South African Church Railway Mission.

STAFF.

Head of the Mission: REV. F. A. ROGERS, M.A. ... ... Chetnole, Bournemouth, England.

Vice-Head:
Rev. O. W. L. Skey ... ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Rev. T. de Launce Faunce, B.A. ... ... Naauppoort.
Rev. S. R. Griggs ... ... ... ... Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown.
Mr. H. V. Turner, 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 Brownlow ... ... ... ... Railway Hotel, Cookhouse.

Rev. T. G. Hopkyns, M.A. ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Rev. W. M. Austin ... ... c/o R. E. Berney, Esq., Brakfontein, Dealsville, O.F.S.
Rev. E. G. Holden, M.A. ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Mr. J. J. Coombs ... ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Mr. H. J. Coles ... ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Mr. W. P. Renaud ... ... ... ... Box 2875, Johannesburg.
Nurse Wardale ... ... ... ... Box 58, Volksrust.
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, James Makambi, Samuel Susela, Samuel Kula, Archilaud Mbolikwa and Priscilla Hewu.

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

Bishopsbourne Cottage, Grahamstown.

December 16th, 1912.

There is a somewhat smaller "profit and loss account" of workers than usual this quarter, and we may be thankful that it is so. The work inevitably entails more frequent changes of staff than ordinary parish work, and constant changes cannot be good. But on the other hand our congregations also change very frequently, and one of the great gains of the Railway Mission work is that often Railway folk, when they move from one system to another, find they are still being ministered to by one of our staff, possibly even by one they know.

In Rhodesia, the Free State, and the Transvaal, our staff remains as it was, except that we have lost Mr. Thomas, and have no one with whom to replace him. The whole question of the Church of the Good Shepherd at Fordsburg is in the Bishop's hands, and if the man can be found, there will be no break in the services.

Mr. Coombs is due at Capetown on December 21st, and will, I hope, do the itinerating work in the Transvaal which was formerly done by Mr. Thurlow and Mr. Boon. Miss Attlee will probably wait in England till I get there and will then return to the Transvaal.

In the Grahamstown diocese we have two changes. Mr. Harris, after two years' devoted work, has gone home to read for Holy Orders, and Mr. Bickerdike also goes to St. Paul's Hostel, Grahamstown, for the same purpose in January. The response to their work hardly seems to justify our having two workers in their place, even if we could get them. For the next few months I have got Mr. Turner to take this work, but there seems considerable doubt whether, in view of the greater needs and response up North, we ought not to reduce the staff in this Diocese.

For myself, I am just off to England again. I can hear, in fact, I have already heard, the envious and astonished remark: "Why, you were home less than two years ago!" I cannot enter into all the reasons which have decided me to go again, but I can honestly say that I am going entirely on Railway Mission business, at the express wish of the Bishops, and except for the voyage, I do not expect to get more than a month or six weeks' holiday. The chief reason for my going is the need of more men. I doubt if anyone (except the Bishops) realises the difficulty of getting four new clergy every year, which is what we really need. Letters are almost useless, and the only way seems to be to go oneself, and tour the British Isles for some months, interviewing everyone of whom there seems any hope.

And if this work is to be successful it must be backed by the prayers of those whom these clergy are to serve. We cannot expect God to move men to come out to us, unless we show Him
we really want them, and much of our failure to get them must be due to the weakness of our prayers.

During my absence the Rev. O. W. L. Skey will act as Vice-Head of the Mission and will deal with any business that cannot be done through the local members of our staff. He worked on the Mission before any of us, no less than fourteen years ago, and only left us a year ago, to become Vicar of Germiston.

F. A. Rogers.

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**DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.**

**ALICEDALE, COOKHOUSE AND MIDLAND SECTION.**

**ALICEDALE. The Dean of Grahamstown's Mission.** It is with feelings of deep thankfulness that I look back upon the week of November 18th to 24th—Mission Week—a week surely that can never be forgotten by even the youngest attendant at S. Barnabas'. Was the Mission a success? the outsider asks who has heard about the Mission being held: to judge from the congregations and the enthusiasm that was shown, it was a very great success, but the real result of the Mission can only be proved as time goes on, by showing itself in lives of sustained spiritual keenness and devotion. No one who believes in the efficacy of prayer, could be in Alicedale that week without feeling that the prayer which had gone up, both in the camp and elsewhere, was being answered. It was a week of real spiritual joy. The one thing that we are sure of more than anything else was that God spoke to us. Those who were present hardly need to be reminded of that Message, yet even for them it may be well to place on record a summary of the words spoken, and for outsiders also it ought to prove helpful.

At the Devotional Meetings held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the Priest-in-charge took three aspects of the Mission which needed to be considered, three forces which would be at work during the week and the time which immediately followed:

I. The Divine aspect—the work of God in the Mission.

II. The human aspect—the work of Man in the Mission.

III. The Satanic aspect—the work of the devil in the Mission.

On the first evening we studied Jeremiah's call. Why did God call such a young and incapable man for so great a task?—Because the work which God had called him to was His own work. It was God's Mission, not Jeremiah's. So with our own. Our Mission at Alicedale was going to be God's Mission.

In studying the human aspect, we thought of Isaiah's vision—of the tremendous holiness of God and yet His wonderful condescension in calling Isaiah to carry out His work. We saw that God had called our Missioners just as truly as He had called Isaiah, and He had called each one of us to do our share in His work. On the third evening we saw that the devil was not a make-believe but a real person, who would tempt us, among other ways, in the Mission to say that it was no good making any good resolutions, because we knew from our experience in the past that we should not keep them. We made up our minds that Alicedale Mission was to be a real battle against the devil.

Sister Muriel gave a most helpful course of addresses on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons to women only, and the Dean held a Women's Service on Saturday, an account of which will be found elsewhere.
The Dean unfortunately had to leave on Sunday afternoon to attend a funeral in Grahamstown, which left the Priest-in-charge to finish the Mission by the Men’s Service and the Sunday evening Service.

Thursday at the Mission Service the Dean helped us to realise God’s call, that it was not by chance that we had come into the world, but that God had called us—called each one of us individually from all eternity.

Friday the note of warning was struck; there were all sorts of difficulties in the way of our responding to what God intended from all eternity that we should be: There was (a) the want of faith, (b) slackness, (c) sin. We shall never be able to respond until we get sin out of our lives, until we are more zealous and until our belief is stronger.

Saturday evening we were encouraged. The Missioner told us that we were not left alone, but that there were different Helps in order that we might respond to God’s call: There was (a) The Communion of Saints—those whom we had loved and who had passed into Paradise were watching us; (b) The Sympathy of Jesus, because He was really human as well as Divine; (c) Holy Communion; (d) Prayer; (e) Grace.

Sunday morning the Missioner dwelt upon the Christian’s Union with Christ. It was something to have Christ ahead of us, Christ as our Example, but it would be an impossibility to follow that example, were it not for the fact that Christ with all His power was within us. We in Christ and Christ in us.

Sunday evening the Mission was brought to a close by the Priest-in-charge giving two addresses: (1) An instruction on the difference between regeneration (the new birth at Baptism which can never be repeated) and conversion which needs to be repeated again and again; (2) the call to service.

We thought of all God’s love, and of the Mission as a new expression of that love to us: God, in spite of our many failures to keep our promises, had again sought us in this Mission, had again called us to give ourselves to Him, and as we thought of that love we asked ourselves, What can I do for Him Who has done so much for me? Service must be the fruit of—the natural consequence of—conversion was the thought we took away from the Mission.

A daily Eucharist was held during the week and the Sunday Celebration was in more ways than one the crowning Service of the Mission, forty-two, including workers, making their Communion, and four at a later Celebration. May God grant that none of those who drew near to the altar will fail in future to receive these Holy Mysteries at least once a month.

It was admitted by many that the altar on Sunday had never looked more beautiful or devotional; our best thanks are due to Mr. du Preez and Mrs. Bosey for this effect.

We were prevented by rain from bearing our witness to Christ out of doors on Saturday evening. The open air Service on Thursday evening was well attended: the congregation was preceded by the choir headed by our new processional cross, and the singing of the old familiar hymns must have brought to life old memories in the hearts of many who had become callous and indifferent to spiritual things; the Priest-in-charge gave a short address. Friday evening, owing to the damp, the outdoor Service had to be abandoned, but we made a short procession.

Children’s Services were held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 12.30 and on Sunday at 3 o’clock, the Dean giving the Addresses on Friday and Saturday and Mr. Bickerdike on Thursday and Sunday.

At the special Men’s Service on Sunday afternoon, the encouraging number
of twenty-two were present when the Priest-in-charge gave a talk on “Is Christianity reasonable?” Mr. du Preez kindly playing for the hymns.

Our best thanks are due to many who helped in different ways; may I here mention the names of Miss Harvey and Miss Pearce who so ably officiated at the organ?

The members of the Staff were unceasing in their labours; many a one in Alicedale will have occasion to remember their kindness. Their only thanks here must be the joy of service, and the record of their names in this account: Mr. Bickerdike, the Misses Beckwith, Glasier, Chapman, as well as Sister Muriel. It was a great pleasure to welcome two other of our hard-working workers, Miss Burt, our Editorial Secretary, and Nurse Brownlow.

So much for the written record of the Mission; let the real, living, and permanent record be seen in our lives of devotion and service: with this thought in S. Paul’s words to his Corinthian converts I will close this account.

“Do we begin again to commend ourselves? or need we, as some others, epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you? Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: For as much as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God: not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart.”

A young promising life was called to join the ranks of those in Paradise on the evening of Saturday, November 23rd, in the person of Lily Ellen Fletcher at the age of 16 years 9 months. The sadness of the case was intensified by its suddenness and the fact that she was the only surviving daughter. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her father, mother and brother in their bereavement. The interment took place in Alicedale burial ground on November 25th, when appropriate hymns were sung by S. Barnabas’ choir at the graveside. A large number of people, including several G.F.S. girls, to which Society the deceased belonged, showed their respect and sympathy by their presence at the Burial Service. The cause of death was scarlatina.

Two of our very loyal supporters have left us to take up their residence in Rosmead—Mr. and Mrs. Pusey. We miss Mr. Pusey very much from the choir—he was most regular in his attendances at both practice and Service. They have our very best wishes in their new home.

COOKHOUSE. As I write these lines Dr. Jones, R.M.O., is lying dangerously ill. A series of severe heart attacks have been brought on mainly through overwork and the need of rest: he has been trying for several months to obtain a locum tenens, but without success. We trust that he may be speedily restored to health.

Bishop Gaul (late Bishop of Mashonaland), acting for the Bishop of the Diocese, held a Confirmation at the Native Church on Advent Sunday, when 19 candidates received the laying on of hands. The Bishop gave a most inspiring address.

MIDDLETON. I was sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and family. Mr. Anderson was always an enthusiastic helper at our Services and his presence and that of his family will be much missed. We wish them well at Toise River. Congratulations to Mr. Veitch, late foreman at Comnadagga, on his promotion to S.M. in place of Mr. Anderson

Services—generally Communion as well as Evening—have been held within the quarter at Coerner, Middleton, Coega (Station and "Limehurst"), Ripon, Halesowen, Mortimer, Comnadagga, Sheldon, Bushman’s River, Bellcove, Conway, Thorngrove (at Mr. Leppan’s) and Barkly Bridge; two candidates presented by the Chaplain from this latter place received their Confirmation at
Holy Trinity Church, P.E., on November 26th.

At the request of the Bishop I took duty at Port Alfred on Sunday, November 3rd.

SYDNEY R. GRIGGS.

EASTERN SECTION, C.P.

Mr. Harris who worked so loyally especially in visiting the gauntings, sailed for England in the middle of November. Ever ready to help where help was needed, Mr. Harris will be very much missed both by those whom he so regularly visited and also at Bishopsbourne Cottage.

I held Communion and Evening Services in September at Henning and Thebus. A very touching note came to me a few weeks back from the scholars of a small Sunday School at Henning, enclosing a P.O. for the Railway Mission Funds: we thank God for this evidence of the true missionary spirit. Mrs. Wadmore takes a keen interest in the children here. I have just heard that Mr. Wadmore is being moved from Henning—I am indeed sorry.

S.R.G.

NAAUWPOORT.

Looking back over the past quarter two great events that touch most closely the spiritual life and well-being of the Church in our midst claim our attention.

1st. The keeping of our Patronal Festival—the Birthday of our Church, on All Saints' Day, All Souls' Day and the Sunday following, Thursday, October 31st—the eve of All Saints' Day—found the usual band of willing helpers busily decorating the church, which, as a result of their loving labours, shone resplendent. We commenced our Festival with Evensong, Sermon and Procession at 8 p.m. on October 31st. A goodly number assembled at the Feast of Love, the Holy Eucharist, on the following morning and during the three Festival days no less than forty Communions were made, while 71 in all joined in offering the Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving to Almighty God. The Te Deum to Jackson's setting, and the anthems "What are these" and "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" were well rendered by the choir, and to them, Miss FIRLING, the organist, and all those who helped to decorate the church our best thanks are due. Such days as these, days of high thanksgiving, of pure gratitude to God, of penitence for past shortcomings, of strong resolves for the future must surely make for our well-being both as individuals and as a community.

Secondly. The Confirmation, long prepared for, eagerly expected, much deferred, has, at last, become an actual fact. On Wednesday, November 6th, the Bishop of Bloemfontein (kindly acting in the place of our own Bishop, who, from reasons of health, was prevented from coming himself) confirmed 22 natives in St. Agnes' Church, and 32 Europeans in All Souls' Church. The Services at both churches were well attended and very reverent and inspiring. On the following morning the Bishop celebrated the Holy Eucharist when the newly confirmed made their first Communion; there were 41 in all joining with them. A great day, a red-letter day this for our Church, a filling up of our ranks, a strengthening of the inner circle. For all those who then received by the "laying on of hands" the great gift of God the Holy Ghost, it was a day indeed, whose results stretch on into eternity and affect not only themselves but all those with whom they are brought into immediate contact. May their earnestness then, their new purpose, the strength they then received never flag, but
deepen and grow from month to month and year to year as they advance in life. The names of all those Confirmed appear elsewhere.

The news of the death, at East London, of Mr. David Sims on November 20th, came as a great shock to us all and caused much sorrow to his large circle of friends in the camp. Both as a member of the choir of All Souls’ Church, and as Scoutmaster to the Boy Scouts here he has proved himself a faithful and devoted helper. Hard-working, conscientious, kindly, willing to help in any way he could, such were the qualities that endeared him to many in this place. God grant him rest and peace in Paradise and to his sorrowing parents and relatives the comfort which He alone can give.

In October Mr. Bickerdike paid us a most welcome, but all too short, visit of a fortnight, preaching both morning and evening on Sundays October 13th and 18th. On the latter morning the first Church Parade of the Boy Scouts in Naauwpoort took place, and a very helpful and spirited address was given them by Mr. Bickerdike. In between the Sundays a little mission-coaching along the line was done. TAAIBOSCH, HANOVER ROAD, NORVALS PONT and PLEWMAN SIDING being visited.

The Bible Class, now during the summer months held at 5 p.m. on Sundays, still struggles on (all credit to the faithful few who turn up manfully Sunday by Sunday). Latterly the attendance has been slightly on the upgrade, thanks to the welcome addition of some of the newly-confirmed. But —why not more?

The Guild of the Good Shepherd has been, I confess, to my shame, left in the background of late. On Wednesday, September 18th, a Service in Church was followed by games and light refreshments at the Parish Room. We were fortunate in having the assistance of Miss Seabrook and Miss Ryall.

A list of members who joined in March and April will be found further on.

The Boy Scouts still keep going. The death of Mr. Sims, Scoutmaster, has come as a great blow and many expressions of regret have been made at his loss. The Scouts paraded at Church on the Sunday morning after his death.

Tenderfoot tests have been successfully passed and the Monday evening meeting at the Parish Room and the Wednesday afternoon gymnasium have been steadily kept up, thanks to Mr. Gordon Francis, who has stuck to his guns splendidly right through at no little inconvenience to himself.

The news of the impending departure of no less than four such members of the Church as Mr. and Mrs. Freislich, Miss Winnie Firling and Miss Seabrook, all at one fell swoop, fairly (to use a somewhat homely but expressive phrase) bowls one over. For some twelve years or so, before ever the Church was built, Miss Winnie Firling has sung in the choir; and there is no more regular nor devoted attendant at Church, and no one whose place it will be harder to fill in the choir. But yet our loss is her gain, and none can grudge her the joy that lies before her. On January 7th Mr. Greenway (another old friend of many here and a devoted worker for the Church) and herself will, God willing, be joined together as man and wife in the same dear Church they have each served so well. So putting aside selfish repinings let us wish them “good luck in the Name of the Lord.”

Mr. and Mrs. Freislich, two who have taken such practical interest in Church matters here and helped in so many ways, will be much missed. To lose two Churchwardens in one year, each of whom in turn has kept the books and seen to the finances of the church is, to say the least of it, most unfortunate from our point of view. But here again we must not be selfish, but tender our hearty congratulations
to Mr. Freislich on his promotion to the position of R.M. at Philipstown, and wish both him and his wife and family God's Blessing in their new home.

Miss Seabrook's departure (we still cling to the hope that it may be averted) means losing a willing and ready helper, a devout churchwoman and regular communicant.

All Souls' Church Bazaar, held in the Gymnasium Hall on December 7th, proved an unqualified success, the results far exceeding expectations in these days of depleted camp and drought-stricken veld. The whole proceedings reflect the greatest credit on all concerned. Speaking both personally and in the name of the Churchwardens and Sidesmen, I would take this opportunity of expressing our deep sense of gratitude to all those whose splendid and untiring efforts contributed to this happy result.

The Bazaar proper was led up to by a most enjoyable evening spent at War Bridge in the Parish Room on September 8th, which brought in the sum of £2 14s., and an equally enjoyable dance at the Imperial Hotel (the dining-room of which was kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. and Mrs. Outram, to whom our best thanks are due) which realised £4. These two entertainments were organised by the ladies of the Bazaar Committee with a view to raising funds for the purchase of materials for sewing and toys for the Bazaar.

Roughly speaking, the total takings at the Bazaar, including donations, amount to some £89, which can only be characterised as excellent. Of course, out of this total, certain expenses have yet to be met, but in any case, we are sure of a substantial sum remaining for the two-fold object of the Bazaar—the Improvement Fund and the General Purposes Fund of All Souls' Church. Laus Deo!

Mr. Covers, who is ever to the fore where help is needed, enlivened the evening's proceedings by two excellent entertainments at 8.30 p.m. and again at 10 p.m.

The Biffi-Oward Brothers will long be remembered in Nauwpoort. To them as promoters and organisers and to those who so kindly assisted them, the Misses Seabrook, Winnie Firling, Johnson, Alice and Leah Greenhalgh, Evelyn Craddock, and Messrs. Saunders, Turner, Hurst and Dutton, we tender our grateful thanks.

Gifts for the Bazaar poured in from all quarters and it would be impossible to mention all the names of those who sent in articles in Nauwpoort itself, but I would take this opportunity of thanking them one and all for their kindness.

From outside the Camp the following gifts were received, for which our warmest thanks are due:

Per Mrs. Derecourt, Norvals Pont, and her friends, fancy work, toys, sweets, etc.
Per Mrs. Isaacson, Hanover Road, fancy work, shell d'oyleys.
Mrs. Cooper and the Misses Florrie and Emma Cooper (Wisbech, England), fancy work.
Mrs. Bacon, Taailbosch, baby's clothing.
Mr. and Mrs. Delafield (produce stall).
Mr. Thomas (Carlton), herbs.
Mr. Wm. Smith (Leeuwpaard's Kop), fat lambs.
Mr. Andrew von Bratt (Edendale), fat lambs.
Mr. F. J. du Toit (Carolus Poort), fat lambs.
Mr. David Kerr (Wildfontein), eggs.
Mr. G. P. Visser (Poplar Grove), £1.
Mr. and Mrs. Elliott (Geebeksfontein), 2 springboks, milk, etc.
Mrs. Maskill (Tweedale), butter, milk, etc.

## PROCEEDS FROM STALLS.

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SMELLING COMP'T., MR. G. FRANCIS 0 4 0
SWEET STALL, MRS. METROVITCH ... 2 13 14
TOY STALL, MRS. GREENHALGH ... 5 1 3
PHOTO STALL, MR. J. W. SMITH ... 1 5 0

\[ \text{Total: } £85 0 5 \]

**DONATIONS RECEIVED.**

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\[ \text{Total: } £5 17 0 \]

The following firms contributed to the Advertisement Stall:

- C. E. Gardiner & Co., Pt. Elizabeth.
- White & Boughton, Cradock.
- Wilson & Deans, Port Elizabeth.
- E. Lloyds & Co., Port Elizabeth.
- J. Bishops & Son, Taabosch.
- H. W. Markham, Cape Town.
- Cape Orchard Co., Orchard Siding.
- Stephen Fraser & Co., Ltd., P.E.
- Forbes & Eden, Port Elizabeth.
- G. R. Naidoo, Naauwpoort.
- Darter & Sons, Cape Town.
- T. A. Fryer, Naauwpoort.

T. De Laune Faunce.

**INCIDENTS IN A RAMBLE ON COACH 404.**

During this last quarter Coach 404 has travelled over a large section of the Midland System and in addition to the regular services at Alicedale and Cookhouse, services have been held at Taabosch, Norvals Pont, Wolvefontein, Miller, Mount Stewart, Klipplaat, Coega, Barkly Bridge, Middleton and Commadagga. At the first two places I had the pleasure of Mr. Faunce's company and in addition to the above services we visited Hanover Road, Plewman and Van Zyl. These trips are always very enjoyable as one meets such a lot of nice people and the services are so well attended. On the other hand, trips on the Coach have their trials also, though most of them have a humorous side if looked at in the right way.

One useful tip to remember is that it is always as well, if you can manage it, to get the use of the Coach after the lady workers have been using it, as they generally lay in a larger stock of provisions than they use and the stock they leave behind is a much better selection than that left by a mere man.

I have sad recollections of two large jars of lovely home-made jam left for my use, that came to an untimely and lamented end during some shunting operations at —. I was asleep at the time and was rudely awakened by a fearful crash followed by two loud reports in the pantry. I turned out and opened the door and found that the shunting had torn the bolts off the pantry cupboard, shot the jars on to the floor, and there, in a sea of home-made jam, were wallowing the contents of the pantry shelves.

Meals on the coach, too, are a trial as they generally involve a certain amount of cooking, and cooking while the coach is bumping and jerking at the end of a goods train is an operation to be performed with fear and trembling, and more than once the proceeds of my culinary art have found an unexpected and quite undesired destination on the outside of my scalped anatomy. Even a simple thing like cracking an egg into a frying pan becomes fraught with danger while the coach is travelling, as I found to my cost. I had cracked the egg with quite a professional touch and had just put my thumb nails on the crack to split
it open when an unkind jerk sent my
left thumb jamb into the egg and the
contents as a consequence were largely
distributed over the outside of my
waistcoat in the form of a yolky spray.

A shower bath is fortunately fitted
on the coach, but let me warn any
future traveller only to use it when the
coach is at a standstill. Not realising
the advisability of this I tried it when
travelling—but once only. The space
is very confined and as the coach jolts
from side to side and jerks backwards
and forwards one is propelled against
sharp corners on all sides and some
genius had put in a screw into the wall
to hang things on. I discovered it, of
course, by hanging on it myself, and
that was the last straw. It did not
break my back, but it detached a nice
strip of skin from it instead, so no
more travelling showers for me.

The other day, after service at a
small station, a small boy came up to
me and asked if he might keep one of
the small prayer books we had been
using. I had just been reading a num-
ber of letters regarding youthful con-
version in a Sunday School paper.
Being naturally pleased at his request
I readily granted him his wish and he
stowed the book away inside his jersey.
I was considerably crestfallen however
when he continued calmly to inform
me that he had begun to collect stamps
and had been looking for a small book
about that size to stick them in!

The breaking up of the schools
always means a lot of trouble when
travelling. The trains are crowded and
the boys make night hideous with
bugles, comic songe and similar means
for disturbing the peace. Nor are the
girls a whit better, for if they scorn
the bugles they more than make up for
it with their voices. To see a girl part
company from her friends on the train
is always a source of quiet amusement
to the men travellers—including my-
self. "Emily" gets down and is fol-
lowed by all her companions from her
compartmnet and the word is instantly
passed on that Emily is going. Appar-
ently every girl in the train suddenly
discovers she has something most im-
portant to tell Emily and they all jump
out and surround Emily, all talking at
the same time and making enough row
to drive poor Emily off her head; but
she seems used to it and merely tries
to talk back at them all at the same
time. Then the engine whistles and
there is a general scream of "Oh! she
is going!" Then they all rush and try
to kiss Emily at the same time, and a
great scrambling and laughing and
calling out and kissing ensues; then, as
the train moves off, they scramble in
and shriek messages till Emily is
out of earshot. The boys look on
these performances with undisguised
contempt, their partings being confined
to a "So long, Patty." "See you next
term."

Having said enough to justify my
title I will close up with a word of
thanks to all the kind friends along the
line who have so generously helped in
all ways,

Your friend,
A. C. Bickerdike.

Readers are asked to deal with ad-
vertisers and so help the Railway
Mission.

WOMEN’S WORK.

January, 1913.

First and foremost in our record of
the past quarter (though last in order
of time) must certainly come the Miss-
ion at Alicedale. What was the im-
pression it made on the womenfolk of
that Camp? will perhaps be asked by
other less fortunate places, where so
far such services have been unknown.
Well, they certainly showed by increasing
ing numbers on each succeeding day
that their interest was deepening instead of diminishing, and at the end of the week those who had only been seldom seemed to wish they could have come oftener, while those who came most often expressed great regret that the series of beautiful addresses was really over. We feel sure that many will try to remember and carry out in their daily lives the practical advice given by Sister Muriel as to the influence of each single woman in her family and the place where she lives, and the great need that each one should strive to keep her own spiritual life pure and true.

The attractive picture drawn by the Dean of the pattern home at Bethany and the good example set us by both Martha and Mary as representing in their different ways work and worship will also be long remembered by us all; and we shall, I trust, try to learn at the feet of the Master (as those two sisters did) how first to listen for His words and then follow them in our daily lives. The children's special services were not only well attended, but some of those present showed afterwards by well-written papers what attention they had paid to the instruction given.

Best of all, however, was the 8 a.m. Sunday Eucharist or Thanksgiving Service, when the little Church seemed filled with people and the hearty but reverent singing of the hymns and the beautiful flowers on the Altar all alike seemed the expression of our hearts' love and devotion to our Lord, and as a kind of foretaste of the time when we shall all live as one family in Him. That will indeed always live in our memories as a time of real true joy in spite of the sorrow we were all sharing with the suddenly bereaved family in our midst.

"One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

Thus we sang, and those were the thoughts that helped to cheer us as on the following day the little band of G.F.S. maidens followed to the cemetery the first of their number to be taken from among them to our "happy Home" above. Their white dresses and the lilies they bore in their hands in memory of their friend Lily Fletcher reminded us of our robes which should be "whiter than snow" and the flowers of Paradise "which never die nor fade," and as the choir joined in the procession we seemed almost to hear the distant music of the heavenly spheres and above all the voice of our Lord saying "She is not dead, but sleepeth." May she rest in peace, and may we who are still left to begin a New Year in this world take home to our hearts the message at the end of I Cor. xv, read in our beautiful Burial Service, and "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and in this way carry on the Message of the Mission.

M. Josephine Beckwith.

We had a lovely time all September in the coach, Miss Beckwith and I, and called at almost every place from Bluecliffe to Rosmead. At most of these we showed the lantern, giving the Life of Joseph and Pilgrim's Progress, or, at a few places, the amusing slides of Gulliver and nursery rhymes. These were shown at Graaff-Reinet and Rosmead where we had quite grand halls and audiences: at Middelburg we should have had the same if, to our great regret, the weather had not been so much against us.

At Klipplaat we had our G.F.S. Festival, a very pleasant afternoon with tea and games, carried through with the assistance of the Misses Nothard. The next Festival was at Cookhouse, where we were able to have a Special Service, and Mr. Griggs admitted five candidates to be members of the Society, including myself. I hope we
shall all remember his very nice ad-

dress on our Lord's individual care for

us. A picnic in the river bed first

and an *al fresco* conjuring entertainment afterwards finished this most successful Festival. Alicedale is still waiting for theirs, so many circumstances having combined against it. But I think every one of our church-

people will agree that the Mission last month was more worth while than anything else. We and they will have to *live up* to those days. May the Holy Spirit assist us with His grace to do so.

A little visit down Alexandria way —Zuney, Springmount and Kilkelbosch —filled up one week and gave oppor-
tunity to show the beautiful Christmas slides lent us from Bloemfontein. Un-

fortunately these are needed back almost immediately, so we shall not be able to show them at all the places we intended.

The Confirmation of two candidates from Barkly Bridge took me down to

Port Elizabeth, directly after the Mis-

sion and the next Sunday saw a Con-

firmation by Bishop Gaul in the Native Church at Cookhouse. What a wonder-

ful strength ought to be added to the

Church at each Confirmation, as

through it we enter the inner circle of communicants. May we learn more and more to take this Holy Sacrament to our comfort and ever more dwell in Christ and He in us.

P. Glasier.

**PRETORIA DIOCESE.**

**WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.**

WATERVAL BOVEN. During the past quarter congregations in Church have been remarkably poor. This state of things may be partly attributed to the large amount of Sunday work, to sickness and to several transfers, but the principal cause is slackness. There are in this camp about 200 people who profess to belong to the Church: half of these never enter God's House, while the other half only attend very infre-

quently and spasmodically. It is im-

possible for me, with so many other duties to attend to in an unwieldy dis-

trict, to visit the people at all regu-

larly in their homes, and set before

them the duty of church-going. A Memorial Service was held at the ceme-
tery on the second Sunday in Novem-

ber, and was fairly well attended.

On December 7th a Bazaar was held in the Railway Institute Hall. The object of it was to raise funds to pro-

vide benches in place of the very de-

crepit chairs now in use, to pay for the Sunday School picnic, and to effect certain minor alterations in the Church. Heavy rain fell during the whole time that the hall was being prepared. It was decorated most taste-

fully by Messrs. Bayly, Morris and Colburn, as well as by the stall-holders. Fortunately the weather cleared half an hour before the time for opening. Mrs. Masur, the Mayoress of Machado-
dorp, kindly consented to open the Bazaar in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Murray. The stalls were in charge of the following ladies: Fancy work, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Bilson; Plain work, Mrs. Colbourn and Mrs. Morris; Toys, Mrs. Geerdts and Miss Seipp; Flowers, Miss Austin aided by Elsie Ferguson and Mona Watts. Catering arrangements were admirably carried out by Mrs. Wenzel, Mrs. Wadsworth, and Mrs. Ferguson. Mr. Boswell was in charge of the shooting gallery. Miss Mason established a great reputation as a fortune-teller; Mr. Gibson con-
ducted a hat-trimming competition; the "dips" were in the hands of Olive Dixon. During the evening two amusing sketches were acted by the Machado-
dorp Amateur Dramatic Society. The Bazaar was a complete success from every point of view. The sum realised, after deducting expenses, was about £55, much more than we dared to hope
for. The best thanks of the Church Council are due to all those ladies and gentlemen who worked so willingly or gave so generously.

MACHADADORP. We have been forced to move from the room which has been used for services since February. After serving as church and schoolroom, it has now become a shop. Services are now again held in the Court-house, which is in many ways the better place, but unfortunately cannot be used for evening services as we are not allowed to use lamps there for fear of fire. We welcome back Mr. and Mrs. Button as well as Mr. and Mrs. Buchan after a holiday in the Old Country.

BELFAST. The Bishop has promised to take a Confirmation here in March, and preparation classes have already begun. The Church is now free of debt. With the consent of Synod, the sum of £200 has been transferred from the building fund to pay off the Government bond on the present Church and stand.

WORK ALONG THE LINE. This has been much curtailed by the loss of the coach. After many inquiries it has been ascertained that the coach has been two months in the station-yard at Pretoria waiting to be repaired. A fortnight's holiday and attendance at Synod has also made the past quarter a short one. Services have been regularly held at the usual centres, and in addition at Godwan River, Nelspruit, Komati Poort, Malelane, Crocodile Poort, Wonderfontein, Pan, Kinross, Davel, and Waterval Onder. The collections at these ten places totalled £10 18s.

T. G. Hopkyns.

VEREENIGING.

The important stage of transition through which Vereeniging is passing is of more than local interest, and readers of Light for the Line will probably be glad to hear what is taking place there.

Both those without and within our Mother Church are constantly complaining that she is generally the last in the field where pioneer work is concerned, and that the denominations set us an example in this respect which we would be wise in following. But this certainly cannot be said in the case of Vereeniging. It is not “almost too late” here, for the Church has been planted simultaneously with the beginning of the various industries, and she will at the outset of the town's development make her presence felt.

For many years past the Railway Mission has provided ministrations by holding regular monthly services and paying occasional visits, but latterly we have felt that we could not keep pace with the rapid growth of the population by devoting more time to visiting or Sunday services. So the time seemed ripe for the formation of a parish and the provision of a resident priest. The Bishop of Pretoria paid a visit to the dorp in July and decided that this must be done as soon as possible.

The first step was to find out what the people were prepared to subscribe to the Sustentation Fund. After a personal canvass we were able to report £130 a year—not a large amount in itself, and yet, humanly speaking, as much as we could expect such a small place to put up.

On presenting our report, the Bishop promised to try and find a priest as soon as possible after the New Year; and until Vereeniging can become self-supporting the diocese will help us financially.

We had almost forgotten to add that VILJOEN’S DRIFT, which is on the other side of the Vaal and in the Bloemfontein diocese, will be included in the parish and will take its share alike in the responsibility of its support and its privileges.
It is natural that men should be dissatisfied with a building which can hardly be said to speak of the dignity of worship or the beauty of holiness, and we were glad to see in many the healthy sign of discontent with their present church although we were obliged to “throw cold water” on the proposal to erect a new one. That will certainly come later. In the meanwhile we will have to concentrate all our efforts on the laying of a good foundation of Church life, which involves the setting of a pure tone and healthy atmosphere. If we do this, those who are outside will “take knowledge of us,” and by that means the spiritual life of the community will so grow that it will find its expression in the building of a church which will be worthy of the worship of God and, at the same time, a real help to those who will meet together for corporate communion with Him.

We ask all who read these lines to specially remember this place in their prayers, that those who are responsible may be rightly guided in all they do at such a critical time.

E. G. H.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

WOMEN’S WORK.

Work on the Line was badly interrupted last quarter owing to Mr. Holden’s enforced absence, and the consequent scarcity of Sunday services.

We were grateful for the Lay services given by Messrs. Coles and Turner at Viljoen’s Drift, and at Wolvhoek by Mr. Coles. It is satisfactory to note that the subscriptions to the Sustentation Fund at Viljoen’s Drift have considerably increased. I hope Mr. Holden is giving an account of the plan for turning Vereeniging and the Drift into a settled parish with its own resident priest. When this becomes an accomplished fact these subscriptions will go to the Stipend Fund of the new parish; in the meantime they are given to the always needy Railway Mission.

Not long ago I was surprised to hear of a grievance which was evidently genuinely annoying a member of another Church. It was not one of the usual kind—that there were not enough services, or that the minister did not visit her—but that she had never been asked to subscribe regularly to the upkeep of her Church! She looked upon this as a duty and a privilege, and was vexed to find she was not even expected to do her share in this, because she happened to be cut off from the other privileges of her Church.

We need this help greatly on the Railway Mission, and there may be other people with the same grievance, who might be giving their regular subscriptions if they were only asked. I shall be only too glad to discuss this subject in any of my visits.

At Vereeniging we have lost Mr. and Mrs. Barratt, keen and earnest workers for the Church, whose help was always to be relied on. I am glad to hear that another teacher has taken over the Sunday-school and is carrying on the work Mrs. Barratt started with such interest and enthusiasm. The Sunday-school at Viljoen’s Drift has unfortunately had to close since Mrs. Hermansen left. In spite of her busy life with her large family she kept it going steadily during the few months she was at the Drift.

At Wolvhoek Mrs. Damant had to close—though only for a time, I hope—owing to measles. Mr. and Mrs. Westmore had the great sorrow of losing their baby, and for several days were in great anxiety about their little boy, but this second blow was mercifully spared them.

The Wolvhoek children are so keen about their examination that I have
great hopes for next May; their steady work at day-school is evidently increasing their interest.

I suppose it will be 1913 when this appears in print. By then I hope Mr. Holden will have come back to us, and that we shall be starting work again cheerily with every intention of having and making for others—a Happy New Year.

K. J. Ramadge.

January, 1913.

The best of good wishes for the New Year to all my Railway friends, and a very sincere hope that 1913 may have good things in store for us all. The last three months have been very trying for many people and a very large number have been ill, including our chaplain, Mr. Holden, who has been off the Line for three months under doctor's orders. Consequently there have been no services, and many people have been left unvisited. My Modderpoort friends know that I too have had a holiday and that I spent a very lazy and delightful time at the Bishop's cottage there. The next three months should see me very busy, as in April I am hoping to go home on leave, and I want to see everybody before I go and call at every house in my Section, and if I accomplish that my bicycle and I shall not have much time to be lazy. I shall be very glad if all those who want to have Light for the Line next year will let me know and pay their subscriptions when I call, that I may make arrangements for their getting it during my absence—I must try and find one or two more local agents.

M. E. Watson.

DIACONATES OF MASHONALAND AND N. RHODESIA.

After the Synod in Bulawayo, the Head and I went up to Elisabethville for a Sunday, where the services were not so well attended as usual, but while we were there Mr. Rogers secured from the Belgian Government a site for a church which, perhaps, in years to come, we may build on. We also went up in the construction train and camped at the railhead on the banks of the Lufisa where we had Evensong and a Celebration the next morning, and "biked" up about twenty miles further almost within reach of Kambove. Travelling in an open truck in the blazing sun in a train that takes 12 hours to go 70 miles is not all joy. The chief event during the quarter has been the Bishop of Mashonaland's visit to Plumtree where he held a Confirmation and confirmed three candidates from the school. The Sustentation Fund there seems to be not so successful as it might be, but we still have hopes.

NYAMANDLOVU. Two Sundays have been spent here and the congregations, considering the population, have been splendid. The Sustentation Fund has been started and everybody is responding nobly. Mr. Brewster, the Station-master, is the Treasurer, and has a good number of regular subscribers. The goods-shed has served us admirably as a Church and each visit we pay here finds Mr. Brewster with some new idea for making the bare shed into a place more fit for our devotions.

On the second Sunday in December, in spite of drenching (though very welcome) rain, there was a congregation of twenty.

WANKIES. We welcome back Mr. Fry who has always been a great help to the Church, and hope to welcome Mr. Smith, who, we hear, is returning too. We only hope that this rumour
of Mr. Smith's returning is truer than many rumours which are current on the B.M.R.

The terrible heat of Wankies is enough to make anybody feel rather slack but, in spite of the heat, we cannot say that the congregations have been bad.

The other places where services have been held have been FRANCISTOWN, one Sunday morning and another Sunday evening; we hope to go to Francistown for the Sunday before Christmas and for Christmas Day.

BWANA M'KUBWA. It ought to be possible to have much better attendances here as there are quite a number of church people who should form the nucleus of a regular congregation. We welcome Mr. Webb, the new Stationmaster, who very kindly accompanied the singing at the last service we had. We hope it will be possible to give a regular Sunday a month to Bwana M'kubwa and M'dola in the New Year.

BROKEN HILL. We had a Sunday morning service in November. We are afraid that it will not be possible to have a regular service here on Sundays in future. The Sunday-school has dwindled down in numbers, but as that is owing to the majority of the scholars having left, we hope that their numbers may increase again in the near future.

Services have been held also at LUSAKAS and KALOMO and PEMBA. At the two former we had excellent congregations and hope that in future they will be maintained. Kalomo is to have a Sunday service during December.

We are thankful beyond measure for the grant of the use of a fresh coach for the Mission. In future No. 423 will be superseded by No. 89,599. May the increase in the number be an omen for the increase in its usefulness.

C. G. DOUGLAS.

Please quote this Magazine when ordering from advertisers.

PRAYER.

Prayer in its fullest sense is communion with God, and does not necessarily require words; but communion naturally expresses itself in words and we may say that prayer consists of speaking to God, and listening for His answer. When we speak to one another we do not merely ask our friends for things we want. In the same way prayer is not merely supplication. Before we can speak to God we must realise His Presence, and we therefore often begin our prayer with what is called the "Invocation," namely, the words: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This reminds us of Whom we are speaking. When we remember that we see how unfit we are to speak at all to One Who is Perfect Holiness, and we are brought to our knees in confession of our sin.

But we do not want to be thinking only of ourselves; we are speaking to the Almighty and Everlasting God, to Whom we must offer worship. The real meaning of worship is "worthship," the declaring of God's worth; and as "the Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament showeth His handiwork," so man must declare the Glory of God, which is what we mean by praise. This is one of the elements of prayer that we are most inclined to leave out, because it comes least easily to us, but if you look through the public services of the Church in the Prayer Book, you will see what an important place it holds in them, and you have only to turn to the records of worship in the Bible to see that this importance is right. Isaiah had a vision of Angels worshipping, and "one cried to another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." St. John had a vision of the worship of the redeemed in Heaven, "and they stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to
our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen; Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever.” In the service of Holy Communion we claim to join with Angels and Archangels and all the company of Heaven, and we must see that this side of our worship is not forgotten.

Then, not only do we pray to God as “Almighty and Everlasting,” but also as Him to Whom we owe our “creation, preservation, all the blessings of this life, our Redemption, the means of grace, and the hope of glory.” For all this we owe Him our most humble and hearty thanks, and no prayers are complete which fail to acknowledge our gratitude for all He has done and is doing for us.

Last of all, as we owe Him everything in the past, so we depend on Him for the future; and He has told us that though He knows our needs yet it is His will that we should tell them to Him, and more than that, that our reception of His gifts depends on our asking for them. And so we pray for what we believe to be our needs and those of others. Some gifts we may be sure He will grant if we ask for them in faith and do our best to get them for ourselves. This must be true of spiritual gifts and graces, help to fight against temptation, the Christian virtues and the knowledge of God. But even these He will not give unless we do our part. It is no good praying for help to fight against temptation if we run into it unnecessarily. God will give His angels charge over us to “keep us in all our ways,” but His Angels can do nothing if our wills are not set right. If we accept work or meet friends or arrange to live under any conditions which we know from experience are likely to increase our temptations, we cannot expect God’s help, unless we have very carefully consulted Him first, listened for His answer, and acted upon it.

But there are many things which we may quite rightly ask of God without any certainty that He will grant them. Whatever it is right to want it is right to ask God for. Only we must be prepared to find God’s answer different to what we may expect and wish. This is true mainly of temporal blessings. Take for instance a prayer for rain. God may have many reasons for withholding this blessing of which we know nothing, but the one thing that is quite clear is that if we want it we should pray for it, and we are holding back the fulfilment of His plan if we fail to do so. It may even be that our failure to pray is just the one thing that makes the fulfilment of His plan impossible. Yet we have to learn that we do not always know what is best for us, and that as we withhold from our children things that they may want, because we know they are not good for them, and still are glad that they should ask us for them, so our Father welcomes our prayer, even when in His complete knowledge and love, He refuses to answer it as we wish.

“Pray! though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleading,— Yet pray, and with hopeful tears! An answer—not that you long for, But diviner—will come some day; Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet strive, and wait, and pray.”

CHILDREN’S PAGE.

My dear Children,

Just two messages to you this time. Christmas and the New Year bring many surprises and joys. May all of you be happy both because of what you receive and of what you give. Kind
words and happy faces are gifts all can offer, and kind deeds do not need money to buy them. I wonder if you know why everybody gives presents at Christmas time? If any of you know, write and tell me why it is and the child who sends me the best answer shall have a prize.

I must tell you what a delightful gift came from one of the children who has won Bible prizes two years—she thought it would be nice to help the Railway Mission, so she collected £2 10s. and sent the money to me to be spent on presents for Christmas for some of the children along the Line. Her name is Olive Wilmot. I am sure she will be glad to know that some very nice books and toys have been bought with her gift and many children will be made very happy through her kind act.

Remember, dear children, that the Bible Examination is to be held in May. I shall want the names of candidates early in April.

A Happy New Year!

Your friend,
The Editor.

THE LETTER THAT WON A PRIZE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MISSION.

On Friday we had a children’s mission at which the Dean told us what message God had sent for us. The Dean’s text was “Keep in Innocency.” This means that we must keep away from sin, because if we sin it makes us unhappy when we think about it and it also makes our friends unhappy. When we are tempted to sin we should always think of the text, “Keep in Innocency.” The Dean told us a story which was about a little girl and a king. There was once a king and it was the custom for all of his people to go to him and tell him their troubles.

One day he noticed a little girl among some people and she was looking very sad. The king sent his escort out to fetch her in and when she came in the king asked her what was the matter. She told him she had been disgraced by the sin of her parents and she had been driven from home. The king gave her a ring and told her that if she kept it until he came back again he would believe her. This girl had five brothers and they begged her to give them the ring, but she would not, and when the king came back again she still had her ring which he had given her. This story has a moral and the five brothers are our five senses which are trying to make us do wrong, but we must be like the little girl and not listen to them.

On Saturday our text was, “Christ pleased not Himself.” This text teaches us that we must not only try to please ourselves, but try to please other people. Christ did not always try to please Himself but more especially to please us. We had another text, “Christ doeth Good.” This text is meant to set us an example, or a copy for us to follow. We all know how Jesus Christ went about doing good, so why should we not try to do good just as He did?

Florence Cinnamon.

GUILD OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.


Admitted 24th April, 1912: Mary K. Delafield, William Coetzee, Cecil John Graham Trautmann, Frederick Metravitch.

Fordsbury: Minnie Steynberg, Willie Tranter.
Girls' Friendly Society.

New Members.

At Cookhouse, October 19th: Maggie and Maud Buhler, Mary Erasmus, Pearl Glasier, Vera Jones.

At Naauwpoort: Bertha Trautman, Maggie Walker, Mary Ann Deacon, Maggie Kemp, Beatrice Hardman, Grace Orton, Sigrid Salvesen.

New Candidates.

Naauwpoort: Winifred Stewart, Violet Townsend, Mary Delafield, Mary Deacon, Jeannie Stewart, Katie Sims, Johanna Schmidt, Agnes McCleary, Margarettha Pienaar, Frances du Plessis, Johanna Pienaar, Maggie Viljoen, Catherine Pretorius, Alice van Aswegan, Mavis Lane, Mildred Barr, Muriel Johnson.

BAPTISMS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Sept.
15—Nova Mary Montgomery, at Alicedale.
17—Violet Hilda Allen, at Barkly Bridge.
19—Thomas Dobell, at Coerney.
19—Asabel Rowi, at Coerney.
19—John Matthew Els, at Coerney.
22—Sarah Sigadi, at Cookhouse.
22—Lizzie Calana, at Cookhouse.
22—Thomas Rivits, at Cookhouse.
22—Maria Macklene Johnson, at Cookhouse.
22—Annie Dindwa, at Cookhouse.
22—Mayena Gayeka, at Cookhouse.
24—Bertha Stephanie Ellis Nutter, at Henning.
25—Agnes Dorothy Arnedt, at Stormberg.
Oct.
5—Easter McCullock, at Zwartkops.
5—James John McCullock, at Zwartkops.
13—Alfred Weldon, at Alicedale.
Nov.
11—Albert Edward Dare, at Bellevue.
16—Carel Daniel Dean, at Harefield.
Dec.
1—Meshaack Nguma, at Cookhouse.
1—Nellie Kumbisa, at Cookhouse.
1—Dolten Kumbisa, at Cookhouse.
1—Zwelibanzi Gobinca, at Cookhouse.
1—Nonsenza Tekwana, at Cookhouse.
1—Sizatu Nguma, at Cookhouse.
1—Maggie Ngasi, at Cookhouse.
1—Elsie Ngasi, at Cookhouse.
24—Ethel Victoria Miller.
30—Gladys Rebecca Matthew.
Aug.
15—Richard Frederick Freislich.
18—Beatrice May Claypole.
19—Annie Steenkamp (at Norval's Pont).
19—Gladys Maud Irvine.
21—Augusta Elizabeth Caten.
Sept.
18—Sophia Andreana van Wyngaard (at Rensburg).
Oct.
13—Bertha Maud Blewett.
13—Hester Peternella Haggard.
Nov.
4—Shadrach Siganeko.
4—Mashach Mangaliso.
4—Daniel Matusi.
4—Teyise Mbali.
21—Leslie John Odeira.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

Sept.
10—Donald Graham, Marseilles.
22—Irene Dorothy Winifred De Buys, Viljoen's Drift.
22—Jessie Stevenson, Viljoen's Drift.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.

June
25—Jemima Wilhelmina de Villiers, Nelspruit.
30—Robert Wellesley Buncombe, Newington.
30—Joan May Buncombe, Newington.
July
7—Millicent Gertrude Cole, Nelspruit.
14—John Edward Gordon Spear, Waterval Boven.
28—Josephine Morris, Waterval Boven.
Aug.
11—Barbara Bruce Ferguson, Waterval Boven.
25—Hester Adriana Topham, Machadodorp.
25—Eric Norman Kimber, Machadodorp.
Nov.
8—Lilian Maud Davison, Airlie.
22—Helena Elizabeth Roffey, Machadodorp.
22—Cyril William Burley, Waterval Boven.
29—Freda May Newcombe, Belfast Station.
Nov.
17—Gwendoline Cecilia Evans, Davel.
24—Denis Gordon Owen Owen, Vereeniging.

CONFIRMATIONS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Nov. 26—From Barkly Bridge (at Holy Trinity, Port Elizabeth):
Daisy Stewart.
Gladys Mervyn Hilson.
Dec. 1—By Bishop Gaul for the Bishop of Grahamstown. At Cookhouse:

Alfred Mlomo.
Thomas Maqxaka.
Janah Motsepa.
Corunus Johnson.
Johnon Ngayi.
Sarah Dyakatyana.
Leah Hubu.
Annie Sonto.
Lizzie Caland.
Miriam Maqxaka.
Elizabeth Schaeher.
Mary Emma Maqxaka.
Esther Matandana.
Rachael Swaartbooi.
Nitye Madolo.
Maddy Maqxaka.
Dorte Johnsen.
Sarah Wyatms.
Rachael Klainbooi.

Nov. 6—At All Souls' Church, Naauwpoort (By the Bishop of Bloemfontein):

Samuel Bramwell Stilos.
John William Wood.
Herbert Hardman.
Herbert Arthur Ballantyne.
Owen Bernard Heckwraith.
George Chaption Steinhoffel.
Ethel May Mercy Townsend.
Mary Elizabeth Jacoba Harrison.
Sarah Wood.
Ida May Browne.
Johanna Margaret Coetzee.
Annie Hendrina Steinhoffel.
Madeline Clark.
Katie Isaacson.
Margaret Frances Isaacson.
Mary Katherine Delafield.
Bertha Amelia May Trautmann.
Beatrice Lillian Hardman.
Grace Kathleen Orton.
Sarah Caroline Ronne.
Christina Mary Ann Ronne.

At St. Agnes' (Mission) Church, Naauwpoort:

Peter Warner.
James Yisa.
Teyise Mlali.
Joseph Marney.
Alfred Lindi.
Elijah Petrus.
Mimi Pipes.
Maria Magodi.
Rose Sampson.
Mina Roberts.
Ella August.
Amelia Yisa.
Sarah Jane Marney.
S. Helena Kula.
Johanna Minner.
Amelia Ngugulwa.

Adelaide Montzonke Makambi.
Sarah Nyoka.
Leah Mahambi.
Sophia Santi.
Martha Santi.
Minnie Sebam.

BURIALS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

At Alicedale:

Nov. 25—Idly Ellen Fletcher.

At Naauwpoort:

Sept. 6—Emma Williams, aged 2 years.
Oct. 4—Jacob Louw, aged 21 years.
Oct. 3—Sana Bonani, aged 12 years.
Nov. 23—Andred Rapero, aged 30 years.
Nov. 23—Shadrach Sinuma, aged 3 months.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

At Waterval Boven:

Sept. 21—Margaret Slarke, aged 37 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.

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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.

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Alicedale—Miss Wood.
Kenkelbosch—Mr. Barnshaw.
Conway—Mr. Higgs.
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Cape Peninsula—Mrs. Smith, La Quinta, Kenilworth.
Bloemfontein—Mrs. Dawson, 33, First Avenue.
Port Elizabeth—Miss Geard.

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Pretoria—Miss Heys, Melrose House
Grahamstown, C.P.—Miss Anstey, Bishopspoor.
Port Elizabeth—Mrs. Edward Brown; Miss H. Hannam, Park Drive; Miss S. Smith, Collegiate School.
Bloemfontein—Miss Nicholl, S. Michael’s School; Mrs. Martin.

SERVICES AND COLLECTIONS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

August.—Humansdorp, £1 17/6.
September.—Barkly Bridge, 5/-; Middle-leton, 6/6; Coerney, 4/3; Henning, 11 4; Thebus, 11/10; Coega, 2/6; “Limehurst,” Coega, 19/-; Bluecliff, 5/1; Glenconnor, 1/-; Kleinpoort, 8/6; Mount Stewart 2/; Kendrew, 4/9; Graaff-Reinet, 7/6; Roodehoogte, 3/-; Glen Harry, 5/.

October.—Ripon, 7/-; Halesowen, 1 8; Mortimer, 5/; Commadagga, 13/11; Sheldon, 6/; Middleton, 2/.

November.—Bushmans River, 9/; Bellevue, 9/6; Conway, 14/9; Thorngrove, £1; Port Alfred, £2 2/; Wolvefontein, 8/5; Miller, 10/6; Mount Stewart, 7/4; Coega, 5/.

DONATIONS.

S.S. Henning, 7/; Anon. 2/; P.G., £1; Canon T. Jones, 10/-.

BOXES.

Naauwpoort, 2/3; Addo, 13/.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

Viljoen’s Drift, £1 0/0/9; £1 0/0/9, 14/5; Aberfeldy, £1 4/4; Ventersburg Road, £1 9/3; Wolvehoek, £1 0/2; Lindley Road, £2 2/11; Marseilles, 8/; Paardeberg, 6/0, 7/6.

MASHONALAND DIOCESE.

Rev. C. G. Douglas, Bulawayo.
SIGNAL BOXES.

Mrs. Raath (Vet River), 16/6; Mrs. Phillips, 1/-.  

DONATIONS.

Mrs. Eberbach (Vet River), 5/-; Mrs. Forsyth (Theunissen), 1/6.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

September.—Godwan River, 6/9; Nelspruit, £4/2/-; Komati Poort, £1/11/6; Malelane, 17/-; Crocodile Poort, 8/-; Machadodorp, 10/9; Wonderfontein, 5/9; Pan, 7/9; Belfast Station, 15/3.

October.—Machadodorp, 12/-.

November.—Kinross, 9/-; Davey, £1/7/-; Machadodorp, 9/-.

December.—Waterfall Onder, 8/-; Vereeniging, £3/5/-; Meyerton, £1/12/4.

DONATIONS.

Mr. Wilcocks (Belfast), 5/-; Mrs. Chambers (Breyten), 5/-.

Gifts at Baptism, etc., £3/5/-.

Printed by GROCOTT & SHERRY, Church Square, Grahamstown Cape Colony.
jurer was particularly impressed with a certain band and method of removing the difficulty. The contention and what was said at the time, and followed mercy if God removed this conjurer out of the world. seemed hopeless, and he often thought it would be a derful things. Thus, to the missionary, his work to their leader, who, being a conjurer, could do won­ sionary dwelt upon the miracles of Jesus Christ as try, but it had but little effect upon him. The mis­ al around him. He attended the missionary's minis­ was also a conjurer, and had great influence amongst whom he ministered was a man who had been a to their Saviour, and how him the greatest miracle of all—how a soul can be brought out of darkness into light.

A very devoted missionary to the heathen Indians in America was Mr. Brainerd. Amongst those to whom he ministered was a man who had been a notorious evil-doer, a drunkard and a murderer; he was also a conjurer, and had great influence amongst all around him. He attended the missionary's minis­ try, but it had but little effect upon him. The mission­ ary dwelt upon the miracles of Jesus Christ as proof of His Divine mission; but his hearers referred to their leader, who, being a conjurer, could do won­ derful things. Thus, to the missionary, his work seemed hopeless, and he often thought it would be a mercy if God removed this conjurer out of the world.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

So Much for Appearances.

From that difficult sphere of missionary labour, Sierra Leone, Bishop Walmesley, who is doing a noble work there, speaks of a big meeting held at Nassay, where he introduced Mr. Nicol and gave the reasons for their being there. Through an interpreter, the Bishop learned that the chief said of him that he did not look much, but that he had seen home gives ample evidence of this. The letter was accompanied by numerous photographs, in some of which the Bishop may be seen in his shirt sleeves, with luggage on his back, plodding over tracts of waste ground, or wading through a stream, or drag­ ging his canoe over rocks. But the Bishop is one whom the opposition of sundry obstacles only serves to inspirit for more energetic work. He is a fine ex­ ample.

A Lady Missionary Honoured.

The King has awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal of the First Class "for Public Service in India" to Miss C. F. Ling, the senior missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. Seven mission­ aries of the Society have previously received the Silver Medal, but Miss Ling is the first to whom the Gold Medal has been awarded.

Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

Canada and Japan.

It is interesting to note that the Church of Eng­ land in Canada has now decided to have a definite sphere of influence in Japan. As far back as the Spring of 1911, there was a proposal to set apart a Canadian Jurisdiction in the Provinces of Echigo and Shinshu, in Central Japan, made at the General Synod of the Nippon Sei­ ko­ Church (Church of Japan), and a few months ago, at a meeting of the Board of Management of the Mission­ ary Society of the Canadian Church, the Rev. J. Hamilton (Secretary of the C. M. S. Central Japan Mission) was elected Bishop of the newly-constituted Diocese of Nagoya.

Indian Christians: "A Model People."

A traveller in North-West Canada, who had spent some time in the neighbourhood of the Porcupine and Peel Rivers, wrote to Bishop Stringer, of Yukon, to say how much impressed he was with the consist­ ent conduct of the Indian Christians. He was present at the Easter Sunday Service amongst them, and was delighted with the way in which it was con­ ducted. He found them upright in their dealings, and considers them "a model people." "We often felt ashamed," he writes, "of ourselves when we started our meals without saying grace, and found that the Indians would never think of eating without first asking God's blessing."

A Missionary's Proposition—

A very devoted missionary to the heathen Indians in America was Mr. Brainerd. Amongst those to whom he ministered was a man who had been a notorious evil-doer, a drunkard and a murderer; he was also a conjurer, and had great influence amongst all around him. He attended the missionary's minis­ try, but it had but little effect upon him. The mission­ ary dwelt upon the miracles of Jesus Christ as proof of His Divine mission; but his hearers referred to their leader, who, being a conjurer, could do won­ derful things. Thus, to the missionary, his work seemed hopeless, and he often thought it would be a mercy if God removed this conjurer out of the world.

And God's Disposition.

But He Whose thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways, planned a more excellent way to bring to Crosswecksung a short time afterwards, and continued there for some considerable time, during which there was a great awakening amongst the Indians. It was not long before he was brought under deep conviction. He was more and more distressed with a consciousness of his own sin­ fullness, and after much hesitation he went to the missionary, who rejoiced at being able to bring him to his Saviour, and how him the greatest miracle of all—how a soul can be brought out of darkness into light.

An Enterprising Bishop.

One of the most enterprising of Bishops, and cer­ tainly one of the hardest worked, is Bishop Stringer, of Yukon. No member of the Episcopal Bench has to rough it more than he does, nor indeed any ordinary missionary either. His diocese is vast, and the working of it is attended with the greatest difficulties and with great self-denial. His annual "Letter" home gives ample evidence of this. The letter was accompanied by numerous photographs, in some of which the Bishop may be seen in his shirt sleeves, with luggage on his back, plodding over tracts of waste ground, or wading through a stream, or drag­ ging his canoe over rocks. But the Bishop is one whom the opposition of sundry obstacles only serves to inspirit for more energetic work. He is a fine ex­ ample.

October Calendar.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents.
THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS.

518
The Call of the Church Congress.

I. A Marching Song of the Soldiers of Christ. (Tune, Redhead.)

By the Rev. H. S. Stephenson.

K EEP thy promise, soldier true!
Dare the deeds Christ bids thee do;
All the powers of sin shall flee,
Christ's own strength shall strengthen thee.

Youth is thine, go forth and fight;
Light thou hast, go spread that light;
Forward with the dawn of day,
Christ walks with thee on thy way.

Forward march, thy warfare wage;
Let not self thy thought engage:
Look to Jesus, seek His aid,
Pant not, neither be afraid.

Take the armour of the Lord,
Gird thee with the Spirit's sword;
Faith shall be thy constant shield,
Fight till every foe shall yield.

Unto death wage thou the strife,
Christ shall give a crown of Life;
Faithful soldier, do thy best,
Till thy Captain bid thee rest.

II. A Prayer for the Church Congress.

O LORD, Who in Thy Church on earth hast given authority to Thy servants and to every man his work, grant us so faithfully to work together for Thee in this holy fellowship, that when Thou shalt come again, we may give our account with joy: through Thy merits, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end.

III. What Labour Owes to the Church of England.

By the Rev. U. K. Swinburne, M.A.

I. A Question.

IN my church porch I have fixed a box in which I have invited those who have difficulties to place questions, the answers to which may solve the problems confronting them. One of the questions I received was this: "What would the clergy and the Church of England do if Jesus Christ were to come on earth in His humble and lowly state again, instead of coming in His glory?"

At first sight this question is easily answered, because to the believer Christ is always coming now in humility and in lowly state, His Presence veiled to human eye. Our Lord Jesus Christ is present with us at all times to aid us and to cheer, and all His faithful followers recognize that sacred Presence ever with them, and live their lives so that He approves, knowing full well that one day He will come no longer in lowly state, but in awful majesty seated on the clouds of heaven, and that those who have recognized Him and followed Him here will take to Himself in heaven; and therefore those who recognize Him here, who live their whole lives as in His Presence here, will recognize Him with joy and gladness whenever He shall come again in whatsoever state. While those who never recognize His Presence here, who live their lives as if Christ was unknown to them, and fall into grievous and unrepented sin, will shrink in terror from Him when He comes again in whatsoever state or at whatsoever time.

But that was not the point the questioner wished to raise, I felt sure. It seemed to me that there was emphasis on the clergy and Church of England, and on the coming again of Christ as a working Man, and I felt that question was intended to hint that the Church of England was the Church of the rich, and had not at heart the interests of the poor, whose only champion was Nonconformity. And so I endeavoured to show the tremendous debt which the poor owed to the Church of England.
II. To the above Question the Church Congress is almost a Sufficient Answer.

Year by year the representatives of the Church of England meet in various centres—this year at Middlesbrough—and the subjects down for earnest discussion each year are quite sufficient to show how very deeply the Church has at heart the great social problems of the day, how she is endeavouring to help in the great work of relieving the crying poverty of the very poor and bettering the conditions of the working classes. By choice of the subjects for discussion is clearly shown the Church's interest in these problems so vitally affecting the working classes to-day. The housing question, the sweating system, the unemployed, the temperance and purity questions, all are most earnestly discussed, that by this discussing of ways and means some real practical good may accrue. Surely one of the chief uses of a Church Congress is that it seeks to bind together in sympathy and service all classes of the people. The Church offers to the working man as to the rich a share in her work, her privileges, and her government. That is not the Church of the rich any more than she is the Church of the poor—she is the Church of rich and poor alike, and in her sight there is no difference between duke and pauper, provided both are faithful.

III. What the Church has done for the People.

The Church of England in the past and in the present has cared and cares deeply for the people, rejoicing in their well-being, sympathizes and seeks to aid in their afflictions.

In the dim ages of the past her bishops and clergy actually fought to protect the rights of the poor: to give but one out of several instances, when in A.D. 428 Bishops Germanus and Lupus won the "Alleluia Victory."

But in many a case the Church has in the past proved herself the champion of the liberties of the people. Remember how in 1085 Archbishop Anselm resisted the unfair demands of William II, and how, a little later, Archbishop Theobald championed the rights of the people against the cruelty and tyranny of the barons, and succeeded in bringing about in 1153 the treaty of Wallingford which closed the Civil War. Becket himself said: "To the Church Henry owed his crown and England her deliverance." Ten years later Archbishop Becket resisted Henry II's attempt to impose heavy taxation on the people, while yet a few years after Bishop Hugh of Lincoln sternly opposed the illegal demands of the same King and of Richard I. Archbishop Stephen Langton, the champion of freedom and of ancient rights, drew up the Magna Charta, the charter of Englishmen's rights and liberties, and it was presented to the King in 1215 by him and his supporters, who styled themselves "The army of God and the Holy Church," and the King was compelled to sign it.

And so we can go all through history—the Church has ever been the champion of the people's liberties.

Then look how the Church has always in history cared for the sick and needy. The churchwardens at one time were the people who had to look after the poor relief. It is only lately that the State has taken over the work so long carried on by the Church alone. The Church built almshouses centuries ago. In 1891 the Earl of Carnarvon said: "The maintenance of the Church of England is without the least exaggeration a poor man's question. It is emphatically a poor man's question! and if ever by our own folly we are cursed with the loss of the Church of England, it will be thus that the great difficulty will make itself felt."

One of the greatest blessings the poor possess is the hospitals. The Church in England started and built herself many of these hospitals, and to-day gives more to their support by far than any other body. In twenty-two years the Church of England has given to hospitals more than half a million pounds, which is more than five times the amount of all the other Christian bodies in England combined. Then look at the work among the poor that the Church is doing by its homes for the waifs and strays, etc.; look at the work—quiet, unobtrusive work—being carried on among the destitute poor in the slums of our great cities by clergy and workers who sacrifice wealth and health to go and work their lives out among conditions unfit for human life, in order, if possible, to better the lives of these people. There is a grand and magnificent work for Jesus Christ being wrought to-day by the Church of England among the poor in our large, overcrowded cities, and it is indeed a sad perversion of the truth to state that the Church of England does not work for the poor as well as for the rich.

IV. What the Working Man owes to the Church.

Does the working man to-day realize that he owes to the Church of England, among other things, these four important blessings which he possesses to-day, and which he takes as his right, not knowing how he got them.

(a) His SUNDAY REST.

"The worker has had his weekly day of rest won for him by the Church of Jesus Christ." It was only after a severe fight that the Church won this right for all workers; but for this struggle on the part of the Church Sunday rest would not have been won for slaves or workers any more than it was in the time of the Jews.

(b) His WAGES.

"If Sunday is dear to the worker, probably even dearer to most workers is their week's wage. This they owe quite as directly to Jesus Christ working in the conscience of men through His Church as they owe their weekly day of rest."

It was the Church of England which, after a long and gradual progress culminating in a magnificent final assault, conquered the slave trade and abolished slavery. Remember a slave had no rights, no wages; and thus by its magnificent work in getting rid
of the slave trade the Church of England brought it to pass that a working man is no longer a slave, but is one with his Master in the great brotherhood of Christ, and receives his wages and his rights. But he owes this first of all to the Church of England.

(c) His Education.

It was the Church of England which began the education of the poor. She built schools and carried them on at her own expense for years before the State undertook the work. By 1826 half a million children were being educated by the Church in her schools, and by 1839 over a million. Since 1811 the Church of England has spent on schools at the rate of £10,000 a week!

(d) His Home.

Except under the Christian Church there has never been such a thing as a real abiding home. Divorce was so common and marriage looked upon so little as sacred and binding that home life was a miserable failure, and a man or woman would not consider their dwelling as home, with the result that homes were broken up and unfaithfulness was the rule. It was the Church which, bringing to bear upon home life the teaching of her Master, gradually made home life what it is to-day.

So the working man to-day must not forget what the Church of England has done for him and his, and must not turn a deaf ear to that Church which to-day has his interests so much at heart, though, alas! he labours often under such unnecessary mistrust of her, for his material happiness is wrapped up in his spiritual well-being, and he must never forget this.

Many men misunderstand the Church of England to-day, and so over 80 per cent. of the men of England attend no place of worship. Misunderstanding the Church of England, beholding the division and wrangling of the sects, men hold aloof, the irreligious giving up religion and the religiously inclined at heart attempting to found a "labour church" which is fast failing, because while recognizing the brotherhood of man it ignores the Fatherhood of God.

The working man owes much to the Church, and the Church indeed to-day is longing for his return to her fold, is longing to help him and to promote his spiritual welfare and his material happiness. True it is that many of the above privileges are undertaken by the State, but it must never be forgotten that the Church started them and first won them for the poor.

When men realize the Church's love for them they will flock to her fold. Aye, and let the working men come back to the allegiance of the Church which in the past has won so much for them, and in the present is ever contriving and planning in congresses, etc., their material happiness as well as their spiritual salvation. Then the Church will arise with fuller and nobler life, more burning fire and zeal for Christ and His righteousness and the coming of His Kingdom upon earth—a greater and grander Church than men dream of—for so vast a body believing in the Fatherhood of God and realizing His love and power and working for the brotherhood of man, must achieve far more than a body working for the brotherhood of man and ignoring the Fatherhood of God. Only let us see to it that our Church while recognizing the Fatherhood of God may never seem by its very divisions and wranglings almost to forget the brotherhood of man.

The President of the Church Congress.

A Character Sketch by Mrs. TOOLEY.

The Archbishop of York is the apostle of a manly religion. He appreciates the dread which the average Briton has of being regarded as a milksop. Many of his old coster friends in East London, among whom he laboured when Bishop of Stepney, would, in their unregenerate days, rather have been "took up" for giving a mate a black eye, than patted on the back for going to church with the "Missis." Dr. Lang set himself to win working men to the service of the church by meeting their difficulties in the fair-minded, breezy, common sense way which John Bull loves. He advocated simple services of an informal type, which the non-church-going working man could attend without feeling uncomfortable. "Men are intensely shy," he said on one occasion, "if in a public place they do not know what to do next. A good man said to me, after his first church service: 'I never knew where they were or what they were doing; it was down one minute and up the next, and such a turning of books as never was. I felt hot all over to be such a fool like in a public place.'"

"Keep the parson yoked to the man," is the Archbishop's advice to the younger clergy, and the success with which he has himself carried out that maxim accounts for the remarkable influence which he exercises over men of all classes, whether they are humble sons of toil in East London and in the great manufacturing centres of the north, University graduates, or young men of the aristocracy. When Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, Dr. Lang, it was said, had done more, probably, than any other man to persuade young men of the fashionable world to think seriously and take Holy Orders. And those wonderful seven years in which he laboured as Bishop of Stepney will always be remembered.
for the untiring energy and consummate skill with which he developed and organized the Church of England Men’s Society.

The movement was definitely religious in character and elastic in its methods. Dr. Lang has always laid great stress on leaving branches free to organize the special services and classes suited to the members of particular localities. A social entertainment which would afford pleasure to a rural gathering in a Devonshire village would fall flat in the Mile End Road. The toilers in East London in the vicinity of streets full of interest and excitement and with flashy halls of entertainment to lure them on every side, are only to be attracted by meetings with dramatic interest to arouse their attention. The man born and bred in a village is perfectly familiar with the church and the parson, but toilers in populous cities, though the church spires rise on every hand, often know no more about the life and worship within than they do of court ceremonial at Buckingham Palace.

To such Dr. Lang can preach with the same acceptance as to the greatest in the land. In giving advice to men preparing for the ministry he once said, “There is no surer or harder test of intellectual grasp upon any subject than the ability to preach a simple sermon about it to plain folk.” He tells the story of an old woman in Yorkshire, who after listening to an eloquent preacher in her parish said: “Nay, it were fine, but it were all to be consumed on t’ premises; there were nawt to be carried away.”

In his visitations of the parishes of the great northern diocese, nothing pleases the Archbishop more than to find work among men flourishing. His Grace understands the shrewd Yorkshireman perfectly, for he began his ministry in the church as a hard-working curate in the great parish of Leeds, under Dr. Talbot. For three years he visited daily in the working-class homes and in the slums of that great centre of industry. There he made his mark and originated ideas outside the ordinary routine of parish work. He conducted services in lodging-houses, and talked to the men as they cooked their food in the common living-room. He also started a club for lodging-house men, a lodging-house for boys, and instituted a Sunday afternoon class, which drew some 120 young men to his side week by week. In this way he gained experience in dealing with men which bore remarkable fruit when he became Vicar of Portsea, with 40,000 people under his charge, and eight assistant clergy and six churches. His class for men on Sunday afternoons had some 500 members.

The influence of the future Archbishop over men of the worst type is illustrated by the following story. He occasionally ministered in the County Gaol, and after one of his visits a prisoner asked:

“Who is that parson chap wot looks like Napoleon, and smiles when he talks at yer?”

“That’s the chaplain,” was the reply. “Well, I tell ee wot,” said the man, “if every chaplain in every prison was like ‘im, I’d smash winders pretty often to git at ‘im and shake ‘is ‘and.”

While Vicar of Portsea, the Archbishop was appointed one of the Royal Chaplains, and the story goes that after he had been conversing with Queen Victoria regarding the number of curates who worked under him, Her Majesty said, “Take my advice, Mr. Lang, dismiss one of your curates and get a good wife.”

“But, your Majesty,” replied the Vicar, “I should not be able to dismiss a wife!”

The Archbishop has devoted himself so specially to work amongst men, that some churchwomen wondered if he took the same interest in women’s work. As a matter of fact Dr. Lang was so appreciative of the splendid work being done by the Mothers’ Union, the Girls’ Friendly Society, and the Church of England Women’s Help Society, and other organizations for women, that he was impressed by the importance of trying to bring men’s organizations up to the same standard of efficiency. Possibly in the future the women’s societies may be federated into a sister organization on similar lines to the C.E.M.S., and the Archbishop will give it his blessing.
HELEN dear!

Helen started, rising from the wide window-ledge where she had been seated, trying to catch the last of the daylight as she bent over her sewing. It was the end of October, and evenings were chilly enough to warrant a fire without the reproach of extravagance.

Dr. Raynes had come in and was warming his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"Why, dad, how early you are home, and, aren't you feeling well, you—you look so pale?"

"Not very well, my dear. Now don't get alarmed, it is only a touch of the old pain again."

Helen quietly drew forward the easy-chair and pressed her father back into it.

"Sit quiet, dad. Is there anything I can get or—?"

She was leaving the room, but Dr. Raynes called her back.

"No, don't send for Hewson. It is no use. Come back here, Helen, I want a little chat with you."

Helen came back; her face was very pale but she kept her emotion bravely under control.

"Good child," said her father, patting her shoulder, "you are so brave, dear, that I feel now it would have been better to tell you before, much better."

"Tell me—what?"

"What I have known has been threatening these last two months. Lethbury told me in September. My appendix has been troubling me, but I put off the operation then, till next time, and—"

"Appendicitis! And was that what was the matter with you, dad? You never told me."

"There was no need to worry you, child. The cares of the world would come soon enough. And I had been hoping it would not return—the pain, I mean."

"But it has. I am sure of it. I can see by your face. Dad, if you won't have Mr. Hewson, do at least go to bed at once and let me wire to Dr. Lethbury."

"To Lethbury? Yes, he would come, and he might possibly operate, for old friendship's sake. It is worth the risk."

"An operation! Oh, dad, you won't have to have one?"

"Hush, dear. Don't get frightened. Wait till Lethbury comes. Yes, you may send for him."

"And you will go to bed? I shall come up directly and put some hot fomentations on. Perhaps—perhaps the pain will soon be better."

"Yes, darling, perhaps."

He kissed her fondly, and went slowly up to his room, leaving Helen to scribble the wire off, tears blurring her eyes so that she could hardly write.

Who does not know the confusion caused by sudden serious illness? Of course it "happened" that Alice was out, and there was not a drop of boiling water in the house.

"Helen left Sarah, the cook, to rectify the latter deficiency whilst she ran bare-headed down the hill to the post office.

Coming back she was met by Tom Chalgrove, beaming with health and self-importance. Tom had made such free use of Helen's promise of friendship that not a villager but would nod their heads wisely over the bit of gossip that "the young folk" meant making a match of it.

Perhaps Helen herself was the only person who had not heard it, which accounted for her frank spontaneity in responding to Tom's eager homage and gratitude.

As for Keith Braeford he had been so busy of late that he had had little time for calling in at the doctor's house. And Helen had bitten her lip hard more than once to keep back the tears of disappointment as she watched him ride by down the hill towards his lodgings with never a glance for her as she stood leaning against the low garden wall.

Of course she knew it was very foolish. Had not Keith already given her so much of his time over the business of her search for Robert Chalgrove's wife and child? Naturally he must "make up" for the time lost, and all the "business" could be, and was, discussed with Tom himself.

And Tom's "business" had progressed wonderfully well, so that now he and his aunt were safely established in the old Manor.

The fact that he was in some sort of sense "Squire" of Barncombe had added tremendously to Tom's self-importance, yet so naive was his boastfulness, so interspersed with genuine humility and generous good-nature that he had won his way to favour with neighbours rich and poor. Yet it was always to Helen that he came for advice or sympathy, Helen whom he sought out in his difficulties and doubts.

He did not seem to notice the distress in her face at first as he stopped her on the hill.

"I'm so glad I saw you, Miss Helen," he cried, holding out his hand—he never missed shaking hands if he could help it. "I wanted to tell you about our party. It was Aunt Barb'ra's idea, an' to tell you the truth I was a bit ratty when I found she'd been sending out the invitations without s' much as askin' me. All the county, if you please, the people who wouldn't have so much as put their noses inside my shop at Sunderleigh! 'A nice flouting you'll get,' I told..."
the old lady. 'And me to have the blame of it for a chap who's too big for his boots.' But not a bit of it. They're all pleased to come, one and all, if you'll believe it, Miss Helen. There's an admiral an' a general, an' two baronets, an' Lord knows who else beside. You'll come early to-morrow, won't you? an' just give Aunt Barb'ra a tip or two how to do things. She thinks she knows, but she don't, and she'll listen to you, because you put it so nicely. You'll come, Miss Helen?"

They had reached the gate of the doctor's house, and it was here only that Helen paused. "I can't, Tom," she replied. "I can't. My—my father is very ill indeed."

Ah! he saw fast enough now. Saw the pretty face a-quiver and the brave effort after control, read the fear in the grey eyes of which he had begun to dream so often of late, and, man-like, longed to shield her against this threatening trouble.

"The doctor ill?" he gasped. "Why, he can't be. I saw him myself drivin' over the moor not an hour or two back. It—it can't be anythin' very serious."

"It is—very serious. I can't stop now, Mr. Chalgrove. I—I must go in and see how he is. He—is in great pain—it is appendicitis. We—we have just wired to Dr. Lethbury."

So helpless she looked, standing there bareheaded, drooping a little as though under some weight, the shadow of a great despair in her eyes. Even as he watched, Tom saw those eyes slowly fill with tears. And she had called him "Mr. Chalgrove," when it had always been "Tom" of late.

Poor Miss Helen! Love which had lain dormant through the weeks leapt into clear self-knowledge at that moment in the man's heart. He knew that in all the world nothing "counted" for him but Miss Helen, and her happiness.

Half trembling at his own boldness, yet by some irresistible impulse he covered the little hand which rested on the top of the gate with his own strong fingers.

"You know me," he muttered thickly, "know me just as I am an' for what I am, an' I believe you must know too that anything I can do for you—anything in the wide world I can serve you in, I'd be only too proud an' honoured to do. You know what I mean, Miss Helen, though—though I daren't say more now."

Did she indeed know? Then why did she gaze with such startled eyes after his retreating figure as he fled precipitately after that impulsive speech. Was it possible, she asked herself in amaze, that Tom Chalgrove meant what he had said? meant much more too as one glance at his face had told her.

Tom's face was too ready an index to its owner's thoughts, and a pair of honest blue eyes had told their tale as plainly and straightforwardly as it is possible for eyes to do.

Helen could not remain in doubt of what they had said, yet she shuddered a little as she opened the gate and hurried towards the house. She had never dreamt of Tom Chalgrove falling in love with her, the knowledge that he had done so surprised and shocked her.

Tom, the erstwhile little grocer of Sunderland; Tom Chalgrove, the son of a convict—no, no, that was not fair; Tom, the son of a hero—that was more true; and yet, what matter since it was of Keith Braeford alone that she thought, whilst her cheeks burned as she ran up the stairs to her father's room. Could that have possibly been the reason why Keith came so seldom now—to see her and her father? She could not help the question rising in her mind over and over again.
"She watched him ride by down the hill, with never a glance for her."

"It is very difficult to know what to advise," said Dr. Lethbury gravely, "under existing circumstances. I cannot tell you, my dear child, how I sympathize with you in what is a real grief to myself."

Helen raised a tear-stained face to meet the pitying gaze of her father's old friend.

"Is there no hope that he will get better without an operation?" she asked faintly. "None at all?"

"I fear not. This is a much more severe attack than the last. Then I advised him to risk the journey to town, now it would be impossible. If he is operated on he must be operated on here with the least delay possible and by the best surgeon we can get to come down from town."

"Could you not perform it?"

"No, I dare not. There are complications in your father's case which necessitate far greater knowledge and skill than I possess. It is not that I would not do anything in my power for my friend, but I dare not. He must have the best surgeon, and the best anaethetist if the operation is to be successful."

"And you have told dad?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"My dear, that is the hardest part. He cannot afford to buy his life at the price. Literally, he cannot possibly pay the fees however much they might be reduced. He tells me that his financial position has been a terrible anxiety to him lately. People who would mock the very notion of dishonesty are strangely lax in leaving their doctor's bills unpaid, and there have been some bad debts. It is the thought of what you would do, if you were left, which causes him his greatest suffering now."

Helen was weeping pitifully.

"Dad! dad! Oh! what shall I do. Can't you persuade him? Surely we could borrow the money. I would do anything, anything so that he might have the operation."

Dr. Lethbury shook his head. He himself was a married man with a wife and five children dependent on him; to offer a loan of money was sheer impossibility with him."

"He would not consent," he replied, "I have tried all persuasions."

"And—how long—"

"Hush, child. We must still hope for the best. Ways and means often come in most unexpected fashion. God grant such may offer soon. Now I am just going up to sit with him for an hour or so, and I want you to go out. A walk will do you good, and help you too to be the lassie it will do your father good to see on your return."

The kindly doctor hurried away. Just then he felt it impossible to put more brutally to the distracted girl what the immediate consequences of a delayed operation would be.

For once Helen did not follow his advice. It was so cold outside, and the twilight would soon gather, besides—besides she could not go out feeling as she did.

A black world indeed to poor Helen Raynes as she crouched over the fire, conning over and over again those brief sentences of Dr. Lethbury's.

The best surgeon, the best anaethetist, with all the attendant expenses of a costly operation and illness. Never had the lack of money appeared so stupendous a thing to her before. To
think that her father—her dear father—must die because they could not afford to save his life.

Oh, the horror, the horror of it.

Sick with dread, she sat, moaning in her trouble, scarcely conscious that Alice had opened the door and announced a visitor.

"Mr. Chalgrove, miss."

The door closed.

"Why, Miss Helen!"

He had been to inquire, but had not seen her since he had met her returning from the post office. The tragedy of her face appalled him, and the next moment he was beside her, forgetful of everything but that the woman he loved with all the vigour of his young manhood was in trouble.

And she?

Had it been an answer to her sobbing, wordless prayer that this man had come just then?

Strangely enough it was the thought of her father which alone obsesssed her as she sat listening to a tale from which she would have turned resolutely away a week ago.

"Can I help you?" Tom Chalgrove was pleading, as he held her two hands in his. "Can't I do anything? I can't bear to see you in trouble, Miss Helen; it's more than I can stand, loving you as I do. Yes, I can't help it, and you know it now. I love you with all my heart. What's the use of my money to me if I ain't got you? It's just nothing. These last few days I've seen that as plain as can be. It's the one thought, wakin' and sleepin'. When shall I see her again? No, I didn't mean to say—I know I'm not fit to be your husband. But I love you—love you as no gentleman born could do better, an' there's nothing I wouldn't do to prove it if you'd only try me. Nothing in the world, for the lass I love."

And every word came from the heart of an honest man, stamped with a sincerity and devotion which would have stirred any woman's heart even though it could never beat with an echo of that passion which vibrated in every syllable.

Helen sat very still. This was the answer then. Had she not said she would do anything—anything to save her father's life, and here was the opportunity?

If only she would say "yes" to that appeal she knew that Tom Chalgrove's wealth would be at her command. And, sordid as it sounded, she felt that she must do anything just now for money. Yet her heart smote her in vague memory. The strong, handsome face of Keith Braeford. But where was Keith to-day? Only yesterday he had told her he had gone to town on urgent business for a fortnight, and he had not even come to say good-bye.

Ah, that summer's dream had been an illusion, she was nothing to Keith—nothing. But her father's life, his happiness, his peace of mind all depended on her saying "yes" to the man beside her.

A crucial moment, a moment when a young girl's hesitation meant the making or marring of three lives, and all the time she thought of a sick man, tossing to and fro on a bed of pain.

She could not endure that thought. Could not bear to know that she now had the power to alleviate those sufferings and yet held back.

Very slowly she turned her head to meet the eager gaze of Tom Chalgrove's eyes.

"Yes, I will marry you," she whispered beneath her breath.

"You'll marry me?"

The loud echo of the words she had hardly dared to breathe startled the poor girl in a sudden horror.

"No, no," she almost cried, and seemed to hear the moan of pain from the room overhead.

"Yes," she replied more steadily, "I—I will marry you."

"You—"

She had dreaded that his arms would be round her, shrink from the thought of what his kisses would be. But if birth had denied Tom Chalgrove the status of a gentleman, Nature had been more kindly.

True he had raised each little hand to his lips, kissing them again and again, but it was more the homage of a subject to his queen than a lover to his lady.

"You mean it—Helen?" he asked, with a gasp, and the sound of her name without the usual prefix jarred on her overstrung nerves.

"Yes," she said feverishly. "I mean it. I will marry you. And—and you can help me too."

His face was aglow.

"That's good," he declared. "As long as I can do something, that's it. To see you sittin' cryin' there in the dark, it seemed to nearly break my heart, but now——" He held her hands with the clasp of proud possession. "You don't know how I feel," he said. "But it's too much. I can't—can't guess now how I dared to ask you. And yet——"

She smiled wanly at his humility.

"You did," she went on, "and I have accepted you. But oh, Tom, dad is so ill. Dr. Lethbury has just been telling me he—he must have an operation, and the best surgeon——"

How quick her listener was to understand. There was no need to ask since love forestalled the demand.

"I'll go up to London myself," he said, with a return of some of his self-importance, "and bring 'em all down, doctors, nurses an' every-thing. You trust me to see they're the best. And there shan't be any time lost. You dry your eyes, dear, an' don't fuss. We'll have your father as right as a trivet before you know where you are. An' when he's about again, why, then we'll be thinking of fixing up the wedding day an' everything as merry as a marriage bell."

How her pulses leapt at his words, those first words which inspired her with hope. She had hardly heeded the last part of his sentence so engrossed was she with those other thoughts.
"You'll catch the 6.4 train," she gasped. "There's plenty of time, and I'll run up and ask Dr. Lethbury first to come down and speak to you. Perhaps he would suggest who he thinks best."

"We'll have two of them to be on the safe side," declared Tom, and his laugh was one of pure joy as he saw how the light had crept into her eyes. And then, because he was so confident in his happiness, he slipped his arm round her waist and kissed her with lover-like tenderness.

Involuntarily Helen drew back, startled. "Oh, no," she gasped, and fled on her mission with cheeks aflame and a curious shuddering running through her frame. Tom stared after her a trifle dismayed.

"Bless her, she's so worried over her father," he muttered to himself; "but that'll soon be all right, that will," and he fell to dreaming of the time when he should bring a mistress home to the old Manor House.

"If I ain't just the luckiest fellow that ever lived," he soliloquized; "the very luckiest. And none of it wouldn't have been worth a jot without her. God bless her."

Upstairs Helen was sitting in a darkened room beside her father's bed. Dr. Lethbury had gone downstairs to give Tom his instructions. "Is the pain any better, dad darling?" she whispered, constrained to say something yet scarcely knowing what it was in the turmoil of her thoughts.

"It soon will be now, dear," came the swift answer, whilst a smile broke over the poor, pain-twisted face of the sufferer. "And to think that the answer to my prayer should come so wonderfully. God bless you both, child."

She had told her news briefly, and already felt repaid for that half-realized sacrifice even though her cheek still burned where Tom's lips had touched it.

"He is going straight up to town," Helen replied. "And when you have had the operation you will soon be better, dad."

"If it be God's will, dear."

"But of course it must be His will," she cried. "My—my—I mean Tom's offer coming just as it did proves it. You will soon be well, dad."

He smiled grimly.

"And already the worst pain of all has gone," he replied. "I have no more anxiety about you, Helen. Tom Chalgrove is a fine young fellow, and if you love him—"

"Helen rose hastily. "I don't believe you ought to be talking, dad," she broke in. "Dr. Lethbury said you were to be quiet. What a bad nurse I am! There, I won't talk another word, but I shall sit by your side and you must rest—there is nothing to worry you now. I am going to marry Tom Chalgrove, and he is one of the best fellows in the world."

And Dr. Raynes, weak and suffering as he was, must needs console himself with the reflection that all was as it should be.

Helen sat patiently by her father's side. He had fallen into a light dose, the first for many hours. How good that was, the girl told herself, and kept her thoughts resolutely fixed on that and the knowledge that all was as it should be.

And how very, very kind Tom had been. It was indeed true that he was, as she said to her father, "one of the best fellows in the world."

"Can I help you?" Tom Chalgrove was pleading. "Can't I do anything?" —Page 226.
But what of Keith Braeford? What would he say when he heard of her engagement? She clenched her hands tightly as she thought of listening to his quiet congratulations. Oh, if only he would spare her that. She could not bear to hear him say those words, and know that it was true that her engagement to another man meant nothing to him.

Tears rolled slowly down her cheeks as she sat there in the darkness beside her sick father. She ought to be feeling so much happier, to be thanking Heaven for the wonderful answer to her prayer, and instead—ungrateful little wretch that she was—she sat crying because—because of what she dared not name even to herself.

The next morning the doctors came. Tom had fulfilled his promise, two of the finest surgeons of the day had come, and with them an eminent anaesthetist and trained nurses.

Helen experienced that vague feeling of resentment which comes to many when their place is usurped by professional strangers at the sick bed of those they love, and she was left to wander forlornly about the house, or run eager-footed on any little errands which were vouchsafed to her by those "in command" upstairs.

And oh! the breathless suspense when the operation began, a suspense the more unendurable for the silence and hush which had followed the former quiet bustle of preparation.

Helen could not endure it after a time, even prayer had deteriorated into a reiterated repetition of the cry, "Oh, God, spare him, spare him to me."

White-cheeked, anxious-eyed and unnerved she had crept out into the sunlight of a November day. She did not feel the cold chill of the wind; her hands were burning, her heart throbbed in dull, sickening beats. "Oh, God, save him, spare him."

A sob rose in her throat as she stood still, the breeze blowing her hair about her uncovered head.

Some one was coming up the drive, she heard the quick footsteps in a detached kind of fashion, and vaguely supposed it must be Tom. Well, it was only natural he should come, for his thanks, though before she had been grateful for his consideration in having gone away after motoring the doctors and nurses from Warkleigh.

What should she say, she wondered, and what would she do if he wished to kiss her again?

Round the corner of the path came a figure—but it was not that of Tom Chalgrove.

"Helen."

She looked in a dazed fashion into Keith Braeford's pale face. He had never called her "Helen" before, but the word did not jar as it had yesterday when Tom used it.

"Have you heard?" she asked. "I thought you were away—in London."

"Mrs. Barclay wrote yesterday and told me," he replied. "I came down at once. My poor Helen."

She drew back a pace looking at him wide-eyed.

"Oh, but you have not heard," she cried pitifully. "Do not speak till you have. I—I thought—"

Braeford had come to a sudden halt, the words which had been on his lips to say suddenly checked by the expression on her face.

"Tell me—about your father?" he asked.

"I heard on my way from the station that the London doctors had come down to consult and that they came over in Tom Chalgrove's motor. Was it he you thought I might have seen?"

Helen braced herself resolutely to the speech which already she guessed was to bring pain to the listener.

"Yes," she replied, "I thought he—Tom—might have told you—told you of our engagement."

(To be continued.)
New Light on Old Texts.

V. THE THINGS OF GOD—A PRESENT EXPERIENCE.

By OXONIENSIS.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

THE last article in this series—in the June number—was on the subject of "Seeing God—A Present Reality," in considering which, we ventured the remark, that the tendency of Christian believers is to fix thought upon the deeper joys of the resurrection life, to such an extent as to minimize, if not altogether to obscure, present realities. We choose the above text for this article, because its consideration will still further illustrate that tendency on the part of Christian believers to which we have referred. "The things which God hath prepared [not is preparing] for those that love Him." Are the "things" here referred to, such as are to be enjoyed in the present, as a reward for loving God, or such only as are to be anticipated in the future? St. Paul is evidently quoting from Isaiah lxiv. 4. "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

The words of the text are constantly quoted as referring exclusively to the future. It is suggested that we can have no conception of the blessings which God has stored up for the faithful in the future life. The words have been freely used in hymns and sermons, as well as in books about heaven; and doubtless such writers as Mrs. Hemans in her poem, "The Better Land," have been responsible for increasing and strengthening the popular interpretation.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair.

Thus much of the enjoyment of present blessings as a reward for loving God, is overlooked. St. Paul, however, was not unmindful of present realizations, as a glance at the context will show; for in the very next verse he adds, "but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." "Hath revealed"—that is a present experience, not a future revelation to anticipate. The glories of heaven may or may not be referred to, in the Apostle's words—probably they are, as there will be fuller joys in the heavenly life—but what are primarily and distinctly alluded to are the present privileges and blessings which are the lot of the faithful, and which are revealed by the Holy Spirit as a reward for their loving God.

How much of God's truth is lost to us, and how many misinterpretations are made through the omission of reference to the context in Bible passages, as here for example. In the verses preceding the text, St. Paul refers to the princes of this world, who were ignorant of the wisdom of God; who knew Him not and loved Him not; and who showed their ignorance by crucifying the Lord of glory. The Apostle draws the strong distinction between such, and those who do know and love God, and who do know therefore the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him," in that they are "revealed unto them by the Spirit." Noting the context still further, surely St. Paul emphasizes the fact to which we are alluding when he refers, in verse 12, to "the things that are freely given unto us of God." The revelation by the Spirit, of the things of God, was promised by Jesus Christ, when He was speaking of the expediency of His going away from His disciples, that the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, might come unto them, and said He. "He will show you"—i.e. when He comes to the world—"things to come" (St. John xvi. 13). Then again can we not find further evidence of the promise of the revelation of the "things of God" to those who love Him in St. John xiv. 21: "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father; and I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him." When a soul has been brought out of darkness into light, and been once touched with the fire of Divine love, such a one begins at once to enjoy the revelation of Jesus by the Spirit to the "inner man." His powers are greater; his experiences are new; he is "in the Spirit," and being spiritualized he is able to "spiritually discern" and to receive the "things of God," which were hidden to him before, for, as St. Paul says in verse 14, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."

Let us not lose the enjoyment of present spiritual blessings by regarding them only as future joys. True it is, the climax will be reached in the heavenly life; there the redeemed will behold the Lord face to face in all His radiant glory, when eye shall indeed see, and ear shall indeed hear, and love shall reach its object of adoration, and the full manifestation of the Saviour will be complete; but true it is also, that now, "according to the riches of His glory, we can be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the innerman"; and Christian does "dwell in our hearts by faith, and being rooted and grounded in love, we are able now to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ." That is a present experience, and is surely the most blessed of all the "things of God," which He has prepared for those that love Him.
HOW HE FINDS ENJOYMENT IN MAKING HOLIDAYS FOR OTHERS.

Written and Illustrated by CHAS. J. L. CLARKE.

On one of the uplands of Essex there stands a home which will be remembered for many years to come by the women of that desolate and crowded area of London known generally as "Dockland."

In the usual way, the girls who inhabit the mean streets of the shipping quarters have no knowledge of what "holidays" mean, except that the routine of school life is exchanged for an extra share of duties in the home, with occasional relaxation when there is nothing to do but idle about in the sunlight which filters through the prevailing smoke and gloom.

There are a couple of hundred girls who each year learn the real meaning of a holiday. Major Hilder, an Essex gentleman, has conceived the idea of giving himself a week's pleasure in the summer by inviting two hundred Dockland girls to enjoy the beautiful surroundings of his home, and if the truth were told, it is probable that the major and his wife and family extract more pleasure out of their efforts for their poorer fellow beings than from any other week's holiday they enjoy.

Everything connected with the Dockland girls' holiday is provided by Major and Mrs. Hilder, and the Rev. E. A. Gardner, the Vicar of Canning Town, selects the holiday-makers and spends the week in helping towards their enjoyment. The only stipulation is that those invited shall have no other prospect of a holiday away from their usual surroundings, and many of the little guests are imperfectly shod and poorly clad, and have little knowledge of the joys and wonders of a holiday in the country.

In such strange surroundings the guests would no doubt be at a loss to find occupations which would please them, but Major Hilder arranges that not a single hour shall be without some healthy recreation, so that the girls get the utmost good from their week in the country.

When the visitors arrive they find a canvas city ready for them to occupy, each tent being provided with blankets and bedding, and in various places in the Major's grounds there are swings, giant strides, and a number of other amusements erected.

At six o'clock in the morning the camp is roused and the fun begins. Beds are spread out to air, and there is a bustle of hair dressing and washing, which is a prelude to the good things to come. The amount of enjoyment the girls extract from bed-making and toilet preparations in the open air is an evidence of their appreciation of their novel surroundings.

Probably no other morning's wash has ever been half so refreshing as the sluice in cold clear water, which is poured into bowls stood on stools in the farmyard, nor is it probable that any meal

Bed-making at the Camp which Major Hilder organized to give a Holiday to 200 Girls from Dockland.
What an event the midday meal is, and what appetites have been gathered in the course of the morning. There is no need of delicacies to tempt the hungry ones. Quantity is unlimited, and the quality of the plain simple fare is such that every course is a delight.

After dinner there is the washing up, in which the workers from the Rev. E. A. Gardner's parish, who spend their time at the camp at Ingatestone, direct the little guests in clearing everything away and leaving the crockery ready for future use.

The afternoons simply fly by in a dozen and one events thought out and organized by the major and his helpers. The swings, giant strides, merry-go-rounds and similar contrivances claim crowds of patrons, while competitions such as mop fights, running races, hat trimming, skipping, and anything which suggests itself as likely to interest follow in quick succession. Amongst the other surprises which await the guests is a room built up amongst the branches of one of the great trees, and the little Londoners are never tired of climbing up and down the rustic staircase which leads to this quaint abode among the leaves. Then comes the afternoon tea, and in the eventide the holiday makers, tired but happy, quiet down and talk over the glorious experiences of the day, and prepare to live again just such another day on the morrow.

taken in Dockland could compare with the fresh farm produce which loads the tables in the gigantic barn which is used as a dining hall.

At ten o'clock each morning one of the tit-bits of the outing is arranged. In the grounds near the house is a large open-air swimming bath, and no one ever thinks of missing a bathe under the hot summer sun, and the dancing and splashing which churns the surface of the bath into great waves is a sight to be remembered.

The Major believes in plenty of exercise, and during the morning organized games and exercises are arranged so that the girls shall obtain the utmost good from the pure sweet air of the country-side. Sometimes there are running races, sometimes Swedish drill, but always something different, so that interest never flags.

Parties are taken along the country lanes for delightful rambles, and the various unfamiliar phases of rural life are explained. Perhaps blackberries are the object of search, and the wonders of finding and picking luscious fruit growing wild, so familiar to country dwellers, are like a page out of a fairy book to the girls of the East End. There is no restraint, everyone does exactly as she pleases. The roadside ponds attract the laughing youngsters to paddle in the cool clean waters and fill in the time until the dinner hour.
The Major is a past master at inventing surprises for his little guests. There is a blackboard erected on the grounds on which the coming events are recorded, and one evening this bore an invitation to the girls to rob the orchard at eight o'clock next morning while the gardeners were at breakfast. No one missed the invitation, and led by the Major himself, the attack on the fruit trees was silently and secretly carried out until the appearance of the gardeners caused all the raiders to scurry away from their preserves. Surely fruit could never taste so nice as when stealthily gathered from the trees and eaten all wet with real dew in the early hours.

No one knows what is going to happen next, but it is always something good and generally has a spice of fun and excitement in it. When the happy week is over the children return to their homes ready for a fresh spell at their daily round of duties in the narrow streets and restricted homes, to dream again and again of Ingatestone and the kindly Major and his family, who, as I said before, derive as much pleasure out of the week's enterprise as any of the guests.

What an excellent suggestion this original holiday or training scheme for young people who are well blessed with this world's goods; and one cannot help thinking that if the experiment were tried by others they would, undoubtedly, be quite enthusiastic in their praise of Major Hilder's Holiday scheme.

Red Letter Church News.

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

Correspondence.—Mr. J. W. Shepherd writes to point out that St. Swithin's, Lincoln, is not the only church possessing a pagan altar. During recent alterations to Tunstall Church, Kirkby Lonsdale, an inscribed stone was found, built into the wall. This Professor Haverfield declares to be a Roman altar, probably brought from the Roman fortress at Barrow, a mile from Tunstall Church. He translates the inscription as follows: "To the sacred god Asclepias and the goddess Hygeia...Julius Saturninus..."

Mrs. A. Poppy claims a remarkable record for the Ker- shaw family, to which she belongs, viz. an aggregate of 140 years' service in church choirs.

Prayer for Rain.—"In the Magazine for June," writes "L. H. C.," a paragraph headed 'Prayer for Rain,' with reference to the Bishop of Melbourne's answer when asked to sanction a special prayer. The Bishop pointed out that there was plenty of rain, but that it ran away into the rivers and thence to the sea, and that instead of praying, his petitioners ought to work. The writer of the paragraph expresses the hope that the Victorians profit by the Bishop's rebuke. The present writer well remembers the incident, which happened when he was a boy living in Melbourne Vicarage, about thirty years ago. The Bishop, Dr. Moorhouse, afterwards of Manchester, followed up his rebuke by a crusade in favour of irrigation works. Mostly on account of his efforts these works were started, and since then millions of pounds have been spent on them. At first, for various reasons, the results were not very satisfactory from a financial point of view, but now the benefit is being reaped, not only by the sons of the colonists who started the work, but by thousands of Englishmen who are crowding out to Victoria and settling down on the irrigated areas, which in the Bishop's time could not have supported one-tenth of the population which they can do now. Small colonies are being formed by those people who go there directly from England, and there is great difficulty in providing them with churches and other means of grace. The difficulty is so great that at the present moment a Canon of a Victorian Diocese is in England appealing for funds for that purpose.

The Farmer's Lectern.—The beautiful lectern to be seen in the pretty little church of Itchingfield, near Horsham, Sussex, is certainly one of the most remarkable pieces of church furniture that can be found. It is the work of a young farmer in the district, who fashioned it out of solid oak blocks. The lectern is a piece of work of which a trained carver might well be proud. The rock on which the eagle stands has been cut from one piece of oak, and the bird, with the exception of the wings, was carved from another. Then, too, the lectern was designed, surveyed, and presented to the old church as a memorial to Queen Victoria, and it would be noticeable for its excellent representation of an eagle standing on a rock, even had it been carved by one of our most noted sculptors; but when one remembers that it was done in his leisure hours as a labour of love by a farmer who made no pretensions to being an artist of high repute, then one's wonder increases at the charming work of art which has thus been given to Itchingfield church and its country congregation. The church itself is one of the oldest and quaintest in Sussex, which is saying a great deal, but it is as pretty as it is quaint, for the old and large belfry is built entirely of oak, resting on solid and immense beams of size and strength, which to-day stand as firm and strong as when they were first placed in position many hundreds years ago. Then, too, there are some enormous and very ancient yew-trees in the little churchyard, and amongst extremely old tombstones are one or two new marble ones that tell of the graves of Bluecoat boys, for the new Christ's Hospital is not far from the old Sussex village.
Big Plum Pudding.—The historic little town of Paignton in Devon has a unique Christmas charity, and one which savours very much of an English Yuletide. A monster plum pudding is made on every fiftieth Christmas Day large enough to give a substantial slice to every poor person in the place. Something of what this means may be estimated when it is said that on the last occasion the charity was carried out—in 1901—the pudding weighed considerably over nine hundred pounds! Miss R. Russell.

A Church Candelabra.—This candelabra is one of a pair at Rowlestone (or Rollstone), Herefordshire. They are said to be pre-Reformation. The candles were placed on the spikes, and the smoke went up between the double row of cocks, which are gilded. Miss J. Niblett.

A Novel Tea Table.—There have been some strange things used as tea tables in different places, but one of the most novel was the dial of a clock. In the parish of Crudley in Herefordshire is a very pretty church, called Crudley New Church, and like most other churches it boasts of a large clock. Once when this clock required cleaning, a Mr. King was engaged for the purpose, and after he had finished his work a very pleasant idea struck him; he called together a family party, numbering twelve, all of whom sat down and took their tea off the clock face, a plate being placed on each figure; after which the dial was replaced in the church tower.

An Old Church Window.—Not long ago I was visiting an old church, and, being much interested in some of the windows, in which was some good rich colouring, I asked the verger if they were old. "Aye, yes, they are, miss," he said, "they have been here ever since I can remember, and I am sixty-six now, and I've been here ever since I was a lad!" His idea of antiquity was amusing, but the love of his church was pleasant to see. "I've twice regular every Sunday," he said, "and I will do as long as I can crawl, and I don't think there is any much better place I could go to.

Stydd Church.—Here we have what is said to be the most ancient complete building in Lancashire, on the Roman road from the south to Manchester and running through Blackburn to Ribchester, an old Roman station once of considerable military importance. There is no doubt that the Gospel was preached at Stydd in very early times, the roads being probably available for others besides the Roman soldiers. Ribchester is beautifully situated in the Ribble valley, one of the most interesting neighbourhoods to the antiquary.

A Church Candelabra.

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An Accomplished Midget.—In memory of Nannette Stocker, who departed this life, May 4th, 1833. Aged 39 years. The smallest woman ever in this Kingdom possessed with every accomplishment, only 33 inches high. A native of Austria. The above may be seen engraved, on a very small tombstone, opposite the entrance to St. Philip's Church (Birmingham Cathedral). The stone would be approximately the same height as the interred body, viz: 33 inches. It is only recently that a friend brought it to the notice of the writer, and remarked at the same time, "Thousands pass it daily, yet how few, probably, ever notice it, though within a few inches of the pavement"; the writer was certainly one, having passed it hundreds of times. Some time after the graveyard was laid out, for the use of the public, as a "garden and open space," it was not found necessary to move the stone.

Opposite.—The worshippers in a certain church had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket, and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbours struggled equally hard to help him. The officiating clergyman, being short-sighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking diplomatically to cover the incident, he innocently said, "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing "Sometimes a light surprise."
Seven houses there were in Matilda Fanny's court, and five of the mothers were out working all day, so the doorsteps were pretty full. At a quarter to two dinner, such as it was, having been demolish'd, the little mother marshalled her children from the time they were paid, and then a hot meal on Saturday was off. So Matilda Fanny's share was often halved with the dirty kettle. Her house contained one room downstairs, with a food cupboard and a coal cupboard. The flooring of the room consisted of damp and uneven red bricks. Upstairs there were two bedrooms, one above the other, one where father and mother and George Alexander slept, and another which she and the twins shared. There was no ventilation through the house, as the whole seven houses were built back-to-back with another seven in the next court. Hers and her children's mother worked all day in a motor chain factory, because father could only earn ten shillings a week as out-porter at the market, and the six of them could not live on that. So away the mother went every morning except Saturdays, after seeing the children off to school, with breakfast or without, as the case might be. She came home from one to two o'clock to get some dinner for herself and the children. There was never a fire in the daytime, summer or winter, so the dinner was often pickles and bread, or bread plain, or perhaps a bit of dripping or lard smeared on it. Dinner on Saturday was hot sometimes — if mother would trouble — potatoes and onions boiled together, and sometimes meat, not often, for mother only got twelve shillings a week as out-porter at the market, and the rent was four-and-sixpence. And then father and mother were sometimes both tipsy on Friday when they were paid, and then a hot meal on Saturday was off. So Matilda Fanny's day was something like this; she trotted to school looking after the others, and trotted them home till after one o'clock, and they got back from school at a quarter-past twelve, the doorstep, wet or fine, was their waiting place, alternated with running up and down the entry into the street.

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earlier, and back home to the doorstep, to wait till mother returned and unlocked the door at a quarter-past six. No wonder the doorstep got hollowed out, no wonder the children were always ailing, tired, anaemic, stunted. Tea over, and the fire lit, round the house went little Matilda Fanny trying to tidy up a bit, whilst mother, tired out with working a heavy capstan lathe all day, in a room with a hundred other machines punching, clanging, whizzing, booming all round her, sat by the fire. Georgealexander went and played in the street or court till sheer fatigue drove him in at ten or eleven o'clock. Sometimes his sister could catch him and coax him to be washed, but that was rarely; the twins with luck could be got to bed at nine or so, and then Matilda Fanny could undress and wash her small person as well as she could, some dim notion of cleanliness lying in her brain from something she had once heard her teacher say.

Matilda Fanny's mother never lost an opportunity of impressing upon her that she ought to be older, and then she could go and earn something in the factory where mother worked. That was the idea that kept Matilda Fanny going. When she was fourteen she would be making money, earning four shillings a week. Why, perhaps with that and what father and mother earned, they all might have enough to eat. But she was only nine, and fourteen seemed a long way off; still this idea of work was a golden dream. She would have to sit all day long in a cramped attitude, chest contracted, head down before a sloping tin tray, on which were piled a quantity of the small pieces of metal that make the tops and bottoms of each head down before a sloping tin tray, on which were piled a quantity of the small pieces of metal she had to slip as fast as possible into a brass trough ready to go to a machine. These pieces of metal she had to slip as fast as possible into her left hand with her right hand, until she had a compact row of them, then she passed them to a brass trough ready to go to a machine and have holes punched in them. Poor little Matilda Fanny!

But when she was twelve she would be old enough to be trusted with the door key, and then the reign of the doorstep would be over. Meanwhile the doorstep, as we have seen, was the children's home for a considerable portion of the day. Nobody troubled. The neighbours' children were all in the same state, some of them worse off even than Matilda Fanny and her family, as they were homeless all day, being given their "piece" for dinner and locked out till six or seven in the evening. Things were a little better when those "nasty abite," the holidays, as Matilda Fanny's mother called them, came on; the house was only locked up then from two to six, as the mother had to stay at home to look somewhat after her children. They were then only half the day on the doorstep and in the street. It was not so bad in the summer, except when it rained; but in the winter the doorstep was cold, to start with, and Matilda Fanny's clothes were thin. The twins sat on her. Georgealexander sat on his heels. Cold wind, colder rain, coldest snow, the holidays were long agoing then. The winter Matilda Fanny was eleven, Leonard got tired of the doorstep and flitted away to another world, so she and the other two had more room. But Matilda Fanny never got over that winter; the cold struck into the small starved frame, and even during the hot summer that followed she never got warm. Half starved and neglected was the medical inspector's report on the children the following January, and a visitor was sent round to caution the mother.

Bitterly cold the wind, and gallant little Matilda Fanny hurried her children home to the doorstep. She had hidden a sack in a corner of the court known only to herself; wrapped in this the two other children would be warm and she could "sort of" sit in front of them with Charlotte on her lap. Cuddled up on the doorstep—the mother, slightly the worse for drink, found them two hours later. She aimed an unsteady kick at Matilda Fanny, who seemed to have half fallen forward over Charlotte, who slept on her lap. Her voice and action woke Georgealexander and Charlotte, and the latter slipped off her sister's lap on to the ground. But Matilda Fanny did not move. "Git up, girl," called the mother, and laid her hand on her. But still the child did not stir. The mother paused a moment, and then steadying herself with one hand against the wall, put the other under Matilda Fanny's chin and raised the child's head. The light from the lamp in the court fell on the thin face, blue, pinched, the eyes turned back, only the whites showing under the half-closed lids. "Dead!" the woman gasped. And so it was. The cold had touched the warm, small, unselfish heart, and tired, like little Leonard, of the doorstep, Matilda Fanny had gone away, her golden dream of work in a factory never to be realized. Did those tired hazel eyes open very wide in wonder when she found she was to play instead in the "cowslip meadows sprinkled o'er with twinkling points of gold" of that other land that she had faintly, dimly, wondered about sometimes?
SOME months ago I visited an exhibition of unusual interest to Bible students. It was in the Natural History section of the British Museum, South Kensington, and consisted of the animals, birds, plants, trees, shrubs, perfumes and minerals mentioned in the Bible. There were many stuffed specimens of the animals and birds, and of the former I obtained photographs which will speak more eloquently than words of description.

The exhibition was confined to one of the bays of the immense building, and was necessarily small, but in this one bay the earnest Bible student, guide book in hand, could glean much valuable knowledge, and certainly the Sunday-school teacher was enabled to get a firmer grip than by any amount of book study of the natural history of the Bible—a source of never-failing interest to children.

No attempt can be made to describe the exhibits in the limited space at my disposal, but a few notes on the animals illustrated may be welcome.

Respecting the coney of the Bible it is possible that the following particulars may be new to many; at any rate the subjoined official paragraph concerning this animal is of more than ordinary value:—

"Realizing that the Hebrew word Shaphan (the hider) indicated a small animal living in holes among rocks, the translators of the Bible rendered it 'coney' (Lev. xi. 5, and Ps. civ. 18), the word then in general use for the rabbit (lepus cuniculus). Since the word 'coney' has now dropped out of general use (surviving only in legal documents), it is frequently supposed to be the proper name of the animal referred to in the Bible. The shaphan has been identified with the Syrian hyrax (procavia, or hyrax, syriaca), an animal which has nothing to do with the rabbit, or indeed rodents generally. On the contrary, it is a distant relative of the rhinoceros and elephant, having somewhat rhinoceros-like molar teeth, and the toes terminating in broad, hoof-like nails. In Leviticus xi. 5 the shaphan is stated to chew the cud, and since the hyrax does not do so, the identification of the latter with the former has been
questioned. The objection is not, however, valid, since there is no small animal with the habits of a hyrax or rabbit which ruminates, the idea that such animals possess this function having probably arisen from the rapid movements of their lips."

The ordinary sheep of Palestine belong to the black-and-white fat-rum ped breed, commonly known as the "hedjaz sheep." As these sheep have very small horns, it would seem that the "ram caught by his horns" (Gen. xxi. 13) at the sacrifice of Abraham's son must have belonged to a larger-horned breed. The earliest breed in Egypt appears to have become extinct before the time of the Pharaohs, and was a long-legged sheep, with spiral horns, lop ears, a fringe on the throat of the rams, and a long tail; the colour being light, light with dark blotches, or wholly dark. It was related to the maned Abyssinian and Hausa sheep. During the Pharaonic epoch this sheep was replaced by a fat-tailed breed, in which the limbs were shorter, the tail was thickened and flattened, and the horns generally of the "Ammon" type, while the coat was probably woolly.

The goat it may be noted that several Hebrew words are translated "goat," "shegoat," or "wild goat" in the Bible. Of the local domesticated breeds, the Syrian, or Mambar goat, is tall and long-limbed, with very long ears and shaggy, silky, black hair. In the Egyptian, or Theban goat, the limbs are long, the horns short or wanting, the head small, with a convex profile, and the beard generally absent; the short hair is usually reddish-brown, tending to yellow on the limbs, but may be slatey-grey or spotted. The "goat" (Job xxxix. 1) probably indicates the Beden or Sinai ic ibex (capra nubiana sinaitica); but it is possible that this or another word may in some instances refer to the wild goat (capra hircus rigagrus) of Mount Ararat.

Brief mention of the hyaena must conclude this all too brief reference to what was undoubtedly one of the most instructive Biblical exhibitions ever held. In addition to other particulars respecting this animal, it is stated that the Valley of Zeboim (1 Sam. xiii. 18) is still called by Arabs Shukh-ed-Dubba, "the Gorge of the Hyena," no doubt the striped hyena (hyaena striata), which is still common throughout Syria.

There are other passages where some suppose the hyena to be referred to, such as Isaiah xlii. 21—"doleful creatures"—and Jeremiah xii. 9, where the "speckled bird" of the Authorized Version is rendered by many "hyena." Hyenas are associated with lions, as flesh-eating wild beasts in Assyrian records.
THE SHIPWRECKED CREW.
"It was time for us to leave her."
Everyday Mistakes.

VII. Between Mothers and Daughters.

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

In my last article, I dealt with what is more or less an artificial relationship (that of peoples in law), and of the mistakes made therein. Today I want to talk of a far more serious and sad subject, i.e. everyday mistakes made in the beautiful and touching intercourse between mother and daughter.

On all hands one hears of the revolt of girls from maternal control, and sees the cord of filial love fretted and strained. Some mothers accept the fact philosophically. They let Mary or Dorothy or Hilda "go her own way," and are content to let that way diverge widely from preconceived notions. Other mothers worry and complain and nag their girls until life is rendered unbearable. A third class mourn deeply over the failure in love which estrangement seems to indicate.

Now how are we—mothers of growing-up or "finished" daughters—to prevent or rectify Apostolic commands about obedience, forbearance and lack of provocation?

First of all, we must take heed to ourselves. Our sweet girl babies must not be mere pegs on which to hang pretty clothes, subjects to be experimented on educationally, or objects of occasional interest. From the first we must have one aim and one goal—train them for eternity. A mother who is working not for time, but for eternity, will have wide views. She will cultivate her own powers and look after her own health; she will lay down few rules, she will overlook trivial things. And as her girls grow, they will, unconsciously, realize this. They will respect and love their single-minded mother.

Then she will never be afraid to show and speak of her love for the daughters given her. When we have little children, we generally do this: wee hands are kissed, tiny forms cuddled, demonstration given of maternal feelings. But as girls grow older, too often this habit is given up. We are afraid of "spoil¬ing" Lucinda or Betty or Kate. We are ashamed of letting folk see us fondling them. Now giving full expression to our feelings is a primary factor in preventing revolt of our daughters. A girl who knows her mother, "loves her to distraction" (as I once heard a daughter put it), is less likely to pain that mother than one who may be doubtful as to the extent of maternal affection. Don't take for granted that Mary knows how much and how tenderly you think of her. Tell her so frequently.

Again, a mother who takes her daughter into confidence forges a strong link in the chain which should bind them together. Let Lucinda know something about your income; share your correspondence with her. Let her help to bear any burden of anxiety you may be carrying. Bid her rejoice in joys which may come to you.

It seems to me manifestly unfair to insist on reading a girl's letters, for instance, and not allow her a sight of yours! Equally one-sided to expect her to economize in pence, and not give her the spending of some of them! Indeed greater openness between mother and daughter is a wise thing, and greater reciprocity.

So much for preventive measure. But what about changing conditions when revolt has begun, and dissatisfaction is seething?

Perhaps the first thing, then, is to realize that incompatibility of temper is quite possible and need not be criminal. It is a patent fact that many families, even pious ones, have their happiness and their tone to a great extent spoiled by the existence of incompatibility. The difficulty is very subtle and elusive, often quite inexplicable; yet such a state of things militates against vigorous religious life. The small things shadow brightness, and good people rightly worry and fret over it. How can they preserve the calmness and quiet which are a Christian's strength?

An initial mistake in this matter is making too much of it. Recognize, if ye be wise, that the original irritation may be purely nervous, or even hereditary. Relationship—even the nearest—does not do away with idiosyncrasy. Young grown-up daughters have, probably, quite as strong characteristics as their mothers, without years of experience in modifying opinion. Treat them respectfully, ignoring the differences as much as possible. Treat the feeling of irritation with the same comprehension as you would some harmless physical defect—accepted and (if possible) smiled at, but not worried over. Consider that the rubs and irritations of family life are a splendid school for character. Both mother and daughter may need the sandpaper of differences to polish and brighten the precious jewel of individu-
HOMESPHERE

ality. If we come triumphant through such friction, our victory will leave its mark for good, a mark of which neither need be ashamed. Elder women must not try to impress their own opinions and individuality upon the younger ones too much. Times change. Daughters start on a different rung of the ladder of life from that on which their mothers did. They are probably better trained, better taught, better educated, better equipped for dealing with the present day than we are. They look at events from a contemporary platform; we, the mothers, from a past one. There would be no "revolt" if we recognized progress.

Don't lay down too many rules for your growing-up girls. They expand as flowers do; grow as diversely as trees in a forest. To crib and cabin by iron regulations is but to spoil beauty and produce abnormal conditions. Talk of love to them—the love all true mothers hope will brighten and glorify their daughters' lives. Don't let the girls imagine there is anything wrong or indecent in thinking of a sweet heart. Help them to consider any courting as a sweet and serious occupation, and possible marriage as an event to be considered and prepared for. Invite confidence in this matter by never lightly or roughly dealing with it. Will or be guarded never to reach out hands towards an unworthy object by wise sympathy, and disastrous "revolt" in this matter may be thus avoided.

One practical hint. Let a girl's duties in her own home be definite ones. It is often said a governess's and maid-of-all-work's work is never done. How true is this of many daughters' duties. They stretch over every hour of the day—for are there not always some things that want attention in every house? I should suggest, as a common-sense method in preventing wearisome revolt, that our girls should be given housework, or cooking, or sewing, to do for certain hours only. If Mary dusts rooms and mends stockings for three hours in the morning regularly, she will accomplish an immense amount. Her afternoon should be hers unreservedly. Or let Kate take charge of silver, linen, and glass. When those household duties are finished, consider she has done her share and may attend tennis parties or anything she likes. It is the indefiniteness of her duties which weary and annoy Dora. A mother may say, "My work is unending; why should not Vera's be? In her own home too!" But that is the point. It is not Vera's OWN. The house is her parents'. She is only a "help" in it. One often hears the following: "How beautifully Mrs. So-and-So keeps her place," and then added, "But she has a capable daughter to help her." Girls are often simply unsalaried domestics in a home circle. I would plead that they be paid by kindly consideration, thoughtful allotment of labour, and a generous amount of guaranteed free time.

Now for a concluding word to both mothers and daughters. Don't wash each other's dirty linen in public. We never meet perfection in any relationship, though its nearest approach is in the one we are considering to-day when developed on right lines. Mothers are not consistent or infallible on all points. They have weaknesses and failings of course. Don't talk of those with onlookers. Nothing causes a woman such exquisite pain as her girl discussing or complaining of her to outsiders. And the same is true with a daughter. She will stand, even welcome, "mother" taking her to task or finding fault with her, if it be done confidentially. She naturally resents any vivisection of her with visitors and relations. The glory of love is to cover a fault, and tender veiling of imperfection is a primary duty in the home.

DO YOU KNOW?
A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS. A.
1. What is done for daily Lessons on February 29th (leap year)?
2. Which saints' days make a double commemoration?
3. On what Sunday do the proper first Lessons begin the Bible?
5. Is the Revelation read twice a year in Daily Lessons as the rest of the New Testament is?
6. What is the Revelation called in the rules for reading Holy Scripture?
7. When is the prophet Isaiah read for Sunday First Lessons?
8. How long is the Christmas Collect continued?
9. What gift is asked alike for King, Royal Family, and the Clergy and people?

* * * 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 November Number.

QUIET THOUGHTS.

We will not think of our own days, which are a handful, but of "the years of the right hand of the Most High."

Whatever changes the years bring to us we must ever keep our eyes on the living Christ. He will always be all we need.

Success is not a splendid career in the eyes of the world; success is being and doing what God sent us here to be and do.

Quiettness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where He places us; to be what He would have us be, and this as long as He pleases.
November Calendar.

**November 1**
- Rev. Dr. St. Clair Tisdall has provided a possible solution. He refers to an old Mohammedan tradition that it was a peacock that admitted Satan into the Garden of Eden! and this tradition would easily strengthen the suggestion that the Yezidees really do worship the devil. Then, again, they have such a veneration for Satan that it is prohibited amongst the people to utter any word containing the letter "shin," being the first letter of the Arabic word for Satan!

**November 2**
- Dr. Griffith writes: "Their emblem of office is a wand, on the top of which is perched a brazen peacock; and they boast with pride that never have their enemies been able to capture one of their staves. They tell how on one memorable occasion a priest, being chased through the desert by Arabs, in the heat of the pursuit stopped his mare, descended, and buried the precious badge of office; then, marking the exact spot for future reference, resumed his flight. Having escaped with his life, six months later he managed to recover the buried staff, creeping down by night into the desert from his mountain shelter.

Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

**A Useful Mission.**

The Revs. Cyril Barisley and F. Bayliss, who started a short time ago on a visit to the Far East, as a special delegation from the C.M.S. Committee, have been having a busy time, and finding their presence and counsel amongst the missionaries of great help. The object of the visit was to consult with the Society’s workers in China and Japan as to the many difficulties experienced in their work. There is of necessity a new situation gradually developing in the Far East with its attendant numerous problems. From a business point of view, it is realized that the visit will tend towards a more intelligent co-operation and truer comity and economy in administration.

**Encouraging Statistics.**

In the Story of the Year, that fascinating annual of the C.M.S., one finds some most interesting and encouraging statistics, which tell of decided growth in work. That work is carried on in 4,786 stations and out-stations by 1,314 European and Colonial missionaries, 456 native clergymen, and some 7,786 native Christian helpers. Connected with the many missions there are more than 404,461 native Christian adherents. The Medical Missions, which form so important a feature, are worked by 94 doctors (67 male and 27 female) and 74 nurses; whilst during last year there were as many as 33,714 in-patients and 1,207,095 out-patients. Truly such a great work is one which requires so much care in its management.

**Worship of the Devil.**

The British Museum, a short time since, became possessed of a singular "peacock god," which is said to have belonged to a sect of devil-worshippers in Mesopotamia, called the Yezidees, who worship the devil under the symbol of a peacock. These people dwell in the mountains round about Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, They are ruled over by a sheikh, who, it is said, has 100,000 armed men under him. Some years ago this powerful ruler called on a C.M.S. missionary, Dr. A. H. Griffith, and invited him to visit his home. This worthy missionary has since published a record of his experiences, which can be found narrated in full in the Missionary Review.

**And the Reason Why.**

Dr. Griffith writes: "Their emblem of office is a wand, on the top of which is perched a brazen peacock; and they boast with pride that never have their enemies been able to capture one of their staves. They tell how on one memorable occasion a priest, being chased through the desert by Arabs, in the heat of the pursuit stopped his mare, descended, and buried the precious badge of office; then, marking the exact spot for future reference, resumed his flight. Having escaped with his life, six months later he managed to recover the buried staff, creeping down by night into the desert from his mountain shelter.

**Superstition about Emblems.**

The question naturally arises why these people should place so high a value on such emblems? The Rev. Dr. St. Clair Tisdall has provided a possible solution. He refers to an old Mohammedan tradition that it was a peacock who admitted Satan into the Garden of Eden! and this tradition would easily strengthen the suggestion that the Yezidees really do worship the devil. Then, again, they have such a veneration for Satan that it is prohibited amongst the people to utter any word containing the letter "shin," being the first letter of the Arabic word for Satan!

**Workers Wanted.**

It is believed that the population of China is about four hundred millions. Of that number eighteen millions are Manchus, until the recent revolution the ruling race. Missionaries have made repeated efforts to bring the Gospel to these people, but with little or no success. It is earnestly hoped, however, that under the present régime success may be attained. One missionary, at any rate, writes hopefully, saying that numbers of Manchu women are attending the church services, whereas, under the old order of things, they were not allowed to attend church, or become Christians, under penalty of losing their allowance from the Government, which restrictions, however, are now removed, and they have freedom to do as they like. There is now a fine open field, but the present missionaries are handicapped for want of more workers.

**Bell made of Idols.**

A Missionary in Travancore recounts how a native convert brought to him a sack full of idols, which he suggested should be melted down and made into a bell to ring in the church. This to his great delight was done.
Why is it that the names of men who save life are so soon forgotten, while names of criminals are remembered? (See page 251.)
HE history of the word "thrift" is in itself an encouragement. To thrive, as used by our Scandinavian forefathers, meant literally to seize for oneself. They thrrove and were accounted thrifty by plunder and forcible possession.

When I was a girl I saw emblazoned in a window, as I went up the staircase of our Scotch host, the family device, a crane with a stone in its claw, and underneath the fierce legend, "Thou shalt want ere I want." That was the spirit of thrift of old time. No longer do we admire such a spirit.

Thrift is, perhaps, an example of a natural instinct purified and ennobled by Christianity. We have, thank God, as the centuries have rolled on, learned that we are members one of another.

There are two motives for Thrift which together should inspire and encourage us in practising it ourselves and in persuading others to do so. First, the securing of provision for the future for ourselves and those dependent on us, and, secondly, the securing of power to help others.

Both are Christian aims. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith"; and when St. Paul wanted to turn the love of acquisition into a new channel, he wrote, "Let him that stole, steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Not only be a negative but a positive blessing. "Be just before you are generous," but also be just in order that you may be generous.

Young people especially, see "the defects of the quality." As a girl, who afterwards became an evangelist, exclaimed, "I hate that miserable idea of making both ends meet; I like them to tie in a good, handsome bow." False economy, the spoiling of the ship for a ha’porth of tar, being penny wise and pound foolish, equally with that counterfeit niggardliness, tend to bring thrift into disfavour, and we must labour not only to make both ends meet, but that, having met and perhaps tied in a good, handsome bow, all extra shall be used for others. Where means are straitened, there is the greater joy in contriving gifts, and the generous heart will respond if we urge this motive for economy, while it rightly despises hoarding. As a little lad exclaimed on hearing St. Paul’s words, "When I became a man I put away childish things," Why didn’t he give them to some other boy?

It may perhaps call forth suggestions from workers of far greater experience than myself if the ideas I have gleaned are ranged under the heads of how to encourage thrift in the Nation, the Parish, and the Home.

I. Thrifty as a Nation.

As a Nation we do not rank high for thrift, but we shared in the general advance in the organization of provident habits which marked the close of the eighteenth century. From the fact that we find two towns named "Thrifty," one "Frugality," and three "Economy," in the United States, we infer that our early colonists were keen on the virtue. Savings Banks were first suggested by Daniel Defoe, and an Englishwoman, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, was the first in Great Britain to add one by that name to her Friendly Society in 1801.

Nor must we forget the important part which Friendly Societies, however entitled, have borne in the work. As the first woman delegate at the annual conference of the Independent Order of Oddfellows remarked the other day, "Women, equally with men, have a close interest in furthering all agencies for the promotion of thrift." Lady Guardians, County Councillors, members of the Charity Organization Society, have wide opportunities of studying this complex question. They encourage thrift by the promotion of practical technical classes, training schools, national hygiene, the prevention of the overlapping of charity. A large majority strongly support a scheme, if not the scheme of national insurance, in augmentation of old-age pensions.

Then there is the further question of the employment of savings to advantage. I am not aware how large a share women take in further-
ing co-operative enterprises on a large scale, but do not doubt they are serving the nation thus. There were in 1909 sixteen co-partnership Tenant Societies, but, so long ago as the sixties, an admirable scheme for encouraging the thrifty tenant was set on foot by Miss Octavia Hill. A yearly sum was set apart for the repairs of each house, and whatever remained over was spent upon such additional appliances as the tenants themselves desired. It has been suggested by Miss Elizabeth Boyd Bayly that the same system applied to the country farms and cottages would help to bring labour "back to the land."

Meanwhile, how many a woman worker, specially great temperance workers like Agnes Weston, "the Sailors' Mother," are saving the nation thousands of pounds which were formerly squandered in drink or vice.

II. Thrift in our Parish.

For the encouragement of Thrift in our parishes, we must strive to utilize to the best advantage all existing endowments: Provident Coal and Sick Benefit Clubs; Mothers' Meetings; the G.F.S., and kindred agencies.

I was struck by the admirable methods to this end employed in a large and long-established Mothers' Meeting in the city of Lincoln, of which I learned the other day. "There's many an article in my house which would never have been there if it had not been for the Mothers' Meeting," exclaimed a member, who also described the habit of buying articles at the door and paying so much on account to the traveller or tallyman as "ruinous" to those who practise it.

If managers of clubs give the orders for goods supplied through local tradesmen, they thereby ensure punctual payment to them, and the flow of ready money should not be arrested at the local shops, often, alas, hampered by bad debts, but pass on to the wholesale firms with which they deal. In our village Clothing Club we allow the boys and girls on leaving school, and being no longer eligible for the Penny Bank, to start a Post Office Savings Account to those who are depositors as long as they live in the parish. In the same way we may help girls going to marriage sufficient house-linen to last their life, according to that true proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine." Also, as a rider to this, renew the wash-tub are really suitable for their purpose, and being no longer eligible for the Penny Bank, there, to be depositors as long as they live in the parish.

In G.F.S. work I have tried offering a shilling to start a Post Office Savings Account to those candidates who could repeat without mistake the twelve Scriptural rules of life and the texts on which they are based.

III. Thrift at Home.

When we come to the citadel of home, we reach the heart of our subject, and the guiding of the house is unquestionably a woman's work. Feeling myself by no means qualified to be an apostle of thrift, I have asked several good housewives to tell me the secrets of their success.

And the first is: Pay ready money. Oh! what a blessing it is to have been brought up with a horror of debt! to have seen a mother's cashbox and tradesmen's books appear weekly with un-failing regularity!

But there is not only waste of food to guard against, but also the spending of money for that which is not bread. The self-indulgence which, in later life, manifests itself in the inordinate use of tobacco and strong drink is fostered in childhood by frittering away pence in sweets. You have seen children tearing their mother for half-pence to buy goodies, often falsely so-called. How much better than this weak yielding to importunity is the plan of a thrifty mother of twelve, who, when her children were young, gave them a halfpenny a week, which they immediately returned to her to buy a barley sugar stick when she made her weekly purchases. Any other pence they earned or had given to them they placed in stamps on their Post Office savings forms, or saved for the family Christmas tree.

In our purchases let us beware of the cheap and nasty or underpaid, and see that such articles as are destined for wear and tear and sliding into the habit of only partially paying for goods supplied.

A second secret is: Watch against waste. One thrifty lady tells me there is more waste in bread in gentlepeople's houses than in anything else. In her household, now a very small one, she never allows a fresh loaf to be cut till the last one is finished. We must have observed how some families, both well-to-do and struggling, always leave a portion of each course on their plate. It is a matter of education.

Then, again, there is waste of clothes. Why should we "discard a real elegance a little used for monstrous novelty in strange disguise," such as beehive hats and hobble skirts? We English people may not go as far as our German neighbours in getting ready for our girls before their marriage sufficient house-linen to last their life, but there is not only waste of food to guard against, but also the spending of money for that which is not bread. The self-indulgence which, in later life, manifests itself in the inordinate use of tobacco and strong drink is fostered in childhood by frittering away pence in sweets. You have seen children tearing their mother for half-pence to buy goodies, often falsely so-called. How much better than this weak yielding to importunity is the plan of a thrifty mother of twelve, who, when her children were young, gave them a halfpenny a week, which they immediately returned to her to buy a barley sugar stick when she made her weekly purchases. Any other pence they earned or had given to them they placed in stamps on their Post Office savings forms, or saved for the family Christmas tree.

In the same way we may help girls going to their first place.

In our purchases let us beware of the cheap and nasty or underpaid, and see that such articles as are destined for wear and tear and the wash-tub are really suitable for their purpose.

A third rule is: Don't postpone repairs; according to that true proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine." Also, as a rider to this, renew your implements and labour-saving appliances. If the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength."

Thus inadequately, and in a very elementary manner, I have touched the fringe of the subject, but we shall not go astray if our endeavours to promote thrift are inspired by the Master. Who said, not only "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," but also, "Freely ye have received, freely give."
"THE COST."
First Prize Serial Tale. By MARK WINCHESTER.

CHAPTER IX. Engaged.

“Of your engagement!”

Braeford repeated the words in dull, automatic fashion. The first shock of the news, confirming as it did what he had been anticipating for some weeks, left him wordless and irresolute.

Helen herself was the first to rally.

“Yes,” she said, “we are engaged. You don’t know what he—Tom Chalgrove—has been to me in the last four-and-twenty hours. It will be to him—under God—that I owe my father’s life—if it is spared.”

“Have you told him yet?”

For a full minute they stood facing each other, those two whose loyalty must be deeper than their love.

“I understand.”

Were the solemnly repeated words a renunciation? Perhaps Helen guessed as much, though the man who uttered them added no more. There was to be no passionate appeal of his own love, no urging of all that he would have done had it lain in his power, no demand that she should listen to what he knew her own heart told her.

No, he understood, accepted the sacrifice she had made in a moment’s acute anguish for her father’s sake.

There had only been this way of saving his life—she had taken it.

As Keith turned away he was asking himself whether Tom Chalgrove had any idea what Helen’s acceptance of his financial help had cost her.

Being himself a generous nature Keith said “No” with instant conviction. Tom loved this girl too, and love had blinded him to the absence of answering flame in hers.

But what would the end be?

Keith Braeford dare not ask, though he knew well enough that on the day Tom Chalgrove made Helen Raynes his wife he himself must leave Barncombe never to return.

Yet it was not of that so much as the present that Keith thought as he strode aimlessly on over Wearstead Moors.

How well he knew that at this moment above all moments in her life Helen wanted him, whilst for her own sake as well as honour’s he must leave her alone to face a time of cruel suspense and suffering.

Yes, she was alone, needing comfort, the comfort he had no right to give. Poor Helen! poor Helen, and how nearly he had taken her in his arms there and then, telling her of his sympathy and love.

But now she must wait alone to bear the flat which would go forth, the verdict of life or death for the father she loved so well.

On, on, on, strode the young man wrestling with his own agony and rebellion against fate. He loved Helen, had loved her these many months, each day finding the love grow stronger, more part of himself. Then had come Tom Chalgrove, and Keith had stood aside. Somehow Kitty Hamerton’s laughing prediction of the ending of a “romance” had galled him. It had annoyed him too to see how Tom unconsciously monopolized the girl to whom his dying father had left his last injunctions. Not that Keith had ever been actually jealous. Knowing himself a poor man he had reflected that it was only fair to stand aside in case Helen should be caught by the glamour of this new-made millionaire. But even so he had been confident of the result. Helen was too noble a woman to marry for money, and too refined to think seriously of wedding a man, honest and kind-hearted enough, but obviously her social inferior.

And now what he had not counted on had come to pass. Poor Helen!

Meantime, whilst Keith Braeford tramped with dim eyes and sore heart over Wearstead Moors, Helen had gone slowly back to the house. She was trembling after the excitement of her brief interview with Keith, not daring to look too closely into her heart for fear of what she should read there.

And, as she crossed the hall and mounted the stairs a-tip-toe, the thoughts of Tom and Keith were forgotten in one overwhelming dread. On the landing above stood one of the nurses, a pleasant-faced woman, but with too professional a manner for Helen to feel at ease with her.

“The operation is over, Miss Raynes. The doctors are waiting to see you.”

As in a dream Helen felt her hand shaken, and knew that Dr. Lethbury had placed a chair for her whilst one of his greater colleagues told her very quietly that the operation had been far more serious than they anticipated, but that it had been satisfactorily performed. “But what remains to be seen,” he added gravely, “is whether your father will be able to recover from the shock. I do not wish to disguise from you, Miss Raynes, that there is very serious danger. He is not a young man and he was considerably worn by suffering. However, we must leave that in Higher Hands than ours.”
She thanked them automatically, but she did not attempt to go downstairs with them where refreshments had been prepared in the dining-room.

"Lord, save me," and out of the deep that the sweet reply sounded, "Thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

The tears—blessed tears—were falling fast now. She could say "Our Father," even though she knew the worst. God had answered her prayers, she was sure, though His healing touch had only rested on her best," she moaned, and rose, drying her eyes as she stood there by the window.

The sound of a motor car driving away roused her.

The doctors had gone. The doctors who were to have saved her father's life.

Quietly the door opened and Nurse Jessie looked in.

"Would you like to come into the next room, Miss Raynes?" she asked. "Your father may recover consciousness any time now."

And Helen went.

Yet it was not till the late dawn of a November morning that Dr. Raynes opened his eyes with full understanding, that preternatural clearness of vision which so often precedes death.

"Helen," he whispered, and she bent over him. He smiled fondly into her grey eyes.

"My darling," he whispered, "I am so happy. Yes, happy even though I am leaving you, child. But your mother is waiting for me. Thank God I had the operation, the pain has all gone, and—it might have been so—terrible. I was beginning to become a coward too. And now, why already—He has wiped all tears away. I was so faithless, so very faithless, fearing to leave you alone, without a protector, without money. It—haunted me. But now—" He smiled very joyously, not feeling the hot tears which she could not restrain. "God bless you both," he whispered. "You and—and—was it Keith?"

He closed his eyes, as a tired child might have done in a passing doze, but the smile still hovered about his lips.

Nurse Jessie came quietly across the room and drew Helen away.

"My dear," she said, and this time pity broke through the conventionality of her tones, "his sufferings are over."
Helen looked round in startled horror.

"No," she cried piteously, "not dead, not dead. He cannot be, he cannot have left me, he cannot."

"God called him," said the nurse gently, "I think he was glad to obey the summons."

CHAPTER X. "Keith!"

Dr. Raynes' death caused widespread sorrow and sympathy. His patients loved him, even though they forgot at times to pay his bills, and never realized that in doing so had become the indirect means of his death.

But they went to his funeral and sent wreaths, which in the eyes of Barncombe villagers made amends for all.

The wreath sent by "Mr. Chalgrove up at the Manor" was the subject of discussion in every cottage home for a week, and certainly it had been a very magnificent affair. Tom himself had been intensely proud of it, and was not a little disappointed at his fiancée's lack of interest in its size and beauty.

Tom's wreath indeed was one of those trifles which jarred in quite undue proportion on Helen's nerves.

Just now the very fact of his wealth seemed to rise up and mock her. He had given "all that money could buy" only to prove how futile and weak a power it is in the great issues of life and death.

And so the sacrifice had been useless, Helen told herself that in the first bitterness of her grief, but she withdrew her words when she came to think over what her father had said.

After all, who could say the money was wasted, even at the cost of its high price, since her father had died painlessly and in great peace?

"Her dear father!"

And how strange it had been that his last words had been a mistake.

Not she and Keith, but she and Tom.

Not she and Keith, but she and Tom.

How often she repeated the sentence, which rung like a knell through her brain. Only once did a very subtle temptation come to her. Since her father had died, why should she

"Her hands were gripping the loose cretonne of the sofa in a frenzy."—Page 248.
"I would rather go to Miss Dewbury's," she said; "and in any case I should not think of being married till next summer."

Perhaps this answer pleased Mrs. Johnson better than Tom; in fact, "Aunt Barb'ra" had made it pretty plain to her nephew and every one else that she considered "Tom were throwin' himself away on that Baynes' lassie, when he might have a lord's daughter for the askin'."

Since her arrival at the Manor Mrs. Johnson had been budding rapidly into a "grand lady." Grand she certainly was, so far as silk gowns and be-flowered bonnets could make her, but Tom groaned in spirit at times under her sway, and, had it not been for the thoughts of Helen and a speedy emancipation from genteel bondage, would have been longing once more for the back-parlour of the grocery stores and the Saturday afternoons of cricket and football.

As it was he found every possible pretext for visiting Lavender Cottage where Miss Dewbury lived and did all in his power to persuade Helen that "Easter Monday was the best day in the year for a weddin'."

That night Helen cried herself to sleep and thought—or pretended to think—it was from the memory of those happy days when her father was alive.

She could never, never be happy again now her father was dead! And there were dark rims round her eyes next morning which made kindly Miss Dewbury shake her head and wonder what was amiss with the handsome young lover; old maids are always ready to put tragic looks down to a lover's quarrel or defec-

Not that Tom ever quarrelled. He was too supremely happy when he was with Helen for that. And, in his joyous egot-

ism, he never noticed his fiancée's listless manner, or, if so, put it down to fretting after her father.

"Tell you what, Helen," he said confidentially one day, "we'll go a regular round trip for our honey-

moon, beginnin' at Paris, an' finishin' at New York.

"No," replied Helen, and the monosyllable struck even Tom as a little disappointing.

"You don't half know what a jolly place it is up there," he went on valiantly, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the Manor.

"S'pose you rather fight shy of Aunt Barb'ra, an' that's why you don't often come up? Well, I can understand it, what with her satin petticoats an' di'mond brooches she's a real trial. But we'll get rid of her when you're missus."

"It's a very old place, isn't it?" asked Helen, with an effort. She was dreading a repetition about the fixing of the wedding day. "I know dear dad used to say it was hundreds of years old."

"Hundreds an' hundreds," replied Tom, with truly ancestral pride; "there's parts of it near seven hundred years old. A rare tricky place for ghosties, only there's no one to tell the rights of any of the tales. Dungeons too, old Nat Penrae was tellin' me about those, some of 'em blocked up, an' a queer old legend about some rascally old curmudgeon who owned the Manor lookin' up a Jew an' his coffers in one of 'em, an' tellin' him he'd have nought but gold to eat till he gave every farthin'—only they didn't deal in farthin's then—up to him. But somethin'
went wrong with the works and the Jew got blocked up—buried alive—gold an' all, an' there he is to this day."

"How horrible," shuddered Helen. "I wish you hadn't told me."

Tom looked downcast.

"Just like me—old wooden-pate," he said. "I forgot you might be nervy, I never thought you were that sort. And I was goin' to tell you how keen Keith Braeford was to go explorin' round, but maybe you'd rather not hear?"

The colour crept into Helen's cheeks.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I'd like to hear about the exploring part; that is much more interesting."

Tom laughed.

"Only it wouldn't be much use tellin' that unless you knew what we were going to explore," he retorted. "My! supposing it was true, and we hit on that gold. Bit of all right, wouldn't it be, Helen? We wouldn't take much count of the Jew or his ghostie then."

"When are you going to explore?" asked Helen suddenly.

"To-morrow afternoon. Aunt Barbra's goin' out. Musical 'At Home' that's funny, isn't it? an' she not knowin' whether they're playin' 'Mary, bring the cattle home,' or 'Rule Britannia,' but she'll meet county folk, so she'll be all right. That's why Braeford's comin' up. I suppose you wouldn't come too now, would you?"

"I should love to. I like exploring, at least I am sure I should. though I have never done any."

"That's O.K. And we'll have tea in style in the drawin'-room. I shan't tell Aunt Barbra though. What time'll you come? Braeford's turning up about three."

"I will come then or a little later. I generally read to Miss Dewbury after lunch."

"Come early," he urged, patting her hands; he did not often venture to kiss her, instinctively guessing that she hated any sort of demonstrativeness, "an' stay late. How I wish it was summer-time—or Easter Monday!"

He looked at her wistfully, but Helen appeared wholly occupied in gazing out of the window.

"I won't forget—three o'clock or soon after," she said, and Tom took his dismissal with a sigh.

And why had she suggested going to the Manor at all? Helen asked herself a dozen times next day. Surely she only acted on a very foolish and unaccountable impulse. It would have been far better to write Tom a line and tell him she had changed her mind. Yet the letter had not been written, and here she was shaking hands with Keith Braeford and noticing how much older he was beginning to look. She was sure he was thinner too, and she longed to ask if he were well, but she dared not do so, and already Tom was monopolizing conversation in his cheerful and very self-important way; perhaps, since his engagement to Helen Tom had forgotten the need of any superfluous humility.

"Come on," he cried; "I've had the gardeners up this mornin' an' they've made a good job of the beginning. We're on the right track, Braeford. There's a dungeon sure enough, bricked in on all sides. It won't need a lot more work either, but the men are a bit ticklish about goin' on. Afraid of Samuel Levi's ghostie, I suppose, but it won't take us long!"

"Do be careful," urged Helen. "It looks dangerous."

She was standing on one of the lower steps of the old stone stairway, holding a lantern in her hands, for it was dark here in the underground cellars.
A pretty picture she made, thought Keith Braeford, with a pang at his heart as he looked at the slim figure in its black frock which showed off the white purity of the girl's skin, whilst the lantern light gleamed on delicate features and caught the gold threads in the soft masses of her hair.

Tom laughed, swinging a pick in workman-like style.

"That's all right," he cried. "Only maybe you'd be wiser to stand a-top of them stairs, Helen, in case of any chips flyin' round."

Helen obeyed. The gruesomeness of the task presented itself more forcibly to her now, and she half repented having offered to come. But she held the light steadily, watching the tall, well-knit figures at their strenuous task. A mass of broken brickwork already lay before them, and now each blow helped to confirm the fact that behind lay a hollow space.

"Hullo!" cried Tom, and stepped back. A quantity of brickwork had collapsed back into what looked like some black hole.

"Oh, don't," implored Helen, "don't go in. I am sure it must be full of poisonous gases, and I am sure there is no treasure. It is only a silly tale. Do come back."

"Come back!" laughed Tom. "Just in the moment of victory. Why that's not sense, lassie. I'll just nip in and have a look round. If the smell's bad I'll be back in a jiffy."

He sprang as he spoke on to the top of the piled brickwork, standing thus for an instant peering forward into the darkness.

"I'll take the second lantern, if you'll hand it up to me, Braeford," he added; "it's too dark to see anything without."

Simultaneously with the words came a cry, sharp and terror-fraught from the girl at the head of the steps.

Unnoticed by Tom, as he stood in the breach of the old wall, some of the heavy stonework above his head was slipping—crumbling, tottering, ready the next instant to fall with deadly weight on the unsuspecting man beneath.

What takes time to relate occurred in a flash. As Helen cried out, drowning Chalgrove's last words in her scream of fear, Keith Braeford had looked up, seen the instant danger and, leaping without a moment's hesitation up the pile of fallen masonry pushed Tom backwards with such violence that the latter reeled and fell just as the slipping brickwork crashed downwards, some heavy fragments striking Braeford and bringing him heavily to the ground.

"Keith, Keith!"

Down on the topmost step was the lantern set as Helen stumbled forward, crying the words over and over again.

In the blinding cloud of dust which had risen from the débris it had seemed to her that Keith Braeford had been completely buried by the crumbling mass of wall, and for the moment despair was paramount.

Not so much as a glance did she vouchsafe to the man who had slowly picked himself up, shaking the grit and dirt from his clothes as he looked round in dazed fashion.

Her one thought was for the man whom she saw now, lying face downwards near the breach in the wall.

"Keith, Keith!" she reiterated, and there was that in her voice which told its own tale. Told it so plainly too that it was heard and only too well understood by the other man who stood near, looking blankly towards the slim girlish figure which knelt there, bending over Keith Braeford crying his name again and again in an agony of terror.

What was this that had happened?

Such was the question Tom Chalgrove asked himself, putting his hand to his forehead whilst he wondered in vague, uncertain fashion whether he had heard aright, and if it were possible that he was the same man who, a few moments earlier had stood on the top of yonder mound, careless and laughing with the spirit of adventure calling him forward, whilst his heart bounded with the very joy of life and happiness.

"Keith!"

She was sobbing now for thankfulness at finding him alive, with a faint colour creeping back into pale cheeks, but Tom Chalgrove still stood as a man in a dream, listening to the echo of a word which seemed to sound the knell to his own dearest desire.

(To be concluded.)
DISTINCTION specially coveted by soldiers is that of being mentioned in the despatches. Those of us who are not soldiers may be able to appreciate this, for we all can see the difference between a compliment to a regiment or to a town and a name being singled out for special mention. Now I want to write of those whose names are not in the despatches, or in other words whose names are not mentioned in the Bible.

What was the name of Paul’s sister’s son, who saved his uncle’s life by telling of a plot formed for his assassination? Some think his name is not mentioned because those were days of persecution, and it was not safe to be known as a Christian. However, the common sense view is generally the right one, and it tells us that such names are never mentioned. A great criminal’s name is known everywhere, but if by persuasion or otherwise you prevent a man becoming a great criminal nobody will know who saved his soul.

Within the memory of many now living our late King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, was in similar peril to St. Paul’s. He was the first Christian to visit a certain mosque, and while he was within a number of fanatics were hidden close by, ready to risk death with torture for the happiness of plunging a dagger into the heart of a Christian who dared to profane their holy place. But the precautions taken saved the Prince. Had the plot been successful, the act would have been as well known as the murder of the princes in the Tower, or as the story of the poisoned dagger which nearly ended the life of Edward I. But as the wicked deed was prevented, nobody knows the name of the officer who prevented it. So with St. Paul. If he had been killed there would have been no epistles from his prison in Rome, and only twenty-three chapters of the Acts. The ringleader of the assassins would have been nearly as well known as Pontius Pilate or Judas Iscariot, but as the wicked deed never was done, nobody knows the name of a single soul concerned.

Now the Book of Jasher evidently contained the names of those who prevented wrong things being done, such as teachers and the like. How much do we owe to teachers! How much do we owe to spinster aunts, who when the mother of a family dies comes to the rescue and brings up the children properly? We daily read of accidents, and the names of those injured, and of those who ran to render first aid, and the names of the doctors. But no one reads the names of those who prevent accidents, who kick the banana skins and orange peel off the pavement, and pick up the broken glass in the road likely to puncture tyres and cause falls. These also might claim a place in the Book of Jasher, but as the book is hopelessly lost no one will read anything in it.

Let us look at some exact information as to what is written in the Book of Jasher. There is the name of the person who taught people how to “use the bow,” in other words how to defend themselves. What a useful work is this. Our history is full of wars, the Wars of the Roses, the Thirty Years War, and the rest of them, but fortunately there is a larger space of time
in which wars did not take place. Why? Well often enough because a nation knew how to use the bow and was prepared to fight if necessary. An Australian bishop once found himself in a little lodging-house, and the only vacant bed was bespoken by a miner, who might or might not use it. The bishop went to bed, and in the night the miner returned, and finding his bed occupied threatened all sorts of things if the bishop did not get out. The bishop said to the miner, "Before you begin, my friend, feel my muscle." The miner felt, and it was enough. What a to-do there would have been if the strife had gone on. Fancy a fight between a bishop and a miner, and how it would have appeared in the papers! That it did not take place was owing to some games master at a school, to some enthusiast at cricket, who trained the young muscles and made them grow. Nobody knows that name, but it might well rank with those written in the Book of Jasher.

We owe a great debt to philanthropists who have rescued the perishing, but do we not owe much to those who have stepped in beforehand and prevented many from falling into danger? Such have been the spinster aunts referred to, the strict mistresses who have insisted on their girls being in betimes at night.

One evening a party were assembled in Switzerland, with the intention of crossing the St. Gotthard Pass next day. Word came that snow had fallen and the pass was not safe. One young man announced his intention of going over, snow or no snow. An old traveller begged him to give up the idea, but in vain; the young man went to bed avowing his intention of making an early start. In the night the old traveller went to the venturesome youth, and would not leave him till he had extracted a promise that he would not make the foolish attempt. Had he done so, even if he had not been killed, he would have been in great danger, a rescue party would have been formed, and perhaps deeds of heroism done which all the world would have known of, but nobody knows who prevented the accident. A Missions to Seamen Chaplain has said how much of his work is of this kind. He gets the men to his hall, he plays games with them, sings to them, boxes with them, until the clock strikes eleven. Then he knows the danger is past and he has prevented mischief.

There is a wide field for every one to work in this way. It is easy for elderly and well-to-do people to announce that they are total abstainers or do not play cards for money, but it is not so easy for the young and the poor. To those with a taste for reading trashy literature, the best thing is to lend or to give some good books, just as the best way to keep youth from bad company is to invite them to good company. Be content that your name should be in the Book of Jasher which nobody reads, for it will still be in good company. Who knows the names of those who have made two blades of grass to grow instead of one? And yet they are said to be the truest benefactors of their race. All honour to the hundreds of brave life-boatmen round our stormy coast, who have gladly risked their lives to save a ship's crew—sometimes to save but a single survivor; but who knows the names of pilots who by their vigilance and skill have preserved thousands of lives? Mentioned in no dispatches, yet surely they will one day hear the "Well done" of the Master Who never forgets those who do their duty faithfully.

THE KEY.

By ELLA E. WALTERS, Author of "The Great Strike."

THE door of my heart was closed;
Closed by a crashing pain!
Shut and locked so fast it seemed
It could never open again!
Many hands tried to lift the latch,
But always, always in vain.

The World brought her wondrous keys,
Silver and golden ore,
Some long-handed, gay with gems,
While some a bright coronet bore.
But none could fit that silent lock,
Nor open that closed door.

Then Pleasure laughingly tried—
Certain that she could please;
Vowed the door so tightly shut
Would presently open with ease.

Alas! All spoiled and bent they lay,
Her cunningly chosen keys!

Soft Mem'ry came with some flowers—
Roses and London Pride,
Forget-me-not and Mignonette,
Sweet William and Pansies pied—
Fragrance and beauty failed to fling
Back the door, and set it wide!

Last, Love with his bleeding hands
Caught at the bars across!
Swept afar the failing things,
Showed their weakness—ultimate loss.

And the key that turned my hard-shut heart
Was a holy, thorn-wreathed Cross.
If you know of any you think would be interesting to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate House. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs must be enclosed if their

The Walking Parson.—
The Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, is known throughout the country as "the walking parson," a title which he has well earned by his long tramps. Mr. Cooper had opportunity of developing his pedestrian power when he was appointed Curate of Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham. His parish was scattered over a wide area, and consequently he soon became a hardy walker. Desiring to see a little of the world in an economical and pleasant a manner as possible, he shouldered his knapsack and visited many interesting spots on the Continent. For a considerable number of years he has followed this practice, and some remarkable tramps stand to his credit. He has walked to Rome, Pompeii, Venice, Budapest, Copenhagen, and there are few Continental beauty spots with which he is not familiar. During his walk to Rome Mr. Cooper averaged twenty-eight miles a day, and took five weeks over the walk. With a knapsack on his shoulders, he does not experience the slightest difficulty in reserving off thirty miles or so daily. Yet he has passed his sixtieth birthday. Mr. Cooper affirms that he has met with few adventures on his long walks, his experience in this respect being similar to that of the late Bishop Sheepshanks, who in his youth performed the extraordinary feat of walking from India to Russia. When asked by a journalist if he had anything to say about his journey, he replied, "No, no, nothing interesting. A great deal of open country, quite uncultivated. I was a young man at the time, and thought it would be rather a good plan to come back from India that way. I thought I would walk it—not often done. Good old English exercise, you know—heel and toe."

A City and Country Clock.—At the old country church at Edenbridge, in Surrey, an ancient clock which once belonged to St. George's, Southwark, will mark the passing of 1912 and the comming of 1913. This clock was made in 1738, and remained in Southwark until 1808, when on the church being pulled down the clock was sold to the vicar and churchwardens of Edenbridge, who had it re-erected in the Parish Church. An interesting fact in connexion with this clock, and one which the villagers point out to visitors is that all the V's among the gilded numerals on the face of the clock are upside down. Ever since the clock was installed at Edenbridge it has gone well, scarcely requiring any attention beyond winding, a striking testimony to the excellence of its mechanism.

A River Parish.—Archdeacon Burrell, of Adelaide, had once, as missioner of the Murray River, a singular parish. It consisted of twenty-six preaching places, besides hamlets, townships, and farmsteads on both sides of the great waterway. His mission steamer Etona took him round the district once in six weeks, when there was water enough. His crew was himself and an engineer. The fuel was four-foot lengths of wood, which they had to load themselves at given spots. The Etona had a tiny chapel on board. Miss M. Crawley.

The Sexton's Long Service.—A sexton in a rural district in Kent, according to his own estimate, had done duty for eighty-four years, and was very fond of relating his long experience. In conversation one day with a chance acquaintance, it was not long before he began to dwell upon his pet theme. "Well," replied the sexton, "I've retired from work this two year, and shall be eighty come next October. You see, it's this way: we had service in the morning at one church and the evening at the other, and from my cottage it's barely a mile an' a half across the fields. An' all the forty-two year I've been sexton nere a service, christening, or burial have I missed; even when my wife was took bad and died—that was a Sunday—and I had to walk five miles to the town to fetch a doctor, I was back in time to attend the evening service, so I reckon I've done duty for as good as eighty-four years."

The Walking Parson.

The Sexton's Long Service.
**Home Words**

Where Convocation Rules.

— St. William’s College, York, has been restored at a cost of about £8,000 as a permanent home for the two houses of Convocation of the northern provinces. Built in 1461 “to serve as a College for persons having Chantry in the Minister,” this interesting building continued to serve its original purpose until the Dissolution. From a religious house it passed into the hands of various county families, afterwards being converted into tenements and gradually fell into decay. The college is of two stories, consisting of apartments surrounding a courtyard. The lower part is of masonry supporting an overhanging half-timbered story. It is now in the hands of trustees appointed by Convocation, who have been enabled by subscriptions from the ten northern dioceses to restore it in a manner worthy of its traditions.

removed Churches.—The Rev. A. G. Roscamp writes that St. Simon’s Church, Leeds, cannot claim to be the only “removed” church in England. The Church of St. Stephen-the-Martyr, Grove Street, Liverpool, originally stood on the opposite side of the road from that on which it now stands. The work of the London and North Western Railway Company in reconstructing their tunnel from Edgehill to Lime Street required the removal of the church. This was done stone by stone just as in the case of St. Simon’s. St. Michael and All Angels at Side- strand, near Cromer, when the inroads of the sea threatened its destruction, was moved a mile or so inland, every stone being numbered, as in the case of St. Simon’s. The Church of St. Stephen-the-Martyr, Grove Street, Liverpool, has also been moved, but in this case towards the sea. Lastly, the Church of St. Stephen-the-Martyr, Grove Street, Liverpool, has also been moved, but in this case towards the sea. Lastly, there are two other churches in Liverpool, besides St. Simon’s, which have been rebuilt on new sites;

Seven Brothers in One Choir.—Some time ago there were no less than seven brothers in the choir of the Church of St. Bartholomew, Hallam Fields, Derbyshire, at the same time. These seven brothers of the Palmer family were loyal churchpeople and very highly respected throughout the district. Their names were Harry, Edgar, Ernest, George, Harold, Leslie and Walter. Besides these, there were three other brothers of the same family who have before been members of the same choir. A little while ago three of the seven had to leave the choir for a time owing to their voices breaking, but they will probably rejoin it when the time of probation is over. Is it not a grand tribute to their fervent and enthusiastic love of God’s House? No wonder that the people of the neighbourhood of Ilkeston are proud of the Palmer family.

Blind Tandemist.—The Rev. Thomas Barnard, M.A., Head Master of the College for the Higher Education of the Blind, Worcester, and acting Curate of Stoulton, some three miles distant from the college, rides a tandem, which has carried him many miles. He is much charmed with this form of locomotion, but, unfortunately, punctures have of late been far too prevalent. Mr. Barnard’s affliction, however, does not prevent his mending these. Although he has been totally blind from the age of two years, he is able to remove the inner tube, find the puncture, attach the necessary patch, replace the tube, inflate it, and proceed on his way rejoicing—and Mr. Barnard is beating, “but I hope soon to discover an effective method of doing this,” he writes.

Many a Mickle.—The parishioners of St. Michael’s, Cricklewood, N.W., have recently contributed 165,564 farthings towards the building of their new church.
Queen Names.—Apropos of strange conjunctions of names, M. E. H. says that at the Parish Church of St. Paul’s, Haggeston, the names of the five vicars who have held the living are the Rev. W. Stone, the Rev. J. J. Stone, the Rev. H. Goodhart, the Rev. B. Littlewood, and the Rev. D. Box—fitting material in each case for the building up of a church!

Another correspondent, Miss Tyrwhitt Drake, writes:—“Seeing the paragraph about a remarkable marriage in the July number of Home Words, I think the following may interest some of your readers:—My grandmother, Mrs. Drake, was always driven to church by her coachman, named Rook, and she sat with her daughter, Mrs. Partridge, near to a Miss Goellig, with Miss Death sitting behind them. Mrs. Drake’s coach was a gurney (my father was over twenty years was driven by A. Parrott. Surely such a collection of bird names is unique.”

Long Service.—Four splendid examples of long service reach us this month. The first is Mr. Firth Bailey, of whom R. W. D. writes:—“He was born in October, 1840, and began to learn singing when only nine years of age in a class in the Sunday School of Christ Church, Newmill, Yorks, where in his early teens he was the only boy chorister. In 1859 he was second tenor in Huddersfield Parish Lay Cary in the choir at Lichfield Cathedral. From 1874 to 1889 he held a similar post at Chichester Cathedral.” Mr. Bailey has therefore been a cathedral tenor for twenty years, and a chorister for over sixty years. Though in his seventy-second year, he still sings at St. John’s Church, Chichester, and is one of the most regular attendants in the choir.

The second example is that of the sexton of St. George’s, Brighton, who has seen fifty years’ service. For the last forty-two years he has never once been absent from his post in fulfilling his varied duties on either Sundays or weekdays.

Third comes Mr. Arthur Andrews, who in May completed his fiftieth year as member of the choir of St. Dunstan’s, Canterbury. Previously he had acted as organ-blower in the same church. During that period he has seen seven years and eleven organists. The figure of a fish appears on a tombstone in Tintern Abbey. The figure of a fish appears on one—vescias—in which the tribute money was found. The little seen within the circle on the upper portion of the stone probably indicate the sepulture of two Christians. The figure of a fish appears upon a tombstone in Tintern Abbey. The rest of the figure represents Faith, or the cross; Hope, or the two curved lines, which an inventive genius at some time has constructed as the flanks of an anchor; Charity, or the cup. The latter has come to be indicated as a heart, which was usually figured on the cup.

Mr. A. E. Wilshire.

A Youthful Choir Boy.—It is dangerous to claim records in our Red Letter Notes, but we think there can be few, if any, younger choir boys than Willie Parkinson, who was seven years old when our photograph was taken. He is very keen at his work and most regular in attendance. He has quite a good voice, and recently took part in Harold Moore’s “Darkest Hour” Cantata.

W. B. DAVIES.

July Prize Award.—First prizes are awarded to G. A. Wade, H. Dann (Rainham), J. R. Twycross, and G. W. Burnley, the last two prizes being divided between the Rev. J. Morgan, Miss Mabel F. Burnet, the Rev. W. H. Phillips, and Mrs. Stacey. Extra half-crown prizes have been sent to C. H. Scholes and Miss J. M. Jack. Reserves (three inclusions in this class entitled competitors to a five shilling prize, which must be applied for): Miss M. Crawley, Miss E. Thomas, Mrs. Baldock, Miss George, J. Smithson, L. H., Mrs. Lloyd, Miss C. M. Porter, Mrs. Pocknell, J. W. Sedgley, Miss M. J. Sowrey, R. W. D., and W. E. Stokes.

Youthful Choir Boy: Willie Parkinson.

Notes, but we think there can be few, if any, younger choir boys than Willie Parkinson, who was seven years old when our photograph was taken.
For as small a country as the Holy Land (185 miles from north to south and an average breadth of some 75 miles) the variety of types of people to be met even in a day’s journey is very great. This can be noticed especially by spending a few hours in close observation of the people passing through the chief gateway of a city like Jerusalem in the south, or Gaza or Jaffa, or further north at Nazareth, Haifa or Beyrout.

A man can seat himself for this purpose in a coffee-shop, one of those generally found close to the gateways of the towns in question. A coffee-shop constitutes the general meeting-place where men come together to talk about the varied subjects making for interest in their Eastern ways of business and life; and the chief beverage the men drink consists of tiny cups of coffee. There is no distinction of class either in these coffee-shops; the prosperous merchant will think nothing of sitting next to the servant-man of his next-door neighbour, or close to a peasant who has brought in produce for the markets; and he will take the cigarette from his own lips to give a light to his humble brother.

The coffee-shop itself may be a mere shed or booth, but the ground before it is set out with tables about eight to twelve inches high, low stools to correspond, and perhaps a few low broad benches covered with fibre matting, upon which men squat in Eastern fashion, with their legs crossed under them. Here in these open-air coffee-shops, whatever time of day you pass, men are to be seen lounging contentedly, smoking long pipes or cigarettes, playing dominoes on a board around which numbers are huddled close together, and in between they sip many cups of coffee. All kinds of types and classes, from the Turkish or Syrian gentleman in his red tarboush (a high brimless cap) to the ordinary soldier or peasant, mingle there together in sociable fraternity, and whether they are silent or talking, no one seems to pass unnoticed by them in and out of the city gateway.

Here come a score of women trudging up the dusty road, carrying on their heads enormous flat wicker trays piled up with juicy egg-plants or small cucumbers of several kinds. These are largely eaten everywhere, raw, or stuffed with rice and pine seeds and then boiled in a savoury stew. The women are wearing blue linen dresses, shabby and stained, fastened with a belt or a scarf, and over the dress a loose three-quarter coat of many colours. A white veil covers their head beneath the tray and floats over the shoulder behind nearly to the ground. Their faces are not veiled, as—though their religion is that of Mahomet—they hail from one of the outlying villages, where the custom is not so rigidly kept as in the towns.

Now there comes a figure in sight, nearly bent in two, half running, half walking, giving one the impression that if he stopped for an instant he would fall flat to the ground. And well he might, for he is carrying an enormous weight on his back, a pile of luggage that would be conveyed on a barrow at home. These porters are a common feature in a Palestine town or seaport; piled-up orange and other fruit boxes, heavy rolls of merchandise or of bedding, even a piano we once saw borne along on the back of one of these bearers of burdens. The custom undoubtedly goes back, as others already mentioned, to the days when again truth was thrust home by the application of something seen and endured in daily life—“For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men’s shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers” (Matt. xxiii. 4).

Now a small donkey ambles briskly along. A dark-skinned Arab in a big white turban, and wrapped in the striped cloak of goat’s hair called an abai, is sitting sideways on its back in order to keep his eye alternately ahead and behind. For close to the rear comes a string of camels, all roped to one another in single file, and the foremost one to the donkey, which with its
master leads the lengthy procession. The camels follow leisurely and calmly, their curving necks outstretched and swaying with every movement of their long legs. They are laden with huge stones from a distant quarry, brought to the town for building purposes.

Now three or four men of subdued aspect pass slowly by, dressed in long straight coats, or gaberdines, down to their heels. One of these coats is striped in purple and yellow, another is a plain black, while the third is of deep crimson. By the long side-locks of hair we recognize them for Jews of the East, as well as by their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats. Another Jew following in their steps wears a black turban on his head, and this shows that he belongs to the Sephardim Jews, descendants of the Jews who returned to the land of their forefathers when banished from Spain several centuries ago.

A low carriage comes up the hill driven by an Arab in native costume. He is urging his horses through a cloud of dust at the same full speed as if on the level road. The carriage is a native omnibus, and has a sun awning overhead, and leather curtains drawn all round. When it draws up with a jerk close to the town wall several Bethlehem women step out of it. We know, by the very high head-dress covered by the white veil, which are the married women. There is one of them, however, whose veil simply covers her hair and is fastened under her chin, as shown in the illustration, and this difference marks the outward distinction between a maiden and a wife.

Down the road to the left another description of travellers appears. They seem to be moving house in the easy fashion which the simple style of housekeeping and furnishing allow, in all but the very well-to-do and higher classes, in this part of the world. First comes a rider on horseback who wears a white head-shawl, or keffiyeh, over his turban, and is wrapped in a black cloak with floating draperies. He looks neither to left nor right, but rides forward with the dignified Arab air of one born to rule. Not far behind trudge two small beasts so heavily laden with boxes, mattresses, cooking and other utensils, that only their heads meekly protruding from the bulging masses show their identity as donkeys. Quite to the rear of the same party is a third donkey incited to a slow, cautious movement forward by the stick of a native servant, who is dressed in a long loose white shirt fastened round the loins with a girdle. Well might the small animal need encouragement, for on its back is seated astride what looks like an immense heavy bundle of white linen, were it not for the human outline of head and shoulders, and the feet and ankles of a woman projecting each side out of the massed folds of white draperies. Her slippers are bright red and her stockings are white. Here again is shown a reversal of custom compared with our English ways. Women at home do not hide their faces, but are careful about showing their feet below the skirt of their dress. A Moslem woman, such as the one on the donkey, not only disguises her head and whole figure in a shapeless white sheet, but also slips over her face between the folds of the wrapper a figured muslin handkerchief, hiding every feature, and through which she can only see with difficulty. Yet with all these precautions she does not hesitate to ride in this ugly fashion, and show a large proportion of her white stockings in doing so, that would quite shock our notions of propriety.

A lad of twelve, evidently the son, with a red cap on his head and dressed in gay yellow coat over his long under-garment, keeps by the woman's side, occasionally darting forward to pull the donkey into the right course by the rope which serves for a bridle. The rider on horseback, the beasts of burden, the mother, son and servant are a typical family party on the move as seen in many parts of the Holy Land to-day. They are probably coming back to the town for the winter months after spending several months in one of those flat-roofed houses of one story seen in the vineyards or
gardens spoken of in another place. As soon as the son was born in this family the mother would no longer be called by her own name but by that of her son. If the name of Selim were given to him, then she would be known henceforward as Um-Selim, which means "Mother of Selim."

More camels now come into view laden with great sacks of corn. A band of dark-skinned Bedawin is in charge. The animals are brought to a standstill in the shadow of the great wall opposite the gate. Women are with the men, and one of them is the girl with the curious striped shawl twisted round her brow and head. The stripes are in blue and yellow. Her jacket is red and yellow, and her skirt a bright blue, so that her whole appearance, though ragged and dusty, looks very gay in the brilliant sunshine. They have all come up through the wilderness of Judea from beyond Jordan, making their way from the rich wheat-grown districts of the Hauran (ancient Gilead and Manasseh) to the corn markets of the big city.

The camels drop on their knees and double their long legs under them, uttering discontented grunting noises, and moving their curious heads restlessly from side to side with snarling mouths. The settling down is attended with pain, for the heavy burden has been incessant, and has no doubt rubbed big wounds into the flanks and backs of the beasts. When they are brought to their legs again there will be the same protesting noises, and they will not hurry to obey. I wonder if their wild-looking masters will do what two Arabs were seen to do once when their tired and sulky camel refused to get up. The two men stood still for a moment while they calmly rolled cigarettes, as the Arabs do to-day both in desert and town. When they began to smoke they collected together a few twigs and sticks and piled them up in the hollow left beneath the camel's haunches when it rests upon its forelegs. This done, they set light to the sticks, making a fire under the camel to force it to rise to its feet. Of course the camel rose without unnecessary delay, and with no small astonishment, no doubt, could we have had power to interpret its hidden feelings. I have been told that this is not at all a novel expedient, but I fear one would have great difficulty in persuading these men that they had done a cruel deed.

The tall, stately figure of a man in a long black robe coming out of the city is another type to be noticed. He wears a high black brimless hat, and over it a long floating veil of flimsy black material. It is the garb of a priest of the Armenians, who, like the Jews, have a quarter to themselves in the city of Jerusalem.

So the people pass, like figures in a kinematograph, only more vivid and living, because the colours of the Eastern costumes are bright and startling, though quite in harmony with the clear atmosphere and the blue cloudless skies. Mingled with these Oriental types are many familiar ones from England, America, France, Germany and other Christian lands, both tourists and those engaged in missionary work on the lines of education, medicine and religious training. Europeans who are residents employ native servants, and the dignified young woman with the coronet of rolled metal coins for a head-dress is the valued nurse of some little English children born in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Her costume is one worn in a district north of the city, where she will return when negotiations have been made for her marriage.

(Descriptive photo of women of Bethlehem.)
HERE is a certain small seaside town on the east coast which boasts of an industry about which few people know—that of spratting.

Few indeed who enjoy this succulent little fish at their breakfast table realize for one moment what the catching of their much enjoyed meal entails.

Let us for a short time pay a visit to Aldeburgh during the early part of October. Perhaps the visitor at first sight would think Aldeburgh to be an absolutely desolate and forsaken place—swept by the keen east winds and drenched by the driving spray that flies from the great waves that thunder on the beach.

Perhaps the aspect of the little borough (over which the lady Mayor, Dr. Garrett Anderson, presides) would drive away the pleasure-seeking visitor in horror at its empty streets and dreary aspect. But for the quiet-seeking Londoner whose mind and body are sick of the ceaseless wear and tear of the great metropolis—whose only object is to rest his eyes on green fields and enjoy perfect quiet, there is a soothing charm about the place. Let such an one as this visit the little town of Aldeburgh, and to him the labours of these toilers of the deep, these men who earn their humble livelihood by the sale of fish, will appeal.

As soon as October arrives the fishermen begin to overhaul their gear, to mend old nets that have any more wear left in them, to oil and dress new nets, and fit them up on the cork lines. Each net is twenty-five yards long and eighteen feet deep. From twenty-five to thirty of these are carried in a four-handed boat. Each net, when thrown overboard, is supported by a cork line, having an air-tight net bow at every hundred yards. The net, when in the water, hangs like a wall, and into it the sprats swim, catching their heads and gills in the meshes.

In November, when the spratting has fairly started, it is usual for the fleet of boats to take some miles above the town, there to anchor and wait for the first of the ebb tide to break or slacken, as when the tide is running too fast, it forces the nets out and shuts up the meshes, so that most of the fish pass under the net, or if they strike it, they are not fairly caught. When the time seems propitious, one of the boats will break off and shoot its nets across the tide in a slanting direction, to be shortly followed by each of the other boats of the fleet. Every boat gives its neighbour a fair berth; but if, as sometimes happens, one of the boats that is lower down gets impatient and shoots its nets close in front of the advancing boat, it is apt to lead to an exchange of nautical phrases that are more breezy than polite. By shooting the net too
Shaking the Nets.

soon, one boat is apt completely to “blanket” the catch of its neighbour. When all the boats have shot their nets and are driving down with the tide, the nets have to be frequently examined to see if inside nets are catching more fish than outside. If they are, they have to be unbent and joined on the outside ones. So the day goes on until the drive is finished, either in front of the town or some miles beyond. On landing, the boats are hauled up by winches to their respective positions, after which the sprat-laden nets are slowly pulled apart and the fish shaken out into the boat.

As soon as the nets have been cleared of fish, the sprats are measured out in bushel measures and emptied into boxes and despatched to Billingsgate market.

The above methods are comparatively easy and free from risk except when the sea is rough and the breakers are curling over on the shoal. Then for some time, perhaps, it will be impossible to launch a boat on account of the heavy seas which break on the beach.

The fishermen, who when on shore never seem content unless pacing up and down watching the sea, keep an eye on each other, like cats, ready for the first sign of a move to launch.

Soon one, more daring than another, will get his boat down to the water’s edge, and there wait for the lull that always follows three big seas. Once afloat safely there is still the shoal to be crossed. Here the waves break as on the shore, and the men sometimes run the greatest risks crossing this treacherous submerged sandbank. Once beyond the shoal the nets are shot, and as a rule very quickly laden with good fish, but the work is full of danger and a very clear eye and cool head are needed to land the heavily laden boat safely.

Every year a sprat dinner is held in the borough on the conclusion of the spratting season. A box of sprats, with the Arms of the ancient borough illuminated on the cover, is sometimes despatched to the King.

So these Aldeburgh fishermen earn their livelihood, and sometimes a very precarious one it is too. What if the sprats do not come in at all, or in such small quantities that it is hardly worth catching them? Little enough these fisherpeople have to live on then, during the long winter.

May this season be a good one; sprats abundant, and fetching good prices; and the men be able to put by a little store for the “squally weather” that inevitably turns up sooner or later.
Perhaps there is no more ill-applied word in daily use than that somewhat grizzly one of "economy." It shadows so many lives because its meaning is so misunderstood. Beside me, as I write, is an English dictionary (Annandale "the concise" one, but interpretation of this common word occupies a whole column of print therein). I copy a bit of it:

"Economy—the management, regulation and government of a family; especially, the management of the pecuniary conditions of a household; hence, a thrifty and judicious use of money; that management which expends money to advantage; ... a judicious application of time, of labour, and of the instruments of labour; the disposition or arrangement of any work or the system of rules and regulations which control it."

Now, "economy" in most households is simply applied to saving. This is an initial mistake. It rather means judicious expenditure of money. It is a mistake, for instance, to save a few shillings by not providing good woollen underwear for our families, or by purchasing it too late in the season. A cold caught in September, whilst an Indian summer may possibly dull watchfulness, excites predisposition to catarrhs and rheumatism all the following winter months with their preventable sufferings and expenditure. Another mistake—to spend money on pretty garments and not provide a mackintosh for rainy days. A third—to allow use of boots which begin to show signs of wear. Once a sole has grown thin in any spot, it must eventually be repaired. You can't avoid spending something on having it re-soled sooner or later. What mistaken economy to put this off until uppers are involved or a chill caught!

Economy, according to my dictionary, means "judicious application of the instruments of labour." How many housewives will use blunt knives, chipped saucepans, or worn-out brooms, in spite of the waste of time and danger to health implied in their use. They think it "faddy" to buy potato parers, vegetable choppers, mincing machines, etc., when one knife might do all at expenditure of infinite trouble and hours of labour! I think it is always a sign of "culture" to see various American "notions" hung up in a houseplace. It is the ignorant mistress or servant who despises such aids to work, as it is the untrained seamstress who allows hemmer and quilter and tucker and gatherer to grow rusty in their box, whilst she uses the sewing machine to which they belong, year in and year out. It seems to me some women expect one article of domestic use to be like the hero who was... cook and a captain bold.

And the mate of the "needles brig—"
for anything more solid in the way of literature, and literally starves her brain. It is as unwise a mistake as to eat sweets ad lib.; the appetite for healthy food is vitiated by it.

Economy is, indeed, a far more serious thing than it is generally supposed to be. It is much easier to hoard than to spend or allot judiciously. The Whit-Sunday collect which bids us pray “to have a right judgment in all things,” is specially applicable to this development of character. It seems to me the perfect economist has been sketched for all time by the Wise Man in his thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Ponder that description carefully, my readers. Skillful, industrious, and eager, she uses thought, foresight, and knowledge in arranging all domestic affairs. She is not only careful, but realizes the value of occasional splendour and luxury. She only buys good merchandise and has time to succour those less fortunate than herself. No wonder her price is “above rubies!”

The Holy Trinity.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.


1. Thee we doore e-t-r-n-a1 Lord! We praise The name with one aCORD: Thye

saints who here Thy good-ness see, Thro' all he world do wor-ship. Then. A-men.

2. To Thee aloud all angels cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high, Both Cherubin and Seraphin, The heavens and all the powers therein.

3. Th' Apostles join their glorious throng; The Prophets swell th' immortal song; The Martyrs' noble army raise Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4. Thee, Holy, holy, holy King! Thee, the Lord God of hosts, they sing: Thus earth below and heaven above, Resound Thy glory and Thy love. Amen.

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK. By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS. XI.

1. What are the Rogation Days?
2. How many Forms of Absolution are there in the Prayer Book?
3. When is the Accession Service used?
4. By what words are “adults” described in the Prayer Book?
5. When do we begin using the Collect for a Sunday?
6. Which two festivals are followed by two holy days prolonging them?
7. What name is given to offerings for the poor?
8. What is the meaning of “Amen”?
9. Who are Ananias, Azarias, and Misael?

*** 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 December Number.
A Hymn of the Month, and its Author.

(For All Saints' Day.)

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, the author of the hymn, "For all the Saints who from their labours rest," was a most lovable, humble and saintly man; beloved by the poor, and the first of our Bishops to be known as the "Omnibus Bishop"; but we believe the title he earned which was dearest to his heart was that of the "Children's Bishop," for he had a most tender fondness for children. As an author he will be best remembered by his hymns, among which we may mention "Oh, Jesus, Thou are standing," the beautiful children's hymn, "Who is this so weak and helpless, child of lovely Hebrew maid?" the two Passion-tide hymns, "Lord Jesus, when we stand afar and gaze upon Thy Holy Cross," and "O, my Saviour, lifted from the earth for me," and "O Word of God Incarnate," and "Summer suns are glowing."

The particular hymn we are considering was published in 1861, re-published in Lyra Britannica, 1887, and in 1899 in the appendix to S.P.C.K. Hymns and Psalms. Later it appeared in nearly every hymnal of importance in Great Britain and in best collections of all English-speaking countries.

The hymn opens with the thought of the triumphs of Christ's soldiers won on the battlefields of the past—of those dear souls, just men and women, human like ourselves—who for the sake of the Saviour they loved so well "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy," yet who overcame by the Blood of the Lamb, and who, God's Saints, after brave confession of faith, have entered into rest—the rest from the wearying strife that is inevitable in a world of sin—and who, having laid down for ever their weapons and their armour at the feet of Jesus their King, their Saviour, and their Friend, have entered on that work for Him which never tires, in that blessed Land where they rest not day nor night in higher and nobler work than here.

Among these stand apostles, martyrs, prophets, too numerous to mention the hundredth part here, and among them too stand a countless multitude of those who were faithful, but whose names are hardly, if at all, known except in heaven. Such, for example (just to give one instance), were the first martyrs in the far-away beautiful isles of Japan, where after St. Francis Xavier had laid the foundation of the Christian Church a cruel emperor in 1597 began to persecute her, and twenty-six Christians were condemned to be crucified, among them being several boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Not one of these—not even the frail boys—would renounce Christ; and thus before troops and a vast multitude in that beautiful land, and amidst an awe-struck silence, twenty-six crosses were lifted up, and twenty-six martyrs were seen hanging each on his cross; at sight of it the crowd could not repress a moan of pity and horror, and then again silence reigned.

One of the dear little boys turned his head as far as he could and asked for a psalm to be started, but he was not heard; and so the brave boy raised his voice and began to sing (to the tune he had often sung it at church) that magnificent Psalm (the 113th), "Praise the Lord, ye servants, O praise the name of the Lord." The two other little boys crucified near him joined in "Blessed is the name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore." Then from the other twenty-three crosses burst forth the grand chorus, "The Lord's name is praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same."

And while they sang, one voice after another failed, and before the Gloria was reached every voice was silent for ever in this bright world, and there in that beauteous land, with all nature in silent wonder around, on the hill-top could be seen twenty-six crosses with a dead form hanging on each, from which the heart's blood had drained away, and the brave martyrs' souls sped back to the martyr's God.

And what was the inspiring force that kept apostles, saints and martyrs safe amid the tainting pollution and deadly hatred of the world? The secret and inspiration of their triumph was their utter obedience and dependence on Him Who, in the fierce storms of temptation which assailed them, when waves ran high and billows surging round threatened to engulf them, was their Rock; Who, when enemies pressed and thronged them, was their Fortress and their Flight; and Who, their Captain, led them out in battle array to win the well-fought fight; Who, in the dread hour of gloom, when all around was black and they had almost lost their way, was in the darkness drear their Sun, the one true Light which shone on their pathway through a world that lay beneath the curse of sin and illumined even the valley of the Shadow of Death.

The hymn passes on to the thought of 11. Christ's Soldiers on the Battlefields of the World To-day.

Soldiers of the Cross have their battle to fight to-day; there is the steady march against sin, the world, and the devil, under the martial banner of Christ; there is sin to be grappled with, there is temptation to be wrestled with. On every hand to-day the soldier of the Cross meets opposition, difficulty and danger. Indifference surrounds him, temptation and deadly sin are often at hand to assail him, persecution and laughter make sad trial of his courage.

The world to-day is full of indifference, luxury, and unspirituality—of sin which goes by all manner of soft names, and is ever meeting us
disguised under assumed names, and with the blessing of Society and the world upon its head. Our hospitals, our prisons, our workhouses, our asylums are being filled through the curse of drunkenness and the scourge of impurity.

And thus the prayer goes up to the Throne of Innocence above the bright blue sky, that those who were signed with the insignia of Christ's armies in their baptism, and were there called to be saints, may be faithful to that call, may be always true and bold, and may wage their warfare as the saints "who nobly fought of old, and win with them the victor's crown of gold."

The hymn then speaks of

III. Comfort for Christ's Soldiers Fighting God's Battles Today.

for indeed they need comfort and encouragement.

It reminds us that we all, no matter on which side the vale of death, belong to the army of the Lord of Hosts, that God's army is one army, though apparently divided by death. Those in the sunlit Land of Glory and those struggling still on earth are "one"—one in the fellowship Divine, one because "all are Thine." The Church Militant on earth, the Church expectant in Paradise and the Church Triumphant in Heaven are but different regiments marching on in the one great army of the Lord of Sabaoth.

All Saints' Day teaches us that we and they are one; that we and those dear ones we loved and have lost, and who are now in the front of God's victorious army, in the ranks of those who have passed from the Church at warfare on earth, and who seem to be separated from us who are in the rear, that we and they are one—one because we are still in the same army, because we and they are in the hand of God, because they still love us and we love them, and because we too are following fast to greet them there. And oh what comfort there is for us in the thought of this "blest communion."

For "when the strife is fierce, the warfare long," when fierce assaults of temptation assail us and we are often beaten to our knees, when the gates of death open in our own home circle and close upon what was dearest and best in all the world, then comes stealing upon our ears the distant

III. The Great Réveillé

which shall take place when "breaks the yet more glorious day," when the trumpets shall sound, summoning all to the last magnificent Réveillé, calling sleepers to awaken and to arise; for (as the twenty-fourth Psalm conceives it) the gates of Heaven shall lift up their heads and the everlasting doors shall be lifted up, and the King of Glory shall pass through the opening clouds to His throne, followed by the attendant train of all His saints. Then, as the King of Glory passes, and the saints triumphant in bright array arise, will be fulfilled the grand missionary ideal—so dear to the Saviour's heart, and for which He still waits and longs—and "from earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

There, amid the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, amid all those who have lived their lives in God's fear and faith, among that countless host gathered on the last great All Saints' Day, God grant that you and I may meet again those dear souls we loved and still love so well.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Our Special Christmas Number of Home Words, published during November and sold for a penny, will contain three complete stories, "Mr. Nux Vom," by F. Hadland Davis; "The Quest," by Kate Seaton; and "The Singing of a Thrush," by M. C. Paterson—each remarkable for delightful originality and that human interest which is so welcome at Christmas.

Other features include "Christmas Customs and Their Origins," by E. Roberts; and "Christmas Hymns," by the Rev. S. C. Lowry. Orders for this number should be given at once to the Publisher, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.

We regret that in the July Number of Home Words we inadvertently infringed the law of copyright in reprinting, without acknowledgment, an anecdote in Canon Paterson Smyth's address to boy scouts at Montreal, this anecdote not being founded on fact, but being an accurate summary of Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Story of a Short Life," and for its appropriation in that form we have to express our sincere apologies.
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