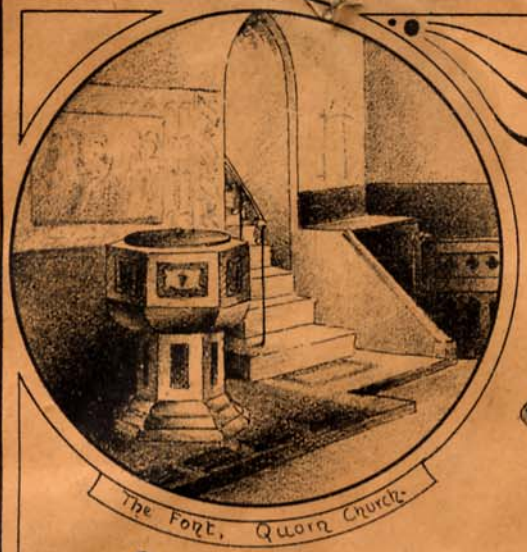
NOVEMBER 1895



The Font, Quorn Church.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH MAGAZINE.

QUORN CHURCH.

Claude Lucas, 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.

Nov. 1st—Friday—Festival of All Saints.

Nov 3rd—Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 10th—Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 17th—Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 24th—Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 30th—Saturday—Festival of S. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr. This is the time for the Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions. Special notice of services, &c., will be published.

Dec. 1st is Advent Sunday, the beginning of a new Christian year.

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

Nov. 3	II Samuel xii.	Hymn to be learnt— 27.
10	,, xv.	
17.	,, xviii.	
24.	,, xxiv.	

Baptisms.

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

Oct. 13th.—Grace Hilda Tungate.
27th.—John George Chapman.
Lilian Maud Boyer.
Lucy Gartshore.

Marriages.

Oct. 6th—Henry Scotney and Anne Maria Heggs.
12th—Ernest Lockwood and Leah Henrietta Wildey.
19th—Tom Thorneycroft and Jane White.

Burials.

Sep. 28th—James Boyer, aged 11 months.
Oct. 3rd—Florry Street, new born.
12th—Annie Gertrude Bunney, aged 22 months.
22nd—Minnie Boyer, aged 12 months.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
Oct. 6th—	0 6 2	1 0 0	2 10 2 Navvy Mission Society
13th—	0 4 10	2 1 9	1 1 8½ Negro Boy Fund
20th—	0 5 0	1 17 9	——
27th—	——	0 4 11	2 10 1½ Archidiaconal Education Fund
Poor Box—	0 0 6	——	——
Totals	£0 16 6	£6 4 5	£6 2 0

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
Nov. 1st	—	—	261 427 26
3rd	317 197	331 27 332	108 255 23
10th	172 264 260	221 27 358	196 260 27
17th	37 285 299	238 27 279	169 298
24th	160 254	282 27 373	242 274 289
30th	—	—	261 403 358

PARISH NOTES.

We must speak again of the Church Tower before the work is finished. It will no doubt be quite done before another magazine is issued. By the time this is in the hands of our readers the battlements will be completed, and the upper part of the scaffolding removed. The work up to the present time has more than expended the £150 which was raised by the Bazaar, and still work remains to be done. It seems a pity to take the scaffolding down without carrying the pointing and repairing work from top to bottom. If, as usual, the expense is more than was anticipated, we must do all we can to make our second edition of the Bazaar at Christmas time as successful as the first was.

We have now just had a year of the free and open Church, and we have done a little reckoning up to see how we stand with regard to the money raised from the collections without pew rents. We cannot be certain of exact accuracy, but it seems that our incomings from collections during the year ending Oct. 13th came to £98. Referring back to the May Magazine of this year we gather that before the seats were free *the collections and pew rents together* came to £92, so that unless things alter we seem to have a better source of income than we had before. At the same time from our estimate (made in May), we must have more than £98 to pay the regular yearly expenses now the organ and choir fund are thrown into the general account. More has been given by the willing offerings of the congregation, but we must give more still in order to pay our just debts. We ought not to have to touch our balance of £23 from last year for ordinary expenses—that should go to more permanent work. We have made some calculations to form a judgment of how the collections and attendance have been affected by the alteration. During the summer months the collections are always at the lowest, and we have taken July, August and September in the last and the present year, taking the same two Sundays in each month, with the following results. It must be remembered that last year there were collections only once a fortnight—now every Sunday.

	1894	1895
Number of coins	1054	1288
Amount	£10 18s. 3½d.	£13 5s. 11d.
Total collections in the three months	£23 7s. 7¼d.	£40 4s. 9d.

Now we must give a few figures concerning the Clothing Club. We cannot give the full accounts and balance sheet till next month.

This year 189 cards have been issued, and £207 paid in (last year it was £175 cards, £188). The amount earned in bonuses, £27 (last year, £25 14s.)

The new cards will be given out as far as possible on Monday, Nov. 3rd, at the Schools, at 12 o'clock.

We might say for the benefit of those who have not yet had cards that any persons may apply, except young unmarried people, and if a subscriber's card is not obtained, then interest at the rate of 1d. in the shilling is given. We must call attention to the rule that payments must be *regularly* made.

The other day in looking over some parish papers we came upon a document in Mr. Faithfull's hand-writing, giving a list of the clergy who had officiated at Quorn Church. We never hoped to get such a complete list as this one proves to be. It must go back to the time of the first building of the Church. Till 30 years ago the Vicar of Quorn was also Vicar of Barrow, and in old times, before there was any separate clergyman for Quorn, the Vicar living at Barrow used no doubt to come over and do the various duties and then go back again.

We noticed in a map a little while ago that a small meadow along the river near Barrow bridge is still called Priest Bridge Close, and that very likely marks the spot where in ancient times a foot-bridge was put up across the river, so that the Vicar might get to his people at Quorn. This is the list—

A.D. 1220—William (N.B. There were no surnames then).
1228—William of Hungerton.
1238—Thomas of Creke.
1240—Philip,
1265—William of Summerdely.
1267—Simon of Lichfield.
. . . . . .
1534—William Gillote.
1563—William Rustat.
. . . . . .
1617—John Beveridge, D.D.
1620—William Beveridge, B.D.
1640—Antony Beveridge, M.A.
1661—John Beveridge, M.A.
1688—John Beveridge.
1695—John Richardson.
1701—Benjamin Bewicke.
1730—Vere Foster, B.D.
1757—William Barrow, B.D.
1794—William Easton, B.D.
1832—Richard Gwatkin, B.D.
1854—William Leighton Newham, M.A.
1866—Robert Stammers, M.A.
1888—Robert Colquhoun Faithfull M.A.
1892—Edward Foord-Kelcey, M.A.
} Vicars of Quorn only.

We also found a table showing the population of Quorn Parish at intervals of 10 years from 1811 to 1851. This also may interest our readers.

Date.	Number of Houses. Occupied.	Empty.	Population	Increase.
1811	...	...	1281	...
1821	300	6	1503	222
1831	...	...	1752	249
1841	369	56	1811	59
1851	405	21	1876	65

The increase between 1811 and 1831 is very remarksble. There must have been some new industry set up during this period. Was it the lace-making, or hosiery, or what? At the census in 1891 the population was 1888—almost the same as 40 years before. We expect there has been an increase during the last 4 years. By the same table it appears that during the 20 years between 1821 and 1841 there were 119 new houses built, bringing the total up to 425, but at the latter date things must have gone down, as 56 of these houses were uninhabited. Very few houses have been added till the last two or three years. The figures seem to show that a wave of prosperity passed over the village early in the century. which had risen to its highest about 1835, and then subsided.

A few enquiries have served to corroborate the above suppositions. The prosperity of the village 70 years ago was due to three factories being set up in the place. Two of these are now incorporated in Messrs. Wrights' large premises, and the remains of the third, which stood just above the Churchyard, have only lately been demolished. Two of the factories were for hosiery work, and the other for lace making. These factories were probably started about 1815, and flourished for 20 years, when trade got bad, and they ceased to employ the former large number of people, and many had to leave the village and seek work elsewhere. We have heard one little fact that shows how low things were in the village about 1835. Just at that time six houses in Meeting Street were sold for *£40!* They still remain in the purchaser's possession.

Since writing the above we heve had a talk with an old inhabitant who *can remember* the first factory being built for the lace making in 1826. About the same time he helped to carry the materials for the houses up at New Quorn, and also the houses by Mr. Callis's. He says for some years every corner of the village was occupied till the lace trade went down before 1840, and numbers of people had to leave or take to some other employment. This account also tallies with the figures in the table given above.

We are able this month to publish a Balance Sheet of the National Schools, with List of Subscribers. The accounts have to be made up to Sept. 30th in each year, about which date the Government Inspector comes to examine the Schools, and look into all matters concerning them. As usual with our Schools he has been able to give a highly satisfactory report.

By the gradual increase of subscriptions the financial condition of the Schools is improving every year. In past years the Schools were allowed to fall into debt, but this is gradually being wiped off. From these accounts for instance it may be seen that, although over £30 has been spent on repairs and improvements, yet the debt is £10 10s. 7d. less than it was this time last year. The Schools now are well paying their way, but we must keep up our subscriptions, so that we may keep the Schools in thoroughly good order, and pay off the whole of the debt that has come down to us. The thanks of the parishioners are due to the Managers, and especially to the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer for the pains they have been at to maintain the Schools in efficiency at so little cost to the parish at large.

This is also the time to say a word of well deserved thanks to the Master, Mistress, and staff of Teachers for the faithful and zealous performance of their very important and arduous work.

QUORN NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Rev. E. FOORD-KELCEY, Messrs. MEAKIN, THORNTON, CRADOCK, R. THOMPSON, G. WHITE. FEWKES, HAYWARD (Hon. Treasurer), CUFFLING (Hon. Secretary).

Balance Sheet for the School Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Government Grant	279	19	6
Drawing Grant	6	1	6
Fee Grant	158	5	0
Sale of Needlework	1	18	6
County Council	2	18	6
Hire of School at Election	0	5	0
Quorn Town Lands' Trustees	50	0	0
Transferred from Building Fund towards repairs	4	13	9
Subscriptions (List below)	61	18	6
Balance due to Treasurer	54	16	6
	£620	16	9

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance due to Treasurer, Oct. 1st, 1894 ...				65	7	1
Teachers' Share of Grant				143	0	6
Salaries—						
Upper School	164	12	7			
Infant School	164	5	0			
				328	17	7
Books, Apparatus, and Stationery				18	18	11
Fuel, Light, and Cleaning				20	11	8
Repairs to Building and Furniture				34	18	7
Rates, Taxes, and Insurance				0	19	0
Materials for Needlework				4	13	0
Advertising, &c.				0	16	6
Bank Interest				1	14	0
Sundries				0	19	11
				£620	16	9

1895—October 7th.—I have examined the foregoing Accounts for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1895, and find them correct.
(Signed) GEO. WHITE, HON. AUDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Perry Herrick... ...	7	0	0
Mr. Warner	6	6	0
Mountsorrel Granite Co, ...	5	0	0
Mr. Cradock...	3	3	0
Mrs. Hole	3	3	0
Earl of Lonsdale	3	0	0
Rev. E. Foord-Kelcey ...	2	2	0
Mr. R. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. Hayward	2	2	0
Mr. Bolesworth	1	1	0
Mr. Millis	1	1	0
Mr. Callis	1	1	0
Mr. Sault	1	1	3
Mr. Pepper	1	1	0
Mr. Ansted	1	1	0
Mr. Fewkes	1	1	0
Mr. Thornton	1	1	0
Mr. Cross	1	1	0
Mr. Cuffling	1	1	0
Mr. G. White	1	1	0
Mr. W. B. Paget	1	1	0
Mr. Meakin	1	0	0
Mr. T. Chapman	0	10	6
Mr. Robinson	0	10	6
Mr. J. Camm	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Darker	0	10	6
Mr. T. Gamble ...	0	10	6
Mr. O. S. Brown ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Fewkes	0	10	6
Mr. Whittle	0	10	6
Mr. Simpson..	0	10	6
Mr. Hensman	0	10	6
Mr. Hind	0	10	0
Mr. W. Pepper	0	10	0
Dr. Unitt	0	10	0
Mr. Richardson	0	10	0
Mr Facer	0	10	0
Mr. Firr	0	7	6
Mr. Lucas	0	7	6
Mr. Turner	0	7	6
Mr. G. Chapman	0	5	0
Mr. Inglesant	0	5	0
Mr. North	0	5	0
Mr. Horspool	0	5	0
Mr. Sanders	0	5	0
Mr. T. Webster	0	5	0
Mr. Swain	0	5	0
Mr. H. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. I. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. Backhouse	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Rumsby...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Webster	0	5	0
Mr. Chester	0	5	0
Mr. Priestley	0	5	0
Mr. Painter	0	5	0
Mr. Cooper	0	4	0
Mrs. Waddington	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Fewkes	0	2	6
Mrs. Kinch	0	2	6
Mr. H. North	0	2	6
Mr. Hill	0	2	6
Mr. J. Thornton	0	2	6
Mr. Adams	0	2	6
Miss Gretton	0	2	6
Mr. Hack	0	2	6
Mr. F. Facer...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Squires	0	2	0
Mrs. Paget	0	1	6
Polling Clerk	0	1	6
Mr. J. Wisehall	0	1	0
Mr. E. Smith	0	1	0
Total	£61	18	6

"HIS LAST VOYAGE" (*see page* 255).

Drawn by F. W. BURTON.] [*Engraved by* EDWARD GASCOINE.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT OF THE CHURCH IN WALES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

THE proposal to disestablish and disendow a portion of the Church of England, older by centuries than the throne or state of England, imposes upon all citizens a duty which they cannot shirk, and that is the duty of taking sides firmly and unmistakably on this great question. We are told in the history of Greece, that when the barbarian Xerxes appeared at the head of a countless and seemingly irresistible army, the State of Argos observed an ambiguous neutrality, and hung upon the skirts of battle only waiting to declare for the victors. In the great campaign into which we are now forced an attitude of standing aloof can commend itself to no earnest man. Churchmen, laity and clergy alike, must face their duty upon this question. The laity will not, I trust, shirk this duty, but will ask themselves whether loyalty to those who have gone before and thankfulness for the privileges enjoyed to-day by their generosity, do not call upon them to defend and to hand down the sacred trust they have received to their children for whose character and welfare they are responsible. We, the Clergy who serve at her altars, would, indeed, be faithless to the Church if coldly and selfishly we leave others to bear the brunt of the attack, while impotently we see the Church shattered in organisation and robbed of the resources provided for her work by the piety of centuries.

Opponents sometimes tell us that they come as friends to the Church. Some tell us that they wish to strip the Church bare from the sole motive of her spiritual advantage. Others decline her defence because such defence they say interferes with their spiritual work. I enter a protest against these views, which rest upon a false argument. A man is not careless of his spiritual life because careful of his bodily health, nor is the Church careless of her spiritual life because careful to preserve all those outward appliances and resources which go together with spiritual work and life, just as body and soul go together in the life of the individual. Man consists of body and soul, and the true aim of existence is not attained by mutilating or ignoring either. For my own part, I do not think that a man is a whit less spiritual because he defends loyally the temporal interests of the Church. No loyal Churchman should stand halting on this great question. Honour and duty demand a plain "yes" or "no." Put into plain and practical English, the hour has come when many a true Churchman must ask himself this question, "Which is to come first, Church or party?" I go further, the time has come when the religious Nonconformist must ask himself the same question. I hold that the defence of the Church stands outside and above all party and political distinctions.

But against what are we asked to defend the Church? One political party in the State has taken the first step towards disestablishing and disendowing in part or in whole the Church in seven dioceses in the Provinces of Canterbury and York. Disestablishment takes away the national recognition of religion, and I agree with what the Dean of Llandaff said at Cardiff, that I would rather have a National Church which was not my own than no National Church at all. I, myself, regard disendowment as sacrilege, but we are told the Irish Church precedent makes such language incorrect. But the Irish Church is not a precedent for our Church because the endowments of the Irish Church consisted largely of grants made by Stuart princes and by Parliament. But the endowments of the Church in Wales are as much hers in justice and equity as those of Nonconformists. Whether you call disendowment sacrilege or not, one thing is certain, that disendowment means the alienation of property from the service of religion to secular purposes. Again, I use the words of the Dean of Llandaff: "I would rather see the emoluments of the National Church go to the Wesleyans or Presbyterians, than have them flung into the gutter, as is proposed by Liberationist advocates." Again, the Church and Nonconformity are contrasted as if one represented the endowed and the other the voluntary system. But many are not aware that the voluntary offerings of the Church in Wales every year exceed by many thousands the sum total of its endowments.

The Dean of Llandaff asked these questions at Cardiff, "Can Nonconformity undertake that which the Church of England has undertaken? Has Nonconformity ever taken care of the poor?" We know the answer to these questions in Wales. The largest denomination in Wales attributed its decrease

to neglect of the poor. Every parish clergyman in Wales knows that in sickness and poverty the people turn to him. I will tell you a striking fact. You remember the tithe agitation in Wales, now happily and completely ended. In one parish the agitators assailed a clergyman with insults and threats of violence. Not long ago three of the leading agitators, themselves Nonconformists, fell ill and died. During their illness not one of the three sent for his own Nonconformist minister, but for the clergyman. This, remember, is not a solitary case. I am fully prepared to recognise whatever good Nonconformity has done for the religious life of Wales; but in Wales, as in England, Nonconformity has failed in pastoral work. According to the Official Year Books of the Nonconformist bodies in Wales for 1893, Nonconformity is able to maintain pastors in only about half the parishes of Wales. A pastor, as you know, means a Nonconformist minister to whom is given the pastoral charge of a chapel or chapels. Further, it must be remembered, that many of these pastors follow a secular calling in addition to the ministerial one, and therefore can only give a very divided interest to their pastoral work. Celtic people need especially an independent ministry that can tell them the truth without fear or favour. This the Church can now do; and this, I say without hesitation, a ministry wholly dependent upon the voluntary system, does not and cannot do. Judge the work of the Church in Wales by any test you like, whether in religion, in care for the poor, in educational and social improvement, and in all work that tends to the moral well-being of the community, judge the Church fairly by any of those tests, and your verdict will be this, that whatever may have been the shortcomings of the past, and with all the imperfections of human nature, the Church in Wales is doing at the present day a great and solid work, and that if you stop or hamper that work you will inflict a grievous injury upon the whole of the people of Wales. We are told, only disendow the Church in Wales, and sectarian bitterness will end. The answer comes from across the Channel that disendowment will make that bitterness bitterer than before. From the colonies an incumbent of one of the leading parishes in Sydney, which may be almost spoken of as the capital of Australia, who during many years' residence has had ample opportunity of studying the affairs of that country, gives this testimony: "Politically, socially, morally, intellectually, spiritually, Australia is all the poorer by reason of there being no Establishment. It is hard to say where Christianity touches (to influence) the national life. The churches, as they are called, are too often paralysed for useful action as they struggle for a bare existence. There was a time, when before I left home, I was sorely tempted to throw in my lot with the Liberation Society. A result of my experience in the colonies has been that I have no longer any sympathy with the society which is, as I think, now an illustration of a spurious Liberalism. Still a Liberal in most things, I am to-day saying in effect to all my old friends at home, do all you can to defeat measures which, whether in England or Scotland or Wales, will bring disaster." One more witness, and that shall be Professor Bryce, a member of the late Cabinet, who, in his book the "American Commonwealth," is reluctant to decide whether "the voluntary system, which no doubt makes men more liberal in giving for the support of religious ordinances among themselves and missions elsewhere, tends to quicken spiritual life and to keep the Church pure and undefiled, free from the corrupting influences of the world."

We are sometimes told that Disestablishment would put an end to the religious bitterness which exists in Wales. Truly, this is an object to be desired and, let me add, deserved. But bitterness can never be removed by faithlessness to a sacred trust, or by the infliction of an injustice. Churchmen in Wales know the pain of personal attacks. That they can bear as part of the day's work without a murmur. But the coarse ridicule of truths dearer than life to Churchmen, and the savage blows levelled at the sacred body of the Church herself, are more than they can or ought to bear in silence. Churchmen must watch and pray, that in the bounden duty of defending a sacred trust their weapons and spirit may be worthy of a cause so righteous. It is not for us to judge or guide our opponents. They must bear the burden of their own responsibility, and in the sure process of events ordered by a Higher Wisdom than ours, let us all always remember that what is sown on either side shall be reaped. At searching times like these it is reasonable that we should examine and test our own organization, and strengthen the weak places.

I have given some aspects of the Welsh Church question. The progress of the Church in Wales in every department of her work is admitted on all hands to be great and increasing, and before the British public allow this work to be hindered and crippled by a measure of spoliation dictated less by conviction than by party exigencies, and regarded more as a bribe than a duty, we, as Churchmen in Wales, ask that the fullest and most reliable information should be obtained, and that a measure which imperils the whole Church of England should not be rushed through Parliament.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.—One very wet day, as Bishop Fraser was walking in the street, a wealthy manufacturer stopped his carriage and persuaded the Bishop to get in.

"Why don't you keep a carriage, my lord?" asked the rich man.

"To teach the simplicity of life," replied the Bishop. "And how can I do that if I am ostentatious and luxurious myself?"

Lancashire folks are not very observant of etiquette, but they "hatted" Bishop Fraser whenever they met him carrying his own bag and striding at a pace that would have taken away an ordinary man's breath. They admired the tall, broad-shouldered man, with his frank, genial look, who seemed to be a "rejoicing Christian, who would take a five-barred gate as soon as look at you."—*Temple Bar.*

POWYS BROTHERS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

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

CHAPTER IX.

"DO YOU WANT A BOY?"

STEPHAN did not have occasion to wait long.

Hugh had been humble and patient for his gentle mother's sake, to keep peace at home, looking forward to the release Richard had promised. But when months rolled into years, and no word came from the brother beloved, he resolved to put into execution a long-cherished project.

"Mother *fach*," he said to her one day when bringing in a pail or two of water from the well, "we do be having no news of Brother Richard, and I was be going to seek him. Stephan do be always saying I was no use on the farm, whatever, and he do call me lazy when I am tired. He did strike me to-day. If he had not been my brother, look you, I would have struck him back."

Rachel wrung her hands in dismay. Her mild eyes filled with tears.

"Look you, mother *fach*, it will be best I go. I am young and strong, and I can work. I will find Richard, and we will both be sending you money to keep you like the ladies Richard do know."

She sat down on a stool sobbing. He put his arm round her neck and went on lovingly, "Do not cry, my mother. I will be best out of Stephan's way, and then you may have peace. You would not like us to quarrel and fight, like Cain and Abel. And you would not like me to run away, as I was tempted often. But you will bless me and let me go. I will never forget you, mother *fach*, and I will never forget my home or all you have taught me. There will be room for me in London. It is a big place. There do be no room for me in Llantyst."

It took several days and much prayer to reconcile Rachel Powys to the loss of her youngest and dearest boy, the one who had never been other than loving and dutiful. She went to talk the project over with her brother, and found him inclined to support Hugh.

"The world is wide, and Llantyst is narrow. There will be no room on the farm for Hugh, if Stephan has a family. Let the boy go and seek his fortune with his brother. I will give him a few lines to Llewelyn Howell."

A quarrel between Evan and Stephan over Hugh, in which Joan and Winifred took angry part, settled the wavering balance of Rachel's mind.

His preparations were soon made. He had but one suit of clothes, a smock frock being his common over-all, and but one decent hat. A handkerchief held all his change of underclothing, along with knitting wires and wool, his uncle's letter and a few shillings going into his breeches pocket. His brother Richard's precious crown-piece was still safe in his little bag—too small to hold another letter. To that he added three half-crowns his uncle had supplied, and into another pocket went a lump of cheese between slices of coarse brown bread. Not a large supply for a long journey into an untried world.

But overnight, when all the rest were in bed, his mother had taken him aside and prepared him for his life journey. Her words were few but impressive. "My darling boy, you do be very young to face the dangers of the world, but you do be going with your mother's blessing and her prayers. And, oh, remember what I do say to you wherever you may be—fear God, be honest, be true, be humble, and love mercy as you hope for it, and may God bless you, *bach*."

They were her last words ere he went to his bed at night. They were the last as he crossed the threshold on his way to Carthen and the king's highway.

He had been warned not to look back, but he knew it was his mother flung her shoe after him for "luck." The luck may have gone with her parting words more than with the shoe, unless that was thrown as the shoe Ruth's kinsman gave to Boaz as a testimony between them.

Months went by. Nothing was heard of the stout-hearted boy not yet sixteen, or of the elder brother he had gone so far away to seek. Rachel reproached herself, and maybe in the depth of her heart her brother also, for sanctioning his departure.

Then Winifred's fitful temper was a trial and a trouble to her. At length a gossip let a ray of light in on her darkness. To her brother she went at once with the news she had heard, that his wife's third cousin, John Jenkyns, was making up to Winifred at Carthen market, though he never came to show his face in Llantyst or to ask leave to court her. She wished him to look into the truth of the report quietly, and to act for her in the matter.

Naturally, when discussing family affairs with him,

the uncertainty ever present in her mind about her sons found expression, chiefly her fears for Hugh.

"Suer," said she, sighing, "the cherry trees were only in blossom when he did go away, whatever, and now the apples and pears was ripe for gathering. I do fear the press-gang have pounced on my dear boy at Bristol as they was carry off your Davy. We may nev——"

"Tush, Rachel *fach*," interjected he. "There be no war now, and no press-gang. Hugh will be all right. I will be looking if there be any letters. You must have faith and patience, look you."

She had Stephan's firstborn in her arms; but something hopeless in her patient eyes, as she folded her cloak round the babe and left the cottage, still haunted him as he took his way upon Brean to Carthen on the Saturday, and rode direct to the post-office.

To his amazement, there *was* a letter in the window, but there was a strange name upon it besides his own, and so it had rested against the pane for a week or two, undiscovered by friend or neighbour.

The letter was from Richard Powys, in part written at the request of Mr. Howell, to say that if his friend could supply him with certain flannels, dimetts,* friezes, and blankets, he could send them, with the invoice enclosed, by one of the new fly-boats on the Grand Junction Canal, to Clouder's Wharf, addressed to him at the Golden Fleece, and they might still trade together. He could trust him in respect to prices and quality.

The rest of the letter was Richard's own affair, and explained that the name outside the letter was that of an M.P., known to his master, and that it "franked" the letter, or freed it from postage; and that Mr. Howell had promised to get him a "frank" when he wanted to write home, so they would not be so long without hearing from him. He said that Birch would have had him break through his indentures when he was twenty-one, and demand higher wages, but besides being dishonourable to a very kind master, he should lose all the advantages promised. He also mentioned his growing intimacy with the Marshalls, and other friends of Mr. Howell, and after minute inquiries about every member of his family, including Hugh, asked his uncle to hand the enclosed five pound note to his mother, with his love.

Absorbed in the letter, his other errand forgotten, the reader was startled by a voice exclaiming,

"Suer enough, it's Cousin Hughes! The very man I did be wanting to see!"

With one hand on Brean's neck, there stood before him the very John Jenkyns he was to inquire about. There was no occasion to inquire, Jenkyns had so much to say.

Holding Brean by the bridle, he led the way to a quiet inn by the market-house, gave the beast in charge to an ostler, and over a pint of crwrr-da* unfolded his desire to marry Winifred Powys, and his fear lest her friends might object to him, because he had his mother to keep, and could not provide her as good a home as the farm, and Winifred said her mother would object to a bidding.† "Would Hughes obtain the consent of Mrs. Powys?"

The eyes of the old packman twinkled and sparkled. He saw how Richard's letter might clear the way for the young people. He, too, had something to propose.

Besides promising to obtain his sister's consent to the match, he proposed that Jenkyns (who, as a weaver, must be a judge of woven fabrics) should accompany him in a covered cart from fair to fair collecting the goods specified by Mr. Howell, and if trade could be carried on in the same way with other old customers, he would, after a time, turn the whole over to the young man. He would soon have a good home for both wife and mother.

"You had better not show your face at Llantyst until you see me here for Wednesday's market. I do be afraid Mrs. Powys may be disturbed by something in this letter, and not give me a hearing," was his parting speech.

Offers of marriage were in Wales at that time generally made by deputy, as in Ireland. Rachel listened to her brother's advocacy of John Jenkyns' proposal, not sorry to see a probable end to Winifred's waywardness, and her consent was given unhesitatingly.

He had not so much as named Richard's letter until his matrimonial mission was accomplished.

But when he drew it forth, and handed her the banknote, she was all in a quiver of excitement, and cried, "Do Hugh be with him?"

The change in her brother's countenance was sufficient answer. She had clasped her hands together in mute expectation, crushing up the banknote, oblivious of its possession or its value. All Richard's filial remembrances, all tokens of his upward progress, were blotted out by his message to Hugh.

"Whatever have become of Hugh? Where do he be?" she cried aloud, wringing her hands in agony, swaying to and fro upon her chair, another Rachel mourning for her son, and refusing to be comforted.

It might have eased her pain could she have seen what had become of him.

His heart had swelled to overflowing that bright spring morning when he left his mother and his home behind, even for the brother who had been so unkind, but he crushed back his tears as unmanly, and, telling himself that every step bore him nearer to his beloved Richard, strode on bravely.

He had crossed the wide bridge at Carthen, and gone a mile or more ahead, when his shoes began to trouble him.

* The three manufacturing counties of South Wales were anciently called Dimetia, hence the name of this particular kind of thin flannel, much in request for linings, shrouds, etc.

* Welsh ale.

† A printed circular sent round inviting friendly contributions to help a young couple to set up housekeeping, and promising a return of the favours on like occasion.

Sitting down on a stone by the roadside, he took his shoes off, and with his stockings slung them together across one shoulder, his bright eyes twinkling like his uncle's as he said to himself, "Suer, I do walk more easy with my bare feet, and I must not wear my shoes out before I find Richard's master, whatever."

How long that might be did not occur to him. He trudged on stoutly, barefooted, meeting so many lads in like condition, that he saw no degradation in shoeless feet. Indeed, bare-footed youngsters were by no means uncommon in England at that time, and for several years after, in mining and manufacturing districts especially.

So eager was he, there was no stopping until hunger compelled him to make a meal of his cheese and bread, resting on a stone, and quenching his thirst at a wayside well. Night was closing in as he neared Swansea, and obtained at a farm a good warm supper of leek-porridge, and a night's lodging amid the straw in a barn. A breakfast of bread and buttermilk was found him in the morning, but the pence he tendered the farmer's wife in payment were rejected. "'Deed, my boy, you do be welcome, whatever. You will be wanting your money before you do get to London, bless your good-humoured face." With that she thrust into his hand a big piece of bread and a slice of boiled bacon, "to help him on his way."

"'YES, MY BOY, IT IS.'"

Doubtless it was his round, good-tempered face, and brightly twinkling eyes which found him favour wherever he sought shelter or food at other farms or cottages, on his course from Swansea to Neath, or on by Cardiff to Chepstow; for it was not until he reached Aust Ferry he had anything to pay, and there sixpence paid his fare across the Severn.

And if he found English caution more particular in inquiries why a boy of his years was wandering afoot and seeking accommodation under strange roofs, the story of his journey in search of a brother in London, told in unfamiliar speech, seldom failed to bespeak pity and such hospitality as the hard times permitted. But he never begged, and always proffered payment; and as a penny loaf and a few spring onions sufficed him for a meal, there was generally some village dealer to supply his need, or even add the luxury of a red herring, which did not necessitate cookery. Then he knitted as he went, and if he sold his stockings in the towns for little more than paid for fresh wool, he made his money spin out, and altogether did not fare so badly, until on the twelfth day of his journeying his road lay along the northern skirt of Hounslow Heath. A shower was falling, night was setting in, no house was in sight; wet, weary, and footsore, he was driven to take shelter in a deserted hut or shed without door or windows.

There was just sufficient light to show a heap of dry fern in one corner. On this, after munching a hunch of dry bread he had kept in reserve, he lay down to rest, using his small bundle as a pillow, and keeping on his shoes and stockings, a woman, only the previous day, having warned him to wear them if he did not want them stolen, there were so many footpads about.

He slept like a top, but as a top flags before it falls, so in the early hours he was disturbed by dreams of something crawling over him.

When he waked with a shiver and a shudder, by the daylight peeping through the doorway, he beheld a battered old felt hat where he had laid the good one brought from home.

Instinctively his hands sought his pockets. They were turned inside out. Thievish hands had been crawling over him. His money was gone. Worse still, so was the letter to Mr. Howell.

"What was to be done? How was he to find his brother now he had lost the strange address?"

The small bundle under his head was safe, and so were the shoes he had kept upon his feet. In trepidation he felt for the little bag he wore next his heart. That, at least, remained to him.

Sighing heavily as he drew forth one of his uncle's half-crowns for use, he cried with fervour, "Thank God all is not gone, or I might have had to beg!"

In an instant came a flash across his mind. "Suer, I never said my prayers last night!" And, hanging his head like a culprit, he knelt down penitently and prayed for pardon.

He had had a sharp lesson not to expect the Divine protection he was too careless or forgetful to seek.

His lost letter troubled him more than the lost money. Tears were streaming down his cheeks as he looked up and down the bare road in bewilderment.

A man driving a milk-cart said he had met two lads more than a mile away, grinning over a letter one was reading, one who wore a queer tall hat.

He was sorry for Hugh, said he could give him a lift in his cart, and a can of milk for his breakfast, but it was no use going after the thieves.

At Brentford the man stopped. And there, at a horse-trough, Hugh got a wash, and at a little shop changed his half-crown, and bought some bread and cheese, which he ate as he walked on.

He had barely gone a mile when a market-gardener overtook him. "Hi, you there!" he shouted. "Are you the little Welsh lad seeking your brother?"

Hugh's face brightened. "Do you know where I can find him, sir?"

"No, my lad, but I can help you on your road, and put you where you'll not be robbed again. Get up."

He had had a gossip with the milkman.

The gardener's journey ended at Clare Market, not then the squalid place it is now. And whilst unloading vegetables he contrived to bespeak the favour of a motherly greengrocer for the luckless lad, so that he should fall into no bad hands.

He had apparently fallen into good ones. For when Mrs. Brown's bargaining was over, and the kindly gardener was gone, whilst setting out her stall, she got into conversation with him, learned who he was, and whom he sought, but of his brother's whereabouts he could only remember "it was something 'Bar.'"

She knew only of Temple Bar and Holborn Bars; and though Hugh shook his head doubtfully, and "did not think it was either of those," she called a young urchin not half Hugh's age, and set him to guide the poor stranger's steps.

"And mind you," said she kindly, calling after them, "if you don't find your brother, come back here. I'll see you don't starve for a day or two while you look about."

Many days went by, and much rambling in strange byeways was done, yet still Hugh's brother was not found. His honest independence had insisted on paying for his accommodation, such as it was. But little as the practical Christian woman would take from him, his few coins melted before he could either find his brother, or a situation for himself, which he sought as earnestly. He had nothing left but Richard's crown-piece, and there were tears in his eyes when he asked Mrs. Brown to pay herself out of it, and give him the change. She got at the secret of his tears.

"Well," said she, "you are a honest lad, and it goes against the grain to charge for more than the bit you eat, seeing as how you sleep on a wisp of straw on the shop floor, and that costs nothing. But I tell you what! I'll lock up this silver piece till you can pay to have it back. And God will clear the way for you before long, never fear."

He thanked her gratefully, and, more hopeful, took his way across Lincoln's Inn Fields, where grass and trees wore their freshest green, and at every open shop in the narrow outlets asked if a boy was wanted. Baffled by suspicious looks or curt "Noes," his heart sank as he worked his way through a narrow alley formed by an outlying spur of buildings which narrowed the busy thoroughfare of Holborn, to what was known as Holborn Bars, though the toll-bar had ceased to block the way, and the spirit of improvement had done little more than flag the side walks and exchange the oil lamps for gas. Many of the shops and houses were ancient, and all more or less irregular, still they were large places to him, and in his humility he scarcely looked for attention. And it went against him, where he might have succeeded, that he could give no reference to any former situation.

Attracted by cloth and fancy waistcoatings in a window, he looked up over the door to see if Howell was on the sign. Instead he read—P. HALL, *Tailor and Draper*, in letters faint with age.

The previous day had been wet, and the flags were greasy. But the shop had just been brushed out, and a line of dust crossed the pavement to the gutter, where lay the sweeper's refuse.

Into the shop he went, doffing his apology for a hat, and put his customary question, "If you please, sir, are you in want of a boy?" to a tall thin man, nervously shuffling over the papers on his high desk in search of something.

"No, no, no!" he answered hurriedly, continuing his search. "Boys are the plague of one's life."

So heavy a sigh fell on the shopkeeper's ear, that he lifted his head and looked after the lad he had dismissed so curtly.

Hugh's economical instincts led him to pick up a piece of string he saw lying amidst the dust and bits of waste paper, and after winding it over his hand put it into his breeehes pocket. As he turned away he saw a scrap of paper sticking to the worn sole of his shoe. He stooped to remove it, opened his eyes wide, and in another moment was back in the shop.

"If you please, sir, look you, is not this yours?"

Mr. Hall's eyes expanded with satisfaction and surprise. "Yes, my boy, it is. I have been searching for it half an hour or more. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, please, sir. It's a banknote for thirty pounds, is not it? I saw your name upon it, sir."

"No, my boy, it's a cheque; but it's worth thirty pounds. And now, what do you want for finding it?"

Hugh looked up into Mr. Hall's face in questioning astonishment, as if confronted with a new problem. "Want, sir? Nothing, sir. Suer it's yours."

"Um—m! You want a place, don't you? Where do you come from? What can you do?"

"I come from Llantyst, sir. I don't know what I can do until I try. I have only done farm work; but I can do anything I am big enough for if I am shown."

"Um—m! I see you can read. Can you write? Well, write your name here. Ah, pretty fair for a ploughboy."

Then followed a rain of questions and responses, the latter in Hugh's best English, though from a Welsh tongue. And when the wanderer went back to Clare Market Mr. Hall had promised to see Mrs. Brown. He kept his word, and as a result Hugh obtained a situation as shop-boy, and benevolent Mrs. Brown secured a good customer, for Mr. Hall was married and had a family.

CHAPTER X.

"'FOUND AT LAST!'"

THE heedless unthrift, who could not read, and had swept away a cheque as of no account, was summarily dismissed, and Hugh succeeded to duties unknown, but easily performed, and to a bed under the counter. Still, it was a bed, well sheltered, not a mere wisp of straw in a draughty corner smelling of stale fruit and vegetables. Then he had a sufficiency of good plain food with the maid in the kitchen, and he had the grace to thank God for his good fortune, though his brother had yet to be found.

In his three or four weeks' wandering around the precincts of Temple Bar and Holborn Bars—now removed—he had become familiar with a tolerable area, and being able to read, and to give a receipt, proved a dependable messenger. Then the thrift and tidiness inculcated by his excellent mother served both himself and his master, if only in sweeping out the shop and polishing the counters. Mr. Hall was certain that nothing was swept away which could be put to use. Hugh smoothed and folded for future service the paper wraps from parcels, tied up the strings in little skeins for like purpose, finding tidy receptacles for both, cleared out and cleansed his narrow bed-chamber, neglected by its former occupant, and, when admitted to the tailoring department in the rear, saved many a scrap of cloth, buckram, or binding from the waste-bag, and loose buttons without count. At first he fidgeted the men, but his orderly habits told even upon them, and the foreman openly approved. The first token was his giving to an apprentice some of the rescued cloth cut into shape, and bidding him make Hugh a cap to replace the battered hat he had been constrained to wear. This was a great boon to the boy, who felt his respectability at stake so long as he wore the hat of a common thief. And until he had redeemed Richard's crown-piece he could not set anything apart for other purposes. At the best, two shillings a week would not do much. But by the time he had the new cap on his head he had his brother's coin in his own keeping, and had bought a hank of woollen yarn.

With that, after shop hours, when he had supplied Jane's demands for coal, firewood, and water, he began knitting industriously, and very soon he had the pleasure of offering Mrs. Brown a warm pair of mittens, and of leaving in her charge another pair for his friend the market-gardener. It is likely she displayed his grateful gift to Mrs. Hall when she made her marketing, for shortly afterwards his weekly wage was raised to half-a-crown, Mr. Hall having remarked to his wife, "He has saved me more than the extra sixpence with his careful ways, and so grateful a boy deserves encouragement."

Hugh's eyes sparkled on receipt of that first half-crown; it would make up the price of a new pair of shoes, and he thanked Mr. Hall heartily for his great kindness, too humble in his estimate of his own value to ascribe the advance to his own deserts. He had been so long cuffed and rated by Stephan for laziness and incapacity, that self-conceit was impossible.

So, too, when he carried home a suit of clothes to a bachelor customer's chambers in Lincoln's or Furnival's Inn, and was rewarded by a copper or two, or even a sixpence for patient waiting, or unassuming manners, he took the tip as the outcome of people's good nature, having no experience of other lads' rudeness on like occasions; and he saved all he could.

Finding him both steady and intelligent, Mrs. Hall occasionally entrusted him with private commissions and verbal messages, or, in case of heavy showers, despatched him with cloaks and pattens to bring home little Miss Hall and her cousin Miss Bond from their school in Bloomsbury, a charge of which he was very proud; though the two little misses were apt to mimic his peculiar tones and forms of speech, and load him with slates and book-bags.

Jane, in the kitchen, had at first been somewhat exacting in her calls upon him; but finding him at all times willing to do her a service without compulsion, she relaxed her stringent rule, and found it answer. If she had potatoes to prepare, peas or beans to shell, or a bird to pluck for the next day's dinner, she might rely on his voluntary assistance, even though he set his knitting aside to help her. She was a stout, bustling lass, but it occurred to him she was overworked, especially when the extra cooking for Sunday left her too tired to accompany him to church in the evening, which was frequently the case.

He had not much idle time himself, but in the midst of his many duties the yearning desire to find his dear brother was ever present, and with it a longing to relieve his mother's anxiety about himself; but weeks and months rolled by, adding to his usefulness, his wages, and his stature, but furnishing no clue to Richard's whereabouts.

In the spring, when his sixteenth birthday was nine months in the background, Mr. Hall gave him a strip of plum-coloured cloth, and bade him "take that, to be matched in colour and quality, at the Golden Fleece, Barbican, and tell Mr. Howell I will take half a piece at the same rate as the last."

Hugh listened with open mouth and expanding eyes.

"Bar—Barbican," he gasped. "Oh, suer, sir, that is where my brother is 'prenticed. Oh, thank God, I shall find him at last!"

It was Mr. Hall's turn to be astonished. "Why, Hugh, one of the 'prentices was here last week with a package of kerseymere and red flannel. Did you never hear of Barbican before?"

"Not since I came to London, sir. Oh, where is it?" he cried, all in a quiver to be off, a big tear rolling down his cheek as he listened to Mr. Hall's directions. He had been with parcels to the Bull and Mouth; the route beyond was simple enough.

He had the pattern safe, and was off at such a pace that people looked after him wondering if he were a pickpocket flying from justice who ought to be stopped.

He was out of breath when he darted up the steps of the Golden Fleece, and confronted Birch, whose sullen, doughy face was well known to him.

He looked round half dazed for one he did not see.

"Well, youngster"—Hugh was short for his age—"what do you want?" asked Birch with scant ceremony.

"My brother," was on the tip of his tongue. Panting for breath gave him time to think. "I want Richard Powys," he got out at last.

"I can serve you quite as well. Mr. Hall did not send you to ask for him, I'm sure," hazarded Birch, wondering if Mr. Hall had found anything wrong in the lengths of the last goods.

"N-no, *he* wants cloth to match that exactly," replied Hugh, producing the pattern. "*I*—*I* want to see——"

Two persons were descending the low step from the back-shop as he spoke. Glancing over his shoulder they caught his eye. Surely that *gentleman* could not be—yes, it was! "Richard!" he cried out in excitement, darting forward.

"Oh, Hugh, Brother Hugh! found at last!" broke from the other, and the two were locked in a straining clasp, while Birch and Birch's master looked on in amazement.

"You had better take your brother into the back-shop," said kindly Llewelyn Howell, "and you can close the doors," he added, observing how much the two brothers were overcome, and what a grin expanded the face of Birch.

"That's Hall's *shop-boy*!" volunteered the latter disparagingly. "He wants this plum-coloured cloth matching, but he has not said how much his master requires."

"You had better match it first; we can ascertain the length afterwards," was Mr. Howell's short reply, as he went behind the other counter to serve a customer himself, without disturbing the re-united brothers.

Be sure there was much to ask and much to answer on both sides; and not half of what they had to say was said when the striking of the clock recalled Hugh to the business which had brought him thither.

"Indeed, indeed, I'm forgetting. What will Mr. Hall say?" And, starting from his seat, Hugh hurried into the shop, with Richard after him, to deliver the rest of his message, and see that it was properly carried out.

Mr. Howell was not ignorant of Richard's trouble about his missing brother. "If you like to accompany your brother, and explain to Mr. Hall why he has been detained here, you can do so, Powys," said he considerately, as Hugh shouldered the bundle of cloth and stepped towards the door. "I am well pleased at this meeting under my roof. It will be good news for your mother." He never seemed to forget *her*, though she *had* married some one else.

Hugh was wonderfully proud of his well-dressed brother, as they hastened on side by side, he with his flopping package of cloth on his shoulder clad in homely moleskin, more like a porter in attendance on a respectable tradesman than aught else. As for Richard, brotherly affection, and the unexpected joy of Hugh's living presence, after mourning him as lost, shut out all considerations of disparity in position or appearance.

Mr. Hall opened wide his eyes on their entrance. It had never occurred to him to connect Mr. Howell's confidential assistant with the poor homeless lad who had come to him seeking a place, with scarcely a hat to his head, and thankful for a shelter.

"Mr. Hall, this is my youngest brother. You will be so good as to excuse his delay over your errand, since it has been the Providential means of bringing us together. He tells me you have been very kind to him, and we are both extremely grateful."

"And I am just as much indebted to the Providence which brought him here. His carefulness and honesty

saved me a heavy loss in the first instance, and he has served me well and faithfully ever since. I hope you are not coming to remove him."

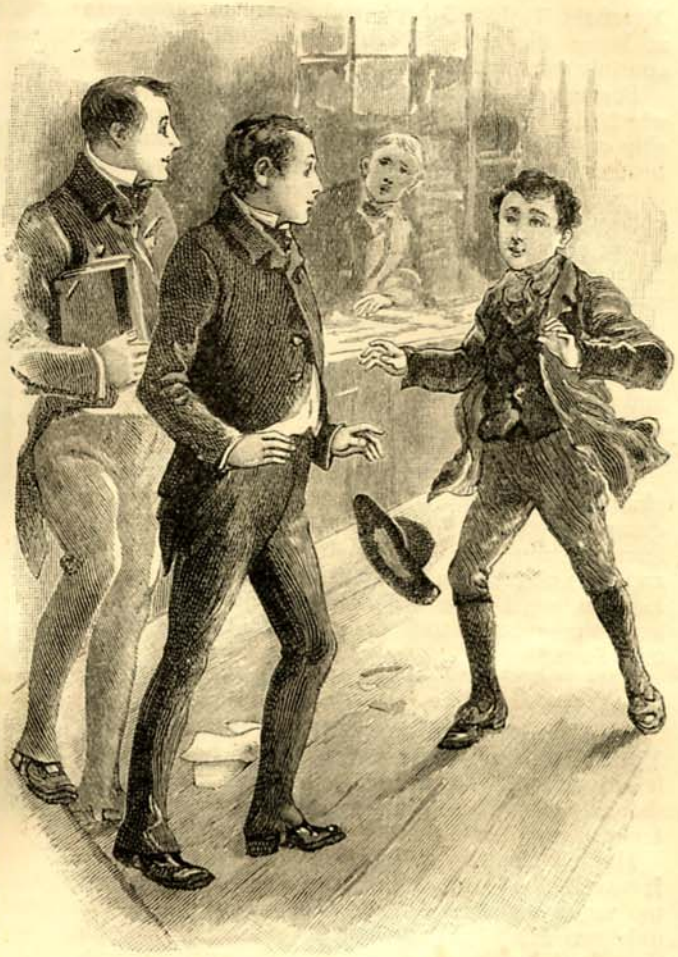
"Not at present, that I am aware of. Had he not been robbed of a letter addressed to Mr. Howell, it is probable he would have been differently placed. My first care will be to effect a change in his appearance. We can talk of other matters later on."

The foreman was called in, cloth was supplied, and when the two brothers went to church to return thanks on the Sunday morning, the distinction was in port and bearing, more than in the outer garb.

Before that a franked letter was on its way to Llantyst, to relieve the mother's mind respecting Hugh, and to tell in what esteem his master held him, though in Richard's own opinion his brother scarcely thought enough of himself, and he said so.

John Jenkyns kept a sharp lookout for letters, now that orders came from one or other old customer, which it was his business to supply, in partnership with Richard Hughes. So that letter was not long in bearing its hopeful tidings to the farm. As he had expected, there *was* an order from Mr. Howell under the cover, and a bank-note from Richard Powys, half of which was to go as a wedding present to Winifred, whose marriage was close at hand, Jenkyns having agreed to make a fresh home between Carthen and Llantyst, for the better development of his new occupation.

Never was letter more welcome. Winifred was in high glee, for farm labourers were mostly paid in kind, and cash was not too plentiful a commodity in the village. Gwen and her mother shed tears of joy and thankfulness together over the good news about Hugh, which Rachel herself hurried off to her brother's cottage to impart.



"'OH, HUGH! HUGH! FOUND AT LAST!'"

Evan set up a shout of triumph when he heard, and even Stephan seconded Joan when she said she was glad the brothers had met and were both doing well.

But long before Richard's intelligence set all Llantyst astir, the singular meeting of the brothers had been discussed in every department of Mr. Hall's establishment—at his own table, in the workshop, in the kitchen, and between the young misses in the privacy of their bedchamber, they having voted it "quite a romance." And when he went forth to church with his handsome brother on the Sunday, attired in his new suit, the romance assumed undue proportions, as they contrasted his first appearance with the present. Jane said that "he had been too good for his place."

Mr. Hall's conference with his wife was more matter of fact. He had found Hugh too reliable and useful to be easily dispensed with. His wages were advanced, not altogether as before on the ground of his personal value to his master, but partly to anticipate any excuse for his removal, and partly as a concession to Richard's recognised position. After a time, not all at once (Mr. Hall was too shrewd for that), fresh sleeping accommodation was found him, though it was only a removal to a press-bed in the workshop; and before another year had gone round he was placed permanently behind the counter as a salesman, having the supervision of a new shop-boy, and he took his seat at his master's table.

It was a dangerous privilege for him; for just as Richard had been captivated with Miss Amory, so was he enthralled by the budding charms of versatile Fanny Bond, who was not too proud to accept the silent homage of her uncle's shopman, as a very natural result of her personal attractions, though of any ulterior results beyond the passing gratification of her vanity she was oblivious. She was conscious he would have thought no sacrifice too great to win a smile from her, and in countless ways she taxed his leisure hours for little services and attentions he was all too willing to perform.

Mrs. Hall had two sons—one a Blue-coat boy fresh from Christ's Hospital, the other attached to

Merchant Taylor's School, and whenever these were at home she made Hugh's heart ache with her cousinly ways and favours.

Fortunately, the afternoons of all those Sundays on which Mr. Howell did not claim Richard's companionship on his visits to Canonbury, Hugh spent with his brother in the Barbican, and they always went to church together, Mr. Edwin Marshall, between his college terms, not unfrequently bearing them company. There were times when Mr. Howell spent his Sunday afternoons at home with the three young men, and perhaps a city friend as well. On such occasions Hugh sat modestly silent, listening to the conversation, wondering where Richard had obtained the knowledge of men and things which he displayed at every turn, and not only wondering, but setting him upon a pinnacle for admiration and contrast with his unlearned self.

"You forget, brother Hugh, that whilst you were plodding on at Llantyst," was Richard's answer to a query, "I was out in the world with Uncle Hughes, learning from him, from the books he had for sale, and from observation of what I saw and heard. In London, too, I have had access to books, and have lost no opportunity to fit myself for something higher than I am."

"Mr. Hall's books are locked up," interjected Hugh, with a sigh.

"No matter; I daresay Mr. Howell or Edwin Marshall will lend me for you as many as you will have leisure to read. You will find them truer friends than that silly girl who is fooling you to your own hurt, as I know to my cost."

Hugh looked up at him with crimsoned cheeks. It was Richard's first allusion to Amelia Amory, and too vague for a revelation. Hugh wondered if the unknown Miss Marshall had been meant. But he thought the estimate of charming Fanny Bond rash and ungenerous.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here"—ST. MATT. xvii. 4.

GOOD to be here it is for us, O Lord,
In this Thy House where two or three are met
Thine unseen Presence—promise of Thy Word
Fufilll'd—that we Thy gracious blessing get.

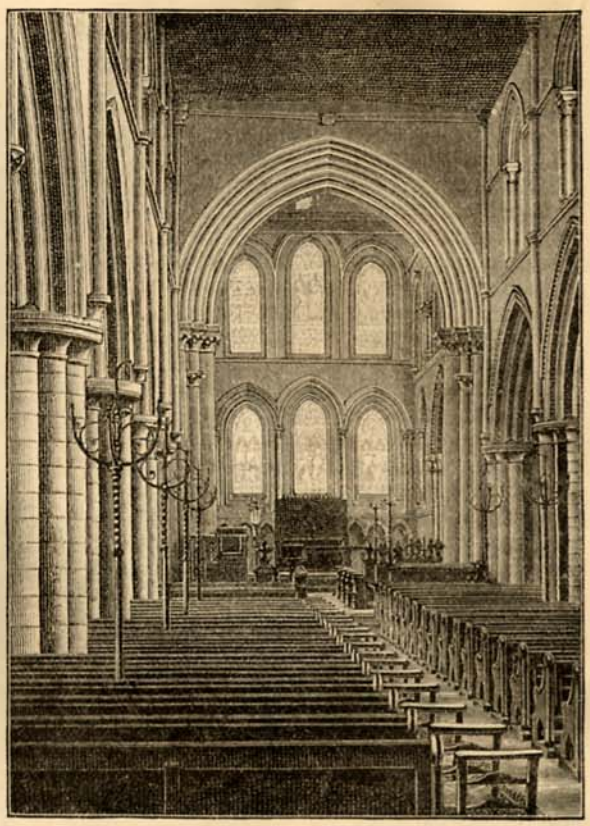
Good to be here it is, that we may know
Repose from toil, refreshing rest from care;
Rising in heart from fret of things below
While nearing Heaven in thoughts of praise and prayer.

Good to be here it is, that we may find
The peace and joy of His consoling love,
Whose words of life, so sweet and wondrous kind,
Our drooping spirits raise to things above.

This House of God—this consecrated hour
Calming life's turmoil, drying sorrow's tear,
Blessing outpoured like dew-distilling shower—
Yea, good—how good for us—that we are here!

R. H. DAVIES, M.A.

THE OLD CHURCH,
CHELSEA.



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

X.—ST. HILDA'S, HARTLEPOOL.

BY THE REV. EDWARD J. TAYLOR, F.S.A.,

Curate of St. Cuthbert's, Durham.

THE name of St. Hilda is a household word in the north of England, and in no place is her memory more cherished than in the ancient borough of Hartlepool, where the beautiful parish church is dedicated to her memory.

Hartlepool is a very busy seaport and fishing centre, and is mentioned by Bede as Heart-ea, Hart Water, a name derived from its position on the south-west of a small peninsula, bounded on one side by the Slake, a pool dry at low water, into which a small beck flows.

The peninsula, on which stands a noble lighthouse, is one of the most prominent features on the east coast; and Henry of Huntingdon calls it Hart's Isle, but the Normans give it its present name. In Norman times it was a harbour of importance, which belonged to De Brus of Annandale, the ancestor of Bruce of Bannockburn. Hugh, Earl of Bar, in 1171 entered with his troops and a contingent of Flemings to assist the King of Scotland in his invasion of England. In 1200 King John granted the town a charter, by which the inhabitants became free burgesses; this charter was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth at the suit and request of Lord Lumley, in 1593. In 1347 Hartlepool furnished 5 ships and 145 men to Edward III. for the

siege of Calais, and also obeyed the royal summons to help in repelling the Spanish Armada in 1588.

When Bruce claimed the crown of Scotland his possessions here were forfeited. The story of his life is beautifully described by Miss Grace Aguilar, who makes mention of Hartlepool in her charming work *The Days of Bruce*. Walls and gates were built in 1245, some of which still remain, and one of the gates, called the Sand Gate. The fishermen and pilots are a sturdy, independent race, and are located in the oldest part of the town, known as the "Croft"; they are all connected, as they intermarry and remain stationary, representing families located here for centuries. Many of them are very proud of their parish church, the tower of which is a landmark for them when at work far out at sea. A mission church was built in the district in 1887, appropriately dedicated to St. Andrew, and consecrated by the late saintly Bishop Lightfoot. As late as 1614 Hartlepool is described as the only port town in the county of Durham.

In A.D. 640, an Irish lady, Hien or St. Bega, under the auspices of the saintly Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, founded a monastery here. She is said to have been the first female among the northern tribes to take the monastic veil. She was succeeded by Hilda, a royal princess of Northumbria. This abbey was destroyed by the Danes in 800. In the eleventh century a friarage was founded by the De Brus family; this was of the Franciscan order, of which no traces remain.

The present church was founded by Robert de Brus, and stands on, or near the site of, the Saxon monastery; is mainly Early English of twelfth century style.

The tower is 78 feet high, has a double arcade, with a parapet, *circa* 1460, is Perpendicular. The tower having bulged considerably at the centre shortly after it was built, necessitated the building of the huge and bold external flying buttresses, spanning over the roof of the aisle, and carrying the weight and thrust of the vault over the central space obliquely down to the external buttresses, and so to the ground, the short pinnacle and set-off both terminated by coping (*vide*, woodcut of this unique arrangement in Parker's *Gothic Architecture*, p. 151).

The nave is 85 feet long by 44 feet, of 7 bays, of graceful clustered pillars, supporting well-proportioned, pointed arches.

The clerestory windows are arcaded triplets, the upper compartments of the tower, *circa* 1230, have a double arcade of Early English lancets, and have lost most of their external columns, although the ornamental capitals remain.

The south porch has an enriched recessed Norman doorway, with a chevron moulding and the transition tooth ornament.

The butresses at the west end of the tower are pierced by trefoil-headed doorways, and may have enclosed a baptistery or chantry on the west. Frescoes are to be traced at the west end of the south aisle.

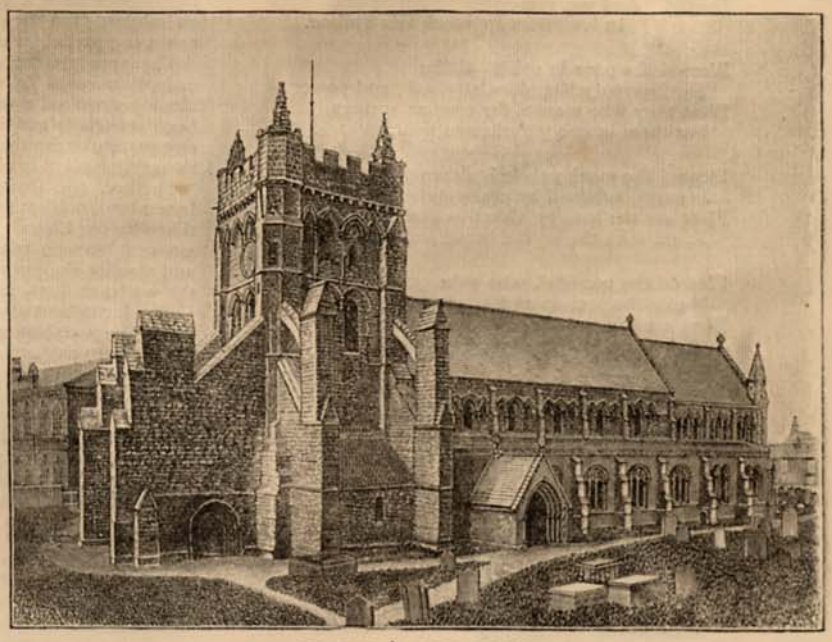
The choir is entered under a beautiful pointed arch, springing from clustered columns, two of which are short, and supported the ancient Rood Screen.

The chancel has been shorn of at least two of its bays, and was formerly twice its present length, its great size being accounted for, as it was the last resting-place of the powerful De Brus family, lords of the manor.

Only one of their tombs remain, a handsome table-monument of blue Stanhope marble, on which appears the De Brus arms—viz., *ar.*, a lion ramp.; *az.*, *circa* 15 century.

At the west end is a recumbent effigy of fourteenth century work—a male, habited in ecclesiastical vestments, holding in the left hand a glove or purse, in the right a scroll; an angel supports a pillow, on which the head rests, and a spaniel dog sleeps at the feet.

Inserted in the choir pavement is a quaint brass (*see* illustration) of the wife of "Parcivall Bell, now Maire of this towen of Hartinpoocll, 1593." She is attired in a broad-brimmed hat, with a high crown, close cap, a plaited



ST. HILDA'S, HARTLEPOOL.

ruff sticking out horizontally about her neck, a bodiced gown or stomacher, figured in front, with a girdle, and tight-fitting sleeves, gathered up full at the shoulders; on a scroll, *casta fides victrix*.

In the north aisle is a handsome marble mural monument to the memory of William Romaine, born at Hartlepool in 1714. He was the descendant of a French gentleman who took refuge in England upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He became rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, and St. Dunstan's; he was an eloquent preacher, and one of the Evangelical revivalists in the Anglican Church during the eighteenth century. He died in 1795.

A long and beautiful extract from his work, *The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith*, is given on this monument, and is literally a "sermon in stone." The writer has seen rough working men, during their dinner hour, reading earnestly these gracious words of hope and comfort—

"Not lightly may they pass away,
But in their hearts remain."

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

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BY W. CHATTERTON DIX,

Author of "As with Gladness Men of Old."

UPON the mount our Lord still breathes
His words of blessing for His own,
And we, remembering All Saints,
In lowliness approach His Throne.

Blessed the poor in spirit—theirs
The heavenly Kingdom, strength, and power:
Blest they who mourn, for comfort springs
For them in every darksome hour.

Blessed the meek; their heritage
Is earth, subdued by grace divine.
Blest are the hungry, thirsting souls,
Filled with the mystic bread and wine.

Blessed the merciful, who gain
Mercy themselves at Mercy's gate:
Blest are the pure in heart, who see
God, as on Him in love they wait.

Blessed the peaceful, making peace;
The Father calls them children dear;
Blest, persecuted souls who gain
A kingdom midst their trials here.

Blest they whom men revile and hate,
And falsely charge with wrong and ill;
Rejoice, thus ever raged the world,
And so it persecutes you still.

O King of saints, Who saints of old
With power and ghostly strength endued,
Be ours to win some victory,
If only one Beatitude.

OUR PARISHES AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

XI.—THE PARISH CHURCHYARD.

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 churchyard is that space of ground on which the church is built, and which generally surrounds it on all sides.

By the 85th Canon it is ordered to be enclosed with walls, rails, or pales, as have been in each place accustomed, and to be kept well and sufficiently repaired.

The churchyard is, to a certain extent, in a modified sense, the freehold of the Incumbent of the parish; but it is not his absolute freehold. He holds it primarily for its exclusive appropriation to the sacred purposes for which it was set apart by the Episcopal Act of Consecration—namely, the burial of the dead.

Subject, however, to its appropriation to this object the Incumbent has the right to the pasturage of the churchyard, to any fruit growing therein, and also to the loppings of any trees within or around the sacred enclosure.

The consecration of a churchyard as to words and object for which it is set apart is different from that of a church.

The church is consecrated for the worship of Almighty God, the administration of the Sacraments, the reading of prayers, and preaching the Word of God purely and sincerely, and for performing of all other religious ceremonies according to the Liturgy of the Church of England.

But the consecration of a churchyard is for the purposes of burial only. The representatives of every deceased parishioner have a right to inter his remains in the parish churchyard; but they cannot, against the will of the Incumbent, select the particular spot of burial.

The appointment of this place rests with the Incumbent, except in cases in which the family of the deceased have already acquired a vault, brick grave, or other spot which has been especially and lawfully appropriated to the interment of any particular family, thus taking it so far out of the discretionary jurisdiction of the Incumbent.

Further, the freehold of the churchyard is vested in the Incumbent, subject to the right of access to it at all reasonable times by the Churchwardens for the purpose of keeping order amongst persons who at funerals may be assembled therein, and also for the purpose of executing any necessary repairs to the walls, railings, paths, etc., belonging thereto.

The Incumbent also has his freehold of the churchyard, subject to the parishioners and others enjoying their ancient rights of way over any paths which may surround or intersect it.

In many parishes there is a strong aversion amongst the people amounting to an ineradicable superstition against burial on the north side of a churchyard, notwithstanding that all parts of the ground have been equally consecrated.

Indeed, we have seen many churchyards, three-fourths of which have been occupied with graves, while on the north side there has not been the sign of a single interment. This prevalent prejudice, existing in so many country parishes against being buried on the north side of the churchyard, seems to have had its origin in the idea that it was not consecrated with the other portions of God's-acre, but was left as a burial-place for suicides, unbaptised persons, and still-born infants.

The Incumbent of one parish, who during his ministry had on all hands encountered and tried to uproot this prejudice, gave orders that on his decease his remains were to be interred,

not as his predecessors in the chancel of the church, but on the north side of the churchyard.

After this the rich and well-to-do parishioners selected that part of the churchyard as their place of burial; but the poor still retained their superstition against it, and regarded it as an uncanny place, if not the haunt of evil spirits.

There are other reasons, however, that have been assigned for the preference given to the south, east, and west portions of the churchyard, such as that the churchyard cross was almost always fixed on the south side, and with the east and west sides had most of the sun, while they were more frequented by the parishioners, and therefore the names of deceased persons interred there being written on their tombstones would more frequently be recalled to the minds of their surviving friends.

The erection of monuments, tombstones, or planting trees on or over graves or surrounding them, or the erecting of any enclosure, is subject to the consent of the Incumbent, as is also the placing of inscriptions over the dead.

But if any dispute should arise on the subject, there is the right of appeal to the Bishop, whose judgment would be absolute and final in the matter.

For each erection or enclosure over or around a grave the Incumbent has a right to a fee according to an ancient scale of fees that has been a part of the burial law of the parish in accordance with a modern scale that has been approved by the Bishop.

GARDEN WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

DIG all vacant spaces of ground, especially heavy soils. Prepare beds for onion, carrot, and parsnip, sowing in the spring. These should be deeply dug and manured, and thrown up rough to allow the frost and air to get into the earth. For heavy ground this is specially required; the exposure to the weather pulverises the lumps and mellows the soil. It is better to dig in manure on light soils in the early spring, as on these soils the manure is apt to lose its best properties by the rain and snow if dug in in the autumn. Gather all dead leaves from cabbage and other like crops, and keep the beds clear of all weeds. Earth up celery to protect from frost.

Fruit Garden.

All kinds of fruit trees may now be pruned, and espalier and wall trees trained and nailed. Plant and transplant fruit trees any time during the month.

Flower Garden.

All the borders should be cleared of dead and withered plants. Slightly fork and rake the beds so that they may not look unsightly in the winter. Plant rose trees, also tulips and hyacinths.

"Look how thou walkest. Take good heed thy feet do not tread on the heels of thy poor brethren."—DANTE.

"A small mind has usually plenty of room for pride."

"HIS LAST VOYAGE."

(*See Illustration*, p. 242.)

I HEAR the sound of the waters—
They are calling, dear heart, for me;
Make ready the boat for the voyage,
I must sail for the Infinite Sea.

Dark is the night and stormy,
And fiercely the breakers roar,
But they say there's a quiet haven
When you pass to the further shore.

I have wrestled with wind and tempest,
I have fought with the stiffest breeze,
When the good ship leapt like a thing in pain
In the grip of the angry seas:

Shipwreck, fire, and famine,
Ay, something of each I knew,
And weathered them all by the grace of God,
And the help of my gallant crew.

But I go on my long last voyage,
And I needs must make it alone,
For never dearest can sail with him
Whose port is the world unknown!

The moon is waned, and the cloud-rack
Is pierced by no gleam of star,
I can hear the beat of the ebbing tide,
And the moan of the sandy bar.

Frail is the craft and feeble,
And weak is the steersman's hand,
Yet ere the rise of to-morrow's sun
I shall surely sight the land.

And into a sunlit harbour
My little bark shall glide,
After the storm and the night are past,
And safely at anchor ride.

And in one of my Father's Mansions,
I shall find them all, I know—
The souls that left me to cross that flood,
In the sorrowful long-ago!

I hear the sound of the waters—
'Tis the summons, dear heart, for me;
Unloose the boat from the moorings,
I must sail for the Infinite Sea.

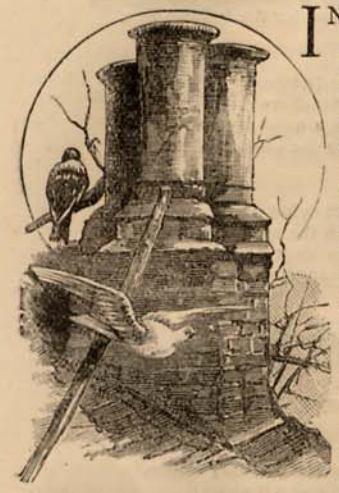
The Captain is calling all hands aboard,
And my heart grows light and strong—
For He bringeth me to the Haven
That my soul desired so long!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

INTIMACIES WITH WILD BIRDS.

BY THE REV. CANON ATKINSON, D.C.L.,

Vicar of Danby; Author of "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," etc.



IN my last paper I adverted to intimacy and friendship with purely wild birds. The terms employed imply a good deal; but I think they are fairly if not fully justified. I used to have a dozen pairs (or nearly) of starlings breeding about this house; and if I have not now, it is owing to two direct causes—the one that I was obliged to have all the foreright shoots of the ivy, among which they dwelt and nested, shortened to save the whole huge sheet from being blown bodily away from the wall; and the second, much more forcible and imperative, that the rats had "got a habit" of creeping up an angle in the building where the ivy was thickest and where the path taken led directly to the partitioned boxes placed to serve as nurseries, and to the part of the ivy most affected by my starlings. But when they were still safe, and consequently numerous, I was assured they knew me. As I walked on the terrace beneath their nests, hardly a dozen feet higher than my head, they rarely flew further than to the gable-pinnacle, less than ten feet higher still; and if I whistled to them they would chatter or whistle in reply. They would come within six feet of the dining-room window, and peck about on the grass and gravel below, very much at their ease. Yet a strange dog crossing the lawn sent them all off on the briefest warning, and a cat or a kitten passing quietly along the terrace, or anywhere near it, gave the signal for the most pronounced dissatisfaction, uneasiness, and trepidation.

One day, a year or two ago, I was passing that end of the house when I heard the cry of a wild goose on its travels. I looked up and around (for I had seen a skein winging its way southward only a day or two before), till I almost got "a crick in my neck." The note was repeated two or three times, and each time so that the sound seemed to accord with the change of place occasioned by the movement of the utterer. But for the life of me no goose could I see. I should think I spent four or five minutes in the vain and (to my aged neck) rather irksome quest. At last the supposed goose-call ended in an unmistakable chatter of a starling, and my eyes, better directed than before, caught sight of the vocalist seated on the top of a by no means tall pine within twenty or thirty feet of me There he sat, looking at me quite complacently, and the next time he opened his bill it was to give a capital imitation of a part of the curlew's cry. By this time I had begun to whistle to him. I don't know that I have any justification for saying that he "answered me." But I am fully warranted in saying that, in the interval of silence following my whistle, he either replied to me or continued his own vocal performances at his own will and pleasure; and before he had finished he had again and again repeated the curlew whistle, and besides indulged me (or himself) with the imitation of some sea-bird's note, and of the golden plover's well-known breeding-season cry.

But it was not the ventriloquism or the diversified nature of the entire performance which attracted me, half so much as the confident familiarity with which it was all gone through.

The most remarkable instance, however, of singular familiarity on the part of purely wild birds of which I have had personal experience occurred to me in the years 1838, 1839, and 1840. A pair of nuthatches, who were as thoroughly "wild" as the swallows which come and go year by year, showed themselves one morning on a tree near the window of the room used as breakfast room in the house I was then living in. It occurred to me to try and get them to come frequently, at least, if not quite regularly, to the tree in question, so as to afford the breakfast party some interest as well as amusement in watching their manners and customs, or certainly "their ways and their tricks." So I stuck a lot of the ordinary Barcelona nuts in the crevices of the bark of the old tree aforesaid, and within two or three days had the satisfaction of finding they had all been removed; and I could not doubt by none but by the nuthatches themselves. Of course I replaced them, and I had not to wait long before I found that these fresh nuts were gone also. Within a week or two the birds, both of them, were to be seen several times a day searching this remarkable nut-bearing tree. My next step was to put the nuts up just before breakfast, and this soon brought my pensioners to come as regularly as the almoner went himself.

But they got their breakfast with far too little trouble, and we saw far too little of the orange-breasted bluegowns. I met this difficulty by cracking the nuts before putting them on to the tree, nailing the kernels up by aid of fairly strong pins. Now we had "sipper-sauce" (Cleveland for "a relish") to our own breakfast. The birds came as before, found "a table prepared for them," hammered away in their peculiar style, drove off big bits of the kernels by the force of their digs, caught them before they fell, and carried them bodily off to some tall trees not far off, and speedily came back for more. Before long they came every morning in anticipation of the meal which they found was so regularly provided for them, and sat in the tree during the time I was engaged in affixing the kernels to the wood. They knew breakfast time as well

as I did, and they knew me as well as they knew breakfast time. As I hammered my pins in with my small makeshift hammer, they used to sit on some part of the tree easily within reach of my extended hand and arm, and I had scarcely turned to step away from the tree before they were at work on the nuts. I say "they"; but that is not strictly correct. For never was more than one of them at work on the nuts provided at the same time. One of the pair was the master; I assumed it was the husband; and if the other ever ventured to intrude it was speedily admonished by a vigorous dig with the trenchant beak of the stronger half to mend its manners and wait till its betters were served. Naturally other birds came to pick up any crumbs that might fall from the nuthatches' table—a finch or two occasionally; tomtits, especially the blue and the greater tit, continually; and very entertaining were their various tricks and behaviour. But I mention their presence in order to remark that none of them ever stayed long upon the tree while I remained near it. The nuthatches, on the contrary, never disturbed themselves on my account. Their presence lasted as long as mine did, and of course after I had gone, when I had put their fresh rations for them. And more than this; I could always summon them at any hour of the day. A few taps with my hammer on the tree were usually sufficient for this purpose; and if they were too far away to hear the hammer-taps, a sharpish whistle from my lips was sure to arrest their attention, and the hammer completed the call. It was thus I was able to show them to any visitors who had heard of their familiarity—and they were many—or perhaps wished to renew their acquaintance.

But this was not all. I noticed that after getting all the provender I placed for them they made a habit of flying from the mulberry tree on which their food was placed to a tall walnut tree about thirty yards distant, and often remained about it for some lengthened space; and also that they came to it at other times in the day, and seemed to make it a sort of outlook place. So, one day, I took two or three nuts out of my pocket and shot them, one by one, as a boy shoots a marble, up into the air. After two or three such experiments my dear birds seemed to understand quite clearly that they were challenged to a game of "Catch," and they responded with the utmost readiness. Their dexterity was equal to their intelligence and their readiness. They almost never "missed a catch." No long time passed before they even became the challengers. I could hardly show myself in the garden after the morning meal had been finally disposed of, but one or other of the pair became aware of my presence, and announced its own presence on the upper branch of the walnut tree by the utterance of its accustomed note. This summoned the other, and there they sat waiting the commencement of the game. The nut, which was projected to a height of twenty feet or more, was usually caught just at its turn at the highest point reached, and sometimes, when the first attempt was made, if it failed, I have seen a second dart at the falling nut made, and successfully, although it brought the catcher into very close proximity to my person. If the attempt was quite a failure the bird returned to the upper part of the tree; if successful, he flew to some tall, ancient elms which formed an avenue some two or three hundred yards away, and tarrying only long enough to deposit his booty in some safe cranny or other storeplace, returned to renew the game, and continue it as long as time or my stock of nuts permitted. There were two well-grown lads and their father in the family group besides me; but the birds only acknowledged me as their especial acquaintance and ally.

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.

1. WHERE do we read of the Saviour's being "angry"? and how does the cause of that anger give proof of His love?

2. Where do we read of His being "much displeased"; and in what way does the cause of that displeasure give proof of His love?

3. What well-known reproach of His to the "lawyers" of His day does the same thing?

4. What well-known rebuke of His to two of His disciples does the same thing?

5. How did He show His love by what He said about all His disciples when Judas came to Him in the garden?

6. How by what He said to those who bewailed Him on His way to the Cross?

7. How by what He said on behalf of those who nailed Him to the Cross?

8. How by what He said to St. John and His mother as He hung on the Cross?

9. How by the object He had in view in submitting to the Cross?

10. How, above all, by what is true about those for whom He died on the Cross?

Class B. Open To All.

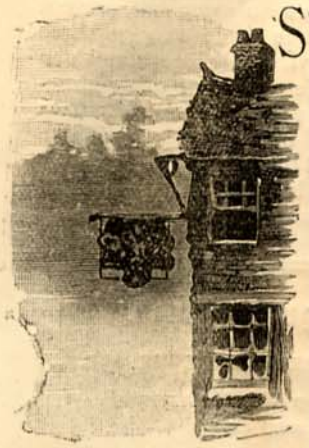
BURIED TRUTHS.

No One Lost.—A set of men were once saved from destruction in company with many others by deliberately destroying a means of escape. The same men were afterwards saved by not being allowed to destroy. Who were these men? How were these things true respecting them? And what was the real secret of the preservation of all?

The Reason Why.—Richard Burke, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of his powers in Parliament by his brother Edmund, was questioned by a friend as to the cause. He replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family; but then again I remember that when we were at play he was always at work."

SILVER BASKETS.

BY THE REV. A. PEARSON, M.A.,
Incumbent of St. Margaret's, Brighton.



SOLOMON has something to say about these "silver baskets" in Prov. xxv. 11. Our Authorised Version makes him speak of "pictures of silver"; and if we prefer this we shall have the image of golden fruit set on a groundwork of silver, such as might form part of the decorations of his beautiful temple, or of one of his costly palaces; and we might recall the golden vine which in the days of our Lord spread its branches over the entrance of Herod's temple.

The word hints at some kind of network, and in it we may too easily entangle ourselves if we attempt to adjudicate between all the possible and impossible expositions which the learned have offered of this perplexing phrase. We may, however, allow ourselves to remark that we have grave doubts touching the "apples." The miserable, puny crabs, which are all that Palestine now affords, are degenerate successors of such notable fruit as form the material of Solomon's comparison. Possibly the orange or the citron is meant.

But this is not to be an article on Biblical expositions. Whatever the exact image be in the passage, it is clear that the addition of the "silver pictures," or "baskets," or "groundwork," or "network," is intended to suggest the additional thought, that the rich fruit is *set off* by that on which, or in which, it is placed. Keeping to this general feature of the simile, we flatter ourselves that we may carry all conflicting interpreters along with us into a somewhat prosaic subject. "A word fitly spoken" is the other member of the comparison. And our plain subject is "tact." As to the meaning of "fitly" there is no difficulty. Literally it is "in his time," and tells us that in the wise King's opinion words have their "times" for being spoken, when they are opportune; and unless spoken at these fit times they will be inopportune, unseasonable, and so fail in their due effect. The word itself may be an admirable one, as true and kindly and well-meant as a word need be. But if the "apples of gold" are the first consideration, we cannot afford to dispense with the "baskets of silver."

Some great folks may be forgiven, if, like Peter the Great, they present a diamond in a twist of brown paper, or, like a less celebrated giver, known to us, they offer a valuable ring in a pill box. But most people's influence with their fellows cannot afford to suffer them to be indifferent to the outside of the parcel. And some persons who are happily addicted to doing others kindnesses have a most unhappy way of doing them, provoking exasperation instead of gratitude. If it were right to speak evil of dignitaries, We could tell a quaint story of one now gone from amongst us, who once took an immense amount of trouble to do a good turn for a large body of men, which good turn was quite spoilt by a little slip of good manners at the end of his friendly task. His intentions, his trouble, his labour, and thoughtfulness were golden. But he let drop the silver basket. So his gold purchased no goodwill. He was about the kindest soul we ever met, and about the most tactless.

Much good work in the Church and the world is ill done for lack of this useful endowment—tact. Much ill work is only too well done because of the possession of it. Men we have known, who with irreproachable friendliness, and with the unfailing regularity of a chronometer, rubbed people up the wrong way. Leaders of others, guides of thought and action, have particular need to consider how best and most effectually to approach others. If there were no corneous toes in the path, it would be less necessary to take heed where we tread. But corneous toes abound, and have to be respected. Sensitive souls are too numerous not to be reckoned with, and to "beggar my neighbour" in his own opinion is not always the best way of bettering him.

The susceptibilities of some are, we allow, a somewhat exacting factor; and it is often uncommonly difficult to avoid offering them provocation. But we are bound to do our best. Foolish flattery and a courteous sense of what is due to another's feelings are very wide apart. The difficulty is to get the untacty man to see his own weakness; for tact belongs to those finer traits of character of which the person himself is almost unconscious. "I knew a man," writes Charles Buxton, "who was remarkable for his kindness of heart. No one would have been less disposed to give pain, and yet he had a knack of saying the very thing it was disagreeable to you to hear. He could light with unerring aim on sore parts of your soul, and seemed quite unaware that the slightest touch there was a sharp annoyance. To a sick person he would sorrowfully notice how pale he looked—to a dandy how stout he grew. If he talked to a tradesman he could not keep off the subject of bankruptcies; if to a farmer, he always had special information on the immense supplies of wheat ready for shipment in the Black Sea. And yet the poor man meant no harm, and fully thought that he was the nicest man in the world to talk with."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXIX. Word Making.

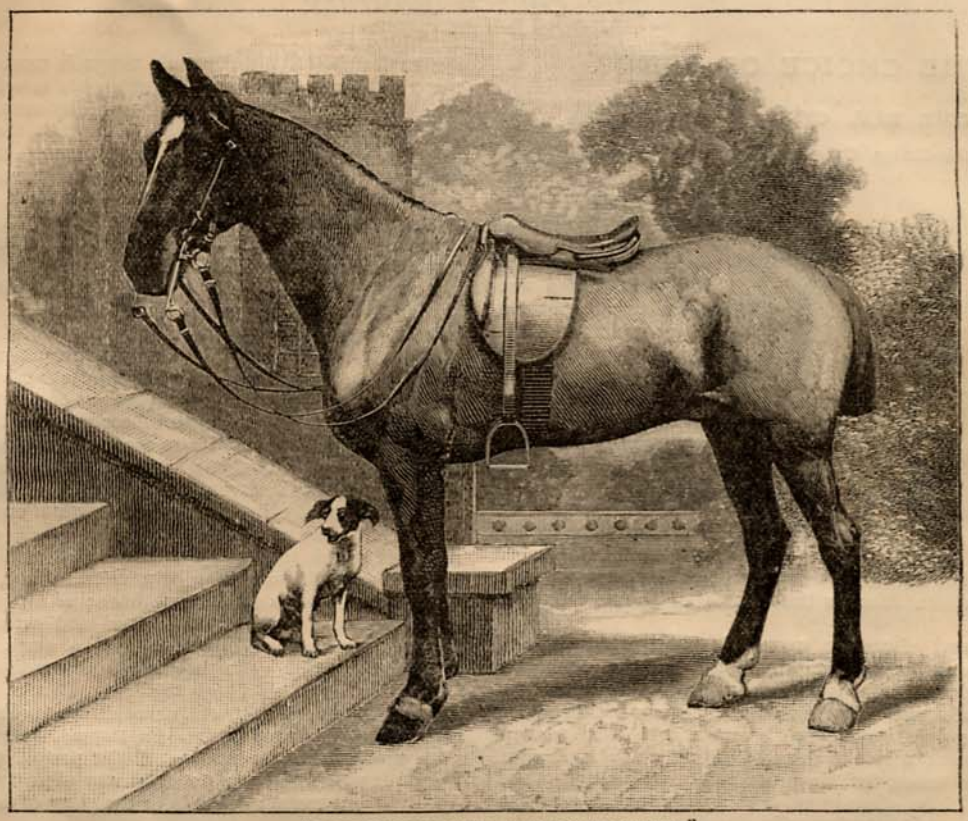
1. How many words can you make out of the letters which form Englishman?
2. How many words can you make out of the letters which form November?

XXX. Conundrums.

20. What is the difference between an office boy and a lecturer?
21. When is a rabbit pie like ice?

XXXI. Double Acrostic.

My first is something which we find in the Prayer-Book,
My second is most irritating,
My third is a Jewish name,
My fourth is a precious stone,
My fifth is most useful to you in looking at this page,
My sixth is invaluable on board ship.
The Initials read downwards make the man who makes what my Finals read downwards make.



"JACK DELIBERATELY SITS ON THE STEPS."

A HYMN FOR ADVENT.

BY THE REV. A. C. RICHINGS, M.A.,
Vicar of Boxmoor; Author of "The Church's Holy Year."

AROUND the sun the earth revolves
In stately order year by year,
Sweet summer flowers and fading leaves
Give place in turn to winter drear.

To lead her children day by day
Through verdant meads and desert plains,
Along the pathway Jesus trod,
The Church her Holy Year ordains.

The mystic circle now begun,
Let us pursue our heavenly way
Around the Sun of Righteousness,
Our lives reflecting His bright ray.

The dowry of redeeming love
Enshrined in mercy's golden store,
Be this our daily theme of praise
Till sin and sorrow vex no more.

O Thou Who graciously received
Hosannahs from an infant choir,
Attune our souls to chant Thy praise,
And touch our lips with heavenly fire;

That heart and voice in unison
May glorify the God of love,
And through revolving seasons trace
Christ's footsteps to the Home above

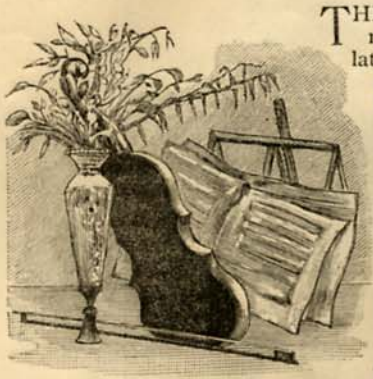
WAITING FOR THEIR MASTER.

PUNCTUALLY at five minutes to eight o'clock every morning, winter and summer alike, be it wet or dry, hail, rain, or sunshine, Jack and Jem may be seen waiting for their master. They trot round from the stable alone, and neither Jack nor Jem venture beyond the bottom step, although Jack, just to show that he is a privileged party, deliberately sits down on the step—a liberty which Jem has never been known to take. They are kept waiting five minutes only, for Squire Tarrant is just as punctual as his two friends; and when the clock strikes eight, off they start across the meadows, and round by Gable Ends Farm, to the Crossways Farm, nearly seven miles distant. The good-hearted Squire is by no means a grumbler, but he did say the other day "how smoothly the day's work would run if the men and the lads on the fields were only just as regular and reliable in their ways as his trusty friends Jack and Jem." There is an old saying which tells us that "punctuality is the soul of business.' Some people seem to be more fond of the other proverb, which declares that it is "better late than never"; but surely it would be wiser to say that it is "better to be never late." It was a fine compliment which was paid to the Prince of Wales by one of a crowd waiting in the streets of London the other day to see a Royal procession pass, when he said, "Here they come! It's a minute off the time. The Prince is never late!"

THE CHOICE OF SONGS.

BY THE REV. CYRIL EDWARDS, M.A.,

Keble College, Oxford; Curate of Petersfield.



THERE has been such a marvellous increase of late in the number of societies, working men's institutes and clubs throughout the country, that the demand for songs and recitations for use at their oft-repeated entertainments and smoking concerts has grown by leaps and bounds. A few words, therefore, upon the choice of items for the programme of any such social evening may not be out of place in the pages of a magazine which reaches the homes of so many of our people.

That a word of caution upon this point is needed will not be denied by any who are in the habit of attending such gatherings, for many excuses are to hand for laxity in the choice of songs. The most common one is that after a time the supply of good songs becomes exhausted, rendering recourse to a lower class of music quite legitimate. But it is ignorance, for the most part, that produces bad songs, and I have often heard it said that there is no harm in singing a song that takes off a drunkard.

People need education in this matter, and to hear it definitely laid down that any song which makes fun of sin is not fit to be sung by any self-respecting man. There is an excellent rule in some clubs that no song shall be sung which has not been passed up for the approval of the chairman. An excellent rule, I say, because it obviates the painful necessity, which otherwise may arise, of arresting the progress of the song when its low character is revealed. It is the duty of the chairman to speak up boldly the moment he is conscious of anything offensive, and in so doing he will have the support of every right-thinking man in the room. But it is far less painful to every one concerned to quietly suggest the substitution of another song before the singer gets up.

There is, moreover, such a large store of really good songs, with swinging choruses, patriotic, nautical, and sentimental, that there is absolutely no excuse for selecting one that could give offence to the most refined among the audience. Look for a moment through those songs that recount the heroic deeds of England's bravest men by land and sea! As a man joins in the chorus of such inspiriting songs he feels that he is once more nailing the flag of his country to the mast-head, and nerving himself for victory in whatever struggle he may have to enter. Or look again through those songs which tell of subjects nearest to the hearts of all—Home, with its tender associations, and the deep influence which the roll of time and oceans cannot kill—or the golden link of Love, which so often connects young men with what is noblest and best here. Such songs as these breathe a music of their own, and lift the company at once into a higher and a purer atmosphere. Of these they never are tired, for their theme is an eternal one.

But the comic singer is in the greatest danger of offending, as the choice of good comic songs is more limited, so many of them either border upon what is vulgar, or are entirely unfit to be sung anywhere. But even here there is improvement. One has only to mention the eminently funny compositions of the late Corney Grain, or the touching "Coster" songs of Mr. Chevalier, to show that it is possible to write good comic songs. The large number, too, of negro ditties, with bright music and amusing words, can always be taken into account in the formation of a programme.

And so it comes to this, that there is absolutely no excuse for singing a coarse song, for the choice of good ones is ever growing. The large harvest of new songs published each succeeding year, and the cheap copies of the old standard songs—after all, how few new ones reach their heights?—place every excuse out of court.

And so, again, in the case of readings and recitations, the same words apply. There are cheap editions of books containing a good choice of pieces, which, well rendered, always meet with a favourable reception at the hands of every audience. But how often reciters court a cheap applause by taking off some sacred subject, or by using language which they know is distasteful to the majority. A little care, the omission of a word, a line, or often a whole verse, makes all the difference; so no pains should be spared in the matter of perusal and scrutiny beforehand. For no one ought to sing a song, or give a recitation in public or private, which he would be ashamed for his mother or his sisters to hear. This is a good test to apply in every case of hesitation as to the choice of songs or other items of the programme, and will tend to raise the musical recreation of the people to a higher level. It will also be a practical way of carrying out the Apostolic command: "Do all to the glory of God."

THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

AN ADVENT THOUGHT.

THE public games of the Greeks and Romans are often referred to in the New Testament. The Greek games consisted of chariot and foot races, leaping, throwing the quoit, wrestling, etc. The competitors were required to enter their names beforehand, and were subjected to a long and severe course of training, in which their daily diet and exercises were carefully regulated. For each of the games rules were prescribed and sternly enforced, and the prizes were awarded by judges appointed for the purpose. These prizes were in themselves trivial—at the Olympian games a chaplet formed of the leaves of the wild olive, at the Isthmian games one of pine leaves; but the honour of the victory, of which they were the sign, was eagerly sought by the young men of Greece.

The idea of the Christian running a race is beautifully expressed in the Collect for the Fourth Sunday

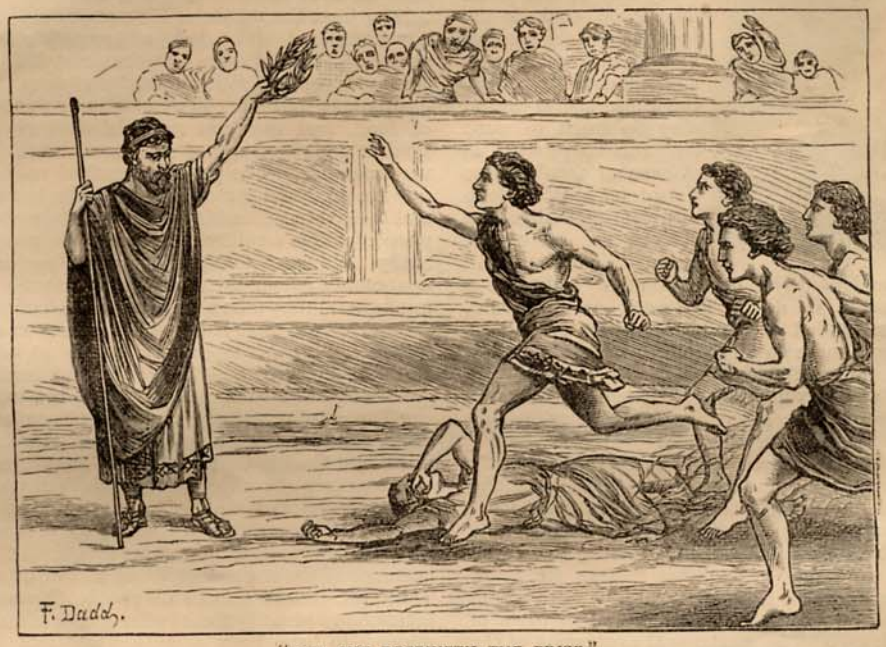
in Advent. We penitent believers call upon the Lord for succour, and confess that "through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us."

St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians (ix. 24) asks the question, "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?" And he adds the earnest request, "So run that ye may obtain."

Here we are all of us together, running our appointed race, the race of which much has been run, and of which the remainder is quickly shortening—shortening as quickly as the hours pass, and bringing us ever nearer to the point where we are to stop, having either won or lost.

which is the prize of the high calling of God'; that unfading crown and incorruptible inheritance which the Bible hangs up before our sight and hopes. It is in the other world that man's destiny is to be fulfilled, and that for which he was created and sent into this world to fight his way and learn his lesson, and be tried and buffeted, chastened and disciplined, is to be at last made manifest. Then, and not till then. *Here* we only run. *There* it is that it will be made manifest how we have run, and who has not run in vain. Let us look then to that end. Let us try to run so that we may obtain.

"FOR EVER: that is what you are running for; that is what you are preparing yourselves for. Men run bravely, men work hard, and suffer long for this



"BUT ONE RECEIVETH THE PRIZE."

The idea of the Christian race has also given rise to some of the sweetest thoughts of our best hymn writers. To name one only. Dr. Monsell in his well-known verses, "Fight the good fight," bids us,

"Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

"Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life and Christ its love."

Dean Church truly says, "That which man is called to run for and to obtain, is eternal. It is out of our reach and sight, and above our thoughts,—'that which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' It is in the everlasting world, free from change, safe from loss and decay, that 'eternal weight of glory,' world. Oh, let them not put us to shame who believe in another. They do it for a corruptible crown: and with the incorruptible crown within our reach, shall we lose it?"

Jesus Himself has said, "Many are called, but few are chosen." Will you be of the few? Strive,—strive as if for your life, to "enter in at the strait gate." To-day alone is yours. For you there may be no to-morrow. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Years follow years in rapid succession, the "second coming of our Lord" is steadily advancing:

"With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty Advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

SOME THOUGHTS ON EATING AND DRINKING.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND LEGH, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Nicholas', Colchester.

EATING and Drinking, which we do every day, are by no means unimportant matters; and no one ought to charge us with gluttony or intemperance if we make these things the subject of a little serious study every day of our lives. The good cook is the handmaid of the medical man in time of illness; and, in days of health, the same useful person may do much to ward off the approach of disease or troublesome disorders. We sleep well if our digestive powers are in proper order. We eat well and drink well (though always in moderation) when our breathing apparatus is doing its work as it should. For, as we are reminded in that Book, which is said by some foolish people to be so unscientific: "If one member suffer all the members suffer with it." Let us see then in what manner and in what measure we should eat and drink, so as to keep all the mechanism of the human body in health, and fit for use, every day.

Lord Bacon calls the stomach "the father of the family"; and it is certain that if "the father" be a bad one, the whole family will suffer. It follows that even when "the father of the family" is naturally good, if he be badly treated, the whole family will have reason to know that "father is cross to-day." "How then" (asks Dr. E. A. Parkes, in "The Personal Care of Health") "are we to treat this important organ by which all the other parts of the body are built up? The mechanical expression of the day is that man is a machine who takes food, from which his internal mechanism produces muscular movement, or animal heat, or thought, as a steam-engine converts water into steam by the burning of its fuel. The simile is true to a certain point. The curious self-regulating power of the animal body is a fact which somewhat disturbs the comparison. But the simile may serve to convince us of the importance of food. How is the best work to be got out of a machine? Clearly by giving it the best fuel, and by using the machine properly. But men use their wonderful bodies as if it did not matter *what* went into them, or *how* it went into them." One man engrossed in business swallows in five minutes a mass of food or drink, which passes without due mastication into his poor uncomplaining stomach. By so doing he lays a heavy burden upon the "father of the family," and one for which his whole nature will have to pay in some form or other. Another man rushes out from his ordinary employment, and in a moment swallows a quantity of raw spirits, which fiery liquid at once begins to put everything inside him out of gear. It might be compared, in point of folly, to the action of a mechanic who should pour oil of vitriol into the joints and bearings of his engine. And yet there is hardly anything more important to the health of mankind than a good knowledge of what food is, and how to use it. An artisan or labourer who has good wages, and is temperate in his habits—provided he has an industrious wife or housekeeper, who knows how to cook—may well be the best-fed man in the community. He is innocent of late dinners, highly seasoned dishes, adulterated wines, or hot rooms. A hearty comfortable dinner about noon, or else a good nutritious meal when he leaves off work in the evening, is his portion, and one by no means to be despised. The antagonism between food and study which is said to exist does not enter into his daily round of duty, for most of his work is done with the hands, and not with the head. If it be the case, as sometimes happens, that his occupation is sedentary, yet it may happen, too, that he lives at some little distance from the workshop, and the journey to and fro, once or even twice a day, will serve to correct the evils arising from the nature of his occupation.

"Compared with such a temperate working man," writes Dr. E. A. Parkes (Professor of Military Hygiene at Netley Hospital), "the wealthy classes, as a rule, are clearly less well off. They may have the best description of food, and the best possible cookery, but they have neither the regularity of time nor quantity that the sober workman has. The perfectly cooked made dishes of our day are no doubt extremely digestible, but that advantage, and their variety, leads to a large consumption. As a rule, people of the wealthy classes eat too much, and it eventually tells upon them. Although there is very little intemperance among them (as compared with the days of our forefathers) they take a good deal of alcohol in one way or another. And their habitual indulgence in alcoholic drinks (though short of intemperance) is at once the cause and the effect of that blindness and indifference to the great evil of drunkenness which is so common amongst us."

"The chief practical rules of diet" are arranged by Dr. Parkes under the five heads of Times, Regularity, Quantity, Kind, and Cooking. It would not be difficult to construct a temperance speech upon these lines if we are allowed a little latitude upon the last head. But such is not now our object. We are rather anxious to impress upon all whom it may concern (and their name is legion) the extreme importance of the question "What to eat, drink, and avoid." There are certain classes of people (it would be thought invidious to identify them) whose education in this respect appears to have been singularly deficient. Heavy breakfasts, late suppers, indigestible viands, and such-like enormities, succeed one another in their every-day experience. And yet they wonder, in a childish, helpless manner, how it is that they are always a little ailing, never quite up to the mark, continually needing (or thinking that they need) stimulants to stir the jaded stomach, or else some one or more of those quack medicines which are a sure source of income to those who know how to prey upon all the "evils that flesh is heir to." "It is no disgrace to the mind that it is attached to a body. Its Creator has willed it so; and for this life it must be so. To give a body insufficient food, and to exact a full task from the brain, is slow suicide." But, in like manner, it may be said that to over-feed the body, and to starve the brain, is to do violence to the nobler part of man's nature, giving the reins to those lusts and appetites of which it may be said (as it has been said of fire) that they are good servants, but bad masters. What we do every day—provided only that we obey Nature's laws—may be a source of pleasure and of profit to us all; otherwise the very frequency of the habit only adds a hundredfold to the peril with which we indulge in it.

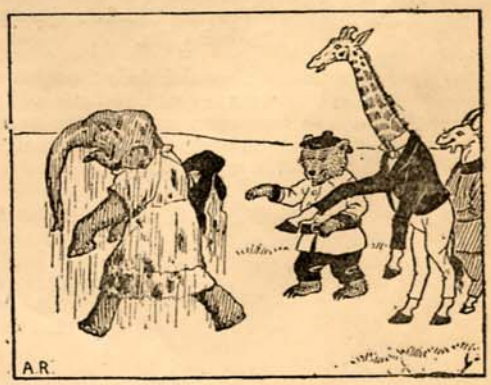
The Vain Little Elephant.

I'm sure my lovely things so
gay
Will make a great sensation,
To see me take the air to-day
Is quite an education.

I'm quite tired out. I'll take a rest
And watch the sun sink in the west.
What rude remarks you "beasts"
are making!
Oh dear, oh dear, this seat is
breaking!

Help, help, "kind friends," please
pull me out,
I'm nearly drowned without a
doubt,
I'll never call you "beasts" again,
Nor say a word to give you pain.

Once more on land, but dripping
wet,
Miss Elephant could not forget
That she was scarcely quite as
pretty
As when she started from the city.

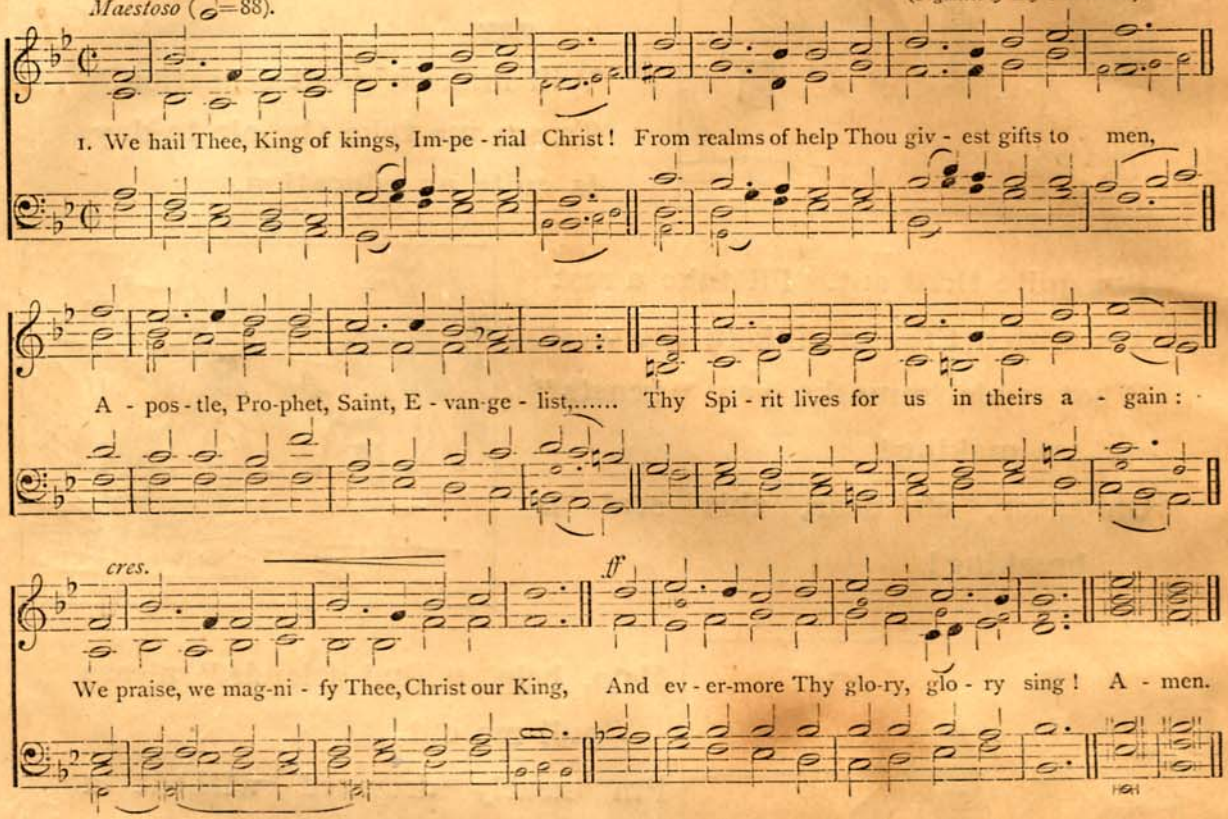


We Hail Thee, King of kings, Imperial Christ!

Words by the VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ELY.

Music by T. TERTIUS NOBLE.
(Organist of Ely Cathedral.)

Maestoso (𝅗𝅥=88).



2. We bless, we glorify Thy Name, O Lord,
For all the benedictions of Thy grace,
For thoughts now darkly mirrored in Thy Word,
Full surety of the vision face to face:
We praise, &c.

3. For all Thy prophets who have understood
The hero-cry of faith's adventurous deed,
And deeper wisdom from Love's mystic mood,
Have wrought into the Church's age-worn creed:
We praise, &c.

4. For all their learning and their thoughts of power,
For all their tender grace and love of light,
Who saw the eternal meaning of the hour,
And read the fleeting visions of the night:
We praise, &c.

5. For those who bravely used their tongue or pen,
The doughty champions of the weaker part,
Who smoothed the way of life for wandering men,
And, speaking truth, stabbed falsehood to the heart:
We praise, &c.

6. For all Thy heroes living, martyrs dead,
For all the brave, the steadfast, and the true,
Who for the paltry world's blame had no dread,
And what they dared to dream of dared to do:
We praise, &c.

7. For all our birthright with the sons of God,
Who strive to lift the manhood of the poor,
Who for the weary, hard beset, downtrod,
Still keep an open soul and open door:
We praise, &c.

8. And last, for those, our dearest and our best,
Who watch with studious eyes our vassal state,
And wait in heaven's wide chambers of the blest,
Our royal call to that high palace gate:
We bless, we glorify Thee, Christ our King!
And evermore Thy sovran glory sing!