South African Church Railway Mission.

STAFF.

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Rev. O. W. L. Skey ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Rev. T. de Launce Faunce, B.A ... Nauwpoort.
Rev. S. R. Griggs ... Bishopbourne Cottage, Grahamstown.
Mr. A. C. Bickerdike ... Bishopbourne Cottage, Grahamstown.
Mr. H. L. Woodhouse ... Bishopbourne Cottage, Grahamstown.
Miss Beckwith ... The Hermitage, Grahamstown.
Miss Holmes ... On furlough.
Miss Glasier ... The Hermitage, Grahamstown.
Nurse Brownlow ... Railway Hotel, Cookhouse.

Rev. S. Weaver ... The Vicarage, Fordsburg.
Rev. W. M. Austin ... c/o R. E. Berney, Esq., Brakfontein, Deirlsville, O.F.S.
Mr. J. J. Coombs ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Mr. H. J. Coles ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Mr. A. H. P. Austin ... The Vicarage, Germiston.
Nurse Wardale ... Box 53, Volksrust.
Miss Attlee ... Fordsburg.

Miss Ramadge ... 7, Monument Road, Bloemfontein.
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Hon. Editor and Children’s Secretary: Miss Burt, the Hermitage, Grahamstown.
LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

Chetnole,
Bournemouth,
England.

Though I failed to write last quarter I have not altogether forgotten South Africa, and have been running round England getting a certain amount of money, trying to arouse interest in our work, and I know getting many prayers for us. I have also succeeded in partly replenishing our sadly diminished staff. The Rev. Everard Esdaile, from All Saints, Battersea Park, hopes to sail with me on July 26th. Mr. Austin sails in June to act as accountant and secretary to the Mission, and will, I hope, set me free to take services from time to time. Miss Attlee also starts in June to return to her work at Fordsburg, taking with her Miss Heddy, who will probably start itinerating work in the Transvaal. Meanwhile Miss Watson and Miss Holmes are taking a well-earned and much needed rest, and will probably return to us early next year.

I got a clear month's holiday in Italy and France at Eastertide, where I found many South African friends, including Mr. Hands, whom I ran into quite unexpectedly at Pisa. England also seems full of old Railway Missioners, and during the last month I have seen Mr. Douglas Ellison and his brother, Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Harris, Miss Fuller and Miss Marlande and I have hopes of seeing a good many more before I leave.

Mr. Austin's coming will mean that we shall have to lose Mr. Renaud's help. For nearly eight years he has given much of his time and thought to the arduous task of keeping our accounts, and has borne long with some of our unbusinesslike habits, and we owe him our very warmest thanks. But it will be more convenient in many ways to have a member of our own staff who is always on the spot to keep accounts.

We must all regret the shortness of Mr. Turner's stay, but a letter which I have just received from him speaks with such enthusiasm of his enjoyment of his six months he was with us that I hope some day he may return. I hope that we shall remember him, as well as Mr. Bickerdike and Mr. Harris, in our prayers, during the time of their preparation for Holy Orders.

I am thankful to say that there are several priests who are considering the possibility of offering to join us, and I hope that next quarter I shall be able to tell you of some definite promises. Will you go on praying that God will move the right men to answer to His call?

F. A. Rogers.

Germiston Vicarage,
June 19, 1913.

My dear Friends,

Very soon after this letter appears in print we shall have Mr. Rogers amongst us. He has found one priest,
Mr. Everard Esdaile, to come back with him, who will probably take Mr. Hopkyns’ section at Waterval Boven. Miss Attlee returns in July and with her another lady worker, Miss Heddy. We must also extend a welcome to Mr. A. H. P. Austin, who is going to act as secretary and accountant to the Railway Mission. There is one more recruit to our ranks in the person of Mr. H. L. Woodhouse, who has been residing in Johannesburg for a short time, and who is going to work under Mr. Griggs in the Grahamstown Diocese. It is cheering indeed to write of these new workers, and I hope that as a result of the Head’s labours in England there may be several more priests on our staff before long.

Mr. Coles and I went down to Waterval Boven for the farewell gathering to Mr. Hopkyns and were thus able to get a glimpse of the affectionate regard all down that way have for him. All three centres for which he was responsible gave him generous gifts, and he left for England better off than he has probably ever been before. In six months he hopes to return to this country and work in the Diocese of Pretoria. He is a great loss to the Mission.

We had a flying visit from Mr. Holden during last quarter, and found him, as ever, full of plans and enthusiasm. There is no doubt that the full work that one man can do in that huge country, is actually being done by Mr. Holden at the present time, but he badly needs a fellow worker.

As will be seen by the cover of this magazine, the Rev. S. Weaver has joined our staff as Vicar of Fordsburg. We welcome him and shall be glad if his connection with the Railway Mission proves helpful to him in his work. I am glad that Mr. Rogers has arranged for Miss Attlee to return to Fordsburg, for we shall certainly feel that Mr. Weaver will receive from her a strong backing and much faithful and useful help.

I might just say in conclusion how grateful I am to the staff and friends of the Mission generally for the support that I have received during the months that I have been acting as Vice-Head. I could not have done it without the assistance of Mr. Coles as secretary, or without the kindly forbearance of the workers. As things have turned out, it has been an easy task.

O. W. Laurie Skey.

GRAHAMSTOWN and KIMBERLEY DIOCESES.

ALICEDALE, COOKHOUSE AND MIDLAND SECTION.

ALICEDALE. The second week in June is one that will live long in the memory of those dwelling in and around Alicedale. At the conclusion of the Children’s Service on June 8th, the children of our Sunday School, together with several of their parents, assembled for the purpose of making a small presentation to Mr. Bert Harvey—the lay superintendent—and of conveying their hearty good wishes in his approaching wedding. During the sixteen years that Mr. Harvey has been teaching in St. Barnabas’ Sunday School, he has shown himself an earnest and painstaking teacher and has done much to influence for good, not only the present “young life” of Alicedale, but many who are now scattered far and wide and are in the thick of life’s battle. The presentation, consisting of an A. & M. tune-book and Cathedral Prayer Book, was subscribed to by all the scholars of the Sunday School.

On June 12th Mr. Harvey was joined in holy wedlock to Miss Annie Mary Grace Wood. A band of ladies had made the little Church look as beauti-
ful as floral decoration could make it. Never, I should think, has the seating accommodation of St. Barnabas' been put to such a test—and it failed; there were as many, or even more, outside unable to gain admission, as there were within. The service itself can only be described as beautiful. The bride, who was given away by her father, was accompanied by Miss Ada Harvey, as bridesmaid, and her sisters as two little flower girls. The choir attended and Miss Beckwith was at the organ and ably accompanied the singing of the hymns and psalm, as well as rendering the Wedding March. Mr. Hubert Harvey acted in the capacity of best-man.

On the morning of the wedding the bride and bridegroom, together with their relatives, attended God's altar to receive the Blessed Sacrament. It was a fitting week in which to be married, for June 11th, St. Barnabas' Day, of this year, commemorates the twenty-five years' dedication of our Church. During the greater part of this period Mr. Harvey has been a worshipper and worker, acting in the capacity of churchwarden and Sunday School superintendent, and during the time that Miss Wood has been in Alicedale she has been one of our most regular worshippers. As I said in my address at the wedding, this does mean much in days when there is such a tendency merely to make use of the Church when the need arises, e.g., at a baptism, wedding or funeral. On the previous Sunday, reference was made in the evening sermon to the quarter of a century in which St. Barnabas' Church has stood to the honour and glory of God, and the hymn "Now thank we all our God" was sung with much feeling.

In the evening of the wedding day a dance was arranged by a committee of ladies and gentlemen representing Alicedale camp, village and district, and very great credit is due to them for the way everything passed off. Quite a unique number of people were present. In the course of the evening the priest-in-charge was called upon to make the presentation of a very beautiful silver centre-piece, suitably inscribed, which had been subscribed to by a large circle of friends. The bride and bridegroom left by "103 down" for Port Elizabeth, where they joined the boat for the Old Country, where they are spending their honeymoon. The extraordinary number of persons which attended the wedding and the evening function is ample evidence of the very high respect in which Mr. Harvey is held: our great joy is that he has not left us, but after a well-earned holiday is coming back to carry on his good work, in which he will be helped by a devoted wife.

COOKHOUSE. After several months of acute suffering, Dr. Jones, the R.M.O., was called to his rest on Monday, June 9th. I happened to be in Cookhouse at the time and was with him at the end. Month by month the Blessed Sacrament was reserved for him, and he received the Body and Blood of Christ only a week before his decease. According to his own wish, the body was taken into Somerset East in his R.M.O. coach. The Rector of Somerset East and myself conducted the funeral service, the first portion being held in the Parish Church. The sympathy of many will go out to his sorrowing wife and family. Dr. Jones was a regular worshipper at St. Paul's, and he will be greatly missed. R.I.P.

A Temperance Mission was held here for the three days, June 9-11, by Mr. Fred E. Dexter, who has travelled throughout the Transvaal, Free State and Eastern Province, lecturing on this subject. Mr. Dexter has for very many years made a real study of alcohol: he went through a careful course of chemistry and the effect of alcohol on the bodily system, as well as spending several years with a Jewish Rabbi in order
to understand the Hebrew meaning of Biblical words and phrases which have reference to wine and strong drink, and he has also made a real study of intemperance from the social point of view. Being a most fluent speaker, Mr. Dexter was not only able to interest his hearers, but instruct them. Children’s meetings were held each afternoon and adult meetings each evening: the attendances increased at each meeting. A good number have joined the Total Abstinence section of the C.T.S. and a few the moderate drinking section. A local organisation for both adults and children will, I hope, shortly be formed. The Mission was to have lasted only two days, but Mr. Dexter became so popular that when he offered a third day, his offer was most gladly accepted. In the absence of the priest-in-charge, Mr. Vincent, the churchwarden, ably took the chair on the third evening.

This last quarter has been a slack one, not, I hope, that I have been lazy, but other things have come along—particularly the preparation of the new syllabus for the Bible reading and the Bible examination—that some places which ought to have had services have been neglected. I hope by the time this is in print to have been to most of the neglected places. My Sundays are now made up by Alicedale every alternate, Cookhouse and De Aar each one in four. Mr. Bickerdike will be at Cookhouse to carry on the usual monthly lay services.

As we go to press welcome news comes that Mr. Woodhouse, from Johannesburg, is coming to give us much needed help in this section.

SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH RAILWAY MISSION QUARTERLY.

The first and last named festivals were marked, as of yore, by the adorning of our Church, bright services, and the gathering of the faithful at the altar.

The children’s treat which, owing to the general exodus from camp for the Easter holiday, had to be postponed from Easter Monday to Ascension Day, interfered considerably with the due observance of the day, as one of the four great festivals of the Church’s year. The Holy Eucharist at eight and a service for the children prior to their starting for their day’s outing were all that could be managed on the day itself, but the festival was fully observed on the Sunday in the octave.

The children enjoyed themselves to the full, despite the somewhat inclement weather, at the Coronation Park, thanks to the good, honest work and kind gifts of the older members of the congregation.

Where so many helped it would be invidious to single out individuals for special mention, but I would like to take this opportunity of thanking once again, both for my own part and for the children, all those who so kindly helped to make the day a success.

The Easter Vestry Meeting, held on April 3rd, was better attended than last year, and in spite of falling revenues and dwindling congregations, a cheery, optimistic tone (which augured well for the future) characterised the proceedings from start to finish. Mr. Viney, in the absence of Mr. Churchwarden Craddock, presented the balance sheet and report of the past year’s working, which proved satisfactory reading.

The most pleasing feature, however, of the meeting was the wonderful willingness shown by all to take office and keep things going, and All Souls is fortunate in having a record number of Church officers this year, to wit, Messrs. Craddock and Viney, churchwardens;
and Messrs. Hitchcock, Odoire, Saunders, Delafield, Leggett, Gordon Francis, Lemon, van Eyssen and Orton. With six old hands at the helm to steady us, and five new ones to put new life and infuse new ideas into us, we ought not to go very far wrong.

On Friday, May 30th, Archdeacon Wirgman of Port Elizabeth, acting for Archdeacon Turpin of Cradock, paid us a visit, and at a meeting of the Church officers held that evening in the Parish-room, explained to us the ins and outs of the proposed Provincial Clergy Pensions and Fire Insurance schemes, and dealt with other matters likely to crop up at the forthcoming Diocesan Synod.

At this meeting a vote of appreciation of the services rendered to the Diocese by the late Canon Mullins, and of condolence with his wife and children in their loss, was unanimously passed.

As a result of the Archdeacon's visit, a meeting of male parishioners was held on Wednesday, June 4th, at which Mr. Viney was selected as our lay representative to the Diocesan Synod, Mr. Hitchcock being elected as alternative representative. The fencing round the Church and hanging of the gates are now, at last, nearing completion, and from what one hears as one goes round the camp, seem to meet with general approval.

There have been this quarter the usual quota of comings and goings. Among the latter we have to deplore the loss of Mr. Hurst, who in the short time that he was in Naauwpoort endeared himself to many and threw himself heart and soul into the various activities of our camp life. As regards the Church here, we lose a keen and kindly supporter, who was always ready “to do his bit,” and whose voice will be missed from our choir. On the other hand, we are glad to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Linton, Mr. and Mrs. Bentley and Mr. and Mrs. Staegmann and their respective families.

Congratulations to Mr. J. W. Smith (one of our choir) on his recovery from serious illness.

We have to record the deaths of three little children, William Thomas Palmer, Dorothy Elizabeth Heckrath and Bertha Maud Blundell. May God comfort the hearts of those who mourn their loss, and grant to the little ones peace and joy in Paradise.

On Saturday, June 21st, Mr. Hitchcock (sidesman, choir-master, and one of the old guard—and a faithful and devoted churchman) was married to Miss Hilda Firling—who, like her sister, Mrs. Greenway (née Winnie Firling), has served the Church in this place loyally and devotedly for many years past.

For her services as organist alone we all owe her a great debt of gratitude, although we know perfectly well that she herself counts it a joy and privilege to use her undoubted talent for music in the best of all ways—for the glory of God. The day began with the prospective couple receiving the Bread of Life in the Holy Eucharist. The absence of flowers (both Grahamstown and Cradock failed us) made the task of decorating the Church no easy matter, but Miss Seabrook, and Miss Morris who acted as bridesmaid, rose gallantly to the occasion with the result that the Church wore a bright and festal appearance when, at a little after 2.15 p.m., the bridal party, headed by the Processional Cross, choir and priest, proceeded up the aisle singing “The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.” As on January 7th, at the marriage of Mr. Greenway to Miss Winnie Firling, so again now, one could not but be struck by the deep reverence, reality and joy which characterised the whole proceedings. The service, as befitted the occasion, was fully choral, Mrs. Dale once more kindly acting as organist. The bride was given away by her
mother, Mrs. Firling, while Mr. Cornelius van Bratt, from Carlton, supported the bridegroom. Our good wishes and prayers for God’s blessing and support go out to Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock in their married life.

Our Boy Scouts are now in possession of their badges, kindly presented by Mr. Saunders, and are busy preparing to pass their tests. We are sorry to lose four of our number, viz., Bramwell and James Stiles and Albert and Henry Nicholas.

WORK ALONG THE LINE. Services have been held at Norval’s Pont, Riet, Taabosch, Hanover Road and Dwaal, which were fairly well attended.

T. de Laune Faunce.

WOMEN’S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

It was my good fortune to spend the Easter Festival for the first time at Naauwpoort this year, and most thoroughly did I enjoy sharing in the beautiful choral services there.

On Easter Monday we had an early Celebration at Rosmead, where the Church (as in the former place) was most tastefully decorated in spite of the early season and consequent scarcity of flowers. The rest of the day was spent on the veld in company with all the Sunday School children of the camp and many of their parents and friends. All went merrily and well except for the appearance of a furious ostrich which attacked and severely handled one of the teachers and, later in the day, was only prevented from doing more serious damage by some valiant defenders who banded themselves together to drive him away with thorny weapons.

On Sunday, April 13th, I was again at Rosmead for the farewell services held by the Rev. E. de B. Thursten before his departure to England. We said good-bye to him with great regret, also at the same time to Mr. Wayt, S.M., though the latter hopes to return shortly after a much needed holiday and bring his family with him. Presentations of purses were made to each in turn, together with an illuminated address, signed by the churchwardens and sidesmen, in recognition of the Rector’s devoted labours during the past seven years.

During the months of April and May I went further than I had ever been before in the effort to complete my survey of the Eastern Section, via Alice and Kingwilliamstown to East London, and then to Stormberg, also up the branch lines of Butterworth and Maclear as far as Komga and Indwe, both the last parishes within the area of our Diocese.

Early in June I was recalled to the more southern camps of Cookhouse and Alickdale by two most interesting events. First came a short series of meetings in Cookhouse for both children and adults, when the important subject of temperance was most ably dealt with by Mr. Dexter. He dwelt in turns on its social, political and medical aspects, illustrating each by vivid pictures from real life. None who was present (and each evening the audience waxed larger and more enthusiastic) is likely to forget the several points so carefully driven home—for instance, the dangerous nature of the next Liquor Bill to be brought before Parliament both as concerning white people and natives, and the methods by which it should be resisted: also the definition of temperance as being “the careful moderate use of everything in itself innocent and harmless.”

Then came the several warnings of science:

1. Alcohol reduces temperature.
2. Alcohol creates an appetite (for more drink).
3. Alcohol affects the heart.
4. Alcohol affects the nerves.
5. Alcohol hinders digestion.
6. Alcohol weakens the will power.

Last, but by no means least in importance, came the warnings of Scripture against strong drink, and the explanation that in the Hebrew language there were nine words for wine, and only the unfermented kinds were commended in the Bible.

At Alicedale, on June 12th, the whole camp was en fête for the wedding of two of its inhabitants—the bridegroom, Mr. Harvey, having for many years past served both Church and camp in the capacities of churchwarden and librarian, Sunday School superintendent and market master. The bride, Miss Annie Wood, is already well known in other camps also as a faithful Church worker and G.F.S. member. The day began with an early Celebration, and at 2.30 p.m. the seating capacity of the small Church was taxed beyond its utmost limit. Bright flags outside and beautiful flowers inside were provided by some of their many friends, and the choir came in good numbers, so that the service was fully choral. White was the prevailing tone of the bride’s pretty procession, the only colour being the pink ribbons of the two little flower girls, who carried baskets of daisies and pink carnations, and of the bridesmaid’s bouquet. In the evening a large party assembled at an entertainment given in the Institute, which was gaily decked for the occasion with Union Jacks, so that one could well imagine oneself already on board the boat where the first part of the honeymoon is to be spent. A presentation of a very handsome silver centre-piece was made by the Rev. S. R. Griggs on behalf of the numerous subscribers from the camp and district, and suitably acknowledged by the bridegroom, after which “Auld Lang Syne” was sung, and the remainder of the evening certainly was spent as merrily as the proverbial marriage-bell. We all felt glad that the parting was only for a time, and that we might look forward to welcoming back again two such useful members of our Church and camp. May we remember, in the words of the poet, that

“Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work.”

M. Josephine Beckwith.

List of Lantern Lectures.

Midland Section. Conway, Halesowen, Mortimer, Fish River, Cookhouse.

Eastern Section. Amabele Junction, Komgha, Kei Road, Bailey, Indwe, Stormberg.

We are now just in the middle of the Temperance Mission at Cookhouse. The numbers on the first two days have not been very large, but Mr. Dexter has riveted our attention, and we are glad he is to spend another day with us. I hope his visit may result in an enthusiastic branch of the Temperance Society—both junior and adults—being formed, since now we have heard more of the terrible evils of intemperance our responsibility to fight against it is greater. Although not unexpected, the death of Dr. Jones on Monday morning threw a gloom over the whole camp, and much sympathy is expressed for his wife and family.

At Alicedale a united Sunday School picnic was arranged, but the weather prevented it and the children were entertained in the camp next day. Here and at Cookhouse the prizes for the year have been given during the month. I am sorry indeed that so few of the children at these camps entered for the Bible Reading examinations. They
have so much more regular teaching about it and should have done better than those in the smaller places. We must hope for better things this year. On my section Bushmans River deserves mention, as the lists will show, for all round keenness.

The G.F.S. meetings at Alicedale are appreciated and pinafores for St. Peter’s orphans are well begun. Klipplaat candidates have also started these. I wonder which will be done first. Sandflats had a little picnic for its candidates, when we chose a May Queen and marched home in procession. Confirmation classes have been started here and at Alicedale. I hope those who have given in their names and have begun to attend them will make a real effort to be present regularly. I know it is often difficult, but if they wish for Confirmation it is necessary.

Lastly, the Cookhouse sale of work. We expect to hold it at the beginning of September, so we must all work very hard between now and then if it is to be the success we hope, and all must include the children as well.

P. GLASIER.

PRETORIA DIOCESE.

WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.

Before I leave for England I should like to say a few words of farewell. I hope to sail on June 4th by the S.S. Gaika from Delagoa Bay; I expect to be away for about six months and then to return to parish work in the Diocese of Pretoria. Before I go, I wish to thank all those who have helped me in various ways. The Church does not consist of the clergy, nor does it exist for them: people and clergy together form the Church. The clergy can do very little without the co-operation of the people whose minister or servant they are. The Church tries by right teaching to lead men to lead right lives, using rightly the means of forgiveness and divine help, and to become more like God, more fit for dwelling in God’s presence in the life beyond the grave. This ideal of the Church’s work can only be realised if all do their part.

I have now spent three years in the Eastern Transvaal. It has been a busy time, full of disappointment as well as encouragement, but a happy time. I feel that I have learnt much more than I have been able to teach. I am conscious of many shortcomings and failures, for which I ask God’s forgiveness and yours. I only hope that a priest may be found definitely to take up the work. The Head of the Mission has been doing his best to secure more workers, but apparently other spheres of work, whose needs are equally urgent, are more attractive to the clergy. In the meantime Mr. Coles and Mr. Coombs will give part of their time to visiting this section. The Rev. H. L. Bell, Bishop’s Chaplain, has very kindly promised two Sundays a month, which he will divide between Waterval Boven, Belfast and Machadodorp. So the work will be well looked after until a permanent chaplain is appointed. The greatest kindness you can do me is to give your fullest help and sympathy to those who are succeeding me. So good-bye to all, good-bye in the fullest sense of “God be with you.”

T. GRAY HOPKYNs.

P.S. Since writing the above I have received very kind and generous gifts from Waterval Boven, Belfast, and Machadodorp, in which the staff from several stations have also joined. It is impossible adequately to express my thanks. The gifts are most acceptable not only for their intrinsic value, but also for the spirit that prompted them. Very best thanks to all,
I feel I must once again claim my old title even though others have seen fit to adopt it, because I am doing a good deal of rambling just now and my rambles up here are as interesting as those I experienced in the Colony. I wrote a little disparagingly of the work at Fordsburg, Vrededorp and Brixton in the last quarterly. Were I at liberty to write anything about the work there now, I should do so most hopefully, because I feel sure that under the guidance of Mr. Weaver things will go ahead.

I left there on Easter Sunday night and saying good-bye was not easy. I spent the whole of Easter week in camp with the Cleveland and Germiston Boy Scouts and a really good holiday I had, one which I shall not soon forget. After that, I began my rambles in the Orange Free State, visiting the places of which I will give a list below, and numerous cottages. Everywhere I was well received and even though, at some of the gangers' cottages, I could not make myself understood entirely, yet it was evident that my calls were appreciated by the request "kom weer," i.e. "come again." There is quite a lot of friends whom I should like to thank for the many kindnesses shown me, but it is next to impossible to mention them by name in these notes: if I started doing so I should probably leave out the names of some whom I ought to mention most; so please accept this as an acknowledgment with my real gratitude. From what I could gather before I began rambling, I was under an impression that I should find very little to do in the O.F.S., but I was agreeably surprised to find that I alone could not possibly do all that there is to be done properly.

The Bishop of Bloemfontein and Archdeacon Weekes very kindly gave me information which proved valuable in finding my way about; and then there was the indefatigable Miss Ramadge: my thanks are due to her for her help.

I shall be visiting the O.F.S. again during July. The following is a list of the places with the amounts of the collections taken: Viljoen’s Drift, 14/2; Kopjes, 5/2; Vloethoek, 6/4; Ventersburg Road, 35/3; Welgelegen, 3/9; Vet River, 5/2; Klip River, 10/6; Kaallaagte, 13/6; Lindley Road, 8/-; and Honing Spruit.

After the Free State I took a trip along the Zeerust line, visiting, as usual, as many cottages as possible and holding services whenever there was a chance. Along this line I should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson at Boons, Mr. and Mrs. Human at Koster, and Mr. and Mrs. West at Groot Marico, for their kindness in asking me to meals.

Places visited and collections:—
Boons: Koster, 12/3; Groot Marico, 12;3; Woodbine, 10/-; Val Kop School; West Marico School; Ottoshoop, 22/3.

MAFEKING TO KIMBERLEY LINE. I could do very little along here—few trains and mostly at awkward times.

At Maribow we had service at the hotel through the kindness of Mr. Sherwin, who also fed me during my stay. The collection amounted to 4/9 and a gift of 2/-. Sunday, June 8th, was spent at Taungs, where I found an old friend in the schoolmistress, Miss Reynolds. We had a children’s service in the morning and an evening service, which were well attended; collection 14/-. I should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Snow for kind hospitality here.

I am writing this just after my visit to Vryburg, which to me is a most depressing station. I had decided to leave again as soon as I could, but Mr. Paxton persuaded me to stay over for a service the next day. We cer-
tainly had a mission service, but the attendance by grown-up people was very scanty. This was terribly disappointing to me because so many had promised and did not keep their word. I do wish some people would be straight-forward and say straight out that they have no intention of attending the services, instead of putting one off with false promises! I do not mean this to apply to Vryburg in particular, but to all places along the line.

I found rambling just a bit difficult at times, because, you see, I had, so to speak, to feel my way along: those who had gone before me left without leaving any reports of work behind. Still, I have enjoyed it and made many friends. I want many of the boys and young men to keep in touch with me and to try and remember some of the things we talked about. Should anyone wish to write to me, I have only one address, P.O. Box 5, Germiston. I have asked for your prayers all along the lines— please don’t forget: the Mission is sorely in need of them, and if we pray, and pray aright, all things are possible and will assuredly be granted in God’s good time and in His way.

J. J. Coombs.

DIOCESES OF MASHONALAND AND N. RHODESIA.

It is impossible to say much about this section at present. My last three months have been spent in a kind of tour of inspection and to find out where we must concentrate our attention. The distances are tremendous and the trains few and far between, so that the work is rather slow.

FRANCISTOWN is perhaps the most important centre which we visit. After being accustomed to having their own resident priest for several years they have now to be content with the occasional services which we can give them; and when that is taken into consideration we cannot complain of any lack of interest or enthusiasm on their part.

PLUMTREE is one of the bright spots, and it is always cheering to spend a week-end with the staff and boys at the school. There is a large population in the immediate district from which we ought to draw large congregations at the Eucharist and Mattins. Perhaps this will come in time.

Regular services have also been held at NYAMANDHLOVU, when the small community turns out in full force, and we are able to have full choral services. Mr. Brewster, the station-master, spares no pains in letting all the settlers know of our visits; and his work in transforming the small goods-shed into a really beautiful and dignified place of worship is evidence of his own keenness and interest. His good wife acts as our organist and also keeps open house for all who come in to the services. Grocery bills with her are of no account provided we get good congregations, and she seems to welcome all the trouble to which we put her.

WANKIE is a difficult place to speak about. On my three visits the congregations have varied so much that it is impossible as yet to discover what is the normal. But one is quite certain that there ought to be far more communicants at the early Eucharist. Here, as in most other places, a late and severe fever season has kept many people away who might have come.

One visit has been paid to the Congo where services were held at LUBUMBASHI and ELISABETHVILLE. We shall miss Mr. Pallister, who has gone home for six months, but we hope to see him back again in December.

Services have also been held at MAHALAPYE, where we met with much
encouragement in our second visit, and also at PALAPYE ROAD.

E. G. H.

WOMEN'S WORK.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.

Although Mr. Rogers has found two or three new workers for the Mission, who are coming out to reinforce us during the next few months, there is still no immediate prospect of this section being provided with a chaplain. Vereeniging is the only place which has had a full Sunday's services with Celebration. Mr. Hopkyns was there on the third Sunday in May, very shortly before his departure for home. After Evensong there was a meeting of the congregation to discuss the present rather trying condition of affairs, but there is not much to be done until the arrival of the anxiously expected priest. My regular monthly visits to Vereeniging have now ceased, but I shall hope to see some of my friends there from time to time. Mr. Coombs gave us Sunday services at Ventersburg Road and Viljoen's Drift, and I have also heard of his visits to some of the smaller places where the enquiry "When is he coming again?" was quite sufficient to show how his coming had been appreciated. I hope he will be able to visit some of those who have been waiting so long to prepare for Confirmation. Some of my own candidates have nearly finished their preparation, and as the Bishop has kindly promised to come when we are ready, I hope it will soon be possible to arrange for the Confirmation. That most important event, the examination, is now over, and I know that many families are looking forward eagerly to the examiner's report in this number of Light for the Line.

I am always disappointed at the number of entries, but more so than usual this year. More than eighty children started on the work, but only twenty-two actually wrote papers! Of course there were some really genuine reasons, such as the inevitable transfers, but many children are terribly lacking in perseverance and have not the slightest shame in saying they are not ready, or that they have not had time to prepare.

Papers were sent in from Wolvehoek (12), Viljoen's Drift (3), Kopjes (3), Wonderkop (1), Paardeberg (1), Theunissen (1), and Bloemfontein (1).

At Wolvehoek we were all cheered after a strenuous two hours' work, by the arrival of a lovely tea with home-made scones and biscuits, very kindly sent over from the tea-room by Mrs. Burnett.

Kaffir River School, which has done so well in former years, dropped out altogether this time, partly owing, I am afraid, to Mr. Hutton's serious illness at Easter.

I must not say too much about the examination results as that is the examiner's province, but I must congratulate Doreen Cochrane on winning her fifth prize this year, and so completing her set of books. She was the pioneer of the O.F.S. children, as in 1907, I believe, she was the first and only child to enter for the examination in which she won her first prize.

The Wolvehoek children had the great advantage of Miss de Villiers' help in their work, which resulted in their gaining two out of the three prizes which came our way. I gave a special private prize to little Winnie Burnett, the youngest child and lowest in school (St. 1) who has entered in my time.

Next month I hear we are to have a visit from Miss Hedy, who is on her way out with Miss Attlee.

I have had several interesting letters from Miss Watson in the full enjoyment of home and friends once more.

K. J. Ramadge.
OUR PRIVATE PRAYERS.

No. 2.

In our last article we saw that Jesus in His earthly life is, in prayer, as in all things, our Example; that His success as a man of prayer, was due to His intense love for God and man; because He loved God He must as a natural consequence of that love, be in frequent communion with Him: because He loved man, He must be continually interceding for him before the Throne of Grace. This point cannot be too much emphasized. The fruit of love—the natural outcome of love—is prayer. Why is it that there come the moments in the lives of most Christians, when they feel that they cannot pray? The reason is that they have become selfish, they have been thinking too much of themselves, or, to put it in other words, they are for the time being without love in their hearts. The persons who have opened their hearts to the sunshine of the great love of God, are the persons who can really pray, because the love in their hearts reflects back upon God, the Giver, and radiates out upon their fellow men. Whether prayer then lies, or will, ever become real to you depends almost entirely upon your love: and the degree of love—that is, to which we love, will regulate the quality, if not the quantity, of our prayers. The person who wants to learn to pray, must be told first to cultivate love. How is our love to God to be cultivated? In no other way than by realizing more and more God’s love to us. Here comes the need of meditation. One writer says: “Meditation, therefore, or the exercise of our mind upon God’s manifestations of Himself, is essential to our attainment of love.” A whole series of articles might be written upon meditation, but as this cannot be at present, suffice it to say that meditation is thinking about God and His love to us and all mankind. This can best be done when we are quite sure of being alone, and if possible ought to be done on our knees. (This does not deny what was said in the last article about letting our thoughts rest upon God for a moment or two even in the midst of our work; what we are speaking of now is to the same “kind of thing” only on a larger scale.) For the married woman it ought to be comparatively easy to spend, say, half an hour one afternoon regularly each week; for the working man it is more difficult, but could he not spend half an hour alone in Church (which is always open, and if it is not, he has the right to demand that it shall be) on a Sunday or even weekday? This would be a rest for mind and body and a real spiritual refreshment; if a Church is not handy he ought to try and get this half-hour in now and again, and if impossible at home, take half an hour’s walk and think about God. This may sound very alarming to some, but no one who perseveringly gives meditation a trial will ever regret it. A famous doctor once said that “prayer is the best rest cure”; this ought to be borne in mind by those whose work is trying. The Bible must be made use of, especially the New Testament. “God sent His Son into the world to redeem the world—yes, to save me: the Holy Spirit has been given to sanctify me, to make me holy, to prepare me to live eternally with God in Heaven.” Break your life up into parts: as a child, while you were living in this place, then that, your different situations, whilst single, then married, try to see God’s over-ruling Providence through it all. Others have suffered, God has given you health—or has blessed you in your sickness: think of that difficulty through which He guided you: that trouble which brought you nearer to Him: think of His protection, His providing for your daily wants: think of what it means to be a Christian—Christian parents, Baptism. Confirmation, Holy Communion. How good God has been to
you, what love. Here comes in thanksgiving and praise, so often forgotten. Never omit thanksgiving and praise in your daily prayers. "We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory." And so as we come to think more of the love of God, our love will grow too; we have seen that the first outcome of this will be thanksgiving, then will come intercession, which will be the subject of our next article.

S. R. G.

**CHILDREN’S PAGE.**

My dear Children,

The few words I say to you this time must be about the Bible examination. You will all be looking eagerly for the results. Some of you will be full of delight, others will be disappointed, and those who did not try will, I hope, be sorry that they did not trouble to do it. The examiner would have been pleased to have ever so many more papers to read. I was very sorry not to see any from Commadagga, Nauwpoort, Kaffir River, Edenburg and Viljoen’s Drift. So far there is only one candidate who has gone on steadily with the Bible Reading year after year until she has gained all five prizes—Doreen Cochrane, of Bloemfontein. She now has a set of beautiful books which she will always find useful and which, I am sure, she will keep among the treasures she most values.

Cookhouse and Alicedale children must wake up and begin now to read the daily portions so that next year some of them may head the lists of winners. It is a great honour to get into Class I and I heartily congratulate those whose names are there. I hope Louie Schuch, who really tried hard this year, will not be discouraged. She only just missed a prize. Send to me if you have not all got Daily Reading papers. Set to work at once and go on every day. It is so easy when you have got into the habit of doing it. Remember that lazy boys and girls grow up lazy men and women. There are too many idle, worthless people in the world. Make up your minds that you will not ever be one of them.

The Good Shepherd cards will remind you of your duties. I hope all of you have one hanging in your rooms. If not, you can write and ask me to send you one.

Your friend,

The Editor.

Daily Reading Papers should be sent for at once. Write for them to

The Editor,
The Hermitage,
Grahamstown.

**Guild of the Good Shepherd.**

New Members.
Marjorie Mays, Coalbrook, April 14th.
Annie Naude, Wolvehoek, May 21st.

Badges Given.
Katie, Evelina and Eliza Straw, Kronenbloem, March 8th.
Nelly Mays, Coalbrook, March 10th.
Rudolph Cross, Kopjes, May 3rd.
Annie v.d. Watt, Wolvehoek, June 8th.

**VICTORIA BIBLE EXAMINATION, 1913.**

**REPORT AND RESULTS.**

The method of marking has been as follows:—For Seniors, the papers were first marked on the same standard, the neatness of writing being taken into account, the maximum number of
marks being 100; then the papers were handicapped as follows:—

Those in Standard IV, 15 points were added, and if under 12 years of age, 5 extra.

Those in Standard V, 10 points were added, and if under 13, 5 extra.

Those in Standard VI, 5 points were added, and if under 14, 5 extra.

Those in Standard VII, 3 points were added, and if under 15, 5 extra.

Those in Standard ex-VII, no points were added, but if under 16, 5 points extra.

To attain Class I with Honours 10 points were necessary; Class I without Honours 65; Class 2, 60; Class 3, 55; Class 4, 45; “Pass,” 40.

Juniors, the same method, only with the following handicaps:—

Standard I, 10 points were added, and if under 9, 5 points extra.

Standard II, 5 points were added, and if under 10, 5 points extra.

Standard III, no points were added, but if under 11, 5 points extra.

Class 1 with Honours 70 points were necessary; Class I without Honours, 60; Class 2, 50; Class 3, 45; Class 4, 35; “Pass,” 30. Every competitor, therefore, irrespective of age and Standard, had equal opportunities. Those in Class 1 with Honours, Class 1 without Honours and Class 2 in both Senior and Junior division have gained prizes: these in addition to Classes 3, 4, and “Pass” have gained the Victoria Bible Examination Certificate.

There were four cases in which children were in Standard 4, and yet took the Junior examination. Teachers and parents another year must please see that children take the right division, otherwise they will risk being disqualified.

Congratulations to Olive Wilmot who has risen from Class 2 in 1912 to Class 1 with Honours; also to Annie Naude who from Class 1 in Juniors in 1912, has attained Class 1 in Senior division. Taking into consideration her age, by far the best paper sent in was that of Isa Brown, who attempted every question, and for many of her answers gained full marks. Maud Buhler would have been in a higher class (and so have gained a prize) if her answers had not been so “scrappy”: the answer to question 5, for instance, she condensed into less than two lines. Long answers are not asked for, but a reasonable amount must be written to show a knowledge of the subject. Pax Eve sent in a good paper for his age, and with careful reading ought easily to attain a higher class next year. The same might be said of John Edward Slater, though he would have gained more marks this year had he known his Catechism. It is always possible to obtain sufficient marks for a prize on Bible Knowledge alone, but of course a knowledge of the Catechism as set in the Syllabus greatly increases the likelihood of doing so.

A good many spelling mistakes occurred, particularly in the Catechism, a very common one being “Pumps” for “Pomps”; this might be avoided if teachers and parents would occasionally get their children to write down the answers and then correct the spelling.

The Mission tenders its sincere thanks to all teachers and parents who have assisted in the systematic teaching of their children and vigilant at examinations, and asks them to continue their good services, remembering that their aim is not ultimately that the children shall do well in the examination, but that they may grow up with a knowledge of the Faith—which will help they to meet some of the infidelity in the world—and of the Word which shall be a guide and inspiration to their own lives. All parents should insist on their children reading regularly the daily portion as set in the Syllabus and whenever possible to read it over with them. Those who do not possess the Syllabus or Bibles and Prayer Books should com-
Light for the Line.

Communicate at once with the Railway Mission worker who visits them.

A set of five beautiful prizes are given in consecutive years, so every child should make it his or her aim to obtain the set.

Sydney R. Griggs, L.Th. (Durh.), Examiner.

**Juniors—20 entries.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class I with Honours</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Isa Brown ...</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Brown ...</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>94</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class I</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edward Buhler</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilhelmina Ferreira</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class II</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Akers ...</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred. Prinsloo ...</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennie McBurnett ...</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>52</td>
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</table>

**Class III.**

**Class IV.**

**Pass.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charles Naude</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philipena Botha</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin Manson</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>32</td>
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</table>

**Failed.—3.**

**Victoria Bible Examination, 1913.**

**Seniors—46 entries.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class I with Honours</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Doreen Geard Cochrane</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olive Pearl Wilmot</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>77</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class I</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Louis Johannes Botha</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Nicholas</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Naude</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class II</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clement Rippon</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Nicholas</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>60</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class III</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Points gained</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pax Eve</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisa Elizabeth Schue</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eveline Hancock</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William James Belt Slater</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>59</td>
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</tbody>
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### BAPTISMS.

#### DIocese OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Names and Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>Victor George Hawkins, at Alicedale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>Oscar Dam, at Cookhouse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Irene Hilda Peters, at Cookhouse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Seymour Woldridge Speller Burls, at Cookhouse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>Annie Esther Pilcher, at Mimosa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Harold Raymond Harvey, at Alicedale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Leonard George Nosworthy, at Alicedale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Iris Longbottom, at Kommandagga.</td>
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</tbody>
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#### DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Names and Details</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>Katharine Kirkwood Bostock, Belfast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>Thelma Louise Towson, Crown Douglas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George Matthews Butler, Bronkhorstspruit.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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#### DIoCeSE OF N. RHODESIA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Names and Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>Reginald Alfred Lewis, Bwana M'Kuba.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### DIOCESE OF MASHONALAND.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Names and Details</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Neil Patrick Hammond, Plumtree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Kenneth William Montgomery, Figtree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Petrus Jacobus Founie, Plumtree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gordon Vivian Mildrum, Plumtree.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Pass.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names and Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pieter Hendrik Potgieter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy G. Clark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Austin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Henry Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendrik Roedolf v.d. Walt</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MARRIAGES.

March At Gwaai, Rhodesia:
25—William Edward Whitmore and Isabella Louisa Bruce.

May At Nelspruit:
10—Christian Heugh Cox and Lilian Ruth Currie.

June At Alice Dale, C.P.:
12—Bertie Harvey and Annie Mary Grace Wood.

June At Naauwpoort, C.P.:
21—Charles Peter Therou Hitchcock and Hilda Gertrude Firling.

BURIALS.

March At Naauwpoort, C.P.:
12—Attwell Mjezu, aged 10 months.

April
6—William Thomas Palmer, aged 13 months.

May
3—Dorothy Elizabeth Heckrath, aged 1 year and 10 months.

June
2—August Louw, aged 4 years.
13—Bertha Maud Blewitt, aged 8 months.

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.

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.

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Edenburg—Mrs. Cochrane.
Paardeberg—Mrs. Brierley.
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Wolvehoek—Mr. Burnett.
Bethlehem—Miss Wiggin, Railway Book Stall.
Springfontein—Miss Lily Burns.
Linley Road—Miss Alexander.
Thaba Nchu—Mr. Davidson.
Fouriesburg Rail—Mrs. Kendal.
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Bwana Mkubwa—Mrs. Lewis.

Broken Hill—Mrs. Phillips.

Nyamandhlovu—Mrs. Brewster.

MASHONALAND DIOCESE.


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Port Elizabeth—Miss Geard.

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Bellevue, Johannesburg—Miss Turner.

Port Elizabeth—Miss Heys, Melrose House.

Grahamstown, C.P.—Miss Anstey, Bishopsbourne.

Port Elizabeth—Mrs. Edward Brown; Miss S. Smith, Collegiate School.

Bloemfontein—Miss Nicholl, S. Michael’s School; Mrs. Martin.

COLLECTIONS, DONATIONS, &c.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

March—Private Communion, 1/3; Fees and Offerings, £6/2/6; Donation per M.J.B., 10/-; Collection per H.V.T., 6/11.

April—Private Communion, 1/-; Middle- ton, 8/-; Coerney, 1/9; Bellevue, 3/-; Coega, £1/5/-; Ripon, 10/2; Glenconnor, 4/9; Miller, 6/6; Stormberg, 9/4; Cyphergat, 8/9; Lurie, 1/-; Aberdeen Road, 1/-; Ken- drew, 3/9; Lets Kraal, 6/10; Roode Hooge, 4/6; Donations per P.G., 7/6.

May—Fees, 2/6; Private Communion, 2/-; Barkly Bridge, 5/-; Bushmans River, 7/6; Fees and Offerings, £1/10/-; Donation, Mr. A. Brown, 10/-; Donation, C.G.G., £1/10/-.

Feeds, per T. de L.F.: March, 10/-; April, 15/-; May, £1/5/-.

DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.

WATERVAL BOVEN DISTRICT.

March—Belfast (part), £1; Waterval Boven (part), 9/-; Machadodorp, £1/5/9; Waterval Onder, 12/-.

April—Broukhorstspruit, £1/5/-; Ray- ton, 15/-; Wilge River, 6/3; Crown Douglas, 5/6; Balmoral, 11/-; Malelane, 12/6; Vereeniging, £2/2/-; Machadodorp, 12/6; Kin- rosa, 12/6.

May—Komati Poort, 15/-; Godwan River, 11/6; Nelspruit, 10/9; Vereeniging, £2/2/-; Wonderfontein, 4/6; Machadodorp, 12/6—Total, £15/5/3.

DONATIONS.

Mr. Kershaw, Dalmanutha, 10/6; Mr. Dimmock, Wakefield, £1/5/-; Mr. Potli- cary, Kaapmuiden, £1; Gifts at Baptisms, etc., £2/0/6.

DIOCESE OF MASHONALAND.

Francistown, 15/-; 3/3, £1/8/3, £1/1/-; Wanike, £1/0/6; £2/0/9; £1/12/-; Nyam- mandhlovu, £2/10/3, £2/3/-, 14/-; Plum- tree, £1/10/9, 7/6; £2/3/6; Mahalapye, 15/6, £1/2/-; Palapye Road, 4/8.

Lubumbashi, £6/1/6; Elisabethville, £1/1/6.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

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ed Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

Difficulties in Madagascar.

MISSIONARY work in Madagascar is carried on under considerable difficulties, one being the disadvantages under which women and girls work. In the Tananarivo Girls' School the teachers are mostly men, the native women being allowed to teach sewing only; and even in the infant classes reading and writing are taught by men. Of course there are many girls fully capable of teaching, but after appealing to the authorities, the only answer they have received is that the Malagasy girl was not as yet sufficiently developed, and her sphere was in the home.

A Modern Timothy.

An interesting story is told by the Rev. J. A. Houlder (for many years a missionary in Madagascar) of how a small boy twisted a rag, that he might have light whereby to read! In the course of time he got others to join him, and a little church was erected with a membership of nearly twenty. When missionaries later on went to the village they found a little Malagasy boy, already at work.

C.M.S. Enlargements.

In connection with the extensions to the Society's House which are being made for the C.M.S. it is interesting to note that Salisbury Square has many historical associations. In the Middle Ages (1580) it formed the courtyard of the inn or London House of the Bishops of Salisbury, in which they resided when in London on Parliamentary or other business. At that time Fleet Street and the Strand were considered so dangerous a neighbourhood that their lordships were admired for their courage in living in the "Wilderness," as the site on the south side of the Square was then called! Hutton Street still has the inscription—"late Wilderness Lane."

A Wonderful Change.

The Rev. C. W. Thorne, of Aurungabad in the Deccan, in speaking of great progress in missionary work, says that in one important place, where years ago he and others encountered a storm of opposition in the market-place for daring to preach the Gospel, he found himself welcomed by the President of the Municipality and other leading officials. It was at the opening of a new school for the Brahman boys. In honour of the event they were invited to a Pan-Supari ceremony: decked with garlands of flowers; sprinkled with attar of roses; smeared with sandal-wood oil, and specified in a complimentary manner.

The Bible a Power.

That the Bible is a power amongst the educated classes of India, by whom it is being more and more welcomed, is shown from the following facts. Each year, after the Allahabad University examination results are published, the local branch of the Bible Society writes to the successful candidates offering to each of them a copy of the Bible or portion thereof free if they care to apply. Last year, out of 476 graduates, 370 received the Bible. Out of 706 who passed the Intermediate 610 received the Bible. Out of 1,446 Matriculates over 1,000 received the Four Gospels and the Acts.

Eating his Coat.

Mr. Percy F. Broughton, who has been working at the Mission to the Eskimo of Baffin Island, Northern Canada, has suffered great hardship and privation, and is now in England for surgical treatment. Whilst travelling amongst the scattered Eskimo he got separated from his guides and lost the track. For two whole days he was without food, and was obliged to eat part of his deerskin coat mixed with a little snow! Two nights he spent in the open, swaying backwards and forwards to keep his blood circulating; and had to help his assistant to cut off his toes! It was two months before he could stand, and then on a pair of temporary crutches he started once more to part of his deer-skin coat mixed with a little snow. It was two months before he could stand, and then on a pair of temporary crutches he started once more to part of his deer-skin coat mixed with a little snow.

When found made a Note of."

Little children can be teachers as well as their adult friends, and often they have been used to sow the seed where older missionaries cannot go. Said a missionary to a little girl. "How is it, dear, that you remember your hymn, 'There is a happy land,' so correctly?" "Oh," replied this little Sunday School girl, "I wrote it on the wall of our house so that I might not forget it, and others might learn it."
Elisha Restoring Her Son to the Shunammite Woman—2 Kings iv. 37.
Mother of Mine

By M. U. THOMPSON.

When the east was rose and gold,
Heavenly bright at life's glad dawn,
One dear hand aye held mine close
Through the glowing early morn:
O'er youth's joys your love did shine,
Mother of mine, Mother of mine!

Storm-clouds hid the climbing sun,
Lightnings cleft the air's clear band,
Thunders crashed. My life undone,
Still you warmly clasped my hand:
Through the gloom your love did shine,
Mother of mine, Mother of mine!

Evening comes, the west grows bright,
Lone I tread earth's winding way,
Yet from out your home of light
Falls on me your love's pure ray:
Through Heaven's gates your love doth shine,
Mother of mine, Mother of mine!

Lily Work: A Sermon on a Strange Text.

"Upon the top of the pillars was lily-work."—1 Kings vii. 22.

By CANON PATERSON SMYTH.

OME of you will think this a strange text for a sermon on life and conduct, and as a general rule I confess that it is hardly a justifiable way to treat the Bible—to take words that are used in a certain sense and apply them in another sense not intended, or indeed imagined, by the writer. As a rule I greatly object to letting the Scriptures be so treated. I don't remember having done it before. Yet sometimes it is excusable. Years ago, at a roadside inn in the German mountains, I heard an old friend use this phrase in conversation. At once it caught on to me. I have never forgotten it. And I want it to catch on to you, that you may not forget it. That it may be to you a centre for thoughts which are scattered through the Bible—of the lovableness, the attractiveness which is the mark of every truly developed Christian character.

Now, think about my text, "Upon the top of the pillars was lily-work." The words describe the two great pillars which held up the cedar-beams in the temple, and all around the top was exquisite tracery of flowers. The chief requisite in these pillars was, of course, that they should be strong and firmly placed. They are called Jachin and Booz, which means Firmness and Strength.

They would have held up the beams if they had been erected in their clumsy roughness, covered with rugged bark without any attempt at smoothness and beauty. But the Spirit which moved Solomon to the building of the temple taught him what was becoming for the presence of Jehovah. He must consecrate to God what was best and most beautiful. Nothing uncouth or ungraceful must be there. And so his most skilful artists carried out the tracery, "and upon the top of the pillars was lily-work. So was the work of the pillars finished."

Which things are an allegory. Carry the figure into the temple of God's church to-day, where the strong, true men are the pillars. In the Epistle to the Galatians St. Paul speaks of James and Cephas as pillars of the church. In the visions of Patmos St. John received the message of the Lord, which seems to have its reference to the words of our text:—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of God and he shall go no more out."

Who are the pillars in the temple of God, who uphold the power and stability of religion? Not the wavering Christians—mere pious talkers—the men of gush and moods, and sentimental raptures.

No, but the quiet men and women (I think chiefly women) of firmness and strength, to
whom God, and Right, and Duty, and Principle are the watchwords of life—the great realities—the brave true hearts who are often misunderstood—who are fighting secret battles that no man knows of. These are they who uphold the power of righteousness on earth—these are the pillars in the temple of God.

You know some of them. You know their influence, whether you like them or not. They make you respect religion. They make you feel that there are things more real, more noble, more desirable than the paltry aims that the crowd run after.

There are many such people honestly wanting to follow Christ. And yet somehow one does not feel that they are making all with whom they come in contact try to be religious—making religion so beautiful and lovable that people about them long to have it.

III.

For with all this firmness and strength and struggle after righteousness these pillars in God’s temple are sometimes very unattractive. On the top of the pillars is no lily-work. And it is such a pity—such a loss to the cause of religion. Some of them are gloomy and chilling—their children and their employees are a little afraid of them. Some of them are unsympathetic with young people and their pleasures, forgetting the time when they were young themselves. Some of them are wrapped up too much in themselves. Some of them are sharp and cynical in conversation. Some are narrow and uncharitable in their religious views. Their little view of truth is the only one possible. All who think differently are ignorant or dishonest. And yet they are good and righteous people, honestly wanting to serve Christ.

You know the sort of Christians that I mean—the unlovable religious people—the pillars without the lily-work. Do you know who are most deterring young people from following Jesus Christ? The unlovable religious people. For Jesus is judged through the people who follow Him. And you know how they hinder the attraction of religion, especially to young people. I said one day to a thoughtless young girl, “Well, at bottom you do want to be religious, don’t you?” And she looked me straight in the face. “No,” she said, “I don’t think I do.” “Why, what do you mean?” “Some of my relatives are really good religious people, but I should not care to be much with them.” And I knew enough to understand what she meant.

IV.

Now I ask you to think of the need of lily-work on the pillars. On the pillars I say. The mere ornamented lily-work which supports not, and strengthens not, is not worth wasting time about here. I speak only of those who are in earnest about God.

First this. The lily-work belongs to the religion of Jesus Christ.

The most beautiful thing on earth is that religion of Christ as it appears in some lives that some of us know. If Christ were truly lifted up in the lives of His people He would draw all men unto Him.

The Jews have an old legend about Nathan the Wise who had a magic ring, and the property of this ring was to make him who wore it beloved of God and man.

The religion of Jesus is like that sage’s ring—it makes him who truly possesses it beloved of God and man.

Therefore, if you are one of the unlovable religious people do not lay the flattering union to your soul that it is a mere matter of temperament. It is not. It is a matter of deficient religion. It is because you are not earnestly enough following your Lord, and, therefore, are not growing in likeness to Him.

You boast your rugged honesty and candour. You call a spade a spade.” He had the rugged honesty and candour that you admire. He could be very stern with sham and hypocrisy. But underneath it all was the deep love, and sympathy, and tenderness, and care for other men’s feelings. People liked to be with Him. The children crept into His arms. The choir boys in the Temple shouted Hosanna as He passed. The Magdalene wetted His feet with her tears. John leant against His breast at supper. Peter broke down at one reproachful look from Him. The dying thief could not resist Him in the agony of death.

My readers, what a beautiful world it would be if that Christ spirit were formed in us!

“How I long after you,” said St. Paul, “till Christ be formed in you.” Till Christ be formed in you—till that tender, loving, generous spirit of Christ be formed in His people. That is the whole object of our Christian religion—the whole purpose of churches and preaching and sacraments. Till Christ be formed in us. Till we become, not merely righteous, but loving and lovely as our dear Lord.

You know some few, at least, who are thus showing forth the Kingdom of God.

“She thought to herself,” writes a modern novelist, “how delightful it would be to live in a house where everybody understood and loved and thought about everyone else.” She did not know that her wish was just for the Kingdom of God on earth.

V.

The highest contribution any man can make to the world’s salvation is not by talking or preaching, but by living. By so living among men that they may be attracted to his Master.

Maybe if a parent instead of scolding his boys would follow more the loving Lord Himself he might find when he looks back that his stubborn careless boys were stealing shyly after him. We cannot drive people into the Kingdom of God, but if we are going in ourselves they will often follow. Let us pray for more likeness to Him: “Grant us to be pillars in the Temple of God—and upon the top of the pillars the lily-work.”
CHAPTER VIII. Nell Receives a Shock.

UNSEEN and yet seeing, Jan watched Silas Ruelake cross Newtake field, and turn down the lane to Underdown.

"These be mazy goin's cm," he said to himself. "I wonder, now, what 'ee'd do if Farmer Moore was behind 'un. 'Ee be up to no gude. Well, well, there be queer folks about, so there he!

With this reflection, Jan started off up the hill, having wasted more time than he could afford.

There was not much of Crag Tor Down that Jan was unacquainted with. He knew every bit of it as he did his own hand. He had certainly examined every spot likely to contain Den Hookner's treasure. By this time he had come to the conclusion that the rocks composing the Tor itself were more likely to conceal the gold, but he was a little nervous as to the stability of the pile, having a vivid remembrance of an accident many years ago, when a huntsman, in pulling out some rocks at the foot of a similar pile a few miles away, in order to get at a fox, precipitated the whole upon him and was instantly killed.

As Jan approached the rocks he heard a shrill cry, and looking up, he became aware of a woman's figure racing towards him from the direction of the Tor.

"Surely 'tis not Miss Nell," ejaculated Jan.

But it was. The old man broke into a run. Evidently something serious had happened.

Nell could scarcely speak for loss of breath, when they met, but at length she managed to inform Jan that a man was lying under the rocks, with a great wound on the head.

"Did ye see who 'twas," he asked, as they toiled upwards.

"Yes," she cried, "'tis Harry Moore. Oh, Jan, I am afeared for his life."

"How came he there, missie, wi' a broken head? Did he fall from the rocks, d'yer think?"

"I can't say, Jan. Perhaps he was thrown from his horse. Oh, Jan, supposing he should be dead!"

"Maybe 'tis not so bad as you think for, missie. 'Tis surprising what a man's head can stand, especially a young 'un. Now, if it had been my head——"

"He looks so pale, Jan, and so much blood is about."

"How long is 't since yew came upon him?"

"But a few minutes before I caught sight of you. At first, Jan, I was sure he was dead. There! Now we can see him!"

She pointed to the foot of the pile, and Jan distinguished Harry's figure propped against a boulder.

"I dragged him where you see him, an' I was going to Newtake for help when I saw you. There, look, how pale he is."

Jan knelt beside the injured man and examined the wound, whilst Nell stood by tremblingly awaiting the verdict.

"'Us must try an' stop th' blood," announced Jan, pulling out a huge handkerchief. "'Tis not so bad. I've seed worse. 'Ee'll be walking about in a day or two's time, again, missie. Don't worry about 'un. Poor lass," he muttered under his breath, "she be crazy wi' love for 'un."
Between them they managed to bandage up the broken head tolerably well, and now the trouble was, how to get the owner of it to Newtake.

"Do you think, miss, we could carry 'un a'tween us? 'Tis not far."

"Let us try," answered Nell. "But we must be gentle wi' him, or 'twill give him pain. Now!"

Jan took the shoulders and Nell the legs, and along they trudged as far as they could hold out without a rest. Then, after a pause, they started off again; and in this way they made considerable progress, and came into sight of Newtake.

Silas Ruelake had never given one single thought as to whether he had left Harry Moore dead or alive. That he would lie where he fell for at least one night he had counted on, and probably by the next evening he would have been found. The longer he remained unconscious on the turf the better Silas would be pleased. He calculated upon a day, and he anticipated that a twenty-four hours' sojourn on that bleak spot would do him as much injury as the wound itself.

He was taken somewhat by surprise, therefore, when he saw, coming down the hill, the figures of a man and a woman carrying an object between them. He ran into the house for his field glasses, and with them examined the group.

An imprecation escaped his lips.

"Found, an' so soon! An' by Jan an' Nell! Supposing they saw me do it!" he went as white as a sheet, for he had a very wholesome regard for his own skin. He rapidly turned the matter over in his mind. They were still some way up the hill, and could not, with their heavy burden, reach Newtake for another half-hour. He broke into a run, dashed down the lane, and did not pause until he came in sight of a cottage standing in a small plantation of larches.

At the gate he paused.

"Bella, Bella!" he cried softly.

The door opened immediately, and a well-proportioned, handsome girl ran out to meet him, smiling.

"Yes, Silas, do 'ee want me?"

"Come out here," he said hastily. "I want you to do something for me, Bella, will 'ee take?"

"Yes, Silas," she replied given instantly. "Don't 'ee know I would?"

"Come wi' me, then," he replied. "I knew 'ee would."

"Where be 'ee goin'?" she asked.

"I'll tell 'ee as we go along," he responded. "'Tis no time for delaying. If 'ee'll do what I ax 'ee to do well, 'ee'll not grudge it, Bella, an' I'll keep my word, sure 'nuff."

"Tell me, Silas. I'd do it, I'd do anything to please 'ee. Only say what 'tis."

As they went up the lane, he whispered to her and pointed many times up the hill. Once they stopped while she spied at the moving figures through the field glasses. Bella nodded her head many times, and now and again she would laugh aloud. She was a strange girl, with strange likes and dislikes, and the dislike, amounting to detestation, which most filled her hard heart, was for Nell Underwood. Why, she could never exactly find out. Perhaps it was because Nell was beautiful; there could be no other reason, for Nell had never done Bella wrong, indeed she had exchanged very few words with her at any time. Stay, there was another reason, which probably was the true one; this being that Bella had an idea that Silas was in love with Nell, and all his love Bella wanted for herself.

As they approached the three, Jan and Nell set their burden down very tenderly, and while Jan supported Harry's head, Nell lightly smoothed his brow with her handkerchief. He was still senseless, and looked like one dead.

As soon as Bella got near enough to distinguish his features, she became wildly agitated, and gave a shriek.

"'Tis Harry," she shrieked, wringing her hands in a distracted fashion. She ran up to the lying figure and flung herself beside him.

"He be dead," she wailed.

Nell shriek back aghast at this open display of affection on Bella's part. Even Jan looked surprised.

"'Ee be not dead," she said curtly. "Don't 'ee make such a fuss."

"Open thy eyes, Harry," cried Bella, ignoring Jan as entirely as though he never existed.

"He be killed. His brains be knocked abroad." He be dead," she wailed.

"He is not dead," said Nell. "Don't be anxious."

Bella turned on her fiercely.

"I be afeared," she cried, in a shrill voice. An' haven't I good right to be? Don't 'ee believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," replied Nell, starting back a pace and staring at Bella with wide-open eyes. From that moment she lived as in a dream. She gazed at Harry Moore. Oh, the base hypocrisy of man, unstable as the wind, false as the mirage, cruel as the tiger. She wanted to fly away and be alone. Alone with what? Bitter thoughts, bitter memories; how unutterably contemptible he was in her eyes as he lay there. She watched them shift him to an easier position without moving a muscle to assist. She heard the lamentations of Bella with ears that only registered the sounds long after they had gone. Nell had received a dreadful shock. True, she had been prepared for it, she told herself, by Harry's letter. She had come out specially to hear the truth from his lips; now that was unnecessary.

"Allow me to take you back, Miss Moore," said a voice at her shoulder, "you be looking unwell."

She shrank back still farther.

"Help take him down to his home," she replied harshly, "'Twould be more use."

Silas said no more. Better, he thought, had he said nothing; all was going well. To-morrow she would think less of Harry Moore, and more perhaps of him. Let her think of Harry! It would be but to revile him.
"Be ye goin' to lend a hand, maister?" inquired Jan's dry voice. "Don't 'ee think," he said to Bella, rather sharply, "ye'd doin' more if ye did less! Stand to one side, there be a good maid. You'm mazed."

"Mazed yerzel', Jan Lee," responded Bella angrily, "'ave 'ee no heart?"

"Enough f'r wan," rejoined the old man. He could see the tragedy in Nell's eyes, and the pain he knew she was suffering made him sympathize. "Poor heart, poor dear heart!" he kept saying, "an old Jan can do nought!" He could have shaken Bella, and as for Harry, the original cause of it all, it was as much as he could do to restrain the inclination he had to let his head fall back to the ground.

Silas now came forward and raised the helpless man's legs, and slowly the cavalcade descended the hill.

A couple of farm labourers, seeing something was amiss, had the sense to bring up a hurdle. Harry was placed on it and was borne more rapidly towards home.

Just before he got there he opened his eyes and gazed around. Had they opened a little while before, when Nell was beside him, how much misery would have been averted. But it was not to be; and now, as he looked around, his eyes fell not on Nell. She had gone, or, rather, they had left her standing on the hillside, as though turned to stone.

As soon as Harry was put into his bed, and was in the hands of the old woman who generally attended to his household wants, Jan jumped on Harry's horse and galloped into the neighbouring town for the doctor.

Silas and Bella walked down the lane together, the girl every now and again glancing at her companion, who had his eyes glued to the ground, and seemed occupied with his thoughts. "Nell shrank back aghast at this open display of affection on Bella's part."—Page 78.

"Silas," she said softly, "an' 'ave 'ee nought to say?"

"What do 'ee want me to say?" he asked.

"How can yew, Silas!" she cried, pretending to be very indignant. "Did I not carry out what yew bade me do?"

"Hush, hush, not so loud, Bella," interposed Silas, raising his hand. "I told 'ee to keep quiet about it; don't 'ee raise the voice so high."

"I won't, Silas, I'm very sorry," replied Bella humbly. "I didn't mean to. But why don't 'ee say——"

"Yes, yes," rejoined Silas hastily, "you did it very well, so well that I thought 'twas really true."

"Eh? Silas, what d'yew mean?" Twas not...
real. Yew know 'twasn't," she raised her voice again unwittingly.

"Of course, 'twas not real," replied Silas soothingly. "'Twas just my joke, an' that's all. Yew be amazing clover, Bella. Why, I didn't guess 'ee could do so well."

"So I did it right?" inquired Bella, her face flushed with pleasure. "I be so glad. Did 'ee see, Silas, how she winced when I spoke to Harry Moore? I made her face turn pale, ha, ha!"

"I shan't forget what 'ee 'ave done, Bella," he said, drawing her towards him and giving her a kiss. "There! now ye know I be pleased."

"Oh, Silas, I'd do anything a'most for you." She returned his kiss fervently. "Tell me, Silas, why you wanted me to do it."

"No. What do you want to know for?" replied Ruelake quickly. "Don't 'ee ax questions that be no manner o' good to ye if answered."

"But can't 'ee tell me?" she urged, "I be curious to know."

"O' course ye be curious to know. All women be curious to know everything that don't concern 'em."

"It does concern me," she returned. "If you be tryin' to make bad blood a'tween they two, why don't 'ee tell me the reason? Who thought 'ee to harm the most?—he or she?"

"Can't 'ee be quiet?" he growled.

"Ah, 'twas not she," she rejoined, with a deep sigh. "Ye would not harm she. Be 'ee careful, Silas, ye don't fall in love wi' her."

Ruelake laughed out loud.

"These be silly fancies running about in your big head," he said.

"I warn 'ee, Silas, I'd not stand by and see ye wi' that chit," she cried fiercely. "Do 'ee love me?"

"O' course, Bella. Don't 'ee be so wild. You'm as wild as a hawk, always was."

"I would never be turned aside lik' an old glove, Silas, so I tell 'ee," she went on rapidly, "I love 'ee, Bella," he returned, at the same time privately feeling for her anything but love—to such falseness had he fallen. "But here us be at your gate. Good night, Bella."

"Good night, Silas." She watched him while he turned and retraced his steps up the hill to Underdown.

"I coom for what yew promised me, maister," said Joey—"what we agreed about."

"Silence, you fule," whispered Silas. "Come in, will 'ee? Don't 'ee mind what I told 'ee?"

"Ess, maister," replied Joey, who stood in considerable awe of Ruelake, following him inside the house. "I meant to say I only coom for—"

He stopped, as Silas turned on him with a threatening gesture.

"I'll give it 'ee," he said, "don't 'ee know I will?"

"Ess, maister, I know 'ee will," rejoined Joey, trembling in every limb. "If 'ee says anither word about Jan, I chuck 'ee, no less. Mind that there."

Joey, after this threat, entered Silas' house with considerable trepidation.

CHAPTER IX. An Unpleasant Visitor.

Nell wandered about the hillside for some time, scarcely knowing whither she went. Her thoughts remained scattered, trivial things of no consequence continually mounted into her brain, to be succeeded by others just as remotely connected with the events of the afternoon.

"Oh, let me think, let me think!" she wailed, as she pressed her hand to her forehead.

She became collected by degrees; that is, the one great disaster that had befallen her loomed large, and assumed a gigantic shape. Pride, that might have rendered her assistance and battled down the repinings of her heart, gave her none. Those who love deepest pay most when they lose love. Nell was one of these. Her love, suddenly rejected, could not so soon turn to indifference. God alone could he'p her fight down the memory of the great wrong done to her, God, the never-failing Smoother of our troubles. How changed had everything become in a few days. Then she was happy, as truly happy as a girl could be, possessing the love of the man she had chosen. Now all that was gone and past as surely as though it had never been, aye; she told herself with a sob, better had it never, more never been, than that she should be thus cast down to unfathomable depths of misery. Her love was a shattered ruin, as great a blackened ruin as that pile of smoking ashes that was left of their once cheerful home.

With a great effort she drew herself together and returned to Crossways. She gazed at the old house sadly as she passed it. Many, many happy days had she lived there. Now all was gone. Oh, what strange events has the future for us—yesterday at that time the old farmhouse was a scene of life and comfort, to-day it was a smoking ruin.

To her relief, her father was not in the little sitting-room. She sat down, her mind full of trouble. She heard voices proceeding from the kitchen, but she heeded them not.

Farmer Underwood was closeted with a visitor, none other than Mr. Chambers, the solicitor.
The farmer was plainly surprised when the sleek little man accosted him at the porch.

"Ah, Mr. Underwood," he remarked, "you little expected me, I think?"

"That I didn't," returned the farmer.

"Allow me, sir, to present you with my great sympathy at the loss of your house, and the sympathy, also, of my—or—client. You have been greatly afflicted."

"Yes, sir," replied the farmer. "'Tis a great trial at my time o' life. News travels fast; how came 'ee to know of it?"

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Underwood," responded the lawyer, "a telegram has been sent me, and I have since had an interview with my client upon this matter. This fire, this most unfortunate fire, my dear sir, has somewhat altered the shape of affairs, I take it?"

"It has, sir."

"Place fully insured?"

"No, not fully"; the poor man groaned in spirit as he made the admission.

"Ah, that is distressing," said Mr. Chambers, laying one finger on the palm of his hand, "herein lies the crux of the whole matter. Since I saw you yesterday I believe I am right when I say that the face of things has changed. Ah, um!"

The latter ejaculations were uttered in a doleful tone of voice, accompanied with a funereal shake of the head.

"They been't changed for the better," uttered the farmer, "if that be what you mean. For th' worse, I'm thinking."

"Ah, there you have it!" cried the lawyer, brightening instantly, and tapping himself on the chin. "Misfortunes will come, you know, my dear sir, and when they do come, why, the proper course to take is to make the best of 'em!"

The lawyer looked very wise as he delivered this opinion, as though it was a new line of thought that had never struck mankind before.

"Now, as I pointed out to you yesterday," pursued he, "business is business, and one axiom of business is to waste no time. It is very evident, Mr. Underwood, that then you were quite unprepared to—ah—to meet the claim of my client to immediate payment of the sum due to him."

"Ye gave me a week more," reminded the farmer, apprehensive of fresh disaster about to fall upon him.
"To be absolutely frank," said the lawyer, "Mr. Adams has now no interest in this mortgage. He has parted with it to—a client of mine. Now, acting for him, I am entitled to ask if this extra week will produce the results I look for. I fear not. "You will not deny," he went on persuasively, "that your affairs have had a turn for the worse."

"Look around 'ee an' see," responded the old man wearily.

"Quite so, that is precisely what prompted the question—not an offensive one, I hope!"

"I be a blunt man, Maister Chambers," said the farmer; "what be 'oe agoin' to do?"

"In whatever I do," responded Mr. Chambers, "I would wish to have your concurrence. It seems fairly certain, my dear sir, that in the altered circumstances delay is useless. A sale, I take it, would be necessary?"

The old man choked as he said—

"'Ess, sir."

"Then I think we may push on the sale at once. It is a most favourable time at present for sales, Mr. Underwood, as you may have noticed," said Chambers, rubbing his hands together now that he had got out the ultimatum, and fired off his pistol, so to speak. "Would you have any serious objection to our placing the matter in the hands of our auctioneers?"

The ruined farmer had none. It didn't matter, he said, in a low voice.

He picked up his hat and the black bag, without which he never travelled.

"Will you walk out with me so far as the scene of the conflagration? Thank you, sir," said he.

"Ah, sad, very distressing," he remarked, in sententious tones, as they viewed the old farmhouse. "Would that it had been averted! The fire began I believe, in a rick?"

"It did, maister."

"Now, whereabouts would that have stood? Would you be so good as to point it out to me?"

"'Twas here," replied the farmer, leading the way to the spot. "'Twas here where the first flame was seen."

Mr. Chambers examined the place critically. There was still some hay there that had somehow escaped the flames.

"I ask for a reason, a very good reason," said Mr. Chambers, in a modulated voice.

"I understand that this fire was the work of an incendiary. What is the truth of it, my dear sir?"

"I know nought about it," replied Farmer Underwood. "'Twould have to be strong evidence that'd make me believe any man could be so wicked."

"Incredible as it may seem, such things are done," responded the lawyer. "I hear from a very good source that one Harry Moore was seen in proximity of the rick at the moment the first flames were observed. Is there any truth in the report I had that this Moore bore you some malice?"

"Well, no, sir, not malice exactly."

"But you had a few words, eh?"

"How came 'ee to know that, sir?"

"From what I trust is a reliable person, sir," observed Mr. Chambers, smiling.

"'Tis true we had a few words, but, bless you, sir, there was nothing angry about 'un."

"Not on your side, perhaps, but there may have been thoughts of revenge."

"Harry Moore is not the kind o' man to do a man such evil for nought. No, sir," he said emphatically, "I don't believe 'un."

"You are quite right to believe only what you can conscientiously. Have the fire insurance surveyors been yet?"

"Not as yet, sir."

"The question of possible incendiarism primarily concerns them. They have an unjustified loss if it was the act of a villain. It is my duty, Mr. Underwood, to acquaint them with the supposed origin of this fire. Arson is a crime, my dear sir, which is heavily punished—and quite rightly, too. Good day, Mr. Underwood."

(To be continued.)
ABIDE WITH ME
SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. T. A. Gurney, M.A.

Most visitors to Torquay, or the rising watering-place of Paignton, have crossed the wide historic bay where William of Orange landed for his great enterprise, to explore the quaint old fishing port of Brixham on the outer southern horn of the bay, with its snug little harbour crowded with tawny-sailed trawlers waiting for the turn of the tide. On its quay is still treasured the stone where William landed, and the whole place has an old-world appearance. Not far from the quay, on the steep hill above, stood Lyte's church, of which Henry Francis Lyte, author of the well-known hymn, "Abide with Me," was vicar for twenty-five years. It was then an ugly, barn-like structure with galleries, now rebuilt in nobler proportions to his memory.

It is sixty-five years since Lyte died at Nice in 1847, but one hoped that there might linger at Brixham some personal memories of him from which to gather up the spiritual experience which lay behind that wonderful hymn. Everywhere there are green paths, with sudden vistas of shimmering seas and trawlers romping out into the open; great standard fuchsias and hydrangeas, such as find in Devon their natural home, flinging their splashes of dark-red and pink upon a background of veronica, Japanese anemones, evening primroses, and darker acacias and lime-trees. There are pergolas bright with crimson ramblers, hawthorns laden with old man's beard, fruit trees weighed down with their load of plums and apples. It formed Lyte's delight, and his love of nature is manifest at every turn, here and in his poems.

A short distance above the rambling garden, in a tiny one-storied cottage facing out upon the open Channel, still lives an old woman more than eighty years old, whose recollections of Lyte form her dearest life-experience. She was a girl in his Sunday-school from five to twenty-seven, going through all the classes twice, first as scholar, then as teacher. She told of his love for children and for all things natural, showed us her old book (his own beautiful version of the Psalter, written mainly for use at Brixham), and spoke of the close ties that bound him to his people in all their simple life. "He was that winning with the children. He'd give us a lecture every Sunday at the close of school. Sometimes he'd make us laugh; sometimes he'd touch us so close there was ne'er a dry eye. . . . He'd draw lessons from anything he'd noticed on his way to school: it might be a bird, or a primrose, or a blade of grass." But one thing she remembered more than aught else; it was the blessing he gave her, when she was a girl of eighteen summers, the day before he left for Nice to die. It seemed to have clung, a sacred circlet of blessing, a holy anointing from the Lord, upon all her after-life. She had just recovered from an illness, and was coming to the vicarage for the first time on some business. Lyte met her in the garden, and, taking her two hands in his, as he looked upwards he said, "God bless you, my child; may He restore you to perfect health, and may you be in peace with Jesus."
She told how he used to write a special hymn each year for the service which always accompanied the annual Sunday-school feast. Before me an unpublished hymn-sheet lies, printed in Brixham for one of these occasions. These special hymns were great features in the Church life of Brixham. At the beginning of each Sunday morning service, as Lyte entered the church, the girls sitting in one gallery commenced singing one of his hymns, and the boys in the opposite gallery took it up. "Then he would look up and smile that pleasant to us. I can often tune some of them," she added, "when I am alone," and she sang some in a quavering voice, quoting as one specially dear to her his hymn in praise of the Sabbath. But her two great favourites were a version of Psalm xlv., written for the fishermen and sung at the service which always preceded their departure for the fishing grounds, and an exquisite hymn which gives his rendering of Psalm lv. Here are its opening verses:

O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I fly to Thy presence above!  
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,  
And hide all my cares on Thy sheltering breast.

I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free;  
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee:  
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,  
And look on to Heaven and long to be home.

As his strength failed, and the certainty of his ministry being cut short by early death dawned upon him, this constant service of sacred song to his people quickened an ever-deepening desire to leave something behind for them and others which might be of really permanent worth and help. In a poem called "Declining Days" he longs that his "poor lyre" might give "some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay, some sparklet of the soul that still might live, when he was passed to clay." And he prays that God will "give His quickening grace" and "grant him, swan-like, his last breath to spend in song that may not die."

The prayer was literally answered. On the Sunday before he left home to die, after preaching on Holy Communion and assisting in the service, he went home and wandered for an hour among the rocks till dark. Before he retired to bed he placed in the hands of a relative the verses of "Abide with me," with an air which he had written for them. Within a few hours he started for Italy, getting no further than Nice. He died there, and lies buried in the English cemetery. As he lay dying he said, "Oh, there is nothing terrible in death; Jesus Christ steps down into the grave before me."

Outside the snug cottage, as those aged lips told thus with reverent love of her sacred childhood memories, the stormy wind whistled in from the raging sea, the watery sun sank low; once again it drew "toward evening, and the day was far spent." And one felt that, for all time and age and experience, there is but one thing that really lasts and calms and comforts—the abiding sense of the nearness of Christ, which is the prayer of Lyte's wonderful hymn.

The Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our guide;  
We smile upon danger with Him at our side;  
The billows may blacken, the tempest increase,  
The earth may be shaken. His saints shall have peace.

A voice still and small by His people is heard,  
A whisper of peace from His life-giving word.  
A stream in the desert, a river of love,  
Flows down to their hearts from the fountain above.
HAT Isabel Jervis was a good girl was undeniable—had she been a wise one this little story would never have been written. For Kitty Lee groaned beneath the goodness on the one hand and the lack of wisdom on the other, and it is with Kitty’s groaning that we have to do.

The girls were cousins, and as unlike each other in person as in temperament and disposition. Kitty was eighteen, Isabel a year older; and according to the former, gave herself the airs of being ten. “Even when she says nothing, she looks it,” cried the saucy little damsel, who was as bright and shrewd as her mentor was staid and obtuse, “and I hate being looked at worse than anything.”

But Kitty was loyal, and it was only to a gentle, sympathetic mother that she unbent herself; when it was Mrs. Lee’s way to listen and nod her head till the little outburst had spent itself and an affectionate word or two had a chance of being heard. Mrs. Lee had all the tact in which her niece was wanting.

When Isabel’s parents died, their only child was offered a home beneath the roof of the old sea captain, who had also a solitary little girl to whom companionship, according to his view, must be a godsend; and as the newcomer had a small income of her own, his somewhat narrow means were not taxed by any additional expense.

He and his wife were jubilant on the day which saw Isabel arrive—and it was something of a disappointment and also of a perplexity to both, that the two gir’s, who should have been so much to each other, did not seem from the very first to hit it off.

Mrs. Lee, indeed, was hopeful. “They have only got to know each other better. John, Isabel does not make allowance for Kitty’s lightness of heart and quickness of tongue—she does ratite, you know, with that bit chirpy voice of hers, and no more means what she says than a babe—she just throws it out for fun. And that frets Isa, who can’t understand. And Isa is a dear, good girl, who thinks a lot of her duty, and her conscience; and the gir’s ‘levity,’ as she calls it, and her ‘love of pleasure’ and ‘passion for finery’ vex her sore. The pity is she calls it ‘sin,’ and to my mind it isn’t sin, it’s just foolishness that will wear off.”

“Yet mind you, John,” the speaker took a breath, and started in a new tone, “for all that, Isa’s coming to us may turn out to be a real blessing in the long run. Already Kitty, is different from what she used to be, less heedless and thoughtless. She is so young, while you and I are getting to be old people, my dear,” smiling down his grunt of remonstrance; “so that we have not the influence with our bairn that Isabel has. Nowdays, chits of Kitty’s age don’t think their parents know anything. Oh, they don’t”—she laughed out now. “You may take my word for it. They don’t and they won’t, and we must march with the times.” She paused and continued: “Their turn will come, John, if they live long enough. They will find themselves looked upon as old-fashioned and out-of-date by their own youngsters, boys and girls alike, whatever they may think. However, about Isabel. I wish she had a grain more common sense—but sense or not, she’s a rare good sort, and a splendid companion for our Kitty. Kitty respects her. She may jib at her lecturing ways, she may make fun of them, but she doesn’t laugh at her—not really, you know. She doesn’t like being preached at, who does? But if Isa would only leave off preaching, and let the child alone to think things over for herself——”

“She won’t do that?”

“No, she won’t.”

“So you have to keep the peace between them?”

“At least to see that they kiss and are friends afterwards, when the peace has been broken. There now, I believe they are quarrelling at this moment!” The speaker broke off short, and listened, as sounds coming through the open window of an upstairs bedroom, jarred upon the still atmosphere of the summer day, which the old couple were enjoying in their garden. “Oh, dear; Kitty is angry,” commented Kitty’s mother, with a half-rueful, half-comical glance at her husband. “And Isabel has been disagreeable, I’ll be bound,” maternal instinct rising; “and now I shall have to go in, and see if I can’t——”

“You’ll do nothing of the kind, old lady.”

He put out a firm hand and held her down in her low chair. “Stay where you are, and let them fight it out. They’ll be all the better friends afterwards.”

“But Kitty will come to me with the tears running down her cheeks.”

“Pooh! Kitty’s tears dry like dew on the grass. And you say Isabel’s good for her—wholesome medicine for her—tones her up, strengthens and steadies her, little frisbee-gibbet that she is—you say all that, don’t you?”

“Ye-es, John.”

“Ye-es, John.”

He mimicked her reluctant admission delightedly. “But we don’t like our precious darling to take its physic, eh? We would take the nasty cup away, and throw its contents out of the window? Aye; I daresay! Hallo, though,” as fresh sounds of wrath resounded; “those two are going it! We shall have one or other or both down upon us directly. I think I—I’ll go down to the shore for a bit.” And he hurriedly pulled himself upright, casting a glance at the upper window.

“Take my advice and be off, too”; returned to his wife; “look after your hens and ducks yonder,” pointing to a shady background: “and if they hunt you out, pay neighbour Burns..."
a visit. Don’t let them catch you anyway”; and he hobbled out of the small domain at the best pace he could.

But he need not have hurried. The last thing either of the fair belligerents desired was to lay this particular bone of contention before a third person. And yet it was a simple matter, one so simple that long before gossips had prophesied it, and other girls had giggled over it.

"He’s always there, it must be one or other of them—Isabel for choice; she’s ever so much the prettier, and has such a fine, tall figure. And she wears her clothes so well, and—"

"That’s not what men admire. A man doesn’t know how a girl wears her clothes if she looks taking. Kitty, in that little pink sun-bonnet, with her curly hair flying out from beneath, is a regular little witch, and you may be sure Alan Waterman sees it. Funny his being called ‘Waterman,’ when he’s a sailor, isn’t it?"

"He comes of sea-faring folk. So you think it’s Kitty, do you?"

But this was a point on which neither would give a final opinion.

And no wonder, since to confess the truth at once, Alan Waterman had not arrived at one himself.

He was a jolly, whole-hearted bachelor, with whom it was as natural to be pleasant to a girl as to walk on board the little sloop of which he was master! He thought girls expected it,—and it is but justice to add that even when they were not altogether to his taste, he did not withhold it—indeed it was a fact that on more than one occasion, he had selected a forlorn and disregarded damsel for his attentions, simply because by so doing he would seem to be giving himself airs towards the rest of the party.

Naturally he knew he was a favourite. Is it possible ever to be ignorant of such a happy condition? We can, however, say for our possibly too-gallant sailor, that he had an honest nature and a loving heart, and that although he had not hitherto turned his thoughts towards matrimony, there was in him the making of an excellent husband.

So now we see what a terribly dangerous personage had fluttered the little dovecote we wot of. Alan had appeared in its vicinity some months before, and at first all had been openly full of him, Mrs. Lee, according to her husband, "as silly as the rest." "If he meant business now," quoth he, sticking his stick hard in the ground—but apparently Alan had no thought of "business"; and yet he came and came, and gradually his praises ceased to be heard, and there was silence on the part of both girls when his name was spoken. It made the mother uneasy; the father and uncle did not perceive it. Women have intuitions on such subjects.

And Mrs. Lee would have felt more than uneasiness had she been admitted to those little rooms upstairs, on occasions when their inmates were alone. Kitty would have locked her door against Isa, and be either weeping or laughing in solitude, according as the evening had gone, supposing a certain person had been there; in the
other small chamber, another occupant would be lying on her little bed, dry-eyed and wide-awake.

Occasionally Kitty would be feeling very bitter against Isabel, and Isabel would scarcely trust herself to think of Kitty.

Things were at this pass on the day above alluded to, when something, some trifle, proved the last straw and the secret was out.

"You, who are so good and religious, and all that," passionately cried the one young voice, "you could pretend a headache and stay away from church on Sunday, and it was because you knew he was coming!" On which Isabel had declared she did not know—but could not deny, stammering and flushing, that she might have guessed as much.

"Guessed!" shouted Kitty scornfully. "We know what that sort of guessing means."

One fevered recrimination led to another, till self-control was lost on both sides, and sickening jealousy, hitherto concealed, if but ill-concealed, openly flared out. With "I never, never will believe in you and your religion again," the furious younger fled the field at last.

It was a terrible moment for both, but it was worse for Isabel.

Oh, what had she done? She was a true and sincere follower of Christ, and she had brought shame upon His name! She had undone all her own earnest endeavours, and a voice within proclaimed had undone them for ever.

"The two came back together, an unmistakable halo round them." —Paye 88.

Certainly if Alan had avowed himself her lover, it was but right that poor, deluded Kitty should know, but no such avowal had taken place, and conscience whispered that the excuse was but an excuse. Kitty had taxed her high-minded cousin with treachery, and Isabel, shrinking within herself, was not altogether sure that there was no treachery. What if Alan were vacillating between the two? And what if she could only win him by—no, she could not do it. No; if she went, as she so longed to do, to meet this dear friend who was become so much to her, on the following day (when all their little world was joining in a summer picnic, to which Alan had invited her and Kitty impartially), if she carried out this intention, and it led to more, could she still be happy, with Kitty's "I will never, never believe in you and your religion again," ringing in her ears?

Isabel, we know, was not a clever girl; she did not argue with herself; she did not plead that it would be well to come at the truth, let it cost either herself or Kitty what it might. She just said stolidly, when the hour for starting came, "I am not going," and held fast to her resolution.
Kitty, contrite and ashamed, tried in vain to shake it.

"If Alan cares for you, this won't stop him," she essayed at last.

"I don't suppose it will," said Isabel.

"Well! Come."

But Isabel shook her head.

For once she did not attempt to improve the occasion; for once she had the wit to perceive that whereas speech might be silver, silence would be gold.

"Of course, I didn't mean all I said, Isa," faltered her cousin at last, for she too had passed a bitter night, and scarce knew what she wanted or how she felt. "I don't believe you meant to——"

"Never mind, never mind, dear; whatever you said, it is forgiven, and is going to be forgotten. Only it is better that we don't both go to-day," and they kissed each other good-bye.

And what underlay Isabel's decision they alike understood. And perhaps poor Isa thought—but we will not pry with Isa's thoughts. She had made a great renunciation, had given her rival a great opportunity, and of the importance of the latter she was well aware.

Kitty was looking her loveliest, a very wild rose in her pink cotton frock and large white hat; and was Alan, who already was drawn towards her, charmed by her sweetness, her vivacity, her merry laugh and dimpled chin?—would he, seeing her thus to every advantage, and with no counter-attraction present, yield finally the heart both coveted? Would Kitty by his side throughout the long, pleasant summer day, be found so irresistible, so all-engrossing that Kitty's cousin, absent, out of sight, would be out of mind also? Would the last sweet-scented hours of waning twilight unloose Alan's tongue, and bind his dear little companion to him for his very own? . . .

They did. The two came back together to the cottage, an unmistakable halo round them, and a throb of agony shot through the heart of poor deserted Isabel as she saw and understood. But she played her part bravely, and no one but Alan Waterman's joyful little affianced bride ever knew.

Kitty would have been the last to tell. She would hardly look at Isabel—and yet she clung to her; she had no voice to answer Isabel—and yet her head was on Isabel's shoulder.

Only years afterwards, when her cousin too was a happy wife, and a great affection and perfect understanding existed between the two youthful matrons, Kitty felt moved to make a confidence.

"You remember that day, Isa? You had often spoken to me about becoming a better girl, loving God more, and trying more earnestly to do His will; and I did listen to you—in a way; but it was when I saw you doing it yourself, and when it was about a thing that mattered, a thing you cared about, a thing that meant very, very much to you—Oh, I may say it now, mayn't I? Because it's all right now, and you have got such a splendid husband that even Alan thinks all the world of him—where was I? Oh, yes. I just want you to know, dear, once for all, that your doing that showed your religion was real, and made me from that very day determine that it should be real with me too. It's what people do, and not what they say, that we can't get away from," summed up Kitty, with a bright glance, and a warm, loving kiss.

A

ARK, round the God of love
Angels are singing!
Saints at His feet above
Their crowns are flinging.
And may poor children dare
Hope for acceptance there,
Their simple praise and prayer
To His throne bringing?

Yes! Through adoring throngs
His pity sees us,
Midst their seraphic songs
Our offering pleasing.
And Thou Who here didst prove
To babes so full of love,
Thou art the same above,
Merciful Jesus!

Not a poor sparrow falls,
But Thou art near it.
When the young raven calls,
Thou, Lord, dost hear it.

Flowers, worms, and insects share
Hourly Thy guardian care—
Wilt Thou bid us despair?—
Lord, can we fear it?

Lord, then Thy mercy send
On all before Thee!
Children and children's friend
Bless, we implore Thee!
Lead us from grace to grace
On through our earthly race,
Till all before Thy face
Meet and adore Thee.

An Unpublished Children's Hymn:

By HENRY FRANCIS LYTE,
Author of "Abide with Me."
I.

In all hands it is admitted that our Church choirs have greatly improved during the last twenty years. Similarly, Congregational Singing has shown some progress, and practices for members of the congregation of a Church are not unknown. But, on account of the lack of opportunity for rehearsal, it cannot be said that Congregational Singing has advanced side by side with Choral Singing. At least one incumbent has, during Divine Service, stopped a hymn, and insisted on a verse being sung again, with better attention by the congregation to time, phrasing, and expression. Is Congregational Singing to be stopped entirely because of this? Certainly not?

We have all heard of the Swiss monastery and the tragic death story. That story teaches its lesson. At the same time, it should not be used as an excuse for indifferent and careless singing in our praise of the Almighty. Discussing this question, an ardent upholder of Congregational Singing exclaimed impatiently, "Oh, well! the average congregation knows nothing of music, and cares still less!" Is that the right spirit?

But, after all, it is not really necessary to know much about music in order to avoid getting hot and angry in church because you cannot keep with the choir. All that is necessary is just a little attention to:

1. When and where you take breath.
2. Expression (light and shade).
3. Part-singing (explained below).

We call taking breath in the right place "Phrasing." Phrasing means the recognition of the beginning and the end of sentences. In other words, phrasing means "don't always take a breath at the end of each line." On account of the tendency of the human mind to form musical periods in equal groups, this habit is, at first, a little difficult to break away from. But it can be done. Some people even take a breath in the middle of a word. The bad effect of this can best be shown by placing a full-stop where breath is taken; for instance:

The year of Jubilee is come.

No one would think of writing the word "Jubilee" thus.

Take another example of bad grouping of words. In that famous verse of the hymn "New every morning is the love" beginning "The trivial round, the common task," don't sing, "Room to deny ourselves a road." Which road do you propose to deny yourself? Why tack on those last two words to something to which they cannot belong? No; take breath after the asterisk, as shown below:

Room to deny ourselves,*
A road that leads us daily nearer God.

Every reader will know this hymn. One verse requires special attention. The following will show at a glance which verse it is, and how it should be sung:

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep us,
Thy frail and wandering sheep.

(Take breath at the asterisk.) The meaning is, of course, "Saviour, keep us." Poetical considerations alone render it necessary, in the Hymn Book, to print the word "us" away from the word "keep."

Coming to the question of Expression, loud passages always look after themselves. Nobody sings "Fight the good fight" softly. But the last verse of the Benedictus, for example:

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; And to guide our feet into the way of peace,

should never be sung loudly. It will generally be found that the choir always softens down at thoughts of peace, death, etc. The best rule is:

Think of what you sing!

Part-singing, of course, entails a little preparation; but male members of congregations would be amply repaid if they would sometimes, if possible, learn the tenor or bass—whichever suits them—of a few well-known hymns. Why not, for instance, begin now to learn your favourite hymn whichever it happens to be? It is much better to sing your natural part than merely the melody an octave lower. In any case, never sing the treble two octaves lower!

In conclusion, we want not less Congregational Singing, but more. But let us think a little as we sing; let us prepare a hymn sometimes, even if only to sing in public. We miss the thrill of many beautiful thoughts if we entirely neglect preparation, and cannot really understand what we sing.
Letters to Men.

By the Rev. G. L. Richardson, M.A., Rector of Burton Latimer, Northants.

II. The Art of Conversation.

It was once said of an eminent man that "he touched nothing which he did not adorn"; and the same may be said of a good conversationalist. To be able to handle any subject which comes uppermost, and to make it interesting by throwing some new light upon it, is a gift which shows sympathy and knowledge—the two qualities which are always welcome in any company. For my part I like all sorts of subjects with all sorts of men—porters and guards, soldiers and sailors, policemen and shopmen, and especially children; in the homes, in the school, in the street, in the train.

There are two staple subjects of conversation where men meet together: the first is politics and the second religion.

(1) Politics. This subject never fails to be interesting; for politics is history in the making. It is worth remembering—because on no subject are men so likely to get heated in argument—that the word politics and the word polite come from the same root! We must bear in mind that abuse is not argument; and must maintain good temper, were it only because in controversy (as in boxing) the man who loses his temper loses the match. Whatever the views of your opponent may be, always give him credit for good faith. You do not expect him to question your motives, and you should accord the like consideration to him. You either hope to learn from him or to convince him; not to air your own opinions or to browbeat him into silence. Do not be satisfied to repeat the last thing you have heard or read; think for yourself, and if you know your subject, people will listen.

(2) Religion. If politics is the most exciting, religion is the most absorbing subject. For these reasons, and because they give rise to so much controversy, some debating societies make it a rule to bar these topics. I do not altogether sympathize with the fashion of holding up to ridicule the odium theologicum (the heat that often embitters religious controversy), though I regret it and do my best to avoid it. After all, subjects which command the passionate loyalty of multitudes, things for which men have gladly flung away their lives, show their power over the human heart by the very passions which they arouse. In these days of toleration, which sometimes is merely a cloak for indifference, any man of strong convictions is only doing his duty when he takes up the challenge for religion, and "with meekness and fear"—for humility.
and reverence are the weapons of our warfare—"gives a reason for the faith that is in him." There is a true proverb that "silence gives consent," and it is often simply cowardice, not Christian charity, which allows the dogmas of unbelief to pass unquestioned, such as that "all religions are alike," that "prayer is no use," that "every man has his price," that "churchgoers are all hypocrites," that "foreign missions do no good."

III. Subjects to be Avoided.

It is a good general rule to talk about things rather than about persons. Some people are always discussing and criticizing their neighbours, and their conversation degenerates into gossip and slander and scandal. This is by no means—as we men fondly imagine—a specially feminine weakness. Some men talk not of the weaknesses of others, but of their own cleverness or importance. These are the bores and prigs who are to be found in every social grade, and in whose presence conversation dies. There are worse faults than these. Sometimes men's conversation is accompanied by a laugh which is not a good laugh, and by a smile that is a leer. Once, from the window of my compartment as we stopped at a station, I saw a conversation—

"...in Thy Presence, Father, lo, I kneel And take the solemn vows once made for me, Here with my boyhood's will, gladly I seal The promise, Lord, which binds my soul to Thee. Draw nigh and with Thy heavenly grace defend Here in Thy Presence, Father, lo, I kneel And take the solemn vows once made for me, Here with my boyhood's will, gladly I seal The promise, Lord, which binds my soul to Thee. Draw nigh and with Thy heavenly grace defend Thee she hath sworn to follow—to obey, And evermore to know and follow Thee. Here in Thy Holy Presence, Lord, I wait To do Thy will, through trials, storms and fears To strive and conquer. Lo, I dedicate To Thee my present hour, my manhood's years, Lord, now Thy servant with Thy grace defend And grant him faith to serve Thee to the end. EDITH JENKINSON.
A SMART PLEATED DRESS
FOR A LITTLE GIRL.
By A. M. Nankivell.

These pleated dresses are very pretty and most economical, as they make plenty of allowance for growing limbs. They are so loose fitting that even a little girl who is growing quite quickly will be able to wear one for quite a long time.

You can trim a dress of this kind in almost any way you like, though the style shown in the picture is both smart and useful. The frock drawn here is made in dark serge with bands of white cloth edged with narrow braid. Silk or flannel would be equally nice, and if you are making the dress of washing materials, you could trim it very effectively with strips of hand embroidery or heavy lace insertion.

Pattern IV consists of five pieces—front, back, sleeve, waistband and cuff. It is cut for children aged from 10 to 12 years. If you want a pattern, send your name and address and four penny stamps in an envelope marked "Pattern IV," to the Publishers of Home Words, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.

The Materials.—You will need 2½ yards of stuff 40 inches wide for the dark part of the dress, 3 yards of fancy trimming if the dress is to be trimmed with braid or insertion, 12 patent clips, 1 reel of sewing cotton. If you are intending to use bands of contrasting stuff, you will probably find that you have a spare piece that will do for these, as they take so very little material.

The Cutting.—Fold the material and put the pattern on it as shown by diagram 1. Notice that all edges marked by four perforations thus "....." must go to folds. Cut the cuffs twice—once for the outside and once for the lining. Mark the tucks carefully with a tracing wheel, so that you may have no difficulty in getting them straight. If you have no tracing wheel, tack through the dotted lines with thread of a contrasting colour, and then tear away the paper so that the tacking remains in the stuff.

The Making.—First tack and then stitch the tucks on back and front. Diagram 2 will help you in doing this. Pull out the tacking threads. Lay a piece of damp muslin over the tucks and press through it with a hot iron.

Now cut an opening from the shoulder downwards under the tuck which is nearest the centre at the left-hand side. This opening should be long enough to reach from shoulder to waist. Face the left-hand side of it with a little flap of material, doing it just like the flap of an ordinary placket. Stitch down a piece of Prussian binding over the raw edges of the right-hand side, putting the stitches which hold this binding in amongst the stitches which hold the tuck, so that they will not be visible. Sew on hooks and eyes or patent fasteners to close the opening. A glance at diagram 2 will help you to understand how this should be done.

Close up the under-arm and shoulder seams singly at the wrong side of the material. Press them open, and snip or overcast their raw edges to prevent them from fraying. The forward side of the placket fastening should not be stitched into the shoulder, but should be left free as shown by diagram 2.

Turn down the edge of the neck singly at the right side of the material, and tack it in place. Sew on your trimming over the turning, and fasten the ends off neatly at the shoulder opening. Diagram 3 will help you to put on the bands of trimming shown in the picture. The straps of light stuff are cut on the cross, turned in at the edges, and...
machined down. Then the dark trimming is slip-stitched on to them. Close the shoulder opening with hooks and eyes.

Seam up the sleeves; gather the shoulder edges and set them into the arm holes, with the sleeve seam about \( \frac{1}{2} \) inches forward from the under-arm seam. Bind or overcast the raw edges to make them neat. Lay the cuff and cuff lining together wrong side out, and stitch them to each other, round the edges which have no notches on them. Turn them to the right side, and gather the wrist fullness of the sleeve in between their doubled edges, with the notches matching. Stitch on trimming or braid to hide the join, and trim the wrists.

Try on the frock; turn up the lower edge to a double hem at the wrong side of the material. Stitch it in place, and give it a good pressing to make it lie flat. Fold the hem of the skirt round the bottom into pleats, which are continued straight downwards from the tucks. Dampen these pleats and press them very well, so that they may not spring out of their correct folds. Line the belt with a narrow piece of some stiff material such as twill-cotton or linette. Stitch it at the edges by machine, and sew on a button, and work a button-hole to fasten it at the front. Tack the centre back of the belt to the centre back of the frock. Some people sew little slots of material to the side seams at the waist line, and slip the belt through these, so that it may be held steady.

Diff to Re-make the Frock. —When this dress grows too small, it can very easily be let out. The side tucks—those that lie furthest towards the sleeves—can be unpicked, so that a full 2 inches is gained in the width of the dress. In order to hide the marks where the tucks have been taken out, you can sew on stripe braid or galon to the front and back of the frock.

If you have left a good hem, there will be no difficulty about letting this down, and facing it with a piece of material cut on the cross.

When the sleeves grow too short, you can easily cut them off a little and put them into looser cuffs, so that they become elbow-length sleeves instead of full-length ones.

If the trimmings grow soiled you can always get a set of Peter Pan collar and cuffs to wear at the neck and wrists, so that the grubby trimmings are hidden.

Remember that a useful dress of this kind should be made in the best possible materials. If you get a really nice quality of serge, alpaca, casement cloth or cashmere, the frock will wear and wash for many a long month.

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DO YOU KNOW?

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS. III.

1. To which apostle, by himself, did the risen Lord appear?
2. On what two occasions did St. Peter show curiosity?
3. Where are the sections of the Old Testament named "the Bush," "the Bow," and "Elias"?
4. What two hints does St. Luke xvi. contain of recognition beyond the grave?
5. An expression occurring twenty-five times in St. John's Gospel and nowhere else.
6. By what expression recorded in St. John did our Lord foretell His Cross?
7. In St. John the Ascension is not recorded, but it is assumed.
8. What is the Latin for a skull?
9. Which miracle bears evidence to "the two evenings"?
10. Twice our blessed Lord took aside the afflicted to heal.

11. In only one parable is a name given, and in two miracles.

ANSWERS. II. (See March Number.)

2. Job ii. 7; St. Luke xiii. 16; and 1 Cor. v. 5.
6. "Them that are without." 1 Cor. v. 13. Col. iv. 5.

*. 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 May Number.
The Children's Bell.—It is almost unique in the history of church bells that the cost of one should be defrayed by school children. This was done three years ago by the scholars of the day school at Wootton (a small village in North Lincolnshire). They raised the necessary amount (£44) by a series of concerts, the success of which was due to their indomitable pluck and to the training of their schoolmaster, who brought their efforts to a successful issue. When at last the bell was ready the children assisted in hauling it to its position in the church tower. Next day they were permitted to help ring the bell, which bears the inscription: "The Children’s Bell: W. W. G. Gifford, Vicar; W. J. Marsh, Schoolmaster, A.D. 1910."

H. Marsh.

General Gordon’s Prayer-Mat.—It may not be generally known that even during his busiest campaigns General Gordon had fixed times for prayer, and it was his custom to fix a handkerchief outside his tent as a sign that he was not to be disturbed at his devotions.

Bishop Gwynne, of Khartoum, recently received from a member of the Gordon family the very prayer-mat which the General was in the habit of using. It is a piece of needlework about a yard long and 18 inches wide, and is the thing a devout Moslem would always carry with him to kneel on when praying. It is understood that the mat is to be kept permanently on the sanctuary steps of the new cathedral at Khartoum.

W. H. P.

Musical Masterpieces on Church Bells.—In the quaint little village of Cattistock in Dorsetshire there is a church which, in one respect, holds sway over every cathedral in the land. It is its bells that make it famous, for here, according to many eminent authorities, is the finest carillon of church bells in England. They are thirty-five in number, and once every year, an occasion when Cattistock is crowded with visitors, M. Jos. Denyn, the famous carillonneur of Mechlin Cathedral, comes to the village and demonstrates to all concerned the marvellous possibilities of these remarkable bells, beyond the hourly hymn tunes that are played by means of an automatic barrel. Thus it is that the music of Haydn, Schumann and Mendelssohn is played on church bells. Given by the master hand of M. Denyn, the music is very different from the halting efforts so often associated with church bells. From a musical point of view alone it is worth taking much trouble to hear. From a suitable distance there is an impressiveness and grandeur in some of the pieces when played on these massive instruments that is lacking by any other method.

A patriotic rendering of the National Anthem usually concludes this yearly performance.

Miss E. U. Bence.

Archbishop as Sidesman.—During the Archbishop of Canterbury’s last holiday in the Italian lake district he attended an English church service near Lake Lugano where the congregation numbered six persons. The resident chaplain preached, Dr. Davidson’s chaplain read the lessons and the Archbishop took the collection.

Miss J. M. Jade.
Sixty Years in the Choir.—We are glad to add to our roll of distinguished service in the Church the name of Mr. Francis Hammond, who for upwards of sixty years has sung in the choir of St. Mary's, Newmarket. He has held the post of clerk for thirty-six years, and has also acted as deputy Sunday-school Superintendent and Lay Reader. For several years he had three sons with him in the choir, but at the present time he alone remains, and although in his seventy-third year he still sings alto—somewhat unusual at that age. In 1905 the parishioners presented him with a silver rose-bowl and an illuminated address in recognition of his thirty years' service as clerk, the office which he still fills. He hopes to continue to do so till the end of his life.

5,000 Sermons in one Church.—The Rev. J. Burd Vicar of Chirbury, Rural Dean of Montgomery and a Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, recently resigned the living of Chirbury after being incumbent for half a century. While there he restored the fine old church, and in announcing his resignation to his parishioners stated that he had preached over 5,000 sermons to them.

Godlike or Manly?—A gentleman who had held many high public offices with honour to himself, and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, in great anger at real injury which had been done to him by a person of great consequence, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. Yes, answered his friend, "it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be Godlike to forgive it!"

Policeman to Preacher.—There are several clergymen who were formerly either soldiers or sailors, but very few ex-policemen have taken holy orders. The late Canon W. A. Dickson, who has recently died, was for thirteen years in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and his father was formerly an inspector in the force. Canon Dickson was ordained in 1884. He was a great missionary enthusiast, and one of his sons is now a missionary in India.

Yuccas in a Churchyard.—St. Michael's, Woburn Sands, possesses some very fine yucca plants in the churchyard, but they are shy of flowering in this cold climate, having come from Mexico. However, as the result of the hot summer of 1911, the plants budded and flowered to a wonderful extent, and for weeks were quite the sight of the place.

Temple of the Lord's Prayer.—Perhaps the most interesting house of prayer in the world is the Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer in Palestine, erected on the spot where it is believed the Saviour taught His prayer to the disciples. The little temple is of pure white marble, with simple straight lines, distinctly unlike the architecture of the Orient. "Our Father, which art in heaven" in every known language is carved on the walls and columns, and is the only decoration.

Going Farther and Faring Worse.—If one goes by road from Norwich to Bungay one passes a number of villages; the name of the parson of the first village is Wild, of the second Wilder, and of the third Savage.

Rectory Wireless.—The Rev. H. R. Wilkinson, Vicar of Stoke-by-Mayland, Essex, is a keen wireless student, and has installed at the Vicarage a complete apparatus made by himself in his own workshop, capable of sending and receiving messages over 100 miles radius.

Ono Titchener.—In the churchyard of St. Giles, Cambridge, is a tombstone erected to the memory of a man named Ono Titchener. The story as to how he got his curious name is as follows: Upon the occasion of his baptism when his father gave the officiating clergyman his name the mother exclaimed, "Oh, no, not that." The father mentioned another name and again the woman exclaimed, "Oh, no." Name after name did the man suggest and to each one the woman said, "Oh, no," till at last the clergyman, losing patience, took the child and christened him "Ono," and by this name he was known all his life.

St. Giles's churchyard is also noted as being the burial-place of John Wesley's wife.

Yuccas in a Churchyard.
An Old Church Barrel Organ. — In the first half of the last century there is no doubt that the only music available in many of our country churches was that provided by the old barrel organs, and though there are here and there a few solitary instances where these somewhat antiquated instruments still survive, the majority of them have long been swept away into oblivion. Our present photograph shows an old organ of this kind referred to, which we think must be almost unique, inasmuch as its outward appearance resembles an ordinary instrument fitted with pipes. Made by a Cornhill firm close on a century ago, this interesting musical relic possesses a range of six stops, and is fitted with three roller discs, each having a capacity of ten hymn tunes; the spare cylinders being kept in the lower part of the cabinet as here depicted. Though the organ and fragments of ancient masonry, No less than two hundred and fifty tons of found a huge mass of earth and debris, buried some of the groinings of the east cloister. The roof was examined, and no attempt has been made to make a floor, the reek? by reason of the collapse of some of the groinings of the east cloister. The roof was examined, and an unfathomable mystery. The threatened collapse of the ground- ing can hardly surprise one when he thinks of the enormous weight which lay upon it.

J. LAING.

Seventy Years Churchwarden. — "When visiting the-village of Culpho (situated about five miles north-east of Ipswich) the other day, I came across," writes Mr. George Adams, "an interesting inscription on a tombstone in the churchyard, which I think may prove a record of long service."

Robert Harris,
70 years Churchwarden of this parish.
Died March 1st, 1892, aged 91.
"I may add that there is no pulpit in the church of Culpho. The sermon is delivered from the lectern."

Aviation 150 Years Ago. — In view of the progress of aviation at the present day, the following inscription recorded on a stone at St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, may prove of interest. The lower part of the tower of St. Mary's, which supports a very beautiful and lofty spire, forms a west porch to the church, and the stone is set in the outside wall of the tower, to the right as one goes in at the west door.

The church is very conspicuous on the rising ground on which Shrewsbury is built, the Severn sweeping almost round it in a mighty curve.

"Let this small monument record the name Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim How by attempt to fly from this high spire Across the Sabrine stream he did acquire His final end. 'Twas not for want of skill Or courage to perform the task he fell. No, No, a faulty cord being drawn too tight Hurried his soul on high to take her flight Which bids the Body here beneath Good Night."

M. E. C. HEMPFIELD.

A Churchyard of Rose Trees. — Seventy-seven rose trees, the gift of parishioners, are planted in the churchyard at Hook, Surrey, and in the church porch is a coloured plan showing the position of the trees and the varieties of roses.

A Maori Christening. — Last autumn at St. Mary de Lode Church, Gloucester, the Archdeacon of Gloucester baptized the infant son of Kua and Hera Tawhai, two of the company of Maoris then touring in England. The service was attended by the full company of Maoris, who afterwards sang a hymn in their native language.

W. A. BURNELL.

Church with Rock Floor. — An interesting church is that of St. Michael, Torquay, erected many centuries ago, which is situated on a cliff, the entrance being near the edge. It is a compact mass of masonry of immense strength. No attempt has been made to make a floor, the rocks inside the chapel serving that purpose. By whom or when this place of worship was erected is a subject for conjecture.

MISS E. EVANS.

December Award. — First prizes have been awarded to Miss K. Code, S. O. Gorse, the Rev. W. H. Phillips, Miss M. White-nan, and C. H. Chandler, the sixth prize being divided between R. R. Friis and H. J. Atkins. Extra prizes go to Mrs. R. J. Druce, Miss C. A. Hawthorne, Miss L. Collins and Miss A. J. Pollock. Reserve (three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a five shilling prize which must be applied for after the third inclusion): Miss May Ballard, Mrs. Noasiter, "Primrose," W. A. Burnell, the Rev. J. Puttick, and Miss M. C. Pollock.

Organist Walks 37,000 Miles! — Mr. J. P. Gooden, who has retired from his post as organist of Ringway Church, Cheshire, after fifty-one years' service, has walked 37,000 miles in the performance of his duties between Altrincham and Ringway. In other words, it is equal to having walked all the way round the world, and then gone half the journey again.
**AY CALENDAR**

**May 1:** Ascension Day.

**May 11:** Whitusun Day.

**May 14, 16, 17:** Ember Days.

**May 18:** Trinity Sunday.

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**Ped 'letter Notes from the Mission Field.**

**A Wonderful Change.**

There is preserved as a curio in a missionary's house at Kyoto (the ancient capital of Japan) an old wooden noticeboard, bearing these words, in Japanese: "The evil way is strictly forbidden. The Christian way is forbidden." Such boards were put up in 1867, but were taken down in 1873. What a change to-day, forty years after! Now, religious liberty is granted, and Christianity not only tolerated, but given an equal footing with Buddhism and Shintoism. Let us pray that it may ere long supersede both of them. God is working in Japan.

**China Awakening.**

Remarkable changes also are taking place in China, in regard to Christianity. It can be seen especially in the attitude of Chinese officials towards the work of missionaries. Not long since, in the provincial capital of the Shantung Province, three prominent Chinese officials met together to consider how best to further the work of Dr. Mott's evangelistic campaign among non-Christian students, such meeting taking place on the very spot where twelve years ago the Boxer Movement was raging.

**The Bible versus Spear.**

A missionary from New Guinea (the scene of Chalmers' remarkable work) was able recently to tell a remarkable story of the conversion of a native. When telling of his conversion, the native said, holding up a spear: "We took this with us everywhere—in our canoes and on our journeys, and slept with it by our side. But now," said he, putting down the spear and holding up a Bible, "we can sleep safely because of this; for this Book has brought to us peace and protection." The Bible is sharper than a two-edged sword.

**Left alone to Die.**

Cruelty is rampant amongst the heathen in West Africa, as a missionary, travelling recently in Nigeria, can relate. Just outside a certain town he found an old woman dying without one to help her. She had been there for two days. When the missionary asked some one near by about the woman, he was told, "She is dying, and no one wants the trouble of burying an old woman like that."

**A Pretty Story.**

At a missionary headquarters one morning two letters were received: one from India telling how very quickly a certain missionary was acquiring the difficult native language; the other from a certain home in England, saying that two little boys were praying daily that the very missionary in question might be enabled to learn the language quickly. "You see," said one of the boys to his mother, "she won't be any good as a missionary till she turns into an Indian!"

**One Grain at a Time.**

There are of course many mission stations which can only be visited periodically; they are worked from a centre where the missionaries reside. When one such visit was being paid to an outlying station an old native came to the missionaries and said, "We like your teaching, but why don't you come more often? We cannot remember for months to come what you teach us in one visit. It is as if you gave us one grain of rice and said, 'Live on that till we come again!'"

**A Story of Livingstone.**

When Livingstone returned home for the second time, he not unnaturally contemplated spending the rest of his life with his family. His wonderful work in Africa had created a general desire for further discovery, and he was asked to name a gentleman who might go out, which he did. The latter, however, could not be prevailed upon to go; and ultimately Livingstone undertook to go out again himself. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, sent to ask what honour or reward Livingstone would like the Government to grant him, and Livingstone answered that the reward Livingstone would like the Government to grant him, and he was asked to name a gentleman who might go out, which he did. The latter, however, could not be prevailed upon to go; and ultimately Livingstone undertook to go out again himself. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, sent to ask what honour or reward Livingstone would like the Government to grant him, and Livingstone said, "I will put the Portuguese slave trade, you will gratify me beyond measure." He then made his third and what proved to be his last expedition. He left home and relations and all for Christ's sake. He will ever be crowned in the minds of Englishmen as being one of the greatest martyrs on behalf of the Gospel and humanity.

**A Veteran Missionary.**

The Rev. E. J. Peck, who has given a life-time to work amongst the Eskimos within the Arctic Circle, is again in England, and has a wonderful story to tell of his life in the far north. The Eskimo language is by no means easy to acquire. It is customary to add all sorts of adverbs, etc., to the stem of a verb, and Mr. Peck sometimes exhibits a piece of canvas 23 yards long which contains a single word. It is quite a common thing for us to hear of churches being destroyed by fire or storm, or even by earthquake, but Mr. Peck can tell of his church being devoured by dogs.

The first contact of Christianity with the Eskimos may have been as long ago as 870 A.D., when early missionaries occupied a small island just south of Iceland.
NEWS FROM CANADA.
A Canadian Parish, his Church and Vicarage at Hardisty.

By ELIZABETH KEITH

The progress, development and growth of religious life in Canada is as remarkable and as far-reaching as her agricultural and commercial prosperity. The Church has adapted herself in a really wonderful fashion to the needs of her children, for she fully recognizes that in a land where immigrants from all parts of the globe are flocking in by the thousand she must throw aside her former conventional staid customs and restricted ideas if she wishes to strengthen her bulwarks and to become one of the most important factors in the making of Canadian history, whether ecclesiastical or civil. There is no link more effective between the old home and the new than that which a church can provide, and experience has proved how great are the national and imperial advantages of the more intimate association of religious bodies with the newer life of Canada. Only those who know the West and the sparsely populated parts of other provinces can realize how much the Church means to the Canadian settler. It is the centre of the social life of the community, so that where only a few settlers gather there a church appears almost as if by magic.

A Canadian loves his Church.

It is well for English parents to remember this fact, instead of believing the erroneous and mistaken "ideas" of those who have never been in Canada. With mournful emphasis fond mothers inform one "that dear Johnny is sure to go wrong in Canada, because he will be cut off from all church influence, and will be living amongst people who are only keen on making dollars and have no thought or feeling for the Sunday and its observances."

As a matter of fact, the zeal and earnestness which settlers of almost every nationality show where their Church is concerned exceed anything known in a corresponding English community.

The young man in England who has attended a place of worship under parental compulsion or from a sense of duty, seems determined, when in the Far West, to allow nothing to interfere with his religious exercises. The Church is so often his guide, philosopher and friend, from the time he enters Canada, as a struggling, hopeful enthusiast, eager to "make good," till his rosy dreams have materialized and he has become a man of substance with the power and capacity to show his gratitude in a practical manner when the Church calls for it. Even when he embarked for the land of opportunity he found a chaplain on board whose advice and help regarding the voyage and the new life were full of practical kindness and good sense. These chaplains provide letters of introduction and commendation to the clergy and laity of the district in which the emigrant expects to settle, if these have not already been sent on two or three weeks beforehand. Upon arrival in Canada the port chaplain usually meets all steamers, and is ready to give every assistance to the newcomers.

The Church is especially helpful to girls who may be travelling alone, for she takes them under her care from the time of sailing (if a chaplain is on board) till they reach their destination. She is then able to put them in touch with those societies which exist for their benefit and shows her continued interest in their welfare by many unexpected kindnesses.

"Come and have a good time."

Church socials, which are held during the winter months, are perhaps one of the best mediums for bringing strangers and newcomers into touch with the local inhabitants. A committee undertakes to provide some form of entertainment at each meeting, and the appreciation of their efforts is unmistakably evident when one attends a social. The first time a newcomer is lured inside by a hearty and sincere invitation to "come and have a good time," he or she is apt perhaps to experience some trepidation as to the warmth of the welcome which awaits the stranger. Nervous qualms or misgivings quickly vanish, for the experienced ones hasten forward and in a very few minutes make the visitor feel absolutely at home. Informal introductions go hand in hand with informal manners, and the charm of the free and easy hospitality of the Canadian West brings a glow to the newcomer's heart, who may, perhaps, be suffering from homesickness.
Any self-consciousness is quickly banished when the evening’s programme commences. It may be a lecture on some interesting subject given in such a bright, chatty way that no one can find it dull. Or it may be a musical evening, when all who possess musical or histrionic talent are expected to take part. These have breathing space from time to time when musical competitions take place, or popular songs, in which every one joins, encourage the more timid musicians to help the programme. Once a month the regular “social” is held, when refreshments are served at the close of the evening. Games of every description, competitions which are not too abstruse, and general “social” conversation constitute this evening’s programme, which is perhaps the most enjoyable of all.

From time to time more ambitious entertainments are provided, and these are immensely popular in the Canadian West. On such occasions the room is simply packed, for not only do all the members decide to attend, but outsiders seek an invitation, which is quickly and gladly given.

Church Hospitality.

This feeling of good-fellowship, which is an integral part of the social life of the Church, seems, in an indefinable manner, to penetrate the Church itself. Many causes are conducive to this. For instance, it is customary for the parson to inform his congregation every Sunday “that all strangers and newcomers are invited at the close of the service to make themselves known to him through the ushers.” The impression that these homely words of welcome make upon the newcomer’s heart can only be realized by those who have gone to Canada. A stranger attending the English Church in a western town or city will wonder who the men standing at the back of the building are. Should he linger near them at the close of the service he will have striking evidence of the work of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. With a frank smile which disarms any reticence or shyness, these men accost the strangers and offer them hospitality. Should the newcomer be “up against it,” these practical Christians supply him with supper and a bed, and on the morrow, after fortifying him with a good breakfast, take him to the labour bureau.

Why the Church grows.

No wonder the Church in Canada grows so rapidly; no wonder that men and women of all sorts and conditions are eager to share its privileges; for out in that new country no one need fear a mere formalism inside a cold building. The churches are too busy carrying out their broad practical Christianity to spare time for dissensions.

There is no more inspiring sight than to see row after row of men enjoying the bright service Sunday after Sunday, and to watch the indefatigability, tact, and kindliness of the various officials in the church, from the parson downwards. The mixed choir, which is all “robed” in many of the larger churches, strikes a distinctive, novel note, and the glorious sunshine which slants through the windows and dispels any ecclesiastical gloom, makes one feel that, although everything is the same as it was “at home,” yet something is strangely different. Perhaps the invigorating climate and the excitement of living in a country where growth of a vigorous and sometimes phenomenal nature is in evidence on all sides, even in the church, is partly responsible for the strange impression the newcomer receives. It has undoubtedly affected the clergy, and produced a type that is not usual in England. As one Canadian tersely put it: “In Canada a parson must be a man before he is a clergyman if he is to get hold of the men and to teach them that life holds something better than mere financial success.”

Wanted First-class Men.

Readers of English newspapers will have noted the efforts made recently to send more workers into the Canadian field. The best that England can offer is asked for. The old fallacy that any kind of clergyman will do for the West has been exploded. We heard of an incompetent and rather lazy parson in the West, who, after emptying the different country churches under his care, received a removal at the request of the congregation. Even in the country districts a “good man” is asked for; but nowhere is good work better appreciated, and nowhere has a man, if he is really in earnest, greater influence or more scope. Youth and optimism are there waiting for the good seed to be planted, and a parson has only himself to blame if the little frame church is not crowded.

To Church by Buggy.

Where a district possesses no church the service is held in the schoolhouse, and the harmonium, which does duty for concerts, and other social amenities, leads the service of prayer and praise. Often there is no recognized choir, but the heartiness with which the congregation join in the familiar hymns is so infectious and inspiring that perhaps a well-trained choir would detract from the charm of the simple service. At its close the schoolyard is crowded with the buggies and horses of the congregation. All the country churches and schools provide stabling, as settlers are usually obliged to ride or drive to their place of worship.

Log House Services.

But perhaps the service which made the deepest impression upon us was one we attended while camping in the bush. We were surprised to find that a service was held every Sunday in one of the little log houses which lay scattered about, and bore testimony to the agricultural possibilities of the Far North. It meant a walk of a mile and a half through a deep gorge, but we decided to seize the opportunity of worship-
ping amidst the silence of the great lone bush. We reached the farmhouse as the congregation was filing in, and took our places with the rest. The log kitchen had been made to look as ecclesiastical as possible, and the hushed reverence which fell over the congregation as the parson knelt in prayer was more impressive than anything we had experienced before.

There was no instrument to lead the service, but the musical ones started the singing with due care for the "top" notes. The walls of the little kitchen seemed to reverberate with sound as the lusty, wholesome "men of the soil" gave praise to their Creator.

An interruption occurred before the sermon when our "hostess" lighted a spirit lamp and put on the kettle. When this was completed we settled down to hear what the parson had to tell us. It was no theological discussion, with finely turned phrases and poetic imagery, for his language, and the thoughts it portrayed, matched our surroundings in its simplicity, and the riveted attention, not only of the feminine portion of the flock, but the men too, made us realize that the grandeur of Nature's simplicity had inspired the preacher with a message that found an echo in all our hearts.

At the close of the service tea and cake were served to all the congregation, and this thoughtful act was especially appreciated by the parson who only had time to swallow his hastily before riding off for his next service.

He and his confrères in these scattered communities lead a strenuous life. For instance, a clergyman left Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, every Friday in order to reach his destination, a hundred miles away, by Sunday. His services covered a circuit of forty miles, and it was Tuesday before he arrived home again.

So long as practical, broad-minded Christianity pervades the churches of Canada, so long will they be a power.

We give a photograph of St. Mary's Church, Alta, Canada, together with two others taken during its erection. These show very clearly the mode of building a small prairie church in Western Canada—the whole business occupying but three weeks! For these photographs we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Schorfield. For the photograph in our heading our thanks are due to Mrs. Nossiter.
CHAPTER X.

Silly gets a Surprise.

The blow that resulted from Silas Ruelake’s dastardly attack on Harry Moore proved not so serious as his assailant had expected. By a merciful interposition of Providence, his life had been saved. Had Harry not moved to one side so opportunely his brains would undoubtedly have been dashed out! The missile struck him on the side of the head, over the ear, and if Nell had not come upon him lying under Crag Tor so soon after the occurrence, he would have lost a great quantity of blood.

The injured man had regained his senses before Newtake was reached, and beyond a confused remembrance that he had heard some noise on the rocks above him, followed immediately by a stunning blow, he could give no account of how he came by his accident. Silas Ruelake breathed freely when he heard this; he had been afraid that his victim had caught sight of him on the rocks.

After every attention could be given him by the doctor, he fell into a profound slumber, from which he awoke with a dreadful headache, but a great hunger. An open-air life and a hard constitution were already beginning to take the patient in hand; and the third day saw him taking short walks out around the farm, with his head wrapped in sundry bandages, much to Silas Ruelake’s disgust.

Leaning on the gate that gave on to the lane, and gazing down the hill to the clump of sycamores that marked Crossways, Harry could think only of Nell. He thought of her tenderly, although she had so cruelly jilted him. He could scarcely conceive that she who appeared to love him so, could play him so false. He would see her! It was this idea that made him linger in the neighbourhood of the old elm, by the linhay, on the night that desolated Crossways. Poor maid, he thought, how dreadful a misfortune to fall upon her.

"I’ll not give her up without one spoken word," he said to himself. "I’ll hear her say ‘nay’ to me wi’ her own sweet lips, as I heard her say ‘yes.’"

A couple of horsemen ascended the road, and pulled up outside the gate. One was an elderly, gaunt man, as hard as nails, and as stern as a judge; the other possessed the same characteristics, and looked as though he might be his companion’s son, which he was.

"Where be Newtake, maister?" said the elderly man.

"This be it," replied Harry, holding open the gate.

"Be you th’ maister?"

"Yes, I be."

The two men slipped off their horses, and entered the yard.

"Fell off your horse, maister?" asked the younger of the two, looking at Harry’s bandaged head.

"No," responded Harry. "’Tis an accident, that’s all."

He waited, looking at the elderly man with some curiosity, for he was gazing about him with searching eyes, and peering, as well as he could from where he stood, into the few barns surrounding the yard.

"Maister," said the elderly man, turning to Harry suddenly. "My name’s Tom Newcombe, o’ Lydford. ‘Ave ‘ee seed any stray bullocks o’ mine hereabouts?"

"Not one," replied Harry. "We’d not take up strays here, Dartmoor being so close."

"’Praps not," returned Tom Newcombe, with a sniff. "Ye don’t mind us lookin’ in these yer barns, do ‘ee?"

"What for?"

"I tell ‘ee be lookin’ for bullocks we ‘ave lost," said Tom Newcombe.

"Do ‘ee think I’ve got ‘un in one o’ they barns?" cried Harry, the crimson rushing into his pale face. "Don’t ‘ee be insulting."

Tom Newcombe looked at his son dryly.

"Us didn’t say they were, did us, George?" he inquired.

"Naw, feyther," replied George, "no more us didn’t."

"Then where be th’ harm in lookin’ into they there barns, then?" asked Tom Newcombe.

"Don’t you take my word for it, that your bullocks are not in my barns?" uttered Harry, hotly. "Do ‘ee think I should tell ‘ee one thing and do another?"

"Maister," said old Newcombe, "I tell ‘ee I don’t say ‘ee’ve got my bullocks on your farm. All I ax is, let me peep into they there buildings, same’s I’ve done at Underdown an’ t’other place lower down. Sure, there’s no need to be angry at all."

"Look into the buildings, then. All the doors be open," said Harry contemptuously. "You’ll not find a bullock on the place. All mine be out on Dartmoor."

"Thank ‘ee, maister," said Newcombe, "us ‘ll look in an’ be away. Be ‘ee comin’, too, maister?"

The three moved off and approached the sheds, which they entered and examined one by one. The merest glance was sufficient to prove that bullocks were not housed in any of them.

"Well, George," said old Newcombe to his son, "us’ll move down along. Those bullocks be not hereabouts. Maister, I be sorry to ‘ave gave yo the trouble."

"Ye could have saved it all if yo’d taken my word," said Harry.
"So us could," replied Newcombe. "But, between ourselves-like, us 'ave had word that there be bullocks in sheds hereabouts that don't b'long there, wi' mark 'T.N.' Us 'ave lost bullocks afore in this yur quarter. That be all, maister. Good-day to 'ee."

"Good-day."

The two junked on their horses, and trotted out through the gate down the lane. Before ten minutes had elapsed, however, they were back again. Harry stared at them with surprise.

"Say, maister," said Tom Newcombe, pointing with his whip up the hill, "whose be that monster great barn place up t'higher side? Us seed 'un going down-along."

"Do 'ee mean up under Dartmoor?"

asked Harry.

Old Newcombe nodded.

"Yes," he said.

"'Tis mine," remarked Harry.

"Oh, 'tis wan o' yours, is it?"

inquired old

Newcombe, springing off his horse as he said so.

"Us thought 'ee told us ye had no ither than these barns hereabouts?"

"'Tis an old ruined place," replied Harry, "I don't use it much. Ye can see it if ye wish."

"Yes, please."

A sort of dry humour that pervaded the old man rather annoyed Harry. From Newcombe's manner, Harry was quite certain that he thought the existence of the old barn had been deliberately suppressed. However, he said nothing, but biting his lips, led the way through the rising fields as quickly as his damaged condition allowed him. After all, he thought, they'll only be about the place another five minutes.

He pushed open the gate of the field in which stood the remains of Ben Hookner's farmhouse, and standing leaning against the bars, he suffered the two to traverse the intervening space and approach the building. As the reader knows, Harry had not been near the barn since he was brought home unconscious, that is, since Silas Ruelake had performed those surprising evolutions with the bullocks which had so startled Jan.

All at once, from the direction of the barn, Harry heard the roar of a bullock. He could scarcely believe his ears, but it was evident that Tom Newcombe and his son believed theirs, for they hurried along as fast as their legs would permit them, and threw open the barn doors.

With scarcely a moment's delay, two bullocks issued forth.

"There they be," cried old Tom, excitedly. "I'd know 'em anywhere. Hi!" he cried out to Harry, "come up here, an' say if these be your bullocks or no."

Almost before the words had left his lips Harry stood by his side. He stared at the two animals as though his eyes saw ghosts, a picture of perfect astonishment.

"An' 'ee didn't tell us there was another barn up here," said young Newcombe, with a sneer. "'Twas well us had eyes."

"I know no more how they bullocks got on my land than a babe unborn," declared Harry with great emphasis,
"Flowed in, may be," suggested old Tom. "Or crawled over th' tops o' th' walls," added young George, "an' bolted theirs'el's in, arter."

"I tell 'ee," said Harry, earnestly, "'tis all a mystery to me. I've not put they bullocks in my barn."

"They came out o'," averred Tom. "Who be attending of 'em? There be keep there," and he pointed to a bundle of hay.

"I've been ill bed since three days ago," said Harry. "Any one can tell ye the same."

"Us don't disbelieve that, maister," said Tom, looking at Harry's bandaged head; "what us wants to know is, who put 'un in here? What's the matter, George?"

"Look 'ee there," gasped George, pointing to the nearest bullock.

"What be 'ee mazed about, George?"

"Look at these brand marks, feyther, an' see what 'un say."

Tom's and Harry's eyes immediately sought the marks. It would be difficult to say whose eyes stretched wider.

"'Tis the look o' my bullocks," said Tom, slowly, "but sure 'nuff, the mark says they b'long to another. I'd swear t' 'un anywheer. 'N. M.' You be Farmer Moore, beant 'ee?" he asked, turning to Harry.

"They be my marks but not my bullocks," cried Harry. "'Tis amazing!"

"Feyther," said George, "the iron was only used a few days ago, an' your marks be underneath the new ones."

"My word, you be right, George," shouted old Tom, "What 'ave 'ee to say, maister, to that?"

"I got nothin' to say," replied Harry. "I know nothing about it. They bullocks were not put there by me. Don't 'ee b'lieve me?"

"You tell trewth," said Tom, "I don't. This here business looks uncommonly like stealin'. Now! Don't 'ee!" he warned. He sprang back, the blazing light in Harry's eyes looking uncomfortably dangerous.

"Don't 'ee touch my feyther," said George, gripping his stick firmly. "I see it ye don't."

Harry glared at both of them.

"I'm honest," he said, "I'd not touch another man's property. No man dare say I would. Tak' your bullocks away! I know naught about 'un."

"See here, maister," said old Tom, getting bold again on seeing there was no immediate danger of personal chastisement, "this be fair suspicious. Us'll 'ave to speak to 'plicates about it."

"Do as you please," said Harry.

"How came th' brand-mark to be altered?"

"I say I know naught about 'un," cried Harry. "Don't 'ee say another word!"

He looked so threatening that the others remained silent; they drove their bullocks out of the field, and down the road. At the Newtake gate they wished him a surly "good-day" and disappeared, resolving to seek the advice of the guardians of law and order.

CHAPTER XI. Silas gets his Answer.

While the above events were happening, Silas Ruelake was having an interview with Farmer Underwood.

"Well, maister," said Silas, "and what answer did Nell give yo? Be she willing?"

"That I can't tell 'ee."

"Haven't 'ee axed her, then?" asked Ruelake, with a show of surprise.

"I did," admitted the farmer, "but her wouldn't give I any answer. Her appears to be upset about something."

"'Is 't the fire, maister?"

"Not zactly," said Underwood, slowly. "I axed her if 'twas trew that her an' Harry Moore be parted—"

"Yes, yes," uttered Silas, eagerly.

"She jes' got up an' cried," replied Underwood, with real pain in his eyes. "I b'lieve 'tis trew what yew said, Silas. They'm parted, it appears."

"I'm sure o'," responded Silas, with emphasis.

"So ye've got a clear field," said the farmer. "But what she thinks o' ye is another matter. Why don't ye ax her, Silas? Sure, th' girl as is wuth winning is wuth axin', I'm thinking."

"I'll ax her this very day," returned the other.

"What did 'ee say to her?" he went on, after a slight pause. "Did 'ee tell her how yew be placed?"

"I told her that, an' the bargain you'd make if she'd wed 'ee. He heaved a prodigious sigh. "Don't put any pressure on her, Silas. I told her I wouldn't force her to 't. Poor lass, she might, if she thought 'twas her duty."

"An' so 'tis," replied Silas, with decision.

"Any girl, seein' her feyther placed as yew be, an' knowin' that a word from her 'd make everything smooth, wouldn't want telling where her duty was. A word from me, maister, an' all your trouble an' worry would be over. I can do it, an' I will. Am I axin' too much, maister? Tis only thy daughter I want. No ither man i' the county 'ud give what I'm prepared to give."

"I know you're generous, Silas," agreed Underwood, favourably swayed by what the other said. "I'd like 'ee for son-in-law, only I want Nell to marry where her heart be. If her heart be wi' yew, well an' good; if not—I—" He turned his eyes away from the other's face. To leave Crossways, to go where he knew not, without capital—his emotions, hidden from Silas, prevented his proceeding further.

"Where be Nell?" inquired Ruelake. "'Tis as well for us both to be put out o' further anxiety."

"She be in the sitting-room. Shall I tell her you're wantin' to speak t' her?"

"Aye, do, maister."

Farmer Underwood rose, and left the kitchen. Silas moved about the little room restlessly, trying to make up his mind how he should deal with the girl he had risked so much to gain. It
was some time before a footstep outside the room told him she was approaching. The door opened and she entered, closing it after her. How beautiful she looked, a hundred times more so with that sad look in her eyes, and the little droop at the corners of her mouth. The sight of her filled the man's heart with increased desire. He would possess this pearl of Devon at all costs, crush all opposition under his heel to gain her, leave no loophole through which she might escape.

"Nell," he said, "how pale you look. You be not well."

"I am quite well, Mr. Ruelake."

"Why don't 'ee call me Silas?" he remarked, "once 'ee did, when us was small."

"I didn't know 'ee so well, then," she replied.

"Father said you wanted to speak to me."

"Won't 'ee forget what happened that afternoon by the court gate? I was mazed." He came a step towards her, and she stood, like a statue, with her eyes fixed on the table and one hand resting on it. "Nell, I've told 'ee I love 'ee, an' I tell it 'ee again. I want 'ee to be my wife, Nell."

"I don't love you," she replied, with the utmost composure, and with such sincerity that there was no doubt of it. He bit his lips.

"I didn't ax 'ee that," he said, "I ax 'ee to be my wife."

"I don't love you," she said once more.

"Never mind love," he replied.

"Would you marry a woman who didn't love you?" she asked, raising her eyes to his face for a moment, and dropping them again.

"I would marry you, Nell," he replied eagerly, "love or no love. I love 'ee, aye, there'd be enough love on my side for us both. Say 'ee'll have me!"

"I can't," she returned stoutly. "I don't love you, and never shall."

"You'd get to love me in time," he urged.

She shook her head.

"Impossible! Why can't you talk 'no' for an answer?"

"Because I want you!"
"You use your power despicably," she said, with an effort, "and I detest you for it. You would as soon see us ruined as not."

"You are ruined, and only I can save you, provided," he added with a smile, "provided we be wedded. What be the answer, Nell?"

"No, no, a hundred times," she cried, uncovering her face and giving him a look that made him quail, and feel that he was as base as she thought him. "I'd never be your wife."

In a flash she had reached the door, and to his utter astonishment, he found himself alone, with the door shut tightly. So he failed.

CHAPTER XII. Nell's Sacrifice.

CROSSWAYS courtyard was a scene of bustle and confusion. A farm sale attracts the countryside for many miles around; it forms the common meeting ground for farmers within a considerable area; the chatter and gossip of half the county is exchanged; and over the ample luncheon provided at twelve o'clock sharp many an old reminiscence is recalled and related for the hundredth time; the concourse is great, but all, whether buyers or not, are welcome.

For some time past they had been arriving in every sort of conveyance conceivable that might be in the possession of a farmer, in lightest of gigs and in heaviest of field-carts; on the trimmest of hunters, and on the biggest of draught horses. But few appeared on foot, for the farmer dislikes walking, and generally rides or drives, even when travelling only a mile.

A long barn was the scene of the luncheon, set on a long table, with benches on either side to correspond. There were several joints of meat, the principal of which, both in size and importance, being a huge sirloin of beef, many loaves, plates of cheese cut into fingers, and slices of cake in piles, to say nothing of...

"Harry's appearance was enough to draw attention."—Page 107.
various jars of pickles. There was nothing hot; the farmer is a simple, hearty feeder, and, on condition that there is enough of it, likes nothing better than bread and meat, with a slice of bread or cake, with cheese to finish up with.

The present company was no exception to the rule, and the viands were severely punished. The life and soul of the party was the auctioneer, who knew every farmer for twenty miles around, and his voice was loudest, his jokes were the best, and his laugh was the heartiest. When he rose from the table everybody was in a good humour, which was what he wanted, for good tempers and high prices go together.

The live and dead stock had already been viewed by the assembly, and certain lots had been noted and appraised by certain persons who mean to bid for them. The bullocks, sheep and horses had been removed to convenient fields; and "Dobbie," "quiet to ride and in harness," was mentally booked by more than one visitor for the purpose of displacing some other Dobbie who was by no means quiet to ride or in harness.

The auctioneer has begun his preliminary statement with the usual eulogy, accompanied by the usual guffaws and comments of his audience, and was just settling down to business, when a slight commotion was caused by the entrance of Harry Moore, riding his hackney. Every man present there knew the story of the fire and the suspicions attaching to it, and, apart from that, Harry's appearance was enough to draw attention, his face looking particularly pale and drawn under the bandage bound over his forehead.

"She went to the sitting-room door and opened it."—Page 108
"I've got a warrant for your arrest, setting fire to the farm here an' stealing bullocks."

Harry looked round amazed, and saw, on either side of him, constables.

"I'll read the warrant if ye'll stand quiet!"

"Ts false!" shouted Harry. "Hands off!"

He threw up his hands suddenly and knocked the startled constables backwards. They made a grab at him, but like lightning he was on his horse and galloping through the gate and up the road, out of sight.

The two officers followed as fast as their legs could carry them, but the road was empty when they reached it, save for Jan.

"Which way did Harry Moore go?" they asked breathlessly.

"'Ee went both ways to wance," replied Jan, with perfect composure.

"Don't 'ee play the fool. 'Ee could only go one way. Which be it?"

"Trew," responded Jan, gravely. "'Ee be gone flying over th' taps o' th' trees, riding on a blacklead pencil."

With a cry of rage they left him, each running a different way.

The sale proceeded apace, and the only distinct voice heard in the yard was the auctioneer's, which droned away in a monotone the latest bid.

Seven, no advance on seven, ah, eight, nine, going at nine, for the last time, which droned away in a monotone the latest bid.

The old man never once complained, or uttered a word of protest, but he was a wreck.

She went to the sitting-room door, and opened it. He was lying half across the table, with his head on his arms, overcome by his misfortunes.

"Close the door, Nell dear," he said. "The sound of it is enough to break my heart!"

"Oh, father," she cried, putting her arms round him, "be of good heart. 'Twill be right very soon now. All is not lost!"

She left him and returned to the kitchen. Through the window she saw Silas Ruelake. She beckoned to him and he came in. They stood facing one another; her eyes wide open and staring.

"Stop this sale!" she gasped.

"Yes?"

"I will marry you!"

"Ah!" he went towards her. She drew back—shrank back.

"Don't touch me," she whispered hoarsely.

"I will marry you, is not that enough?" she gasped again. "Stop the sale!

So he won.

(To be continued.)

RIZE COMPETITION: KEYS TO PUZZLE PAGES.

Next month we shall publish the award in connexion with the Pages of Portraits which have appeared in our January, February and March numbers. In the meantime we give keys to these pages, so that our readers may compare their efforts at identification with the correct list. The competition has excited general interest, and before long we may give a more difficult set of pages to test still further the powers of those competitors who are evidently expert at remembering faces.

**FEBRUARY**

JANUARY NUMBER—First the heading to page 3 of this number presented little difficulty, the portrait on the left (A) being that of Dr. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, that on the right (B) being an excellent "likeness" of Dr. Crozier, Archbishop of Armagh. The frontispiece (page 2) contained photographs of the following twelve bishops: (1) Dr. Pereira, Bishop Suffragan of Croydon; (2) Dr. Joselyne, Bishop of Jamaica; (3) Dr. Carr Glyn, Bishop of Peterborough; (4) Dr. Burrows, Bishop of Down and Connor; (5) Dr. Lloyd, Bishop Suffragan of Swansea; (6) Dr. D'Arcy, Bishop of Truro.

**MARCH**

The frontispiece to this number was comparatively easy, the bishops portrayed being all well known: (1) Dr. Handley Moule, Bishop of Durham; (2) Dr. Randolph, Bishop Suffragan of Guildford; (3) Dr. Ridgeway, Bishop of Chichester; (4) Dr. Clayton, Bishop Suffragan of Leicester; (5) Dr. Jacob, Bishop of St. Albans; (6) Dr. Stevens, Bishop Suffragan of Barking.
THE OPEN DOOR

DO CHURCHMEN CARE ENOUGH TO ENTER?

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

THERE is a beautiful story which I read some years ago—it is a story of the Scottish hills. A shepherd had brought his sheep back to the fold for the night, and found that there were two missing.

Much surprised at this, he went to call his collie. He found her lying down after the day's work attending to the needs of her little ones. He spoke to her and she looked up at him. He said to her as he held up two fingers, “Two are missing; away, good dog, and fetch them.”

She turned her head and looked up at him as if to say, “I'm so tired, don't send me out again to-night.” But again he said, “Good dog—away.” And out she went.

Somewhere near midnight the shepherd was awakened by a scratching at the door. He got up and found one of the sheep back. After attending to its needs he went out again to the outhouse to find the dog. He found her there with her puppies, and again he called her. “One other sheep is lost,” he said. Again the collie looked up and seemed to say, “I'm so tired, don't send me again to-night.”

And again he said, “Away, good dog, and get the sheep.” And out she went.

In a few hours again came the scratching, and he got out and found the lost sheep back, badly torn. The dog was clearly worn out, but even so, she feebly wagged her tail as if to say, “You see, I have brought it back.”

He saw to the needs of the sheep, and then before he retired to rest he went out to praise the dog for her faithful work. He stooped over her and patted her, and with a shock perceived that she was dead—she lay there lifeless, while her little ones were playing round her.

Now I make no comment on the shepherd’s treatment of his dog, working the poor creature to death, but I want to say just this. That was only a dog, and we are human beings. Nobly indeed she fulfilled her part. May we not do our part as well? What is our part? Not to save sheep, but still, like our Saviour, to save what is lost; to save—what is better than lost sheep—lost men!

And the Saviour, Who ever seeks to find and to save that which is lost, Who did not hesitate to lay down His life for the lost sheep, Who gave up the glories of heaven and did not consider it too great a price to pay to save the lost souls of men, the price of His own life Blood—what good is lost; to save—what is better than lost sheep—lost men!

There is the call to seek and save that which is lost close at home, but there is the wider call to seek the salvation of that which is lost in far distant lands. It is our duty to save at least one lost soul at home, it is equally our duty to help in saving at least one lost soul in the lands beyond the sea.

To-day the world is wonderfully open for the Gospel message. The door into many a foreign country is standing open, as never in history before; nations are simply asking for Christ's messengers to step in and preach to them the Gospel. And there are not sufficient funds available to cope with this tremendously increasing task, this responsibility which God has placed upon His Church.

Just to take one example—at this present moment China and Japan are awakening. They are growing dissatisfied with their own religions and are blindly groping for light. They will listen to-day to the Gospel of Christ as never before.

But if we fail to send sufficient funds to provide the messengers of Christ with food and raiment, to help in the work of building churches and founding Christian schools, then the open door may soon be closed.

Consider too the claims of our own kith and kin. Look at that vast new country of Western Canada, where 300 new towns were laid out last summer, each of which will be vast centres of population within the next few years. What will happen if the mother Church fails to give a helping hand to permit the settlers to build churches in these towns? Shall the mother country let her daughter grow up without God?

The door is indeed open wide to-day in that quarter, but in a few years it will be too late. Land for a church can be bought in the centre of these new towns, springing up so fast, for £10 which will cost hundreds of pounds to buy in a few years in the most out-of-the-way back streets.

With doors standing wide open all over the world, inviting the Church to enter, can there be any Christian who says, “I don’t believe in foreign missions?” Yet, startling anomaly, there are thousands who take that view, and so the Cross is very slowly borne through the open doors, and the Crescent, with its seductive creed, is often first in possession.

And thus Christ's appeal is unheard, His urgent command disobeyed.

Now for a moment let us look and see what happens when we disobey Christ’s urgent command on this matter, and what happens when we obey it.
(a) Years ago the Church in North Africa disobeyed, and did not listen to the missionary call, and was wiped out, the only branch of Christ’s Church to disappear off the face of the earth, the Crescent now marking what were once the strongholds of the Cross.

(b) A few centuries ago the English Church was very slack about her missionary work. I will tell you something which happened, something of which it shames me as an Englishman to speak.

It happened in New Zealand. It was in the Maori War. Some of the Maoris had been made Christians by certain missionaries, and the natives were quite willing to receive the Gospel of Christ. Now these Maoris, though savages, were splendid fellows at heart. During a battle in this war the English ammunition ran out, and the firing ceased, and our men considered themselves as good as lost. The Maoris sent over to inquire why fighting had ceased. Being told that it was because ammunition had run out, they replied, “Oh, that isn’t fair; we can’t fight against people who have no ammunition.” And they said further that they would wait till the English had time to go and get some more! That will show you what sort they were.

Well, soon after this was Sunday. The Maoris would not fight on Sunday, and they said that of course the Christians would not do so as it was their holy day. Our army took advantage of this and massacred 10,000 of them on Sunday. That is what happens when the missionary zeal is absent, and quite naturally the Maoris would have no more to do with Christianity for many a long year; and when at last the Church woke from her sleep, and the missionaries came, they had at first a cruelly hard time. The Church by her own sleep had made the task before her well-nigh impossible, when it would have been perfectly easy at the right time, and had caused the blood of martyrs to be shed which need never have been shed but for her lethargy.

(c) About the year 1603 a party of settlers left England for the United States and landed where now is Virginia. The natives were Red Indians. Now these Red Indians were at heart quite ripe for the Christian revelation, which we did not bring them. When these settlers landed, the Red Indians actually gave up their houses to them. They turned out and gave the strangers their own homes, going and building fresh ones for themselves. They (who had never heard Christ’s command to feed the hungry, etc.) fed them, and by doing so put to shame many Christians of to-day, who would have turned a haughty face upon the stranger, saying it was none of their business!

Well, what did the white people (I cannot call them Christians) do in return? The captain of the ship on which the settlers had come, invited many of the Indians to a feast on his ship. So far, so good! But he made them all drunk, put them in chains, and took them to Spain, where he sold them as slaves!

This dastardly, treacherous, un-Christian deed, done to the very ones who had so befriended them, naturally caused the greatest hostility between black and white, and cost thousands of lives and untold suffering. For during the next hundred years, wherever the white people landed they were attacked by the Indians—and all this bitterness and suffering because the Church was forgetting Christ’s command.

(d) I could give countless instances more. I will give but one, which shows what happens if we do obey.

You may remember the Zulu War, and the fearful terror of the massacre at Rorke’s Drift. The wild Zulus in battle array gathered round the British regiment which had been left behind to care for the wounded. Bravely this regiment formed a square, and so managed that one of their number could escape with the British colours, of which all true soldiers are so proud. But this man was shot as he was crossing the Tugela river. Every man in the regiment was massacred, the sands were dyed with blood. The only thing which came out of this were the British colours, which, floating down the river, were saved.

Should no memorial stand to show how British soldiers could die?

Listen. A young schoolmaster in England heard a missionary sermon, felt he would like to do something. He asked for a job, was sent to Rorke’s Drift, where he succeeded so well that he was ordained, and is now Archdeacon John­son. And now a Church—St. Augustine’s—emblem of love and peace, which will hold 2,000 people, has been built by the very Zulus who massacred our regiment; and there are more than thirty-six outposts, many of them served by a native ministry, and with a good many more regular communicants in these out­posts than there are in many villages in Christian England!

Christ’s appeal to you is plain. “Go ye, there are many lost.” You may not be able to go yourself and carry the message, but you can help to send the message by the postman—the missionary.

For the missionary is God’s postman, and he has a beautiful letter to bear to the heathen from the heathen’s God and Maker.

The postmen are waiting to-day, the letter is ready, but who is to pay for the stamp? There is no one to do this except us at home.

Shall the heathen nations die? Shall our white brethren abroad perish because we English people will not pay the money for the stamp?
THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF DORNAKAL

The First Native Indian Bishop, consecrated in Calcutta Cathedral on December 29, 1912.
Poverty is either a source of strength or a source of weakness. The Scots, because that country is poor, are themselves hardy and strong; yet the Hindu ryots, because they are poor, yield themselves as victims to disease and death. Whole classes in England, because they are poor, live low and almost criminal lives; yet poverty, when it is chosen or when it is accepted as part of the natural order of things, may give strength to character. There is probably no surer way by which a man may prepare himself to control others than this way of poverty; it gives him power to do hard things and to resist the bribes of fashion. Poverty, however, when it comes to people not by their choice and not even by the necessity of nature, as by climate or geographical position, but is driven upon them by the social system has altogether a different effect. Poverty as it is in England drives children to become workers before their playtime is ended, and robs them of childhood. It crowds a great industrial population into narrow gloomy slums where the flowers will not grow, takes away much of the joy of living; it makes men and women content to be slaves to machines; it leaves old age crippled by pains, without the pleasures of memory or the power of hope.

Why Life is so Sad.

Poverty with us is a source of weakness, the cause why so many among us are ignorant and drunken, why life is so sad and so insecure, why there is so much anxiety lest the wealth and power of England may be undermined. It crowds a great industrial population into narrow gloomy slums where the flowers will not grow, takes away much of the joy of living; it makes men and women content to be slaves to machines; it leaves old age crippled by pains, without the pleasures of memory or the power of hope.

Poverty, whatever it may be for those who choose it, is for us in England a source of weakness. It is so recognized that its alleviation occupies the minds of the State, the Church and the well-off classes. The daily press is full of schemes promoted by the rich for the benefit of the poor. There are children's country-holiday funds and associations for play-centres; there are enthusiasts for recreation who open clubs in dull neighbourhoods and plan varieties of entertainments. There are societies for giving pleasant evenings to the old. The State resources are more and more used much to the same end, so that the poor as well as the rich may enjoy the pleasure of walking in beautiful gardens and enjoying the treasures of art and beauty in galleries and museums.

Is Saving Enough?

The question, however, is: what can the poor themselves do to alleviate the conditions of poverty? They might, it will at once be said, be more thrifty and spend less on drink; they might, it will be added, be more clean and tidy. This is true, and one may easily recall homes where the man by strenuous daily labour, by denying himself holidays or relaxation, has brought to his family use a regular wage; where his wife by care, by cheerfulness and by continuous cleaning and mending, has made his home neat—so that it offers a welcome rest, where his children kept under authority have been happy and good. But even so the conditions of poverty can hardly be said to have been alleviated. This good and respectable family, have not themselves felt the impulses of life; they are not in the fullest sense good citizens. But more than this, they have not alleviated for their neighbours the conditions of poverty. The burdens of others have not been lightened by their savings and their temperance.

It is not, therefore, a sufficient answer to the
question before us to say, "The poor can save, be clean and temperate." The answers I would suggest are these:

1. The poor might take more interest in government.
2. They might learn to co-operate.

Too much Trouble to Vote

(1) The poor as a class are hardly induced to vote or to take any interest in the common wealth. Statistics show how many do not register themselves, how many indeed of those who are placed on the register take no trouble to vote. Canvassers have to go from door to door so that by importunity they may bring them to the poll, and the arguments they use bear rather on private than on public interest. "Vote for this candidate, he will improve your trade, he will secure pensions for your old concern, it will spend more among you." The poor are not interested in government; they hardly think of themselves as part of the nation and are not concerned that the whole nation with its rich and poor shall be sound at heart and generous in its action. They do not realize what you can do to alleviate poverty except by making grants to themselves. The poor, therefore, do not do what they might to improve the conditions under which they live. They do not choose the right men and women to represent them on local bodies; they often by inaction and indifference stand in the way of improvement initiated by other classes for their benefit. Perhaps it may be argued that their poverty is the cause of their apathy. How can it be expected that these slaves of toil will behave as free electors? But these "slaves of toil" know that they have, or may have, votes, and they know that the members they return sit on Councils which can make sheds clean and provide open spaces to bring within the reach of every one means of joy and life. It is not that the poor are unable that they neglect this duty; it is because they do not care for the community of which they are members.

The first thing the poor might do is to stir themselves to secure that they elect bodies whose concern it will be to put the health and the joy of the community first. Poverty there must be till human nature is reformed, but poverty need not be degradation, and the poor man who has enough for the up-keep of his home in health might have the best of the alleviations which are enjoyed by the rich. He might have access to gardens and parks where he could enjoy rest and relaxa-

The curse of poverty is the poverty of mind which it so often induces. The interest which comes from knowledge of man, of nature, and of human life, may be hard for them to find, the delight of fancy, of solitude enriched by memory—these are out of their reach. The poor in the same way do not, as they might, alleviate the conditions of poverty because they will not combine to get their pleasures. They suffer from dullness, from the absence of interest, and they have no ambition but to enjoy the things of the flesh—abundant food and drink and perhaps a comfortable home where visitors are rare.

"A mother's love is but the pale reflection of the yearning love of God."
thus it is that even husbands and wives lose the habit of talk and walk silently or even in single file one after the other. The poor could greatly alleviate the conditions of poverty if, for instance, a few neighbours or fellow workers would plan a tea picnic in some open space on some half holiday. There need be no extra expense, and the common effort, the breaking of bread together, the necessary talk, would destroy barriers and reveal the interests which make life rich. It would not be impossible either to arrange a united visit to some place of amusement, so that there would be a common object for subsequent talk and an inducement for further meetings. The poor of other nations often thus alleviate their conditions, and the poor of our nation might do the same if they would cease to be suspicious and begin to look for their interests not in things so much as in persons.

The poor might thus alleviate the conditions of poverty, but there is little hope that they will do so until education has brought out more of their latent capacities. Education is a subject never popular in England. Yet whatever reform is suggested the way is blocked because people have not learnt to use their minds. People in the long run can have no other helpers than themselves, but to help themselves they must be able to see, to reason, and to use their imagination.

SUNDAY CLOTHES.

HOW TO MAKE A SMART WALKING SKIRT.

Patterns are supplied for 4d. post free, instead of the usual 6d., on application to the Publishers, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.

By A. M. NANKIVELL.

The skirt shown in the picture is a very good, useful shape, not too tight to be quite comfortable, and yet not so full that it looks dowdy. It is a pattern which is likely to stay in fashion for many months more, and if you make it up now, you will be able to go on wearing it and looking smart in it right through the summer and autumn.

It is particularly easy to make, for the following reason. There are straight panels down the back and front, which are always much less troublesome to manage than pieces that are cut on the cross. It takes a very clever dressmaker to turn out a skirt with a cross-cut back, but almost any one can manage a shape which has panels.

There is no need to use the bands on the sides if you do not care about them. They look rather smart, but, as they add a little to the difficulty in making, it may be just as well to leave them out if you are not a very experienced worker.

The Materials.—You will need 3 yards of material 40 inches wide for a medium size. The most serviceable things to choose would be serge, alpaca, crash, casement cloth, or holland. There is no particular reason why you should have a striped material if you do not happen to care about it.

The Pattern consists of three pieces—side piece, back and front. The bands are not included, as they are only perfectly straight pieces. The dotted lines on Diagram 1 show you how you can cut them if you wish, but it is left quite to your own taste to choose whether you will have one or two at each side, and whether you will have them deep or narrow.

If you want a pattern, send your name, address, and four stamps to the Manager of HOME WORDS, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C. Be careful to write your name and address clearly, in order to avoid mistakes.

The Cutting.—Fold the material and put the pattern on it in the way shown by the diagram. Notice that the straight edges of both front and back must go on folds. A little bit has to be joined in at the lower edge of the side piece, as the material is not quite wide enough to take the whole pattern.

Half an inch is allowed for turnings round each piece. This is as much as you are likely to require, except at the hem. You must try the pattern against yourself before you begin cutting it, in order to find out if the allowance for the hem is quite correct for your particular case.

The Making.—If you are going to use the bands on the side panels, you must put them on in the way shown by Diagram 2. The diagram is so very clear that I need not explain it to you; but I must just remind you that you must be quite certain about the length of each side panel before putting on the bands, as you won't be able to make any alterations when once they are stitched into position.

Tack them down first and then machine them,
being very careful to keep the stuff flat and not to drag it at all. Now take your back panel, turn in hems half an inch wide at the wrong side of the material down its straight edges, and tack these hems. Then lay it to the two back edges of the side pieces, and tack the whole thing together in the way shown by Diagram 3.

The back edges of the side pieces have double notches on them to match the double notches on the back panel.

The bottom edge of your back panel will hang a good deal below the side piece, as it has not yet been turned up into the hem. You must turn it up at the wrong side of the material, and slip-stitch it very neatly, trying to make your stitches show as little as possible.

The front panel is put on in exactly the same way as the back one, but in this case you must leave an opening about 10 inches deep at the top of the left hand seam.

This is a placket, which must be faced up in the way shown by Diagram 4.

The right hand side of the placket has a stud side of a row of patent fasteners sewn down to hide the raw edge. A little wrap of double material is put on to the left hand side, and the clip parts of the fasteners are sewn to the join between this wrap and the main material of the skirt.

Give the placket and the lapped seams and hems a thoroughly good pressing, to make them lie quite flat.

Now try on the skirt, first turning it inside out, so that you can easily get at the darts. Pin up these darts till the waist and hips fit quite smoothly to your figure. Then stitch them strongly by hand, cut them open, press them down flat on the stuff in the way shown by Diagram 5.

Double a piece of webbing belting and put the top edge of the skirt into it, with the fastening just above the placket. Put on double hooks and eyes to fasten the webbing band. Press the skirt again, and sew inside the band a couple of loops of tape, by which you can hang it up.

Remember.—Skirts as a rule are not made in the way which I have told you. It is more general to do them in this order—

(1) Stitch and press seams and placket.

(2) Put on the band.

(3) Turn up the hem.

It was necessary in this case to turn up the hem first on account of the way in which the side panels were trimmed. But if you are not using any trimming, you can turn up your hem last of all.

If you want to find out whether your hem is quite even all round the bottom, you had better use the following method: Mark off on a piece of stick the number of inches by which you wish the bottom of the hem to clear the ground. Tack up the hem quite roughly, put on the skirt, then get some one to kneel on the floor and pass the bit of stick round you, putting in a pin wherever the skirt dips too much, and letting out the tacking threads wherever it is too high.
"Tell you what, dearie," she said, "you'll be the best dressed o' 'em all."

"Isn't a good day for a wedding," said old Aunt Susan. "Give me sunshine and a bit o' a breeze! This dull weather, when the ground's as soft as soaked bread, is good for neither man nor beast. I do believe as my asthma'll come on before evening!"

Young Martha glanced anxiously at the withered spinster who sat beside the hearth, knitting a red woollen comforter for some poor body in the village.

"If you think as you're going to be badly, I'll not leave you nohow," she said. "You look well enough—"

"Never go by looks, never go by looks," said Aunt Susan, poking one of her needles beneath the flat band of iron-grey hair that half covered her left ear. "My own father, he was as hearty a man as might be seen, and yet he went out like a candle! Nay, I'd never seen Tim redder of face than that morning he passed away. But don't you worry yourself, dearie, I shall be all right. You've arranged for Mrs. Barton to bear me company in your absence. What's the time?"

"Quarter to twelve," replied Martha. "There's plenty o' time; I haven't to be at church till half-past two. I'll set to and get dinner ready; we'll need to have it a bit rough to-day."

"I don't feel like eating ought, my dear; still, I'll make a try. You mustn't be oneasy whilst you're away. There's sure enough but little pleasure comes your way, and I'd be the last in the world to mar it."

Quarter of an hour later she was enjoying, in spite of her affected lack of appetite, a very hearty meal. Martha, however, being somewhat excited, satisfied herself with a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter.

"Ay, that's best," remarked Aunt Susan. "You're leaving room for the good victuals Mrs. Baggalley will offer at the house. The Baggalleys always did things well—there'll be tongue and chicken and sirloin and a leg o' veal. 'Twould be all the same to me—I couldn't touch 'em—I eat scarce more nor a sparrow!"

After the table was cleared and the pots were washed, Martha went up to her little blue-washed chamber. Aunt Susan followed soon, lamely, since she was half-crippled with rheumatism. She lifted the pale blue silk gown from the bed and shook it proudly. The fabric was old and impregnated with the fragrance of cloves and Tonquin beans.

"Tell you what, dearie," she said, "you'll be the best dressed o' 'em all—ay, and the prettiest looking, bar none. You're far more to my taste nor Rebecca Baggalley, with her bouncing red cheeks and her coarse black hair! If I were a lad, I'd fall head over heels in love wi' you, that I would. But lads nowadays aren't what they used for to be. Sit you down and let me do your hair, Martha; it minds me o' the time when you was a little lass."

In spite of the rheumatism her fingers had not lost their deftness, and she arranged Martha's plaits in a singularly attractive if somewhat old-fashioned style. Then she assisted her to don the fine gown, made by the village dressmaker from a piece that the spinster had cherished for at least forty years, and when the girl was dressed she put a hand on either side of the fresh young face and kissed it very tenderly.

"There, but you do look well!" she cried in admiration. "Any one'd say you're a lady born and bred. If I was one o' other lasses as will be there, my word, but I should be jealous!"
"'Tis because you're my aunt, and you're fond o' me," said Martha. "Nobody'll ever notice me, and sure I'll be quite satisfied to sit in a corner and look on. I shall be thinking about you all the while—how good you've been in giving me the gown and the money to buy shoes and hat and things."

"Ay, I like that! Much time you'll have to waste on Aunt Susan! As for the money, 'tis well spent. 'Twouldn't have done for you to go to your first wedding as if you'd ne'er a penny in your pocket. Enjoy yourself, my dear, and come back full o' good tales. I warrant you'll put it so clear that I shall feel just as if I'd been there!"

A little later Martha passed through the garden, waved her hand to the old woman, who stood smiling in the doorway, then descended the hollowed steps, made of imperfect grindstones, to the flagged path that ran alongside the sunken lane. Her skirt was pinned up so that the hem might not be soiled; beneath it could be seen the goffered frill of a snowy petticoat. She walked very carefully, being anxious not to mar the glossy blackness of her little kid shoes. Over her left arm she carried Aunt Susan's pepper and salt cloak, and her right hand grasped the crook of a well-preserved umbrella. The old lady had prophesied that it would not rain until evening, and that these would shelter her on her return.

The path was known as the "Church Path," and had been in existence for more than two centuries. It descended gently for about a mile, crossed a footbridge beside the ford of a brawling stream, then rose through the fields to the southern wicket of the graveyard. Martha was able to walk dryshod until she came to the bottom of the valley. Beside the hedgerows the dog's-mercury had already unfolded its bright green leaves; here and there she could see a yellowish flower-spike. Her spirits brightened as she journeyed, the somewhat melancholy droop disappeared from her lips, giving place to a happy smile.

Her colour freshened, the prettiest pink glowed in those softly-rounded cheeks.

But when the stream came into sight a sudden change drove away all the pleasure from her face. The wooden footbridge was no longer there. On the preceding evening a drunken huckster had driven across the ford, and his horse, somewhat alarmed by the depth of the water, had backed against the decayed central trestle, and, in short, the bridge had snapped asunder and floated out of sight.

For some minutes she stood like one turned to stone. The landscape, gloomy under the grey sky, quivered before her flooded eyes. In the distance Grassbrook church and the old whitewashed inn, both on the skyline, seemed to advance towards and recede from each other. And there was no other bridge within a mile—one that could only be reached by traversing roughly ploughed fields in which she must sink ankle deep.

The beautiful shoes and the white petticoat would be ruined. Moreover, as likely as not,
she would slip and fall prone in the clay of the Penny Acres—a long field she must pass through before reaching the second bridge. In any case, unless she use the "Church Path," she would not be fit to present herself amongst the marriage guests. The tears gathered together, then rolled hotly down her cheeks, and in her agitation she let Aunt Susan's speckled cloak fall to the flags. Her first impulse was to return homeland, then the thought of the old woman's disappointment came, and she began to imagine all kinds of foolish things, even going so far as to staying there until the evening, and then returning with an imagined picture of all that had happened at the church and at the Baggalley's house. But this would never do, since Aunt Susan was certain to learn the truth sooner or later, and, moreover, the girl had never wilfully told a lie.

Still, it was exceedingly hard—one of those everyday tragedies that mean so much to young folk. The wedding clothes had only been procured through some self-sacrifice—the money could be ill spared, since Aunt Susan's rheumatism had necessitated frequent visits from the doctor during the earlier part of the winter. So poor Martha stood beside the ford weeping very bitter tears.

It was then that she heard the coming of the whistling lad. A cow appeared first, walked leisurely across the ford, looked at her with calm surprise, then passed along the lane. Then the owner appeared, and Martha turned aside her face, but not before she had seen his handsome face. He was tall and upstanding, as good-looking a lad as she had ever seen—brown as a berry, with red cheeks and true blue eyes. She recognized him as the new tenant of a farm on the moor-edge two miles away, a prosperous, well-stocked little place. Hitherto they had not spoken, but now, after wading across the ford—the water rose high as his knees—he came to her side cap in hand. It seemed to him that in all his twenty-five years he had never seen a daintier or more touching picture. He did not know her in her finery—surely she must be some rich young lady who had got lost and was filled with alarm.

"Can I help you, miss?" he said courteously. "You're belike a stranger to these parts."

"Nay," said Martha, "I'm no stranger; I've seen you scores o' times," he said, "but I wouldn't have known you in those grand clothes. Why, of a Sunday you're not dressed like this!"

"Tis because I was going to Miss Baggalley's wedding," replied Martha. "She's akin to me by the mother's side—"

"Why, I'm asked too—that is for the supper," he said. "I shall see you there—"

"I don't know as you will," said the girl dubiously. "I've been trying to think how I'll get there, but, with the bridge being broken, I can't follow the Church Path. And 't'oother'll make me a sight to see."

The young farmer scratched his forehead; then, blushing deeply, said he didn't see what was to hinder her going by the Church Path if she was so minded.

"In course 'tis awkward, but I'll try and make you a bridge," he said. "There's some old hedgestakes over yonder—happen they'll do the business. I'm glad we met—glad as the roan cow strayed. My! how I did call her for giving me such a run! My temper well-nigh got the master o' me!"

"I can scarce believe that," said Martha, who no longer presented a picture of tearful melancholy, but who indeed was smiling quite cheerfully. "Why, I did hear you whistling as merry as merry could be!"

"Tis my way, miss. I whistle to keep myself from giving way. But I reckon you'll not want to waste time, so I'll set about seeing what I can do."

He found several long pieces of wood, but nothing that could serve as a safe foothold even for any one so dainty and light as Martha. In perplexity he began to scratch his forehead, then with an exclamation brought down his hand on his thigh.

"Why, sure enough, there's no harm!" he said. "Shut your eyes and don't stir!"

His command was so sharply given that Martha without reflection obeyed. A moment afterwards he had taken her in his arms and carried her, making nought at all of her weight, to the further side of the stream. There, reluctantly enough, he placed her on the first flagstone on his thigh.

"Why, sure enough, there's no harm!" he said. "I don't know what folk'd think if they'd seen us!" said Martha confusedly. "'Tis only right to pay one's debts—"

"I don't know what folk'd think if they'd seen us!" said Martha confusedly. "'Tis only right to pay one's debts—"

"Bide a bit, bide a bit," he pleaded. "No need to hurry, for sure. You'll see me at Mr. Baggalley's to-night. You'll let me walk home with you, won't you?"

"If you ask me, why, I shall be bound to," she said. "Tis only right to pay one's debts—I was brought up that way."

"If you ask me, why, I shall be bound to," she said. "Tis only right to pay one's debts—I was brought up that way."

She tripped onward with a newborn lightness. Not once did she look back, but the lad stood watching until she was out of sight.

"For sure," he exclaimed again, as he turned to follow the roan cow, "for sure, of all the lasses I've ever seen, there goes the lass for me!"
You Really Should
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ART DEPARTMENT,
11, Ludgate Sq., Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
**Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.**

**An African Martyr.**

Here is a beautiful and little known story of one of the "noble army of martyrs." In the days when Cetshwanyo was King of the Zulus, he enacted that no soldier might become a Christian. Nevertheless it came about that, as one of the missionaries taught a class of catechumens in church, one of the King's soldiers dropped in to listen, then came regularly, and finally asked to be baptized with the rest. The consequence of such a step were pointed out, but in vain; Masquumuela had counted the cost, and stood firm. Therefore the day for his baptism was fixed. Tidings, however, reached the King, other of his soldiers were sent, and meeting Masquumuela, they told him their errand. "Oh, yes," said he, "but you must give me time to pray"; and standing in their midst he prayed first of all that, although he must die, God would provide for his wife and children; for the missionaries; for the King who had ordered him to be put to death; for the men who were to kill him; and finally for Zululand, that it might become a Christian country. When he had finished, not one of the soldiers dared touch him. Neither did they dare to disobey the King. So seeing a herdsmen near, they put a weapon in his hand, and the deed was done. Thus, like our own St. Alban, died one of Africa's first martyrs, and many others have since followed in his train.

M. A. Burnard-Tucker.

**A Rich Man.**

Gay colours are a stumbling block to Africans. A missionary who has spent four years in the interior of Africa, told me that when he was showing some coloured pictures to the natives, they said, "Did you not tell us that Jesus was a poor man, and that his disciples were fisher-folk, but here they are all splendidly dressed, why do you bring us pictures that are not true?" For they instantly replied, "If this is not how Jesus dressed, why do you bring us pictures of his disciples?" For if so, He couldn't have been very poor!" It was very difficult to make them understand, for they instantly replied, "If this is not how Jesus dressed, why do you bring us pictures that are not true?"

These natives of the Haussa tribe are, however, very ready to hear all they can of the Gospel, and having very retentive memories, and nothing whatever to read, they go about and repeat what they have heard, and so the Good News is spread...

W. M. C.

**Every Christian's Mission.**

A gentleman visited a jeweller's shop to inspect certain precious stones. Among other gems he was shown an opal. As it lay there, it appeared dull and altogether lustreless. The jeweller took it in his hand, and held it for some moments, then he showed it again to his visitor. It gleamed and flashed with all the colours of the rainbow. It only needed the touch and warmth of a human hand to bring out its iridescence. There are human lives everywhere about us that are rich in their possibilities of beauty; they seem dark and lustreless: perhaps they are darkly stained with sin. Yet they only need the touch of the hand of Jesus to bring out the radiance of the Divine image hidden within. You have to be the hand of Jesus to these marred and lustreless lives. "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Rev. W. F. La Trobe Bateman.

**Missionary Summer Schools.**

"Summer Schools" in connexion with missionary societies have now become regular annual events, since 1904, when the first was held by the C.M.S., and proved to be most helpful and instructive institutions, as well as providing an agreeable change and holiday, a different centre being chosen each time. This month, June 20-28, the West of England is to be visited by the C.M.S., Illfracombe having been selected as the centre. Later in the year another "School," at which technical instruction will be given, will be held at Oxford, from September 5-12; and it is interesting to note that Balliol College have given permission for the meetings to be held in Balliol Hall.

**Hindu Superstition.**

On a Hindu festival day people may be seen by thousands going to the temple of the demon goddess by the river, leading goats. Over 2,000 goats have been slain in one year. They dash water over the goat's head; if it shivers, it is slain; if it does not, 'it escapes! The main thought in this wholesale slaughter is, or was, in its origin, the expiation of sin. They have not yet learned that, "Neither by the blood of goats and calves," but by the precious blood of Christ, is there alone remission of sin.

**Chinese Girls.**

It is well that some attention is turned to countries where the absence of Christianity causes women to be despised. It has been calculated that of every 1,000 girls born in China, sixteen are smothered at birth, to avoid "the calamity and disgrace" of another girl in the house! A group of women in China were questioned as to the number of lives of daughters they had taken. They raised fingers—one, three, two, in answer, and one woman used the fingers on both hands to express the number. All honour to English Christian women who are ready to give their time, and perhaps their lives, to save their sisters from such cruelty.
BIRD SONGS.

I. YELLOW-HAMMER.

By QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER.

I.

WHEN the birds, with one consent,
Tuned their songs again
Yellow-Hammer courting went—
Down the primrose lane;
"Love!" he said: "I'm fain to wed—
If my wife agrees
To a little bit of bread
And no-o-o cheese!"

II.

Well! it sounded frugal fare:
Still she said not "Nay!"
So they built a house down there—
(Happy folks were they!)
Supped before they went to bed
(Cherrie as you please)
Off a little bit of bread
And no-o-o cheese!

III.

By-and-by the babies came;
Babes are fledged and flown;
Yellow-Hammer and his mate
Haunt the hedge alone.
"Love!" he says (as oft he's said!)
"Lots of joy one sees
With a little bit of bread
And no-o-o cheese!"

TALE IN A HUNDRED.

A new serial tale of extraordinary interest, by May Wynne, starts in our next number under the title "What Money Cannot Buy." It is the story of a wealthy inventor who tries to live a double life—that of a fashionable man-about-town, and that of an out-of-work in the slums. In Stevenson's famous story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde evil gradually triumphs over good; in May Wynne's tale the fascination of bringing happiness into sordid lives and winning love for himself and not for his money gains the day. "Rich men," John Hinton is told, "have to buy their wives and their friends." So John Hinton, millionaire by day, becomes John Hinton, shoddy "out-of-work" clerk by night, and learns what money cannot buy.

The July Number will be a remarkable one in other ways. It will contain the first of a series of articles on "Physical Duties," by the famous athlete and health specialist, Mr. Eustace Miles; a special character sketch from the pen of Mrs. Tooley dealing with General Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, with many photographic illustrations of a Scout Exhibition; and a valuable "Letter to Men" on some questions churchmen frequently put to their clergy. We hope also to find space for a sketch of a forgotten Welsh Church, which should be a treasured heirloom for all time; and our Red Letter Church News will be of exceptional attractiveness.

NEW COMPETITIONS.

We have been reminded that among the many competitions we have held only a small minority have appealed to the busy housewife. This month we willingly repair the deficiency by offering ten prizes of five shillings each for the best housekeeping hints (not exceeding 150 words) received on or before July 1. The hint, dealing with any household subject, may be written on a postcard, or sent by letter, addressed to the Editor of HOME WORDS, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. Write "Housekeeping Hints" on the left corner of card or letter.

So successful was our Initial Letter Competition (two examples are given on this page) that we have decided to offer one prize of a guinea and six prizes of five shillings each for the seven best original designs in red and black for headings to any feature, such as "Red Letter Church News," "Our Monthly Calendar," "Letters to Men," or to a Serial Tale. We make no restrictions as to style, but preference will naturally be given in a Church Magazine to those of ecclesiastical character. A stamped packet or envelope must be enclosed with every entry if its return is desired. Entries must be sent to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C., on or before July 15. Write "Heading Competition" on the outside of the packet or envelope containing entry.
CHAPTER XIII.

I Sewed His Ghost!

The sun rose brightly on Nell's wedding morn. It was chill October, and the golden leaves were continually falling through the air. The summer was dead; there were dead leaves everywhere, but nothing was quite so dead as Nell's heart upon her wedding morning.

Four weeks had elapsed since the day of the sale. During that short period, which had seemed an age to her, Nell had gone about her duties as usual. She was quieter and more reserved, and her pale face wore an expression of immovable resignation; so little do the greatest sorrows change the outward form. But she would not think; to think would have sent her mad.

The old farmer, having passed through the storm that threatened to engulf him, still bore some traces of it. He was not as he was before the fire, but he was a vastly changed man from him who sat in the little sitting-room, and tried to shut his ears to the drone of the auctioneer. His calamities had left their mark upon him.

His daughter's marriage troubled him; he vaguely satisfied himself by a process of unconscious selfishness that she was happy, and the choice was hers. He watched her face for a sign, but it gave him none. Perhaps he realized, sometimes, that she gave herself to save his life. Once he took her face between his hands, and looked into those large eyes, that had been brighter in the past. His heart smote him, as he gazed at the pretty drooping lips, and the white, velvety cheeks. She was beautiful, truly, and this beauty was sacrificed for him.

"Nell, my dear, be 'ee happy!"

"I am content, father."

She would say no more.

Old Mrs. Jordan thought the business was a grand opportunity to show how indispensable she was. First of all, she produced a large number of marriage precedents, which were to be religiously followed, but these were, in fact, immediately forgotten. Then she had a large recollection of previous marriages which she had attended, and perhaps delayed, and all these histories had to be recounted, together with an account, invariably involved, of the subsequent lives of the parties after the ceremony. From which it appeared that all the marriages to which she had been invited had turned out well, and all of those to which she had not been invited had turned out ill. "Ah, well, Mrs. Foster knows that if she had only taken my advice when she was Sallie Potts, and it wasn't too late, she would have been a different woman now," etc., etc., she would say, until one was forced to the conclusion that she might have powerfully affected the lives of quite a number of ladies, none of whom were now friends of hers.

During those four weeks, Silas Ruelake had given abundant proof, that he meant to carry out his part of the bargain. Already, a number of men were at work clearing away the ruins of the old farmhouse, preparatory to raising a new one. The meadows that wanted draining, the leat that was to be made, and several other works that had long been the object of the old farmer's wish, were in hand. Ruelake was, of course, a visitor to Crossways, but he was not a frequent one. He had the sense to know that Nell would want to be alone. Her demeanour puzzled him, as it did her father. At first he took her expression for one of satisfaction, but he soon found how stoic it was. He gave her presents; she wore them; but in her room at night she would take them off and cast them across the floor.

And here was her wedding morning, bright and fresh, in October.

She dressed herself as one in a dream, but she would not think. She looked slight, fragile and lovely in the neat travelling dress she wore, for the honeymoon journey was to commence straight from the church. She looked, her father thought
suddenly, too young to marry. Before the time came to set off, she came to him. He clasped her in his arms, and she sobbed bitterly on his breast.

"Oh, father, father!"—his name was all she could utter.

"God bless thee, dearest maid, dearest Nell," he said. "Would that thou mayest be happy."

He knew now what she had suffered and sacrificed for him. They entered the carriage and were driven to the church.

When they alighted at the sacred edifice, some kind tongue told them that Silas Ruelake had not come yet. They passed through the porch and sat down within the building. The ceremony was fixed to take place at half-past eleven. A quarter to twelve, twelve o'clock struck. The time wore on to twelve-thirty, but still the bridegroom was absent. Malicious comments from young ladies who thought they ought to have been married long ago and couldn't find any one to marry them, began to make themselves heard. The rector now approached, and spoke to Farmer Underwood; a messenger was sent to Underdown. Reply, Silas Ruelake was not at home. It was decided to postpone the ceremony.

What a babel! All the parish was there, talking, sympathizing, and quietly gibing. Nell moved out of the church and through the porch on her father's arm; she was still in the dream.

But who is this who comes rushing through the crowd, pushing them apart forcibly? It is Joey; his face is working horribly, and his eyes stare like death. He stood before Farmer Underwood and Nell, and cried with a loudly—

"Oh, maister, maister, I've seed his ghost, an' I be so afeared!"

He burst into a noisy blubbering, and all eyes were fixed on him.

"What be the matter, thou foolish boy," said the farmer, sternly.

"I tell 'ee, maister, I've seed his ghost, I've seed his ghost, an' I be so afeared!"

"What's this? He talks of ghosts!" cried one.

"I'll not take it! I'll not have his money!" uttered Joey, dashing a bag on the ground with great force, where it broke, and golden sovereigns rolled over the earth. "Oh, maister!"—he flung himself down on the ground at Underwood's feet, and clasped his hands. "Forgive me, maister, have pity on me! 'Twas I who did it, an' I seed his ghost, an' I be so afeared!"

Jan stepped forward. He took the wailing lad by the collar of his jacket, hoisted him to his feet, and gave him a good shaking.

"Ain't there been exasperation already wi'out..."
"Tis true what I tell 'ee," cried Joey, looking up into the old farmer's face with great earnestness. "I'll not touch the money 'ee gave me, an' I see his ghost, an' I be so afeared." A strange sight he presented, dishevelled, panic-stricken, standing upon golden sovereigns, before that well-dressed, respectable company.

The rector stepped forward and put his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Calm yourself. What is all this money doing here? Explain that first!"

"'Twas the money 'ee gave me for setting fire to maister's rick! Forgive me, maister." They shrank back from him.

"Forgive me! 'Twas I who did it, not Harry Moore!"

He would have gone on his knees once more but the rector restrained him.

"I forgive 'ee, thou wicked boy. But 'ee've a brought me to ruin, thy maister!" said the old farmer.

"And the ghost. What of the ghost?" asked the rector.

"I seed 'un," said Joey, in a hushed voice.

"Where? Whose?"

"In Crag Tor rocks, zur."

"How came you to see him there?"

"I wor a lookin' in 'atween the rocks, an' there, starin' at me wi' wide open eyes, an' 'is face white an' thin, wor 'is ghost.' 'Twas his ghost, an' I won't touch his money." He put his hands over his eyes and shuddered.

"Whose ghost is it? and whose money?"

"Silas Ruelake's, sure 'nuff?"

"How can it be Silas Ruelake's ghost if he is not dead?"

"Then he must be dead," cried Joey, with such certainty that a shudder of horror passed through the crowd. A woman fainted at the back. They said it was Bella Bolt.

"Zur," said Jan, "I think 'twould be wise f'r us to see what be in the rocks o' Crag Tor."

"I think you are right," replied the rector.

"It would at least clear up the strange statements of this lad. I hope, sincerely, that nothing tragic has occurred. What do you think, Mr. Underwood?"

"I think 'tis the best plan, sir," said Underwood. "But I'll tak' Nell back home."

"No, father," replied Nell, firmly but quietly. "I shal go to Crag Tor, too. I have a right to know all there is to know."

"I believe you are right, Miss Underwood," responded the rector. "Let us go on."

It appeared as though every one intended to follow. Bella Bolt, who had recovered, was of the party, but she kept in the background. The rector, Joey, Jan, Underwood and Nell led the van.

Nothing would induce Joey to go up to the rocks. He pointed out that side of them where the apparition scared him, and declined to budge further. Most of the women decided to keep him company.
"Very well, Miss Underwood."

All eyes looked upon her curiously, ears were stretched to catch the query. Nell cared not for all those that stood beside her, that hemmed her in. She fixed her gaze upon the distracted woman, and said—

"Did you not say that Harry Moore was promised to you?"

Bella gave a shrill laugh and snapped her fingers in Nell's face.

"I did. Silas made me do it, an' I did it to spite you, who were takin' 'im away. Harry Moore! I care not that for 'im, nor 'ee for I."

She snapped her fingers again.

Quick, catch her! Ah, too late, she is down! The dream is gone, the tension is snapped, and she falls to the ground.

"Who is this who comes?" The crowd falls apart and Harry Moore strides into the midst of them. They stare at him. For four weeks has he eluded the grasp of the law.

He stood by Nell's side, and watched her as they endeavoured to revive her.

"Harry!" Farmer Underwood touched his hand.

"Poor lad. What 'ee have been through!"

"Is this her wedding day?" asked Harry.

"Silas Ruelake be dead!"

"Dead!" Harry started back.

"Say it again," he said hoarsely. "Be she not married to 'un?"

"No," replied the farmer, "an' never will be. Silas be found in they there rocks, dead, an' Nell, why, she's fainted."

"Poor maid," returned Harry, "how pale she looks. Ah! what's this?"

He was in the grip of two burly men.

"We've got 'ee now, Harry Moore," said one of them. "We be constables. Will 'ee come quiet?"

A great commotion burst out.

"They've taken Harry Moore! Harry Moore be took!"

"What is this?" said the rector. "Why do you arrest this man? I am a magistrate. Answer me."

"Ee be wanted for setting fire to Master Underwood's rick," replied one, touching his hat.

"That was the work of this lad here, by his own confession," said the rector, indicating Joey. "Take him into custody and free Harry Moore."

"But the other charge," demurred both constables together.

"What is it?"

"Tis for cattle stealing, zur."

"Umph!"

"Be it for cattle stealing?" inquired Jan, pushing his way to the front. "Be it for stealing two bullocks, wan wi' a white face, t'other a two-year-old steer?"

"Yes. What do ye know o't?"

"The thief is dead:" he pointed to where the men were clearing the rocks away from the body. "Silas Ruelake did it. I saw 'im wi' my own
eyes drive 'um off Darteymoor, an' take 'um home. I saw 'im drive 'um out again, wi' different brand marks on 'um, changed to ' H. M.' , and I saw 'im drive they bullocks into the maister's great barn up under Darteymoor wall. Be they the bullocks?"

"Tum Newcombe found two bullocks in there," said Harry, "and said I stole 'un, the liar!"

"Zur," said one of the constables to the rector, "I save the warrant in my pocket. What be us to do?"

"Release Mr. Moore. I order you to do it on my own responsibility. For my part, I conceive Mr. Moore to be completely innocent of these charges. It appears he has been the victim of a schemer. Shake hands!"

He grasped Harry's hand and shook it earnestly.

"Hoorah!" cried Jan, throwing his cap into the air. He would have called for three cheers, but the remembrance of the dead body that lay so near restrained him.

Farmer Underwood took both Harry's hands and pressed them.

"I never did believe that 'ee did set fire to my rick, Harry. Ye be a much-wronged man."

Harry tried to speak, but something got in his throat and stopped the words. He gave the farmer a grateful look, and his eyes dropped and rested on Nell's beautiful senseless face.

Farmer Underwood led Harry outside the porch, and the two passed into the kitchen.

"Harry," said the old farmer, "ye don't know yet the rights and wrongs o' all. Nell never loved him. 'Tis the hand o' Providence that has parted 'um, an' punished him for his wickedness. 'Twas he who burned down my farm, or he made another do 't for 'un, an' why? So's to bring me down to the last verge o' ruin, an' so 'ee did, God forgive 'un! An' Nell, poor dear maid, took 'un for husband, to save her old father from what he could think now. Already a breath of colour lightly touched those cheeks that had been white too long.

And the two sat there in the gloaming, and Harry entered the little cottage wherein the old farmer and Nell sat. She felt as though released from a great load; her spirit seemed to shoot upwards. Relief and a sense of freedom pervaded her thoughts. She could think now. Already a breath of colour lightly touched those cheeks that had been white too long.

A solemn peace hovered over the little cottage wherein the old farmer and Nell sat. She felt as though released from a great load; her spirit seemed to shoot upwards. Relief and a sense of freedom pervaded her thoughts. She could think now. Already a breath of colour lightly touched those cheeks that had been white too long.

And the two sat there in the glooming, and Harry entered the little cottage wherein the old farmer and Nell sat. She felt as though released from a great load; her spirit seemed to shoot upwards. Relief and a sense of freedom pervaded her thoughts. She could think now. Already a breath of colour lightly touched those cheeks that had been white too long.

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"So near death, Harry, love," she returned with a slight quiver.
"Let us forget the past, dearest; 'twas so bitter for both o' us."

The door opened sufficiently to admit Farmer Underwood's head, which was immediately followed by his body.
"Maister," said Harry, as he pressed Nell to him, "do ye forbid me now?"
"God be praised ye have come together," he cried, laying a hand on each of them. "I parted ye once, an' all our troubles followed."
"She be truly mine," said Harry proudly, as he gazed at her glowing face. "See, maister, how beautiful she is! Does she love me, think ye, maister?"
"I do love 'ee," she replied, with a little laugh, as she looked at both of them boldly, and then hid her face on his breast.

A week later, as again these happy three were together in that little sitting-room, a shadow passed the window, and Farmer Underwood hastily rose and left the room. He had seen Mr. Chambers pass; he was anxious to see him, for he knew not whether he might still be at the mercy of the client who pressed his claim so hard.

At the expiration of a minute, however, he poked his head into the sitting-room and said—
"Tis Mr. Chambers, a lawyer-feller, to see ye, Harry. Same wan who pushed on t' sale."
"Tell 'un to come in, maister. There be no secrets here."
So Mr. Chambers came in, and as soon as he was completely in the room, he shook Harry's hand heartily, and hoped he was quite well.

"I've come to see you on business, Mr. Moore, business we shall not quarrel about; I think," he said. "I thought I should find you here, so I was told; umph!"

He glanced at Nell, and immediately dived into the black bag.
"It is a matter of property, my dear sir," went on the lawyer, after clearing his throat skilfully.
"Do you know, now, that the very cottage you are in belongs to you?"
The three looked at one another in surprise.
"I should be astonished, maister," said Harry. "'Tis no property o' mine."
"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Moore," burst out Mr. Chambers with increased heartiness, and Harry, seeing he could not avoid it, shook hands again.
"You are a rich man, sir. Crossways is your property, item number one."
Farmer Underwood whistled.
"As next of kin to the late deceased Silas Ruelake," went on Mr. Chambers, with his eyes on a sheet of paper.
"Eh! maister? Do 'ee say Silas Ruelake's money be mine?" asked Harry.
"Every penny of it. There is no other relative, my dear sir. I congratulate you once more."
"I'll not touch a penny of his money," declared Harry emphatically. "He bore me no love, an' I'll not touch his money!"
Old Underwood nodded his head approvingly, as he heard these words, which, to the lawyer's ears, proceeded from a man obviously demented. 
But, my dear sir,” he protested, “this is a large sum of money, not to be sneezed at, I assure you.”

“No, sir,” said Harry. “I’ll not touch it. Silas Ruelake was no friend to me when alive and I’ll not be beholden to ‘un when dead.”

“True, Harry, I agree wi’ ‘ee,” said Farmer Underwood. “But, maister, you said this yer farm was Silas Ruelake’s. How came ‘ee to have that?”

“By virtue of the foreclosure of the mortgage,” responded the lawyer.

“An’ we never knew,” said the old farmer. “He strictly forbade me to acquaint you with that fact,” rejoined the lawyer. “I much regret it, if you feel aggrieved in any way.”

“I don’t blame you, maister.”

“Stay,” said Harry. “I won’t touch Silas Ruelake’s money, but there be evil done by him that his money must put right.”

Mr. Chambers began to look up again, so to speak.

“‘Twas ‘ee that burned down Crossways,” continued Harry. “It shall be rebuilt out o’ the money; an’ then there be all the property o’ maister here, lost wi’ it.”

“Everything shall be done, sir,” said the lawyer, scribbling away busily with a blacklead pencil. “Your commands shall be carried out.”

The deeds o’ Crossways. Where be they? ”

“Twas a young man and an Angel came to earth one day.

And watched the children at their play.

They played within a garden close,
Bright sunflowers grew there, and the rose,
And there were lilies white and tall,
That seemed the state­liest of them all.

But all in vain the children tried
To pluck the sunflowers side by side,
And thorns were on the rose’s stem,
And lilies were too tall for them.

On the day that the new structure was ready, the wedding bells rang out merrily for Harry and Nell, and, pledged before Almighty God, as well as before man, they commenced their married lives together.

Finis.
Congregational Singing. II. HOW TO JOIN IN THE PSALMS.
By F. LESLIE CALVER, Organist and Choirmaster of Holy Trinity Church, Redhill.

Why Psalms seem difficult.

Many persons who attend church feel that they would like to "join in" the Psalms, but are daunted from doing so because of the difficulties of pointing. Hymns are comparatively easy to follow, because they are rhythmical: that is, it is possible, while singing the latter, to count out a definite number of beats in each bar, just as it is easy to follow the time of, say, a march. Not so with Psalms. They seem to consist of a most bewildering mixture of recitation and rhythm!

Every reader will be familiar with these words. This beautiful Psalm, known as the "Venite," always precedes the Morning Psalms throughout the Christian year, except on Easter Day. Could a more appropriate prelude be imagined? Because it is so often repeated, the pointing of the "Venite" seems easy. Let us see whether, by applying to other psalms the principles thus unconsciously followed in this well-known canticle, we can overcome some of our general difficulties. Of course, the first thing is to know the chant to be sung. In most churches the music is played over, and regular churchgoers will have but little difficulty in this respect.

We will assume that the reader possesses a copy of a pointed Psalter (the Prayer Book is not pointed). The Cathedral Psalter, being probably the most used, will be followed in this article. After examining a few verses of the "Venite," we shall notice that there is a certain definite plan. This plan may be simply explained by the following rules:

1. Each verse is divided, by a colon, into two parts; for instance:

(a) O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
(b) Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

2. These two parts have each two subdivisions—the recitation and the rhythmical portion:

Recitation.
(c) O come, let us
(d) Let us heartily re-

Rhythmic portion. sing unto . the Lord : joyce in the strength of our salvation.

Notice that the first syllable of the rhythmical portion bears a mark like a French acute accent. See the word "sing" above. In the same verse, the second accent occurs on "joyce." Why not on the whole word "rejoice"? Simply because the stress can occur only on one syllable. In speaking, we naturally select one syllable on which to make a stress. Even the longest word never has in it more than one accented syllable. (Experiment with a few words.) We follow the same principle in singing. Now let us notice that, whatever verse of the "Venite" we take, so long as we put a stress on the syllable marked with the peculiar stroke shown in the above examples on "sing" and "joyce," we cannot go far wrong. We seem to follow quite naturally! What a delightful discovery this will be to those who have always been so bewildered by psalms!

Lengthy verses made easy.

Sometimes a verse is much longer than those quoted above. We see an instance of this in the seventh verse of the "Venite," where, after the word "pasture," an asterisk (which, for simplicity's sake, we will call a "star") occurs. This is merely an indication to take breath, and then go on again, on the same note. The wonderful 68th Psalm (set for the 13th morning of the month) abounds in long verses, which need, however, offer no difficulty. Even if a verse contained 100 "stars," it could be smoothly sung, and by any number of people together, if the simple plan of taking breath at each "star" were adopted.

It will be seen that, in the first verse of the "Venite" quoted above, there is a dot after the word "unto." Clearly this dot cannot have the same effect as a full-stop, as it does not show the end of a sentence. What, then, does it mean? Simply that the two syllables "unto" are to be sung quickly together. The other way of singing it would be—

\[ \text{unt} \to \text{the} / \]

Without employing musical terms, it is a little difficult to explain the precise difference. Musicians would show it thus—

\[ 1. \text{unt to the} 2. \text{unt to the} \]

The main point.

But after all, to the lay reader, this is a minor point. The chief thing is systematically to look out for the accented syllable, as explained above. It will be found good practice to go through a few well-known psalms, and pick out the two accented syllables in each verse. These, it will be found, always correspond with the syllable which would be naturally accented in speaking the word. Horizontal lines simply mean that the syllable after which they are placed is to be repeated as many times as necessary to make words and music fit. They usually occur in short verses, e.g., in the second part of verse 11 of the Te Deum:

\[ \text{O} - - - - | \text{Christ.} \]

Notice that the upright strokes correspond with the bars in the music of the chant, and that, starting from the accented syllable, the rhythm of two beats in a bar can be distinctly felt.
A

H well," said a man who had just returned from a bicycle tour, "we had our ups and downs, of course. There were days when it seemed all up hill and head wind, and there were days when everything was delightful and easy: there were days of rain, but there were days of sunshine. Mixed pleasure and pain perhaps it may have been, and yet we enjoyed it immensely. Not only the easy running on a perfect road, but the "collar work" had its charm, since it was good to look back on. . . . And after all it is like life. Life is a journey with ups and downs, with a hard struggle when the road is rough and storms of affliction drive in our face; but though clouds sometimes darken the way, yet the sun is always shining somewhere far ahead, and the joy of striving to reach the sunlit heights towards which the road of life runs straight before us overbalances any discomforts of the way."

Yes it is true. Bicycling has many similarities with the journey of life. At a few of these, then, we will briefly glance.

I. The cyclist must carry a lamp when it is dark.

And he must do this for two reasons: (a) to allow him to see the way himself; (b) to let others see him coming.

And he who journeys through life must possess a light and show it.

(a) He must possess a light to guide himself by, for the way will often be dark, and in the gloom he may lose his way. God has given him a guide—

the Bible. "Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet."

And if he but make use of this guide his feet need never stray from God's way.

(b) He must show a light to others. Christ said that all, journeying through life, were to be "lights in the world," letting their light so shine that men might see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven.

Amid the darkness of the world we are to shine like lamps to guide others to Him Who is the Light, that they be not lost on the journey of life.

We cannot do this unless we put self out of the way. The light which we have to show is the light which we reflect from the Son of Righteousness, and, if self comes between, its
shadow will dim the brightness of the light we carry not only for our own safety but for that of others.

It has been told of the great sculptor Michael Angelo that when working he wore over his forehead, fastened to his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work, the light being always in front of him. The shadows which fell on our path in life—how frequently they fall from ourselves. So put self out of the way and shine for the glory of God, lest in the last great Assize you be asked why in the dark you had not your lamp alight. See, then, to your lamp.

II. The cyclist must prevent punctures.

(a) He must avoid the large stones which might cut the tyre and would cause a spill; and he who travels on life's rocky way must shun those obvious temptations which would lead to a fall.

(b) He must avoid the sharp thorns which though very hard to see would none the less puncture the tyre; and life's traveller must watch against those subtle temptations which, if not avoided, would wound the soul. Sins were the thorns which pierced the Saviour's Heart far deeper than the crown of thorns ever penetrated into His Head. Sin nailed Christ to the Cross, and sin wounds Christ and the sinner to-day.

III. The cyclist must see to his brakes.

There are times when the brake must be used. (a) It must be used going down dangerous places, such as hairpin hills; and when the journey of life leads through danger zones, and the voice of duty bids us pass along the hazardous way, then we must put a check on ourselves. If we fall, then we shall become a stumbling block in the way of others following, and they may trip over us. And what mean therefore those words of Christ: falling of the fate of him who is or puts a stumbling block in the path of others?

Prayer and sacrament with God's grace and help are the brakes which we must use to hold us back in places of danger. And we can use them with confidence. Without them we risk disaster. But a brake gives confidence in dangerous places, so if duty calls through danger, we can pass through it with full assurance if we have sought God's help. Use the brake, then, in all dangerous places.

(b) Many an accident is avoided by putting on the brake in sudden emergencies: so he who journeys through life is saved many a fall in a moment of sudden temptation by putting on the brake of prayer. Brakes are not only to be used at set times, such as down hills, but whenever needed; and prayer is not only for morning and evening and Sunday, but at any moment in the day when sudden temptation looms in sight.

(c) Sometimes, when two or three are riding together, if the brake is not applied a friend might be run down; so if the brake of prayer be not used who knows how many comrades may be harmed for lack of it?

Use, then, the brake when needed if you wish to pass safely to the end of the journey of life.

IV. The cyclist must keep his bicycle oiled and cleaned.

If a bicycle is to run well it must be kept clean and it must be regularly oiled. And if the journey of life is to be well run, the body and soul must be kept clean and well oiled with the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Remember this.

V. The cyclist must be careful not to skid.

When crossing a wet tram line, or riding where the surface of the road is slippery, the bicyclist is apt to skid. Such places he should avoid when possible.

And there are slippery places by the road of life on which the traveller may skid. I saw a book not long ago which was called Slippery Places, and though I did not read it, I believe
its purpose was to point out some of the places where men and women slipped or skidded on the road of life. A man inclined to drink or gamble would be on a slippery place and likely to skid if he deliberately went into a public house or a gaming house, and so on. In short, to walk into temptation is to place oneself on a slippery place where one will probably skid. Therefore, to avoid skidding, shun all those slippery places in life where you know you will meet temptation.

When Queen Victoria was a girl she was once visiting Earl Fitz William. One day in the garden she ran ahead of the rest. But as she carelessly sped on, a gardener followed and pointed out to her that owing to rain a certain path way was extremely slippery. Only he used a local name for slippery—"slape." Princess Victoria made out that she did not understand. "Slape—slap—what is slape?"

The gardener explained to her, but in spite of explanation she wilfully ran on—soon to find herself lying in the muddy pathway.

Earl Fitz William came up to her and said, "Now your Royal Highness knows what 'slape' means."

"Yes," said the crestfallen and humbled Princess. "I think I do. I shall never forget the word 'slape'!"

Travellers on the journey of life, may I ask you to remember the word "slape," and to avoid the slippery places of temptation lest you "skid"?

PRIZE COMPETITION AWARD.

The identification of the portraits of Bishops of our Church, published in the first three months of the year, was attempted by a large number of competitors for the six prizes of a guinea each. Although the lists sent in exceeded a thousand every one was carefully examined, and it is a pleasure to us to note that a very large percentage of solvers named correctly over twenty out of a possible twenty-seven. The best list, giving twenty-six names, was that of Miss C. Priscilla Smith, The Deanery, St. David's, South Wales, to whom we have awarded one guinea, while the following competitors each giving twenty-five names divide the remaining five guineas: Miss Juliet Qay, Thomas Hume, Miss Constance Elliott, Miss Maud Midgley, C. M. Reid, Miss E. B. Platt, Miss E. C. Hebblethwaite, Miss D. M. Stancliffe, and Miss H. Parkinson. The following who gave twenty-four names receive honourable mention: Miss Florence Blackman, Miss Kathleen C. Bondow, Mrs. G. Pardoe, Miss M. B. Wright, and H. C. M. Pitts. Two facts are of interest—one that the competition goes far to prove that women are quicker to recognize faces than men, and second that it was possible for over a hundred competitors to include the names of Dr. Harmer, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Jarrow, in their lists, though neither portrait appeared. The likeness of the Bishop of Down and Connor to the Archbishop of Armagh caused many mistakes.

Patterns are supplied for 4d. post free, instead of the usual 6d.

SUNDAY
How to Make a

By A. M.

OVERALLS cannot, really, be called "Sunday clothes," but they are specially necessary on Sundays, for a certain amount of housework nearly always has to be done, and when you are busy you must of course wear something which covers up your best dress and keeps it clean. This overall is just what you want, for it is most protective and serviceable, besides being very easy to make.

The Pattern (No. 6) is cut in medium size only, but this will fit almost any one except those who are remarkably tall or short. It may be obtained, in return for four penny stamps, from The Manager of Home Words, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.

The Materials.—You will need 3½ yards of stuff 36 inches wide. The most serviceable materials to use are hollander, crash, casement cloth and galatea. Zephyr, though cheap and pretty, is so thin that it does not wear well. Print is good, but you will probably find that you cannot get it in as wide a measurement as 36 inches.

The Cutting.—A look at Diagram 1 will show you the join which has to be made in the material before the cutting can begin. Lay your pattern on the folded stuff and find out how much must be allowed for the longer piece of stuff—that at the right-hand side of the diagram. Cut off the remainder, lay it beside the other piece, and seam the selvages together. Single seams will do quite well; there is no need to make double ones.

Now put the pattern on the material again in the way shown by the diagram, and cut it out. Do not cut the darts just at present, only mark them with a tracing-wheel. The bit marked...
"Band" is not included with the pattern, and it is only a perfectly straight strip varying in length according to the wearer's waist.

The Making.—Look at Diagram 2, which shows you how to close up the under-arm openings. The back edges of the openings are turned in singly at the wrong side of the material and lapped down to the front edges. Then the little shoulder seams are joined.

Now the darts must be run up at the wrong side of the material, the spare stuff must be cut away, and the darts folded down to the inside of the apron. Diagram 2 shows you how to manage all this. When looking at it, remember that you are seeing the apron as it appears when turned inside out.

Now the darts must be run up at the wrong side of the material, the spare stuff must be cut away, and the darts folded down to the inside of the apron. Diagram 2 shows you how to manage all this. When looking at it, remember that you are seeing the apron as it appears when turned inside out.

Diagram 1. Cutting the Apron. Notice the join which has to be made in the material in order to get width enough for the skirt.

Diagram 2. Running the seams, making the darts, and putting on the facing.

Diagram 3. Putting on pocket and the little back bands.

Diagram 4. How to lace the straps and fasten them at the back.

The weary sheep; The day was over, the sun had gone; it was time to sleep. The Shepherd had marked, as they journey'd on, A stone—a fall— Now at the top of the hill called Home, He remember'd all.

And so, as they neared the end of the climb, The Figure fell Bent, and lifted them up in His arms, The old and the small.

"The way has been far, the road has been hard," He whisper'd low. They nestl'd close to the Shepherd's arms, They trusted Him so.

They were tired when they reached the fold at night— The weary sheep; And glad, so glad, as they felt His touch, It was time to sleep.
IV. IS THERE A NEUTRAL GROUND BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG?

M Y DEAR SIR,—
You are not the first man who has been persuaded to introduce a subject for debate at a Men's Institute, and then finds—with a nervousness which surprises himself—that he does not know which side to take; that in fact he has not made up his own mind. With the subject you have selected, or which has been selected for you—for example—all at first seems easy. Of course, you say, a thing must be either right or wrong: the difficulty is not to know what is right, but to do it. As Tennyson says, in the beautiful poem called "Enonc—"

To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

And yet on looking more closely into the matter we find that the real problems are not so simple as we supposed. I presume that as a Christian you honestly desire and resolve to do the right: it is not a question of making excuses for wrongdoing. When you are convinced that a certain course of action is right, and its contrary wrong, you are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices

To resist the evil
And the good to do.

Neutral Ground.

But many things, about which we are practically concerned—which we must do or abstain from—seem to belong neither to right nor to wrong, but to a sort of neutral ground between the two. "There is a marked likeness," says John Ruskin, "between the virtue of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits—the same diminishing gradation in vigour up to the limits of their domains, the same essential separation from their contraries—the same twilight at the meeting of the two: a somewhat wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night, that strange twilight of the virtues; that dusky debatable land, wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom."

Some people dwell much in this "dusky debatable land," and consequently are always tormenting themselves with questions of conscience when what is really needed is the exercise of common sense. You are, for example, staying in a friend's house. You are asked, "Would you like the window open or shut?" "Would you like tea or coffee?" The over-scrupulous person says he would like not what he really prefers, but what he thinks will give pleasure or save trouble to his friend. The result is probably that he judges wrong; and tea is ordered though both prefer coffee, and the window remains open when both would prefer it shut. There remains the further point that the host's pleasure—which is to give pleasure to his guest—is thwarted. These scrupuloses spring from a certain narrowness of view—from failing to put yourself in the other person's place and thus perceiving what he would really wish, i.e., the comfort of his guest.

II. Lawful Differences of Opinion.

There are many things about which Christians differ in opinion, and have a right to differ without bitterness. "All things are lawful to me," said St. Paul, "but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any."

(1) Christians differ as to what may be done on Sunday. Charles Kingsley scandalized people by playing cricket with his parishioners on Sunday afternoons. Some good parents forbid "secular" books and indoor games to their children on a wet Sunday. I know a Board of Guardians where the inmates of the workhouse are forbidden to take a walk on Sunday mornings or to have indoor recreation.

Other Christians rush to the opposite extreme, and after an early service practically secularize the day, inviting friends, playing cards, and ending with a "musical evening." It seems to me that our Lord has laid down the principle, which we have to apply for ourselves, viz., that the Lord's Day is for worship and rest, and that other occupations must be works of necessity and charity: such as feeding and watering cattle, milking cows, preparing food, tending the sick, heating and lighting the church, teaching the children. Any recreation which causes other people to work should be avoided; therefore unnecessary Sunday travelling, concerts, dinner parties, golf, are (to say the least) "inexpedient."

(2) What is called the Temperance question—which generally means total abstinence—will provide another large subject of debate. The
Church of England Temperance Society seems to me to provide common ground for those who are in earnest about the reformation of morals in this respect. There is no doubt that alcohol is deadly poison to growing lads (and so also is nicotine). The Band of Hope is therefore a most useful institution, to be fostered not only by the clergy, but by the parents. In the C.E.T.S. there is a section for "temperate" men as well as for "total abstainers"; and it does harm to the Church when the "moderates" stay outside and think "temperance" has nothing to do with them. You pride yourself on knowing what is good for you; you say it shows more manliness to be able to control yourself than to "swear off" altogether. Very good; then join the C.E.T.S., and make your rule "no drinking between meals." "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

III. A rule for things indifferent.

We are not the keepers of other men's consciences. Some Christian men hold a different view from what may be yours or mine on many practical points of conduct. Here the conscience of each must be his guide. "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. . . . One believeth that he may eat all things, another who is weak (scrupulous) eateth herbs. . . . I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." Yours sincerely,

Those Eternal Bowers.

Words by Dr. J. M. NEALE (tr.)
Music by the Rev. J. HIPWELL, M.A.

Sometime Rector of Elmswell.

1. Those Eternal Bowers

Words by Dr. J. M. NEALE (tr.)
Music by the Rev. J. HIPWELL, M.A.

Sometime Rector of Elmswell.

1. Those Eternal Bowers—Man hath never trod, Those unadverting
flow in Round the Throne of God; Who may hope to gain them
rall . . . ten, a tempo. rall . . .

2. After weary fight, Who at length attain them Clad in robes of white? Amen.

3. He, who gladly barter All on earthly ground; He, who like the Martyrs Says, "I will be crowned"; He, whose one obligation Is a life of love; Clinging to the nation Of the Blest above.

4. Shame upon you legions Of the Heavenly King, Denizens of regions Past imagining! What! with lute and tabor Fool away the light, When He bids you labour, When He tells you, "Fight." While I do my duty, Struggling through the tide, Whisper Thou of beauty On the other side; Tell who will the story Of our now distress; Oh, the future glory! Oh, the loveliness! Amen.
SAVING LIFE AND LIMB IN OUR GREAT INDUSTRIES.

By J. H. CRABTREE.

STORMS and hurricanes at sea do not, it is said, bring greater risks to humanity than the daily toil of millions of workers on land. Every day, every hour of the day, places some life or limb in imminent peril; every moment calls for care and caution from heads and hands labouring for the "bread which perisheth." And whatever effort be put forth, by ever so humble a toiler in the common field of labour, to save a fellow-worker from injury or ill-health, is worthy of gratitude.

Some men spend their days working literally between heaven and earth. Every large town has its huge chimney-stacks towering skyward at a height of 120 to 180 feet. Subject, as they are, to strong winds and heavy gales, these stacks suffer from the inroads of rain and frost and snow. Now and again the repairer, commonly known as a "steeple-jack," must come along and climb those bare brick walls, with the confidence and dexterity of a fly on the window-pane. Of danger he feels nothing; he laughs at every suggestion of "nerves"; he avows it is just as safe at the top as at the bottom; and when "up there" he can, at leisure, have a good view of the country for five miles round.

But how will he ascend? No balloon or up-to-date aeroplane is provided for him. He cannot transfer himself to the top and slide his ropes, planks and ladders into comfortable positions. He must start at the bottom — on terra firma. In a marvellous manner he paves his way over his own head. A ladder is fixed from the groundlevel against the chimney-stack; this is firmly held to the stack by iron clamps or "dogs" driven between the bricks. To the top of this another ladder is dove-tailed, and "dogs" are again driven into the stack to hold this second ladder as firm as a rock. To the top of the second ladder a third is dove-tailed, and fastened as before. And so the intrepid climber piles and fixes ladder upon ladder, never looking "behind him" until his last ladder reaches the wide coping at the crown of the stack. Then he can take a rest and look round. The most dangerous operation is safely accomplished.

His life depends on the "dogs" being made absolutely reliable. If a "dog should slip its leash," the result is fearful to contemplate. And this does happen occasionally; every time is once too often, for the poor fellow concerned may be dashed to pieces. Like the proverbial "black sheep" in a flock, there are soft bricks in a chimney. One of these led to the undoing of a hard-working chimney repairer. A "dog" had apparently been driven firmly between the bricks. It seemed sound enough until he put his own weight on the ladder. Suddenly there was a crackling under his feet; the "dog" had drawn out, and he was hurled through mid-air!

To these labourers at high altitudes every sympathy is due; so little can be done in the way of safety devices to protect...
twenty, thirty, and fifty feet above ground. It almost makes us creep as we, from the street below, peer upwards at an intrepid workman leaning from the doorway of the fourth storey, attending to the teagle when hoisting goods. That grave risks surround such an occupation will be patent to all. What a nerve it must be that can watch the operations of a host of people fifty feet down and never quiver, though not even a foot-rule divides it from the vast abyss below. For it frequently happens that these lofty doorways have no gates or bars, in any shape or form, to shield the operator. A mere slip of one foot, a moment's loss of balance, and the strong man is precipitated below, while the passers-by shudder and reel at the sight.

There are, however, simple means of preventing these casualties. They cost little, and save precious lives and useful limbs. Lofty doorways can be provided with partial doors, about four or five feet high, placed in position during loading operations so that goods can easily be hoisted and drawn over the partial door without exposing the teagle-man to risk or danger. He can see everything that is going on over the door-top, but cannot fall from a straight course of Fire Escape Stairs from top to bottom.

When fighting fire cover the neck and breathing apertures.

The blade at the back of this saw stops the wood from flying back at the sawyer.
the landing he stands upon. Another method, equally simple, is to place strong iron bars across the doorway, five feet in height, and drop their extremities in iron staples fixed firmly to the door casings. These bars should be of round iron an inch in thickness. Wooden staves should not be used; they are apt to fracture suddenly with the impact of heavy weights.

Where doorways are small, iron bars can be fixed—one on each side—from the top to the side-casing. These bars are curved inward, are about a foot apart, and allow goods held by a tangle-rope to be drawn into the room with one hand, while the attendant holds the bar with the other.

The fire-fend comes to our great business establishments very ravenously at times, and every year lives are lost in the moloch of flame. No fate can be more terrible than to be hopelessly locked in a girdle of fire. And it is no wonder that girls and women lose their nerve when aroused at midnight by the sudden alarm of an outbreak. What can be done?

At the outset much can be done by a cool head and a keen eye. The worst foe in case of fire may be within us; excitement is the dread enemy of safety. When the passages are blinded with smoke, the stairways hidden in reeking clouds, the windows crackling with intense heat, the flames licking the wind-

dow-sills, and the ladders smitten with shooting ashes, it must be hard for inmates to determine what to do. Means should be taken before the fire to render exit certain and easy.

In this regard much can be done, and done well. Mr. X. is a large employer who has a great horror of fire and its consequences, and has spent valuable minutes and hours in considering the matter. All fire-escape windows in his establishment have their sides neatly marked with a cross in black-wash or paint. Everybody knows where those windows are located without having to gaze through the window for the escape landing. During the progress of one big fire the people inside were running excitedly from end to end of the room, looking for the window by which they might escape. These are perilous moments of delay. Mr. X.
means that his workers shall be able to reach the safety-spot in a few seconds. Further, these windows are not screwed up, or nailed, or plugged with paper. A small latch allows the window to be opened from the inside in a moment. Thus the girls are on the landing in “quick time.” From the landing outside each floor there is a clear, straight walk to the next lower landing, and thus to the ground. Mr. X. doesn’t care for ladders with round rods as staves; he thinks they are risky, especially for girls and women. He prefers strong, reliable, flat iron stairs, about three feet wide, so that his girls can descend comfortably two abreast.

The stairs are painted year by year to prevent rust and corrosion. Mr. X. insists on all brackets and joints being well examined and repaired at once if found faulty. They must be no cure.

As in the ancient days, there are artificers in brass and iron, workers in wood and precious metals, weavers of cloth and fine linen; with one and all safety is of first importance. Men who cut logs of wood by means of circular saws call for safety and protection, so that their fingers and hands may be preserved intact throughout their risky occupation. The sawyer needs no telling that these discs of steel with sharp teeth can mutilate fingers just as easily as cut wood. He knows only too well how pieces may catch on the back of the saw and be thrown back violently against himself. Fortunately, means are available to prevent casualties of this sort. A blade of steel, placed at the back of a circular saw, opens the cut and prevents the timber seizing the saw. So simple, yet so useful.

As in great things so in small, safety is essential. The workman who makes the finest needles is a valuable servant of the community, and has his own risks to encounter. He is protected from the fine metallic dust by strong exhaust air-currents induced by fans. Grindstones, too, are tested carefully before use, so that they may not “fly” when grinding needles. A cracked stone will generally “fly,” to a hundred pieces in the testing-frame, and nobody is hurt.

In every department of our great industries protective appliances are welcomed and appreciated. They save life and limb.

The Acre of Tares.

By B. KINGSTON WEBBER, Author of “Flower of the Lime,” “Love and the Remittance Man.”

JANET BRIDGES sat looking out of her cottage window at the unkempt garden. Thistles had invaded it from over the boundary wall, choking it with insidious dark growth, tipped here and there with puffs of seedling flower. The gate leaned awry, and the paint was peeling away from it, leaving the soddened wood bare to the lash of the winter rain. Below an angry sea roared and moaned about the ragged blue shale stone of the rocks.

Janet sighed. “Eh, tis just what I be!” she said resentfully. “Barren land and choked with weeds this many years. I’ve worked in it most of my days and ’tis main hard to be old. Lord! there’ll not be much to show for my life when I be took up along.”

She spread a pair of wrinkled hands, knotted with rheumatism, upon her knees, and glanced at the marks and stains of work upon them.

“Sixty years o’ tryin’ to live decent and God fearing,” she murmured. “An’ what’s to show at the end?”

She glanced down the desolate room. From the far-off days of her girlhood when she had tramped miles in all weathers to work in the fields, down to the time when she found herself widowed—lonely and old, her life had been one long struggle. It was a valiant record of a drawn battle against poverty and misfortune. Even her children were as poor as herself.

“Lord knows as how I meant to give a good account o’ my doin’s, ” she said mournfully. “But ’tis little I’ve done, main little.”

The fire, winking low on the stone hearth, dazzled her eyes with its continual change and flicker. Her head drooped lower towards her shoulders, and then she closed her eyes with its continual change and flicker. Her head drooped lower towards her black and white check shawl. Her thoughts wandered to the days in the open fields, and, as she slept, merged gradually into a dream.

She stood, hoe in hand, on the slope of a barren field, facing a wintry sea. Inland there were gleams of sunshine, and she could see the green and gold of ripening corn and the softly rounded fields, down to the time when she found herself face to face with puffs of seedling flower. The gate leaned awry, and the paint was peeling away from it, leaving the soddened wood bare to the lash of the winter rain. Below an angry sea roared and moaned about the ragged blue shale stone of the rocks.

Janet sighed. “Eh, tis just what I be!” she said resentfully. “Barren land and choked with weeds this many years. I’ve worked in it most of my days and ’tis main hard to be old. Lord! there’ll not be much to show for my life when I be took up along.”

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She stood, hoe in hand, on the slope of a barren field, facing a wintry sea. Inland there were gleams of sunshine, and she could see the green and gold of ripening corn and the softly rounded shoulders of the wooded hills. Where she stood there were no trees, but only leafless hawthorns, bent inland by the wind. : The soil was so poor and thin that great boulders and ledges of granite broke up through it. And because of them not one of the furrows in the field might run straight.
And she dreamed that she leaned on her hoe and looked out across the land which she dimly knew was hers. Then from the moist earth where wheat should have grown sprang (thistles—monstrous nightmare weeds, armed with pale spikes so that she might not come at them to root them out.

She looked at her hands, and saw them torn and scratched and bleeding. The shoes on her feet were broken and her clothes rent. The bitter rain from off the sea blinded her, and the wind was very cold.

Then from the valley came the sound of loud singing, and, turning, at the sound, she saw that the corn was ripe and standing bound in sheaves. And it seemed too—so clear was the vision—that she could see the peaceful faces of the reapers as they sang, their white robes glittering in the sunshine.

Then there came over her a great bitterness and a great despair. It was as though the rain splashed down into her very heart, chilling it to the stone of the rocks beneath.

At that there came a sudden voice, loud and clear as a trumpet blown over the sea:

"Bring home the sheaves!

To her feet she dropped the hoe, ringing on the rocks, and raised her scarred hands to the skies:

Lord! she cried despairing. The field which was given me is barren!

Even as she spoke the sun broke golden through the clouds in the west, turning the sea to brilliant, burning sapphire. And lo! all about her the field burst into flowers, red and purple, tossing and flashing in the light. The song of the reapers grew louder, and as she felt herself borne forward, wondering, overjoyed in the numberless procession she saw the flash of the sickles at work in her glowing acre.

With that she woke. Outside the sun, breaking through the storm clouds, poured a great flood of glory over the heaving water, turning it into a likeness of that "sea of glass mingled with fire" of which Janet had wept so many times.

She tottered to her feet, and, flinging wide the window, leaned out into the red of the sunset.

"'Eh!" she cried. "'The Lord He knows! He knows 'tis mortal hard to live. He'll make good for me I reckon. I always done what come my way. He'll take count of it all."

She looked down into the garden and smiled. The burden of life had become light, for in her ears rang the music of the great harvest song. Outside the sun made shining reflections on the broad dark leaves of the weeds, tossing and shining.

"There bain't nothing too small to do Him service," she said. Then again she smiled, the smile of a woman looking over work completed and knowing peace at last.

Even as she spoke the sun broke golden through the clouds in the west, turning the sea to brilliant, burning sapphire. And lo! all about her the field burst into flowers, red and purple, tossing and flashing in the light. The song of the reapers grew louder, and as she felt herself borne forward, wondering, overjoyed in the numberless procession she saw the flash of the sickles at work in her glowing acre.

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By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

Do You Know?

QUESTIONS. IV.

1. What reference was made by an unprincipled general to Abraham's death?
2. What is the "fountain-head of the stream of prophecy"?
3. What examples of "faith" are drawn from the Book of Judges?
4. Where is the statement that Terah was an idolator?
5. What connexion of deep interest has the Book of Deuteronomy with our Lord?
6. Six were laid to rest in Machpelah.
7. What is "the fountain-head of the stream of prophecy"?
8. Where is Jacob's wrestling interpreted for us?
9. What fruit did Aaron's idolatry bear long afterwards?
10. Answers to the above questions should not be sent to the Editor, but should be kept to be compared with the Author's answers to be published in the July Number.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PREACHERS AND TEACHERS

A year or two back an appeal was made to the people of New York to plant trees in the fronts of their houses. It was pointed out that they would in time beautify the city. While the cost to each householder was small, the benefit became widespread as far as the plan was adopted. Such a plea becomes a parable when applied to higher matters. If we as individuals do the right, those around us will receive good, and we shall thus be serving God. An old proverb states that if each doorstep be kept clean, the whole street will be clean. Let us see to it that the influence we are planting is good, and others will then take knowledge of us and glorify our Father Who is in heaven.

Years ago a vessel was wrecked on the Irish coast, although the weather was not by any means severe. So much interest attached to the disaster that divers went down to examine the wreck, and among the portions of the vessel examined was the compass. In the box a small piece of steel was detected, although the weather was not by any means severe. So much interest attached to the disaster that divers went down to examine the wreck, and among the portions of the vessel examined was the compass.

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**Red Letter Church News.**

A Church Stamp. — We reproduce a "new issue" which was on sale for the first time at a parochial bazaar held recently in St. John's, Deptford. The "stamp," which is issued in two sizes, the smaller being sold in sheets of twelve, has been designed and printed by a parishioner, and forms a useful letter seal, besides giving an effective finish when affixed to church receipts, etc. We may also note another use to which such a stamp may be put, namely, to identify free hymn-books, hymn-sheets and prayer books with the church to which they belong. If any rector would care for such a stamp for parish purposes we shall be pleased to send further information.

A Giant Marrow. — Here is a photograph of two vegetable marrows which were sent to the Harvest Festival at Beaumont Church, Essex. The large marrow (grown in the Rectory garden) measured 3 ft. in length and weighed 55 lbs., and the smaller one (sent from one of the Churchwardens) was beautifully engraved with the words "Harvest Festival," the date and fern leaves being artistically traced. The engraving was done by means of a needle when the marrow was quite young.

R. H. MATHERS.

Three Generations Confirmed. — At a confirmation conducted last year by the Bishop of Liverpool in St. Mark's Church, Haydock, Lancs, a boy aged fifteen, his father aged thirty-eight, and his grandmother aged seventy-seven, were confirmed. Both father and son were working in the pit, and the old grandmother had lived all her life in the colliery village. She was very nervous as the confirmation day approached, but the Vicar gave her confidence by promising to conduct her to the chancel steps. The grandmother, father and son are all living together.

Miss M. UNDERWOOD.

The Force of Example. — The following story which was told by the Bishop of Manchester at a confirmation service at Leigh Parish Church shows how the force of example may save one's soul. I was talking once to a candidate who had come to me for confirmation and I could not understand why she came. I said, "Did your parents send you?" "No," she said, "they would not have done so, they are atheists. They hate the Church and they hate all religion." Then I said, "Was it your Sunday school teacher?" "No," she said, "I have never been a Sunday school." "Then I said, "Tell me who sent you or brought you to the confirmation," and she made this answer. I cannot forget it as long as I live; you will not forget it. She said, "It was the beautiful life of the girl that worked next to me in the shop" (she worked in a jeweller's shop). There were many girls working in it. Many of them were thoughtless, but there was this girl with the beautiful life, and her beautiful life made that candidate say to herself, "Oh, how I should like to live like that. I must find out how it is done." She came to the church where I was, she came to the confirmation class; she wanted to know how to live the beautiful life. Soon after she was confirmed.

W. ATKINSON.

Robin assists Choir. — A somewhat curious episode occurred during evening service at Houghton Church, Norfolk, a short time ago, when a robin, which had gained admittance to the chancel, appeared to have joined in the musical part of the service in a whole-hearted manner. The feathered songster's presence became manifest in the opening hymn, in which he joined in rather an uncertain manner at first, as if finding his way to the proper notes. The chant which followed being in a minor key, for some reason did not appeal to his taste, since he maintained a rigorous silence whilst it was being sung. In the second psalm, however, he burst into full song, and his high notes rose audibly above the voices of the choir. The intruder continued to join in the remaining music, with the exception of the final hymn, throughout the singing of which he remained silent, evidently well satisfied with his attempts so far in assisting the choir.

E. B.

Two Famous Fonts. — Few churches can claim to possess two famous fonts, but this distinction belongs to All Hallows, Goodmanham, Market Weighton, E. Yorkshire. In our photograph, taken by Mr. C. E. BURDEKIN, the nearer font is very ancient Saxon, and traditionally associated with Paulinus and the baptism of Cæle. It was disused in the sixteenth century, when the second font was put in the church, the old one serving as a trough and also as a wicket-stone for axes on the farm of the ancestors of Mr. F. Parkinson of Market Weighton, until 1805, when the Rev. James SILLINGFLEET, Rector of Hotham, discovered it and had it removed to his garden, where it remained till about 1820, when it was again put in its former place in the church, where it now stands. It is in a good state of preservation except for a slight crack and being weather-worn. It is 23½ inches high.

The newer font was put in the church in the sixteenth century, during the incumbency of Robert CNING, parson of Goodmanham. It is beautifully carved, but has been slightly defaced on one part of the lettering by some unknown vandal.

A Giant Harvest Thanksgiving Offering.
An Extraordinary Clock.—In the centre of the High Street of Buntingford (Herts) stands a very old clock, dating back to about 1660. It never had more than one hand, and therefore the time cannot be exactly told except when it strikes each hour. It keeps excellent time even now. The huge weights of this curious clock descend in the gateway illustrated in the photograph. The large bell on which the clock strikes is (following a very old custom) rung regularly every Sunday for service at St. Peter’s Church, and the most remarkable thing is that, to ring the bell, the church clerk has to ascend up a staircase in the gateway which is built in the Angel Inn, the building to the right of the picture, and the room in which he stands to ring is over the public bar. I think I may say this is the only place in England where the church clerk has to go to a public-house to ring the church bell.

Charles Miles.

A Versatile Curate.—The Rev. H. A. Turner, Curate of St. Thomas’s, Scarborough, is known as the “FATHER PAXON.” He has frequently been out at sea for days at a time with various Scarborough crews, and before ordination, he went through the South African war as a Corporal. He has designed and built a complete model miniature railway, with engines, trucks, carriages, signal-boxes, signals, tunnels, viaducts, etc., in working order, and by the exhibition of this wonderful model, he has earned large sums of money for bazaars and other parochial objects.

P.

A Veteran Missionary.—The Rev. E. J. Peck, who has given a lifetime to work amongst the Eskimos within the Arctic Circle, is again in England, and has a wonderful story to tell of his life in the far north.

The Eskimo language is by no means easy to acquire. It is customary to add all sorts of adverbs, etc., to the stem of a verb, and Mr. Peck sometimes exhibits a piece of canvas 2½ yards long which contains a single word.

It is quite a common thing for us to hear of churches being destroyed by fire or storm, or even by earthquake, but Mr. Peck can tell of his church, which is made of skins, destroyed by dogs.

Nelson’s Mounting Stone.—Carefully preserved within a railed-in enclosure opposite the north porch of Merton Church, Surrey, is a curious mounting stone. Over a century ago this was erected for the convenience of Lord Nelson when riding to church on horseback from his residence at Merton Abbey. The seat of the pew occupied by the great admiral is still preserved in the vestry of Merton Church, on the clerestory wall of which may also be seen the Nelson hatchment.

J. B. Twycross.

Buried Church.—After 308 years the ancient church and churchyard at Eccles, Norfolk, have been given up by the sea. Many years ago the church and a village of sixty-six houses stood at some distance from the sea, but the waves gradually encroached on the land, and in 1604, 2,000 acres of land were overwhelmed. All the inhabitants were drowned, and only the tower of the church remained visible.

During a recent gale an extraordinary scouring of the beach removed every particle of the tons of sand covering the church and churchyard. The action of the waves has so worn away the earth that the bottoms of the graves are now level with the surface, their shapes being plainly discernible in the solid clay. On one day no fewer than thirty-six skeletons were exposed, one of which had the arms crossed on the breast. In the ruined church a bronze key and escutcheon were found. They are believed to belong to the church chest.

Another gale, however, has removed a considerable portion of the sand and uncovered some more remains.

J. M. Jack.

Family of Bellringers.—A notable achievement in bell ringing is that of the Bignold family of Shere, near Guildford. For more than two hundred years the successive generations have taken an active part in the parish church bellry.


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