Light for the Line,
THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH RAILWAY MISSION MAGAZINE.

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South African Church Railway Mission.

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Rev. O. W. L. Skel Good Shepherd, Fordsburg

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Mr. A. C. Bickerdike Johannesburg

Lady Workers:
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Miss Ramadge P.O. Bloemfontein
Sister Emily, C.R. Grahamstown
Sister Muriel, C.R. Bloemfontein
Miss Watson Bloemfontein
Miss Attlee Johannesburg
Miss Bridge

Nurses:
Miss Fuller, Railway Hotel, Cookhouse, C.C.
Miss Roberts, Waterfall Boven
Miss Marlande, Rosmead Junction
Miss Borrodaile, Transvaal

Native Catechists and Teachers:
Johannes Magaka Cookhouse
Jonathan Thukani Cookhouse
Samuel Kula Alcedale
Samuel Susela Naauwpoort
James Makambi Noponder

Arriving shortly:
Rev. E. H. Francis
Rev. R. E. Thomas
Rev. C. G. Douglas

On furlough: Rev. F. A. Rogers, M.A.
Miss Beckwith

LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

Dear Friends along the Line,

This will reach you too late to bring you Christmas greetings, but as I write I cannot help just hoping that each Christmas, as it comes, may bring to each one of you a little more of the only real Christmas joy, the one joy that is going to bring out the full meaning of the family gathering, I mean the happiness that comes from having Christ in your life and in your home, and the feeling of brightness that can only come from knowing that He is with you and those you love. And so “a happy New Year” becomes not only a possible thing, but a certain thing, and may every one of you find it, and learn before it is too late the only secret of it.
We get so much sunshine in South Africa that we are a little bit inclined to take life too lightly, and as a consequence to get a bit shallow, but, if we are to make anything out of life, we need something more than the mere outward sunshine, and to get hold of the real inward secret of things, and to get that steady grip on the real things of life, which can carry us with a big heart through dark days as well as days when all is smiling. So my best wish for 1911 is that we may all learn a little bit more of God and His Love and that at the end we may find that we have taken the biggest step forwards and upwards that we have ever taken. The worst thing that could happen to us is that we should stand still, because Life must mean growth and progress, and a year of standing still with regard to the most important things of Life is a year worse than wasted.

I am sure that the best and most thrilling resolve that we could make for 1911 would be to spend much more time and energy than we have ever done before on the task of learning to pray. The world is waking up to the part that prayer should play in life in a way that, I suppose, it has never done before, and we do not want to be left out in the cold. It is a thing that we can practise as well in the depths of the country as in the great cities, if not better, and I fancy that when we come to look back on this life the thing that we shall all wonder at is that we had such a marvellous power and privilege as Prayer put into our hands, and that we wasted it to such an extraordinary extent. "Prayer is Life," and till we learn to pray we have not begun to learn the meaning of Life.

So much for the sermon! But it happens to be a very true one.

Since I last wrote, what was almost a desperate state of things with regard to workers has altered very suddenly for the better, and we can indeed thank God for his answer to many prayers. Not only does Mr. Skey come to us almost as soon as these lines will be in your hands, with Mr. Thomas soon to follow, as was stated in the last Light for the Line, but in January we hope to give a welcome to the Rev. E. H. Francis, who was till lately Vicar of Bembridge in the Isle of Wight, and who offers for six months on the Line, and the Rev. C. G. Douglas comes with Mr. Thomas in February from Middlesborough. It is early yet to say for certain what district each of them will go to, but it is enough that the situation is almost more than saved, though the right man for North-West Rhodesia is not yet apparent. In July Mr. Rogers comes along with, I hope, at least one good man in tow for Southern Rhodesia, and it really looks as if the Forward Move that we have been hoping for would soon be possible. The strange thing is that anyone should doubt it considering the many prayers that have gone up for it.

Other good news is that a Nurse Borrodale is already on the water for the Transvaal, if a cable received last week can be relied on, and she will fill a very big gap in the Nursing Staff. To
complete the list of gains, it need only be said that Mr. Gilbert Harris is already at work on the Grahamstown coach with Mr. Coombs, and that Miss Attlee and Miss Bridge are in Johannes burg, and already getting to grips with their work up there.

It is all a matter for real thanksgiving, and I hope that these new workers will soon be friends to many of you, and I know that you will give them, wherever they may work, the same welcome that you have always given to the rest of us on the Mission. Eight new workers in three months! Still don’t let us rest on our oars! We are only just beginning to cover some of the ground, and have a long way to go yet before we can be satisfied, if we ever have a right to be.

But so far I have not mentioned the losses, and they are no light ones. It is never the most pleasant thing to see the last of old friends, and to have ruthlessly to cut their names out of the list of the Staff. So far there is only one who has to be cut out this quarter, and that is Mr. Rice, who for nearly three years has kept the work going in spite of many difficulties in the Free State. He will be missed by many friends, and not least by myself and the rest of the Staff, for his un- failing cheeriness, and it is hard to believe that we shall not see him from time to time at Auckland Park. Life promises to be a duller thing without him. He has left a very distinctive mark on the work in the Free State, and we are grateful indeed to have had him with us for so long. It is good to know that he is not the sort to forget either the work or his friends wherever he may go to in the Old Country, and I can assure him that he will not be forgotten out here, and that in the best of ways. But it is no secret that ere long we shall have to say goodbye to Mr. Barnes, and very possibly to one of the oldest members of the Staff in the person of Mr. Urquhart. The former goes in March and the latter moves from Volksrust to the East Rand in January. We still have a hope that Mr. Urquhart may find it possible to do a certain amount of work on the line from his new centre, but it is by no means sure. At Volksrust he has done noble work in the face of much difficulty and has combined with it a steady visiting of the South-Eastern line. The Mission has never had a more loyal and devoted worker, and my earnest hope is that another quarter may still find his name on the list of workers.

There is one more addition to the Staff, and that is James Makambi, who has taken over the work at St. Agnes Native Church at Nauwpoort. My one hope is that under him the traditions connected with the name of Josiah N’gcambu may be revived and the native work live again.

At the time of writing, as is only right, it seems to be raining toys for the children along the line. Never before have our friends in England and out here risen quite so nobly to the occasion, and there ought to be a busy time for Father (or is it Mother?) Christmas within a week from now. Only I should like to have a few more
of the children giving their names as willing to write letters to some of the children in the Old Country or in the big towns out here. It is such a little thing to do in return for all that these children are trying to do to show their friendship for you, and think what a lot of pleasure it must be for a child in England to get a nice letter from one of you on the Line and to hear what sort of life you live, so very different from all that they themselves know about. At the present moment I know of a girl in Switzerland who wants to write to at least four of you, and I have had to tell her that I have no more names to send to her just now. Who will send me their name at once, I wonder?

Will the parents and children remember that the Victoria Bible Prize Examination takes place in February, and that we want all the names of those who will enter for the prizes this year to be in by the 31st of January? “Miss Burt, the Hermitage, Grahamstown,” is the address, and don’t forget it!

I always thought that we had in South Africa some of the very nicest children in the world, and now I am sure of it. This last quarter has seen the Children of the Veld fairly tumbling over each other in their keenness to help. Not only the toys that I have mentioned, but Sales of Work in almost every direction, or entertainments. Miss Anstey’s party at Grahamstown gave them the very best of leads with the splendid result of some £22, a magnificent result considering the weather, and this goes entirely to the providing of the Bible Prizes that you are all going to get this coming year! St. Aidan’s, Yeoville, came next with £8, and were followed close by Miss Heys’s children at Pretoria with £5 10s., and not least of all were those three dear children at Bloemfontein, who got up an entertainment by themselves and sent in some 30/- as the result. Our very real thanks to one and all of them, and to the others that I know have been working hard in sending toys and in other ways! I know that if we have the love and the prayers of the children we can do anything, and it is all very cheering and helpful.

Another delightful cheque came from a lady, who is the librarian of a big Public Library out here, and who for twelve months past has sold cups of tea for the Mission once a week at the Library, and sent me close on £10 as the result. Given the love and the prayers, and it is wonderful how many ways show themselves of helping.

What I should really like to see developed during the coming year is the distribution of the red collecting boxes in the Railway Cottages, and a steady income from them. Those who live in the cottages have not many chances of churchgoing, or of giving to God, and if all those who receive visits from the Mission workers would try and help in this way we should be able to face the future without much fear about whether we can make both ends meet. It is the little sums which mount up, and if every cottage on the line put into the box only a shilling at each Pay-day, we should have
a grand Christmas present from you all by this time next year. After all it is not much to ask. Last year the cost of the work was about £3,300, and of this only some £850 came from those among whom we work. We want it all to come from them before we are done, and I know that it is only a question of letting you know what the need is for all of you along the Line to do the best that you can. So do try and make 1911 a notable year in the history of the work by helping us a bit more in the way of the money boxes!

I would only add that the Wall Almanacs should be out as soon as this is in your hands, and that every house along the Line is entitled to one, so, if one does not come your way, I should be grateful if you will let me, or one of the Staff, know that you want one.

Always your sincere friend,

H. B. Ellison.

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DIOCESE OF GRAHAMS-TOWN.

COOKHOUSE AND MIDLAND.

At COOKHOUSE things have been going on quietly and there is nothing exciting to record. The Church has been enriched by the gift of two beautiful pictures, one, Hoffman’s “Rich Young Ruler,” offered by Mr. J. J. Coombs in memory of a friend, the other, Hoffmann’s “The Boy Christ in the Temple,” given by the children. Our walls have room for at least three more such offerings, and there is surely no better way of making a thank offering or keeping green the memory of one who has passed away. Mr. Moore has made and given a very nice alms-dish stand, and Nurse Fuller has made a violet pulpit-fall, completing the set of four. At last and for two months we have had a regular organist in Mr. J. Ashwell, and we are most grateful to him for his devoted assistance. We can all criticise the singing or playing, but if instead we took the trouble to help as much as we could the result would be far more for God’s glory and our edification. I should like to see our practices congregational as there is no choir yet. As usual the Sunday nearest St. Andrew’s Day was kept as a day of Intercession for Mission work and the offertories were given for the S.P.G. I am afraid people forgot that this was to be the case as the total was under 16/-.

In previous years it has been well over £1 and I hope that more may be added before the total is sent in, to save us from the disgrace of falling back. On St. Michael's Day we had the first funeral in Church since I came, that of William Bühler. For many months he had been an example to us all in his patient and plucky endurance of his illness, and his friends rejoice that he has passed peacefully to Him in Whom he placed his full trust. It was good to see the Church crowded at the service, but one always wishes at such a time that those who can attend out of respect to a friend’s memory would take the same trouble at other times for their own sakes and to render to God the duty of worship which we all owe. People often say “You won’t get many to-night,” or “I’m afraid you won’t get much (money).” Surely that is not the right way to put it. We ministers are only ambassadors. It is a great encouragement to have visible success, but what we ought to think is “God won’t get many or much to-night,” and the thought would make us more careful not to disappoint Him.

The NATIVE work is worth a word again. Four lay “pillars” of the Cookhouse Mission Church, who have
put in 37 years' good work between them, have been granted preachers' licences by the Bishop. They are Johannes Magxaka, Frans Peters, Peter Mjekula and John Magxaka.

We are organising the out-station services so as to give regular help at Thorngrove, Sheldon, Saltaire and Commadagga. At the first two places are little churches at which I have celebrated Holy Communion. At Commadagga collecting boxes and other work is going on for the proposed church and we hope to get this finished before Lent. There are some unauthorised and unworthy preachers going about and I must warn my friends on the line not to help them unless they have recent and written authority from the Bishop or their priest.

Collecting Boxes:—Mr. Dobell 17/-, Miss Clulow 4/1, Miss Hider 7/3, Mrs. Rautenbach 10/-, Miss Clulow 10/6.

Services have been held as follows, and the offerings mentioned, as well as the Box collections above, are acknowledged with thanks. In some cases the offerings are placed in the box and only acknowledged when it is opened. Coerney, Barkly Bridge, Mortimer (7/6), Arid Vale (3/6), Rietfontein (6/-), 36 Cottage, Thorngrove (8/6), Thorngrove (farm) (9/6), Ripon (9/-), Cradock parish church, 11 Cottage, Addo School, Tafelberg, Rosmead, Conway (10/6), Conway School, Middleton (9/9), Sheldon (4/-), Sheldon Natives (1/-), Commadagga (2/8), Commadagga Natives, Witmos, 25 Cottage, Saltaire (4/-), Saltaire Natives, Ripon (8/-), Mortimer School, Conway (9/10), Conway School, St. Peter's, P.E., Coega (3/-), Barkly Bridge, 1 Cottage (4/6). This record would be longer but that a visit to Johannesburg (where I write), to see a doctor, has eaten into two weeks.

It is painful to think that this will be my last letter dealing with a full quarter's work. My time ends in February and I hope to start for Home in March. It is not yet time to say "Good-bye," but I do heartily wish you all "A Happy New Year" and every blessing, temporal and spiritual, in 1911.

Percy E. Barnes.

NAAUWPOORT.

Our last notes for Light for the Line mainly consisted of a record of departures. Since then we have lost another Sidesman in the person of P.W. Inspector Martin, who has moved to Steynsburg. We miss him and his large family very much. He was untried in the performance of his own (and very often other people's) duties and his eldest boy was one of our regular Servers at the Altar. We have also said good-bye after a very short acquaintance to Mr. and Mrs. Townshend of the Standard Bank. Mr. Townshend is missed at the Lectern and the local branch of the G.F.S. are missing Mrs. Townshend.

In view of all these dangers it is not surprising that the celebration of our Annual Festival did not come up to last year's. However, a fair number communicated at an early Choral Celebration on All Saints' Day and the other Services were well attended considering our reduced circumstances. We kept the day of Intercession for Missions on the day following the Feast of St. Andrew, and were fortunate in getting the Head of the Mission to preach at Evening Prayer. Owing to a derailment in the Free State—where the Railway arrangements are not quite so perfect as they like us poor nighted (?) people in the Cape to think they are—Mr. Ellison's train was four hours late and he was only able to arrive in time for the sermon.

It is good to be able to record the re-starting of a weekday Children's Service for the benefit of the children.
who come in from the Line and cannot attend Sunday School. Those of the children who are now weekly boarders come in on a Sunday afternoon and are able to attend the Evening Service, at which they are very welcome, and their reverent and attentive behaviour is most striking considering the fact that many of them have had no experience of Church-going before. It shows that the parents have done their duty in teaching the youngsters reverence for sacred things.

One word about the Native Mission. It was necessary to get rid of our former Catechist at the end of last July and from then till the middle of October the Services were conducted by members of the Church Committee who “held the fort” manfully. Then we welcomed James Makambi, who has made a promising start, and if only we don’t get wiped out by retrenchment the Services ought soon to be more like they were in the good old days of Josiah Ngcambu.

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**THE RAMBLER.**

As a matter of fact there has not been quite so much rambling done during the last three months. A good deal of time has been spent at Alice-dale—that centre being without a priest has made it necessary for me to be there every other week for three days. Our thanks are due to the Rev. E. C. West, the Rev. L. N. Fisher, the Rev. T. G. Green and the Rev. T. R. Anstey, who has kindly come down from Grahamstown to give us our Celebrations and to baptise some of the babies. The first thing to record is the re-opening of the Church after—I was going to say, restoration; it was hardly that—however, it looks very nice indeed now, with several new pieces of furniture, and when the Font has been put in we shall have all that is required for the carrying out of the Services as they should be rendered.

I have been requested by most of those who took a prominent part in the arrangements not to thank anybody through the medium of *Light for the Line*. And, indeed, it would be difficult to know where to begin and where to end. So let us one and all thank God for His goodness because, after all, what has been done is for His glory and for His House which we all love so well. The dedication of the new things took place before the celebration of Holy Communion on the first Sunday in October, when Mr. West was with us.

Three days afterwards our and your Sunday School friend, Teresa Winifred Fridey, was called to rest after a very long and weary sickness. She was a dear girl, so patient and so attentive to any of our ministrations—I know it was a blessing to her to have been able to receive her first and last Communion. May God of His mercy grant her everlasting rest “with all those that are departed in the true faith of His Holy Name.”

It is gratifying to know that the Bible Class flourishes and I hope very much that the members will stick to it.

Many places have been visited: Belle Vue, Mimosa, Addo, Coega, Molen-teno, Rayer, Lower Adamson’s Bank, Burghersdorp, Burgerville. Taalibosh has had three visits for the Confirmation preparation classes. At Steynsburg I spent a Sunday taking Services for the late Rector, the Rev. A. Lomax. At Schoombie we had a crowded congregation—there is a construction camp there now and we hope to pay another visit very soon. I am so sorry and disappointed that I have not been able to get along the Graaff-Reinet line. The month of January I have absolutely reserved for my visit. Most of my friends will I know understand the good reasons why there has been so much delay and will let me off with a mild reprimand. Again I am giving you my permanent ad-
dress: "Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown"; it is the only address I have. Please always address anything for me there and not to any station along the line where you think I may possibly be. May God bless you all in the coming New Year.

John J. Coombs.

PRETORIA DIOCESE.

VEREENIGING. Let me remind you, once again, that the third Sunday in each month is the day we have Church Services. If we keep this in mind, it would be an easy matter for us not to be away on this day and to keep it free so as to be able to attend Church Services.

One great drawback lately has been the wet weather. Wet week-ends seem to have become the rule, but we seldom get the whole of Sunday wet; so that we could have come in the morning if it had been our custom to attend Church in the morning. We at Vereeniging follow the corrupt custom of only coming to an evening Service. Our aim should be to come in the morning and then if we are prevented from coming in the evening we should not have neglected the assembling ourselves together which we are warned by St. Paul not to neglect. It is best to come to Church in the morning, for so many reasons, if we will only think. Both in body and mind we are fresher then to take part in God's Service. We are freer from the distractions of the world. Besides this, it is honouring God, it is putting Him first and giving Him the best. It seems so mean and shabby to spend the whole or nearly the whole of the Lord's Day on oneself and then to offer Him an odd hour at the end. Coming to Church in the morning will not cast a gloom over the rest of the day, but will purify and sanctify our rest and recreation and fit us for the battle of the coming week.

NANCEFIELD. The Goods-shed is now used as our Church. The building is large and suitable for summer though it is not as clean as we should like, but this may be overcome in time.

We lost a supporter in Mr. Jansen, who has left to take up work in Germiston, but we are glad to say that in Mr. Newton and family, we have most able substitutes, and we trust Church life will go on smoothly as before. We also welcome back Mr. and Mrs. Geddis who find the attractions of Nancefield too great to leave them for Johannesburg.

ZUURFONTEIN. Our losses in Church members through removals have been serious and we are fearing a further reduction. Our losses are Mr. and Mrs. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Bird and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and Mr. Stilling.

We are receiving the same kindness and privilege from Mr. and Mrs. Humphries, who have taken over the hotel from Mrs. Lenthal, who gave us the use of the dining-room for our evening Service. We were sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Lewis and of her sad loss and trust she will make a speedy recovery.

KLIP RIVER. We had the good fortune to secure the Head of the Mission for one Sunday this quarter. We trust that each Sunday place will be visited and have the benefit of his presence. It reminds us that we belong to the Mission and he is able to give us the larger outlook and keep us from getting cramped and narrow.

NATAL SPRUIT. We are beginning to shoot out a little here since we got our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Steeds amongst us. We have managed one or two Sunday evening Services followed by a Celebration on the Monday morning. We have about four communicants so far. We must look around and see if there are not some more. If people would only make themselves known, it would be so much easier.
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I. H. Boon.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, FORDSBURG.

There is but little to record for the past quarter. As I write Miss Attlee has just arrived from England to take up the work which Miss Waring carried on so well. By the time this letter appears in print she will I hope be not only a name to the Fordsburg people, but a friend. Mr. Skey will take up his residence in the second week in January and will take charge of the Church for the first time on February 15th. Let him have a good hearty reception.

The weather has doubtless been trying lately, and for some reason or other it seems that Sunday has been chosen by the clerk of the weather as the best day for rain. Still it has not been so bad as to prevent people coming to Church and one must say that the congregations have been disappointing. The one exception is the Sunday School where there have been quite good attendances lately.

The Entertainment Committee are to be congratulated on the success of their recent efforts—due in great part to the work of Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Mills, aided by the Churchwardens and Messrs. Rogers, H. Henderson and Newman.

One feels inclined to say that the Railway men ought to make a real determined effort to see that no unnecessary work is done on a Sunday. Writing quite from the point of view of an outsider it seems that at present too much is expected in the shape of Sunday work.

Christmas will be over by the time this is in your hands and the New Year will be a few days old, but though it will be late, still I hope that all of you will have a very happy Christmas and New Year.

BRIXTON. Brixton seems to be going ahead. That is a good sign and let us hope it will continue. We have seen more than once what can be done when we settle down to serious work, and we hope that the present favourable condition of things will not be allowed to die down. It is a matter for thankfulness that we are not in debt and can go on and pay our way. This first year has not been at all one about which we can lament. We have started and kept our heads above water. Now let us go on determined that the Church shall grow stronger and stronger each year. Brixton is a place which is going to grow, and the Church must get a strong grasp on the place for the spiritual and moral welfare of the community at large.

There have been two successful dances held lately and the thanks of the Churchpeople are due to all those
ladies and gentlemen who helped to make them so successful.

The next letter will be written by your new priest—the Rev. O. W. L. Skey. For myself I can only wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year and all prosperity to the church in your midst.

A. R. THURLOW.

WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.

A good deal of new ground has been cut during the last quarter. At the end of September I started out with the coach to survey the line from Witbank to Germiston. Cycling between the stations I managed to see most of the gangers. Services were held at three points, Oogies, Kendal and Delmas, and were well attended. At these places there has been no Church Service for nearly three years, although several Churchpeople live there. Most of the stations are very small, with only four or five people. Two, at the time of my visit, consisted of a tin shanty on one side serving for waiting-rooms, booking-office, and instrument room, and on the other of a box-truck, where the station-master sleeps at night and the foreman during the day. The coal traffic from the Witbank mines to the Rand is carried along this line, which is said to have the heaviest traffic of any single line in the world.

I then visited the Springs-Breyton section, being the first Railway Missioner to do so. This is a comparatively quiet line, there being only one train a day in each direction. As this was a voyage of exploration I had arranged no Services, and contented myself with visiting the stations and gangers' cottages. Mr. Growden, the P.W.I., kindly took me on his trolley for a considerable piece, and the invaluable bicycle completed the rest. The Rector of Ermelo holds services at three of the more important places, but owing to the enormous area he has to cover cannot serve the smaller stations, which the Mission must try to do.

The line from Waterval Boven to Witbank was visited at the beginning of November, and services held at Dalmanutha, Wonderfontein, Pan, and Olifants River, where I had been three months before. At the Sunday centres the usual services have been held. With the exception of some visits to Johannesburg and attendance at Synod, my spare time has been spent at Boven.

T. Gray Hopkyns.

VOLKSRUST and CHARLESTOWN.

Before this quarter's issue of *Light for the Line* reaches this part of the world, I shall have said good-bye to my good friends and fellow workers here, and handed over the parish to my successor. It is with very real regret that I contemplate the breaking up of so many close ties of friendship, esteem and love—my four years at Volksrust have been very happy ones and I shall simply hate to go. But as it is in other services, so it is also in the army of Jesus Christ—the soldier must go where he is told and obey the orders of his superior officer, and my orders are to proceed to another part of the field.

I must take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so faithfully helped and supported me during my incumbency; well do I know that the work has been done, not for me, but for the Master and for His Body's sake, which is the Church, but there is the personal element always present and indeed I do feel very grateful for all that has been done.

Not least am I deeply sensible of the extraordinary consideration and forbearance that has always been extended to me, even by those who have wholly disagreed with my policy and
methods. Mistakes have been made by all of us, most of all by me, but I think they have always been made in good faith and in any case they have caused no unpleasantness. My aim has simply been to teach and practise the whole of the Catholic Faith of Christ as it has been received whole and undefiled by the Church of England, unmuttilated by puritanical glosses or overlaid by modern Roman accretions. That is the business I came to do and if to any small extent I have succeeded, to God be the glory. It has not been in vain if any have gained a more vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a more real conception of the Church as His very Body, a truer view of the Sacraments as the Means of Grace.

It remains now to be seen how much of the work is solid and how much is hollow. But I have every confidence in my old people and I expect to hear that they have shown their grit and steadfastness by rallying round my successor as one man. At the moment of writing it is not quite certain what arrangements are to be made for carrying on the work at Volksrust and Charlestown, but the Bishop is quite determined that the very best arrangements possible shall be made and that the services shall be maintained.

Just recently Volksrust has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. A. Gray Murray as honorary organist. Since Mrs. Hindle left us we have been dependent on the help of various good friends, but as there was nobody who could take up the post of organist permanently we were left rather badly in the lurch at times. Mr. Murray, however, appeared most opportunely on the scene, and with his long experience as organist and choir-master in some of the largest Churches in South Africa, has revolutionised the music of our Services. The large congregations (for Volksrust) which were present at the last two sung Eucharists, were very enthusiastic about the improvement in the singing. But ladies are sadly needed in Choir—ladies who will take the work in hand seriously; indeed, if it had not been for the splendid loyalty of one lady who shall be nameless, the boys would often have been left to blush in solitary state—that is if choir boys ever do blush, which is doubtful.

One thing we are all rejoicing about, and that is the recovery from serious illness of our dear and esteemed Churchwarden, Dr. Hick. Very earnest prayers went up from the Altar for his restoration to health and those prayers were answered by God's great mercy. To see him present at the Holy Eucharist and taking Evensong himself on the very first Sunday after his recovery was a great joy to us all. Long may he be spared to work for God and His Church.

Just one word of welcome to the one man in the parish who always attends Church both at Volksrust and Charlestown, and who has achieved the notable feat of (once or twice) listening to the same sermon twice in one day. Mr. Bousfield has returned from his six months' trip to the Old Country, having renewed his youth like an eagle. It wasn't a bit like home without him.

There are still persistent rumours of Charlestown's impending doom. Though one would be sorry in many ways, yet from the Church point of view worse things might happen. I envy the priest who gets the Volksrust people and the Charlestown contingent all in one. I rather fancy things would begin to hum. That is if the two lots didn't fight.

And now I must stop. All of you do what you have promised me you will do, stick to the old Church through good report and evil report, and may God bless you and your children for ever and bring us all at last to our true Home in Heaven.

Your affectionate friend.

R. A. H. Urquhart.
DIOCESE OF MASHONA-LAND.

New Year's letter from the Priest of the Mafeking-Bulawayo Section.

Francistown,
New Year's Day, 1911.

My dear Parishioners on the Line,

By the kindness of the Editor of Light for the Line, I am publishing this my annual letter to you in that periodical, as it comes into the hands of almost every white and coloured worker on the section. By doing so we shall be exercising economy, a very necessary policy at this time, when our funds are none too high.

It may seem to some of you who I am seeing every month or oftener, unnecessary to address you in this way; but I am assured that at any rate in some quarters my annual letter is read, and some of its counsel taken into consideration, if not immediately put into practice. Moreover in the quiet of one’s study one may hope to meet with a little more inspiration than when talking to you among the many domestic distractions of your homes.

The special point which I want to draw out and emphasize this year is Earnestness. We know what it is to be in earnest about things of this world. A man is anxious for promotion in his profession or trade; how keenly he applies himself to every detail of his work; how diligent he is in carrying out its duties; how careful to observe every rule and policy likely to further the aim he has in view.

Again, look at people playing a game of tennis. Ever on the alert, watching every opportunity to discomfit their opponents, making like lightning for the spot where the ball is estimated to fall, throwing their whole soul into the object of winning.

This is earnestness indeed; we know what it is right enough, and are ready to admit that no pursuit in life is likely to be successful without it. A man who is not in earnest in what he is about falls behind in the race; we call him a “slacker” or a “ne’er-do-well.” He has no chance at all in these days of keen competition, failure stares him in the face.

Now, dear people, what I am anxious about is that you should apply this lesson to the all-important thing which matters more than anything in the way of business or sport. Strange that this, in which we should show the most enthusiasm often fails to stir us at all; that while we know that religion is important, and that everything hangs upon it, we take little or no interest in it, and are only brought to take any interest in it at all under a certain amount of pressure.

Why is it? Can it be that religion is considered flat and dull? Those who dive deepest into the recesses of Christian truth and drink longest from the wells of salvation certainly do not think so. Only those who skim over the surface of Christianity fail to be attracted by its charms. It is the one cause above all others that requires earnestness of purpose and keenness of research, and it is often given less care and attention than anything else. Thus its value is lost.

Religion is a thing which requires pains, and great pains, to be proficient in. We cannot expect to know much about it by just hearing a sermon now and then or by listening to an argument in which people are discussing questions out of their depth. We must be ready to learn from those who know, who have made the subject a life study, and place ourselves as children under their instruction, just as we would do if it were any other science in which we desired to be proficient. Religion is a science, and has its experts and authorised exponents just as any other. If we think because we have got hold of a few disjointed ideas that we are in a position to formulate a religion for ourselves and for others we shall make a huge
mistake. Remember the words of Our Lord: "Except ye turn and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Childlike in simplicity, childlike in humility, childlike in submission to authority; this is the necessary attitude.

And we must not forget that no one can or does do without religion. If it is not Christianity then it is something else; we must have some guiding principle, if it is only a hatred of the unpleasant with self as a deity. How much better to have the centre of gravity outside than inside self! All the best and noblest spirits of the world have lived for God and for others.

We will then try through 1911 to be more in earnest, to feel that religion does matter, and that it must come before all else, and be the basis of all else. We will strive to learn, to work, to give, to take pains, to be ever reaching forward, and, above all, to pray, and then this year of grace will indeed be happy and blessed. That it may be so to you all is the earnest desire of Your faithful priest and friend,

James Toy.

WOMEN'S WORK.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

Rosmead, C.C.

A very quiet and uneventful quarter has passed. Now all is preparation for Christmas. We have a small Christmas gift for our Church in Rosmead—a Credence Table given by Communicants in Rosmead. It was needed badly as there was none before. A rather rickety black table was used till we could get one. The Communicants thought they would like to give it all themselves as it is something inside the Sanctuary. It has come before Christmas, but that is all the better.

We could not get it in time for All Saints' as we had hoped.

The chief want above De Aar seems to be rain. In some of the places they have not had any for eighteen months.

At Sterkstroom they have again got a resident Priest, so that they are able to have Services twice a month now. But there are always rumours of removals in that camp—as in others.

It will be late for Christmas wishes when this comes out, but one can wish them all the same, and this can give very best wishes for the New Year to all.

G. E. Holmes.

St. Mark's Mission, Port Elizabeth, December 12th, 1910.

By the time this is in print the Christmas Festival will be over; but please accept our good wishes, though they come late to you, that you may all have a very happy Christmas. We hope that many of your children will be having a visit from Father Christmas; he wants our help in dispensing his gifts to the scattered cottages and lonely stations, but in the camps we hope the people unite themselves in making a visit from him possible. Anyhow we hope that every child along the Line will know something of our old friend before the New Year is very old and if any should be missed out by mistake we hope they will let us know at once.

Inserted below is a list, omitted last quarter, of the kind friends along the Line who helped in different ways the Sale of Work at Alicedale. I hope I have not forgotten any; if so please forgive. I only wish they could all see St. Barnabas Church beautified and dignified as it is now—the result of that Sale of Work. I think those of the Alicedale people who toiled andlaboured so hard for it, must feel they have their reward every time they enter their Church. We remember David of old with all his longings to build the
House of God at Jerusalem, and all the money and labour he had been spending in collecting materials for it, was not allowed the honour of building it—that honour was to be given to his son Solomon. If we could but realise something of the privilege it is to help and to have a share, however small, in a work like this, what a difference it would make to all of us! We would rejoice simply because we had something we could give to God; and does not this apply to every bit of Church and parish work?

The number of Guild children and G.F.S. candidates is increasing and in most places the classes are well attended; we want every child to feel in honour bound to persevere in what he or she has undertaken to do.

We have again many kindesses to say "thank you" for, from those at the stations and on the trains as well as for hospitality received.

Let me close with wishing you a very happy New Year.

Sister Emily, C.R.

The following is a list of those who sent in contributions to Alicedale: Mrs. Harrison, Bellevue; Mrs. Bratelle, Cookhouse; Mrs. Moore, Cookhouse; Mrs. Chapman, Port Elizabeth; Mrs. West, Coega; Mrs. Frost, Coega; Mrs. Randall, Uitenhage; Miss Hume, Blue Cliff; Miss McLean, Zwartkops; Mrs. Matthews, Glenconner; Mrs. Roberts, Glenconner; Mrs. Dewar, Klipplaat; Miss Reed; Miss Nothard, Hardwood Halt; Mrs. McLellan, Barkly Bridge; Miss A. Clulow, Barkly Bridge; Mrs. Walker, near Sandflats; Mrs. Berrington, Sandflats; Mrs. Daniel, Redhouse; A Friend, Redhouse; Miss Mann, Graaff-Reinet.

A good deal of time has been taken up this quarter with additional traveling in connection with the Confirmation classes. It is often difficult to give candidates all the help one would like in this way, and one feels how necessary it is that those wishing to be confirmed should give in their names as soon as ever they come to a decision about Confirmation, so that they may receive as full a course of instruction as can be arranged. As the preparation for Confirmation is very usually the one opportunity of a lifetime for a systematic and definite study of the Christian Faith, it is most important that it should be as complete as possible; and as for married women especially this is always more or less difficult, and as many have practically no time at all to devote to the preparation apart from the actual classes, it is all the more necessary that the number of these should not be lessened, and because under existing circumstances they cannot be very frequent, it means that the preparation for Confirmation, to be at all efficient should be a matter of many months. We feel that it becomes a very special duty for women and girls, in preparing for Confirmation, to avail themselves as fully as possible of the opportunities of instruction offered them at this time, not merely for themselves but for the sake of the children, who in so many instances depend entirely upon the mother for their religious teaching. It is upon women that God has laid the special duty of giving His little ones their first lessons about Himself, and if we fail in this we are failing in one of our highest privileges and greatest responsibilities.

The Mother's Union is steadily increasing in numbers. We should be glad to receive the names of any married ladies who would like to join, or to have papers explaining what the Union is and does. There seems to be a good deal of misapprehension in some quarters as to what the M.U. really is, and I think many people do not realise that the society now numbers over 300,000 members and associates, and is world wide. Here, on the Railway, we do want more earnest minded thoughtful women to join, and especi-
ally those in a position to make their influence and example felt amongst others. But might I say that we do not want any who are not really keen and in earnest about it? Unhappily we already have a few members—I am glad to say only a few—who show very little interest in the Union at all, and never take the trouble to attend any meetings, and this kind of luke-warmness of course is no help to the work, and even brings discredit on the whole body. We have had meetings of the branches at Alicedale, Cookhouse, Klipplaat and Sandflats this quarter. An attempt was made to form a branch at Addo, but it fell through for the time being at any rate. I have been able to visit the Alexandria line more thoroughly this quarter, thanks to the kindness of the Inspector and of the gangers, who were good enough to give me long trolley rides. At the end of September we were able to have a lantern service at Kenkelbosch Station, Mr. Banshaw kindly lending us the Goods-shed and two or three gentlemen helping me with the lantern.

We have also been able to get into touch with the Railway Camp at Alexandria, where the Light for the Line has made its way.

The Confirmation at Addo was held on St. Andrew's Day. There were seven candidates, four coming from Sandflats. Mrs. McKinnon and Mrs. Burgess kindly lent their rooms for the Bishop to robe in, and for the use of the women and girl candidates. As the train that brought the Bishop was late, it made the Service later than the time intended, but it began about a quarter to six. Evensong was said first and the Confirmation service followed. The Church was nearly full, which showed how much interest was taken in the Bishop's advent and in the Confirmation itself. It is nice to think that Mr. Fisher will be able to hold a Service and celebrate the Holy Communion at Addo on Christmas Day. This will be the first time that there has been a Service here on Christmas Day within the memory of man! Sister Emily and I are writing our reports separately this time, as in the greater part of our work we find it impossible to visit the same places.

Sister Muriel, C.R.

**DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.**

A good deal seems to have happened since last quarter when I wrote my first letter for Light for the Line. To begin with, Mr. Rice has gone, and we are left without a Chaplain in the O.F.S. Many people have asked me "When shall we be able to have a Railway Mission Service here?" and I can only say that I hope when a new Chaplain comes (and Mr. Ellison holds out hopes of one in February), he will be able to give us Services in several new centres on the Eastern line, where we have not as yet had any. Further, I have been round most of my district a second time and have had pleasant greetings and hospitable welcomes from many whose friendly faces now begin to seem quite familiar, and have found out how to make my way to isolated cottages which seemed at first almost inaccessible. Last, but not least, I have had a taste of the joys (and the discomforts) of travelling in the Transvaal Mission Coach, which was lent to me for an all-too-short week. I think I hear some of Miss Ramadge's friends saying, "Why didn't she have the coach?" and I must say in self defence that it was not entirely greediness on my part, but that the time we had the offer, she was not able to make use of it. So I started off on my own, and learnt by bitter experience that it does not do to try to cook when you are swinging along at the tail of a train and that even sedentary occupations like letter writ-
ing are almost impossible; but I occu­
pied some of the time with cleaning
knives and forks, and I fancy many a
agenta's wife was surprised to be
 greeted by a waving duster from an
aproned figure on the tail-board of an
unfamiliar coach! I have not space
here to give all my week's adventures
—to tell of the surprise visits from
children and others, and the surprise
presents of provisions of various kinds
that were brought to the coach door,
or of the pleasant evenings at different
stations, of which the evening at Aber­
feldy was certainly the most eventful,
beginning with a Social and ending up
with an Eclipse of the Moon! Well,
the result of my brief experience is
that coach life is the ideal one for
Railway Mission work and that with a
coach more work can be done in a
week than in a fortnight or three
weeks of ordinary travelling. Economy
in time and hotel bills is one great
advantage, and to be able to stop at
sidings, halts and small stations, where
perhaps the trains cross, or there is
only half an hour between them, opens
up possibilities of classes and real talks
which are impossible under the usual
conditions. If only the Railway-au­
thorities will see this and give us a
coach for the O.F.S., which Miss
Ramadge, the Chaplain and I could
use in turns for a month at a time
perhaps (or, better still, two coaches),
I seem to see many openings for work
in the future. Who knows what the
New Year may have in store for us,
or what further developments of the
Railway may bring! But whether we
get a coach or not, and whether the
changes on the Railway suit our per­
sonal convenience or not, God grant
that it may be a Happy New Year and
a year of progress for us all.

M. E. WATSON.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Grahamstown.

My Dear Children,

What a Merry Christmas you must
have had this time! I have been very
busy sending off parcels of toys for lots
of little people along the line, and you
will have found out that there are
many children in England and the big
towns in South Africa who have
thought of you and wanted to help
you enjoy Christmas.

You will remember I promised to
tell you what I saw in Capetown when
the Duke of Connaught came to open
the first Union Parliament. Well, I
can only say a very little about it be­
cause if I were to tell you all I saw
it would fill many more pages than you
would care to read. So I will just try
to tell you about what the children
did, and I think you will wish you
could have been one of them.

On the day that the Royal party
landed hundreds of children marched
to the top of the beautiful avenue
which leads out of Adderley Street to­
wards Table Mountain. They all stood
and waited till the Duke and Duchess
came past on the way to Govern­
ment House. Then they sang "God Save
the King" and cheered. After this
their teachers took them to see the
decorated streets—so gay with flags
and arches and flowers and crowded
with people. Of course the soldiers in
red coats stood all down the streets
and kept the way clear for the royal
carriages. But there was no trouble in
keeping order—all the people were so
glad to show respect to the late King
Edward's brother that they behaved
very quietly and only showed how
pleased they were by giving loud cheers
and waving their hats and handker­
chiefs. Capetown seemed just alive
with joy. At night thousands of little
coloured electric lights sparkled among
the flags and all over the arches. It
was like you might imagine fairyland
to be.
And then the Pageant! That was more beautiful than you can think. It was held on the sea-shore and that grand old Table Mountain seemed to be looking on at all the grand shows as though he liked it, and the sea was calm and so very blue all the time. Best of all, I thought, were the children. Hundreds of them came in—pretty bare arms and legs—saudals on their feet—all of them dressed in silver gauze, boys as well as girls, all sorts of ages from four to fourteen. They carried branches of silver trees in their hands, and came in singing and dancing. And what do you think they had to do? Why, to drive away the gloomy spirits which made the country dull and the people unhappy. Is it not a beautiful idea that the little children with happy, bright faces and joyous hearts should be able to send away sadness and trouble and make the world happier for grown-up people! It is quite true that you children can do this, and it is one way in which you can be very useful if you will try.

As the little silver girls and boys tripped in the gloomy spirits all in black disappeared, and the children sang louder and called the heroes of the past to come and join in rejoicing about Union. Then a splendid procession came slowly in—first the old Portuguese sailors who were the first white men to find the Cape—then the old Dutch settlers and the French and the English. After these came four beautiful tall maidens, each dressed in the colour of one of the four Colonies. They had lovely dresses with very long trains held up by pretty little pages. Behind each lady there came men and women and children carrying baskets of produce—Cape Colony's people had grapes, oranges, pineapples, diamonds and ostrich feathers—the Transvaal carried trays of gold; the Orange Free State, wool; Natal, tea, sugar and fruits. These groups all marched in order and coming from two sides met in the middle and stopped while there came slowly forward a car in front of which walked a man carrying the Union Jack. Seated in the car was a dear little girl. She was meant to be a picture of Union. The car stopped in the middle of the large space and all the little silver children and all the other people knelt on one knee and with hands lifted up sang "We praise Thee, O God." I expect most of you know that grand old hymn of praise called the "Te Deum." All of us who were looking on felt that we were indeed praising God for the union of South Africa, and many who could not help remembering the sad days of strife and trouble were moved to tears as they listened to that beautiful thanksgiving, sung by five thousand voices on the shore of Table Bay. Just as this prayer song came to an end about fifteen hundred doves rose from the ground and flew in circles above the car and the performers. It was a thrilling sight, a glorious ending to one of the most splendid pageants that have ever been acted. You know that doves mean peace, so this flight of the doves was a sign of the peace that we are all hoping for now the four Colonies have been united.

I have tried to tell you a little about this wonderful Pageant because you may understand what a work the children of a country may do. I want you to think about your part in the life of this very big country in which you live. Sometimes it is not easy to be bright and unselfish, but if you try to remember that South Africa wants your bit of work I think it will help you to be proud of doing it as well as ever you can even though you may be very small.

A very Happy New Year to you all from your friend,

The Editor.
Bible Reading Union.

Such a lot of cards were asked for this last year that I am expecting a long list of names of candidates for the Bible Reading Prize Examination. Names, ages, standards and addresses must be sent to me on or before January 31st, 1911. You have had a great deal of help given you by the paper drawn up by Mr. Hands, and if you have been carefully reading the portions as arranged in that you will be well able to write the answers when the time comes.

Letters to C.O.V. Children.

Some of you have had very nice letters from children in England and have written very nice ones back. But some of you have not written answers and the children in England are so disappointed. There is such a lot that you can tell them because South Africa is so very different from England and they would be so glad to hear about all the things you see and do. And then they will tell you all sorts of things about the places they live at, and you will get to know lots of things that you could not learn half so well in books. Do let me have lots more names quickly and do not forget when you write to put your name and address very clearly on the letter. Some of the children in England say no surnames were put on some of the letters, so they could not send answers. You know there are lots of Marys and Johns sometimes in one small village, so we use the surname to tell which we mean of all of them.

Guild of the Good Shepherd.

New Members.
Alexandria.—Gladys Wassman.
Rosmead.—Winnie Milne.

Cookhouse.—Alfred Gilmore, Ethel Gilmore.
Commadagga.—Kathleen and Martinus Bosch, Norah and Charlie Long, Mary and Nellie Massyn.
Fish River.—Katie Krügel.
Sheldon.—Eric, Archie and Clifford Bennett.
Mortimer.—Magdalena and Pieter Potgieter, Cornelius, Jacob and Willie van Tonden.
Springfield.—Johanna Wiesher.
Fordsburg: Admitted Nov., 1910 (Church of the Good Shepherd).—Gladys and Winnie Mills, Maggie and Tom West, Irene Wakelin, Rose, Douglas and David Lewis, Dorothy Boffey, Willie Tranter, John Leff, James Lawlor, Cecil Marleban, Percy Vallance.
Volksrust.—Marjory Hick, Eva Woolley, Frank Derby, Dick Scallan, Aubrey Scallan, Neville Reese, Noel Pike, Allan Cook.

Mothers’ Union.

New Members.
Ripon.—Mrs. Rotherhithe.
Coerney.—Mrs. Brinn (since moved to Steynsburg), Mrs. Dobell.
Cookhouse.—Mrs. Houston.
Klipplaat.—Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Edworthy.
Alicedale.—Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Palmer.
Sandflats.—Mrs. Dansiez.

Girls’ Friendly Society.

New Candidates.
Sandflats.—Annie Wendorf, Elizabeth and Aletta Dantzie, Beatrice Panner, Kathleen Thompson, Thelma King.
Klipplaat.—Ellen Boyd, Peggie Cotterhard, Kathleen Fairbanks, Lily Mallett, Lily Reed.
Alicedale.—Martha Daniels, Nellie Rostill.
Middleton.—Edith May Russell.
Dassie Deur.—Philippina Wulking-shaw.
Glenconner.—Alice E. Clack, Beatrice M. Matthews, Beatrice Mordy, Olive Elizabeth Mordy, Dorothy and Kathleen Roberts, Aletta Jacobina Rautenbach.
Naauwpoort.—Katie Fanstone, Beatrice Hardman, Eileen Innes, Bertha Trautman, Lily Thomas, Alice Salvesen, Elizabeth Willett, Susan Willett, Sigrid Salvesen.

Question Corner.

(Answers to be sent in on or before February 28th.)
1. Tell me what you did on Christmas Day.
2. What plans have you made for 1911?
3. Look about you and then write down the most interesting things you have seen.

The remarks about the answers to October questions will be given in the April number with the report on these.

BAPTISMS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Oct.
3—Annie Peters, Cookhouse.
4—Johanna May Eman Lendovu.

Nov.
1—Ruth Dorothy Lilian Rafferty, Cookhouse.
5—Thomas Henry Dean, Saltair.
29—Cecil Telfer Joshua Keating, Hanover Road.
14—Maria Annie Kevits, Cookhouse.
15—John Lewis Pierreport, Conway.
21—Harry James Roberts, Port Elizabeth.
22—George Henry Pilcher, Barkly Bridge.
Maris Sarah Rousseau, Alicedale.
Alice Elizabeth Fridey, Alicedale.
Kathleen Elizabeth Rafferty, Alicedale.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

Sept.
12—John Haydn Griffith Richards, Mach-avie.
13—Elizabeth Johanna Bodisch, Fordsburg.
16—David Michael Muller, Uitkyk.
18—Bertie Arthur Steel Delaney, Vereeniging.
18—Elizabeth Susannah Roodt, Fordsburg.
18—Helena Elizabeth Botha, Fordeburg.
18—Arthur James Reid Stevens, Brixton.
20—James Eric Coburn, Alkmaar.
25—Martha Irene Townsend, Volksrust.

Oct.
2—Catherine Johanna van Kleist, Fordsburg.
5—Percy Somerville Jarvie, Brixton.
5—Annie Maria Magdelaine Holder, Evaton.
9—Cyril Ernest Lowe, Waterval Boven.
16—Kenneth Cox, Vereeniging.
20—Charles Edward Johannes Diemieniet, Piennars River.
30—Cecil Ernest Donald Klaftenberger, Brixton.
31—Cecelia Anna Heyneke, Rooi Poort Nek.

Nov.
2—Henry Dutton, Melville.
6—Wilfred Scallan, Volksrust.
6—John James Scallan, Volksrust.
6—Richard Scallan, Volksrust.
6—Aubrey Walford Scallan, Volksrust.
6—Stanley Scallan, Volksrust.
6—Edward George Scallan, Volksrust.
6—Agnes Maud Kannemeyer, Fordsburg.
6—Doreen Rosa Winifred Boffey, Fordsburg.
7—Edith Craven, Brixton.
19—Myrtle Emily Donovan, Brixton.
20—Junita Louisa Glaus, Fordsburg.
20—Ernest George Foote, Fordsburg.
22—Jacomina Louisa Mariegraf, Kromdraai.
26—Robert de Waal Coward, Volksrust.
27—Clarence Beck, Zuurfontein.
27—James Rodda, Waterval Onder.
28—Mary Elizabeth Margaret Scott, Volksrust.

Dec.
1—James Loule Daniel, Volksrust.
4—Chresian Joyswa Debruin, Midway.
4—Martha Magthalena Debruin, Midway.
4—Mary Shaw Guthrie, Midway.

DIOCESE OF MASHONALAND.

Sep.
20—Isaac William Swart.
21—Ernest Noel Dennis Sheldrake Shone.

Oct.
12—William Smith.
CONFIRMATIONS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.


Dec. 9—Sarah Margaret Sparks, Barkly Bridge.

MARRIAGE.

Oct. 27—Edward Milrick Fitzgerald to Ellen Jane Maher, at Norval's Pont.

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Red Letter Notes
By the Rev. R. WOOD-SAMUEL,

More Idols than People.

§ It is sad to relate that, in spite of the vast amount of Missionary work now going on in Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, which has a population of over 200,000, contains more idols than people! What an incentive to us all to do our utmost to further missionary effort! The Rev. J. W. Hall, who has been engaged in good work in India for over thirty years, tells us that to a Hindu there is no city in the world so sacred as Benares. It is on the northern bank of the river Ganges—the river which is sacred from source to sea, a distance of 1,500 miles; the part of it which flows past Benares being considered doubly so. Hundreds of thousands from every part of Hindustan visit the place because of its many shrines and temples, carrying back some of the sacred water to those unable to visit the town. Many express the wish to be resident there when they die, for to the Hindu it is "the most sacred spot on earth."

§ Idol-worship in Japan.

Western thought and civilization have so spread in Japan during recent years, that many are under the impression that idols are now almost entirely discarded; but though this is true to a large extent amongst the better educated, it is by no means amongst the poorer classes, millions of whom are present untouched by the Gospel. The most degrading worship in Osaka, for instance, is that of the foxes. To the great fox temple come the lowest class of criminals, both men and women, to invoke aid to the personification of evil, with their grinning stone faces, whilst in the faces of the worshippers the results of wrong-doing are only too apparent. Hundreds of thousands from amongst the poorer classes, millions of whom are at present untouched by the Gospel. The most degrading worship in Osaka, for instance, is that of the foxes. To the great fox temple come the lowest class of criminals, both men and women, to invoke aid to the personification of evil, with their grinning stone faces, whilst in the faces of the worshippers the results of wrong-doing are only too apparent.

§ "A Little Child shall Lead Them."

In a heathen land a small boy was one day watching the crowds of people engaged in their worship in a large idol temple. He became specially interested in an old man who was busy worshipping and saying prayers before one idol after another. The boy went up to this man, who seemed to have finished, and said, "Dear old man, these idols cannot see you or hear your prayers; why not worship the One Great God in heaven, Who has supported you these many years, and by Whose power alone we live?" "Where can I go to find such a Being?" the old man asked. The boy then quoted a Chinese proverb which runs, "Three feet above your head is God," and went on to tell of the love of Jesus. The old man was interested, sought out the missionary, received further instruction, and adopted Christianity. He became so happy with his newly-found truth that he brought his idols to the missionary, took steps to bring his wife and children to hear of the love of the Great God, until each in turn became a Christian, and thus it was a "little child" that led them all.

§ The Bible Wanted.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, has received news of Kabarega, the ex-king of Bunyoro, who in 1889 was deposed by the British Government, and subsequently deported to the Seychelles Islands. Not long ago the civil chaplain visited the islands and called to see the ex-king. After some conversation, they had prayer together, and Kabarega requested that he might have a Bible in his own language; he had heard so much of "the Wonderful Book." Arrangements have been made to send him a New Testament in Lunyoro, and whilst the Old Testament is being translated into that language, a copy of the whole Bible in Luganda has been put into his hands. How we may rejoice and thank God that it is now possible to give the heathen God's Word in their own language, however difficult that language may be!

§ Robert Moffat's Last Moments.

The great missionary, Robert Moffat, ended his pilgrimage on the evening of Thursday, August 10, 1883. The closing scene was in harmony with all that went before. He was very fond of hymns, and was in the habit of repeating some before he went to bed. When his last day came, he seemed to realize the end was near, and asked for his New Testament and tried to read it, but could not. He had a hymn read to him, "Hail, Sovereign Light," which was a great favourite with his mother, his mind evidently going back to his early days and the old family home. After a short sleep, he woke and signed to those near him, who seemed to have finished, and said, "Where have I been?" "Heaven," said his wife.
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Ely, D.D.,
President of the Church Congress.

Trinity Court, Cambridge.

The Jubilee of the Church Congress at Cambridge.
As not the time come," asks the Archbishop of York, to whom most Churchmen look as a leader in this matter, "for a movement to appeal to the men of the Church to realize their corporate ministry, and to unite them in a fellowship of practical work and service?"

It must be generally agreed that there is too much inclination among laymen to look upon the Church as an institution from which certain privileges can be claimed, by which certain duties must be performed, and to which they may turn for assistance in times of stress, and criticize severely on all other occasions, and too little admission of the obligations and service which the layman owes.

In public affairs, side by side with the increasing demands which are made for more assistance from the State, is growing up a consciousness of greater duties owed by citizens to the State. Nobody can deny that the obligations of National Service have gained force from the contemplation of the obvious dangers involved in some of the proposals for socialistic legislation. There are signs that the same sense of obligation can be engendered among the citizens of the Church.

One humble individual, when asked what he thought of Christian Socialism, replied that if it meant that Church people were going to be more sociable it would be a very good thing, and those who think the Church is unsociable often say that if other religious bodies unite their men in a closer brotherhood of service, and so create a more lively interest in the welfare of their sect, there is generally some branch to be found which will appeal to a man animated with a sense of duty, and usually the form of activity selected becomes more engrossing by practice and experience as it becomes more understood. In the service of Christ any layman may truly be invited to say "I count nothing human foreign to me," and when he has admitted that, it is impossible for him to plead that there is nothing that he can do for the Church.

But that difficulty should not be insurmountable if some scheme could be found sufficiently wide to suit her cosmopolitan character. Every one knows how much easier it is to rouse a feeling of loyalty in a small body than in a large one. There is more enthusiasm for the town football or cricket club than for the county one; there is more esprit de corps in a small college than in a large one. The diversity of thought and interest in the Church is infinite, in a Nonconformist body it is more limited; and of recent years in England there have been political considerations which have cemented the fellowship and stimulated the activity of many chapel congregations. Part of the price which the Church must pay for her breadth and her freedom is the difficulty of corporate action.
this relief could be found
the clergy would be free
to devote more adequate
time to the highest
duties of their calling.

What then is wanted
but the simplest bond to
unite laymen in Church
work? And what sim­
erule can be found
than that of the Church
of England Men's
Society? Its members
are pledged to nothing
more than "to pray to
God daily, and to do
something to help for­
ward the work of the
Church." This Society
was founded in 1900 by
the late Archbishop
Temple, and, indeed,
carries in it the spirit of
the twentieth century.
In the town parish it can
combine every worker from
the lay reader to the assist­
ant sidesman, and in the
country parish all Church-
men from the squire who
reads the lessons to the
mole-catcher who renders
free the service of his art in
the churchyard. The
most retiring business man
may be treasurer to a charit­
able fund, the most pushing can try his hand
at running a village institute.

Is it too much to hope that the legal profession
would find themselves able to render, either
gatis or at a small figure, some of those ineff­
table services which chan­
cellors, registrars, and ap­
paritors perform for a very
considerable fee? Surely it
might be possible to con­
secrate a new churchyard
without paying a fine of ten
to fifteen per cent. in fees
for very simple formalities.
It will also comprehend
Bible-classes, purity
societies, care com­
nitees, charity organ­
ization, poor-law admin­
istration, and many other
good works. If Mothers'
Unions and Girls'
Friendly Societies do so
much good, why can we
not initiate Fathers'
Unions and Boys'
Friendly Societies? Fathers
are certainly not
in advance of mothers
in their conception of
parental responsibility,
or are boys subject to
fewer dangers and tem­
perations than girls, on
the threshold of active
life.

In the parish this
society would give to
laymen more voice in
the direction of affairs,
and much trouble might be avoided if some such
body existed which could at least be consulted as
to the kind of services acceptable to the parish­
oners. In the diocese it would add much valu­
able experience and vitality to Diocesan Con­
ferences, could regu­
late many
forms of dio­
cesan charity
and enter­
prise, and
spare the
Bishop much
toll and anx­
ity.

The last and
most impor­
tant considera­
tion is the
means where­
by such an
association
can best be
promoted.
There are par­
ishes where it
could start,
and has
started, at
once, owing to the sympathy between the
parson and his flock. There are others where
a want of enterprise among the laity interferes
with productive combination; there are more
where all new ideas are regarded with suspicion.
Who is to do the sparking?
The conclusion of the whole matter is that the
Bishop is the man to make the connexion,
supply the current, and start the machine. He
must realize that his influence on the laity only
begins with Confirmation, and will only be com­
pleted when he has enlisted in personal service
to the Church all those on whom he has laid his
hands.

The Jubilee of the Church Congress at Cambridge.

I. The Coming of the Congress.
BY THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

It is a common criticism of all kinds of voluntary
Congresses that they accomplish nothing; and only
end in smoke and talk. As for smoke, I am afraid
that in more senses than one, even Church
Congresses are attended by an ever-increasing
volume of that nebulous commodity; but surely talk, talk with plenty of salt and
fire in it, even if Congresses ended there, is
not a result utterly useless. Dull, dead talk
is, of course, wearisome and sterile; but bright,
living talk, talk with light and leading in it, is
far from worthless either to a Church or nation.
It would, indeed, require no little ingenuity
to vindicate the existence even of Parliament
itself if all talk had to be condemned as a
barren indulgence. But the truth is, that real
intelligent talk, whether spoken or printed,
forms a good stepping-stone from which to
mount from idea to action. Talk is the middle
stage between thought and deed. Thought is
the egg, talk the worm, deed the completed
fly. Sensible people first think about things,
then talk of them, and finally do them.

Church Congresses have occupied this middle
stage in the development of the Church's life
during the last fifty years. That half-century
has been one of the most remarkable epochs in
the long history of the Church of England.
Many forces combined to render it remarkable,
and among them, the Church Congress was
undoubtedly one. When, fifty years ago, the
Rev. William Emery—the beloved and vener­
able founder of the Church Congress, who has
only been absent from one of the whole series of
its yearly assemblies—first took in hand his
Congress spade, even his enthusiasm could
hardly have dreamed how many deep and solid
foundations he would be spared to see that
spade effectually cut. When he surveys the
great steps taken in Church worship and Church work during the last fifty years, and reflects how considerable a proportion of those steps were debated in Congress before they developed into action, he, at least, may justly feel, in the evening of his earthly day, that he has neither lived nor laboured in vain.

II. The Call of the Congress.

By Archdeacon Emery.

The first Church Congress was held in King’s College Hall, Cambridge, in 1861. Its object was to gather men together to consult for the good of the Church. Three hundred Churchmen attended, presided over by Archdeacon France. The present Church Congress is the fiftieth of the series, all of which, except the first, have been presided over by archbishops or bishops, whose words of love and wisdom have greatly helped, by the Divine blessing, to promote unity and concord amongst Churchmen. Much Church progress has, under God, resulted since 1861, due in no small degree to the Congress meetings held year after year.

At the very first Congress at Cambridge men only were admitted as members of Congress, but at the second, held at Oxford, women first became members, and gradually from that time, as women’s work in the Church has increased, women’s meetings have become essential.

In 1866 the remarkable Working Men’s Meetings were begun at York, and these have helped to increase the practical use of the Congress. Then there have been meetings for youths from fourteen to twenty years of age, and also gatherings of Sunday-school children, as at Hull in 1890.

There has been no lack of real sympathy and understanding at Congress meetings. Indeed, I may re-echo Archbishop Tait’s words, “It must be a good thing for us coming from distant dioceses and parishes to look one another in the face, and grasp one another by the hand, to bid one another God-speed in the Name of the Lord, and to help and encourage one another in this difficult work which the Lord of the Harvest has committed to us.”

* * *

I was much struck, in days gone by, in Cambridge, with what Professor Blunt said to us undergraduates who attended his lectures. He told us how the early primitive Church had laid hold of the people, and had gradually conquered the heathen Roman empire,
and established the religion of Christ on its ruins. He said it was due to the fact that every Christian deemed himself bound to be a missionary for Christ—in the market-place, in the street, in the shop, everywhere where they could say a word for Christ their Master, they were ready to do so, and thought it their bounden duty. Every communicant and devout Christian is bound to think in the first place, "My duty to my Master is to make known His blessed Gospel for the salvation of every one I can possibly reach." But then, I say, do not let us hesitate to try new methods of stirring up communicants to do the work of Christ. Do not let us "die of respectability"; do not let us die of want of courage to try new methods with Christian discretion.

I owe a great deal to a dear old lady who lived in Cambridge when I was a young clergyman there. She once resided with a brother in a country parish, an excellent man otherwise, but who said she was never to open her mouth on religious subjects to any of his parishioners. She took this so much to heart that she left him and rented a little dwelling in Cambridge where, by permission of an incumbent, she devoted herself entirely to good works. One day, to my great blessing, I received a note to the effect that if I would go to her lodgings and have a cup of tea with her she would be glad to see me. I did so, and in my voluntary work in that same parish she did me a world of good. She was a real spiritual mother who did a large amount of good, socially and religiously, amongst the poor and the outcast, as well as children. She went into the cottages of the people, talked to the people in a sisterly, motherly way, without undue affectation or assumption, taught the children to read the Bible, and did good in many directions. There can be no doubt that there is a wonderful mission for Church women and Christian women amongst womenkind. The Church is waking up to the duty of woman working for her fellow-woman, not merely as individual workers, but working together in a body corporately.
CHAP. X. Kabinoka’s Vengeance.

They were not going to die right there.

That, to the mind of Sandy, was a consoling conclusion. To live meant the hope—however faint—of escape, and Sandy’s blue orbs twinkled with the kindling of that hope-spark even whilst Kabinoka himself, with no gentle hands, tied his arms with cord.

“Legs left free,” he muttered to Jack, with boyish satisfaction; “and thank goodness they ain’t put gags in our mouths. It’s a tight corner, Jack, this.”

Meantime Kabinoka, having risen from his mat with great dignity, was evidently giving instructions as to the bestowal of his prisoners: for the warriors who guarded them now hustled them forward, pausing, however, presently close to where a crowd of their fellow braves were gathered.

Kabinoka stepped forward, addressing the trembling Chenosa.

“Tell your chiefs,” he observed drily, “that this is how Camanche chief take vengeance,” and he waved his warriors aside, disclosing in the centre of the ring an Indian with shaven head lying prone on the ground.

But, as the crowd parted, a woman, dressed in the fantastic garb of witch-doctor, stepped forward, crying aloud. Immediately two young men leapt to her side, raising the victim and forcing him to his feet.

Sandy gave a little cry, turning sick and faint with fear; but though Seaton’s colour faded from his cheeks, he did not utter a sound, only looking in horror at the sight displayed.

The unfortunate man’s feet had been cut off, and he was now being forced to walk, on the bleeding stumps.

Jack Seaton turned aside—it was too horrible to behold the dumb agony of the poor sufferer—but as he did so his eyes encountered those of Kabinoka. The Camanche chief was looking on at the hideous spectacle as calmly, as though he were watching his favourite game of plum-stones. He smiled now as he saw the horror on Jack’s face.

“Augh!” he grunted, folding his arms and nodding his plumed head. “Augh! It is a good sight. Tell your chief, old man, that the man who dies there was a Choctaw spy like himself, but that there are worse tortures in my mind for him. Augh! it is certain.”

Chenosa writhe in terror, but Seaton, hearing the meaning of the grim words, smiled defiance back into the cruel brown face.

“The God who sent me with the peace words will protect me,” he said quietly.

But Chenosa found it expedient not to translate the words.

The poor Choctaw had again fallen on his face as the warriors, turning from the sight, once more dragged their prisoners on across the village towards the cliffs of sandstone which Seaton had before noticed.

Sandy hung limp and half-fainting now upon his captor’s arm; the sickening sight had wholly unnerved the poor boy. Chenosa, too, was in a state of hopeless nerve-collapse, and Jack needed all his fortitude to walk forward unaided amongst the throng of hostile savages, who stared curiously at the strange trio, uttering low guttural cries of hate or cold sneering laughter.

Thus they came at length to the cliffs, and to a great rock of red sandstone rolled apparently to the door of a cave. This with some difficulty was pushed back by five or six of the Indians, whilst Jack and his companions were thrust forward into what seemed no more than a black pit.

Flung forward, with arms bound tightly behind him, Jack lay for some moments unable to rise. As in a dream he heard the cries and mockery of their foes grow fainter as the great rock was rolled back into its place; then in blackness impenetrable he lay, trying vainly to collect his thoughts.

“Sandy,” he called softly: “Sandy, lad.”

A sob was the answer.

“Courage, Sandy,” he repeated, his heart aching in pity for the boy: and, failing to rise, he rolled closer to the prostrate figure which presumably lay near.

Contact seemed to inspire the needed strength. Sandy was no coward, and already his stubborn Scotch courage was reviving.

“Oh, Jack,” he gasped; “it turned me sick. The devils! I wish I’d had my hands free and my rifle handy. I’d have shot the poor chap first and old Cabbage-plant after.”

“Vengeance is Mine,” replied Jack softly.

“I guess, Sandy, we’d better say a prayer.”

“I’ve been trying,” whispered Sandy: “but it ain’t much. I can’t get beyond ‘Lord, don’t let me be tortured: just have me killed right away; that’s not bad.’ Amen.”

“He won’t let us be tortured,” said Jack confidently. “There are mother and Phoebe praying for us in Carstown, and we’re praying for ourselves here; and God shut the lions’ mouths just for one man’s asking. You cheer up, Sandy. God hears us, and He’s going to take care of us. That’s so.”

“As long as we ain’t tortured,” replied poor Sandy. “I’ve said that prayer of mine over an’ over again. I ain’t a saint like you, Jack, but I reckon He hears sinners if they go on long enough. So I ain’t a bit feared now. Look here, what’s this place? If I could find my own particular feet, we’d just have a look round.”
He was struggling up as he spoke, chuckling with boyish pride when he succeeded in standing. Jack was soon beside him.

"I'm against the side of the cave here," said Jack; "that'll help a bit: but go slow, Sandy—there may be a chasm or something of that sort in front of us."

"Don't know about chasms," retorted Sandy: "but hold hard there, Jack, and listen. If there ain't something there's somebody not far off in this place. Just hark to that."

Jack obeyed. From the impenetrable darkness before them a deep sigh was heard; then, after a long moment of breathless suspense and wonder, a faint voice, deep and quavering, crying: "Who is there?"

"My word," ejaculated Sandy in horror. "If it ain't an Englishman!"

CHAPTER XI.

In the Sandstone Cave.

Stumbling, grooping, hurrying as much as possible in the utter darkness, Jack was making his way forward in the direction of the voice.

A thought—leapt at with the hasty and vague conclusion of youth—had sent the blood racing madly through his veins.

Presently he paused, calling back softly into the darkness:

"We are prisoners—Englishmen—who have been caught by the Indians. Our arms are bound. We do not know where we are. Who are you who speak to us?"

"It must be a ghost," groaned Sandy, as no answer was vouchsafed.

"And yet—"

He broke off, as again the voice spoke out of the darkness, nearer and stronger this time.

"Prisoners! God have pity on you then. I too, am a prisoner, a prisoner of twenty years. My name was Philip Seaton."

A sob broke the last word, whilst Jack, half-stunned, yet not wholly wondering, leant back against the sandstone wall trying to mutter a prayer of thanksgiving to God. But Sandy's cry of amazement rallied him.

"Philip Seaton!" the boy was crying. "Why, who's that?"

Jack was groping his way forward again, his breath coming thick.

"Who is it?" he muttered. "Why—why Sandy—it's my father!"

Even as he spoke he stumbled against something and sank on his knees.

"Philip Seaton!" he cried softly.

"Aye!" replied the voice, close beside him now. "Twenty years ago it was. But—you'll forgive me, strangers—it's—hard to talk of oneself—after twenty—years' torture. I who never thought—I should hear such speech—again."

"Twenty years," groaned Jack. "Oh! father, father!"

"Jack and his companions were thrust forward into what seemed no more than a black pit."—Page 224.
The figure against which he half leaned drew back at the last words.

"Father!" echoed the voice. "Father! What do you mean, man? What word's that?"

"It's true," said Jack, trying to steady his voice. "I'm Jack—Jack Seaton, your son. The little lad you left twenty years ago when you went to try and save Emily Barton from the Indians."

A cry broke from the lips of the man near, a cry of such wonder and joy that brought the tears stinging to the eyes of those two who heard it.

"Mollie!" gasped Philip Seaton. "Your mother! She's not—dead."

"She escaped with Maria and Pete and me," replied Jack, stammering in his excitement. "She's living in Ontario now. She's well enough, though I—I g-guess her heart broke t-twent y years ago. She c-can't bear to speak of it, for—for the fear w-was in her heart of t-this."

"She thought I might not be dead?" groaned the other. "God, I thank Thee she didn't know the truth. And I—he—that brown fiend, Kabinoka, told me she was dead and you——. He described her tortures. Jack, Jack, it's not one of the old nightmares, is it? Not a fresh torture? I—I can't bear it. Twenty years—and now—my boy——"

Jack had broken down and was sobbing, with Sandy no less overcome, but Philip Seaton was too bewildered yet for tears. Over and over again he repeated the words: "Jack—Mollie—alive—Jack—Mollie—alive."

Then presently realization seemed to come with the need for something to be done—something told.

"Prisoners," he said presently, with a groan, "you a prisoner, Jack? A prisoner of that fiend's? How came it?—tell me."

And Jack told him all the story. The story of the white farm down Carstown way, of the brave little mother and faithful old Maria and Pete. Then of the call, that wondrous insistent voice. "I'm Jack—Jack Seaton, your son. The other. " God, I thank Thee she didn't know the truth. And I—he—that brown fiend, Kabinoka, told me she was dead and you——."

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And Jack told him all the story. The story of the white farm down Carstown way, of the brave little mother and faithful old Maria and Pete. Then of the call, that wondrous insistent voice which bade him leave all he held so dear, and brought him with God's great love message to these terrible regions in search of the lost sheep of the fold.

He could hear his father's breath coming thick and fast as he told his tale, the groan when he spoke of how he had had to leave his mother.

"Stronger than I could have been, Jack," came the whispered words: "stronger than I. But it was the finger of God, guiding. Yes, I'll say that, lad, though it seems to have led you to a cruel death here. Merciful heaven! You here. My bonnie little lad, Jack, who I've thought dead these twenty years. Yes, it's God Who's brought you here, and it's God Who'll take us both home to Mollie. He's sure to do it. Didn't He put the thought of coming into your heart? Didn't He lead you straight here? I'm not going to doubt His help now."

His quavering voice rang with a new-born confidence which acted like a tonic on the younger man.

Sandy McAndrews drew a deep breath.

"If it don't all beat cock-fighting," he whispered; "but I reckon the old 'un's right. We ain't going to be tortured, that's so." And the thought gave him surprising comfort. But it was Philip Seaton's turn now to tell the story of twenty years, and, as they heard it, dormant tears leapt again into the hearts of the two listeners, fears which were natural enough as they learnt more of the fiendish nature of their captor.

When Mr. Seaton had reached Tom Barton's ranch the fight was nearly at an end, Barton himself had been killed, and only two or three men were still defending the house, which had been already fired.

But Philip Seaton did not come in vain. A big redskin was already making off towards the stockade, with Emily Barton shrieking in his arms. In an instant Philip was in pursuit and overtook the Indian at the barrier. A fierce fight ensued in which—most mercifully for her—a bullet put an end to poor Mrs. Barton's sufferings, her captor almost immediately falling dead over her corpse, struck down by a swift avenger. But Philip had no time for more; before he could leap the stockade and make for his own ranch the whole horde of Indians was upon him, speedily making him their prisoner. They did not kill him, as he prayed they might. No; that would have been too light a punishment for the man who had slain their chief. He was carried away back to the villages of the Camanches, back to the vengeance of Kabinoka, the dead man's son.

And a terrible vengeance it had been. The sweat stood on the listeners' foreheads at the story of it. They had not blinded him, and yet for twenty years he had not seen the light of day. Twenty years! The horror of it! Over his eyes they had bound strips of deer-skin so tightly that at first the agony had been exquisite; then, with his arms closely corded with prisoner strings, they had left him in the sandstone cave. Every other day food had been brought him, and the hunger-pains had been so great that he had eaten till it became a habit from which he could not break—as he longed to do—and die.

Twice only in the year did they uncover his eyes and lead him away from his living tomb to sit through the long hours of a winter's night in the grim ghost-lodge which stood lonely in the forest yonder—the ghost lodge, where the spirits of dead chiefs of the Camanches found food and shelter when they drew weary and hungry in their ceaseless huntings among the mountains and through the forests! To the superstitious Indians this should have been a very triumph of torture—to sit in the cold moonlight watching for the ghost of the dead man, which would doubtless come to mouth and mock its slayer with terrible gibes and taunts. But in reality those two nights were to Philip
Seaton the salvation of his life. Not that he wanted to live, but what rest and peace it was to sit there, staring with dulled and aching sight at the tall tree-stems, seen in the white moonlight through the drawn-back curtains of the lodge.

So the years had dragged by—twenty years—counted day by day, week by week, by the man who wandered bound in total darkness and despair, despair which would have made him long since a hopeless maniac had it not been, as he simply said, “for God’s promised strength and the power of prayer’ which had helped him to see—through the vista of years—the far-off glitter of a glad eternity.

And now—now—something else, nearer, more tangible, had been given him. Was it life? Was it hope?

With Jack’s head resting on his shoulder, and his son’s strong, tender voice in his ear, the broken, despairing man felt new life running through cramped veins and numbed heart.

Even as the hope—born solely of faith and without a ray of tangible reason to nourish it—well in the hearts of those who crouched there in the darkness, a sound was heard which sent the warm blood leaping in their pulses. From the innermost recesses of the cave gleamed a faint light.

“In the name of all that’s wonderful,” gasped Sandy. “It’s a ghost—or a woman.”

CHAP. XII. A Friend in Need.
Not a sound escaped the lips of the three watchers in the sandstone cavern after that
brief exclamation. That some one had entered by an unknown opening in the depths of their prison was apparent, for the rock which shut in the mouth of the cave was behind them.

The light grew brighter, and those who looked saw that it emanated from a small flat lamp carried by a girl, wrapped closely in her mathe-cota—or native garment—of saffron cotton. Her long black hair hung over her shoulders straight and lank, but the face revealed by the light she bore was handsome, with the softly rounded curves of early youth and lustrous dark eyes.

"It's the girl who squatted behind old Cabbage-Stalk," whispered Sandy with a gasp.

"Say, Jack, this looks like good bizz. Shall I fetch old Cheesy for the pff^aver?"

"Yes," replied Jack—"that's to say, if you can find your way. Don't make a row, Sandy; she's putting her finger to her lips. If looks can be trusted she's a friend."

The girl had reached them by this time and had set the lamp upon the ground. The lamp itself was but a primitive contrivance of twisted wick floating in nut oil, but it was sufficient to show Jack the figure at his side. A groan burst involuntarily from his lips. This his father—is this old, white-bearded man, whose hair fell thin and straggling over his bent shoulders, half hiding a white, shrunken face and bound eyes?

But the young man steadied himself. It was his father—the husband for whom the dear mother down Carstown way had mourned for twenty years. A great pity and a great resolve swelled in Jack Seaton's heart.

Meantime the Indian girl was trying to explain the reason for her presence by pantomimic gestures. She was a friend who had come to save them,—and white teeth flashed in a sudden smile as she drew a formidable knife from under her robe and proceeded to fulfil her good intention by cutting the cords that bound them.

Jack drew a deep breath of relief.

"Thank God," he said, adding a little irrelevantly, "I wish I had my rifle."

Philip Seaton passed a trembling hand over his eyes, from which the cruel thongs of skin had been loosened.

"Dark," he muttered; "and how they burn! But it will pass. I shall see you soon, my son. Pray God I shall soon, when—when I am used to light once more."

Sandy fell on one knee and caught the trembling, wrinkled hand, pressing it impulsively to his warm young lips.

"The girl beckoned them to follow." (Oh he continued.)

"Eh, sir!" was all he could say, with a gulp of emotion.

Jack had turned for the moment from them to Chenosa, who was talking eagerly to their strange visitant. The Indian guide's recent terrors had given place to growing excitement, and when he faced Jack his usually imperturbable visage was aghast with the joy born of fresh hope.

"This Owaissa, white chief," he explained, pointing to the dusky young beauty; "this good girl. She daughter of Kabinoka, but she no love father; she love Benonah, chief of Choctaws; father angry, beat Owaissa, go kill Benonah, hang scalp round Owaissa's neck till heart broken. Owaissa creep out of wigwam, come here. Owaissa hear young man say pale-face strangers come from Choctaws' lodges. Owaissa wait till all sleep, come set us free; we take her with us to chief of Choctaws; she show us secret way out of cave."

The girl, seeing her story told, clasped her hands, looking eagerly from Chenosa to Jack; the latter drew a deep breath.

"Thank God," he said reverently. "Surely He has sent this strange deliverance." Then, taking one of Owaissa's hands in his, "Lead on, Owaissa," he said. "And Heaven give us all a safe journey to the lodges of your lover."

She laughed, a little silvery laugh, as Chenosa translated the words, shaking her black hair from her face.

Philip Seaton had risen, holding out his hand to his son.

"Jack," he said, and his voice shook a little, "you must go, you and this lad here; but—but you mustn't wait for me. It's all dark yet, and I should only hinder you. God has indeed sent you to me, and I shall die happy now, knowing of—of your mother's escape."

But Jack's strong arms were already half round his father's waist. "Father!" he exclaimed, and felt the old man tremble at the sweet sound of the name, "don't speak so, you shame us. God sent us to you straight. I reckon, and He'll help us bring you back out of this too."

"Owaissa says make big haste," struck in Chenosa. "Warriors go early on warpath; they find her missing, find us missing, search forest, kill all, much torture."

The girl smiled, and holding her lamp aloft once more, beckoned them to follow as she went quickly forward into the depths of the cave.
Our parish contains a population of 8,000 and is practically a working-class district, themselves responsible for its production and distribution. The parish had not possessed one for three or four years, and the members, knowing the value of a magazine, one that is worthy of being followed in any parish that does not possess a magazine where there is a branch of the Society.

A Devonshire Ringer. — Jim Aggett is a well-known character in Chagford, South Devon. For many generations his family have lived in the neighbourhood. As bell-founders, bell-ringers and thatchers, they bear a great name far and wide. Jim is now in his eighty-fourth year, and during a considerable portion of his life he has been bell-ringer to Drewsteignton and Tidfield churches, both places being within easy reach of Chagford. For many decades "Jim," as he is always called, was one of a party of bell-ringers who visited villages far and near. He still occasionally rings.

A Parish Snuff-box. — A curious custom, dating from the beginning of last century, is observed at St. John's, Exeter, in the year 1810 a snuff-box was presented to the parishioners by the then rector, the Rev. J. Hill, who expressed a wish that the box should be handed round once a year at the annual vestry meeting. Consequently, on the opening of the meeting, the box is, in accordance with the usual custom, handed around among those present.

A Boy’s Thanksgiving. — The Rev. W. J. Woodward sends us a photograph of a miniature model rick of wheat, made by a boy, the son of a farmer in the parish of Morleigh, Halwell, and presented to the church for the Harvest Festival. By the way, some seasons ago growing corn was contributed by a farmer to a Thanksgiving Service. He planted some grain in good suitable soil in a couple of large shallow boxes. He carefully tended it from the time it was sown, and in due season had the pleasure of seeing it ripen like all other corn. He said nothing about it until the time arrived for holding the Harvest Festival, when the boxes were conveyed to the church and placed one on each side of the chancel. They looked like miniature fields of corn, which they literally were, and the Vicar and indeed all who saw them greatly admired the effect.

Energetic Churchmen. — The St. John’s, Bowling, Bradford, Yorks, branch of the C.E.M.S. has recently started a good work in their parish by producing a parochial magazine. The parish had not possessed one for three or four years, and the members, knowing the value of a magazine, desired to make a start in March, and began with 500 per month. Now after a few months the circulation is 1,000 per month. The society has had the kind cooperation of the vicar, the Rev. G. W. Kendall, and the curate, the Rev. S. Froggath, who acts as editor, the whole management being in the hands of the society, who make themselves responsible for its production and distribution. Our parish contains a population of 8,000, and is practically a working-class district, so that we claim to have commenced a good work and are delighted at the results which are far in excess of our most sanguine expectations. Although we have only thirty members, all of them have shown a great interest in the work, and we think their efforts in this direction have been appreciated. We think this is an example of what can be done by branches of the C.E.M.S. and one that is worthy of being followed in any parish that does not possess a magazine where there is a branch of the Society.

A Boy’s Gift to a Harvest Thanksgiving.
A Novel Beehive.—At Longden, a village in Shropshire, a quantity of bees have made their home in the belfry of the little village church. During the summer these rather un­welcome little visitors could be seen and heard in the church, where they united their busy hum to the musical devo­tions of the congregation. They could also be seen crawling on the floor and window­sills, and occasionally on ladies' hats. They have been domiciled in their strange abode for about three years, and seem to have become quite accustomed to the ringing of the bell on Sun­days. The heat of the stove used for warming the church in winter has again caused them to reappear. The little belfry tower is, strangely enough, very like a beehive.

H. Makey.

When Darkness was Light.—Some nine or ten years ago I was present at the evening service in connexion with the harvest festival in a Sussex parish church. The building was crowded, the singing genuinely congregational, and all went well till the middle of the service when suddenly the electric light failed, and we were plunged in darkness. Naturally, the congregation ceased to sing, as did the majority of the choir; the only person who seemed quite unconcerned was the organist, who continued playing as if nothing had happened. After a few minutes' delay light was restored, and the service proceeded. Some years afterwards I happened to mention the incident to a lady who happened to mention the incident to a lady who was paying us a call at home, when she exclaimed, "Oh, yes! I remember it all! The organist you mention was my son, and he was then, as now, quite blind."

The Gift of a Parish Clerk.—The Vicar of Bodmin recently announced the offer of a gift of mosaicos to complete the east wall of the church in accordance with the design of the architect. The donor is Mr. William Rowe, the parish clerk, and a chorister for fifty years.

Dr. Fletcher.

Painting Churchyard Railings.—"The churchyard railings at Consett," writes Mr. E. Patrick, jun., "were painted very badly—in fact no one in the parish can remember when they were last painted. The members of the local branch of the C.E.M.S. voluntarily set to work and painted them, the paint also being provided by a member of the Society. The work was headed by the Vicar and the senior Curate, who were the only two courageous enough to be photographed under the gaze of the considerable crowd that had collected near the church. It must not be supposed that the two painters adopted this un­business-like attitude shown in the photograph throughout the proceedings."

Practical Churchmen.—"I am sure," writes a correspondent, "that you will be interested to hear about the C.E.M.S. at St. John the Evan­gelist, at Lewisham. It does not stand alone in their good and noble efforts for Christ and His Church. In the summer of 1909 the lay-reader, Mr. L. Russell, attached to Christ Church, Holmes Green, in the parish of Penn Street, Bucke, called a meeting of the C.E.M.S. members to discuss the best way of keeping the church neat and tidy. The members decided at once to do the work themselves and save the expense, as the church could not afford to pay for it. This meant a great amount of work, and a real sacrifice on their part, more than any one can imagine. Their enthusiasm kept keen right up to the approach of winter, and the members had the pleasure of seeing a balance of the church accounts on the right side at their last vestry meeting (1910)."

The Picture and the Porch.—The story of how the south porch of Truro Cathedral came to be built by the late Canon T. Phillpotts, of Forderwidgen, is well worth re-telling. A good many years ago the late Mr. Phillpotts used to stay with a friend who had a portrait of Lady Hamilton, by Romney, and always used to ask that he might see and hear in the church next and tidy. The members had the pleasure of seeing a balance of the church accounts on the right side at their last vestry meeting (1910)."

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Moving a Churchyard Yew.—Many old English churchyards are rich in yew-trees. One of the most ancient of these trees, at Buckland, near Dover, has undergone removal in its old age. The tree had already stood in the way of the enlargement of the church in 1851, and the architect of that day was compelled to add seats by widening the narrow Norman aisles. Unfortunately, this destroyed the symmetry of the church, for it left the nave wider than its length. When further enlargements became necessary, the removal of the yew tree was decided upon. A trench was dug on all four sides of the tree, leaving a great block of earth eighteen feet long, sixteen feet broad, and five feet deep about the roots. The earth was bound together with timber and chains, and beneath the roots great baubles of timber were introduced by tunnelling. Rollers were then placed beneath these timbers, and batters for the rollers to run on, and a trench was dug as far as the new site for the tree. By means of capstans and chains the great tree—roots, earth and all—weighing over fifty tons, was gradually moved to its new position, not without sundry mishaps in the way of broken chains and ropes. The tree had previously suffered considerable damage from lightning, probably in the same storms which bent the steeple in 1774. New wood has, however, grown over and completely encased the old dead wood of the trunk.

Congregation of Newts.—The vicar of Reighton, a pretty village near Scarborough, has the following curious note in his parish magazine:—“Since the departure of our summer visitors,” he says, “we have had an influx of four-footed friends, who make their appearance in church almost daily at Divine service, but more especially when the lamps are lit and the church is warm. These visitors are not of all sizes and ages. They begin their perambulations directly the service commences, much to the delight of the boys and the terror of the ladies of the congregation! Though they are quite harmless, no one cares to eject them, unless they be wrapped in paper or a handkerchief!”

For Fifty Years.—The accompanying photograph of Mr. Herbert, of Gloucester, shows him in the cassock and surplice in which he conducts the Sunday service, after school hours, for the young children, while the older ones are at Church. His life has been a very busy one; but he has always taken the greatest interest in Sunday-schools, and began teaching in them while still a boy. During his fifty years’ work he has taken everything from infants’ classes to advanced Bible classes; also cottage schools and services for adults. The following are the schools in which he has taught: Blackley, Lancashire, in 1859, 1 year; Weybread, Suffolk, 2 years; St. George’s, Gloucestershire, 3 years during holidays; Grange near Keswick, 2 years; St. George’s, Gloucestershire, 5 years; Keynsham, Somersetshire, 2 years; Superintendent at Keynsham, 2 years; Porthhead, Somersetshire, 6 months; Christchurch, Clifton, 4 years; St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, 4 years; St. Paul’s, Gloucester, 4 years; Superintendent at St. Paul’s, 15 years. Mr. Herbert is still Superintendent, and hopes to carry on the work in which he is so much interested for many years to come.

July Prize Award.—An exceptionally large number of good notices reached us during July, and we have, as usual, extended the prize list. By the way, readers often send us interesting contributions on subjects which have already been dealt with in the magazine, and in several instances notes cut from previous issues have reappeared! The Art Editor’s memory is not quite so short as this would imply. We would also take the opportunity to say that we can rarely find space for epitaphs. First prizes have been awarded to Mrs. W. Marshall, Benjamin Corbyn, Miss Mabel Escombe, the Rev. S. W. Philips, Miss M. F. Hawker and Miss C. Mason; extra half-crown prizes to Miss W. Marshall, Benjamin Corbyn, Miss Mabel Escombe, the Rev. S. W. Philips, Miss M. F. Hawker and Miss C. Mason; extra half-crown prizes to Mrs. Lyne, Miss A. Simpson, T. Maddern, H. Whiteside, R. J. H. Monteith, E. Bond and Dr. Fletcher. Reserves (three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a five shilling prize, which must be applied for: J. R. Mitchell, the Rev. J. L. Wigram, C. M. Porter, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss A. H. Parker, Miss M. C. Pacey, Miss Stone, Miss Wright, Percy Denham, Miss L. M. Archer, Miss M. Crawley, Miss E. Coles and C. Craven.

A Church in a Granary.—A church is known to have existed in the Middle Ages at Dinchope, a hamlet of the parish of Haford-cum-Sibdon, Salop. This has disappeared, and to accommodate the villagers a large disused granary has just been obtained and fitted for services. It holds one hundred and fifty people and is much frequented and appreciated.

A Church is a Granary.
Our Duty Dumb

By the Rev. R. Wood-Samuels

Rowland Hill once said that nobody was truly a Christian unless his dog or his cat were the better off for it. There is a good deal of truth in the assertion; and yet one is almost forced to the conclusion that real kindness to the dumb creation is rather the exception than the rule. I do not mean to suggest that cruelty is general, but an abstinence from cruelty may not necessarily imply the presence of kindness. Our Christian duty lies deeper than the prevention of cruelty, which is negative only, our pleasure should be the promotion of kindness. Public opinion on the proper treatment of animals, it is true, has vastly changed during the last forty years, as may be judged from the fact, that instead of two Acts of Parliament which dealt with the subject formerly, there are now upwards of a score; and whereas the Branches of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals then were only twenty, they now number six hundred and twenty. But this must not be taken as altogether a favourable sign; on the other hand, it is to be deplored that there is need of so much legislation, or of so much vigilance on the part of that worthy Society. Kindness to animals is essentially a Christian duty, and we make a mistake if we reckon that our Christian obligation is met by the mere abstention from cruelty. We must regard the dumb creation in the right light. In the Benedicite in the Prayer Book we call upon all God's works, the phenomena of Nature, the fowls of the air, the whales and all that move in the waters, the beasts and the cattle, etc., to "Bless the Lord: to praise Him, and magnify Him for ever." Surely these words have some significance, and are something more than an expression of mere poetic fancy, otherwise why sing them? Be certain of it, your horse or your dog, if you beat him, does more than feel the blow; he thinks, and probably if you knew his thoughts, the result would be to shame you into kindness in the future. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." Let us then be kind to all dumb animals.

I. Because they are God's Creatures.

Humanity is in God's image, hence the obligation to gentleness and mercy is all the greater. We may do what we like with things we ourselves manufacture, but there should be a respect, almost a reverence, for everything which God has made. Depend upon it He notes every act of ours in this respect, and will not regulate His mercy towards us only in proportion to our mercy towards human beings, but towards all that He has created. Man is lord of the animal creation, but it is not his duty to take advantage of his power over it; but rather is it His prerogative to endeavour to restore the harmony between the human and the animal races, as it existed in "the beginning of the creation," before man himself unharmonized the world by the introduction of sin. God has through his infinite love, gone to the farthest extent by giving His only Begotten Son, to restore peace and harmony between Himself and man. He leaves it to man to bring about the restoration of that primitive harmony between man and the brute creation. The Bible teaches us the lesson of mercy in general, and its teaching certainly includes mercy to the dumb creatures. It shows us more, for it includes lessons we are to learn from them. "Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee" (Job xii. 7).—"Go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise" (Prov. vi. 6).—"Behold the fowls of the air," says Jesus (St. Matt. vi. 26). Man is a part of Nature, but he is superior in Nature, and his superiority is due to his spiritual nature, by which he is allied to God, whilst on the animal side he is one with the animals.
II. Because of what they Teach us.

From the very fact that they are God's creatures suggests that we may learn from them; and who is there among us who has not learnt many a lesson from the humblest of God's lesser creatures? How much we are able to learn from even the tiniest of insects—the ants, for instance. How some who have made the subject a special study—such as Lord Avebury in his remarkable books—have helped us in this respect to know of their habits and ways and to be impressed with their wonderful thought and wisdom. If you turn to Proverbs xxx, you will find what God's Word suggests we may learn from even the little creatures.

"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise; the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." They teach us to prepare for the future.

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." In preparing for the future, we must hide in the "Rock of Ages." "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands," suggesting to us the life of service. "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is found in kings' palaces"; a firm and continuous grasp of "the truth as it is in Jesus" will enable us to reach heaven. Then may we not learn from them the lesson of absolute unquestioning obedience? I refer especially to horses, dogs and cattle, etc. It is most touching how responsive is, for instance, the horse: think of its great strength, and yet a child can order it at will. And the dog—the animal which is so closely connected with our homes—think of his obedience, his thoughtfulness, his devotion. Surely to be cruel, or unkind even, in return is more than want of thought, it is a sin. According to Plutarch, the affection for

III. Because of their Usefulness.

Every one is conscious of this. The dumb animals minister to man; they give their labour; they will go on working too, if man makes them, long after they are fit for work. "They cannot rest at will, as man can. They must positively go on, without any will of their own, until man decides they may rest. Surely endless instances of their usefulness might be quoted. They give their lives to provide food for man, and God has ordained this; but in taking their lives we should be careful to inflict the minimum of pain. Let me here lodge a strong protest against the use which some make of dumb creatures, such as birds, destroying them simply to
obtain their beautiful plumage for millinery purposes! One hopes that the majority at least of those who do this do so thoughtlessly. Then again, while speaking of birds, let us deplore the cruel practice of robbing the birds of their eggs. If the birds think at all, and they do, I often wonder what their thoughts must be when they find their nests, in many cases, robbed of all its eggs! "What a cruel creature man is! What have I done to deserve such treatment?" Poor little birds, the beautiful birds which so sweetly sing to cheer us, and teach us so much by their entire dependence upon their Creator, who sees that not one of them falls to the ground without His knowledge! Let us try to meet our Christian obligation in the matter of being kind to all God's creatures. He that is cruel to an animal will be cruel to a man, and if we are pained at the amount of cruelty which we find existing in the present, we can do much towards rendering it nonexistent in the rising generation by keeping a careful watch over our children, and instantly checking the very first suspicions of cruelty—for instance, as a boy killing a fly—when we discern them in the little ones committed to our care. Cruelty by children is most often the result of thoughtlessness; they may not know better—we do. Let us aim at that blessed consummation as depicted in Isaiah xi., when the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion shall all meet together, "and a little child shall lead them."

OUR EVERYDAY BOOK.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives." VIII. BIRTHDAYS.

If it be inquired of mine host, "Is this your guesthouse?" he answers "No! It is God's, but I am in charge of it."
one and all, have to be made a special cake. Now, I know cake suggest lots of eggs, etc., in their composition. For that reason, mothers of small means do not take kindly to the idea of making them at home. In most cookery books you can find all sorts of recipes for rich birthday cakes. So, to-day, I am going to give a couple for cakes without eggs at all.

No 1.—Take 1 lb. of flour, 2 heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix well, and then rub in a 12 of a lb. of good beef dripping or margarine. When it feels like breadcrumbs between your fingers, add 4 of a lb. of well washed and dried currants, 1 lb. of chopped raisins, 1 lb. of brown sugar, a little grated nutmeg and 2 oz. of finely chopped peel. Mix everything to a stiff paste with milk and bake in a moderate oven, stand the cake tin on an ordinary baking tin, on an ordinary baking tin, and let it cool like that, and it will be light as a feather. They are both excellent, and of the cut-and-come again order. If these cakes be frosted and decorated they look exceedingly smart and taste delicious.

No 2.—This I call my "Cup Cake." Take three breakfast cups of flour, one breakfast cup of castor sugar, one breakfast cup of currants, washed and plumped and dried, one breakfast cup of sultanas treated in the same way. That is—equal quantities of those four ingredients. Also, about one teaspoonful of golden syrup, one teaspoonful of baking soda, from 1 to 1½ a lb. of butter or dripping, and a little lemon peel. Now for the method of making. Mix the soda with your flour and then rub in butter or dripping. When, again, it feels like breadcrumbs between your fingers (I repeat this, as so much depends on the mixing of these cakes) add all the dry ingredients. Next, moisten with syrup and a little buttermilk. Finally a teaspoonful of vinegar. Beat till air bubbles appear. Then divide into two cakes, or bake all in a very large tin, for this makes a very large cake.

Either of these cakes may be turned into festive ones, by proper icing of them. The cheapest and easiest icing is to take a pound of fine, castor sugar, and mix into a soft paste with warm water. When smooth and creamy, add a few drops of lemon essence to half of it, and some cochineal to the second half. Leaving your cake on the grid on which it cooled, with a wet knife plaster if smoothly with the white icing. Then, border and ornament it with the pink. A good plan is to make a little funnel of white paper and press the pink icing through it, using it like a pencil to write the two dates, and whatever congratulatory message you wish. Like this:—

M. B. C.
1901. * * * * 1910.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.
Or, if only white icing be used, get a few crystallised cherries, cut them in two, and stick about the cake. When the icing sets, the decoration will be quite fast too. Or, a third way. Buy one pennyworth of Hundreds and Thousands at the lollipop shop, and just make the inscription, dates, etc., with them, scattering any left over all about the face of the cake.

My Everyday Book suggests that both cutting and eating of the birthday cake be a small ceremony. Have some kind of a round, flat tray, a good deal larger than the cake. On it place the white, frosted affair. Decorate the tray with anything you have at hand. Crinkled paper, evergreens, flowers, and what not. Then spend a few pence in the little candles sold at Christmas time to light up our fir trees. They can be bought at any season of the year at a sweetshop, and cost one penny for five. Attach these to your tray, circling the cake—one for each year of life completed. At the correct moment, light these tapers, and put a knife into the hand of the guest you want to honour. He will then cut and distribute. We often have cakes with over twenty candles round them in this family. One member has reached such years of discretion that she asks for and gets ninety four!
By A. C. INCHBOLD.

HEN we celebrate our Harvest Thanksgiving every autumn it does not occur to every one that the season of harvest in other countries than our own comes at varied times. In the Holy Land, for instance, the Syrians harvest chiefly in April and May, in some places such as the Jordan Valley a little earlier, in parts of the north, such as Northern Galilee and the Lebanon, it falls somewhat later. That the garnering of the grain comes at this time of the year is shown in the Bible by mention of the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost, which took place seven weeks after the Passover, and was the Jewish Thanksgiving for the harvest, when loaves of new meal were offered as first fruits, and "a new sheaf waved before the Lord."

Though the promise is yearly fulfilled, that as long as the earth remaineth seedtime and harvest shall never fail, the prosperity of the harvest in the Holy Land still depends upon the bounty of the early and latter rains. The "early rain," which falls in late October or November, is needed to soften the land for ploughing and sowing the seed after the fierce summer sun, and the "latter rain" is looked for about the middle of March or early in April to swell out the ears of corn before the great heat and drought of summer again begin.

The early rainfall is the signal for husbandmen of all classes, farmers, labourers, peasants, to hasten into the fields, and to their patches of land, in valley and plain. Round about Jerusalem and other rocky districts every scrap of earth between the rocks is turned to account, the stones picked out and carried away, and the soil being so rich that even this laborious cultivation yields a good return.

The villagers’ plough is in most cases so simple that it is carried on the shoulder. It consists of a rough vertical pole of wood, with a short horizontal beam at one end, and into this is fixed the flat pointed blade of iron which forms the coulter. Two small oxen, as a rule, pull the plough, which makes furrows a few inches deep in the fertile soil, while behind walks the picturesque figure of the ploughman, with a turban wound round his head, or a floating kerchief fastened on with a thick black cord. When at work in the field he generally puts aside his cloak (abbai) and walks bare-legged in his loose long shirt, girdled round the loins by a scarf or belt.

With one hand he directs his primitive plough and in the other holds the wooden goad. This is quite a formidable implement, long as an Arab spear, with a small spud at one end to clear the blade when clogged with earth, while the other end is sharply pointed, and has short bunches of iron links dangling from it. When the man jingles these links into lively motion the oxen stir into quicker movement, for they have learnt that a stinging prick from the goad follows their neglect of the warning sound.

The Bible command not to plough with an ox and an ass yoked together is not kept strictly to-day. It is no unusual sight to see both pulling the same plough, and at times one comes across the curious spectacle of a camel and an ass yoked side by side in amiable
partnership, their guide evidently making use of the only animals at his service.

The ploughing and seed sowing is not always over before the winter or "middle" rains begin. These are so heavy that in a few days they fill the parched brooks and pools, the dried water courses, and the cisterns which are found everywhere in this land where no rain falls for many months in the year. Then, in what seems a miraculously short time to English eyes, the green blades of corn are thrusting through the sown land. Early in March signs of the "latter rain" are eagerly watched for by the workers, for the weather even then is often warm as at midsummer in England, and if the rain delay or fails the sirocco, or burning east wind from the sandy desert may begin to blow, and with the hot sun shrivel up the ripening ears of corn, parch and harden the earth till it becomes like iron, and the harvest is a failure. In fact this "latter rain" is so essential to the food supply of the peasants that now, as in the days of Job, no higher compliment could be made to an honoured expected visitor, than to say his coming had been waited for as the rain, or that in eager anticipation of his coming, people had opened their mouths wide, for the "latter rain" (Job xxix. 23).

Hedges and fences are not seen in the corn districts of the Holy Land, the boundary marks used being chiefly blocks of stone half embedded in the ground, so that as harvest time draws near, the immense unbroken expanses of rich golden grain, whether barley or wheat, glittering and waving under the brilliant blue of the Palestine sky is a sight not easily forgotten.

Watchmen are now put on guard in the cornfields in case of fire, for the wheat is allowed to ripen until it is as dry as tinder, and so bleached in colour that the expression "already white to harvest" is at once understood. Vegetation, whether the prevalent prickly thorns, or grass, or weeds, has become so inflammable that a spark would suffice to set it alight. The necessity of extinguishing every vestige of a fire kindled near the harvest fields is so important that until recently the Arabs put any man to death who was found guilty of this offence.

Harvest is everywhere a joyful season, and here it is made an occasion for whole families to leave their cottages and huts to share in the reaping. They bring their provisions and their bedding (often a mere fibre matting) and sleep out in the open air with no fear of the fine weather vanishing. In the so-called Fields of Boaz, close to Bethlehem, strangers such as Ruth and her mother-in-law are still likely to be met among the gleaners, for reapers come for hire, as in England, from all parts, and now, as then, they are not always to be trusted.

The illustration shows how the sickle is still used for reaping as in Bible times. The reaper gathers a bunch of the corn into his left arm, while he cuts it off with the other. He is closely followed by another worker who binds up the small heaps of the reaper into large bundles. Everywhere the fields are alive with these workers, and after them follow always the gleaners, who are almost as numerous as the reapers.

The reapers' food is of the simplest nature, consisting chiefly of roast corn, and the ordinary flat bread torn in strips and dipped into their customary drink, the sour wine of the country. This wine, called vinegar in the Bible, makes a refreshing summer drink mixed with water.

The woman of each party prepares the roast corn which is parched in practically the same way as the popcorn, popularly known in rural America, and doubtless derived there from the native Indians. The Syrian woman makes a small fire in a safe spot, out of corn stalks, and dried twigs or grass, and then throws upon the glowing embers a quantity of corn which she has brought from the fields in her stout long veil or in the skirt of her robe (such useful things as aprons are unknown). The corn is taken off the ashes as soon as the husks are scorched, and she
beats out the grain with a stick and then sifts it. Sometimes she roasts the grain on the iron plate on which she bakes her flat cakes of bread or makes it into a stew with savoury herbs and "burghol," which is a staple food of the peasants made also of wheat, boiled with leaven and then dried in the sun. Open-air cooking is a very ordinary thing in the Holy Land.

This roast corn is the "parched corn" which Boaz gave to Ruth at the evening meal, and today masters and labourers still sit together grouped round the huge bowls of prepared food and invite one another to dip in their "morsels" just as in ancient days.

The large bundles of cut grain are carried by asses and camels to the nearest threshing floor, a flat, smooth circle of ground, about twenty yards in diameter, beaten hard and level for the purpose close to the entrance of all agricultural towns and villages. In many places there are several of these threshing floors close together. The bundles are arranged there in circles, the ears of corn pointing to the centre. Then begins the business of "treading out the corn," as seen in the illustration.

The threshing instrument is a flat heavy slab of wood, that looks like a door, except that the front part curves upward like a sledge to make movement over the grain easier. Underneath it is studded with sharp knobs of iron or stone. The driver stands on this wooden instrument, called a movrej, his goad in his hand, as it was for ploughing, and with it he guides his oxen. Round and round the threshing floor the beasts circle slowly, treading out the corn, while the movrej crushes and cuts the straw. Another man is busy turning over the heaps with a long wooden fork, seeing that all is trodden and separated in turn, and then drawing the threshed grain with chaff and stubble into the centre, where it soon grows into a big mound.

It is interesting to notice that the oxen are not muzzled, and when their work ceases for the day they are often allowed to eat from the half threshed grain on the threshing floor. Again it strikes one how wonderfully the words of the Bible verify themselves to people visiting the Holy Land: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

The harvest is never hurried, for there is no fear of rain as in our climate. A watchman guards the precious corn on the threshing floor by night, but very often the owner and his whole family will sleep there to protect their property. A heap of corn for a bed, and the stars shining over their heads.

The threshing done it is time for the winnowing to begin. A man takes a wooden pitchfork with several prongs, plunges it into the mixed heap of grain, chaff and straw, and throws up as much as he can hold against the wind, as seen in the illustration. The chaff blows away, the grain drops to the floor, while the straw remaining on the pitchfork is tossed to one side to form a separate heap. After this there comes a second winnowing which sifts out any tares, unthreshed ears, or earth, and makes the grain ready to be carried in sacks or jars to the storeplaces. Women often help in the winnowing, using a sieve held against the wind.

The whole period of harvesting shows how the simplicity of ancient customs and habits is still the rule with the people of the Holy Land. Seed time and harvest scarcely differing from the processes familiar through the Bible.
The incomes of bishops.

[Article by Jarrow, a cyclist, which refers to the issue of bishops' incomes.]

My dear Geordie,—

The Jarrow postmark brings back happy recollections of holidays spent in my boyhood on the Tyneside. That famous old Tynesider, Bede of Jarrow (who was one of the first translators of the Bible into English), was one of the splendid North-countrymen who have in every age been pillars of the Church.

I gladly recognize that you do not dispute the importance of having Bishops. Indeed, to any man who, like yourself, reads Holy Scripture and the ancient authors, it is evident that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. To argue the value of these orders would be "carrying coals to Newcastle!"

The matter in dispute then is not one of principle. It is simply a question of finance; whether, individual Bishops are "worth their screw"; and whether the Church would not be stronger in the affections of the people if Bishops' incomes were reduced.

Let me set down impartially what seem to me to be the facts; you must draw your own conclusion.

I. Is a Bishop "worth his screw"?

Some clergy were once rowing on the river Nene, with a Peterborough boy from Boongate steering them, when they saw the famous Bishop Creighton taking his usual walk along the North Bank. They spoke of him with admiration.

Then one of them said to the boy, "What do you think of the Bishop?" He replied, "He ain't worth his screw."

Of course it may be argued that no man is worth £3,000 a year—or even £300. But taking things as they are, a man who does a big work is usually reckoned to be worth a big salary. The Prime Minister gets £10,000 a year, the Home Secretary £5,000, the President of the Local Government Board £5,000, the Judges £5,000, and a successful Doctor or Barrister, not to speak of a successful man of business, frequently touches a bigger income. My point is that a man of the ability of a Creighton, or Lightfoot, or Westcott, or Knox or Hicks, would have done as well or better for himself if he had invested his brains elsewhere. Therefore I do not think that the Bishops as a rule—judged by modern standards of work and wages at the top—are overpaid.

II. Who pays the Bishops?

But in judging this question we must consider—who pays them? The plain fact is that the people who are down upon the Bishops for their big incomes, don't as a rule pay a penny piece towards those incomes. The Bishops are no more State-paid than I am; and I have proved in former letters that we "inferior" clergy—Priests and Deacons—don't draw a farthing from the national exchequer. The Bishops are paid out of Trust Funds belonging to the Church, administered by a Board of Church Trustees, called...
the Ecclesiastical (or Church) Commissioners. Mr. Gladstone was asked this very question in 1865, and his reply, published in the Daily News of February 18, was perfectly decisive—"The clergy of the Church of England are not State-paid." And Lord Salisbury added, "The Bishops receive no grants from the State." You can easily prove this to your mates by referring to some Bishoprics recently founded, such as Birmingham. The money, as everybody knows, was subscribed by Churchmen. So with the Sheffield Bishopric in course of formation. The State requires a large sum of money to be subscribed—very unjustly, I think—before it will sanction a new Bishopric: but the State does not provide the money.

Or you may prove it by contrasting the Church of England with e.g. the Church of Russia, which is State-paid. There a new diocese was formed in 1887, with the rates up three per cent.

Therefore the ratepayer has no right to complain, unless he is a subscriber to Church funds. If "he who pays the piper calls the tune," ask your mate how much a week does he give to the Church?

I quite agree with your friends that the extremes of wealth and poverty existing around us to-day are a blot upon a country which is nominally Christian. The existence of slums and palaces among us calls for searchings of heart. The spectacle of wealth without responsibility, co-existing with numbers of unemployed who tend to become unemployed, is a menace to civilization and an insult to religion. It was one of the signs of decay which heralded the downfall of ancient Rome. When we read in the papers of thousands of pounds being squandered on a "freak" dinner, or "toy" dogs wearing coats and collars set with jewels, while children cry for bread and women slave in sweating dens, we feel that such barbarism provokes the judgment of God. But how are we to reform these evils? Not, I think, by attacking the Bishops personally if three-quarters of it were taken away, so long as three-quarters of his liabilities were taken away too; and it is quite arguable that this would be a better arrangement. Meanwhile, it is sheer folly to talk as if the sums were personal sums that went into his own pocket." When Dr. Ingram became Bishop of London he published his balance-sheet for a year, which showed beyond dispute that he is merely the administrator of the £10,000 a year which is popularly called his "income," and that his real "spending money" amounts to only £300. With regard to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is supposed to receive £15,000 a year, it is notorious that the expenses of his office are so great that his personal income is often less than nothing, and has to be supplemented by what is called "private means," i.e., money which he has saved or inherited.

Yours faithfully, J. PENN.

"A HYMN FOR MEN" PRIZE AWARD.

The judging in this competition has been extremely difficult, several hundred tunes being sent in during June. Some of the best (many by amateurs) had to be passed over for technical reasons (harmonic and notational), and others by professional musicians, although strictly correct, lacked originality. We have decided to increase the prize offered to thirty shillings, dividing it between the Rev. T. P. Field, The Old Rectory, Beaconsfield; Arthur Graves, F.R.C.O., 6 Lucy Terrace, Gravesend; and the Rev. A. A. Stevens, M.A., Mus. Bac., The Vicarage, Chattesham. The following are highly commended by the judges, their work being only slightly inferior to that of the prize-winners: W. Rhodes, Mus. Doc.; R. H. Lindsay, Mus. Bac.; Dunelm; J. H. Olding F.Gld.O.; A.R.C.O.; Howard Moss, L.S.M.; W. Boden; and R. W. Brown, F.Gld.O. Music has been returned to the senders who enclosed stamps. If any others require their MSS. will they kindly let us know. Address, Editor, II, Ludgate Square, E.C.
Red Letter Notes from
By the Rev. R. Wood-Samuel,

\[ \text{(All Saints' Day) 1 Tu} \]

**A Word to Children.**

There is a touching story for you. In a certain town a pair of horses took fright and dashed down the street. The way was cleared as far as possible, but at the end of the street there was a little child playing and quite unconscious of the great danger. Everyone was deeply concerned, and a rescue was impossible. Suddenly a woman darted out from the crowd like lightning and caught the child up in her arms and rushed with it to a place of safety. The crowd gathered round. "Is that child yours?" shouted a man. "No," she said, "it is not mine, I don't know whose it is, but it's somebody's baby!" You know a great part of the work of the missionaries is amongst heathen children, and you help their work by giving your pence to the missionary box. You don't know any of those poor little boys and girls, but when you give, remember it's to "somebody's child!"

\[ & n \text{A small boy once told his mother he would so much like to ask Jesus to dinner! As his mother wished to encourage him to pray, she gave her consent. So the little boy knelt down and asked Jesus to come the next day. On the Morrow at dinner an extra place was laid at the table, and the little boy sat next it, wanting to be "as near Jesus as possible." He kept his eyes on the door, hoping Jesus would soon come in. After a while there was a knock at the door. The mother opened it, and there was a poor beggar boy, looking very hungry and miserable. He was asked in and told to sit down in the vacant place, where he enjoyed a good meal. When he had gone the mother said that perhaps Jesus could not come, so He sent the needy one in His place, and explained to him that it was as good as having Jesus, for He has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." Let us remember that in all our efforts to help on missionary work; and if we work in the right spirit, in helping others, we do it "unto Him."}

**The Power of Medical Missions.**

The great benefit of Medical Missions in the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen is continually being emphasized. Lord Roberts, amongst others, has testified to this fact, and he once said, "I know in establishing good relations with the frontier tribes. No missionary doctor has done a nobler and more useful work in this connexion than Dr. Pennell, and it has been a pleasure to us all who are interested in missionary enterprise that King George V. has been graciously pleased to recognize the good work carried on by Dr. Pennell, who's at present labouring on the North-West Frontier, by bestowing on him the high honour—so well deserved—of the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal. We are all ready to say, may he be spared many years to enjoy the possession of it. God bless him!

**The Army Missionary Association.**

This Association, which was started in 1883, and which has done an admirable work, has recently been reorganized. Its object is: "To promote and increase the Mission Field."

**The Humours of Foreign Tongues.**

One of the greatest difficulties missionaries have to face is that of languages, many of them most difficult to learn. The Rev. J. W. Lloyd, of the Cambridge University Missionary party, is experiencing this in his work in Northern Nigeria, but he says it has its humorous side too; "for," says he, "if you heard me in school teaching Peter in English, then my small boy Yoro and a Sura boy to read at the same time, one in Hausa and the other in Sura, you would realize it. Sometimes we spell a word in one language, and sometimes in the other, and then I have to explain the meaning of it to the boy whose language it is not!" On the football field the missionary finds it more comical than ever. He shouts advice to Peter in English, to Yoro in Hausa, and to the other boys in Sura, all in the same breath—a case of mental gymnastics with a vengeance!
A SHIP IN DISTRESS.
The True Story of Grace Darling.

Photographs and Article

On September night many years ago, a terrible gale was raging on the Northumberland coast, and a young girl, in a few long and ever memorable hours made herself the heroine of the whole world.

Tourists who travel to Scotland by the East Coast route should break the journey at Chathill for a delightfully pleasant day at North Sunderland, a tiny fishing village directly opposite Farne Islands. Besides the lovely harbour pictures, the magnificent sands, and the still finer air which can be enjoyed, the reminiscences of the remarkable Grace Darling episode will be revived with almost as much interest as one thinks of Shakespeare when visiting Stratford-on-Avon. Our American cousins are fond of seeing places that have history; they will be charmed with North Sunderland.

Grace Darling has been the subject of our school lessons for years, and one may learn while at North Sunderland the plain matter of fact story that has been gleaned of the wreck of the Forfarshire from the Darling family papers. The only surviving brother of Grace Darling until recently lived in the village, and James Robinson who went out to the wreck that fearful night, hobbled about the quay in feeble old age. Grace Darling's brother told me as I chatted with him near the pump, that he was away with his ship when the great event happened which made the Farne Islands famous, and that he heard nothing of it until he reached London sometime afterwards.

There one day, while sitting in a refreshment room near the docks, a man came in holding a long tress of hair, and offering it for sale as Grace Darling's. Knowing it to be a fraud, for it was not even the colour of his sister's hair, Darling bellowing with rage seized hold of the man, and hustled him out of the premises. Leaving the shop, to his astonishment he found that his sister Grace was the talk of London.

The Farne Islands, where Grace Darling's heroic deed was done.

In North Sunderland I had the opportunity of seeing the copy of the letter which William Darling, father of Grace, and lighthouse-keeper on Longstone Island, sent to the authorities.

Bamborough Church, where Grace Darling is buried.
at Trinity House, giving at their request a detailed account of the wreck.

Here is the plain simple statement, without flourish or gloss, that the old lighthouse-keeper made in his own writing:

"Being requested by J. Herbert Esq., Secretary, Trinity House, London, for a detailed account of what was done by my Daughter and myself on the 7th September '38, follows the Answer:—

"Dear Sir,—In answer to your request of 29 ult., have to state that on Morning of the 7th September, it Blowing Gale with rain from the North, my Daughter and me being both on the alert before high water, securing things out of Doors, one quarter before five, my Daughter observed a Vessel on the Harker's rock, but owing to the Darkness and spray going over her could not observe any person on the Wreck, although the Glass was incessantly applied until near 7 o'clock, when the tide being fallen we observed three or four Men upon the rock; we agreed that if we could get to them some of them would be able to assist us back without which we could not return, and having no idea of a Possibility of a Boat coming from North Sunderland we immediately launched our Boat, and was enabled to gain the rock where we found 8 men and 1 woman which I judged are too many to take at once in the state of Weather; therefore took the woman and 4 men to the Longstone, two of them returned with me and succeeded in bringing the remainder in all 9 persons safely to the Longstone about 9 o'clock. Afterwards the boat from North Sunderland arrived, and found three life-less Bodies, viz. 1 Man and 2 children which they carried to the High Rock and came to the Longstone with great Difficulty and had to lodge in the Barracks two Days and nights with scant provisions No bed nor clothes to change them with. — Your Most Obedt Servant, "Wm. Darling."
The story-book accounts are full of inaccuracies in the light of this plain and simple statement, which nevertheless in its ingenuousness shows the pluck and nerve which the young girl must have had to accompany her father in a frail boat among the treacherous rocks of the Farnie Islands on that dark and tempestuous night. And what must have been the thoughts of the mother who was left alone in the lighthouse when husband and daughter vanished into the darkness on the furious waves? When they reached the wreck Grace's father had to spring on to the rock to prevent the wretched people all crowding into the boat at once, so the girl was left alone in the boat until four of the people had been induced to await the return of the boat for them.

In recognition of this daring conduct the Duke of Northumberland, among many others, afterwards sent presents to the Darlings—a waterproof for the father, a silver teapot for the mother, a watch, etc., for Grace, and, added the Duke, in a postscript to his letter, "The two medals, the watch and case, are inside Mrs. Darling's teapot."

Some time after the Duke wrote to Grace asking how the watch was going, ending up playfully with, "I see by the newspapers that your brother, who jumped first into the boat at North Sunderland which went off to the wreck of the Forfarshire, has just married. Are you likely to follow his example?"

In her reply Grace said, "I have not got married yet, for they say man is master, and there is much talk about bad masters," but erasing this last phrase she substituted, "for I have heard people say there is luck in leisure."

In less than two years Grace Darling died, at the age of twenty-six, unmarried, though she had had many offers. She was buried in Lamphorough Churchyard, and a handsome monument, which every visitor to this neighbourhood goes to see, has been erected to her memory.

Strange to say, her grave is directly opposite to the house where she was born, and within one hundred yards of it.

The Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."—Exodus xx. 11.

These words express our belief that a Being of vast intelligence, of infinite wisdom and of infinite power designed, as you say of a ship, designed and built and launched upon their course through the ages earth and air and sea.

Now I suppose that on an occasion of this kind a preacher is expected to give what is called "practical advice." The most practical advice I can suggest is that we landsmen should always bear in mind the simple fact that God made the earth, and that you seafaring men should always bear in mind the fact that the Lord made the sea. But whether we landsmen are on the land or you seafaring men are on the sea, there God's hand is over you, there God is with you, there God will give you the power of living where and how He has intended you to live.

Our leading thought is that we would ask for God's blessing and guidance, not only upon seafaring men and boys, but upon all those who are in any way connected with seafaring matters. There are among you many anxious souls, some sorely tempted bodies, and some sorely burdened consciences, but for all these there is no remedy, there is no help, there is no strength, to compare for one single moment with just the simple principle that the Lord made me, the Lord meant me to be where I am, and the Lord means me to live as He would have me live. No one but God knows how many of these sorely troubled consciences and tempted bodies there may be; but the strength of your position is
that God does know. If you once realize that
God knows you thoroughly from one end to the
other—the bad of you, yes the worst of you, as
well as the good and the best—then you have
got hold of one source of power to enable you
to recover yourselves, to cast off the burden,
and to begin again as God would have you begin,
and live as God would have you live.

Every Seaman a Missionary.

We landsmen live ordinarily here at home
and among people of our own nation. I am
afraid that a great many of us pass through
life without ever thinking of the vast import-
ance of our example upon men and women
and the boys and girls with whom we are brought in
contact; but after all we are among our own
people. Now you seafaring folk go away into
parts of the world where for some considerable
time you live not among your own people, but
among people of other nations, very often
indeed of other creeds, and sometimes of no creed
at all. Your example there is shown to people
who are watching how an Englishman, an Irish-
man, a Welshman or a Scotsman lives, professing
as he does the Christian faith, living, as he
ought to live, the Christian life. Of all mission-
aries there is no missionary like the seafaring
man who lives, in the presence of the heathen,
the life of a Christian, and who teaches not by
precept, but in that best of all missionary ways,
example. We would have you see to it that
the name of God is not degraded by anything
you do or say when you are in a foreign, may
be a heathen, land. With the safety of our
commerce, the safety of our Empire, and the
Christian example of the British Empire in your
hands, what manner of men and boys ought
you to be—with responsibilities so great as those
laid upon you by the work which you yourselves
have undertaken!

Beyond the Church Bells.

We landsmen have the incitement of the
church bells to thought and carefulness and
communing with God; you on the other hand
are shut up for weeks in a very small area with
nothing of that kind to call your attention. It
seems to me that we people who stay at home
ought to be at least as anxious to provide proper
religious exercises for you on your sea voyages
as we are for those in this great city of London.
In the name of God I should like to express my
thankfulness to the many organizations which
are now providing on long or short sea voyages
the means of grace, and which remind you, not
by church bell but only by the human voice,
that the Lord's Day has come round.

On long voyages you are shielded from many
of the temptations which wreck lives here at
home. Sobriety you are obliged to exercise,
and thank God there are a number of sailors
who know that their highest wisdom and their
best strength is to abstain from alcoholic drinks.
The number is increasing very largely, and with
that number will increase the safety of the
passengers and the safety of the cargo. But
the fact that you are protected whilst at sea
from the many temptations here on land renders
all the greater the dangers you have to meet
when the voyage is at an end.

When I was Bishop of Stepney I had under
my charge the religious interests of all the
docks on the north of the Thames from St.
Katharine's Docks to the mouth of the Lea, and
I used to go about to our sailors' homes and
refuges, and talk to the sailors. My impression
of them as a class was their curious simplicity
and their willingness to see and to love the
sentimental side of things. When you find how
impressionable these men and boys are it is
enough to make a man with a heart determined
to do all he can to see that their spiritual needs
are carefully and fully attended to.

No more Sea.

In that wonderful book, the Book of the Revela-
tion, full of trials and strife—the strife of evil,
hell and death against the powers of good—there
comes a time when all that ends, and the two
last chapters are devoted to the most beautiful
descriptions of peace and quietness and the exer-
cise of the love of God that I suppose were ever
written; and how are those beautiful chapters
prefaced? In these words: "I saw a new heaven
and a new earth, for the first heaven and the
first earth were passed away, and there was no
more sea." I suppose that the writer was at
the time confined in an island in a storm, and
saw all round him the waves beating on the
rocky shores, and it occurred to him as a symbol
of his idea of perfect peace that there should be
no restless tossing of the sea. So he said that in
the land of perpetual peace and quietness and bliss
there is everything that is beautiful and holy, and
there is perfect quiet, because there is no sea. The picture put before us is this:
the earth which we have loved better perhaps
than we ought, the heaven which we have created for ourselves while here—usually a
material heaven—has passed away, and there is
to us in our amended state while still we are on
earth a new heaven, a heaven—the abode of God,
a new earth which we have purified for our-

selfs, and then in the world to come that there
shall be a new earth and a new heaven all
spiritual, all pervaded with the love of God; and
as the symbol of the whole, no restlessness,
no tossing about on the waves of anxieties
and passions and temptations as all of us toss
here in this world, but just this—no more sea.

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.
—Newmark.
LOSE by a small rock, dislodged from its native sandstone, showed a tunnel-like aperture winding upwards in the wall of the cave. It was no easy task for Jack or his father to wriggle their way along the narrow passage, and they were panting with the exertion when, after a long struggle, they emerged beside their slimmer companions.

The lamp was not needed now since moonlight, flickering through the dense foliage of the trees, gave sufficient though fitful light.

It was a moment of intense excitement as they followed the slender figure of their guide along the winding path. Overhead the leaves rustled in the night breeze, far off they could hear the howling of wolves. Behind them rose the stockade of the Camanche village, but within it all seemed to sleep. The warriors had danced and feasted long into the night, now they rested before they went forth to slay their enemies.

On they crept, Owaissa leading, Chenosa close behind, Philip Seaton following, his steps being guided by his son, for the light had not yet returned to those bruised and blinded eyes.

Sandy, more regretful than ever for his rifle, brought up the rear; his volatile spirits abed by the solemnity of the night and, for all his pluck, his cheeks pale with the strain and excitement of the escape. Behind him, within that grim stockade, lay those fiends whose tortures turned him sick and faint even to think of.

Suddenly Owaissa paused, one slender bronzed arm raised as though to listen. But it was Philip Seaton alone who heard the faint cracking of undergrowth in the bushes near.

"Some one," he muttered, "some one in there; we—"

Chenosa broke in with a pitiful whine of terror: "Camanche warrior. Sentry man—seen us. All caught. Run—run."

His words were evidently echoed by Owaissa, who wheeled round upon them like a startled fawn, her black eyes wide with fear.

"Come on," he said, and gripped his father's arm.

Owaissa was already speeding before them down the path, with low cries for them to follow.

Sandy had caught Philip Seaton's other hand.

"Come on," he echoed. "Guess we'll have a run for our money, say, Jack!"

But for all the brave words his voice shook a little. He was repeating that prayer of his which he had offered up in the cavern.

A babel of shrill voices was rising already from the village behind them, mingled with the barking of dogs and loud shouts of men. It appeared that a whole warrior band was needed to hunt down three unarmed fugitives and a girl!

"Jack!" gasped Philip Seaton, trying to free himself from the guiding hands, "leave me. You must leave me. Save yourselves, lads, my brave lads. You have a chance. Take it, and God speed you. There's little more they can do to me. My love to—Mollie. Go."

But Jack's grip on the trembling arm he held so securely but grew the firmer.

"Hush, father," he replied. "I'll never leave you. As for chance—God's with us, any way."

Sandy gave a little gasp. The words acted as a tonic, for before the poor boy's eyes danced the horrible phantom of the tortured Choctaw.

"That's so," he muttered. "We'll stick to it."

Aye, they might stick to it with all the tenacity of the Britisher strong in their hearts; but alas! how could they hope to outrun those behind them? Those who came swiftly through the forest, the sound of their bare feet—like the pattering of rain-drops or the rustling of autumn leaves—growing more distinct every moment.

Suddenly Philip gave a little cry, pointing forward to where, on the summit of the slope they were ascending, loomed something that was neither boulder nor bush.

Indistinct at first in the moonlight, the younger men soon distinguished the outline of a large and solitary lodge, standing in a little clearing facing the valley with the dense mass of forest bristling around it.

"The ghost lodge of the Camanches," gasped Philip Seaton. "It's our only chance."

Jack and Sandy instantly understood.

An Indian would scarcely dream that any—even the pale-faces themselves—would have the temerity to enter this dreaded place of ghosts on a moonlit night. Their pursuers were not yet in sight. The lodge was near. With a tremendous spurt Jack and Sandy forged up the hill with Philip between them.

"The lodge, Chenosa!" cried Jack; "the lodge. Quick, man, it's the last chance."

Sandy was already by Owaissa's side, though whether his dumb show would have persuaded her to enter was uncertain had not the poor girl been already more than half fainting with the terror of that vengeance which she knew was advancing upon her so swiftly. As it was, she only shivered violently as Sandy—more sumptuously than politely—caught her round the waist, and carried her into the lodge.

But Chenosa was less pliable. Great as was his fear of the warriors coming so quickly on their track through the forest glades, his terror of those whom his superstitious told him sat within that lonely lodge was even greater. With
a howl he broke away from Jack's outstretched hand and fled into the undergrowth near.

There was no time for remonstrance or pursuit. Jack turned back, and, once more drawing his father's arm within his own, reached the shelter of the lodge even as the foremost of the Camanche warriors came running forward round the bend of the path in full pursuit.

CHAPTER XIV. A Fighting Chance.

Within the ghost lodge all was still and silent. On the large mat spread in the centre burned a tiny lamp disclosing a tray filled with pemmican, dried deer's flesh, yellow maize cakes, and a skin flask of goat's milk. In the corner was a couch covered with skins. The lodge itself was made of deer skins; weird and grotesque paintings of Camanche gods decorating the interior as well as the heavy curtains which were drawn back from the opening to invite the entrance of those for whom this strange place of rest and refreshment had been prepared. Sandy, with utter disregard for the needs of Camanche ghosts, had no sooner deposited the fainting Owaissa on the couch than he swooped down upon the food temptingly set forth.

"If there's fighting to be done," he observed grimly, "I'd sooner do it on a full stomach," and suitting the action to the word, he crammed a maize cake into his mouth, whilst he handed the tray to Jack.

"Make him eat," he urged, nodding towards Philip Seaton; "he's half dead of hunger, and these are just O.K."

He gulped down some milk as he spoke, and then advanced towards the couch—

"Have a drink, Miss Waizie," he whispered, and with rough kindliness poured some of the contents of the flask down the girl's throat.

It might have been better to leave her alone. Partly restored to realization of what was happening, Owaissa sat up, staring around her with terrified eyes, whilst beneath her breath came low moaning sobs as she recognized where she was.

"O we, O we," she murmured; "it is Pauguk, who stands yonder beckoning to me. Pauguk who calls to me from the curtains of the ghost lodge. O we, O we. My heart is water, my heart is water."

1 The God of Death.

"Cheer up, Miss," whispered Sandy, seeing her terror. "They're passing by all right. They ain't going to leave their visiting cards here this journey. We'll——"

But, even as he spoke a cry came from without, and into the lodge leapt the figure of a man.

It was Chenosa the guide, and behind him, like lean sleuth-hounds, came the dark figures of two Camanche warriors.

It was easy to see what had happened. Their pursuers had passed them by, all that is, excepting the two, who, in beating about the undergrowth, had come upon Chenosa. The latter seeing indeed Pauguk in person had deemed it better to take shelter in that deity's own abode, and had fled into the lodge, drawing his foes after him.

Sandy had sprung to his feet, snatching at the long knife Owaissa had replaced within her girdle. It was the only weapon they had between them, but Sandy meant it to be useful.
Like a whirlwind he was upon the Camanches before they had time to realize that these were no restful ghosts of their forefathers, but the pale-face chiefs they sought.

"That's for you, Mr. Red-Skin," shouted the boy, flinging himself, knife and all, upon the nearer of the warriors, who fell backwards as an ox stricken in the shambles.

But his comrade had understood, even as the other's death-cry rose shrill on the night air, and, like a panther, he was upon Sandy, whilst his tomahawk flashed bright above him.

"Jack," cried Sandy.

And Jack was there.

Over and over they rolled on the floor of the ghost lodge, the dead Indian undermost and Jack with his fingers gripping the avenger's throat. A fierce fight—if brief—but Sandy did not help in it; he lay quite still, a ray of moonlight streaming in on his face between the raised curtains.

Presently Jack rose. His face was very white and there was blood on his wrist, but the second Camanche lay doubled and twisted upon the mat. He, too, had seen Pauguk.

But Jack was bending over the boy, whose fair hair shone in the moonlight.

Sandy's blue eyes were open and a faint smile twisted his white lips.

"Well played, Jack," he whispered, brokenly.

"You—'11—get—through—to Carstown all-right. But—I guess—I'll—stay here——"

His damp fingers closed over Jack's warm ones. Were they Jack's tears which lay so wet on his forehead? He tried to put up his hand to feel, but the effort was too much.

"A tight—corner, Jack——" he muttered. "I said—I'd—be there and—I—I—guess I was."

"Sandy, Sandy," cried Jack with a sob, "you're not hurt—like that. Let me look. I—I'm something of a doctor too."

Sandy smiled, the ghost of his old whimsical grin.

"No, no, old chap," he gasped; "Mr. Red-Skin went—too—deep for that—I'll just—stay here." His eyes brightened. "No," he whispered. "Not here—but yonder—Jack. Higher—than the Rockies. Guess God—heard that—prayer of mine—in the cave—and—I want to want to thank—Him. They won't—torture me now."

His head sank back heavily against Jack's supporting shoulder. The smile deepened on his young face, the blue eyes widened with a look of awe and wonder untouched by fear.

And, even as Jack, understanding, bent to kiss the damp brow, Sandy M'Andrews went from his "tight corner" to thank God for hearing his petition. They would not torture him now!

Jack Seaton rose slowly from his knees, the tears thick in his eyes, for wild, forlorn Sandy with his quaint speeches and big loving heart had been very dear to him; but there was no time just now for sorrow for the dead.

Chenosa was on his feet, peering from the door of the lodge.

"Camanche warriors return—run," he gasped. "Come quick here—kill."

Jack stepped forward; if that was so what use to fight, and yet—who? Stooping he picked up the tomahawk of one of the fallen Indians: Then he stood silent and still in the shadow of the curtains.

If they came—well, Sandy should not die in vain.

In the corner of the lodge he could hear Owaisa's moaning sob and the groans of Chenosa. He could hear something else too, his father's quiet voice uplifted in prayer.

That sound gave him fresh courage.
Deliverance.

Death was coming to meet them, back through the forest paths. Would it be death as tender-eyed and kindly as that which had carried Sandy so swiftly across the dark river? Jack shuddered over a terrible memory as he asked the question, whilst behind him his father's voice rang stronger—

"From the power of evil men, from danger and sudden death, if it be Thy will, good Lord, deliver us."

Could He deliver them now? Ah! surely!—surely! And Jack smiled as he laid aside the tomahawk. He had come as Heaven's peacemaker, and he could not meet them in fight even though—He glanced back to where his father sat, his thin hands locked in prayer, his eyes closed. Oh! it wanted faith to go on trusting when he remembered Kabinoka's threats and the scene in the Camanche village.

"Hark! how quickly they came and with what strange cries!—Cries more of fear than of vengeance. Chenosa had sprung to his feet and stood all unwarily in the door of the lodge. In the moonlight could be seen the advancing figures of the Camanche warriors, but Chenosa, forgetful for once of caution, laughed shortly as he saw them.

"Wow," he cried, beneath his breath. "Here come the brave ones who went forth so valiantly to slay: but see, they are driven like the cattle before the fire of the prairie, for they have met the warriors of the Choctaws upon the war-path and their hearts have turned to water."

And he pointed in triumph to where, thick as swarming bees, came the army of dusky pursuers, not silent now, but chanting aloud their warrior-songs as they leapt forward upon the prey whom they had taken at so unexpected a disadvantage.

But the Camanches were good runners, and they knew their only chance was to reach their village and, from behind the stockade, turn to defend themselves against their foes. So together they raced, Camanches and Choctaws, up the slope crowned by the ghost lodge, and truly was it a strange sight to see in the moonlight. The masses of lithe, dark figures with their smeared faces and gay plumes decking their heads, whilst tomahawks gleamed brightly in upraised hands, as the warrior-songs rang more shrilly on the night air.

Jack Seaton, watching the scene with bated breath, was momentarily forgetful, like Chenosa, of their own peril, and stood forth at the door of the lodge eagerly gazing as one might look on at the race of swift sleuth-hounds and fleeing hare. And so, as the Camanche warriors breached the hill, it happened that one of the younger braves spied him in the shadow of the curtains and cried pantingly to the others; but though they also cried in guttural wonder, staring too, half fearfully, into that mysterious lodge, they dared not linger lest Pauguk, the god of death, caught them too by the hand and drew them into his own place. So they ran on, faster and yet faster, and none, not even Chenosa, noted that one of their number, he who came last with sobbing breath and cruel eyes, flung himself down amongst the undergrowth close by the curtains of the lodge, writhing, snake-like, towards the back.

"Saved!" whispered Jack, with a great gasp. "They will speedily be overtaken, and Benonah is our friend. Merciful God, we thank Thee. But oh! Sandy, Sandy—"

He had turned back within the lodge even as the Choctaw warriors passed on down the slope in close pursuit of their foe, but, even as he turned, there came a shrill cry from Owaissa, a cry of deadliest fear, and Jack was conscious that the skins of the lodge had been suddenly raised at the back and a gigantic figure in nodding plumes and warrior shirt stood towering over the Indian girl with hatchet raised.

It was Kabinoka himself come for vengeance on a treacherous daughter.

But at Owaissa's cry Jack Seaton had sprung back and with a vigorous leap had succeeded in catching the strong brown arm as it whirled aloft the deadly weapon.

"Hi-a-ou," grunted Kabinoka, and his eyes rolled fiercely, whilst his lips were drawn back for the angry hiss as you see the tiger of the forest who snarls over his prey.

They fought then, those two, in the darkness of the ghost lodge of the Camanches, whilst Owaissa drew close to the side of Philip Seaton, who sat, too dim-eyed to join the fray.

Backwards and forwards they wrestled, with the hatchet of Kabinoka lying on the floor, for they were at hand grips now, and all the young Canadian's muscle was needed against the simu-
ous strength of the Indian's long arms. Silently they fought, save that Kabinoka grunted again and again with satisfaction as he felt the other yield ever so slightly, whilst, as he pressed his advantage, his little evil eyes grew cunning and his hands stole upwards to Jack's throat.

"Au!" he chuckled. "Au! Pauguk is near the pale-face chief. Au! He is very near."

And Jack, not knowing the words spoken, yet guessed their meaning truly.

But there were others who, watching, saw how the fight went, and even as Ghenosa, the faint-hearted, crept near with the hunting-knife of one of the dead warriors who lay on the floor, Owaissa, with a shrill cry, leapt to her feet and ran to the door of the lodge.

The cry was echoed from without in tones of great joy and wonderment, for even as she emerged into the moonlight Benonah, the chief of the Choctaws, reached the top of the slope with a few of his noblest warriors.

Owaissa was laughing for pure happiness, sobbing for very relief, as she flung herself into her lover's arms. And within the lodge lay Kabinoka upon the floor with Chenosa the guide and Jack Seaton above him.

It was an ill night for the nation of the Camanches.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Kago, Kago!"

Day had come. A day of rejoicing and feastings in the lodges of the Choctaws.

As Benonah had said and the witch doctresses prophesied, there were many Camanche scalps to hang on the walls of their wigwams, much spoil to rejoice the savage hearts.

In their midst stood Benonah, the warrior chief who held their hearts, and beside him, lovely as the moonlight, his young bride Owaissa, daughter to the fierce Kabinoka, who lay a prisoner tightly bound in a wigwam close by, awaiting his doom.

It had been a long tale which Owaissa had poured into the ears of her new lord, and when it was ended Benonah had advanced to where Jack Seaton and his father stood.

"Pale-face chiefs," he said with great dignity, "the people of the Choctaws are your friends. I, Benonah, the Eagle of the Rockies, am your friend, who cries to you, 'Kago, kago!' And why? Is it not that first you save my life from the bear when he laughed at sight of my fears, and secondly you save the life of Owaissa, the lily of the prairie, the star of Benonah's life? Therefore I cry 'Kago, kago!' and say to my friends, 'Ask what you will, pale-face chiefs, and it shall be given you.' Yes, if you will, you shall have lodges and wives and much corn-land.'

Jack Seaton smiled as he laid one hand on his father's shoulder and stretched out the other to the Choctaw chief.

"We thank you, great Benonah, Eagle of the Rockies," he replied through Chenosa, who squatted near, "but we do not ask for wives or lodges, nor yet for the gift of corn-land or the service of your young men. Listen, and I will tell you a story." And in a few simple words he related the tale of Philip Seaton's sufferings.

The Indian chief listened with his braves gathered round him, and when all was told many leapt to their feet, shaking aloft their tomahawks, whilst some darted off at full speed towards the hut where Kabinoka lay.
Benonah nodded. "It is well," he said, "the wrongs of the pale-face chiefs are greater than our wrongs. We will give him his enemy into his hands to torture and to kill. Hi-a-au! but that is just, a long torture and an evil death."

"We thank you, great chief," replied Jack Seaton, "and accept your gift. We have your permission to do to Kabinoka as we will?"

Benonah nodded, pointing to where a dozen warriors appeared, dragging forward the Camanche chief, who, to do him justice, preserved a stolid air of indifference although well he knew his end was near.

"The torture will belong," observed Benonah drily as he looked towards the Seatons. "And that is just, my brothers." But to his unutterable surprise Jack shook his head.

"Not so, Benonah," he replied. "The word of my father who has suffered for twenty years is this: Loose Kabinoka, and let him return to his lodges in peace. We forgive him."

The Choctaw chief stared in amazement at these words, then he laughed shortly.

"Way-ha-way!" he observed. "The pale-face chief is mad; he must have met the naked bear of the Rockies and it has eaten out his heart. Will he release his enemy and speak soft words of peace to the one who has tortured him?"

"Yes," replied Jack boldly. "And they are the words of the Great Spirit Whose messengers we are and to Whom you promised to listen."

Benonah stroked his chin, turning to his warriors, it seemed that none could understand such strange and mysterious words. And Kabinoka, bound and helpless, stood near, his eyes glaring, yet with a look akin to fear as his glance met that of Philip Seaton, for he guessed by whom his fate was being decided.

Presently Benonah turned back to his guests. "Pale-face chiefs," he observed gravely, "the people of the Choctaws cannot understand your words. Is your Great Spirit greater than Manito the Mighty, who sits amongst the peaks of the Rockies, and who laughs to see the red blood flow and hear the scraping of the scalping knife?"

"Yes, Benonah, the eagle-eyed," replied Jack, quietly. "For the Great Spirit we serve lives above the stars, and His words are true and gracious. Many words has He given to us to speak in your ears and in the ears of the people of the Rockies, and they are full of peace and sweetness as the lily-flowers of the prairie."

Benonah hesitated, his dark eyes wandering to where Owaissa stood, slim and graceful, before the door of his wigwam; then he smiled.

"The victor-songs of my warriors are in my ears," he said, "and the kisses of Owaissa sweet upon my lips, therefore will I listen as I promised to the peace-words of the Great Spirit of the stars, for surely they must be mighty if they can make a man forget his vengeance after twenty years!" And he looked in fresh wonder at the bowed figure of Philip Seaton.

"Wow!" he muttered. "Twenty years! and the pale-face chief has only words of peace for his enemy! Yet he is neither white crow nor coward. It is certainly a marvel!"

(To be concluded.)

C O M E  T O  T H E  R O C K  O F  A G E S.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

COME to the Rock of Ages,
Come, for it all is thine;
Come, set thy trembling footstep here,
Where I have planted mine!

Look on the Rock of Ages;
Refuge it gives, and strength,
And easy 'tis for thee to reach:
Oh, rest thee here at length.

Jesus is God all glorious,
All blessed and all true;
He, the Eternal King's own Son,
Is all Eternal too:

Down from above all Angels,
Down from the Heaven of Heaven,
For us and for our sins He came—
By His great Father given.

Jesus is Man, our Brother;
Jesus our nature shares;
Jesus has felt temptation sore,
Sorrows, and pains, and cares;

Jesus to bear our burthen,
Jesus to stay our doom,
Died—soul from body severed once;
Slept—in the awful tomb.

Here is the Rock of Ages;
Here is its strength Divine;
Here is its step so sure and near
For thy tired feet and mine:

He is the Rock of Ages,
He is its depth and height;
Jesus the Man of Sorrows slain,
Jesus the God of might.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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Red Letter

If you know of any piece of interesting to our readers, send it E.C., during November. Six prizes monthly. Photographs may also be their return is desired.

The Oldest Bell.—A few miles from Lancaster stands the very small church of Claughton, in the belfry of which hangs a bell undoubtedly the oldest dated bell in the kingdom. It bears the inscription, “Anno Dni MCCLXXXIII” (1296). The bell is of a beautiful green colour, and is of symmetrical shape. It measures 16 inches high to the crown and 21½ inches diameter at the mouth. The weight is about 2 cwt. 2 cwt. The note is a little above E flat, and the tone is very musical. The inscription is high up, instead of being on the shoulder or just beneath, as in modern bells;—another proof of its great antiquity. In former times it was probably used as a curfew bell, but is now only rung for Divine Service and on the Eve of the Nativity. The bell is the larger of the two shown in the photograph, its companion being quite modern. The interesting discovery of the antiquity of the bell was made in 1833 by the curate (now Rev. Canon Grenside, Vicar of Melling since 1855). He attainted his 89th birthday on February 1 last. “Full of years and honour,” he knows every one in the neighbourhood, and has a kindly thought for all. He was presented to the late King in 1908 by Colonel North. F. W. CASS.

Lump of Coal as Harvest Offering.—A remarkable gift was once presented to a church at Bedworth, which for many years has been the capital of the Warwickshire coalfield. The church was holding its harvest thanksgiving celebrations, and a gift to the parish church took the form of a block of coal weighing no less than 15 cwt., the offering of a local colliery, who has fashioned quite a worthy memorial out of a slab of “black diamond.”

The Round Village Church.—The church of Little Maplestead, Essex, is the only example of a round village church. The three other round churches in England are the Temple Church in London, and the two churches of the Holy Sepulchre in Cambridge and Northampton. They were built early in the twelfth century in imitation of the church at Jerusalem which was raised over the spot where our Lord was buried. The Little Maplestead church is in the gift of the Sabbatarians, who are almost entirely Baptists. At the gate in the photograph stands the Rev. J. F. Harward, who has been vicar of this church for the last fifty-four years, and who is now in his eighty-eighth year.
Where Guy Fawkes was Baptized.

This month we give a photograph of the Font in St. Michael's le Belfry Church, York, where Guy Fawkes was baptized. The following is a copy of the register of his baptism—

"Copy of Register. Christenings 1670. Thomas houghton, son to (blank) houghton, the 10 of April. John Huttone, the 21st day of April. Guy Fawkes, son to Edward Fawkes, the 16th day of April. Thomas Hutton, son to Mathei Hutton, ye 21st day of April."

* * * * * * Miss E. Alder.

A Quaint Custom.—"Walking through Clorkenwell near the Meat Market the other morning," writes a correspondent, "I was attracted by a crowd and what sounded roughly like the sound of handbells. On a closer inspection I was astonished to find six stalwart butchers, armed with their choppers and a kind of hammer imitating church bells. The choppers had been chosen with discretion, and the result was a very fair imitation. On asking 'a man in blue' what was the meaning of it, he said there was 'a wedding on,' and added that whenever 'a man in the market' was married it was the custom to visit the house of the bride and bridegroom and go through this performance. He said the custom had existed, he knew, for fifty years. Can any of your readers give any further information as to this quaint old custom?" * * * * * *

A Punning Epitaph.—Here is a punning epitaph which I believe is inscribed in a Sheffield churchyard on the grave of one John Knot:—

"Here lies a man that was Knott born, His father was Knott before him, He lived Knott, and did Knott die. Yet underneath this stone doth lie; Knott christened, Knott begot, And here he lies. And yet was Knott."

* * * * * * Miss Pawlet.

Four Incumbents in One Year.—The fourth incumbent within a year was recently called to the living of St. James's, Brindle, which is in the gift of the Duke of Devonshire. The new incumbent is the Rev. Philip Lanca­shire, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Oldham. Canon Jacob M.A., resigned the living a little over a year ago. The Rev. Owen Smith, Parbold, died before being instituted. The Rev. G. Lomas, M.A., died after a very brief incumbency. M. B. Cooper.

"The Bishop and his Curate."—"There is in the interesting town of Doncaster," writes Miss Gertrude Wesley, great-grand-daughter of Samuel Wesley, "an old oil painting entitled 'The Bishop and his Curate' by the famous artist Tim Bulfin. The picture depicts a decidedly well­fed looking Bishop with full rosy cheeks and blue eyes, said to be 'Bishop South.' By his side sits a lean, sallow, hungry-looking curate (the contrast in the expression of the two faces is most marked); the latter poor fellow is turning towards the bishop with an ap­pealing look depicted on his countenance.

The tale runs thus:—The Bishop seemed always very loath to give the poor curate a promotion. One day, however, an idea entered into the mind of the injured curate; the Psalms being invariably read in those days, and the curate on this occasion, being appointed to read the same, resorted to the following piece of strategy. The Psalms for this day contained the following verse:—'For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor the west, nor yet from the south.' The wily curate read it thus: 'For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor the west (then turning towards Bishop South), nor yet from thee, South.' After this, it is said, the Bishop gave him a living."

* * * * * * Miss Mountford.

Earth to Earth.—Two correspondents write on the subject of some striking lines quoted in our May number. Mrs. McCall-Smith says the lines carved on a stone in Melrose Abbey Churchyard should read as follows:

The Earth goeth on the Earth glittering like gold, The Earth goeth to the Earth sooner than it wold, The Earth builds on the Earth Castles and Towers, The Earth saith to the Earth All shall be ours.

Miss Mountford sends us a poem on the same subject. It is to be found in the Commonplace Book of Richard Hiller, date about 1518. This MS. is preserved in Balliol College Library. We quote one verse:

Earth upon Earth wineth Castles and Towers, Then saith Earth unto Earth this is all ours; But when Earth upon Earth hath built his bower, Then shall Earth upon Earth suffer hard showers.

Lady Free Mason.—In the beautiful Cathedral of St. Fin Barre there is to be seen a brass tablet, placed in the stone pavement close to the pulpit. It was put there about twelve months ago, and on it is the following inscription:—"In pious memory of the Hon. Elizabeth Aldworth, wife of Richard Aldworth of Newmarket Court, Co. Cork, Esq., Daughter of Arthur, Ist Viscount Doneraile. Her remains lie close to this spot. Born 1655. Died 1755. Initiated into Free Masonry in Lodge 44, at Doneraile Court in this County, A.D. 1712." The story goes that she was so curious to find out the secrets of Free Masonry, that she hid in a small clock which was in the room. A niece betrayed her, so she was discovered. It is said that her own brother wanted to kill her, she was so enraged. But instead she was sworn in as a Free Mason.

Elizabeth Williams.

A Strange Epitaph.—There is a remarkable epitaph to be seen on a gravestone in St. Mary's Churchyard, Folkestone. It runs as follows:—

"A house she hath: it's made of such good fashion The tenant there shall pay for reparation; Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent, Or turn her out of doors for non-payment. But from Chimney Money too this Cell is free Of such a house who would not Tenant be?"

It is the grave of Rebecca Rogers, who died August 22, 1685. Aged 47 years. G. A. Miles.
A Relic of Sylva Anderida.—Just outside the picturesque graveyard surrounding the Parish Church of Hawkhurst, Kent, there stands, like a hoary monument of forgotten centuries, a veritable patriarch among oaks, a tree which, according to expert computation, has stood the stress of wind and storm for upwards of one thousand years. It has been authoritative pronounced to be a survival of that vast Forest of Anderida which once stretched far down through the Weald of Kent and Sussex. Year by year, as Spring approaches, the old oak tree puts forth its foliage, and, as the utmost care has been exercised for a long time past in filling all decayed parts of the trunk with masonry and concrete, there is no reason why it should not be kept alive for many decades to come. Part of one side of the trunk is literally covered with nailheads, where from time immemorial Church and parish notices have been affixed. It may be of interest to mention that the Church itself, dedicated to St. Lawrence (temp. Edward III.), contains a remarkable symbol attached to the roof of the chancel, viz., a gilded piece of tracery wrought to represent the gridiron upon which the patron saint is said to have suffered martyrdom.

Church Ivy.—Mr. F. G. Crewe writes: "A curious fact I can personally vouch for so far as Mortlake Parish Church is concerned, is that ivy will not grow over any portion of a church that has once been inside it. The old roof of the nave was originally a Gothic one, and it was altered in the early nineteenth century to a flat one and lowered. Although the ivy on the tower grew luxuriantly over every other part it never by any chance clung to any portion that had once been under the roof.

An Eccentric Will.—The will of Mr. Thomas Vuke, of Wath, near Rotherham, who died in 1810, was a most eccentric one. By it he bequeathed a penny to every child that should be present at his funeral. The effect was that the churchyard walks were lined with children, to the number of between six and seven hundred, and the pennies were dry handed to them. He ordered a shilling to be given to every poor woman in Wath, whilst to his own daughter he bequeathed four guineas per annum. To the old woman who had attended on him for eleven years he bequeathed one guinea. He also bequeathed forty dozen penny buns to be thrown every year from the church tower on Christmas Day at noon. For some years the forty dozen continued to be thrown from the church steeple, in accordance with the will. As, however, the crowd that assembled indulged in such rough play that limbs were broken, latterly only six dozen are thrown from the steeple, the remaining thirty-four dozen being quietly given away at its foot.

A Church from two Thatched Cottages.—"I enclose a photograph," wrote Miss Ogilvy, "which I took some years ago of the Church of St. Leom, in the grounds of Glen Tauer, Aberdeenshire. It was made by the late Sir William Cunliffe-Brooks, who died in 1890, and is buried close to the entrance door. This is one of the smallest Episcopal Churches in Scotland."
I have suggested birthday candles round the home-made cake in another article. The days can also be marked by wreath wearing. On the natal morning it is a pleasurable custom to let other members of a family provide a crown for the hero of the day. I have seen those crowns made of every variety of flower from lovely roses for the June child, to laurel and even paper blossoms for a winter baby! The other day I was speaking to a man who is now out in the world, and he said memory of birthday crowning was one of the most pleasurable he had of his childhood.

Some little picnic or excursion is easily managed. Children all leave school before three o'clock these days, and there is still time for a tea-party! A few sandwiches—a little fruit—some hot tea in a bottle—little pots of potted meat make delicious ones. One wrinkle about cutting these. If you are making an ordinary pile, flatten each slice with the broad of a knife, then pile one on top of another, before cutting off the crust and trimming. It makes such a difference in the look of them. Sandwiches can be prepared by the busy mother some hours before wanted, if they be put into an ordinary biscuit tin and well covered down. This ensures moisture, and they will be found quite fresh after some hours.

My Everyday Book makes a good many other suggestions about birthdays. But there is only one I wish to press upon readers to-day. We must never forget the religious significance of them. Like "The Great Divide" on the Pacific Railroad, or the Equator, which is often passed in the night, they are, we know, purely arbitrary and imaginary signposts on life's journey.

Yet they are none the less capable of being actual turning points in many a young career. Whatever else we may or may not do in our households for those dwelling therein, let us never forget to take our children aside and have a very special talk with them on their birthdays. Religious growth must of necessity be a secret one in many cases, and I am not advising digging up the seeds of promise to see what roots have been made. But a child's birthday, to a mother, is always a solemn, happy occasion. If we take our boys or girls aside—as a matter of course—on the natal morning it is a pleasurable custom to let the other members of a family provide a crown for the hero of the day. I have seen these crowns made of every variety of flower from lovely roses for the June child, to laurel and even paper blossoms for a winter baby! The other day I was speaking to a man who is now out in the world, and he said memory of birthday crowning was one of the most pleasurable he had of his childhood.

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"Oh, Lord, send Thy Holy Spirit to our home, to bless our family, and to help us to always be a help and a comfort to each other, and to be always ready to serve and to be always ready to help, and to be always ready to give, and to be always ready to do good unto all men, and to see that all our work is done in Thy name, and that all our work is done for Thy glory, and that all our work is done for Thy Kingdom, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER.

IX. BIRTHDAYS—continued.

In connection with birthdays, I may suggest the Birthday Prayer used at family devotions be one mentioned by Mrs. Tait, an Arch­bishop's wife: "Oh, Lord, send Thy Holy Spirit to her (or him) who to-day reaches a new stage in life. Prepare her (or him) for what Thou art preparing for her (or him) and bring us at last to Thy Heavenly Kingdom, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

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That's a funny little world I've just left; but it seems to be a big one I've come into. Think I'll go for a walk.

Hello! Here's a pond. Think I'll have a swim.

Shall I, or shall I not?

Ugh! This water's cold. Wish I hadn't!

Think I like the land best; I'll get out.

I'm going back to Mother. Good Morning!
"Indignant Churchman" writes: "This month there will be a great beating of drums for Foreign Missions. For my part, I always stay away from Church on these occasions. I don't believe in them. They do no good. What right have we to interfere with other people's religions? There is something good, no doubt, in them all, and I suppose their religion suits them. And why should we be expected to send money out of the country? Are there not plenty of heathen at home? A friend of mine has paid a visit to India, and he says he saw no Mission work going on. And the native Christian, where he is found, is generally a bad lot. To my mind, money spent on Missions is good money wasted. And thousands of Churchmen think the same: though they don't like to hurt the parson's feelings by saying so."

DEAR SIR,—

I hope this reply will reach you in time for you to be able to change your mind before St. Andrew's Day, and so to give the poor Missionary another chance! But as you, like many of my correspondents, give neither your name nor address, I must take the risk of writing this letter at a venture.

Forgive me if I say, to begin with, that while your indignation appears to be justified, your Churchmanship is of a very negative quality. How can it be loyal to the Church to contract yourself out of the emphatic and repeated order of the Head of the Church? And this is only one of the confusions of thought which I find in your letter. If you are to argue effectively either for Missions or against them, you must take your stand on some one principle and stick to it. You must be on one side or the other. And the first thing you have got clearly to settle with yourself is——

I. Are you a Pagan or a Christian?

Do not resent the question. It does us all good to face a straight question. It clears the mind, and helps us to come to a right decision.

A man who does not believe in Christ will, of course, have no desire to persuade others to believe in Him. He will probably be tolerant in the sense of thinking all religions much alike; and he will certainly take no risks and make no sacrifices to turn e.g. a Mahomedan into a Christian. But such a man, if he knows where he stands, will not spend money on converting the heathen at home either. He will not send his children to Sunday School, or go to Church, or profess to honour the Bible, or go to Communion. He will be too honest to do so. Such a man I respect, for he has the courage of his convictions.

On the other hand, a man who does believe in Christ will not use the weapons of the enemy to discredit his own Faith. He will not foul his own nest nor cut off his nose to spite his face. He will not argue that the task the Master has given His Church is too risky or too difficult, or is not worth the expense. He will be perfectly free to criticize missionary methods and failures, because he is perfectly bound, in loyalty to Christ, to the principle of Missions. "What right have we to interfere?" The same right as the Apostles, who in their day attacked the prevailing religions and "turned the world upside down." Ours is the same religion as theirs: and if they had not "interfered" there would be no such thing as Christianity in the world to-day. "Christian natives usually a bad lot?" If this means that they have not been soundly converted, or that they have fallen away from the faith they once believed, then go or send some one to bring them back to their duty. Christianity is a spiritual warfare—a wrestling with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness. And the unpardonable sin is cowardice, or deserting the flag, or throwing away your arms in face of the enemy.

When you have settled the question, "Pagan or Christian," you will be able to weigh the evidence for or against Missions in accordance with a fixed standard of value.

II. Are Missionaries Lazy and their Converts Rascals?

I reply, use your eyes and your intelligence, and don't repeat travellers' tales. What are people likely to know of a country who look at it from a deck-chair on a P. and O. steamer, or from the windows of a Pulman car? And yet Churchmen are ready to accept the verdict of the globe-trotter, and to "stay away" when the men who are doing the work come to relate their experiences!

There may be lazy Missionaries (though I have never met one), as there are lazy Clergy at home. There may be rascals abroad, picking up a living by pretending to be Christians—as there are at home. But don't be in a hurry to cast the first stone even at them. Ask yourself—what sort of a Christian would you be if you lived in a country where there was no public opinion to keep you straight, and where the heat of the climate doubled the temptations which you don't always overcome in England? But if Missionaries were lazy, why do they offer themselves for the hardest and most difficult and most dangerous and most ill-paid work in the Church? Did you ever hear of a rich Missionary? And, on the other hand, have you not heard of many who have left the sheltered life of England to endure hardship and peril and disappointment and
persecution, and even martyrdom, because the love of Christ constrained them? Do you think the Australian bush is like Bushy Park? or the Canadian winter a Blackpool Winter Garden? Do you imagine that the cobras of Borneo are kept in glass cases, as in a Zoological Garden? Do you fancy a Lepers Hospital as a pleasant place to spend a holiday? Would you have the pluck to go back to China if you had been through the horrors of a Boxer rising? or back to Africa, where you had nearly died of the terrible black-water fever? Then be thankful if the Missionary owns you as a fellow Christian!

And have you thought what it costs a native to become a Christian? Boycotting by his family, intimidation, persecution, sometimes life. Did you ever read of that Zulu convert to whom his chief offered the alternative—renounce Christ or die? When the impis surrounded him and offered him the choice, he did not hesitate a moment. He asked for a few minutes' grace, and, kneeling down, prayed for the souls of the men who had come to murder him, and for the spread of the Gospel in Africa. Then he rose and said, “I am ready,” and so met his death like a man and a Christian. Hundreds of “natives” have done the same. Would you? Would I?...

III. Is Money Spent on Missions Money Wasted?

I think I can prove a negative on this point even to a man of the world. Money spent on Missions is the best possible accident insurance policy for the nation.

What is happening, and what are we doing in China, Japan, Burmah, India, with their hundreds of millions of people? We are giving them our Western civilization, our science and our education. Do you know what that means? It means, to put it plainly, that we are putting into their hands weapons, material and intellectual, which will enable them in fifteen years not to overrun Europe, but to wipe out Christendom in blood. If they remain heathen, they can have no moral scruple in doing this. Every advance in science means more perfecting of the weapons of destruction. This is the real “yellow peril”; compared to this, all other catastrophes would sink into insignificance. What would become of the women and children in such an event will not bear thinking of. God gives us a short but glorious opportunity of converting the East. This work alone will insure us against disaster. It is not the highest motive, but in the coming years it is a motive which will weigh seriously in the scale even with men of the world. Then no sacrifice of money will be deemed too lavish. But then it may be too late. And whose fault will it be if it is too late?

Yours very truly,

J. PENN.

All Saints' Day.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTIN'S, BOURNEMOUTH.

SAVIOUR, once again the circling year
Awakes the memories of days now past;
And we with chastened hearts are gathered here
On Thy compassion all our care to cast:
O God of comfort, Thou, and Thou alone,
Can soothe us when what most we prized is gone.

Thou wilt not chide us, if to-day we long
For loved ones dear to us and dear to Thee,
And fain would call them back from yonder throng
To tell us all their saintly spirits see;

In pain, O Man of Sorrows, Thou hadst part,
And our sad thoughts find echo in Thy heart.

Ah, vain the wish! Enough for us to know
That in some fairer, calmer land above
Each ransomed soul who walked with Thee below
Is ripening 'neath the sunshine of Thy love;
O God of peace, grant us with them, the blest,
To share at eventide Thy promised rest.

Meanwhile, through lonely vale, o'er rugged steep
Help us, good Lord, the daily cross to bear,
And when Thy voice shall wake our last long sleep,
May they, our best and dearest, greet us there:
O God of hope, O Lord of life and light,
Lead, lead us on, till faith be lost in sight.
And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit.

Shake hands, boy!

there were not many people in the little country church: just a few old men and women, young men with their wives and babies, and a good many schoolboys and schoolgirls; but they came every Sunday to hear the vicar who had preached in that little church for the last forty years. His sermons were long and rather prosy, for he was an old man now, and sometimes he preached again the very sermon he had preached a short time before; but his parishioners came as regularly as ever and were grieved to hear one Sunday that their vicar was ill, and had sent some one to take the service instead of himself.

The children were rather pleased at the idea of change. They looked interested as the clergyman entered the church and were disappointed when they saw that he also was old and white-haired, like Mr. Mercy, their vicar.

He was not like Mr. Mercy when he began to read, however: his voice was firm and clear and impressive, and the way he read the Lessons for the day seemed to print the story in his listeners' minds and to make them almost see those figures of long ago and hear the actual words spoken.

It was only when he mounted the pulpit and began to preach that the idea of making fun of the strange clergyman came into George's head.

The old man had a curious way of smiling when he spoke, and of bobbing his head when he got excited, and George mimicked him when he thought he was not looking, and then got out his handkerchief and twisted it into a miniature clergyman preaching from a pulpit, until all the children near him were in fits of laughter, and their elders were annoyed at their behaviour.

When the service was over George loitered about as usual in the churchyard, talking to his friends. Presently he felt a hand laid on his shoulder.

"I should like to speak to you a minute," said the voice of the clergyman, and rather unwillingly George followed him back to the church.

In the porch the old clergyman paused and put both hands on the boy's shoulders, looking straight into his eyes.

"You did not hear much of my sermon this afternoon, my boy," he said, "so I will tell you something now which I want you to remember all your life. A little sermon all for yourself." He paused a moment as the boy glanced down shame-facedly, then continued:

"You are an 'example,' my boy; remember that! Some people are 'followers,' more or less, all their lives; and others, 'examples.' I have noticed this in your character—you'll be an 'example,' wherever you go; it's for you to decide whether you will be a good or a bad one, but a leader of men you will be. Shake hands, boy!"

He grasped the rough little hand warmly, then went back into the church, and George went home to tea.

All that evening the old clergyman's words kept recurring to his mind.

"You'll be an example, wherever you go. It's for you to decide whether you'll be a good or a bad one."

Was it really true? Were some people sent into the world to be more of "examples" than others?

Yes, George felt that there was truth in what the old man had said. He knew that the other boys followed him like a flock of sheep when he suggested some new game at school, or some escapade of mischief on the way home.

"A leader of men"—George liked the phrase,
though it gave him a curious novel sense of responsibility.

He was absent-minded and inattentive at school the next day; and some of the boys, who thought George must be having a joke, for he was a clever boy and prided himself on being the top of his class, were almost inclined to follow his example and pretend not to know the lessons they had learned so well.

"Come, boys! what's the matter?" said the master. "Don't follow George's lead and all be dunces this morning!"

George roused himself with a start; the old man's words came back into his mind with redoubled force—"a leader of men you will be." He determined to test the truth of the statement on his way back from school that day.

"I'm going home the short way through the fields," he said, half an hour later. "Coming, boys?"

There was a moment's hesitation among the group of boys behind him. All knew that for the last six weeks the farmer who owned the fields had kept a dangerous bull in one of them, and had put up a notice to say that no one was to pass that way.

They glanced along the safe high road which was their usual way home, then across the common which was already beginning to grow dusk that short December day.

"Oh, don't come if you don't want to! I'm going, anyway," said George. He hitched his satchel across his shoulder and darted off across the common.

There was nothing more to be said after that. Of course the boys would go wherever George led the way, and they followed shamefacedly in his rear.

Then something happened which George had not foreseen. Light footsteps came hurrying over the grass, shrill childish voices sounded through the December mist.

"George!—Harry!—stop! Why are you going home this way? Isn't Mr. Dent's bull there any more? Wait for us! We're coming too!"

George hesitated a moment.

"Go back, girls. You must go home by the road. We're going this way for a joke."

"George lifted the wounded captain across the neck of his horse."—Pgs 262.
"Through the bull's field? Oh, George, not really? You'll take us too, though? We can't go home alone, we're afraid!" cried the girls.

"Don't be silly! there's nothing to be afraid of. No, you can't come with us. Come on, boys," said George, and breaking into a run they soon outstripped the group of girls behind them.

The little girls were not daunted, however. Hearing the boys' voices still in the distance—for they were walking slowly once more, none of them feeling much inclined to face the fierce old bull too soon—they made up their minds to catch them up again, and hurrying noiselessly over the grass, stifling all giggles with tightly rolled handkerchiefs, they caught sight of their respective brothers once more just as they climbed over the stile into the bull's field.

The boys were nearly half-way across the field before they knew that the girls were behind them. A sudden irrepressible giggle from little Mary Cox made George turn his head, and at the same moment, with an angry bellow, the bull burst forth from a misty corner of the field and came towards them.

At once the boys turned and would have made for the stile, leaving the girls behind, if George's voice had not rung out, firm and clear.

"Here, boys!—each take a girl!" he said, seizing Mary's hand as he spoke and dragging her over the ground at a faster rate than her little feet had ever travelled before.

On—on—would they never reach the stile? The thudding hoofs were gaining on them every moment, and Mary seemed like a dead weight on the boy's arm.

Before he reached the stile he picked up the child in his arms and carried her the last few steps. Some of the other children had passed him, and were struggling to get first over the stile.

"Girls over first, boys! Help the girls!" he cried, and then as Mary over the stile he turned to help his own sister, thinking impatiently how clumsy girls were, as they bungled against each other in their efforts to get over quickly.

Then came the boys' turn, and George himself tumbled head first from the topmost bar as the bull's great black head, with its cruel horns and flaming eyes, came over the top of the stile.

Hastily the children fled across the rough ploughed field; they feared that the angry bull might burst through the hedge, and it was only when they reached the common that the frightened little group paused for breath.

George was silent indeed on the way home that day. He had had two instances of the truth of the old clergyman's words since the morning.

He knew the foolish, boasting spirit which had led him to test his power over the other boys and defy them to follow him through the bull's field. He had been a "bad" example then, there was no denying the fact.

But what about that other moment, when his words had stopped the boys' mad flight across the field and made them help their sisters into safety? Had not God given him a chance to make use of the gift which he had misused so grossly once before that day?

"A leader of men you will be." Yes, there was no getting away from the truth of the old man's words. George could shut his eyes to the fact no longer.

From that day the boy felt that he had an aim—an object in life.

The masters recognized the boy's influence among his companions at school; the boys felt it in their games.

Later on George became a soldier. No great position, you may say, to be a private in His Majesty's army; but bit by bit George rose from the ranks to corporal, then sergeant, and his superior officers trusted him. They knew that they could depend on George Brind.

"Brind has a wonderful influence over the men—he's an example to some of us," said one of the officers once; and George overheard the words.

Then came a day when George followed a forlorn hope across the veldt. It was during the Boer War, and a youthful captain had allowed his zeal to outstrip his common sense, and had got cut off from the main force with only a handful of men behind him.

The enemy suddenly opened fire upon them from the shelter of some bushes at the top of a low bank close at hand, and the captain fell. George sprang from his saddle, lifted the wounded captain across the neck of his horse, then mounted, and shouting encouragement to his men and firing into the brushwood, rode straight at the bank and over it.

The men followed his example, and were soon galloping back over the same ground they had covered a short time before; behind their now helpless leader, leaving the Boers too surprised to retaliate until the little troop of Englishmen was out of reach.

George was mentioned in the despatches home and recommended for the V.C. for this day's work, but he had been wounded, and was in hospital when this was told to him.

"I should think he'll get promotion after this; they say he's a born leader," one of the nurses said to another near the sick man's bed.

Once more George saw in his mind's eye the little church and the small, rather neglected churchyard. In the porch two figures were standing, an old clergyman and a small boy.

"I have noticed this in your character; you will be an 'example' wherever you go; it's for you to decide whether you will be a good or a bad one, but a leader of men you will be. Shake hands, boy!"

It was the last three words which had sealed the compact. The boy had felt, with that frail old hand in his, that he was undertaking a trust; and now the man felt, as he lay so still on the low bed in the field hospital in Africa, that that trust, once undertaken, had indeed been the keynote of his life.
My Point of View: I. THE ORGANIST TO THE CONGREGATION.

By WILLIAM H. HARRIS, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.R.C.O.

During the past four or five years there has been a great revival of interest in music for voices as distinguished from music for instruments. We, in England, have slowly awakened to the fact that some of the most gifted composers of choral music that the world has ever seen have been Englishmen. Competitions have been instituted in all parts of the country to encourage local choral societies and choirs, and such partsongs as "Who will o'er the downs" and "Now is the month of Maying" have been admirably rendered before competent judges. But these very judges on one occasion attended the local parish church on Sunday and heard the same singers taking part in a service, the music of which was rendered in as careless and slovenly a manner as could well be imagined. The reason was too apparent: nothing had been carefully practised, the singing was half-hearted, lukewarm, insincere, and the general feeling that communicated itself to the congregation was one of indifference to the words contained in that glorious heritage of our forefathers—the Book of Common Prayer, with its grand liturgy. Hours and hours had been spent by these men in the preparation of works which, while being perfectly beautiful and well worthy of patient study, were, after all, only for the six days. The music of the seventh day—the Sunday, the Day of days—was rendered in such a manner as would not be tolerated at any other time. Is not such a state of things, as an eminent church musician has lately said, "a grave national reproach"?

Surely it may be a mistake to attempt too much music in the ordinary parish church. That which would be appropriate in a cathedral, would perhaps be very out of place elsewhere. I have in mind a parish church where a full cathedral service is attempted every Sunday. That is to say, besides the singing of the psalms, hymns, responses, and all we expect to be sung, complete settings of the Te Deum and Benedictus in the morning and the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis together with an anthem in the evening, are attempted! The choir is a voluntary one, the adult members of which attend only one practice a week, and they are only average readers. And this is a parish church—and the congregation stand by, Sunday after Sunday, and seldom hear the sound of their own voices! Is this a right state of things? And are not the church authorities playing with their responsibilities in allowing people to remain standing idly while music is presented for their spiritual benefit which has not been adequately rehearsed? Would it not be better to give the speaking voice a chance sometimes, and not drag in "crotchets and quavers" at every opportunity? Sir Walter Parratt has spoken very strongly on this subject, and more than one eminent musician has suggested lately that in churches where the speaking voice is better than the singing voice, the former should be used more frequently, even to the saying of complete psalms and canticles in alternate verses by the choir and congregation. But let everything be said heartily and with meaning, not nervously and without conviction. The parish church that can band together a group of earnest choirmen
of some musical ability (no matter how slight) who will honestly take a pride in their work and not grudge time or trouble for systematic practice, is a model for many. Such a choir should be careful not to undertake more music than can well be prepared, spending as much time as possible over the psalms and hymns, and all that portion of the service that one expects to find wedded to good music. For it is surely better to spend time exploring the beauties of the psalms than to use it in practising indifferent anthems whose only recommendation is that they are "simple and easy to learn."

Now I wish to say a few words on a vexed question. Since it is a vexed question, I do not expect all my readers to agree with me. I refer to congregational singing. There will, I suppose, always be difficulties until—

(1) People are given a more definite idea as to what they are to sing and what they are not to sing. Now I can imagine many objecting, "But surely every one has a perfect right to join in everything." Yes, every one, at present, has a perfect right so to do, and that is the very reason why congregational singing is often very half-hearted and unsatisfactory. "Too much license as to singing," it has been wisely said, "may lead to carelessness in singing, which in turn leads to indifference or no singing at all." Are there not moments when one would rather listen than sing? I do not think that any one would attribute to a choir so low a motive as a desire to show off if, occasionally, and in the right spirit, an anthem, or special setting of the canticles be sung by the choir which may be regarded as their own special service of praise—an offering which has cost them something. Many of us have yet to learn that we can worship, and be helped in so doing by not uttering a sound, as well as by taking an active part in the singing.

Let all the hymns be sung with heart, soul and voice—in unison—for the hymns are the people's by right, and they should be sung in the spirit of proud possession. I have often thought that the psalms might be more effectively and more helpfully sung than they are at present. Why should not

the choir and congregation use one special psalter, having verses marked for choir and congregation, choir only, and congregation only. At an occasional congregational practice such an idea might be tested. The psalter has yet to be compiled that marks the verses in this way. Such an arrangement would at any rate ensure every one becoming more interested in having a specially apportioned share in the service, and emphasis would thereby be gained for outstanding verses. Some of the penitential psalms, for instance, might be sung by the choir only with all reverence and solemnity, the congregation breaking in at any verse of tremendous import, or universal application, such as "We praise Thee, O God," "All the earth doth worship Thee," "Thou art the King of Glory." This is only a suggestion: any legitimate method on very broad lines which will help people to understand more fully the meaning of the inspired words is to be welcomed; for one cannot but be dissatisfied with the thoughtless way in which psalms are too often sung.

(2) People must break through their natural reserve a little more and sing as if they felt what they were singing. The Englishman's strength, it is said, is in his reserve, but this great quality is certainly an enemy to congregational singing. The very people who say they want more opportunities of joining in are often those who, if given the opportunity, either will not take it, or else sing in a way that neither inspires nor encourages their fellow-worshippers. Enthusiasm must be aroused. How few can really sing "My heart is ready, my heart is ready," and be bubbling over with eagerness to sing and give praise with the best member that they have. It is a matter for regret that congregations do not take more trouble to second the efforts of the choir. To people of any love of beauty, law and order, one cannot conceive of anything more calculated to detract from worship or concentration of thought than the careless irreverent way in which some members of the congregation join in the singing!—with little regard for time or tune or anything beyond their own personal enjoyment! It is only thoughtlessness on the part of those who offend, and a word in season may not be resented.

### My Little Son.

I. The hand of God is on the hills, and on the waking wold,
The nesting bird, the budding branch, His majesty unfold.

II. The hand of God is on the home this happy day
of Spring,
He gives a little child with May, and all the valleys sing.

III. The hand of God is on the woods, and on the frost-bound land,
The sleeping earth, the naked trees, at rest before Him stand.

IV. It is not death but slumber-time, night's step where daylight trod,
My little son lies silently, his hand in that of God.

W. M. E. F.
Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field. By the Rev. R.

WOOD-SAMUEL.

Stanley was struck with the appearance of Livingstone, who looked much aged and had a white beard. The two were soon together clasping hands. "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to find you," said Stanley. "And I feel thankful I am here to welcome you," was the reply. The traveller and his discoverer then returned to the house, and all retired, leaving the two Englishmen to themselves, instinctively feeling that the two should be left alone.

Q Christ or Confucius?

The Rev. J. R. Wolfe, when on a missionary expedition, visited Fuh-Kien in China. He was standing in an open space and reading the Gospel message, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,” before a crowd gathered round him. A very striking looking old man with white flowing beard stepped forward and said, "Young man, I will speak." The missionary readily replied and told of Christ, of His incarnation, His life, His death for the world; His Resurrection and Ascension into heaven. He then turned to the old man and said, "Venerable father, have you anything like that for China? Have any of your sages been so great? Confucius was a good man, I own, but Jesus was the Lord from heaven." The old man was silent for a while and then said, "You look young, but your words are weighty. Give me the Book that will tell me of these things." A New Testament was at once put into his hands.

Q Leper Scene.

No work abroad surely can engage our sympathy more than that among lepers. Their condition is helpless and almost hopeless, for if the Gospel is to reach them, they themselves must be in great measure the missionaries. They can be cured of the leprosy of sin if they are incurable as to the leprosy of the body. The Bishop of Carpentaria tells of a confirmation he held for fifteen candidates in the leper settlement of Friday Island. They had been prepared by an Australian black man. When the Bishop went later to administer the Holy Communion to these communicants who were kneeling down under the shade of a big tree, he said, "It was a touching sight to see them, showing the deepest reverence, as they received the Bread and wine with their poor distorted mouths." Let us remember the poor lepers in our prayers.
CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
By the Rev. R. Wood-Samuel, Reader of the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

over the See of London—a man who had shown and continued to show throughout his episcopal rule, the keenest interest in mission and open-air preaching—preaching, we may say, of a more or less popular type. We are told that the worthy Bishop would leave the House of Lords to go and speak to a shipload of emigrants in the docks; or to give an address to ragged school children or omnibus drivers, being in every way eager to show his interest in the spiritual welfare of the masses. It was in this year 1858, that that noble philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, began Sunday evening services in Exeter Hall, with the hope of gathering in those who were non-churchgoers. The scheme at once proved successful and vast multitudes assembled in the Hall week after week. The excitement then created engaged the earnest attention of Bishop Tait, who appears at once to have conceived the idea of an extension of the work, namely of gathering in the masses into Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and providing services of more popular character than the full Cathedral service of the morning and afternoon.

The First Evening Service.

There were naturally many difficulties to be surmounted, but it was not long before such a service was held in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday, January 3, 1858, when an overflowing congregation was present. The difficulties, however, with which the Bishop had to contend at St. Paul's were of a more formidable character, for they chiefly centred in the opposition of the Dean of that day, who was against such an innovation, because he contended there was no desire for such additional services; that there were so many City churches around the Cathedral, and also because there existed no funds for the upkeep of such services. But Bishop Tait was a man of indomitable perseverance and was not to be deterred by any difficulties; and assuming that probably the last objection—that of lack of funds—was the most formidable, he at once started a fund, commencing it with a subscription of £100 from himself. Other subscriptions soon flowed in, and on Advent Sunday, 1858, the first Sunday evening service was held in St. Paul's, the Bishop himself preaching to an enormous congregation. It was even said that on this occasion from 10,000 to 100,000 were turned away for want of space in the Cathedral. Could the eminent Dean of those days have seen the multitudes which have assembled on the many Sundays since, his
A COMPLETE TALE FOR THE OLD YEAR. By M. Burbridge.

'Tis the Good Boy everywhere

Turning over a New Leaf.

There it was again. The phrase seemed to pursue him. Once more he could hear the preacher's ringing voice—

"Turn over a new leaf! Turn over a new leaf—and don't bring anything forward from the old either. That little debt that so-and-so owes you, that little grudge you owe so-and-so—don't deface the new leaf with the blots and smudges, the debits and credits of the old. Start fresh with the clean page God is giving each one of you—and start now!"

He put the notebook away savagely, placed his feet up on another chair, threw his handkerchief over his face, and settled himself to court sleep in real earnest.

Sleep, however, is too coy a maid to be wooed in so fierce a manner. For ten minutes he kept his eyes shut by sheer force of will, but it was no good. He shook himself angrily and rose and walked over to the window. It had been snowing since he came in from church. The whole familiar scene was covered in a mantle of pure white. Not a footstep marred its purity. It lay like a fresh white page out of Nature's book, a new leaf.

Then suddenly whiteness and peace were alike broken. Round the corner of the street came a man, a poor unsuccessful player in the great game of life, ragged, almost bootless, mournfully intoning a hymn.

About three notes to every two steps was the average. The sounds got on Abel Strong's nerves. He went to the window and watched as the man came slowly on, turning his head from side to side as he sang.
"Oh where"—glance to the east—"is my boy"—due west—"to-night? My heart over­flows"—facing south—"for I love him he knows"—right north, in the direction of Strong's house, with the wind and snow driving into his poor pinched face—"oh! where is my boy to-night?" finished on a real quaver due, not to art, but to sheer cold and hunger.

Strong frowned. He disliked beggars on principle, and never gave charity indiscriminately, also on principle. (It is really wonderful what a lot of inconvenient virtues principle is opposed to!)

"I dare say he's as well off as I am," thought the old man disagreeably, "if one only knew. I had to work for my money. I wonder how many people would help me if I went begging!"

"If he went begging!" The incongruity of the thought struck him, and he almost smiled as he turned from the window to the rich luxury of the room behind him. Thick carpets and hangings, great cosy chairs in front of a roaring fire, the table heaped with untouched dessert, and he alone! as much alone as that tramp making the day hideous with his rasping hymn. Yet, if he liked to ask them, Abel Strong could find plenty to share the rich man's board. Would they be as ready to help the poor man's needs? That young clergyman, for instance, who must so often have been taken in by imposters.

In his own mind Abel Strong divided the poor into two classes—the make-believe poor, who didn't need help, and the really poor, who didn't deserve it—and he was always so afraid of encouraging the first that he seldom helped the latter.

Then there was Gerald, and Gerald's wife whom he had never seen, and whom he firmly believed had married Gerald for his money alone. It was part of his creed to believe that affection was purely mercenary. "The more money, the more friends," was an axiom of his, a belief that six years of estrangement from his son, who had given up luxury for love, had scarcely shaken.

Would Gerald's wife be as kind to a penniless old man as Gerald had assured him she was ready to be to Abel Strong, the rich merchant? He stood for a moment lost in thought, then—"I'll do it," he said, suddenly, aloud, "I'll try them. When poverty comes in at the door charity flies out at the window. I've always heard. Time enough to turn over that new leaf when I find it's worth turning."

II.

"The wandering boy" had stopped suddenly, cut short in the midst of his wanderings by Abel Strong's tap at the window. The minstrel came to the door, was bidden to enter, and fifteen minutes elapsed before he was out in the snow again, clothed in sound boots and thick overcoat, in the pocket of which two half-crowns, the price of his old suit, jingled harmoniously together. A little later still the door opened again and Abel Strong himself came out quickly.

He was obliged to come quickly. If his butler had caught sight of that coat and hat and those boots descending the steps of the Strong mansion, Abel felt sure in his own mind that his man-servant's charity would neither suffer long, nor be kind.

He turned up the frayed collar of his coat as he met the bitter wind, and somehow the idea of a millionaire tramp doing this sort of thing for fun seemed not at all so feasible as when aired from the safe warmth of his own fireside!

How cold the wind was, and how feeble his voice sounded as he raised it in the lines of the only hymn he knew—

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore.

A policeman at the corner stopped to stare at him, and then it occurred to Abel that he had forgotten to walk in the middle of the road before he began to sing, and was actually serenading people from the sidewalk.

No wonder the policeman stopped. Already Abel had visions of the Sabbath calm of that street desecrated by his fierce struggle with the arm of the law trying to arrest him. He knew he should struggle, and most
likely the policeman would insist on detaining him, and his head clerk would have to be sent for to identify his master!

Abel shuddered and walked to the centre of the deserted road, where the spotless snow was churned into an unspeakably cheerless mixture of mud and ice.

What a good thing he had kept his thick slippers on under the tramp's old boots! And then he remembered with an actual pang of sympathy that real poverty could not afford such luxuries, and that it must be no uncommon thing for poor people to feel that icy slush oozing round their bare toes!

He walked on dejectedly, trying not to listen to a voice that told him he was doing a very foolish thing. Why not acknowledge Gerald's last letter, sent that very Christmas, with its manly plea for reconciliation, and a turning over of a new leaf for that New Year? Obstinate held him back ; pride in his own power to carry out anything he had once begun urged him on. The only concession he would make was to resolve not to begin his hymn again until he had found Gerald's road. Singing, he felt, had never been his forte!

III.

It was a long way, right down to the east end of the town, and by the time Abel had reached it he felt so cold and miserable that he was sure all traces of amateurishness must have gone out of his singing.

With the proper quaver, real, not assumed, he began the singularly inappropriate words of his hymn again, looking round as he walked for the welcome sound of an opening door, or even the distant gleam of a fire. Nothing stirred, however. The road where Gerald lived consisted of an interminably long row of small but respectable houses, inhabited apparently by dead people, but in reality by clerks mostly (of whom Gerald was one) earning about thirty shillings a week.

In almost all of them, where the people, after a hearty dinner, were trying to sleep in the unaccustomed grandeur (and discomfort) of the "best" chairs and sofas, there was some grumbling at the disturbing noise. One man actually rose to give the singer a penny to go into the next street, but finding he hadn't any money in his pocket, he subsided again, and the song went drearily on.

Gerald's house was No. 130. Just like Gerald to choose such an inconsiderately high number! At No. 126 Abel stopped, feeling really overcome with cold and fatigue. The snow still drifted down through the darkening air, his feet and hands were numb, his throat sore. A troop of children coming home from Sunday School suddenly invaded the little street, stormed the houses, and disappeared. Not one of them had noticed the poor old man singing in the middle of the street. Abel left the roadway, and walked along by the railings until he came opposite to No. 130. There was a light in the little parlour window, the warm flicker of firelight which cast a rosy glow over the room. He clung to the railings and looked in, and presently, when the sudden moisture that filled his eyes had cleared away, he made out a table set for tea, the chairs drawn up ready, the kettle singing on the fire.

The teapot and plates and cups seemed to dance in and out of the shadows in the strangest way, but there was no one in the room.

With an effort Abel opened the gate and knocked at the door that at any other time would have seemed to him so indecently near the roadway. As it opened he began—

"For the love of Heaven, ma'am—" and then stopped suddenly.

It was not a woman that came to the door at all, but a tiny girl, a mite with a solemn face and straight yellow hair that hung down on each side of it. His grandchild! His heart gave a thump and then stood still. He had forgotten there might be children. It was so long since he had spoken to a child; how did one start, he wondered?

The child spoke first, however.

"Come in," she said eagerly. "Mamma's spectin' you."

Expecting him! Abel Strong pulled himself together as the child's hand drew him towards the lighted hall.

"I don't think she is, my dear." How stiff his tongue was over the unaccustomed words! "I think there's some mistake."

"There isn't any stake," she said confidently. "Come right in. Mamma, mamma," she called,
leaving Strong and running down the hall.

"Here's the Stranger—here's the Stranger!"

The door at the end of the passage opened, and a woman came quickly forward.

"What is it, Rose-Ella?" she said gently.

Rose-Ella, his dead wife's name! Abel Strong brushed his hand quickly over his eyes as his son's wife approached, the child holding her hand and volubly explaining—

"Don't you see, mamma; you said a Stranger might come, and we was to take him in, and the more poor he was, and hungry and cold—and that's just like him. Feel his hand, mamma, it's deadly cold."

Young Mrs. Strong smiled down at the eager child, and Abel could not take his eyes from the sweet motherly woman for whom his only son had dared poverty and an angry father's scorn. No wonder Gerald had loved her! One room would have been a home, with that gracious presence in it!

Then the grave, sweet eyes met his steadily, and old Abel's frozen heart seemed to warm strangely as he looked. He took a step forward and raised his battered hat.

"It is true, madam," he said quickly, "as your little daughter says. I am a stranger, and tired and cold. I should be glad of a few moments' rest, if your husband would not object."

"My husband is not at home"—she paused a moment and then went on—"but if he were he would not object."

"My husband is always considerate of old people, for the sake of his father."

A huge mastiff rose from the rug as they entered, and Rose-Ella flew forward to throw her arms round his neck.

"Don't growl, Nero," she whispered, "he's our Stranger, you know, that mamua told us about. He won't bite you," she added, as Abel sank into the chair by the fire; "he's really a much kinder doggy than he looks."

The old man smiled, and put out a hand to pat the dog's head. The recognition had been mutual, however. Nero had been a birthday gift to Gerald, and if the dog could have spoken, Abel's deception would soon have been at an end.

He talked to Rose-Ella and Nero while he drank the cup of tea which Gerald's wife insisted on his taking, and when he rose to go the child clung to his hand, while Nero, on the other side, solemnly escorted the procession to the door.

"If you will tell me where you live," his hostess said kindly, "Rose-Ella and I will come to see you to-morrow. It doesn't matter a bit where it is," she added, as she saw him hesitate. "My little girl and I go just wherever we think we are most needed."

"God bless you," Abel found himself saying, much to his own surprise. "I am sure you do."
So he told her where to come, only stipulating as a favour that she should not be there before four, when his "round" for the day should be over.

A little plan, not unconnected with the turning of that new leaf of his, had come as a sort of inspiration as he gave his address. Going home he smiled almost gleefully as he leaned back in the open door of Abel's staid man-servant.

"I think we have made a mistake."

Gerald's wife and little Rose-Ella stood at the open door of Abel Strong's mansion offering the little slip of paper with the "Stranger's" address on it to Abel's staid man-servant.

"There's no mistake, madam, if you are young Mrs. Strong. Will you please walk this way."

So they went on, Rose-Ella's mamma very mystified, Rose-Ella enchanted with the great rooms with their thick carpets and softly shaded lights that made mysterious fairy shadows of the far corners.

"Why does he call me 'young Mrs. Strong,'" thought Gerald's wife, who knew her husband's story, but had never seen her father-in-law or his house. "It almost seems as if he had been used—"

An exclamation from Rose-Ella, who had run on in front, roused her. The servant had thrown open the wide double door, and there in truth was a fairyland. The whole room was a mass of flowers and greenery, a veritable fairy forest lit up by countless tiny lamps that hung on the boughs of the trees like strange fruit, and glittered behind frost-laden leaves with the colour of magic flowers. A sideboard at the back of the room was loaded with good things to eat, cakes and fruit, made for more substantial folk than fairies, while in the centre of the glade stood a huge Christmas tree, crowned with a fair dolly that was a reduced facsimile of Rose-Ella's self.

She, to whom all things seemed wonderful and nothing impossible, flew excitedly from one delight to another, while her mother stood still in utter bewilderment.

A noise at the door made her look up. There stood a tall old gentleman, a wistful, almost timid smile on his face. Rose-Ella caught sight of him at the same instant, and knew him immediately, in spite of the change in his attire.

"Why, it's the Stranger we tooked in, mamma," she cried eagerly, running up to him and catching his hand in both hers. "So this is his home, after all. Do you live here?—do you really live here in this beautiful house?"

She had drawn him into the room with a power there was no resisting, but he paused by Mrs. Strong's side to say—

"Will you forgive my little deception, my dear? Believe me, I had a good reason for it. I was really tired and cold yesterday, but not so poor as appeared."

"But, I don't understand," began Mabel, but Rose-Ella's busy tongue interrupted again.

"Stranger, Stranger"—she shook his hand to draw his attention—"is that great big dolly for your little girl?"

"I haven't got a little girl, Rose-Ella." He put her mother into a chair and drew the child on to his knee. "You see how poor I am—no little girl, not one."

Oh, I am sorry." Rose-Ella's restless little fingers entwined themselves caressingly in his. "No mother, no father, no little girl—poor Stranger. Then whoever are all the toys for, and the Christmas tree, and the cakes? I know"—she sat up straight, elated with her discovery—"you must have a little boy, then, and he's going to have a party—is that it?"

Abel Strong's eyes met Mabel's over Rose-Ella's golden head.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I used to have a little boy, Rose-Ella, but, do you know, I lost him for seven years. What do you think of that? To-night"—his voice trembled, his hand shook a little as he held it out to Rose-Ella's mamma—"he's coming home again, if mamma will let him, and later on lots of other little boys and girls from the Sunday School are coming to help you, and my little boy, and mamma, have a New Year's party with all these beautiful things; and then, perhaps, when he sees how lonely I am, my little boy will come and live with me again."

"Why—why—" Rose-Ella's eyes were big and solemn with excitement—"where is he, then?"

"Wait, sit quite still. You will see him come in!"

Mrs. Strong had risen and taken the offered hand, and thus, between the two of them, Abel Strong turned over his New Leaf, and this was the picture that greeted Gerald as he opened the door.

"Why, it's papa!" shouted Rose-Ella.

"Papa, are you his little boy, really and truly?"

"Yes"—Gerald knelt and kissed the eager little face—"and mamma is his little girl, and so are you. And he's—guess, Rose-Ella." Rose-Ella threw her arms round Abel's neck—"Our dear Stranger, that we took in."

"HOME WORDS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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WHEN any one is taken ill, usually the first thought is to send for the doctor. We do not wait till our medical man happens to hear there is sickness in the house. Nor do we say we have no one to send. The matter is urgent, and somebody must be found to go at once. If we ask a friend to call and let the doctor know, and still he does not come, we do not immediately blame the doctor, but we begin to wonder whether our friend has done what we asked him to do. We do not wait till we happen to meet the doctor a few weeks later, and then cover him with hard words and reproaches because he has not somehow heard there has been illness in the house.

It is one of the marvels of this world that we are accustomed to act so differently in temporal and in spiritual matters. Is it reasonable to think that the clergyman ought always to know when there is a case of sickness among his people? When he is sent for—and even when he happens to hear of it in any other way—he is glad to visit the sick; but it is an injustice which he feels keenly when he is blamed for not knowing what nobody has ever told him. Even if we have asked a friend to let him know, it is not always the clergyman who is to blame for not having called—it is sometimes the friend, for not having told him. It is only fair to inquire first whether the message has been delivered. And it is better not to rely upon these casual messages by friends, which experience shows are often forgotten—nor even upon the District Visitor, though it is one of the most useful parts of the Visitor's work to report cases of sickness to the clergy; it is better to send a direct message by a special messenger without delay. Have we nobody to send? We should soon find some one if it were the doctor who was wanted! No casual messages are thought sufficient in such a case! Why are we more concerned about our bodies than about our souls?

Perhaps it may be said that the clergyman ought to miss his people when they are away from Church. Well, he often does try, and try very earnestly, to notice who are absent. But in a large Church, and sometimes even in a small one, it is not easy to discover this; at any rate there are many things which may prevent him from noticing any particular case of absence for a considerable time. Nor is so much always thought of the matter in these days when so many things are allowed to keep people away from the services. Besides, it very often happens that those who are most ready to make the complaints of which we speak are not those who come to Church themselves. Perhaps they are rarely, or at the most only intermittently, seen there. Who, then, can be struck by their absence? They may declare that they have been "Churchpeople all their lives," or that they "have never been anywhere else." But, unfortunately, this latter assertion may be perfectly true without implying that they are ever seen at Church, except at baptisms and funerals, and, perhaps now and then, at Harvest Festivals and "Special Services." The former assertion, in such cases, can of course not be considered at all a true representation of their position, if only they knew it.

Or it may be said that a clergyman ought to be so good a visitor that he cannot fail to know when a case of sickness arises. This may be partly reasonable where he has 500 people to look after, though even here the people are not absolved from the apostolic rule at the head of this paper. But where there are 5,000, or 10,000, or even more, the plea is altogether unreasonable. In such parishes (without reckoning Nonconformists, who often have a great fondness for the ministrations of the Church in sickness, as well as for the visits of its clergy in health), there must certainly be 500 or 1,000 houses, or more, where the families, or some
members of them, profess to be Churchpeople. If any one wishes to make an arithme
tical calculation, let him estimate how often he thinks any member of the staff of clergy can visit each of these houses in the ordinary round, especially when fully half his visiting time is taken up with sick cases. And if, further, he is disposed for an ounce of practical experience (which is proverbially worth a pound of theory or of arithmetical calculation), let him join the clergy in their task, and see how he can cover the ground himself. Then he will find how difficult it is to get into any one street more often than occasionally. And even when he is in the street, the clergyman is not gifted with the faculty of seeing through brick walls, and knowing exactly what is going on in every house.

Experience often shows that it is the exception, and not the rule, for the clergy of a parish to be sent for in such cases. This is all the more sad because people are generally very ready to seek the clergyman's aid where they think he can be of service to them in earthly matters—by a recommendation, or an introduction, or even in the way of temporal relief. This leads us to ask one further question—why are the clergy so seldom consulted about spiritual matters (apart from the question of times of sickness for the moment)? They are glad to be of what service they can in purely earthly concerns, but it would rejoice their hearts much more if the people consulted them more often

"I was sick and ye visited me."

and more fully in matters with which it is their special commission to deal. This, indeed, has a vital connexion with our main subject. For it is not in times of sickness alone, nor upon a death-bed for the first time, that the Saviour of sinners is to be sought, or His ministers' work of service reckoned as of any value. That is frequently, from physical causes as well as from the hardening of a seared conscience, the most difficult time of all.

I would say in all earnestness, let there be, not only in time of trouble, but in days of health and prosperity, that earnest spirit of seeking which is assured of its reward—"Those that seek Me early (R.V. "diligently") shall find Me." (Prov. viii. 17).
"See how the ringing ripples spread
Wider and wider evermore:
God knows what word at random said
Shall touch at last the eternal shore."
—Canon Langbridge.

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Christmas Night in Bethlehem.

By A. C. Inchbold.

Illustrated by Stanley Inchbold.

It is Christmas Eve, and the stars shine so brilliantly in the sky that the road winding from Jerusalem to Bethlehem gleams like a broad white ribbon. There is great movement along the road, of carriages, of people walking, and many riders on horses and donkeys. There are long processions of Christian natives, many of them carrying torches, of Russian pilgrims with lanterns and candles, and numbers of isolated groups which trudge in darkness along the highway. There is no lonely stretch of the way for the whole of the five miles between Jerusalem and the little town where Christ was born.

It seems as if all Jerusalem, inhabitants and visitors, had come forth to take part in the midnight service which is held every year in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, in memory of the birth of the Little Child Who was to be the Christ, the Saviour, the Lord of the whole earth.

As the people walk along many of them sing. The natives of the Holy Land chant their melancholy, minor-keyed Arab songs. The Russians, who have a natural gift for music, sing their well-known hymns in beautiful harmonies of parts. The message of the Angels of that first Christmas night seems to have given its spirit of good will to the crowds who, like the shepherds of old, are hurrying to Bethlehem, where:

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Stars and Angels gave the sign."

Half way to the little town—built, like Jerusalem, on a hill with other hills around it—many pilgrims halt for a few moments by the wayside, and kneel to say their prayers. A well is there in the darkness, and in its deep waters, says the legend, the Wise Men of the East saw the first reflection of the guiding Star. The details of the story of Christ's birth come to the mind as we, too, pass on our way, for of all the treasured places of the Holy Land no name is more popular or more cherished by Christians than that of the town we are approaching.

Further on the road divides, and at this parting of the way stands a curious little building with the round roof of a dome, which glitters white in the starlight.

It is the tomb of Rachel, a spot revered by Moslems as well as Christians, and now belonging to the Jews. In former years this spot was marked by a pyramid of stones, and through all Christian ages it has been respected as the burial place of Rachel.

Again many of the devout turn aside to pray, and they realize with new understanding why it is they read in the Bible of Rachel weeping for her children. For within sound of her burial place was once heard the mournful cries of the Bethlehem mothers as they sorrowed over the massacre of their innocent little children who were martyrs to the fury and fear of Herod.

Now we enter the narrow streets of the town, the wheels of the carriages at times scraping the walls of the houses as they pass up and down steep bits of road, and then finally emerge upon a large open space. This is the market place of the town, and it stretches before two sides of a dark, massive building which has the air of a fortress. This building is the Church of the Nativity, and has three monasteries attached to it, belonging to the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Latins.

The market place is crowded with vehicles of all kinds, horses and mules, and a multitude of people is trying to enter the church. The entrance is very small and only a few can enter at a time. Inside, the church is brilliantly lighted, and already filled with worshippers. These are
standing or kneeling, because in churches of the East there are no seats except such as are placed there on occasions of festivals, such as this service, for the use of strangers who are present, more or less, as sight-seers.

It is sad to think that the homage paid to the Babe of Bethlehem should ever be made the subject of a spectacle. It is to be hoped that many who attend this midnight service with only that aim to begin with, end by being moved to higher aspirations in spite of the superstition which is visibly introduced into the religious ceremonies of the Greek Church.

The Bethlehem men in the congregation are distinguished by their costume: a big white turban, a red, girdled robe to the feet, and over it a deep blue or black cloak.

The dress of the married women of the town is shown in the illustration, though in everyday life the white veil entirely covers the high cap, crosses the forehead in a straight line, and forms a frame for the face. Being Christians they do not cover their faces, and in their features they resemble the type of face often given in antique pictures of the Virgin Mary.

This resemblance is more marked in the young unmarried woman of Bethlehem, for she wears the veil on her head without the high cap, which is an insignia of marriage, and it simply frames the oval of her face. Above a loosely flowing blue robe she wears a zouave coat with short sleeves falling over the shoulders. The whole costume is that which was selected by the earliest painters in which to represent the Mother of Jesus.

In order to reach the cave, or grotto, which is revered as the birth place of Christ, we must go down the forty stone steps of one of the staircases which descend from the chancel to the crypt below the church. We come out in a little chapel, which though once a rocky cave is now lined and paved with marble, and lighted by many hanging lamps.

Here we stand with bowed heads and humble hearts, seeming then and there to become imbued with that understanding of the heart of a child which we read of in the New Testament, and to which all good Christians try to attain at the season when once God, Himself, became manifest on earth in the form of a little child. For as we look down, our eyes see a silver star set into the marble of the pavement, and we read upon it the words in Latin:

"Jesus Christ was born here of the Virgin Mary."
We know that to no one living is it given to know the exact position of the stable where Mary sought shelter when there was no room in the inn, but even to-day in Judæa caves are constantly used as stables. Bethlehem is built on a hill, and has still many rocky recesses and caverns connected with the houses which stand on the verge and slope of the descent.

It is certain also that the story of this sacred birthplace is the most ancient of all the narratives told to-day about the holy places of Palestine, and that even as early as the second century Justin the Martyr, who was a native of Judæa, wrote that Jesus was born in a cavern.

To-night it is not possible to descend to this venerated Stable-Cave, over which was built many centuries ago this ancient Church of the Nativity, for the throng is too great, and the priests are so numerous that the little chapel and the whole crypt soon fill to overflowing. The majority of the people have to wait in the church above, singing and praying, and those who cannot find room within, kneel on the paving stones outside the great building.

If we were to make our way down a side street to the south of the Church of the Nativity we should find a tall gateway leading into the garden which encloses the English School House of the C.M.S. The school is for the daughters of native teachers in the Holy Land, who are being trained there to help their parents in missionary work to their country-people. But to-night we should find the gateway closed and every one asleep, for their simple services in remembrance of the Little Child who was born in Bethlehem will be on Christmas Day itself.

So we pass away from the crowded spaces outside the church, and as we pick our way carefully through the narrow stony streets, I call to mind an incident applicable to the season related to me by an English lady attached to the Mission, who often visited the villages, and camps in the rocky environs of Bethlehem, to tell the Gospel story to the peasants and help them by many kindly deeds.

She told me of a young peasant mother of to-day, whose twin babies were born in a cave of the wilderness when she was quite alone. No doubt she had been working in the fields as do so many of the women of the Holy Land, and the time coming upon her unawares she had sought shelter, like Mary, in a cavern. She stood at the mouth of the cave and looked up at the sky.

"Oh God! I am alone with Thee," she prayed. "Thou canst take my life or spare me. Forgive me if I have done any sin against Thee, and help me now." Then, according to the custom of her people, she took some earth between her teeth, and said: "This is the sign that I am ready to do Thy will."

When the babies were born she wrapped them in the long, full sleeves of her robe, and lay with them in the cave until next day when her husband, who had been searching for her, found and took her with her infants back to their home.
“Can any one doubt God’s goodness after that?” she said, after relating her experiences to the lady who told them to me. In the words of this simple village woman was surely manifest the same child-like submission to the will of the Divine as was revealed in Mary’s reply to the Angel Messenger of God, “Be it unto me according to Thy Word.”

Very soon we are outside the town on the road which borders the steep hillside covered with cultivated terraces of vines. The valley below is dim, but just where we can see the dark outline of a small watch tower of modern days is the so-called Field of the Shepherds. For hundreds of years the spot was consecrated by a church, and even now if we were to visit it by daylight we should find there some ruins of the church called “Gloria in Excelsis” (Glory to God in the Highest), which was erected on that site in the middle ages.

On the hills around there are still shepherds as of old tending their flocks. The air is crisp and clear. It seems impossible that the stars could have shone more brightly even on the first Christmas night. Somewhere there in the mysterious shades of night had once appeared the sudden glory of light when the Angels brought the glad news to the shepherds. These same dark hills enclosing Bethlehem, the City of David, had been alight with the radiance of the angel host, singing their song of joy and praise.

The stars, the stillness, the night and the clustering town on the hill bring the “sweet story of old” nearer to the heart than the crowded church of the Greeks and the Latins. As we stand there pondering over the past and wishing that the message of Peace and Good-Will had become the watchword of the world, noisy shouts, cracking of whips, the rolling of carriage wheels and jingle of bells break into the quiet.

The midnight service is over and a continuous stream of people are returning to Jerusalem and the Christian villages around. The candles, the lanterns and the flaring torches cast strange lights upon the moving multitudes. The processions seem endless, but above all the din of movement rise the voices of the faithful pilgrims singing their Alleluias:

“Glory to God in the Highest and on earth, peace, good-will towards men.”

Our Everyday Book.

By MRS. ORMAN COOPER,

It is strange how the most economical housemother will launch into extravagances in connexion with a wedding day. A feast is essential of course. At Cana in Galilee they had one. But that most of the food made necessary by custom can be prepared at home is certainly not generally recognized. “That mixture strange” called wedding cake is always given out to be mixed and baked, whilst even simple ices are ordered in by the quart from a neighbouring confectioner’s.

It is better to prepare Angelina’s cake some three months beforehand. When baked, put it away in a tin box—a large biscuit tin will do capitably—hermetically sealing it with strips of paper pasted round the lid edge. The longer time you give it to mellow and ripen the better.

Have everything at hand before beginning work: a large bowl, spoons, all the ingredients weighed out. Currants washed, picked over, and dried. Cherries chopped. Citron peel sliced finely. Then set to work.

The ingredients wanted are as follows (This amount will make a large cake and cost about 5s. If one of corresponding size he bought, you will pay three times as much at least—generally it would cost £1):—1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of crystallized cherries (if not procurable another 1 lb. of currants instead), 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of coarse brown sugar, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of citron, and 18 eggs.

Put the butter into a large bowl, breaking the eggs on top of it. Unless of known origin, break each egg separately into a cup before adding to bowl. Keep on beating this with a wooden spoon till the mixture looks curdy.

Brown on the fire in small saucepan the coarse brown sugar. When very dark pour into the cake mixture. Keep stirring whilst a second person sifts in slowly the flour, currants, cherries, chopped citron. Have a large tin or cake
hoop lined with paper, but not buttered, as recommended in cookery books. This cake does not rise much, so the tin may be a little fuller than usual. Bake for six hours in an ordinary moderate oven. Either the tin should stand on an ordinary baking tin or the bottom of it must have several folds of paper in it, otherwise there will be fear of the mixture burning.

When a knife emerges from stabbing into the centre quite undimmed the cake is done. Place it on a sieve, and put away for a few hours till quite cold. Then seal down in a tin as advised above.

Icing of this wedding cake cannot be undertaken till close to the time it is wanted. First of all we prepare the almond icing. Amateurs think this must be difficult to make, but in reality it is simplicity itself. Buy 1 lb. of sweet almonds. They cost about 1s. per lb. Add just a few, perhaps half a dozen, bitter ones. Blanch by throwing into boiling water. (The skin will easily slip off.) Pound in a mortar to a smooth paste with a few drops of water—orange flower if you have it. It will not take long, and two or three drops will suffice. Add 1 lb. of sifted white sugar and as much white of eggs as will make a stiff paste. I think two, or at the most three, should be sufficient. Mix all well together and spread with a wet knife on top of the cake. Keep away from the edges, as this icing will become very hard and interfere with cutting if allowed to encroach too much. The quantity given will cover a good-sized cake to a depth of about an inch, and must be spread as smoothly and evenly as possible. Put aside for twelve hours or more in some cool place to dry.

To finish the cake prepare a frost as follows. Put 2 lb. of fine white sifted sugar (no need for buying confectioners' sugar; it costs a lot, and what I recommend does excellently) into a basin. Drop into it, one by one, some white of egg. That is, add one white (without beating or whisking) at first, and see how far it will go. Fresh eggs moisten much more than stale ones; so I cannot give an exact quantity. Two pounds of sugar will possibly take no more than two whites, as the less egg you use the firmer and harder your icing will be. Stir together vigorously till there is a smooth, thick paste. It must not run when held up on a knife, but should drop thickly. The whole secret of successful icing depends on the strength, and patience in mixing is needed. Too much white of egg will spoil it completely, and what seems hopelessly dry at first will gradually melt and tone down with much beating. Flavour and whiten this mixture with a few drops of lemon juice. Some cooks add a squeeze of blue. But this is rather dangerous, as one is apt to put in too much.

Now place the cake, with its first blanket of almond paste quite hard, on a wire sieve. This is the best way of avoiding waste in the covering lee. A good deal will drop through the sieve, but it may be gathered up to cover the sides, or to coat a few queen and assorted cakelets. Dip a large, flat knife into cold water, and spread with that as quickly and evenly as possible, smoothing up any of the icing which runs. Cookery books, I know, direct use of wet hands, but I find a knife the best way. Some of the paste should be forced through a paper funnel and used to border the top edge. This funnel is simply made as you twist a piece of paper to hold sweets. Just twist a half-sheet of writing paper round the hand, giving it a pinch at the bottom. Fill with the icing and then force through the tiny aperture perforce left at the bottom. If you can borrow a proper tin nozzle used for such work by professionals so much the better.

Let the final icing harden in a cool oven, or in some warm cupboard in the kitchen, carefully covered from dust. Decorations for a bridal cake are not satisfactory made at home, but can be bought for a small outlay at any first-class pastrycook, or stores. They are even often hired. Silver leaves make a pretty foundation for fragrant real white flowers, added on the morning of the day. Four white Corinthian pillars to support a blossom look quite charming, not on ever large it difference in

The Wedding March.
CHAPTER XVII.
The Peace Words.

Strange sight was that, and one which Jack Seaton in after years would never forget: the ring of dark faces crowded so closely around him, the leaping fires over which were cooking the oxen and sheep taken from the Camanches the night before, the picturesque wigwams with the women, curious, but yet afraid to draw too near to listen to the concerns of their lords and masters, busy with their pounding of maize, and behind all the towering crags which shut in the Choctaw village with never a glimpse to be had of vast prairie or forest beyond. A little before the young missionary stood Chenosa, the interpreter, whilst Philip Seaton sat near, his hands folded on his knees. And thus they listened, those dusky warriors, leaning on their shields, or kneeling on the ground around their chief, whilst they heard for the first time that wondrous story of Divine love, forgiveness and sacrifice.

Over and over again low grunts or guttural cries broke from them as their hearts were stirred, leaping up in response to the pleading of a voice which rang there, a voice more insistent, more convincing than that of Jack Seaton, though the message came to them through his lips.

A strange message it was, too, to these men, to whom revenge and bloodshed were as the breath of their nostrils, and yet they listened, whilst a new life stirred in their veins. Primitive faith, which is ready to accept the simple statement without argument, quickened within them and left them wondering, awed, amazed, at the magnitude of this tale of Love.

Doubts would come after, difficulties, questionings, stirred up by the self-seeking witch doctors of their nation, but now they looked straight to the heart of truth and bowed low before it.

"It is a great story," observed Benonah, gravely, when Jack stopped at length for very weariness. "A great message to the people of the Choctaws, who have opened their ears to hear. Wow! but it is so great that Benonah and his people must lie flat before it. And now it is that I understand why the pale-face chief cuts the prisoner strings of his enemy."

"Not only that, Benonah," added Jack Seaton. "See. The message I command is for all. Let there be peace and good-will amongst the children of the Rockies. Let the hatchet be buried between the Camanches and the Choctaws, the Blackfeet and the Pawnees. Let the Great Spirit's message go far and near, carried by the feet of your young men. Then will the smoke of the peace-pipe go upwards to the Great Spirit and give Him joy."

Benonah drew a deep breath.
"They are great words," he said, a little doubtfully: "and—be glanced towards Kabinoka—"if it is the will of the great Spirit," he sighed, "we will bury the hatchet, and Kabinoka shall return in peace to his lodges."

Thus the seed sown in generous soil brought forth speedy fruit.
Scarcely could the Camanche chief believe his ears or eyes when Philip Seaton himself cut his
prisoner strings and told him he was free. The stolid mask of indifference fell from the stalwart Indian, and his limbs trembled as he looked from one to the other, suspicion lurking in his crafty eyes.

It was his enemy, the chief of the Choctaws, who convinced him at length.

Benonah had stepped forward with that stately dignity befitting his high rank, and took the hand of Kabinoka.

"My brother," he said slowly, "the pale-face chiefs are right. The words of the Great Spirit, whose name is Love, must be obeyed. Let the hatchet be buried between the people of the Choctaws and the people of the Camanches, and let us sit together smoking the peace-pipe whilst we listen to the message which this pale-face chief came alone to the Rockies to bring us. Hi-a-au. Surely it was the Great Spirit who kept him from the tomahawk and arrow!"

And Kabinoka, looking into the eyes of Benonah, bowed his proud head, for his heart was weak within him, now that the fear of torture and death had passed.

And thus with great solemnity was the hatchet buried between the two great nations of the Rockies, and thereafter Kabinoka returned full of wonder to his home, where already his scattered people were gathering again with a new chief at their head. And the tale of Kabinoka filled them with great wonder, for were not the scalps of their young men hanging even now in the lodges of the Choctaws? and had not Kabinoka, the enemy of Benonah, the Eagle of the Rockies, been in their power?

And they listened to the words of their chief in great surprise, for the message of God's Love had not yet reached them in their darkness.

But Benonah, looking into the eyes of Owaissa, found the tale of the peace-messengers less hard to understand since human love is the fore-shadowing of the Divine.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Home-coming.

Two men walked slowly across the meadow path which led to a wicket gate—and beyond lay an orchard and a little house. At the gate Philip Seaton paused.

"Jack," he said, "you must go first—and—tell her I am coming."

And Jack without a word went forward alone.

Mary Seaton was sitting in her favourite place under the apple-trees, though the fruit had long been gathered and stored and the autumn winds brought the leaves whirling down over the grass. She sat very still with her hands clasped on her knees. How she longed to feel her boy's arms round her.

And even as she wished, with a half-formed prayer in her heart, the desire was granted and Jack knelt beside her, holding her to his breast.

"Jack, Jack. Oh, Jack! God's given you back to me."

His eyes shone with a great light.

"Aye, mother," he replied, "I've come back to you, though maybe I'll be leaving you again soon, for there are many that want me yonder, and the call's still in my ears. But I won't leave you alone again, little mother; not alone."

Did his eager face tell her something of his meaning? Or was it that wonderful intuition that women possess so much more than men?

Mary Seaton was white to the lips.

"What do you mean, Jack?" she faltered.

"What did you tell me yourself, mother?" he answered gently, "that you believed he was not dead. It was your heart told you that, and your heart told you true."

"God's given you back to me."
She had risen, trembling violently, her eyes still shining with a glory Jack had never seen in them before.

"Phil!" she gasped. "Not dead! Your father not dead, Jack? Don't be cruel, lad, tell me, oh! Heaven! tell me quickly. Not dead."

"No," said Jack steadily. "Not dead, mother—he's yonder at the gate—waiting—"

"Waiting!" whispered Mary Seaton, and her hands were clasped over her heart. "My Phil—waiting. I must go—to him."

She tottered forward, but the effort was too great. White and trembling, she leant against the gnarled trunk of an apple-tree, whilst Jack, after one swift kiss, turned hastily back towards the wicket gate, but even as he reached it his father had passed through and was striding across the grass to where, with dim, returning sight, he could see the slender, black-gowned figure with its crown of soft grey hair glorified by the autumn sunshine.

Changed! Aye, both changed by the long years!—past recognition some would have said—yet for the moment neither was conscious of such a possibility.

"Phil!"

"Mollie!"

What happiness in those glad cries! And, after twenty long years of pain and separation, husband and wife were in each other's arms.

But Jack had turned away, knowing that that meeting brooked no lookers on.

And there were tears in the young man's eyes as he went, tears of gladness as he thought of the two standing there in the autumn sunlight with the rapture of youth stirring the slow pulses of age with the echo of the one deathless refrain; tears of sorrow, too, as he thought of a lonely grave way up amongst the Rockies, watched over only by the mountain eagle and the wild beasts of the forest, and of Sandy's brave young face, all pale with the death-agony, but with smiling lips whispering last words of cheer and courage.

"God took him," whispered Jack huskily.

And then, from thoughts of Sandy and the two behind him in the orchard, Jack came back to another who was never very far from his mind. He had reached an old gate at the end of a long snake fence, and his lips broke suddenly into a smile which was wholly born of youth and love, for there on the bank knelt a slim figure in a blue frock, with brown curls uncovered in the sunshine and blue eyes fast closed, and it seemed to him that he heard again a girl's sweet voice saying—

"And one day when I'm kneeling perhaps God will send you right along the path to me."

And God had sent him.

In a moment he was beside her, and Phoebe Hilton, opening sweet blue eyes, looked straight into the grey ones for which she prayed.

And if you tell me that autumn is the time for sadness and lament, with the moan of the dying year and the falling of summer leaves, I would bid you look at the two who stood there under the crimson-gold glories of the maples and thanked God for His greatest gift of Love, which, mirrored in each other's eyes, drew them together in glad thanksgiving to His Footstool.

THE END.
A Bottle of Blessings.—"I am sending you," writes Mr. B. T. Hinchley from Edgbaston, "a photograph of an orange quinine bottle, which was presented with the offering on our Thanksgiving Sunday. The mouth through which the money was put is clearly shown. Inside were copper coins to the value of 4s. 6d., each one of which for months past represented a deliberate offering as thanks for blessings received. Generally, the blessings had taken the form of hard work, and from the payment of this hard work one coin was set aside for this annual Thanksgiving Sunday.

A Singular Coincidence.—The Communion roll of St. Ninian's Church, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, includes the name of a woman who was born in a stable on Christmas Day. Her mother was what is known in Scotland as a "gangling body," and, like the Virgin Mary, she had found shelter in a stable on Christmas Eve, where, like her, she brought forth her first-born babe on Christmas morning.

The Vicar's Dog.—"In a former number we were interested in reading about dogs in church and the use of 'dog tongues' in early days. I am told by one whose father witnessed it about ninety years ago, that at Monk's Kirby it was quite usual for the vicar's dog to accompany his master to church on Sunday and to remain in the reading desk the whole of the service. The pulpit being above and the clerk's desk below, during the sermon the dog had the reading desk all to himself, and getting a little restless, he used to amuse himself by pawing the old clerk's head, until, much to the poor man's disturbance, he pawed his wig off."

M. F. D.

An Ancient Witness.—The inundation of 1771, which swept away the greater part of the old Tyne Bridge, was long remembered and alluded to as "the flood." A man from the Newcastle district was once placed in the box as a witness, and the counsel proceeded to examine him, asking his name. "Adam, sir—Adam Thompson," was the reply. "Where do you live?" "At Paradise," said the man, "Paradise is a village on Tyne-side near Newcastle. How long have you lived in Paradise?" "Ever since the flood," was the simple answer.

- Miss Rosalie Russell

Round Churches.—Round churches in England number only some four or five. The largest is the Church of St. Chad, Shrewsbury, consecrated in 792, which will seat 1,200 people or more.

The round church in Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, is really only the west end of a larger building; the east end is now clearly defined with white stones, and was marked out during recent excavations.

Similarly, the Temple Church and others mentioned as circular are merely naves or ante-choirs; the choir or portions reserved for worship being of the usual oblong form.

St. Chad's is entirely circular in plan with a circular vestibule.

St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge, might also be named as an example of circular architecture.

The one round church which is to be found in Scotland is at Oophir in Orkney.
A Curious Custom.—In the parish church of Southwold, in Suffolk, on the wall, near the screen in the north aisle, stands an ancient wooden figure of a warrior in full armor, holding in one hand a sword and in the other a battle-axe, with which he strikes the bell by his side. When the clergy are about to enter the church, the sexton pulls a rope which is attached to the figure’s right arm, and Jack smites the bell with his axe. This is done before every service. The figure is nearly full size, and is known as “Southwell Jack,” or “Jack Smite the Clock.” Some of the inhabitants say he was originally connected with the church clock and the bongs were struck on his bell, but that was many years ago.

Veteran Incumbents.—The Rev. H. M. Sherwood has held the incumbency of Whiteslade, Aston, for seventy years. Though this length of tenure would be hard to beat, it is not unique, since the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards held the living of Ashly, Norfolk, from December 23, 1812, to February 21, 1889, when he died, a period of nearly seventy-seven years. This surely must be the longest incumbency on record.

An Organist’s Font Cover.—The beautiful oak font cover which we illustrate this month was made and presented to the picturesque village church of Bourton, Berks, by Mr. Albert Knapp, whose portrait is inset. He has been organist for the past five years. The Vicar is the Rev. J. Bates, who was for fourteen years a missionary in China. The vicarage was built at a cost of £1,700, the whole of the money being collected by the late Vicar’s daughter, Miss Keirsey.

An Early Bishop.—One of the most historic churches in Wales is the ancient church of Llanfasanwer, in Breconshire. In the immense churchyard there is still to be seen the tomb of Avan, or Avanus, the bishop to whom the church is dedicated, and the inscription is still distinct, and reads as follows: “Hie Jacet Sanctus Avanus episcopus,” probably dating about 500. The stone is extremely hard and durable, the surface is not at all worn, and the letters are deeply cut and perfect.

Miss CRAWLEY.

The Coronation Book.—One of the curiosities at Lambeth Palace Library is a book of the Coronation Service which was used by Archbishop Temple at the Coronation of King Edward VII. This book was delivered at Lambeth by the Government printers the day before the Coronation, and actually took the form of an ordinary Blue Book with the familiar blue paper cover. Some one at Lambeth was so scandalized at the idea of the Archbishop conducting the service, holding a blue book in his hand, that she tore the blue paper covers off, and with the aid of some paper boards, some white satin, a needle and some silk, improvised a very passable cover for the book. It was with this homemade cover that the Archbishop used the book at the service.

Seven Brothers in a Church Choir.—At the present time, in the choir of the Chapel Royal, Brighton, there are seven brothers named Corderoy. Their Christian names are as follows: Frederic, Arthur, George, Raymond, Sepphen, Roland and Clarence. The last three are boys. Can such a record as this be given in any other church choir?

Arthur Lodge.

Boards from the Bethlehem Manger.—Rome is full of supposed relics of St. Peter and St. Paul. During Easter the spears with which Christ was pierced, and other relics of the Crucifixion, are shown around Rome. There is, however, only one relic of the birth of Christ, and that is connected with the manger in which the child Jesus was born. In the church of St. Maria Maggiore are some of the boards which composed the manger in which the infant Jesus lay. In the church of St. Peter in Chains the manger is preserved complete. During Christmas week thousands of Christians in Italy journey to Rome to see these boards, which are only exhibited at this season, and most solemn services are held. The boards are apparently of great age, but there is nothing to convince the intelligent Christian man that they are genuine. There is one known fact about Rome, which is true beyond a doubt. The Villa D’Este, the summer residence of the Emperor Augustus, still stands at Tivoli, and it was while staying here that news was brought to the great king of the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. This is particularly interesting to us at this Christmas season, when we are all rejoicing over that wonderful birth.

R. E. C.

Clerical Humour.—A good story is told of the well-known Vicar of Froome, by his sometime curate. “Close to the Vicarage at Froome there was a factory the chimneys of which were a great source of annoyance. The Vicar at last brought an action to abate this nuisance. The opposing counsel examined the designs of the chimneys, and appealed to the Vicar (Mr. Bennett) to point out the particular chimney that offended. On his confessing that he did not know the chimney turned to the jury and said, ‘Gentlemen, I am brought all the way from London to defend this case, and the plaintiff does not know which chimney to object to.’ The judge at this point interfered, exhorting Mr. Bennett to collect his faculties and point out the chimney to which he objected. The Vicar’s reply was, ‘My Lord, it is not the chimney I object to at all; it’s the smoke.’” — Miss CRAWLEY.


extremely keen competition, go to S. H. Powell, R. J. H. Montelith, Mrs. Probert. Mrs. K. Forse, Miss F. Towner, the Rev. E. P. Laycock. Additional prizes of half-crown have been awarded to Miss E. Lougher, Miss E. Mason, Miss C. Mason, Miss L. Collins, T. Clare, the Rev. Canon Phillips, R. Bernard Hoppe, Edward Pen, Miss J. S. M. Pollock, T. Pape, T. Clark, and W. M. P. Reserves (three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a five shilling prize which can be applied for): S. H. Colman, Mrs. Stuart Miller, Mrs. Holloway, Dr. Fletcher, Miss K. E. Colly, Miss A. H. Smart, Miss H. M. Ballard, Mrs. Gid. Mrs. A. Denett, L. Woods, Mrs. Burrell, Mrs. West, Miss E. Canning, C. Corby, Miss E. Druke, E. A. F. R. W. Bagley, Miss G. Jones, Miss J. M. Jack, and C. J. Craven.

** If you know of any piece of church news which you think would be interesting to our readers, send it to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C., class B. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs may also be sent, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is desired.
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