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

South African Church Railway Mission.

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Light for the Line.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

Kimberley,
March 25th, 1918.

As we are preparing for the April issue of Light for the Line news has come through that the great offensive on the Western Front has begun, and it is most difficult to think of anything else for the present: such terrible issues are at stake—fighting on a fifty miles’ front—and here we are so powerless to help and almost out of reach of any of the suffering connected with the war; and yet certainly not powerless, for it is possible for each and all of us constantly, day by day during the hours we are awake, to bring the great crisis and all it means to the throne of God in our prayers—not only as we kneel down at our ordinary devotions, but as we go about our ordinary duties or read the daily papers, etc. It would be a great thing if we could bear some of the suffering that it being caused by the fighting at this time or share some of the privations of our friends at Home, but this we cannot do. Doubtless the women-folk who have sent their nearest and dearest do suffer with the keenest suffering, made all the more biting on account of their being so far away and not knowing what is happening, but surely all this suffering would very greatly be relieved if a more practical use were made of our Faith. Then for ourselves, for our loved ones and most of all for the great cause we have at heart let us at least help where we can and bring our case to the throne of God constantly and continually in our prayers, then, if we are doing this and helping in every way it is humanly possible, we ought not to worry as to what the ultimate issue will be. We are convinced that our cause is right and just—thank God there is very very little room to question that—and therefore if the whole Empire and our Allies are doing all that is humanly possible we have every reason to hope.

News has been received from Mr. Rossborough; he is still with the 2nd Horse Transport, at Greenwich, and caring for the blinded men at S. Dunstan’s, and while his thoughts very often travel out to the Mission and his old friends along the Eastern Transvaal Section, yet he seems to be rejoicing more and more in his new opportunity as he gets deeper into the work.

To our great astonishment the Almanacs arrived on Old Year’s Day:
this was indeed a triumph for our friends "on the other side of the water": they have mostly been distributed, but there are just a few left: if any of our friends have not received a copy and would like one, the Chaplains and other Workers and the Office are always ready to receive requests.

The Rev. E. T. Willmott took over the Naauwpoort Section on the first Sunday of the year, and soon began to feel his feet: he has now gone over most of his Section and it will not be long before he knows it pretty thoroughly: we offer to him a real hearty welcome to our work and also to Mrs. Willmott who, already, has begun to share the work with him. We understand that there are almost 100 children in the Sunday School at Naauwpoort now. The Bishop of Grahamstown most kindly made it possible to spend Sunday, January 27, with us at Naauwpoort; it was a question of making, and no end of re-arranging of plans was involved, but he was there and we are most grateful to him for coming at such a very busy time. On the Saturday night he was with us at the formal Welcome to Mr. Willmott in the Parish Hall, and on Sunday he was Celebrant as well as Preacher at the 8 o'clock Eucharist, confirmed a goodly number of confirmation candidates at eleven and preached at Evensong. It was a very real pleasure for us to have him with us; he wanted to share with us our welcome to the new priest, but it is likely that he will not want many changes there if he is always worked as he was on that Sunday—especially in the temperature which developed during the day.

We are grateful too to the Rev. J. K. Mather for coming to help us with the Native Mission at Naauwpoort on Sunday, February 17. As Director of Missions for the Diocese of Grahamstown, he has a very busy time and therefore we are all the more grateful to him for coming to us in answer to our request.

Miss Watson’s many friends in the Free State will be very glad to hear that she has arrived out again safe and sound through the perils of sea and war. We all give her a hearty welcome and wish her much happiness in the new work to which she has set her hand.

Our thanks are specially offered to our friends at S. Aidan’s, Yeoville, for their generous contribution to our Funds as a result of their C.O.Y. effort.

R. Thornely Jones.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

NAAUWPOORT.

To be rooted up from familiar surroundings and to find oneself, after a nightmare of packing, shot out at midnight in a spot that everyone agreed was—to speak as kindly as possible—an undesirable one, is not a pleasant experience. The camp had a cheerless look on the night of January 4th, and
the heat, against which I had been
warned and which I was prepared to
meet, I found required two overcoats
and a rain-coat on top of my blankets
to keep warm. I am now waiting for
the winter, which I am told is colder
than in the north of Scotland, and froze
sentinels to death in the Boer War. In
the meanwhile Naauwpoort is a pleas­
ant place to live in, and we have had a
very warm welcome from everyone. The
Head met me along the Line and we
travelled up together. I was quickly
run round the place on Saturday morn­
ing by the Head and then delivered over
to Miss Burt to be further instructed.
 Needless to say I now know something
of the work of the S.A.C.R.M. I have
also recovered from my confusion at
being introduced to so many people.
On January 26 the Bishop came to
confirm ten candidates: five from
Naauwoort and five shepherded by
Miss Burt from Stormberg, Thebus and
Burgherville Road. The confirmation
on Sunday morning was most impres­sive.
His lordship gave a very helpful
address at the Service, and again at
Evensong, and also at the 8 o'clock
Communion, when he kindly licensed
me to the work on this Section. On
Saturday evening a social gathering
was held in the Parish Room to meet
the Bishop and also to welcome me to
the chaplaincy. Speeches were made by
his lordship, and the Head and Mr.
Hitchcock, to some of which I hope, as
the newspapers say, I suitably re­sponded. Pleasant music was con­tributed by Miss Long, Mrs. Henning,
Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss D.
Firling and Mr. Brown, and the ladies
of the congregation supplied refresh­ments so lavishly, that on the Monday
about 70 children, banished for want
of space on Saturday, happily com­forted the inner boy and girl.

The Services are quite well attended,
but the numbers could probably be
doubled, or nearly so, without very
great inconvenience to anyone, even
when one deducts those on duty. The
Sunday School is most promising and I
hope soon we shall get the roll up to
100. Mrs. Fawdry deserves our thanks
for the way she has kept things going,
with the assistance of Miss Salveson,
Miss Deverill and Ivy Clark. Mrs.
Willmott is now helping but will still
want two or three more teachers. It
is a work which well repays any effort,
and it can't be neglected.

The Girls' Friendly Society is
at work again with seventeen mem­bers
and Mrs. Willmott as associate. Of these, ten members and one
candidate were admitted on Ash Wed­
nesday. The Boy Scouts are now under
Mr Hammer as Scoutmaster. Seventeen
boys, quite lively ones, are en­rolled, and a few coming on. Offers of
help in this direction will, I'm sure,
be welcomed.

We are grateful to Mrs. Owens
and Mrs. Odoire for help with the
Sustentation Fund. Very few
names are not down on their red col­
collecting cards, and as the Bishop said,
when he was here, we ought to look
upon them as conferring a favour in
collecting Church dues from us and
not as conferring a favour by paying
them.

Mrs. Owens, who is also an honor­ary organist, is kindly giving us
two evenings a week in Lent, in addi­tion to Sunday. The organ has just
been tuned, and now we want a choir
trainer. Nature never meant me to
tread so perilous a path. One has to
go carefully with evening Services on
account of the carbide. Mr. Hitchcock,
who kindly manages the gas for us,
only allows its use on Sundays and
special occasions. We grope our way
on ordinary nights with oil lamps.

On Sunday nights in Lent we have been
singing Jeffries' setting of the 'Story
of the Cross.' The words may not
be perfect, but it makes an appeal to
most people at this time of the year.

Mrs. Williamson is still persuading or
commanding people, for their good, to subscribe to the Light for the Line and has, I think, a record number this year, for which we thank her.

On Easter Tuesday I hope we shall have our Vestry meeting to hear Mr. Fawdry's account of the funds and to elect Church officers. While we have such keen supporters of the Church as Messrs. Hitchcock, Odoire, Fawdry and Ehrich we shall not be at a loss for Church officers. There is good hope of getting someone to take the Sunday Evening Service when I am absent.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. Owtram. He passed away at Port Elizabeth after a short illness. We were very glad to hear that he was ministered to by the Rev. C. E. Mayo of S. Mary's, who fortified him with the rites of the Church before his departure. Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Owtram and the children. A well-attended memorial service was held shortly afterwards, at the request of the Masonic fraternity, in our beautiful little church, with its pleasant dedication of All Souls. The W.M. and officers of Karoo Lodge, of which Mr. Owtram was a Senior Warden, kindly sent a donation to the Church funds.

The Rev. J. K. Mather, the Director of Native Missions, came to us one Sunday to help on the work at St. Agnes and to preach on missions at the English Service. We hope good results will follow his visit. One sees a good many of the clergy here. Archdeacon Fogarty, and Mr. Rowley of Colesberg, also Mr. Esdaile and Mr. Hobson of the Mission Staff spent some hours here during the past month or so, as well as the Bishop and the Head. Others were here for a shorter time on the platform.

COOKHOUSE has had its Services on the second Sunday in each month. The Church has been repainted and so have both Churches in Naauwpoort. Everything is in a good state of repair and looking cheerful. Miss Beckwith has kept things going and managed to be there for my first two visits to put me in the way of things. Services go very well there, although on my last visit measles and other ailments spoilt the attendance. We have lost three communicants by the removal of the Cinnamons to Port Elizabeth, and alas! one is the organist. We shall miss them very much. Miss Loxton of the Public School is very kindly playing for us now. We are losing also the Hermans. Mr. Herman is being transferred for the benefit of his health, which we hope will be speedily restored. At my first visit I found Mr. Eve, our Churchwarden, away on account of his youngest child's sickness. We trust some improvement will soon be seen. However, I found his colleague, Mr. Wise, at the post of duty. The Church funds benefited by Miss Beckwith's G.F.S. girls' performance of the "Pageant of the Christian Seasons," which went off remarkably well for the short time it was being prepared. At the end of the performance several members were admitted to the G.F.S.

NORVAL'S PONT gets the fourth Sunday in the month alternately with Stormberg. At the Pont I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gubb and much enjoyed their kind hospitality. The Services in the schoolroom were well attended. Mrs. Lovegrove played for us and also handed in quite a nice sum for the Sustentation Fund. We hope Mr. Lovegrove will soon be well enough to return to his postal duties and to the support of the Church. The Popes have to our great regret been transferred. Our best wishes go with them. It may, I think, soon be possible to arrange for a Week-day Service once a month in addition to the Sunday.

Now that I am settling down more
in Naauwpoort I hope to visit along the Line more. At present I have held Services only at TaaiBosch. I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and we had evensong and sermon in their dining-room with a congregation of about 25. Six made their communions the next morning. Everything was very nicely arranged. The Peches came over from Hanover Road, and Seth Howell, who was confirmed in January, walked in along the line from Burghervile Road. I hope to get there again for Easter Services and hope as many will manage to go to the Services.

Will everyone along my section kindly remember that Naauwpoort is simply my headquarters and that I am entirely at their service?

E. T. Willmott.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

Content, March 12th, 1918.

My dear Friends,

It's very hard to bring oneself to anchor and make time for the writing of this letter, but the effort must be made. I see my last letter was from Content too—rather curious. It certainly is a peaceful little spot, as its name implies, not many distractions, so now I must give myself to this task. If I were writing to any one of you individually, I could do it in a moment, but writing for a number of people going into print, not knowing who may read it, you have to go more cautiously, and look out for the spelling!

Looking back over my pocket-book for the last three months, I notice a couple of Confirmations as the most important events, one at Vryburg in December, when three candidates from Devondale were presented, and one at Mahalapye this month with seven candidates. These are great days indeed for those who come to receive the Holy Spirit through the Laying on of Hands, passing on thence to their first Communion. They are great days too for the priest, who has been trying to prepare them for the Grace of God.

The Mahalapye Confirmation is most vivid in my memory. A tiny particle of dust in a place where it had no right to be was responsible for making the Bishop a day late in his arrival. I motored over from Gaberones to fetch him from Molepolole, and starting at 4 a.m., we hoped to get back to the station, seventy-two miles, in time to catch the mail northwards. But punctures intervened! They wouldn't have mattered so much, but the above-mentioned bit of dust—that was the nuisance. Imagine us out in the bush while still dark, picking hard with a hair-pin, devising all sorts of devices, to remove a bit of dust from the pump. It just wouldn't do its job! And I was writhing inwardly to think of poor Mahalapye and the candidates waiting for their Bishop. We don't mind dust along the Kalahari strip (don't we?), but dust "where it hadn't ought to be" is very trying. Well, of course we missed the mail, and had to go up on a goods the next day. Poor Bishop! Sixty summers past over his head, and there he had to spend the night on the floor of the van. But he's just full of apostolic zeal, and doesn't seem to mind anything for the Gospel's sake. We had a commercial traveller in the van too, and I think the sight of the white-haired prelate travelling in such style almost converted him! On finding out it was really the Bishop of Kimberley, he was heard to remark with some surprise that he thought Bishops always had first-class reserved carriages!

The schoolroom was nicely decorated for the Service, which went off without
incident after some delay in beginning, owing to a heavy downpour of rain. Darkness came rather rapidly, and for the last hymn I had to seize an Altar candle and run amidst the congregation, while the Bishop manfully followed suit with the other candle, holding it up above the heads of the candidates in the front row. These young people at Mahalapye are looking forward to their first Communion in Easter week, another red-letter day in their lives.

There is a very strong opinion gaining ground amongst those who seem most competent to judge in the English Church that we have been making the age for Confirmation too late. The Prayer-book just uses the phrase “years of discretion” as the time for Confirmation. That means the time when children begin to discern between good and evil, knowing what’s right and what’s wrong. We can’t find any hint in the teaching of the Church or of common-sense for postponing the age till about 17. It is not common-sense, but uncommon nonsense, to allow boys and girls to grow up towards maturity without first giving them the chance of fortification through the sacramental grace of Christ’s Church. Isn’t that the very purpose of grace, the first purpose of it, to prevent us from falling? I know it has a secondary purpose too, to lift us up when we are down. But “prevention is better than cure.” So I maintain that sanctified common-sense teaches us to allow the children to receive the grace of the Sacraments before they meet the great temptations of growing years. They are far more impressionable then, far more open to teaching, and really far more able to appreciate divine things than they are later. At this latter period their consciences have often been grievously wounded by evil, whereas if they are “caught young,” laid hold of by divine grace, and got into the regular paths of religion, before strong temptations assail, they will probably pass through, as the three children passed through Nebuchadnezzar’s fiery furnace without “even the smell of fire passing on them.” Preparation for Confirmation and Communion in the Church is a preparation of heart far more than of head. To have some love for Jesus, to be sorry for past wrong-doing, to want to do right, this is the supreme part of the preparation—in one word “to be converted.” And I only wish we grown-ups were half as much converted as some of the quite young children. May you all have a very happy Easter, living in “the power of His Resurrection.”

Your sincere friend,

A. C. Hobson.

P.S.—The following is a list of places visited, with Services, during the last quarter: Riverton Road, Windsorton Road, Warrenton village and station, Fourteen Streams (station and drift), Border, Pokwani, Taungs (village and station), Nolan lime works, Devondale, Ramathlabama (farm), Pitsani, Lobatsi, Notwani, Ramoutsa, Gaberones, Mahalapye, Palapye Road, Macloutsi, Shashi, Francistown, Plumtree. I also had a week-end at De Aar to relieve Mr. Anstey, a good friend of the Railway Mission.

A.C.H.

DIOCESE OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

Raylton,
March 16th, 1918.

This letter must deal mainly with Christmas Services, although they may seem rather ancient history by this time: by dint of having an “Octave” at both ends I was able to hold them at WEST NICHOLSON, the LONG
LIGHT FOR THE LINE.

JOHN MINE, GWANDA, PLUMTREE, FRANCISTOWN, RAYLTON, ESSEXVALE, BUSH TICK SIDING, BUSH TICK MINE, BALLA-BALLA, WANKIE and NGAMO. And on the whole they were very much better attended than the previous year, and that in spite of the terrific rains which began early in December and have gone on ever since. My own ride on Christmas Day from Heany Junction to Essexvale made me realise something of the difficulty for outside people to come in to the Stations and Sidings for Christmas worship: and yet a young lady biked very nearly as far by herself to make her Christmas Communion, another lady walked to Evensong one very dark night from an outlying farm, a railway family stayed on for Evensong and couldn’t leave by train till the small hours of the morning. Also it was most cheering to find the preparations that were made before my arrival. Mrs. Lanning and her family had made the little chancel at Plumtree really beautiful, and the sight of our Post-Office-Church at Essexvale fully justified the prophecy of my last letter and put new life into my rather jaded frame. At Wankie (as I have since discovered) my notices and slides for the bioscope went to the wrong house and so my arrival was half unexpected: my train was nearly 30 hours late and I was only just in time to baptise the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simons—we had quite a gathering and it was nice to have two keen members of Christ’s Society as sponsors for the new member. Mr. Ingram most kindly helped me at Evensong that night and I know his old friends were glad to hear him once more: also at Ngamo he came to the rescue and took our real Railway Service in the Ware’s house. Having to stable for the night at DETT, we tried to make arrangements for a Service there, and I was glad of what seemed a good opportunity of easing my conscience, for we have never yet worshipped there: but our united efforts failed.

Raylton was disappointing on Christmas Day, especially after our crowded Carol Service on the 16th: quite a lot of people were away for the holiday, but even so there were many absent from the Manger Throne, and the contrast was all the more marked with the efforts made by outside communicants. The rains have played havoc with the Sanctuary wall of St. Cyril’s, and some repairs are imperative; till the church is more or less water-tight it is a waste of money to attempt to beautify it. The Sunday School children are presenting some white curtains for Easter, and later on we have hopes of a small wood reredos. Easter should also see the gifts at Essexvale ready and in use: I often wonder if people realise what a joy it is to us Chaplains when we find things done for us—all prepared when we arrive: and this Essexvale scheme has been worked out and created on the spot by the people there: very many thanks!

I am just back from my farewell visits to Plumtree and the Tati Concessions, as I hear that the new Vicar of Francistown, Canon Ashworth, is now on his way back from the Western Front: the School has long required far more time than we have been able to give to it and it seems a most wise move to have a resident priest so near at hand. My very best thanks to all on that part of my Section for their great kindness during the past two years.

Figtree should have Services more frequently and we must have a church there after the war: the rain has come down in torrents on the occasions of my last two visits—and I imagine most of the time between them, if we can judge from the submerged state of the country. It must have stopped by Low Sunday when I hope we may all meet once more in our original numbers—
our organist has been cut off since our October Services, and now there is a brand new instrument out from home waiting for exercise. My last two visits to Nyamandlovu have fallen through owing to the cancellation of trains, and the same remark applies to Sawmills: better luck next week.

My last trolley trip on the Wankie-Falls Section was rather disastrous: Mr. Dell put his bed and mosquito-net on board 89,599, which was to meet us at Mattetsi in the evening: two trains arrived without her and we dare not risk waiting for the third, so got into the van and travelled all night in any direction to escape the bites! As it happened she was on the third, which was derailed and the P.W.I.'s presence at the derailment the following day put an end to any further trolleying.

I hope gangers will make use of the Mission Library which is building itself up on the Coach: people are very good about giving books and we should soon have a nice little collection.

I hear the engine whistling and must rush off and get some kind passenger to post this for me at Kimberley—if it is to arrive by March 20th.

Ralph S. Seacombe.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

This has been a very short quarter, owing to holidays, and I have barely got through the Section since my return.

The end of December saw me posting southwards: the great trek began from BROKEN HILL on Christmas Day, where I spent a very happy morning, though heavy rain spoilt the attendance at the Eucharist. At 11 a.m., after four Services, i.e., two Celebrations, a Churching, and a Baptism, I was on the train again: and thanks to an excellent driver, managed to reach KAFUE in time for a Christmas dinner with my friends there, which I had been looking forward to all day! Before continuing the trip, I held a Christmas Service there next day, well-attended. From here I proceeded south, and in a rash moment thought I had time to fit in a visit at CHOMA before going through to VICTORIA FALLS, as arranged. Consequently I found I had to leave the Coach behind, and go on by the Mail next day: and had an anxious time till it reached me again on Saturday. After a Service here on Saturday, I was able to lend Mr. Seacombe a hand at WANKIE and NGAMO, which he happened to need rather badly just at the time. It was quite pleasant to see old friends again down here. The railway working below Livingstone is now so complicated that although I wanted badly to get to Bulawayo the day before the Mail left, I had to give it up, and stopped at Ngamo instead with Mr. Seacombe, on New Year's Day. We celebrated the event by a little duck-shooting, and a Service at night, and shook off the dust of the 'straight' that night, joining the Mail here, and going right through. And the rest of the acts of the two of us, and all that we did, are not to be found written in these pages! Suffice it to say that we returned to Bulawayo, very much refreshed, on February 4th, and I started my new year's work by a trip to ELISABETHVILLE, which took me a day and a half longer to accomplish than the booked time. It appears that between Lusaka and Livingstone the rain had been phenomenal: and certainly the strip between Lubombo and Kafue was a wonderful sight, almost like the Beira washaway on a small scale. We got over it, or through it, somehow: but other delays intervened, and Elisabethville was not reached till Saturday evening.
Since that time, only a month has elapsed up to the present, and there is not a great deal to report about places visited; in every case it has been a great pleasure to see people again: and there has been much to encourage one in connection with the work.

At KALOMO, in spite of the rivers being in flood, I am glad to say that Services were well up to the average, and the Sunday School is bigger than ever. Confirmation candidates keep me busy here, and involve a good deal of time, which I do not grudge at all. Mrs. Garrick and family were away; but otherwise things were normal. I was able to have a Celebration at the Boma, as usual, besides the Services at the School. It may be necessary for me to pay a monthly visit here, until the Confirmation takes place.

I have also paid a short visit to CHOMA and PEMBA, and people have been most hospitable, but for various reasons, changes, etc., it has not been possible to hold Services. I trust this will soon be altered.

MAZABUKA and LUSAKA especially have been suffering from a plague of waters: and I have not yet been there to sympathise. I understand that at Lusaka it is just beginning to be possible to get about without a boat and a bathing-suit; but they will miss the duck-shooting on the station pools! I have to go out 18 miles for a christening shortly, and hope this news is correct.

BROKEN HILL has made a good start this year. The Service at night was distinctly better: and the number at the Eucharist very gratifying. I am glad to say that we have now one or two more Church families in the place, and the Sunday School is quite large. Mrs. Dorset has kindly consented to carry it on at the School, to relieve Miss Veagh of Sunday work. We are expecting specifications of the new church by every mail, and when they come tenders will be asked for.

The detailed plans are to hand, and give promise of a building we shall be proud to have in Broken Hill. It is to be hoped that when it is actually started, many people will help us who have not previously done so.

BWANA MKUBWA happens to be rather empty this time: various people are away, and changes have been made. We are all most thankful that Mrs. Griffith has come safely through her dangerous illness: it is not the first time that we have had cause to be thankful for Dr. Harmer's care, and Mrs. Jalland's nursing. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roy on the arrival of what has been described as the "border thief."

We hope Mrs. Lawrence will come back all the better for her holiday. As usual, I had plenty to do on this particular Sunday. Celebration at the hotel, a Church Parade at NDOLA at 11, back to a christening at 4, and Evening Service at night, and the train to Ndola never seems to run right on that Sunday morning!

There was quite a good turn-out on Sunday from the Ndola unit, and they displayed great patience while waiting for the wretched "boys" who had to carry over my organ and etceteras! As usual Mr. and Mrs. Cholmeley kindly looked after my material wants.

Mr. and Mrs. Blyth from the North-Eastern border happened to be passing through that week-end: it was their baby that was christened, at Mrs. Rawstorne's.

I have had just one trip up to the CONGO since my return, and Services took place as usual. The Church Council is without Mr. Denton Thompson, at present, on holiday, and Mr. Mockford: the latter is, I am glad to say, getting better after his operation, and hopes to be back soon. Mr. Gordon, at the Consulate pro tem., kindly allowed us to have the usual Service there, and everything went well. There are always drawbacks at Elisabeth-
ville: cinemas, holidays, dances, weekends, etc.; but in spite of all we manage to struggle along quite nicely. The Service at Lubumbashi was a failure at night: perhaps next time the Star will do better. It is a great blow to have lost Mr. Lewis: he was always a great help to the Church.

It remains to say that this is being written under, as it were, the shadow of the hospitable Mr. Plant, KASHITU station, where I may stay indefinitely, if one can judge from the news that comes over the telephone about the state of the engines at Broken Hill. One might be a great deal worse off, if it did happen!

E. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

S. W. A.

Keetmanshoop.
March 11th, 1918.

My dear Editor,

My last letter left me at the beginning of December at Arandis, which has since closed down as a station, and I saw the S.M. yesterday on his way through to the Union for a well-earned holiday. On my return journey I gave the children at Usakos a week-day Sunday School under the shade of the big trees in the river bed, and I think we all enjoyed ourselves. I hope very much that the little ones down with enteric are well and strong again and that the anxious time has passed and been forgotten like a bad dream. After a Sunday at GIBEON I spent some enjoyable days at ORAB, where the children were home for the holidays. We started a mixed Hockey Club, in addition to the Cricket Club already in existence. The mosquitos from the Fish River were in great form. If you missed them the first slap, they waited for the second! Then to ITSAWISIS, a few days before Christmas, where a holiday gathering gave a good opportunity for Services.

I attended the Christmas Tree Party at KEETMANSHOOP on Christmas Eve, which was a delightful function. There were over 200 children present, and great trouble had been taken both to procure suitable presents and in the line of decorations and catering. I don’t think the hard grind of the ladies who were responsible for the refreshments was awarded anything like the appreciation it deserved. However, the audible enjoyment of the children was really the best vote of thanks after all. Had not Lt. Pattle been possessed of stentorian tones, the children would have been getting their presents down to this very day.

It was disappointing on Christmas Day itself to have only a handful of worshippers in Church, such a contrast with the preceding evening. The words of the carol—

“In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find who lay within the stall,”

seem to me to breathe the true spirit of Christmas, which must languish apart from Christ and the life and spirit which only Christ can give. There will always be something lacking when the gaiety and merriment of Christmas are divorced from religion. I hope Keetmanshoop will do better in 1918.

The day after Christmas I left for the Union for a holiday, which proved to be much the most enjoyable I have spent in South Africa. The first three weeks of 1918 it rained every day in the Transvaal, but that did not seem to interfere with the delightfulness at all. I had a glimpse of some old friends at KINROSS, BETHAL and Breyten, but had no time to visit WATERVAL BOVEN. Between BONNEFOI and PORT ALFRED I was fortunate enough to be able to attend a Clergy Retreat at St. John’s College, Johannes-
my brother clergy of the Pretoria Diocese, though quite half of them have gone overseas as Chaplains to the Forces, and one of them that I knew best has made the great sacrifice.

At Port Alfred I had the great pleasure of meeting my brother chaplains of the Mission, two for the first time, for a few days all too fleeting. Mutual invitations to come for a trip in S.W. and Rhodesia were most pressing, but not likely to eventualise. It was a great pleasure also to see Dr. Mallinson back in charge of rectory and parish. There is no place like Port Alfred for restful days without any of the starch of ordinary seaside places.

I reached NAKOP on February 2nd, and was relieved to find the Mission Caboose had arrived before me, and that my new boy was already in charge, having come all the way round from Usakos for the purpose. And I started on the distribution of toys, which the children in S.T.Y. owe to the generous kindness of the C.O.Y. (Children of the Yeld) at Yeoville, Johannesburg.

After a short visit to HAM RIVER, which is now closed down as a station, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Peasley, who very shortly after were transferred to KLEINKARAS, where I found them again a week later, I went to KALKFONTEIN SOUTH, where I only stayed just long enough for Children's Service and distribution of toys, and thence to KANUS, notorious just about this time for escaped prisoners. I was glad to find Mr. and Mrs. Pay and family all at home, and to spend a quiet Sunday with them. Cricket was also on the programme here, but the ball beat the bat with such consistency that stumps had to be drawn before sunset. The ball was of some very rock-like composition and all the bats, both shop-made and home-made, simply crumpled and split up in no time.

Then after a visit to GRUNAU and KLEINKARAS I ran in to KEETMANSHOOP for supplies, and out again to KUIHIS, where there seems to be a new industry developing. I must congratulate the manager of the bone-collecting business (aged 15), who gets 4/- a sack, and sub-lets his contract to his younger brothers and sisters at 9d. ! To go "boning" is the new phrase. The wash-away season then commenced, and is still going on.

After a visit to FELDSCHOHORN and Umis farm, I paid a short visit to BRAKWASSER and BETHANIE, where Major and Mrs. Forsbrook looked after me most kindly though quite an unexpected visitor.

In spite of moves and other obstacles I hope to present some eight candidates for Confirmation, which will have taken place before my next letter, if the Archbishop of Capetown visits us in April and May. I am spending most of my time with these candidates, as there are so few opportunities for helping them in their preparation.

The Circulating Library has started circulating, and Nakop had nearly 100 books to begin with. Kalkfontein produced so many subscribers that I am trying to build up a small nucleus of books separately for them. A good deal depends upon punctuality in paying subscriptions and in carefulness in forwarding books from station to station and siding to siding. But I am hoping that now it has begun the books, which have been and will be carefully chosen, will make it worth while for subscribers to be particular about both these points. If anyone between Nakop and Keetmanshoop is keen enough on reading to pay 2½ a month and has not yet been invited to join, I will make arrangements for him to be included, if he will write to me and let me know.
I find I have omitted to mention the Sunday and two or three days I spent at Kalkfontein South, which I enjoyed very much. I shall not forget the chicken which a small boy friend brought to me as an offering or the bread sauce I concocted in its honour. While on my holiday a friend gave me £1 for the purpose of buying books of a devotional and instructional character to lend to those who after Confirmation need further training in Prayer and Communion, as well as instruction in the history and mission work of the Church. My experience teaches me that the people who leave the Church and take up with some of the numerous sects and cranks (mostly hailing from America) are woefully ignorant of the Church they leave; indeed, they never availed themselves even of a hundredth part of the blessings that were there for them. I hope by having a stock of the right books on hand to build up a more intelligent Church membership.

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

E. G. K. Esdaile.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

The season from Christmas to Easter is generally a pretty busy one and this year has been no exception to the rule, though its record may sound short. The first-named Festival I spent in Alicevale, where we sang carols all round the camp on the Eve and had the happiness of a record number of communicants at the two Celebrations and the christening of the Churchwarden's little daughter at Mattins, which was fully choral. On January 29th there was another beautiful festive Service in this Church when the Lord Bishop of the Diocese held a Confirmation for eight candidates—few in number, but all, we trust, prepared to become faithful communicants and Church workers. At S. Paul's, Cookhouse, the Services were first taken by our new Chaplain, the Rev. E. T. Willmott, on January 13th, when the congregations were small, owing to the absence of many for Christmas holidays. On February 11th he was again present when the G.F.S. members (with the help of other friends) performed a Pageant of Church Seasons, and the evening began with a few appropriate words of welcome from Mr. Eve, regretting the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Willmott. Very picturesque were the processions of these maidens, all garbed in white and draped with various coloured veils, suited to the season each represented, in Eastern style; but perhaps the most striking of all were the tiny children representing the Holy Innocents, amongst which were the little daughters of our two Churchwardens. Hymns and sacred solos were sung between the recitations and both performers and audience are to be congratulated on the reverent attitude maintained throughout. The proceeds were devoted to Church and G.F.S. funds. Lantern slides have again been shown on the Midland, Graaff-Reinet and Alexandria Lines during my Lenten coach tour, and the collections have now completed the sum desired for a “Railway Mission lathe” in the Richmond Hospital, the total amounting to £25.

It is delightful to be able to congratulate so many families on the safe return of their sons from the seat of war, though some are still suffering from its results in attacks of fever after the German East campaign and other evils brought over from France. On the other hand others are now in sad sorrow for those who will never return to their earthly homes, and to those we would extend our most sincere sympathy, as well as to the families of the
two station-masters, called away with such tragic suddenness in the flower of their manhood, Mr. Isaacson of North End and Mr. Heath of Klipplaat, and both leaving widows and large families to mourn their sad loss. May they too be able to share in the great joy of the Easter Festival which brings home to us all the "sure and certain hope" of our own resurrection.

M. J. Beckwith.

"The blessed souls in Paradise
Await with us the perfect Day:
Only for ever from their eyes
All tears are wiped away.
And faith and hope may upward soar
Beyond the parting and the pain,
And love her Easter song outpour,
For Jesus lives again."

Grahamstown,
March 30, 1918.

The outstanding event on my northern Section has been the Confirmation at NAAUWPOORT. This was preceded by the advent of our new chaplain and his wife. The happy coincidence of their arrival with the visit of the Bishop has done much to increase the value of the work which culminated in the Confirmation Service on January 27th. The Rev. E. T. Willmott is able to carry on the work with the recently confirmed, both those in Naauwpoort and those who came up from Stormberg and Thebus for the Confirmation. As these latter had been waiting since September for an opportunity a great effort was made to arrange for them to go to Naauwpoort, and thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Henning and Mrs. Firling, who received them as guests for the occasion, it was able to be managed. Although the day was very hot, all the Services were well attended and at the Confirmation at 11 a.m. a large number joined in what was a most impressive and helpful ceremony not only to the candidates but to everyone present. The choir had carefully prepared suitable music and the responses, chants and hymns were well rendered. The unusual sight of four clergy in the little church at Evensong made the day further marked—the Bishop, Canon Jones, Archdeacon Fogarty (who arrived on a goods train in the afternoon en route for S.W.A.) and the Rev. E. T. Willmott. The work at Naauwpoort is developing strongly. The Sunday School has been nobly kept going for many months by Mrs. Pawdrey and her devoted helpers, and it now numbers nearly 100 children. All welcome Mrs. Willmott as Superintendent, and there is still room for more willing teachers. The G.F.S. members, too, are now under Mrs. Willmott's kind and most efficient care. They have marked the new era by success in the recent competition. May they all keep on steadily and prove themselves worthy of the Society to which they belong.

But Naauwpoort is not my only point of call. NORVAL'S PONT, HANOVER ROAD, TAAIBOSCH, BURGHERVILLE ROAD, are also delightfully appreciative of what the Railway Missioners can do for them. All these places are now to get much more help, as Mr. Willmott will visit them as often as he can. STORMBERG, too, has just had its first visit from him. On Palm Sunday I was there with him, and he gave very appropriate Services at which he distributed palm crosses.

It must occur to many of us, I think, to link up the past history of Jerusalem with the present happenings in that city. There is great cause for rejoicing that the Holy City is once again in Christian hands. You will have read with what reverence it is being treated, and with what solemnity the British General (Allenby) entered the city and conducted all the ceremonies in connection with taking it over. An immense contrast this episode with what
is taking place in Odessa and in numerous parts of Russia where God is being openly denied and the churches are being used for profane purposes. In Odessa the Christians are having to fight for their faith—the priests are being persecuted and even put to death. All this is just what happened at the time of the French Revolution. It is what is done in the name of Liberty. Men forget God and are blinded by selfishness. These are terrible times and they call to all Christians to stand firm for their faith. There is much we can do to stem the on-rush of irreligion and we must do it. Every man and woman who lives true to the faith makes one in the army which is defending the cause of Christ against the powers of evil now so openly rampant. We ought all to keep in touch with events which mean so much to the world at this time. Russia in her lawlessness and utter chaos is an object lesson, just as the French Revolution was and has been for the last 130 years. A description in a paper I read the other day of a recent scene in Odessa testifies to the splendid witness borne by priests and people in the midst of a profane and blaspheming mob and inspires one with admiration and hope.

I was sorry to find Mr. and Mrs. Wood gone from CYPHERGAT, but very glad to be warmly welcomed by my other friends there, Mrs. Macleod, Miss Hind and Mr. and Mrs. Hogg. Miss Hind kindly gave hospitality to Mr. Willmott on his first visit, and we are always sure of a ready reception whenever we like to turn up at the Manor House.

I hope to get to many more places on my Section now that Naauwpoort is so well provided for, though I do not mean to forget my many friends there. You will like to know that Miss Holmes is still nursing soldiers at Dar-es-Salaam. She does strenuous and continuous work, but is very happy in it.

A. BURT.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Christmas Story was shown on the lantern at a good number of places including SPRINGFONTEIN, PHILIPPOLIS ROAD, DONKERPOORT, VIRGINIA and EASTLEIGH, the last two being first visits. At White’s the bigger children had learned carols to sing during the evening and there were hopes of a Carol Service at BRANDFORT, but this fell through. At the end of the holidays a Sunday School picnic was successfully arranged there and very much enjoyed. Thirty-five children attended, five of these coming from the Sunday School at THEUNISSEN, and a few helpers, who really helped. The weather was just right and lots of good things had been sent by the parents, so we all spent a very jolly afternoon. Special thanks to Mr. Brian, whose motor-car was of the greatest use for transport, children and ‘things.’ One nice touch was our native girl, Honor, who came to help because she is one of the native congregation and this was for ‘the Church.’

The Coach came out of the shops early in January after such a thorough overhauling inside and out that it was almost too beautiful, and it runs so well too; even trailing on 16 Up it was possible to do a lot of odd jobs instead of sitting idle most of the way. I have been running up all the branch lines and stopping at very small places ever since, but now it has left for the Transvaal. So I shall be at my usual monthly work again. The Sunday Schools have gone on steadily except Wolvehoek.

Washaways at NATALSPRUIT prevented one Sunday visit into that Section, but the line is said to be repaired within the month, so next week should see me there again. At VILJOEN’S DRIFT a “nursery tales” magic lantern raised 10/- for the Red Cross, and almost as much at VIERFONTEIN. Perhaps after Easter these may be
shown at other places for the same object.

Will those who have not paid for last year's magazine please send it either to me or to Grahamstown? This applies specially to those on Miss Watson's Section whom I cannot see to ask. All will be glad to hear that Miss Watson has safely returned to S.A. and now lives at Fouriesburg.

March 13th, 1918.

P. Glasier.

THE RAILWAY DOCTOR.

What! don't you know the doctor on the Line?
Your constitution surely must be fine.
You never had to call him,
Not once? and you with all them Kiddies ranging up from one to nine.
Up and down the Line, up and down the Line,
Be the weather rough or be the weather fine,
Helping all the ailing, cheering those who pine,
Why! surely you have heard of him?
The doctor on the Line.

Sure! he's the best known man along the track
And also for a goodish way out back.
On mine or farm where sickness Requires him out with quickness,
In getting there the "Doc." is never slack.
Up and down the track, up and down the track,
And he'll quickly help you, easing your attack,
Bringing you fresh courage and the hope you lack;
Then, truly you will know of him,
The doctor on the track.

Eh! never seen his trolley on the way,
Nor yet his private car by night or day?
With little time to rest in,

He sure must do his best in Sidings where he's shunted and must stay.
Up and down the way, up and down the way,
He is built of iron, not of common clay,
At the call of each one, ready for the fray,
Ah! God Almighty's messenger,
The doctor on the way.

No! I have never known the "Doc." to fail.
He sometimes comes by Goods, sometimes by Mail;
Then horse or tray he rides on, Thro' lonely bush he glides on,
Finds his way by keeping to the rail.
Up and down the rail, up and down the rail,
Of all the aches and pains which poor men assail
I have never known one that did e'er prevail.
To keep him back. Here's to the "Doc."
The doctor on the rail.

T. A.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

Once again Easter is here with its message of joy and peace, and still the great war is going on more fiercely than ever. Terrible it all is: but it would be ever so much more terrible if we did not know that God will make the right triumph. We do believe this and so we can go on praying and trying to help those who are fighting and suffering. You all are, I am sure, doing a little for some soldier or sailor or airman by working or giving to some one of the war funds. I am very glad to hear that some of you are using the Prayers which are in the Light for the Line and so daily asking God to help both the men who are so bravely fighting and the poor people who have lost
relatives and friends in the battles. It is so little that we here can do, but let us each one do the most that we are able and then we shall be taking a worthy share in the great struggle for truth and goodness.

I hope lots of you are going to send in your names for the Victoria Bible Examination. It will be held in the last fortnight in May.

A very happy Easter to you all.

from

Your friend,

The Editor.

VICTORIA BIBLE EXAMINATION.
May, 1918.

Questions will be set on the following subjects:


The Creed, The Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, Advent, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension and Whitsun Days.

Learn by heart: Psalm 15 (Seniors), and Psalm 23 (Juniors). Seniors also to know the meaning of these Psalms.

Names, standards, ages of candidates writing for this examination must be sent in to the Editor by May 15. The examination will be held during the last fortnight of May.

All particulars can be had from The Editor of Light for the Line.

The Hermitage,
Grahamstown.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

At an impressive little Service at Naauwpoort on February 11th, ten new members were admitted by the Rev. E. T. Willmott. Mrs. Willmott is now Associate for the Naauwpoort group.


Candidate: Susan Ehrich.

In the recent bag competition Johanna du Plessis gained the second prize and Frances du Plessis was highly commended.

At Cookhouse eight new members were enrolled. E. Fleetwood gained second prize for bag competition (tied with F. du Plessis).

It is hoped that during the winter months one or more Sales of Work may be held in this Branch on behalf of both War and G.F.S. funds. Further particulars will appear later, but meanwhile will all members get their friends to help in preparing pretty and useful things for sale, suitable to the present times? Prizes will be offered for

1. The best home-made Toy.
2. Child's Pinafore.
3. Bag of any size or description.

M. J. Beckwith.
Branch Secretary.

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 5.—David Beatty More, at Border.
Dec. 12.—Charles Joseph Darcy, at Topsi.
Dec. 28.—Andrew John Smith, at Gaberones.
Jan. 9.—Unity Barbara Berry, at Warrenton.
Jan. 4.—Roland Bertram John Woolcott, at Warrenton.
Jan. 6.—Marberly Agnes Petersen, at Buxton, Taungs.
Feb. 12.—David Jacobus Goliath Smith, at Macloutsie.
Feb. 21.—Antigone Mollentze, at Palapye Road.
Feb. 25.—Cecil John Rosenberg, at Notwani.
Mar. 4.—Vivian Crosby, at Ramathlabama.
Mar. 10.—May Nellie Lois Reardon, at Warrenton.
Mar. 10.—Elizabeth Zinyatini, at Cookhouse.
Mar. 10.—Eliza Nqandela, at Cookhouse.
Feb. 17.—Thomas Ivan Blyth, at Bwana Mkubwa.
Mar. 4.—Douglas David Christopher Olliphant, at Broken Hill.
Dec. 11.—Nora Helena Barker, at Raylton.
Dec. 16.—Gwendrith Vida Bamberger, at Raylton.
Dec. 16.—Desmond Wessels Bamberger, at Raylton.
Dec. 23.—Dawdry George Hewlett, at Plumtree.
Dec. 30.—Eileen Violet Simons, at Wankie.

CONFIRMATIONS.
At Vryburg, December 6th, 1917:
Victor Baden Fincham.
Mabel May Alice Fincham.
Rachel Elizabeth Baart.
At Mahalapye, March 2nd, 1918:
Ethel Hoare.
Mabel Rausch.
Nellie Rausch.
Hilda Rausch.
Margaret Mackennie.
Mabel Mackennie.
Elizabeth Bekker.

OFFERINGS AND DONATIONS.
ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND,
S.W.A.
Offerings and donations, Dec. 9th, 1917, to March 11th, 1918: Arandis, 12/6; Gibeon, 7/6; Orab, 11/2; Itsawisis, 7/6; Keetmanshoop, 18/5; Nakop, 15/-; Kums, 2/-; Ham River, 17/6; Kanus, 16/-; Grünau, 9/-; Kalfontein South, 15/3; Kubiis, £1/7/3; Sustentation, £4; Feldschuhhorn, 10/-.
Anon., £1; Kanus Signal Box, 10/-; Light for the Line, £1/8/-; Sale of Books, 14/-.
Total, £16/5/4.

KIMBERLEY TO PLUMTREE.
December: Pokwani, 16/7; Coptent, 8/8; Border, 5/6; Taungs Village, 30/3; Taungs Station, 5/6; Palapye Road, 35/6; Mahalapye, 18/11; Lobatsi and farm, 26/9; Devonvale, 21/6; Gaberones, 12/6; Notwani, 21/2; Ramoutsa, 5/6.
January: Warrenton, 18/3; Windsorton Road, 2/-; Riverton Road, 8/4; Nolan, 11/4.
February: Plumtree, 39/5; Francistown, £2/2/-; Macloutsie, 6/-; Lobatsi and farm, 20/9; Mahalapye, 35/6; Palapye Road, £2/9/6; Gaberones, 15/-; Notwani, 17/-.
Sustentation Funds: Mahalapye, October-February, £6/15/-; Lobatsi, August-January, £3/14/-.
Donation: Miss Hind, Cybergat, C.P., £1/1/.-
Collecting Boxes: Wilford Heath, Kipling, C.P., £1/9/7; George Inggs, Kipling, C.P., 19/1; Marjory Roberts, Stormberg, C.P., 7/0/.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.
Dec. 16th, 1917, to March 6th, 1918:
Sahania, £1/5/6; Bwana Mkubwa, £4/1/6; Broken Hill, £3/10/-; Kafue, 15/9; Victoria Falls, 17/-; Ndola, 14/-; Kalomo, £3/10/3.
Fees and offerings, £2/10/.-

DIOCESE OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.
December: Plumtree, £2/10/3; Francistown, £2/2/-; Ramaquabane, 6/3; Figtree, 16/6; Raylton, £2/18/3; West Nicholson, 17/6; Gwanda, 18/3; Long John Mine, £1/11/9; Plumtree, £1/16/-; Francistown, £2/2/-; Raylton, £1/11//-; Essevalve, £1/17/-; Bush Tick Siding, 7/6; Bush Tick Mine, £1/2/; Balla-Balla, 14/3; Wankie, £2/0/3.
January: Ngamo, 5/-.
February: Figtree, 19/6; Essevalve, £2/2/-; Bush Tick Mine, £1; Gwanda, 11/6; Raylton, £1/15/-; Wankie, £1/9/9.
Fees and offerings, £1/9/-; donations, £1/12/6; St. John’s, £4/4/.-

Local Agents “Light for the Line.”

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Conway—Mr. Moffatt.
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Bloemfontein—Miss Glasier.
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Bethlehem—Miss M. Buhler.
Thaba ‘Nchu—Mr. Davidson.
Kroonstad—Mrs. Growden.

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KURUMAN.
Rev. A. C. Hobson.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.
Rev. E. G. K. Esdaile, P.O. Windhuk.

DIOCESE OF S. RHODESIA.
Rev. Ralph Seacome, P.O. Bulawayo.

NORTHERN RHODESIA & THE CONGO.
Rev. E. F. Winnington-Ingram, Broken Hill.

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AFRICA.

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East London—Lady Crewe.

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General Secretary in South Africa—Miss Burt, Grahamstown.
Johannesburg—Mrs. Callow, Houghton Ridge.
Pretoria—Mrs. Christie.
Port Elizabeth—Mrs. Edward Brown; Miss H. Hannam, Park Drive.
Bloemfontein—Miss Howell, S. Michael’s School.
Grahamstown—Mrs. Seale, Hill Street.

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They burn best with LAUREL Paraffin Oil. Laurel is best for your lamps too.

Keep the kitchen cool in summer days. Are not costly to operate.

Write to Box 685, Capetown, for free Cookery Book.
PRAYERS IN TIME OF WAR.

For our Empire.

O Thou who hast said, If ye shall ask anything in my Name I will do it, hear our prayers for our empire. Many of us have forgotten thee and never worship thee or pray, and we want to come back to thee. Set us right where we are wrong. We want to love thee more. Give us grace to know thee better, to love thee more, and to work our best for thy sake. Amen.

For All who are Suffering.

O God, who lookest down in thy fatherly love upon the nations of the earth, assuage the pains of warfare, restore the sick and wounded, relieve those that are in anxiety, comfort the bereaved, and in Thy mercy forgive the sins of all, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PRAYER FOR USE OF SCHOOLS.

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.

A Prayer for International Understanding and Friendship.

Almighty God, from Whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed: kindle, we pray Thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of peace, and guide with Thy pure and peaceable wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth: that in tranquillity Thy Kingdom may go forward, till the earth be filled with the knowledge of Thy Love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Remember, O Lord, every Christian soul in need of Thy pity and succour. O Thou hope of all the ends of the earth, remember Thy whole creation for good. Visit the world with Thy compassion, and have mercy upon all. Amen.

INTERCESSIONS.

(After each petition say: “O Lord, we beseech Thee, hear us.”)

Let us pray for the work of the Chaplains ministering to our Forces on Active Service.

That their lives may bear witness to the Faith which is in Jesus.

That they may have strength and courage given them for their work, and a readiness to share the dangers and discomforts of the men.

That the words spoken by their mouths may not be spoken in vain.

That they may be blessed in all their ministrations to the sick and dying.

That the many obstacles in the way of ministering the sacraments may be overcome.

That many sailors and soldiers may be prepared to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in the Laying on of Hands.

That the Lord Jesus may indeed come to all His faithful ones (engaged in this war) and abide with them, as the Bread which came down out of Heaven, in His Holy Service.

That obstinate sinners, as well as the careless and indifferent, may be brought to repentance.

That the religious faith of men, purged of shams and superficialities in the fire of this war, may be deepened and strengthened and help to make a purer and a nobler England in the days of the peace that is to be.

Let us pray especially for the officers and men of the Railway Contingents from South Africa, that they may have the right spirit of service, courage in danger, endurance in weariness, perseverance in overcoming obstacles.

For ourselves at home, that we may be ready by self-denial to share in the burdens of the war, that we may be cheerful and not grudging givers, that we may be filled with the spirit of quiet confidence, leaving the issues of the war with God, giving no heed to the idle rumours circulated by disloyal busybodies.
No Easy Task.

A young soldier, home from the Front for the first time after a year of service, expressed the opinion that when the war is over he would like to make a pet of himself for the rest of his life. But the moment after he added, "I don't suppose I should be much the better for that." He was right. From the cradle to the grave man has to "get on with the war" against the evil within and around him; that is how his courage, his confidence in his Leader, and his belief in God are strengthened every day. In the past too often have we lived, making a pet of ourselves, and almost asking God to help us in our endeavour. The war has taught us a better way. We have learnt the tremendous truth of Bishop Phillips Brooks's words, "Oh, do not pray for easy lives, pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God."

The Hut of the Future.

A senior Chaplain at the Front wrote to us recently saying he meant to bring back one of the huts as a permanent memorial of the war for his parish. He may not have intended his words to be taken literally, but he does mean to carry out the spirit of them. It is a splendid chance for our Church to take the matter in hand on a large scale. Mr. Yapp has also had similar dreams of the future, but he won't be jealous if the idea of the home hut spreads throughout the country. The great point is to plan for economical building and furnishing, for really attractive displays of up-to-date papers, magazines and books, for "live" lectures on leading topics discussed in the newspapers so far as they offer openings for the influence of the Church of Christ. Still more important is it to plan for the utilization of the brains of laymen of all classes in helping to run the huts.

Progress Slow but Sure.

We are impatient for big results both at the Front and at home. But changes must be of slow growth if they are to be permanent. A young officer in the Navy, driven by the death of a friend to see in his own life "a great many things which needed most complete changes," wrote, "Progress in this respect is fearfully slow, and backslidings so numerous that at times I doubt whether I have made any advance at all. But I think that my determination to do better is strengthening, and lately I have several times had a most convincing feeling that God is helping me, and that with His help anything can be accomplished."

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God." Yes, and our efficiency, too.

Cheered and Encouraged.

The Archbishop of York, after his recent visit to the Western Front, came back greatly cheered and encouraged by all that he saw and by what he was enabled to do. He visited the armies along the whole line of the British Front and at the bases, and visited the great battlefields of Messines, Vimy and the Somme. He speaks in glowing terms of "the steadfast devotion to duty, the quiet strong confidence, the cheerful endurance of ceaseless strain, the heroic indifference to danger and willing acceptance of sacrifice, the spirit of unity and comradeship in a great cause which mark our fellow-countrymen in the army at the Front." This is good reading. If we could hear the other side of the story we should find how greatly the men were cheered and encouraged by the Archbishop's visit.

A Bishop's Diary.

The Bishop of Lichfield says that as there are still a good many people who suppose that a Bishop "lives in his palace" and has nothing particular to do, the following figures may be worth giving. They refer to a period of one year: Ordinations, 4; confirmations, 81; addresses and sermons (apart from confirmations) in the diocese, 341; outside the diocese, 40; separate visits paid to parishes, 210. The Bishop states that he has no exact record of interviews or of committee meetings in the diocese or in London, but they were numerous, and his letters numbered about 7,000. Answering the question, "When does a Bishop do his reading?" Dr. Kempthorne says, "At all kinds of odd moments, in the motor or in the train, and especially at holiday times."

These facts and figures remind us of the Bishop of Chelmsford's dry humour: "I live at Chelmsford, at least my wife does. I tell her to look forward to heaven, for there we may see a little of each other." During the previous ten months the Bishop had had only one day off and he had worked seven days a week.
The Bishop of Liverpool.

The utmost sympathy has been felt by his countless friends for the Bishop of Liverpool who, following the loss of his brilliant sons in the war, had unexpectedly to undergo a surgical operation. It will be remembered that we gave a photograph of the late Dr. Noel Chavasse, V.C., early in the year.

"Deliver up that Bible."

Spoliation as an art seems to have been cultivated with thoroughness before the war in Germany, and its application has been no less thorough. At Noyon, we are told by Mr. Laurence Jarrold in the Contemporary, when the Germans marched in, the Kommandantur went straight to the cathedral, and said to the sacristan’s wife: ‘Kindly deliver up the tenth-century Bible of Noyon Cathedral.’ They knew all about it. But the sacristan’s wife preserved her secret. For two years and a half the Kommandantur looked for that Bible, and never found it. The sacristan’s wife showed it me. It is a rare illuminated Gospel with some unique decorations. She had every night hid it in a different corner of her house. She would have been shot if it had been found. It is back now in the vestry of Noyon Cathedral."

Bishop Gore and a Better England.

"I am convinced," says Bishop Gore, "that it is those who see deepest and think farthest who will be most eager to encourage the country clergy and to make them feel the importance of their position. A better England cannot be, unless there is a re-colonizing of the country. The welfare of England is bound up with the country life. We cannot but expect a serious attempt to reconstitute country life after the war. "And if the country clergy will seriously equip themselves by prayer, by thought, by observation, and by study, so as to be ready effectively to play their part in this social reconstruction, they may yet find themselves among the men in England who have the best opportunity for service both social and religious. Meanwhile, let us all pray for the country clergy that they may none of them lose heart or spiritual purpose."

A Rector who Makes Shells.

Among many clergy who are helping in munition works none has made better use of his opportunities than the Rector of Rotherhithe, the Rev. J. C. V. Durell. He writes: "I have now been doing labourer’s work at Vickers’ famous munition works for over a year, and have greatly valued the unique opportunities this has given me for getting into close touch with the men there. It has also enabled me to hold special services for work-girls in the dinner-hour in the G.F.S. hut, and I feel certain that much spiritual, as well as bodily, good has been the result of these efforts. Of course, as a fellow-worker, one cannot say all one would desire about the impressions made on one by work like mine, alongside so many toilers. But there cannot be a doubt that it has tended greatly to the benefit of all concerned, as friends, neighbours, pastor and people; and I am glad to have been able to do my bit in this way, not only for the nation, but—it will prove so in the long run, I am sure—for the Church too."

A Military Discovery.

The Australian troops have been instrumental in discovering the well-preserved remains of a Christian Church, which stood on what was once the main road from Jerusalem to Egypt. This is the route which the Ethiopian eunuch must have taken when his meeting with St. Philip took place. The name of the place, Shemali, in Arabic means “bubbling springs,” and it has naturally been suggested that the water springs which our troops are now using were the very same which provided the eunuch’s place of baptism.

A fine mosaic has been carefully lifted, under the direction of the Rev. W. Maitland Woods, senior chaplain of the Anzac Mounted Division, and he and his band of workers have once considered risks to save their prize. The discovery has aroused the keenest interest among the men.

Village Longevity.

The Rev. Walter Weston, sometime Vicar of Ewell, sends us a note on the remarkable burial record of his former parish. During the first month of this year there were five funerals, the average age being only a little under 80. During the month of March there were only three burials of women aged 72, 84 and 86, the ages being all multiples of 12 in a regular ascending scale. The united ages total 252, i.e., an average being 84.

Sunday School Teacher over 50 Years.

Mr. R. M. Gormall, head-master of the Leigh Parish Church Day Schools, who has just become superintendent of the Boys’ Sunday School, has put in 52½ years Sunday School service, viz., 10 years at St. Anne’s, Pendleton, 2 years at St. Catherine’s, Barton-on-Irwell, 22 years at Leigh, and the remaining 8½ years at Hindley and Cheshire. With but a brief interval he has had charge of the Young Women’s Class. He is also a member of the committee of the Men’s Guild.

His Last Song.

A preacher referring recently at a Sunday evening service to the great sacrifices made by our soldiers, told a story of one of London’s finest tenor singers, who was called to the colours at the beginning of the war. He was wounded at the battle of the Marne, a bullet passing through his neck into his throat. He was taken to hospital, and the
surgeon in attendance told him that in order to save his life his tongue must immediately be cut out. The man replied, "I have been a singer for twenty years, and should like, before the operation is undergone, to sing one of my favourite hymns." The surgeon agreed to the request, and the wounded soldier sang for the last time "Rock of Ages."

The First Peace Bishopric.

The first new see, after the conclusion of peace, will be the Bishopric of Bradford, with Bradford Church, of which we give an illustration, as its cathedral. It is announced that nothing in the nature of a public appeal can be made until the war is over, but all necessary steps are being taken to be ready for action when that time comes, and it is happily suggested that the founding of a new see may well be one among many thankofferings for victory and for peace. The Committee, however, are taking time by the forelock, and they make the interesting proposal that those to whom the war has brought prosperity—and they are not a few—should now make gifts to the Bishopric Fund, so that when the time comes for a public appeal it can make a good start.

A Splendid Attendance Record.

Miss Hilda Young has a wonderful record of Sunday School attendance. She entered the Bath Abbey Morning School in 1902 and the Afternoon School in 1901, and has now been in the school 15 years, never having missed an attendance until last May, and never having been late. She has won 29 prizes out of a possible 29, of which 24 are special and 5 first prizes.

The C.E.M.S.

The Church of England Men's Society has been heard of from Nairobi, where a parochial branch is doing excellent work. The members run the parish magazine so successfully that it was able from the profits to make grants to various Church funds. They also staffed the Sunday School and successfully established the Boy Scout Movement in the Protectorate.

In the Apocrypha.

A correspondent asks us whether we have noticed how appropriate these times are some verses from the Apocrypha (2 Esdras xi. 36-46). A lion is pictured as addressing the eagle, the last of the four beasts:

"Thou hast afflicted the meek, thou hast hurt the peaceable, thou hast destroyed the dwellings of them that brought forth fruit, and hast cast down the walls of such as did thee no harm.

"Therefore is thy wrongful dealing come up unto the Highest, and thy pride unto the Mighty. The Highest also hath looked upon the proud times, and behold they are ended, and his abominations are fled.

"And therefore appear no more, thou eagle, nor thy horrible wings, nor thy wicked feathers, nor thy malicious heads, nor thy hurtful claws, nor all thy vain body.

"That all the earth may be refreshed, and may return, being delivered from thy violence, and that she may hope for the judgment and mercy of Him that made her.

"Not unto us, O Lord."

Bishop Gwynne, the Deputy Chaplain-General, in a "pastoral" letter to the bishops, writes: "Looking back on the first dark days it seems miraculous that our small force should have survived the first onrush of an enemy ten times its number and equipped with all modern machinery of war, and trained with the one idea of conquering Europe and dominating the world. There are hundreds who took part in the retreat from Mons who are convinced that God Himself delivered them out of the hands of the enemy. Again at Ypres, through which the gigantic armies of Germany determined to hack their way to Calais, our smaller Army, battered and torn, decimated and bent, held the road with almost superhuman endurance. Those who came out of that awful conflict bore witness and confessed that it was not only their courage, their discipline, their stubborn resistance, that held the enemy, but admitted in the words of the Psalmist:

"Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name be the praise!"
Practical Hints on How to Read the Lessons in Church and at Home.

By the Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, B.A.

The proposed new Lectionary, the suggested greater use of laymen for reading the Lessons, and the revival of Family Prayers in many homes lend special interest to this article. —EDITOR.

The worst natural fault in readers of the Bible is a mechanical sing-song, which is driven ruthlessly through the whole of a passage, utterly regardless of the different meanings of words, and of necessary pauses. Up and down, up and down, up and down, it goes. Many Lesson readers are like a man throwing down a heap of wood, nails, tools and glue all together and making nothing with them. A torrent of words is poured out, but the hearers take away no definite impression. But when there is an idea in the reader’s mind, then an idea will be built up in the hearer’s mind.

If you hear that a man has had a course in elocution you may generally know what to expect. He will be unnatural to a degree, will mouth his vowels, and say “butter” for “but,” and so on. Is it not the same with singing? Most training of the voice renders it artificial — sometimes ruins it. Hidous tricks like the tremolo are developed in a singer, and a quite ludicrous high-fown declamatory style in a reader. It is lamentable that most training seems entirely to destroy that naturalness which is the charm both of the singer and of the reader. The writer has listened to untrained singers with intense enjoyment, while the mechanical perfection of a certain Italian prima donna has given him no pleasure whatever.

The secret of effective reading is to put in the passage being read. If you had a blind fiancée or wife, you would not care for some people to read aloud to her your letters of affection! How are we to fill the words of Scripture with the living loving spirit of Him Who wrote them as a letter to His friends? First of all we must sink deep into the thought of God. We must sink into His thoughts. We must study the passage beforehand till we get a bird’s-eye view of it, so that, we note contrasted words and ideas in different parts of it, and show that we note the same by our expression in reading. E.g. in Joshua iv. the first Morning Lesson for the 2nd Sunday after Trinity, the words “when all the people were passed over” occur twice, in verse 1 and verse 11. Do not most readers read them in exactly the same tone of voice? But in verse 1 the statement comes directly after the words in verse 17 of the preceding chapter, “Until the people were passed over.” The word “until” in that verse requires emphasis between the people were passed over. The word “until” in that verse requires the emphasis in verse 1 to be placed on the word “were”. In verse 11, however, the words “when the people were passed over” are contrasted with the words following, i.e., that “the ark of the Lord passed over.” So the emphasis in the words in that verse should be on “people,” as the people are contrasted with the ark. In verse 3 of the same chapter, the people were told to take twelve stones out of Jordan. They did so in verse 8. But in verse 9 it states that Joshua also placed 12 stones in the river itself and left them there. Do not most readers give the impression that these twelve stones were the same as the other twelve? An intelligent rendering would emphasize the words “in the midst of Jordan,” and the word “they” in the last line of verse 9.

Again in 2 Kings vi. 17 and 20, Elisha prayed that God would open the eyes, first of the young man, and then of the enemy when he had led them to Samaria. The contrast between what good and bad men see when their eyes are opened will be brought out by emphasizing “these,” “they,” (may see), “their,” and “they” (saw) in verse 20. In Genesis xlii. 35 emphasize “ever,” to contrast with verse 25.

The wrong emphasis on “him” in the words “Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him,” is of course a chestnut joke as to the misrendering of Scripture. The mistake of the omission of the comma in “two other, malefactors” is also well known. But there are countless little details which must be observed if any chapter is to be made to live to the hearers. One could fill a book with these details. A deliberate observance of them might result in overdoing the expression, change of tone, etc. But if the reader’s soul lives in the passage the words in it will be inspired by the idea behind the words, as it flows from the reader’s mind.

Minor examples of contrasted words are the emphasizing of “you” in Matthew iii. 7; “be” in iv. 3; and
"written" in iv. 6, to show the devil was catching up the words of Jesus, "It is written," in verse 4. In Matthew xxii. 28, emphasize "resurrection to show the speaker's disbelief in it. In 2 Kings xv. 23-4, the supposed words of Sennacherib are quoted. From verse 26 onwards, God replies. In most churches the passage is read as if the same person is speaking all through. There should be a pause after verse 25, and the words in verse 25 should be emphasized each time. In St. Luke xx. 13 emphasize "him," and "when" in verse 14 to contrast with "him," and "inheritance" to contrast it with the fruits of the vineyard which they already had, and wouldn't give up.

Three important points to observe are (a) The Pause, (b) Change of tone, (c) "Teasing out" of words. (a) The Pause. Ought not a reader to be thoroughly shaken who reads the last part of Judges v. like this? "... sun when he goes forth in his might and the land had rest forty years." In St. Mark xi. 30, after "... heaven or of men!" there was certainly quite a long silence. The words "answer me" did not follow immediately as readers read them. Our Lord asked the question and waited. If the reader also waits, the hearers will see Jesus waiting (as at the words "stood still" in St. Matthew xx. 32). A picture will be made. Then, as the priest did not reply, the words "Answer me" should be very rapid, with a sharp touch in them. The dramatic effect in 2 Kings v. 27 is spoilt without a pause after "for ever." (b) Change of tone. I do not mean the personating of characters as on the stage, which none but an actor can do without producing the effect of a cheap sensationalism. But occasionally, a completely "new" voice is required to make the reading of Scripture interesting. E.g., St. Luke xx. 13 should be read in a slow meditative way, followed by a pause to give the speaker time to think out what he would do. Then the words "I will send..." require a "new" tone, as of a man waking from a reverie. The voice should become suddenly bright, and animated as if the man, slapping his knee (which the reader mustn't do!), exclaimed "I've got it!" Other examples of where the "new" tone should be used are the last sentences in 2 Kings xi. 23, and of Judges v. Also the whole of 2 Chronicles xxxvi. 22-3, and 2 Kings xix. 36-7. (Read the context to appreciate this point.) A method by which variety may be introduced, and therefore interest increased, is by change of tone in a passage such as St. John xviii. 4, 5, 7. The question "Whom seek ye?" and the answer "Jesus of Nazar-

Francis Thompson's marvellous poem "The Hound of Heaven" will give us the idea in the mind which is necessary before the words will build in our hearers' minds (as we said above) a vivid picture of our Lord gazing intensely at those to whom He spoke. For those looks were each a pursuit of a human soul, as in the matchless words:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days:
... down the arches of the years,
... down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind: and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vio'dad hopes I sped:
And shot precipitated, [tears.
Adown titanic glooms of chasmed
From those strong feet that followed after
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace.

Deliberate speed,
Majestic instancy:
They beat—and a voice beat
More instant than the feet—
All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.

I tumbled the gold gateways of the
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars:
I said to dawn, "Be sudden," to eve "Be soon":
With thy sweet young skyey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover . . .
To all sweet things for suddenness did I sue:
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
(But) Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
We all want to thank our lads of the air, the land and the water for what they have done for us and ours. It may be months before we can do so face to face in the old home. But we can this coming Christmas let them know what we feel by sending them their own card, specially designed for them in beautiful colours, with its stirring picture of His Majesty the King thanking in our names as well as in his own two of the boys who represent our glorious Navy and Army.

Don't save up your thanks! Give expression to them now when perhaps the boys need your thanks to cheer them up. Don't imagine they can take gratitude for granted. What cheers the athlete for his final effort, what enables him to do his best—a silent crowd, with no one in that crowd to love him for every stride he takes towards victory? No indeed—a crowd that cheers itself hoarse, friends that let him know they are with him heart and soul.

And what heartens our soldiers and sailors, but the knowledge that their Country cares, that you care—that their King and Country thank them one and all? Send them then the card to say so. We have done our best in difficult times to express just what we feel for our gallant lads in a picture they will value; it is up to you to do the rest by getting your cards ready early. Obtain them to-day while we have them; later on it may be impossible. You can put them by, and in good time for Christmas bring them out, sign them, and post them to husband, sweetheart, son or brother. If you have no one of your own kith or kin serving, post one to some lad who perhaps has no one belonging to him.

Let everyone in the forces of our King and Country have a card, that not one man go unthanked for his sacrifice for us. It can be done if you will help us by an order at once, so that we may have the opportunity and the time to print enough. For miniature works of art like these cards cannot be produced in a day or a week. Each colour involves a separate printing and a careful one, which cannot be hurried.

Do it now! Let this be our last word of advice to all who intend (and who does not?) to send this Christmas Greeting of love and pride:

"Pride in every soldier man,
Pride in every sailor's tan,
Each one doing all he can
On Christmas Day."

The reduced facsimile at the head of this page cannot give any idea of the beautiful colouring of the actual card, which is a faithful reproduction of the original painting of the artist.

How to obtain the Cards.

The cards are post card size, most exquisitely printed in many colours, each one, a work of art. They can be obtained direct from The Publishers, "Home Words," Ltd., 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C., as follows: 12 copies, post free, for one shilling; 6 copies, post free, for eightpence; 3 copies, post free, for fourpence halfpenny; 2 copies, post free, for threepence.

The rose petals fell in a crimson shower on the grey stone steps. Madame Raumont did not notice them. There had been no roses blooming that day forty-four years ago when the news sheet had brought her tidings of her young husband dying on one of the battle-fields of Alsace, where he had been fighting for his country against the Prussian invader. No roses blooming on the day scarcely a week after that first tragedy when a stray fragment of shell had struck and killed her four-year-old son—the single legacy left to her of those sunlit years of married life.

And to-day, after forty-four years, Alsace was once more a battle-field. To-day, Louise Raumont prayed that victory would be in the hands of her own countrymen, that the hated foe should find retribution for the butcheries, the slaughter, the tyranny of yore.

With a deep-drawn sigh the white-haired woman rose to her feet and stood looking over a fair scene. Though already in the distance the booming of guns could be heard—fierce, terrible, incessant—peace and beauty lay around her.

Thus it had been nearly half a century ago—and with the thought the gazer's glance fell on the heap of crimson petals.

A pool of blood. Good!—if it were the blood of the enemy!

Gentle by nature, the tragedies which had blotted out all the sunshine of life had hardened the heart of Louise Raumont. She had never prayed for the Christ-spirit to enable her to forgive her enemies, instead, she had prayed fiercely, passionately, for the hour of vengeance to dawn. And at long last the answer seemed to have come in the deep booming of guns, the shriek of shells, the din of battle, raging to northward.

That evening, as she sat alone in her solitary salon, Louise Raumont drank a toast to the success of the allied armies and fell on her knees with a new prayer. The wild prayer that she herself might play her small part in the work of vengeance.

For forty-four years she had cherished that desire—and it had grown deeper, stronger, more relentless with time.

But the morning found her ones more on her terrace, leaning her frail body against the stone balustrade, whilst her thoughts drifted inconsequently back to the long ago before the terrible war.

Once more it seemed she was young, beautiful, supremely happy, with her Marcel beside her and the little Alain toddling on ahead of them, as they paced the terrace, trying with chubby, ruthless fingers to grasp the gorgeous tail feathers of the strutting peacock, whilst his baby voice piped the tale of his desire.
Of her own imminent peril Madame thought nothing, she only listened to the furious tumult and remembered another war—as those who fought also remembered it no doubt. 

"If it is but a little pant," reiterated the woman who had lost her all when France lost Alsace.

And then, in a moment, her prayer seemed to be granted. A man—there are many who would have called him no more than a boy—came into view round a bend of the path. Louise Raumont stopped short and caught her breath. It was the hated uniform of the Germans that the new-comer wore.

The white-haired woman's fingers went in a vice round the pistol she held.

Ah!

The young soldier lurched forward and fell—almost at her feet. Yet she had fired no shot.

It was then that Madame noted how the breast of the grey uniform was soaked in blood. There was blood too matting the fair curls which showed golden in the sunlight as the helmet rolled away over the gravel.

This was no victim for her vengeance. Already Death had claimed him by another's hand.

Yet the dying lad's fingers clutched at her black gown—blue eyes were raised to hers.

There was a mute appeal in the gaze which none could have resisted.

Why! this was but a boy after all, a boy such as her own little Alain might have grown into. It was impossible he should be amongst those cruel despoilers who carried the sword against women and children.

There was innocence in those blue eyes—the innocence of a clean-living lad straight from home. Ah! from home. This young soldier who lay at her feet had no doubt a mother. A mother who felt for him as she had done for her little lad.

Instinctively the white-haired woman bent low over the dying youth.

His lips were parched; that he suffered terribly his eyes told her.

"Water. For the love of Heaven, water." So faint was the voice that the guttural intonation scarcely jarred on her. Yes, she would fetch him water.

The revolver with its gleaming barrel lay on the grass near, a hundred-thousand dew-drops flashed in the sunlight, the air was fragrant with the scent of roses.

There had been... no roses blooming... in the garden on the day her darling died, and it was this over there under the sycamore tree that she had found him.

The irony of it all!—or was it the vengeance she had prayed for? A life for a life. Not taken by her own hand though—the dear God be thanked for that. The dear God be thanked—as she looked down into a fair boy's face and saw the sweat of the death agony gathering there.

"Yes," she whispered, "there is a stream quite close, I will fetch you water."

He smiled, seeing a face still beautiful, and softened into womanly pity—a pity of which its owner was scarcely conscious. Yet, in that moment, when a period had been put on the cherished vengeance of nearly half a century, the lust of hatred had gone.

It was a miracle of which Louise Raumont was unaware—yet already it had transformed her face.

"For my mother?" pleaded Fritz Haben—and the woman who had vowed to shoot down the first German she should see, with eyes tear-blinded, flurried away.

The thunder of the little waterfall was usually dominant enough as the stream leapt down the valley, flinging itself in a sheet of white, glistering foam over the grey rocks. To-day the stream was silent, its voice lost in the detonations of cannon, the hideous hurly-burly of battle.

It should have been cool and fragrant here, where ferns and flowers grew luxuriantly under the green rocks. To-day the stream was silent, its voice lost in the detonations of cannon, the hideous hurly-burly of battle.
canopy of trees. To-day, the smoke of conflict drifted upwards, rendering the atmosphere stifling and noxious—so that leaves wilted and flowers drooped, dying of deadly fumes.

Louise Raumont hurried on, regardless of these things. Only of one thing she thought—her errand.

So she did not see the men who came reeling up the valley. Men in flight and fear, dressed in grey uniforms. The Germans were in flight, and behind them came the French chasseurs, crying to each other and to those they fought, the magic words:

"Alsace! Alsace! Remember 1870. France!"

Yes, it was the day of vengeance. The day of which a woman had dreamed for four and forty years, picturing herself as one who would live to welcome the avengers of her beloved, aye; and take some small part herself in their glorious task.

And yet, behold her here in the event, hurrying with no other thought than to fetch water for a dying enemy.

One of the fleeing Germans, seeing her with water flask filled in her hand, the tricoulor pinned to the breast of her black gown, fired, wildly, ruthlessly—and fled on—to meet Death at the head of the valley.

But, on a gravel path bordered by roses heavy with dew-sprinkled sweetness, Fritz Haben lay waiting. The white-haired lady had promised to bring him water if he could but drink one cool, refreshing draught it would be so much easier to die. Ah, so much easier.

The shadows were obscuring the sunlight though it could not be noon-day yet. So many shadows, fitting near, as swiftly receding, now bending low beside him. If only the lady would return.

But no, only the shadow-figures flitted to and fro to torment him. One was like little Suster Gretchen at home. Roxy-cheeked, blue-eyed Gretchen who had cried so bitterly when he went away. What would she do, poor liebe, when he did not return? And the dear mother. Would she be able to say quite calmly, "It is good that my Fritz has died for the fatherland?"—He was afraid not, for his mother was amongst those who said the war was the Kaiser's rather than the country's, and... and... Ah, God in Heaven! if only he might have but one draught of water to help him meet death... smiling.

Some one was bending over him. A woman, white-haired, white-cheeked, with eyes that smiled, hiding a great pain in a greater joy.

"Drink," said a tired voice which trailed off into a whisper. "For Alain's sake—and your Mother's."

The cool, refreshing draught flowed down the parched throat. Ah! the bliss of such a draught, bringing new life, new hope, new strength. The boy half-raised himself on his elbow to smile his gratitude. Ah, Death was easy now he had courage. But first he would thank the gentle lady who had played the ministering angel to a stranger. Where was she? Gone already? No, no, she was here, close beside him, lying prone upon the gravel as he had lain just now. He understood what had happened, in the clearer illumination of death, and the tears ran down his face.

(Concluded on page 143.)
THE species of insects now existing on the earth are numberless; and as nature rarely forms two living beings exactly alike, it is not to be wondered at that their tempers and dispositions are of all kinds. There are fierce insects and meek, crafty and simple, brave and timid, irritable and long-suffering. The passions of mankind are reproduced in miniature in the insect world, and wars are waged in wantonness or in self-defence, and weapons brought into play with relentless determination and fatal effect.

Some of the supposed weapons of insects are really ornaments. The males of many foreign beetles have extraordinary horns projecting from their heads and shoulders, but it does not appear that they ever use them to defend themselves or to injure their enemies. Among our English species there is a near relative of the dor beetle (well known by its lumbering, droning flight in the evenings), which bears a long, sharp horn on each shoulder, projecting beyond the head. A charge from such a well-armed insect might lead to serious consequences; but, as far as is known, the creature never dreams of charging anybody. The beautiful branching horns of the male stag-beetle are familiar to most people. Their sharp points suggest that the owner is a man of war, in the habit of making mincemeat of his enemies; whereas experience shows that he is really a member of the peace society, and that his wife, with far smaller jaws, is much more expert in using them. Let him who is incredulous submit his finger for experiment.

But after due allowance has been made for mere ornament a formidable armoury of insect weapons is left. There are toothed and sickle-shaped jaws adapted for snipping or crunching, and there are jaws like daggers, which leave a virulent poison in the wounds they make; there are legs which cut as if they were swords, for use in pinching, and stings producing paralysis and death. Flies, beetles, bugs, and dragon-flies use their mouth-organs as weapons, while the stings of bees, ants, and wasps are in their tails. Consequently no one need fear the sting of a fly or beetle, or be alarmed at the bite of a bee. Perhaps, after all, it does not much matter to the sufferer which end is used. Some years ago the mosquitoes at Florence set to work on my hands and face so vigorously that, after two nights, I had the appearance of one suffering from an attack of the measles. I knew that the insects had no sting, and, probably, no poison, but my entomological knowledge did not make their trumpetings more agreeable to my ears, or remove the marks of the dagger-like jaws from my flesh. In justice to the mosquito we must recollect that its lancets are not used out of mere wantonness or temper, but for the purpose of obtaining food. We employ a butcher to shed blood for us, the mosquito does the work in person.

The dragon-fly, which sails up and down our streams and ponds, striking relentlessly at feeble and less daring insects, is often called a bold, bad pirate, and yet it does not capture to destroy, but to eat. But if the dragon-fly be a pirate giant aeroplane, the little scorpion-fly must be a single seater. Although not more than a tenth the size of its antagonist, the scorpion-fly makes a dash and pierces it with its proboscis, and the piratical flag is soon hauled down.

A relative of the dragon-fly belongs to the Royal Artillery. This is the larva of the ant-lion, a slow-moving creature about half an inch in length, somewhat resembling a wood-louse. The ant-lion constructs a pit in the sand, a couple of inches deep and three inches across at the top, and then buries itself at the bottom of the pit, and patiently waits for visitors. After a bit of passing ant carelessly steps on the edge of the sand, and, after a vain effort to regain its footing, finds itself in the arms of the wary ant-lion. She also finds herself in his mouth, and soon nothing but the skin of the poor ant is left, and this the ant-lion places on its head and shoots out of the pit. By-and-by another ant comes to see what is in the pit, and pays for her curiosity, the loose sand giving way under her feet. She struggles desperately, but the watchful six-eyed gunner at the bottom, who until now has been saving his ammunition, opens fire. Shovelling sand upon his head, he shoots broadside after broadside upon the ant with such precision and effect that soon there is another skin to be disposed of. The ant-lion works his artillery on the quick-firing system, and is such an excellent gunner that he rarely misses the target.

Certain beetles, known as Bombardiers, defend themselves by firing blank cartridges. On the approach of their chief enemy, a big beetle called Calosoma, the Bombardier opens fire from its stern battery. There is a puff of smoke and a bang, accompanied by an offensive smell, which for the moment puts a stop to the advance of the enemy; and, while the Calosoma is so, to speak, wiping his eyes and his nose and getting the roar out of his ears, the Bombardier settles off. The Calosoma attacks again, and again is fired.
at with a similar result, up to as many as twenty times. So effective are these natural guns that pressure on the abdomen will cause explosions many hours after the death of the insect.

Two methods of warfare used by the Chinese are common enough among insects. Just as the Celestials painted their shields and their warships with dragons and other monsters, in order to curdle the blood of their enemies, so the caterpillars of certain moths make faces at the hostile forces, and rude beetles curl up their tails and pretend to sting, knowing all the time that they have nothing to sting with. A collection of perfumed vases used to form an important part of the ammunition of a Chinese war vessel. The vases, known commonly as stink-pots, were thrown on board the ships of the enemy and broken, the vitally-smelling contents causing extreme discomfort to the crews. The ejection of offensive fluids from the mouth, or from some special organ, is one of the commonest devices of insects. Almost any ground beetle, for instance, will spit out a nasty brown juice on being taken in the hand, and an elegant member of another family of beetles has earned its name from the bloody-nosed beetle from the fact that a drop of red fluid is ejected by it when seized. The golden-eyed lace-wing fly is the very personification of a perfumed vase. She simply scents herself; but that is quite sufficient, for the smell is positively awful in any other nostrils than her own.

Butterflies are dandies rather than warriors; but dandies sometimes lose their tempers and fight. The pretty little Blue Argus is extremely warlike, attacking, without provocation, not only butterflies of its own species and size, but also the big and strong Red Admiral. It is the fact that butterflies have no proper weapons, and can neither bite nor sting, a battle royal between two jealous males is a very serious matter. They push, and scratch, and hustle each other, buffeting with their pretty wings like a pair of boxes; and if not inflicting any serious wounds, yet effectually destroying the beauty they possessed. They go into the battle blue, and bright, and handsome; they come out of it brown and shabby, and with wings torn and jagged.

The greatest warriors of the insect world are to be found in the ranks of the hornets, bees, wasps, and ants, which have powerful jaws and, in most instances, sharp and powerful stings.

The battles of ants and beetles—if battles they are to be called—where the ants bite and pull the beetles towards their nests, and the beetles simply kick and try to get away, are common enough. The fight often ends by the beetle's leg coming off, or getting snipped off by the ant; but the loss of a leg does not seem to cause its owner any inconvenience. If it can save its skin at the expense of a limb, it considers it has made a very good bargain; and, as the ant secures a leg almost as big as herself, she too has reason to be satisfied.

But all the above are mere skirmishes in comparison with the battles of ants and of bees. These are pitched battles, indeed, and the rival armies are great hosts. Ants invade other ants' nests in order to plunder, or to seize their neighbours and their children for slaves, and usually a brave and desperate fight is made for hearth and home. The big black ant, which makes great mounds in our woods, goes to war without rhyme or reason. If two companies from neighbouring nests happen to meet, they obstinately go straight forward, as if all the road belonged to both. Battle is quickly joined, and jaws snap legs and necks, and pierce bodies and brains, until darkness falls upon a field strewn with the dying and the dead.

In the conflicts of bees a more dread weapon than the jaws is used; namely, the sharp sting, with the poison bag at its base—a tremendous weapon considering the size of the owner. Bees fight because some of them covet other people's hives or honey. A battle sometimes lasts two whole days. Should one of the queens be slain, the strife immediately ceases, and her army enlisters under the banner of the victor. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the conflicts in which insects engage is that waged between two young queens for the sovereignty of a hive. It is a battle royal, which must end in the death of one of the combatants. It would certainly lessen the chances of war if the ambitious makers of it had to engage in a preliminary duel, while the peaceful common people looked on unharmed. So the queens meet and struggle, head to head, trunk to trunk, until last one seizes the other with her jaws near the root of the wing, and thrusts in the terrible sting, thereby striking her rival dead, and ending the war.

REPRISAL! (Concluded from page 141.)

Yet the woman smiled. It was the day of vengeance. The day of victory, the day of glory unspeakable. But she would not be waiting in her salon yonder to welcome her victorious countrymen.

Instead . . . it was she who . . . as the victor in a yet greater fight . . . would be welcomed by her beloved.

"Vengeance is Mine," said the Lord. But Love triumphed in His gift to poor humanity. Love—the pre-eminent.
The Hour of Prayer
and Daily Bible Readings

OCTOBER.

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We shall do so much in the years to come, We shall give our gold in a princely sum, But what did we give to-day? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plead a hope in the place of fear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak to-day? We shall be so kind in the after-while, But what have we been to-day? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought to-day?

FOR ABSENT LOVED ONES.

GOD, our Keeper and Helper, we humbly pray Thee to watch over those who have gone forth to serve their King and Country. May Thy Fatherly care shield them, the love of Thy dear Son preserve them from all evil, and the guidance of Thy Holy Spirit keep them in the way that leadeth to Eternal Life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR BROTHERHOOD.

GOD, Who has dealt mightily with this British Empire, teaching its builders to build better than their predecessors, and binding its scattered members together by ties of love. We praise and thank Thee in this time of need for the wonderful devotion of all our kinsmen and fellow-subjects from over the seas. Renew in us, we beseech Thee, Thy Holy Spirit that these ties may be knit yet closer ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR FAITH.

LORD, perfect, we beseech Thee, the faith of us who believe, and sow the good seed of faith in their hearts who as yet lack it: that we may all look steadfastly unto Thee, and run with patience the race that is set before us. Give us grace to show our faith by our works; teach us to walk by faith, having respect unto the promises: which, of Thy mercy, make good to us in Thine own good time, O our most gracious Lord God and Saviour. Amen.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

GRACIOUS God, Who has been infinitely merciful to us all the years of our life, be pleased to accept our most unfeigned thanks for Thine innumerable blessings to us: graciously pardoning the manifold sins and iniquities of our life past, and bountifully bestowing upon us all those graces and virtues which may render us acceptable to Thee. Give more strength to our faith, more ardour to our love, and a greater perfection to our obedience; and grant that, in a humble sincerity and constant perseverance, we may serve Thee most faithfully the remainder of our lives, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen. [C. How.]

0 WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth; We shall feed the hungering souls of earth, But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky, But what have we built to-day?

’Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now do we our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask— “What have we done to-day?”

FOR PITIFUL AND POOR.

LORD Almighty, Who from Thy Throne dost hold all the dwellers upon earth, look down with pity upon those on whom have fallen the miseries of war. Have compassion on the wounded and dying; comfort the broken-hearted; and in Thine own time grant peace to prevail once more: we ask it in the Name of Him Who is Prince of Peace, even Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY God and Heavenly Father: we glorify Thee, that Thou hast again fulfilled to us Thy precious promise, that while the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest shall not fail. We bless Thee for the kindly fruits of the earth. Teach us, we beseech Thee, to remember that it is not by bread alone that man doth live; and grant us evermore to feed on Him Who is the true Bread Which cometh down from Heaven, Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

THANKSGIVING.

LORD Almighty, Whose is the victory and the glory and the majesty, accept, we beseech Thee, the thanks offered to Thee by Thy servants for the success given to our Navy and Army, and to the arms of our Allies. Do Thou, if it be Thy will, continue to prosper and bless our armies, and let Thy goodness bring relief to our anxieties, and lead us to rest in Thee with trust and faithfulness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR BUSINESS HONESTY.

ALMIGHTY God, enlighten all merchants and tradesmen with the gift of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may consider, not what the world would sanction, but what Thy law commands. Prosper with Thy blessing all who are thus striving to regulate their dealings by the rule of truth and love; and if difficulties compass them in this world, grant them to accept Thy perfect will, teaching them so to use earthly things that they may become partakers of the true riches which cannot fail, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.
Blessed be your Arms!

The great Frenchman, Lamennais wrote, in 1834 a message which may well ring in our ears to-day: 

"Freedom will shine upon you when at the foot of the Cross upon which Christ died for you, you have sworn to die for each other." May we not recall his benediction of the young soldier, "going to battle for God for justice, for the sacred rights of mankind," with its splendid conclusion:

"Blessed be your arms, young soldier! 
Young soldier, where are you going? 
I am going to do battle for the eternal laws which come down to us from on high, for justice that upholds rights, for love that softens the ills we cannot escape. 
"Blessed be your arms, young soldier! 
"I am going to battle that all may have a God in heaven and a fatherland on earth. 
"Blessed, seven times blessed, be your arms, young soldier!"

Untouched by the Church.

The Rev. E. S. Woods, Chaplain of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, is serving on two Commissions of Enquiry relating to the Church's witness in the world. "Not till I read the mass of evidence that has reached our commissions did I realize," he says, "the appalling extent of the Church's failure to win non-Christians to the allegiance of Christ. The great bulk of the nation, and especially of the world of labour, are simply not touched at all by the Church. Despite a deep, though very latent, religious instinct, of which there is constant evidence at the front and elsewhere, the rank and file of our nation are not being won to Jesus Christ; God, as the Churches preach Him, counts for very little in their lives."

Ambassadors for Christ.

What is the remedy? "Surely not so much a new way of believing as a new way of living for all who call themselves Christians. "Christians generally," concludes Mr. Woods, "have done little enough to show men what it means to follow the way of Christ in the office, the shop, the market, the street; in all the different relationships, family, social, industrial, political, that make up our common life. Until and until we do this, to talk of being "ambassadors for Christ" is pure moonshine. What little the Church has attempted to do in the way of direct witnessing to Christ has been largely rendered ineffective by her own lack of true Christianity. You cannot placard Christ before men's eyes simply by talking about Him and still less by repeating platitudes about the Church. The work of witness is something altogether more vital, more arresting, more costly.

Captains Courageous.

A Liverpool soldier, writing home, gives us a better idea of the gallantry of the Bishop of Liverpool's sons than any official tribute. "I suppose," he writes, "you have heard all about Dr. and Captain Chavasse. Bill and I were with him all day on the 31st. My word, he did work. I was beginning to think he wasn't human, because nothing made him flinch or duck. First wound he received was in the head, and all he did was to take his tin hat off, knock out the lump of Krupp's that had got jammed there, put a bandage around his head, and carry on! This he did all that day and all the next night, until the next wound he got on the side did for him. It didn't half cut the boys up, because a man like that isn't made to be killed. He is a hero of heroes. A V.C. is too small a reward for such a man."

Cathedral for Cairo.

The Church Missionary Society report that one of the finest sites in Cairo has been presented for a cathedral by the Sultan of Egypt, who graciously and heartily acceded to the request of the High Commissioner. The site covers 80 acres, and the service of Mr. G. A. Gilbert Scott, who designed Liverpool Cathedral, has been secured as architect.

Prison Literature.

Will a literary masterpiece be produced in a German prison camp? It has been pointed out that it is often forgotten that most of the Epistles of St. Paul were written when he was a prisoner under the more benign conditions of Roman detention; that tradition would have us believe Cervantes composed parts of the immortal Don Quixote in prison; Sir Walter Raleigh wrote much when in the Tower, and the world would have been without The Pilgrim's Progress had the twentieth-century penal restrictions been in force in the seventeenth century; while Silvio Pellico from his Austrian dungeon, and Kropotkin from his French gaol, have enriched the world's literature with their writings as prisoners.
A Modern St. Patrick.

"This is my definition of civilization," said Mr. Bryan, late Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet, in a rousing speech to young officers in the United States Army: "Civilization is the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally. I would count that civilization the highest in which there was among the people the highest development of the three-fold man. The head is more important than the body, and the heart is more important than the head. . . . Men, there is only one thing to build upon. Let no one tell you that you can build a moral code upon a materialistic foundation. It is not true; there never was one, and there cannot be one. There is only one basis upon which to build a moral code; and that is that, back of all and above all, and beyond all, is a God. . . . If every officer will, every day, attempt to measure up to the responsibilities of a man who believes that God will hold him responsible for every thought, word, and deed, that man cannot fail to be a blessing to those about him."

Concerning Galileo!

Dr. Lyttelton tells of a certain Haileybury school boy who in answer to an examination question on Copernicus and Galileo wrote: "Copernicus is a mixture of copper and nickel. Galileo cared for none of these things." One might think this difficult to beat, yet a popular writer in a magazine whose publishers think it is worth placing in the millions of Bibles presented to the American people the highest development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally. I would count that civilization the highest in which there was among the people the highest development of the three-fold man. The head is more important than the body, and the heart is more important than the head. . . . Men, there is only one thing to build upon. Let no one tell you that you can build a moral code upon a materialistic foundation. It is not true; there never was one, and there cannot be one. There is only one basis upon which to build a moral code; and that is that, back of all and above all, and beyond all, is a God. . . . If every officer will, every day, attempt to measure up to the responsibilities of a man who believes that God will hold him responsible for every thought, word, and deed, that man cannot fail to be a blessing to those about him."

How about the Weeds?

The most striking illustration in any address during the Woolwich crusade was surely this from the Bishop of Dover, in combating the idea that it was sufficient to dig and delve in the bowels of the earth, and he adds "the man are with me to a man, and that not alone in secular duties nor only on weekdays. I certainly do not regret my choice of this form of National Service."

Saved by his Prayer Book.

Mr. John Williams, of Porth, has received a letter from his son, Signaller Martin Thomas Williams, Welsh Regiment, now serving in France, describing how a bullet was warded off by a Prayer Book sent him by Mr. Wilfred Williams, son of his Sunday school superintendent. The bullet penetrated through the Canticles and Psalms stopping, singularly enough, at the first verse of the Passion tide hymn, No. 107.

St. David's Cathedral.

The last of the unrestored chapels of St. David's Cathedral is now undergoing thorough and careful restoration at the cost of Lady Maidstone. During the last half-century at least £60,000 has been expended in restoring this venerable pile to something like its early beauty. The original monastic church, founded by St. David and dedicated to St. Andrew, was destroyed by fire in 645, while a second erection was burnt by the Danes in the eleventh century. The present building is the third, and was begun by Bishop Peter de Leia in 1180. In 1248 the church was damaged by an earthquake. In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries the cathedral was further extended and restored.

National Service.

We believe the only part of the original National Service scheme which proved a success was that concerned with organizing the efforts of the clergy. The Archbishop of York has recently taken steps to bring his own returns up to date. He has accordingly issued a form to be filled up by clergy who undertook or are still willing to undertake some definite special service under the original scheme—as chaplains to the Forces, or as workers in C.A. or Y.M.C.A. huts, or as giving regular help in parishes other than their own, or in some secular work in offices, munition, or other factories, or on the land. More than one clergyman has been " doing his bit " underground in the collieries, digging for what is almost as essential as shells both at sea and at the front. The Rev. E. E. Johnson is a notable example. He now " realises from stern experience and practical hard work for hours at a stretch what it means to dig and delve in the bowels of the earth, " and he adds " the men are with me to a man, and that not alone in secular duties nor only on weekdays. I certainly do not regret my choice of this form of National Service."

President Wilson and the Bible.

President Wilson has written this inscription for placing in the millions of Bibles presented to the American soldiers and sailors:

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it."

"You will find it full not only of real men and women,
but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have always been, and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not: what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealings, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ Who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty."

**Frebendary Webb-Peploe.**

Frebendary Webb-Peploe, writing as President of the Scripture Gift Mission, tells us that the Secretary, who was in America some time before the United States joined the Allies, was so convinced that war was inevitable that he made careful tentative arrangements in order to supply the American troops with the Scriptures. Immediately that President Wilson made his announcement of war, the Society set its machinery in motion; and practically every steamer which has crossed the Atlantic from London and Liverpool has had large numbers of New Testaments on board. It is also noteworthy that Ex-President Roosevelt has written a special message for the New York Bible Society.

**The Dean of Windsor’s Resignation.**

Dr. Eliot's resignation of the Deanery of Windsor, which he has held for twenty-six years, recalls his close association with Queen Victoria, King Edward, and our present King. As a preacher he "looks like an apostle," a stranger once said many years ago, and when his favourite phrase "all down the ages" echoed through the Royal Chapel one could imagine that the Dean was indeed speaking across the centuries. As a friend he has proved himself a "faithful brother," a favourite signature of his, and his simple and sincere affection have won all hearts. In writing to Windsor men who joined the Forces he said: "We pray that in the midst of all your hardships and dangers you may be watched over by your Heavenly Father, and that you may in due time if it be His will be brought home again in peace and safety, having faithfully served your King and country. Keep true to your God, pray to Him and trust in Him at all times, and then whatever happens all will be well."

**Serbian Gratitude.**

Serbian gratitude and admiration were both exulted in the inscription placed, both in English and Serbian, on the memorial erected to the late Mrs. Harley at Salonica, which was recently unveiled. The English translation reads:

"Upon thy grave in place of flowers Serbian thanks shall ever bloom; In days far off thy name and fame A later kindred shall proclaim.

Erected by
The Officers of the Supplementary Command.

Mrs. Harley, who was a sister of Lord French, met her death, by means of an enemy shell, when ministering to the wounded at Monastir.

**The Serbian Court Chaplain.**

Some little time back the Rev. Nicholai Veljinovic, to the surprise of a large congregation, ascended the pulpit on Sunday morning at St. Paul's Cathedral, and preached a notable sermon. The congregation was surprised, because it had not had the least inkling that the famous Serbian Court Chaplain was to be the preacher that day, so it had an unexpected treat. He spoke fluently in English, and made several good points in his sermon, which dealt with the duties and rights of nations individually, as also with their corporate life in the world, and their debt and allegiance to God as the Father of all. The Serbian Chaplain has somewhat the look of a Frenchman, his manner, too, is active and pleasant, whilst his eyes, full of fire, and his voice, ringing with intense passion now and then, reveal the intensity of his feelings.

**A Wonderful Story.**

The C.M.S. has a wonderful story to tell of missionary progress at Nairobi, in British East Africa. A missionary who had seen his work grow from four lads to a congregation filling a twice enlarged church went for a twelve months' furlough and found on return that his work had literally doubled. The church, the aisles, the vestry were packed, the overflow service at Nairobi boy who had 700 lads under instruction in his own district. Nearly 500 miles in another direction, in the centre of a large Mohammedan area, one of the Nairobi boys is holding a small band of eager Christians together,
The Desire
By the Rev. G. L.

Loyalty to the Commander.

It is just when the battle goes against him, and the odds seem hopeless, that the Christian proves his loyalty to his Commander. He will not be stunned by the sickening horror of the scene into thinking that the Cause has failed; nor will he be betrayed into accepting War as ultimate.

It is sometimes said that our Creed accepts, and even justifies War. We are reminded that the Saviour, Who was heralded at His advent as the Prince of Peace, Himself declared that He came to bring “not peace, but a sword.” And this is held to justify the appeal to arms as ultimate.

But we must beware lest we take in vain that Holy Name by which we are called. The standard which Christ set up, and to which He rallied His followers, was that of a Spiritual Conflict. The context proves it: “A man’s foes shall be he of his own household.” “I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother.” Such a war has obviously nothing to do with battles on land or sea. Christianity brings a sword because its doctrines test character and divide men. The Christian must follow His Leader even when obedience means the surrender of all its material securities. It would be bankrupt by success even more desperately than by failure.

Counting the Cost.

Yet we shall be no less mistaken if with the Tolstoyans and the Quakers, we take the great saying, “Resist not evil” for the whole duty of a Christian. Christ bids His follower “count the cost” before he throws in his lot with Him, because in this warfare self must count for nothing. He must “renounce self, or he cannot be a disciple.” The natural man, with his fears and his ambitions, his splendid vices and his mean virtues, his self-reliance and his self-distrust, his desire to revolt, and yet to be in a minority and to be on the winning side; all this must be “transformed by, a

and their mothers ravished; or that He would have endured to behold His Mother mocked or struck or spit upon! That is beyond belief!

Peace with Honour.

Peace then is the ultimate aim of Christianity; but it must be peace with honour; and it is sometimes a duty to maintain or to regain it even by the dread sacrifices of war. The desire of all nations is for peace, and after the experience of this war the desire will grow in strength. Wars of unprovoked aggressions are already condemned by the general conscience. This is proved by the fact that the Germans have to represent this war to their people as a defensive war, forced upon them by bitter and unscrupulous enemies.

The desire of the nations will be for peace. But will it be a desire bred of exhaustion, and be only a recuperating for another war?

People have been propounding the age-long question, as if it were a novelty, “Why does not God stop the war?” I take it that He could stop it immediately if such was His will. Think of the bizzard of March 28 last year. Picture it extended over Europe, and lasting for three days and nights. The war would stop; the war would be over. The hostile nations would be at peace—in death. Or make a less violent supposition. The war of aircraft and submarine and motor-transport could hardly be maintained without petrol. A slight movement of the earth’s crust, enough to divert the course of the oil springs, would paralyse the gigantic movements which make this a struggle not of armies, but of nations.

Will the Struggle be in Vain?

If the nations have learned nothing and forgotten nothing as the result of this war, then the greatest struggle in human history will have been in vain. It is for those who believe in Christ to see that it shall not have been in vain.

The peace that we must work for and pray for must be something better than the peace before the war. It must be a peace of God—the kind of peace upon
my friend had gone—and in my soul a vast And dreary void remained, and I rebelled Against the world and God, and madly cried, “Why was I born, O Lord, why was I born, To struggle feebly with the things of Life, To build great hopes that lighten up my soul With peerless radiance for one short hour? Straightway they crash to earth, headlong—and I Stand gazing on their ruins; and again I strive to build therefrom yet greater hopes. Yet as I work, all Hades laughs at me, And laughing, strikes again at my fond toil So I may strive no more.

Why was I born? Why was I born To meet and make great friends, who grasp my hand, And make me glad—and then pass on beyond My life and ken? All things are shadows here— All transient things that pass with passing years!"

Then through the utter darkness of my soul, There came from God to me, one Great White Thought. That banished all my gloom—and thus spoke God—”Man of the Earth, hadst thou but asked of Me I would have solved thy riddles, long time since; I made the Earth, and so that Man might look Always to Me in Heaven, My Dwelling-place, Who change not with the passing of the years, I made the things of Earth all transient, Frail, shadowy things that pass—and passing cry— Lift up thine eyes above the pageantry, The sorrid pageantry of Time and Space, So may ye see The Changeless Lord of All!"
The Christmas Card of Gratitude.

Do you remember how the Student in Arms describes the private soldier? "When you meet him in the trenches, wet, covered with mud, with tired eyes speaking of long watches and hours of risky work, he never fails to greet you with a smile, and you love him for it and feel that nothing you can do can make up to him for it... Exactly what you want to do is a bit doubtful—a Major said he wanted to black his boots for him, and that is perhaps the best way of expressing it." You can't "black his boots," but you can greet him with a Christmas Card that will speak volumes you could never express. It just says that King and Country and you are proud of him. There is the old church porch in the background to remind him that not only your love but your prayers go with him where he goes, by sea, or land, or air.

But it is a long, long way to Christmas: there's plenty of time. You won't forget! It is just because we know you may forget until it is too late that we repeat our reproduction, in black and white, of the Christmas Card of Gratitude. We are not living in normal times. The Card has been long preparing: artist, printer, publisher have combined to give their best work "because, you know, it is for the men." The very cardboard, so difficult now to obtain, has been saved up for months "because it is for the men." We can't get any more. Will you do your best to order early—to order now—"because it is for the men"?

How to obtain the Cards.

The cards are postcard size, most exquisitely printed in many colours, each one a work of art. They can be obtained direct from The Publishers, "Home Words," Ltd., 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C., as follows: 12 copies, post free, for one shilling; 6 copies, post free, for eightpence; 3 copies, post free, for fourpence halfpenny; 2 copies, post free, for threepence.

LOVE'S HALO.

A Story by MINNIE CÉCILE PATERSON.

I.

TWENTY YEARS BEFORE THE WAR.

Up and down the moonlit garden of Silverton Court two girls walked slowly, arm in arm, and talking in low tones. Their faces were pale and sweet with the thought of the great joy to be theirs on the morrow; for it was the eve of their wedding day.

"I wonder, Grace, if everybody who is going to be married is as happy as we are. I feel as if I were in fairytland to-night, and that all my dreams and hopes and expectations were to be perfectly realized to-morrow. Almost, as it were, by the touch of a wand. Nearly a few words spoken by a clergyman, and the one great desire of years will be accomplished. I shall be Leonard Wilmot's wife. His wife!"

There was an answering flash of joy on the face of her friend. Only, her happy eyes, instead of looking at her companion, were raised to the sky above with its white glory. And it seemed as if their very gaze was a prayer. She had waited even longer than Eleanor Durant. Storms of threatening sorrow had swept over her. She had known the heart-sickness of hope deferred. Once or twice an almost overwhelming wave of possible parting had rushed upon her. But it had receded, even as the storms themselves had passed harmlessly away. And to-night she stood face to face with the man whom she loves with all her heart and soul. She could not answer her friend. Her heart was too full.

"There is just one thing, Grace, which troubles me," said Eleanor Durant, "just one. It is—it will this joy last? Will the glorious halo which surrounds the love of lovers still remain through the cares and troubles of married life? It is peculiarly belonging to the love of a man and a woman for each other—it is what distinguishes it from all other loves. You know what I mean, Grace. It makes the world more beautiful just because he is in it. The very thought of him makes the flowers sweeter—the sunshine brighter—and fills every day and hour with a beauty which makes even commonplace things seem lovely. It has a mysteriously beautifying power over one's very existence. It is, in fact, a halo. You know what I mean."

A sweet and tender smile quivered on the lips of Grace Longworth. Every word which her friend spoke found an echo in her heart. The divine glory of love's halo had indeed cast a radiance over the years since that sweet love had come into her life.

"Yes, Eleanor, well do I know how that sweet halo has touched my life with its beauty."

"But will it last, dear? Will it shine on when the first great wonder of married life has worn off? Shall I still feel a thrill of joy at the touch of his hand?"

"Although Grace followed her and kissed her good-night, she did not speak again as she had spoken in the garden.——FAJE 132."
Grace suddenly laid her hand upon her friend's arm.

"Don't shrink from it, Eleanor. It is of vital importance that we pray to God for the preservation of this beautiful love. I believe there would not be any unhappy marriages if husband and wife both prayed to God to bless their union and strengthen their love. It's just because people won't take the trouble to pray that things go wrong."

And into Grace Longworth's face there had come something else beside sweetness. A strong resolution was there. Her eyes shone with another light beside that of mere carnal joy. An unaltering faith lit up those happy eyes. She knew in Whom she trusted.

A shadow had fallen upon Eleanor's face.

"You are making me feel quite nervous," she said. "I am not very religious. Too much religion chills me. It seems to lay a curious weight upon my heart to feel that I am bound to pray that my love for my husband may last."

"How strange!" said Grace. "It lifts all weight from mine."

And then they strolled back to the house, which was all in readiness for the double wedding on the morrow. Mrs. Longworth had been as a mother to her daughter's motherless friend. For two years now Eleanor had lived at Silverton Court. There Grace had met Captain Philip Courtney, and after the wedding they were going out to India. The two friends did not know when they would meet again.

Upon reaching the house Eleanor ran quickly up to her own room, but although Grace followed her and kissed her good-night she did not speak again as she had spoken in the garden.

"Grace is just a little morbid," she told herself. "I feel as if I were on wings to-night. Oh, Leonard!—no prayers are needed to keep strong my love for you."

**II.**

**TWENTY DAYS BEFORE THE WAR.**

"Well, this is strange, Evelyn," said Mrs. Wilmot, as she sat at the tea-table reading a letter: "we have just been wondering where on earth to go this summer. And here's actually an invitation for us all to go and spend some weeks in Devonshire with an old school friend of mine. You have heard me speak of Grace Longworth. I was married from her house. We have never met since our wedding day. She went abroad with her husband soon after they were married, and only returned for good a year ago. She is living at her old home, Silverton Court. She and I were both married on the same day."

"What fun, mother! Do let us go. The house from which you were married! It will be lovely to go. That is, if father cares about it. But I am afraid he won't unless there's golf."

"And if your father doesn't care about it he can go to the Fairingsales—where he went last summer. They play golf all day, and talk about it all night."

Mrs. Wilmot spoke sharply.

Evelyn glanced at her mother.

The girl was eighteen. An undefined sense of something wrong so often swept over her now. There was such a strange lack of sympathy between her handsome father, and her still-beautiful mother. They seemed to have scarcely a thought in common. They seemed to jar on each other.

It seemed to Evelyn that they had always jarred on each other. It puzzled the girl. She had had no reason to doubt her parents. Their distinguished-looking parents of hers had not love one another! Ideals were beginning to form themselves in this young heart. Dreams of a future where she should love and be loved. Visions which all young people should have of a happy married life. But the irritating effect which her father and mother seemed to have upon each other—their complete lack of sympathy towards one another saddened her indescribably. Outwardly she was a laughing, loving, pleasure-loving, somewhat spoilt young beauty. Inwardly, her soul was yearning for something more than the society life which lay before her—the probable society marriage—and, possibly the ultimate drifting apart of an unsympathetic husband and wife. With all her heart she loved her father and mother, and both would have been amazed beyond words had they known that their spar-
And she remembered how they had discussed love's which she had taken with her equally happy friend. She thought of that last walk in the moonlit garden slumber of years. Her wedding day had come back bitterly. And yet, — affection. And that but faint and lifeless. What a utterly gone. No trace of it remained. Where the exquisite rapture of that wonderful day ? Gone to her That day of unutterable joy. Where was all too. ' all that remained now was love's cold shadow was only there as a mask to something else. The name was the deep, passionate love ? The love which had thought would last through all eternity. Vanished, had it gone ?' All that day Mrs. Wilmot seemed abstracted and do all married people drift apart like this ? " she would ask herself. Father thinks mother extravagant. Mother loves to come on a holiday alone with me. And father starts off in such good spirits when he's going on some expedition with another man. We never seem to make a happy little lot together. And I would give worlds to see father and mother stroll off together sometimes, and not want even me. Oh, is it only in books we find the love that lasts for a lifetime? The love which people say makes a heaven of earth.

At this invitation for all three of them to go and stay with an old school friend of her mother's she was filled with delight.

"Oh, father, do let's all go together!" she entreated, when Mr. Wilmot came in late to tea, and heard of the invitation. "It's years since we all three went together for a holiday." Yet the father wouldn't enjoy it a bit, Evelyn. The village of Silverton is deadly dull. There is no going or fishing in the neighbourhood. And the roads round about are so narrow and steep that they are almost impossible for motoring. "It seems as if your mother didn't want me, eh, Evy?"

It appeared to the ears of the anxious girl that there was something beneath the sneer in her father's voice. Some unexpected, unfamiliar note. A faint flush swept to Mrs. Wilmot's cynical face. 

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Leonard. You are never happy without your golf. And if there is no house-party you would be abnormally bored."

If Mrs. Wilmot flushed, her husband paled almost to greyness. And Evelyn was startled. They always jarrd on each other—these two. They never sought each other's company. And yet —

"Oh, father, dear father, do come with us!" The girl's voice had almost a sob in it. "Of course mother wants you. And so do I. Forget all about golf this summer, and let's go for walks in the lovely Devonshire lanes. And I quite long to see the house from which dear mother was married. It will be so romantic. Fancy bringing a big, grown-up daughter to the place from which you two went out as bride and bridegroom."

Mr. Wilmot turned his still grey face towards his wife. "Do you care about going, Leonard?"

"Not particularly," she answered coldly, yet with a touch of the unusual colour still burning in each cheek. "I am not sure that it does people any good to wake up old memories. But I am a little curious to see my old friend Grace again. What shall you do about it?"

"Eve wants me to go. So we had better all accept."

All that day Mrs. Wilmot seemed abstracted and restless. There was a very hard look in her eyes. But it might have struck a keen observer that the hardness was only there as a mask to something else. The name "Silverton" had been as a magic wand. It had touched certain sleeping memories, and roused them from the slumber of years. Her wedding day had come back to her. That day of unutterable joy. Where was all the exquisite rapture of that wonderful day? Gone utterly gone. No trace of it remained. Where was the deep, passionate love? The love which had transformed earth into a heaven; the love which she had thought would last through all eternity. Vanished, too. A, the magnificent specimen of young, English manhood, whom she had loved in the time of her life, too? Had her love lost its mysteriously beautiful halo? Her disappointed heart asked itself the question again and again.

"Let us all walk over to Silverton Court this evening, and take Grace by surprise."

So spoke Mrs. Wilmot. They had motored down into Devonshire, and the hour of their arrival at Silverton Court was uncertain. They had had a break-down on the way, and, arriving at a neighbouring village early in the afternoon, very wet and very tired, they had put up at the inn there, with the intention of proceeding to Silverton Court later in the day. It was an ideal summer day. The torrents of rain had freshened up the country, and trees and hedges were clothed in their springtime green. Birds trilled forth their sweetest melodies, and the sun shone down from a cloudless sky.

What a heavenly day, mother," said Evelyn, who looked like a rose, with her pink-tipped cheeks, and her sweet, pink lips, enhanced by the gown of pink muslin which she had donned in place of her motoring garb. "Was your wedding day as lovely as this?"

"I have almost forgotten," was the hard answer.

"It was a day very like this," Evelyn, said Mr. Wilmot. "I have not forgotten."

And something in her voice was just some soft inflexion — swept back the long, long, disappointing years, and revealed to Mrs. Wilmot the lover of her youth — the lover whom she had lost.

"There is Silverton Court, Evelyn," she said, a little hurriedly. "That white house amongst the trees."

Evelyn wondered how her mother really felt. Surely it was a sacred moment to her — this first sight of the house from which she had been married. The house where she and her husband had been lovers.

It was a very silent trio that walked through the avenue of fine old trees up to the fair old house.

Rooks cawed in the sweet summer air overhead. Exquisite scents from the flower gardens hung upon the atmosphere. Thoughts of the past were filling the minds of the handsome husband and wife who were treading familiar paths with an unfamiliar pain. Evelyn, to whom the romance of it all strongly appealed, was silent from deep feeling. Love scenes between her father and mother had taken place here. She could not intrude upon their silence. She did not know of the unavailing regret which was tearing at the heart of these two whom she so dearly loved. They had driven down this avenue hand in hand.

"Fine old place, eh, Evelyn?" said her father, just to break the awkward silence.

"It's just glorious, father."

"Intensely dull without a big-house party," remarked Mrs. Wilmot.

And that was all these two said as they came back, after the lapse of twenty years, to the house of their courtship and betrothal. Just as Mr. Wilmot's hand was upon the bell, a door in the garden wall, to the right of the house, was opened, and a magnificent specimen of young, English manhood came strolling through. He was in flannels, with a tennis racquet in his hand. He quickened his steps when he saw the visitors at the hall door.

"My mother is in the garden," he said, with a pleasant smile. "May I take you through?"

Mrs. Wilmot at once put out her hand.
"You are Derrick," she said, with that sweet graciousness which made her a society favourite. "The son of my dear old friend, Grace Longworth."

The flush on the tanned young face deepened. He was genuinely pleased. For even at the first glance he thought that he had never seen a face so bewitchingly lovely as that of the girl in pink muslin. And he was a young man of fastidious taste.

"Mother will be delighted," he said. "She has been tremendously excited about your coming. Will you come round this way to the garden?"

Merry laughter was floating over the high moss-covered old wall—the sound of happy voices. After the visitors had passed through the door hung about with crimson rambler, they saw a throng of people on terrace and lawn. They were seated comfortably on garden chairs and on the terrace steps—in the golden glory of the setting sun.

"We have a biggish house-party," said Derrick Courteney.

And Mrs. Wilmot made an inward comment. Not Grace could not endure tête-à-tête with her husband in this great place. Anything but a Darby and Joan couple evidently.

Derrick swept his eye over the groups of merry people. "Mother was here a few minutes ago," he said.

And then he turned, with the three visitors, down the arched Rose Walk. It was fragrant with gorgeous blooms—pink, white, and yellow. A sudden turn in the scented path revealed a couple strolling, arm in arm, in front of them, seemingly engrossed with each other.

"It's evidently a Lovers' Walk as well as a Rose Walk," remarked Mr. Wilmot, a little harshly. The memories of the place were overwhelming him. Derrick had stopped suddenly. A great reverence and tenderness dropped over him. When he spoke his voice had dropped to a lower key.

"Don't let's disturb them," he said simply. "Not just for a few minutes. They always like to wander off together whenever they can at about this hour. However full the house is, they always take this hour together if they can. Let us come down here and have a look at some of the birds we brought from India. Their house is just round this corner."

But Mrs. Wilmot was standing as if fascinated. "Who are they?" she asked, with strange earnestness—"the happy couple in front!"

Why father and mother, said Derrick. "How silly of you for granted that you would guess."

A great silence fell upon the party. As if by one consent, they all stood still, and watched the two strolling so slowly arm in arm. Mrs. Wilmot's heart was moved to an unspeakable surprise. Derrick's father and mother! Wedded for twenty years! And lovers still! As they stood and watched, the pair in front of them paused beside a little rose bush, which had just one flower of Love—the rose. He had presented it to his wife of twenty years—with the tender grace of a lover. The difference in her own disillusioned life was almost too painful to bear.

After dinner, in Mrs. Courteney's sweet boudoir, the two old friends spoke as they used to—heart to heart. The Wilmots had been not allowed to leave Silverton Court. Their rooms were all ready, and the Colonel motored back with Mr. Wilmot to bring on the little luggage they had brought with them. And after dinner Grace Courteney, upon whose face a beauty beyond all the beauty of youth and feature rested—a beauty which fascinated the restless society woman who had been the chosen friend of her girlhood—carried off her old schoolmate for a long and undisturbed chat.

They talked of many things before touching on the one subject which was filling Eleanor Wilmot's heart. Then it suddenly burst from her in one brief sentence.

"And you and your husband are still in love!"

A sudden radiance glorified the sweet though deeply-lined face beneath the waves of soft grey hair. A look of joy unutterable. The same look which Eleanor had seen upon her friend's face the night before the wedding.

"We are, thank God," she said, "as much in love as we were the day we were married. Love's halo has remained."

"We talked about it, if you remember, that last night. And I was doubtful."

"I know, dear. But I was not. I knew that the God who had placed that glory around love could keep it there. And He has."

"Yes, dear Eleanor. My husband and I have always tried to kneel together every night, and ask God to preserve the halo about our love. And it is there still, dear, just glorifying our lives."

"And yet you have known sorrow?"

"Great sorrow, and bitter loss, Eleanor. One little girl died in Madras. We lost another in that awful earthquake in the West Indies. My husband has lain at death's door two or three times. And there have been agonizing partings when fighting was going on in India. And yet, through it all, our mutual love shed a glory and a peace about our lives."

And then a silence fell between the two women. Something told Mrs. Courteney that she must not ask if Eleanor still wore her halo on her face.

But Mrs. Wilmot could not hide her said secret from this once loved and trusted friend. The proud and disappointed heart unfolded and laid bare all the misery of the long, loveless years to the wife who still possessed in her middle-aged husband the lover of her youth.

"We must just pray about it, darling," said the tender voice in reply. "Nothing is too hard for the Lord. You and Leonard must just begin again. I can see he admires you tremendously. Try and win back the love that you say you have lost—win it back here—in the house from which you went out such a happy bride."

"But that wonderful halo will never come back. I know that."

"Yet still a very deep love and sympathy might grow between you."

A little, light, happy laugh caused Mrs. Courteney to turn suddenly to the window. A glorious moon flooded the garden with its silver light.

"Eleanor, come here. Look down the Rose Walk. You may see Love's Halo shedding its mysterious beauty on one whom I know you dearly love. Come, dear Eleanor. It is what I should have wished."

She took her friend's hand, and drew her to the open window. There below, down the Rose Walk, strolled another couple.

"My Derrick, and your Evelyn—a goodly pair, eh, dear?"

They, also, stopped at a rose bush. Beneath the light of the silver moon another bloom was gathered.

"Look, dear, he is giving her the flower of Love. Surely a good omen. Would you be glad, Eleanor?"

"Oh, yes, Grace—unspeakably glad."

Mrs. Wilmot's eyes were full of tears. Her voice was strangely soft.

"And if they learn to love each other, they must do as you have done—pray that God may keep the halo about their love. Then, come what may, through life, sorrow or gladness, all will be well."
Practical Hints on How to Read the Lessons in Church and at Home.

By the Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, B.A.

II.

ONE of the deplorable results of the necessary teaching of Scripture in schools for examination purposes, is that it is often taught in the same lifeless tone as parsing or history dates, producing the same weariness and boredom in the children. Who can measure the "dreadful injury of this irreligious teaching of religion?" says one; or, we may add, of the irreligious mechanical reading of the Bible in church? There is no need to dramatize the reading, to impersonate the different speakers, to read "Mesopotamia" so as to make the hearers weep. But the reader must make the Bible live. A certain sculptor was finding all manner of fault with the figure of a classical horse. But he confided under his breath, "I must say the villainous beast is alive and mine isn't." The note that brings home the Lessons to the conscience is Be natural, Be simple, real and earnest, and feel what you read. The writer was never so complimented in his own efforts as when some one told him that his reading of "My head! My head!" caused her own hand to go to her head without her intention. There was no dramatic display, no burying his head in his hands as on the stage. He merely felt the pain for a moment himself. If the reader tries in the incident at the end of St. Mark xi. he could not prevent, in the last sentence, a touch of the whimsical smile on his own face, which every one shows when they have cornered an opponent in an argument, and which we may surely believe was the expression on our Lord's own features.

The reader or reader lives in his subject, slight descriptive motions of the hand will be unconsciously produced at words such as "raised," "touched," "thrust," "draw," etc. The mechanical pump handle "up and down" motion of the hand in preaching is as objectionable as the mechanical rise and fall of the voice. But why should there not be restrained, natural manner with the narrative? Perceptive reading would emphasize "found" in Genesis xxxvii. 32, to show that the speakers were making an excuse, as when Aaron said "There came out" this calf, when he had made it himself, or as when a servant says "The plate broke in my hand." Other examples of special emotions are: hesitation in Genesis xlix. 13, 32; "one is not"; also St. Luke xx. 22 (contrasted with the rapid, glib words of carefully prepared flattery in verse 21); also last sentence in 2 Kings v. 25; also St. Matthew xvi. 26, where St. Peter did not know whether his Master paid tribute (note the unusual method of getting the money), and as he did not want to give Him away, he gave a hesitating "yes," something like our modern "no, yes." Sarcasm should be expressed in Genesis xxxvii. 7, "dreams"; loss of breath in 2 Kings v. 22 (emphasizing "them"); excitement in 2 Kings vi. 21; disgust in St. Matthew xiv. 11; surprise in the last words of St. Matthew xiv. 22; annoyance in St. Matthew xxv. 23. One important point in being heard is to pronounce the final consonants of every word, to "bite" them, yet of course not to overdo it. Many read Genesis i. 3, "And there was" lie (as choirboys say "Chrice" for "Christ"). Note how the music in Payn's Creatick works up to a climax on the word "Licht."

I have but a few words to say as to practical conclusions. Why should not it be enforced that Lesson readers should be chosen for efficiency, and for efficiency alone? As it is, the selection of a reader is utterly haphazard. The vicar reads if he thinks he will, or he asks the churchwarden (merely because he is one), or a personal friend (merely because he is his friend). When I ask again, shall we learn the methods which have enabled Germany to hold out so long in her weariness, i.e., in the organized appointment of proper men for the proper work? Should not there be a drastic and impartial test for Lesson readers? Should not the whole congregation be searched for the best reader? (This would help on the most desirable reform of giving the laity a larger share in church work.) There are other questions, out of the scope of this article, e.g., the appointment of more alternative Lessons, which, along with the subject discussed in this article, surely need immediate attention. One some exclaimed after church one day, "I never knew that was in the Bible before." She had merely heard a well-known passage read sympathetically for the first time.

Dress Economies in Time of War.

The pattern of this useful overall (Pattern L) will be supplied to readers for 4½d. only post free, on application to the Publishers of "The Church Standard," 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

THIS pretty one-piece overall will serve two purposes: made up in casement cloth or print you have a most desirable "cover-all" for wear about the house when on domestic duties, or if you make it up in alpaca or serge you can wear it over a blouse which has seen its best days, thereby making another smart dress at very little expense to yourself. This can be truly called an "economy pattern."

To reproduce this dainty design you will require three yards of four-inch material. You will notice by glancing at the design that it has two very serviceable pockets, which the busy housewife has always used for, thereby saving herself many unnecessary runs up and down the stairs.

Directions for Making.—First of all pin the pattern together and try against the figure. The dress can be lengthened or shortened as desired at the lower edge. Any alterations you find it necessary to make do so in the paper pattern and not in your material: in this way you secure a perfect fit.

To Cut Out.—Lay the pattern on the material according to the diagram. Mark round all edges and notches and through all perforations with chalk, remove the pattern and cut out exactly by the chalk lines as all seams and turnings are allowed for in the pattern.

To Make.—Close and fell the side seams, being guided by notches. Turn in the neck, armhole and shoulder edges singly on the wrong side, and face up with broad tape. Turn the lower edge up on the wrong side into a double hem. Work buttonholes through one edge of each shoulder, and sew corresponding buttons on the other; or fasten with press studs. The overall slips on over the head, the only fastening being on the shoulders; but if desired, a slit may be cut down the back and faced, or a little placket placed in the skirt, under one of the side seams. Neaten the pockets and belt; adjust the belt pieces to hold in the waist fullness, fastening with a button and buttonhole each side. Stitch the pockets in position.
For lasting peace.

ALMIGHTY God, Who canst bring good out of evil, and make even the wrath of man to turn to Thy praise: We beseech Thee so to order and dispose the issue of this war, that we may be brought through strife to a lasting peace; and that the nations of the world may be united in a firmer fellowship for the promotion of Thy glory and the good of all mankind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For war workers.

BLESSED SAVIOUR, Who Thyself wast pleased to labour among men: Have mercy, we pray Thee, upon those who labour now in factories and workshops for the service of their country; guard them in all dangers; preserve them in all temptations; and grant them such health of mind and body that they may serve their brethren faithfully and well, and do the things that are pleasing unto Thee; Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

For those we love.

ALMIGHTY God, by Whose goodness we were created and Whose mercies never fail; we commend to Thee all who have a place in our hearts and sympathies: all who are joined to us by the sacred ties of kindred, friendship and love; all little children who are dear to us; all who help us to a faithful life, and whose spirit turns our duty into love; keep them both outwardly in their bodies and inwardly in their souls, and pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A prayer for missions.

REMEMBER for good, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the missionary work of Thy Church at this time: protect and provide for Thy servants in the mission field in every danger and in all their need; and give to the native Churches and to us at home such an increased spirit of faith, sacrifice and service that Thy work may not be hindered, but that Thy Kingdom may be advanced; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For patience and fortitude.

GOD, Who hast promised that they who wait upon Thee shall renew their strength: Look mercifully upon all who are tired and worn by the long strain of the war; grant them the refreshing grace of Thy holy comfort; open their eyes anew to the spiritual goal of their efforts, that faith may hearten labour, and patience have her perfect work; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In the hush of the Church she prayed, "Father, I am afraid! I lie and dream through the long, dark night. God! in the thick of this awful fight! Protect and keep him still!"
CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Heroism at Home.

We need a great deal of heroism at home, and when we see it, surely it is worth thanking God for it. A well-known labour leader urges us to look at the lives around us and note, among our neighbours and friends, heroic sacrifice in the mean sordid doings of everyday life. “It is,” he added, “because of the beauty in life well lived, even in a slum, which gives me hope; it is the fact that I know men and women who are quite young, who day in and day out give themselves to the service of great unselfish ideals, which strengthens my faith; for let us all remember it is oftentimes harder to live one’s creed than to die for it.”

A New Spirit.

At Selby Abbey, once so nearly destroyed by fire and now wonderfully restored, the Archbishop of York referred the other day to the many schemes for reconstruction after the war. The whole chance of success, he concluded, depended upon whether we would have after the war a new heart and a new spirit. Plainly it must be a new spirit of fellowship, a spirit which in spite of many difficulties would substitute the selfishness and competition for private advantage and profit, which was at once the stimulus and bane of the nineteenth century, substituting for that a new spirit of mutual service and co-operation for the common good.

A Better Background.

One of the most humble of men, Bishop Paget, of Oxford, wrote in a letter after his first sermon in St. Paul’s Cathedral: “I was awfully nervous, and not very well, and it was so marvellous to feel God’s strength helping one through so easily that one hardly believed it was all finished when one came to the end. But what I felt almost as much as anything else was the need of a better background to one’s sermon, the miserable discrepancy between one’s daily life and what one had to say.” That is just what we all want to feel if we are to be true Christians in the coming year. “One of the bitterest moments of my life,” said Mr. Kenneth Saunders recently at a missionary meeting, “was when an earnest young Buddhist boy said to me, ‘I want to believe in Christ, but I have never seen Him in those who profess Him.’ How can I believe in Some One Whom I have not seen?” This reminds us of an incident in a London Mission School. The teacher asked, “Where does Jesus live?” A small boy answered, “Some of His friends have come to live in our street and I think He lives with them.”

A New Love.

We must proclaim, says Mr. George Lansbury, that the one outstanding thing necessary for a better and fuller life is love and more love, and this applies to the whole problem of classes, of sects, of races. It is no use thinking of reorganization merely for the purpose of more money making. We must recognize the value of a thing not by its cost but its utility. What I mean is this: We must value the unskilled sewer man as a public servant equally with the skilled surgeon. “We have degraded labour and ourselves by putting money value on all our services. Most of us have lived long enough to know that we cannot put a gold value on the things we must care for. Therefore Labour and Capital must come together on a co-operative basis—Labour giving its industry, organized into industries or guilds, and Capital giving its brains, both as parts of the great business of co-operative production and distribution.

Life and not Wealth.

The Rev. Hewlett Johnson, Vicar of St. Margaret’s, Altrincham, was first an employé and afterwards an employer in the engineering trade before he became a clergyman. He foresees that great changes must take place in our industrial life after the war. “We must be quite clear,” he says, “what our Christian principles are Before the war self-interest was the basis of our industrial system. The Christian principle of self-sacrifice has not been applied to our industrial life. This can and must be done. The Christian view of property is that it is a trust—and not an absolute possession. The aim of industry in the future must be life, not wealth as in the past. This means that there must be more leisure, specially for those engaged in monotonous work, and better conditions of living. Co-operation must take the place of competition.”

2,000 Known Criminals.

Mr. Basil Thomson, Chief of Scotland Yard’s Criminal Investigation Department, is the son of Dr. Thomson, once Archbishop of York. He tells us that in the early days of the war 2,000 known criminals joined His Majesty’s Forces. The total now is almost 8,500. One well-known criminal has gained the V.C., and 187 have given their lives for their country.
Will American Soldiers Remember?

There is one very ancient church which should receive a visit from many American soldiers on leave, and that is to be found in Austerfield, a small village in Yorkshire. It is the last place of worship the Pilgrim Fathers attended before they left England for the New World. On the day when they began their long journey they gathered in the old Manor House at Scrooby, three miles from Austerfield (the old Manor House still stands). From Scrooby they went to Austerfield Church, where they worshipped for the last time in England. There is some beautiful work in this old church, especially in the porch and on the door, but owing to its being so old the different designs are hard to see. We believe services are still held in it, but it has to be continually under repair.

An Ancient Battery of Artillery

St. Martin’s, the parish church of Fenny Stratford, Bucks, possesses a battery of artillery. The photograph shows a brace of these queer little cannon, which are locally known as the “Fenny Poppers.” They have been in existence for nearly 180 years, and in appearance resemble drinking mugs. Six in number, they weigh about 20 lb. each, and are loaded with 4 oz. of gunpowder, exploded by the application of a red-hot poker to the touch-hole at the base of the popper. They are kept in the belfry of the church, and only see the light once a year, viz., on St. Martin’s Day (November 11), when, in accordance with a custom dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, they are solemnly let off in a field adjoining the church at 8 a.m., 12 noon, 4 p.m., and 8 p.m. Fenny Stratford Church was built in 1724 by Browne Willis, the antiquary, buried beneath the Holy Communion Table. It is dedicated to St. Martin, and the fact that that saint commenced his mundane career as a soldier is supposed to account for the “Poppers.”

Lady Bellringers

Lady bellringers are getting more numerous, especially now that so many men have been called to the Colours. The Bath and Wells Diocesan Association of Change Ringers include no fewer than forty-three lady ringers in their ranks. This is a large proportion out of a total effective membership of 134. No fewer than 310 members are serving with the Colours.

Communal Kitchens

As the war goes on the need for the increased use of communal kitchens will become more pronounced, and here the help of the clergy will be quite invaluable. Most parishes possess the machinery for “soup kitchens” ready to hand; this could be developed and improved upon, and “village” or “district” kitchens started which, in the hands of experts, might be instrumental in effecting economy in many directions and ensuring wholesome and nutritious food to the community, at the least possible cost.

Chaplain’s Prayer on the Bridge.

An officer related the following incident at a luncheon in Newcastle a short time ago:

Stories of the devotion of the Chaplains at the Front continue to filter through. The following is certainly one of the most remarkable and encouraging, though, perhaps, if our faith were as strong as our profession it ought not to be considered so remarkable. A certain bridge had to be crossed, and the enemy were pouring down such a murderous fire that for a moment the men hesitated to advance; but the Chaplain rushed forward and knelt in prayer on the bridge, and then all dashed forward as one man, and a miraculous thing happened: not a single casualty occurred in crossing that bridge.

His Majesty’s Mercantile Marine

A Grand Fleet Chaplain has a compact little parish of nearly an acre and a half (all deck) with a population of about a thousand men, but a Missions to Seaman Chaplain would find it difficult to calculate the extent of his sphere of influence. Lord Beresford estimated some months ago that we possess more than 2,500 vessels not men-of-war, namely, merchant ships, trawlers, drifters and yachts employed doing man-of-war work, half of them undertaking patrols. We need hardly ask our readers specially to remember the crews of these “boys-of-war” this coming Christmas; they are bound to remember them when they enjoy their Christmas dinners. How wonderfully these men have justified
our highest expectations; they have carried out their duty unalarmed; they have fed their country faithfully; they have asked for no advertisement: they have claimed no special reward, only the right to live and die, for England, not for self. And the Chaplains, who work among them, when and where they can, deserve our grateful thanks.

A Patriotic Verger.

Lymington Parish Church, Hants, is very proud of its verger, Samuel Hurford, and of the family record. When Samuel Hurford's father died his son became verger in his grandfather's stead, and did his duty well and truly till he had to leave for military service. While he was away in France his father arranged to fill the post till his return; but, alas, the brave young fellow was killed, fighting for his country, leaving a wife and little son. Until this little son grows up, Samuel Hurford, though now getting old, has undertaken to serve as verger.

Nelson's Potato instead of Bread.

Archdeacon Wakeford, speaking at Liverpool, recalled an incident vividly portraying the food scarcity which prevailed in England at the time of the Napoleonic wars. When Lord Nelson was being nationally entertained in London in celebration of his naval victories, a boiled potato, instead of a roll of bread, was laid beside his plate. He asked for bread, and learned that it could not be obtained; hence the potato substitute.

A Lady Verger.

At the Church of St. Alban-the-Martyr, Acton Green, a lady verger has recently been appointed to hold the office vacated by a man. She does everything except the scrubbing, and is in every way a splendid success. She wears a cap and gown on Sundays, and a coloured overall with headdress and floating veil—to keep the dust off—on weekdays.

Church Choir Manned by one Family.

At Dorchester Abbey Church, Oxon, there are in the choir, at this moment, seven members of the Cobb family, all near relatives of Jim Cobb, the boatman. Since the coming of conscription there have been few other members of the choir beyond these same Cobbs, all of whom are either under or over military age.

Carlisle's Musical Window.

A memorial which is both unique and appropriate has recently been unveiled in Carlisle Cathedral to the memory of the late Dr. Henry Ford, who was organist and choirmaster there for sixty-seven years. It takes the form of a magnificent stained-glass window; the principal figures are representatives of the "Divine Art." They include St. Cecilia, King David and Jubal playing to the shepherds. The most interesting, however, is the scene which shows Bishop Theodore building the first organ erected in England, appropriately enough in Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Ford served under six bishops and nine deans, and the cost of this beautiful memorial has been borne by subscribers who admired the service he rendered to God and the Church.

Courting Sunday.

Throughout Holland the four Sundays in November are kept as fete days. They are named severally Review, Decision, Purchase, and Possession. On review Sunday every one goes to church, and after service there is a church parade, when all the young men and maidens look at each other, but forbear speaking.

On Decision Sunday each would-be Benedict approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her response judges whether he is acceptable as a suitor or not.

On Purchase Sunday the consent of parents and guardians is sought, if the wooing during the week has been happy.

Possession Sunday witnesses the first appearance of the various lovers before the world as actual or prospective brides and bridegrooms.

Sixty-six Years in one Parish.

The Rev. C. Cook has been sixty-six years in the parish of Llanvihangel, Ponty-Moile. He was ordained in 1850, and was appointed curate to this parish. The following year, 1851, the patron, Mr. Hanbury Leigh, gave him the living. He is now ninety-three, and up to last year took part of the service. He still attends and takes a keen interest in the parish.

Is it War Bread To-day?

One of the most ancient, as well as one of the most interesting, Church charities in existence is that connected with the church of St. Swithin, Worcester. In the year 1668 one William Swift decreed "that twelve penny loaves of bread be given by the Churchwardens every Sabbath morning, and so to continue for ever, unto twelve aged poor people, such in his lifetime as he should appoint and after his decease according to the discretion of the Churchwardens and their successors." Twelve penny loaves of bread are accordingly delivered every Saturday morning and placed in little recesses at the west end of the church, where they remain until distributed after the evening service.
Past, Present and Future.

By G. E. Pritchard

I.

As the Old Year shakes hands with the New Year at the cross-roads of Past, Present and Future, most of us sit down by the roadside and think of the Past, and dream of the Future.

Now it may strike you as a queer idea, but there is no Past. You answer that 1917 is part of the Past: it has nearly all gone with its many sad and few glad moments, its record of anxieties and perplexities, its miracles of blessing and its scroll of unselfish actions that can never die. Can never die! Then the Past is still present with us. Look back along the road you have traversed, not only in the recent years of war, but all your life. That wonderful holiday you had the summer before all real holidays were blotted out; that fine struggle you made for some one’s sake to be cheerful in the rain, when things went wrong; that start you made in business; that scene you improved at so much; that new idea you got hold of which seemed to explain just why you were born and what life was for; those temptations you resisted, those temptations to which you yielded ground, so hard, perhaps impossible, to recover? Are these all past? No, indeed, they are present in your mind to-day; they are still part of your life; they are part of the Present. There is no Past while the man who lives the lost love with no return.

There is a Land of Forgotten Things, a Land of Present Things, and a Land of the Unknown. But there is no Past, and even the Future will be mostly compounded of the Present. Yes, the charlatans who pretend to tell fortunes and predict the Future gain their reputations and succeed as they do in gulling those who consult them because they are expert at reading the Present and the Past in the faces and hands, the expressions and the gestures of those who pay for predictions.

If I see a wagon being pulled slowly in a deep rut it is not difficult to prophesy that it will be in the same rut, only further on, ten minutes hence. If I see an elderly golf-player in the grip of old mistakes, never corrected, I can safely guess that the coming year, if he plays golf, he’ll be doing just the same bad strokes. An equally accurate forecast can be made of the ways of a business man who is careless or incompetent. For the Past is riding on his shoulders, like Sindbad’s old man of the sea—a present burden hard to be rid of.

II.

Yes, the Past, like the Poor, is always with us. And it’s a good thing it is; for the Past is one of the few real friends we have. We can learn from the Past; the Past can always give us excellent advice, always give us a lift, always make the Present an advance, and not a retreat.

Now the strangest fact about the Past is that we always recall or treasure up in the pigeon-holes of the brain, not the fine days when nothing particular happened, not the work we did without effort, not the victory that was a “walk over,” but the days of excitement and adventure, the hard struggles, even the disasters—and often the most pleasurable memories are of the days which were one perpetual fight, and success but half attained. It is equally true that what chiefly enchant and inspire us in the lives of others and of One Other in particular is the time of trial, of suffering, and of hard won triumph. That and that alone seems worth while—the Birth in an inn-stable, the Flight into Egypt, the Temptation, the Mission in the teeth of opposition, the Betrayal and the Crucifixion. Is it not so in our little lives? What counts in the making of our characters is the struggle and the stress, the fightings and strivings, that can never die. Can never die! Then the Past—it has nearly all gone with its many sad and few joyous moments. It has nearly all gone, yet nearly all its regrets. There are some Irish verses by Katharine Tynan—I think they appeared in the Eye Witness some years ago—that press the point home:

They’re neighbourly in Ireland, and if they’ve little store, they’d share it with a neighbour, and there’s still the open door;

For him that turns the poor away may turn away unfed.

The very Son of God Himself as He begs for bread.
A TALK WITH A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

By E.H.

Oh, my laddie, he's a soldier,
And I watched him march away
It was hard enough, the parting,
Yet I could not bid him stay.
There he kissed his cheek beyond whisper
I was proud to have him so—
For his father—he died fighting,
Though it's many a year ago.

Perhaps you cannot re-echo these words,
Some dear heart-broken mother, because you know
That your boy lies "out there," buried under a little wooden cross.
But you want him, you, his own mother and your soul is with him there, out on the ghastly battle-field.

What is fame or honour, you think, by the side of that still, lifeless form? He is not conscious of the loss, oh, no, that remains for you to bear. And from that awful spot your stricken soul wings back, but the shots travel and the cruel sword thrusts seem to be ramming themselves into your own body; and the gaping wounds—you feel them too, there, in your own breast where they will never heal. And in a fever of imagination you hurry along the blood-red hills where the khaki-clad figures lie, looking for your boy.

He was your son, your own flesh and blood, you ere. You lost one son before, in childhood, but you can go to the quiet little spot in God's acre where he lies. There is some consolation in tending the tiny grave and decking it with flowers, but "there, out there," buried under a little wooden cross. But you want him, you, his own mother and your soul is with him there, out on the ghastly battle-field.

There is some consolation in tending the tiny grave and decking it with flowers, but "there, out there," buried under a little wooden cross. But you want him, you, his own mother and your soul is with him there, out on the ghastly battle-field.

God only knows just where or how it was with him. Though it's many a year ago.

I was talking to such a mother the other day, whose sons.
And I watched him march away
It was hard enough, the parting,
Yet I could not bid him stay.
There he kissed his cheek beyond whisper
I was proud to have him so—
For his father—he died fighting,
Though it's many a year ago.

There is, or was before the war, a rule on board our great liners fitted with wireless installations that a certain half-hour should be reserved for Government messages, instructions, and warnings. It was called "Heaven's Half Hour." If we would retain that feeling of neighbourliness with God let us in the New Year reserve half an hour each day for receiving His messages, His instructions. Don't read too much, don't pray too much in that half-hour—just think, reckon up your profit and loss account of the day gone by and put it before God and ask Him when you have noted the short-comings, the big deficit, to help you redress the balance. Don't let the deficit grow beyond the day. He asks you to trust Him with your accounts, your secrets, and to tell Him your difficulties—and then and then only can He guide you in the way everlasting. "Come and follow Me" was Christ's first recorded words. I think they have been His to us every day of the war.

There is an honour to have had them; it is even a greater glory to know why they died and though each one is

Only a speck infinite, in the sum
Suspensude of this life's sad happenings—
Yet to the ones who loved
Not depth of ocean nor the height of hills
Can blot from out the mind the vision of
The dear familiar form or voice, now still.
Clean-souled and straight. These are the men we miss,
For when all strife is o'er and there shall dawn
Good of others yet to "face the strife.
He gave his life.
What greater sacrifice?
For when all strife is o'er and there shall dawn
That wondrous Day, some one, with glad surprise.
Shall stand erect and hear the Master say—
"Enter. My son, My Father's courts of bliss,
For I have found no greater love than this."

A TALK WITH A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

By E.H.

Oh, my laddie, he's a soldier,
And I watched him march away
It was hard enough, the parting,
Yet I could not bid him stay.
There he kissed his cheek beyond whisper
I was proud to have him so—
For his father—he died fighting,
Though it's many a year ago.

I could not answer, for a lump had risen in my throat.
It reminded me of little treasures laid reverently by, of other remembrances, and I could only sympathize with unshed tears. But I think she understood.

What matter if such seeming trifles give us hope and courage? Yes, mothers, you are doing your bit. You are helping to win the fight in your unselshless ways as surely as your wonderful sons who are treading the bloodstained fields of Europe.

God knows some of you find it hard work, but you do the tiny flame of hope until it guides you safely on with a steady illuminating light.

Those gallant sons of yours, you did not hold them back because you knew whose sons they were; and you put the tears out of sight. You resolutely shut down your darkest fears, determined to do them honour by the heroic way in which each one of you took up your burden. And you know, too, that deep down in your tender hearts you would not have them otherwise, else you were not their mothers nor yet were they your sons.

It is an honour to have had them; it is even a greater glory to know why they died and though each one is
"What she wants is plenty of nourishing food," said the doctor, resuming his gloves and glancing at the fragile figure on the poor, homely bed.

"Yes, sir," said the worn little woman hopelessly. Where, in the wide world, was it to come from?

"Plenty of nourishing food," repeated the doctor, turning up his collar. "Get a couple of chickens, say, stew 'em to rags, and let the child have the broth. That is to say, ma'am, beef-tea made from chickens."

Mrs. Marton nodded respectfully. The doctor was a very clever man, but he had never had the gift of sympathy and the seeing eye. His present war practice (he was relieving a friend who had undertaken active service at the front) he regarded as a regrettable interruption of his specialist work in Harley Street.

"Let her have some fruit—grapes, oranges, bananas."

He glanced with disfavour round the bare little room, made his way to the door and stopped on the threshold.

"If you follow out my instructions she'll pull through. Otherwise—"

He raised his eyebrows, which was indicative that he would not be answerable for the consequences were it "otherwise." And "otherwise" it assuredly would be. The doctor had pocketed his fee and gone off humming. The widow thought that perhaps the gentleman didn't quite understand how she was placed. She had been earning sufficient on munitions to keep the child and herself in tolerable comfort. And then had come the accident. Her hand had been bandaged for three weeks, and during that time she had been able to earn nothing. She had expected some assistance from her employers, but somehow it had never come. Then twelve-year-old Nellie had fallen sick. Her meagre little hoard had been quickly swallowed up. The doctor's bill had not been a light one, while she had been forced to provide nourishments and dainties for the little invalid at ruinous prices. And now when those nourishments were more than over necessary—vitally necessary—the fountain had run dry. She was practically penniless.

Pride would not have withheld her from borrowing—for what is pride when the life of one we love is at stake?—but she had no friends; and in the faces of the few people with whom she had a nodding acquaintance she read something which warned her off—something which said as plainly as the spoken words, "You're a munition worker; you've been getting a good screw, and you ought to have pounds and pounds by you now." And she shrank from approaching Mrs. Turley the landlady, to whom she already owed a fortnight's rent.

It would be at least a week before she would be able to resume her work again, and in the meantime—She dared not think of it.

"What's the matter, mother?" came in a weak whisper from the bed. "You're crying."

"Crying!" she laughed, and put the handkerchief out of sight. "Why, whatever put that into your head, child? I've got something in my eye, that's all."

Quite true. But not exactly a foreign body.

She busied herself with heating some milk, and when Nellie had taken a little, and was again asleep, she sank into a chair, her brain throbbing dully, beating out the ceaseless refrain: She—bad—no friends; she—bad—no friends.

There was a clank of iron on the stairs, and some one coughed.

Yes, she had one. Poor Tom Hodgetts! But his poverty was as great as her own. He tenanted Mrs. Turley's attic, and managed to rub along somehow on what his violin-playing brought him in.

Other source of income he had none. He had had jobs in factories, but had not been able to keep one of them. After the first few days his head would begin to ache, red mists to swim before his eyes, and his legs to feel strangely tired.

Before this time of want had come upon her, Mrs. Marton had often performed motherly little acts towards Tom...
—small enough things they had been to her big
woman's heart, but they had sunk deep into the soul of
the boy, who had never known a mother of his own.

He tapped at the door, and she bade him enter. In
he came, dragging his poor ironed foot, a good-looking
lad of seventeen, but with too much colour about the
cheek-bones.

He gave her a cheerful smile, which she managed to
return.

"How's the little girl?"

"Better, much better, thank you, Tom. The doctor
has been to see her, and—and says she'll soon be quite
well again.

There were tears, and something else, in her voice.
Tom was quick to note it.

He led her gently outside the room, closing the door
that they might not disturb the child.

"What's the matter?" he asked softly, his earnest
eyes searching her face.

Before the gentleness of his manner she broke down
utterly. Bitterly she sobbed, but he told the details
of the simple little tragedy. What of it? Ore grain of
sand in the Sahara of human misery, my dear sir, as the
worthy doctor observed over his dinner.

Tom wanted to say a lot, but couldn't. Instead he
put his hand in his pocket.

"No, no! My poor boy!" Her face had lighted up
with a little piteous smile, and there was a quivering
tenderness in her voice.

"God bless you, lad! But put it back, put it back.
You want it yourself bad enough, God knows. I don't
believe you've had anything to eat to-day?"

"I have," he said stoutly. "Only just had my dinner
before coming here. Take this two bob, Mrs. Marton—"

"I wouldn't take—" began the boy, and stopped.

"Micro!" "What's the matter!"

What made him do it he did not know. Real music
had something of romance in it, but which, alas, only
was little likely to be appreciated here. He drew his
bow across the strings.

Strange, incongruous, the weirdly beautiful cadence of
the "Cavalleria" intermezzo quivered on the stench-
laden air.

There was a world of passionate yearning in it; its
very soul laid bare.

Halfway through he heard somebody stop to listen.

He played the last high sweet note, and the listener
came forward. Tom saw a tall, distinguished-looking
man eagerly.

"Whatsoever good thing any man doth, the same
shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

"I'll give you five pounds for it," went on the gentle-
man eagerly.

"I wouldn't take—" began the boy, and stopped.

"Whatever good thing..." The words were searing
above the hubbub.

It was difficult for the strains of the fiddle to be heard
across the road. There was a little tin mission-room. The
place was open most nights. There was a light in the
porch now. He entered and sat down near the door.

An old clergyman, tall and beautiful, stood in the midst
of a little group of human derelicts, with upraised hand,
declaming:

"Whatever good thing any man doth, the same
shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

The words burnt themselves upon his brain. He
found himself repeating them over and over again.

Rested, he walked out before his presence had been
noticed. He must get more money to-night. After
some time he found a place less noisy than the rest.

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He played the last high sweet note, and the listener
came forward. Tom saw a tall, distinguished-looking
man with longish hair, and knew instinctively that he
was a musician.

"My lad," said the stranger, "that is a wonderful
instrument you have there. Do you want to sell it?"

The boy stared aghast.

"Sell it! No, sir. I couldn't think of parting with
my old fiddle," and he hugged it affectionately to him.

"I'll give you five pounds for it," went on the gentle-
man eagerly.

"I wouldn't take—" began the boy, and stopped.

"Whatever good thing..." The words were searing
his brain again. On top of them came that picture of the
child, slipping, slipping...

He bit his lip hard.

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Halfway through he heard somebody stop to listen.

He played the last high sweet note, and the listener
came forward. Tom saw a tall, distinguished-looking
man with longish hair, and knew instinctively that he
was a musician.

"My lad," said the stranger, "that is a wonderful
instrument you have there. Do you want to sell it?"

The boy stared aghast.

"Sell it! No, sir. I couldn't think of parting with
my old fiddle," and he hugged it affectionately to him.

"I'll give you five pounds for it," went on the gentle-
man eagerly.

"I wouldn't take—" began the boy, and stopped.

"Whatever good thing..." The words were searing
his brain again. On top of them came that picture of the
child, slipping, slipping...

He bit his lip hard.

"What made him do it he did not know. Real music
was little likely to be appreciated here. He drew his
bow across the strings.

Strange, incongruous, the weirdly beautiful cadence of
the "Cavalleria" intermezzo quivered on the stench-
laden air.

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ON PROCESSIONS.

MOST people, either consciously or unconsciously, are lovers of processions. It is a part of that love for ceremonial which characterizes human nature and which is a happy combination of a love for order, and a due regard to self-respect. While the instinct which finds satisfaction in processions is characteristic of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, so also the processional arrangement is characteristic of the scheme of life all around us. Observation of the characteristic opens the door to much that is worth studying. To begin with, take note of the characteristic as exemplified in the individual. The little child crawling on the nursery floor takes delight in seeing the animals of the miniature Noah's ark arranged in processional order. He gets a little older and "plays at soldiers" with his friends. He marches in procession. He perhaps possesses a box of lead soldiers. Half his joy in them is derived from their uniformity, which makes it possible for him to arrange them in order of march or procession.

A young cousin of mine delighted in arranging empty cartridge cases in processional order, thus showing that fidelity of his model soldiers to the likeness of their prototypes was of less importance than the fact that with them he could form a miniature procession.

As with the child, so with the adult. Mr. Smith, if of a normal type of mind, likes to see his books arranged in what may be called a static procession or a procession at rest. His books may be arranged according to size, subject, binding, etc., but whatever the principle the processional order is maintained.

So also Mrs. Smith arranges her ornaments and knick-knacks after a static processional principle. So also the processional idea manifests itself at various epochs in our lives. There is the two-and-two procession of the school-girls, the wedding procession, the procession into dinner, and that last solemn procession at which no matter how humble we may be, each one of us will one day have the most prominent position.

There are also for some of us processions of a military description, and other processions of a ceremonial nature.

However, by way of drawing a sharp contrast, let us go to the laboratory or study of the scientific student. Here we are perhaps surprised to find that his researches are largely taken up with the observing of processions. The scientific expert deals with the sequences of phenomena. One phenomenon follows or seems to follow another. He then asks, "Are they related?" "Is one the cause, the other the effect?" He makes use of the logician's phrase and says, "Is this a case of post hoc, ergo propter hoc?" Because one event frequently or even invariably, follows another, there is no reason to assume always a causal connexion. The procession of events must be adequately investigated. So also the astronomer observes the processions of the planets, and the meteorologist, as well as the poet, delights in observing cloud processions.

The mention of the poet brings to the mind thoughts of things pastoral. A few years ago a writer in The Times pointed out how flowers make their appearance on earth in processional order according to size. The mowdrop, the crocus, the primrose and the little flowers came first in the year, and then the flowers of larger size, concluding with the giant sunflowers. The idea is a pretty one and worthy of consideration. Country life also provides us with other processions. The wonderful movements of flocks of birds cause us to theorize as to the reason for their turns and twists, every bird, as it were, turning uniformly with the whole mass. However, besides the processions of birds, there are others: for example, those familiar with the swarming of bees frequently notice a procession of insect emigrants seeking a new home. Considering the subject more generally, that lover of wild life, Richard Jefferies, gave a suggestive thought at that stage of his illness which prevented the long rambling walks of which he had formerly been so fond. He said: "Summer and Winter keep in one place, because in the course of a year every creature that is not thoroughly local will pass over any given spot." I have put his words to a rough test and found them true. The chosen spot has been around my own home in the heart of the country, and the
DRESS ECONOMIES IN TIME OF WAR

numerous procession continually passing and repassing has included hedgehogs, grass-snakes, foxes, squirrels, hares, rabbits, stoats, shrews, foxes, lizards, dragon flies and bats, owls, nightingales, cuckoos, woodpeckers, bullfinches, wild duck, and numberless other wild "beasties" as Burns would call them.

Then there are the human processions. Our country-side processions, for example, are pathetically beautiful in the simplicity of their processional arrangements. We never see a hearse, a nodding plume, nor a funeral horse. We carry our dead, and in a procession, two by two we slowly wend our way.

Turning to town-life for illustrations of the instinct for processions we find as examples, Mayoral processions, hospital-day parades, processions when the Judge comes in state, in University towns processions of graduates and numerous other processions great and small.

Our last example is that of the Church. With varying degrees of ceremonial, most congregations see their clergy and choirs enter and leave the Church in processional order. A certain bride once asked a clergyman if the clergy and choir could meet the bridal procession at the door of the church. His reply was, "Only Royalty and the dead are thus honoured!"

The correctness of his statement I cannot vouch for, but it forms a concluding illustration of that inborn fondness for processions characteristic of our human nature.

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**VESPER HYMN**

To the tune of Hymn 291 B.C., 276 A. d. M.

O Lord our God, protect, we pray, our sailors also keep, Where'er they watch upon the deep,

O Lord, our airmen, who for us each day And let them never stray, That they the "Promised Land" may reach,

Are fighting in the air, And meet Thee, Lord, upon the beach, And never be sent away.

We pray Thee bless our soldiers too, That they be both brave and true, That they may be both brave and true,

And fight as Christian men; And fight as Christian men;

O take the dying in Thy care, O take the dying in Thy care,

The wounded, Lord, their sorrows share, And never may despair. And never may despair.

And bring them home again.

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Dress Economies in Time of War.

The pattern of this child's coat frock (Pattern M) will be supplied to readers for 4d., only post free, on application to the Publishers of "The Church Standard," 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

**To Cut Out.—** Lay the patterns on the material according to the diagram. Mark round all edges and notches and through all perforations with tinted chalk, remove the pattern and cut out exactly by the chalk lines as all seams and turnings are allowed for.

**Directions for Making.—** First of all sort out the patterns, being guided by the diagram I give; you will easily see which is which. Pin each together and try against the figure; should any slight alteration be found necessary make it in the paper patterns. It is always advisable to allow for a fairly deep hem when making children's frocks because of "letting down" as they grow.

**To Make.—** (The Frock.) Lay shoulders and sides together with notches matching; close on the wrong side of material, turn in edges of seam and stitch again to neaten. Press well. Face each edge with binding or press clips and trim with buttons. Try on the dress, turn up lower edge singly on wrong side to length required, stitch round by machine, face raw edges with binding and press. French seam the sleeves, or, if they are lined, join on wrong side and press seams open. Gather the ends into little wrist bands, face cuffs and join them to wrist bands with notches matching. Neaten inside. Now join sleeves carefully into armholes, being guided by notches and bind the raw edges to prevent fraying. Face collar and fell it to the neck. Lay front of neck into a single turning on the wrong side and neaten by facing. Take in the waist fullness slightly with a runner thread, and tack on a previously neatened belt. Face the pockets, leaving an opening for band at the top, attach them with two buttons to belt, and slip the continuation straps into the shoulder seams. Press the dress thoroughly.

**The Bloomers.—** Close the leg, back, and front seams. Turn in the knee edges singly on wrong side; face with black tape, forming slits, and thread these with elastic.
The War Worker. By Sydney Malkinson.

He was an ordinary, commonplace, unassuming, modest little woman—not very handsome to look at, not very interesting with whom to converse—a lowly member of that great army of nobodies, whom nobody wants, nobody thinks much of, nobody cares about. Nevertheless, she went on her way; she had a mission in life and she fulfilled it to the very best of her ability, which is not always the way even with those whom everybody wants, everybody thinks of, everybody cares about. But, of course, father must have a holiday. You see he needed it. Every night when he came home from work and sat eating his hot supper the children played about; they shouted and laughed, they danced, jumped, scrambled and made such a noise, yes, even for a whole hour, and that was far too long to be bothered with noisy, tiresome bairns, especially when it is remembered that father worked.

Charles Henry, the eldest son, had begun work. He was employed in the same munition factory as his father, and naturally felt his position keenly. A bright, healthy-looking lad, but evidently his home-training had made him develop into "a chip of the old block."

I was passing the factory gates one evening, just as the big steam whistle shrieked its welcome note to the workers, acquainting them with the simple fact which every one of them already knew, that the hour of closing had arrived. In less than a minute a crowd of men and women and boys poured through the opening, and before I had time to think I found myself walking by the side of Charles Henry, who sauntered along with his hands in his trousers pockets, and smoked a "Woodbine" cigarette.

"Well, Charles Henry," said I, "and how do you like your new work?"

"Oh, all right," he answered, "anything's better than sticking at school all your life. And, besides that, I want to get hold of a bit of money."

"You have begun smoking," I ventured to comment.

"You see I work now," he replied.

"Perhaps it would be better," I suggested, "if you tried to take care of your money. In these days it is the careful boy who gets on in the world."

"I'm careful enough," said he, "for I mean to have a jolly good holiday this next summer, war or no war. Us workmen need a bit of change and rest."

"Yes," I replied, "we all do."

"And I reckon," he went on, "if I can only raise the wind, I shall go to one of them fashionable places. I don't see why a lot of snobs should have it all to themselves."

"I suppose your father will accompany you?" I asked.

"I expect so," he answered. "Me and father want to see a few things round about."

"I dare say you will take your mother with you?"

"Mother?" he asked in bewildering astonishment.

"Mother? Why, she wants no holiday! She does not a nook or cranny with which she is not very well acquainted; she knew every inch of it, upstairs and downstairs.

Now when I say that she had lived in this same house. There was not a nook or cranny with which she was not very well acquainted; she knew every inch of it, upstairs and downstairs.

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"And does he have breakfast before he goes?"

"Six o'clock."

"Why, that's lucky."

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**Hints on Reading the Lessons.**

After many years' experience and study of the above subject, may I add, writes a well-known authority, some remarks to the valuable paper of Mr. Shephard-Walwyn in your last issue. As to lessons in elocution, there is a difference between reading Shakespeare and reading history, between reading history and reading the Word of God. The latter, with the exception of the poetical and prophetical books of the Old Testament and the Epistles of the New Testament, consists of historical records. As such, dramatic interpretation should be rarely used, and then only with restraint and reverence. An ambitious layman once read the conversation between Balaam and his ass so finely that the squire remarked there wanted only a few words to make the performance perfect.

The words of the Lord Jesus should mostly be read, in order to distinguish them, slowly, in a soft almost monotone, with studied clearness of intonation. When the great Samuel Wilberforce read or spoke you could see his lips move; his consonants were distinct, as French speakers are, not like the slovenly English pronunciation. His voice was as clear as a bell. It was this result in which case the a should have its full sound, not thus, and a half above your conversational pitch. Another rule in reading the lessons or prayers is to obliterate contrast drawn between persons. Trying to be clever is fatal, should be very delicate, mostly a semitone, not as is often used for "what," as is.

**The Christmas Card of Gratitude.**

There is still time, just a little bit of thanks be missing, when the men in the trenches or on the North Sea, in hospital or in training, are receiving their Christmas budget. The cards are postcard size, most exquisitely printed. In many colours, each one a work of art. They can be obtained direct from The Publishers, "Home Words," Ltd., 11 Leadenhall Square, London, E.C. 4, as follows: 12 copies, post free, for one shilling; 6 copies, post free, for eightpence; 3 copies, post free, for fourpence halfpenny; 2 copies, post free, for threepence.

**Hints on Reading the Lessons.**

"Certainly he does!"
"And who, may I ask, gets it ready for him?"
"Why, mother, of course!" he answered.
"And what time do you think your mother gets up in the morning?"
"About five, I should say," said he.
"What time do you go to work?"
"Seven o'clock," was the reply.
"And do you have breakfast before you go?" I asked.
"Certainly!" he quickly answered, "I couldn't work on an empty stomach."
"And who gets your breakfast ready?"
"Mother."
"And what time do the children get up?"
"About half past seven."
"And who was the first time do the children get up?"
"Mother does. What else is she for?" he asked.
"The same of the children go to school?" I inquired.
"Yes, four of them," was the reply.
"And what time does father come home to dinner?"
"said I.
"Twelve o'clock. Same time as the children."
"What time do you have dinner?" I continued.
"One o'clock."
The darkness falls and troubled souls seek rest: Master, beloved, sanctified, adored,
Give us to know and pray for what is best.
Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, Lord.

THANKSGIVING.
We give Thee thanks, O Heavenly Father, Who hast preserved us through the night. We pray Thee to keep us through this day, and to bring us in safety to the evening hours, that Thou mayest receive our praise at all times, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR LIGHT AND GUIDANCE.
We beseech Thee, O Lord, let our hearts be graciously enlightened by Thy Holy Spirit, that we may serve Thee in truth and righteousness at all times, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.
O LORD Jesus Christ, to Whom all the sick were brought that they might be healed, and Who didst send none of them away without Thy blessing; look in pity upon all who come to Thee for healing of body and soul; send them not away without Thy blessing, but now and evermore grant them Thy healing grace. Amen.

FOR ALL PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES.
Merciful Father, Who didst send Thy Son to proclaim deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bound, defend those who are in captivity and distress; in loneliness cheer them, in sickness give them healing, and fill them constantly with the hope of Thine everlasting mercy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR ABSSENT LOVED ONES.
O God, our Keeper and Helper, we humbly pray Thee to watch over those who have gone forth to serve their King and Country. May Thy Fatherly care shield them, the love of Thy dear Son preserve them from all evil, and the guidance of Thy Holy Spirit keep them in the way that leadeth to Eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A WAR PRAYER.
Watch Thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or weep to-night, and give Thine angels charge over those who sleep. Tend Thy sick ones, O Lord Jesus. Rest Thy weary ones. Bless Thy dying ones. Soothe Thy suffering ones. Pity Thy afflicted ones. Shield Thy joyous ones. And all for Thy love's sake. Amen. [St. Augustine.]

AN ADVENT PRAYER.
Lord, who hast revealed to us that the night is far spent, the day is at hand, grant that we may ever be found watching, like servants who wait for the coming of Thy Lord; that when He cometh and knocketh, we may open to Him immediately. Save us from all love of this world, that we may wait with patient hope for the day of the Lord, and abide in Him, that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.
O Almighty God, Who by the Birth of Thy Holy Child Jesus hast given us a great Light to dawn upon our darkness, grant, we pray Thee, that in His light we may see light to the end of our days; and bestow upon us, we beseech Thee, that most excellent gift of love that so the likeness of Thy Son may be formed in us and that we may have the ever-brightening hope of everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR COURAGE.
Blessed Lord, Who wast tempted in all things like as we are, have mercy upon our frailty. Out of weakness give us strength. Grant to us Thy fear, that we may fear Thee only. Support us in time of temptation. Embolden us in time of danger. Help us to do Thy work with good courage, and to continue Thy faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO SORROW.
O Almighty and Everlasting God, the Comfort of the sad, the Strength of the sufferers, let the prayers of those that cry out of any tribulation come unto Thee, that all may rejoice to find that Thy mercy is present with them in their afflictions; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A MORNING PRAYER.
O God our Father, Who makest the outgoings of the morning to praise Thee, we again come into Thy presence with trustful and thankful hearts. For all the blessings of the night, and the gift of morning light, we thank Thee. Our times are in Thy hands; help us to praise Thee at all times. Lift us into the higher life, so that casting away the works of darkness, we may joyfully follow Him Who is the Light of the world. Direct us into the path of duty, and guide our feet into the way of peace. Strengthen us by Thy Holy Spirit that we may always do the things which are pleasing in Thy sight. May neither things present, nor things to come, separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Give us grace to manifest the Christly spirit of love to all around us. We ask these blessings for ourselves, and for all who are near and dear to us, in the name of Him Who loved us, and gave Himself for us, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.