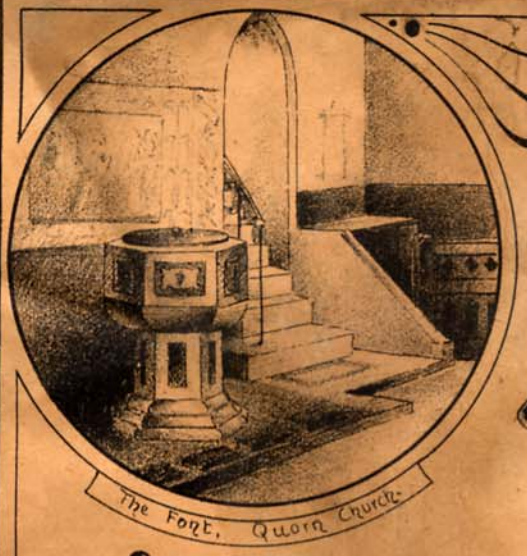
OCTOBER 1895

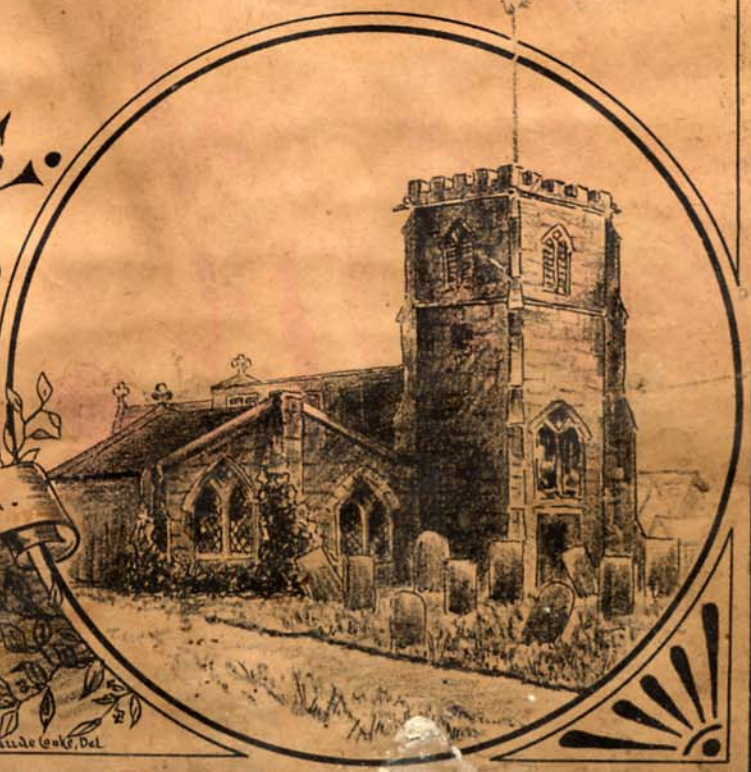


The Font, Quorn Church.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH MAGAZINE.



QUORN CHURCH.

Claude Cooke, 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.

Oct. 6th—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
13th—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
18th—Friday.—Festival of S. Luke the Evangelist.
20th—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
27th—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
28th—Monday.—Festival of S.S. Simon and Jude, Apostles and Martyrs.

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

Oct. 6.	I Samuel xx.	Hymn to be learnt— 4.
13.	,, xxiv.	
20.	,, xxxi.	
27.	II. Samuel i.	

N.B.—We are very sorry to be late with the Magazine this month, through the sickness of the Editor.

Baptisms.

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

Aug. 29th—Florence Lilian Adcock.
Sept. 8th—Ernest Willars.
Mabel Gamble.
Leonard Thomas Gamble
Lilian Ada Adcock
Ida Stones.
29th—Nellie Vince Bushell.
Mary Rennocks.
Florry Street.

Marriages.

Sept. 2nd—George Himan and Mary Ann Sketchley.
7th—James Stockwell and Harriet Heggs.

Burials.

Sept. 6th—Florence Lilian Adcock, aged 3 months.
10th—George Dexter, aged 93 years.
18th—James Ackroyd, aged 75 years.
24th—James Boyer, aged 11 months.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
Sept. 1st—	———	2 12 0	0 4 9
8th—	———	2 0 9	0 4 10
15th—	———	2 3 2	0 2 6
22nd—	———	1 13 4	0 4 0
			Hospitals.
26th—	———	———	3 7 0
29th—	———	———	6 5 8½
Poor Box—	0 1 1½	———	———
Totals	£0 1 1½	£8 9 3	£10 8 9½

Hymns.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
Oct. 6th	160	242	180
	271	4	174
	274	13	28
13th	320	358	107
	318	4	287
		19	21
18th	—		261
			433
			24
20th	140	165	167
	176	4	164
	270	23	27
27th	238	184	261
	240	4	432
	366	17	215
			165

PARISH NOTES.

"Good news travels fast," so it is likely that the result of the Bazaar on September 6th and 7th, is pretty well known throughout the parish. Our readers will remember that last month we could not make any prediction as to the amount we were likely to make in this way. If we had we should not have ventured to name such an amount as actually resulted, viz: £150, after the payment of all expenses. To the very last, contributions for sale came in in such abundance that it was quite plain that if a large sum was not made it would not be through scarcity of goods. Also it soon became plain that the *buyers* were coming too. At the time when Mr. Warner declared the Bazaar open, the Hall was nicely filled, and very shortly after it was quite crowded. It was on this day that the best trade was done, as close upon £100 was received before closing time. The Saturday brought in £50, and the extra evening on Monday, £12 10s Notwithstanding this success there was such a quantity of things left that there will be ample, without any further trouble, to furnish another Sale, if the £150 is not sufficient to pay for the work on the Tower.

It would be impossible to convey thanks individually to each one who has contributed to this result. There cannot be many houses in the parish from which some kind of contribution has not come. Then there are those who have been working for months at the plain work, and those who made themselves responsible for the furnishing of stalls and entertainments, and the many who assisted in different ways during the Bazaar. To each and all the Vicar and Churchwardens (who are the persons responsible for the work and payment) desire to return their thanks for hearty and generous co-operation.

The work on the tower will partly explain itself, but people will not know how much care and judgment have been expended upon the matter. The great object aimed at is to restore the tower where needed as near as possible to its original condition. For this purpose every stone is carefully examined to see if it will do to be used again, and if not, that it may be copied exactly and replaced by a new one. The great care needed has made the first part of the work seem slow in progress, but no unnecessary delay has really taken place, and the work has progressed as well as was to be expected. One important part that will have to be made quite fresh is the four stone spouts that projected from the corners of the battlements. These were originally fashioned in the shape of grotesque figures and faces, but through long lapse of time they had lost their shape, and will have to be cut out of fresh blocks of stone.

In a work of this kind it is not easy to arrive at an exact estimate beforehand, but an accurate account of the expense has been rendered and will be, so that the expenditure will be kept within proper bounds, and work done according to the means likely to be available.

We hope the cleaning and re-colouring of the nave of the Church has been noticed and approved. The old yellow wash was far from pretty, and was getting very untidy in places. The fresh neutral tint is certainly more artistic.

Another small work will be done to the Church within the next few weeks, viz.:—the opening out of the door and porch on the north side of the Church. It is thought that there should be more than one way of getting in and out of Church, both for safety and convenience, and there is no reason why the door and porch once made for the purpose should remain blocked up.

Another convenience for the use of the parishioners has been ordered, viz.:—a wheeled bier for use at funerals. A good deal of inconvenience arises at funerals through the narrowness of the nave and chancel, and this will be obviated by the use of the bier. It will also do away with the necessity of relays of bearers when a body has to be carried any distance, as two men will be sufficient in all cases where it is used. The Churchwardens will make a small charge each time it is used beyond the churchyard, which will supply a fund to keep it in repair.

We hope that this spirited action on the part of the Churchwardens will be well supported. If the Church-goers will be liberal in their offerings according to their means all will be well.

On Sunday Morning, October 6th, a Sermon will be preached by the Rev. and Hon. R. Grimston, and collections made for the Navvy Mission Society. The usual late celebration of Holy Communion will be postponed to the next Sunday, October 13th.

The last payment into the Clothing Club must be made on Monday, October 14th. All cards should be brought in then. They will be given out again on the following Monday, October 21st.

The Choir outing took place on Monday, September 2nd, The trip was to Grimsby and Cleethorpes. It proved a very long one, for starting from Barrow at 6.45, we did not get back till past 1 the next morning. This was rather too much, and we shall in future contrive some shorter excursion.

The Mothers' Meetings will begin on Monday, October 21st, and will be held at the Vicar's House.

We are sure it gave great pleasure to many to see and hear Mr. Faithfull again on the occasion of his Harvest Sermon on Thursday evening, Sept. 26th. We know that it also gives him much pleasure to come to Quorn whenever it is possible.

It is very pleasant to see the Church so full as it was that evening, and so crowded in every part as it was on the Sunday evening following. It makes it plain that the seats are *really* free, and that people understand it so. But there must be many people who come on such an occasion, and not at other times. We are glad to see people at Church at any time, and they have a perfect right to come just when they like, but if people only come when there are decorations and special music, and such like attractions, it is not much indication of real religious feeling, nor can it be expected to make much impression on the *life*.

We are glad to say that the collections this Harvest Festival amounted to £9 12s. 8½d., as against £7 16s. 10d. last year.

The following letter has been received from our little Negro Boy. Though dated July 8th it did not arrive till Aug. 26th.

"Newala, in Central Africa,
"July 8th, 1895.

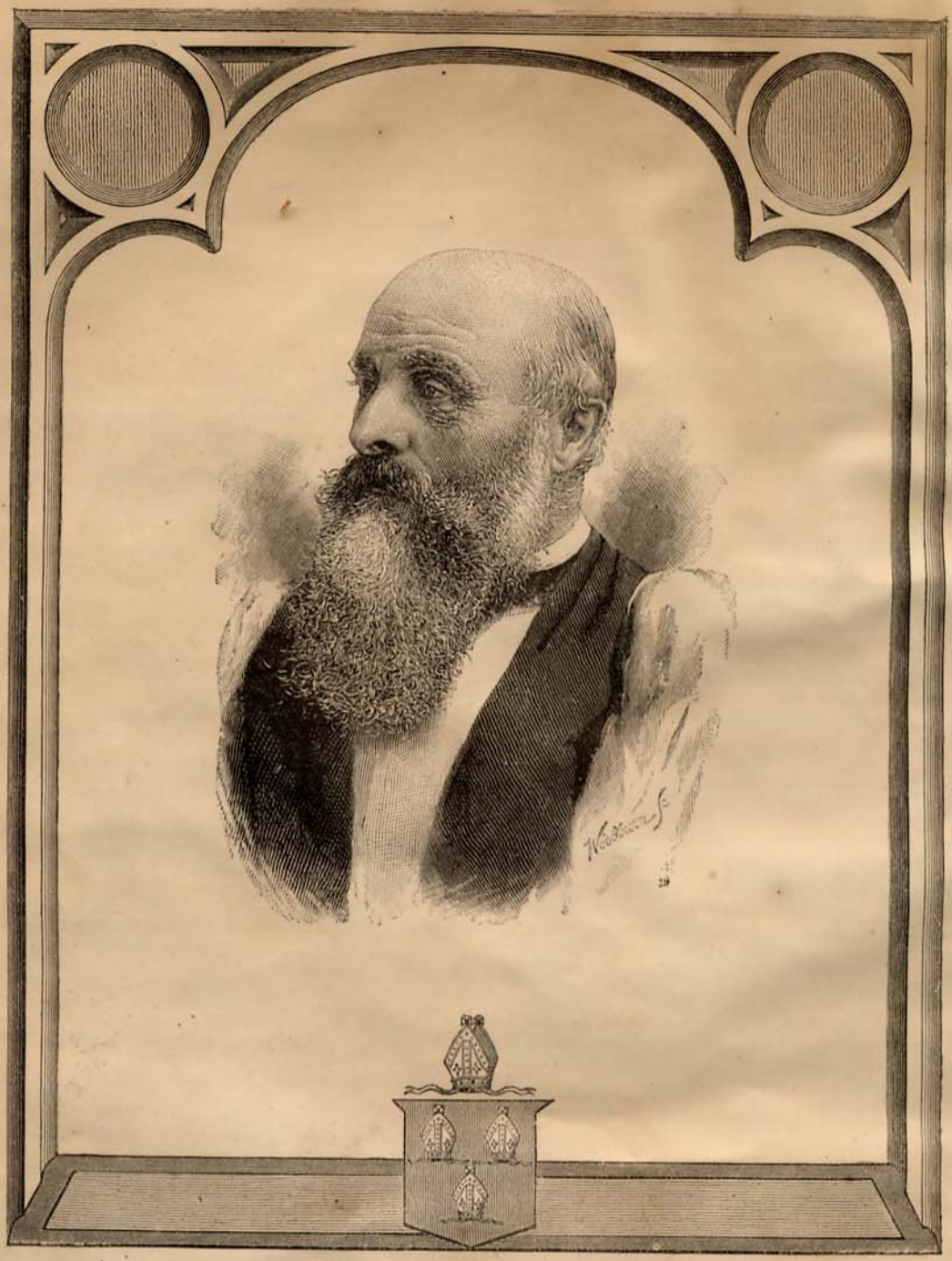
"My Dear Sir,

"I send my love, many times, to you. I want to tell "you a little of my news of Newala. I received your letter "(published in the April Magazine) and understand what you "say about the water being frozen as hard as a stone, and that "you have all to put on thick clothes because of the cold. "I have never seen it, but I have seen a picture shewing what "it is like. It is a very hot time here now We are looking "forward to the festival of S. Bartholomew, the Apostle of our "Lord. Mr. Hood has just started on his journey to Yaoland. "He has been sent to Matrika's. I understand that you have "collected and bought me a silver cross and chain, but I have "not seen it yet. My love to the dear children. Good-bye. "I am your child, who loves you very much,

"BARTOLMAYO MMENYANGA."

CHILDREN! There will be a collection for our Negro Boy Fund on Sunday afternoon, October 13th.

The Vicar has been very much shocked to hear that during Sunday, Sept. 29th, a tombstone was broken down in the churchyard. We do not suppose that this was done on purpose, but through some big lad vaulting over it. If the person who did the damage will himself let the Vicar know, nothing further shall be heard of it, but if such gentle measures will not answer, legal steps will have to be taken for the punishment of such offenders.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

From a Photograph by BROWN, BARNES, & BELL, *Liverpool.*] [*Drawn and Engraved by* H. B. WOODBURN.

THE NORWICH CHURCH CONGRESS, 1895.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

Hon. Sec. of Derby Congress 1882, *and Wolverhampton Congress* 1887; *and Editor of the Official Reports*, 1882-1894.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

FROM the 8th to the 11th of this month the Church Congress will be in session at Norwich, under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. J. Sheepshanks, D.D. Exactly thirty years ago the Congress, then in its early childhood, visited Norwich, and received a noble welcome. This is therefore the second visit to this ancient city. It is a singular coincidence that on the first occasion, in 1865, Congress migrated from a western city, Bristol, and now moves up from another western city, Exeter, to Norwich. It is also worthy of remark that (excepting the first Congress, Cambridge, 1861) the Church Congress has only visited the Eastern counties once during the thirty-four years of its history.

Norwich is accounted the metropolis of East Anglia. So late in English history as 1685 it was the third city in the kingdom, and, according to Macaulay, "the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm." Commercially, it has fallen from its position of pre-eminence among the manufacturing towns; but it has many attractions, not the least among these is the magnificent cathedral. Like Exeter, it is also a city of churches; but for a description of the chief points of interest in this ancient city we must refer our readers to a very chatty and instructive guide, published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons at the modest cost of sixpence, as our business is with the Church Congress.

THE REV. W. N. RIPLEY, M.A.,
Vicar of Earlham and Hon. Canon of Norwich.

The Congress has been held in every diocese in England and Wales, except London, Rochester, St. Albans, Hereford, Salisbury, Truro, Bangor, and Sodor and Man. But London, Rochester, and St. Albans Dioceses have found themselves within easy distance of Brighton Congress (1877), Reading (1883), and Folkestone (1892). Truro and Exeter may be regarded as one; and Plymouth Congress (1876) and Exeter (1894) have brought Congress into the far west. Bangor joined hands with St. Asaph in the welcome to Congress at Rhyl in 1891. Hereford and Salisbury are mainly agricultural Dioceses, and yield no town large enough to accommodate the numerous visitors to Congress. Nearly the whole of England and Wales has therefore been brought into touch with the Church Congress, which has, indeed, in recent years passed into a household word among Churchmen. Its annual meetings continue to grow in popularity and size.

THE VEN. H. R. NEVILL, M.A.,
Canon of Norwich and Archdeacon of Norfolk.

The success which has attended the Congress would seem to have provoked the envy and ill-temper of some who are not of us; for in March last at the "National Congress of Free Churches," held in Birmingham, one of the speakers, a prominent Nonconformist preacher, pronounced the Church Congress "a concourse of fortuitous atoms," and said "the proceedings partook of the character of a sort of ecclesiastical picnic," and "the Church Congress did not represent unity, but represented rather a perpetual strife amongst the different sections of the Church." The speaker certainly spoke without knowledge. He can neither have been present at a Congress, nor have any acquaintance with its literature, the thirty-four massive volumes of *Official Reports*. There is an old maxim to the effect that those who live in glass houses should never throw stones. The National Congress of Free Churches at Birmingham had its discords, and the Church Congress critic himself contributed his share. But let that pass. When not too vigorously pressed, differences of opinion minister to corporate life and health, and at least they witness to the sincerity of the speakers.

But, let us ask, what are the objects and uses of the Church Congress? Answer may appropriately be given in words taken from the opening address of Bishop Pelham, the President of Norwich Congress in 1865,

THE REV. F. B. DE CHAIR, M.A., *Rector of Morley and Hon. Canon of Norwich.*

and from Archbishop Tait's opening address at Croydon Congress, in 1877. The Bishop of Norwich said: "Our assembly assumes to itself no authority, collectively gathered, for the opinions that may be here expressed, nor do we intend, as a Congress, to elicit by vote any expression of the collective opinion of the Congress. . . . But we meet here . . . to discuss together in a brotherly spirit, and to take counsel together on matters connected with the polity, with the organisation, and with the general work of the Church. . . . Our endeavour will be . . . to bring out to light, in order that they may be corrected, any abuses or defects that may exist in our Church's organisation, or in the work that she is carrying out, and to suggest . . . remedies which may set right that which we think to be wrong, and which may tend towards the extension of our Church's influence, both at home and abroad. . . . We meet together on common ground, though confessedly with great variety of opinion." Archbishop Tait said: "Some say that the great use of these Congresses is that they are a safety-valve; . . . but there are other good uses of Church Congresses. No one will doubt that such Congresses have, in one sense, no authority—no compulsory authority, that is—to settle what the doctrines and discipline, or the common order of our Church, is to be; but authority in another sense they certainly have. Living in an age which glories in the free expression of opinion, when the influence of expressed opinion has much weight in all social and political matters, we cannot doubt that the expressed opinions of such gatherings as these on matters concerning our Church, though having no compulsory or binding authority, has authority with all thoughtful and good men. These assemblies, if they do nothing else: (1) show life and motion; (2) they suggest, year after year, many improvements in the ordinary system of our Church life; (3) they show very often old truths in a new light, through the freedom of discussion which they encourage; (4) they are also expressions, no doubt, of that living voice of the Church, the expression of which many long for in the present day."

G. F. BUXTON, ESQ., J.P.

A second visit to Norwich suggests quite naturally reminiscences of the former Congress, in 1865. On referring to the Official Report for that year, we are made painfully aware of the havoc Death's awful hand has wrought in the space of thirty years among the Church's leaders.

H. S. PATTESON, ESQ.

> "The seasons bring the flower again,
> And bring the firstling to the flock;
> And in the dusk of thee the clock
> Beats out the little lives of men."

Among those who took a prominent part in the proceedings and have passed from us were Archbishop Thomson (York), Bishop Pelham (Norwich), Bishop Wilberforce (then of Oxford, afterwards of Winchester), Bishop Wordsworth (Lincoln), Dean Alford, Dean Hook, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Dykes, Mr. Beresford Hope, Dr. Harvey Goodwin (then Dean of Ely, later Bishop of Carlisle), Dr. J. S. Howson (afterwards Dean of Chester), Dr. Goulburn (afterwards Dean of Norwich), Canon Hoare.

The subjects for discussion cover, as usual, a wide range, and embrace many old topics; but some are presented in a new connection—*e.g.*, National Education—in England, as compared with (*a*) the Colonies, (*b*) America, (*c*) the Continent of Europe. Creeds and Formularies—confirmed and illustrated by (*a*) recently discovered MSS., (*b*) the Catacombs and other sources. Social evils of the age will be debated at a meeting for men only, under the sub-headings of Impurity and Gambling. For the Working Men's meetings suitable subjects are appointed—viz., Church and State, including specially the origin of Tithes and Endowments, The Church and the Agricultural Labourer, Poor Law Administration, Old Age Pensions, and Benefit

L. G. BOLINGBROKE, ESQ.

Societies. At the Devotional meeting addresses will be given by selected speakers on "The Second Personal Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." This subject is entirely new to the Church Congress, and will doubtless prove highly acceptable. Another new subject is the "Influence of Modern Life on Women," which is to be dealt with by women speakers at a Women's Meeting. On the whole, the programme is an attractive one; and, if the list of appointed readers and speakers shows equal originality and strength, Norwich Congress is likely to be a very large and successful meeting. It has our best wishes.

Our portraits of the hon. secretaries of the Congress have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs as follows: Archdeacon Nevill, by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall, S. W.; Canon Ripley, by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Canon De Chair, by Godfrey Allen, Norwich; Messrs. L. G. Bolingbroke, G. F. Buxton, and H. S. Patteson, by A. E. Coe, Norwich.

THE VACANT PARISH.

BY THE REV. CANON DE CHAIR, M.A.,
Rector of Morley, Wymondham.

THE incumbent is dead, and the parish is without a pastor. What is to be done for the present? What will be done in the future? These are important questions, and worth answering; because for want of knowledge in this matter mistakes are sometimes made, and a great opportunity for doing good is often lost.

1. *What is to be done for the present?*

The Bishop, who has the spiritual charge of the whole Diocese, will at once appoint the churchwardens as "sequestrators" of the parish; the meaning of which is, that they will take charge of the vacant benefice, provide for the spiritual ministrations of the Church and parish, and preserve all endowments and payments (subject to all expenses) for the use of the successor. The churchwardens then have to find a clergyman, to carry on the work of the parish till a new minister is appointed. Sometimes it happens there is already an assistant curate, who is willing for a time to continue at his work. In some Dioceses there is a staff of clergy living under the direction of the Bishop, whom he sends, on the invitation of the churchwardens, to minister in each benefice as a vacancy occurs. This is a most excellent plan, and one worthy of adoption in every Diocese. Sometimes the churchwardens can find a clergyman willing to come for a few weeks; and sometimes they have a great difficulty even in procuring one to come for each Sunday. It is, however, in this way that the ministrations of the Church must be provided for; and a very critical time it is when a parish is thus passing from the charge of one pastor to another.

The family of a deceased clergyman are allowed to remain in the parsonage house for two months. The Bishop, soon after the vacancy occurs, issues instructions to the Diocesan surveyor to visit and inspect the parsonage house, and buildings on the glebe, and chancel if a rectory, with regard to the dilapidations. If the late incumbent possessed a surveyor's certificate that all had been put into repair at a certain date within the last five years, this visit is not ordered, and no dilapidations can be claimed on the late clergyman's estate. The visit of the surveyor is generally delayed until the house is empty, in order that the inspection may be more thoroughly made.

2. *What will be done in the future?*

This is a matter of deep importance to all in the parish. Who is to be the new incumbent? This will be the question in every one's mouth, the thought in every one's mind. This depends upon the Patron. It is for the Patron of the living to name a clergyman to the Bishop, and require him to institute him into the cure of souls. This the Bishop, if he approves of the Patron's selection, and knows nothing against him, is bound to do; and then he calls on the Archdeacon to induct him into possession of the temporalities This is done now most frequently at a public service in the Parish Church, either by the Archdeacon himself or by his deputy the Rural Dean, or some neighbouring clergyman.

To the Patron, then, every one will look, whoever it may be. It may be the Bishop of the Diocese, or the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, or some college in one of the Universities, or some great landowner in the neighbourhood, or some private person, or a body of trustees.

There is, however, something that faithful Churchmen in a parish can do at such an important time. They believe that God's overruling Providence orders everything in Heaven and earth. Surely, then, God can direct the mind of the Patron in making a right choice. God can raise up for them and send to them the right man. Let them, then, make the appointment of their new pastor the subject of earnest prayer. They can add to their daily private prayers an earnest request for a faithful pastor. "Two or three can agree together to unite in asking," remembering our Blessed Lord's promise in St. Matt. xviii. 19, 20. The subject may be introduced into family prayer. A prayer, approved by the Bishop, may be circulated in the parish for general use. At all events, prayer should be offered at such a time, if the parish is to hope and look for God's directing Hand. He knows our needs far better than do we ourselves, but He waits to be asked. He promises to give to those that ask; and what can be more acceptable in His sight than prayer offered to Him for a minister who shall promote His glory, and strive to win souls to Christ?

And there is yet something more the faithful can do in this matter. They can receive him who comes, in the right spirit. Think what he comes to be, and to do! He does not come to live among the people as a friend and neighbour merely. He does not come to be a helper to the poor and needy in things temporal merely, (though this is too often the view taken of a clergyman, especially in the country). He comes to be the Minister, the Servant, of Christ in the parish; the Messenger, Watchman, Steward of the Lord of Hosts, to give to His servants their portion of meat in due season. "To warn every man, and teach every man that he may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." And where he is received in this spirit his heart is cheered within him, his whole being is moved and stirred, so that he resolves, with God's grace, to dedicate himself anew to his work, and never to cease his care "till he hath done all that in him lies, until there be no place left among his people either for error in religion or viciousness in life."

POWYS BROTHERS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

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

CHAPTER VII.

A REBUFF AND A RECEPTION.

RICHARD had no extensive wardrobe, but for such as he had his accommodation was of the scantiest.

Under one of the greenish back-windows—not on the staircase side of the wide fireplace—stood a large oaken bureau, the turn-down lid of which Mr. Howell used as a business desk. Below this flap were a set of good drawers, at which Richard had more than once looked longingly. The key of the largest was handed over to him by his master at the breakfast table a morning or two after Birch had been called to account, with the remark, "You will require something better than a bag to keep your clothes in order when your new suit comes home, so you can use that drawer. And inside you will find a small box for your spare cash. I presume you will not want to spend all you get."

"Indeed no, sir. I must save all I can. There is mother to be thought of as well as myself."

"I am glad you remember your mother, Powys. A good son will not be a bad servant. Here is the key."

Richard put out his hand for the little talisman of privacy and security, his whole face radiant with thanks, if his tongue was less eloquent.

His month's wages would be due on the morrow, and if there would be little left when his clothes were paid for, that little might be preserved from pickpockets.

That was not all. Mr. Howell found him a *Stranger's Guide through London*, and bade him study the map so as to become familiar with the principal thoroughfares, as was essential to a business man; and to give him a practical lesson, after morning service at St. Bartholomew's on the Sunday, took the young fellow, who had cast his country garments for the day, for a stroll through the city streets before dinner, pointing out buildings of commercial importance, such as the Bank and the Exchange, as waymarks, interspersing his observation with anecdotes of men who nodded to him in passing. Merchants then, as a rule, lived on their business premises, and the city was not a deserted hive on the Sunday, as in our day.

Partly in his own interest Mr. Howell repeated the noontide walk for one or two Sundays, taking other routes, not failing, as they went, to comment on this man or on that as an example or a warning, and so contriving, without apparent intention, to convey valuable instruction on the prizes to be won and the pitfalls to be avoided.

During these walks he discovered that Richard was better informed than he had expected, and that his little guide-book had been studied to good purpose.

It had not, however, taken him a month to discover that his diligence in business was as undoubted as his tact. Indeed, his new assistant gave his evening hours to the mastery of book-keeping and of interest-tables, and showed no inclination to make Birch a companion a second time.

This became more palpable to Llewelyn Howell as weeks and months went by. He saw with pleasure that Powys desired to do his duty to the uttermost; that he was also desirous to keep himself respectable, and fit himself for something higher in the end, though he had no clue to the secret spur to his ambition. He would have laughed at the presumption of the young man who had his own way to make, in aspiring to win the daughter of the prosperous factor, or at the idea of a fine handsome girl, with a fortune in store, casting a thought towards his Welsh apprentice, the packman's nephew, good-looking though he might be.

Nor had the prosperous city man, who after business hours hastened to meet his brother liverymen of Merchant Taylors at the Company's Hall in Threadneedle Street (where the fitting reception of Waterloo's hero was under consideration), any thought how dull the studious young man might find the hours, shut up alone in that close back-shop among malodorous woollen goods, working arithmetical problems on a slate; or how often he sighed for a breath of fresh mountain air, or a sight of the dear ones he had left in the old homestead. Often pencil or book would drop, and a longing for long-left faces would come over him. But it was "Brother Hugh" whose name rose so often longingly to his lips, "Brother Hugh," whose loving voice and clinging arm he missed the most. And often a mist would come over his eyes, and blot the unread page, as he murmured dreamily, "Oh, my dear Brother Hugh; what a comfort you would be to me! I never imagined I should miss you all so much!"

And often when he was supposed to be reading he was lost in dreams, wondering what they were all doing at the farm, and where his uncle was at that moment. The activities of trade might occupy his thoughts during the day, but when the shop was closed the noises of the street shut out, and he alone in the still house—for all the stir Betty made below—and

only a solitary candle broke the gloom, regret was apt to find him, and ambition need the spur.

"I wish, master," said Betty, when waiting upon him upstairs, "I wish as Mr. Powys knew somebody he could go and see. It ain't right for a lad of his years to sit by hisself night after night with nought but a book or a slate for company. He'll soon be as wishy-washy as that Birch—though, for that matter, *he* goes out more nor is good for him. And since that night as Powys lost both hisself and his money Birch might as well ask King George to go out with him. He tells him he's better alone than in bad company."

"Very much better," echoed Mr. Howell conclusively. And Betty felt as if her hint had been thrown away.

That was close upon Michaelmas and Birmingham Onion Fair.

Richard was longing and hoping for liberty to accompany Mr. Howell, but the latter made no sign.

At length Richard mentioned his great desire to see his Uncle Hughes, and learn how all were at home.

His heart sank when his master answered, "I am sorry to deny you, Powys, for you have served me well, but I must leave some one I can trust in charge of all things here. We can shut up the place for the holidays at Whitsuntide next, and then you can go. But we must keep open at Michaelmas. A trusty old shopman of mine died twelve months ago, and since then I have been much tied. That was partly why I was so desirous to secure you. I knew that Rachel's son and Richard Hughes' nephew must be worthy my trust and confidence. I am sorry to disappoint you. But I will convey any letters you may wish to send."

Letters were costly luxuries in those days.

Mr. Howell's commendation was certainly flattering to his self-love, but it did not compensate for Richard's disappointment. Not alone did he long to meet his Uncle Hughes, and learn from his lips how his kindred were faring, but with a still more intense yearning did he crave to see Amelia Amory, and satisfy himself that she had not forgotten him.

To a young man close upon twenty, three months' separation from his first love, with neither vows nor correspondence to bridge the interval, is a trial little short of martyrdom. He had not been blessed with more frequent meetings, and had been trained, by long separations from home and friends, to endure with fortitude the unavoidable. It put his patience to the test to be told he must wait yet seven or eight months longer.

Wages at that time were on a much lower scale than now; and when I say that into his letter to his mother went two one-pound banknotes from his careful savings, with apologies for his incapacity to send more, seeing that he had been obliged wholly to re-clothe himself, I intimate that he had been both self-denying and liberal in his interpretation of his filial duty. And as such she would regard it, the more especially as money had a higher value in remote places than in large commercial centres. Into this home letter he crammed all the news the large sheet would hold likely to interest her or his brothers and sisters, not forgetting to dwell on the motherly care of old Betty, or the pious adviser he had found in Mary the milkwoman—simple details all, but they went to simple-minded folk.

His few lines to Hugh were of another order—full of loving care for the boy and his welfare, but in every line revealing how he longed for his young brother's presence night and day; even in the hopes that there was less friction and ill-feeling between Hugh and Stephan or Evan, and that he was learning to speak and write English against the time when he (Richard) should be able to fetch, or to send for him, it was apparent.

These letters, crudely put together, went into a brown paper cover to his Uncle Hughes, along with another to himself, anxiously inquiring for home news, giving him an outline of his own duties, and his distrust of his fellow-apprentice; but he added his intention to persevere and work his way upwards honourably, in spite of the drawbacks to be encountered. He said he found his solitary evenings dull, but was afraid to go out late at night lest he should be robbed a second time, or even to make a casual acquaintance over the counter whom he might wish to drop hereafter. And he wound up with a pressing request that his uncle would not only take charge of the letters home but oblige him by delivering the other to Miss Amory *herself*.

He was no practised scribe, but so far he had employed only his native Cymric in writing to his relations, and as he dipped his quill into his heart as well as into the inkstand, he knew his outpourings would pass muster. His family would be neither captious nor critical.

He trembled over the other effusion. It was a much more formidable matter, over which his self-confidence deserted him.

Many a man with a fluent pen at his command has felt nervous over his first love-letter. We need not wonder at the excitement of Richard Powys, to whom English composition was an unknown art. He had bought two or three sheets of gilt-edged paper at a neighbouring stationer's; but paper was dear, and he could not afford to be wasteful. So, like a child writing an exercise, he made his slate his confidant, writing and obliterating over and over again in the solitude of the back-shop, and the dim light of a tallow candle, until the striking clock warned him to finish. The transfer to paper was a less arduous task, though more than one sheet of paper was spoiled. Still, he was not a bad penman, all things considered, and by the time Betty came to lay the cloth for supper, Richard had his packet sealed and ready for his master in the morning.

Mr. Howell was away four days—four days of anxiety and responsibility to Richard, who was left in

sole charge of keys and cash and everything; and who found Birch disposed to resent his temporary mastership, and keep later hours than Mr. Howell would have tolerated. This was an especial source of disquiet to Richard, who knew the sort of company he kept, though Birch averred he had "turned over a new leaf, and cut the lot."

It served, however, to preserve Richard from thinking too much on the possible reception of his letter by Miss Amory.

And when Mr. Powell returned late at night, bringing a packet from his Uncle Hughes he had to exercise no small amount of patience whilst he rendered up an account of his stewardship, handing over keys and cash.

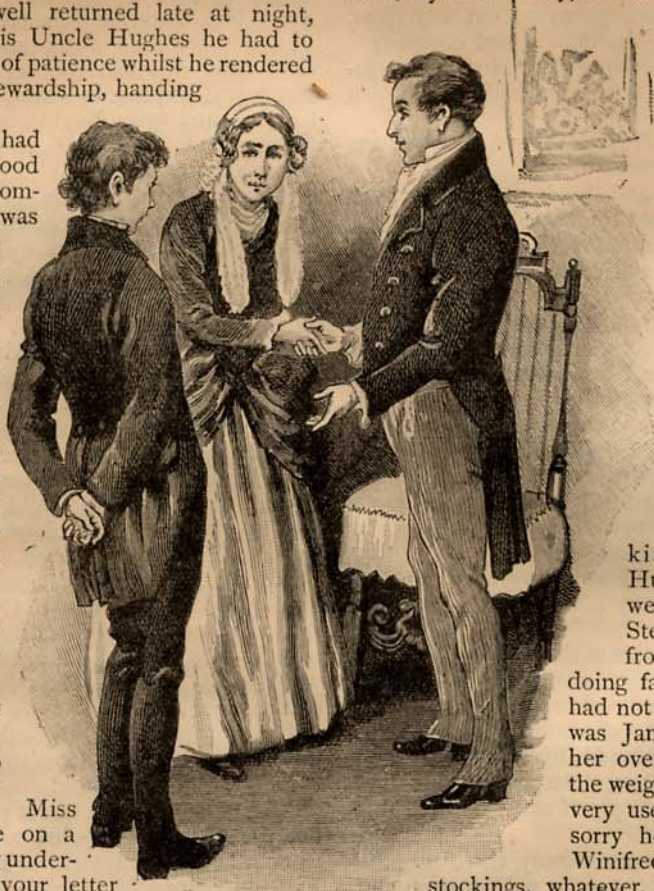
It so happened he had made some unusually good sales to a newly recommended customer, andwas compensated for his patience by the heartiness of Mr. Howell's "Well done!"

Not until supper was over, and his master gone to bed, had he a chance to open his uncle's package. Letters from home fell on the table unheeded, for there was his own to Miss Amory returned with the seal unbroken.

Breathlessly he snatched up his uncle's own sheet for an explanation.

He had it with little preface:—

"Name o' goodness, Dick! why did you make me your messenger? Miss Amory was from home on a visit. Suspecting nothing underhand from *you*, I gave your letter in charge to Mrs. Amory, Sure it might have burnt her fingers; she grew frosty as an icicle. 'Tell Mr. Richard Powys,' said she, with a curling lip, 'I permit no clandestine correspondence with my daughter. This is the capsheaf to his former folly and presumption. Does the boy suppose Miss Amory so undutiful as to keep *me* in ignorance of his ridiculous love-making? Or does he think Mr. Amory would throw away his accomplished and charming daughter, and a fortune to boot, on *him*, an uncouth Welshman, with neither money nor manners?' 'Deed, but that provoked me to remind her that I had known Amory when he was neither richer nor better bred, and that Amelia might do worse than wait for you. The upshot was that I made my purchases from another dealer, and that you have your love-letter back (if it be a love-letter). Keep it, Dick; and sure to goodness, in years to come, when you have both money and manners, you may be thankful no eye but your own saw the foolishness you wrote. The pill may be bitter, but the purge may be salutary. I am proud to hear a good account of you from Howell. He says you are diligent, truthful, and trustworthy, though you hold your head rather high. Well, my dear boy, fear God and do your duty, and you may snap your fingers at Mrs. Amory."



"SHE ADVANCED TO MEET MR. HOWELL."

Some young fellows might have sunk down crushed and desponding. Richard stood too well with himself to bear insult calmly. His hot blood was up. He sprang to his feet angry and defiant. Uncouth Welshman, indeed! Mrs. Amory had yet to learn what a God-fearing Welshman could accomplish and become!

I'm afraid his home letters following after that did not serve to allay the fire Mrs. Amory's scorn had kindled. Stephan and Hugh did not agree very well; Mrs. Powys fancied Stephan expected too much from the boy. The farm was doing fairly well, but the fishing had not been good. Evan said it was James Thomas who cheated her over the prices he got, and the weight of fish. The girls were very useful to her, but she was sorry he had put notions into Winifred's head about shoes and stockings, whatever, for she wanted to dress above her station, and Gwyn must needs copy her. She desired her children to be humble-minded, and love one another, and so grow up in favour with God and man. And she hoped Richard was doing well both in soul and body. Hugh had knitted him a pair of warm mittens for the winter, and sent them with his love.

Trying one of the mittens on he found a strip of paper inside, and on it in English, "Stephan is so cross; I do be missing you, *bach*," and Richard sighed as he read, for he knew the writer without a signature, and his heart ached for the boy.

If it had been possible, Richard grew more alert and purposeful both in business and his desire for self-improvement, though his hopes sank

at times in his solitary hours, success seemed so remote.

Unless Mr. Howell had friends at home or the rain came down in torrents, he went out every Sunday afternoon, and Betty told Powys that he visited a Mrs. Marshall at Canonbury, the widow of an old city Alderman, who had made him executor to his will, and guardian to his son and daughter. He was there the Sunday after his return home.

Another Sunday brought them to the middle of October, when Mr. Howell, acting on the hint which Betty thought he had forgotten, said to him as they rose from the dinner table, never a luxurious one, "I daresay, Powys, you find it dull here after your out-door life."

"Indeed I do, sir. I often find myself wishing I was with Uncle Hughes, or my good friends at Llantyst, or could know what they were doing."

"Well, well, that is but natural. Suppose now, for a change, you put on your hat and come with me for a walk to Canonbury. Mrs. Marshall has a son pretty near your own age; they will make you welcome, I've no doubt."

Richard obeyed with alacrity. The monotony and closeness of his new life was telling on his spirits, to say nothing of his recent rebuff. A walk with Mr. Howell was always a pleasurable excitement, a step upward from the dead level of servitude; and this prospect of an introduction to Mr. Howell's friends was like opening a closed door to new hopes.

As Mr. Howell led the way along Aldersgate Street and Goswell Road, Richard's eyes were gladdened by the prospect of green fields and grazing cattle; and though at the junction with the City Road there were a few good old houses grouped, they had a rustic air quite in accord with the tall trees opposite, where, amid the yellowing leaves, a very army of noisy swallows were pausing in their southward flight, for rest and conference.

"Suer, Mr. Howell, if I had known the country was so near and so quiet, I should not have sat in the house so much," observed Richard, with a sigh for wasted opportunities.

A few steps brought them to the Peacock * at "Merry Islington," where the coaches to and from the great north road stopped to change horses, as Mr. Howell told him. It was even then a busy resort. Respectable tradesmen, with their wives and children, were passing in and out under the arched sign of "Tea Gardens" in the rear, while others, seated on benches outside, took their rest and refreshment in open-air enjoyment and content.

The remainder of the walk was all fresh and charming. The ancient houses along the high road had breaks between, revealing glimpses of cultivated ground and waving trees. No spoiler had then curtailed the long grassy wedge of Islington Green with obtrusive bricks and mortar, though there were not wanting signs on either hand that the enterprising builder was on the war-path flourishing his shovel and trowel.

Almost within hail of Canonbury Tower stood Mrs. Marshall's quiet and unpretentious home, half lost in embowering acacias and evergreens, though the former were strewing the ground with yellow spangles. To Richard it presented an imposing front, as did the neat servant maid, who admitted them without question. Inside, the house was handsomely furnished after the solid style of the period, with furniture of dark Honduras mahogany, resplendent with a polish in no danger from hot hands. The tall, narrow windows were heavily festooned with draperies of green velvet, fringed and laced with silk to harmonise; and there was an air of repose about the whole, which at once struck Richard from its contrast with the showy display at the Amorys.

The tall thin lady, crowned with a widow's cap, and dressed in a skimpy black bombazine, who advanced to meet Mr. Howell with extended hand and a gracious smile, both of which she transferred to Richard Powys with a dignified word of welcome, had an air of repose in accord with her surroundings, and the latter felt that, however much he might become at ease in her presence, he could never become familiar.

It was very different when her son Edwin, and a slip of a girl with a pinafore over her black frock, whom Mr. Howell saluted as "Clara," came forward to share the introductions, and after a time carried off their new visitor to show him the garden. Once there, with youthful freedom, they questioned him about his home and people in Wales. The long-pent fountain was unsealed, he responded from a very full heart, whilst they listened with genuine interest; all was so new to them.

The frost was thawed, and when they sat down to tea Richard Powys stood a trifle less in awe of the lady presiding, and was not afraid to take a modest share in the conversation. The brother and sister were very friendly; and when the hour of seven was loudly proclaimed by the tall clock in the entrance hall, he departed with Mr. Howell, comforted by the conviction that he should never again be utterly alone in London.

Indeed, Mr. Edwin Marshall had promised to look in upon him at the Golden Fleece, and bear him company to the Temple Church, or to St. Paul's for morning service, since Richard had no spare hours in the week, and he was studying hard for a professional life.

Mr. Howell must have said something highly in favour of Powys, or these young Marshalls, evidently moving in a sphere far above him, would not have received the latter so affably and with so little show of condescension or patronage.

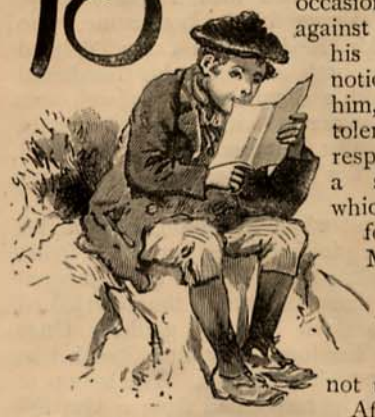
Mr. Edwin, who informed him later that he was desirous to enter the Church, and was studying the

* Now the Angel, at the junction of five busy roads, the stopping place for omnibuses and tramcars passing all ways, and one of the most densely crowded spots in the metropolis.

chief preachers of the metropolis before he went to college, claimed his companionship at intervals. And Mr. Howell, as the season advanced, on the plea that he disliked a long walk home alone in the evening, called for his attendance on the Canonbury excursions now and again. And though Mrs. Marshall never lost her dignity, or permitted any approach to personal freedom, as he did not presume on his privileges, made no attempt to restrain his intercourse with her young people so far as he could judge, and they were friendly without familiarity.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GOOD SON.



BETTY had acquainted her old crony the milkwoman with the improvement in Richard's position, and Mary, lest pride should have a fall, took an early occasion to caution him against being lifted up in his own conceit by the notice of people above him, who perhaps only tolerated him out of respect to his master, a shrewd remark of which he felt the full force, seeing that Mrs. Amory had clipped his wings so sharply. And he was conscious that Mary's remark was not untimely.

After Christmas, he was paid a little more per month. It was just so much added to his savings. But about the same time Nathan Birch, who had grown more civil, not to say obsequious, pleading his own small wage, began to borrow trifling sums, and was slow to pay them back. At first Richard let it pass, but finding this repeated he refused to lend unless he was repaid.

This Birch resented as an injury. "Ugh! you're ready enough with your pence when a beggar comes whining to the door, and I call it mean and stingy to grudge *me* the loan of a sixpence or a shilling, when you know how little I have to spend."

Richard retorted with one of his uncle's old Welsh proverbs, "'There is no stint upon alms,' but if I spent as much as you do, Birch, I should have nothing to lend, to save, or to give. And I cannot let you spend my money as well as your own."

Whether Mr. Howell overheard this, or suspected what was in the wind, he took early occasion to introduce at the breakfast table a conversation on the gradual accumulation of money put out to interest, even in small sums, and the great advantage a Savings Bank lately established in a narrow passage leading from Broad Street to Bishopsgate would be to young men such as Powys, who were disposed to be thrifty; there had been nothing of the kind in his young days.

Before the year was a week older Richard Powys had a depositor's bank-book. He had planted an acorn. Would it ever grow to an oak?

In these days of cheap postage and cheap excursions by rail, we do not realise what distance meant to people of restricted means in 1816, or for many years later, just as we fail to appreciate other modern comforts which then did not exist, or existed only as luxuries for the wealthy.

A single letter posted in London would have cost the receiver three shillings and fourpence when it reached Llantyst, even if it had not stopped short at Carthen waiting until some friendly eye observed it in the post-office window. And, supposing that a bit of paper such as a banknote had lain within the single folded sheet—there were no envelopes, they came in with the penny post—the postage would have been doubled, and trebled if it had held a second. And the Postal officials were like Custom House officers, or sleuth-hounds on the scent.

Had there been any conveyance such as a coach,* or a carrier's cart going the whole distance, the law might have been evaded, by the letter or letters being conveyed in a small brown paper parcel for a small fee.

Imagine then the delight with which Rachel Powys received from her brother, Richard Hughes, near the end of November, the letter her absent son had penned quite two months before. But when she cut the paper closely round the wafer so as not to lose a written word, and saw the two banknotes within before a line was read, she cried out aloud, and sank down upon a chair utterly overcome, and sobbed from excess of joy.

"Oh, look you what is here! Suer the boy must be doing well, and he was not forgetting his mother or his old home, whatever! He was a good son, was Richard, *bach*!"

The letter was read through a mist of tears, read and re-read to family and friends, and the two notes exhibited as if they had been treasures. And so to Rachel they were, treasures far beyond their commercial value, speaking to the mother's heart of her absent one's unchanged affection, and of his well-doing.

Brean's bell, as the team descended from the heights into the valley, had called the different members of the family from their scattered avocations to hear whatever news Uncle Hughes had brought.

"Suer to goodness, mother, you do be making a great stir over Richard's two notes. I do be working early and late to keep the house and farm, but you do

* The writer has several letters in her possession sent in this manner by carrier, more than twenty years later. And her own mother, visiting London about 1816, was burdened with a number of letters which her friends in Manchester desired her to deliver in Town. And a troublesome business she found it.

never cry and sob, and say, 'Stephan was a good son to his mother,'" said he testily, not too well pleased at her emotion.

There was a look of gentle reproach in the mild eyes she lifted to Stephan's face, as she replied in subdued tones, "We do *all* work hard upon the farm, and Evan do work upon the sea, to keep homestead and family together, and find food and clothes. But your Brother Richard do take nothing from the farm, and do give from his own earnings what he might be keeping for himself, look you!"

"True for you, mother!" cried Evan, who had overheard. "We could not be expecting Richard to send us these, or anything, when he was being driven from home by his own brothers. He do have a good heart, however proud he was. And I do be sorry I was not the kinder brother to him."

Stephan turned away discomfited, but not less jealous.

Hugh had heard none of this. He had caught up his own letter, and was away like a racer up the hill to Llantyst Castle, to devour it in secret, seated on the lichen-covered stone where he and Richard had spent their last afternoon together. It was his favourite retreat when he could escape from Stephan's ceaseless vigilance, and rest his overtired back and limbs, looking out over the bay, and longing for some sea-bird's wings to bear him away to the brother who had never been harsh or overbearing to him. That letter of promise was a comfort to Hugh for many weary months, whether he was weeding, or digging potatoes or turnips, or leading the plough-oxen, or harvesting, for he kept it close to his heart in a little bag his sister Gwen had made for him.

When the winter snows had melted, and spring set the green leaves dancing in the sun, Richard Hughes prepared for another journey, but not with his old alacrity. He said that age was creeping on and stiffening his joints, but the fact was, he was leaving a disquieting element behind.

Stephan had long been courting Joan, and was pressing for immediate marriage. This, in the interest of all concerned—Rachel and her girls, and also of his own good wife, who would be left alone in his absence unless Stephan quitted the farmhouse for the cottage, which was not to be thought of—he had steadily set his face against, on the ground that both were young, and must wait until he ceased to travel. So he was afraid that both Rachel and his wife would have little peace between the two sweethearts, who thought themselves wiser than their elders.

When Mr. Howell and Richard Powys, his confidential assistant, sought the packman at the Castle Inn at Birmingham Whitsuntide fair, they were struck with the change in his appearance, he had aged so considerably in the past year.

The younger man had compunctious visitings over his desertion of his fatherly kinsman.

Hughes himself set these at rest, for he said he must either give up travelling altogether, or change his lessened team for a covered cart, and keep to main roads, and those country fairs to which the weavers had begun to carry their webs. He could do it with less expense, less exertion, and less exposure to bad weather, which told upon him.

He appeared struck with his nephew's improved appearance and bearing, though there was nothing in either unbecoming his new situation. If his blue-grey frieze coat and breeches had given place to a town-cut suit of broadcloth, it was of sober brown, albeit the short-waisted coat, the white neckcloth upholding a stiff linen collar as a fence to his shaven chin, and his curly chestnut hair had been fastidiously arranged.

They were on their way from church on the Sunday morning, when they came face to face with the Amorys.

There was a surprised start, two crimsoned faces, and they passed with no other recognition, unless Amelia's glance of curious perplexity might count.

She was walking arm-in-arm with a dapper young fellow, who evidently stood well with himself—and his tailor.

"I was wishing they could see you *now*," said Hughes with proud satisfaction. "Did you notice Mrs. Amory's wide-open stare? I hope the sight may do her good."

"No, I only saw Amelia; but that was enough for me," answered Richard sternly. "And, look you, uncle, I have no desire to meet with her again, whatever."

His uncle only sighed. He wished they never had met. Her handsome face had brought heartache to Dick, and the rupture with his old crony Amory was a grief to him.

There was another parting on the Tuesday, when Richard entrusted another packet of letters to his uncle, the one for his mother containing three notes, and the cheery intelligence that Mr. Howell had introduced him to some friends of his own, better than he could have found for himself, and that he frequently went to church with the son, who was going to be a clergyman. "And please God, mother," he said, "if ever I grow rich, I do mean to build a church for Edwin Marshall to preach in."

This letter furnished Stephan with food for mirth. "Suer, mother, he do be for selling his crop before it be sown. He was always finding new friends. He do say nothing of his fine Birmingham friends now, whatever."

"Look you, Stephan, you did never see the good in Richard," put in Evan bravely. "He would not be visiting and going to church with his master's friends if Mr. Howell did not think more of him than you do. And if he be dressed as Uncle Hughes do say, and yet was spare those banknotes for mother, it do look as if, please God, he might grow rich some day, 'deed it do."

"Treu for you," put in Mrs. Powys. "And his uncle do say he was have money in a Bank, and was

have fine manners, and Llewelyn Howell do say he was steady, and upright, and was do me credit, and I do pray that God will bless him, look you." And the tears welling up to her eyes, told that she spoke from a mother's full heart.

Stephan turned on his heel and was off, calling loudly for "that lazy Hugh" as he went. But Hugh had carried a precious billet away to his old retreat, and was out of hearing. There was a crown piece in his letter, but he thought more of its kind and hopeful words than of the coin; though in his simplicity he took that as a token that his brother was rich already, and would soon be sending for him. And he put the coin with his letters in his little bag, lest Stephan should see it and insist on its being spent.

It appeared Richard had not forgotten any of them —a Sunday neckcloth for each of his elder brothers, a well-stocked thread and needle-case for Winifred, and an English doll for Gwen, coming later from among their uncle's packages.

But that was the last they heard from brother Richard for many, many long months, for Uncle Hughes had been thoroughly drenched in a thunder-storm when far from shelter, and came home only to sell his team, and be nursed through a long illness. He had been the channel of communication, and it was stopped.

He had taken his last journey before the packman's trade had become quite extinct; and though he had not parted with his trusty leader Brean, it was long, very long, before he could bestride his faithful servant's back, or write a line to meet Mr. Howell or Richard at the Birmingham Whitsuntide fair.

Not until then would he consent to Joan's marriage with Stephan. He thought the pair might have been more considerate for others. Even then he stipulated that pretty auburn-haired Gwen, then in her fourteenth year, should quit the farm for the cottage, to help, and to be trained by his own good wife, who had resigned her post at the Vicar's school when wifely duty called her to watch by her husband's sick bed.

The packman and the schoolmistress retired into private life at the same time. He had frugally prepared for such a contingency. He found scope for his limited activity when he was strong enough to potter about his garden, or wander about on the back of Brean, gathering strength and scattering words of wisdom by the wayside.

Gwen had fallen into good hands, and was not sorry to exchange the rough work of the farm for domestic duties and a better-class experience, while it was delightful to escape from the sharp calls and impatient orders of her elder sister—who might have taken a leaf out of Stephan's book—and to wear shoes and stockings every day. It was quite promotion for the little maid, and Rachel Powys felt it to be such.

It so happened that going to Carthen market with the butter and eggs or poultry for sale, with or without

"OH, LOOK YOU WHAT IS HERE!"

her mother, Winifred had made the acquaintance of a young man named John Jenkyns, who supplemented his labours at a loom with the produce of his orchard.

He was not a native of Llantyst, but had done business with her Uncle Hughes, and claimed a distant cousinship with her aunt, which together served as a sufficient excuse for cultivating a more than friendly feeling in the breast of the brisk, dark-headed maiden with the bright black eyes, and "so well connected." But the closer this intimacy on market days, the sharper had grown her temper at home, and the more harassing her claims on Gwen's active feet and hands.

Rachel, ever gentle herself, had observed this undesirable change; and although ignorant of the cause, was grieved to observe the unreflecting domination of her elder children. She did her best to check the growing evil, and, finding neither precept nor example suffice, was the better satisfied to welcome Joan, and for willing Gwen to find a more peaceful home.

When the pebble of change is flung into the flowing stream of family life, there is no telling how far the circling ripples may extend.

Richard's departure might have been the signal to

draw Hugh and Gwen closer together. They were nearest in age and in disposition, both felt the hardship of coercion they had not the strength to resist, and found relief in mutual sympathy.

When Gwen was gone from the farm, and Joan came in her stead to be another ruler, Hugh's desolation increased. His mother was ever kind, and Evan, when at home, often stood up between him and Stephan, remarking, "Look you, Stephan, you do be expecting from the boy the work of a man; and, as uncle says, 'the more you stretch a string the sooner it breaks.' He will be taking the bit between his teeth some day if you be pulling the reins so tight. James Thomas did try it on with me, but I was soon teach him better."

Stephan laughed. "Treu for you, Evan, but you do have a spirit of your own. Hugh do be submissive as he be lazy and sulky. There be no fight in him."

"Wait and see."

(To be continued.)

A STUDY OF THE WORD.*

IT is one of the pleasantest signs of the times that good and earnest men seem to be laying aside their controversies, and to be going back to the good old plan, much in vogue with our fathers, but, it is to be feared, somewhat neglected by our generation, of studying the Bible. We are doing so at present under better conditions than was possible a few years ago. Who now would think of searching the old Commentary of snippings, to find light on hard places? The inquiries and searchings on every side, which have resulted in modern criticism, have been emphatically good on the whole, despite the rashness and recklessness of some of the conclusions. The Word has been tried in the furnace, and the deeper the study the more, as may be seen, it will be found to be pure gold.

The book before us is not a critical work, but it embodies the researches of all sound criticism, and is the work of a scholar who has given the best years of his life to Biblical study. It is what would be called "Evangelical" in tone, but it would hardly be fair so to label it; simply it is non-controversial throughout. Thus the *Guardian* and the *Record* both speak warmly in its favour. The author's plan is to take each portion of the Gospels, putting together the synoptic narratives where they exist, and, by means of a careful analysis, to give the reader a guide to his explanations. But he gives fuller material for these in the "Classified Lesson Material." Really it is not going too far to say that any religious teacher or preacher will find in the two volumes as complete and exhaustive a commentary on the Divine narrative as can anywhere be found. We have examined it most carefully, and do not know any book for the teacher of Scripture so good and exhaustive as this. The two books can be used independently, but our own belief is that the teacher who tries one will be moved by his pleasure to get the other as well.

W. BENHAM, B.D.

* "The Teachers' Catechising Bible (Gospels and Acts), and the Teachers' Classified Lesson Material (Gospels and Acts)." By the Rev. Charles Neil, M.A., Vicar of St. Matthias', Poplar. (London: James Nisbet & Co.)

A HARVEST HYMN.

HEAVENLY Father, we Thy children
Offer now our thanks and praise;
For the mercies Thou hast given
Joyful songs to Thee we raise.

Whilst the earth in silence slumbered
Waiting still Thy word of love:
Fruit and corn came at Thy bidding;
Gracious gifts Thy goodness prove.

Once again when man's transgression
Brought a flood upon the earth,
Still Thou didst in mercy promise
Never more a total dearth.

When, once more, from Egypt's bondage
Israel's offspring, seeking rest,
Wandered towards the land of promise,
Heavenly food Thy people blest.

So most Gracious, Loving Father,
May Thy children now be fed,
Teach us evermore to pray Thee,
"Give us" now "our daily bread."

Bread of Life, sent down from Heaven,
Fill us with Thy Life Divine,
Dwell within us, guide us, keep us,
For we need no strength but Thine.

Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
And blest Spirit, praise addressing
While eternal ages run. Amen.

W. J. MELVILLE, B.A.

THE RECTORY,
ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD.

GARDEN WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

TAKE up beets and carrots; parsnips are better left in the ground, digging them up as they are required. Plant the August-sown cabbage. Dig and manure the ground with well rotted manure. Keep a small reserve of plants in the nursery bed to make good any plants killed in the bed during the winter. Cabbage and other vegetable beds should have a thorough hoeing, thus clearing away weeds, and promoting the growth of the plants. Keep winter spinach free from weeds, and thin out the spinach, leaving the strongest plants. The plants should be three or four inches apart. Asparagus stalks should now be cut down; clear away weeds, and give the whole bed a thick dressing of rotted manure. Dig up potatoes.

Fruit Garden.

Plant peach, apple, plum, pear, and cherry trees about the end of the month. Put a stake to each tree, and firmly tie it, to prevent the roots being shaken. Prune gooseberry and currant bushes.

Flower Garden.

Plant out pinks and carnations. Plant hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbs, also polyanthuses, wallflowers, daisies, sweet-williams, snapdragons, hollyhocks, and other biennials. Plant box and other edgings.

"ALWAYS DOING GOOD."—Once, when travelling near Leeds, in a second-class railway carriage, I asked a Yorkshireman, who had reminded me of John Browdie in *Nicholas Nickleby*, about Dr. Hook, the great Vicar of Leeds. "T'awd doctor is a good un. He rises at faive, lights his awn faire, and he is a-doing summit all day long, and you may look at him with a microscope and he is never doing nawt wrong."—*From "The Recollections of the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, Dean of Salisbury."*

OUR PARISHES AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

X.—THE PARISH OFFICERS.

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 Clerk* is supposed to have been the chosen representative of the lay clerks, or choir-men, of the church, or parish, whose duty it was in the absence of his fellow-clerks to be present at every service held in the church, to attend upon the officiating minister, and to say or sing the responses.

Some foundation for this assumption is afforded by the phrase "Ministers and *Clerks*" in the plural repeatedly occurring in the Rubrics.

According to the ninety-first Canon, Parish Clerks are to be chosen by the minister, who shall signify his choice to the congregation during the time of Divine Service.

Notwithstanding this Canon, made in 1603, there have been numerous disputes throughout the country between the Incumbent and the parishioners in vestry assembled, as to the question in whom the right to appoint the Parish Clerk is really vested.

The duty of the Parish Clerk was to assist the minister or clergy in saying or singing Divine service, and in saying the responses at the Administration of Holy Baptism, the Celebration of the Holy Communion, and in all the other offices of the Church; but the whole manner of rendering the services of the Church has in recent times become so altered, that, so far as his services in church are concerned, the Parish Clerk is superseded by the choir; and, in many cases, we are thankful to be able to state, by the whole congregation, who, in these more devout and reverent days, say their responses for themselves.

But there are still vestry and other most useful services, which, where the Parish Clerk continues to assist, he can, with advantage to the minister and people, most efficiently perform; and the right performance of these useful services would alone amply justify the continuation of his office.

The *Sexton* or *Sacristan* was in the past regarded as the keeper of the priest's vestments and the sacred vessels necessary to the Celebration of the Holy Communion.

In the course of time his duties became more extended, and on him devolved the work of cleaning and keeping clean the church, seeing to its proper ventilation, and in the absence of the churchwardens and in the intervals between the services protecting it from any possible acts of indecency, desecration, and irreverence.

His duties also related to the opening and closing of vaults and graves for the interment of the dead, superintending the arrangements of the Funeral Service, collecting the Burial fees, and seeing to the Certificates of Death and Burial.

The office of *Verger* was so called from the Latin *virga*, a rod, because he carried a rod, wand, or mace as a symbol of authority.

In cathedral and collegiate churches the Verger carries the mace before the officiating clergy, and especially before the preacher as he proceeds to the pulpit to preach the sermon.

In some cathedrals the Dean has his own Verger and the Canons have theirs, and in other cases the same Verger does duty for all.

The office of Parish Beadle was one comprising various duties.

While his chief duty was to cry, proclaim, or otherwise publicly make known, with the aid of the ringing of a bell or otherwise, all parish notices, and to act as the messenger of the Vestry and Parish Clerks in their transactions of all parochial business, in many cases he became a kind of parochial Jack-of-all-trades.

As deputy of the Churchwardens in that behalf he kept order in the churchyard before, during, and after Divine service. He arrested offenders against the law, and took them before the parish authorities; and if sentenced to punishment, he generally saw to its execution.

As the embodiment of executive parochial authority the Beadle was especially feared and dreaded by juvenile offenders, on whom, when caught in the act of wrong-doing, he summarily inflicted punishment by rod or whip with beadledom severity.

He had also charge of the parish stocks, and knew all the mysteries of how best to bind therein or loose therefrom the luckless persons who had the misfortune to be subjected to such ridiculous and public and degrading punishment.

The Parish Beadle also superintended the management of the ducking-stool, whereupon flagrant offenders were securely fastened and immersed the prescribed number of times, according to their sentence, in the waters of an adjoining pond.

This punishment was most frequently inflicted upon women who were what was called "common scolds," or were suspected of being guilty of witchcraft.

VISITING THE SICK.

BY THE REV. A. P. HOWES, M.A.,

Rector of Bolton Abbey.

THE power of sympathy at a sick bed is very great. I often think of St. Paul's words to the Thessalonians (1 Thess. ii. 8), with reference to his going amongst them: "We were gentle among us, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." Instead, then, of commonplaces such as Job's friends were ready to offer, about sickness being the lot of all and submission the duty of all, we are to behave in a sick room as a nurse with a sick child in her arms. It is, for the time being, to be our sickness. "Who is weak and I am not weak?" (2 Cor. xi. 29.) When the good Samaritan came upon the man lying wounded on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho the first thing he did was to apply oil to the wound, and to pour in wine as a cordial for the fainting strength. He asked no questions, how or why the man had been waylaid or of the fight he had made in resisting. But the true friend knows there is a time to cover up wounds as well as to probe them. It is a physician's first care to keep up his patient's strength, and he gives stimulants in cases where a few years ago he used the lancet. So the strongest consolation is not too strong for a sufferer on a sick bed. A well-meaning friend will sometimes visit a sick neighbour, and tell him about terms of salvation, of faith ripening into assur-

ance, of self-examination, or whether he is a dissembler before God or not—topics very good in their place, as applied to the self-confident, to the backsliding, but not suitable for a bedside. It is not *necessary* to feel under an obligation to speak on religious topics. Allusions to the personal life of the invalid are often the means of closing up the avenue of confidential conversation and sympathy. Be intelligently sympathetic.

Visits might very easily be productive of much greater good than they are if a few matters were remembered which at other times may be regarded in a different light.

The first of all hints is, never pay a long visit to invalids, however well they may appear. Visits are prolonged, I know, out of neighbourly kindness, and from not promptly deciding when to make a move to depart. Ten minutes, or at most a quarter of an hour, is a refreshment; longer than that causes a strain to those who are weak, but others may enjoy a longer chat without any harmful result.

Secondly, avoid pitying them for their affliction, or of making light of it. Accept the fact, that this Divine discipline by a loving Father is a severe trial, although to be met with unmurmuring resignation, and give them intelligent sympathy. At the same time, help them to look on the many bright gleams on their darkened path with thankful, cheerful hearts. Nothing helps us to bear up in the present as to recall the mercies of the past years.

Thirdly, if you wish to be intelligently sympathetic, do not weary and worry them by saying over and over again, "How well you are looking! Surely you must feel much better?" The eye may be bright and the countenance cheerful, while the strength is daily waning. It is rather vexing to be told you look so well when you know you are no better, and it worries an invalid to think he ought to *be* well when he looks so. Visitors always see sick folk at their best. Your visit may be one bright, short period breaking in upon many weary hours. Weariness is very hard to bear. Wearily long days, the same view from the window, the trouble of taking medicine, the exertion of eating—these are matters of which the healthy seldom think, yet to invalids they are really serious.

Fourthly, do not worry needlessly. Avoid any topic which may be a bone of contention. The sick person is left to the usual monotony of four walls, and the worry looks differently to him than to you, who go out to the bright world; and while you forget all that happened, the invalid is left to self-reproach and nervous distress most painful to bear. Therefore, when you see a subject or an argument becoming painful, drop it at once. It does not matter if he is wrong and you are right; only remember that he is weak and you are strong.

Also, pray avoid worry by opening and shutting doors, by a heavy tread, sitting on the bed, if the patient is very weak, or by any jarring noise. These and kindred noises, occasioned in household work, are nothing to the strong, but they go "through and through" the weak.

It is not very pleasing to hear a person say to one who may be about her work, but not very fit for it, "Why, how ill you look!" It is so very comforting!

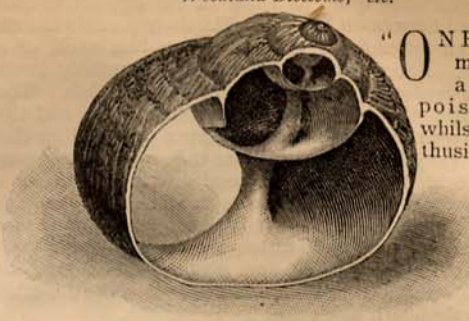
Avoid such remarks. You never know the *cause* of a person looking poorly. There are as many mental worries which affect the countenance and health as there are bodily sicknesses. Rather should you try and leave behind you some bright, cheering word to take him beyond himself and perhaps the dull routine of his life, some reference, if it can be done wisely, and you *know* the person, to the "Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief."

Let it be always our earnest desire to remember the Apostolic injunction, "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves."

A SNAIL AND ITS SHELL.

By EDWARD STEP,

Author of "By Vocal Woods and Waters," "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," etc.



SECTION OF SHELL (*Helix pomatia*), NATURAL SIZE.

"ONE man's meat is another's poison"; and whilst the enthusiastic gardener believes in stamping out the snail pest, there are epicures who would cultivate them for the table as they do pullets or asparagus. It may be granted at once that in this country the eaters of snails do not form a large section of the community; for, in spite of John Bull's reputation as a hearty feeder, he is singularly lacking in enterprise, so far as the discovery or patronage of new articles of food is concerned. Those of us who can afford to pay half-a-crown for a dozen of choice "natives" enjoy the luscious mollusc. Others have to be content with the humble winkle or whelk; but there are few of us who have the courage to eat the cleaner-feeding molluscs, the snails of our hedgerows and downs.

We have, however, in this country several species of land-snails whose edible qualities have been tested, and in certain select circles they are freely eaten. One of these is the large, untidy-looking snail, whose shell, irregularly sprinkled with dark brown, is too conspicuous in our gardens, swarming particularly in the ivy that covers our walls and fences. But *the* edible snail is the Roman snail, so called because it was at one time thought to be a mere exotic, brought hither by the luxurious Romans, and fattened for their tables in special enclosures (*Cochlearia*). It was, therefore, said to be found only near the sites of stations formerly held by these conquerors. The truth is, it is fairly well distributed on chalky ground in the south of England, without regard for Roman stations; but north of the Midlands it has not been found, though the Romans certainly had some dealings with the north. We may, therefore, regard it as a true British species.

One day in June in company with a number of fellow-naturalists, I was rambling over the grassy flanks of the North Downs in Surrey. It was a warm, moist afternoon, and many species of snails were wandering over the low herbage, among them large numbers of the Romans. Many of these also were half buried in the chalky soil, others bore upon their usually clean shells evidence that they had but recently emerged. Upon lifting one of these up I saw a small hole, just large enough to admit an ordinary lead-pencil; and on enlarging this I found it led into a circular cavity somewhat larger than the snail's shell. In the hole was a number of white eggs, with distinctly chalky shells; not like the eggs of snails in general, enclosed in a thin, semi-transparent membrane. Lifting up several other of these snails, I found other cavities containing eggs varying in numbers from seventeen to thirty-one—a number which by no means represents the maximum deposited by this species, for friends have found over seventy in a batch.

Here, then, was the first stage in the life history of the Roman snail. Those eggs were a quarter of an inch long and a fraction less in breadth. Some of them were carried away and kept in damp moss and earth, until in four weeks' time they commenced to hatch. The little snails that emerged were quite as large as the egg-shells could contain, and they came forth very like their parents in form, but with an exceedingly thin and glass-like shell of an amber tint. Except for the frailty of this portable house, they were well-equipped for the business of life. They had the little "horns" tipped with black eyes, and they slid easily over the tender lettuce leaves provided for their comfort. They had the good sense to know they had come into the world provided with a good and abundant set of teeth, and that young lettuce was not too hard a material to exercise them upon. So clear and transparent were their bodies that you could watch the course of this green food towards their stomach, and make yourself generally acquainted with their internal organisation—note the action of the simple heart, and count its pulsations.

The snail continues to feed, chiefly at night, and its shell becomes thick and opaque by the deposit of additional layers. It increases also in size as the snail itself increases, the shell being enlarged by the simple but wonderfully efficient plan of adding new matter to the edge of the shell's mouth.

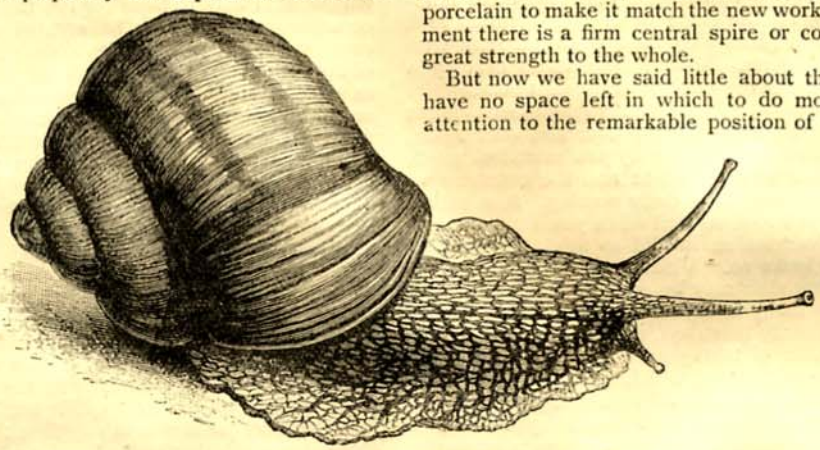
"How does the snail effect this?"

Well, that is a longer story than I can tell here; but if you will look at this snail as it crawls along, and peep just under the edge of its shell, you will notice that it is lined with a thin layer of soft flesh connected with the snail's body farther in. This is called the *mantle*, because it is worn round the snail somewhat as the article of dress so called is worn by ladies. The outer edge of the snail's mantle pours out a fluid, in which there is a great quantity of dissolved carbonate of lime, small portions of animal matter, silica, and some other chemical substances. By exposure to the air this fluid hardens into shell, as we generally understand it. Its inner surface is beautifully smooth like the finest porcelain (which is really an imitation of this shell-lining); then there is a less dense, almost bony layer, and finally on the outside we have a kind of varnish to protect the shell and to give it colour and pattern. This is a very unscientific and inadequate description of the way in which the shell is produced; but were I to enter into the very interesting *minutiæ* of shell formation, our Editor would pull me up, and remind me that this is not a special snail-number of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. But I must tell you briefly that certain portions of the mantle produce the colour, and other portions the intermediate layer, and that the whole outer surface of the mantle secretes the porcelain.

From a similar fear of incurring editorial displeasure, I must desist from describing the wonderful and interesting internal structure of that "nasty slimy creature," as the snail is too commonly and thoughtlessly called, and must content myself with merely calling your attention to the fact that every little addition to the shell leaves a delicate ridge called the "line of growth," and that the annual period of rest when the snail builds himself a chalky door to his house, and tucks himself up for the winter, is marked by a thick, high ridge. By counting these more prominent ridges we may guess the number of years the house has taken to build.

If you will take an empty shell, and rub one side of it carefully and patiently on a smooth stone, kept moistened with water, until you have worn away one-third of the entire shell, you will be struck with the marvellous nature of its architecture. There is evident economy in the quantity of material used, with a wonderful saving of weight, whilst the shell substance is so disposed that the maximum of strength is secured. The snail's shell may be described as a conical tube coiled upon itself, but it is so wisely planned that one-half the material is saved. To attain this desirable end the outside of the last-formed whorl serves as one side of the new whorl, and only requires a coat of porcelain to make it match the new work. By this arrangement there is a firm central spire or column, which gives great strength to the whole.

But now we have said little about the snail itself, and have no space left in which to do more than call your attention to the remarkable position of the snail's eyes at the end of long footstalks, which enable him to see backwards, forwards, upwards, downwards, and round the corner. When danger threatens them he can turn in his eyes, and draw them safely into his head by the inversion of the "horns." Please also to examine the Roman snail's mouth and jaws, and the wonderful "lingual ribbon" studded with hook-like teeth in 140 rows, each containing 151 teeth, or a total of 21,140! That is something like a set for perfect mastication, ye dyspeptics, and it never wears out; for when one tooth decays or breaks off there is another behind ready to take its place, so that the efficiency of the instrument is not lessened.



THE ROMAN SNAIL.

Then you must consider the snail's sense of smell, or food-finding capacity; and how it moves so rapidly on that well-lubricated underside which naturalists stupidly call its "foot"; how it breathes and keeps its blue blood pure and constantly circulated, although it has no proper system of veins and arteries; how its intelligence is organised, and its distant brains or nerve centres are connected. But there! a nasty slimy thing like a snail has no business with such an interesting set of machinery inside him, and I must cease from mentioning these things.

You have two ears; listen therefore to both sides of the subject.

THERE is only one thing to do when we are in doubt, and that is, do the unselfish thing.

CHARITY never faileth.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES

IX.—St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich.

WHEN the name of the church is heard for the first time the question immediately follows: "What does 'Mancroft' mean?" Many explanations have been suggested, of which the oldest appears to be that adopted by Blomefield. "That part (of the parish) which is now the market-place, was the *magna crofta* Castelli, or great croft of the Castle; it joining to the outward west ditch thereof; and hence, the Church that was built on the south-west part of it, is still distinguished from the other churches of St. Peter in this city by the name of Magna Crofta or Mancroft."

William the Conqueror was on the throne when first the land was marked out in the Magna Crofta for a church, to be dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, for the present building was not commenced until the year 1430, superseding a more ancient building begun about the year 1080.

The tower is a very grand specimen of Perpendicular work. Notice the flint work set in panels near to the base, and the many niches in the upper part. Doubtless they were once filled with figures, and the effect must have been very rich. Those who have seen the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, with every niche filled with its statue, will agree to this. The height of the tower to the parapet is 102 feet, and the base of it is 46 feet by 38 feet, measured to the outside of the buttresses. The top of the Flêche is 148 feet above the ground.

The tower is pierced by an archway in each face. There is a passage through it, running north and south, to the west large doors open upon the street, and to the east is the great west door of the church.

The chief points to remark with regard to the exterior of St. Peter's Mancroft are the regularity of its architecture, the long, unbroken roof, which is 57 ft. 6 in. above the floor of the church, the beautiful clerestory, the smallness of the transepts, the empty niches and pedestals, the large nave windows, and the glorious tower.

As we enter the church, our first impressions are those of its loftiness and openness. The whole interior can be taken in at one glance; there are no obstructing columns. An admirable feature this in a place of worship. The preacher can be heard and seen in all parts of the building.

In nave and aisles the roof runs unbroken from east to west. There is no line of demarcation (so far as the roof is concerned) between chancel and nave. Notice the beautiful fan-like groining by which the roof is supported. It resembles the under side of a gigantic palm leaf. The timber had, in the course of ages, become very unsound, but a thorough restoration in the year 1881 put the roof in good repair.

Notice next the clerestory windows. They are seventeen in number on either side, and are so close to each other as to give a marvellous lightness to the roof. These beautiful clerestory windows are a peculiar feature in the Norfolk churches.

The font stands beneath a wooden baptistery, which is almost unique, the only other example being at Trunch in this county. The lower part of the woodwork is original, and dates from the fifteenth century; the upper portion was added in the year 1888.

What form the original structure took it is now impossible to say. Until recently there remained only the four upright posts, the flat groined ceiling, and the four pendants between the posts. The whole had been covered with a very dark coat of paint, relieved with a little gilding on the cresting, and some texts of Holy Scripture in gilt characters.

In 1887 Mr. W. E. Bell, a constant friend and benefactor

of the church, offered to defray the expense of restoring the baptistery, as a memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The work was carried out by Mr. Knox of Kennington, from designs by Mr. Frank T. Baggallay, and completed by Whit Sunday, 1888, and on that day the new font was first used for the purpose of Holy Baptism.

On the west wall, behind the font, there is an old piece of tapestry dated 1567. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and was recently mended with the greatest care at the Windsor Tapestry Works.

The subject is Our Blessed Lord's Resurrection. In the middle He is represented rising from the tomb, whilst the soldiers are lying asleep. His appearing to Mary Magdalene in the garden, and to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, is also depicted.

How this valuable and interesting piece of tapestry came into the church no one seems to know.

Above the doorway there is an oil painting representing the deliverance of St. Peter out of prison. It was painted by Charles Catton, R.A., a Norwich man, and one of the original Royal Academicians.

The north transept is singularly small for so large a church. Originally a chapel containing an altar, and dedicated to St. Nicholas, it was called Cosyn's Chantry, John Cosyn, a citizen of Norwich, having founded a chantry here in 1328.

In the west wall a brass plate has been placed to the memory of Sir James Smith, F.R.S., famous as the founder of the Linnæan Society, and to that of his wife, who attained the great age of 104 years.

A rise of one step marks the beginning of the chancel. You will see in the north wall a small doorway now blocked up. It led to a small spiral staircase of stone by which the rood screen was reached. No traces of the doorway above, which led out to the top of the screen, now remain, except that a slight difference of colour in the plaster on the north and south walls of the church still betrays where the doorways used to be; whence we are able to judge the height of the rood screen which extended across the church.

William Ellis, Baron of the Exchequer, and his family, in the year 1535, "glazed the windows of this chapel in a fine manner; which were lately unglazed and made quite new with white glass, and the painted glass put together and fixed in the two windows by the high altar."

The pulpit, reading desk, lectern, and choir stalls are all of recent date, being placed in the church in the year 1852, when the church was reseated from designs by Mr. Phipson.

Two old "Misereres" survive, one on either side of the chancel.

The heavy altar rails of carved oak are of the same date as the choir stalls. The reredos was placed in the church in 1885. It is made of oak. Mr. J. P. Seddon was the architect, the work being executed by Mr. Hems, of Exeter. The design was suggested by the screens, of which so many beautiful specimens remain in Norfolk, with figures carved instead of painted. The nineteen figures represent Our Blessed Lord in the middle, and the eighteen saints of Holy Scripture commemorated in our Prayer Book on either side. Each saint is represented with his appropriate emblem.

The great east window is very fine. Its Perpendicular tracery is light and beautiful, and the glass translucent and of good tone.

Most of the glass is ancient, and was probably brought from other windows.

There is a grand peal of twelve bells, second to none in the country for their sweetness of tone.

Amongst those who have been connected with the parish may be named :—

John Carter, who was minister during the troublous times from 1638 to 1654. He was a red-hot Puritan, with a Presbyterian bias, and hated Episcopalians, Independents, Quakers, and Anabaptists with an impartial hatred.

Thomas Tenison was minister for a short while, from 1674 to 1676. Born at Mundesley in 1636, educated at the free school in this city, and at Corpus Christi or Benet College, Cambridge, he was sometime minister of St.-Andrew-the-Great, Cambridge. His loving devotion there during the plague in 1665 was testified to by the presentation of a handsome piece of plate by his parishioners. After his stay of two years as a minister of St. Peter's, he was presented to the vicarage of St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields, London. The free school and library which he built and endowed in that parish still remain in Leicester Square. In 1692 he became Bishop of Lincoln, and in 1695 was translated to Canterbury upon the death of Archbishop Tillotson. He filled the Archiepiscopal see for twenty-one years, dying at the age of seventy-nine in 1715. He lies interred in the chancel of Lambeth Church.

John Jeffery, minister from 1678 to 1720, and appointed Archdeacon of Norwich, 1694, held the living for forty-two years. A great friend of his parishioner, Sir Thomas Browne, he edited his book *Christian Morals*; and from amongst the papers of his friend, Dr. Whichcote, he edited *Moral and Religious Aphorisms*.

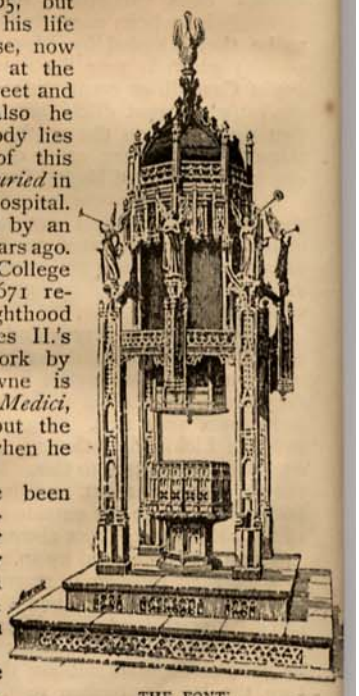
Sir Peter Rede, son of John Rede, Mayor of Norwich in 1496, was a benefactor to the church and city generally, for he left an endowment that the great bell of St. Peter's Church "might for ever be runge at fower of the clock of the morninge, and at eight of the clock at night, for the help and benefit of travellers." The curfew is still rung regularly.

Sir Thomas Browne, celebrated as an archæologist, as well as a physician and philosophical writer, was born in London in 1605, but lived the greater part of his life in this parish, at the house, now used as a savings bank, at the corner of Little Orford Street and the Haymarket, where also he finished his days. His body lies buried in the chancel of this church; his head lies *unburied* in the Norfolk and Norwich hospital. It was exhumed and sold by an enterprising sexton some years ago.

He was a Fellow of the College of Physicians; and in 1671 received the honour of knighthood on the occasion of Charles II.'s visit to Norwich. The work by which Sir Thomas Browne is best known is *Religio Medici*, printed, it is said, without the knowledge of the author, when he was thirty years of age.

These particulars have been compiled from a deeply interesting guide to St. Peter Mancroft, published by Jarrold & Sons, and written by the Rev. F. Baggallay, M.A., who was vicar from 1884 to 1890.

The present vicar is the Rev. W. Pelham Burn, M.A.



THE FONT.

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 X.

ARREST AND RECOVERY.

THERE was a general feeling of uneasiness one day on the premises of Marksman & Thomas. The experienced knew what it meant; they had passed through such seasons before. Walter Cragey was one of those who did not; but he soon learned.

Before the morning was half over a rumour went around that "they were nabbed this time."

Who were nabbed?

For what were they nabbed?

These were the questions which many asked and to which a few gave answers.

For some weeks, the curious learned, a series of robberies had been going on in the house. They were done very cleverly, and the usual agencies employed in such cases had quite failed to detect the wrongdoer. They had culminated in a theft of silk, which was not marked by the prior cleverness. For the silk stolen was of an unusual character and pattern—a silk which the buyer was especially proud of, as hardly to be obtained at the time through any other channel in England. The thief had, in a word, stolen something very easy to trace. It *was* traced, and a conspiracy of some complication found out.

The ringleader was a man in middle life, who had been in the house from boyhood. In the enjoyment of a good salary, he had begun in an evil moment to speculate on the Stock Exchange. Losses drove him to use his position to tamper with stock of another kind—to wit, the stock of Marksman & Thomas. He had been driven to find accomplices and had judged that amongst the looser members of the junior staff he would find agents most to his purpose. Patsford, Jackson, and Jenkins had all been drawn into his toils. Confronted with facts, they admitted a variety of thefts, though protesting that the greater part of the profits had gone to Badger, who first put temptation in their way.

But in regard to this particular robbery of silk, it was not at once found out how that department had been invaded. Who could have been the agent there?

Suspicion fell upon the companions of those who had already confessed their guilt. Were any in the silks? One was. His name was Cragey.

It was amazing how swiftly evidence accumulated against him.

He was often in the company of the guilty persons; he had been known to come in late in the company of Jenks; witnesses had seen him playing cards in their company; others knew that he betted; one obliging friend had reason to believe that Cragey had been in debt a week or two ago, and yet had just been seen with money in his pocket.

The general impression on all sides was that he was guilty. If he was innocent, why was he so often in the company of the wrongdoers?

Some sneered, because Cragey had set up once for being "better than his neighbours."

Bacup said he had known all along that this would happen, and added that things of that sort didn't happen in his younger days.

Virtue and Joyce quarrelled violently because the former said Cragey was a thief, and the latter at once felt it his duty to take the other view.

As for Critters, he was full of sorrow and self-accusation. Cragey had been, in a way, put under his care, and he had let him come to this. If he had only given more thought to the weakness of a country lad; if he had tried to humour his ways, and lead him little by little; if he had spoken more seriously to him, perhaps, he told himself, this might never have happened.

Cragey, in common with the other accused persons, was not under arrest. It was the habit of Marksman & Thomas never to prosecute if they could help it. It ruined the accused, and it got the house a bad name. There were cases in which their mercy was not misplaced; but there were others in which they only helped men on in a career of dishonesty.

But Marksman & Thomas did one kind thing. Before making up their minds about Walter Cragey, they sent a cautiously worded telegram to his father, asking him to come up to town at once.

In the meantime Walter sat, overwhelmed with shame, in a corner of the library. He had protested his innocence, but he also knew that appearances were very much against him. In the old days at home there had been in his bedroom this familiar text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Equally well did he remember another text, one of the few upon which his father had spoken often and pointedly to his children. It was this, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He saw it all now. The want of courage, which allowed him to fall the easy prey of bad companions, had grown just in proportion as he had forgotten his prayers, neglected his Bible, and ceased to practise church-going.

But Walter also saw something else. It was clear that he had been playing on the brink of a precipice; but for the goodness of God he might even then have been not merely a person on whom suspicion had fallen, but a person accused, and justly accused, of theft. It was hard indeed to be suspected; but happy nevertheless it was for him that exposure had come in time, and that he had been saved a greater fall.

"O God," he cried in an agony of penitence and shame, "if I am only spared this once, I will never play with sin again."

How many have raised the same kind of prayer, have seen it answered, and yet have forgotten their pledge!

It was not so with Walter Cragey. When his father reached London he found his son utterly broken down, and yet amidst all his sorrow thankful that his sin had not reached theft.

Marksman & Thomas duly explained the facts, and then Mr. Cragey at once cleared up the awkward fact. Walter had written home for money under a false plea apparently—sad as it was to find it so—and money had been sent. The fact of his purse appearing full at a critical time was therefore explained. Later in the day the situation was still further cleared by the disappearance of an

assistant in the silk department. Inquiry showed that it was, beyond doubt, he who had been Badger's colleague in this matter.

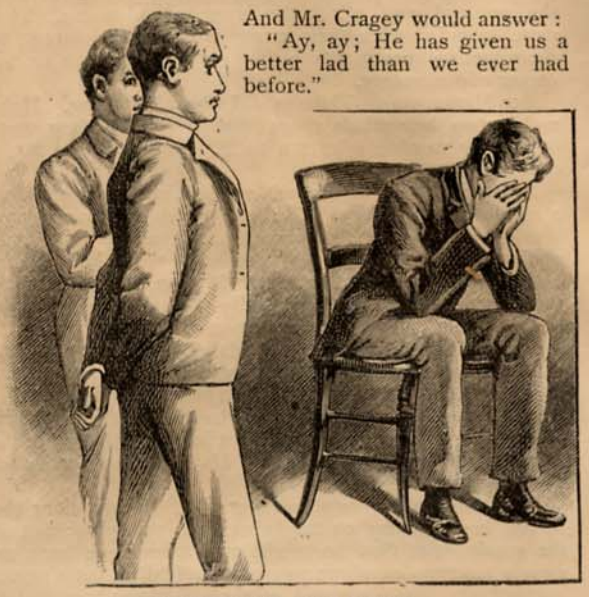
And so from Walter Cragey the shadow lifted. But it was, his father felt, impossible that he should stay with Marksman & Thomas. His indentures were cancelled, and he returned home. There was gossip, of course, in the little town, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of his reappearance. But Walter entered his father's shop, where he showed so much steadiness and industry that the gossips soon changed speculation for praise. They said, however, that he had grown serious beyond his years. They meant by this that he had become a leading spirit at the Vicar's Bible Class for young men, and a regular communicant, although these things did not keep him, upon occasion, from the sports natural to a healthy young man.

His return had been, for a time, a heavy blow to his parents, but Mrs. Cragey, who, like some others, remembered hymns better than texts, would say:—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

And Mr. Cragey would answer:

"Ay, ay; He has given us a better lad than we ever had before."



OVERWHELMED WITH SHAME.

The "lad" himself came in after life to see that of those who fall into such peril such as he had touched, but few come out unscathed. He himself never ceased to thank God that a great sorrow had fallen upon him in time.

THE END.

THE THINGS OF OTHERS.—A Christian ought not to look only upon his own things but also on the things of others, and if he do so he will not be without consolation when crosses and losses come to him. When a horse of a well-known philanthropist went lame, he consoled himself by the thought, "Well, after all, it is better that it is not the horse of some man who gains his living by him." This is like what a good Bishop once said when his library caught fire. He thanked God that it was not the house of a poor man.

COTTAGE GARDEN FRUITS.

BY THE REV. W. WILKS, M.A.,
Vicar of Shirley; Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society.

FRUIT-TREES and bushes are not so absolutely necessary for cottagers as potatoes and cabbages are, but even if the cottager does not care to consume the fruit himself he may lay by a very respectable and useful nest egg for the winter by selling the produce of his fruit-trees. From this point of view it is most important to obtain *the right sort* of trees, and *to treat them properly.*

Very many owners of cottages would be only too pleased to *give* their tenants the trees if they were asked to do so, and saw that their tenants really took an interest in them. But if it be not so, a good tree is well worth the outlay of a few shillings.

Do not buy just anything nor anywhere. Go to a thoroughly reliable nurseryman and let him know you want a good tree *true to name.*

Then do not be content with digging a hole and pushing the roots in and stamping the soil down anyhow. *Do the very best you can for the tree.* Mark out a circle, at least three feet across, take out all the earth, nine inches deep, with a spade, then with a fork break up the earth below for another nine inches deep, but leave it in the bottom of the hole. Now take your tree and examine all its roots one by one, and if the points of any of them are torn or split or jagged, cut the ends off quite smoothly with a clean, sharp knife. A clean cut root will very soon send out new fibres, but a rough, wounded end will cause the whole to rot. If there should be a stiff tap root which will not bend out to the right or left, it is better to cut it right off than to let it go straight downwards in the earth.

The tree is now ready for planting. The roots will generally be found growing out from various parts of the stem. Let your wife or some one hold the tree in the hole at such a height that the topmost roots will be about four inches (not more) below the surface, when the planting is done. Then first spread out the lowest roots carefully on the soil in the hole, and scatter a little fine earth over them. Then spread out the roots next above these, and add more soil; then those above them, and so on, giving the tree a little shake now and then to let the soil run in between the fine roots. In this way, when you have finished, all the roots will be lying in layers one above another, at right angles with the stem. It is very important not to allow any of the roots to take a downward direction, but to spread out every one, even the smallest.

Now give the tree a good shake, add a little more soil, tread it down firmly, but not too hard, and then fill up the hole about two inches above the surrounding level, as the earth in the hole will sink that much, and it is very important not to leave a hollow for stagnant water to fill.

Do not put any dung *in* the ground as you plant, but lay a little loosely over the surface when you have finished.

The tree should be staked firmly, so that the roots may not be strained by the wind; but this must be done in such a way that the stake does not rub or the twine cut into the bark, or your tree will be ruined. A wisp of hay or straw, or a bit of old sacking twisted round the stem first will prevent this, but the fastening should be undone and re-tied every spring till the stake is not wanted.

The first summer after planting give the tree a good soaking with water once a fortnight, if the weather be hot and the soil at all light. You should also look over the tree in the spring and pick off the caterpillars and grubs, which always attack a young tree, and oftentimes kill it by eating up all its leaves. The first year also it is far wiser to pick off *all* the blossoms just before they begin to open, and for one year be content with no fruit. The second year only a very few fruits should be left, and for four or five years it is better to thin the crop out well.

The only pruning you need trouble about (unless you really know how to prune) is to see every year that none of the twigs cross one another—if they do, cut one of them out from the base; and if the tree seems at all crowded with shoots in the centre you may very well cut out half of the number so as to let in sunshine and air.

What sort of tree you will plant you must, of course, decide for yourself; we will tell you the best sorts to have.

Cooking Apples.

Potts' Seedling.—Very large, ripe in August and September.

Stirling Castle.—Very large; it does best as a *bush* tree; ripe in October and November.

Warner's King.—Very large, best as a halt standard or bush; ripe in November and December.

As a rule it is useless for cottagers to grow very late apples, as they have nowhere to store them. But late apples are, of course, far more valuable than early ones, and possibly some might be able to sell them for a good price on the tree, in which case choose either *Bramley's Seedling*, *Newton Wonder*, *Lane's Prince Albert* (best as a bush), *Alfreston*, or *Annie Elizabeth*, all magnificent apples for Christmas and later.

Eating Apples.

Irish Peach and *Devonshire Quarrendon* are both good August apples, but there is no eating apple to compare for a moment with *Cox's Orange*, ripe in November. It will always fetch agood price.

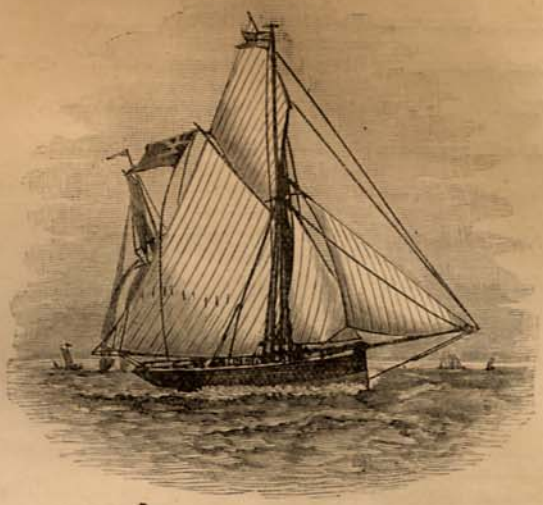
Cooking Plums

always sell well if you can get them into a town. The best are *Rivers' Early Prolific*, early in August; *Victoria*, end of August; *Pond's Seedling*, middle of September.

Damsons.

A tree of *Bradley's King* should be planted in an odd corner, or even in a hedgerow.

If there should be a bit of a wall to spare for a fruit-tree, we should recommend a cottager to plant either a good plum or a good pear against it. Of plums either *Denistón's Superb*, *Rivers' Early Transparent*, or *Jefferson's*, three of the finest eating plums grown. Or of pears *Doyenne du Comice*, the grandest pear known, *Burré Hardy*, or *Marie Louise*.



THE BIBLE AND THE SEA.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

(*Continued from p. 187.*)

WHEN we remember how, comparatively, little nautical were the habits of the Jews, I think we ought to be specially thankful that sea-faring is so boldly pictured on the Scripture page: that the great Book can speak to us of our own element, and set before us not only the race of life and the battle of life, but also the voyage of life.

Yes, the sailor finds himself at home in the Bible. True, indeed, his mirthful mood finds no reflection there. But in his hours of toil and peril, in his sense of awe and wonder, in his home-sickness, in his gratitude for the haven gained at last, he can fill his heart and his voice with the deep and strong Scripture words.

It seems to me that the Bible is singularly rich in pictures of storm at sea. There is the notable description of the tempest in the Book of Jonah, and the terser but equally vivid story of the squall upon the Lake of Galilee, with the sharp, suggestive contrast of the dead drowse of the disobedient prophet and the innocent sleep of Jesus—a parable, hardly to be missed, of security and safety: of the torpid conscience and the heart of perfect trust. And there is that exquisite picture of Jesus coming at the fourth watch of the night to His disciples toiling in rowing against wind and storm.

Perhaps I may quote here a poem of my own, written and published many years ago, but lately abbreviated and revised, in which I have tried to show the spiritual truth of that scene:

The Sea of Gennesaret.

The stars were all withdrawn: a pale and ghostly dawn
Crept up the shore:
The Lord apart did pray, and weary hearts were they
That plied the oar.
Now o'er the waters lone, that made a hollow moan,
A Form drew near:
And over every soul a whitening wonder stole,
An icy fear.
Then from those gazing folk a troubled murmur broke,
A cry dismay'd,
And lo! the Master nigh said gently "It is I:
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us that strain across life's moaning main
He draweth near,
And, knowing not His guise, we gaze with doubtful eyes
And cry for fear.
There comes a whisper low, "This joy do thou forego,
Thy first and best":
A veilèd phantom stands folding the dearest hands,
For churchyard rest.
Then like the tender fall of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Calming our faithless cry, He speaketh, "It is I:
Be not afraid."

Then there is the story of St. Paul's shipwreck, with its graphic technical phraseology, so full of illumination as to the seamanship of those old coasting days.

And we should not omit to say how many of our Lord's parables, spoken and acted, were taken from the craft of sea-fishing. That calling has been so completely spiritualised by the first and the last miracle of Jesus that the brown sails of the fishing fleet speak to our hearts like a living voice.

The Master's pulpit was, in the happy young days of His ministry, not uncommonly a boat. His leading disciples were men who, it might be said, followed the sea. The most impressive of His miracles—the only miracles controlling external nature—were performed upon the physical element of the sea.

Have we not, then, abundant cause for gratitude that God's mercy anticipated the need of the world-wide Anglo-Saxon heart, and wove the sea into the fabric of the life of Jesus?

And there is that wonderfully deep and sympathetic view of the sailor's life in Psalm cvii. This is quite certainly, I think, a study from the outside. It is devoid of technical words, and even of words minutely pictorial. It impresses me as the work of a man, possibly naturally timid, but at any rate regarding the sea with terror and awe. I could fancy that that psalm rose from the heart and the lips of a man who had just seen a ship—of which perhaps he was the owner, aboard of which at least he had friends—stagger out beyond the bar, and fade into the black void. The awe of the sentiment clutches one to-day like a hand. The width, the wonder of the world; the tremendous depth of sea and sky; the helplessness of the little lonely boat between the two—ah! one cannot read it without a shiver!

Ah! could not one almost wish to have lived two thousand years ago, to step out of our cheap cynicism into that great, solemn wonder and that profound sense of God at the world's core?

Is it not strange that, with all our familiarity with the sea, with all our full breezy literature, we have to go to the Bible for our deepest thoughts about the deep?—

"They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.
For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven, they
Go down again to the depths;
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are quiet;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Or in the even more familiar words of the Prayer Book Version:

"Unto the haven where they would be."

Ah! we can't match that sea-picture elsewhere! It is a way with the Bible to say the last word about things.

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.

WHERE are we told, in Holy Scripture—

1. Of four men of the same trade executing the judgments of God?
2. Of four men of the same trade all giving their trade up?
3. Of four men of apparently different trades all united in carrying out the same conspicuous folly?
4. Of two men of two different trades doing so with much labour and skill?
5. Of a land that more than once was without craftsmen of a most necessary description?
6. Of a peaceful occupation which was much beloved by one who was very successful in war?
7. Of one who was called to war from one of the occupations of peace?
8. Of a number of craftsmen who said the same thing for an amazing number of times?
9. Of two hundred grown-up persons of the same occupation who appear to have made the same journey together?
10. Of certain occupations which made those who followed them objects of hatred to their neighbours?

Class B. Open To All.

BURIED TRUTHS.

SEEN AND UNSEEN.—Where in Bible Story do we read of an inquirer who taught much more than he had learned; and who did so especially by means of a light which was hardly given before it was gone; and yet which had such effect on those who descried it that they immediately did that which they had just before virtually described as too late; and which they themselves also found to be "too late," in another sense, in the end?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXVI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is quite uncivilised,
My next means charged with crime,
My third is but a foreign coin,
My fourth is fine when prime,
My fifth in science
Strongly bears on sight,
My sixth are five old books
In one—our great delight.

The Initials are a high dignitary, and the finals are the body to which he and you belong.

XXVII. CONUNDRUMS.

18. What two men would be most useful for drying clothes?
19. What tradesman is worse than a bad man?

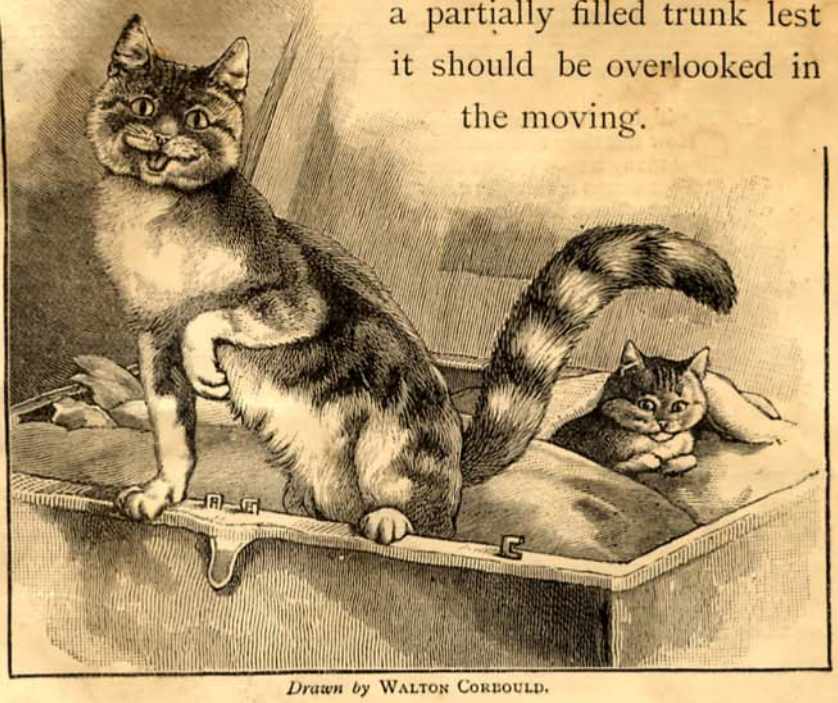
XXVIII. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. Name the lightest place in Ireland.
2. What town in Scotland is always invisible?
3. Where should horsemen reside?
4. What should be a delightful retreat for old warriors?
5. In what city should the babies be very tiresome to nurse?

"Puss and Her Holiday."

HERE is a cat story given by the *West London Observer*, which certainly is not outdone in the evidence of intelligence which it affords by any dog story that has been told of late, and can be vouched for.

Mistress Puss lives in a family as its best beloved pet, and has much careful attention. Each year when the family goes into the country, of course Mistress Puss goes too, and thus she has become quite used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts. She has become used also to the various signs of approaching migration, and knows what it means when the carpets come up and trunks are packed. This particular season Mistress Puss, being the happy mother of a promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for flitting drew near, and at last became so troubled that she attracted attention by her peculiar behaviour. She had packed her little one in a partially filled trunk lest it should be overlooked in the moving.

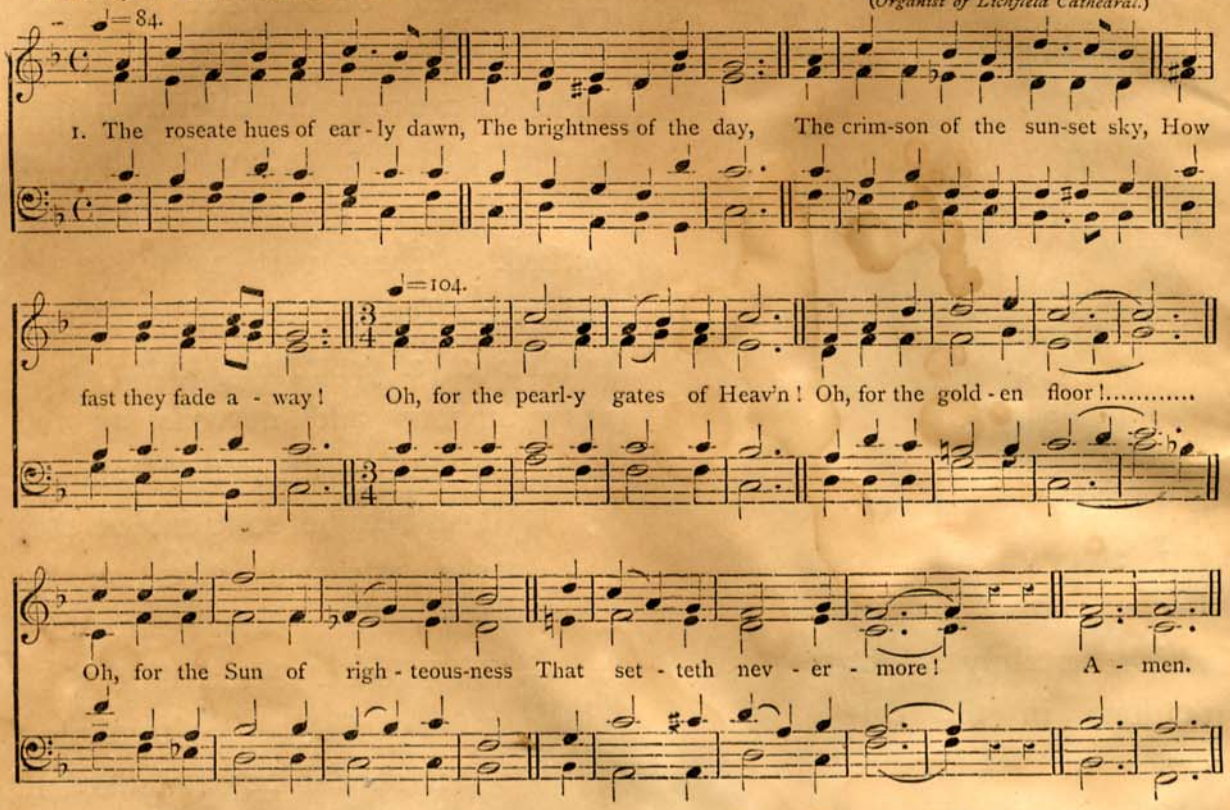


Drawn by WALTON CORBOULD.

The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.

Words by MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Music by JOHN B. LOTT, Mus.Bac.
(Organist of Lichfield Cathedral.)



2. The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3. Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Life in a Deadly Swamp.

THE Paraguayan Chaco is a name that means nothing to many people. It is a part of South America which the South American Missionary Society, the only Church Society at work in the "Neglected Continent," began to evangelise a few years ago. The country is inhabited by Indians who have no knowledge of Christianity. The Jesuits attempted to settle there, but gave it up in despair long ago. The country is one vast swamp, with very little land that is free from inundation. It is infested with clouds of venomous insects—horse-flies, gad-flies, mosquitoes, "jiggers," and others—from whose bite neither man nor beast can escape. We admire the heroism of the soldier who does great deeds on the battle-field; but what is it compared with the heroism which endures, month after month, a deadly climate and insect plagues so as to carry the gospel to these heathen?