# South African Church Railway Mission.

## STAFF.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Head of the Mission:</th>
<th>Rev. F. A. Rogers, M.A.</th>
<th>Postal Address:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

| Rev. T. de Lancee Fannce, B.A. | ... | Nauwpoort. |
| Rev. S. R. Griggs | ... | Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown. |
| Mr. G. S. Harris, B.A. | ... | Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown. |
| Mr. A. C. Bickerdike | ... | Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown. |
| Miss Beckwith | ... | The Hermitage, Grahamstown. |
| Miss Holmes | ... | 92, Railway Cottages, Fordsburg (temporarily). |
| Miss Glasier | ... | The Hermitage, Grahamstown. |
| Nurse Marlande | ... | Rosmead. |
| Nurse Brownlow | ... | Railway Hotel, Cookhouse. |
| Mr. J. J. Coombs | ... | On furlough. |

| Rev. R. E. Thomas, M.A. | ... | Railway Lads' Club, Railway Avenue, Braamfontein. |
| Rev. A. R. Thurlow, B.A. | ... | The Rectory, Germiston. |
| Rev. T. G. Hopkyns, M.A. | ... | The Rectory, Germiston. |
| Rev. W. M. Austin | ... | c/o R. E. Berney, Esq., Brakfontein, Dea|lsville, O.F.S. |
| Rev. E. G. Holden, M.A. | ... | The Rectory, Germiston. |
| Mr. H. J. Coles | ... | The Rectory, Germiston. |
| Mr. W. P. Renaud | ... | Box 2875, Johannesburg. |
| Nurse Roberts | ... | 44, Railway Cottages, Germiston. |
| Miss Attlee | ... | On furlough. |

| Miss Ramadge | ... | 7, Monument Road, Bloemfontein. |
| Miss Watson | ... | 7, Monument Road, Bloemfontein. |

| Rev. C. G. Douglas | ... | P.O. Box 616, Bulawayo. |

*Native Catechists, Readers and Teachers*: Johannes Magxaka, Samuel Susela, Samuel Kula, Archibald Mbolikwa and Priscilla Hewu.

*Hon. Editor and Children's Secretary*: Miss Burt, the, Hermitage, Grahamstown.
LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

Box 5, Germiston, September 16th, 1912.

I am sorry to say that the staff has been reduced even more than I expected when I last wrote. Mr. Toy has put in six years hard work in Bechuanaland, and has now decided that he ought to go home and get some more settled work there. Most of us feel that three years is about as much as a priest can normally spend on such work as ours with real profit to himself and the work, and we can only thank Mr. Toy for having stuck to it so long and wish him God-speed in his new work in England. Mr. Lack has only been with us for nine months and has already decided that he is not cut out for the work. It is useless to press unwilling men into the service and it is clearly better to let him settle down in Salisbury as curate there than to urge him to stay with us. This will, however, mean that we can make no further attempt to work along the Bulawayo-Beira section. As regards the Bechuanaland Protectorate I can say nothing definite at present. If we can find a man the Bishop of Mashonaland has asked us to work it entirely, but I can see no signs of a man, and I fear that for some months at any rate the people in that part of the country will have to go without.

I would just remind them and any others who are at present being neglected by the Church that important as public worship and the Sacraments are, we can surely trust God to supply all our needs without these external helps if we really do our best to get them and take special care to do all we can to help ourselves and those around us to keep up their spiritual life.

One thing I would especially urge, namely, that more laymen should undertake to hold services until a priest can come, and that many more families should start family prayer, if possible daily, at least on Sundays. I will gladly supply any information on either subject and provide books of family prayer if anyone will write to me for them.

Mr. Thurlow leaves us at the end of this month and will, I know, be glad to see any old friends at Durban, where he is hoping to work for some months at St. Paul's Church.

We are also cutting down our nursing staff. For the past two or three years our nurses have had several long spells of idleness through no fault of theirs. Now Nurse Marlande has finished her three years with the Mission, to the great grief of all who have known her, and I am asking Nurse Brownlow to take over her section, as another qualified nurse is coming to Cookhouse apart from the Mission. Nurse Roberts has also finished her time and is being replaced by Nurse Wardale. Nurse Borradaile left us quite suddenly and I am making no effort to replace her. If anyone in the Transvaal wishes for one of our nurses will they kindly write to Nurse Wardale, Box 5, Germiston?

Against all these losses we may hope to put the speedy arrival of Mr.
Coombs, though I cannot say at the moment where he will work. I have also hopes of seeing Miss Attlee out again early next year.

Meanwhile we have just got to go on with what means we have. The parable of the feeding of the five thousand teaches us that God can bless what seems to be very inadequate material so that it is enough to provide food for a multitude. He can also, if He so wills it, send us more workers; but we have to remember that all His promises of help depend on our own response to His offers. Perhaps we may be deprived of the means of grace because we have made such poor use of them when we had them close at hand. Perhaps God is only waiting for our prayers to give us what He has wanted to give us all along, but what (I say it with all reverence) He cannot give us till we ask Him. At any rate, we may be quite sure that if we ask in faith we shall get an answer to our prayers, though it may not be quite what we expect.

F. A. Rogers.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

COOKHOUSE AND ALICEDALE.

I am writing away from home, and so for the time being, am out of touch with the work along the Midland. I have been taking duty for four Sundays at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fordsburg, but hope to be back at my old work before this is in your hands. I had arranged with Messrs. Harris and Bickerdike to hold a Lantern tour during my absence, but I understand it had to fall through, mainly on account of the Mission Coach being seriously damaged during shunting operations at the beginning of August; our Head was in it at the time, but we are thankful that no personal injury resulted.

A word or two about the Camps.

COOKHOUSE. A very pleasant and successful Social was held in the Church Room on Thursday, August 1st, the object being to clear off the debt on the new organ. The arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Churchwarden Cowling, and very ably did he carry out his duties. Our best thanks are due to him as well as to all those who kindly gave refreshments and helped in different ways. The musical programme included an excellent selection of records from Mr. Cowling's gramophone, pianoforte duets, and—what was so much appreciated—"acted" songs by the children under the direction of the Misses Trumble and Jones. The small balance in hand will be expended on the purchase of a new psalter for the organ.

ALICEDALE. Since our last issue we have lost many of our friends at S. Barnabas. Will those whom I was unable to see personally to say good-bye accept, through this letter, my most grateful thanks for all their help and sympathy, together with the best of wishes? I will only mention one name, and that is of Mr. Wayt, our Churchwarden. During the time that he held office he took a keen interest in our Church and his removal to Rosmead is a real loss to us. Having been away for a comparatively long time, I have as yet met only a few of the newcomers: to one and all let me extend a very hearty welcome.

The Dean of Grahamstown has very kindly consented to hold a Parochial Mission at Alicedale for the four days, November 21st to 24th. Special Services and Addresses, including out-
of-door Services will be held each day, full particulars of which you will hear in course of time. Every Christian—even the most earnest—is conscious from time to time of a coldness in spiritual life and of the need of a spiritual quickening; and we all know that in every community there are those who either wilfully or carelessly have become indifferent to the things of God; the object of the Parochial Mission is to meet both these cases, to strengthen the faithful and to arouse the careless. What I ask you to start doing at once is to pray for a blessing on this Mission just because all the Sermons and Services—however bright and interesting they may be—will result in nothing, unless behind them all there is and has been a great volume of prayer going up to the Throne of Grace. Please use daily this Prayer, or, better still, frame your own words.


O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou great Shepherd of the sheep, Who seekest those that are gone astray, bindest up those that are broken, and healest those that are sick; Bless, we beseech Thee, the efforts which Thy servants shall make in the coming Mission at Alice-dale, to draw souls to Thee, open the deaf ears of the wanderers, that they may hear the words which belong unto their salvation; soften all prejudices; and grant that those whom Thou dost raise to newness of life may, through Thy Grace, persevere unto the end; of Thy mercy, O God, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen.

N A A U W P O O R T .

"No news is good news," so runs the time-worn proverb, which (whatever the exact amount of truth it contains) has brought comfort to many an anxious heart before now. For us in Naauwpoort the proverb certainly holds good. "*No news," for a quieter, more uneventful quarter than the one we have just passed through can hardly be imagined. No great Church Festivals to rouse us, no social functions (Church entertainments and the like) to break "the even tenour of our way" call for comment in these pages. And yet, in a sense, this *means good news.* With one exception (a great one, indeed! I refer to the departure of the Jenveys to Middelburg—may all good befal them in their new home) we have no losses to bemoan, but gains—thank God—to rejoice over! The fast-thinning ranks of the faithful who held together so bravely have been reinforced by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Delafield and their two children, who are settled in Naauwpoort for the time being—may it be for long! Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and their family, Mr. Cawood, Mr. and Miss Damant, and Mrs. Leggett, Mr. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. van Eyssen and child, Messrs. Martin, Caston and Saunders and their respective families, while Mr. Earl, known to many in the Camp, is here, once more, for three months. To one and all of these we tender a very hearty welcome.

Then, again, the congregations have been good, especially on Sunday evenings—room for improvement, though, on Sunday mornings and at the weekday services—the collections up to the average, and the Sustentation Fund well supported, while the choir has certainly gained by the inclusion of the Misses Damant, Sigrid Salveson, Mary Delafield, Thelma Mitchell, Gracie Orton, and of Messrs. Hurst, Leggett and van Eyssen. At the time of writing we have hopes (somewhat damped it is true, but still hopes) of seeing that staunch supporter of St. Paul's Church, Cookhouse, Mr. Vincent, in its ranks, but—can Cookhouse spare him? Perhaps "the wish is father to the thought"—if so, let us hope the
“father” gains the day! Five new boys have also been admitted to the choir, viz., Harry and Fred Mitchell, Layton Orton, Jack Delafield and Tommy Harrison.

Now all this is distinctly encouraging. Ups and downs, of course, there are, and must be. It is not all plain sailing, but— a great “but”—the work of the Church goes steadily on!

One of the “downs” just at present is the Bible Class. Started with many misgivings on my part, at the earnest request of some, whose promise to attend regularly seemed “good enough,” the class has dwindled almost to vanishing point. For instance, four last Sunday, two the Sunday before and one the Sunday before that hardly warrants the sacrifice of something like an hour on a busy Sunday afternoon. In the last Naauwpoort Notes I wrote: “We have now started on S. Mark’s Gospel, and the time during the winter months is 4.30 p.m. Will not some others join?”

The response so far has been scarcely encouraging, but “Once start a thing—keep on with it,” is a good policy to work upon, and so, at 4.15 p.m. and again at 4.30 the bell shall continue to ring, and I shall be ready to welcome any who care to come!

And now for an “up,” with a capital “U” and an extra thick line under it—to wit, the splendid work—uphill work at times, with some away, and others hanging back—the ladies of the congregation have been doing, week in and week out, for our coming Bazaar. To Mrs. Freislich as treasurer, Mrs. Ovens as secretary, and Mesdames Craddock, Viney, Odoire, Greenhalgh, Outram, Wood, and Misses Jenvey (now unfortunately absent, but still working for the Bazaar), Anderson, Greenhalgh, Harrison, Staples, who have attended the sewing meetings so splendidly all through, we as a community owe a heavy debt of gratitude, as well as to Miss Seabrook and Miss Anderson for enlisting the help of the G.F.S. and presiding at their work meetings on Wednesday afternoons. To all these, and to the others also, both here and in Naauwpoort, and along the Line, who are working for the Bazaar, I offer, both for myself and for the Church officers, our warmest thanks. We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts for the Bazaar:—Parcels from Mrs. David Smith, Mrs. Bryan, and Messrs. J. J. Joseph and Sons of Port Elizabeth; 3/6 by sale of baby’s bonnet, worked by Miss Margaret Isaacson of Hanover Road; two spring-boks from Mr. Elliott of Geelbeksfontein; Mrs. Waters, £1; shells from Mrs. Haskings of Jeffrey’s Bay.

News of the Boy Scouts and Guild of the Good Shepherd must stand over till next quarter’s issue. Suffice it to say, here and now, that the former are still in evidence, and have been duly enrolled and registered under the Council of the South African Boy Scouts in the Port Elizabeth district; while the Guild of the Good Shepherd, at our last meeting, on Thursday, September 5th, was strengthened by the admission of several new members, whose names will appear next January.

WORK ALONG THE LINE. Just three centres have been visited during the quarter—TAAIBOSCH, HANOVER ROAD, and NORVAL’S PONT—and these not as often as I had hoped, owing to indisposition, a missed train, and a holiday. At both Taaibosch and Hanover Road the services have been fairly well attended, while at Norvals Pont there was a refreshing increase of congregation over that at my last (and first) visit to that place. I must take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so kindly welcomed me and helped me with the services.

DON’TS. Don’t forget Tuesday, 8th October. Dance in aid of the Bazaar Fund.

Don’t forget every Thursday afternoon at 3. Ladies’ Sewing Meeting.
Don't forget to do what you can yourself and to enlist the help of your relations and friends for the Bazaar.

Don't forget (last, but not least) Saturday, 7th December. All Souls' Church Bazaar.

T. de Laune Faunce.

THE RAMBLER.

Grahamstown, 9th September.

It is just four months since I left the Transvaal and came down to Grahamstown "to take Mr. Coombs' place." That phrase "to take Mr. Coombs' place," has a great deal more meaning in it than I at first supposed. In the first place, it is being daily impressed upon me that in endeavouring to take Mr. Coombs' place I have let myself in for the work of about two men and a boy. In the second place, the expression acts as a sort of "open sesame" to the doors of all the houses I visit. If I come to take Mr. Coombs' place then I must be all right, is apparently the way people look on things along the line here, and of course it makes it much easier for me, a complete stranger to this part of the country, to feel quite at home. Naturally, the first few months have been months spent in exploration along the big section of line that has to be visited. The section is a long one to cover, as it includes the main line from Port Elizabeth to Rosmead and also the Graaff-Reinet line from Rosmead to Zwartkops. Except, therefore, in the Camps where regular services are held twice a month, one's visits are necessarily rather few and far between.

During the quarter, in addition to the fortnightly services at Alice-Dale and Cookhouse, I have been able to visit and hold services at Thorngrove, Witmoss, Bethesda Road, Letskraal, Glen Harry, Klipplaat, Mount Stewart, Glenconner and Bluecliff. At many of these places they had not been able to have services for quite a long time, in some cases several months, and at all places I was most kindly received, especially at Klipplaat where even a dog took such a fancy to me that he took a piece out of the back of my leg for a keepsake!

As I look back on my first trip round the memories are all of the pleasantest. Both at the regular centres and along the line the greatest kindness and hospitality have been shown me; the people have been most helpful always in arranging for services and most reverent in taking part in them. All of which shows that on this exceedingly beautiful section of the line there is plenty of scope for the work of one who I see is described technically in the Almanac under the somewhat awe-inspiring title of "Lay Evangelist."

A. C. Bickeredike.

PRETORIA DIOCESE.

WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.

WATERVAL BOVEN. We were honoured by a visit from the Bishop of Pretoria on June 23rd. He took a Confirmation on the Sunday evening, and his words seem to have impressed not only those who received the holy rite, but also the large congregation present in Church. A social meeting was held the next evening, when the Bishop again spoke, blending the serious with the humorous in his inimitable way. He urged us to "play the game" and be sportsmanlike in our religion as well as in our daily business. The congre-
gations in Church have been rather smaller than usual; this is partly explained by the transfer of several church-people, but is mostly due to a spirit of slackness. Will people ever realise that attendance at God's House is a direct duty they owe to God, not a matter of pleasing themselves, nor of patronising God or the parson? The Church Council has decided to raise the amount of the Sustentation Fund to £60 a year, in spite of the loss by removal of several subscribers. The Railway Chaplain spends a little more than one-third of his Sundays here: so this amount seems to be reasonable.

MACHADODORP. Once more we have been unfortunate in the matter of the Church-room. It is now required for school purposes: the walls are covered with pictures, maps, and diagrams, while desks for the children occupy the floor space. The members of the congregation have to squeeze themselves in with considerable discomfort, and kneeling is almost impossible. The attendance at Church remains fairly good, in spite of a few departures. Mr. and Mrs. Button as well as Mr. and Mrs. Buchan are in England, but we hope to welcome them back soon.

BELFAST. After all it has been decided that I am to remain for the present in charge of Belfast. My Sunday here is always a pleasant one, so that this decision is by no means unwelcome to me. Thus I still continue to visit the town on the first Sunday in each month. The Bishop paid a visit on Saturday, June 22nd, remaining to take the Sunday morning services the next day. The monthly service at the station has had to be dropped for the present, though occasional services may still be held. The reason is a very simple one, the removal of three-quarters of the congregation.

WORK ALONG THE LINE. With the company and assistance of our Head, I have visited part of the Low Veld, and the Selati line up to the railhead. We endeavoured to see most of the men employed on the new construction, and held services at Newington and Letsiteli. The line runs through a beautiful but unhealthy part of the country: the white population is very small and scattered. One white man said that Mr. Rogers and I were the first clergy he had seen for eleven years. We are much indebted to the representatives of Messrs. Pauling and Co. for the very kind way in which they provided facilities for visiting the new line. In addition to places already mentioned services have been held at NELSPrUIT, WATERVAL ONDER, LOOPFONTEIN, DALMANUTHA, and RAYTON. It should be mentioned that Nelspruit and Rayton gave £4 10s. and £3 respectively in collections; neither can be described as a large place. If every other place at which services are held tried to do its duty in a similar way, the Railway Mission need have no thoughts of the bankruptcy courts.

T. G. Hopkyns.

BULAWAYO-VRYBURG SECTION.

In early July a first service was held at RAMATLHABAMA, a border siding quite close to Mafeking. There are scarcely any railway employees there, but quite a little community of farmers and police, who have often asked for a service. The experiment was successful, and gave much encouragement, and I hope that it may be possible to repeat it every two or three months. Mr. Fincham, the storekeeper, kindly lent his commodious and suitable dining-room, and Miss Fincham accompanied our singing on the American organ. Corpl. Hyde of the B.P.P. was my host, and, with his good wife, showed every possible kindness.

There is always a sadness about saying "good-bye," which has been my
undesirable duty for the past six weeks or so. The time has come for bringing to a close my work on this section, and to give way for a younger and more active man, who will be able to bring fresh zeal and enthusiasm to the work. I hoped, at one time, that it might be possible to go on indefinitely among you, but I now find that it is out of the question. I will ask you to pray for me and my future work in England, and you may rest assured that I shall frequently pray for you.

I should like to express my gratitude to all who have shown me kindness during my six years among you. The faithful few at each place, who have joined with me in offering the Holy Mysteries have helped by their presence there and by their consistent lives more than I can possibly say. They, after all, have given me the most encouragement, inasmuch as, without them and their example all the salt of my work would have lost its savour. But I am also grateful to the many who have assisted in other ways, to those who have been organists, sidesmen and singers at our services, to those who have assisted at various times in collecting funds for our work, to the many who have offered me hospitality, and last, but not least, to the station officials, guards, drivers and others who have, almost invariably, been anxious to smooth the somewhat rough path of my duties. When I first began I was told to expect rough treatment from the guards and drivers, who, like the proverbial sailor, were said to resent the presence of the parson on board. I have found the exact opposite, having received, with but few exceptions, unfailing courtesy and consideration.

But, besides this, I am grateful for helps innumerable which have only been perceived by the spiritual sense, the authors and sources of which have been unknown, and will only be revealed in the great day when the secrets of all hearts will be manifest.

May God in His mercy bless you all, and send you a faithful priest to shepherd you, and to help you truly to know, and ever faithfully to perform, His Will.

JAMES TOY.
Again I am able to record with thankfulness a most happy Sunday spent at NYAMANDLOVU, where the congregations were larger even than the time before, although the singing was not perhaps all that could be wished for. I have promised in future to give them a regular Sunday every month and there is every hope of a substantial Sustentation Fund being put on foot.

Services have also been held at PEMBA, BWANA M'KUBWA, and BROKEN HILL.

C. G. DOUGLAS.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

On the first Saturday in July a pleasant afternoon and evening Entertainment took place in the Church Hall, ALICEDALE, with the satisfactory result of adding £3 to our Railway Mission funds and the same amount to the G.F.S. coffers. In the afternoon nearly all the children of the Camp were well amused with games as well as tea and cakes, and in the evening a goodly number of adults assembled to enjoy music and singing in addition to competitions of various descriptions. Among the performers were Miss Glasier, the Misses Munro, Miss Jones, and Mr. Tinning, while Mr. Bekley kindly lent his gramophone to discourse sweet music at intervals. At the refreshment stall Mrs. Bibbey, Mrs. Cinnamon, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Morey were kept busy dispensing tea and coffee, with the assistance of many willing waiters. Grateful thanks are due to all who helped on this occasion, which has since assumed the aspect of a farewell party, as so many of our friends then present have dispersed to various parts of the line. We trust they are now happily settled in their new homes, and that in the course of time we may meet them again.

About the middle of the month I started for my holiday, going first to Bloemfontein, where I met two members of our staff and other railway friends, and thence into Natal, where the weather is pleasantly warm at this season, but must be most trying during the summer months. At Durban I stayed in the G.F.S. Lodge, a conveniently situated two-storeyed house, where visitors connected with that society are always welcomed and most comfortably housed. From Ladysmith I visited some of the scenes of the Boer war, now looking beautifully calm and peaceful, in great contrast to the sights and sounds of battle, which once raged there. Seeing the graves of those who laid down their lives there in the cause of duty made one feel that the spirit of loyalty thus enkindled should not be suffered to die out; but should be carried on right through the battle of life. May all the children now growing up be taught to strive to keep this country pure and peaceful and then the cause of Union will be truly promoted. Some may like to see the following prayer, which has been used in Natal for many years past:

"O most Blessed Jesus, our Lord and our God, Who in Thy Infancy didst find peace and rest in Africa, grant Thy Peace and Thy Presence to this land, and especially to Thy Church in this Province. Give it such grace that it may make Thy Name known among the heathen, and that it may daily increase more and more in the knowledge and love of Thee, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen."

Early in August came the inspiring services in connection with the reopening of our Cathedral, now well worthy of its place as the Mother Church of the Diocese. All visitors to Grahamstown should remember that they are
welcome within its walls, and that it is a real privilege to join in some of the services which are held there daily, commencing with the early Eucharist at 7.30 a.m.

Since then I have been visiting some of the southern parts of our district (including the Avontuur Line) while Miss Glasier has been in the north, and now we are together for a coach trip along the Alexandria and Graaff-Reinet lines.

It is very nice to find some of the children making good progress in their Scripture reading, and so able to enter into the pictures of Joseph's life, which we have been showing them with the lantern. On the other hand, some have been sadly neglectful of their "Daily Portions." We can only hope that all will make a fresh start for the second half of the time allotted, which begins on November 1st. One good piece of news I can give which should rejoice the hearts of all who have kindly contributed towards the instruction of our G.F.S. adopted member in the art of spinning. Alice Bezuidenhout can now produce fine hanks of wool which she will presently weave into mats, and her teachers say she has made wonderfully quick progress in spite of her blindness. They are now anxious to try her with the more difficult process of knitting by machinery, so further contributions towards this fund will be gladly received up till the end of the current year. Any who are staying in Port Elizabeth should try to visit this interesting School for Spinning and Weaving, which is held in the Old Library at the North End; and remember that other Railway girls can receive the same instruction there on most reasonable terms.

M. Josephine Beckwith.

---

**BAG COMPETITION.**

---

**EXTENSION OF TIME.**

These may be sent in up till the end of the year.

The months go so quickly; it feels so short a time since I was writing for the last Quarterly and by the same post asking Mr. Rogers about getting a bicycle. Very soon afterwards I was able to start off on it to the more lonely cottages too far to reach by walking. So I was very pleased to have it. My mileage for the two months does not look very big—under 200 miles—but I have really put in quite a lot of visits. I hope in October to fill up the gaps, besides paying more calls on those I have seen already. This was all done during the cool weather which made it possible to ride at any time of the day. Punctures will happen, of course, and repairs take up a good deal of time and sometimes one walks quite half the distance, but that only adds to the pleasure and excitement of beating the train on its own ground. Then, too, the more unexpectedly one arrives, the warmer the welcome and always the question, "When will you be coming again?" comes at the end of the visit. Nearly all the children are learning something for me, so I must go round again as soon as possible.

I am glad to hear Cookhouse has cleared off the debt on the organ by means of a Social kindly arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Cowling. One of the items on the programme was a song, "The Ambulance Maids," performed by the G.F.S. candidates. Miss Jones and Nurse Brownlow had both helped in teaching the various bandages and must have been pleased at the result. I shall certainly hope to meet one of those maids if I should get a spill off my bicycle! The Mothers' Union meetings are now to be on a rather different plan. We have begun to read a little book on the Bible and hope to discuss
the different chapters together instead of having an address. We shall be very pleased to see any mothers, whether they belong to the M.U. or not, and we expect some interesting talks together.

P. Glasier.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.

A good many of my friends in the Free State will have already heard of my "escapade" on the night of August 29th, and I have had more than one letter asking me what really happened as, like all stories, I suppose it has grown by repetition. So here are the facts. I had been enjoying a three weeks' trek in the Transvaal coach and had arrived at Van Reenen, the far end of my district, on Wednesday afternoon. Thursday was a very windy day, but it was not really a bad day for a long-planned picnic and scramble down into the sheltered and wooded kloofs. We had a delightful time, and some of the station children came to spend the evening with me in the coach. The wind did not drop in the evening as it so often does, and after the "Passenger" had gone down about 1.30 a.m. I was lying awake in bed trying to assure myself that I was perfectly safe and that I could not go over because the high goods platform was to leeward of me, and I could not blow away because I was fastened in behind a "scotch-block." But—about 3 a.m. with an unusually strong gust, and a jolt and a bump and a stagger, I suddenly felt that the coach was moving! I jumped out of bed, opened my door, seized my bicycle, which was outside on the balcony, and as we passed the silent station, called out (to the light in the office), "I'm running away!" but the wind carried away all sound—so on we went careening down the line. I got the brake on about two turns tighter, but the pace was considerable and with the wind behind the coach was not to be stopped. There was a bridge at the bottom of the decline just beyond the station and I thought "Shall we capsize on the bridge?" but we went safely over and the incline on the other side gradually stopped us and the coach, after a little see-sawing, came to a stand about half a mile from the station. Then, as quickly as I could, I let down the shutters and lighted the lamps—for I thought a "goods" was due—hurried into some clothes and set off to the station; fortunately the moon was nearly full. I made my report to the night clerk, who was most kind and sympathetic, and at once tried to warn the driver of the "goods" on the telephone. Then armed with fog-signals we set off down the line again to the coach. Mercifully the "goods" was 45 minutes late, so there was plenty of time to lay the fog signals on the rails as a warning and then wait till the train came and pushed us gently back into the station again. Once there, they coupled the poor runaway to a heavy truck-load of granite and about 5 a.m. I got back into my bed again, safe once more. The next day, as you may suppose, I had many visitors and inquiries, and the scotch-block that had been so ignominiously passed over and thrown aside had to be examined and repaired.

Since then I have had many congratulations on my marvellous escape, and I feel I cannot be thankful enough for the protecting care that watched over me.

M. E. Watson.

CONFIRMATION.

PART II.

I wonder whether the reader has ever been in the "Garden of England," otherwise known as the county of Kent: if so you will doubtless have been through one of its beautiful orchards at the season of grafting, and
have been interested in watching this operation. Possibly some months or even years afterwards, you have seen the result upon those trees. Grafting is not confined to Kent, it goes on in every fruit-growing district. For the sake of those who are ignorant as to what grafting is, let me explain. We will suppose that an apple tree has not borne any fruit for many years. The gardener decides that it must be grafted. He selects what he considers the main branches of the tree, and cuts off all the shoots and twigs growing on them, as well as cutting them back until they are about three inches thick; into the end of each of these branches he bores generally three small holes, and puts into each hole a branch cut from a good fruit-bearing tree; these branches are not much thicker than a schoolmaster’s cane and about two feet long. All around the end of the old branches where the grafts have been stuck in, is put a mixture of clay and tar so as to keep out all the air from the joints. For some time no shoots must be allowed to grow on the old branches, otherwise the grafts would be robbed of their “food.” In about two years these grafted branches will be bearing fruit—they have become parts of the tree: the life of the old tree has mingled with the life of the grafts, and the result is fruit. “Well,” you ask, “what has this to do with Confirmation?” Just this. That it is an illustration used by S. Paul in Romans xi to teach us about our union with, and reliance upon, Christ. At our Baptism we are grafted into Christ: at our Confirmation we draw up into ourselves the life of Christ: at every Communion, more and more of that Life is drawn up and we are able to bear fruit. “Without Me” or “apart from Me, ye can do nothing,” says the Lord. (S. John 15, 5.) Of course not; that little branch would soon have withered and died, unless it had been grafted into the strong tree, and this would have happened if, having been grafted, something had checked the life of the old tree and graft from intermingling.

What is true of the natural grafting, is true of the spiritual grafting. The baptised person who deliberately holds back from Confirmation, is checking the very Spirit and Life of Jesus Christ flowing into his or her soul. With this Spirit of Jesus comes power to overcome temptation: guidance to direct your life and work: joy which will bear you up no matter what your sorrows and troubles, provided there is the going back again and again to the Saviour’s Cross and rededicating your life to Him. You will remember that when the Master told his disciples that He was going away, and that they should receive the Comforter, they became very sorrowful, they did not want Another, they wanted Jesus Who had been their most loving Friend. But what do you find after their Master had ascended, and the Holy Ghost had come, are they still sorrowful? No, just the reverse, they are filled with joy. Why is this? Because before the Ascension, Jesus had been external to them: after Pentecost, the Holy Spirit had brought Jesus into their very hearts. I think it is something like this when good Christians refuse to be Confirmed; they say, and say rightly, that they intimately know Jesus; would that they could realise the extra joy and strength of having the fulness of the life of Jesus brought into their very hearts by the Holy Spirit.

And now I will try and meet one or two common objections to Confirmation; perhaps none of these will meet your case; if they do not, then tell your objection to some clergyman or lady missioner, and I daresay they will be able to help you.

1. There is nothing about Jesus Christ instituting Confirmation. Answer. Read Part I of this article on page 12 of last issue and look up Acts 8, 17 and 18, 1 to 6.
2. I have seen people Confirmed who are none the better afterwards. **Answer.** I have known parents who have brought up their children in the right way and sent them to Christian schools, and yet these children have turned out badly. Confirmation is not a charm. The mere act of Confirmation does not make a person good; there must be the cooperation on the part of the person confirmed.

3. There are many good dissenters who have never been Confirmed. **Answer.** God does not limit Himself to working through Sacraments, but when God supplies one means, it is presumption to expect to receive that grace according to our own way. There are many persons known to the writer who were once dissenters, who lay claim to receiving new spiritual powers at Confirmation.

4. I am too old to come forward for Confirmation. **Answer.** This objection amounts to this: You are ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified before your fellow men, and you know what Christ said about this.

In the name of Christ and His Church, I beg all who read these lines and are not Confirmed to offer themselves for this holy rite, assuring them that they will never regret the step taken, and that if they give their hearts to God and come regularly and reverently to the Altar to receive the Bread of Life, the Spirit of Jesus will transform their poor sinful lives, and make them fit to live eternally with God.

**S.R.G.**

**FORDSBURG.**

Things go on much as usual here. The winter seems to have kept people in a good deal and there has been much sickness about. We may be very thankful that small-pox has not come to the quarters. We see many children decorated with a red ribbon on their "vaccination arm" showing that their parents think "prevention is better than cure."

The Sunday School will soon suffer a great loss in the departure of the Superintendent, Miss Noyce, although as she is leaving to be married we must not be selfish over it, but with all our hearts wish her the very best of happiness. At any rate, she will take the remembrance of the small schools here with her to the larger ones she will have to do with in the future. The children will miss her very much, and one cannot say anything more than that, as we all know how delightful it is to feel that our niche may miss us.

During the quarter we have also, to our sorrow, lost Mr. Tugman, who has gone to join his uncle, Mr. Skey, at Germiston.

At BRIXTON there was a little Bazaar on the 7th August which the Mayor of Johannesburg was so kind as to come and open. It was in aid of the Church Building Fund and was successful as we cleared over £51.

Now we are working for the Vrededorp Sale of Work, in aid of the Building Fund of Vrededorp Church, which is to take place on October 5th at the Lads’ Club.

The Sunday evening services at VREDEDORP had to be dropped for two or three Sundays as Mr. Shipton’s children had measles, but now they are safely well and out of quarantine and the services have begun again.

At present Mr. Thomas is away on his holiday, which he very much needed as he has not been at all well during the winter. Mr. Griggs is taking the Sunday services and his holiday at the same time.

There are candidates preparing for Confirmation who need the prayers of all of us that they may be steadfast.

**G. E. HOLMES.**

Please quote this Magazine when ordering from advertisers.
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

Since last I wrote to you some very kind friend, whose name I do not know, sent me a present which helped me to pay a visit to some parts of the Line. This is what I wanted to do because it is so much easier to think about the work that you who live along the Line do when I have seen some of the places. My visit was paid in the winter holidays and one thing that I thought as I got into the higher parts was that those children who have to go in trains to school must often find it terribly cold. At Alicedale Miss Glasier met me and we went to see the church and the schoolroom. Such a nice church and so beautifully kept—it shows how much the people value it. Mr. Coombs had often told me about it and now I am very glad I can tell him I know exactly what it is like.

Then I went on to Cookhouse, Miss Glasier most kindly going with me. She showed me the church there and again there was no doubt that there were good churchpeople who made the care of their church a work of real love. We had not much time as the train was going, and Miss Glasier left me to travel to Bloemfontein. There I saw Miss Ramadge and Miss Watson, who are welcomed warmly in the Orange Free State railway cottages—also Mr. Holden, who, though he has not been so long on the Line, is already well known and his visits are looked for with pleasure by those to whom he ministers.

It is good to know that you children, even those of you who live in distant cottages far from towns, can all join in the work, and take your part in the teaching which the Railway Mission gives you.

The Bible Reading Union and the Guild of the Good Shepherd are great helps if you use them. Do use them, dear children, and get all the help you can. This is the last quarter of the year 1912. Take up your duties, if you have got lazy about them, and try to do them with all your might at least until the end of the year.

The next year will bring fresh duties and you will be all the better able to do those well if you have ended the present year trying to make use of all the helps that have come in your way. Whatever you do that is worth doing, do "with both hands earnestly." Those are good words to take as your watchword for this quarter, "With both hands earnestly."

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

---

Guild of the Good Shepherd.

Noel Ruth Phillips, Broken Hill.

Cyril David Grove Phillips, Broken Hill.

Mabel Wadmore, Henning.

Edward Hemming, Mortimer.

Dinah and John Haggart, Henning.

---

BAPTISMS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

June

16—Mabel Louisa Ann Payne.

30—George Lee.

30—Mayino Sonto.

30—Bertha Njoyo.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

June At Fordsburg:

9—Jeanette Corinna Murphy.

9—Winifred Caroline Langman.

16—Harold Elwyn Roberts.

18—John David Berg.

30—Ziele Alice Kannemeyer.

July

3—Anna Susan Kruger.

21—Ethel Mona Henrietta Newman.

Sept.

1—Georgina Helena van Kleist.

1—Fanny Watson.

June At Vereeniging:

16—Mary Elizabeth Pattison.
July
21—Roderick Norman Weaver.

Aug.
18—Myrtle Bough.
18—Hazel Bough.
18—Elsie Eva Houshaw.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

June

July

Aug.
1—Paulus Frederick Lategan. Marseilles.

Sept.
5—Frederick Francis Brazel. Waterworks.
7—Flora McDonald McKenzie Burnett. Wolvehoek.
8—Edward Wallace. Wolvehoek.

VRYBURG-BULAWAYO SECTION.

June
13—Albert Theodore Fred Beack.
19—Edward Short.

Aug.
15—Minnie Adonia Davids.
27—Hugh Wyatt.

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

July
8—Ellen Carlisle Spalding. Kofue.

Aug.
15—Norah Croinagh Mulock Beatty. Broken Hill.

CONFIRMATIONS.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

June At Waterval Boven:
23—John Henry Cox.
24—Vernon Foster Potgieter.
25—Naomi Arabella Bradley.
26—Elizabeth Anna Ward.
27—Leonora Annie Holland Muter.
28—Lilian Gertrude Austin.

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

Aug.
27—Charles Furse. Bulawayo.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

At Alicedale, by the Lord Bishop of Grahamstown:

June
14—Edward Charles Homan.
James John Dobell.
Jane Margaret Morey.
Lettie Elizabeth Pussy.
Laura Ada Buss.
Kate Lewis.

MARRIAGES.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

April
17—Charles Arthur Pentin and Ethel Gladys Maud Page, at Waterval Boven. (Omitted from last number by mistake.)

July
8—George William Harold Angerson and Johanna Catherine Cox, at Godwa River.
3—George Teede Surman and Alice Jane Heilbuth, at Fordsburg.

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

June
12—Alfred Bucknor Lewis and Nancy Louie Beatrice Averile, at Broken Hill.

BURIALS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

June At Naauwpoort:
25—Effreda Maud Osborn, aged 15 months.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

June At Fordsburg:
16—Jessie Maud Ives, aged 2 years.
Aug.
13—Mary Footes, aged 75 years.
25—Florence Maud Shackles, aged 18 years.
26—Charles W. Brown, from Zeerust, aged 43 years.

Light for the Line.

Subscriptions, 2/- per annum, 2/6 post free, can be paid to the Editor or to any of the Mission Staff or Local Agents, or to Rev. F. A. Rogers, The Rectory, Germiston.

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address.
Local Agents are asked to send names and new addresses of any removals from their list, or change in numbers required, to the Editor, The Hermitage, Grahamstown, also to apply at once to the Editor if the Magazines do not reach them duly.

Members of the Staff are asked to send in to the Editor, every quarter, names of new members of Guild of Good Shepherd, Mothers' Union, and G.F.S. for insertion in Light for the Line.

Local Agents “Light for the Line.”

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

Grahamstown—Miss Booth, Constitution St.
Sandgate—Mrs. T. H. Bruton.
Aliedale—Miss Wood.
Kenselbosch—Mr. Barnshaw.
Conway—Mr. Higgs.
Zwartkops—Miss Austin.
Commodagga—Mrs. Longbottom.
Uitenhage—Mr. Corbett.
Cookhouse—Mr. T. E. Wise.
Cradock—Mrs. Rose.
Naauwpoort—Mrs. Longbottom.
Stekesboom—Miss Alice Bird.
Mortimer—Mr. Hemming.
Fish River—Mrs. Ware.
Port Elizabeth—Miss Hannam, Park Drive.
Blue Cliff—Mrs. Patterson.
Coega—Mr. Moffatt.
Bellevue—Mrs. Harrison.

PRETORIA DIOCESE.

Nylstroom—Mrs. Cawood.
Warmbaths—Miss Driver.
Waterval Boven—Mr. D. M. Fraser.
Belfast (Station)—Mrs. Wilcocks.
Pretoria—Miss Godfrey, S. Mark’s Rectory.
Fordsburg—Mr. Dutton, Braamfontein Stn.
Platrand—Mrs. Gill.
Volkrust—Rev. N. C. Logan.
Charlestown—Miss Ethel Tindell.
Zuurbestein—Master Arthur Raison.
Nancefield Station—Miss Megum.
Lawley—Miss van der Merwe.
Grasmere—Miss Sullivan.
Vereeniging—Mr. Cox, Railway Station.
Klip River—Mr. Charles.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.

Bloemfontein—Miss Watson, 7, Monument Road.
Bloemfontein—Miss Ramadge, 7, Monument Road.
Ventersburg Road—Miss Pote.
Edenburg—Mrs. Cochrane.
Paardeberg—Mrs. Brierley.
Lindley Road—Miss Lily Burns.
Aberfeldy—Miss Fairly, Pumper’s Cottage.
Viljoen’s Drift—Mrs. Davis.
Wolvehoek—Mr. Burnett.
Bethlehem—Miss Wiggill, Railway Book Stall.

RHODESIA.

Pembu—Mr. Thorne, P.W.I.
Bwana Mekhwa—Mrs. Lewis.
Broken Hill—Mrs. Phillips.
Nyamandlovu—Mrs. Brewster.

MASHONALAND DIOCESE.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

General Secretary in South Africa—Miss Burt, Grahamstown.
Bellevue, Johannesburg—Miss Turner.
Pretoria—Miss Heys, Melrose House.
Bloemfontein—Mrs. Dawson, 33, First Avenue.
Port Elizabeth—Miss Geard.

CHILDREN OF THE VELD

SECRETARIES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

June—Barkly Bridge, 3/5; Thorngrove, 14/-; Henning, 10/–; Mortimer, 7/3; Thebus, 12/8; Stormberg, 6/-; Berlin, 2/9; Essex, 2/8.
**SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH RAILWAY MISSION QUARTERLY.**

**JULY.**—Bushman’s River, 5/-; Schoombie, 2/10; Middleton, 5/3; Ripon, 4/7; Sheldon, 9/-; Commadagga, 7/8; Halesowen, 3/-; Witmoss, 8/9; Glen Harry, 3/9; Letskraal, 3/6; Bethesda Road, 4/6; Bluecliff, 3/-; Glen Conner, 7/6; Mount Stewart, 9/6; Khipplaat (half-share), 10/7.

**AUGUST.**—Thebus, 13/10; Dohne, 4/6; Kubusie 2/6.

**BOXES.**

Thebus Station, 5/2; Berlin Station, 3/5; Commadagga Station, 1/6; Other Stations, 1/10.

**DONATIONS.**

Mr. Venter (Steynsburg), 1/-; Mr. Stone (Essex), 6d.; Mr. Cloete (Butterworth), 2/6; Mr. Rheeders (Ndabakazi), 2/-. Fees, etc., £3 10/6.

**DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.**

**JUNE.**—Bronkhorstspruit, £1 4/; Machadodorp, 8/6; Waterval Onder, 2/9; Newington, £1 6/9.

**JULY.**—Letsiteli, £2 2/-; Nelspruit, £4 10/-; Machadodorp, 7/-.

**AUGUST.**—Rayton, £3; Dalmanutha, 8/6; Waterval Onder, 12/3; Machadodorp, 15/6; Vereeniging, £2 0/6; Meyerton, 6/4.

**DONATIONS.**

Mr. Reading (Zandspruit), 10/-; Mr. Button (Rayton), 5/-; Wells Missionary Association, £1 1/-. Gifts at Baptisms, Marriages, etc., £6 18/6.

**DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.**

Viljoen’s Drift, £1 8/3, 11/3, £1 7/-; Paardeberg, 10/7; Lindley Road, £2 10/6, £2 4/3; Marseilles, 7/3; Venterburg Road, £1 12/9; Vet River, 3/9; Waterworks, 10/6; Wolvehoeck, £1 4/-; Kopjes, 4/11; G.C. 104, 1/3; Mrs. Berghof, 7/-.

**SIGNAL BOXES.**

Mrs. Watts, 4/-; Mrs. Wilde. Modderpoort, 3/-.

---

**See that this design is on the Case of Paraffine sent you by your dealer. You’ll know then that it’s**

**“WHITE ROSE” OIL,**

The brand which you have used for so many years with entire satisfaction. Accept no other brand.

---

Printed by GROCOtt & SHERRY, Church Square, Grahamstown Cape Colony.
churches at home, and what an incentive it should make us appreciate the more our beautiful especially in the more remote parts of Canada, of very similar build, as for instance the wooden log days. There are many "churches" in foreign parts, it was used for all sorts of secular purposes on week­ rushes once existed, and it was the first place of wor­ in 1829. The building was very carefully erected thus the lepers became the saviours of their less among the lepers for safety, and safety they found, of the compound, the women and girls rushed in hissing overhead, and robbers were outside, the wall she and her fellow-workers remain at their post. home to say, that in spite of riots and fightings, throughout the Revolution in China. Mrs. Hipwell, are reminded of it in hearing of their bravery you are one of them."

A British schooner capsized last autumn off the American coast, and the crew had a narrow escape mouth! It must need courage to live among cannibals for twenty-two years. Such was the experience of Mr. Daniel Crawford, of Greenock, who returned a short time ago from the wilds of British Central Africa, where his experiences must have been remarkable. He would tell all who contemplate missionary work in such a country that it is necessary to serve long and bitter apprenticeship. It does not do to leave the steamer one day and forthwith proceed up country to try to teach the native. The native must be studied. It is necessary to "get right away at the back of the black man's brain, and see what he is after." He himself, for the first week or so, was regarded with suspicion, but after that the natives "took him to their hearts:" fortunately not to their is after."

A Church of Rushes.

That sounds frail enough, but a church of bul­ rushes once existed, and it was the first place of wor­ ship erected by soldiers at Perth, Western Australia, in 1829. The building was very carefully erected almost entirely of this frail material. All religious services were held on Sunday, Sundays, but unfortunately it was used for all sorts of secular purposes on weekdays. There are many "churches" in foreign parts, especially in the more remote parts of Canada, of very similar build, as for instance the wooden log churches of which we have heard so much. How it should make us appreciate the more our beautiful churches at home, and what an incentive it should prove to us to give as liberally as we can to further missionary work.

The Greatest—the Humblest.

A story is told of the good St. Francis of Assisi, that one day he was met by a peasant who asked him, "Art thou Francis?" The latter acknowledged his name. "Take heed," said the peasant, "that thou be as good as men believe thee." It must have been rather startling to the great and good man, known far and wide for his noble deeds, but the saint heeded the warning and did not deem it unnecessary. The really great so far as goodness is concerned are always the humblest. Are we all as good as we are thought to be by those round about us?

Among the Cannibals.

It must need courage to live among cannibals for twenty-two years. Such was the experience of Mr. Daniel Crawford, of Greenock, who returned a short time ago from the wilds of British Central Africa, where his experiences must have been remarkable. He would tell all who contemplate missionary work in such a country that it is necessary to serve a long and bitter apprenticeship. It does not do to leave the steamer one day and forthwith proceed up country to try to teach the native. The native must be studied. It is necessary to "get right away at the back of the black man's brain, and see what he is after." He himself, for the first week or so, was regarded with suspicion, but after that the natives "took him to their hearts:" fortunately not to their mouths!

Saved by a Human Chain.

A British schooner capsized last autumn off the American coast, and the crew had a narrow escape from drowning. They were eventually rescued, after clinging to the side of the vessel for fourteen hours. In order to prevent any of their number falling over­ board, they formed a human chain and clung one to another throughout a stormy night. When they were taken to land the men were in an exhausted state, but they had been saved by the human bond which had united them in the hour of danger. It is often the case that a sympathetic hand will save a fellow-creature from ruin. While God Himself upholds us all, it is our duty and privilege to do our part in holding out a helping, saving hand.
CHAPTER IX.

In the Nick of Time.

WHEN Moira had first entered the carriage she had been thankful to rest against the luxurious cushions, and to feel the soft rug near her face, and warm round her shoulders. The motion of the vehicle was pleasant to her; she was thankful to be moving without physical exertion.

The Manse kept early hours; the one domestic servant had grown grey on the establishment. Mrs. Lefroy during the last two or three years had become more or less an invalid; Moira had gradually stepped into her place, taking from her mother's shoulders much of the burden of housekeeping, and helping Janet, the maid, in all the lighter departments of work.

Moira was up every morning at six o'clock: the Manse breakfast followed family prayers at a quarter to eight. As a rule the girl was in bed not later than half-past nine. It was, in fact, almost a law for her of late that she retired when she stepped into the barouche. The day had been very fatiguing to her, mentally and physically; had it been necessary, she would have summoned resolution to her aid and kept her energies at full pressure, but for this there was no longer any need; she could rest herself without self-reproach or sting of conscience.

On the box-seat in front was the strong figure of Philip Compton, conveying that sense of trust and security which certain men produce quite naturally without effort. Moira found herself admiring his fine physique, and the air of reliance and domination which went with it; she was not aware of it, but Philip Compton represented her ideal; the sort of man she had pictured to herself when she had read of heroes of romance—the black knight in Ivanhoe; girt Jon Ridd, in Lorna Doone; Amyas Leigh, in Westward Ho! Hereward the Wake, and many others. It was perhaps strange that to a girl like this, so gentle and womanly, stories of romance, of danger, of conflict and victory appealed more strongly than anything else. Into this gallery without effort she fitted Philip Compton, and only regretted that the dress of the present day seemed out of keeping with her mental picture.

Our Serial Tale.

"The whip deftly applied made the animals swerve."—Page 77.

The beat of the hoofs on the road, rhythmic and regular; the easy motion of the carriage on its "C" springs; the warm rug; the play of the night wind; the hour habitual to her for rest—all produced their effect; from being apparently wide awake, Moira passed into sleep.

Presently, how soon or how late it was impossible to say, she began to dream; she thought she was in a boat on the open sea, the waves, white crested and threatening, beating on the little vessel. She was alone with Dugdale; she could see his face quite distinctly, with a look upon it half importunate, half menacing; he was pointing to his island, to the frowning bleak castle in the centre of it, of which he was master. He seemed to be saying her only chance of safety lay in that direction, otherwise the boat would be engulfed, and her life and his forfeited. At this moment another boat came alongside; Philip Compton was in it; he stepped over the side, and held out his arms to her. Dugdale's face took on a look of ferocity; she shrank back from him, and went nearer to Compton.

Suddenly Moira was wide awake again. She had dreamt of danger on the sea; she understood instantly that danger was close to her, on the land.

"The horses were galloping furiously, Moira stood up and looked out over the landscape; she knew, only too well, the exact spot which the carriage had reached, the proximity to the cliff-edge, the certainty that, unless the horses could be wheeled to the right, that the barouche and all it contained must inevitably be dragged..."
over the head, and flung down on the beach below, a fall of nearly two hundred feet!

Death stared her in the face, imminent, terrible!

She sank back again on to her seat, gripping the side with her right hand. In that instant of time all her past life rose before her; the peace of the home at the Manse; the tender love of her parents, centred in her, their only child; all the blessings she had experienced; the people she had learnt to love, humble cottage folk, who had looked to her, as she grew older, to sympathise in the sorrows and trials of their lives, teaching her, without knowing it, that wide compassion and sympathy which had become an integral part of her character and life. The girl had a high courage, but it would have shaken the nerve of a strong man to face the ordeal of dread and danger which confronted them during these moments. Even now she did not lose her faith in Compton; she could tell by the play of his shoulders, the set of his arms, that every muscle of his strong frame was being brought to bear on the contest.

He was fighting for her life. Something told her that this, more than anything else, far more than his own safety, formed the pith and marrow of his determination to win the fight in which he was engaged.

When the horses started on their mad career Compton had handed the whip to the groom by his side; he required both hands for the task which lay before him, and at the critical moment he looked to his man for assistance.

One great fear was at the back of his mind: would the harness stand the test? It was new, untried; it had come from one of the best makers, but when life is dependent on the soundness of a thing, a man wants certainty, not supposition. If the pole snapped, or one of the reins broke, nothing could save them. Fortunately, everything stood the test of that inordinate strain.

Compton shot a quick glance at the groom; the man's face was white, as it could hardly fail to be, considering the extent of the danger, but at the same time all his eyes and mouth showed traces of courage and determination.

Compton had made up his mind what the exact spot would be where the struggle might culminate. At the bottom of the slope they were now descending there was a level space on the right, on to which the carriage could turn; if he could get the horses round in this direction they would be turning away from the sea and have nothing but the moor in front of them.

Without moving his head, he spoke to the groom—

"When I lift my elbow, give the horse your side two or three cuts with the whip as hard as you can."

"Yes, sir."

Two minutes later they reached the point Compton had in his mind's eye. Twenty yards further on they would be at the cliff-edge; a turn at that spot would be almost impossible, it must be effected now, or not at all!

Compton gave the arranged signal of his elbow; then with all force he urged the horses, still madly galloping, off the road on to the mossy sward by the side.

The groom did as he was bid; the whip deftly applied made the animals swerve, while the reins indicated the direction they were to take; the carriage almost overturned, but the manœuvre was completely successful; the browns had left the high road where the danger was imminent, and were now coursing wildly across the open surface of the headland.

Bump! bump, bump! every part of the carriage strained, bolt and axle tested to the utmost; but this was nothing compared to the danger avoided and left behind.

Compton half turned his head, while still using all his strength to check the horses.

"The danger is over, Miss Lefroy; do not be frightened."

He did not catch her answer, the wind whistling about his ears carried it away, but he knew it to be confident.

From the moss they passed into the heather, which was up to the knees of the horses; they began to labour, their breath coming in gasps, their shoulders heaving. Now the power at the back of them began to tell; the pace slackened to a walk, then they stopped.

Compton gave the reins to the groom, and jumped down; Moira stepped out to meet him.

She held out both hands.

Compton took them, and, longed at the same time to show her what he felt in that moment of appreciation and thankfulness; all his restraint was required not to gather her into his arms.

A common experience passed through, a sorrow, a danger builds a bridge over which two people go to meet one another; months, perhaps years, of ordinary happenings will not produce so great a sense of intimacy as hours, even moments, of concentrated feeling.

Was it really possible that these two standing there on the bleak moorland, with the night wind blowing chill in their faces, were only acquaintances of an hour or two, strangers yesterday? It seemed incredible.

Moira released her hands shyly; she had offered them in an impulse of thanksgiving and gratitude for her safety—and his; now she was conscious of the pressure, the force with which Compton had gripped her fingers, conscious more than all of what that grip conveyed.

The moon was shining full upon her, picking her out the outline of her figure, the grace of her form, in her light summer attire. Compton looked at the vision she presented with eyes of admiration, fixing it upon his memory; he would never forget this night, never forget Moira as he saw her there amidst the heather.

What he said was prosaic enough, words which might have been spoken before a multitude, but his tone vibrated with suppressed feeling.
Compton put the rug about her shoulders tenderly, showing that he thought the value of what he was guarding priceless, showing it by his touch.

"We shall have to walk a little way," he suggested; "John and I must get the carriage across this strip of moor; it will not be pleasant to ride in it in any circumstances, and there might be a risk of overturning."

"We are not more than a quarter of a mile from the Manse," she replied; "had I not better walk all the rest of the way?"

"Not unless you have lost all confidence in your driver," he answered, smiling.

"I have gained, rather than lost," she said the words softly, with a certain shyness which was infinitely attractive.

"Thank you," he said; "I will try to justify your confidence."

"There is one thing I want to ask you," Moira suggested; "I do not want anything said to my father about the—— She stopped.

"I know about the risk you have run, the accident, only just averted."

Moira shuddered; the words brought the danger back to her. "Yes, my mother is an invalid; the thought of risk to me might bring on a serious illness, and she would always be afraid when I was out, especially at night. Not that I am ever alone," the girl added; "this is quite my first experience."

"I expect you hope the last." She shook her head; she was not yet able to take up his light way of speaking.

"Will you walk to the road, Miss Lefroy, while my man and I get the barouche under weigh? We will give you the start."

Moira understood that Compton did not wish her to see any difficulties they might have to encounter, and she appreciated the thought.

"We will meet you on the road," he suggested. "I expect there is a level piece just below that dip in the cliff!"

"Yes."

"Then there it shall be."

A quarter of an hour later Moira heard the sound of wheels. She turned back and saw the groom driving, his master sitting in the barouche; the horses had had a stern experience, and were thoroughly subdued. The strain of dragging the carriage over the heather had completed their subjugation.

Compton sprang out to her side. "I hope we have not kept you waiting long, Miss Lefroy."

"No; I hardly expected you so soon."

"I shall now go in the carriage with you; the horses have learnt their lesson; you could drive them yourself without straining your wrists!"

"I would rather be excused; some day, perhaps, I might try."

Compton handed her into the carriage and then followed himself.
The groom drove slowly, evidently under instruction.

For two or three minutes no word was spoken, but thoughts were busy, and something more than thoughts—the sense of confidence, of sympathy, of friendship, if friendship there can be, between a man and a woman, in such circumstances.

At length Moira spoke, really to break the silence of which she became too conscious. "You made me too comfortable when we first started, Mr. Compton. I went off to sleep, and did not wake until just the moment when—"

"When you found the horses galloping madly towards the cliff-edge?"

"Yes!"

"What a rude awakening it must have been."

"I was dreaming, too."

"Pleasant dreams?"

"No; unpleasant. Sometimes one can tell how dreams are suggested. I know mine was brought about by Mr. Dugdale offering to take me home in the Fury; that, and I suppose your presence before me on the box-seat, just before I went to sleep."

"So we both came into the dream?" Compton inquired.

"Don't ask me; I don't want to think of it."

"Very well, perhaps one day you will tell me, when you know me better. I hope we shall be very good friends, Miss Lefroy."

The carriage was now passing houses on either side. They had entered the street of the village, with the little church and the Manse at the top of a somewhat steep road in front of them.

"We are nearly home," Moira remarked, wishing to change the conversation.

"You did not answer what I said."

"Didn't I?"

"No," Compton persisted.

"Was it a question?" she replied innocently.

"No; I expressed a hope that we should become very good friends. Are you willing?"

"Of course; why not?"

"Well! It was not an auspicious beginning."

The groom pulled up the horses at the stone gateway of the Manse which opened upon a courtyard before the house.

CHAPTER X. Long Alan.

PHILIP COMPTON was up betimes in the morning. His first act was to send a groom to Shelf Cottage for the latest bulletin.

The man found Dr. Graham there when he arrived; the report was quite satisfactory, and was sent on to Moira at the Manse as soon as Compton received it. Dr. Graham had scrawled on a piece of paper, "Boy going on well, no complications, doses or under-doses."

"This ought to do me good," he said; "the finest tonic in the world, with Nature as the dispenser; and she makes no mistakes, over-doses or under-doses."

"Quite so, if you can keep quiet; she prescribes that, too, in your case."

"Well, I intend to keep quiet to-day, for after breakfast and a pipe, I am going to ask your leave to go to bed again, and not re-appear until dinner-time."

"You are a nice companion! I hoped we should get a good canter together over the estate, beating the bounds as they do in old parishes."

"I should have liked nothing better, but I am on duty to-night; I promised Mrs. Grayson to be over at ten o'clock, when she can go to bed; you see, a case like the child's wants watching; if he were to disturb the dressings, the consequences might be serious."

"Surely some one else could be found to do that; you have come here for rest and quiet, and this is the way you take it!"

"There is no one who can be really trusted; the neighbours are kind enough, and would be willing, but the mother is more than doubtful whether any of them could be depended upon to keep awake, or to act if necessary. She did say she was sure Miss Moira would go, but I prefer to be on the spot myself this first night. It was a splendid operation; Dr. Graham did his part to perfection; the man is a born surgeon, although he does not look one; it would be such a pity if such work was spoiled by any carelessness afterwards."

They sat down to breakfast; a few minutes passed in silence while Compton was turning things over in his mind.

"Is there no trained nurse in Dr. Graham's district?"

"No; this part of the world is too poor to afford such a luxury."

Stanton was looking at Compton, who had just poured out a second cup of coffee.

"How much does that kind of luxury cost?" Compton asked.

"About a hundred a year in country districts, where living is cheap."

"Call it a hundred and twenty, to allow of a margin. Can you find a nurse, if I frank the cost?"

Stanton was silent for a minute, then he said: "I think I know of just the very person. 'Nurse Mary' we used to call her; her real name is Monteith; she worked under me at St. Alloys and also in what you are pleased to call 'my slum,' when I had special cases; she is a Scotch lady, and would, I think, like to return to her native air somewhere up this way."

"Where is she now?"

"At Ramsgate, recruiting; I have her address in my pocket-book."

"Wire to her and fix it up. I will ask Miss Lefroy to find her a lodging, and get her father to do the paying for me; she will work under him, and Dr. Graham, of course."
"You are a good chap!"
"Not a bit of it. I should never have thought of it myself; it is part of the responsibilities of a place like this: you buy it with the estate!"

He found Mr. Lefroy and Moira having tea.

"I wish every landowner thought the same."
"I have quite enough to do in looking after one, and that is myself, but with your help, Stanton, I dare say we shall manage it."
"I have not a doubt you will manage without it."

After breakfast Compton had his horse brought round and rode over to Scoine, from which place he dispatched a telegram, offering the position of nurse to Miss Monteith. Then he lunched at the Ship Hotel, and there awaited her answer. It arrived at three o'clock, and proved quite satisfactory; Nurse Mary would be pleased to come, and might be expected to arrive the following evening.

With the answer in his pocket, Compton proceeded to the Manse. He found Mrs. Lefroy and Moira having tea; the clergyman was out, visiting a case at some distance. Compton was welcomed with Scotch hospitality. Mrs. Lefroy attracted him at once: she was an older and more delicate replica of Moira, still pretty, with the charm of a true gentlewoman. He learnt that Moira had been over to Shelf Cottage during the morning and was delighted with the satisfactory news Mrs. Grayson gave of Victor; she had not actually seen him, as Dr. Graham had said "no visitors."

After tea Moira proposed to show Compton the most beautiful view on the coast, which could be seen from the vantage ground of a hill about a mile from the Manse.

They were soon walking briskly along, side by side.

"I can hardly believe I only met you for the first time yesterday, Miss Lefroy; it seems more like weeks than hours since I saw you standing in the doorway of the Cottage."
"I had run away to get out of your sight, but poor little Victor was so bad I had to reappear."

Compton felt inclined to say he was grateful to Victor Grayson, but as it would sound rather inhuman he refrained; instead he said: "I hope you are none the worse for your adventures last night?"
"Not the slightest; I had a restful night, undisturbed by dreams of dangers either by land or sea!"
"I am glad of that; I wondered early this morning how you were. You know," he went on, as they breasted the hill, "my friend Stanton is going to sit up to-night with the child."
"Yes: it is awfully good of him. Mrs. Grayson told me. I offered to take the place, but was not accepted."
"I made an arrangement to-day," Compton said, "which perhaps I ought to have discussed with Mr. Lefroy before fixing things up." He went on to tell her briefly about the conversation between himself and Stanton, and the subsequent telegrams, handing her the returnmissive.

"Oh! I am so glad; you don't know what a boon it will be. Many and many a time we have all longed for a trained nurse, but of course the cost made it quite impossible. We shall be so grateful to you."

"Stanton ought to have all the credit; you don't know him as well as I do, or you would understand. He fixed me with those great eyes of his, which always seem to have undisturbed depths in them, like some mountain pool. When he looks like that he mesmerizes you, and you propose instinctively to do just what he wants."
"That is your way of putting it, Mr. Compton. If you prefer it, the credit shall be divided between you."

"Let me give up my share of it, or put it in the balance against all the 'undones' of my life 'which ought to have been done.' I hope perhaps your father will kindly undertake the
financial side of the arrangement. I will send a cheque to cover the first year, and he, I hope, will settle with Miss Monteith how she will like the salary paid. I expect finding rooms for her will be a difficulty?"

"We can find them easily enough; in the meantime, I am sure my mother will ask her to stay at the Manse. I can meet her at the station when she arrives to-morrow night. Now, Mr. Compton, this is the point where I wanted to bring you; have you ever seen anything finer?"

They were on a promontory jutting out into the sea, serrated rocks taking all sorts of fantastic shapes stretched away on both sides, the sea hurling itself against them and tumbling back white-foamed, sent up sprays of silvered water into the air; gulls flashed about in all directions; fishing vessels, with brown or white sails, and here and there small yachts, imparted a suggestion of life and human interest to the great mass of waters which stretched out before them, while heather and gorse clothed the slopes of the hills on either side. Compton's eye rested on Moira first of all, her cheeks flushed with the exercise of climbing the hill, her hair, disturbed by the wind, in beautiful abandon on her forehead and behind her ears. He could hardly take his eyes off her to look at the landscape, and only did so when her lids drooped and the long lashes rested upon her cheek.

"Yes," he replied, "it is quite true; I have never seen any sight so beautiful."

Silence supervened, silence not of the absence of words as of the fullness of them, words which could not be spoken, that had to be left unsaid—at any rate for the present.

When they had nearly reached the Manse again Compton said—

"I forgot to mention to you that last night while I was driving, and you were asleep, I saw a man out on an errand which could easily be guessed; he must have heard the sound of the carriage and soon made himself scarce, but not before I had time to look him over; I only saw his back, but should know it again."

Moira had stopped, and was listening intently, but made no reply.

Compton went on: "I am afraid I shall not be popular with some people in this district. The reins have been slack, I understand, as regards poaching; I mean to draw them tight. One of the attractions of the estate, to my mind, is its sporting opportunities, and if my game is to go into other hands, I prefer to give it away rather than have it stolen!"

"Of course," Moira answered, but in a somewhat hesitating fashion. A look of trouble crossed her face. "What do you intend to do, Mr. Compton?"

"In the first place catch my hare, and then cook him—in other words, 'make an example of the first offender just to encourage the others,' as a French wit said. The neighbourhood will then soon understand I am not to be trifled with in this matter. I have an excellent pair of field glasses; the hill behind Skirls is a good look-out; I am sure I shall see the man again, possibly to-night. On this occasion I shall not be hampered with two runaway horses, as the 'good gentleman' will find to his cost."

"What was he like?"

"Tall, nearly as tall as myself; powerful, but loosely built, with his right shoulder a little higher than his left. I took an accurate mental photograph in the short space he allowed me for the purpose." Compton was looking closely at Moira. "You know who he is, I can see that, Miss Lefroy."

"Yes," she answered, "it must be 'Long Alan,' as we call him."

"Well, 'Long Alan' and I will soon make acquaintance."

"I am sorry; I hope you will be lenient with him, Mr. Compton"—she laid three fingers on his arm by way of emphasizing her appeal—"he has a delicate little
wife, such a nice woman, and a crippled boy, one of my pets.”

“You have so many, Miss Lefroy! I am afraid my sense of right and justice will be considerably interfered with if I come under your influence.”

“The man is really a good sort, Mr. Compton. He has been the world over; about five years ago he came to a cottage on the edge of the moor, which his father had before him, bringing wife and child with him. He tried to earn an honest living, but unfortunately took service under a farmer on your estate named Morse. We none of us like this man Morse; one day Alan knocked him down.”

“That was rather a queer proceeding from a servant to his master.”

“According to the story, Farmer Morse was ill-treating some animal; Alan could not stand it.

You have made out a strong case in his favour, Miss Lefroy, which will, of course, go a long way in mitigating any penalty I might feel inclined to enforce. You have not mentioned his name.”

“Brice, Alan Brice!” Compton started. “Brice!” he exclaimed, “that is not a very common name, Alan Brice. Has he a long scar over his left eye?”

It was Moira’s turn to be astonished now.

“Yes! yes!” she answered.

(To be continued.)

Running and the Race of Life.

By the Rev. J. K. SWINBURNE, M.A.

In New Testament days the great sports were the public games of the Greeks and Romans. Of these there is practically no mention in the Gospels, but in the Acts and the Epistles there is much reference to the public games of Greece. The great contests at these games were jumping, running, hurling the spear, boxing and wrestling. St. Paul in his Epistles alludes to two of these only—boxing and running—though he mentions “wrestling” against spiritual foes, and this probably is an allusion to the public wrestling matches.

(a) Boxing. In the boxing contests the hands and arms of the fighters were covered with a bunch of leather studded with nails, which, as we may well imagine, made a very painful bruise whenever they reached their objective. Part of the skill of a boxer was shown by his successful avoiding of blows, and, by this means, forcing his opponent to miss him altogether and causing him, as St. Paul calls it, to beat the air. Writing to the Corinthians, who would naturally know all about these great games, he says of the spiritual battle, “So fight I, not as one that beateth the air.”

(b) Running. Writing to these same Corinthians he asks this question, “Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?”

Let us then consider—

1. Running and the Race of Life.

(a) The Greek games at which the races were held.

There were four of these great meetings for sport—

1. The Olympic games, which were the most important. These were held in honour of Olympian Zeus in Olympia, and took place every four years.

2. The Isthmian games were held every two years on the Isthmus of Corinth at Poseidon. Perhaps when St. Paul visited Corinth he was present at these games.

3. The Nemean games took place in the valley of Nemea in honour of Nemean Zeus.

4. The Pythian games occurred at Delphi, and were in honour of Pythian Apollo.

(b) St. Paul compares these races to the race of life.

St. Paul, in writing to the Christians at Corinth, reminds them of the great races which were held at the Isthmian games, close by them at Corinth. As I have just said, these and the Olympic games were the great sports of the world, and a man who won in them became a hero known to the world; and St. Paul knew quite well that every one to whom he was writing knew all about these great games, and so he says to the Corinthians that life is like a race at the Isthmian games. He tells them to remember how the victors in these games run, and in the spiritual life to copy them. They were to run in the race of life (to live their life) so that they might obtain—“so run that ye may obtain.” And, reader, as we take part in or look on at the races or sports which perhaps are held in our neighbourhood, you and I need to think more often of that far greater race which we are all running, which we cannot help running—though we can help whether we run it well or badly—the race of life. And I think, were St. Paul alive to-day, he would urge on us the point he urged
on the Corinthians, that we must so run this race that we may obtain the reward at its finish.

The old contests at Olympia, Corinth, etc., were watched by tier upon tier of spectators, seated in their thousands on the stand around, spectators who keenly watched the races and applauded the successful runners; and does not this put us in mind of that great cloud of witnesses who from the spiritual world watch the runners of the race of life?

Once again—the games were opened by a herald, who proclaimed the name and country of each candidate who was competing in the game or race. And does not the race of life really begin for us when in our baptism our name is called out and our country is declared, being made “inhabiters of the Kingdom of Heaven”?

Having, then, been started on this race, the all-important thing is, How are we running?

Let us consider, then,

II. How to run.

“So run that ye may obtain.” Any one could compete in the Isthmian races, so it was necessary for the winner to run well. In the race of life, as St. Paul points out, all must win a prize—but all will not, because all will not run well. The great point then is, so run that ye may obtain, i.e., “run well, for if you run well you must win a prize.”

Shall we, then, consider four points to which a good runner must pay attention?

(a) He must get rid of all weights.

He would take off his coat, and he certainly would never dream of carrying a sack of coal on his back when he ran. It is hardly conceivable that he could win like that. Just so the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that we are to run the race of life “laying aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset us.” He means that if we wish to win God’s prize in the race of life, we must get rid of sin and all that is wrong in our life just as we throw off a coat.

We cannot win life’s prize if we run the race carrying all the terrible burden of sin and shame. And so, athletes who would run well this race of life, every day kneel down and ask God to help you to get rid of sin and all wrong, to wipe away the stain with the precious blood of His own dear Son; and then with His help fight against sin and throw it off, like some heavy coat or great weight which would hinder you from running well.

(b) He must look where he is going.

No racer in his senses keeps turning round to gaze at things behind him, if he wants to win. I have known lots of races lost because the competitor would keep looking back to see who was next; and—shall I confess it?—I once lost a race I was winning, and right on the tape too, because I wanted to see how much I was ahead of the second.

The good runner will keep his eyes on the winning-post, and ever struggle to get there.

So the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says we are to run “looking unto Jesus.” By this he means that during our whole life we are to resist the temptation to keep looking at the attractions of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to linger and grasp them—and we are to keep our eyes always on Jesus, and never forget that we are getting nearer and nearer to Him, and that one day we shall meet Him face to face, and that now He is urging us on. We should not think much of the chance of a competitor in a race if he kept stopping to pick flowers on the way; and we cannot hope much for the chances of those who linger in the race of life to pluck forbidden fruit.

(c) He must constantly train.

The athlete undergoes severest training—and can the spiritual athlete do less? But of this more under the subject of the Prize.

(d) He must never give up.

No race is lost till it is won, and the competitor who gives up never knows but that he might have won with a little more grit and perseverance.

But the spiritual race can never be lost by any competitor who doggedly refuses to give up. So, fellow-runner in the race of life, never know when you are beaten, and with Christ’s great help you cannot lose.

When temptation sorely presses, when the battle seems cruelly hard, and Satan is hindering you in the race of life, lift your eyes to the winning-post and see Jesus Himself standing there; cry to Him for help and then struggle on, and you will win at last, because, as St. Paul so plainly tells us, there is at the end of the race the prize-giving, at which all who have run well will receive a prize. But before we consider this great Prize-giving day, shall we think for one moment of the Judge?

III. The Judge.

At the great games a judge was always appointed to decide any disputes which might arise, and to present the prizes; and there is a Judge Who will give the verdict on the result of the race run by each of us.

On the great Judgment Day that Judge will sum up the verdict, and it will be either “Well done” or else “Depart from Me.” St. Paul himself so ran that he was able to say as the race was drawing to its close and the winning-post was almost within his grasp, “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the Righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

There were always two points about the judge chosen for these great games.

(1) He was selected for his spotless integrity.

Is he not then a fit type of that great Judge of all the earth, Who knew not sin and Whose spotless character and absolute sinlessness were well summed up in those words of the Baptist, “Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world.”
(2) This judge was required to spend ten months in learning the duties of his office, and for the last month to watch the training of the athletes who were going to compete.

And the Judge of the spiritual runners in the race of life came down from the glories of Heaven to take upon Him our human nature, that He might be able to understand the runner's nature, and to know the difficulties that confront the athlete in the race of life.

IV. The Prize-giving.

At the great Olympic or Isthmian games only one out of many competitors could win the prize, because only one could run best. Others may run well, but because they have not run best they will receive no prize.

But we can all run well in the race of life—we can all live good, holy, God-fearing lives, and so we can all win a prize at God's great Prize-giving day at the end of the world.

The prize for victory in the old games was a crown.

(a) In the Olympic games it was a crown of wild olive.
(b) In the Isthmian games it was a crown of pine leaves (in St. Paul's time) and ivy.
(c) In the Nemean games it was a crown of parsley.
(d) In the Pythian games it was a crown of laurel.

These were but corruptible crowns; but we spiritual athletes look forward to a prize, if we run well, which shall not be a corruptible crown which soon fades away, but an incorruptible one, which lasts, unfading, through eternity, and which lends glory and lustre to the victor for ever.

The crown which God will give to all who run well in life's race is (as we shall see if we look at the Greek) not a kingly crown or diadem; it is the victor's crown.

And this shows us that we must run well to win it, for only victors shall win that crown.

St. Paul reminds us how those old athletes used to train before their race—what trouble they took to be able to run well, yet they only did it to win a corruptible crown—for, as we saw, the crown given was but of leaves, which would fade within a year (though the winner was welcomed with the honours of a victorious general)—and we, we do it to win the victor's crown in Heaven, which shall never fade nor its lustre pass away.

At the Olympic and Pythian games the winner had also palm branches given to him. Does not this remind us of that magnificent description of the victorious saints who have run life's race well and conquered in the fight, even those "which stood before the Throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands." *

Then, athlete in Christ's training ground of life, let St. Paul remind you of that great and awful race you are now running, the starting-point of which is the cradle and baptism, and the winning-post of which is beyond the grave and gate of death, where Jesus holds the palm branches and the garlands of victory to give to all who run well, who live a good and holy life.

And may He, the Captain and Champion of all Christian athletes, so bless each one of you, that you may be enabled so to run and so to live amidst all the glitter and glare of earth that one day, as you breathe the tape held out by death, you may at the same moment reach out your hand and grasp the winning-post, and, hearing the words of Jesus ring out "Well done," you may raise your eyes and see His tender, congratulating smile, and take from His Hand the crown and palms—emblems of conquest—which are promised to every spiritual athlete who, with Christ's wonderful coaching and splendid help, will do His utmost to get rid of sin and all that God hates, and to run the race of life pure and good and true.

And what if, the race seems long, the road rough, and thy feet grow weary? Ah! champion running for the honour of Christ, a word of comfort. You must win if you will only run well, so strain every nerve to reach your destined goal, that, when at length you reach it, though your tired feet give way, and, tottering, your poor aching head falls there in the dust, weary and worn in death, your brave spirit, unconquered still, shall enter those glad worlds of light where never the shadow comes, where never the sense of loneliness or weariness can enter, into the Presence of God, where glory is no longer hidden but is revealed, and where the athlete shall no more say, "I am tired," or the runner own defeat.

THE MARRED MEETING.

I. "I WILL NOT BELIEVE."

(Read St. John xx. 25, 26.)

Oh, to recall that look of patient grief!
He has been here! My Lord, my God, my King!
Twas He indeed,—And for one moment brief,
He gazed on me, all sad and pitying.
O awful penalty! that Unbelief
Should make a raptured meeting thus to sting!

II. "MY LORD AND MY GOD."

And Face to face He doth commune with me!

**JOAN ARUNDEL.**
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., during April. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs are specially welcome, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is desired.

A Holy Table.—The famous Holy Communion Table at Chester Cathedral is quite unique in our land. It is formed entirely of wood grown in the Holy Land. The top of the Table is one massive slab of oak, which was brought from Bashan; the richly carved panels are all of olive wood from round Jerusalem, the most beautiful ones being entirely made of wood from the Mount of Olives itself; the shafts of the table at the angles are made of cedars of Lebanon. The carving of the panels also represents the palm, grape, thorn, reed, flax, hyssop, and myrrh.

The Oldest Northern Church.—At Lindisfarne four churches have been erected in the days now long past. In 635 A.D. Aidan, a Scottish monk, strove to evangelize the rough Northumbrians, and built a structure composed of wood and the bents found on what is now called Holy Island. This gave place to a more substantial edifice, also of wood, about the year 750 A.D., but through the active interest of an early bishop of Lindisfarne—and there were sixteen in all—a substantial stone cathedral took its place in the closing years of the eighth century. It had, however, a short life, for in 798 the Vikings or Danes swarmed upon the coast, burnt the cathedral, and slew all the inhabitants, leaving the sea-birds in undisturbed possession for upwards of two centuries. It was not till 1070 A.D., when the Conqueror marched north to punish the Scots for rebellion to his rule, that the few faithful monks, carrying the bones of St. Cuthbert, found a refuge within the walls of the ruined cathedral. Here they set to work to rebuild the walls around the temporary shrine guarding the bones of the saint. Our photograph shows the magnificent rainbow arch spanning the nave. It is a matter of wonder to the antiquary that such a piece of masonry should withstand the wear and tear of wind and storm for all these centuries.

W. HALLIDAY, F.S.A.

A Royal Superstition.—Canterbury Cathedral, like most Gothic cathedrals, is decorated with innumerable niches for statues. At Canterbury a series of these niches is occupied with statues of kings and queens of England.
and there are only four niches left unoccupied. An old tradition has it that when all the niches are filled the throne of England will come to an end. Queen Victoria was approached with a view to a statue of herself being placed in one of the four remaining niches, but her late Majesty was aware of the old tradition and refused. One wonders whether in the future there will be four monarchs of England sufficiently indifferent to superstition to defy the tradition and allow their effigies to fill the unoccupied spaces.

**Bells Rung by Electricity.**—The Rev. R. E. Harris, Rector of Runwell, Essex, has installed an apparatus by which the peal of bells at the Parish Church is rung by electricity, a distinction possessed by no other church in England. The church and vicarage and other houses in the village are also lighted by electricity supplied from the Rector’s generator.

**Classical Carpenters.**—The congregation of All Hallows, East India Dock Road, Poplar, is too poor to buy furniture for their church, so two industrious curates have set to work to supply the want by turning carpenters and making the furniture themselves.

**What is it?**—“No doubt,” writes Mr. C. A. Peacock, “many of your readers will at first glance wonder what the accompanying illustration represents, but the proper effect is only to be obtained by holding the paper above the head and looking up at it. It is the old and beautifully painted ceiling in the tower of St. Albans Cathedral, with the windows and ancient corridors beneath it, and it is much admired by the many visitors to this historic building. I have never before seen a photograph of this ceiling, a thought until about four years ago I spent my life in the city. Many of my friends to whom I have shown the print have been puzzled as to what His Majesty set apart for their church, so two industrious curates have set to work to supply the want by turning carpenters and making the furniture themselves.”

**Honey from Church Roof.**—Swarms of bees have for years made the roof of the south transept of Newport (Essex) church their home, to the great annoyance of those who occupied seats beneath. As much as a quart of dead or drowsy bees has been swept up on Sunday morning. It was therefore determined some years ago to strip the lead from the roof, and three bushels of honey and comb were removed. The bees, however, soon returned, and again the roof was stripped, when a large quantity of comb was removed, but very little honey. This attempt to get rid of our busy but irritating friends also proved ineffectual. Again the lead has been removed, and one hundredweight and a half of honey has been taken. “The flavour of the honey,” says the Vicar, “is much better than that taken from the ordinary hives.” In like manner, the best friendship, the best teaching, the best blessings, are to be found in connexion with the House of God.

**Chertsey Abbey Bell.**—It may not be generally known that the story told in the poem “Curfew shall not ring to-night” is in all probability true. A recent article in a magazine states that the bell which the heroine, Berthe, prevented from ringing still hangs and rings in the belfry of Chertsey Parish Church. It is known as the Abbey Bell, because it was originally made for Chertsey Abbey, but was preserved and given to the Parish Church at the dissolution of monasteries in the sixteenth century. But even if the poem be not true the bell is interesting—(1) because it was tolled for Henry VI when his body was taken to Chertsey Abbey for burial; and (2) because it was cast in 1218, and is therefore one of the oldest bells in England, the oldest dating from 1298.

**In the Family.**—The office of parish clerk of Old Glee, near Grimsby, has been held by a member of the same name and family for more than 400 years. A John Locking, with wife and son, came from Scotland about 400 years ago and settled down at a farm at Glee, the same being farms in succession up to the present day. The present John Locking was born in 1857. The church is very interesting; the tower is thought to be 1,000 years old. The old custom is still kept up of strewning the aisles of the church with freshly mown grass on Twelfth Sunday.

**A Pathetic Graveyard.**—An interesting feature of the churchyard of St. Michael’s Church, Princetown, is a corner set apart for the burial of those convicts who pass away during their incarceration in the prison, their bodies being left with the authorities to bury. As will be seen on looking at the accompanying photograph, each grave has a small headstone, on which are the initials and date of death of the occupant.

**Shakespeare and the Bible.**—In the word Shakespeare there are 4 vowels and 6 consonants. These may form the number 46. If you turn to the 46th Psalm you will find that the 46th word in it is “Shake,” and the 46th word from the end of it is “Spear.”

**A Pathetic Graveyard.**—An interesting feature of the churchyard of St. Michael’s Church, Princetown, is a corner set apart for the burial of those convicts who pass away during their incarceration in the prison, their bodies being left with the authorities to bury. As will be seen on looking at the accompanying photograph, each grave has a small headstone, on which are the initials and date of death of the occupant.
A Choir of Little Girls.—The accompanying photograph is an interesting one of the church at Cross­
ing Green, a hamlet near Hartlebury, Worcestershire. Here little girls occupy the choir stalls, although they do not wear cassocks and surplices like the boys of other churches. The costume chosen for their use is both simple and picturesque. The gowns are dark blue in colour, and the caps and bonnets white. The church itself is really a chapel-of-ease to St. Mary's, some three miles away, in which the Bishop of Worcester frequently wor­ships. The much-loved Bishop Philip­pott and his wife are interred in the quiet churchyard, and the beautiful lych-gate was erected as a memorial of Queen Victoria’s Jubilee.

Mrs. Walter Clarke.

A Fossil Church.—There is a church in the quiet little village of Mumford, near Niagara Falls, which is composed entirely of fossils. At first glance the walls appear to be constructed of rough sandstone smeared with an uneven coating of gritty, coarse plaster, but a closer view reveals the error of this first conclusion. Instead of plaster, one sees traceries of delicate leaves, lace-work of interwoven twigs, bits of broken branches, and of all kinds of vegetation, turned into limestone. As a matter of fact, every block of stone in the four walls is a closely cemented mass of dainty fossils.

Mrs. Walter Clarke.

A Parish Sinner.—There was once a curate who had a great liking for the small son of one of his parishioners, frequently going in to play croquet with him. One day after the curate’s departure the boy’s mother said to him, "I wonder why Mr. — is so good to you?" "Oh," said the little fellow, "I expect it’s because I’m one of his parish sinners." (parishioners).

Miss Mary Pollock.

Telgh Church.—Any one who possesses a taste for the curious or picturesque would find both gratified by a visit to the quaint little church of this parish. It is said that there are only three of its character in England, the remaining two being one at Stapleford, and the other a college chapel at Cambridge. One would upon entering the church be struck by the apparent absence of the pulpit, lectern, and reading-desk, but on looking round one finds them in the west wall, in the form of three recesses or noches—the one on the south side being the prayer-desk, on the north the lectern, and above and between the two the pulpit. The font, too, is in the corner of the church, and the pews range from east to west; three rows on the north, and three on the south, facing each other. The figure of an urn shown in the photograph was the original font, and was suspended from the rails by a brass bracket. The church was restored a few years ago at the cost of £350 or so, new windows with mullions and coloured glass being inserted which greatly added to its beauty.

January Prize Award.—First prizes have been won by J. B. Twycross, Miss C. Mason, H. L. Downer, Mrs. Phillips, R. H. Madsen, and L. S. Cocking: extra half-crown prizes by J. Bolton, G. A. Wade, R. Robson, Mrs. Druc and the Rev. S. W. Barnes. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans. Reserves (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowerye, Miss E. A. Greame, Mrs. Weilamberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gast­er, A. Foulis, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans.
EVERY animal requires a certain amount of attention when in captivity to help it to keep its coat and skin in order, but the possession of an elephant opens up untold opportunities for the expenditure of time and money.

If one has work for such a powerful beast, an elephant is comparatively economical in the amount of food it consumes, and in India and other countries where mechanical appliances are few, they are invaluable in shifting heavy loads and hauling weights which are quite beyond the power of anything else but engines.

When they are employed in rough work such as shifting timber, hauling trees and carrying stones, they most nearly approach their natural condition of life, especially if there is plenty of water handy for them to wallow in; hence the hides remain in fairly good order. An elephant has a skin of quite surprising thickness, which protects it, when wild in the tropical woods, from any serious injury when it rubs heavily against trees and encounters dense undergrowth in the virgin forests in which it thrives. Since nature provided that an elephant's hide should be subjected to rude shocks and frequent chafing, it requires this vigorous treatment to keep it fresh and supple, and free from dryness and mould.

When elephants are kept in captivity in gardens and exhibitions they lack the opportunity of rubbing themselves, and their hides become hard, dry skin forming a white powdery deposit in places, while here and there a kind of green mould, closely resembling that found on trees, appears.

When in place of the soft mouse-coloured skin which the elephant should wear the owner finds that the animal is getting covered with unsightly patches, he has to arrange

THE SPRING-CLEANING OF AN ELEPHANT.

Written and Illustrated by CHAS. J. L. CLARKE

for it to have a bath. This is generally necessary every couple of years. People unfamiliar with elephants in general, and their bathing in particular, might think that this operation should be carried out at frequent intervals, but a better understanding of the matter might alter their opinion.

In the first place, it costs quite a large sum of money to renovate an elephant. The manager of Mr. Bostock's Zoological Congress estimated that about sixty pounds had to be expended upon each elephant, and although I think this might be somewhat excessive, I am sure that it costs a deal of money.

When Bostock's elephants were at the Crystal Palace recently, it was decided that as a large lake was available in the grounds two of them should have a bath. Accordingly, one morning they were marched off to a convenient spot on the banks of the lake, and I was privileged to watch and obtain photographs of them. The attendants had already collected barrels of materials—giant tubs, brushes, files, scrapers, and a number of other necessary weapons to be used in reducing the aged and unsightly hides to nice sleek supple grey again. You can't wash an elephant with a bar of soap.

The great animals are very fond of water, and as soon as they arrived they were allowed to plunge in and wallow about for an hour to soak before any work was begun. The weather was delightfully hot and sunny, and the amount of satisfaction the elephants derived from their

The elephant comes out of his bath, having freed himself from the soap rubbed into his hide.
Bath was wonderful. They sucked up quantities of water and blew it high in the air from their trunks, flapped their ears in ecstasies of delight, and every now and then sunk completely out of sight, causing a swirl of water like a sinking ship. The fun was considerably enhanced by the keepers who entered the water with their charges to keep them from approaching muddy places where they might have got into difficulties. When an elephant was above water a keeper was on top, and when one dived the keeper swam off in the troubled water to wait the reappearance of his charge. After considerable trouble, the great beasts were induced to leave the water to undergo a course of treatment in which they seemed to find as much satisfaction as they did in the cool waters of the lake.

The first process was to soap the animals all over, an undertaking which required a mere sixty pounds of best laundry soap mixed into a thick cream in a great tub. A pound of soap on an elephant is like a spot of mud on a tramcar, and as soon as it is put on it seems to sink into the hide right away. For hours a dozen men scrubbed and rubbed until all the soap was used up, and when this was accomplished they fell to with steel scrapers and scraped the animals from head to foot. Special attention is paid to cleaning out the ears, and this is done with a long-handled whisk brush with fibres some six or eight inches in length. The last process for the day was to send the animals into the lake again to soak the soap off.

This extensive business was continued on four days, the elephants never losing their keen enjoyment in the bath or evincing the least weariness of the tedious operation.

The next process was alarming to any one with a limited idea of and weather-worn looking animals. The attendants, armed with large coarse rasps similar to those used by boot-makers, proceeded to file their charges from trunk to tail. The area of an elephant is considerable, and it took hours of energetic rasping before the head keeper was satisfied that a sufficient quantity of dry skin had been removed and the nails and feet put into proper trim.

The following day again found the little army of attendants busily engaged on the last process of renovating the elephants. Two barrels of pure olive oil, a commodity which is by no means inexpensive, were emptied into tubs, and throughout the day the men rubbed and rubbed at the elephants' hides until all the oil was used up, and in the place of two somewhat ancient and weather-worn looking animals Mr. Bostock had elephants looking as if half a century had been taken off their ages. Every particle of dry skin and mould had disappeared, and they were clothed in delightful mouse-coloured hides which looked as supple and pliable as kid.

When the elephants are thoroughly dry their hides are rubbed with olive oil. This is a costly item. From first to last each elephant costs £60 to wash and brush up.
We read a great deal about watchmen in the Bible, and it has already been shown that in the ripened corn-fields, in vineyards, and other fruit plantations, watchmen are still placed on guard. The watchmen of old are spoken of as raising their voices aloud—"with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye."

Now this custom is explained by a walk late at night in most towns of the Holy Land. Suppose we have been spending the evening with friends who live in a house in Jerusalem. It need not be inside the city, for there is now quite a town built up in more than one quarter outside the actual city walls. We have to carry a lantern, not only to show we are harmless citizens, but as there are no sanitary inspectors, and road-making is chiefly put in order only when important visitors of high rank are expected to visit a place, walking in side roads would be difficult and often unpleasant without some such light to guide our feet.

For the use of gas is still very little in vogue in Palestine generally, although Jerusalem now possesses some good street lamps and more than one private electric plant. As a rule, however, a lantern bearer will be employed who will walk in front so that the light is shed on the path which we are following.

We see at once why David made use of the simile, "a light unto my path, a lamp unto my feet," in representing the spiritual enlightenment of God's Word. As we approach a figure in the road, also carrying a lantern, suddenly this person blows an ear-piercing whistle, and in another moment we hear a similar cry as if in answer from far down the road upon which we are advancing. Now this cry is simply the warning hail from one watchman to another on the next beat, signifying that some one has passed him. That watchman in his turn will pass on the signal to the next as we also pass him by. If we had carried no lantern the watchman would himself have kept us in view until we came near to the next guard. The same custom holds good within and without the city walls, also in Bethlehem and elsewhere, and it is an excellent one, for it allows no one to prowl about with evil intent on dark nights without his movements being watched and proclaimed from one point to another.

In the country the watchman lifts up his own voice in a very piercing, sing-song cry, which is a familiar sound on the hillsides already described as being laid out in vineyards. From his outlook or shelter he calls out directly he sees a stranger walking among the vines. Immediately the cry is taken up by watchmen in neighbouring vineyards, until the whole air vibrates with these shrill responsive echoes of warning. It is soon evident that no stranger can allow himself to roam at will on the well-guarded property; but in token that he is borne no ill-will he will be offered a cluster of grapes freely, with the usual salutation of peace, and conducted affably on his way. These watchmen are well armed, whether in town or the country.

The symbol of a light or lamp is frequent in Biblical language; and to show how Christ again taught the people by means of the homely objects used in daily family life, we will enter a humble cottage in a village. It stands within a small yard enclosed by four strong walls, which are heaped at the top with prickly thorn branches to keep off intruders. The house is square-shaped with a vaulted roof. The door of entrance is too low to enter without stooping, and when our eyes become used to the dim smoky atmosphere we see that the interior is divided into two parts by a couple of low arches. The space beyond the arches to the left is quite three feet lower than the other half of the interior, and animals are stirring below, a donkey, some fowls and a small Syrian ox.

The upper part to the right is the sole living and sleeping room for the family, and from our English point of view it seems to be destitute of furniture. Against the wall facing the door a mattress is spread, where a man is squatting cross-legged, smoking a long pipe. A couple of pieces of matting are on the cement floor. Then I catch sight of a water-jar, a round mill for grinding the corn for daily bread, and in a few niches of another wall are one or two folded coverlets, which take the place of bedclothes
when the family lies down to sleep on the mattress and matting, the only kind of bed they possess, or even desire.

But what catches my chief attention is the lamp, which consists simply of a shallow earthenware saucer with a small handle, filled with oil, in which floats a lighted wick. It is quite clear that such a lamp placed on the floor would be of little service, but raised to a height would shed its modest glimmer upon a wider circle. Therefore a big earthen measure capable of holding a bushel of grain has been turned upside-down to form a high stand for the little lamp. “Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick” (the word “stand” is given in the Revised Translation) were the words which darted into my mind, for then it giveth light unto all that are in the house.” In other houses I have seen a tall pedestal, or stand, take the place of the inverted bushel measure. This is the kind of room in which great numbers of the peasants (fellahin) live, varied in some by a bigger supply of mattresses, perhaps a few cushions, and a few low rush-bottomed stools.

The cooking for these enclosed cottages is done in a corner of the yard by means of a fire in the open brazier, or in a hole in the ground to shield it from the wind.

At the season when lambs are big enough to take from the mother sheep every village family in most parts of the Holy Land buys one, and feeds it up to repletion with great care. Wherever you go you can see a young sheep fastened up by a cottage door, or in the courtyard if there is one. To the stranger the sight has a pleasant pastoral effect, and it seems almost as if the honest Palestine peasant is as partial to keeping a pet lamb as the Irish peasant is to keeping a pig. But it is a little disturbing when you find that the sheep is constantly feeding; and when unable to feed of its own accord the wife or a child of the family sits on the ground beside it with a basket, or sack of vine leaves, or mulberry leaves, and quietly and persistently forces it to eat for hours together. As fast as the animal munches one handful of the tempting green stuff another is stuffed between its jaws. This stuffing, which is a system of cramming just as much as that employed on poultry farms at

A Druse employed in Silkworm Culture.
home, goes on for weeks. Every morning and every evening the sheep is taken to the village well or spring, given to drink, and then washed with several deluges of water, especially the fat broad tail, a curious feature of Syrian sheep, which weighs from eight to ten pounds.

At last the sheep becomes so big and cumbersome that it can scarcely walk, and has to be half pushed, half carried to the well. Finally comes the time of slaughter, as the animal is to provide food and fat for the family in winter. The villagers have an ancient way still in use to-day of pickling the meat with salt and many spices in huge jars and covering the top with the immense quantity of fat procured from the tail. The jars are then sealed up, to be opened as required in winter-time for mixing tasty pieces of meat with the stews of berghol and other grain.

The mulberry leaves form the chief diet for these sheep in districts where mulberry trees are largely grown for the silkworm culture. All through the mountains of Lebanon, many villages are surrounded by groves of these trees in plantations, or on the usual terraces cut out of the hillside. It is not the tall spreading mulberry tree with the purple fruit that we know in England, and which grows round Damascus and in other parts of Palestine, but the dwarf white-fruited mulberry which provides food for the silkworms. These are nursed in outhouses or sheds provided for the purpose. Rows and rows of broad shallow trays, mounting one over the other like shelves, line the walls, and in these the curious white larvae creep between the mulberry leaves which constitute their food.

Their culture requires a special training and careful, close attention. If all goes well every one of the whitish worms we look at will by and by spin around itself a wonderful house of silk as big as a pigeon's egg; and this silken case, called the cocoon, will conceal the chrysalis into which every silkworm changes at a certain stage in its existence. The illustration shows one of the villagers of Mount Lebanon busily engaged in detaching the cocoons from the branches of foliage in which the silkworms have spun. The raw, pale-yellow silk floss is then carefully taken away from the chrysalis within, and wound for dispatching to the workshops of the Palestine silk factories, where—

"The silkworm's wondrous tomb,
The bright cocoon unrolled,  
Shines on the weaver's loom,  
With silvered threads and gold."

In addition to providing for the home silk industry, no less than £800,000 worth of raw silk and cocoons are sent abroad every year. It is evident therefore that the livelihood of a large population depends upon the successful results of this particular silkworm culture. To show how seriously the villagers regard their occupation, we will enter a church in one of these hill districts. It is a plain square edifice with a very simple belfry upon its flat roof. The church door is left open day and night, so that any one who wishes can enter and find refuge at any time. The people around have firm faith that, should a thief enter and dare to lay hands on any of the gold and silver properties of the church, his hands will be instantly paralysed. Though this belief is a superstitious one, it has the good effect of keeping away people of evil intent. The interior of the church is plain and clean, with few decorations.

Raise the eyes, however, and we see a most unusual and curious decoration stretching overhead from one wall to the other. Criss-cross lines of thin rope are slung from side to side, and from them are hanging innumerable muslin bags; their bulging sides fill us with curiosity as to the nature of their contents. Upon inquiry we find that these bags contain the silkworm eggs and cocoons to carry on the business for the following year's mulberry-tree season.

From each chrysalis inside the cocoon, as we all know, there should emerge sooner or later the moth which in due season produces the eggs from which the silkworms develop. It is the same history as the caterpillar and the butterfly, but this particular caterpillar or worm possesses the wonderful faculty of silk-spinning. The village idea must certainly be, that the church is not only the driest, but the safest, storing place for these securities of another year's work and living. For no thief dare enter to steal the muslin bags for fear of a paralysed arm. Interwoven with this superstitious notion is the more intelligible belief that in making the church a winter store-place for the silkworm eggs and cocoons, a special blessing is invoked upon the labour of the peasants.

**INITIAL LETTER COMPETITION.**

We offer three prizes of one guinea, fifteen shillings and half a guinea for the best set of three initial letters, which should be preferably similar in character to the letter M on page 76 and to the W on this page. They must be original in design, and carried out in red and black in any size. Competitors must send in their designs to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C., before May 15, and stamps should be enclosed if their return is desired in the event of their not being successful.
Everyday Mistakes.

IV. Some Mistakes in Early Married Life.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN—that first and greatest of all novelists, as he has been truly described—places his Land of Beulah at the far end of the pilgrimage. For most of us that happy estate is inherited whilst we are still young. But, whenever entered upon, the air of married life should be "very sweet and pleasant." Here should be heard continually the singing of birds. In this country the sun is meant to shine day and night, wherefore it is beyond the Valley of Despair. Neither from this place should we so much as see Doubting Castle. Here we are within sight of the borders of Heaven. •

Yet, sad to say, Shakespeare is right when he sings "there's a dirge in every marriage." That is, if we do not train our eyes to see clearly and wisely the way to remedy mistakes. •

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments; love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds."

Yet this is the initial mistake made by young married folk. Edwin finds Angelina something less than an angel, and so grows discontented and "short." Angelina finds her own particular image, set up on her own particular Plain of Dura, possesses feet of clay, and grows peevish and fretful. Do they ever pause to think that an angel would not live contentedly with an ordinary husband? or that pure gold throughout would be entirely unfit for companionship with a faulty woman? Love loves in spite of infirmity! Don't expect too much of each other, in that wonder-fully sweet companionship of intimate interests. We are learning each other's idiosyncrasies only. As years go on we shall fit ourselves into each other, and it will be plain sailing. So don't expect perfection, but make allowances. Remember, you have probably, been brought up in quite different atmospheres. You have been moulded by markedly different environments. You may have been trained to different ideals. Go slowly. Learn each other as carefully as you once learned pothooks. Study each other. Don't rush at happiness, but wait patiently for it. It is a mistake to scoff at the honeymoon. It is an effort in the right direction, to enable possible strangers to become acquainted with each other away from friends and customary surroundings. Instead of wearying yourselves in a round of sight-seeing during the honeymoon (a common mistake, resulting in both bodily and mental loss), pass the short time in finding out each other's tastes and cranks. For even brides and bridegrooms are faddish. Then, on return to the home prepared so hopefully, you will start fair on the road to mutual happiness.

It is in the first year of married life that Doubting Castle is sometimes visible from Beulah Land. Beware of letting it shadow the brightness of its atmosphere. The little circlet of gold on Angelina's finger should guard against any doubt of each other's love. Edwin has placed it there of his own deliberate choice. Angelina has held out her hand unwillingly. Love can then never be doubted. It seems incredible to me that so many mistakes are made in this matter. If a proper mate has been chosen and the proper time to marry, there should be no misgivings about what might have been.

A second mistake is made by allowing too much freedom between married folk. There should always be a certain reticence and modesty in arrangements. If Edwin be always admissible on all occasions to his wife's solitude, privacy is entirely done away with, and she is apt to see Angelina at her worst. For this reason I always urge that each should have some kind of sanctum. The secrets of toilette, for instance, are better carried out apart. I often see an empty, shut-up room in a little house dedicated to the very few visitors who may occupy it. How much better if Edwin used that as a study, dressing-room, workshop! Of course, whilst the short visits of strangers are being paid, he could adjourn to his wife's chamber for such pursuits. I am speaking of the first years, when this guest-room is unappropriated. As time rolls on, probably, that chamber will be wanted for little cots or something equally legitimate. If possible, young married people, have some place you can call your own, if only to suck in! Then those sulks may pass unnoticed. Freedom of speech is another mistake between
young married folk. I mean, too much of it. George Effie in one of her romances speaks of "that rudeness which seems part of ordinary family life." Keep up the little courtesies of wooing, and treat each other as if you were not quite secure of one another. Angelina would have blushed for Edwin to find her at breakfast in dressing-gown and plaits during his courtship. Edwin would never have appeared before Angelina minus shoes and collar. Yet how frequently the words "it doesn't matter now" pass our lips. Be careful of your appearance if you are wise. Carry out the ordinary courtesies of life. To say, as I have done, an old husband always rises to open the door for his aged wife, after fifty years of matrimony, gives the key to a remarkably happy and successful marriage. On their silver wedding day that old gentleman said, "My wife and I are still lovers, because we have never ceased to treat each other as if we were lovers."

Don't forget to confess, whenever occasion occurs, that you still care for each other. We are apt to take too much for granted in married life. So soon the expression of our mutual love is left unsaid. There is nothing lost by being frank as to our inmost feelings, and much gained. If the love be there, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth should speak.

Financially a great many mistakes are made. For instance, we expect to start as our parents left off. Generally a girl leaves a comfortable home when she marries. Her father has spent years in making it. She is apt to forget this, and demands from her young, struggling husband the same luxuries she has distinguished. I never counsel unequal marriages. They are most unwise. But I do say—don't be afraid to start where your parents started. With marriages. They are most unwise. Help him by being gracious and sweet to whosoever he may bring to the house. Don't try to enter­tain beyond your means. The most pitiful case of home-breaking I ever came across resulted from just such attempts. I shudder as I think of the heavy lobster patties, of the ill-made cakes which an acquaintance of mine offered indiscriminately to acquaintances during the first year of her married life. She could not afford wholesome, well made, kickshaws. So health, wealth, and happiness were sacrificed to the fetish of "seeing company."

Lastly—and above all—don't make the mistake of excluding God from your early made circle of home life. It is the most fatal of all. Family prayer, attendance at the House of God, private devotions (here comes in the necessity of a sanctum) must never be slurred or passed over. They should not be set at nought.

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

by the Rev. Canon Thompson.

Questions. IV.

1. What other period of forty days does the Church observe besides Lent?

2. Can you find three examples of our Lord's suffering being called His "Passion"?

3. "All this I steadfastly believe." Do these words occur anywhere else than in the Bap­tismal Offices?

4. We commit his body to the ground." Are these words ever to be altered?

5. On what days is the Litany to be said?

6. In what instance does the Priest say the Lord's Prayer alone?

7. When is the Venite omitted?

8. What is the greatest number of Sundays there can be after the Epiphany?

9. And what is the greatest number of Sundays after Trinity?

10. Why is the Preface Proper for Whit-Sunday said for only six days after, not seven?

Answers. III. (see March Number).

1. Visitation of the Sick; Exhortation.

2. Sponsors (Catechism).

3. Last verse of Te Deum. The Creed.

4. Sundays and Festivals.

5. Ordering of Priests.

6. Tuesday in Whitsun-week.


8. Psalm lxxxv.


10. Answer to "What dost thou chiefly learn in . . . ."
THOSE WHO KNOW

should, in all matters of concern, be listened to with careful attention. The advice of one who speaks from knowledge and experience is valuable. If you are seeking some means of improving your health, those who know will tell you that Beecham’s Pills possess marvellous restorative properties, more likely than anything else to set you up and keep you well. This incomparable remedy is well adapted for all forms of indigestion, and those who know will tell you that

BEECHAM’S PILLS

have achieved a great and well-merited reputation for curing dyspepsia, flatulence, sluggish liver, constipation, and other ailments arising from digestive troubles. Ridiculous claims are put forward for many advertised preparations. They are so clearly exaggerated that one is wise to shun them altogether. But Beecham’s Pills may always be safely depended upon. They have stood the test of time, they have earned the approval of generations, and they still remain more popular than ever as the world’s best family medicine. Quickly but surely they will bring about a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. They will establish the health on a sound basis. That is why we urge inquirers to ask those who know about Beecham’s Pills. You will find that they

Strongly Recommend Them.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills), and 2/9 (169 pills).

ESTAB. OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

STEVENSOn’S

TOOTH-ACHE PILLS

are a sure and
“Safe Cure” for Tooth-Ache, Tic, and Neuralgia.

They act on the nervous system, removing all nerve Pains in the Head, Face or Limbs, arising from Colds, such as Earache, Headache, Rheumatism, Influenza, Lumbago, etc. In Boxes 1½d., 2/9 and 4/6, post free from R. W Stevenson, 110, Osmaston Road, Derby, and all Chemists.

Testimonials from all parts.

THE SAVIOUR’S LIFE

IN PICTURE AND STORY.

120 pages, printed in red and black, bound in cloth, gilt. 1a. 6d. net. Postage 3d.

60 STAMP PICTURES WITH EACH COPY.

HOME WORDS, Ltd., 14, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

The Press has lately been calling special attention to the fact of his existence 500,000 years ago. That the existence of Preadamic Man is also taught by the Bible itself, is clearly shown in the book entitled

“Genesis Unveiled.”

Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street, W.—Cloth, 3/- net.

Have you ever thought

how nice it would be to make all your own cakes instead of buying them? But you are a little afraid you will not be able to get good results. Try

Cakeoma

The Perfect Cake Flour.

It simplifies cake-making, so that anyone can make the most delicious cakes. Cakeoma contains all the necessary dry ingredients for every kind of cake, does away with the trouble of mixing and prevents mistakes. It makes delicious puddings, too!

3d. per packet from Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Recipe hook containing over 100 recipes for tasty cakes & Puddings sent free on request.

LATHAM & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.
SPECIAL OFFER.

An Ark Metal Box, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an Illustrated Cookery Book, and book on "Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1/- post free by Plasmon Ltd. (Dept. 408), Farringdon Street, London.

2/6 worth of PLASMON COCOA
do you as much good as
25/- worth of ANY PURE COCOA
at the same price.

Analysis PROVES that
PLASMON COCOA
is TEN TIMES more nutritious than ANY pure cocoa.

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

Neave's Food

contains all the essentials for strong and invigorating in an exceptional degree, makes children healthy, strengthens constitution, and ensures sound sleep.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."

Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.P., etc.

Nearly 50 Years' established Reputation.

Gold Medals, London, 1860 and 1866, also Paris. USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NAVY.


Acceptable to those who dislike the usual form of "gruel."

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

THE BEST REMEDY

KNOWN FOR

Coughs, Colds, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Gets short all attacks of

SPASMS, HYSTERIA, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,

and PALPITATION. RHEUMATISM, GOUT.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHIEA,

CHOLERA and DYSENTERY.

Refuse imitations and insist on having

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne,
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

Purchasers should see that the name appears on the stamp.

Consulting Medical Testimony Of all Chemists—
with each Bottle.

The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered.

When buying BAKING POWDER insist on having

BORWICK'S

The strongest, best & most economical in the world.

WELPTON'S

Ask for WELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

FREE OF CHIMIST.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
THE wife of a Hindu gentleman of high social standing had been treated successfully in the station and cure her. During these scenes Che her husband. We find her, pick her up, carry her to to his wife, “I am passing away, going into the great darkness.” He groans in his death struggle. The Emperor had attended divine service in the military station. An operation was found to be necessary, including a functionary named the “Missionarius,” his will that the victim should be to a village thirty miles away from the Mission station. An operation was found to be necessary, Dr. E. Waters, who is doing a faithful work at Ramnad, was spoken to about his work by the captain of the ship in which he was sailing, who asked him to suggest the kind of work that was to be done in the station. An operation was found to be necessary, “Deeper than the need of men and women,” says a well-known Bishop, “deeper than the need of money, is the Church’s need to-day of the forgotten secret of prevailing intercessory prayer. Nothing short of this will suffice for the missionary enterprises of the day. It is by prayer for Missions more than anything else. A missionary, the only messenger of mercy that the world has known, and he is taking his messages where and when it is so needed.
"WITH TATTERED SAIL AND BROKEN MAST." (See page 99.)
HE THREE-FOLD CORD—FAITH, LOVE
AND HOPE.

They bravely launched in morning light
Upon a dancing sea;
It seemed, so blue the sky and bright,
That storms could never be.

But weather changed: some sprang a leak,
And some their bearings lost,
And some, with timbers strained and weak,
Were fiercely tempest-tost.

All are poor "ships of sorrow" now,
Sea-battered, drenched with foam,

A Prayer for Japan.
The Land of the Rising Sun.

O THOU, Who art the true Sun of the world, evermore rising and never going down, Who by Thy appearing dost nourish and make joyful all things both in heaven and earth; we beseech Thee mercifully and favourably to shine into the hearts of our brethren in Japan, that the night and darkness of sin, and the mists of error on every side, being driven away, Thou brightly shining within their hearts they may walk as in the daytime; and being made pure and clean from the works of darkness, and abounding in all good works, they may glorify Thy Holy Name, and serve Thee now and ever in the light of Thy truth.—Amen.

A Missionary Garden: By OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.

THERE are many and various ways of helping both Home and Foreign Missions. Prayer is one, personal service is another, interesting others in the cause is a third; and then, we need hardly add, there is monetary support—never needed more than at the present time.

In some homes one sees a missionary box resting on the sideboard, with the name of some particular mission inscribed thereon, making its own silent appeal for help; in other homes it is customary to pass the box round at a given hour on certain days. Some Church-workers gladly collect subscriptions from house to house; others busy themselves by making garments, etc., to be sold for the benefit of the cause.

But a resident in the ancient city of Worcester, in addition to helping in some of these orthodox ways, has hit upon a novel and delightful idea, which has enabled him considerably to increase his offerings to a particular Foreign Mission in which he is deeply interested.

It so happens that this gentleman lives in a house to which is attached an extensive and picturesque garden with certain historical associations. Visitors had frequently commented, and indeed still comment, on the remarkable ruins in this garden. The garden had often been utilized for missionary teas and gatherings. But why not have photographs taken of some of the more interesting portions of the garden, and sell them in the interests of Foreign Missions? That was the idea that one day shot into the head of the owner of the garden. The idea soon took practical form, and a few months ago photographs were taken and produced on post-cards. Hundreds of these have already been sold to numerous friends, and the proceeds handed over to the funds of a well-known missionary society.
It may be added that at these missionary gatherings in the open-air there is a freshness unobtainable within doors, and the time passes pleasantly and profitably. The result is that an increased interest in missions is promoted, besides a substantial gain to the funds of the Society. At the last gathering—it was a hot summer day—cooling beverages were provided by generous-hearted friends, and these were partaken of beneath the grateful shade of the mulberry trees near the fountain, whilst a missionary greatly interested and edified the visitors by exhibiting a large collection of heathen idols, ancient weapons of warfare and miscellaneous curiosities. His comments on these and his remarks generally were listened to with the liveliest interest.

The idea struck us as being worthy of imitation, and we accordingly asked the originator of it to permit us to publish his name and address. This permission has been granted "in the hope that others may find it in some way suggestive." Mr. James Hayes, of Rainbow Hill House, Worcester, is, we think, to be congratulated on this missionary enterprise. He very kindly writes:

"The chief interest in the 'ruins' is this, that, according to the information given me when I purchased this place twenty years ago, a maiden lady, of considerable means, conceived the costly idea of gathering stones from different ruins all over the country and erecting them as one building in her own grounds. This was long before Lubbock's Act was passed, which happily makes that description of vandalism impossible now. The only misfortune is that the lady has long ago passed away and of the stones with her. The 'Fernery,' part of which is shown in one of the photographs, seems to excite the interest of visitors. It was a cabbage patch when first we came here, but finding neither poetry nor remuneration in cultivating that vegetable, it struck me that a small pond surrounded with banks would be both serviceable and ornamental. Moreover, there were some deserving working-men that I knew out of employment at the time, so it gave them a little help, and I can assure you I have never regretted the transformation. Being near a town, the water has proved a veritable boon to all kinds of birds, besides greatly adding to the beauty of this corner of the garden."

Missionary Garden Fountain and Fernery at Rainbow Hill House.
CHAPTER XI. Red-handed.

"What is it, Alan?"
"What is what, 'Mother'?"—that was his name for her.
"You are different to-night."
"Am I?"
"Yes; don't you think I know it?"
"I tried to get work again to-day with the factor down at Glen Coye"—he laughed, not a mirthful laugh. "It was the same old story—there was no place for me."
"You are not telling me all, now," she insisted.
"The laird up at Skirls has arrived; I saw him driving a fine pair of horses last night, at least I believe it was he; but I soon made myself scarce, you may be sure, and did not stop to look long. He would guess what I was after at that time of night; no honest man would be likely to be in such a lonely place at such an hour." He said the word _honest_ in bitter irony, which cut into his wife's heart; both she and he hated the fact he was no longer able to hold his head up before the world. Then he went on after a pause, "Besides, I had the gun."
"You did not see what he was like?"
"No; the carriage was going at a rattling pace, as if the horses were a bit out of hand. I am told he is a hard man, especially about the game. I don't blame him in one sense, you know; it ought to be looked after. The way it has been left to take care of itself ever since we came home is a disgrace, but for all that it will go hardly with me if I am caught."

Maggie clung to his arm. "Oh! Alan, I wish you would give it up; I wish and pray you would!"

Alan looked into her eyes wistfully. "How often have you gone hungry, little wife," he said, "and the boy; how many more times would you have been hungry—you and he—if I had not gone out and brought in something the law could take hold of until this quest which is not always successful, and certainly not so in his case, for he returned to his Scotch home, after the death of father, mother, and one sister, as poor as he left it. Maggie had gone into service, a place being found for her in London, as with so many Scotch girls. Starting at the bottom of the ladder, she had gone up by degrees until she became the trusted and confidential servant of her mistress. The husband of the latter had been appointed Consul in a Mediterranean port; there eventually Maggie had met Alan Brice again; the old fascination returned, increased a hundredfold. She had married him against her better judgment, against the advice of her employer, and had never regretted it from that day to this.

For love had cemented the bond between them, intensified, if possible, by hardship and misfortune. The old adage that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window" is cynical enough, and may be true in some instances; it is by no means an invariable result. It was certainly not the case with Margaret and Alan Brice. The boy had been born to them after four years of married life; he had a withered leg, and never would be able to walk; not all the medical skill in the world could have restored the limb. The parents lavished upon him all the wealth of their affection and care. As soon as he was big enough, his father made him a little go-cart, which he could wheel himself about in the house, and even outside, where a small stretch of stubby grass intervened between the cottage and fir wood adjoining.

Little Freddy was now nearly seven years old, precocious and acute, the brain being developed at the expense of the body.
"Yes; I shall not take the gun. I set a gin last night and I must see what is in it; besides, if any one found it suspicion would light upon me at once. It is nearly as safe for me to go as to remain here."

Once again the man kissed his wife, then went out, shutting the door of the cottage quietly behind him.

The sun had set, but a soft radiance was still in the sky; there was sufficient light to detect a figure moving over the face of the moor.

Alan had the best part of two miles to traverse before reaching his destination, that was why he left early; and also, he wanted to get it over. "The last time," he kept saying to himself as a sort of refrain, "the very last time."

Disappointment and despair were in his heart. At the worst he might be branded as a thief, punished with imprisonment, which would break his wife's heart; at the best he would have to leave the home he loved, the cottage in which he had been born, connected with all his childish associations and memories. During his long years of exile the thoughts and hopes of Alan Brice had gone back to that cottage on the edge of the moor, which he pictured when separated from it by thousands of miles.

Now he skulked along, avoiding the open as much as possible, taking advantage of every covert which presented itself, making the way longer by devious paths when a short cut would have exposed him to possible observation.

Darkness came on apace during the time he was on the road. It promised to be a misty night, not moonlight as it had been twenty-four hours ago.

At length Alan came to the place and bent over the trap—a merciful one, for a heavy stone was so arranged that it would fall instantly on any animal which disturbed the delicate arrangement of threads.

A hare had been caught. Alan lifted the stone and took it out; as he did so a voice broke the stillness of the night. He straightened himself, a startled look upon his face, fear in his eyes—the fear of the consequences, the fear which a brave man is as likely to feel as a coward.

A stern voice said—

"What are you doing there?" Alan could see no one. The voice came from the edge of a wood, under the trees; there it was pitch dark, while he himself out in the open was probably clearly visible.

What could he answer? What he was doing was obvious enough. He was caught red-handed, and if evidence was wanted, there lay the dead hare at his feet!

He stood waiting.

CHAPTER XII.

The Head-keeper's Billet.

After a long pause, or at any rate a pause which seemed long to the nerves of Alan Brice, the questioning voice went on.

"What did you take from the trap."

"A dead hare."

"You set the trap?"

"Alan looked into her eyes wistfully." — Page 101.
"Last night; the animal caught was killed instantly."

Something told Alan that this was his one small plea for mercy; the instrument which he had used inflicted no torture, no prolonged agony, as do the majority of traps.

"You are aware you are committing a felony. I am the owner of that hare; if I chose to have you arrested, you would go to prison without doubt."

"That is true, sir; I am dependent upon your mercy." There was a curious mixture of pride and humility in Brice's tone, which the hearer readily detected. For himself he would have asked nothing; he was ready to take the consequences, but there were others to be considered; the vision of wife and child was insistent before the poacher's eyes, bringing up a lump in his throat; he knew that even at this moment Maggie was longing for his return, fearing every sound, imagining footsteps, praying, perhaps, that her husband would be forgiven, and then abandon, as he had promised, the course of life he had started on reluctantly from the first.

"I saw you last night, and if I had not had other and more pressing things to attend to should have stopped you, with your gun in your hand, and I expect something in your pocket which would have been evidence against you as well. Had I done so, I should have taken out a summons this morning."

Again there was no answer.

Compton went on: "I have a powerful pair of field glasses. I watched for you from the hill at the back of Skirls; I saw you stealing from point to point; I guessed you were making for this spot, because I saw the smoke of your gun coming from this point when I first sighted you yesterday. My horse was ready saddled, and I had no difficulty in arriving here first."

"It seems idle to say so, sir, and I cannot expect you to believe it, but this was to be my last job; if you had not caught me to-night, you would never have had the chance."

"Since yesterday," Compton went on in the same tone, as if he had not heard Brice's answer, "I learnt something about you; I made inquiries and received certain information. You have a wife and child."

Brice interrupted: "Yes, sir; it was for their sakes I did it, first and last; I can get no work, and they go hungry."

"Is that sufficient excuse for taking what doesn't belong to you, and breaking the law?"

"No, sir, I know it is not; but I want you to understand, sir, that the old gentleman who lived at Skirls cared nothing for the game—being an invalid, shut up in the house, a vegetarian I believe. My cottage is at the edge of the moor, it belonged to my father before me; I used to see the game running about, or roosting in the trees; hares would come into my cabbage patch and eat up what I was growing for my own use. It was a great temptation, sir; I began with what I caught in my plot, and then—" he broke off.

"I understand. Now, there is something else I heard about you, and that is you have tried to get work and failed. I heard the whole story from an impartial witness, and I think you have been hardly dealt with."

"I tried for work again this very day, sir, and failed. To-morrow if you let me off, I will go south, where my story is not known, and I hope for better results."

"You mean to leave your home?"

Brice did not reply: he had a choking in his throat.

"You love it, I dare say?"

"Yes, sir!"—the tone was gruff.

"I think I may find a means by which you may remain where you are."

Brice could almost hear the beating of his heart, and his breath coming and going. "I don't understand you, sir."
“I am not like my predecessor at Skirls; I am a sportsman; I want the game well looked after. I intend to try my hand at rearing animals and birds from other countries; I shall want a head-keeper, with perhaps others under him. I think I shall offer you the post. If I do this, will you be faithful?”

“Faithful! I would slave for you.”

“I believe it. You may consider yourself engaged; I will arrange terms later.”

Brice was overwhelmed. He put his hands to his eyes for a moment, he was ashamed to find tears had come into them, tears of joy, gratitude, and thanksgiving. If Maggie were praying for him, as at that moment she was—her prayers were answered.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. Alan started, then, looking up, found himself face to face with Compton.

“Have you ever seen me before?” Philip asked.

Brice looked him over, respectfully, but with a searching glance; presently he shook his head.

“No, sir, I cannot remember that I have ever seen you.”

“Were you ever in Singapore?”

“Singapore! yes, sir, once, for three days; I was super-cargo on board a Dutch vessel, calling at the port for sago, and loading for Holland.”

“That would be about twelve years ago?”

“About that, sir,” Brice said, after some consideration.

Compton had placed his hand on the poacher’s shoulder, now he took it off, and held it out to him. “I have wanted to shake your hand for twelve years!” he said.

The gesture was unmistakable. Brice, utterly bewildered, took the proffered hand. Compton shook it till the hand he grasped almost ached.

“Alan Brice! I have been looking for you the world over; now I have found you! You saved my life. Do you remember one night an Englishman being set upon by four lascars, who was, a woman of flesh and blood, but he did not try to face with Compton.

A V anti was laid on his shoulder. Alan started, then, looking up, found himself face to face with Compton.

“Tell Mrs. Brice I sent it to her; my first gift of game, not the last, by any means, I hope.”

CHAPTER XIII. A Forgotten Debt.

MARGARET BRICE never forgot that night; the experiences, nearly all of them mental, which she passed through were burnt into her memory—darkness and light, anxiety and joy, depression and exultation.

She had seen her husband go out with anxiety in her eyes and foreboding in her heart. He had promised that it should be the last time for poaching, and somehow she felt that the decision on this point would not rest with him, but would be taken out of his hands; if that were the case it would almost certainly mean disgrace, ruin, punishment. It would mean he would be caught in an act which brought him within the purview of the law.

Maggie moved about the house restlessly; she laid supper on the table with its frugal equipment long before it was needed; she fancied she heard her boy stir overhead, moaning in his sleep. She went upstairs and looked at him, holding a candle which she shaded with the other hand so that only sufficient light fell upon his face for her to ascertain if his eyes were open or not. Thus bending over, she was struck with the child’s resemblance to his father: she said to herself, “Freddy must be the moral of his face for her to ascertain if his eyes were.

Brice was moving away in the direction indicated.

“Put that hare in your pocket,” Compton suggested, “it is no good leaving it here; besides, if any one else found it, I might have to explain by what chapter of accidents I got my new head-keeper!”

“I feel ashamed to take it home, sir.”

“Tell Mrs. Brice I sent it to her; my first gift of game, not the last, by any means, I hope.”

Singapore, of which a friend of mine is the Manager; I arranged it should stand there with interest, until either you or I claimed it. Now that I have found you I will communicate with my Bankers in London, and have capital and interest transferred to you.”

“I don’t know what to say, sir; I have never heard of such good luck coming to one man, all at once!”

Compton laughed: “I am so glad,” he said; “and you will like to go home and tell your wife?”

“That I shall, sir.” Brice exclaimed fervently.

“Well, fetch my horse; it is tethered round the corner; we will go part of the way together.”

Brice was as yet in the direction indicated.

“Perhaps Philip Compton preferred her as she was, a woman of flesh and blood, but he did not say so.

He said, instead, “There is another matter I want to tell you: I was not a rich man in those days, but I felt I owed you a debt of gratitude, which I hoped one day to pay. I deposited a hundred pounds in the Mercantile Bank, at
loved so much—for the father, “that he might come back to her untouched, unhurt, and leave behind him for ever the dark and devious pathway he had been following of late”; for the child, “that God would watch over him and make him a true and good man”; for them all, “that they might be brought through their time of stress and difficulty into a quiet haven of peace and prosperity.”

She rose from her knees refreshed, and taking the candle, went downstairs, blowing it out as she descended. She glanced at the wooden clock on the mantelpiece of the living room; it was nearly time for her husband to return; she knew not taken the gun, only intended making his way to the trap, coming straight back.

She went to the front door and opened it, and was surprised to feel a damp mist blowing into her face, making her cough. When Alan had gone out the night had been clear; now moor and wood were obscured by a thick wet film, impenetrable to the eyes, chill as a breath of winter.

She shuddered slightly, then closed the door.

Alan knew every yard of the moor—no one better—yet even he might well be at fault in finding his way on such a night. A new anxiety took the place of the old: supposing he took a wrong direction, a false turn: the cliff-edge was not so very far away! There was more than one story extant in the district of shepherds falling headlong down the cliff, and meeting with a terrible end, on just such a night.

Maggie took the lamp from the table and put it in the window, drawing up the blind to the top. She thought it might be a beacon-light, but doubted if it could be seen further than the small enclosure which Alan cultivated near the cottage.

Moments dragged on; an hour passed. He staggered back, but he held her tightly.

“Don’t be frightened! He knew all about us, he had heard all our story from Miss Moira; he forgave me—and not only forgave me, but promised me the place of his head-keeper.”

“Not really? He must be a kind gentleman.”

“Yes; but he could be the other thing, if he wanted to; there is something more. What do you think? He said that I once saved his life at Singapore, twelve or thirteen years ago. I had quite forgotten it. I did not do much, really; some Lascars had set upon an Englishman; I knocked two of them down, and the others ran
off; then some of his friends came up, and took charge of him. I sailed next day, and never gave the matter a thought from that time till just now."

"How did he know it was you?"

"His friends asked my name. When Miss Moira mentioned it, he recognized it to be the same. What do you think he said? He had put a hundred pounds in the bank at Singapore for his benefactor—that's me: I never being a benefactor to anybody. The money is still there with all the interest; Mr. Compton will get it transferred, and we shall have it. Think what times you and I and Freddy will have with more money than we know what to do with!"

Maggie's answer was to put her arms round his neck and kiss him again and again, while tears still fell down her face.

On the following evening Mary Monteith was due to arrive at the little station of Scoiner, at six o'clock. Mr. Lefroy drove the white pony with Moira in the carriage to receive her. They were not the only ones, for Dr. Stanton had expressed a wish over breakfast to do the same. Compton arranged to drive him, taking the horses which had so nearly caused a disaster two nights previously; now they were quiet enough.

The barouche passed the small pony-carriage on the incline leading to the station, both gentlemen raising their hats to Moira and her father.

Scoiner station was a terminus, standing alone some distance from any houses, with the fishing-township down below at the head of the bay. It was a single line, and the infrequent trains were to be seen nearly two miles before they arrived.

Compton handed the reins to the groom, Dr. Stanton had already alighted; the two friends stood together as the pony-trap drove up.

As yet there was no indication of an approaching train.

The station-master, seeing the arrivals, came out; he saluted the party and said—"The train is half an hour late to-day, owing to some delay on the line; it often happens when the express north is heavily loaded."

Moira was glad of the opportunity of speaking to Philip Compton, while Dr. Stanton was telling Mr. Lefroy the improvement made in the small patient with whom he had sat all night.

Compton and Moira paced along together at the top of the cliff.

"I cannot thank you enough, Mr. Compton," she said when they were out of ear-shot of the others. "Thank me! for what?"

"For all you have done. Margaret Brice came to tell me to-day; I never saw any one look so happy, and she is so full of gratitude to you."

"Did she tell you the whole story?"

"Yes, all that Alan Brice told her."

"Well, you see, the gratitude should be on my side, for I had been owing that debt for twelve years."

"You have paid it in full, and you have given that man a new start in life."
Moira spoke with enthusiasm. Compton looked at her glowing face.  
"I am more than glad," he said quietly, after a while, "to be able to do a little; I am afraid I have lived rather a selfish life."

"I don't believe that."

"It's true, all the same; first Dr. Stanton, and now you, Miss Moira, have taken me in hand, and I feel how much good you have done me."

She laughed, showing her pretty white teeth. "Fancy saying I have 'taken you in hand,' Mr. Compton—I, an unsophisticated girl."

"Yet it is a fact, nevertheless; I have learnt a lesson from you; I am learning, I mean to learn, yet more, if you will let me."

"I shall have to set up a school," Moira laughed. "I am afraid I shall be jealous of the other pupils, especially of that fellow over on the island there, if he is to be one of them!"

Moira's face clouded: "I hope you and he will never cross one another's paths; I think he could be very dangerous; there is a strain of something like insanity in his blood, my father says."

"I am not afraid; I can take care of myself."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted; the train was signalled.

Moira and Compton went to the entrance, and so on to the platform; Dr. Stanton was there already, standing a little apart by himself.

Philip would have gone to him, but Moira laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Let your friend greet Miss Monteith first," she suggested.

"Yes, of course; he knows her, and we do not," Compton assented.

Moira smiled to herself; men do not see everything; there was a look on Dr. Stanton's face, as he watched the train approach, which Moira had interpreted.

(To be concluded.)

Cricket and the Game of Life.

No. III. "RUN OUT."

By the Rev. J. K. SWINBURNE, M.A.

Not very long ago I read in a certain paper an article summing up the play in the first of the "test matches" played last winter in Australia, and I came upon these words: "The deciding point in the match came when Mead was run out." The result of the match had for some while been hanging in the balance, but the turning point came when Mead was run out, and as a result England were decisively defeated. Evidently there had been a false call, and the result of this one false call was defeat. Truly at cricket much depends on the call; a right call may mean victory, where a false call would mean the loss of the match. A man who is well set and who is hardly likely to be got out by his opponents for a long while, may be run out by one of his own side—by one false call.

And it is so in the game of life. Would that we could realize better the importance of the call we give or listen to in the momentous "test match" in which we all, whether we like it or not, are forced to play.

In our preceding papers we have seen how life is a "test match," played on the field of this world—Man v. the Devil. Man has to guard the three stumps of religion, honour, and manliness with their two bails of truth and purity, and the devil is ever trying to get him bowled out by knocking these down, or else either to get him stumped (i.e. through walking out of his ground
It is the last way of getting out we would consider this month. There are two ways in which we may be run out. We may be drawn out of our ground and run out through the bad call of a fellow player, or we may either run ourselves out, or our fellow batsmen, by a false call of our own.

Can you not see of what the "call" in cricket is a parable in the game of life. The call stands for influence. It is by the evil influence of others that we are enticed out of our crease when it is not safe to come out (i.e. when it calls us from the narrow way); and by the false call of influence we are run out. It is by the bad influence that we exert over others that they, too, meet with the sad verdict which closes an innings—run out. By evil influence many a man whom the devil otherwise would not get out is led to spiritual ruin. The false call of a friend has written up over his life those two words which mean so much—"run out." In the three parables of the lost in St. Luke xv., we have beautifully brought before us three kinds of lost souls. In the first the sheep wanders thoughtlessly away and is missed; in the second the coin drops helplessly from its owner's hand and is lost through no fault of its own; and in the parable of the lost son we are told of one who deliberately strayed and of his own free will was lost. The second parable illustrates the case of one who is "run out" by his friend's false call. The third one who runs himself out.

Players in the game of life need to realize more the importance of influence.

III. Instances of Run Out.

Shall we for a moment leave the realm of abstract and come to concrete cases of those who in the game of life are run out?

(a) Immorality leads to many cases of run out. When one realizes that there are at least 100,000 women in England whose lives are shortened by thirty or forty years, and who, though in early youth, are only permitted to live about seven years more—seven years of a living death—just to gratify the sin of men, it is forcibly brought home to one how false the call of the stronger partner often is, and how many are the cases of "run out" thereby. Where a man leads a woman into sin he is giving a "bad call;" and the result for the wretched lassie will be "run out."

(b) Drink leads to many cases of "run out." Every eight minutes some one is dying as a result of excessive indulgence in alcohol. England's drink bill is £100,000,000 a year, of which £100,000,000 is spent by the working classes; or on an average by a working class home. When you consider what this means—the poverty, the suffering to innocent children, the disease, the crime, the insanity—you may realize how many false calls are made, and how many are run out thereby. "Come and have a drink," is often a "bad call" to a weaker brother.

(c) Betting leads to many cases of run out. Suicide and crime are commonly attributable to betting and gambling. To how many has "I will give you a good tip for a winner" proved to be a false call by which they have been run out.

(d) Laughter leads to many cases of run out. How many a weak character has been laughed out of religion because he was not strong enough to bear mockery. From the time when St. Peter could not face the jeer of a little servant maid, there have been strong physical men like him, but without his later courage and repentance, who have shrunk before a mere scoffing laugh. To some a laugh has meant the giving up first of all of prayer, then of Holy Communion, then of attendance at church, and the start of a downhill course, and that laugh was the false call which led to their "run out."

(e) Lack of a helping hand leads to many cases of run out. Many fail in life simply because there is none to give them a helping hand and a firm true call.

III. How to Avoid a "Run Out" Verdict.

(a) If you consider your partner's call obviously wrong, say "No" AT ONCE. Do not dally or hesitate, for hesitation means the loss of some one's wicket. I have often seen cases where one has called for a run when there was not a run. The other, realizing the danger, has started, then hesitated, then perhaps said "No," and one has been run out. Had he at once firmly said "No," the loss of the wicket would have been avoided.

So in the game of life, if your friend gives you a wrong call and attempts to influence you for evil, do not so much as leave your crease, do not hesitate for a moment, but firmly say "No."

Pontius Pilate heard the wrong call, but he had not the courage at once, and once and for all, to say "No," and so his verdict of "run out" is repeated day by day at this present time—"was crucified under Pontius Pilate."

(b) Be very careful in your own call. The true cricketer knows how his heart sinks when some one else (particularly if that some one is well set) is run out through his bad call; and the human heart should sink to its very lowest depths when it realizes that through its evil influence some other soul has been "run out" in the game of life.

Oh, fellow player in the game of life, realize the power of influence. "No man liveth unto himself." You are your brother's keeper. To a certain extent it depends on you whether he will keep his wicket intact. The safety of his wicket to a certain degree depends on your call. There must be more than one runner to get a run in cricket. One must call and the other immediately obey or else say "No." But the point is the caller does affect the other; and that is just so in life. All our life we are "calling" others by our influence. We cannot help it. Our life is a
sermon, whether we like it or not. Christ showed us how we should call. “Ye are the light of the world.” “Let your light shine.” We are all like St. John the Baptist’s “voice,” calling to others. We must influence for good or evil those we come in contact with, for so were we made. Aristotle declared that man is “a sociable animal, meant to live in a society.” Christ formed a society—His Church—which was to be the Body, of which He was to be the Head, and of which one man now could not suffer without all the others suffering too, any more than you can cut your finger off without your body feeling it. So our call affects more than we perhaps imagine, and believe me, the influence of our call can never be destroyed. How blessed is this fact if our call is good, how awful if it is evil. Just think, you cannot even destroy one drop of water. Can you expect then to destroy the effect of one action? Take one little drop of water, containing as it does millions of molecules. Science tells us this is absolutely indestructible. That drop of water probably existed thousands of years before man appeared on the earth. It was working then, it is working to-day, and it will work while this earth lasts; you cannot destroy it. Perhaps you throw it in the fire, and you think you have annihilated it; but not so; it ascends as invisible water-vapour, upward, and ever upward, till it is united with countless other drops and becomes visible as a cloud. Thence it descends as rain on the summit of a hill and flows down to a river, and so on and on till it reaches the sea, where it is drawn up by the sun. Then it descends again, this time, perhaps, as snow on some high mountain, where it remains for many a day slowly working downwards as part of a glacier, till at length...
would say it is now destroyed: but no; still it works on unrestingly—from the leaf, the grass, the insect, it rises again to the clouds. Next time we will imagine it fell on the roof of a house and so into the water tub; from here it may be used to help in the washing of clothes, and then afterwards it may be thrown on the roots of a fruit tree. But the water is soon purified and passes into the juice of the fruit. It is eaten—and then surely it is destroyed? No, it passes from the eater as moisture in his mouth as he speaks, and either passes straight out of the window or else rests as a drop on the cold pane till it is drawn up to the sky again. And so through countless centuries does this single drop of water perform its ceaseless work, and nothing can destroy it.

Oh fellow player, player in the game of life, when you "call" another by your daily influence, think of this. The effect of your call either for good or bad can no more be destroyed than that drop of water.

If players could only realize this more clearly there would be less "run outs" in the game of life, and the devil would claim less wickets and fewer triumphs than he does to-day.

**Ascensiontide.**

*Words and Music by ALFRED SMYTHE.*

**Tune:** "GOLDEN GATES."

*Maeslso.*

Lift up your heads on high ye Gates! Eternal Doors exalted be;

Without, the King of Glory waits—The Lord of Life and Majesty.

This King of Glory—Who is He, Demanding entrance at our Gates?

The Lord of Hosts, behold and see! The God of Battles, He Who waits! Amen.

Eternal Doors, exalted be;
Your heads on high lift up ye Gates;
The Lord Almighty—this is He;
Who graciously upon you waits.
Lift up your heads on high, ye Gates—
Ye Doors of Immortality;
It is your King without, Who waits,
Who Was, and Is, and Is-to-Be.

Lift up, O Church of Christ, thy gates!
With lamps, well trimmed, arise and see,
The Bridegroom comes, and on thee waits—
The Lamb of God, He comes to thee.
Lift up your heads on high, ye Gates;
Throw open wide your Doors, for He
Who bought us with His blood awaits—
Thy Life through all eternity.
**Red Letter Church News.**

---

**An All-Sussex Lychgate.—** Southwick Parish Church, in Sussex, possesses a beautiful modern lychgate, erected in memory of the late Mr. F. C. Capel, by his widow. This memorial has a special interest from the fact that it is wholly a Sussex product. The material of the gate is Sussex oak, taken chiefly from the region of Ashdown Forest. The gate was designed by a well-known Lewes architect, and constructed at the same town by skilled craftsmen. The ironwork was also made at Lewes by a local blacksmith, and the copper plate on which the dedication is inscribed was likewise made at the county town. The carved cross surmounting the gate was executed at the Mayfield School of Woodcarving. Under the eaves are two boards, one on each side of the gate, bearing the following inscriptions, carved with incised letters: “Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,” and “Make them to be numbered with Thy saints.”

---

**Pews Reserved for Nations.—** Some of the leading men in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, have raised a fund to set apart for five years the best pew in the church for the English visitors who, Sunday by Sunday, find their way to the scene of Henry Ward Beecher’s historic ministry. An English flag has been placed under a glass cover, and a plate bearing the words “Reserved for English visitors” has been attached to the pew. As is well known, a pew in St. Margaret’s, Westminster, is thus reserved for American visitors.

---

**A Good Churchman—** A distinguished politician in explaining his religious standpoint declared:—

“My great-grandfather was born in the Church of England, married in the Church of England, and buried in a Church of England graveyard. And so was I.”

---

**Buried in the Wall.—** At Brigstock Church, Northamptonshire, there is current this curious conundrum: A man was buried in the parish, but neither in the church nor out of it, nor in the churchyard. Where was he buried? It appears that a coffin was discovered, during the renovation of the church, in the wall, and, on the advice of the architect, an arch was erected over it at a cost of £20. The lid of the stone coffin can be seen just above the ground.
A Warm Heart.—During the Veto Bill struggle a noble lord, strongly in sympathy with the bishops, arose in debate. "I wish to suggest," he remarked warmly, "that it would not ill become noble lords opposite to remember that they have no monopoly of good feeling. A warm heart often beats beneath a bishop's gaiters."

Mary Pollock.

The Dun Cow's Rib.—There is a bone in Stanion Church (St. Peter's) which puzzles everybody. Its size is abnormal, about seven feet long and nine inches across. It is flat, but of great thickness, its texture being the same as the ordinary bone. Many people have conjectured that it is a whale's rib, but this is quite impossible. It must be hundreds and hundreds of years old, and there is a legend about it to the effect that this wonderful bone once belonged to a cow which was common property, and gave milk to everybody, and always filled whatever vessel was brought to her. One day, however, a witch brought a riddle and milked the cow into that. Of course the poor cow could not fill it, and when the Dun Cow died—

"The people thought she well deserved to have at least one rib preserved. Therefore the church did undertake to guard it for the people's sake; for in that consecrated tower, no witch can exercise her power. So Stanion church, with special care, still guards the rib and keeps it there."

Spencer Percival.

A Curious Collection.—Many have probably heard of the record church collection for this country at All Saints', Clifton, Bristol, when nearly four thousand pounds was collected at a morning service. But this was in a place, where the congregation were eager to complete their church in all the beauty of holiness. By way of contrast, compare the simple collection made at a church at Koto-Koto, Lake Nyassa, for the first time on a Whit-Sunday: twelve shillings in cash, four needles, an egg, a cheque for a day's labour (value twopence), and a bag of flour. Truly of these simple folk we may say, "They have done what they could." The collection was taken in a box hollowed out of the solid wood by a native.

Miss Talbot.

A Unique Memorial.—The beautiful music entitled "The story of the Cross" is so well known, that there are very few who have not heard it sung in churches. The composer was Mr. J. W. Etherington of Richmond, Surrey. After his death a few years back it was suggested to his son, when a memorial stone was to be placed on his father's grave in Richmond Cemetery, that such a memorial could take no better form than a large stone cross with the actual music carved on it, and the name of the musician above. Surely no other inscription or record than this would ever be needed to keep green the memory of one to whom the Christian Church owes so much. Miss M. J. Sowrey.

Church Built on a Raft.—The Bishop of Chester recently consecrated a church at Wallasey that had been built by the seashore. In order to secure a safe foundation to prevent sinking, the structure rests on a raft composed entirely of steel rods. It is almost surrounded by sandhills, and from the tower a magnificent view of the Irish Sea can be obtained. The church has been erected by Mr. Frederick James and Mr. Heath Harrison, in memory of their parents, who always took an active interest in the welfare of the district.

M. J. Sowrey.

A Possibly Saxon Font.—"I enclose a photograph," writes Mr. Alex Ball, "which I took when on a tour. It is of a very old font, probably Saxon, which can be seen in that fine old Norman Church of Kirkburn, near Driffield, East Yorkshire. The font is rather a large one, measuring thirty-eight inches in diameter. The carvings on the font are very rough and crude. The figure on the right of the photograph is a representation of Christ in glory, in a vesica, meant to typify the rainbow round the throne, with two attendant angels."

Odd Names Mated.—In the village of Hale, in Surrey, some years ago, the following amusing surnames occurred at the Parish Church. The Vicar's name was "Fox," the Curate's rooms were at "Renards," the organist's name was "Day," and the churchwarden's "(Knight." In the parish lived "Pharaohs" and "Jacobs," the latter dwelling close to a well, which became known as "Jacob's Well."

Miss E. Simmonds.
A Challenge Shield.—Seeing the river Severn and also the Gloucester and Birmingham canal run through the city of Worcester, and that from time to time children are accidentally drowned in one or the other, Canon Wilson's gift of a copper Challenge Shield, to be competed for annually by children attending the day schools, may be the indirect means of saving many lives.

The shield is to be competed for in the autumn, the name of the winning school being inscribed upon it.

The city arms adorn the centre of the shield, whilst the outer rim is ornamented in excellent repoussé work with a ship, an eel, a swan, a frog, a fish, and a nautilus—all watery subjects.

Lines by Longfellow.—The following lines were written by the poet Longfellow during a visit to Shanklin, Isle of Wight, in 1868:

"O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill.
The cup of water in His name."

Near the entrance to the Chine, there stands the rustic fountain bearing this little verse, and above it is a small shield, ornamented with the British and American flags.

Flower Growing and Sunday Schools.—Last year we gave a note on the splendid enterprise of Miss E. J. Heawood, in forming a guild to interest Sunday school children in gardening. This is connected with three churches at Sydenham. A similar scheme has been brought to our notice by Mr. Robert Saxby, who writes: "With the permission of our Vicar, the Rev. G. C. Williamson, St. Saviour's, West Kensington, we started in 1910 a Pot Flower Competition, distributing in all about 170 plants among our Sunday school children. Of these plants 130 were exhibited at the show in the following July. There were separate sections for scholars and teachers and a section open to The Vicarage Class. The chief flowers were musk, fuchsia, marguerite, heliotrope, and mignonette. The Sunday school infants competed for prizes for the best daisy chains. Members of the congregation provided the prizes by subscriptions and taking tickets, and we were able to clear 30s. after paying all expenses. Out of this we bought 80 hyacinths, 175 narcissi, 150 tulips, for free distribution for our spring show. The accompanying photograph is of Elsie Hammond and her sister, with first prize decorated hoop."

A Shoemaker's Epitaph.—The following epitaph is to be found in a Cumberland churchyard:

My cutting board's to pieces split.
My size-sticks will no measure make.
My rotten last's turned into holes.
My blunt knife cuts no more soles;
My hammer's head's flown from the haft.
No more "Saint Mondays" with the cast;
My nippers, pincers, stirrup rag,
And all my kit have got the bag;
My gum-glass froze, my paste no more.
My heel's sew'd on, my pegs are driven—
I hope I'm on the road to Heaven.

Another Record.—The following record of service in the choir must be hard to beat. In the choir of St. Michael's, Banford, Lancashire, there are four brothers, the eldest of whom has not yet reached his forty-first year, whose aggregate number of years of service in this choir amounts to 108 years.

Mr. T. Kershaw, 22 years.
Mr. A. Kershaw, 22 years.
Mr. J. Kershaw, 26 years.
Mr. R. Kershaw, 22 years.

One of the brothers was out of the choir for a year while his voice was changing. Even in this district of good voices we have not heard of four brothers serving so long in one choir, and that at so early an age that one can reasonably hope they will double their record.

February Prize Award.—February brought us a large number of striking photographs and interesting notes. First prizes have been sent to the following: H. S. Beresford Webb, Miss J. Niblett, the Rev. J. Morgan, I. Clarke, J. B. Twycross and Ernest Taylor. Extra half-crown prizes have been awarded to C. E. Burdekin and the Rev. S. V. Phillips. Reserves three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a 5s. prize, which must be applied for: M. B. Cooper, Mrs. M. Collins, Miss G. Gray, W. A. Burnell, the Rev. H. A. H. Lee, Miss J. P. Ferrier, Miss G. Gill, G. Gladman, the Rev. A. R. Newby, Herbert Smith, Miss M. J. Sowrey, and Miss M. H. Dearden.

Sunday School Flower Growing.
Everyday Mistakes.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of “Home, Sweet Home,” etc., etc.

A GREAT many years ago when I was entering the intricate path of literature, a then editor of Blackwood's gave the following advice: “Never build a porch to your articles. Write about something you are well acquainted with, however simple it seems, and begin right away.” So that is what I am going to do now.

The first educational mistake made by inexperienced parents is beginning education too young. They are so anxious their own particular children should be prodigies! Wise folk will assure them that precocity of all kinds is to be deprecated. Too early blooming of flowers results in weakening of a plant. So, strain put on a young brain does not tend towards good development. Babies of three (or less?) are welcomed in board schools to keep up the average. They seem to enjoy existence therein, but I pity their teachers! As a general rule, it may be laid down, that whilst bodily growth is going on abnormally quickly (as in very early years), brain material cannot be manufactured. If it is, it may be at the expense of the body. Nature refuses to do two things at the same time. If you begin pothooks and alphabet whilst a baby is doubling its size, you are committing a very grave mistake. Neither are you giving the child an “early lift.” Personally I have never known a case of precocious book learning turn out a genius beyond his contemporaries at adolescence; just the contrary. Such children are generally dull in after years. If possible let the brain of a child lie fallow for the first five or seven years of life. It is learning far more from untramelled observation than you can ever teach it in books at that period.

A second mistake is making school teaching too pleasant! Many of my readers may open their eyes at this. But the finest part of education consists in the effort to acquire knowledge and in the self-control taught by attacking tasks which may be uncongenial. Most book learning is uncongenial to a play-loving youth. If a child be taught to consider or look upon “lessons” as amusing only, the further lesson of industrious application is a fine method of developing reasoning faculties. The same rule applies to foreign languages—especially dead ones. Parents have been known to request their sons may not learn Latin, but the banjo! and the teacher so applied to, answered, “Madame, he shall learn both. Latin because it is difficult, and the banjo because it is easy. Mix the two principles by all means. If one must drop, don’t let it be Latin, or its equivalent.”

When sending children to any school establishment, it is our duty to see hygienic principles are respected therein. National educational experts attend to this in Board Schools. In private establishments health is often sacrificed most thoughtlessly. I would never send girl or boy to a house where proper ventilation was not possible. Once, going to a smallish girls’ school on behalf of a somewhat delicate child, I found twenty girls gathered in a class-room large enough for six. Both windows shut to exclude noise of passing trams—the only airing possible being during their fifty minutes’ “break,” when ventilation could be supplied. Going to the window nearest me I secretly tried to lift the sash, and found it nailed down. I advise young parents, before sending their precious small person to any school, to look out for one which is installed in a house with a southerly aspect. Girls and boys will do double as much brain work in a sunny room as in a dark one! Next, ask that your child may sit near a window which can be opened. Finally, don’t...
make the mistake of sending them to a school where
hours are abnormally long. No young thing can
work from nine o’clock till three without sacrificing
a great deal of health and strength. I feel a crusade
should be started against the present mistaken plan
of giving seven hours continuous application without
proper nourishment. A child who leaves work at
half-past two or three o’clock in the afternoon is dis-inclined to eat a proper meal; he has fasted too long.
That necessitates late dinner, an almost impossible
thing in a small house. Swiss educational methods
are much more wise. A child goes to school there
before eight in the morning, even when snow lies
four feet on the ground. I have lain in my comfy
bed in a Swiss hotel and heard the clatter of wooden
clogs with their accompaniment of merry voices (my
own child’s amongst them) pass my window before
the sun had begun to rise. I have watched the same
young folk come out of school at eleven, spend all the
bright midday hours in tobogganing or skating, and
return to work before the same lazy sun had gone to
bed. Results show how wise is this method. The
Swiss system of education turns out the best nation
of thinkers that there is.

Teaching should never degenerate into cramming.
I once asked a young friend who had been bracketed
with the senior wrangler at Cambridge (though being
a girl she is not allowed the honour of so dubbing
herself), what part of her educational training she
could have dispensed with. The answer was decisive.
“Think all the cramming I went through to pass
the various intermediates was just lost time. It
gave me no real grasp of any all-round subject. It
was merely mechanical storing up of isolated periods
of history and literature. There was no development
about it.”

Now all true education should be development.
Children are not all made on the same stereotyped
plan; they have individual tastes and talents. Let
my readers study each child, and direct education to
doing the best with that special material. Far better
turn out a good carpenter than a bad artist, a decent
painter than a poor teacher. One family I know ex­
emplifies this. There are four sisters, three of them
exceedingly clever; indeed, those three seem to have
appropriated the brains which ought to have served
four of them! That fourth had only a taste for
cookery! A wise mother saw this and gave Letitia
every lesson in that art that she could. She died,
leaving four almost penniless girls to face the world.
The Hebrew scholar failed in an ordinary governess;
she had not patience with stupidity. The second
was suddenly stopped in a career as violinist by
neuritis in her right arm. The youngest made a
“bad” match in every sense of the word, so that the
whole family are now dependant on the earnings
of number three—the cook! She, dear girl, is the
happiest, merriest, cheerfulest person in creation.
Having found her vocation, and following it up un­
reservedly, she maintains her sisters without a morn.
She goes on weekly visits to cook-for hunting and
shooting parties. She provides big suppers and
wedding breakfasts, and I more than expect she will
some day hear the Master’s commendation—“Well
done; thou hast been faithful over a few things,
I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Parents make a mistake in the way they dress
their children for school. Never send a child shabby
if you can help it. A sensitive girl suffers agonies if
she be more dowdy than her mates. So does a boy.
Even if the school costume have to be doffed on return
home so as to make it “last,” let Lucinda or Arabella
wear a decent one. I think a kind of gymnasium
dress of dark blue serge very smart and serviceable.
That is, knickers and tunic of the serge, with a
guipme and sleeves of net, flannel, or silk accord­
ing to season. The tunic should have no sleeves
and be cut square at the shoulders. If this be in­
admissible a neat overall to cover blouses and skirt
must be always sine qua non. Made of dark or
butcher blue linen, this looks always serviceable and
beautiful, for “it is suitable for the work done in
it.”

In the matter of education, we do not want to turn
our children into dictionaries. Far better give them
lessons in common sense and every-day difficulties.
For instance, how many young folk know that it is
necessary to turn a screw to the left before it will
“bite” properly! Which of our children know that
a drop of liquid ammonia will save all rubbing of
soiled linen? or that a spoonful of gum water added
to the last rinsing fluid will make their silk blouses
as new! Which of them are taught that the wicks
of lamps need seldom be cut? or that lamp-burners
need boiling regularly! A man boasted to me the
other day that his wife had “never lighted a fire or
mended a bicycle puncture in her life. She did not
know how to!” I was undecided whether to con­
gratulate or condole with her. Make your children
use their eyes, train them to use their hands, help
them to develop their thinking powers, and, above
all, give them the habit of devotion, and you will
have endowed them better than if you crammed
them till old age.

---

DO YOU KNOW?

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS. V.

1. What is the smallest number of Communions a Churchman
   should make in a year?

2. When is the Lord’s Prayer used with the Doxology and
   when without it?

3. May a Deacon minister both the Sacraments?

4. May a baptism or a marriage be a matter of course?

5. May a Collect be added after the third Collect of Morn­
ing or Evening Prayer?

6. How often is Athanasius’s Creed said?

7. What words in the Communion Office are omitted on
   Trinity Sunday?

8. What is the Scripture name of Confirmation?

9. What is the meaning of “vulgar”?

Answers to the above questions should not be sent to the Editor, but should be kept to be compared
with the Author’s answers to be published in the June Number.

10. “Hymn” is used in the Prayer Book; but not of what we
   call “Hymns”; of what then?

ANSWERS. IV. (see April Number).

1. See “Tables and Rules.”

2. Litany. Twice in Holy Communion Office.

3. Visitation of the Sick.

4. “Burial of their dead at Sea.”

5. Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays.


7. Eleventh of the Month.

8. Six.


10. Because the seventh day is Trinity Sunday.
OWNERS of newspapers have always been in the foremost ranks of those who collect subscriptions to help sufferers from disaster; all the world over their columns are open for the ventilation of wrongs and abuses.

But American papers are not content with this. Practically all take up some particular form of charitable work which they carry on year after year on organized lines.

Some have devoted themselves to winter charities, some to summer; but there are few great American newspapers of standing that are not engaged in philanthropic work of some kind.

The Herald of New York was one of the pioneers, and it chose for its sphere the tenement districts of its own city, and for its medium—ice.

To non-Americans, ice hardly seems a necessity, but those who have spent summers in the congested towns know otherwise, and the free distribution of this is one of the most highly appreciated of all charities, and has been widely copied. Doctors, nurses, district visitors and clergymen of all denominations agree that numbers of lives have been saved by the free ice.

Some of the newspapers purchase it in great quantities, and therefore cheaply, then sell it, at cost price, in five, ten and twenty-pound blocks. Others sell at a minimum sum, to those able to pay, and give freely to the poorest. Some give all.

The method is not always the same: some have established depôts among the tenements, others save this expense by making carts the distributing agencies. In these cases the wagon routes are advertised by the paper, and also by means of placards affixed to the walls and electric-light posts; these are often printed in seven and eight languages.

And all along the routes the people gather; an odd multitude they are too, for practically every nationality is represented among them. Such is the cosmopolitanism of an American city. Women come with baskets and basins, old, old men with bits of sacking, and the wizen-faced children of the poor pushing ancient battered perambulators or pulling boxes mounted on wheels.

In the generality of cases the ice is given out by ticket. These tickets are distributed direct from the newspaper office and through the usual channels—doctors, clergy, schools, nurses, district visitors, charitable organizations and the settlements. But some latitude is allowed the men who do the actual distributing, and often a thankful, ticketless, woman scurries away with a cube of ice clutched in her arms. Next day the pitiful story she told is investigated: the child in high fever, to whom the ice meant life, is found, or else, perchance, it was a fretting baby for whom she needed it—infant that has been fading because its milk (kept under insanitary conditions) has been tainted for many a day past. Such are then placed upon the books as regular recipients.

Distribution often starts at dawn and continues far into the night, yet there always seems a crowd waiting for the carts, or at the doors of the depôts. Sometimes a full thousand people assemble; none of them go away empty-handed.

The New York Herald alone dis-
been aroused by some graphic touch—a deft stroke in the cause of the weak by one of those twentieth-century knight-errants, a newspaper writer, which has made dwellers in cool places realize the lives of those in the cities’ slums.

Some papers think that help in the winter may be more beneficial than help in the summer; some give the two, but the great majority seem to find the need greater in the “dog days.”

The Tribune of Chicago gives fresh air as well as ice, and many are the names of women and children who, through this agency, have won their way back to health, by being sent from the sweltering stock-yards districts for a few strengthening weeks in the country convalescent home supported by the Tribune and its readers.

A somewhat similar scheme is one of the main charities conducted by the Indianapolis Morning Star, and every year thousands of children are sent to recuperate in the twelve cottages established and maintained by that paper.

The Daily News, also of Chicago, runs a sanitarium for sick babies and their mothers, but this is for day visits only. It is a pavilion-like building and projects over Lake Michigan. Doctors and nurses are in attendance, while suitable food is freely supplied. Outside there is a bathing beach for the elder children who invariably accompany the mothers and infants. Wagonettes drive through the city, down established routes, during the hot summer days and collect the little groups that wait for them at certain corners. These are returned to their homes every evening by the same means.

The Indianapolis News also spends as much as $2,500 a year in taking children to a free camp in the woods, and in many instances permanent homes have been found for them among the farmers in the camping district. This paper does things on a particularly generous scale, and its activities are not confined to any one sphere. It conducts a permanent relief fund which, thanks to its readers, totals a large sum annually. It is needed, for, in addition to maintaining a camp, the News frequently supplies milk and ice to the extremely poor and seriously ill, while a special relief fund is set aside for the benefit of those who suddenly find themselves ruined by some unavoidable disaster, also for the members of that terribly large band who every year are maimed or made helpless as the result of unavoidable accident. All aged poor come within the scope of this wide beneficence, but most especially work-worn women. Again, it is the old and cheerless the News cares for at the Christmas season, when others are thinking more of the joy they may bring to children. In every effort this paper is ably backed by all classes. Those who can, give money, others send goods—ice, milk or coal. The News also originated the idea of starting a Savings Bank for their newsboys, in which microscopic sums are accepted and a higher interest paid than could be obtained elsewhere. In a country where there is no Post Office Savings Bank, and where (on an average) a bank a day breaks, this is no light thing. A further effort to come into actual touch with the youngsters who sell this paper has been made by the establishment of the “Newsboys’ Band”; this orchestra is under the control of a paid instructor and a conductor. Curiously enough it appears to be one of the most appreciated of the many schemes of the News. The young players now number above sixty.

The Press of Philadelphia struck out in a new line. It saw that the Philadelphian death-rate for babies was abnormally high, being in 1871, when attention was called to the subject, 88 per cent. among children under five. Beyond doubt, impure milk was the cause, and the Press determined that the prevention of such terrible wastage should be the field of a crusade. Through the papers, direct efforts, backed by the municipal authorities and aided by private benevolence, the Philadelphia Modified Milk Society was started; a three- or six-ounce bottle of properly modified milk is sold by it for a cent. According to the last figures to hand the death-rate for children has been reduced by one half, and there is little doubt but that, as the work expands and more stations are established, it will be driven yet lower. On one hot July day no less than 3,000 bottles were distributed. The Press looks at the results of its work and rejoices in the number of human lives saved by its initiative; then it notes the steadily growing deficit, where the balance ought to be, and wonders how much longer it can bear the self-imposed
burden. Contributions have only paid for the actual milk, and other expenses are heavy.

The number of papers that attend to the filling of the Christmas stockings of children too poor to own such articles in a country where the thermometer does not descend below zero, is legion. The Indianapolis Star is a leader among them. It opens its Santa Claus Fund early in November, and as the money comes (last year it amounted to $1,400) it is spent in toys, books, clothing and sweets. The packages containing these goodies are distributed to otherwise giftless children on Christmas Day itself. The names, brothers and sisters of those who received footgear.

This paper has been in the forefront of the journals that have led relief work at the times of America's extraordinary and far-reaching calamities. Earthquake, flood and cyclone sufferers throughout the union have had cause to bless its name. "Pound parties," calling for donations in cash and goods were another of its innovations in 1899, when Washington was struck by a blizzard followed by a particularly severe winter. Thanks to the Star many lives were saved. It kept dozens of wagons busy distributing material assistance, and over 50,000 visited the office while the "party" lasted.

Other newspapers, some of those owned by the far-famed Mr. Hearst, for instance, keep free hot coffee and sandwich carts on the streets through the nights of the winter months. Still others, notably the Daily Mail of Chicago, in addition to its aforementioned work, and the giving of illus-

It is the old and cheerless the "News" cares for at Christmastide.

ages, etc., of the little recipients are obtained from the police, the public school teachers, and charitable organization societies, so that real needs may be as far as possible ascertained. This method obviates the danger of the parcels going to imposters.

The Star of Washington once conducted a somewhat similar project, though now that benevolence is better organized in the Capitol the paper prefers rather to advance the cause of established charities than to pursue its own. The foundation of its work was a scheme to provide shoes for shoeless children, and it developed into a Christmas surprise party for the tiny treated lectures to widen the minds of Chicagoans, have instituted free advertising sheets. It prints without charge during the worst months of the year advertisements from those wanting employment. Others have taken upon themselves the care of some particularly afflicted child for whom there is a chance of recovery if treatment be given without regard to cost.

Even the magazines are now entering the philanthropic world, notably the Delineator, which is seeking to provide childless homes with children and motherless children with parents.

Probably there are few who realize the wide range of the benevolence of newspapers and how various are the roads that the thought and initiative of the "knights of the pen" have opened to those who desire to help others.

Truly printers' ink is a strong power for good in this modern world of to-day!

"HOW CAN I HELP MY CHURCH?" THREE ANSWERS.

A Choir Boy's Answer.

How I can help my Church is by attending regularly, singing my best, praying for it, knowing the service, and behaving myself. A. C. C.

By Little Services.

I cannot do much to help my Church, but am always ready and glad to do any little odd things, such as blowing the organ and ringing the bell for service now and again, or lighting the gas and handing round hymn-books for an extra service. These little services I try to do with all my heart, for it is not so much what we do as how we do it that helps. P. M. C.

By Acting as Secretary.

The best way in which I have been able to help my Church has been by acting as secretary to my Vicar: by giving an hour and a half of my recreation each day to writing his letters, keeping accounts, correcting notes, typing, duplicating, etc., and thus setting him more free for study of the Word, prayer and visiting.

I never realized until, in answer to prayer, I undertook this, to me, very sacred work for my Church what a very great deal of business is connected with a city clergyman's ministry. M. H.
THOSE WHO KNOW

should, in all matters of concern, be listened to with careful attention. The advice of one who speaks from knowledge and experience is valuable. If you are seeking some means of improving your health, those who know will tell you that Beecham's Pills possess marvellous restorative properties, more likely than anything else to set you up and keep you well. This incomparable remedy is well adapted for all forms of indigestion; and those who know will tell you that

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have achieved a great and well-merited reputation for curing dyspepsia, flatulence, sluggish liver, constipation, and other ailments arising from digestive troubles. Ridiculous claims are put forward for many advertised preparations. They are so clearly exaggerated that one is wise to shun them altogether. But Beecham's Pills may always be safely depended upon. They have stood the test of time, they have earned the approval of generations, and they still remain more popular than ever as the world's best family medicine. Quickly but surely they will bring about a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. They will establish the health on a sound basis. That is why we urge inquirers to ask those who know about Beecham's Pills. You will find that they

Strongly Recommend Them.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills), and 2/9 (168 pills).

The Secret

of good cake-making lies almost wholly in the selection of the right materials. You cannot help but make delicious cakes and puddings if you use Cakeoma

The Perfect Cake Flour.

It contains all the dry ingredients necessary for making all kinds of cakes and many puddings. Containing only the purest and best materials, Cakeoma assures success in cake and pudding making, even if you have no previous experience. And its use cuts down the weekly cake bill considerably.

Sold per packet from Grocers and Bakers everywhere.

Recipe Book containing over 100 recipes for tasty cakes and puddings sent free on request.

LATHAM & Co. Ltd.,
Liverpool.

"Retained when all other foods are rejected."
Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

Neave's Food
contains all the essentials for flesh and bone-forming, in an exceptional degree, assists the working of the digestive organs, and ensures restful nights.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."
Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., etc.

Nearly 90 Years' established Reputation.

G o d M e d a l s , London, 1900 and 1906. also Patents.

USED OR THE STUNIEST TREATMENT.

Costly Booklet, "Hints about Baby," by a Trained Nurse, sent free. Sample for 2d postage. Mention this publication.

Josiah R. Neave & Co., Forflyingbridge

Acceptable to those who dislike the usual form of "gruel."

NEAVE'S HEALTH DIET
A Delicious and Nourishing Milk and Cereal Food for general use, invaluable in all cases of weak digestion and general debility, providing full nourishment with little exertion to the digestive organs.

A Doctor writes: "A most efficient preparation for invalids, Nursing Mothers, and people suffering from weak digestion, bringing far more nutrition than it cost."

Sample sent for ad. postage, mentioning this publication.

When buying BAKING POWDER
insist on having
BORWICK'S
The strongest, best & most economical in the world.

SPECIAL OFFER.

An Art Metal Box, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, and a book on "Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1/- post free by Plasmon Ltd. (Dept 208), Farringdon Street, London.

2/6 worth of PLASMON COCOA
will do you as much good as
25/- worth of ANY PURE COCOA
at the same price.

Analysis PROVES that PLASMON COCOA is TEN TIMES more nutritious than ANY pure cocoa. Use your Mail Order Stamp and write.

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY.

A Word to the Wise, WHELPTON'S
They are good for HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
BILE

Ask for WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.
1s. 1½d. at all Chemists. FREE BY POST, 14 STAMPS.
WHELPTON'S, 4, Crane Ct., Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE SAVIOUR'S LIFE
IN PICTURE AND STORY.
120 pages, printed in red and black, bound in cloth, gilt.
1s. 6d. net. Postage 3d.
60 STAMP PICTURES WITH EACH COPY.
HOME WORDS, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

PREHISTORIC MAN.
The Press has lately been calling special attention to the fact of his existence 500,000 years ago. That the existence of Primitive Man is also taught by the Bible itself, is clearly shown in the book entitled

"Genesis Unveiled."
NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street, W.—Cloth, 3/- net.
June Calendar.

15 S 1 Kings 11; John 13, 1-21.
16 S 1st Sunday after Trinity.
   M. Isa. 6, 1-11; Rev. 1, 1-9.
   E. Gen. 16, 8 or 1 and 2, 1-8; Eph. 4, 1-17 or
   Matt. 2.
17 M 2 Chron. 16; John 14.
18 M 2 Chron. 16; John 16.
19 W 2 Chron. 16; John 18, 1-18.
20 M 2 Chron. 30; John 21.
21 W 2 Chron. 30; John 18, 1-29.
22 M 2nd Sunday after Trinity.
   M. Job 7, 1-11; John 28, 28.
   E. Hos. 5, 1-11; or Judges 1.
24 M 3rd Sunday after Trinity.
   M. 1 Sam. 3, 1-27; Acts 6, 1.
   E. 1 Sam. 3 or 4, 1-18; 2 Peter 3.
25 W E. Mat. 1, 1-37; Matt. 3.
26 M E. Mat. 1, 37-18; Mat. 3.
27 W E. Mat. 7, 23-25; Acts 9, 1-35.

Negro Bishops.

Whether or no negro bishops should be appointed has been a much debated question by the Church in America for years past. Recently the Committee of Council of the Diocese of South Carolina, after long deliberation, decided to recommend the appointment of negro suffragan bishops in the United States. This decision will of course affect the action of the whole Episcopal Church of America. There is much to be said in favour of such appointment, as negro bishops working amongst their own countrymen will do much towards increasing the efficiency of the Church.

Hope for India.

According to the Christian Patriot, a paper published in Madras, Indian editors are showing alarm as to the figures of the census taken in India in March of last year. The great increase in the number of Christians all over the country, it is suggested, means "the wiping out of the hoary Hindu civilization"; and even more, for "if the apathy of the Hindu continues, the Christianization of India is only a question of time." During the last decennium the Christian population has grown from 2,923,241 to 3,870,193.

Heroic Life.

There is something peculiarly pathetic about the sad death of the Rev. Frederick Day, who was recently killed at Chichou by the mutineers who were looting the neighbourhood. He was a young man who only joined the North China Mission in 1905, when he was ordained by the Bishop of North China. He was doing an excellent work single-handed at Yung Ching, and only a short time ago, when sending a report of his work to this country, he concluded with the words: "Am I to go on another year alone? No; for God has called him home; his work, short but faithful as it was, has finished.

When the Missionary's Work is Done.

Some will suggest never, but there certainly must be a limit to the time a missionary should stay in a particular district; and this is a question which is exercising the minds of those who are engaged in missionary enterprise. The "coming way" at the critical moment becomes the accepted ideal. The business of a missionary is to build, and at the earliest time possible to bring his work to a completion. His own work should be transient, whilst the native church work becomes permanent, and should henceforth be controlled by native church workers.

Supernotion as to "Charms."

Charms have had great influence amongst the Cameroons in the past. A faithful worker amongst them was the Rev. J. J. Fuller. A great chief, Mikani by name, was one day passing by the missionary, almost unclothed, but wearing a charm in the shape of a bullock's horn across his breast. He took no notice of the missionary's call to him as he was then "under a sacred oath not to speak to any one for nine days." Mr. Fuller some time after visited him, and remonstrated with him about wearing the foolish charm. The man was indignant at first, but afterwards allowed Mr. Fuller to open the charm.

Why Missionaries Die.

"Yes; if I have that horn hanging at my door, no witch dare come into my house. If one came, before she crossed the threshold she would be dead!" The chief went on to say, "And that is why all you missionaries die; for the witches know that you have nothing to keep off the power of their witchcraft!" Mr. Fuller was afterwards able to teach Mikani of the power and the love of the Lord Who "encampeth round about those that fear Him."

Victory.

There was an inspiring battle-cry for the forces of faith at the recent Anniversary Meeting of the C.M.S. The venerable President, Sir John Kennaway, spoke on "The History of Past Victory." Bishop Lea and Mr. A. G. Fraser on "The Records of Present Victory," the Rev. A. Taylor on "The Vision of Future Victory," and Canon Joynt on "The Cost of Victory." Let us be strong in the Lord and very courageous.
GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.
By the Rev. W. Dawes, Vicar of Hackworth.

has taken place with regard to missionary work in recent years; formerly it was regarded as the business or the hobby of a few enthusiasts, now it is gaining more and more its true position as the concern of the whole Church. The object of this article is to show that each worshipper at Morning and Evening Prayer in Church is a confessed missionary enthusiast by the very words which the Prayer Book puts into his mouth.

I. The Lord's Prayer. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." We do not pray, "Thy will be done in my parish, in my town, in my country," but, "Thy will be done in earth." It is a truly missionary prayer; we look and pray for the time when God's will shall operate from pole to pole, from our own parish church to the furthest mission station.

II. The Venite. "In His hands are all the corners of the earth." The most desolate African swamp belongs to the Lord, Who is the "strength of our salvation," just as much as our own favoured land; it has just as large a portion of His thought and care. The whole of this beautiful 96th Psalm is a warning to those who "have not known My ways" and mistrusted God and wandered for forty years because they were afraid to make a venture of faith; it is a reproof to the faint-hearted in venturing on new ground.

III. The Te Deum. Thousands of churchmen chant the song, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory." "The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee." The cadence rises and falls and then bursts out afresh, "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ." But even as they sing "throughout all the world," they have cribbed and cabined the world within the circle of civilization, or even within their parish boundaries.

IV. The Benedict. Could any hymn be more completely universal? "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever." All nature, conscious and unconscious, animate and inanimate, all creatures in earth and air and sea, all angels and men, all priests and servants of the Lord, are summoned to praise and magnify Him for ever. How is it possible to sing these words with intelligence unless we give thought and care for those children of men who have never heard the name of Jesus?

V. The Jubilate. "O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands." Again no limitation.

VI. Piae Domitiae. The song of Simeon, most beautiful of all our canticles. His eyes, after years of waiting, saw the sight they most desired. "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." For whom is the salvation? Did this Jew desire the triumph of his own nation? Yes! The Saviour came "to be the glory of Thy people Israel." But this was not his first thought. "To be a light to lighten the Gentiles" takes the prior place in the verse.

Think of the thunder of the words sung by a cathedral choir to a noble setting. Would it not be almost inconceivable that people should sing them Sunday by Sunday and then deny their plain meaning, unless we had known it done? He Who is "the glory of Thy people Israel" is a light for the Gentiles; wherever the darkness of cruelty or superstition is greatest to-day, there is the land for which the Light shone.

VII. The Creed. "I believe in . . . the Holy Catholic Church." The recitation of the Creed is the taking of a solemn oath; there is no poetical licence, no fanciful hymnal embroidery here. "I believe in the Church—Holy—Universal," stretching throughout all the world; happily the meaning of the word "Catholic" is now well known. No one who values an oath can repeat the Creed without understanding that he thereby pledges himself as a member of a Church which is universal—spreading throughout all the world, never resting until all barriers are demolished and until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

"Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear Name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy Cross proclaim:
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home."
Two months had passed. Philip Compton and Dr. Stanton landed at the little bay from the Sea-mew.

Two busy months; two months spent as regards Compton at any rate quite differently from the way he had anticipated! Two months among the happiest of his life.

In other words, they were months full of activity, for idleness rarely spells happiness, certainly not to the active mind. Compton had found, daily, certain things claiming his attention—new interests arising, new plans to be made and carried out. There was not a farm or cottage on that extensive estate which he had not personally visited, making the acquaintance of the people with whom his ownership brought him into more or less direct contact; getting into touch with their minds, finding out what they wanted, and, when the desires were reasonable, helping to carry them out. Needless to say, he had earned for himself a wide and universal popularity among all his subordinates; they appreciated his breadth of view and common sense. One exception remained, but he was outside the immediate circle—David Dugdale, of Galashiles. His animosity towards Philip had only deepened and intensified until it had become almost a possession, a mania. Perhaps one circumstance had served more than anything else to bring about this result: Dugdale had approached Moira with a view to marriage; he had put into words what had been in his heart and at the tip of his tongue for many months past, restrained hitherto from lack of encouragement, now expressed, not because any such encouragement had been afforded him, but from a distinct impression that every day lessened his chances rather than increased them.

Moira treated him with the utmost courtesy and kindness, but her rejection was absolute. The fact was known throughout the district, yet the proposal was made when they were alone, and certainly neither was likely to divulge what had happened. How these things become common property is sometimes a mystery; it arises, no doubt, from a deduction made by some one interested, who jumps at a conclusion and makes it a sure one. Compton had ordered a small model yacht as a present for the boy; it had arrived that morning, August fourteenth. He announced at lunch that he intended to take it over himself that afternoon.

Compton had inaugurated a good many schemes which had not been suggested to him; he had three advantages—experience, intelligence, capital; he saw that modern inventions ought to have a great scope in a land which needed every possible assistance to become fertile. For generations farmers and their labourers had scraped a hard existence out of a resisting soil, for which nature had done but little beyond conferring upon it a singular beauty of position and a health-giving air. The co-operation of man was needed, of man taught by science how much could be done by stimulating the natural yield of the earth. Compton introduced the newest machinery, steam-ploughs and other appliances; he imported artificial manures; he established a breeding-farm with stock from the lowlands and the English Shires. These things were done at a great expense, and he well knew would not be remunerative to himself for many years, but the neighbourhood would benefit immensely, and with this he was well content.

For the winter he had planned to make a new road across the moor instead of the dangerous one which had nearly proved fatal to himself at the edge of the cliff; this would afford employment when work was scarce and the life of the labourer at the most trying time.

Compton had made great friends with Victor Grayson, by this time as healthy and vigorous a child as any parent could wish. Dr. Stanton said it was a great shame his friend had cut him out entirely, although he, Stanton, had been the boy's first friend.

Compton had ordered a small model yacht as a present for the boy; it had arrived that morning, August fourteenth. He announced at lunch that he intended to take it over himself that afternoon. Stanton had offered to accompany him, and Compton was surprised—Stanton, who as a rule disliked walking, unless it had some definite purpose.

Compton looked at his friend curiously; no one would have recognized him to be the same man who had dined that night in London when Philip announced the purchase of this estate. The good air and the rest had done their work, restoring to the doctor all the physical strength and energy he had dissipated among the slums, making him, as Compton believed, stronger than he had been before.

To-day there was a restlessness about him; every now and then he appeared about to say something, and then held his tongue. Philip wondered, but asked no questions.

In the afternoon they walked together to Shelf Cottage. Victor had just returned from school and was having his tea; the sight of his new possession brought that meal to a sudden stop; he must go and try it on the water, although Compton assured him that even in the bay he would find the waves much too strong for the small craft. The wind had been blowing for some days from the north-east; in spite of the fact that it was the height of summer, the sea exhibited "white horses" for many miles.

Victor's elder brother, who happened to be at
home, went down to help him; the two gentlemen walked along the cliff to a point where they could watch the first efforts at the sailing of the new toy.

It was while they were thus waiting that Stanton opened his mind.

"I have something to tell you," he said.

"I knew that."

Stanton turned upon his friend in surprise.

"How did you know it? Has some one——?"

"No one but yourself; I saw there was something on your mind. Do you think I have been your friend for all these years without being able to read you like a book?"

Stanton laughed with a certain nervousness.

"If I am a book, I am just going to turn over a new page. Philip, I asked Miss Monteith to marry me this morning—and she said 'yes!'"

Compton stood still without saying a word; the news came to him as a great surprise; he was probably the only one in the district who had not expected the news, his mind being so taken up with his own affairs. Moira, as we know, had guessed it before even Stanton himself was aware of the state of his feelings; she had seen it in his face when the train containing Miss Monteith was drawing up at the station.

"I am awfully surprised," Compton said at last, "and I am awfully glad, old chap."

The two friends clasped hands.

"I suppose I have loved her for a long time, ages before I ever knew it."

"She is worthy of you, Maurice, and that is saying a good deal. What a terrible loss you both will be to us all; every one has learnt to love her, and as to Miss Moira, she will feel she has lost a part of herself."

Stanton glanced at his friend, but said nothing. Compton, with all his attractiveness, was not one with whom even his closest friends would take a liberty. What Stanton thought was that Miss Lefroy might very easily find the most full and absolute compensation for the loss of her dearest woman friend. As a fact, however, that loss was not contemplated.

"Mary and I do not want to leave you all any more than you kindly say you want to lose us; we have made up our minds, if you are agreeable, to settle here and build a house. I talked it over with Dr. Graham just before I returned for lunch; the idea arose from a hint he gave me himself. He told me some time ago he found the strain of working alone, now that he is no longer a young man, beyond his power; he wanted a partner who would take over this end of his beat; only, as he said, if he got some one he did not like he would be in a worse position than before. He jumped at the idea of my buying a share, he would even have given it to me for nothing, but of course that is out of the question. As you know, I am not rich, but also I am not poor."

"That idea is splendid; I was going to have made a road this winter, but that can wait till another year; I will have your house built instead, and by this time next year you will be duly installed!"

"Thanks awfully; I shall look to you to choose the site."

They continued to discuss the subject for some time longer, then their
thoughts were diverted to the efforts. Tom Grayson was making to keep the model vessel afloat, which were continually frustrated by its capsizing before the wind.

Stanton looked out over the sea. "You will have a rough time to-morrow, Philip," he said; "I suppose there is no chance of the regatta being put off?"

The fifteenth of August was a great day on this part of the coast; a regatta took place annually, unless the date happened to fall on a Sunday, which attracted small yachts and rowing boats from some distance along the coast on both sides. Among other races there was one for yachts, handicapped according to tonnage. A stipulation was made that they had to be sailed by the owners; Compton had entered the Sea-mew, and for some time had been in the habit once or twice a week of sailing the yacht round the course to get its full bearings. During the last few years Dugdale had won this race with ease; The Fury was a fine boat, but it had never yet competed with a yacht of the class the Sea-mew represented. The course began near Scoiner, the furthest point being the Bell-Buoy, round which the vessels had to pass. The Bell-Buoy was so called because it was placed above a sunken rock, a danger to all ships passing that way; when the wind was moderate only a faint tinkling could be heard on shore, but when the storm winds blew the clanging of the bell could be heard for miles. The yacht which rounded the Bell-Buoy first was regarded locally among the fishermen as a certain winner.

Compton looked out over the water for some minutes before he replied. "They will not put off the regatta. I am told, unless the weather is quite prohibitive; some of the yachts and rowing boats from a distance have already arrived, and, of course, all the provisions have been stocked."

Stanton nodded. "It would be a new experience," Compton went on after a pause, during which they had been watching Tom Grayson taking the model vessel from the water, with its sails much bedraggled, and a general appearance of having had rough usage; "if the water is rough, it will make it more exciting."

"Yes, to the verge of being dangerous, perhaps;" "Just so. I should like to win the prize."

Stanton knew that Moira Lefroy had been asking to distribute the prizes at the end of the day; had this something to do with Compton's eagerness? He wondered whether the word "prize" covered more ground than the actual cup for which the yachts would compete.

CHAPTER XV. The Regatta.

Regatta day was looked forward to throughout that extreme northern coast for months before it came round; it was made the occasion of a general holiday; the small train plied to and fro continually without adhering to any time-table, bringing up visitors. In addition, every lodging available, within some miles along the coast, was taken; the little harbour of Scoiner was full of craft, yachts and boats that were competing, and others which came, attracted by the regatta. The fishermen abandoned their calling for the occasion; one of the competitions was for "smacks." After the racing on the sea was over, all sorts of sports took place on land, the evening winding up with a display of fireworks.

A lifeboat came over from the nearest coast-guard station, and always proved a source of attraction. The proceedings began with an exhibition on the part of the crew, showing how quickly the boat could be launched, and with what speed it could reach a given point. Afterwards the lifeboat was moored to a buoy beyond the entrance of the harbour, so that, should an accident occur, assistance could be promptly rendered; and as a fact, help had been requisitioned on more than one occasion, although nothing of a serious character had ever marred the success of previous regattas.

The headlands were lined with people, every vantage ground occupied by sight-seers of both sexes.

The Manse itself occupied an excellent site for overlooking the whole scene, a low wall bounding the garden on the seaward side. Standing, leaning on the parapet, was a small group, which consisted of Mr. Lefroy and Moira, Miss Monteith and Dr. Stanton. Mrs. Lefroy was sitting at an upstairs window, which was wide open, a friend keeping her company.

The wind was still high, the foam-crested waves stretching out to the horizon and surf lay along the beach. A dull roar came from the rocky promontories when the waves beat upon them, and were flung back again.

There had been some discussion in the morning about putting off the regatta, for at any rate twenty-four hours. Mr. Lefroy, who had had great experience, advocated this course, but his suggestion was overruled when the sun shone forth with cheery power. The coxswain of the lifeboat had promised an even smarter lookout than usual for any yacht or boat which seemed likely to capsize. Still Mr. Lefroy looked somewhat anxious, and his brow visibly cleared when the smack race passed off without a hitch. The course was a similar one to that for the yachts, namely, round the Bell-Buoy and home, but of course, the lighter and more graceful vessels were in greater danger of suffering from wind and tide than the heavier fishing craft.

One of the competitions for row-boats followed, which took place from point to point just outside the harbour. The third item was the one upon which all attention was concentrated; half a dozen yachts had entered for the contest but one retired altogether when the owner saw the state of the sea further out; a second gave up after about ten minutes' sailing. Four only were left in the final contest; of these Philip Compton's Sea-mew was the largest, and David Dug-
dall's Fury the smallest. It was well known by all who understood the matter that the race really lay between these two yachts, the others did not stand a ghost of a chance; the question was, could the Sea-mew give the Fury the start assigned in the handicap, and yet overhaul her with sufficient margin to win the race?

Stanton could not help looking at Moira from time to time, wondering what her thoughts and wishes were; her usually bright face wore a set expression not habitual to it. Sometimes he fancied that a gleam of fear showed in the girl's eyes; was she afraid of some accident, that something untoward might occur?

It almost seemed so. Moira's nervousness was surely greater than the occasion warranted; she was restless, going now and again to speak to her mother at the open window, then hurrying back to the parapet, as if afraid something might have occurred in the meantime.

Stanton's thoughts were not wholly given to Moira; he had Mary Monteith by his side, and was full of the new sense of possession. Her face was looking very sweet under her nurse's bonnet. Every now and then she glanced at him shyly, as something occurred to interest her, and she wanted to see if he was taking it in as well. The new tie between them was much in their thoughts that August afternoon.

A gun was fired from a boat opposite the entrance of the harbour. The yachts had been skimming about like great sea-gulls, with their white sails; now one shot out and began to move in real earnest: it was the Fury, with Dugdale at the helm. He had his foster-brother, Desmond, with him to manage the sails. Each of the four ranged along the parapet was armed with a field-glass; these were raised simultaneously, and the course of the Fury followed with intense interest.

Dugdale was a well-known master in the art of handling his vessel; he knew exactly what she could do, and how to make her do it. The way in which he started evoked a murmur of admiration all along the line of watchers, most of them experts in the art of sailing.

Through her excellent glass Moira could see Dugdale's face; she looked at him fixedly for a moment, then put down the binocular on the flat top of the parapet.

Stanton noticed this action, as he noticed everything; he, too, fixed his gaze on Dugdale's face; it was flushed as usual, stern and set. He certainly looked to-day as if he were some Viking who had stepped out of centuries back into the present.

Once more Maurice Stanton wished that his friend had not been competing, yet he could assign no reason, even to himself, for the wish.

At intervals the gun fired again; another yacht started on its course; then another.

Very little interest was taken among the crowd; they were waiting for what was to come.

The final gun fire gave the signal for the starting of the Sea-mew. Philip Compton had two men with him, his vessel being so much larger; one was Alan Brice, who had pleaded that he might be of the crew; the other a man who had come with him originally, when he first brought the yacht to its destination.

The start was made with considerable skill, and the fine sailing powers of the Sea-mew were apparent immediately.

Directly the competitor had passed, the row-boat from which the signals to start had been given was removed; the course was then clear for the yachts to come into harbour on their return journey.

Moira's face was white; her dark eyes strained and anxious; her lips quivering with excitement. Was she wishing one of the competitors success? Was she praying that all risk and danger might be fended from him?

There was a hush among the spectators; the hush of excitement; of intense interest, which seemed to bring out into greater relief the drumming of the waves and the shrill screaming of the sea-gulls on a sand-bank away to the right of the harbour, where they had apparently found something to fight for, and prey upon.

It became evident that directly the vessels passed a certain line that the difficulties of navigation were considerable; here it was that one of yachts gave up; two others were driven out of their right course, and practically out of the race, which soon settled down to a contest between the Fury and the Sea-mew, the former leading by a long way, the latter striving to catch up with its fleet competitor.

Both yachts were running a considerable risk of capsizing, when the force of the wind struck them as they tacked.

At times a cry arose from the crowd when the gunwale of one of them seemed to be absolutely submerged or the bow buried in the water amid a cloud of spray. It was seen that the lifeboat was following them, a large sail having been rigged up to assist the rowers in keeping pace; there was no doubt that the coxswain of the lifeboat scented danger.

Throughout, the bell clanged ominously from the buoy, which formed the turning point of the course; it could be heard on shore, and must have sounded clearly in the ears of the men who were straining every nerve to reach the waters on the further side of it first.

Now the yachts looked quite small, but their sails still gleamed in the sunlight. It was evident, especially to those who had glasses, that the larger yacht was overhauling the smaller, hand over hand.

"Mr. Compton will win easily," Mr. Lefroy remarked, putting down his glass; "we shall see nothing more of the race until they are returning homewards; then, Stanton, you will hear what the people can do in the way of cheering; it will be a triumph worth winning on a day like this." The old clergyman's face showed its eagerness; in imagination he had gone back to his earlier manhood when he had taken part in yacht-racing himself.
Two or three minutes of silence followed, then Dr. Stanton, who had the best glass, cried out something, an exclamation which was unintelligible; anger, excitement, or fear, or all three in one. At the same moment something was known to the crowd; most of the men had eyes trained by habit and experience to see great distances, and to see accurately.

Something untoward, unforeseen, had happened.

Moira laid a trembling hand on Stanton's arm: "What is it?" she cried, "What has happened?"

The lifeboat was sweeping down upon the scene of the disaster with all the speed with which it was capable.

"God help them," Stanton answered; "the Sea-mew was just creeping past the Fury when they collided; it looked as if Dugdale altered his course as soon as the Sea-mew caught him."

Moira buried her face in her hands; her shoulders shook with the emotion she was trying to suppress. Mary Monteith and Mr. Lefroy at once came to her.

"Don't be afraid, it will come out all right," her father said.

"I felt sure it would come! I knew it! I hated the idea of this race."

Stanton was still covering the scene with his glass, "I can only see one yacht," he said, "the Sea-mew—the Fury must have sunk."

All those three knew what Moira thought, and perhaps the two men believed the same—Dugdale boats were lowered from the vessels on the outside rim of the harbour; crews tumbled into them, and pulled towards the scene of the accident, if accident it could be called. They could not by any possibility arrive in time.

CHAPTER XVI. Accepted.

Moira blushed.

She could have stamped her foot with annoyance, which showed how greatly she was disturbed, for as a rule no one could have a more even temper. She had met Philip Compton suddenly and unexpectedly, and betrayed, by her blush, she had been thinking about him; upon her the effect was annoyance; upon him—something quite different.

The difficulty as to a residence for Mary Monteith, when she left the Manse, had been solved in a satisfactory manner. There were two cottages standing side by side on the foreland overlooking the sea, a few hundred yards from the Manse; one of them was empty, the other occupied by a Mrs. Lloyd, the widow of a fisherman, who lived by needlework and going out chartering. Mrs. Lloyd was a very respectable woman; the plan which was eventually carried out was suggested by Miss Monteith herself. The two cottages were amalgamated and turned into a small hospital. Mrs. Lloyd was glad to undertake the duties of general service in return for a fixed salary; Miss Monteith instructed her in nursing, and thought she would soon prove an efficient assistant when patients were in the small wards.
By a curious irony the first patient received into the cottage hospital Mr. Compton had provided was David Dugdale, Lord of the Isle of St. Denys and Laird of Galashiels.

"How is Mr. Dugdale?" Moira asked, when she had recovered breath enough to do so. "My father is laid up with lumbago; he asked me to come and inquire. I did not expect to see you, Mr. Compton"—the latter had just shut the door of the cottage hospital; he met Moira at the top of the winding path leading down to the road.

"Mr. Dugdale is better this morning, much better; he is quite conscious; the doctors are now of opinion that the injury to his head will not prove serious."

"I am thankful to hear that."

Moira and Philip walked down the path side by side; when they reached the road they turned, as if by mutual consent, away from the Manse in the direction of the wilder part of the headland.

The blush had long died out of Moira's face, but her heart was beating uncomfortably; she had a sense of not being mistress of the occasion, and she knew her companion was aware of the fact.

The latter spoke first: "Mr. Dugdale sent for me; Dr. Graham thought it was advisable that I should go, as anything on a patient's mind retards his recovery."

This was the third day after the regatta had come to a sudden conclusion with the incident which had marred its success, and might have been much more serious than it was.

Moira glanced at Compton: "Mr. Dugdale wished to express his—"

"Yes; it was an unfortunate incident. I hope the general public does not realize exactly what happened."

"Various reports are going about; the only thing really known is that there was a collision, and that the Fury went straight down, and lies at the bottom of the sea; that you jumped in and saved Mr. Dugdale's life at the risk of your own, the tide running so strongly."

"The less said about that the better; any way, I am glad that no more is known. Mr. Dugdale was in a frenzy of excitement; he has expressed full and honourable regret; we have just parted the best of friends."

"I was afraid," Moira said, "afraid from the very beginning; I shall never forget what I went through all the first part of that day, and especially when your race started."

Compton turned upon her suddenly, and before she was aware of it had taken hold of both her hands. They were alone, these two, on the headland; hardly a breath of wind stirred; the sea was like a mill-pond, very different in aspect from the day of the racing.

"Moira! I have something to say to you; I think you must know what it is. I love you with all my heart. I want you to be my wife. I know perfectly well I am not worthy of you, never have been, never shall be."

"Oh! don't say that," she protested, looking at him full with her violet-blue eyes, then dropping them.

"Why should I not say what I think and know to be true. You have taught me a great deal during these few months; you have

"They sat on the headland for the best part of an hour."—Page 131.
"Philip Compton took it from him, and the trio went down to the beach."—Page 131.
made a better, less selfish man of me. Will you take me in hand altogether, and be not only the happiness and joy of my life, but my true, sweet mentor, teaching me higher and better things than I have ever dreamt of? Will you, Moira?"

"Not if you talk like that," she said.

"Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Then I shall say and do just as I like"—and still holding both her hands, he kissed her.

She nestled her head on his shoulder.

They sat on the headland for the best part of an hour; then Philip suggested they should go together to Shelf Cottage. "This is just the very day for Victor to sail his model yacht which I bought for him; we will show him how to do it together."

"You spoil the boy, as you do every one."

Philip had his arm round her; only the seagulls were looking on, and they seemed not to mind.

"We owe him a great deal—Master Victor Grayson; I shall try one day, when he is a little older, to express my gratitude in a practical manner."

"'We owe him a great deal?' she quoted.

"I should have thought it was the other way, very much the other way, in fact. I helped to nurse him, and you fed him up with all sorts of good things, and told him stories about the things you had seen as soon as he was well enough to listen."

"Yes; but you see, our obligation to him goes further back; it was he who introduced us!"

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, of course, if he had not been ill you would not have been at the cottage, Moira"—he dwelt on the name with a certain satisfaction, proud that he had a right to use it—"and I should not have seen you that afternoon when Stanton and I landed in the bay."

"Much good it did to you, sir!"

"It did me harm!"

"You are very complimentary!"

"I was seriously wounded, and I have never recovered since!"

Moira laughed and shook her head. "I never believed you could talk such nonsense."

"I can talk anything to-day, either sense or nonsense, I am so happy! Do you know, lately I have envied my friend; now I don’t envy him any more, quite the contrary."

"Why is that?"

"Because his love is such a quiet, calm, gentle thing; he takes it all so philosophically, after his fashion; while I—I am just intoxicated with happiness. Moira, I do love you so!"

"Not a bit more than I do you."

"You did not fall in love with me the very first minute you saw me, as I did with you."

"I am not going to tell you everything; all I say is, don’t be too sure of that."

At this moment Victor Grayson came running towards them; he hugged them both impartially.

"I just wanted you," the child said; "will you come and sail my boat? ‘Muvver’ is busy; I tried to get her, but she has washing to do; do come!"

"We came on purpose," Compton said; "run and fetch the yacht."

Victor started off as fast as his legs could carry him; then he returned staggering under the weight of the small vessel, holding it very carefully lest he should break one of the delicate spars.

Philip Compton took it from him, and the trio went down to the beach.

Two hours later Philip looked at his watch. "Do you know it is nearly one o’clock? Victor, you must run in and get your dinner; I will carry the boat up."

"No," Moira said; "you carry, Victor, and I will take the boat."

So it was arranged.

Just as they reached the cottage, and saw Mrs. Grayson with her sleeves turned up above her elbows, standing in the doorway waiting for her child, Compton whispered to him—

"I am going to tell you something, Victor: do you know this young lady is going to be my wife?"

He turned round and looked at Moira, and Moira found herself blushing again for the second time that morning.

"Wife," said the child, "what is a wife? Is it something very nice?"

Compton and Moira laughed. "I don’t know," Philip answered, "I have never had one yet, Victor; but I think I shall like it very much."

Mrs. Grayson did not require to be told anything, for she knew it already.

He turned round and looked at Moira, and Moira found herself blushing again for the second time that morning.

"Wife," said the child, "what is a wife? Is it something very nice?"

Compton and Moira laughed. "I don’t know," Philip answered, "I have never had one yet, Victor; but I think I shall like it very much."

Mrs. Grayson did not require to be told anything, for she knew it already.

THE END.

PRAYER FOR TRINITY SUNDAY. By the Rev. F. W. ORDE WARD.

God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, Three in One; Hear us when we humbly pray For a blessing on our way— For a light within the heart, Which will dawn and not depart; God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, Three in One.
It is never too young to learn to sing. A good voice may be easily spoilt for lack of training, and many a boy born with the silver spoon of song in his mouth has never discovered his gift till he is too old to use it. A friend of mine confided to me only the other day that if only he had not put off having his boy's voice tested by his church organist he might have had all the boy's schooling free. When it was tested it was just too late for him to win a choir scholarship. Of course we cannot all be great singers, but no man ever yet regretted learning how to sing. It is often like a "free pass" to popularity among a man's friends, and still more often is it like a free pass to health. The boy who sings for his supper will digest it well, and singing is every whit as good for a man. If he has had proper instruction he knows how to breathe, and if a man breathe right he is on the high-road to a hale old age.

A vast amount of interest was taken in two photographs, which appeared in our church news pages early in the year, of the smallest choir-boy and of an almost equally youthful girl organist. There are, it appears from correspondence which has reached us, several boys who challenge the claim of Ernest Foster, who, it may be remembered, was nine and half years old and only three feet eight inches in height.

Mr. C. F. Seymour, organist of St. Mary's, Huntingdon, tells us of a boy named Charlie Brown (commonly called by his mates "six-foot"), who stands only three feet three and a half inches, despite his thirteen years. The nearest to this remarkable record is the diminutive stature of Jack Middleton, who is three feet seven inches. He is much younger, being only eight years and a few months. He entered the choir of All Saints, Woodford Wells, on Easter Day, 1911. His brothers, William and Charles, both joined the choir in their eighth year, and the latter has passed through the London College for Choristers. The father of these boys, whose voices are very pure and true, was a member of the choir of St. Mary's.
Horton Kirby, Kent.

Next comes Henry Courtney, choir boy of St. Bartholomew's, Islington. He has been in the choir for a year, and is ten years old, stands three feet nine inches, and weighs barely two stone! He has three medals for regular and punctual attendance at day school. Then we have a trio of boys of almost exactly the same height: William Heath (three feet eleven inches), in St. Paul's choir, Clapham; Gerald Sessions (three feet eleven and a half inches), in St. Mary's choir, Witney; and Alfred Leonard Wightman Dickens (four feet), in St. James's choir, Wollaston. Lastly I would draw special attention to the photograph in the heading of this article, of seven brothers, all members of St. Bartholomew's choir, Hallam Fields. One is just leaving, but yet another brother is taking his place, so that they can still say, "we are seven."

Turning to youthful organists, we have evidence of extraordinary juvenile genius, but we must remember that musical prodigies are by no means rare. A correspondent writes: "It may interest you to learn that the organ in our ancient Parish Church of St. Kentigern, Caldbeck, Cumberland, was played by Jessie Cowley, aged ten years, the daughter of our then schoolmaster, Mr. Albert Cowley. On five successive Sundays in 1907 she efficiently presided at the instrument." This record, however, is easily beaten by Mrs. Crowen, who played the organ during service when she was only eight years old.

Two correspondents send in famous examples of precocity. According to the *Musical Times* for July, 1902, Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., Master of the King's Music, played a church service at the age of five! When only ten years old he played the whole of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues from memory—a marvellous feat. Miss Theodore A. Pars writes: "May I point out that my great uncle, the late Mr. J. T. Frye, was appointed organist of Saffron Walden Church, Essex, when under the age of eight years, after a competitive examination, with the late Dr. Buck, organist of Norwich Cathedral, as adjudicator? Mr. Frye began playing at the services in June, 1810, but was not appointed as regular organist until January, 1820. He attained the age of eight in the following March. I think it is conceded that his is the earliest age at which any one has been appointed regular organist. His term of office, too, is one of the longest on record, as he held the post until April, 1884, a period altogether of nearly sixty-five years. A stained-glass window in Saffron Walden Church, placed there by the numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Frye, attests this fact.

"Mr. Frye's long service has, I believe, been exceeded by only one or two organists, one being Mr. Bridgman, of Hertford, who played for eighty years. He has, however, been pretty closely run by some others, notably Dr. Buck before mentioned (fifty-eight years), and Mr. Symes, of St. Michael's, Coventry (fifty-eight years)."

---

**DO YOU KNOW?**

**QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.**

By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

**QUESTIONS. VI.**

1. "To judge the quick and the dead" (Creed); which Collect refers to this fact?
2. The Psalms are divided into thirty portions; what is done when there are thirty-one days in the month?
3. Which holy day commemorates a man who was not "in the kingdom of heaven"?
4. What is the meaning of printing "Amen" at the end of some prayers in another type?
5. What parts of the Communion Office are to be said by the Bishop if he is present?
6. Which saint is it for whose "conversion" we glorify God?
7. Which one is called "a Physician of the soul"?
8. If Christmas Day is on a Wednesday, what Collect

Answers to the above questions should not be sent to the Editor, but should be kept to be compared with the Author's answers to be published in the July Number.
Spiders and their webs

By the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick.

There are three references to the spider in our Authorized Version, each of them of great interest. First, in the book of Job (viii. 14), where the author describes the trust of the hypocrite as being like a spider’s web; a close parallel to this thought occurs in Isaiah lix. 5 and 6, where the Israelitish nation is described as hatching cockatrice’ eggs and weaving the spider’s web, “... Their webs shall not become garments.” The third reference is in the book of Proverbs (xxx. 28), where, amongst the four things which are little upon the earth, but are exceeding wise, we are told, “The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings’ palaces.” Although the characteristics here given can be applied to spiders, the probability is that our translators were wrong in interpreting the Hebrew word as referring to the spider; the Revised Version renders the verse more correctly, “The lizard taketh hold with her hands (mg., thou canst seize with thy hands), yet is she in kings’ palaces.” The creature referred to appears to have been one which was reputed poisonous, in much the same way as many ignorant country people regard the newt to-day.

The two former references to the spider’s web are, however, unmistakable; and their meaning is plain to all who have ever noticed the fragility of a spider’s web.

The gossamer which the spider spins is, none the less, one of the marvels of nature. If an ordinary web is examined through a magnifying glass—a pocket lens will be quite powerful enough—it will be seen to consist of two sorts of threads, one of which has a number of minute globules upon it, the other being free from them. Only the spiral threads of the web are thus coated, and even then not those in the very middle of the web; the lines from the centre to the circumference are quite plain.

These globules are very sticky, as a touch with the finger will prove, and it is by means of these threads that the flies and other insects are entangled in the web. A good struggle, however, would enable the insect to free itself, if given time; but the spider rests hidden in a corner, with its feelers on some of the lines. The least vibration brings her out of her nest with a rush, she seizes the insect, paralyses it with a bite from her poisonous jaws, and proceeds to tie it up securely by weaving a rope round it, and turning it round and round as she does so.

At the hinder end of the spider’s body are the organs by which she spins her thread. They consist of one or two pairs of “knobs,” each knob perforated by a thousand minute holes, through which a viscid secretion is poured out. Apparently, there are three sizes of these “holes,” and three sizes of thread are produced, which are woven into one line. The finest gossamer is only about 1/15,000th of an inch thick. Few people are aware that the thread of the garden spider is fixed in astronomers’ telescopes for the purpose of giving fine lines in the field of view.

There are more than five hundred species in the British isles, each with remarkable characteristics of its own. Some catch their prey by means of webs. Others use their thread only for the purpose of lining their nests. Others stalk their prey,
and leap upon it from a distance. Many of them show a wonderful maternal instinct. One of the wolf spiders may often be found in the summer carrying about a round white ball, containing her eggs. If that ball is taken from her, she remains where she has lost it, hunting anxiously about for it; and she will not leave the spot till it is restored to her, when she speedily harnesses it again to her body and sets off on her travels. When the young spiders are hatched, they climb upon her back, and she carries them about until they are old enough to "do" for themselves.

A spider should be examined with a pocket lens, in order to make out the remarkable eyes, six in some species, eight in others, set in two rows upon the forehead. These are "simple" eyes, unlike those of insects, which are compound, i.e., consist of an enormous number of lenses. Some of the illustrations show the ferocious aspect of the spider's face. Through the pocket lens my readers will be able to make out the special features of the hooks and claws upon the legs, but it will require a microscope to examine the poison gland which lies at the base of the pair of jaws, and which renders the spider a deadly enemy of any insect unfortunate enough to fall into its power.

Stories have been told of prisoners who tamed spiders which they found in their cells. As a matter of fact, the spider is easily tamed, so far, that, is, as recognizing the hand which offers it food. I have kept a spider in a glass bottle for many months, until it died, and the eggs it laid were hatched out and developed into sturdy young spiders. Water-spiders also form a most interesting object of the small aquarist, where they may be seen making their subaqueous nest, exactly like a diving bell, bringing air from the surface to inflate it, and running to it for refuge when alarmed.

It is also quite an easy thing to feed spiders whose nests you may come across in the garden. The experimenter will learn more about the construction of a spider's web through trying to place a fly in it, than by any amount of reading. The centre of the web will not hold the fly at all, because there are no sticky threads there. The fly must be placed on the outer lines of the web, where the adhesive threads are to be found.

Amateur photographers may make some interesting studies of these creatures without too great an expenditure of time or patience. For if the camera is set and focussed upon a well-formed web, and then the web is agitated ever so lightly, the spider will descend at once from its lurking place, thinking that some insect has become entangled, and she generally remains in the centre of the web for a few seconds before realizing her mistake. This trick may be played upon the same lady two or three times in succession, but no more. For the spider learns by experience, and finally refuses to come out.

Here, then, are a few facts about one of the commonest of the creatures. They may be found, so saith Agur the son of Jakeh, in kings' palaces; they may be found in any cottage and any garden. But common as they are, no one can observe them for any length of time without learning fresh lessons of the Creator's power and wisdom. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works. In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

O ur Next Number.

It is always our aim to make the next number of the magazine the best number yet issued, but at the half year we expect to succeed! In July the best serial tale we have yet published—the First Prize Tale in our recent competition—begins. It is Mark Winchester's best work, and the title is "THE COST." The best illustrated article appears in "CLERGY WHO LOVE CLIMBING"; the best sermon for boys by Canon Paterson Smyth; the best holiday-hobby paper with ten illustrations, and the best set of verses. If you think we are wrong write and tell us so.

Prayer Book Marker Prize Award.

Miss E. M. Snell, Miss M. Tyrwhitt Drake, Miss P. G. Metcalf, Mrs. Reginald Stock, Miss Barber, Miss M. C. Hasluck, Miss H. Woolven, Miss Anderson, Miss R. Buck, Miss Saunders, Miss L. Phillips and Mrs. Pengelly.
SAID the workman who drinks to the workman who thinks—
"I'd just like a word with you, mate!
You've a bit too much work which by rights should be mine,
It's not fair and I tell you so straight!

You have savings put by, you can cut quite a dash,
While I have got nothing to do;
'They say men are equal—well, hand out your cash,
Then I shall be equal with you!''

Said the workman who thinks to the workman who drinks—
"How could you be equal with me?
If I gave you my savings you'd waste them in beer,
So that still you would penniless be.

You've nothing to do as I know very well,
You've acted the part of a fool;
For on your last job, as I've heard your mates tell,
You scarcely could handle a tool."

Said the workman who drinks to the workman who thinks—
"Yes, kick a poor chap when he's down!
I've a missis and kids who are starving at home
While yours are the pick of the town.
We can't help our failings, and if I were king,
A new practice should be begun,
That those who are earning their money should bring
And share it with those who have none."

Said the workman who thinks to the workman who drinks—
"I'm earning good wages, 'tis true,
But I want all I get to take home to my wife
And I certainly shan't work for you!
If I were the king I would pass a new Bill
And a capital Bill it would be—
That those who won't work shall be starved till they will
Then perhaps you'd be equal with me!"

Said the workman who drinks to the workman who thinks—
"Such talking is all very well;
But men are not slaves and this country is free—
No law shall my actions compel!
If I choose to stand idle and drink like a fish
Then others my children must feed;
You may say what you like, but I'll do what I wish,
For that is the whole of my creed."

Said the workman who thinks to the workman who drinks—
"No country can prosper for long,
Where everyone does what is right in his eyes,
Especially when it is wrong!
We're alike in one thing—we are both of us men—
But you are a slave and I'm free;
Come throw off your chains, never touch drink again,
That's the way to be equal with me!"
Everyday Mistakes.

VI. Mistakes of Mothers and Daughters-in-Law.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER,

Author of "We Wives," etc.

As going through the world with wide open eyes, one cannot help seeing what a difficult position is often created by a son's marriage, and how often disaster follows in family life. This is because mothers are expected from two strange people suddenly brought into intimate relationship. "Learning to love is a long lesson," writes J. R. Millar in one of his books. "It takes all the longest lifetime to learn it." Isn't it, then, a mistake to expect it to spring up, like Jack's beanstalk, in a few hours? I consider it unreasonable, for instance, to think it necessary to use the endearing terms of mother and daughter all at once. It may sound cold, perhaps, to an expectant circle to hear a bride call her husband's mother Mrs. So and So. But better do that than rush into protestations which cannot be lived up to. Very often, too, that most tender appellation belongs to one who may have passed on before, and the girl shrinks from applying it to any one else.

A very old rhyme phrases the uncomfortable position often existing between mothers and their boys' wives. Here it is—

"You take a hatchet, and I'll take a saw, And we'll cut off the legs of our mother-in-law."

This makes us smile, of course, but gives rise to thought. Is the position as strained a one as here suggested? If so, what is the reason? Generally, a mother is proud and pleased to welcome a new son. She often feels jealous and chagrined when her own boy marries. Another rhyme emphasizes this.

"My son is my son till he gets him a wife, My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life."

I have thought critically over the why and wherefore. Is it because we feel honour is done us, personally, when a daughter is chosen from our circle? And, on the other hand, that our son, in going outside that circle to choose another woman's daughter, has put something of a slight on his home environment? I suppose that is it—just a refined kind of selfishness. No other explanation seems possible.

Even when a daughter-in-law has been warmly welcomed, we often find friction follows. At least, that is the case where we have to live a good deal together or in close proximity to each other. This is partly the son's fault. He loves and reveres both mother and wife, but habits of a lifetime make him prefer old methods to new ones. He wants his bride to mould herself on his mother's last, forgetting how different may have been their upbringing. Mothers-in-law aid this departure from common sense by expecting their new daughters to conform to their own special customs and traditions. Further, they make a mistake in expecting that young girls can start where they themselves are leaving off. Elder women's experience has been bought slowly and by degrees. They know—of course they do—that, say, curry or stew takes hours to cook properly. The daughter-in-law has some theory about aroma and taste depending on quick preparation of the same dish. "I have known a whole family fall out on this very point!" Patience is needed, then, until time, the great teacher, shows the younger woman which is the better method. Mothers are inclined to be old-fashioned in their ideas, and, if Belinda is go-ahead, she may not be altogether flighty. Science is go-ahead too, and Belinda (tell it not in Gath) has probably learned more of that than we have! In fact, we need to bring courtesy and kindness and respect into this difficult relationship more than we do, avoiding fault-finding as much as possible.

I wonder if many of you have read a book called A Great Mother. It is a record of the life of a Mrs. Willard, whose daughter founded and carried on some of the greatest woman's movements of this century. Well, Mrs. Willard was sitting in the calm and quiet of extreme old age, having reared a family of splendid sons and daughters, many of whom she had given back to God before she herself was called to cross the River without a Bridge, when a friend asked her, "If you had to live your life over again, what would you alter in your treatment of your children?"

Mrs. Willard mused for a few moments. Her thoughts flew, probably, over the years stretching behind her, and she saw both her failures and successes. Then she answered slowly—"I would blame less and praise more." Blame less and praise more! Wouldn't it be a great thing if every mother-in-law set herself to do this? To look out for the things she can admire in Belinda's administration, instead of pouncing on the shortcomings so apparent in it?

It has been truly said "there is no more beautiful quality than that ideality which conceives and longs after perfection. But, if too much cultivated it may drag down its possessor before it elevates its object." Women cherish an ideal with regard to their sons' wives. This ideal must be modified in action by good sense, patience and conscience. Otherwise discontent, produced by disappointed expectation, will poison family life. Well for the homes where mothers can say, as did the headmaster of a large school when complimented on his "habitual cheerfulness amid a diversity of cares," "I've made up my mind to be satisfied when things are done half as well as I would have them."

The relationship of mother and daughter-in-law may be of the closest and dearest character. In many a case this is so. The little word "law" is changed into another little word, "love," and what a difference is there! A "daughter-in-love" is something very choice and special. Even then, shades of character never approximate to such a degree as to preclude all possibility of misunderstanding. But where
It is founded in love, and not only by law, this difficult relationship may be "as perfect as imperfect existence affords." We must cherish sunshine conditions, however, as carefully as we look after an exotic. So frequently one recognizes the beginning of disaster in the careless phrase "We had a few words." Dear friends, avoid such as you would poison. I have heard a friend say she never paid a visit without praying on the doorstep, as her hand touched bell or knocker:

"Lord, keep Thou the door of my lips that I offend not with my tongue."

If mothers and daughters-in-law did this more frequently how much misery might be avoided.

A young man was sent to that splendid old heathen philosopher, Socrates, to learn oratory. On being introduced to the master, he gabbled so much that Socrates asked for double fees.

"Why charge me double?" asked his would-be pupil.

"Because," said Socrates, "I must teach you two sciences—the one how to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

I would say "in-laws" can never be happy until they have learned (at least) the first of these sciences.

Politeness is another quality required in this relationship. The loved ones at home and in our children's homes are more to us, a thousand times more, than any acquaintance or visitor in the world. Yet we often treat them a hundred times worse than we do strangers.

With others, whom we casually meet or entertain, we are strictly on our guard. We put a sovereign of sunshine on our brows, and thus covered the scar. Now that is what mothers and daughters-in-law should aim at—not to accentuate shortcomings, but to cover them up.

I have spoken more about mothers than their sons' wives up to the present. But the younger women are not infallible. They are apt to think their own special "in law" is always ready to find fault. They are on the look-out for slights. They are apt to be jealous of superior experience. Dear young friends, will you not deal tenderly with the poor body who has borne and reared and educated a son, only to see him absorbed in another woman? to find him more anxious about Belinda's little finger-ache than all his old mother's pains? Won't you be generous in opinion and behaviour to her, without whom Jack would not have lived to adore and love and cherish you? You owe that poor woman, who perhaps minds the children all day, or knits comforts for them, or bothers you about their food and clothing, everything. For it was she made your husband for you. I do not believe there is a happy young wife in the world who would be snappy, or short, or intolerant if she looked on her mother-in-law in this light.

**Faith, Hope, Love.**

By E. E. WALTERS.

Some one with might and main
Solas a small heart's pain
Summoned the smiles again,
Lit Love's bright ray.

Only a burdened soul
One wintry day!
Some one said "Let alone."
Some one said "Nay."

Some one gave time and care
Some one's bright blossoms fair
Now fill a garret bare
Shedding Hope's ray.

Only a weeping child
One rainy day!
Some one said "Let alone."
Some one said "Nay."
New Light on Old Texts.

IV. SEEING GOD—A PRESENT REALITY.

By OAONIENSIS.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."—PSALM XCVII. 15.

The tendency of Christian believers to fix their thoughts upon the deeper joys of the resurrection life is so prevalent that the blessedness of present realities is greatly minimized, if not altogether obscured. It is because of this fact in Christian experience that the words of this text are so generally taken as referring to the future life, whereas, no doubt upon reflection, it will readily be seen they bear little or no relation to the future. The words are constantly taken as referring to the awaking from the sleep of death, but David had prayed to be delivered from death. What did the Old Testament Jew know of the future life? Little or nothing; therefore his thoughts would naturally be centred upon the present realities and enjoyment of Jehovah’s presence; and a true realization of that presence and nearness of God is heaven upon earth to the present-day believer. The last verse of the previous Psalm gives strong encouragement to this thought. “In Thy presence fulness of joy,” says David; and surely he was referring to present experience here upon earth. All through the Psalms there is constant indication of an eager desire—the “panting” for God; and David’s petition, “Lord, lift up the light of Thy countenance,” clearly indicates the desire for present experience. In the Psalm before us David is drawing a contrast between “men of the world,” who “have their portion in this life,” and himself, as he turns from material things to the spiritual, and exclaims, “As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness.” Therefore it is the consciousness of God as a reality in the present, rather than the anticipation of a future experience, when he says, “I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.” The Septuagint has it, “I shall be satisfied when Thy glory appears”—when I realize the presence and nearness of God. This manifestation, this seeing God—so satisfying to the believing soul—is the reward of righteousness. “I will behold Thy face in righteousness.” Jesus, too, tells us in the beatitude, that it is the “pure in heart who see God”; and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews bids us “follow . . . holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” Nothing can be conceived of, as being more sublime, or a greater privilege, than this beholding God. Yet it can be a present experience; the thought of it is not to be relegated to the future life only—it will be intensified there. “No man hath seen God at any time”—that is to say in any material sense—but it is possible to behold the Lord in a more real and blessed, because spiritual, manner. The believer can “see God” in a spiritual sense by a living faith. With the “pure in heart” there is nothing to prevent the direct contact of the soul with God. And who can limit the blessedness and power of this beholding God! What purity of heart and life there must be to maintain this spiritual enjoyment. Sin separates. Only the holy child of God “sees” God. He does not reveal Himself to the impenitent. The sceptic in his blindness of soul, or the impure in the darkness of his sin, has no capacity to see God. A head illumined by knowledge, however great, is a very different thing from a heart enlightened by faith. No faith, no vision. There must be the right moral capacity; not the mere possession of faith, but the exercise of faith—a living faith; a faith which reaches out and is unsatisfied until it touches and can see.

So then there is a demand for the right moral condition—holiness, “without which no man shall see the Lord.” Purity of heart, of desire, of motive, these are the essentials to our seeing God. The dwelling in an atmosphere of purity and holiness, even in a sinful world—the realization of a heaven upon earth. And when that “likeliness” of God is seen, what a power it is in the believer’s experience, in guarding the sanctity and preserving the purity of the holy life. David would say, “When I awake”—awake from sin, which blinds and obscures—“and behold Thy face in righteousness,”—which only pure eyes can see—“I shall be satisfied.” “In God’s light we shall see light.” To many this glorious vision has come, and they know the enjoyment and the satisfaction of it; to all it will come if there is the desire for it. “Faith never goes home with an empty basket.” “Ask, and ye shall receive,” in this matter also—the “beholding of His face in righteousness.”

There is yet another essential which must not be overlooked, but rather greatly emphasized—for the manifestation of Christ is conditional upon its existence—that is love. “He that loveth Me, I will manifest Myself to him.” It could not be otherwise, for love ever seeks to be near its object; and nothing brings our Lord so closely to us as love to Him in our hearts. The nearer He is to us, the more clearly do we behold; and love, according to its measure, is rewarded with a like manifestation. Love strips from the eyes the film that sin has formed; love can pierce through all disguises, and spiritually discern the Divine presence, even in the midst of the darkness of a sinful world; and whereas the spiritually blind can discover nothing but darkness and uncertainty, the pure in mind and loving in heart can exclaim with joy, “Through all the changing scenes of life”—“it is the Lord”; I can “behold His face in righteousness.” The beginning of this blessed experience is here below, most surely; and the manifestation increases in almost imperceptible degrees, until perfection of vision is realized hereafter, when the redeemed soul is “made like unto Jesus,” and sees Him—not incompletely but fully—“as He is.”
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., during June. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs are specially welcome, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is desired.

**Strange Incription.**—One of the unsolved riddles of the world is to be found in the Parish Church of St. Mary's, Llanfair-Waterdine. It is an inscription on one of the Holy Communion rails. Many have tried to decipher it without success, though Professor Sir John Rees, of Oxford, discovered a key to a single word. Needless to say the present Vicar would very much like to obtain a full translation. Perhaps one of our readers will be able to help him!

**Bible Baked in Bread.**—In a letter recently received in New York was a leaf from the diary of Mrs. Mary Moody, who, fifty years ago, was a devout Churchwoman in Cincinnati. The extract reads : "Feb. 18, 1862. I wish to note here a short account of an old Bible, the finding of which in Lucas County, Ohio, has excited a great deal of curiosity, being more than 150 years old, and having been baked in a loaf of bread. The Bible belongs to Mr. Schebolt, who lives near the Maumee River. The baked Bible originally was the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant when such a profession cost something. All of the peasants in the community in which he lived were ordered to give up their Bibles, and officers of the Crown were sent through the town to see that the Protestant Bibles were taken out of the possession of their owners. Mr. Schebolt's great-great-grandfather, knowing that the officers were coming, concealed the present volume in a batch of dough, then ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found, and when the officers departed the precious Book was taken uninjured from the loaf. The relic is now considered quite valuable, and is kept with a religious veneration."

**Crowded Tombstones.**—A first glance at the collection of tombstones shown in the accompanying photograph might lead one to think it must be in a stonemason’s yard, whereas it is nothing of the kind. They may be seen at King’s Lynn, and were originally the memorials covering the old St. James’s burying ground there. Some years ago, however, the churchyard was converted into an “open space,” when the old tombstones were removed and placed together in rows at one corner of the ground, as seen in our illustration.

**Vandalism in a Graveyard.**—The grave in Conway Parish Churchyard, immortalized by Wordsworth’s poem, “We are Seven,” has been again considerably damaged by curio hunters. Two years ago, owing to the action of visitors in chipping pieces from the gravestone, the churchwardens, at considerable cost, erected a protection for the grave. On going round the churchyard recently the sexton discovered that the stone had again been damaged. The stone had not been shipped but drawn out of the ground.

---

Malcolm B. Cooper.

A Relic of Bygone Days.—There are few of our old parish churches which still possess one of the old barrel-organs to accompany the singing on Sundays. But Brightling Church, in Sussex, has such an organ. The organ has two barrels, each of which plays a dozen tunes. It has six stops, and is extremely good in tone and volume of sound. It has been in use at Brightling Church for over ninety-five years. Mr. Croft, the present organist, has had charge of it for thirty years, so he too may be regarded as an excellent servant of the sanctuary at the little Sussex village. Among the tunes played by this instrument are the well-known “St. Annes,” “Mount Ephraim,” “St. George,” “Adeste Fideles,” “Irish,” “Oxford,” “Easter Hymn,” “Carey,” etc., so that there is a capital selection from which to choose each Sunday, seeing that most of our best hymns can be sung to one or other of these favourite tunes.

Miss M. J. Sowrey.

E. Bond.

---

Miss G. Brade.

---

Malcolm B. Cooper.

---

Miss G. Brade.

---

Miss E. Evans.
A Prayer for Rain.—Some time ago a paragraph appeared in several newspapers, having reference to a drought which was prevailing in the colony of Victoria. The Bishop of Melbourne had been requested by some of his clergy to issue a special prayer for rain. This the Bishop declined to do, but said that the form of supplication which is found in the Prayer-book might be used. 'Then he said if he did issue a special prayer, it would be as follows: 'Forgive us, O Lord, that we have so indolently and irredeemably broken Thy natural laws, and despised the indications of Thy Will, in times past; and give us grace, we beseech Thee, to lay to heart Thy present grievous and most just chastisement, that we may bestir ourselves to conserve and employ the precious gift of water to the fertilizing of our fields, the relief of our necessity, the replenishing of our land with prosperous and happy people, and the glorifying of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' It would be difficult to imagine a form of prayer which would more sharply bring home to the supplicants the fact that they had neglected to make the best use of God's gifts, and were asking that nature might supply their own lack of system. But it is not probable that any further request was made for a temporary addition to the Liturgy. Let us hope that steps were taken to prevent a recurrence of water famine, and that the Victorians will profit by their Bishop's rebuke, and will for the future lay up in the times of plenty, that they may have a store in the times of want. – Mrs. R. J. Druce.

A Ten Ton Pulpit.—The Rev. F. Harris Gibson sends us an interesting photograph of the pulpit in St. Paul's, Penzance, of which church he is vicar. The pulpit, which is about seventy years old, was hewn out of a single block of granite, weighing ten tons, and must have demanded extraordinary patience to execute. The design is after that of St. Peter's, Oxford. – Miss M. Crawford.

A Pagan Altar in a Christian Church.—Perhaps St. Swithin's, Lincoln, is the only Christian Church possessing a pagan altar. It is a Roman altar erected to the Fates and to the deities of Augustus, Cains Antistius Frontinus being Curator for the third time erects this altar at his own cost.' The altar is about three feet high and roughly eighteen inches square. Its date is supposed to be about the end of the second century. – S. B.

An Early Epitaph.—The epitaph below may be found on the north wall of the nave of Pakefield church, Suffolk:

To John Bowf, who died about 1380 to 1400.

A faithful man he was,
Whilnord me when,
May no man ken,
But God a above.
For other we care,
Hem schut we far,
Full, poor, and bare.
Thus says John Bowf.

A Curious Church.—While worshipping in a little chapel-of-ease a few miles from Ruthin, on the Wrexham road, the sexes are so strictly divided that they cannot even see each other. The building forms a right angle, in one arm of which is the clergyman's house and the reading-room, in the other. It was built and endowed by a misologist of the Stuart period, who objected to have his devotions distracted by the sight of the hated sex, and, sympathizing with male posterity, stipulated expressly for this division in his deed of endowment. – S. Holtz.

Sudden Lapse of Memory.—The late well-known Canon Fleming, of Chester Square, in his younger days had a painful experience in the pulpit. He had just been appointed Vicar of Camden Church, Camberwell, and travelled from Bath in November, 1866, in order to preach his first sermon at his new post. It was very severe weather, snow lying thick on the ground when he reached Paddington, and no cabs were to be had, so that he had to walk to his hotel. On the way he slipped and injured his wrist so much that he was kept awake through the night by the pain. The next day (Sunday) he had again to walk the whole distance to the church owing to bad weather, arriving there just as the service had commenced. When the time came for him to enter the pulpit to address the large congregation present, he found to his dismay that he had completely forgotten both his text and the subject of his discourse—no doubt owing to exhaustion and some amount of nervousness. The hymn before the sermon was proceeding. Suddenly it flashed into his mind that he had once heard that if at any time there should be a failure of memory, if three deep breaths were taken it would return. Only one verse of the hymn remained to be sung; he drew a deep breath—result: a second—unavailing. The moment was an anxious one! He drew a third deep inspiration—and, just as the 'Amen' was sung, to his intense relief, text and sermon came back to his memory. The strain had been so great that when the sermon was over he retired to the vestry exhausted and drenched with perspiration. He afterwards mentioned this experience to Dean Stanley, who remarked that he would not have gone through it himself for £200. – Miss C. M. Furrer.

A Strange Carpet for a Church.—A very curious custom obtains in Glenfield, a tiny village in Leicestershire, where every July the village church for one Sunday in the year is almost knee-deep with freshly cut hay. The custom is said to have originated through the lady of the Manor—in days long gone by—having lost her way, and being found and helped out of her difficulty by the verger of the church, she besought the crop of hay which should be gathered from the field wherein she was found to be in the church. Whether this tale is true or not, the fact remains that the little village church has its annual carpet of hay, which is afterwards sold and the proceeds devoted to the funds of the church. – Miss C. M. Furrer.

The Sackstone Legend.—At the little village of Fonsby, near Caistor, Lincolnshire, there is a legendary object of interest known as the 'Sackstone,' which resembles a petrified sack of corn. Legend says that St. Paul was walk-
ing along the road, and asked a man with a sack of corn what he had in it. The reply was "Nothing." "Nothing it shall remain," said St. Paul, and the sack of corn was immediately changed into stone. A succeeding owner of the land is said to have tried to move the stone, but it took twelve horses to drag it down the hill upon which it stood. Soon after a spell of ill luck was attributed to the stone being removed, and it was replaced in its old position. Only one horse was needed to drag it up the hill.

Miss GLADYS P. WEBSTER.

**Famous Parish Clerk.**

Rather more than a century ago a famous parish clerk, Peter lanell, died and was buried in Crawford churchyard, Kent. On his tombstone some of his eccentricities are recorded, but a year ago the inscription had become almost illegible. Happily one of the churchwardens, Mr. E. R. Stoneham, raised a fund for preserving the stone and its quaint wording, which we hope our readers will be able to decipher from our photograph.

**The Wrong Envelope.**—Mr. M., a missionary, shortly before leaving England, received two letters—one from Archbishop Tait, asking him to dine, and the other from the secretary of a religious society, a very old friend, asking him to preach. He accepted the Archbishop's invitation, and at the same time wrote to the secretary, but put the letters into the wrong envelopes. After the dinner at Lambeth, the Archbishop said to him: "Mr. M., do you always answer your dinner invitations in the same way?" "I do not understand, your Grace." The letter, which was then shown to the missionary, ran thus: "You old rascal! why did you not ask me before? You know perfectly well I shall be on the high seas on the day you name."—

**A. F. DOLEY.**

**Twin Towers.**—Looking across the Stour as one approaches Ipswich, two strange-looking towers loom up upon the Mistley side of the river. They are often a source of wonder to those unacquainted with their history. They are relics of the old church at Mistley, the main portion of which was demolished when the new church of St. Mary was erected about forty years ago. The curious lantern-like towers were saved from destruction mainly through the efforts of two prominent parishioners, who were anxious that some memorial of the older edifice should be preserved. → E. BOND.

**A Marriage Custom.**—The expression in the Church Marriage Service, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," does not mean that the man gives all his property then and there to the woman, but takes her as a joint partner for life to share all he has. In olden times gold and silver were given with the ring as earneasts, and this practice was retained until 1559, when it was omitted from the Prayer Book. Before that date the quaint rubric is as follows: "Then shall they again lose their hands, and the manne shall give unto the womanne a ring, and other tokens of spousage, as gold or silver, laying the same upon the boke," etc.

**Miss M. CRAWLEY.**

**March Prize Award.**—First prizes are awarded to E. Bond, the Rev. K. F. Wilson, C. Thorpe, the Rev. J. Morgan, A. Scott, and the Rev. W. H. Philpotts. Extra half-crown prizes are won by E. Bolton, W. Passmore, W. F. Gibson, Miss M. Pollock, Miss A. L. Pacey, J. E. Twycross, Miss E. Whittington, and Miss E. Evans. Reserve prizes are awarded to Miss J. M. Jack, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. R. J. Drice, A. M. E., Miss C. M. Porter, Miss H. M. Langley, E. Caseley, T. T., Mrs. Jerrard, Mrs. Burriss, R. W., Miss M. Ballard, T. Poole, M. C., and Miss C. Holmes.

To the diminutive choir boys mentioned in our article on page 132, a correspondent adds the name of C. Fordham, who stands 3 feet 4 inches, and keeps his twelfth birthday this month.
DEAR SIR,—

I am glad to find you are interested in what I said in my last letter about the necessity of faith if we are to come at any real knowledge of the world and God. Everybody thinks about these things, though everybody does not talk about them, unless they have an understanding listener.

One warm evening in March I saw two boys sitting on a wall, deep in conversation. Afterwards I asked one of them what was the subject of their discussion. He said, "We were arguing whether there is a God." Professor Seth of Edinburgh truly says, "Of course the mass of the people cannot be philosophers any more than they can be experts in any science. But philosophy, just because it discusses subjects of such momentous import, lies nearer to their hearts than any science of detail can do." And again, "Religion, if it is to retain the place which it has always held in human life and thought, must be based on reason, as it has been based heretofore by all the great philosophic doctors and the masters of theology. It must be shown to be our reasonable service." People are fond of contrasting faith and reason: and having done so they are then ready to argue that faith is unreasonable. But there is no contradiction between faith and reason, though there is a contrast between faith and knowledge, for faith deals with the whole and knowledge with a part: "we know in part," as St. Paul says. Indeed I would go so far as to say that—

Faith is a necessity of right reason.

You will understand that I am not now speaking specifically of Christian faith, but of faith or belief in God as contrasted with Scepticism, Infidelity and Agnosticism. You cannot reason a man into faith, but you can reason him out of infidelity, and so prepare the ground for faith to grow.

Now complete scepticism is irrational; for the most thorough-going sceptic believes at least that he is a sane man, and that his reason is not a mere jumble of thoughts without sense or meaning. But why does he believe this? He cannot really prove it, for he cannot get behind reason to test it; he has to assume it. He can only answer, "I believe in my reason because in using it I find it trustworthy." Just so; that is my point exactly. An act of intellectual faith is necessary in the very act of using your reason. And there is another step which the sceptic is bound to take, and for the most part he takes it unconsciously. He assumes that the world he lives in is a rational world, not a dream or a nightmare where no one can tell what will happen next. All our progress in the arts and sciences depends on the assumption that the universe as we know it is trustworthy, though it is impossible to demonstrate it; it is a reasonable expectation and assumption, but not strictly proof. What then is the underlying Reality in virtue of which we trust (1) our own reason, and (2) the world-order in which we live? It is surely a reasonable faith to give to this Reality the name of God, "in Whom we live and move and have our being." It is surely a reasonable prayer to utter the aspiration, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be put to (intellectual) confusion."

Perhaps you will say, "If this is all you mean by faith, it does not carry me very far. It may be true that I am bound to admit the existence of God; but merely to assent to a fact which few people deny will hardly entitle me to call myself or to think myself a Christian." This is quite true; but it is a great step if you can call yourself a Theist, i.e. a believer that God is. "He that cometh to God," says St. Paul, "must believe that He is," i.e. exists. But you are quite right in feeling that religious faith is far more than intellectual assent, though this is included in it. A great thinker has said, "Faith is thought, illuminated by emotion and concentrated by will." Faith, that is, is an act of your whole personality: in an act of religious faith your intellect, affections, and will are all engaged; the soul with all its faculties is at work in the process. This is at least part of what David meant when he said, "My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God."

Religious faith, for you and me, means Christian faith. Other religions are not now under consideration, though in another letter I shall
be prepared to give my reasons why I am a believer in the faith of Christ and not in the faith of Buddha or Mahomet. And I would define Christian faith by saying—

Christian faith is confidence in and loyalty to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Try to imagine yourself in the position of a man who has just become seriously convinced of the Being of God as the Source and Upholder of the universe visible and invisible. Whose laws are the expression of His will. Whose purpose is the outcome of His personality. At once a number of questions press in upon the mind of such a man. What does personality mean when applied to God? What is His purpose? Has He given us any indication of His purpose? Has He, can He, come into any real contact with man? Does He think of, or care for, me, an atom among millions of atoms?

Now the Christian religion claims that these questions and a thousand others are answered—as far as they can be answered in this life—in the fact of Christ. God is no longer an unknown or unknowable Being; for the qualities we perceive in the Christ of the Gospels are qualities inherent in God; “He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father . . . I and My Father are One.” Therefore, in spite of the unreconciled contradictions of this mortal life, I can believe that God does love and care, that His purpose is a good and loving purpose, which was shown supremely when He sent His only-begotten Son to take our nature upon Him and to be born as Man of a human Mother, while not ceasing to be God the Word. The Incarnation, or the coming of God the Son in the flesh, is the phrase which sums up the very essence of Christian faith: “the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man.” A simply human Christ we might regard with reverence and affection; but we could not infer from such an one—any more than we could from Socrates—the real nature of the Godhead. It would leave us still ignorant of what we most want to know. Only in and through Christ—“of one substance with the Father, Very God of Very God,” can we get to the heart of the great saying that “God is Love.”

The Very God! Think, Abib, dost thou think? So, the all-Great were the All-Loving too: So, through the thunder comes a human Voice: “O heart I made, a heart beats here! Face My hands fashioned, see it in Myself! Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine. But love I gave thee, with Myself to love, and thou must love Me Who have died for thee!”

The “Say and Do” Corner.

The award in our Prayer Book Marker Competition will be found on page 135. We are glad to say that the markers, which by the rules of the competition were presented to churches selected by the individual competitors, were highly appreciated, and will long bear witness to the skill and industry of our readers. This month we once again give a design to inspire woodcarvers to add to the beauty of their parish church. It is often said by parishioners of old churches that nothing in the way of woodcarving remains to be done. Surely hymn-boards and boxes for church books in the pews offer excellent opportunities for artistic craftsmanship. For the former we have already published a design, and before long intend to give another, sent to us by a correspondent; for the latter let the accompanying sketch speak for itself. It may be noted that the design is also suitable for a Church Expenses or Poor Box.

Box for Church Books.

Many of us, especially in the country, would like to leave our books in the church, but owing to their being often moved about and mislaid during cleaning operations, and the danger of their getting dirtied or spilt, we prefer carrying them to and from church with us. We are suggesting nothing new in a box for our books, in fact many have them either just under the pew ledge or in the form of a kneeler, but we give a design that many may wish to carry out—(we will give one for the kneeler in a future number). The front panel should be ½ inch thick and of oak, and may be made to slide in a groove or hinged at the bottom and closed with lock and key; if a sliding front is used, a piece glued down the centre before the back of the box is fitted, will act as a stop and prevent the panel coming out more than half way, still leaving plenty of room to get at the inside. The top, bottom and sides need not be more than ½ inch thick, and should be dovetailed together, and the back screwed on.

If every pew possessed a box for Church books an immense amount of time in dusting and cleaning would be saved, and greater tidiness secured.