcell was the third from the south end of the street. The new Church House is on the opposite side.

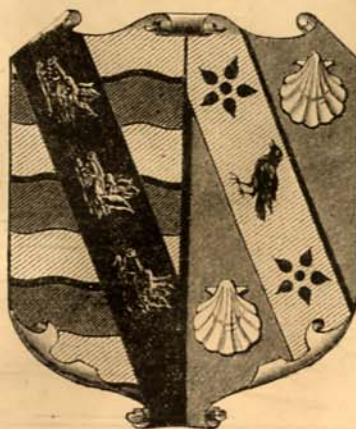
The view which is here given is taken from the south end of the street. The house with the name of "Simson" over the front is, I believe, that in which Purcell lived for about six years. It is interesting that the new Choir School House for Westminster Abbey has been built on the west side of this very street, and our view shows also a part of the new Church House buildings, which also abut on this street. Why should it not be called Purcell Street?

It was while living here that Purcell was threatened with dismissal by the Dean and Chapter, in consequence of his refusal to give up the money which had been

paid for seats in the organ loft, from which to view the coronation of William and Mary. This was in 1689; but as Purcell died organist of the Abbey, we may conclude the matter was satisfactorily adjusted.

In 1691 or 1692 the great composer removed to Marsham Street, the particular house I have not so far been able to identify. It has probably been pulled down.

In addition to the appointment at Westminster, Purcell was also one of the organists of the Chapel



PURCELL'S ARMS.



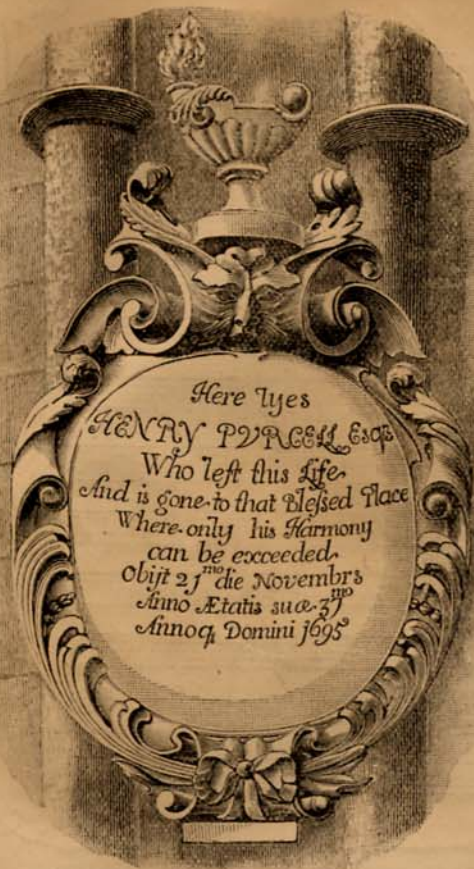
Royal. These two ecclesiastical posts, no doubt, induced him to write much for the various choirs with which he was connected, and our Cathedral music was thus fortunately enriched by some of his greatest masterpieces. One of his finest works, and one of his latest, is a *Te Deum* for voices and instruments, made for St. Cecilia's Day in 1694, the year before he died. This was the first example of an orchestral *Te Deum* written by an Englishman. It was performed annually at the Festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, at St. Paul's Cathedral, until 1713, when Handel composed his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* for the Peace of Utrecht. After this it was performed alternately with Handel's for some years. By a fortunate chance I have lately acquired the original autograph of this fine work. A *fac-simile* of the first page is here given, and also a *fac-simile* of Purcell's signature at the end.

Purcell died in his thirty-seventh year (an age fatal to many a genius), on November 21st, 1695, and was buried in Westminster Abbey beneath the organ upon which he had so often played. The following is a translation of the Latin inscription upon his gravestone:—

"Welcome, blest spirits, your illustrious guest,
Our leader here, and now your friend above.
Nor let the envious earth require again
Great Purcell, chafing at the little span
Heav'n granted for his time's delight and pride,
Purcell on whom the Muse of festal joy
And dutiful devotion had bestowed
Sweet music's power. He lives, and still shall live
Long as the neighbouring organ breathes its notes,
Long as the choir in song shall worship God."

On a pillar close to his grave there is also a tablet which was erected to his memory by a pupil, Lady Elizabeth Howard, a sketch of which is given. Below the monument we find the coat-of-arms of Purcell and his wife, a copy of which we also give.

By way of fitly commemorating the bi-centenary year, one of Purcell's anthems is included every week in the music selected to be sung in Westminster Abbey, an example which has been followed by other cathedrals and churches. It is also proposed to hold a grand Purcell commemoration service in the Abbey on November 21st, and with the aid of a large choir and orchestra to perform his *Te Deum*, and many of his finest anthems. The proceeds of the service will go towards a fund which has been initiated for erecting a suitable organ case in Westminster Abbey, a truly fitting memorial of its most celebrated organist.



Towards this fund the Dean and Chapter have already contributed £500, and it is hoped that many contributions, large and small, may be received from lovers of Purcell.

"Sometimes a Hero in an Age appears;
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co. from photographs expressly taken by Mr. T. Wright, a son of the Clerk of the Works of Westminster Abbey.

OUR PARISHES AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

IX.—THE PARISH VESTRY.

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.

THE Parish Vestry is an ancient institution that in the long past has exercised a most important influence upon all parochial affairs, and has even largely contributed to the formation of public opinion on religious and political matters throughout the kingdom.

The legally constituted meeting of parishioners called the Vestry took its name from the place in which it was customarily held.

That place was the room attached to the parish church in which the sacred vessels necessary to the celebration and administration of the Holy Communion were deposited, and in which the priest's vestments were kept.

It was the room in which the priest put on his sacred vestments, or vested himself for the due and reverent conduct of Divine Service in the House of God.

This room, in different parishes, was of very various dimensions, and in many cases was so small, and afforded such limited accommodation, that when the parishioners met for the transaction of business—especially on occasions when important church or parochial matters were to be discussed—they had to adjourn to the chancel or body of the church, and there hold their meeting.

But in recent times, in many parishes, differences on ecclesiastical matters between church parishioners and dissenting parishioners so largely and sharply developed themselves in the discussions at such meetings, and often gave rise to such scenes of excitement and confusion, that for the sake of the respect and reverence due to the House of God, it was found necessary to adjourn them to secular buildings.

The business transacted by the parochial Vestry included the discussion and settlement of all the ecclesiastical and civil concerns of the parish.

It was altogether outside the province of the Vestry to control, or to interfere with in any way, the parson of the parish in his conduct of the services of public worship, in his administration of the Sacraments, in his ministrations of the Offices of the Church, and in the performance of his general church and parochial duties.

But up till the year 1868, when the Act was passed for the abolition of compulsory church rates, it devolved upon the parishioners in the Vestry assembled to raise funds, by means of a parochial rate, for the repairs or rebuilding of their church, and also to defray the expenses incidental to the proper performance and maintenance of the public services, and various items of parochial expenditure.

The Vestry, subject to the prescriptions and limits of law and ancient custom, elected at stated annual periods the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, as well as other church and parochial officers.

The Parish Vestry also appointed auditors of the various items of all church and parochial expenditure which it had authorised; and when audited it required the accounts to be laid before it annually for inspection and criticism, with a view to their approval or rejection.

In the Parish Vestry many a controversial battle has been fought by sharply divided and contending factions over the election of church and parish officers—the lawfulness or the advisability of the various items of expenditure in the parochial accounts, the manner in which the outgoing churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and other church and parish officers had done their duty for the year past—with as much absorbing interest and earnestness as if the fate of kingdoms were dependent upon the resultant vote.

In thousands of cases the Parish Vestry meeting was the only occasion on which the primitive village controversialist, arguer, or orator could find vent for his genius.

Here he was able, in a legally constituted assembly, in the face of his fellow-parishioners of all classes in the parish, to demonstrate his native ability of thought and speech on all matters under consideration, and to assert his right as an Englishman to express his opinions, and to record his vote.

Of course, at every meeting of the Vestry, the parish incumbent, by virtue of his office, when he was present, was its chairman, and all its proceedings, subject to the observance of well-known regulations for the orderly transaction of business, were absolutely subject to his ruling.

The habits acquired by parishioners from time to time in this meeting together in Vestry for the transaction of business, and their compulsory observance of the order of speaking

and voting, subject to the ruling of the chair, no doubt, in many instances, served as an educational and disciplinary process, which fitted them for the efficient discharge of higher duties as members of municipal bodies, and as members of the Parliament of the realm.

And though what has been called "Vestrydom," "Bumble-dom," and "Parochialism," have been ridiculed and caricatured by some of our most eminent writers, and though the days of their influence and power have now for ever passed away, there can be no doubt that for centuries, directly and indirectly, they exercised a most important influence upon the ecclesiastical, local, political, and national life of England.

We need only remark, in conclusion, that under the provisions of the Parish Councils Act, the ancient Parish Vestry, except for the election of churchwardens, has now ceased to exist, and its authorities and powers have been transferred to the new Parliamentary creations—the Parish Meeting and the Parish Council.

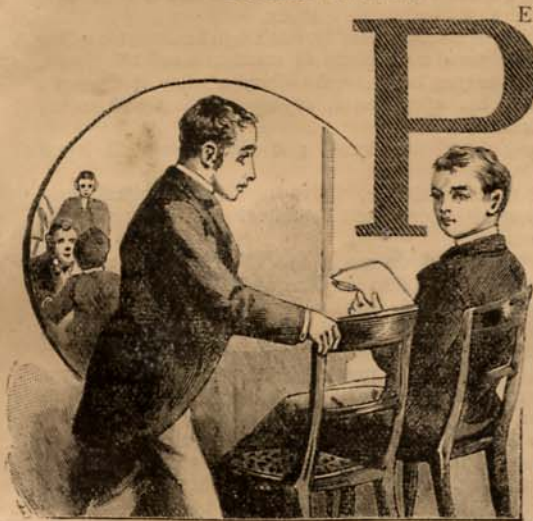
IN TIME.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Author of "The Patience of Two," "Strayed East," "The Rose of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A STEADY DESCENT.



"JENKS TOOK HIS SEAT CASUALLY BY CRAGEY'S SIDE."

had a bargain with an astute swindler, who called himself a Turf Accountant, and chiefly lived upon the credulity and greed of boys and young men in the City. Under this plan Jenks received half-a-crown for every new customer he brought, when that customer's losses had come to half-a-sovereign.

Cragy seemed to Jenks just the right kind of person to make a good victim, for what he had heard of the Cragy household led him to believe that his father would pay any debts rather than see his son brought openly to shame.

Having, therefore, left the seed dropped on that Saturday to mature for a little while, Jenks once more returned to the subject of betting.

It was a wet night, and the sitting-room at Marksman House was rather full. Critters had gone out to one of

his classes. Bacup was looking dolefully out of the window, and protesting that it never used to rain like that in the good old days. Virtue and Joyce were squabbling right merrily, as their custom was, over a game at draughts. Cragy himself was reading a halfpenny paper in a listless kind of way when Jenks entered the room.

"Well, my gay young birds," he said, "how very joyful you all look!"

Without waiting for an answer Jenks took his seat casually by Cragy's side.

"Busy?" said he.

"Not a bit."

"Ready to come out?"

"Raining too hard, isn't it?"

"Not for our little game. Jackson is having a few fellows to a quiet game or two in his bedroom, and he thought you might be ready to come, too."

As a matter of fact, Jackson had expressed no wish in the matter. Jenks was to bring a recruit, and he had his reasons for choosing Cragy.

"All right," said the latter, flattered by this delicate attention from an oldster like Jackson, but a little in doubt as to what the "game or two" might mean.

So the pair set off to a City-by-street, where the upper part of a house was rented by Messrs. Marksman & Thomas as bedrooms for some of their assistants.

A room on the third floor contained four beds, in one of which Jackson condescended to sleep. The other three occupants of the room were out that evening, and were not expected early. Jackson had therefore thought it an excellent time to have a quiet little party of his own.

When Jenks and Cragy arrived Jackson was quite alone, smoking. The window was wide open, notwithstanding the rain, but that was soon explained. Smoking in bedrooms was strictly prohibited by Messrs. Marksman & Thomas, and the steward had an awkward habit of coming around the rooms during business hours and sniffing about. The open window was, therefore, trusted to as one way of checkmating "old McKerry." Cigars, too, were by an unwritten law forbidden. Their aroma was not so easy to get rid of as that of the pipe or cigarette.

"Oh, here you are!" said Jackson, as the two entered.

There was only a single chair in the room, and Cragy, as the greater stranger, got that. Jenks sat down upon his host's box.

In another moment the door was thrown violently open, and Patsford entered the room. His hat, for a wonder, was on straight, his coat was in disorder, the eyeglass was tucked into his watch-pocket, and a general look of distress was visible upon every part of him.

"Hulloa!" said Jackson; "have you seen a ghost, Pat?"

"Ghost?" said the other, sinking into a bed. "Something a jolly sight worse than that!"

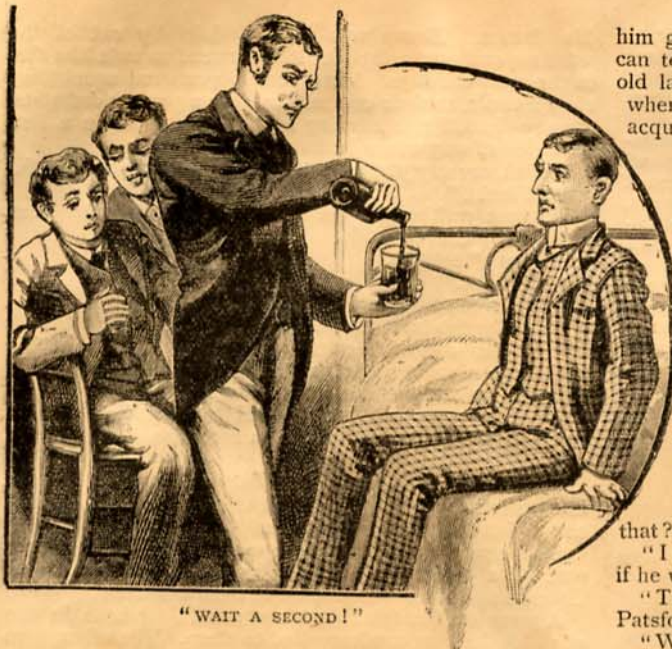
"Wait a bit, old boy," said Jackson, "you want something to restore you. Wait a second."

He put his hand underneath his own bed and drew out a bottle of beer, which he unscrewed, and then poured some of its contents into a glass.

Patsford drank the beer without drawing breath, wiped his lips daintily with a silk pocket-handkerchief, and then heaved a long sigh of relief.

"After all that," said Jenks, who disapproved of this consumption of beer when it was not handed round to all the rest, "perhaps you'll tell us what's up."

"I will," returned Patsford, in his most solemn tones. "Some of you fellows," said Patsford, surveying the company with an air of distress, "may know by name Trevarthick, just made a buyer to Rawson & Co. Wonderful head that chap has. And the company he keeps! Quite



"WAIT A SECOND!"

familiar, I can assure you, with several nobbs whose names I mustn't mention."

"Oh, don't be modest," said Jenks. "Pray bring 'em out if it would relieve your pent-up feelings."

Patsford turned a look of scorn at the interrupter, and then went on.

"Well, if you will believe me, just as I was going up Ludgate Hill, leaning upon the arm of Trevarthick, and mentioning to him that a day might come when I should be dropping into a pot of money from an old aunt, and I should cut business, I heard a voice behind me saying, 'Dick, my boy, don't you know your old auntie?' I looked around, and there she was—the venerable eel-pie dealer from Deptford—in her greasiest rig out. I assure you," continued Patsford, with a good deal of pathos in his voice, "you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"Why?" asked Craggy in innocence.

A burst of laughter from everybody was the result of his question.

"You don't know, Pat, my boy," said Jenks.

"No," said Patsford, not in the least put out, "and you don't know Trevarthick."

"Well," said Jackson, a little impatiently, "what happened next?"

"I'll tell you," said Patsford, "but don't be in too much of a hurry. Let me see, where was I?"

"You had just recognised the eel-pie dealer."

"Ah, just so. Well, the moment I turned the old woman calls out, 'How are you, Dick, my boy?' and gives me a smacking kiss, right before all the public. Then she saw Trevarthick, who was just sheering off; but before he could get away she calls out to him, 'You must forgive me kissing Dick before your eyes, sir, but he's my favourite nevvie.'"

"Well," interrupted Jenks, "and how did the noble swell like that?"

"Why, he did not seem to have anything ready just for a minute, and then a dirty young brute out of the gutter who had been looking up to him, yells out, 'What, don't you know your own mother?' You should have seen

him give us both a look then! He wasn't long going, I can tell you. So I lost my temper a bit, and says to the old lady, 'There, a pretty idiot you've made me look,' when she ups and says, 'Go along with your smart acquaintances, young man, and leave me and my money alone,' and with that she hails a 'bus, and gets in before I hardly knew where I was."

"Poor old fellow," said Jackson; "why, he may lose all the eel-pie profits!"

"Yes, and offend Trevarthick, too," added Patsford.

"And of course," said Craggy, meaning to be very agreeable, "you would be sorry for his being so rude to your aunt."

"Rude to my aunt?" repeated Patsford in amazement. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Wasn't he very rude to go off in the way he did without answering the remark she made?"

"Trevarthick answer an old eel-pie woman?"

"Yes; why not?"

"I should like to see him! He knows I can't tell you how many nobbs, and do you think he would be seen talking to a shabby old woman like that?"

"I don't see why not," said Craggy sturdily; "that is, if he wanted to behave like a gentleman."

"That shows all you know about gentlemen!" remarked Patsford with contempt.

"Well, I should say your friend acted like a cad," said Craggy, who was losing his temper.

"Oh!" said Patsford slowly, as though he was struggling to be calm; "and so a friend of mine is a cad?" Then, suddenly changing his tone, he aimed a blow at Craggy's cheek with his open hand, crying in theatrical tones, "Take that!"

Craggy bobbed his head, and the blow fell upon Jenks.

"Take that!" said he, delivering a back-handed blow, which caught Patsford upon the tender spot which pugilists call "the mark."

Patsford doubled up upon one of the beds, and his friends at once burst into laughter at his expense.

"Stow this!" said Jackson. "We've had enough of humbug. Blacker doesn't seem to be coming; but hadn't we better have a game?"

Everybody agreed (Craggy by his silence), and even Patsford, after a grumble or two, arranged his tie, put up his eyeglass, and declared himself ready.

Craggy had never played cards before, but it seemed to him too late to object. As cards meant gambling there, Craggy knew quite well that he was doing wrong. Unhappily, too, he had just had his month's pocket-money from home, and therefore had something to lose.

This circumstance was certainly not regretted by his companions, each of whom in turn contrived to profit by his want of skill.

"But then, you know," as Jenks consolingly said, "you must buy your experience somehow."

The pity is that Walter did not take this one experience as enough. But he did not, and, as money was a necessity, he had to borrow. The next step was even more painful. The disposable property upon which he could conveniently raise funds soon went, and left the new-born passion unsatisfied. The next thing was to borrow of his sisters, begging them not to tell his father and mother. Finally he came, under the stress of a cruel threat to expose him to his masters, to ask for more money from his father. Of course he was asked why the sum was wanted, and then he coined an excuse.

The fall of Walter Craggy was not so rapid as that of many a lad who comes up from a home where God has been honoured; but it might have ended in a disaster which would have clouded his whole life. As it was, he escaped in time.

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 194.)



IN the story of Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher, who was born at Boston, U.S., on January 6th, 1706, we have a striking example of honest industry fighting its way from the lowest rank to a position which even kings might envy. His self-denial, his steady perseverance, his untiring energy, his love of knowledge, his taste for scientific research, his fervent patriotism, and, above all, his abounding desire to increase the sum of human happiness, have placed his name very high on the list of those who loved their fellow-men!

We do not, however, propose in this paper to sketch the remarkable career of this famous man, but only wish to refer to the incident which forms the subject of an illustration on page 194. Very early in his career, Franklin came over to London, and found employment at Palmer's printing house in Bartholomew Close. He afterwards left Palmer's to work at Watts', near Lincoln's Inn Fields. The identical press on which he worked is now preserved among the national treasures at South Kensington Museum; and our artist has specially drawn it for our pages. The scene depicted is thus described by Franklin in his fascinating *Autobiography*.

"At my first admission into the printing house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. On occasion I carried up and downstairs a large forme of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the 'Water-American,' as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an ale-house boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon, about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labour. I endeavoured to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and, therefore, if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart

of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor—an expense I was free from. And thus these poor fellows keep themselves always under. Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new *bien venu* for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid one to the pressmen; the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private malice practised on me, by mixing my sorts, transposing and breaking my matter, etc., etc., if ever I stepped out of the room; and all ascribed to the *chapel ghost*, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted; that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

"I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their *chapel* laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great many of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, bread, and cheese, finding they could, with me, be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot water gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer—viz., three halfpence. This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sopping with their beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their light, as they phrased it, being out. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near 30s. a week on their accounts. This, and my being estimated a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a *St. Monday*) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon work of despatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably."

The waste of money involved by the over-much drinking which unhappily prevails among rich and poor alike is a common topic of discussion in temperance circles. It was by the exercise of strict frugality that Franklin bettered his pecuniary condition. For his health's sake, and for his pocket's sake, he became a water-drinker; and later on in life, when he began to write and speak to working people, he never tired of pressing home the fact that every little helps. "It is by the small economies you may hope to save," was the standing message which he handed on. He was a great hand at making pithy sentences, and under the assumed name of Richard Saunders, published in Philadelphia for about a quarter of a century, *Poor Richard's Almanack*. It contained the usual almanack information, the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days of the calendar Franklin filled in with proverbial sentences teaching industry and thrift. In 1757 these proverbs were issued as a small tract, *The Way to Wealth*, which had an immense circulation in America and England.

Franklin died on April 17th, 1790, beloved by those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, and respected by thousands who knew him simply as an intrepid worker in all good causes.

FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "*More than Conquerors*," etc.

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN A WOOD.

BY THE HON. M. C. E. LEIGH.

(Continued from page 188.)



AH! we have come to a little lake hidden away in the depths of the wood. What a sudden burst of blue! The water, streaked with little patches of light where the sunbeams wander through the branches, has borrowed its colour from the sky; but lest the forget-me-nots on the bank should be jealous, some of the blue which was left over has been bestowed on them, while the wild hyacinths on the opposite side have chosen another shade.

Those two swans, sailing about with stately dignity, look rather sulky, and no wonder! They were evicted yesterday from their rightful home on the neighbouring lake, and have been forced to take refuge here to brood

over their wrongs. These quaint little water-beetles gyrating on the surface of the lake seem to be happy enough, but they are very coy, and will hardly let us examine them before they dive beneath the water. We should have to call a "Kodak" camera into requisition, I think, if we wanted to take their portraits!

It has been said that poets behold Nature beautified by a halo of glory which is not really hers. Is it so? Are poets, like love, blindfold—blind to hard facts? or are they not rather gifted with a second sight, which penetrates the mysterious realities unheeded by less enthusiastic observers, and looks them fully in the face? Perhaps there are some among Nature's lovers who would tell us that when they learnt to know her for themselves, they found that the half had not been told them of her beauties and her glory; that poets have toiled painfully in her tracks but failed to reach her; that only music, giving speech where before was silence, can find the language in which to speak her praise.

The clapping of the woodpigeon's wings, as she scurries away over our heads, reminds us of some riddles which have yet to be solved. There is a curious theory, supported by many ornithologists of note, that the air-sacs and cavities in the larger bones of a flying bird, being connected with the lungs, can be filled, by a muscular effort on its part, with heated and expanded air, the high temperature of a bird's blood communicating itself to the air contained in the body. This hot air renders it easier for the bird to overcome the force of gravity—in other words, makes the bird actually lighter than when at rest. If a tame pigeon is weighed on a scale, and then called by a person standing at a little distance off, the scale registers a weight distinctly less, as the bird spreads its wings and prepares to fly, than it marked before.

Photographers have contributed something towards the

knowledge of ornithologists, by taking instantaneous photographs of flying birds, showing the unexpected positions which the wings successively assume in the course of flight.

Surely, if fairies ever visit the wood in these days, and, sitting on toadstools to partake of a dainty feast, drink to each other in dew, they must use these little cup-lichens for goblets. Their queen might make a beautiful winter cloak for herself out of this delicately soft "Silky Fork Moss," which shines like a piece of red satin. Look at the splendid dark green colour of this common "Twisted Screw Moss." We shall not see the reason for its name till we place a little sprig under the microscope and perceive the curious manner in which its tiny narrow leaves twist round each other, and cling together. Whatever else is wanting in a wood, there are always mosses and lichens from year's end to year's end, charitably covering a multitude of damp stones and decaying boughs and worn-out stumps and crumbling rocks.

A farm labourer's boy once wrote out for me a list of beautiful sights in Nature observed by him; and curiously he noted, "Heat when it is hot." That was a shrewd observation. On such a day as this, heat does not demonstrate its existence only by its effects; we seem to see it dancing and quivering before our eyes. The cows see it, and saunter calmly into the water, and stand there with that meditative expression sometimes observable in the faces of human animals when they are thinking about nothing at all. The dragon flies see it, they feel it in every nerve and fibre of their being (and they have nerves and fibres!), and, like the typical Englishman in *Punch*, they seem to be saying to each other, "What a fine day! Let us go and kill something." The leaves see it, and droop listlessly and motionless on the branches; while the birds hush their songs, and appear to be waiting and listening for the Spirit of the Wood to pass by.

I said that the leaves of the trees are motionless. Here, however, is one exception. The leaves of this aspen still tremble and quiver, showing that on the stillest day the restless air is ever in motion. Shall we accept the beautiful old Highland legend, which tells how the Cross was made of aspen wood?—

"And of this deed
Its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness."

Or shall we listen when "proud Philosophy" steps in, and remarks that the stalk of the aspen leaf being attached to it, not flush with the leaf, as is the case with the leaves of other trees, but, as it were, turned halfway round with one edge upwards, it has but a feeble hold on the leaf, which in consequence is moved perpetually by the air?

Well, the aspen does not give us much shade. We will throw ourselves down under the spreading branches of this stern old oak instead. Many of the insect world seem also to have discovered the advantages offered by this oak. Just as the greatest and noblest and most independent among men are the most subject to petty attacks from the smallest, so the grand old oak, the monarch of the forest, the first created, according to the Arcadians, of forest trees, seems to be the most liable to the visits of the impertinent gall insect, one of the smallest of its race. Forty-two kinds of galls, or more, are said to be found on our British oaks. Look up, and see how the provident mother gall fly pierced the young buds some months ago with the lancet which she carries in her tail, and laid her eggs in them, and how there have

grown out of the wounds those numerous oak apples, enclosing the gall-fly grubs. Some of the leaves are smothered on their under sides with spangle galls, somewhat resembling toy Chinamen's hats. Bark, roots, twigs, catkins, acorns—all are subject to attack; and oaks have been left in the winter time looking like fruit trees with clusters of round fruits, reminding us of the account given of the dwarf oaks near the Dead Sea with their plum-like "Apples of Sodom," mentioned by Pliny fifteen hundred years ago, and rediscovered a short time since by Mr. Curzon and his fellow-traveller.

If the oak is the ancient king of the forest, I think the elm is his prime minister, and, like other prime ministers, more liable than his sovereign to be upset by sudden storms. The Scotch fir is like a cynical philosopher, who looks stiffly and proudly down on the dark side of the world, little thinking that the blue sky above him appears the brighter against his shades to those who have eyes to see beyond them. The graceful beech, with downy leaves and smooth bark, seems to me a gentle maiden; while in the wild cherry, bursting into blossom in the spring of the year before its compeers, we see a bold young knight, with white plume waving in the forefront of the battle. The holly is like a pert little bully, holding his own by impudence; while is not the tall poplar a patient hero, who bends before the fierce wind that he cannot resist, but ever rises erect again with courage to endure to the end?

Hark! a storm is rising. That "silence which may be felt" is broken. The wind is lamenting among the trees with that weird, unearthly moaning which arouses a feeling of awe within us, and we know not why. It makes us uneasy, though with an uneasiness which we half enjoy. Is not this true of almost every kind of pleasure which appeals to the mind only? How is it that

"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught?"

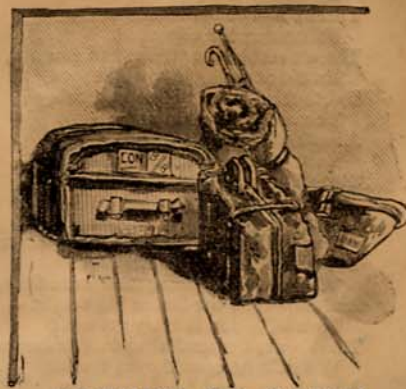
Whence comes the strange feeling of oppression which overwhelms us, and sometimes brings the tears to our eyes, when we hear unusually grand music, or look at scenery of striking magnificence or peculiar loveliness? Is it from the instinctive knowledge that we cannot now realise all the beauty, that we cannot so take it all into our minds and make it a part of ourselves as to reproduce it when we need it again? Truly, no insignificant item in the eternal happiness must be the power to absorb perfect beauty without pain, where "sweetest songs" do not tell of "saddest thought."

Our fickle friends the swallows are hovering uneasily over the neighbouring fields. Whither will they fly when summer is over? Dr. Pruett has recently related how he has seen European swallows in the great central plateau of Africa, even in the region beyond the Equator. Strange enough, he discovered the native idea to be that the swallows hide away in holes in Africa during the summer, just as in Gilbert White's day many of the natives of England gravely discussed the question as to whether they did not bury themselves under lakes and ponds, or hybernate in caves, during the winter.

Listen! it thunders. I remember reading somewhere the true remark, that it is only their association with other ideas in our own minds that makes certain things appear to us beautiful or the reverse; that the wheels, for instance, of a distant carriage in the street, and the roll of thunder, give forth nearly the same sound, yet no sound could seem more commonplace than the one, or more sublime than the other. What noise is more hideous than the lowing

of a cow pent up in a van at a railway station? But hear it across a daisy-strewn meadow, and you will listen to it with joy, because it speaks to you comfortably there of peace and rest in the quiet country. The hum of a blue-bottle fly, as you lie under a tree on a summer day in a wood, soothes you to sleep; but let that same bluebottle come buzzing in at your window, as you sit in your arm-chair in a hot room in the town, and you think he is going to settle on your nose, you try to flick him away with your handkerchief, and abuse him roundly for disturbing your peace.

Meanwhile, the rain is pattering gently on the leaves, the daisies are closing their petals to protect their pollen, and black clouds are chasing each other across a lowering sky. It is time that this inconsequent chat should have an ending; or we shall still be wandering in our wood when the dews begin to "weep the fall" of another day, and distant worlds come out to peep at ours, and open to our inquiring mind fresh fields for wonder.



RETURN TO TOWN.

BY THE REV. R. J. B. GOLDING-BIRD,
Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

BACK to the bricks and mortar,
Back to the clamour and strife,
Back to the weary mill work,
In the battlefield of life!

Back to the earnest warfare,
Back to the help of man,
Back with growing endeavour
To work with a will while I can!

Work 'mong the teeming masses
Of Adam's fallen race,
To reach out a hand in mercy
Some evil to efface.

Of country lane and meadow,
Of river, hill, and dell,
I take, with soft'ning feeling,
A tender long farewell.

'Tis my last look at the valley,
Where songs of birds uprise,
The little feather'd warblers—
To point me to the skies!

In place of their sweet singing
Bright memories of time,
I turn my back on rest life
For streets of sin and grime;

Great is the mighty contrast,
The peace of quiet dale,
The running brook of music
With toil and weary wail.

But life of sun and shadow
Is ever made up, I ween,

The dust and fog of a city
 Has little of country scene.
 Yet life, in its truer meaning,
 Has a battle to fight and win,
 To labour among the masses
 For the overthrow of sin!
 The brook, the hill, and the valley
 Are good for a little while,
 To tell us how nature in beauty
 Wears ever a holiday smile;
 But duty has voice unmistakable,
 We hear, and never may choose,
 To labour in fields of effort,
 We cannot, we dare not refuse!
 The flowers of nature are lovely,
 Handwriting of God below,
 But flowers of grace are better,
 His Christ has told us so!
 And these mid sin and evil,
 Rank as decaying weed,
 We can seek and find, for the Lord,
 By kindly word and deed.
 There's a joy as we stay awhile
 Forgetting the city's toil,
 There's rest in the streamlet's murmur,
 No sin stepping in to soil!
 But though we may sigh at leaving
 The calm of a rural rest,
 A something within is striving,
 'Tis the voice of an inmost breast,
 Stern duty asserting her own,
 To hear and obey is ours,
 To gather from living masses
 Something better than nature's flowers!
 To seek to follow *His* steps,
 Who labour'd where men were found,
 And impress'd the lesson He taught—
 Love in action is Holy ground!
 There's work placed abundant before us,
 With Christ-open'd eyes we see,
 A work, the good Lord has given,
 To be done by you and by me!
 So back to the teeming masses
 In the battlefield of Life,
 Back to the earnest effort
 In the midst of sin and strife.
 Right well I know it is true,
 Just think it in calmness well over—
 To rescue a man from sin
 Is better than fields of clover!
 To aid with tenderest care
 The suffering form of pain,
 Is rest in the midst of labour,
 Is work with a mighty gain!
 For the lilies own'd of the Lord
 Abound in surroundings of sin,
 They're better worth seeking, I trow,
 Than nature's best blossoms to win!
 These bloom indeed for a time,
 Then fade, and fall at our feet;
 But souls are the flowers, I ween,
 To be found in a London street!
 Then let us be up, and doing,
 No sigh for a country life,
 But strengthened by rest for awhile,
 Back to the contest and strife!
 Back to the bricks and mortar,
 Back to the works of man—
 Ever seeking in life by toiling
 To help to the best as we can!
 As gardeners loyal and true,
 Accepting as guidance *His* Word,
 And gather in London streets
 Flowers, deathless flowers for the Lord.

BROWN LEGHORNS.

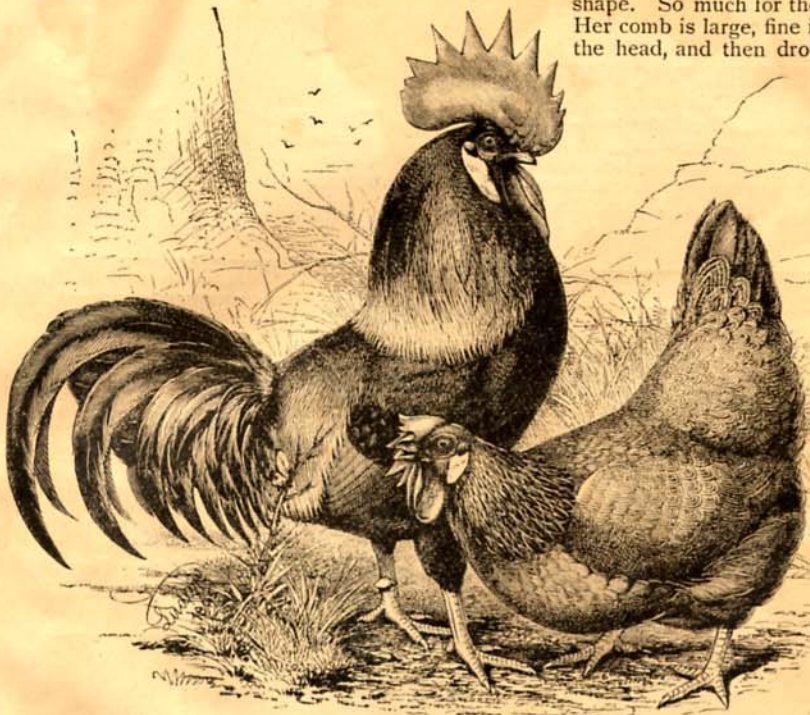
BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,

Editor of "Fowls: for Pleasure, Prizes, and Profit."

TO any one starting poultry-keeping the Leghorn family is an attractive one. All the members are very pretty, and in the various branches of the family there is not only considerable diversity, but great wealth of colour. Let us at once enumerate the family connections—browns, whites, buffs, piles, cuckoos, blacks, duckwings, and mottles. Other varieties are sometimes spoken of in America and elsewhere, but

considerable doubt exists as to their antecedents.

Many beautiful things come from Italy, the Leghorn fowl amongst the rest, and deriving its name from the northern port. But it must not be thought that they can be found in such variety there, or such splendid specimens as we are accustomed to see in the English show pen to-day. Several of the varieties are British make, and together with the improved specimens produced from imported kinds are a splendid evidence of the skill and perseverance of our breeders. The White Leghorn was the first branch of the family to make its appearance, the Browns following some two years later—viz., in 1872; and it soon became evident that these birds were destined to grow into popular favour. For, apart altogether from what appeals to the eye, they had much to recommend them from the utilitarian standpoint. Their hardy constitution, excellent egg-producing powers, and wonderful precocity could not long remain unobserved and unappreciated; and although their size was decried by some who regard size as the acme of perfection, they were not to be despised even as table fowls. They seem to thrive here, there, and everywhere; on the farm, the country run, or the back-yard of the workman's cottage they will render a good account of themselves. But in small town yards I think it a mistake to keep white or very light-plumaged birds of any breed; and in selecting Leghorns where such accommodation is the only sort at command, I would advise that choice be made of some of the darker-coated members of this handsome family. For instance, the Browns are well suited for the purpose, and here are the points of the same. I will not put "ladies first" this time, but proceed to describe the cock. The comb is single, well serrated, fine in texture, firmly set on, and carried nicely over the back of the head. The face a good red, quite free from any trace of white. The wattles of good size, nice texture, and free from folds. Lobes white, smooth, and kid-like, free from any trace of red. The neck-hackle is well furnished with golden-bay feathers, having a stripe of black running down the centre of each. The back is fairly long, and covered with dark red feathers. The wing coverts are a sort of rich metallic black, forming a clearly defined wing bar. The saddle-hackle is a rich red, some of the feathers being striped with black similarly to the neck-hackle. The breast is full, and with the thigh and underparts is of a rich metallic green-black colour. The tail is abundant, with fine long sickles and furnishings, and of a rich greeny-black. The legs and feet are yellow and of elegant



Drawn by J. W. LUDLOW.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

"LORD AND LADY ARMSTRONG."

shape. So much for the lord and master. Now for her ladyship. Her comb is large, fine in texture, and brilliant red. It rises from the head, and then droops gracefully over to one side. Wattles smaller than the cock's, bright red, and well rounded. Lobes should be ample in size, smooth, and white. The hackle is quite a golden colour, each feather being clearly striped with black. The breast is full and prominent, of a sort of salmon colour, running into a grey tint about the thighs and stern. The body colour is brown, pencilled with black, and has been frequently compared to the marking of the partridge. The tail is carried somewhat erect. The legs and feet are yellow.

Altogether a pair of Brown Leghorns make a very pretty couple; and if these few lines, and the accompanying illustration, executed by Mr. Ludlow of my "Lord and Lady Armstrong," induce any of my readers to take up this variety, I feel sure they will not regret their venture.

There can be no doubt whatever, that in any home in which there are young children in the family, poultry-keeping is a great source of pleasure as well as instruction. The boys and girls get a taste of the study of natural history, which often remains with them through life. By attending to the wants of the poultry they may learn many practical lessons which will be of service to them in after years.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXIII. CONUNDRUMS.

16. Which is the most musical part of a lady's luggage?
17. What is that which we have all seen but which we shall never see again?

XXIV. RIDDLE.

Whole the dusty townsfolk like to trample on me on a summer's day, four-fifths of me is what they do it with, behead me and I am sought for in the bowels of the earth, three-fifths of me is very useful in the garden, another three-fifths are my mother and sister, and two-fifths form my father and brother.

XXV. ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

1. A river in Cheshire.
2. A town in Suffolk.
3. A town in Surrey.
4. A river in Devon.
5. A town in Kent.

The answers must be given in single letters not words.

"NOTHING BUT LOVE."—A Cornish miner, who had long followed Christ, was once talking to his aged wife. "I don't think I shall be long here, wife," he said. "Something seems to tell me I shall soon go home; but remember that if anything happens to me, there is nothing but love between God and my soul."

Not long after he was killed in a colliery accident; but it was always a comfort to his wife to remember his words, "There is nothing but love between God and my soul."

GARDEN WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.



EARTH up celery in dry weather. Give copious supplies of water to the roots. In earthing up care must be taken to prevent the earth from getting into the heart of the plants. Dig potatoes. Plant out cabbage for spring supply. Coleworts for early use may be planted between the cabbages these will be ready in January. Take up onions, and lay them out to dry. Their place may be used for cabbage. Sow winter spinach early in the month.

Fruit Garden.

Gather apples and pears which are ready. This may be easily ascertained by gently lifting the apple in the hand and bending the stalk; if ripe, it comes away at once, without pulling or twisting. Fruit should be gathered in dry weather.

Flower Garden.

Plant narcissus, crocuses, snowdrops, and scilla siberica. Propagate summer budding plants, such as geraniums, etc., also pansies and violas. Prepare beds for planting hyacinths, etc., towards the end of the month. Keep beds and paths free from weeds.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. EDGAR WILLIAM BRIGHT, 9, High Street, Kettering.	13	Grammar School: Rev. T. Widdowson, B.A., Head Master. (M.A., Vicar.	Head Master.
2. MABEL AGNES ADDISON PHILLIPS, 5, Porchester Sq., W.	14	Holy Trinity, Paddington: Rev. Preb. Moore.	Miss Phillips, S.S. Teacher.
3. GWLADYS EVELYN PENNELL, Blue Hayes, Broadclyst, Exeter.	13	Parish Church: Rev. P. L. Dyke Acland, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
4. FLORRIE MACDONALD, 31, South Circular Road, Kilmainham, Dublin.	15	St. James's: Rev. I. C. Irwin, B.D., Vicar.	The Vicar. [Teacher.
5. LIONEL HOLYOAK, 38, Eilbert Street, Leicester.	12	St. Andrew's: Rev. S. Godber, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. W. P. Pettipfer, S.S. Teacher.
6. ALICE GRIEVE, 11, Hartington Street, Barrow-in-Furness.	13	St. Mark's: Rev. C. L. Thornton-Duesbery, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Grieve, S.S. Teacher.
7. SUSIE GAPP, Mattishall, Norfolk.	12	Parish Church: Rev. A. J. Hunter, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Johnson, S.S. Teacher.
8. MARY JANE GREIG, 2, Market Street, Montrose.	12	St. Peter's: Rev. T. S. Connolly.	Miss Dykes, S.S. Teacher.
9. ELIZABETH J. B. GREEN, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Wincanton.	14	Parish Church: Rev. C. Grant-Dalton, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Green, S.S. Teacher.
10. MABEL AUGUSTA FUSSELL, The Folly, Hardenhuish, Chippenham.	14	Parish Church: Rev. J. Loy, Rector.	The Rector.
11. LIZZIE M. PEARSON, 83, Duke Street, Barrow-in-Furness.	14	St. Mark's: Rev. C. L. Thornton-Duesbery, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. T. Featherstone, Curate.
12. T. S. BEAUMONT, The Firs, Wilmslow, Cheshire.	14	Lindow Church: Rev. W. S. Barnes-Slacke, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in our Bible Questions:—

ANNIE BOGLE, Hacombe; EDITH B. KING, Newtown, Reading; WILLIAM MCCORMACK, Everton, Liverpool; MATILDA MUNSLOW, Whitchurch, Salop; REBECCA COOPER, Netherton, Dudley; ELLEN FOWLER, Long Marston; MARGARET E. FAIRCLOUGH, Mirfield; CATHERINE M. FAIRCLOUGH, Mirfield; MAUD HOPKINS, New Hinksey; ELLIS HARVEY, Bakewell; HARRIET HITCHMOUGH, Halewood; EDITH F. HILL, South Park, Lincoln; W. J. HUNTER, Halesowen; GERTRUDE R. JOSLING, Moulton, Newmarket; SIDNEY KENNARD, Hastings; C. L. JAMES, Irving Street, Birmingham; ENNIS IVES, Chobham; M. E. NELSON, Maryport; ETHEL OSMAN, 73, Redwald Road, Clapton Park; EDITH M. GRAFTON, Stourbridge; MARGARET W. MASON, Sunderland; GERTRUDE BOREHAM, West Green; ALICE APTHORPE, Cambridge; WILLIAM BROWN, South Norwood.

BURIED TRUTHS.

See Isa. xliii. 22-24; i. 13, 14; Mal. ii. 17. Also Isa. xliii. 25, and Jer. vi. 11, xx. 9.

March.—(1) Acts xvii. 34. (2) 2 Tim. i. 5. (3) Matt xxvii. 19. (4) Matt. xxvi. 12. (5) Acts ix. 36, etc. (6) Acts xviii. 2, 18, 26, Rom. xvi. 3, 2 Tim. iv. 19. (7) Luke viii. 3. (8) John iv. 29. (9) Mark v. 20. (10) 2 Kings iv. 8, etc.

BURIED TRUTHS.

See Acts iii. 8, walking, leaping, and praising God; also verse 11, held Peter and John. See Ps. cxxvi. 1, Luke xxiv. 41.

April.—(1) Matt. ix. 18, 25. (2) 1 Kings xvii. 17-24; 2 Kings iv. 18-35; Acts xx. 9-11. (3) Acts ix. 36, etc. (4) Luke vii. 11-15. (5) 2 Kings xiii. 20, 21. (6) John xi. 39, etc. (7) John x. 17, 18, Rom. vi. 9. (8) Acts ii. 32, iii. 15. (9) 1 Pet. iii. 18. (10) Rom. viii. 11.

BURIED TRUTHS.

See Lev. xiii. 9-11; 1 Cor. xv. 20, 23; Rev. i. 5; Matt. xii. 40; xvi. 4, 21; xxviii. 1; Mark xvi. 1; Hos. vi. 2, etc.

May.—(1) 1 Sam. xxv. 2, 10. (2) 1 Sam. xxii. 20-23. (3) Acts xiii. 36. (4) Gen. xvi. 9. (5) Phil. 9-11. (6) Phil. 16. (7) Rom. i. 1, Gal. i. 10, Philip. i. 1, Titus. (8) James i. 1, 2 Pet. i. 1, Jude 1, Rev. i. 1. (9) Acts xxvii. 23. (10) Rev. xxii. 3.

BURIED TRUTHS.

See John ix.

June.—(1) Josh. ii. 1, etc. (2) 2 Sam. xv. 36, xvii. 17-20. (3) John i. 35-41. (4) Matt. xx. 30-34. (5) Matt. xxi. 1-6. (6) Mark xiv. 12-16, Luke xlii. 19, 1 Cor. xi. 24. (7) Luke xxiv. 21, 31. (8) 2 Kings ii. 3, 9, 10-15. (9) Esther vi. 2. (10) 2 Kings xix. 37.

BURIED TRUTHS.

See Gen. vii. 9, 15, viii. 20, 2 Pet. iii. 5-7.

BURIED TRUTHS.

A very large number of papers have been sent in, and it has been a matter of some difficulty to make the award. The Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from January to June inclusive is awarded to—

MRS. MARGARET MILLS, Bennington Rectory, Stevenage.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" is as great as ever. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (January to June) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. SYDNEY KENNARD, 36, Hughenden Road, Hastings.	15	Rev. Alfred Hodges, M.A., Vicar of Blacklands.
2. EVELYN HANDS, 18, College Street, Stratford-on-Avon.		Rev. W. C. Allsebrook, B.A., Curate.
3. NOBLE BURROWS, 9, Lake Street, New Hinksey, Oxford.	14	Rev. W. D. B. Curry, M.A., Vicar of South Hinksey.
4. MARGARET PERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichenford, Worcester.	11	Miss Orgee, Teacher.
5. ALEXANDER BACON SUTTON, 4, Eversfield Terrace, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.	14	Rev. A. P. Clayton, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity.
6. AGATHA WILKINSON, East Drayton Vicarage, Lincoln.	15	Rev. A. F. L. Wilkinson, B.A., Vicar.
7. TOM BENTLEY HILL, Eastholme, South Park, Lincoln.	11	Rev. R. M. Hill, M.A.
8. WILLIAM NASH, Pickhurst Cottages, Chiddingfold, Godalming.	13	Mrs. Nash.
9. CHARLES DAVENPORT, Wichenford Rectory, Worcester.	11	Rev. J. Davenport, M.A., Vicar of Wichenford.
10. G. H. SHORT, 15, Wagon Way Road, Alnwick.		Miss Macdonald, S.S. Teacher.
11. WILLIAM JAMES HUNTER, 6, Coombes Wood, Halesowen.	12	Mr. J. Fletcher, S.S. Teacher.
12. PERCY THOMAS CUTTING, St. Giles' Schools, Endell Street, W.C.	11	Mr. I. T. Cutting, S.S. Superintendent.

The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

I. ENIGMA.—Bills.

II. CHARADE.—Wellington.

III. PUZZLE.—Sitting. Sting.

IV. CHARADES.—

1. Pegtop.
2. Palm leaf.

V. PUZZLE WORDS.—

1. Diana.
2. Civia.
3. Civilian.
4. Comedy.
5. Convent.
6. Review.

VI. CHARADES.—

1. Author-i-tea.
2. Hammock.
3. Bookcase.
4. Honesty (Honesty).

VII. CONUNDRUMS.—

1. Sleep.
2. Sec.
3. C.
4. When he goes out.

VIII. ENIGMA.—Brush. Rush.

IX. CONUNDRUMS.—

5. Charity.
6. Breathe.
7. When it's red (read).
8. A ring.

X. RIDDLE.—The sun.

XI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Harvest Reapers.

H ea R
A nn E
R ac A
V am P
E y E
S ee R
T res S

XII. TRANSPOSITION.—Star, Rats, Tars, Arts.

XIII. CONUNDRUMS.—

9. Jay.
10. Two n's (hens).

XIV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Abstain: refrain

A rbou R
B e E
S car F
T remo R
A h A
I i
N atio N

XV. RIDDLE.—Light.

XVI. DECAPITATION.—Box, b (bee), ox, x (Exe).

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

Class A. For Competitors Under Sixteen.

IN which part of the Bible do we find mention of the following—

1. Two bad men with whom their father re-monstrated in vain?
2. Two bad men who did that of which no man ever thought of, accusing their father?
3. Two men who preferred a request which made ten other men very wroth?
4. Two unnamed men who were associated on a deeply interesting occasion with five other men of very considerable, and one other man of even transcendental, distinction.
5. "Two men" who told some faithful women some very good news.
6. "Two men" who afterwards told some faithful men some further good news?
7. Two men who acted together after the death of their father though rarely doing so during his life?

8. Two other men, relatives of these men, of whom the same can be said?

9. Two men described by the Saviour as seeking the same object in such widely different ways that only one of them obtained it?

10. Two men, many ages before, of whom much the same can be said?

Class B. Open To All.

BURIED TRUTHS.

A SILENT FORCE.—What is that which may be said to conquer by losing itself; which goes on conquering till it finds nothing left to subdue; which is often hid but seldom inactive; which was closely connected at one time with a remarkable deliverance, and distantly connected at another time with a very great crime; which Moses in certain circumstances absolutely forbade; which St. Paul bids us eradicate; and which our blessed Saviour made use of both to instruct and to warn?

A Song of Pilgrimage.

Words by J. NEWTON, 1779.

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D.

With expression. *cres.*

1. As when the wea-ry trav-ler gains The height of some o'er-look-ing hill, His heart re-
vives, if, 'cross the plains, He sees his home, though dis-tant still..... A-men.

2. While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between :
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3. Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize. Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Brave Lady.

ALL alone at Inverness, near Menakatlak, in British Columbia, labours Miss West, among Indians, Chinese, Japanese, and a few whites. Every day she rowed herself a mile and a half across the swift tidal river to visit an Indian village on the other side. Once, when she was in deep and rough water, the boat overturned, and she was nearly drowned. She managed to right the boat and climb back into it. Then she rowed back, changed her clothes, and bravely set out again for the other side. No wonder that the sight of true womanliness, united with such self-sacrificing devotion to Christ's work, has won the hearts of the people.

An African Witch-burning.

Dr. J. E. HINE gives a ghastly account of a witch-burning near Unangu, his station above Lake Nyassa. The "boys" came and reported that a witch was being burnt alive at a place two miles from the station. Dr. Hine was incredulous, but went to see. "When I got a little nearer," he says, "a sudden whiff as of burning flesh made me suspicious that the story might be true, and a little further on I saw it was. The body (of a woman, I was told) was lying on a heap of ashes, face downwards, with the charred remains of the skull and hands projecting from the end, and fastened to a small tree, the feet apparently having been fastened to another tree behind. All the flesh on face and arms had been destroyed, but the body was still burning, frizzling and spitting in the flames—a horrible sight, such as I never thought to see in my life."

This was no piece of exceptional cruelty. It was too

ordinary an occurrence to shock the feelings of the natives. "Can we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?"

What a Hindu lad went through.

ABOUT two years ago a Bengali village lad heard of Jesus from the lips of Church Missionary Society missionaries, and became converted. The people were up in arms, and for a time the lad's life was in danger. His family brought an action against the missionary, but the brave fellow fearlessly and openly declared his faith in Christ and his determination to stay with the missionary. Defeated in court, they persistently assailed the lad, and did everything they could to make him recant. At last his faith broke down. In abject fear he signed a paper renouncing Christianity. A few days afterwards the hand which had signed the recantation became powerless, and the whole of the lad's right side developed symptoms of paralysis. He accepted the affliction as God's rebuke, and came back to Christ. Not only so, but he began to preach so earnestly and powerfully that the villagers were enraged against him. To protect him from them he was sent away to Calcutta.

The end of the story was remarkable. For some months the lad was in hospital, where every appliance failed to cure him. Then he went to the Christian Boarding School. He told the missionary his trouble. Together they prayed to God to heal the lad, and then used the remedies which had been tried in vain before. This went on day after day. Soon the lad was able to use his arm a little, then to run about, and when he left the school was foremost at all games, without losing his earnest faith and zeal for the Saviour.

