South African Church Railway Mission.

**STAFF.**

*Head of the Mission:*
The Ven. F. A. ROGERS, M.A. ... ... ... P.O. Box 1131, Johannesburg.

*Vice-Head:*
Rev. O. W. L. Skey ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.

Rev. G. A. Lejeune ... ... ... Naauwoort.
Miss Beckwith ... ... ... On furlough.
Miss Holmes ... ... ... The Hermitage, Grahamstown.

Rev. E. G. K. Esdaile ... ... ... Waterval Boven.
Mr. A. H. P. Austin ... ... ... On furlough.
Nurse Wardale ... ... ... Box 53, Volksrust.
Miss Attlee ... ... ... The Vicarage, Germiston.

Miss Watson ... ... ... 60, Douglas Street, Bloemfontein.
Miss Heddy ... ... ... On furlough.

Rev. E. G. Holden, M.A. ... ... ... P.O. Box 616, Bulawayo.

Native Catechists, Readers and Teachers: Johannes Magxaxa, William Mbenya, John Nxumale, William Sontshi.

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

Box 1131, Johannesburg,
December 12th, 1914.

My dear Friends,

As I prophesied last quarter, no new Head has yet been appointed, and by the kindness of the Bishop of Pretoria I am giving one-third of my time to the Mission until better days come.

Meanwhile the work is, of necessity, suffering, not only for want of a Head, but also for want of workers.

Mr. Holden and Miss Heddy are both sailing for England this week. The former would have finished his three years with us in February, but the sudden death of his father has made it necessary for him to go now. We offer him our most sincere sympathy and hope that if circumstances compel him to stay in England he will find every blessing and happiness there. His place will be difficult to fill, and I have just been up to Livingstone to consult the new Bishop of N. Rhodesia on the subject; at any rate, when a successor can be found he will have a warm welcome.

Miss Heddy has also been summoned home owing to the illness of her mother, and we much hope that she will find better news awaiting her and that before long she will be able to return.

Mr. Griggs and Miss Brownlow were happily married on October the 15th and have arrived safely in England. There were quite a fair number of the staff present at the wedding, and shoals of telegrams from friends all over the country.

The most cheering news this quarter is that Mr. Coombs is hoping to be ordained Deacon to-morrow, and his many friends will be glad to think that his great wish is being fulfilled, and that he will have the grace of Holy Orders to help him in his ministry. We shall I know remember him in our prayers.

I hear that Miss Beckwith is ministering to the troops in Paris, and I have heard from Mr. Austin to-day that he has a commission in the Durham Light Infantry.

I have written to Mr. Knapp Fisher saying that we shall expect to hear some day of his experiences on board H.M.S. Chatham, as they have evidently been busy off the east coast of Africa.

I shall be glad to hear from any one who wants the ministrations of the Church and cannot get them, and I will do my best to supply them.

Will you please specially pray for guidance for the Provincial Synod which meets in January and which may have an important bearing on the future of the Railway Mission?

SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

I must apologise for contributing nothing to the last quarterly number; but as I had already written fully about the Protectorate, and had not been round my new section, I did not feel that there was much to be said.

August was devoted to a first tour of the Protectorate, which was as complete as possible, when services were held on five Sundays and five weekdays, with a wedding and three Baptisms thrown in. Not only were attendances and collec-
tions good, but everywhere people were also most kind, and seemed sorry to say good-bye. It is good to hear that the Rev. W. Lack has had such an encouraging start, since he began work there in September, and that people have responded so well to his efforts to put the Church work on a secure financial basis.

There is still one place, MAHALAPYE, which with Mr. Lack's approval I have visited since September. There are three Confirmation candidates here, whom we hope the Bishop will be able to confirm very shortly.

Of my new section part is old ground and part new. PLUMTREE continues to be one of the best of Sunday centres. A Confirmation class will shortly be started at the school. Although this has been compelled to hand itself over to Government control, yet so long as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and the present staff are there, so long will it continue to keep the old tone and atmosphere, which has been so favourable to our work in the past among the boys. The local residents are rather fewer in number, owing to enlistments, and the school staff has given up Mr. Easton and Mr. Lee to the cause. Some of the residents would be only too pleased to see the Sustentation Fund started again, but of course it is a bad time for such endeavours.

FIGTREE has continued to do well. On my last visit we had a record attendance in the morning, which quite overflowed the Booking Office where service was held—26 in all. The organ, which I had just had repaired, was a great help, and with Mrs. Wood's playing we managed to sing all the Canticles at Mattins, as well as hymns—a great feat! A number of men had to be packed into the so-called “vestry,” behind the ticket barrier, others sat on boxes outside the windows. If the local farmers and police always back up the efforts of the station people as well as this, Figtree ought to become a strong centre. It is a great treat also to find a certain number of communicants, always glad of a celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Wils worth are still stationed here, I am glad to say.

There is another big farming centre at MARULA, where I spent a Sunday with a namesake of my own, Mr. Ingram; but beyond having a delightful week-end at this farm, we did not succeed in getting many people together at this first attempt.

Passing to the Falls line, I visited the gangers at PARIPAS and REDBANK, and spent a night in the coach at the former place, where the stone quarries from which St. John's, Bulawayo, was built, have closed down for the present. I had a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie here.

NYAMANDHLOVU has Sunday visits occasionally, but has been disappointing lately, though Mr. and Mrs. Waterworth and the station staff are most kind.

I have also paid visits of a few hours' duration to GWAAI and MALINDI, each of which possess about a dozen people. Later on it may be possible to arrange to hold services here. I spent two of the worst days I have ever struck on this trip. Sundry pumpers and gangers en route have been seen, and given papers. It is a desolate strip of line, the famous 72 miles of “straight” beginning at Gwaai.

WANKIE is still being visited by Mr. Holden.

It only remains to give some account of the WEST NICHOLSON line, which is new ground, as far as we are concerned. This piece of railway is 100 miles in length, and serves a mining and a farming country. The station populations are very small: and at the Bishop's request and with the permission of the Railway authorities, we are extending our visits to places off the line to some extent, of which the largest and farthest place visited is the well-known ranching establishment of Liebig's at MAZUNGA, not less than
65 miles from the terminus at WEST NICHOLSON.

The first place of any size after leaving HEANY JUNCTION is the BUSH TICK mine, three miles from the siding. At my first visit over twenty people turned up to a Sunday night service. I had an interesting morning inspecting the mine, and visiting the people, of whom there must be 40 or 50. Unfortunately, I have just had news which seems to imply that the mine is shortly closing down, so what the result of my next visit will be I cannot say.

The next siding, ESSEXVALE, is within driving distance of the Bush Tick, and is a farming centre. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson were my kind hosts, and asked the people round to come to service. We had a nice Celebration, and Mattins in the morning. Quite a number of people can be reached in this way, and it is very pleasant to find so many that are really keen on a visit.

Between here and GWANDA there seems to be no place large enough for services, as BALLA-BALLA has a very small population, and the people round live at great distances. There are numerous small mines in the vicinity, and it remains to be seen whether they can be profitably and possibly visited.

GWANDA is quite a township, laid out on a rocky slope, and extremely hot. It is the centre of a Government district, and there are quite a number of officials and police, a hospital, etc. I spent a week-end here, with the coach, and was able to hold a Celebration on Sunday morning for three communicants, and we had about 20 at Evensong. The heat was appalling, but otherwise it was an enjoyable visit.

Between GWANDA and WEST NICHOLSON there are a lot of mines, mostly abandoned, or gradually failing, none of which I have been able to get at so far. The Colleen Bawn seems to be the largest. At WEST NICHOLSON there are about 20 people, and I promised to hold service there next time. The mine is no longer being worked. I had no time on this occasion for a service, as by the kindness of the manager, Mr. de Laessoe, I was whirled off in a motor-car to MA-ZUNGA, doing the 65 miles in four hours! Mrs. de Laessoe kindly entertained me, and I had two days and a half to get to know everybody. This was the first visit of a clergyman since the place started five years ago, and it was naturally full of interest to me and, I hope, acceptable to them. It is quite a wonderful place; the staff at the head-quarters and their families number about 50, and there are about a dozen on the outside farms. Their quarters are extremely well built, and everything is most up-to-date and complete, though so far from civilisation. I think everybody had got rather out of touch with spiritual things after so long a blank, but in the end we had a very hearty service, which about 25 people attended, at night, and four young fellows attended the Celebration next morning. Everybody was most pleasant, and I think they were glad to have had a service at last, even though some of them imagined that they had become almost heathen! It was a very encouraging visit, and the motor ride both ways very welcome and luxurious.

This ends my experiences, which I hope are not too long for the Editor!

E. F. WIXINGTON-INGRAM.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

I always experience a feeling of guilt when each number of *Light for the Line* is published and I find I have contributed no news of my section to its pages. But there is a strong tendency to imagine that N. Rhodesia is so self-contained that its affairs can be of little interest to those in the south; and as transfers, except within the section, don’t exist, there is not that bond
between the different districts which one
finds down below.

Now I have made my apology!
In spite of your not receiving any
news of us, the work has gone steadily
on and is, I think, progressing. It is,
of course, on a small scale as regards
numbers, though large as regards dis­tances. The stations are 50 miles apart,
and many of the intervening sidings
are used merely to facilitate "cross­ings" and have not a house within
sight. To give one instance of the iso­lation of the section: The other day I
visited in adjoining cottages two
gangers whose nearest neighbours to
the south lived 18 miles away, and to
the north 22 miles. As frequently hap­pens, they saw so much of each other
and so little of the outside world that
they soon quarrelled, and now to all
intent and purposes they are living
completely isolated lives.

If some places have disappointed us
in their response others have more than
cheered us. It will suffice to mention
the two extreme cases, Elisabethville
and Wankie. Even allowing for the
fact that the majority of the British
inhabitants of the former place are of
the "here to-day and gone to-morrow"
type, yet there are sufficient permanent
people to form quite a good congrega­tion if they were more keen. One has
found that two difficulties exist which
are difficult to overcome. The first is
the Belgian influence on the British in
the question of Sunday observance. The
even is always reserved for dinner par­ties and the cinema, which produces a
so-called gala show on that night, and
to which everyone goes. The second
difficulty lies in our inability to find a
suitable place in which to hold the ser­vices. The hotels which we have always
been compelled to use are generally fre­quented by an undesirable type of
drinker and that has made it hard to
shut out the undesirable, and to create
the helpful atmosphere. But even these
cannot excuse the apathy of the people
of Elisabethville. Lubumbashi, its near
neighbour, is by degrees becoming de­pleted of English, and what used to be
a small centre of earnest church folk
can now supply only a handful.

Let us now turn to our cheeriest spot,
which is undoubtedly Wankie. It is
good to be able to say this for Wankie
is in many minds synonymous with all
that is bad. The one talks of its ter­
ific heat, another of its fever, and a
third of its vice. All three—certainly
the last—are exaggerated. At one time,
it is true, we found it spiritually de­pressing, but now we have been able to
see it grow in its interest and response.
The day was when we hadn’t a commu­nicant; now we have as many as eight
on occasions. *Gratias Deo!*

Altogether the Northern work is well
worth doing and is, of course, bound to
tell in the long run. I am sorry to have
to leave it and would like to have been
able to come back to continue it. All
are bound to feel regrets when we
look over the past, and as one reviews
over the three years’ work there crop
up a hundred and one things which
have been neglected or might have been
done differently, and for which one
seeks pardon.

May I ask as my last word that al­
though the North and South may be
separated by such a vast distance, yet
we must pray for each other and our
common effort, so that there will exist
that bond which knows neither time nor
space and which only prayer can effect?

E. G. H.

**DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.**

The Imperial Hotel,
Naauwpoort.

The months seem to pass very quickly
here, and Miss Burt reminds me that it
is time to write again my quarterly
letter for *Light for the Line.*
Many things have happened since the October letter. To begin with, several members of our congregation have gone on active service, including Mr. Lemon and Mr. Derrick Damant. And others—quite a number of them—who were our friends, though not members of our Church, have gone as well. Some of us pray for them every day, and all of us wish them a safe return, and the best of good luck. Our thoughts and good wishes are with them.

Then on Sunday, November 1st, All Saints' Day, Bishop Smyth held a Confirmation in All Souls'. There were 56 people present at the early celebration of the Holy Communion, and in the evening, at the Confirmation Service, the church was absolutely packed, many of the children having to sit on the floor. The service will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

On All Souls' Day, too, quite a number of people met together for the early celebration of the Holy Communion, and then again at Evensong. Altogether our Confirmation and Dedication Festival passed off very happily.

On All Saints' Day the new church flag flew for the first time over the church. It was the gift of many members of the congregation, and as we look up and see the red St. George's cross on its white background standing out against the blue South African sky, we are reminded of our duty to Church and Empire and of how God wants us to be white men and women, and that by the mercy of God, we can become white through the death of our Lord upon the cross.

On December 5th, a Fancy Fair was held at the Institute, and as a result a sum of £50 was sent to the Magistrate to be transmitted to the Governor-General's Fund. In acknowledging the receipt of the cheque, Mr. Driver, the Acting A.R.M., expressed his gratitude and appreciation of the splendid work which was put into the organisation of the Fancy Fair by many workers. It did mean a great deal of work, but after all it's worth it, and it's our simple duty to do anything we can for our Empire and for those who are fighting for our safety.

I have started during Advent special prayer meetings on Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock, lasting for about half an hour. I hope to continue them regularly after Christmas, as I am sure that they might become a great source of strength in the place. I hope members of the congregation will make a note of these services, and will make a point of attending when they possibly can. Remember Tuesday evenings, Prayer Meeting from 8 to 8.30.

Our Christmas services will be as follows:—

Christmas Eve: Evensong at 8 and carol singing afterwards.

Christmas Day: Holy Communion 8 a.m. and 9.30 (choral, especially for children).

Sunday after Christmas: Holy Communion 8 a.m. and 9.30. Evensong, carols and sermon at 7.30.

On New Year's Eve there will be a watchnight service, beginning about 11.30 p.m. and finishing shortly after midnight.

I wish to take the opportunity of saying that, at the request of several members of the congregation, I shall in future go down to Cookhouse on the second Sunday in each month.

With all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,

G. A. Lejune.

Among the places which I have visited this quarter are COOKHOUSE (twice), SHERBORNE (twice), ARUNDEL, TAAIBOSCH, HANOVER ROAD.

Advertisers are reminded that this Magazine is read in every diocese from the Zambesi to the Cape.
I take up the pen hurriedly to wish my friends in the Transvaal a happy Christmas and all good things in the coming new year. Even if these good wishes arrive somewhat late, better late than never. Would that the spirit of Christmas could pervade this world a little more and save us from the personal and national strife and bitterness which spring so easily from trifling beginnings to such very serious consequences. We can each of us do a little to spread the spirit of Christmas not too thin over the whole year.

This quarter brought me an interesting and enjoyable interlude in the Synod at Pretoria, my second in the Transvaal. It was my first visit to Pretoria, and I was very much attracted by its situation, and the way it is laid out. It is always refreshing to meet one’s brother clergy, and the freedom of discussion in Synod keeps all one’s attention alive. We were entertained at Government House on October 6th, and greatly appreciated the hospitality of the new Governor-General and the beauties of his home, especially the rose garden just before the storms came.

I enjoyed my first ganger’s wedding in October. I have explored part of the Witbank and Germiston line, holding service at Delmas for the first time. By an unfortunate mischance, I got stranded at Apex on November 28th, and failed to get through to Kinross, my reward being a luxurious Sunday at St. Mary’s, Johannesburg—a great contrast to S.A.R. waiting-rooms.

I am glad to say that in answer to an appeal by letter on behalf of the Bishop’s fund to scattered communicants on my section, I have up to the present received and forwarded to the Diocesan office £9 12s. 6d.

And in sending out Gospel stamps and albums to the children I was surprised to find that they had suddenly jumped up to over 150. I wish I could have them all together, but failing that I have all their names in one book as all belonging to the Sunday School which never meets.

The names of the places visited this quarter can be found by looking at the collections for the Diocese of Pretoria.

I want very much to increase the circulation of the *Light for the Line* in the Transvaal. Would intending subscribers send me a postcard to Waterval Boven and let me know of their wishes?

E. G. K. Esdaile.

**WOMEN’S WORK.**

Coach 21660.

As I write, Christmas is very near, and by the time this reaches many of you 1915 will have already begun—so first of all I must wish you a very happy New Year, a year free, as I hope, from alarms in our midst, no rebels and no strikes, but I fear we can hardly hope yet to be free from anxieties about our friends and belongings in the Old Country and in Europe—nor even perhaps quite yet in German S.W.

I shall have been back in this country a whole year on February 1st, and it makes me sad to think how little I have done and how seldom I have seen some of my friends. You will all have known in November and parts of October and December how travelling in the ordinary way was out of the question; in fact, many were cut off altogether for weeks from all communication by train.

Now that I am “on the road” again I am very glad to find children and Confirmation candidates have not got slack nor less keen, and in several places I have had larger classes than usual.

As we did in 1912, some of the older girls at different stations and cottages have been making little garments for the St. Faith’s orphans at Bloemfontein, mostly frocks and overalls, and the boys’ part this year, as well as sharing in the cost of material, has
been to provide a little "hanky" for each little pocket.

The loss of Miss Heddy from her section of the O.F.S. will mean, I fear, a serious check to classes in many places. I hope, when I get a pass over her section as well as my own, to visit as many as I can, and I should be truly grateful if anyone who wishes to see me for any reason would send me just a postcard at 60, Douglas Street, Bloemfontein, when I would be glad to come as soon as possible.

M. E. Watson.

I am writing this quarter's letter for Light for the Line from Capetown, where I am awaiting the homeward mail, and I fear it will be the only good-bye I shall be able to say to many of my friends along the line. I have had a cable calling me home, and I left Bloemfontein at less than twenty-four hours' notice, hoping to catch last week's mail. I hope, more earnestly than I can say, that I may be able to return to the Mission, but at present I cannot make any plans. I am especially sorry to leave owing to the disturbed state of affairs in the Free State. I have been able to do very little work on the main line during the last month.

I hope Miss Watson may be able to pay an occasional visit to my section, and I know she will continue the preparation of Confirmation candidates. May I ask you all to remember that subscriptions for Light for the Line become due January, 1915, and to be especially careful this year in paying them to the local agents, as I shall not be here to collect them? Those who have their magazines sent by post should send the money direct to Miss Burt, The Hermitage, Grahamstown.

I want to thank you all very, very much for all you have done to make the eighteen months during which I have been working along the line such a happy time for me. As I have already said, I hope to come back, but this year it seems especially difficult for any of us to look ahead. My home address is 29, Warwick Road, Ealing, London, W., and I shall hope to get many letters and I will try to answer them all. I know we shall be praying for one another, and my thoughts will be turning constantly to the places and the people whom I have learnt to love so well. So once more I say thank you and God be with you.

C. Maud Heddy.

Captown, 10th Dec., 1914.

This is principally to give Christmas and New Year greetings to all my friends on the line. Unlike everybody else, I have been jogging along in the ordinary way, with fewer trains to jog in! But it will be interesting to hear of the exciting experiences of all the rest.

I am sorry I was not able to be at Mrs. Lejeune's War Fund Fancy Fair at Naauwpoort, which seems to have been a great success by all accounts.

Christmas Trees will be fewer this year as we have not had so many things sent us, but they are a luxury which can be done without, I suppose. I hope to get in one or two after Christmas if some expected things turn up. Unfortunately, such trees do not grow on the wayside ready furnished!

Very best wishes to you all from

G. E. Holmes.

ALICEDALE, COOKHOUSE, &c.

This, my last quarter, has been very quiet. Mr. Griggs' departure necessitated changes, and I am now the only itinerating unit on this section. Mr. Lejeune comes monthly to Cookhouse, and at Alicedale we have had Mr. Dowsley and Mr. Wright alternately; at neither place will Christmas services be possible. Mr. Wathen kindly came to Barkly Bridge for a baptism, but at present no arrangements have been
made for our church members at the smaller places. We must hope and pray that some time these lost privileges may come again and determine to use them better when they do.

Short intercessions for the war have been held in a good many places, and the schools are mostly using a daily prayer for our soldiers and sailors. Most of the camps have been busy getting up concerts, etc., for the various Relief Funds and working for our men out here and for the Red Cross Society. It is encouraging to find such readiness to work together for these things.

An important change in the Cookhouse services is the children's service at 11 a.m. It takes the place of Mattins, which is read instead at 10.30. A fair number of children are coming. We shall be glad to see more. The boys' choir shows signs of keenness now that the rule is no choir unless there has been practice on Saturday. We are glad to welcome Mrs. Eve and her family after their holiday in England. She and two others have undertaken the care of the Sanctuary, which has lately fallen entirely to Mrs. Bühler.

I expect to sail for India on my way home to England at the end of January, so this will probably be my last contribution to Light for the Line. Thank you all very much for the kindness you have shown me. It is no exaggeration for me to speak of the many friends along the line, because you have so thoroughly taken me into your hearts as well as into your homes. It has been a very happy three years for me, and if I don’t yet promise to return, I hope to do so, and that goes for something, doesn’t it?

P. Glasier.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

Another Christmas and again our year is come to an end. This time it finds all of you very busy, as well as your fathers and brothers. There are many of them away at the front, and you are doing what you can to make things for them and to help provide all sorts of things that are needed. The whole world is disturbed and we in South Africa are taking our share in the big war. I am glad that so many of our old friends who always give us help for the Railway Mission have not left us out although so many things want their help. My faithful band of children scattered over three dioceses still send in their subscriptions to C.O.V. funds. Louie Schuch has just sent £1 11s. 6d. from her collecting box. Clement Rippon has again remembered the Christmas gifts fund and sent us £2 14s. 6d. collected among his relatives and friends for the purchase of gifts for children in lonely parts of the Railway Line.

Miss Copeland and her sister at Highlands and Miss Wilmot near Alicedale have sent toys. Miss Hannam's Port Elizabeth children have as usual contributed many very nice gifts. Miss Anstey's C.O.V. children have dressed 45 dolls beautifully, and Miss Holmes and Miss Glasier are enjoying taking them with other gifts—balls, knives, etc.—round to many children who are, I expect, thinking that perhaps Father Christmas will not be able to get to them this year because of the war. St. Michael's Home C.O.V. members are not forgetting Miss Watson's wants, and the St. Michael's Old Girls' Railway Mission Association at Bloemfontein, under Miss Amy Smith and Miss Constance Edmunds, has just sent a donation of £1 7s. 3d. to Archdeacon Rogers. Miss Minto's English C.O.V. box of toys has been delayed, but we hope it will reach us at the New Year.

So, in spite of the war and all the poverty and distress it causes, people young and old are doing what they can to carry on the good works they had supported before, and we of the Railway Mission are very grateful to all
those who are still helping us so willingly and generously.

A Happy New Year to you all, and may we all soon be able to join in a thanksgiving for peace.

Your friend,
The Editor.

**BAPTISMS.**

At Naauwpoort:

- Oct. 10—Ethel Caroline Frederica Carten.
- 11—Ivy Maud Deacon.
- 25—Albert Joseph Lawrence Saunders.
- 29—Charles Hepburn Cawood Willett.
- Florence Agnes Eagles.
- Frank Eagles.
- 31—Arundel.
- Nov. 6—Thomas William Heywood.

At Hanover Road:
- Herbert Alexander Isaacs.

**DIOCESE OF MASHONALAND.**

- July 31—Phyllis Eileen Murray, at Tsessbe.
- Aug. 1—Ernest Albert Williams, at Ramaqua-bane.
- 6—Clement William Cheeseman, at Palapye Road.
- 16—James George Hoskins, at Francistown.
- 24—Anna Everdina Ella Oldenkamp, at Airlie.

**CONFIRMATIONS.**

At All Souls’ Church, Naauwpoort, on November 1st, 1914.

- Men and boys:
  - Arthur Orton.
  - Martin John Drotsky.
  - Charles Deacon.
  - Richard Edward Isaacs.
  - John McKewan.
  - Langford Edgar Clark.

- Women and girls:
  - Mary Grace Blewett.
  - Dorothy Kelly.
  - Mary Kelly.
  - Sigrid Raven Salvesen.
  - Lilian Selina Deverill.
  - Doris Eileen Jones.
  - Elizabeth Lydia Willett.
  - Olive May Johanna Hall.

At St. Agnes’ Native Church, Naauwpoort, October 31st, 1914.

- Albert Santi.
- Hermanus Memara.
- Campbell Myderhini.
- George Nkugumza.
- Enus Manuel.
- Emily Rachel Oliver.
- Sophie Mgeru.

**HOLY MATRIMONY.**


**BURIAL SERVICE.**

Malelane, Sept. 30. Walter Gilbert Hobson, aged 21 months. “Behold, they are without fault before the throne of God.”

**COlLECTIONS AND DONATIONS.**

**DIOCESE OF PRETORIA.**

- Sept. 13th to Dec. 9.—Waterval Boven, 12/11, £1/7/1, £1/3/-, 15/2, 14/6, £1/8/2; Machadodorp, 16/7, £1/14/6, £1/1/-; Malelane, £1/2/-; Elandsfoek, £1/2/6; Wonderfontein, 11/6; Pan, 12/6; Crown Douglas £1/1/-; Hatherley, £1/1/8; 6/3; Nelspruit, £1/4/-; Bronkhorstspruit, 19/6, 12/1; Balmoral, 8/5; Bonnefoi, 8/9, £1/9/3, 3/6; Krantzpoort, 12/-; Bethal, 8/1, £1/7/9, £2/2/-; Airlie, 5/3; Davel, £1/6/-; Delmas, £1/12/3; Rayton, £1/8/3; Silverton, 14/3.
Per Rev. E. F. W. Ingram: Collections.—
August, £13/7/-; September, £13/16/3; October, £5/0/3. Fees.—£7/3/-.
St. Michael's, Bloemfontein, Old Girls' Railway Mission Association: Donation, £1/7/3.

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**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.

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address.

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

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

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**Local Agents "Light for the Line."**

**Grahamstown Diocese.**


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**Pretoria Diocese.**


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**Bloemfontein Diocese.**


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**Rhodesia.**


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**Mashonaland Diocese.**


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**Local Representatives in South Africa.**


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**Children of the Veld Secretaries for South Africa.**


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INTERCESSIONS.

Your prayers are asked: —

That God will guide those who are responsible for the future of the Railway Mission.

For past and present members of our staff who offered their services in the war: —Eustace Hill, chaplain in German S.W. Africa; George Knapp Fisher, chaplain to H.M.S. Chatham; Arthur Austin, and Mary Beckwith.

Prayer in Time of War.

O most mighty God and merciful Father, Whose never-failing Providence ordereth all things both in Heaven and earth, we Thy humble servants commend to Thy Fatherly care all who are at this time engaged in warfare. Let Thy holy angels succour and defend our soldiers and sailors. Watch over and comfort all who are near and dear to us. Have pity on the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Guide and direct the Government of our country. Give success to our arms; and grant in Thy own good time, that peace may be established on a firm and righteous foundation, for Thy glory and the furtherance of Thy kingdom; through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

(Bp of St. Andrew's.)

A Prayer for Schools in this Time of War.

O God our Father in heaven, strong and full of love to all, we Thy children pray Thee to bless our country in this sad time of war. Watch over all those who have gone away from us to fight in our country's cause, especially the father or the brother of any of us, or of other children like ourselves. Keep them safe, if it be Thy will, in all times of danger, and bring them home again to us in peace. Be with all the wounded and the sick, and ease their pain. Take care of us also, who stay behind in this quiet land. Thou hast something for us to do; help us to do it. Give us grace to be good and unselfish and loving, that we may cheer those about us who are anxious or unhappy. Look down in mercy upon those who are now fighting against us. And soon, if it please Thee, make glad all the whole world with Thy blessing of peace; for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake. Amen.
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Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

The Oldest Missionary Society.

It is, perhaps, little known, that the New England Com­pany is the oldest Missionary Society. Founded in 1694, the “Long Parliament directed that a collection should be made throughout England” for the Promot­
ning and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ amongst the Indians in New England.” Such was its origin, and the money so collected, and afterwards invested, provides the income for present work among the Indians of Canada.

Connected with the Mohawk Institution at Brantford (one of the Society’s works) is the oldest Church belonging to the Anglican Communion in Canada. The only Chapel Royal in the Dom­
nion, its official title is “His Majesty’s Chapel of the Mohawks,” and it possesses a silver communion plate and a Bible, presented by Queen Anne to “Her Chapel of the Mohawks.”

The management of the Society is in the hands of twenty-five laymen, the number having been fixed by a Supplemental Charter granted by Queen Victoria in 1899. No subscriptions are asked for, but in Ontario several churches have been built and clergy and catechists are maintained; also a trained has-

Jubilee of Medical Missions.

There is no part of Foreign Missionary work which excites greater interest, and is more encouraging, than that of Medi­
cal Missions; and it is interesting to note that the year 1914 marks the jubilee of the Medical Mission work of the C.M.S. Although medical men had been on the staff many years previously, the first regular medical missionary was sent out in pursuance of resolutions passed by the Committee in Novem­
ber and December, 1864, and the first medical mission was opened at Srinagar (Kashmir) in May, 1865. The present staff includes eighty-seven fully qualified medical men and sixty-eight trained nurses.

Result of an Operation.

The visible results of Medical Missions—as for instance in the matter of successful operations—have naturally a great influence on the natives; and the way is thus rendered comparably easy for the preaching of the Gospel, at the hands of those who can work such wonders. The medical work of the C.M.S. mission in Kweilin, the capital of the Kwangesi Province of South China, is under the care of Mrs. J. L. Bacon, M.B. In that district diseases of the eye are very prevalent, and Mrs. Bacon writes home to tell of some experiences in connexion with a recent operation. She says that the wounded man at the first cataract operation was extraordinary. One man who was successfully operated upon, went back into the country, and afterwards related how over one hundred people came to

his house to stare at him, and even when they saw him, they remained incredulous until he had read to them from a book. This man with restored sight was the local schoolmaster, and this year had to close down the school because of the loss of his sight. Before long he will be able to re-open his school.

Drink Traffic on the Gold Coast.

The reports which come from the Rev. F. C. Cleaver, an S.P.G. missionary who is doing excellent work in the diocese of Accra, as to the drink traffic in the Gold Coast Colony, are simply appalling; it is, he says, “growing by leaps and bounds.” It is quite common to see drunken persons in the streets, a sight almost unknown a few years ago. Most of the drinking—of rum and gin—goes on in the natives’ compounds and villages, on the occasions of funerals, marriages and births, and more especially at “festivals,” the chief one of which is called “Black Christmas,” the yam festival.

Need of Government Intervention.

Mr. Cleaver sees no hope of a change from this disastrous state of things, unless the Governments of all the colonies in West Africa take some drastic steps to stop the traffic. The countries are being opened up at a great rate. Railways are being pushed forward inland, and new roads are being con­
structed. In the Gold Coast Colony alone as much as £58,000 has been voted for the Roads Department in one year. On these new roads, powerful motor-lorries are continually running, carrying cases and barrels of drink; such loads a few years ago had to be carried on the head, and the amount of drink finding its way amongst the natives was in consequence much less.

How to help Medical Missions.

One of the most useful adjuncts to the C.M.S. Medical Mission Auxiliary is the “Wants” Department, which regu­
larizes and manages the gifts of friends to various hospitals. Last year 200 cases and bales of goods were dispatched to the various Missions in Africa, Persia, Turkish Arabia, India and China. These cases contained 77,000 roller bandages, besides 4,700 bandages of other kinds. Besides bandages, many blankets, sheets, towels, aprons, house-linen, and various gar­
ments and yards of material have been contributed. This is a practical way of showing interest in foreign missions.

Two Thousand rescued from Idolatry.

A missionary in Nigeria reports that during only a few months’ work, he had registered nearly two thousand people who had thrown away their idols in order to serve God. In one town alone there were over six hundred converts, and the chief of a section of that town had ordered all the women to join the Christians, that they may “learn to love their neighbours instead of poisoning them.” And about one hundred and fifty women with their children joined from that section alone.

217
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.
PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.
The Church Congress at Birmingham
A Sketch of the Midland City and its Surroundings.

By J. H. CRABTREE.

The Metropolis of the Midlands has a warm heart for all that pertains to the Church's progress and prosperity. Greater Birmingham, beyond the parliamentary bounds of the great city, is equally devoted in its loyalty to the Church of our fathers. And the towns and villages around, that are touched with the halo of the city's influence, are alike intent on the complete success of a notable Church Congress.

Birmingham is a city of great things. It is the dwelling-place of great men and women who have wrought valiantly for the good of others. It is too often imagined that the Metropolis of the Midlands is but the nucleus of vast congeries of industries. It is true that Birmingham has an enormous industrial population of watchmakers, button-turners, coppermiths, gold-beaters, iron-workers, brass-casters and a host of others; but it is equally true that among this multitude of honest, go-ahead workers, there are thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who seek their highest joy in the propagation of the Gospel of Peace and Goodwill toward men.

The coal-miner to the north of the city may have his face covered with coal-dust, and the brick-maker of the south may have his hands smeared with clay, but both have an ardent desire for the good of their fellows and the service of their church. The wide country radiating from the dome of St. Philip's is "ripe for harvest" with a people whose sterling loyalty and unflagging energy are characteristic.

May we, therefore, walk abroad beyond the city's border-line to view this country of noble accomplishments and glorious possibilities? It is a country of happy memories, useful lives, sweet homes, pretty scenes and ample sunshine.

Every visitor to Birmingham will hear of Aston Manor, sometimes styled "lesser Birmingham," for the suburb beyond "The Cross" has enlarged very considerably in recent years. It is now teeming with a vast population; and its hives of industry, where men and boys melt, mould, turn and cut tons of metal every workday, are growing in magnitude and productive capacity. But interest centres in Aston Parish Church and its beautiful old Hall. Here men and women can retire for a quiet hour, either to meditate and worship, or to rest and recuperate.

Hoary with age, but fresh and stately as a modern mansion, Aston Hall tells of days of chivalry. Sir Thomas Holte, a wealthy magnate and loyal subject of King James Stuart, built himself a house on Aston Hill. In this achievement Sir Thomas took pardonable pride, and willingly housed his troubled sovereign, Charles I, for two days when the king was journeying from Bridgnorth to Kenilworth. Charles thought Sir Thomas "very lucky to hold such a prominent house in peace." But the calm atmosphere of Aston was not lasting. The townsmen did not much care for Sir Thomas's loyalty, and made a determined attack on his home. The unlucky knight could not withstand the onslaught, and had to flee with his family to safer quarters. To this day the stairway bears an indelible mark of the assault. The balustrade was shattered with a cannon shot, and a hole in the wall then pierced is still indicated by an irregular circle. The wonder is that the Hall survived those days of stress and storm. The Long Gallery, 136 feet long, is superb with oak panelling, choicest works of art, and a magnificently carved mantelpiece.

Lichfield is sure to have many visitors during Congress week. For where, on English soil, is there a spot more dear to the heart of a churchman than Lichfield—a "city of the three spires," like Coventry. Ever since St. Chad began his hermit career by the hamlet stream where, says a pretty legend, he fed on the milk of a doe and made his devotions on the bare stones, Lichfield has grown and flourished. King Stephen loved the town so well that he minted part of his money here. The less fortunate Richard II
spent at least one Christmas here, amid festivities of unsurpassed grandeur. Poor Richard! he was here again two years after with manacles round his wrists. He was lodged in the Castle, but an open window suggested possibilities of escape, and he risked his life to gain his freedom. The unwary keeper found his cell vacant. Richard had left.

And so this calm and peaceful country-town has a story of its own, far more eventful than the records of large industrial centres. The Civil War decimated its homesteads and ransacked its noblest pile. The Black Plague attacked it, and bore away 800 of its people. So that when Bishop Hackett came to Lichfield he found a city of poverty and ruin. But the man was master of his work. 'Not a day was wasted.' The very morning after his arrival fifty labourers were hired to repair the Cathedral. His own coach-horses were devoted to the work, and at daybreak every morning, except Sunday, the toilers were hard at it, the Bishop himself appearing at the head of affairs. The task was heavy and prolonged; but every man wrought with might and main; and eight more years saw Lichfield smiling again with a Cathedral restored to its former dignity and splendour.

To-day it is the goal of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. Its brief, bright and beautiful week-day services are "services for all" who seek a quiet hour of divine worship. In the intervals the multitude walk by the low, drawn aisle and fretted vault, by the storied urn and animated bust, and behold the wonderful creations of the sculptors' art in marble and alabaster. Who can fail to admire that remarkable gem — Chantry's master-piece— "The Sleeping Children, or the lifelike effigy of Bishop Rider?"

We must not forget that Samuel Johnson, of dictionary fame, was born at the corner house in the market-place. His father was a prosperous bookseller. Here was a parcel of waste land which might be of value some day. The Corporation, as owners, declined to sell, but granted a forty years' lease, and Johnson built thereon this substantial tenement. When the lease expired, the Corporation extended it to his son Samuel for ninety-nine years at five shillings a year—as a token of respect." Dr. Johnson appears in effigy in the Square, unfolding a scroll.

To the south of Birmingham the grey ruin of Kenilworth rears its mantled walls toward the canopy of blue. On a sunny day, the sight of Kenilworth Castle is unique; and we may sit on the grassy slopes beside Dudley's famous lake to ponder over a mansion of the Virgin Queen. Elizabeth held her liege lord in high regard; and bestowed on him this "royal favour of Kenilworth." Dudley, Earl of Leicester, honoured the gift, spent £60,000 in beautifying it, and prepared a magnificent reception for his royal sovereign in July, 1575. When he had finished the Lake to the south, a stately bridge was flung across the western side, that the Queen might
Kenilworth Castle was entered by an untrodden path. When Elizabeth desired to visit her lordly host, the gardens, parterres, halls and terraces were strewn with lavish decorations. The Queen herself "greatly marvelling."

"During her visit of seventeen days," says a faithful chronicler who was present as court-attendant, "the clock stood still; the hands "stood always to just two o'clock; that being the hour of banquet" in the Great Hall of the Castle. The cost of this royal visit exceeded £1,000 per day; four guests were knighted, and "nine persons were cured of the King's Evil." What the Civil War and the withering hand of Time have wrought on Kenilworth may be seen to-day. Amy Robsart's Tower still stands—that lofty and venerable block where a charming Countess spent anxious hours writing letters and making tapestry. The pretty church of Kenilworth is well worth visiting. Its Norman archway is elaborately moulded; within the church is an ancient circular font, on a Norman column, which probably hailed from the ruined Priory on the land adjoining. Excavations hereabout have revealed the foundations of an octagonal building with walls ten feet thick.

Warwick is but a brief space from Kenilworth, and well merits a day during Congress week. The Castle and St. Mary's Church are especially noteworthy.

Stratford lies further afield. Shakespeare's home in Henley Street is thronged with admirers during the leafy days of summer. The Parish Church, in its picturesque situation, is approached by an avenue of lime-trees, grand in summer, majestic in winter. Here reposes the "immortal bard" and his family. Here he was brought to the font in his mother's arms; here he sang his first choral; here he was a devout communicant during the ebbing years of his life.

The Cottage at Shottery is a popular resort for all young folks. Here the bard wooed and won Anne Hathaway; and the house retains many of its old-time features. At Wilmcote, not far away, is the farm where Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, spent her girlhood, and where the youthful "Willie" used to milk "grandma's kine."

Charlecote Park is four miles away. A pleasant walk through lovely scenery leads to the home and deer-park of Shakespeare's "Justice Shallow." Welford-on-Avon is another charming spot on the riverside with ancient cottages of lath-and-plaster, and a pretty church.
CHAPTER VII.

NELLE Parsons sat near the open window of her pretty parlour, stitching away busily, whilst Baby Jack crawled and sprawled about the room on an exploration trip. He liked his new quarters and explained as much in various crowings and chucklings. His mother laid down her sewing presently to watch him.

"Bless his little heart!" she ejaculated—then sighed. Was the sigh for the old days at the humbler pottage: in the village? Of course Mayes Villa was far grander, there was a bathroom here, and the parlour—or drawing-room—was twice the size of the former one. But Polly, the little servant girl, was a "worrit" to her mistress, who was always wanting to be behind her showing her how work ought to be done.

No, after all, the cottage days were best, though she would not have gone back to them for the world. Nellie was quite determined there, as she glanced down at her own smart blouse, and Baby Jack's blue sash. When "the gentry" came nowadays they did not catch John Parsons' wife making the pastry! But John himself would sometimes declare that the pastry itself suffered for the change.

Yet he could not complain that Nellie no longer felt interested in his work. The first resentment in "sharing" her husband with an admiring public had left the young wife, and ambition had taken its place.

One of John's admirers, an old gentleman who had come hobbling down to see the new military aeroplane for himself, had died soon after and left John a "bit of money." Not a fortune, but enough to make Nellie worry to leave the cottage and take up her abode in one of those very genteel new villas beyond the village shop. John, who loved his "messy old shed" had demurred at first, but had had to yield in the end. Nellie had begun to indulge to-day in farther flights of ambition, when Baby Jack fell foul of the new brass coal scuttle, whilst at the same moment the front door was banged open and a man's steps were heard crossing the tiny hall.

"Never thinks of the new paint, banging the wall so!" said Nellie, much aggrieved, as she picked Baby Jack up in her arms, giving him a little shake to "stop his noise."

"Nellie!"

It was John calling her. John, who ought to be lectured about the paint. But something in the tone of the voice made Nellie forget her petty grievances. She answered her husband at once.

"In the parlour, John, I'm comin'!"

But it was John who came to her after all. A John transported by his delight, so that his arms went round wife and child in a hug which Nellie could not resent, even though it did crush up the silk of her new blouse, since it
cried. "Well, I never did! £5,000—all for that complaint of her indifference to his success."

"My!" gasped Nellie; and her very first thought was one of delight that now, once more, John would be her own private property again, with a mind at leisure to return to domestic bliss. "I am glad," she said, raising her rosy face to his and bestowing a hearty kiss on his cheek. "Now I'll have you to meself, John, an' since that's so I'll be givin' Polly notice to leave to-morrow. I'd liefer ten times over do the work meself."

This breathless oration made John laugh; he'd have laughed at anything just then, and he could not be angry that his little wife's interest in his great news dwindled down to the fact that he would now be able to appreciate her cooking.

"You ain't asked how much I got for the aeroplane, lass," he observed shyly, "nor yet who bought it."

"As to who bought it," retorted Nellie with spirit, "I'm thinkin' it's some poor foolish creature, as wants to find an early grave. An' hein' foolish perhaps they went for to give you a hundred poun' or so?"

"More than a hundred," laughed John; "'guess again, my dear."

"Three hundred. Four? Five? Well, I never!—more than that?"

"Five's the figure," replied her husband proudly, "but it's thousands, not hundreds, Nellie; an' it's been bought by the British Government, for one of their finest examples of the military aeroplane, as has overcome the problem that's been puzzlin' the experts for years."

Nellie's eyes were opened to their widest extent. Could she really believe her ears?

"Five thousand pounds?" she echoed in very unflattering amaze. "John, you're mad, or else the British Government's mad. You don't tell me!"

She set Baby Jack down to continue his exploration trip round the room, whilst she twined both arms round her husband's neck.

"You're just daffin' me!" she concluded.

John Parsons shook his head.

"It's true enough," he replied. "I've got the wire from Sir Hugh Elgins in me pocket. An' he says as plain as writin' can be that my share of patent rights sold to Government tots up to £5,000."

Nellie's cheeks flamed, she began to laugh softly.

"So you've made your fortune after all," she cried. "Well, I never did! £5,000—all for that bit of machinery. I declare I never will be able to believe it. It's too wonderful. An' my man to make all that money out of his brains."

She patted his forehead caressingly, her eyes danced with triumph. John could no longer complain of her indifference to his success.

"I'd never have done a bit of good with it if it hadn't bin for the £500," he replied. "To begin with, I couldn't ha' given the time an' thought it required. I couldn't ha' risked losing my berth with nothin' to fall back on. Then, if it hadn't bin for the money an' the way the papers took it up, no one would have ever heard of me, an' the whole thing would have remained at just a hobby—no more."

Nellie pursed her lips.

"You always were rid-faddlin' with the thing before you got the £500," she declared. "An' the model was made, too. You might just as like as not have had the idea as made it work. There's no knowin',"!

There was no knowing! That was quite true. Already Parsons had been having that same argument with himself. There was temptation in the thought, and the tempter was wonderfully subtle!

The anonymous giver of the £500 could not compel him to give up half his fortune now. Even if he were to come in person and claim it, John could meet him with the argument that after all he might have made the fortune without the assistance of that money which had merely "oiled the wheels."

Nellie did not actually suggest the same arguments in favour of keeping the money, but he knew what was at work in her mind.

Later in the evening, when Baby Jack was sound asleep in his cot, husband and wife sat together in the parlour talking over what they would be able to do with what seemed at first sight unlimited wealth. And no reference was made as to the possibility of halving it. All the same, it must be admitted that both spent a sleepless night, though each tried to hide the fact from the other.

But Parsons rose early, leaving his wife dozing, and went to "walk off" some of the harassed feelings which indecision had conjured up.

This temptation was so novel—so many-sided. He wanted so much to keep the whole of that money. And yet—

It was a perfect summer's morn, with a fresh, flower-scented breeze blowing cool and fragrant, warranted to dispel any nightmare or headache. Parsons walked fast, valiantly striving to walk off his worry by making his mind a blank. But the tempter was not to be got rid of that way!

He realized that as he came to a halt, seeing to his surprise the figure of Miss Verity Moore coming towards him from the direction of Laythorpe Woods.

She was alone, and paced slowly along the path, reading to herself.

A sudden resolve took Parsons. Miss Verity was looked upon by all the Stanbridge folk as an angel of goodness. He would ask her advice and try to follow it. Maybe she would tell him what others had already done—namely, that he might reasonably stick to his fortune without conscience pricks.

"Ah, Parsons," said the doctor's daughter
kindly, "I have heard your great news and want to congratulate you. I am so glad you were successful."

It was the way she spoke which gave charm to the words, the quiet sincerity which required no "gush."

Parsons coloured to the roots of his hair.

"Thank you kindly, miss," he replied, as respectfully as though he were still village constable instead of the already famous inventor, "but that's the very thing that's weighin' on my mind."

Verity smiled. It sounded a curious confession, and she waited to hear more.

After a short pause Parsons went on:

"You remember, miss," he said, "about that there £500 which, so to speak, set me goin'. You may reason this way an' that, but it's flat as without that £500 I wouldn't be worth £5,000 to-day. And the one who speaks to speculate with me in that investment laid an obligation alongside it."

"Yes," assented Verity, beginning to guess the secret of the man's perturbation, "I remem­ber. If ever you made your fortune through that money you were to give half to the Charing Cross Hospital."

"That's it, miss. And what I want to know is whether that obligation's bindin' on me? Of course I've talked it over time on time with friends, an' they've been pretty convincin' that if I did make my pile out of the aeroplane it would be my brains an' not the £500 to which I owed success. I mentioned it to Sir Hugh Elgins, an' he said he wouldn't give the matter a second thought. But I can't help it. I want to be convinced that I'm free to use the money."

Verity did not reply at once. She realized that she was being called on to answer a big question—far greater than it first appeared. She was to be this man's conscience to him—and the answer might help to shape his whole life. But Verity had one sure reference in all such matters as this. Too humble to accept the part of mentor to any one, she gave the only advice which could have helped Parsons to come to the right decision.

"See," she said gently, pointing to the little village church which stood on a slight eminence to the right of Stanbridge, overlooking woods and meadows, "let us both go together and ask God."

The invitation was so simple, so obviously without constraint, that Parsons, though no less shy to speak of religious feelings than the ordinary Englishman, felt no false shame in complying.

In silence they passed through the wicket gate and up the slope. It was a picturesque spot, with two or three great elm trees shadowing the gravestones in the churchyard.

Verity led the way to the side door which was open, and went in, followed by John. The church was empty, and they slipped quietly into a pew not far from the screen.

Here they knelt, side by side, in the quiet hush of the sanctuary.

Long warm rays of golden light lay aslant the chancel steps. The sanctity of the place, the beauty of the morning hour, stirred John Parsons as his soul had never been stirred before.

This was the very Presence of God in which all false arguments and plausible excuses slipped from him, leaving him face to face with the truth.

Burying his face on his folded arms the man prayed as he had never before prayed, not as heretofore to a vaguely accepted Creator Who lived far off above the skies, but to One fairer than the sons of men, the Thorn-Crowned, Loving Saviour Who stood beside him—John Parsons here in His House.

And as he prayed a strange and exquisite peace came to him, so that he raised his head, drawing in a deep breath of awe at the wonder of it. God had answered his question Himself.

Presently they rose and went out from the sanctuary into the sunlit air.

The worry and torment of last night seemed a thing to scorn now. At the wicket gate Verity halted.

"Well?" she asked, "has it helped you, John?"

He took the little hand she held out to him, and there was an unaccustomed mist before his eyes as he made answer—

"Thank you, miss," he said in low tones. "I ain't goin' to forget the best way of gettin' to know the right of things. There can't be any mistake after that as to what I ought to do. An', please God, I'll do it."

CHAPTER VIII.

The news that John Parsons was abiding by the terms of that strange bequest and had actually been up to town and paid the sum of £2,500 to a special account at the Charing Cross Hospital, caused a great sensation in Stanbridge and elsewhere, too, when the fact leaked out.

Not that John himself bruited the matter abroad, and it was remarked as a curious phenomenon by more than one of his friends that now he had actually made his fortune he was not suffering nearly so much from "swelled head" or whatever you may call it, ah' please God I'll do it."

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"It's just a gift," he declared, "or a talent, or whatever you may call it, an' please God I'll use it right since He gave it me."

As to the giving up of half his fortune, he refused to talk or argue the matter at all.

"It was the only thing an honest man could do," he said, and—to his own surprise his little wife backed him up in his view.

They had had a bit of a talk together when John came in from that morning walk which had marked a crisis in his life.

Nellie's sharp eyes had seen in a moment that something had happened, but, contrary to her custom, she asked no question. She herself
had spent a sleepless night trying to argue out that John had a right to all his profit on the sale of his invention. But she had not been convinced at all, and when her husband spoke of that quiet hour of prayer and how “God and Miss Verity had shown him what his duty was,” she flung both arms round him, declaring she had known all along he'd do it, and she was glad, yes, glad, even if it did mean that they couldn't do all “they'd been planning so grand.”

“And, John,” she added in a whisper, hiding her face on his shoulder, “I ain't sure that I'm not glad about that too! It doesn't suit us, my dear, to be so grand, and I know I'll be ten times happier when I've sent Polly away and go back to doin' me own work in me own way, which I'm conceited enough to think no one can do it better.”

John was sure of that. There never was nor could be a better little cook and housewife than his Nellie. It was quite like old days again to hear him say so, and feel his arm—lover-fashion—about her trim waist.

Of course there were plenty of people to tell John he was a fool, and still more to say the same thing behind his back. Amongst the latter was old Jake Howley, whose convictions as to what Parsons was sure to do had apparently been shaken by the announcement of the policeman's decision.

But though the old cynic declared John Parsons to be a fool, he evidently did not mean it. In fact Jake Howley was impressed—a great deal impressed by what the policeman had done.

“I'll admit I'm surprised,” he said, when Verity Moore brought him the news. “I shouldn't have thought the chap had it in him. Seemed to be going the very way of my prophecy. Grand ideas—swelled head and the rest of it. And now it's come to the crisis he turns up trumps. Ah, you're laughing at me, Miss Verity, and so you may. It's upset my calculations—John Parsons acting like this. I shall have to change my opinion of human nature—and yet I'm not sure. There are exceptions to every rule. Plenty of exceptions. But the rule remains a rule, just as humbugs remain humbugs.”

But Verity shook her head. “I'm not going to listen to your talk of humbugs any more,” she declared. “If you call for the highest in a man, there's something noble in the worst of us that responds.”

The old man, however, only laughed, and Verity went her way feeling that he still cherished his pet theories about the frailty of his kind.

Keith Norton was returning to town next day, but that wouldn't make any very great difference to her. She had seen him during his brief visit, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that her new missionary scheme was claiming a great deal of her time just—as so often aggravatingly happens—this particular week.

But Verity was not the sort of girl to shirk doing what she had undertaken to do woulde be because inclination laid other claims upon her. She was whole-hearted in her enthusiasm for mission work, and this cherished scheme was developing already towards success. And it did not occur to her that her collaboration with Cyril Grayle in a common cause could be misinterpreted.

But Keith had misinterpreted it—and his holiday had been entirely spoiled by the unnecessary jealousy which had proved to him indeed the fact that he had fallen fathoms deep in love with the doctor's pretty daughter. Yes, he loved her. However much he tried to scoff at
the fact, it was there before his eyes. And love
in the present state of affairs was pain—not
happiness. He happened to meet Verity as she
came down the village street on her way home
that day. To-morrow he was returning
to his work. To-morrow he would not even
have the chance of seeing Verity from afar.
A sudden impulse seized him, and he crossed
the road and stood before the girl.
"Miss Verity," he said abruptly. "I'm going
to ask a favour of you. I want you to come for
a walk with me, down towards the river where
we first met."
No doubt his eyes were more eloquent than
the formal tones of his voice, but Verity was
not looking at him. Her colour had risen and
her expression was troubled, though she did not
hesitate.
"I am so sorry," she replied, "I—I should
have liked to come, but I am due home at four
o'clock. Mr. Grayle is bringing a friend to discuss
our new project."
She might have gone into further detail, for
her mind was filled with this great interest in
her life, and she vaguely hoped Mr. Norton
might be interested, too, to hear of a success
which would mean so much to a splendid cause.
But Keith cut her short with an abruptness
which was almost startling.
"Of course, in that case," he said with empha-
sis, "I understand you could not possibly grant
me your favour. Good-bye, Miss Moore. I may
not be seeing you again before I leave for town.
I have to start early to-morrow."
Had he cared less he would have spoken
differently, but he was suffering pretty badly
and in a wholly unaccustomed manner.
All his dreams were crumbling away, fading
in what he called a clear awakening.
He was sure now that Verity—his Verity—
the lovely, lovable girl who had won his heart,
cared no jot for him. Had he not made an
urgent and pointed request—and she had refused
—just because Mr. Grayle was coming to tea?
Keith would have been astonished if any one
had called him unreasonable, yet he was so!
As unreasonable as most young men in love can
be! He had made up his mind never to give
another tender thought to Verity Moore as he
turned away after that brief farewell. She
obviously did not care for him—she equally
plainly loved Cyril Grayle. Well, he, Keith
Norton, wasn't going to whine for town.
His face was flushed, his thin lips drawn tight,
his dark eyes sparkling with indignation.
"Anything wrong, sir?" asked Keith involun-
tarily.
His father turned on him with a snarl.
"Wrong, sir! Wrong, sir," he mimicked, "I
should think something was wrong, sir, when it
comes to receiving deliberate insult from an
anonymous writer. I never have patience
with the man who can't sign his name to his
own letter. As a rule, when I find that's the
case the letter is burned at once. But this lias
been such eyes before to draw a man's heart from
his keeping—against his will—as those of Verity
Moore.
Sir Philip was in his study when his son
entered, and the latter momentarily forgot
his sore heart at sight of his father.
As a rule Sir Philip was a very self-possessed
little gentleman, whose habitual expression was
one of mental calculation. At the present
moment, however, he appeared to be yielding
to unusual anger.
His face was flushed, his thin lips drawn tight,
his dark eyes sparkling with indignation.
"Anything wrong, sir?" asked Keith involun-
tarily.
His father turned on him with a snarl.
"Wrong, sir! Wrong, sir," he mimicked, "I
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comes to receiving deliberate insult from an
anonymous writer. I never have patience
with the man who can't sign his name to his
own letter. As a rule, when I find that's the
case the letter is burned at once. But this has
upset me. I confess to being more annoyed
than I can say. One might suppose I was a
miser, to read that."
Keith did not reply, guessing the best oil for
such troubled waters would be a discreet silence.

But, as he read the letter his father handed him, his own face changed to an expression of bewilderment—not without a trace of half-concealed amusement. The anonymous writer certainly made an astounding proposal. He, or she, declared his readiness to pay in charity ten times the sum Sir Philip could prove he had given in charity during the previous year, or double what he might give in the coming year. It did not need a very keen intelligence to read subtle irony into this offer.

Sir Philip, pompous, loud of voice, little in stature, but in every other sense the "big man" of Stanbridge, was the very reverse of generous. He talked much of the many claims on his purse and of all he should like to give if he were able, but no one heard definitely that he ever gave money to subscriptions or in helping forward any good work for his poorer neighbours.

Yet Sir Philip had always been at the greatest pains to hide his cheeseparing generosity, and, such is the power of much talking, had partly succeeded. Most people vaguely supposed the baronet gave a good deal away to public charities—and Sir Philip encouraged the belief as much as possible without actually saying he did what he did not.

His son knew all about this pet idiosyncrasy of his father's and began to understand the latter's anger.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "it is the same sort of idea as those other two offers to Parsons and Miss More."

"I don't care what it is," spluttered the baronet, "all I say is that this is deliberate and intentional insult, and, if I can, I'll have the law on the man who wrote it."

Keith laughed. "I fear you can't do that," he retorted. "Even an anonymous writer is at liberty to make an offer of that kind. I don't see why you should necessarily take it for an insult. You might even call it a generous offer, with a latent desire to spur you to charitable deeds."

Sir Philip glanced up sharply. "You'll please to remember whom you are speaking to, Keith," he observed. "I don't want any quips at my expense. As far as charities go there is no need for them in these days when the rich are taxed out of existence for the poor. There's a spirit of folly and pauperism abroad, which I do not intend to foster. As for this letter, I mean to get to the bottom of it. I have my suspicions—my very grave suspicions—that Cyril Grayle knows more of this than he admits. He has a good many rich relations, and there are some people who, if they have money, seem to think they are at liberty to insult every one. If I find Grayle is implicated in it, I shall write pretty strongly to the Bishop, and I flatter myself I can write strongly on occasion!"

"I believe you, sir," replied Keith dryly.

Here was an added reason for him to be glad to return to town the next day.

Certainly he meant to keep clear of Stanbridge and its startling ways in the future!

(To be continued.)
How I Earned Money to Help my Church.

By S. LEONARD BASTIN.

Many people who are not in a position to give large sums of money to the Church, often have a certain amount of time at their disposal. Rightly employed, this spare time may be, and has been, turned to excellent account in the way of earning something to help forward good work. Of course, a very large number of people make articles for selling at bazaars and, whilst one has no word to say against such an excellent practice, it may be pointed out that there are more lucrative ways of getting money. Let me give a few cases as showing what can be done in this direction.

At the present time there is a lady living down in Cornwall. The parish in which she has her home is a very large one, there is a great deal to be done, and very little money with which to carry on the work. Now one day it occurred to this lady that it might be possible to earn some money by selling Cornish Ferns. Quite properly, in almost all counties, there are bye-laws which make it illegal to root up wild plants and sell them, but right-thinking people do not want to despoil the countryside in this way. The lady about whom I am writing had a better plan than this. She secured a stock of ferns for herself, and by careful division of the roots from time to time, a huge number of fern plants was soon produced. A large garden was available, as is so often the case in the country, and a regular nursery of ferns was established. When the stock was ready, small advertisements were inserted in suitable papers, and the result was surprising. Quite a nice little business was soon worked up, and at the end of the first year, after deducting all outgoing expenses, there was a profit of several pounds. As time went on the sales tended to increase, and on several occasions it was necessary to stop advertising, as the orders came in almost too freely, considering the stock which was on hand.

Another excellent way of raising money is in the growing of any kinds of common plants, such as wallflowers, pinks, forget-me-nots, etc., etc. Probably in the history of the country there has never been such an astonishing demand for all kinds of garden material as at present. The writer has a friend who, in a business way of course, has made a lot of money, simply by growing the most ordinary garden plants. It is not needful to have a very large garden, for, in their young days, the specimens do not take up much room. Many thousands of plants may be produced in a small garden, or in some odd corner which is not wanted for any other purpose. Again, the stock is best sold through the medium of small advertisements. The biggest results in these cases are always secured when the announcements appear in papers which circulate in London, or in some of the big towns. Here there are a large number of amateur gardeners, always ready to buy common plants. An idea of the right price to charge may be secured from studying the advertisements in any of the gardening papers. Do not ask too large a price, and always take care to give good value; this is very important, as it should be the ambition of every seller to get repeat orders.

Cut flowers always command a ready sale, especially in the winter and the spring. It is a great mistake to suppose that these must necessarily be something very special, and it will be found that quite common blossoms will have a ready sale, especially if these are fresh and well packed. Where even a small greenhouse is available, it is of course an easy matter to grow...
and the supply of blossom can be maintained throughout the whole year. In growing comparatively small quantities it is just as well not to specify any particular flowers, and the advertisements may be worded on the following lines:—“Box of fresh cut flowers and ferns, for 1s., post free.” It is always a good plan to give an inclusive price, as it is very often a great trouble to collect the postage afterwards. Again, the best results will arise when the announcements are inserted in papers which circulate in big towns. Of course, all kinds of fruit, vegetables, and even mushrooms, may be sold in this way.

It may interest some readers to give particulars of simple ways of growing mushrooms and new potatoes; these plans may be carried out even if a garden is not available. First of all, it is much more easy to grow mushrooms than some people seem to think. They can be produced in any outhouse, or in the corner of a yard. The only thing to bear in mind is that the making of the bed calls for the

Two girls started a small French garden and the resulting profits were given to the Church.

Preserving Flowers: these sell well at Bazaars. (After the sand has been shaken out the flowers are removed and carefully preserved.)
over from the previous winter, and then started in the following manner in the month of August. First of all it is important that the cupboard should be quite dark when the door is shut. If you cannot secure this, it may be a good plan to put the potatoes in large wooden boxes. Whatever we use it is needful to spread about three inches of soil (which should be fairly dry) over the surface of the shelf or the floor of the box, into which the potatoes can be bedded, in the manner shown. Mushrooms are grown in any shed or cellar, and these are readily sold.

New Potatoes all the Winter.

(Place old potatoes on a shelf which has a little dry soil on it, leave them quite in the dark. The crops were sold, and the money given to the Church.)

in the accompanying photograph. When all are in place the potatoes should be left absolutely in the dark. Now and again it may be a good plan to sprinkle them with a very little water, but only a small amount of moisture should be used. At the end of a few weeks it will be seen that the old potatoes are starting to bud off quantities of small tubers. When these are about the size of walnuts they may be gathered, and it will be found that they command a ready sale, especially during the winter months. The old tubers will keep on bearing in the way described for a very long time, until there is nothing left of them but a mass of shrivelled skin.

In conclusion one may suggest a novel way of preserving flowers. The first step is to prepare a wooden framework (the sides of a big box will do well). In the bottom of this is placed wire-netting, which can be easily fastened across by nailing it against the sides of the frame. The frame is now placed upon a flat surface such as a wooden board, wire netting downwards. A quantity of perfectly clean sand must now be poured in until the netting is covered. The flowers to be preserved are spread on the surface of the sand as shown in the photograph. Then more sand is poured on to the blossoms, care being taken to see that the petals are well arranged. Two or perhaps three layers of flowers are placed in the frame, and in each case sand is used to cover the blossoms in. Finally, the whole affair is put in a warm dry room. At the end of ten days the sand is allowed to escape from the frame by gently raising the wooden portion. It will then be found that the flowers will be beautifully preserved.

Potatoes produced in this way are very saleable.
No pilgrimage to Oxford can be complete which does not include a visit to the Chapel of Keble College, to view Holman Hunt's immortal canvas, "The Light of the World." Perhaps no single picture of the century has made a deeper impression than this masterpiece, replete with tender significance in every detail.

Is it in the eyes of the central Figure—the homes of age-long patience—that you find the picture's chiefest spell, or in the knocking hand, or in the wreath of thorns intertwined with the royal diadem? Or does your first glance dwell on the arresting symbolism of the door, long closed and overgrown with trailing creepers, bearing no handle on its outer side and opening only from within?

I love the painted parable in its every part, and I love it not less in its completeness, yet its supreme appeal to my mind is in a sense indirect, for whenever I have viewed the original or one of its many reproductions my thoughts have flown instinctively to the artless question of a little child, who gazed earnestly upon the picture, and after long silence asked, with that childlike simplicity which reaches to the roots of truth, "Did He get in?"

Other People's Eyes.

If only we could view our blessings with other people's eyes, we might be more appreciative and content.

A gentleman who owned a house and estate in the country became dissatisfied with his home, and ultimately decided to sell the whole property and move elsewhere. He consulted an agent in the town near by, who visited the estate, and then drafted a sale-description, which he brought to his client for any corrections which might be needed.

The description was straightforward and not over-coloured, setting forth in plain terms the comfort and roominess of the house, its pleasant and healthy, yet retired situation on a hill conveniently near to the town, the amenities of the small, well-timbered park, and the charm of the fertile gardens.

While this brief statement was being read by the agent, the prospective seller gradually leaned back in his chair with a more contented expression on his face, and said, when the end was reached, "Read that over again." The agent complied.

Then, after a few moments' thoughtful silence, the owner remarked decisively, "I've changed my mind about selling. You've just described the kind of place that I've been looking for all my life, and I didn't know till now that I had it. It's too good to sell."

The Turning of the Tide.

There is an intention—more or less honest—in many minds to break at some future date with the forces of evil, and to effect an amendment of the life. This intention is usually accompanied by a belief that such a transformation can be effected without extreme difficulty; apparently only a firm resolve is needed and personal effort will carry the matter through.

But the experience of those who have already struggled simply in their own strength against evil exposes the fallacy. They have striven, time and again, to change the current of their lives, and the result on each occasion has simply been disheartening failure. The power in opposition has proved far greater and their own strength far less than they had imagined.

Nature's lesson-book teaches this deeper wisdom. Standing in thought upon a bridge we watch a tidal river flowing through the spanning arches, and the current is so gentle that it seems almost as though we might be able to turn it. But if we took stones and soil, and built a dam across the stream, the river, checked for a moment, would finally flow right over the obstruction. If our first attempt seemed poor, and if a second time we built a higher, firmer barrier, the result would be the same, and the river would sweep away the impeding barrier as before, though perhaps not so swiftly. Mere human effort cannot hold back the stream or reverse the current.
Waiting awhile, we note a change. The sticks and straws which formerly were floating down the stream are being borne backwards in the direction of the river's source. What has happened? The tide has turned.

In Nature's realm and human life alike, that which man's unaided toil cannot accomplish is quietly and surely effected by a greater Power than ours. Conversion, or the turning of the soul Godward, depends on the grace of God.

**Across the Stream.**

Father and mother were suddenly bereaved of the little one who had been the joy of their lives, and their hearts, after the first bitter pangs of anguish, grew hardened and rebellious against the will of God.

They sought to bury their sorrow and learn forgetfulness in the distractions of travel, and one day, resting by a roadside in Palestine, they became interested in watching a shepherd trying to lead his flock across a shallow stream. Again and again he called to the sheep from the opposite bank, but in vain, for they would venture no farther than the brink; again and again he coaxed 'them, but to no purpose. At last, as a final resource, he forded the stream, caught up a lamb, and bore it in his arms to the other side. Immediately the ram followed, then the anxious mother-ewe, then the whole flock crossed the stream to better pastures and cooler shade beyond.

Not in vain was the appeal of God through that tender leading to the stricken hearts, for by the waterside they found the healing of their grief, and understood that the Good Shepherd had but taken their little one across death's stream that He might draw their hearts closer to Himself, and deepen their longing for the Land Beyond, and in after days the tale was told and retold oftentimes by their lips, and their lives were used of God to bring comfort to many an aching, burdened heart.

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**VESPER.**

Words by Florence Gertrude Attenborough.

Music by L. S. Leese.

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**THE BLESSING OF DAILY WORK.**

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know. — Charles Kingsley.

(Epistle.) "Let not the sun go down . . . ."

" Estrangement between friends should not be permitted to continue over night. It is a Scriptural counsel that we should not let the sun go down upon our wrath. Why? Because there may not be another day in which to get the wound healed and the estrangement removed. . . . Do not delay too long. What time is it? Is the sun moving towards his setting? Hasten, and before the shadows of evening come be reconciled with your friend."

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

"It may be that, by a desperate effort, we have kept the door of our lips shut upon that headlong torrent of resentful words, upbraiding words, malicious words, while we were in the hearing of others. It may be that we have thrust into the fire the letter which first we wrote, when our hand so tingled with passion we could scarcely guide the pen; and have put into the post, instead of it, something temperate, quiet, self-controlled, which will give the recipient no idea, to-morrow, of what passed before. But locked into our own chamber, where no human eye can see us and no human ear can hear, we may yet 'give place to the devil'—may let every fiery thought in our brain run riot—may fling out into the empty air all the foul denunciations seething in our heart. Did I say—'into the empty air'? Have we never, at such times, been conscious of a Presence at our side—unseen, unheeded, unspared one jot or one tittle of our hideous self-revelation? It is in the moment after we have locked the door behind us, we need to check ourselves at sound of a whisper, so faint that it is scarcely more than a formless sigh—'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.'"

(Gospel.) "Jesus, seeing their faith."

"This is a very wonderful saying. It was their faith—the faith of the friends; not his faith—the faith of the poor paralyzed man. He cannot, we think, have offered any decided opposition to their bringing him to Jesus, but this is as much as can be said on his part. It was their faith, seeing which, the Saviour spoke those gracious words. Is not here a most blessed encouragement for those who seek and strive, by intercessory prayer, to bring their loved ones to His Feet?"

Oct. 25. Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

(Collect.) "May cheerfully accomplish."

"Our Christianity is apt to be of a very 'dutiful' kind. We mean to do our duty, we attend Church, and go to Holy Communion. But our hearts are full of the difficulties, the hardships, the obstacles which the situation presents, and we go on our way sadly, down-hearted and despondent. We need to learn, or learn anew, from St. Paul that true Christianity is inseparable from deep joy; and the secret of that joy lies in a continual looking away from all else—away from sin and its ways, and from the manifold hindrances to the good we would do—up to God. His love, His purpose, His will."

(Gospel.) "Giving thanks always for all things."

"It is only through a delusion that we can ever imagine that there is more in the world to cause us depression than there is to evoke our thankfulness; it is only an attempt of the devil to magnify himself and his works above Almighty God and His works. If we would avoid being victims of this delusion, and be able to refuse to be bullied into depression about the world at large or the salvation of our own souls, we must learn and practise the art of thanksgiving."
THE FUGITIVE'S CAVE.

EVERYTHING was very quiet in Hughes' English Hotel, Jerusalem, and we slumbered peacefully—then all at once somebody's fists were beating a thunderous tattoo on the door and somebody's voice was shouting: "Wake up! Wake up! It's half-past five! Hurry up, and wake up! Wake up!"

At first we did not understand the cause of all this commotion, and I lay blinking at my mosquito-netting very sleepily, wondering what in the world had provoked this outburst at such an unearthly hour. Then I remembered. Adullam of course! The cave of Adullam, where David and his gallant little band had lain hid, and the wilderness of Engedi, and a thirty-mile ride over the hills and dales of Judea, those were to be our destination to-day, and I dived under my mosquito curtains and leaped out of bed, thrilled by the very thought.

In less than an hour we were off, riding up the good high road to Bethlehem, and getting a splendid view of the Holy City with its flat roofs and its domes, its great grey walls and graceful towers showing up clearly in the pure morning light. Jerusalem is wonderfully beautiful when you are outside, but when you get inside you see that it is wonderfully dirty too, the result of the combined influences of Jew and Moslem.

There were five of us—tourists, although it is seldom the ordinary tourist at Jerusalem gets the opportunity of visiting Adullam—mounted on donkeys, not like the wobbly animals you scrape acquaintance with on Woolacombe and other sands, but tall, strong, surefooted beasts whom every one rides here in the East who can't afford—or can't stick on—a horse. The Syrian ass is a friend to be proud of. I expect you remember the lady of Shunem telling her driver in 2 Kings iv. 24, "Slack not thy riding for me." The literal translation is, "Do not hold my donkey back," and some of them do need to be held back at times.

We were accompanied by Mr. Hughes, the proprietor of the hotel, on horseback, and in addition we had two donkeys in attendance—no, I mean we had a dragoman sitting on a donkey and our lunch at the same time and a couple of Arab boys running behind to make themselves generally useful.

We rode due south along the high road and past the convent of Mar Elias on the hill, leaving on our right Rachel's tomb.

All along the six miles to Bethlehem our cry continually was: "Oar! Oar!" (Beware, beware!) for the benefit of the people on the road, but when we had passed through the exceedingly narrow streets of that memorable little town, and turning from the road entered a rough bridle-path, our cry changed to an oft-repeated "Schwi! Schwi!" (Softly, softly) and "Riglak!" (Be careful) for the benefit of our sagacious donkeys. And our cry was heeded, for not once did any of them slip or take any serious slides over the smooth sloping pieces of rock that time and again were our only sort of path, nor did they stumble over the countless loose stones in our narrow way, though the only horse of the party had often hard work to keep his footing on the treacherous shelving rock and worse stones. At one period on our ride when about midday we were nearing our goal, we came upon an almost impassable stretch, a shelf of rock polished smooth for some hundred feet, with a steep hill rising on one hand and a sharp decline on the other, and here Mr. Hughes told us that a lady, some twelve months ago, in riding over this rock with her dragoman, had slipped—at least her horse had—and falling had sustained a broken ankle. Her dragoman had started off at once to Bethlehem, nine miles distant, for help, and she had been left lying there for four hours, absolutely alone among those weird and silent hills of the wilderness of Engedi, enduring the pain of a broken ankle. It says a good deal for her pluck, I think, that she was in Jerusalem again the same year that we were. Of course this was a cheerful thing to tell us before we had crossed the "dan-
ger slip,” but we clung to our saddles and sat tight, trusting the donkeys’ feet rather than our own, and the wise beasts took us safely across without so much as a stumble from any of them.

Up over another hill and down into a narrow gorge, and there before us was the valley of Adullam, a wonderful valley, rocky and barren without a blade of grass in it and without a glimpse of life save for an eagle soaring far above our heads, a black spot against the cloudless blue.

It was hot there although it was January, and we sat on a narrow ledge of rock in the shade emptying the saddlebags of their contents and gazed entranced at the view before our eyes. Hills stretched behind hills in endless procession of curious limestone formations, without foliage or shrub of any sort, while at our feet, though hundreds of feet below us, a streamlet threaded its way at the bottom of the narrow cliff-sided valley, looking, from the height we were, like a little thread of silver wire dropped by accident into the gorge. And yet we were barely halfway up the barren hillside. We could even hear the brawling of the distant stream, so silent, so entirely quiet is that valley of sterile cliffs and rocks where David, the shepherd and warrior, was forced to fly and hide from the vigilance of his enemy the king.

We climbed up the face of the hillside for a short distance, and following what seemed more like a goat-track than a path came to a boulder, a formidable opponent six feet high—I think he was pretty nearly a cube—but happily there were a few dents and notches in the sides, and into these we stuck the tips of our toes and were hauled and hoisted to the top. Here we found that it was impossible to stand up or even sit up, for a part of the cliff hung overhead so much that only a foot’s space separated the cliff from the rock, and to add to the discomfort of the situation the rock’s summit, though flat, sloped at a disagreeable angle towards the valley, where at its edge there was a sheer drop to the stream below. However, this was only a trifle disconcerting, and we wormed our way on our chests across the obstacle, crawled a little more comfortably over another rock, where

"This is the cave," said Mr. Hughes.

We stared in amazement. This the cave we had woven so many fancies around? This narrow, winding passage, hardly wide enough for two to walk abreast down it, with its roof only a foot or two above our heads, the place where David chose to hide so long? Surely not! But now each of us had been provided with a long thin taper, and on our guide telling us to follow him, we filed slowly down the narrow way, in and out, till all trace of daylight had vanished, and then emerged into a great hall, so wide and lofty and far-reaching that the gleam of our seven tapers only threw a circle of yellow light around us, and not even pretending to illumine the further walls, served solely to make the darkness beyond more intense. We stood there on the threshold, astonished beyond words, till Mr. Hughes took us round the walls, leaving one of our party at intervals to stand alone in the silent gloom, so that at length the hall was ringed with little lights dotting its walls and looking so mean and insignificant, and then we fully understood the immensity of this great
cave. Cut out of the solid limestone hillside by some mysterious means beyond man's comprehension, and having only that narrow passage as an entrance and exit, is it any wonder that it amazed us? It must have accommodated with ease the four hundred fugitives who cast in their lot with David; but when Mr. Hughes conducted us to a small opening in the further wall that proved to be another passage leading into the heart of the hill, and told us that there were five more great halls as big as this one, and each connected with the next by a narrow passage-way, we ceased to wonder why David had set his choice upon the cave of Adullam for a place of refuge. It might seem bare and a bit difficult to obtain food here, but then Bethlehem was not far distant, and we know he went there when he took his parents thence into Moab (1 Sam. xxii. 3, 4). Think, too, how easily the cave could be guarded. A couple of men at the entrance could keep an army at bay, and these halls would hold provision for four hundred men for many a month in case of siege, and even were they driven from the first hall, they could easily fall back upon the second and guard that little passage as they would the first.

We did not go beyond the first hall because our time was short and our candles were growing shorter, but before we left that huge cave, a stone thrown to the roof demonstrated its height and disturbed a whole colony of black and grotesque bats, which fluttered down and round our lights with weird wild cries, angry, I suppose, at our intrusion.

We went out through the passage and into the blinding daylight to mount our donkeys and start Jerusalemwards, and to admire that splendid David even more than before. He was a grand character, and don't you think that we must fly if we would hope for life and safety, and guard that little passage as they would the first.

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A Native Church Builder.—We reproduce this month a photograph of the first native church in Cookhouse, Cape Colony, and its architect. "The old fellow in white coat," writes the Rev. P. E. Barnes, "lost both his legs on the railway, and now has a wooden stump and a cork leg, but he is a devoted Christian, and, in spite of his lameness and poverty, built this place with his own hands, though of course he had to climb a ladder for the roof. The walls are of wattle and daub (as the native huts are), and the roof he made of old tins—any he could get—chiefly oil tins and biscuit tins. It is now falling into ruins, but after the war it was replaced with a fine iron building near this site—part of a military hospital. The old man, now a licensed catechist, built the vestry of this, and also the teacher's house, and was at the opening of a new iron church under the Cookhouse Church and Council, forty miles away, before I left."

Rev. P. E. Barnes.

A Missionary Cake.—On another page will be found an article on "How I earned money to help my Church." It may be interesting to add that we recently received a "C.M.S." cake from Mrs. Leese, The Cottage, Alstonfield, Ashbourne. "I have made these cakes," she wrote, "for the last twelve years, and have sent up to this Society alone nearly £40, representing net profit. I have also made for S.A.M.S., G.F.S., and other Societies."

Curious Names.—At a church, in which the writer was once a member of the choir, there officiated as curates, although at different periods, the Rev. J. W. Hoaste, and the Rev. A. N.

Braybrooke Church.—Preserved in Braybrooke Church, near Market Harborough, is a "vamping" of brass about seven feet long. It is of considerable age, and was used in pre-organ times to give volume to the voice of the chief bass singer in the church choir. Another curiosity about Braybrooke Church is the closely set railings round the Holy Table. They are of the Jacobean period, and were intended to keep dogs away from the Communion Table. They are of the Jacobean period, and were intended to keep dogs away from the Communion Table.

J. B. Twycross.

A Family of Parish Clerks.—Two old inhabitants of Lowick, near Thrapston, Northamptonshire—Mr. and Mrs. William Jacques—possess records which it would be difficult to surpass. Their ages are seventy-five and seventy-three respectively, and they have spent the whole of their married existence at Lowick, and have lived at their present residence over forty-nine years. This house has been in the occupation of Mrs. Jacques's family for over 120 years, and the parish clerkship of Lowick has been in the hands of the same family for more than a century.
Mrs. Jacques's grandfather, father, and brother have served as clerk for a combined period of 120 years, the first-named fifty-four years. Mr. Jacques has an interesting record, for he has lived under seven rectors, and has served under five rector and chipters. With his father and brothers he once rung a peal.

T. E. BUTCHER.

An Interesting Old English Custom.—Amongst the many old English customs, which have now almost entirely disappeared, none is more quaint than that of hanging funeral chaplets in the parish church in memory of deceased maidens and unmarried men. This interesting custom is still continued at Abbott's Ann, a parish some three miles from Stoke-on-Trent, and is now perhaps unique. In the church here there may be seen about forty of these chaplets suspended around the walls of the nave by means of an iron stay attached to a small shield bearing the name and date of each person; and hanging from the chaplets are imitation gloves inscribed with texts or verses from a hymn. These gloves, which are made of paper by the friends of the deceased, are carried at the funeral and afterwards hung in the church. The earliest of those remaining is about 150 years old.

A. L. PACEY.

A Coincidence.—The writer knows some one who had a relation some years ago a Rector of a country parish. Many years after, another Rector was appointed, a relation on the other side of her family. (It was not by special patronage.) Is not this rather an unusual coincidence? Both Rectors are buried in the churchyard.

E.

Sunday School Attendance.—In Red Letter Church News a case was quoted recently of a girl never missing a mark for ten years at morning and afternoon Sunday School. In the Sunday School of which I am Superintendent (St. Philip's, Southport, Lancashire) I have one girl, Ruth Fox, who has a record of fourteen years; another sister, Mary Fox, with Annie Moore, twelve years; Elizabeth Runner and James and John Hulm, eleven years.

EDGAR NUTT.

Wine-press at Emmaus.—"The accompanying photograph," writes Miss M. Whiteman, "I took last year when in the Holy Land. It shows an ancient wine-press at Emmaus. They are so rare that even in Palestine there are only about three left. The grapes are put in the hollow in the centre of the stone; another big stone is then placed on the top of the grapes, and the juice flows through the hole in the stem of the press.

MISS M. WHITEMAN.

For a Workhouse Chapel.—"In the April issue of Home Words for 1909 you published," writes Mr. M. B. Cooper, "a paragraph telling how three inmates of the Chester Workhouse had built and carved a beautiful oak pulpit. The other week, at a meeting of the Guardians there stood in the Board Room two beautifully carved oak chairs, which had been carved by Wm. Hindley, an inmate, who carved the pulpit above referred to. The chairs were made for the church, and were most exquisitely carved. On the back of one of them the design represented the Lord's Supper, and on the other was illustrated Our Lord delivering the charge to St. Peter. The Guardians expressed their appreciation of the work. One went as far as to say that the general public should be charged the sum of £20 to see them, but his suggestion was not carried. The chairs, which could not be bought for less than £20 each, were placed on view in the city. The work took the man about twelve months. It was stated that the man wished to continue his work, and the Guardians readily gave their consent. Thus the workhouse chapel has been largely furnished by this inmate."

Gipsy Centenarians.—In the churchyard of St. Peter ad Vincula, Stoke-on-Trent, there is an old tombstone, now lying flat, which bears in large letters the following inscription—

"Sibil Clarke, 1684, aged 112. Henry Clarke, aged 112."

These names are also mentioned in the church register.

Tradition records that old Sibil Clarke belonged to a tribe of gipsies whose headquarters were at Mow Cop, from whence the stone was brought which now covers her grave in Stoke churchyard. She is said to have died when the tribe was passing through the town of Stoke-on-Trent.

MISS F. ROBINSON.

June Prize Award.—Winners of five shillings prizes are: C. Hodder, C. Glynn Evans, A. W. Suddaby, L. A. Simpson, Mrs. S. M. Maherley, and J. W. Waters. Extra half-crown prizes are awarded to H. G. Grainger, F. Starkey, F. Hayward, the Rev. S. W. Phillips, W. Allen, Miss M. J. Sowrey, and the Rev. M. Rowntree. Reserves (three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a five shilling prize, which must be applied for): H. Turner, C. W. Ward, Mrs. Butler, Miss A. M. Moss, Miss D. Fowell, Miss L. Collins, R. R. Madsen, Mrs. H. Williams, and W. A. Alexander.
HE was a little timid girl, with long, fine hair, the colour of pale gold, and eyes that were blue as the lobelia flowers that grew in her mother's garden. She was afraid of moths and flying things; of mice and crawling things; of things that "go bump in the night"; of shrill voices and loud noises; of an angry look and her own shadow when it grew very long. She walked upstairs backwards, to save the horrible feeling that the pursuer was behind her, if she walked up in the ordinary way. Other children laughed at her; her father ridiculed her; her mother only sympathized with her, and she would sit with her alone in the dark talking to her in a gentle voice, trying to reason away her fears, which she did, but only that they might return again the moment she was left alone. "Poor child," her mother would say, in speaking of her, "I am hoping she will outgrow this weakness."

At sixteen she was as timid as she had been at six, trembling at the rustle of a leaf. She slept with her sister; she could not have slept at all had she been alone. She suffered torments when a stranger spoke to her, torments that none knew of but herself. Once some one observed facetiously, "You will never be brave enough to live in a home of your own," and she did not reply, for she knew that she had not courage.

This went on until she was turned eighteen when the fear that clasped her yielded to the love of the dark-eyed Dan Dempster, who told his story so well at first without words and later in the sweetest language she had ever heard, that she placed her hand in his and gave him her fears to keep.

They were married when she was barely twenty and he was twenty-four. "Yonder will be our home," he had told her, pointing to the distant lighthouse on the tongue of land that jutted out from the wild shore. "None will interfere with us; there will be just you and me together. Say you're glad."

And she whispered, "I'm glad, Dan; always together."

It was in the lighthouse, three miles from anywhere, that they lived, loved, and worked. At times the winds blew their worst and shook the building to its foundations, and the sea roared as though possessed by a hundred thousand furies, yet she, who once had feared her own shadow, felt happy and secure in her beloved.

When she was twenty-two the first child was born to them. A storm was raging, and the roar of the hurricane was terrific. The nurse who was with her, and who had had no experience of lighthouse life, trembled as she went about her duties, but Mary Dempster smiled and spoke fearlessly, for Dan was within call.

When the baby boy was a month old and she was resting after a busy morning, the child asleep in the cot beside her, fancy suggested that she should ask her young husband what would happen to the light if he were ill.

"I should have to be pretty bad to neglect that," he said. "While I can move myself I shall tend it." He answered her in the low quiet tones that she knew he used when he felt deeply. Then he told her stories of men who had spent their last strength at their posts, caring for the lights in lonely and desolate places. She shuddered as she listened to the tales and hid her face on his breast.

Twice a week there came a boat, with provisions and requisites for the lighthouse. On one occasion it brought a letter from Trinity House, bidding him attend at an office in the town three miles inland to take some instructions. The boat could take him back. He was gone eight hours. When he returned her face was pale and drawn as though she had passed through a severe illness.

"You look five years older," he said.

"Let me come with you if you go again," she said simply.

"Yes, you shall come," he assented.

The second child, also a boy, was born in the summer, when the lighthouse looked bright and clean in its new coat of white paint. Dan had painted it, evincing a keen pride in his work. The two rooms in which they lived and slept were also painted and the simple furniture shone with
cleanliness. The white sea-gulls had circled the building for hours, as he had painted the outside, and Mary had watched them with delight. Her little boy, Joe, who had played about within sight of his father, was now two years old. He was a sturdy, manly little chap with a self-reliance that would not have shamed the prophet Daniel.

"He must not be a coward like me," said Mary to her husband. "I want him to be fearless like his father." It was for this that she put a restraint on her nervous fears for his safety, and deliberately closed her eyes to possible consequences when her husband encouraged his baby's enterprise and took the risks of allowing him to clamber up difficult places. "He's a daring little chap," said his father delightedly, and Mary realized the note of pride in the tone. When the second child was born, and Joe saw him for the first time, he regarded him with contemptuous silence.

"Kiss him, darling," said his mother, but Joe shook his head.

"He's tumbled down too small," he said, remembering what his father had told him of some young unfledged birds that had fallen from the nest. "I'll wait till he's growed big like me."

The seven years that followed the birth of the second child were filled with a quiet busy happiness. Each day brought its own work and its own pleasures. Mary made and mended for them all, and baked the bread they ate and cooked their simple meals carefully and well. The children were taught to read, write and sum, and were taken each a share in the work of the home. They grew in the belief that there was no man quite so good as father and no woman half so lovely as mother.

At seven years the elder boy helped clean the lantern for the lights, taking a keen pride in the work. When the children were nine and seven respectively, their father, to please them, instructed them how to operate the hand-gear that should turn the light in case of need.

Joe was an expert swimmer and could pull an oar quite well, and Mary, his mother, as she watched him and his father in the boat together on one of their occasional journeys knew that she looked upon her heart's best treasure, and conselled herself with her younger child until the return of the two.

It was the late afternoon of a brilliant August day. The heat had been intense. The sun's fierce rays had fallen on the white painted light.
ed Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

**By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.**

**A Striking Event.**

One of the most interesting events in connexion with the Mission field occurred last month, October 5, in Uganda, when the young king, who is now eighteen years of age, was crowned. It will be remembered that King Daudi Chwa when the young king, who is now eighteen years of age, was crowned. He was four years of age, he knew his Bible perfectly, and if when teaching the women she refers to any text, she at once tells them chapter and verse, and makes them look it up. She is a woman of much prayer, and takes it very much to heart if any of her little flock go wrong. Not long since, she sent a letter of eight sheets, written by herself, to the missionary in England, telling how each member has been getting on since she left; the names of those who had been baptized, or whose children had been baptized; and asking that each member might be remembered in prayer.

**By Our Own Correspondent.**

15 S. 31st Sunday after Trinity.
16 M. Isaiah 6.; 1 Peter 4. 1-19, 20; John 4. 31.
20 S. Isaiah 12.; 1 Peter 4. 1-19, 20; John 4. 31.
21 S. 22d Sunday after Trinity.
M. Daniel 1.; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
22 S. 23d Sunday after Trinity.
M. Isaiah 11. 9-10; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
23 M. Isaiah 11. 10; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
24 Tu. Isaiah 11. 8-11; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
25 Th. Isaiah 11. 10; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
26 F. Isaiah 13.; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
27 P. Isaiah 17.; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
28 S. Isaiah 17.; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
29 S. 1st Sunday in Advent.
M. Isaiah 1.; 1 Peter 5. 13. 24-28; Romans 11. 17-22.
30 M. St. Andrew, A. & M.
M. Isaiah 54.; John 1. 33-43.
B. Isaiah 66. 1-17; John 12. 30-42.
HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V.

God Save our Gracious King. Long live our Noble King. God Save the King.
The Story of the Red Cross.

By SARAH A. TOOLEY.

This sad and anxious time in the history of our beloved land, when our hearts ache over the appalling carnage amongst brave men on the great battlefield of Europe, we contemplate with profound thankfulness the world-wide organizations of the Red Cross for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers.

At the outbreak of the war, Queen Alexandra, as President of the British Red Cross Society, issued an appeal which went straight to the heart of the nation. "Thousands of our brave sailors and soldiers," she said, "are standing ready to defend Britain's shores and uphold her honour. Their sufferings will be great, and it is to us that they will look for comfort and relief. That comfort must not be denied them. . . .

I appeal for your help. I do it knowing that you will respond to this appeal in the name of humanity. Much money will be needed, and many gifts, if we are faithfully to discharge our trust and be able to say, when all is over, that we have done all we could for the comfort and relief of our sick and wounded."

We have all learned to recognize the sign of a red cross on a white ground as indicative of care for our wounded soldiers. As we look at it on an ambulance wagon, or on the uniform of our devoted nurses, we recognize its humane significance, but many do not know how the emblem had its origin.

To trace the story of the Red Cross we must in imagination visit the peaceful little town of Geneva, some fifty odd years ago.

The townspeople had been deeply stirred by the publication of a book entitled Un Souvenir de Solferino. The author, M. Dunant, had dared to paint in lurid colours the horrors of the battle of Solferino, fought June 24, 1859. It was probably the most sanguinary battle ever waged in modern times, and the sufferings of the wounded, left uncared for on the battlefield to linger until death mercifully released them, were appalling.

The harrowing scenes need no description; to-day we are all alive to the horrors of war, and they touch a deeper note in our Christian and humanitarian sympathies than in the days gone by, when such sufferings were tacitly accepted as the natural lot of the soldier. People avoided contemplating what was regarded as the inevitable, and military authorities were afraid that "Tommy" might lose his pluck and endurance if he became an object of public solicitude.

This feeling prevailed even amongst the men themselves in the Crimean War. The widow of one of the veterans once told me with pride that "her husband wasn't one of Miss Nightingale's 'chicken pickers,'" a name applied to men who were thought by their comrades to be enjoying too many good things in the hospitals under the care of Miss Florence Nightingale.

At Solferino the demon of war had done its worst, and M. Dunant wrote his terrible Souvenir of the battle to arouse the attention of the world to the fact that the medical service of the army was inadequate to cope with the needs of the wounded soldiers.

It is of romantic interest that Geneva, the comparatively unimportant town lying in peaceful seclusion on its beautiful lake, should be the spot where the good seed sown by M. Dunant was to germinate and blossom into the Red Cross movement, which now flourishes throughout the civilized world.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong.
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

The Geneva Society of Public Utility made M. Dunant's disclosures a subject of discussion at a meeting held February 9, 1863. A com-
A committee was formed of five gentlemen, whose names deserve an honoured place in history—General Dufour, Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army, Dr. Louis Appia, who had been assistant surgeon in the campaign in Italy, Dr. T. Maunoir, another distinguished practitioner, Henri Dunant and M. Gustave Moynier, who acted as President.

The Committee decided to start an International movement to deal with the care of the wounded in battle, and invitations to elect representatives to a Conference were sent to the leading European Governments. The response was encouraging.

The historic Conference met, as was fitting, at Geneva, October 26, 1863. To the original committee of five were added eighteen official delegates representing fourteen Governments, and six representing beneficent Associations, notably the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The military authorities of Europe viewed the little gathering critically, jealous of undue interference by benevolent people with existing army medical services.

The Conference, however, showed no sign of mistaken enthusiasm. It kept free of sensationalism. The result was a unanimous finding that reform in the treatment of the sick and wounded in war was urgently needed, and it was resolved to establish national societies to act as aids in time of war to the existing service of armies. The societies were to be established in close relationship with their respective Governments and were to work in conjunction with the military service of the different countries. Each society was to be autonomous and to work under a central committee having power to control all branches in the national territory.

The organization of these societies was to be started in time of peace, ready for the eventualities of war.

It was obvious that those working on behalf of these societies of mercy on the battlefield should be protected in their peaceful and strictly neutral ministrations by an emblem which all would respect.

Switzerland, which had given the movement birth, now gave it a badge. The national arms of the gallant land of William Tell is a white cross on a red ground; this was transposed, and a red cross on a white ground became the badge of the societies for aid for the wounded, which, taking the name of the emblem, became known as Red Cross Societies.

The arresting badge was the same for all nationalities, for in the merciful ministrations to the wounded distinctions of race are unrecognized and the name of "enemy" is unknown.

Only one recommendation is needed to secure the services of a Red Cross agent—that a soldier is wounded or in need of succour.

In the old barbarous times nothing was held sacred in warfare, and the wounded were often brutally treated and robbed, and those who attempted to render them assistance did it at the peril of their lives. Under the Red Cross, wounded soldiers are exempt from violence, and all persons engaged in its work wear a brassard with the magic emblem which protects them from interference. A flag bearing the insignia protects all places where the wounded are, whether in hospital, train or ship, houses or public buildings.
Wherever lay the wounded,
Hospital, or church, or shed,
Waved therefrom the glorious symbol,
Waved the white flag crossed with red.

The belligerent who refused to respect the Red Cross was held to have transgressed the laws of civilized warfare as much as if he had fired on a flag of truce.

The Geneva Conference resulted in nine Powers—France, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, Denmark, the Duchy of Baden and Prussia—signing the convention, and twelve other Governments, including our own, joined in the course of the next few years. To-day the whole civilized world is united by a chain of Red Cross Societies. The utility of the movement was first manifested in the Franco-German War.

The founding of the British Red Cross Society was due to the initiative of Sir John (then Mr.) Furley, and to the generous help of the late Lord Wantage. We are writing of a movement which stands above the enmities of nations, and we frankly record that our own Red Cross practically had its birth at Berlin. At a Conference of Red Cross Societies held at the German capital in 1869, it was pointed out that England had not yet joined the movement.

Mr. John Furley rose in a spirit of patriotic faith and prophesied that should war break out in Europe he would confidently say that a Red Cross Society would be organized in England fit to compare with any foreign society.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German War this undertaking was fulfilled when at a meeting at Willis's Rooms a National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, later known as the British Red Cross, was formed. Lord Wantage headed the subscribers' list with £1,000, and money flowed in from all quarters.

Queen Victoria and her daughters and daughters-in-law set the example of Red Cross workers, and women of every degree all over the land were engaged in the beneficent occupation. Many will recall the wave of enthusiasm on behalf of the wounded which covered the country. Young and old were engaged in the preparation of lint, bandages and useful garments.

We need not linger longer over the story of our British Red Cross. We recall its magnificent work in the Boer War, when the Princess of Wales's Hospital Ship voyaged under the ensign and the Princess Christian's Hospital train under the same emblem bore the wounded men from the battlefields of South Africa, and rich and poor alike contributed money and work to the cause.

The outbreak of the present war found us with our Red Cross in a well-organized condition with local detachments all over the country, having a personnel of approximately 60,000 nurses and workers. Many thousands of qualified trained nurses have been registered since the beginning of the war.

Queen Alexandra, the President, has a splendid lieutenant in the Duchess of Devonshire, who has made Devonshire House, Piccadilly, the headquarters of the Society.

It was not easy in time of peace to make people believe that the Red Cross training was of much use. Only a week before the war broke out, I heard an excellent lady, much interested in other philanthropic work, regret the time that some ladies of the parish were giving to the local Red Cross detachment. She even thought an exhibition of Red Cross work very dull. Now, that lady is herself the active organizer of working parties in her parish, and rejoices that the local detachment had been so well trained in time of peace that within a short time of the outbreak of war it had the best equipped military hospital in the county waiting ready for the wounded.

Invaluable work has been done in countless parishes under the direction of Rectors' and Vicars' wives. I know of one suburban parish which before the war had been in progress three weeks sent up to headquarters samples of shirts, etc., asking if they were satisfactory. The garments were retained to serve as models, so perfectly were they made, and since then a steady supply has been kept up.
Our New and Startling Serial Tale.

CHAPTER IX.

'Sir Philip in the drawing-room?' said Verity wearily. She was ever so tired this afternoon, and yet she had done nothing to make her so. It may have been that she had not slept very well the preceding night. She had gone to bed resolved to banish thought, but thought had refused to be so summarily dismissed.

Had Keith really cared for her? If so she supposed the feeling had quite evaporated now. At any rate he had left Stanbridge without any further attempt to see her.

Verity turned resolutely from her repining, and thought very hard of all that she had heard about that splendid trading scheme of theirs. Yes, theirs, since it was as much Cyril Grayle's as her own.

It is curious when our eyes are opened to a fact how puzzled we are over our previous blindness.

Of course it had only been natural that Keith—and others—should think she and the Vicar were-------

Verity had buried her hot face in her pillows and gone back to her missionary plans. Yes, Mr. Lascelles had spoken most hopefully of a big success. Everyone was saying now how surprising it was no one had thought of it before! The depots already opened and supplied with native curiosities and craftsmanship were besieged with eager buyers who liked to feel they were “giving to charity” whilst purchasing artistic novelties that could not be bought elsewhere.

No wonder, with her mind full of schemes, regrets, vain longings and wistful aspirations, Verity spent a restless night, and felt fagged out the next day. She had intended to go for a solitary tramp over the moors in the hope of “blowing the cobwebs away,” and received the news of Sir Philip's visit with some regret.

“Did he ask specially for me?” she questioned Bessie the housemaid.

The girl nodded. “He asked for master first, miss,” she replied, “but when I said he was out, he said he'd like to see you. He's in the drawing-room now, miss.”

The repetition was a hint for Miss Verity not to keep so important a visitor waiting, and, since there was no help for it, Verity went. She had never been able quite to overcome a certain shyness in conversation with Sir Philip. Ordinary chit-chat seemed too trivial to offer him, and what else was there to talk about? They could not discuss—Keith.

The colour was burning in Verity's cheeks as she shook hands with Sir Philip and remarked an unusual irritation in the latter's manner.

“Ah, Miss Verity,” he said, as they sat down. “Glad to find you in. I may say we have a common cause together, eh?”

Verity felt the flush deepen on her face. How absurd it was of her to think of Keith. Keith, whose farewell had been so curt and final.

“It's about this anonymous letter business,” went on the baronet, producing a folded paper from his pocket. “The thing's becoming a perfect nuisance, and it is time some one took the matter up, eh? I called to ask whether you had ever been able to form the smallest clue as to the identity of the fellow who, I imagine, is sharpening his wits at our expense?”

Verity looked puzzled.

“I don’t quite understand,” she replied. “Are you talking about the man—or woman—who so kindly sent me the £100 to trade with for missionary work?”

“I don't know about the missionary trading,” said Sir Philip irritably, “or as to there being any very kindly intention in the matter. Personally, I view the whole thing as a great impertinence, and I mean to discover who has been guilty of it—and expose him. Deliberate insult is intended. Of that I am convinced.”

Verity had unfolded the paper he handed her and was reading it with interest. She was glad of the pause to think over it all, for Sir Philip's manner had rather startled her. He seemed angry—but why? She asked the last
question again to herself as she finished reading the mysterious offer.

"Oh, I don't think it is meant as an insult," she protested; "it seems to me rather—a nice way of showing how your example of generosity has inspired some one to help forward the good works you are interested in."

Even Sir Philip could not suspect the speaker of irony! Yet her words brought a dull colour to his face. No one could see the mockery of the situation more plainly than himself. Yet he spoke in self-extenuation.

"I do what I can," he protested, as though Verity were sitting in judgment on him. "I only wish I could do more. But in these days one must be just as well as generous."

Verity looked at him with shining eyes. Keith's father was not likely to come under harsh criticism from her!

"I am sure you are both," she replied, "and that is why the writer of that letter made you the offer. He—or she—felt sure their money would go to the furtherance of some needful cause."

"Exactly," agreed the baronet hurriedly, "exactly. But—h'm—you have no idea who this exceptionally discerning philanthropist may be? I thought since you see a great deal of the present vicar, you might—h'm—have learned if he is privy to the—jest—or whatever you care to call it?"

Again Verity felt her cheeks burn.

Had every one in Stanbridge been commenting on her close friendship with Cyril Grayle? She was angry with herself as well as with others who had so misjudged her.

"I have not the least clue," she replied more coldly, "not the very faintest. And I am sure Mr. Grayle has not either. We have often wondered about it. Mr. Grayle thinks—says—he is sure it is the work of a good man who has God's cause at heart. It must be so, for see how it has been blessed already! John Parsons acted nobly, as well as being enabled to invent a wonderful machine, and the £100 given me for missionary work has helped to develop a splendid trade. And now—this third offer will, I am sure, have just the same sort of result. It must."

Sir Philip rose rather abruptly. He had not bargained for this very naïve interpretation of his grievance, and it embarrassed him. He said good-bye to Verity Moore without asking any more questions, and walked back through the village with the intention of calling on John Parsons. But the latter was not in, so Mrs. Parsons informed him as she shyly invited the visitor to step into the parlour.

"John's gone up to London, sir," she said, "there's some job been offered him through the kindness of Sir Hugh Elgins, an' he's gone up about it."

She dusted a chair with her apron, though no speck of dust had been visible on its polished surface, and timidly asked Sir Philip to be seated.

The baronet shook his head.

"No, no," he replied, "I must be getting home. I only called to ask Parsons if he had ever found out who sent him that £500, with those absurd conditions tacked on to it."

Nellie's plump face grew rosier than ever.

"No, sir," she replied, "we never did know, though John's often wishing he could find out an' thank him. It wasn't only for the money we're grateful, but for making the condition to give half to the hospital. We were just likely to get foolish an' uplifted so to give, thinkin' only of ourselves. An' the givin' up the half of the money brought us to our senses. We'd have had no happiness in all the £500 brought us if we hadn't learned in time as God had a claim on us for what He'd given us. That's what it taught us, sir, an' we feel sure as whoever sent that money knew something of human nature."

"H'm," grunted the baronet, "I'm not so sure of that. Some one's playing a little game of their own, and I should like to get to the bottom of it."

Apparently his visit to Mayes Villa had not improved his temper, for the butler at the Manor gave it as his opinion to the housekeeper, that "the master was in for an attack of gout, he was that nasty!"

But it was not gout which ailed Sir Philip, nor any material ill. Somehow that mocking ultimatum worried him. He had talked so much and for so many years of regretting he could not be more for his neighbours, or give more to charities, that he had really come to believe in his own inability. It was therefore a real shock to read in this anonymous letter that some one else—some shrewd observer in the outer world—had seen through that pious hypocrisy and was nailing him to it.

Humbug. That was the mute challenge which underlay every word of quite a specious epistle. And Sir Philip strongly objected to such a title.

Not that anyone else was going to give him such a name. Little Verity Moore, for instance, had seen in the letter only a proof of appreciation for his generous nature.

Generous nature. Those words stung the old man keenly. It was as if a remorseless hand had held a mirror before him, showing him his likeness as he had never seen himself before. He had been quite clever in his own self-deceit. But now self-deceit was no longer possible; so what was to follow?

It was an irritating conundrum for a lonely man. Sir Philip had never been very great at making friends, and those he had had drifted out of his daily life.

Suddenly a need for sympathy obsessed him. He was very dull here at the Manor. What business had that young rogue Keith to desire an object in life? Was there not fishing, shooting, golf, hunting? What did a young man need more?

Apparently his son Keith had needed more than that—a considerable deal more. And so——

"The baronet had never called himself an old man,
before to-day, but just at the moment he realized he was not as young as he used to be. He even tired of mental calculations which had self and self-interests for a basis. The anonymous letter-writer continued to mock him with his silent "Know thyself, as others know thee."

Well, others did not all know him for a selfish, mean and stingy old fellow. That bright, pretty girl of the doctor's, for instance, had taken his generosity for granted.

And her appreciation had touched a long-dormant chord in Sir Philip's heart. She had alluded to the people who had reason to be grateful to the baronet's generosity.

Was there such a thing as gratitude? If so, it might be worth learning more of a new experience.

Sir Philip was always cautious in his resolutions, but he had made up his mind to one thing. He would go and see Verity Moore on the morrow and talk to her about the sort of charity it was worthwhile encouraging that anonymous crank to give to—after he, Sir Philip, had led the way.

To the baronet's own surprise the next morning found his determination the same. He would go and have a chat with little Miss Verity.

Verity herself was surprised by the visit, but again—in spite of self-scoldings—it was Keith's father she saw rather than Sir Philip Norton, the village magnate. And Keith's father was very welcome.

Perhaps it was natural enough that Keith himself should be alluded to, and from Keith to Keith's profession.

Verity, battling hard against self-consciousness, was ready enough to talk of the spiritual work done by doctors, hospitals, etc. And then—was it chance, or something more divine in its happening—that Verity should talk of the cottage hospital so badly needed at Wallerton, the growing factory town some five miles distant from Stanbridge.

"It does seem a pity the building work has had to be stopped through want of funds," said the girl, speaking without the least ulterior motive; "it is so dreadfully badly wanted, dad says. He has a great many patients—poor patients—in Wallerton, and he says it is heart-rending sometimes to see them lying sick and suffering in their own poor homes, where, however hard the wives or mothers try, they cannot have proper care and attention."

"Quite so, quite so," agreed Sir Philip. "We—or—we must see what can be done later on. We must certainly see what can be done. Personally I think the hospitals ought to be run by the State and properly supplied with the necessary funds. It is a crying disgrace that institutions for the public weal should be left to private charity."

It was an old practice of his to abuse the shortcomings of others and thus allow his own refusal to give assistance to the cause in question to pass unnoticed. But to-day it was not quite so easy to salve his conscience. That anonymous letter, with its implied reproof, haunted him in the most disconcerting fashion. Why did he allow the desperate need of the sick and suffering at Wallerton to be passed over in general terms of censure at a system?

There was no endowed and well-equipped hospital in the neighbouring town, and his saying there ought to be did not help to build brick walls.

That was what a rudely awakened con-
science was telling Sir Philip after his chat with Verity Moore, and the latter precipitated the baronet's decision by a chance speech the following week.

"'I told dad you had promised to see what could be done about the Wallerton hospital later on," she said, with the new note of friendliness which Sir Philip's more frequent visits had awakened; "he was so grateful. You are always so good in helping wherever you can."

It was such wholly undeserved praise that Sir Philip felt again the keen stab of conscience.

Well! He had wanted to know what gratitude received would make him feel like.

He had to admit that gratitude in advance gave him a most unpleasant "sense of meanness."

He really ought to put his hand in his pocket this time!

"H'm," he commented rather nervously, "I don't think—er—we ought to be putting it off too long, if you and your father will come up and dine with me to-morrow evening, I—er—think we might arrange for the building operations to be continued. As you say, a cottage hospital in a place like Wallerton is a necessity. It—er—is a disgrace that one has not been erected before."

Verity's eyes shone.

"How good you are," she cried softly, "and how generous. It is simply splendid of you to suggest it. How very grateful the Wallerton people will be."

Sir Philip shook his head.

"I'm not so sure of that," he replied, "but still——"

Verity was allowed to construe the last two words as she chose.

CHAPTER X.

"I want you to congratulate me, Miss Verity."

Verity gave a little jump, and the primroses she had been bunching fell back into the basket in sweet confusion.

"I didn't hear you coming," she confessed, as she rose from her knees and held out her hand to Cyril Grayle. "And you know I'm quite sure," she added with a beaming smile, "that you've taken my advice at last and been down to Warleigh."

The Vicar took both outstretched hands in his own.

"Yes," he replied, "I have, and I have been calling myself all the uncomplimentary names under the sun because I did not do so before. If only I had known."

Verity was frankly charmed. What woman—especially a young one—does not revel in a love-story? And Verity felt she could claim to have had more than the tip of one of her own dainty fingers in this "pie."

"Come and sit down and tell me all about it," she commanded in sisterly fashion, as she led the way through the miniature "wilderness" at the bottom of their garden to a rustic seat. "Of course Mary has accepted you."
Cyril Grayle coloured as he met the smiling grey eyes.

"I object to the 'of course,'" he declared, "but—yes, she has consented to be my wife."

He was just a trifle formal and constrained, since men find it pretty difficult to exchange or give confidences of this kind. And yet, did he not owe at least part of this supreme happiness to Verity's sympathy and womanly advice?

"I won't ask questions," said Verity with praiseworthy self-denial, "but I congratulate you both with all my heart. I am so glad—for Mary. She won't mind my calling her that, will she? We are sure to be friends."

"Of course," assented the Vicar very heartily, "she is already longings to know you—and thank you as if she were to be able to do, only it is difficult to find words. I wonder—" he hesitated, "what made you so sure that she still cared for me after we had both misjudged each other so?"

Verity began bunging her primroses again very carefully, her head bent forward over the basket.

"It is so easy to be misjudged," she whispered; "people always seem to be doing it. That sounds uncharitable, doesn't it? and I don't want to be a horrid little cynic. But why will people be so fond of putting wrong constructions on things, and—and gossip so about what isn't really?"

Grayle smiled rather sadly. "I'm afraid it's human nature to discuss fairly often 'what isn't really fact,'" he replied, "but we've got to put up with that and try by God's help to steer a straight course ourselves, without judging others or heeding what people say falsely about us."

Verity sighed. It was oh! ever so many months since Keith Norton had visited Stanbridge, and she had guessed the reason without being able to rectify it. "Why did people get wrong ideas into their heads?" and

And yet, now, perhaps Keith would hear the truth. Mr. Grayle's engagement would prove his error. But, in the meantime, had Keith himself grown indifferent to what she hoped he had once wanted? Would he feel that, having misjudged her, she herself was indifferent to the judge?

"It is a pity things can't be explained at once," she said involuntarily.

"Yes," said the Vicar, "if they could——"

He paused, his rugged face hardening a little. If only he and Mary had explained all their unhappy misunderstanding, what years of waiting and suffering would have been avoided.

Yet that was a foolish way of looking at things. It is no use groaning over the 'might have beens' in life. Better—far better—thank the good God for the 'what ares.' So Cyril Grayle accepted a belated joy with gratitude, refusing to repine on having missed some part of the sweet perfection of a dream.

Now, seeing Verity's clouded face and quivering lips, he forgot his own newly-gained happiness in sympathy for the dear friend to whom he owed it.

"Is there something that wants explaining in your life, Verity?" he asked gently.

She shook her head, a burning blush rising to her cheeks. "Never must he guess her poor little secret.

"No, don't talk about me," she begged, "but—I'll let me see—about the mission work. Have you heard from headquarters?"

"I had a letter by last night's post. The new depots are getting on capitally. We can thank God for a great success."

Verity nodded. "Yes, it was His doing—all His doing. I was only thinking this morning about it. Just fancy how easily I might have posted on the £100 to the society and that would have been the end."

"Instead of the beginning," added Grayle. "Yes, we have much cause for gratitude. I should like to know who that mysterious donor of the triple gift could have been. It has proved a Heaven-sent inspiration."

"Old Mr. Howley always hints that it must have been some friend of yours whom you persuaded to the task to help confound his cynicisms on the humbug and poverty of human nature. I wonder what he thinks of the result, anyway!"

"The Vicar shook his head. "It is not con-

siously through me or any friend of mine," he replied. "By the way, are you going to the opening of the cottage hospital at Wallerton to-morrow?"

Verity hesitated. She knew Keith Norton was to come down to the opening, which Sir Philip had promised to perform in person, since he himself had been the principal patron and subscriber to the work.

"I—I'm not sure," she said. "I may go, if dad is not too busy to take me."

The Vicar looked at her with some amusement.

"As if such an independent young woman could not take herself," he teased. "Now I am going to suggest that instead of being taken you yourself take some one. It would do Jake Howley a whole world of good to see the better side of human nature in its practical sympathy with fellow-creatures' suffering."

Verity placed the last bunch of primroses back into her basket.

"I believe I will," she declared. "We are ever such friends, and I should like to go with him. I am just taking these flowers to lame Willie Hoskins, and then I will call round and ask him."

"Do," urged Grayle, laughing outright, "but do not tell him I shall be there to torment him with a whispered, 'I told you so.'"

The two parted on their several ways with the knowledge of a perfect sympathy and friendliness. Apart from her own gladness that the Vicar's engagement would keep tongues from wagging in foolish gossip over their comradeship, Verity was honestly delighted to think of the happiness which had come to her friend.

What a foolish barrier pride can become, for it is so often nothing but pride that we call "sensitiveness."
And now the clouds between Cyril Grayle and his Mary were blown away, and the sun shone for them.

How good that was. But what of her own love idyll? The idyll which had never been voiced—never confessed? Had it all been a mistake, and had Keith never cared for her at all? He could not have cared very much to leave her for so long with never a word or sign.

There were bluebells in the woods around Jake Howley's cottage and the old man himself was busy in his garden, when the latch of the wicket clicked and he looked up to see Verity Moore. The latter was always a welcome visitor, so down went the spade as Jake called his greeting.

"Come in, my dear, come in. Or would you rather be out here in the garden, eh? Much better in the garden. Nothing like God's sunshine and the sweet spring breezes. Now look at my daffodils, did you ever see finer blooms?"

"Beautiful," agreed Verity, going down on her knees and raising the graceful yellow heads for her own admiration. "Your garden is just lovely, Mr. Howley."

"And doesn't cost a penny for labour, eh?" chuckled the old man proudly. "I'm seventy-two to-day, my dear, and I'm no worse a digger than I was ten years ago."

"Many happy returns of the day," said Verity gaily, as she seated herself on a gnarled tree-stump.

Jake shook his head.

"No," he commented, "I can't expect many more. That's not possible, but I thank God for good health and all the home I need. That's enough, eh?"

"Quite enough. I've come to ask you a favour, Mr. Howley, though it won't be just a birthday treat."

He looked at her slyly. They were the best of chums, in spite of sparring and brisk argument at times.

"Well," he demanded, "what have you got up your sleeve, Miss Pussy?"

"Something very innocent," she retorted. "I want you to come with me to Wallerton to-morrow, to see the opening of the new cottage hospital."

"H'm," grunted the old man, striking his spade into the ground, "I suppose they'd open it just as well without me."

"Perhaps. But I want to go—and I want to take you."

"Who's going to open it, eh? I suppose there'll be plenty of speeches and humbug."

"Speeches—but not humbug. Sir Philip Norton is going to open it."

He darted a sharp look at her.

"Sir Philip, eh? What's he doing that for?"

"Because he was asked, I suppose. You see there would have been no opening at all if it had not been for him. He has given a lot of money towards it."

"H'm. What did he think he was going to get out of that?"

Verity looked grave.

"You know I don't think that's very kind, Mr. Howley," she rebuked. "Sir Philip is very generous. He always has been."

"Really? I don't believe it. Sort of man who's only generous to himself. The rest's talk."

"You are quite wrong. It was not talk. Anyhow, other people did not think so, or the mysterious sender of those letters would not have offered to double all he spent in a year on charity. He—the writer—knew Sir Philip was a philanthropist and would spend his money in a deserving cause."
Old Howley fell to digging and chuckling.

"My word," he muttered, "how women—and men too—can twist motives about. But I won't argue. I've done with that for the present. I'm—well, I'm open to conviction though I won't say I'm convinced. You're not going, Miss Verity?"

"I must," said the girl. "Dad and I are going out to luncheon. I shall have to run home. I only came because I wanted to coax you into coming to-morrow."

He looked at her admiringly.

"You can coax," he replied. "Yes, and I'm coming—to see the leopard change his spots. By the way, I suppose son Keith will be down there too, eh? Heard anything from him lately?"

Verity became scarlet.

"No," she replied sharply, "why should I? We—we are not old friends."

Mr. Howley looked shrewd.

"Perhaps not," he agreed, "but you ought to be good ones, my dear. I'm a queer old crank, of course, who has no business in interfering with young folks' concerns. But—don't get to misunderstandings, that's all."

Verity did not reply. She wanted—oh so badly—to ignore this excellent advice which she herself had given so freely to Cyril Grayle.

But it was so different accepting advice from giving it!

They walked side by side to the gate, and instead of saying good-bye there Jake Howley unlatched the wicket and accompanied his young friend through the wood.

His mood was an unusual one, pensive and kindly, without that snatch of cynicism with which he loved to hide his better nature.

"Child," he said suddenly, as they neared the gate, "I've grown very fond of you, and I guess perhaps—I'm a queer old chap, but I have my ideas—the misunderstanding has something to do with you and Cyril Grayle making common cause over that missionary business. Do you think it made for jealousy, eh?"

"Don't," pleaded Verity, her face aflame, "don't."

"Yes," replied Jake obstinately, "I'm going on—and you're to look on me as a sort of family adviser, eh? I'm taking it for granted that you loved Keith Norton, just as I know for a certainty he loved you. But he's a peppy younger, hot-headed and jealous, though made of good stuff. And he may have got jealous. Well, why didn't you tell him there was no reason, or show him there was none, eh?"

Verity did not reply, did not even try to check the inquiry. But Jake Howley was shrewd-witted and was following out his idea to its conclusion.

"I suppose you thought the work had to go forward, eh?" he asked. "Even over your own heart? Child!—was that it?"

She looked at him, her grey eyes suffused with tears. "It was God's work," she whispered, "and God makes—all work for good for those who love Him—and try—try their best to steer a straight course."

They had reached the head of the lane as they spoke, and Jake did not reply. There was an indefinable look on his rugged old face, but he said nothing. A woman—a gipsy vagrant—was passing up the lane, a child in her arms; she glanced up towards Verity and would have begun to beg alms had not the shrill note of a motorhorn sounded close by.

The woman stood in the centre of the lane, at the turn of a sharp corner.

"Come to the side," screamed Verity in a panic, "there's a car coming. A car."

It swung round even as she spoke, and to her horror she saw that Sir Philip Norton himself was driving it. The woman still remained where she stood, too startled to move. And the whole incident took place far more quickly than it is possible to describe it.

Sir Philip, hearing Verity's cry and seeing the woman standing in the road, jammed on his brakes in a reckless attempt to avert the pending disaster.

The result was only what could have been expected. The car skidded across the road, crashed into the hedge on the opposite side and overturned, flinging the chauffeur wide of the débris but pinning Sir Philip himself underneath.

Verity clutched at the shoulder of her companion, her face was drained of all colour, but she did not scream aloud as the gipsy woman was doing, although she had seen only too clearly in that awful moment what must have happened.

"He is killed," she whispered faintly to Jake Howley.

"He is killed, and—and he is Keith's father."

(To be continued.)

THE ANTAGONIST. (See Gen. 32.)

Let God's storms stir thy placid life,
Nor pray for quiet days;
He wars with thee that thou be strong,
He makes thy struggle short or long,
Until at last He says:
"Peace, peace; be still thy present strife,
Peace, peace, be still."

Give us Thy courage, God of war,
That we may know Thy peace.

Only when we have fought and won,
Only when sinks the setting sun,
And Thou dost bid us cease—
Thy soldiers under martial law,
That is Thy will.
OR many a long year there was a land whose welfare and happiness were endangered by a hitherto insurmountable difficulty. On dark and gloomy nights, when thick clouds blotted out the starlight and hid the moon from sight, many deeds of evil were wrought. Thieves and men of ill-repute under cover of night pursued the tenor of their wicked way and worked much mischief upon inoffending citizens—for they lurked at every corner and would spring upon and molest and rob all passers by. Many were their victims, and many were the searchings of heart in that country, while for a remedy men constantly sought and sought in vain. But a certain wise man arose and said, “I will solve your difficulty. I will make stars, and set them in various places to give light.”

And the manner in which he proposed to proceed was like this. He said that he could raise up the spirits of the trees which had lived thousands and thousands of years ago. He declared that there was a spirit in every tree, which grew with its growth and died in its death, and that the voices of these trees were to be heard in the murmuring and rustling of the leaves, and that we could hear their sighs of regret as the autumn wind and storms of early winter lashed them with fierce passion.

There had been a day, thousands of years before, when these trees, bowed and leafless with age, lay down to die—down in the lowlands where the rivers run into the sea and the symbols of time and eternity meet. There in the lowlands they lay, by the riverside, while the music of the waters lulled their spirits to sleep, till slowly the waters stretched out cold bare arms and, folding them to their icy heart, covered them from sight.

Now this wise man said he would raise from their sleep of death these ghosts of the trees, and would give them fresh life by turning them into stars to give light in the dark places in that land when the night was black. And this he did. He turned them into stars, and set them at gloomy corners where thieves and all who loved darkness lurked. Thus were men no longer “afraid for any terror by night,” and in the clear light of the stars the robbers could plunder no more, and the people who had once groped in darkness could with confidence find the place where they would be.

Perhaps you are saying to yourself that I am wandering in some mystic dreamland—that I am permitting fancy to weave fairy tales which serve no purpose but to amuse? But this is no imaginative ghost story, but a true tale.

Thousands of years ago the trees of the forest died, were buried in the river-beds, were slowly turned to coal. The coal was dug up, and from the coal was extracted carburetted hydrogen or gas, which, by means of gaspipes and lamp-posts were set, as stars, to lighten the darkness of towns. And no less for the brilliant arc lamps of electric light the cold dead spirits of the trees of long ago are needed.

There was an even wiser and greater Man Who made stars—the wisest and greatest Man Who has ever lived.

Once in the primeval ages of the world’s infancy, when it was possible for God to look upon the fair beauty and innocence of a sinless world and declare that it was “very good,” man lived in close communion with his Creator without sin, and the earth lay bathed in the smile and the light of God. But that bright morning of the world soon passed away, the temper crept in subtly, man severed himself from communion with his God by tasting the forbidden fruit of sin, and the dark storm clouds of transgression and death o’ershadowed God’s fair world. Man had snapped the chain which had bound him and all creation to God, by putting his higher nature under the control of his
lower, and thus spoiling God's perfect plan. So did the world become enveloped in darkness, and man walked in the valley of the shadow of death. Darkness was all around—

“War and pestilence and death
Mar and sudden God's fair earth,
Human sorrow fills the air.
Death is reigning everywhere.”

One day to this poor lost race of humanity the even wiser Man came, announced by the shining of a star and heralded by a chorus of angel choirs—came from the light and glory of Heaven to set stars in a world of darkness and sin and death. And as in His tender love and compassion He stooped to uplift humanity from the cold dark grave of sin to the glorious redemption light, He brought light and the glory of the Gospel to the world, made stars to shine when He had gone away, and made them from those spirits of men and women who were once in the darkness of eternal death. He shed upon this world of ours the fires of divine life at the Feast of Pentecost, and by means of His conquest over death and darkness He has lighted each individual soul with the light of Divine Life. We, who have received the lamp of eternal life and who are therefore called to be saints, are to be His stars shining in this world where so much darkness exists, where there is so much pain and sorrow, so much sin and wrong and evil. “Lights in the world”—He said we were to be. “Ye are the lights of the world,” borrowing all our light from the great Starmaker, our Sun of Righteousness. “Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.”

“God's saints are shining lights—who stays there long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and deep
As smooth as glass;
But these all night
Like candles shed
Their beams, and light
Us unto bed.”

It is a beautiful thought that, though we are by nature dead and buried in sin, Christ has set up and lit within us the fires of divine light, and that we can be (aye, we are meant to be) stars, Christ's Light-givers, reflecting the Face of Jesus amid the darkness of the world. St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Philippians, speaking to the Christians at Philippi, tells them that amid “a crooked and perverse generation” they must “shine as lights in the world.” And there are two interesting points about this (1) that the Christians addressed were the rank and file, the ordinary plain undistinguished Christians, and (2) the Greek word translated “lights” would have been rendered more correctly by “luminaries” or “stars.” So he meant that the ordinary Christian was to shine as a star.

There are many who, like the foolish virgins, through inattention to their divine Light, through inattention to the oil of the Holy Spirit and to the grace of God in sacrament and prayer and Bible reading, through spiritual idleness in never trimming the wick, have brought their spiritual life low indeed—and thus their light is dim, their lamp flickering and failing fast.

But we are meant to be bright and burning lights raised up from the graves of sin and death by Jesus to gleam as stars, shining to guide others who would be lost but for our radiant light, stars shining and making clear the blackness of sin to others who could not behold its ugliness in their own dark hearts till the Light of Jesus pierced them through and through, stars brightening the lives of others and relieving their perplexity, their doubt, reflecting something of that awful Light of Omnipotence in which God Himself exists—stars in the black night by whose light the lost traveller on life's journey may find again his way, stars casting a beam of light into dark drear homes where pain and sorrow reign or death has claimed its toll, and shedding there a ray of light divine, reflecting ever and ever (as the only solution of life's problems) Jesus, the Light of the World.

Jesus would have the world full of shining stars, and then there would be none of the blackness of sin and crying evils which confront us on every side. It is because so many fail to show their light that we are faced with the scandals which meet us to-day. The indifference of many, rich and poor alike, to all religious influence, the selfishness of monopoly and vested interests, the widening gap between class and class, and lack of God's ideal of brotherhood, the neglect of Sunday worship, the growing irreligion, the decay of family life and the increasing laxity with regard to the sanctity of marriage among all classes, the awful drunkenness and immorality in town and country alike, are simply because so many have not been God's stars, the lights of the world, but have been instead those of whom St. Jude speaks in such terrible language “wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.” We must be one or the other—either God's stars brightening the world and witnessing to Jesus, or else wandering stars who show no light, but whose portion is eternal darkness unless they come back to their appointed place to reflect the Light of their Sun.

Reader, face this on your knees. It is a
matter of tremendous importance. Live henceforth in closer personal contact through sacrament and prayer with Jesus, and then, reflecting His unearthly glory, you will yourself shine brighter and clearer. Pray Him to use you as His guiding star for many and many a soul.

"Gather in the outcasts,
All who have gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy Guiding Star."

(a) The Day of Death.—There will come a solemn hour for each of us when life's little day is o'er, and (oh, thrice blessed shall we be then) if we have been stars of Jesus on earth, God will then set us as stars above to lead yet others to His Feet.

(b) The Judgment Day.—And then at the close of this world's day, when the shadows of twilight gather and darkness begins to fall, when through the dissolving elements the clarion sound of the Judgment trumpet brings fear and trembling, and the thought of the "outer darkness" is oppressing the hearts of men, God will take His stars and set them in Heaven on "that day when He shall make up His jewels" as bright and brilliant gems in the Saviour's Crown and diadems of glory, and there (as the Book of Daniel says) they "shall shine in the brightness of the firmament" and "as the stars for ever and ever.

FAITH'S VICTORY.

"This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

By the Rev. J. K. Swinburne.

Oh faith which pierces through the cloud
Where sorrows surge and moan,
Which glints on war's red rain, and paints
The rainbow round God's Throne!
Oh faith which in the field of blood
Discerns the victor's crown,
And in the post of peril great
Dreams glory and renown!
Oh faith which in the Devil's hour
Can hear the Angels sing—
Which when ideals are sinking low
Still mounts on heavenward wing!
Oh faith which fronts the mountains vast
Of trial, sin and pain,
And hurls them with unflinching grasp
Out on oblivion's main!
Oh faith which when my life's sun sinks
When all the world seems wrong,
Can guide me in that twilight hour
To night's eternal song!
Oh faith which in this life laid down
Sees life immortal gained,
Help me by self-defeat to find
My great Ideal attained!
Oh faith which rears beyond the Cross
The Resurrection Dawn,
And in each new hewn grave can spell
God's everlasting Mom!
Oh faith, give me thine eye of love
Which overcomes the world,
Teach me in all my pain to see
Christ's flag of love unfurled!
Teach me to live this life of mine
In love light from above,
And know the price of bliss
Must be the blood-red cross—of Love!

Do You Know?

QUESTIONS. IX.

1. Where do we find Israel, the man, using his name to mean the nation?
2. What tribe was so eminent that the northern kingdom was often called by its name?
3. What marriage, well meant, was yet not with one of the pure Hebrew race?
4. 'Is not.' 'Are not.' Meaning 'not alive.' Where are these found?
5. From what Old Testament incident does St. Paul argue that the rich should make up the deficiencies of the poor?
6. Of what historical type did our Lord and St. Paul make a similar use?
7. A Gentile uses an act of Jewish symbolism to signify innocence.

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

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

By the Rev. Canon Thompson.

8. There were three neighbours whom Israel was not to disturb.
9. What is the plural of Baal?
10. A symbol used in both Testaments for the climax of willing suffering.

ANSWERS. VIII. (See October Number.)

The Wonder School for Children.

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

The youngest orchestra in the world, conducted by a boy 4 years old.

Environment counts for much in the conduct and character of our people. Put an ordinary man or woman in the awful surroundings of our slums, and they lose self-respect, lose ambition, and sink, as a rule, to the level of their homes. How can either body or mind remain healthy when everything which nature gives to her children to enjoy is denied? Put a poor little plant in the crowded spaces where the poorer people are compelled to spend their days; it dies, or at the most struggles on—a stunted and pathetic piece of faded green, foreign indeed to its fellows who are privileged to pass their time in the open country where all in nature thrives.

If this is true of grown people and plants, it is even more true of tiny mites, the coming generation which will have to uphold the name and honour of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

We don’t want to leave our country with a population drawn largely from the unsavoury influences of our great cities. Let us work for brighter lives, better ideals and generous nourishment for brain and body, and we shall be doing more for our country than many of those whose names are familiar in our papers and books.

Notting Dale, the dismal district in the western confines of the great city of London, is one of those spots where body and soul get cramped and stunted, where child life wears a sombre wrinkled face, and where want and trouble stalk in company through the narrow streets and by-ways. Why not try to lift the mask of dirt and misery from the tiny mites who are struggling to “grow up” capable of taking their part in the world, and help them to reap some semblance of enjoyment out of the life God gave them?

It can be done, for in the centre of the famous Dale stands an institution which, like a lighthouse in a stormy sea, irradiates only brightness and safety.

This wonderful haven for the slumland children owes its being to the teachings of Madam...
Michaelis, and it is the only one to bear her name.

The Michaelis Free Kindergarten can hardly be called a school, for the little ones who live within its walls are only between the ages of three and six years, and the instruction is entirely free from any suggestion of work and is designed to allow the bodies and brains of the little ones who secure a place in the institution to expand and develop so that when they leave to start school life they will be sufficiently vigorous to absorb the teaching which will fit them to fight their way in the world.

Every one in the Dale knows the Michaelis Free Kindergarten, and anxious mothers hasten to register their children for a vacancy as soon as they are born, so that their offspring may be able to thrive in the fairyland existing amid such dingy surroundings.

Nothing of the sordid life beyond the walls is allowed to enter the enchanted gates. When the children arrive they change their heavy, often tattered boots for shoes, they are washed and bathed, and arrayed in clean overalls, and lo! slumland has gone. They spend the day dancing and singing, happy as larks. They build houses in sand trays, and paint the crude pictures of childhood's brain in quaint and intelligent characters. One of the guardians who watch over their happy hours of childhood reads a story, and the little ones draw one of the characters which has most impressed them.

Then comes the lunch, carefully selected foods which shall give the utmost nourishment at the smallest cost, and afterwards comes the
fun of helping to wash up, until the call is given to rest, and away the happy youngsters troop to lie stretched on beds for a couple of hours and dream that all the world is a fairyland.

In the early evening the parents come and fetch their children away, proud and satisfied that their babies have been well looked after.

All the children are examined from time to time by a Medical Officer, so that any physical defects can be attended to without loss of time.

Can there be any doubt that Madam Michaelis' idea is a great one? Surely not! But so far we have only considered the actual direct influence on the children. There is much else to be said when we come in contact with the parents.

In the place of the slovenly dirty appearance which a child used to present one often finds the mother trying to keep her little one as nice at home as it is at the "Kinder," and then evening meetings are held where the mothers themselves enjoy for a brief hour or so the brightness of the institution. They are invited to a little tea and a quiet talk over the management of children. Soon they see the future of their little ones in quite a new light.

Even the fathers, not always the best in behaviour, but natural products of their environment, are asked to a concert, and, needless to say, they make delightfully responsive guests, as nice and proper in their ways as one could wish once they come under the magic spell woven by the late Madam Michaelis.

One yearns for more of these Free Kindergartens, but even this one in Notting Hill is always in need of money to carry on its good work, but every one helps. Poor mothers who have done a hard day's work spend some of their spare time in washing the overalls for the school. They will do anything within their power to help to keep the fairyland going in which their children spend their happy hours, and which has done so much not only for the children, but for the parents, in the slumland around its walls.

**Under the XI. OUR PRAYER-THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE SUN.**

Nov. 1. (All Saints' Day.)

**Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.**

(king.) "The whole armour of God."

"We shall conquer in the battle of life just in proportion as we fight our battle with the armour of God. Each and all of you surely wish to succeed in life . . . to leave this world with the feeling that your life has not been a failure and your years given you in vain. . . . Then this, and this only, is the way to true success, to put on the whole armour of God. Truthfulness, justice, peaceableness, faith in God's justice and mercy, hope of success, and the sword of the Spirit, even that Word of God which, if you do not preach it to others, you can and should preach to yourselves all day long, continually asking yourselves: 'What would God have me to do? All these qualities go to make up the character of the worthy man or woman, the useful person, the truly able person, who does what he can do, well, because he is what he ought to be, good. . . . But some will say, and with truth, 'The question is, who will make us good?' . . . Yes, there is but one way to obtain that armour of God, which will bring us safe through the battle of life, and that is, pray for it. . . . You who wish for true success in life, pray. Pray with your whole hearts for that.
"Fear thou not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." On our side is the multitude no man can number of the knight errantry of God.

"All Saints' Day comes to us with a direct appeal bidding us to stand out unreservedly on the side of Jesus Christ. Still, the King of Saints is passing on His way, travelling in the greatness of His strength. Still, the mighty form of the Captain of our salvation towers above the vileness and false greatness of His strength. Still, the mighty form of the Captain of our salvation towers above the vileness and false greatness of His strength. Still, the mighty form of the Captain of our salvation towers above the vileness and false greatness of His strength. Still, the mighty form of the Captain of our salvation towers above the vileness and false greatness of His strength. Still, the mighty form of the Captain of our salvation towers above the vileness and false greatness of His strength.

"That is burning into a flame within us, we should remember that the injury we have done to others, we must stir up our minds to forgive one no more. When we are smarting under sorrow, we may not stop here. We know that he has put them into our heart. "Who is this?"

"He is a prophet, and the greatest of the prophets. But we may not stop here. We know him for Christ the Son of the Living God. He is to us All in all. He is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. He is the Creator of all things, and also the Judge of all men. He is our Hope in this life, and our Home in the life to come. . . . Had He been a mere prophet, then I should be appalled by the thought that Cassar let us never bow the knee. Render to him all that he deserves—the homage of common courtesy, common respectability, common charity—not in reverence for his wisdom and strength, but in pity for his ignorance and weakness. But render always to God the things that are God's, and offer to Him spiritual sacrifices. There are three sacrifices which every man, woman and child can offer, and should offer . . . first and foremost, surely, the sacrifice of repentance, of which it is written, 'The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart.' Repentance, contrition, humility, is the very foundation-stone of all goodness, worth, holiness, usefulness. . . . Next, the sacrifice of thankfulness, of which it is written, 'I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the Name of the Lord.' If we offered that sacrifice oftener, we should have more seldom need to offer the first sacrifice of repentance. . . . Next, the sacrifice of righteousness, of which it is written, 'Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. 'To be good and to do good, even to long to be good and to long to do good, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, is the best and highest service which any human being can offer to his Father in Heaven.'"

Nov. 8. Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.

(Epistle.) "Being confident of this very thing, that He Who hath begun a good work in you will perform it."

"You see at the first glance how cheerful and hopeful St. Paul is about these Corinthians. . . . If we knew no more of the epistle in which St. Paul is going to rebuke them very severely; if we knew no more of the words 'Who hath begun a good work in you will perform it.' But we may not stop here. We know that he has put them into our heart. "Who is this?"

"He is a prophet, and the greatest of the prophets. But we may not stop here. We know him for Christ the Son of the Living God. He is to us All in all. He is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. He is the Creator of all things, and also the Judge of all men. He is our Hope in this life, and our Home in the life to come. . . . Had He been a mere prophet, then I should be appalled by the thought that Cassar let us never bow the knee. Render to him all that he deserves—the homage of common courtesy, common respectability, common charity—not in reverence for his wisdom and strength, but in pity for his ignorance and weakness. But render always to God the things that are God's, and offer to Him spiritual sacrifices. There are three sacrifices which every man, woman and child can offer, and should offer . . . first and foremost, surely, the sacrifice of repentance, of which it is written, 'The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart.' Repentance, contrition, humility, is the very foundation-stone of all goodness, worth, holiness, usefulness. . . . Next, the sacrifice of thankfulness, of which it is written, 'I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the Name of the Lord.' If we offered that sacrifice oftener, we should have more seldom need to offer the first sacrifice of repentance. . . . Next, the sacrifice of righteousness, of which it is written, 'Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. 'To be good and to do good, even to long to be good and to long to do good, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, is the best and highest service which any human being can offer to his Father in Heaven.'"

Nov. 22. Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

(Col.) "Stir up."

"If this wicked world is to be mended, then God must stir up the wills of His faithful people, and we must pray without ceasing for ourselves, and for all for whom we are bound to pray, that He would stir them up. The only sure method of setting the world right, is to begin by setting our own little part of the world right—in a word, setting ourselves right. But if we begin to try that, we find, is just what we cannot do. When a man begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and, discontented with himself, attempts to improve himself, he soon finds out that he has no power of himself to help himself . . . how he is crippled by old bad habits, weakened by gentle, inability of will, till he is ready to cry, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? . . . Let him but utter that cry honestly. Let him see that he needs a helper, a deliverer, a strengthener—in one word, a Saviour—and he will find one. He will be able to answer himself—'I thank God—Christ will deliver me from the bonds of my sins.' Christ will stir up this weak will of mine. Christ will give me strength and power, faithfully to fulfil all my good desires, because He Himself has put them into my heart."

Nov. 29. Advent Sunday.

(Gospel.) "Who is this?"

"He is a prophet, and the greatest of the prophets. But we may not stop here. We know Him for the Saviour of the world—the Way, the Truth, and the Life; we know Him for Christ the Son of the Living God. He is to us All in all. He is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. He is the Creator of all things, and also the Judge of all men. He is our Hope in this life, and our Home in the life to come. . . . Had He been a mere prophet, then I should be appalled by the strictness of His teaching; I should tremble because I know I can never do the things He requires; but because He is more than a prophet, because He is my Saviour and my Life, because I have been made one with Him, therefore I need not fear. Though He be my Judge, He is also my Pea.
SOUGHT the Lord for His sweet gift of song,
Prayed Him to grant me fellowship with
those
Who hymned His praise in the fair Heaven above,
With high angelic strain, and harps of gold.
I would know music—learn its height and depth,
Its infinite capacity, and touch
Its finite limitations and its goal.
"Give me, dear Lord," I cried, "a tiny part
In Thy world-organ, whose deep thunder-tones
Roll ever and for ever round Thy Throne!"
But sweet and low the answer wafted clear,
"Sing to Me by thy life, oh child most dear."

When the lark soared, sounding his pearly plea
Over the summer fields, I yearned to sing,
And fling an echo to his fairy song;
When, in the deepening dusk, a liquid note
Shattered the silence, and the air was filled
With quivering golden cadence, all my heart
Longed to break forth in tuneful praises too!
For the whole world was vocal! The deep sea
Muttered its monotone by night and day;
Now loud and sonorous, now soft and low—
And cutting clear across it, the great trees
Struck clashing chords, and all their leafy notes,
Hummed like a harp, as the soft winds swung
through!

I stood within His temple—chant and psalm
Had echoed to the roof, and passed beyond,
To mingle with the voice of those who gave
Praises to the All-Father evermore.
And now a hymn was stealing through the air,
Melodious, soft and beautiful, with words
Searching our minds and spirits like a flame!
Around me all were singing—by my side
Was one to whom the power of song was given
In glorious measure, full, unstinted, free!
And as the beautiful, clear tones rose high,
My soul rose with them; all my being seemed
On fire to praise Him too—until the tears
Quenched quick the fire, and my flooded heart
Had well-nigh burst with pain and vain desire!
"Dear Lord," I wept, "may I not sing to Thee,
May I not join with these, nor silent be?"
Then once again the sweet Voice whispered clear,
"Sing to Me through thy friend, oh child most dear."

And now I thank Him that my prayer is heard,
Though not in my way, His the better plan!
For while His Hand is laid upon my throat,
Stilling its sound and hushing melody;
He wants a singing life, a singing heart,
And self forgotten, hidden out of sight,
That so another's life be cheered, another's gift
Loved and rejoiced in, and the world enriched.
"Dear Lord, Who doest all things well, oh may
My heart and life give praise to Thee alway."
Advent Sunday. Nov. 29.

"Thy King Cometh."

The Church begins her new year with a great word: "Coming!"

What is the message that this word contains? Does not that very much depend on who they are who hear it? To the hand­ful of brave defenders, besieged in the garrison town—as once that gallant British party in Lucknow—holding it loyally against overwhelming odds—the word "Coming" brings a thrill of hope and courage, joy and cheer. Reinforcements coming; help coming; victory coming; the situation saved.

But there is another side to the picture. How does the word "Coming" sound in the ears, say, of criminals, convicted, alike by law and conscience, fleeing from the punishment they know is justly due? Hiding out on the lonely moor, in the darkness of the night, they strain their ears for the sound of approaching feet. "Coming!" whispers one in a low hoarse voice to the other. And the word strikes chill as death. The worst has overtaken them. Judgment is at hand.

As we hear the word, like a trumpet-call, upon this Advent Sunday, what sort of feelings does it stir within us? "Coming!"

Who is coming? It is our King.

"Behold, thy King cometh to thee," cries the prophet; and how does he go on to say that the King comes? "Meek, and sitting upon an ass." Thus did He enter, long ago, into Jerusalem—when He was come thither to suffer and to die. "Who is this?" the City asked: "Who is this that cometh?" And the answer is—what? "Jesus of Nazareth.

How are we preparing to receive Him? Not, surely, with moral courage, unselfishness—whatever may be the good qualities we chiefly lack. We shall never gain them, it is certain, by standing on the ground and looking up at them, and thinking how high above our heads they are. It will mean "climbing—fight—struggle"—if they are to be secured. But surely here is a good resolution to make, upon the Church's New Year's Day. At whatever cost—we will have those palms! They shall be won, and "strewed in the way" of our King.

They "spread their garments in the way." Stripped them off and flung them from them and cast them under the feet of the King. What are those garments we can spread? What are those faults and sins, which wrap us round so tight, which cling so closely, that we say we cannot cast them off? That bad habit of deceit, of dishonesty, of slothfulness, of which we say we cannot rid ourselves, and therefore never try. Let us resolve, this Advent, that we will, by God's help, cast away those "works of darkness"—that they shall be torn from us, and sacrificed to our love for the King Who Cometh.

Pattern XVI can be supplied for 4d., post free, on application to the Publisher, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

Sunday Clothes.

THOUGH this little dress is so easy to make, it is exceedingly smart and out of the way. After a certain time, girls cannot wear those low belted frocks without looking rather babyish, and this style would be just right for those who have reached that stage. If you make it in good material, and finish it off with dainty lace collar and cuffs, it would be very suitable for "best" occasions; or if you wanted something for everyday wear, and made it of serge, or casement cloth, with plain hem-stitched linen collar and cuffs, the dress would look quite a different thing.

The Materials to Choose.—You can use almost any material you like for this pattern, so long as it is fairly substantial. Thin muslin, crepe or washing silk would not look well, but sponge cloth, casement cloth, zephyr, drill, piqué, or, if for the winter, serge or alpaca—these would all be quite suitable. By the way, do you know that if you get a good quality of serge, it will wash just as well as cotton? It can be laundered over and over again, and it would make such a useful little school dress for the winter.

You will want 2 yards of material 40 inches wide, or 4 yards 20 inches wide, for a child aged seven to nine years. Also a scrap of contrasting material for the collar and cuffs; if you do not care for the trouble of making these, you could very well buy a ready-made set, and tack them in.

Cutting Out the Dress.—Fold the material and put the pattern on it in the way shown by diagram 1. You must put the straight edges of back and belt, which are marked with four perforations, to a fold of stuff. The collar must also go on a fold. Of
course, if you are using the single width material, you will have to make a seam right up the centre back, but this will not be a very great disadvantage, and if you don’t mind the extra trouble a few tucks can be made to hide the join.

Mark the notches carefully, and remember that the turnings are allowed for, so you can cut right up to the edge of the paper. It is a good plan to pin up the pattern, and try it against the child before you cut it out. If she is very tall for her age, you may require a few inches over the 2 yards of material in order to allow for a good hem. The hem should be at least 4 inches deep, so that you can let the skirt down when extra length is required.

**Joining the Dress.**—Join up the underarm and sleeve seams singly at the wrong side of the material, and overcast or bind the raw edges to prevent them from fraying. Take the left hand front, and cut off the little flap piece, so that you make a straight edge all the way down. Now turn in and tack a narrow single hem down both fronts, and face them up with strips of material, or Prussian binding, in the way shown by diagram 2. The left hand side will be quite an easy matter, as it goes quite straight; but you will have to be careful to get the corners of the flap piece as neat as you possibly can. You may stitch your facing down by machine if you like, so as to give the effect shown in diagram 3; or, you can slip-stitch your facings down, so that no stitches are visible on the right side of the garment.

Try the dress on. Pin the two fronts together for about 10 inches, and leave the rest open for a placket. This part must be fastened with hooks and eyes or patent fasteners. Turn up the bottom of the frock to a single hem and face it up with Prussian binding; do not stitch it by machine, or you will find it leaves a mark when you want to let the skirt down. Run a gathering thread round the waist line.

**The Belt.**—If you are using the material belt, you must double it, wrong side out, stitch it by machine, and then turn it to the right side and press it well. Sew it on over the gathers so that it makes everything quite firm, and fasten it in front by a hook and eye or patent clip.

But if you prefer a leather belt, you must sew a strong piece of tape over the gathers at the wrong side of the garment, sew on two slots of material at the side seams, and pass the belt through these.

**The Collar and Cuffs.**—Hem the collar round its unnotched edges. Run and fill the notched edge to the neck. You can finish off the hems by French knots or feather-stitching if you like. The cuffs should be made in the same way, run and felled to the sleeves, turned back up the arm, and caught by a stitch here and there, so that they stay in place.

If you are having light collars and cuffs on a dark dress, you had better bind the neck and armhole edges with tape; make up the collars and cuffs quite separately, and pin or tack them into place, so that they can easily be removed when they need washing.

The buttons down the front are only put on as a trimming. You could have them of crochet, braid, or material, or pearl buttons on a white piqué frock would look very well.

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**QUIET THOUGHTS.**

The true test of a Christian is the faithful discharge of a daily duty.

Life is to do the will of God.

The small courtesies sweeten life, the greater ennoble it.

A hopeful and helpful disposition is the best umbrella against the storms of despair.

No man doth well but God hath part in him.

It is not great deeds that make people’s lives happy; it is the little pleasantries of daily life.

Not “the will to power,” but the will to serve is the way of light, for power comes by knowledge, and knowledge follows upon obedience.
A Lovely Pulpit on the Floor.—It is said by many who have seen it that there is no other pulpit in regular use in any English parish church exactly like the one to be found at Arundel, the charming Sussex town where stands the famous castle of the Duke of Norfolk. Whether their belief be true or not, one cannot deny that the pulpit at Arundel has several distinguishing features which are seldom seen in pulpits. For instance, its position is very noteworthy. It is placed just outside the chancel, and erected in such a way that the preacher in it is not raised above the heads of the congregation, as in nearly every other pulpit in the land, but stands almost on the same level as they sit, owing to there being no real stairs to ascend into the pulpit, but only two steps, shallow, and placed inside the pulpit-fabric itself. Then again, the pulpit is of deep creamy stone, looking almost as if it had been polished and bevelled till it glisters like ivory. Yet it is not by any means very modern, though it has kept its colour and polish so well. Thirdly, the pulpit is so beautifully carved, with its pinnacles and canopy most striking objects for the visitor's admiration, that it is doubtful whether its superiority in this respect could be found in any other parish church. Altogether, Arundel has every reason to feel proud of this unique piece of church furniture, which so greatly adorns the lovely edifice resting in its plot of sacred ground that seems to have been cut out of the castle's precincts for this very purpose some centuries ago.

An Ancient Mill.—In the Biblical days a "Mill" was not a building, but a pair of millstones of granite or basalt, placed one upon another, the lower one being larger and stationary, and the upper loose, with a hole through its centre, into which the corn was put. Such a mill has recently been discovered under some old premises in Louth. Antiquarians say it is the old domestic mill of the Bible, and the theory is that it was once in St. Mary's Abbey, for stones, carved with the same representations, may still be seen in the ruins of the Monastery. The use of hand mills for grinding corn is re-ore-represented on the monuments in Egypt, and at present in the East, where mills are always turned by women, as they were in the days of our Lord, generally by two at a time, seated on the ground opposite to each other, each holding the handle and alternately pushing and pulling the stone in its revolution. This old mill is of millstone grit, and the lid is perforated with a hole in the centre. There are also two holes in the stone at the sides, and in these was probably fixed the framework of the simple mechanism by which the stone would be driven. The "Mill" is a most interesting find, and valuable as a very ancient historic relic.

"Peace, perfect peace."—This hymn was written by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who afterwards became Bishop of Exeter. It happened thus—Mr. Bickersteth was spending his summer holiday in Harrogate in August, 1875, and it was my privilege to be introduced to him there. On a certain Sunday morning the Vicar of Harrogate, Canon Gibbon, happened to preach from the text—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." The preacher alluded to the fact that in the Hebrew the words are, "Peace, Peace," twice repeated, and happily translated in the 1611 translation by the phrase—"Perfect peace." This sermon set Mr. Bickersteth's mind working on the subject, and it is related that after the service he took up a sheet of paper, and then and there wrote down the hymn, just exactly as it stands. It is also said, on the same Sunday, visiting an aged and dying relative, in a somewhat troubled mind, he read over the verses to this dying Christian to express the spiritual comfort he desired to convey. Rev. M. Rowntree.

A Church Telephone.—The pulpit in the Parish Church of Guernsey is provided with a telephone, so that people unable to be present can hear the sermon if they have an instrument at home. Similar transmitters are fixed at the choir stalls and reading desks.

R. Longmore.

A Manx Church.—Malew Parish Church, which is the old Parish Church for Castletown (Isle of Man), and a country district eight miles long, is the only old Manx Church now in regular use which has not been modernized. Here are the old-fashioned square pews, and rough hewn font of mountain stone, and many relics of ancient times—Runic cross, quaint collecting pans, carved legs of man and eagle's claw, bell presented by the Earl of Derby in 1677, and communion plate of pre-Reformation period. A list of Vicars of Malew from the year 1588 is also to be seen. Buried in the chancel is Wm. Christian, a celebrated character in Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." On the walls are stone tablets to the memory of Manx notables, while fifteen coloured memorial windows adorn this old church.

Mrs. Burris.

Church News which you think would be the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, Six prizes of five shillings each are specially welcome, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is requested.
Church Erected by Act of Parliament.—At Weston Point, near Runcorn, at the time of the passing of the Weaver Navigation Act, it was stipulated by Parliament that three churches should be erected, so that the hundreds of men employed in the building of the canal and docks might have somewhere to attend for Divine worship on Sundays. The church at Weston Point is one of them. It stands in the middle of a district of rivers and docks, and the nearest dwelling-houses are miles away. Naturally, there is only a small congregation at this unique church, the worshippers being principally drawn from the crews of the boats passing through.

Miss M. J. Sowrey.

Fifty Years of Clock Winding.—The Parish Church, Walthamstow, has among its church officials one whose duty it is to wind the clock in the church tower each week, and it is interesting to record the fact that Mr. W. Putnam has performed that task for over half a century. Mr. Putnam has always claimed that he is the oldest member of St. Mary's Church, and in view of the above unique record the claim is no idle one.

Miss M. J. Sowrey.

A Sixteenth Century Pun is to be found on a mural monument in the church of St. Michael, Lewes. In the reign of Henry VIII the French managed to effect a landing at Seaford, a little place on the Sussex coast. Sir Nicholas Pelham, the head of one of the oldest and most noted Sussex families, immediately collected a body of men and succeeded in driving the French back to their ships before they had done much damage. His prompt action is commemo rated on his monument in St. Michael's Church in the following words:

"What time the French sought to have sack't Sea-Foord, This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard." 

Miss May Ballard.

Unique Church Window Subjects.—The old Parish Church of Widcombe, Bath, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, is remarkable and perhaps unique in having as the subject for each of its stained glass windows a shrub or flower mentioned in the Bible. The explanation believed to be correct is that at the modern restoration of the church, although stained glass windows existed in the old building, it was "thought wrong" to have figures as the subjects for church windows, and these were prohibited by the then authorities, and superseded by the present existing ones.

The Rev. B. Ries.

A Two Year Old.—Coming as deaconess to the huge parish of Heeley, Sheffield (pop. 18,000), last November, my attention was at once attracted by a singularly tiny boy, with fair curls and baby face, a most regular and strenuous attendant at the "Band of Hope." Inquiring the age of this little one from the older sister who brought him, I was told he was two the previous August, and had been coming to the Band of Hope for some time. It would be interesting to know if any other Band of Hope in the country possesses so youthful a member. This same child—Bobby Dent—in addition, also regularly attends Sunday School, and the Children's Mission Service on a Sunday evening.

Miss Constance Cleghorn.

Quaint Inscriptions.—In a recent number of Home Words there was a paragraph headed "A Sundial Motto," telling of a quaint one in a Suffolk churchyard. It may not be generally known that there is a very similar motto on a wooden sundial on the south porch of Chesterton Church, Warwickshire, viz., "See and be gone about your business."

At Stoneleigh Church, in the same county, there is a quaint inscription to the memory of Humphrey How, porter to Lord Leigh (1688), which runs—

"Here lies a Faithful Friend unto the Poor, Who dealt Large Almes out of his Lordship's Stor, Weep not Poor People tho ye Servants Dead. The Lord himselfe will give you Dayly Breade. If Markets Rise Raile not against their Rates, The price is still the same at Stoneleigh Gates."

Miss Bertram.

A Wonderful Window.—In All Saints' Church, North Street, York, is a wonderful set of windows, the whole series interesting, one unique, both as a specimen of stained glass and as an illustration of an old poem. This is called the "Prycke of Conscience Window," and is known by very few people. It was raised as a memorial to a poet named Richard Rolle, who lived at Hampton, near Doncaster, for some years before his death, which occurred in 1349, fifty-one years before Chaucer died. He wrote a sacred poem called the "Prycke of Conscience," in the Northumbrian dialect, treating of man's life and death, and the last four things, containing nearly 10,000 lines. The passage illustrated by the window gives the events of the last fifteen days of the world. The signs and wonders and judgments are depicted in glowing colours, less artistically, but far more clearly than is common.

Miss M. Crawley.

Robins in School.—A pair of robins, writes Miss A. M. Moss, Infant Teacher at Nursing Schools, Southampton, have built their nest in the beams of our school two years in succession. Last summer it was quite a pretty sight to see the old birds come to and fro through the windows feeding their five young ones, who were quite tame, often flying and perching on the children's books and shoulders. The old bird sat on the beam whilst we were taking the singing lessons each morning, and sang quite heartily all the time until the piano stopped.

July Prize Award.—First prizes are awarded to Miss M. B. Baillie, the Rev. W. H. Phillips, Mrs. Haysom, Miss A. Davies, and Miss E. Heathclote; E. Bond and Miss M. J. Dobie dividing the sixth prize. Extra half-crown prizes have been sent to M. and W. Brook, W. Featherton, Miss C. Radcliffe, the Rev. S. Q. Warren, and Miss E. Burridge. Reserves (three inclusions in this class when completed entitled competitors to a 5s. prize, which must be applied for): The Rev. Hugh Powell, F. W. Moore, W. B. Sturgeon, W. J. McLean, W. B. S., and F. R. Veysey. The Art Editor is most grateful for a photograph of All Saints' Choir, Edmonton, received from an anonymous correspondent.
The surti per head spent on intoxicating drinks was £3 5s. 11d., the total amount raised in the United Kingdom last year for the contribution of less than a shilling per head of the population.

Foreign Missions was about £2,100,000, which represents a speaks.

doers; and lest he should lay sins to their charge, some men be the messenger of hell, and reports there the deeds of evil:

The tongue of the idol and smoking it! This idol is said to be the temple-of the city god, and scraping off the opium from the staff of eighty-seven qualified doctors, and sixty-nine trained nurses. In the fifty-four hospitals there are 3,983 beds, which patients were recorded. For the upkeep of this large agency of the missionaries. During the fifty years the number from 120 cash per ounce to over 4,000 cash. Remembering Dr. Livingstone's Birthplace,

the task at Gulu, among a people who want nothing, wear into which they creep like insects.

man went on to remark that much persecution had to be endured, to tell how he had "heard Him"; and the man replied that it was too small to be of any use, and Mr. Fisher had to build it, for several of my teeth were knocked out! "

many were the difficulties which Miss Bird had to encounter, and her life was often in danger, but she trusted in the Lord Who preserved her. On one occasion, when visiting a Persian lady, she was offered coffee, as is the usual custom. She noticed, however, that her hostess had not herself first siped it, as usual; and she managed to avoid drinking any, without saying a word about it. She suspected poison, and she was right, for when she left, the maid who let her out whispered, "You did quite right not to drink that coffee.

The Curse of Opium.

Information has been received that opium has become so prevalent in Western China, that the price has risen in two years from 120 cash per ounce to over 4,000 cash. Remembering the task at Gulu, among a people who want nothing, wear into which they creep like insects. The destruction of the house was formally protested against at a recent meeting of the Middle Ward District Committee of Lanark County Council; and it is sincerely hoped that further steps will be taken to preserve a building of such historic interest.

The Lord Encampeth.

A short time ago news reached London of the death at Kerma, in Fornia, of Miss Mary R. S. Bird, who had been a faithful missionary in that country since 1890, before any unmarried woman had ventured there. Her work was for some time attended with no little danger. Miss Bird had had some medical training, and opened a small dispensary at Isfahan. The Mullahs—Mohammedan teachers—soon saw that she was gaining influence, and they openly threatened to kill her if she persisted. "But she knew that "the Lord encampeth round about those that fear Him," and she went quietly on with her work, riding into the city from the suburb of Julla on her mule.

Poison in the Coffee.

Many were the difficulties which Miss Bird had to encounter, and her life was often in danger, but she trusted in the Lord Who preserved her. On one occasion, when visiting a Persian lady, she was offered coffee, as is the usual custom. She noticed, however, that her hostess had not herself first sipped it, as usual; and she managed to avoid drinking any, without saying a word about it. She suspected poison, and she was right, for when she left, the maid who let her out whispered, "You did quite right not to drink that coffee.

A Doctor and his Patients.

At the hospital at Fuming, in the Fukien Province of China, the doctor in charge was giving an Address to the patients on the subject of "Voices from Heaven," taking as his text the words, "This is My Beloved Son... hear Him." In the course of his talk, he asked one of the patients—a fine tall man—told he how he had "heard Him"; and the man replied that thirty years ago some one came to his seaside town telling of God Who made, and Who is Lord of, Heaven and earth. The man went on to remark that much persecution had to be endured on account of the preaching, and added, "Yes, I remember it, for several of my teeth were knocked out!"

A House for Is. 4d.

Recently the Rev. A. B. Fisher and his wife, working in connexion with the Uganda C.M.S. Mission, opened a new station at Gulu, in the north of the Protectorate. When they arrived they found that a few Christians there had built a tiny house for them at a cost of one shilling and fourpence! But it was too small to be of any use, and Mr. Fisher had to build not a Mission house only, but a Church and a School as well. He remarks that building at previous stations—he had already

Dr. Livingstone's Birthplace.

It is generally believed that David Livingstone was born at Low Blantyre, Lanarkshire, there being apparently little doubt as to the actual house in which his birth took place. Many beyond the very large number of Christian people who take an interest in foreign missionary work, will be united in a desire to preserve the house at Blantyre for all time, for Dr. Livingstone was explorer as well as missionary. The property has lately been acquired by Messrs. Baird and Co. (Limited), coalmasters, and is threatened with demolition. The destruction of the house was formally protested against at a recent meeting of the Middle Ward District Committee of Lanark County Council; and it is sincerely hoped that further steps will be taken to preserve a building of such historic interest.

Growth of Medical Missions.

Fifty years ago the first medical missionary of the Society was sent out by the C.M.S. to Kashmir, in the person of Dr. Elmhirst, the medical men previously on the Society's staff having been sent out in order to attend to the health requirements of the missionaries. During the fifty years the number of medical workers has gradually risen, until now there is a staff of eighty-seven qualified doctors, and sixty-nine trained nurses. In the fifty-four hospitals there are 3,983 beds, which had 41,786 occupants during 1913, and 1,285,680 visits of outpatients were recorded. For the upkeep of this large agency a sum of £45,000 is needed annually.

Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

December Calendar.

| Dec. 21 | St. Thomas, A. & M. |
| Dec. 26 | St. Stephen, First Martyr |
| Dec. 28 | Innocents' Day |


2 M. St. Thomas, A. & M. 7 Is. 30: 1 John 2: 13.

3 M. St. Stephen, First Martyr 8 Is. 31: 1 John 2: 15.


10 W. Is. 52: 1-17: Jude 8.


14 M. Is. 56: 1-31: Jude 12.


18 M. Is. 60: 1-40: Jude 16.

19 M. Is. 61: 1-42: Jude 17.


30 M. Is. 72: 1-64: Rev. 2.

31 M. Is. 73: 1-66: Rev. 3.


33 M. Is. 75: 1-70: Rev. 5.

34 M. Is. 76: 1-72: Rev. 6.

tones of the honoured dead, that after life's fitful fever sleep so well in the quiet of God's rest.

So is our Christmas this year. On our way to church we cannot but remember the graves of our beloved, and yet we may be glad that our day and generation has produced heroes worthy to rank with those whose deeds are chronicled on many an ancient tablet within the church's walls.

Perhaps we have not valued the great festival of peace—the birthday of the Prince of Peace—as we should have done in the past. It may have needed war to make Christmas joy real to us again as it was to our forefathers. For so many years God gave us peace; we breathed it as the air and were not thankful . . .

But we hear the bells ring—the bells of peace, once guns of war, and our prayer goes up in the Name of the Prince of Peace:

Pray we from the cannon's mouth,

Gracious God of Love,

Thou wilt fashion chimes of peace—

Christmas bells above.

There are bells of peace in our village church tower, bells fashioned from old cannon that once thundered death across the battlefield. And as we hear them ringing for the Christmas that is soon to be, we see in fancy the old time folk of England passing up the churchyard path that winds among grey stones of the honoured dead, that after life's fitful fever sleep so well in the quiet of God's rest.

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The Christ of Yesterday—the Christ of To-day.

By the Rev. Canon MacNutt, M.A.

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, yea, and for ever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

O interpret these words in the light of their setting is to illuminate them with a richer and more vital meaning. In one sense they need no context. Wherever you place them they mean exactly the same. They claim that Christ is changeless, that He is the property of no special age or race, and that He stands supreme above the passage of time. But the great saying, which is one of the pillar texts of the New Testament, sufficient though it is by itself to carry and convey a message of hope and consolation to the Christian of every generation, is illuminated by the fact, familiar to every student of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that it was addressed in the first place to men and women who were harassed and perplexed by the trying experience of great religious and political changes. With a very imperfect grasp of what Christianity gave them in its place, they were confronted with the fact that their new faith had separated them from the Judaism in which they had been born, and a crisis was impending which they could not understand, the crumbling to pieces of the power of Judaism under the advancing power of Rome. This was no common trial; and small wonder was it that their hearts were failing them for fear. Everywhere they felt the iron hand of change; and if the new religion had taught them much, it was as yet not enough to compensate them for what they had lost. Weary and perplexed, doubt and hesitation made their hands hang down and their knees grow feeble, and their feet move slowly in the race that was set before them. They had lost, also, the inspiration of the influence and example of the teachers who had first spoken unto them the Word of God. It was, as we should say, a time of transition. There was only one thing that could brace and fortify them for the conflict in which they were so hard pressed. The unchanging Christ was with them, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and to Him, amid the woe and changes around them, they could cling with patient faith.

Proved to be True.

And it has proved to be true. The Jesus Christ of that yesterday is the same to-day. The same as the source of endless peace and power; the same as the answer to questions about man’s life and destiny that beset and perplexed troubled souls; the same as the unfailing remedy for ills which menace them and menace us, who live in a world as full of perils and temptations to lose heart as that strange world of crisis and bewilderment, in which the great unknown prophet of Jesus proclaimed his Master all those centuries ago. I want you to think of some of the ways in which this great saying from the first age of the Church justifies itself to the Christian of to-day. For we, too, are feeling what is permanent in the midst of change. We are keenly conscious that our lot is cast in a period of quite singular and peculiar unrest. We see this in the outward form and fashion of life as we know it. The men and women who passed away a quarter of a century ago would find the world extraordinarily different, if they came back to it again now. And the difference goes very deep, into the very fabric of life itself. The very pillars of government and social organization are being shaken.

It seems to me that just here lies the promise of our faith. Whatever else it does or does not, it claims to be changeless in its essence. And that essence is Christ Himself. The supreme religious question of our day and generation is this: how does all our change and transition touch and affect Jesus Christ? If He remains the same, amid all the wreckage of other things, there is little else that matters to us who trust in Him. Christianity has still its guarantee of permanence and the pledge and promise of victory in the new age into which we are rapidly passing, because it is the religion of the unchanging Christ.

Changelessness of Christ.

Jesus Christ is changeless, first, in the unique perfection of His character. Christians have always claimed for their Master that He is supremely good, and that He is the last word in holiness of life and character. Age after age has been directed to the Gospels, with the challenge, "Show us the point where He falls short." "Ecce homo! Behold the man!" The centre of gravity in the fact of Christ for sinful men is not, after all, that He is perfectly holy, but that He loves them and is mighty to save. But that power to save depends, in the last analysis, upon His own perfect goodness. If He is fallible in this, He is fallible in all. Amid all our changes there is one change which has not come and is not coming. Mankind has discovered no rival to the moral supremacy of Jesus Christ. All honest and sincere men are still ready, unless they are the victims of inveterate prejudice, to acknowledge this, that in all the world’s yesterday and to-day there is one thing that remains unchallenged—it is the absolute uniqueness of the moral and spiritual beauty of the Christ of the Gospels. To-day He is the same, the one perfect flower of human holiness that has ever blossomed in the soil of this sinful earth; and still to think of goodness is to think of Christ. There is, there can be, no other standard of goodness beside Him.

Jesus Christ is changeless, secondly, in His
power to meet the deepest human needs. Man is always the same in his need of God, in his need of forgiveness, in his need of spiritual aid to conquer sin, in his need of the life eternal. Without these things he would not be man, but merely a clever animal, and not as he is, a spiritual being capable of fellowship with the Father of Spirits. And just because Christ brings him these great gifts, and men have discovered none else who can give them as He gives them, He remains to us what He was to those who first received Him, the One Source of really sufficient satisfaction for our deepest needs.

Jesus Christ is changeless, thirdly, in His ability to transform and redeem human lives. The deepest test of Christ is neither the literary examination of the records of His life on earth, nor the critical co-ordination of the historical elements of the witness borne to Him by His earliest disciples. It is rather the continuous putting to the proof of His redeeming power in the lives of men and women convicted of their need of Him, and finding in actual life that "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." 

**How to test the Fact.**

These are some of the ways in which you can put to the test the changelessness of Jesus Christ. Discover a higher and better than He; discover men and women who do not need God, forgiveness of their sins, power to conquer their evil selves, eternal life, or, needing these things, cannot find them in Him; discover human lives that present problems which, taking Him on His own terms, He cannot solve—discover these things, and you have discovered a state of change which will so react upon Him that He can no longer survive unchanged. But until you have done that, He remains what He was in the past, to-day, yea, and for ever.

Nor has the modern world, which has outgrown so much, outgrown Christ. Peerless and unequalled in His supreme moral and spiritual beauty, He stands among the sons of men, the great Alone. His touch has still its ancient power, and He touches life in its to-day at the same points and at as many points as He did in its yesterday. We who kneel with the shepherds at the Christmas festival can still make our confession of adoring faith in His power to transcend time and all its change. For the stream of the perennial verification of Christ in human experience flows out of the fact of what He absolutely and eternally is in Himself. In the nature of things Jesus Christ must be changeless; for were He anything less than final and unchangeable, we should have to reconceive Him as other than the Christ of the Church's faith. If indeed it be true that in Him God came to dwell among us, the very God incarnate among men, how can God so far disown Himself that He leaves Himself behind to make way for Himself again, otherwise and anew? Christmas has given us God for ever. The Gospel of Bethlehem, if it is true at all, is true once and for all.

**The Anchor of Our Hope.**

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea, and for ever." This is the anchor of our hope as we draw near to the close of another year. And never has faith needed that healing and uplifting message more than just now when all around us we see the signs of present and impending change. In the thick of all this, we ask, where lies the refuge for the Christian of our day, hemmed in with dangers and distressed by the perplexities of his time? Whence shall lie draw courage and strength for the performance of his tasks? What is his stay and house of defence, and his armour for the battle from which he must not fly, if he is at once to be true to his conscience, his country, and his Lord?

**The Secret of Strength.**

The secret of our strength is the unchanging Christ. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The secret of the Most High is Christ the Lord, and the shadow of the Almighty is the shadow of His cross. For us, as for all those who have gone before us, it is the Spirit of Christ, the unchangeable, passing into the life of His Church, that gives liberty alike from fear and from weakness, and grace to grapple with our problems and to perform the tasks allotted to us.

And that which is true on the great scale of the nation and the Church is true also of the individual soul. Each of us, standing as we do now at another of those milestones which grow fewer and fewer as we press on to the end of our earthly years, is conscious of the perils and trials which inevitable change brings with it to himself. What changes the past year has witnessed in our home-circles and amongst our friends, and how many are pending now, in the opening of another year! "Change and decay in all around I see." We lay our dead to rest until the morning; we miss the vision of faces which we have loved and lost; we find ourselves continually on the move in an inconstant and ever-shifting world. Oh, well for us children of a passing day, if amid all the changes and chances of this mortal scene our hearts are surely fixed upon Him Who will never fail us. Who through all life's yesterday has been with us, and has pledged Himself to be our never-ending succour, eternally the same for each new to-day, yea, and for ever.

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There is a dreadful shadow hides the sun,  
And veils the Father's face;

But every time a gentle deed is done,  
The shadow lifts a space.

Canon Langbridge.
CHAPTER XI.

The news of Sir Philip Norton's fatal accident caused a tremendous sensation in Stanbridge and the surrounding county.

The baronet's interest in the building and endowing of Wallerton cottage hospital had brought him before the public in a very favourable light, so that inquirers and sympathizers flocked to the Manor to ask for the latest bulletins.

But the doctors from the first held out no hope. There had been serious injury to the spine as well as other internal complications. At most it was a question of days.

Keith had arrived at the Manor barely two hours after his father had been brought home, and, according to the talk of the villagers, "had not left the baronet's bedside since."

Those were dark days to the younger man. He had been working hard at his studies—rather too hard perhaps—since he wished to leave no time for memories. But the thought of Verity Moore and his love for her had been hard to hide away out of sight, and of late all the old longing had been redoubled as he read in his father's letters of the friendship which had so unexpectedly sprung up between the latter and the doctor's daughter. It was "Verity had been telling him this," or "Verity and Dr. Moore were coming to lunch," or "Verity had inspired him with quite a zeal over Wallerton hospital."

All this made Keith's task of effacing a girl's bright image from his soul the more difficult. And it was curious that no sort of allusion was made to an engagement between Cyril Grayle and Verity.

Surely he could not have been mistaken?

It was in the vague and secret hope of answering this question that Keith had promised his father to run down to Stanbridge for the opening of the hospital. Keith himself had puzzled over his father's sudden generosity. What could it mean?

The question was never quite definitely answered, for when father and son met Sir Philip was dying.

Dark days indeed—and yet there was something in them that Keith was to treasure all his life. The father who had always lived apart in sympathy from the son was changed now in this solemn hour of parting, and Keith, kneeling by the former's bed, thanked God for the mysterious softening of a hard nature.

Cyril Grayle came constantly to the Manor, and the dying man welcomed his visits gratefully. Keith was not often present during those visits, and he did not talk much to the Vicar. The English reserve which prefers to hide its grief, even from sympathetic eyes, caused the young doctor to mask all feeling saving when alone.

After Sir Philip's death the village folk were free with their comments that at the funeral "Sir Keith was like a graven image, never so much as shedding a tear." But then, the village folk did not see the young baronet on his return home to the lonely Manor.

Keith had only heard vaguely from Dr. Moore that Verity was ill. The truth was that Verity, after displaying considerable bravery and presence of mind after the accident till Sir Philip was in safe hands, had collapsed, going from faint to faint till her father became seriously anxious about her. But he realized what the shock of such a sight must have been to a girl like Verity, and when, after a few days, she seemed to recover her normal health, he quietly but firmly insisted on her going away for a fortnight's change to an aunt's.

Verity raised no objection to this proposal. Perhaps she was even glad of it. It would be so hard to meet Keith now—and not show him her heart. Sympathy, warm and spontaneous, would surely betray the deeper feeling. So Verity went off for her holiday—if such it could be called—in Cambridgeshire, and that was why Keith, inexpressibly in need of a comforter in the days succeeding the funeral, looked in vain for the slim young figure and sweet girlish face which for months had filled his dreams.

It would be impossible for him to return to
London for weeks to come. There was a great deal of business which required his personal supervision. So he remained, glad of the work which for most of the day engrossed his thoughts, and filling up his spare time with studying.

He was undecided yet as to the future. Inclination would have held him to his chosen profession, but, as a large landowner, his duty claimed him at home.

At home! Could he ever put up with the loneliness, the dreariness of it?

He was asking himself that question as he strolled down the lane towards the spot where his father had met with his accident. A broken hedge and trampled grass was all the evidence left of the catastrophe. With a groan Keith turned aside up the path leading to Jake Howley's cottage. He felt he needed to "get outside himself" for a time, and he liked the cynical master of Myrtle Cottage.

Jake was at work in his garden again to-day. Tragedies come and pass in this world, but the day's work goes on pretty well the same till our own particular turn comes for dropping from the ranks.

"Afternoon," said the old man, nodding kindly at his visitor, "glad to see you, but I'm going on with my sowing whilst you talk to me. Splendid day for sowing. We shall get a shower before nightfall."

The old man spoke as cheerily as his custom, for he did not hold that it was necessary to address folk who had lately suffered bereavement as though they were enduring physical ills.

"What good's going to be done by pulling a long face?" he had been heard to declare. "If your sympathy's such poor stuff as to need looking like a mute to show it, it ain't worth a snap. Let 'em take the sympathy for granted and do your best to cheer 'em up with a smile!"

It was sound logic, and Keith felt the tonic of the other's mood at once.

At the Manor the servants felt it to be proper respect to look as though they had lost every relation in the world, and it had got on Keith's nerves.

"I'm glad you came round," went on Jake, carefully opening a fresh packet of seeds, "I've been missing my little chum Verity. Expect you miss her too, eh?"

He shot his visitor a keen glance from beneath shaggy brows and remarked with satisfaction that Keith coloured.

"Yes," replied the latter quietly, "I do miss her."

"H'm," grunted the old man, "serve you right."

And he knelt down to scatter his seeds into their newly-prepared bed.

Keith did not reply at once, he was searching for the meaning of the other's words.

Curiosity overcame reticence at last—and Jake was not looking at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Jake rested back on his heels, his rugged old face puckered into an expression half censorious, half amused.

"Mean?" he echoed. "That you ought to be ashamed of yourself, jumping to conclusions like any village gossip because a girl chooses to take up religion and missionarying seriously, eh?"

Keith had seated himself on Verity's tree stump; he was conscious of quickened pulses and a longing to demand instant and clearer explanation. But knowledge of Jake Howley's ways kept him diffident. Besides—he was not certain of the drift of the latter's speech.

Had not Howley himself been the first to point out that Verity's interest in parochial affairs probably lay in the desire to "catch the parson"? "I suppose," went on Jake, as his visitor remained silent, "that you know Grayle is engaged to be married?"

Keith started as though some one had struck him a blow. So after all it had happened. There had been no mistake.

"No," he replied hoarsely. "I suppose it is to——"

"A Miss Mary Egerley," quoth Jake, lightly raking the ground over his seeds; "banns given out last week, so some one told me. They don't waste much time in engagements nowadays and a good thing too, since you ain't going to get to know each other till you're married, however clever you may suppose yourself to be at character study. It's a poor business—character study. There are too many exceptions knocking about."

He had kept on talking, to give his listener time to recover himself.

But Keith did not ask for time.

He was on his feet, all the listless apathy gone from his manner.

"Mary Egerley!" he cried. "Why, I—I thought it was Verity Moore."

Jake nodded. "Then you had no business to think it," he snapped, "seeing you are the very last man who had any right to suppose such a thing, eh?"

He stared across at Keith, who stared back, eager, wondering.

"No right?" faltered the younger man.

"What do you mean?"

"If you don't know there's not much use my telling you," retorted Jake with spirit; "but, since there's a lot of trouble caused in this life by folk holding their tongues in the wrong places, I may as well state my facts. You're in love with folk holding their tongues in the wrong places, I may as well state my facts. You're in love with Verity Moore, and have given Stanbridge a wide berth because you were a jealous young fool and believed a girl could have no interest in life but love-making. Isn't that right, eh?"

Keith squared his shoulders. "Yes," he replied shortly, "it's right enough. I thought Verity was in love with Grayle."

"More fool you! She and Grayle were comrades over their missionary work. Why should folk be so idiotic in seeing their neighbours' motives askew?"

Keith laughed—a rather shaky laugh—but with real amusement in it.
"You yourself were the first to suggest that Miss Verity had her eye on the Vicar," he hinted.
Jake grunted.
"Did I? Well, I own I do make mistakes at times. It's a hard admission. But Verity Moore is an exception. You'll agree with me there, eh?"
"Yes," said Keith softly, "I'll agree there."
"Of course you do," snapped Jake. "Well, that's all right. I suppose I mustn't—or needn't—tell you that Verity herself has been fretting her pretty soul out because she was being misjudged by the man she loves. You can ask her to tell you all about that herself, for I hear from Dr. Moore that she's coming home to-morrow. You can bring her round to tea, eh? I rather fancy I should like a chat with you both."
Keith had no words to reply. He just gripped Jake's two hands and nearly wrung them off.
"All right," chuckled the old man. "you're a bit of an exception too, or I shouldn't have bothered my head about you when I'm busy with my seeding."
Now leave me in peace. I've got to get my mignonette in along the border, eh?"
And yet it was strange what a long time elapsed between the departure of Keith Norton and the planting of the mignonette. Jake Howley had been indulging during the interval in a brown study.

CHAPTER XII.
"I wanted to meet you here, Verity."
Keith spoke in low quiet tones, as he took the girl's timidly-proffered hand.
Verity's first impulse had been to run away when she had spied him coming across the stretch of moorland towards the river.
But she had been seated on a grey boulder in full view of the advancing figure, and escape was impossible.
And yet—oh how difficult it was to meet and greet him just as though nothing had happened. Equally difficult to make any allusion to the past.
So she waited, obviously shy and ill at ease.
"I came back yesterday," she faltered presently. "I—I have been away."
"Yes—I know."
Had he missed her, or had some one—her father probably—merely alluded to her absence?
"I came in the hope of finding you here," said Keith, breaking through an awkward pause. "I am so glad to have met you. And now, what am I to say? How am I to hope to explain all I want to say? Will you help me, Verity?"
"He still held her hand, and could feel how it trembled, for the girl had realized the meaning of that deep, vibrant note, and her pulses were racing wildly in response.
But the appeal, containing as it did self-deprecation, helped Verity to forget her own tremors in sympathy with his.
"I would like to help you, if I can," she answered, lifting her grey eyes to his.
"And forgive me, too?" he asked. "Ah, Verity, can you ever forgive me for my wretched jealousy and misconstruction and let me tell you how I love you, with all my heart and soul? Oh, Verity—if you knew."
Love her! So it was true. It was true—this secret hope which had been like sunlight overcast by the grey clouds of doubt that had rolled over a summer sky.
Verity was too childlike in her faith to doubt the words, or to question the great happiness which had come to her.

Keith loved her. Nor did she have to search her heart for an answer to his question. She was smiling, whilst her cheeks grew rosy with happy flushes, as she dropped her head to hide them from him.

"I think I do know," she answered softly, "for I love you too, Keith—with all my heart."

* * *

After all, the fashion of lovers' speeches and lovers' rhapsodies are much the same all the world over and the centuries through. And each successive pair of lovers is equally sure that no one before has ever felt quite as they do. Their Eden is a special and a fairer one than others previously created.

So the hour spent by these particular lovers by a river's bank in a glad spring-time was to remain as the fairest memory of life through the years to come. It was not till later during the evening, when Keith came down to the old red-brick house in the village, to find the doctor out, but the doctor's daughter very much at home, that they alluded to the past.

"I'm not going to say I'm sorry," said Verity, as they sat together on the sofa, Keith's hands clasping hers, "because—I don't think I am—now. You see it all came through that £100. If it had not been for that, and our plan about the native work depots, you—you would never have been so—so silly—you know." She was laughing and blushing, interrupting his attempted protests. "Oh, yes, it was silly. And yet I am glad of it now. For the work has been such a success, and if it had not been for it and becoming such friends with Cyril Grayle I might not—have been able to help him—about his engagement. So, you see, indirectly that £100 has been answerable for a great deal. A successful trade for the cause, Cyril Grayle's engagement, and, partly, our own; for perhaps you would never have—have known you wanted me so much if you had not thought you couldn't have me."

"You cynical little logician!" laughed Keith, kissing her by way of punishment for that last remark. "You must have been copying those views from old Howley. I shall take him to task to-morrow when we go to tea."

"And I shall thank him," whispered Verity, "for telling you—about Cyril. And, Keith, do you know, I don't believe he is half the cynic he makes himself out to be."

"Perhaps not—or he has realized the error of his ways. He used to be so fond of quoting the leopard that would not change his spots. He may have learned a recipe for changing his own!"

"Perhaps. And I think part of the recipe had to do with the man who sent those mysterious offers. Keith, do you—do you remember the last one?"

"To my father? Yes, darling, I was thinking of it on my way down here: I feel I should like to accept his responsibility. He—the dear old dad—was already showing which way his in-
tentions lay. He meant to have a subscription list worth doubling by the end of the year. Shall we——" “Yes, I should like to—I mean I should like——” “Us to? A thanksgiving to God for this happiness. Why, yes, dear, so we will. What do you say to giving a sum towards the endowment of the hospital my father helped to build?” Verity raised a happy face to her lover’s. “It would be the very nicest thing we could do,” she whispered. “I’m so glad you thought of that, Keith.” “Tea out in the garden at the beginning of May,” grunted Jake Howley. “Not so bad for the English climate, eh? Now don’t talk of paying for it before the month is out, like some croakers would, Miss Verity.” Verity laughed. “I wasn’t going to,” she retorted, “I’m far too happy, accepting the present.” Her old host nodded, looking with the utmost satisfaction from one to the other of his guests. “Good for you,” he said. “I like to hear of contentment. I’m contented myself at the moment. Will you have any more tea, either of you?” No, they did not want any more tea, and were both ready to respond to an invitation to come down the slope of the little wood to see the sight of wild daisies and bluebells of which Jake was so proud. “Worth all the Temple shows, eh?” he questioned. “Now come and sit down here on the moss under this old giant of the wood and let me spin you my little yarn—or whatever you like to call it.” “Isn’t it ideal?” whispered Verity, as she slipped her hand into her lover’s, giving it a little squeeze. “I love being here.” Jake’s eyes twinkled. “Two’s company, three’s none,” he commented, “but you’ve got to put up with me, whilst I indulge in my little—review. I’ve had a good deal to think of lately.” “We all have,” replied Keith quietly. “I suppose there always is—food for thought, for one likes to indulge in it.” “Spoken like a philosopher! I’m, let me think. That was John Parsons to begin with. Exception number one, eh?” “You mean in genius?” “No, Miss Verity, I don’t mean in genius. Plenty of folk can specialize in that if they choose to cultivate brain development. I mean he was an exception in the way he used that money. I would have guaranteed that he would have shirked the responsibility laid on him, just as I might have doubted your sticking to missionary trading when it ran counter to a love story; or Sir Philip spending his money in building Wallerton cottage hospital. Three cases of exceptions! One begins to wonder—seeing the selection was haphazard—whether they were exceptions after all, or whether human nature is made of better stuff than I supposed.” “Mr. Grayle says,” murmured Verity shyly, “that if you call for the highest in a human soul it is sure in the majority of cases to respond.” “I don’t go on Cyril Grayle’s statements,” snapped Howley, with some show of his old antagonism, “but on my own observations.” “I think,” said Verity, “that that must have been what the suggester of those anonymous offers must have had in mind. To prove to you that human nature is—better than you thought it.” But Jake Howley shook his head. “Wrong for once, little girl,” he replied, with some dry humour in his confession, “the sender of those mysterious letters had a very different purpose, as I should know—since I sent them myself.” Neither Keith nor Verity answered at once. They sat silent in sheer amaze and disbelief. Jake Howley the mysterious donor of such strange gifts! “You—sent them?” echoed Verity last, very slowly, “but you can’t. You—couldn’t have had—the money.” Jake laughed. He obviously enjoyed the exploding of his bomb, even though he was having to admit defeat. “I’d better make full confession,” he said, “since against my will I am convinced. To begin with, then, I’m not exactly poor.” He sat up on the mossy slope, his arms encircling his knees, as he looked towards the two young people who still regarded him in such astonishment. “No,” he repeated, “I made my pile out in Canada, a decent pile enough, and came home a rich man. But the rôle didn’t suit me. Somehow I wasn’t lucky. I was up against a lot of humbug which disgusted me. I wanted to help those who were finding life pretty stiff, but I got duped again and again, in spite of my cuteness. People professed a lot of Christianity, but it didn’t bear close inspection. The more they professed the worse they were. They taught me my cynicism. I grew disgusted with pretty near everything. Then I came here. I was tired of playing the rich fool, who never made friends because the folk who professed friendship were only after his money. So I came here as Jake Howley the pauper. I needn’t tell you if I found friends. Guess you know that, and I hate sentiment. But that chap Grayle riled me with what I called his ridiculous estimate of human nature. I didn’t believe in looking for the highest because I’d been up too often of late against the lowest. So I set out on a scheme to overthrow the parson’s pet theories. Shocked, Miss Verity?” “No,” said Verity breathlessly, “but please go on. It—it is like a fairy tale.” Howley chuckled grimly. “Well, I got the scheme all right,” he said, “and launched my bombs. I made sure of having John Parsons for
an example. The fellow seemed going as straight as could be on the lines I had mapped out for him. Then the crisis came—and John weathered the storm. I acknowledge I was right out of my calculations. It taught me that there was something besides humbug in the world. You know how I learnt the rest, and, though I'm hoisted on my own petard and all my cynicism is refuted by my three examples, I'm going to thank you both for helping me to my failure."

His voice had grown a trifle husky, as he held out his hand to each of his companions in turn, but he retained Verity's in his grasp.

"Yes," he said, gazing into her shining eyes, "you've helped an old man a lot, little Verity, in getting back his faith in God through renewed faith in human nature. God bless you for it."

"It's too wonderful," the girl breathed, "I can hardly realize it yet. I—I am so glad we—did not fail you."

Jake Howley's laugh had none of its old mockery in it.

"I guess you couldn't," he replied, "it wasn't in you. And now I'm off to pay my penance without grudging."

"What do you mean?" asked Verity. "Oh, don't go. I want to ask you such a lot more questions, to tell you again and again how glad I am you have learned good things of human nature."

The old man shook his head, looking into her eager face.

"You can talk to me another time," he replied. "God willing, our friendship's going to last my life out, eh? I shall be wanting to leave Stanbridge, since Stanbridge has given me back what I had lost. But now—well!" his lips were whimsical—"I'm going to tell the Rev. Cyril Grayle that he has had the best of me without argument. And I'm glad to make the confession."

He did not wait to say more then. The sun came slantwise through the trees to fall on the golden glory of the daffodils and touch the blue canopy of flowers with an added beauty. And, amongst the loveliness of surrounding nature he left the man and the maid to dream their own bright dream of a perfect earthly love, reaching as the golden beams of light to the yet more perfect Love which is eternal.

"Is it not wonderful?" whispered Verity, "it is like the story of the talents, is it not, Keith? And—and I can never thank God enough for helping me not to bury mine in a napkin."

But to some it is given to possess a foretaste of that joy on earth, and it was for this that Keith and his little sweetheart thanked the Giver from the depths of their hearts as they watched the sun set in the western skies.

THE END.

"They sat silent in sheer amaze and disbelief."—Page 278.
Home Words
for
Heart and Hearth.

Edited by
H. Somerset Bullock, M.A.

"Thou art the Light indeed; on our dull eyes
And on our inmost soul Thy rays are poured;
To Thee we light our lamps: receive them, Lord,
Filled with the oil of peace and sacrifice."

1914.

London:
"Home Words" Ltd. Publishing Office.
11, Ludgate Square, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

A sense of pain and trouble seizes on our hearts, as we look at this week's picture. What is the cause of the tear in the beautiful face, in the locked hands, that are so wildly pressed against the door?

The reference beneath the picture tells us to turn, for an answer to the question, to St. Luke xxi. 26, and St. Matthew xxv. 13. We take the latter first, and that same word which rang in our ears last Sunday is brought before us there. Advent—Coming.

"Watch, therefore," runs the text, "for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man cometh." So ends the parable of the Ten Virgins. We know how they forgot to watch—how, while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept—and at midnight were taken by surprise. The surprise included all, for none were watching as they slumbered and slept—and at midnight were taken by surprise.

Will it not be our fault, in like manner, if at the last great Coming, we are found with our hearts failing us for fear, as those awakened out of careless sleep?

We ought all to be constantly expecting our Saviour. We know that He is coming. We know that He is coming suddenly. We have His plain command, to watch.

"LORD, we are Thine; then make us wise To watch for Thy returning, With useful hearts, and longing eyes, And lamps all brightly burning." And let us bear in mind not only the folly of the foolish Virgins, but also the wisdom of the Wise. Let us remember the need of the reserve. "It is the reserve," a Christian sage has said, "that saves us in all final tests—the strength that lies behind what we need in ordinary experiences. Those who daily commune with God, breathing His Life into their souls, become strong with that secret, hidden strength which preserves them from falling in the day of trial. They have a 'vessel' from which to refill the lamp when its little cup of oil is exhausted."


These two men in the picture, hastening after Our Lord, are bearers of a message. Who sends that message? St. John the Baptist. He is in prison; why? Because of his splendid courage on the side of Right against Might. How many of us are apt to shut our eyes to evil-doing, to gloss it over and excuse it, when the evildoers are great folk, in high stations, with wealth, and power, and perhaps even the law of the land, upon their side, for the law of the land, alas! is not always the law of the Kingdom of God.

St. John the Baptist had the courage to constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and therefore it fell to his lot to suffer for the truth's sake. And although he was such a strong and splendid saint, he had not yet come to realize that God, in the working out of His plans, may sometimes try our faith, by letting evil seem to triumph and goodness to suffer, His plans to be thwarted. His dear ones trodden down.
most of the finest things in the world have been done by those who sought very highly of their work and very lowly of themselves. Wh (very) thought of self comes in, it spoils the value of our work for God. It is not easy to keep our work thus free from the selfish element. But this is what the noble nature must set itself to do. And he who can do it most fully is best fitted to be, in his own lot in life, a John the Baptist, preparing the way of the Lord.

How can we prepare it?

(1) By prayer.
We can all pray. The smallest and weakest can put his whole heart into that petition, "The Kingdom come." When we hear the clock strike twelve at noon, we can join our prayers with those offered up at that hour, daily, at the headquarters of the two great Church societies for foreign mission work—C.M.S. and S.P.G.

(2) By interest.
Interest in a cause has a vastly greater power than we perhaps suppose. It is infectious. The interest of one person makes another keen, and the second person may be able to achieve results that the first alone could not.

(3) By missing no opportunity to speak a word for Christ in our common daily life among our friends and neighbours. It can be so simply done—without anything like "preaching."

Dec. 27. First Sunday after Christmas.

Who are these among the lilies? There is one little new-born Child? Should not the Saviour of His people be a mighty man of war, riding, armed, at the head of a glorious host? Who are these among the lilies?

A N Angel? Yes, in very truth,
An Angel of the Night:
But dressed in gown of dainty blue,
And cap of snowy white.

HEN all is still within the ward,
And ev'ry light is low,
When night has come—that weary night,
That only pain can know—

HE comes with soft and noiseless step,
In pity in her eyes;
To whisper words of comfort sweet,
To banish weary sighs.

Oh bring relief to parched lips,
To smooth the ruffled couch;
With soft and gentle touch.

Words of sympathy and hope,
She calms the troubled breast;
Then leaves the sufferer comforted,
With ev'ry fear at rest.

A vision fair and bright:
An Angel? Yes, in very truth,
An Angel of the Night!

BIBLE QUESTIONS. ANSWERS. IX. (See November Number.)

ONE of the writer's earliest recollections about churchgoing is of a service held in the graveyard of a Welsh watering-place. There, on the cliff summit, whence westward stretches the broad Atlantic, an overflowing congregation, crowded out of a tiny building, was addressed amongst the grey stones of the quiet God's Acre.

Another reminiscence of later years is associated with an English burial-ground in Southern France. To the green, grassy seclusion of that peaceful spot, the wayfarer usually passes from a neighbouring Roman Catholic cemetery, all unsatisfying and alien to British taste in its profusion of tawdry ornaments, imitation wreaths, and the "cold conceits of sculptured marble," which give a sense of unreality. It needs but a step or two to reach the other side of the hill, yet those few steps complete the contrast. Carefully tended, having a setting of near trees, the English ground slopes gently towards distant heights that liken the "utmost bound of the everlasting hills." In every shade of purple, blue and pink, rise steadfast, snow-capped peaks, which might well stand for Bunyan's Deleptable Mountains, or their tops revealed a vision of the Celestial City. To pause upon such a borderland is to feel the sanctity of holy ground, to be, in spirit, borne momentarily nearer that heavenly Jerusalem, where hovers "an innumerable company of angels."

The English character possesses a touch of austerity, or grave melancholy. To this may, perhaps, in part, be traced that desire for an honoured burial, which makes the humblest and poorest sacrifice much, in order to provide some suitable expression of last respect for themselves and their relatives. The same instinct may, too, have prompted many old customs of strewing flowers on graves—customs still followed, or revived, in certain localities and at certain seasons.

The finest elegy in our language has as subject a Country Churchyard, and by means of that poem Stoke Poges won an earthly immortality which draws strangers from every quarter of the globe to see its "ivy-mantled tower." When beneath "these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade," Gray watched each mouldering heap, his thoughts turned to the instability of human life, and the many varied paths which—whether of failure or glory—lead but to the grave. Most of us can recall churchyards of singular beauty. There, with reverent curiosity, it is possible to wander and wonder over familiar verses, or the past history and present state of the silent dead. Few spots become more suggestive, either to the poet, the moralist, or the philosopher, while, for each lowly mourner—

"The old assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more."

Sometimes, as in parishes near a dangerous shore, "where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill," and no part of the coast is for miles free from tales of wreckage and loss, there may occur such an inscription as comes to mind, graven on a cross at Mottiston: "To Nine Unknown Fishermen washed up on shore." Or another, which reads, "Our Two Unknown Sisters, who were washed ashore 1832. 'So He bringeth them to the haven where they would be.'" The pathos of these few words of remembrance is great. With no friends to grieve, none to keep green their memory, the churchyard holds in tender keeping all mortal remains given back by the sea. Sometimes, identity is established. In the case of a crew of Maltese sailors—strangers in a strange land—drowned with their captain, the captain's widow, in gratitude for all sad offices undertaken, sent a silver filigree cross to the clergyman of the village. Until the Rev. R. S. Hawker became Rector of Morwenstow, it was considered unlucky to receive any dead bodies that might be cast upon that wild, rocky shore, and he first combated this Cornish superstition and himself was foremost to succour shipwrecked mariners, either injured or drowned.

Few have not at some time felt the influence of a grassy mound. It may be small—that of "a lamb just asked, untried"; it may be of distant date, but for the sake of the mother who once gave life and love, a reverence attaches to the place where, "within the church's shade," a baby sleeps. Nor need gloomy thoughts alone have sway. To encourage belief in a love stronger than death rose-bushes were formerly planted, and to this use Camden from his Surrey home referred: "Here is also a certain custom ob-
served time out of mind, of planting rose-bushes upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves, so that this churchyard is now full of them." In one Middlesex parish, and thanks to a generous legacy, every path has, each summer, its radiant border of roses. In yet another, close to an ancient yew, a venerable tomb year after year sheds brightness for all who pass with its burden of pink blossoms. *Remember Death* (Memento Mori) are the words on the stone, but the flower would seem to say *Remember Life.* Emblem of frail mortality, the rose also signifies an entrance into fuller life beyond, and whilst legend tells that its flowers sprang from the blood of martyrs, Christian art places them in the hands of her saints.

In bygone days it is probable that the country churchyard was more frequented than now, though the existence of public footways still serves to remind that in the midst of life we are in death. At Penshurst this idea finds continuity with the line "My flesh shall rest in hope," traced on an archway scarcely higher than the head. Near by, too, stands the "telling stone," wherein the crier once shouted his news, but those who listened lie still beneath the year's covering of leaves. Only the message of comfort remains.

Now and then strange stories come to light in connexion with churchyards. At Chale, a large tomb is shown as having been the hiding place of smugglers. At Brighstone, the deep down-dropping eaves of the low church roof offered safe concealment for fine foreign laces. No doubt, in many cases, tales of churchyard ghosts arose from the lurking presence of law-breaking, but thought that, *in peace* characterizes the Christian burials of the catacombs. Their inscriptions are "very peaceable, very sweet, exquisitely flowered with hope." Their images are gentle: the sheep, the dove, the trees, which signify the garden of Paradise. . . . Peace, indeed, should be the pervading atmosphere of the spot where rest the labourers whose task is ended. "Death only shortens time, not life," and peace, won from persistence in watchful, prayerful energies, from consciousness of a life hid with Christ in God, leaves blessings that persevere beyond the grave.

"In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reign, what more to be wished?" 1

1 Manchestre al Mondo.
"Hark! round the God of Love."

Words by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.  
Music by B. JACKSON, P.R.C.O.

2. Thou art the same above—Merciful Jesus!

3. 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?

4. 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.

Children’s Voices.

Organ.

Hark! 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.

2. Thou art the same above—Merciful Jesus!

3. 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
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   Bless, we implore Thee!
   Lead us from grace to grace
   On through our earthly race,
   Till all before Thy face
   Meet and adore Thee.
SURE, I might have known it," said Anne aloud, in deep indignation. "It's a sartin sign o' rain when me arm takes the rheumatics every; an' what fur shud I be comin' out at all at all in the bl<ick ould night an' these disgraceful teems?" She tried to hurry on to be safely out of them, but in the darkness she stumbled on the lower ground at the side of the road and groaned aloud. "A dark figure slowly moving along the road.

"Save us all, I'll be drowAed!" Anne cried. "And them ould boots is done, anyways, an' the fire '11 be out, the sarrnin was that long, an' I'll take the cowl'd afoire I get a sup o' tay wet."

She plunged boldly on between the high, dark hedges, hugging her shawl against her pointed chin and bravely supporting the heavy old umbrella against the descending torrents. Half of that shelter was not much good, anyway. Pat Rafferty's old goat had stuck his horn into it on the way down and had laid almost the whole of one rib bare. That had been the beginning of Anne's woes, and nothing but her strong admiration for the "Clargy" had induced her to continue her way to church that cold, wet Sunday night.

"A dark figure slowly moving along the road."

"An' his tex' too," complained Anne. "Blessed be thim that sow beside all waters." Did ever ye hear the like? Sure a body'd be bothered doin' all the things he's after advising. Just divartin' yourself attending on other folks. Sure he'd have to be after giving up diggin' in his own ould garden, and take to helpin' the people with the pitaxies himself."

But back of her mind Anne repented of her hard sayings, remembering the many bright flowers and toothsome vegetables that came her way from the Rectory. But the rain, advancing years and the rheumatics were making Anne cantankerous.

"Save us all!" she broke off suddenly, "what's that?"

A break in the trees and a rift in the rain-clouds showed up to her suddenly a dark figure slowly moving along the road. A figure was no unusual sight, but that it should be moving slowly on such a night was astonishing. Anne's old heart hopped for one moment into her throat, while she hurried on with higher, more determined steps. "Was he following, and him maybe a tramp man?" Her cottage was luckily not far away, and the rain drowned all sounds around her, but the key had to be searched for in a hole in the thatch, and the door opened with difficulty and closed and locked, and she was alone in the dark room, breathless and half soaked before her usual sense of safety came back to her.

The fire was not quite out, and a wee screw of paper soon lighted the lamp. Then off came the soaked boots, stockings and shawl, and down went the blackened "tay-drawer," while Anne set herself beside it with the bellows and piled on sticks, plentiful enough since the last great wind.

"It's great to be dhry and warm," she reflected with returning self-satisfaction as the warmth reached her old bones. "An' it's better nor bein' out sowin' beside them watters. Save us all! what's that?"

It was a knock, unmistakable above the roar of the rain. Anne sat still as if petrified, the bellows motionless in her hand. Visitors seldom if ever came to the lonely dwelling at this time of night. But the knock was repeated. "Who's that?" she called out at last, with a quaver. Instantly into her mind sprang the thought of the silent figure on the road. She rose stiffly and went nearer the door.

"Who are ye?" she demanded again, more shrilly, and again came the knocking.

"It's a stranger," a half-hesitating voice answered; "and I've lost my way, and I've no place to go. Can you give me shelter?"

Again Anne's heart gave its troublesome thump. It was a strange man, and she was a poor lone old woman.
“Who are ye at all?” she demanded again.
“Can’t ye give a name to yerself?”
“I’m just a stranger,” came back the answer.
“I know nobody, and I am soaked, and perhaps you would kindly let me come in out of the rain.”

There was a note of entreaty in the voice, an odd foreign-sounding voice, that touched Anne’s heart. In addition came a sudden howl of wind in the trees above and a renewed deluge of rain.

And at the same moment a recollection leapt into Anne’s mind. The “Clargy” had bidden her sow beside all waters, and there was a soft corner in Anne’s old heart for the “Clargy.” This now would be sowing of the kind dearest to his heart—taking in the homeless wanderer.

“An’ sure,” thought Anne, conclusively, “the Lord will be watching, and maybe he doesn’t mean murder, and these teems is astonishing.”

She unlocked the door, and opened it wide.

“Come in,” she said sharply. “It’s no night for livin’ craters. Come over be the fire.”

He came in and stood in the fire and lamplight—a young man with scarcely a dry stitch on him. He took off his soft cloth cap and shook it, and the drops flew into the fire and hissed there resentfully. Then he felt round the collar of his coat and passed his hand down his sodden sleeve.

“Maybe you’d betther take it off too,” suggested Anne cautiously. He could sit without a coat a while, she reflected, though if the rain had gone deeper there was nothing she could offer him as a substitute save an old cloak, her own shawl being also wet through. But the striped flannel shirt under the coat had not reached saturation point, and the young man said shortly “it would dry on him by the fire.”

Anne adroitly refrained from inspecting anything below the shirt, though the memory of her own boots caused her a pang of sympathy for him in his.

“I’ll put some extra sticks on,” she thought, with a rapid calculation as to the size of her dry bundle in the corner. “Did not the Clargy know that sticks would be main and wet the morn an’ not aisy dried? But if it, be to be that it took all she had to in the house to dry him, perhaps there’d be stronger sunshine the morn an’ help with the wet ones outside.”

She pried them on at first recklessly, then more slowly, while a disturbing thought came into her mind. What if he wanted to stay until he dried all over and the rain stopped? And what if the sticks came to an end before he was ready to go?

As she moved round him, Anne studied her visitor from every available point. He did not seem inclined to talk, but sat staring into the fire, not seeming to care much how or when he was to get dried. He was young and good enough, looking, and Anne began slowly to like the looks of him.

“Maybe a drop o’ tay—?” she remarked tentatively to his back. He started and thanked her; but the tea was drunk and the bite eaten, and still he had nothing to say about himself or his intentions. Then Anne went ostentatiously to the door and looked out into the black night and the torrents of rain that sang and hissed in the dark.

“It’ll fair soon,” she remarked, hesitatingly, as one who misdoubts his own words. But the implied suggestion had the desired effect; for the stranger started again, and rose and came beside her, gazing at the square of blackness framed by the doorway, beyond which not a thing was visible. It was not an encouraging night to turn out into. Anne’s silence said so, and the stranger drew back.

“If it is all the same to you, ma’am,” he said, “and if it is not troubling you too much, perhaps you will let me stay here to-night, and in the morning I can find my way.”

“Save us BESIDE ALL WATERS © 282.
all!" ejaculated Anne in consternation. A stranger in her house all night and she alone! That was a happening that had never chanced in all her lifetime, and which surely did not come within the "Clargy's" jurisdiction! But an addition of strength to the waterspout outside nearly drowned her words and helped her decision. She drove the door into its place and coaxed the shaky bolt home.

"Ye'll have to bide," she said, not too graciously, perhaps, but how could a lone woman be liking all these capers? "You may take a turn on the seat here, if ye can sleep, and mind now, an' not fall into the fire. An' ye may keep a bit o' fire to dhry yerself, but mind and lave me enough dhry sticks for the morning. An' there's an ould blanket for ye, an' I'll lave me enough dhry sticks for the morning. An' there's an ould blanket for ye, an' I'll throbble you not to go thrapsing round the flure, for I shalpe light and waken aisy, an' I'd soon hear footsteps beyant."

That was a final caution to keep him from prowling in the night. She could think of no other means of safety, and finally went, amid his grateful thanks, into the little room where she herself slept, leaving him standing in the fitful light of the burning twigs. She ran swiftly over some prayers for safety, half ashamed the while, and followed them up with deeds. To be sure the old latch had been useless this many a year, but she set a chair against the door, laid all responsibility on the "Clargy's" back, and climbed at last up on the high bed of straw where nightly she reposed.

And there she slept in comfort, oddly free from all fears, while the rain ceased and the wind passed. And all at once into the silence of her sleep there came the unmistakable sound of the closing of the cottage door.

Anne started upright. Then she half threw herself out of bed and dragged open the door. The fire was out, and in the pale light that filtered through the tiny window she saw that the room was empty.

Then, like a thunderclap, she remembered her workbasket! Anne stumbled across the floor to the corner shelf hidden by its faded red dimity curtain. Tremblingly her hands went up and her eager eyes searched it, overturning the few old books and papers of her tiny library, seeking in vain for the little straw basket.

It was not there. It was gone. That basket given her by Ellen, the friendly assistant in the tea shop in the town where Anne sometimes took a drop of tea on market-days, was gone. "That basket, with its wee plaits of fancy straw, and handles an' all, an' the great red satin lining an' buttons; an' between the lining and straw, stitched in so carefully, the precious few sovereigns and notes, all she had in the world, forby the pension and the Clargy's bit, that were to go to bury her when she died!"

"Who'd have thought it o' thon fella? Quiet and dacint he seemed. An' the thief he was, the black-hearted ould villain, thrempin' through the rain an' taking her bite, an' then thievin' her all!"

"An' the Clargy an' his preachin'! Sowin' beside all waters, an' this was the sowing, aye, an' this the reapin'!"

She sat still in blankest despair till almost torpid with cold. Then she kindled a fire, but the heart was out of her. A drop of tea when she nearly collapsed was all she could take; she never crossed her threshold the whole day, and rarely moved, while the wrinkles came and the light fell greyer on her face.

Then late in the afternoon came a knock to the door. She answered dully, but there was no dullness in the response that followed. The door was almost burst open, and then she was staring at two figures that stumbled through it. "Ellen, the dacint, quiet girl at the tea shop, an' him, the black-hearted ould villain of a thief!"

Anne rose slowly, dazed and speechless with wrath. But they gave her no time for thought. Standing before her, blushing, laughing and explaining, half-shamefacedly, they made her listen in silence.

This was the way of it, so they told their story together. He was Jim Maloney that went to Ameriky five years back from away up in the mountains where Anne had never heard tell of him. And he and Ellen had been children together, and he had always had a notion to have her for his wife, but he would not ask so long as he had no money; and when at last he wrote there was no reply. For death had driven away Ellen and her family, and when he came back no sight or hearing of her was there in all the lone mountain. And he was tramping in misery back to the nearest town when the night and the rain had overtaken him, and Anne's kindness had saved him. And in the midst of the night, looking for a book, he had come across the very workbasket he had given to Ellen years back. And in it—did Anne mind?—was the letter Ellen had once written her, and her address. So without waiting to awaken Anne, off he had gone at the dawn to find his girl again.

"An' I never thought he cared," said Ellen in joyful thankfulness. "I just gave it away to you, Anne, seeing how we got that friendly with you comin' in an' out of the shop, and I couldn't bear to look at it, and him maybe never coming back again!"

"And now we've made it all up," cut in Jim encouragingly. "And if there is anything on the face of the earth, Anne, that you would fancy, and that we can give, you shall have it."

Then Anne's eyes grew sharp and bright. She looked searchingly from one flushed face to another.

"I'm wantin' nothing," she said firmly, "but me little ould basket. An' I'll take it just as soon as ye can bring it to me, for I've taken a quare fancy to thon basket."
A Seventh Century Font.—In the Parish Church of Potterne, Wilts, an ancient font was discovered at the restoration of the church in 1872 buried under the site of the present font. It is probably of seventh century date, and is supposed to have been used in an earlier church in Potterne which, tradition says, existed on a different site. Round the rim in Latin Psalm xxxii. i is cut in antique characters (“Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God”). This inscription is reproduced in the glass at the foot of the west window above the font. It is interesting to note that the quotation is not from the Vulgate, but from the alternative version of St. Jerome which is used in the ancient Anglo-Saxon Baptismal Service. The bowl of the font is hollowed out of a single block, and is both shaped and made like a tub, the bottom being a separate stone fixed in with lead.

Miss M. Beresford.

A Coincidence.—Just as Dr. Richards was about to give out his text from the pulpit of Bristol Cathedral on August 9 this year, at the church parade of the National Reservists, a lady rose from her seat in one of the aisles and shouted a remark which happened to be “Study to be quiet.” — W. A. BURNELL.

A Veteran Bellringer.—Not many parishes possess a bellringer who has continued for fifty years an active worker in the field. Mr. William Matthews, Sidesman of Lyminster Church, near Arundel, has, however, completed fifty years of regular work as a ringer, and was presented, this year, with a handsome Arundel, has, however, completed fifty years of regular work striking clock, having upon it the following inscription:—William Matthews, Sidesman of Lyminster Church, near Pembrokeshire Militia under Earl Cawdor, were imprisoned in the churchyard. Miss Mary's Church, Haverfordwest, is not only one of the finest churches in Wales, but has the distinction of once having been used as a gaol. In 1797 some seven hundred French soldiers, who formed part of a force which landed at Fishguard and surrendered to the Pembroke Militia under Earl Cawdor, were imprisoned in it. The living was for three centuries in the patronage of the Haverfordwest Corporation, and the meat market was held in the churchyard. Miss Sowrey.

Organ Construction.—A fine organ has recently been completed in the parish church of Ode Pechard, near Hereford, by the Vicar, organist and village carpenter. The plans and specifications were the work of the vicar, while the organist, Mr. William Cook, constructed every bit of the action, both swell and great. One manual plays two separate organs. The swell organ has been fixed up in the roof. The swell box, framework, case work, wind trunks, etc., have been made by Mr. Ted. Amos, the carpenter, with great skill. The organist has made many dispensations, fixed every pipe and tuned it and also done the soldering work. Can you tell us of any similar instance of practical service?

Miss Giggle.
**Church (Norfolk) chancel on either side, fixed to the choir stalls, to the burner. These are true church inhabitants that have never seen the outside world, and perhaps never will.**

A Japanese Confirmee.—While the service I heard a twittering sound, and it was some time before I could find out from whence it came, until I was surprised to see the old bat fly out from between the lamp chimney and the shade. The shade is one of those with a flat closely fitting glass bottom, and upon investigating I discovered three tiny bats lying snugly and comfortably inside quite close to the burner. It is hoped that they may be won for the Christian Faith like their compatriot.

A Family Record.—In the churchyard of the old town of Winchelsea in Sussex are buried two brothers, sons of the same father and mother.

The Church Bats’ Curious Hiding Place.—In Necton Church (Norfolk) chancel on either side, fixed to the choir stalls, is an ordinary church lamp with a frosted globe, or rather a stained glass window. The church bat has had its young in more curious places than this! It is during the service I heard a twittering sound, and it was some time before I could find out from whence it came, until I was surprised to see the old bat fly out from between the lamp chimney and the shade. The shade is one of those with a flat closely fitting glass bottom, and upon investigating I discovered three tiny bats lying snugly and comfortably inside quite close to the burner. These are true church inhabitants that have never seen the outside world, and perhaps never will.

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**A Freak Statue.**—Visitors to the Isle of Wight should certainly make a point of visiting that quaint old town and port of Yarmouth. For years the Governor had his residence here. In times past it returned two representatives to Parliament. The church is noteworthy because it contains one of the few freak statues in England. Strangers to the church would probably not notice the monument, as it is situated in a room leading from the south of the chancel. The statue is large, of marble, and seems quite out of place in so small a space. It represents the body of Louis XIV. of France with the head of Sir Robert Holmes, who was Governor of the island from 1667 to 1692. Sir R. Holmes, from his exploits, was evidently the Governor from his exploits, was evidently a man of great ability. It is said that he was bom eighteen years before the birth of Louis XIV., and died a hundred years after his death. The statue is of great interest to collectors of freaks, and is certainly one of the most interesting objects in the church.

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