

New Series.
No. 76.

APRIL, 1912.
Myddle Parish

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

St. Peter's, Myddle.

Rector: REV. S. A. WOOLWARD, M.A.

Assistant Priest: REV. E. REITH (also Rector of Petton).

Churchwardens: MESSRS. T. BIRCH AND E. TOWNSEND.

Parish Sidesmen: MESSRS. T. FARRINGTON, T. JONES, E. MICKLE-
WRIGHT, G. PHILLIPS, P. PORCH, AND J. ROBERTS, JUN.

Organist: MRS. REITH.

Assistant: MISS FRANCES PARKER.

Parish Clerk and Sexton: WILLIAM WRIGHT.

SUNDAY SERVICES:

HOLY COMMUNION, after Morning Prayer, FIRST AND THIRD SUNDAYS. At 8 a.m. OTHER SUNDAYS, and GREAT HOLY DAYS. At 7 a.m. instead of 8 a.m. SECOND SUNDAY, April to October. CHRISTMAS DAY and EASTER DAY, 7 and 8 a.m., and at mid-day.

HOLY BAPTISM: SECOND SUNDAY, 8 a.m., FOURTH AND FIFTH SUNDAYS 3-30. SERVICES: FIRST AND THIRD SUNDAYS, 11 a.m.; Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. OTHER SUNDAYS, Morning Prayer and Litany. 6-30 p.m. Evening Prayer. At 7 p.m. in Summer Months.

SUNDAY SCHOOL: 10 a.m.; 2-30 p.m., with Catechizing.

Children's Service and Catechizing, SECOND SUNDAY; 3 p.m.

Holy Days and Saints Days.

11 a.m. Morning Prayer, and Ante-Communion.

Advent and Lent.

WEDNESDAY, 7-30 p.m., Evening Prayer and Address.

Week Days.

8 a.m., Morning Prayer Daily, except in winter months.

HARMER HILL SCHOOL CHURCH.

Harmonium.

Sunday, 11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, quarterly.
SUNDAY, 6-30 p.m. Evening Prayer and Sermon throughout the year.
ADVENT AND LENT, Friday, 7-30 p.m. Evening Prayer and Address
SUNDAY SCHOOL, 9-30 a.m., 3 p.m. Superintendent—Miss Colley.

National Service League.

A well-attended meeting in support of the above was held at Myddle School on Feb. 15th; Brownlow R. C. Tower, Esq. presiding, when some stirring and patriotic addresses were given by Capt. Charles Hunt and Eustace Kenyon, Esq., shewing the need for young men to come forward for a short annual training by which we should obtain an army to repel an invasion, of which there was grave danger last July and August, though England as a whole was quite unconscious of the terrible danger we were in. Some excellent lantern slides were shewn, bringing home to us a little of the horrors of invasion, from which England, and England alone, among all European countries, has been mercifully free through the power of her Fleet. Some leaflets were distributed and questions answered, and some new subscribers came forward, the Meeting closing with hearty votes of thanks to Mr. Brownlow Tower and to the able speakers for their clear and convincing addresses.

Countess Brownlow's Christmas Tree and Treat.

This was of course intended to come off long before the actual date, but from various unavoidable causes it was put off until Feb. 16th. Both Schools were entertained at a royal repast, Myddle children in their own School, and the Harmer Hill contingent in the long room at the Lion Inn close by; Mr. Colemere and a large army of assistants catering most successfully for the whole party. Mrs. Brownlow Tower and some kind helpers from Ellesmere had been busy nearly all day loading with an endless array of beautiful presents the very biggest tree which could be coaxed into the School. About 160 children sat down to tea, Grace being sung before and afterwards, and then all assembled for the distribution of the presents which had been most thoughtfully arranged for each child by name, the Teachers also receiving a pretty and useful memento of this festive occasion. A very happy time ended with rousing cheers for Earl and Countess Brownlow, for Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow Tower and for all who had helped in giving the children such a splendid treat.

The Bible Society.

The Annual meeting of the local branch was held this year in turn at Myddle School on Feb. 23rd, there being present the Rector in the chair and the Rev. E. Reith, Rev. W. O. Vaughan Davies, the Messrs. R. es, Pryce, Mrs. and Miss Pryce who kindly played the harmonium, and others. After a hymn and prayers by the Chairman, the Secretary read the Annual Report, shewing a total sum of £5 4s. 2d. The Rev. W. Bowman, whom we have had the pleasure of welcoming on more than one previous occasion, gave a most interesting address on the work of the Society in Korea, a country where Christianity at first flourished, but was stamped out, and has now again, as so often in history before, returned in full force and is now spreading in every direction. A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker was proposed by the Rev. E. Reith and seconded by the Rev. W. O. V. Davies and carried unanimously, and the Meeting closed with another Hymn and prayers.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

The first day of Lent was kept in the usual way, the children attending Service in the morning, while there was evening Service at the Parish Church and School Church. For the special Services at the former the Rector was fortunate in obtaining help from some neighbouring Clergy, whose sermons proved in every case a great treat to all present. These were as follows:—Feb. 24th, Rev. H. Phillips Lee, vicar of Newtown; March 6th, Rev. J. Ramsay Pyle, the Diocesan Inspector, vicar of Preston-Wealdmoors; March 14th, Rev. P. A. E. Emson, vicar of All Saints', Shrewsbury; March 20th, Rev. W. G. D. Fletcher, F.S.A., vicar of Oxon, Shrewsbury; and on March 27th, the Rev. F. H. Roach, vicar of St. Alkmund's, Shrewsbury, to whom we are all indebted for their interesting and helpful Sermons, The Church being so large for a small week-



EASTER NUMBER: APRIL CALENDAR. ©

1 M	M. P. EASTER. M. Lam. 1. 1-15; John 14. 1-15. E. Lam. 2. 13; John 14. 15.	1st Sunday after Easter. M. Num. 16. 1-36; 1 Cor. 15. 1-29. E. Num. 16. 36 or 17. 1-12; John 20. 24-30.
2 Tu	TU. B. EASTER. M. Lam. 3. 1-34; John 15. 1-14. E. Lam. 3. 34; John 15. 14.	15 M Ruth 3; Luke 12. 35.
3 W	W. B. EASTER. M. Lam. 4. 1-21; John 16. 1-16. E. Dan. 9. 20; John 16. 16.	16 Tu 1 Sam. 1; Luke 13. 1-18.
4 Th	TH. B. EASTER. M. Hosea 13. 1-15; John 17. E. Hosea 14; John 13. 1-36.	17 W 1 Sam. 2. 21; Luke 13. 18.
5 F	GOOD FRIDAY. M. Gen. 22. 1-20; John 13. E. Isa. 52. 13 and 53; 1 Peter 2.	18 Th 1 Sam. 4; Luke 14. 1-25.
6 S	EASTER EVEN. M. Zech. 9; Luke 23. 50. E. Hosea 5. 8-6, 4; Rom. 8. 1-14.	19 F 1 Sam. 6; Luke 14. 25-15. 11.
7 S	Easter Day. M. Ex. 12. 1-29; Rev. 1. 10-19. E. Ex. 12. 29 or 14; John 20. 11-19 or Rev. 5.	20 S 1 Sam. 8; Luke 15. 11.
8 M	M. IN EASTER WEEK. M. Ex. 15. 1-22; Luke 24. 1-13. E. Canticles 2. 10; Matt. 28. 1-10.	21 S 2nd Sunday after Easter. M. Num. 20. 1-14; Luke 16. [5. 22. E. Num. 20. 14-21. 10 or 21. 10; Eph. 4. 25-]
9 Tu	TU. IN EASTER WEEK. M. 2 Kings 13. 14-22; John 21. 1-15. E. Ezek. 37. 1-15; John 21. 15.	22 M 1 Sam. 12; Luke 17. 1-20.
10 W	Judges 6. 32-9. 25; Luke 9. 51-10. 17.	23 Tu 1 Sam. 14. 1-24; Luke 17. 20.
11 Th	Judges 11. 1-29; Luke 10. 17.	24 W 1 Sam. 15; Luke 18. 1-31.
12 F	Judges 13; Luke 11. 1-29.	25 Th ST. MARK, E. & M. M. Isa. 62. 6; Luke 18. 31-19. 11. E. Mark 1. 1-15; Philippians 2.
13 S	Judges 15; Luke 11. 29.	26 F 1 Sam. 17. 1-31; Luke 19. 11-28.
		27 S 1 Sam. 17. 55-18. 17; Luke 19. 28.
		28 S 3rd Sunday after Easter. M. Num. 22; Luke 20. 1-27. E. Num. 23 or 24; Col. 1. 1-21.
		29 M 1 Sam. 21; Luke 20. 27-21. 5.
		30 Tu 1 Sam. 23; Luke 21. 5.

Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

Q "Heathen" Christians.

A S we rejoice over the fact that the number of heathen abroad is gradually being diminished by the faithful and devoted work of the thousands of missionaries, one does not like to think that there can be many "heathen" Christians at home, whom we must place in the same category as the gentleman referred to in the following story. There was a missionary collection at a certain church in America, and the churchwarden was handing the plate to certain gentleman, who, however, refused to give anything, saying, he knew nothing about the heathen. "Here," said the churchwarden, still holding the plate before him, "take something then, for evidently you are one of them."

Q Shielded by the Lepers.

Referring to the devotion of the missionaries, we are reminded of it in hearing of their bravery throughout the Revolution in China. Mrs. Hipwell, a faithful worker at Pakhoi, South China, writes home to say, that in spite of riots and fightings, she and her fellow-workers remain at their post. The women found the Training School the safest place. She says that one night when bullets were hissing overhead, and robbers were outside the wall of the compound, the women and girls rushed in among the lepers for safety, and safety they found, as the robbers were afraid to kidnap the lepers! And thus the lepers became the saviours of their less afflicted sisters.

Q A Church of Bulrushes.

That sounds frail enough, but a church of bulrushes once existed, and it was the first place of worship erected by soldiers at Perth, Western Australia, in 1820. The building was very carefully erected almost entirely of this frail material. All religious services were held in it on Sundays, but unfortunately it was used for all sorts of secular purposes on weekdays. There are many "churches" in foreign parts, especially in the more remote parts of Canada, of very similar build, as for instance the wooden log churches of which we have heard so much. How it should make us appreciate the more our beautiful churches at home, and what an incentive it should

prove to us to give as liberally as we can to further missionary work.

Q The Greatest—the Humblest.

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

Q Among the Cannibals.

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

Q Saved by a Human Chain.

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



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"All in the April morning,
April airs were abroad;

I saw the sheep with their lambs
And thought on the Lamb of God."—KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Easter Holy Communion.

"This is My Body"—Lord we break
The Bread of Life with Thee;
With Thee, an Unseen Host, partake
The Holy Mystery;
Nor deem it common bread and wine,
But blessed by Thee and so Divine.

"This is My Blood"—O Christ we drink
The Cup oft drained of yore,
The while with lowly love we think
Of One Who supped before:
What guileless lips were those unbent
To form the first great Sacrament.

"This do remembering Me"—O God
How shall Thy Church forget
The living Way, on which alone
Her pilgrim feet are set:
Thyself the Way, Thyself the Goal,
The Food of each believing soul?

And in the Kingdom of Thy grace
May we united be,
To see Thy glory and Thy face,
And keep our tryst with Thee—
Guests at Thy Feast of Love Divine
Spread in that Upper Room of Thine.

KATE BEDFORD

THE QUESTION OF GOOD FRIDAY.

By CANON SMYTH, B.D., LL.D.

WHAT shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" It is the question of Pontius Pilate. And the answer is known wherever the Christian creed is said: He "suffered under Pontius Pilate." What will you do with Jesus? Crucify Him? Cast Him away altogether out of your life? No; few of us have the wickedness or the heartlessness to do that. Even Pilate refused to do that.

Or will you like Pilate try to throw off this responsibility on Herod or on the crowd? Would you send Him to Herod, to the clever people who can give clever reasons for disbelieving in His divinity? You are a busy man and have not time to settle such questions. Or would you throw off the responsibility by appealing to the crowd? saying, "Most people around me don't want to stand out on the side of Jesus any more than I. I would go with them if they all elected to choose Him. I am as good as they are; I don't feel responsible."

No; Pilate did not escape that way, nor will you. You know in your heart that that is all wrong. You can't throw off responsibility. Each man is responsible for his life decision as if he stood alone in the universe.

Or would you just patronise Him and admire Him like Pilate: "This just person." "I find no fault in Him." That is the religion of many very respectable people. They dare admire Christ; they dare patronise the Son of God. They go to church when it is fine, or when they like some preacher. They keep up outward respect for Christianity. But as for devotion to Him—for any real heart-throb of gratitude, of love, of loyalty, as for misery about the failure that would disappoint Him, and eager desire to watch over His interests, as for any comfort in His presence, in prayer or sacrament, as for any real feeling of any kind at all about Him, it is not there.

Is that what any of you will do with Jesus? A thousand times, no! Will you not worship Him, follow Him, love Him, serve Him, place yourself at His feet as your Master and Friend?

VOL. XLII. NO. IV.

THE ANSWER OF EASTER.

By BISHOP WELLDON, Dean of Manchester.

IN the view of the Church, Christ was not mere man, but higher than man; not a Son of God only, but *the* only-begotten Son; and his resurrection is the seal of His Divinity.

Had He been only human, it would have seemed natural that He should be born as common men and women are born, and should die as they die; but because He was a Being not only human but Divine, His birth was naturally distinguished from ordinary births, and His death from ordinary deaths. He was born of the Virgin Mary. He did not lie in the grave but rose to life again.

But two questions at once arise:—

1. How does the fact that Jesus Christ rose on the first Easter Day affect humanity at large? If He rose from the grave, why does it follow that we shall all rise? Why should He not claim resurrection as His own exclusive prerogative?

The answer lies in the unique relation in which He stands to the whole human family. He is the Head of humanity. He is the second Adam. As we all inherited death from the first man, so from the second by the same law of heredity we all inherit resurrection. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

2. If we shall rise again, what shall we be like at our rising? Is it possible, and if so, how is it possible to imagine a corporeal resurrection?

St. Paul meets this difficulty parabolically by saying that the body of the resurrection will be to the body of the present life as the golden corn in harvest-time is to the seed, as the sun in its glory is to one of the minor stars. It will be not a natural but a spiritual body. It will be the same body, only transformed and glorified.

How such a change can pass upon the human body it is difficult and perhaps impossible to conceive, unless by reference to that mysterious hour when the Lord took His three favoured disciples apart into a mountain, and there "He was transfigured before them." For there, upon that mountain, heaven and earth were brought near to each other, and the earthly being was not destroyed, but merged in the heavenly.

E 2



MOIRA:

By
MORICE
GERARD

CHAPTER IX.

In the Nick of Time.

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

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

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

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



OUR
SERIAL
TALE.

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

present day seemed out of keeping with her mental picture.

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

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

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

The horses were galloping furiously. Moira stood up and looked out over the landscape; she knew, only too well, the exact spot which the carriage had reached, the proximity to the cliff-edge, the certainty that, unless the horses could be wheeled to the right, that the barouche and all it contained must inevitably be dragged

over the head, and flung down on the beach below, a fall of nearly two hundred feet!

Death stared her in the face, imminent, terrible!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Without moving his head, he spoke to the groom—

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

"Yes, sir."

Two minutes later they reached the point Compton had in his mind's eye. Twenty yards further on they would be at the cliff-edge; a turn

at that spot would be almost impossible, it must be effected now, or not at all!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What he said was prosaic enough, words which might have been spoken before a multitude, but his tone vibrated with suppressed feeling.

"You will get cold; the night air is very keen; let me get you another spare wrap out of the carriage."

"Thank you; I had not felt the cold."

Compton put the rug about her shoulders tenderly, showing that he thought the value of what he was guarding priceless, showing it by his touch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I expect you hope the last."

She shook her head; she was not yet able to take up his light way of speaking.

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

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

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

"Yes."

"Then there it shall be."

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

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

"No; I hardly expected you so soon."

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

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

Compton handed her into the carriage and then followed himself.



"Compton put the rug about her shoulders tenderly."

The groom drove slowly, evidently under instruction.

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

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

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

"Yes!"

"What a rude awakening it must have been."

"I was dreaming, too."

"Pleasant dreams?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You did not answer what I said."

"Didn't I?"

"No," Compton persisted.

"Was it a question?" she replied innocently.

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

"Of course; why not?"

"Well! It was not an auspicious beginning."

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

CHAPTER X. Long Alan.

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

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

Maurice Stanton came down in time for breakfast, meeting his friend in the hall. They used the morning-room, which had a delightful outlook over the moor, purpling in the sunlight.

Stanton walked over to the open window, and drew into his lungs a deep breath of air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where is she now?"

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

"Wire to her and fix it up. I will ask Miss Lefroy to find her a lodging, and get her father to do the paying for me; she will work under him, and Dr. Graham, of course."



"He found Mrs. Lefroy and Moira having tea."

"You are a good chap!"

"Not a bit of it. I should never have thought of it myself; it is part of the responsibilities of a place like this; you buy it with the estate!"

attracted him at once; she was an older and more delicate replica of Moira, still pretty, with the charm of a true gentlewoman. He learnt that Moira had been over to Shelf Cottage during the morning and was delighted with the satisfactory news Mrs. Grayson gave of Victor; she had not actually seen him, as Dr. Graham had said "no visitors."

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

They were soon walking briskly along, side by side.

"I can hardly believe I only met you for the first time yesterday, Miss Lefroy; it seems more like weeks than hours since I saw you standing in the doorway of the Cottage."

"I had run away to get out of your sight, but poor little Victor was so bad I had to reappear."

Compton felt inclined to say he was grateful to Victor Grayson, but as it would sound rather inhuman he refrained; instead he said: "I hope you are none the worse for your adventures last night?"

"Not the slightest; I had a restful night, undisturbed by dreams of dangers either by land or sea!"

"I am glad of that; I wondered early this morning how you were. You know," he went on, as they breasted the hill, "my friend Stanton is going to sit up to-night with the child."

"Yes; it is awfully good of him. Mrs. Grayson told me. I offered to take the place, but was not accepted."

"I made an arrangement to-day," Compton said, "which perhaps I ought to have discussed with Mr. Lefroy before fixing things up." He went on to tell her briefly about the conversation between himself and Stanton, and the subsequent telegrams, handing her the return missive.

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

"Stanton ought to have all the credit; you don't know him as well as I do, or you would understand. He fixed me with those great eyes of his, which always seem to have undisturbed depths in them, like some mountain pool. When he looks like that he mesmerizes you, and you propose instinctively to do just what he wants."

"That is your way of putting it, Mr. Compton. If you prefer it, the credit shall be divided between you."

"Let me give up my share of it, or put it in the balance against all the 'undones' of my life 'which ought to have been done.' I hope perhaps your father will kindly undertake the

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

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

With the answer in his pocket, Compton proceeded to the Manse. He found Mrs. Lefroy and Moira having tea; the clergyman was out, visiting a case at some distance. Compton was welcomed with Scotch hospitality. Mrs. Lefroy

financial side of the arrangement. I will send a cheque to cover the first year, and he, I hope, will settle with Miss Monteith how she will like the salary paid. I expect finding rooms for her will be a difficulty?"

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

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

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

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

When they had nearly reached the Manse again Compton said—

"I forgot to mention to you

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

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

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

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

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

"What was he like?"

"Tall, nearly as tall as myself; powerful, but loosely built, with his right shoulder a little higher than his left. I took an accurate mental photograph in the short space

he allowed me for the purpose." Compton was looking closely at Moira. "You know who he is, I can see that, Miss Lefroy."

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

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

"I am sorry; I hope you will be lenient with him, Mr. Compton"—she laid three fingers on his arm by way of emphasizing her appeal—"he has a delicate little



"The man is really a good sort, Mr. Compton"

wife, such a nice woman, and a crippled boy, one of my pets."

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

He was had up for assault, but the case was dismissed. Since then he has been able to get very little regular occupation; the farmers are very clanish, and, perhaps naturally, are rather afraid to employ him. He is very skilful with his fingers, and can also handle a boat; the fishermen employ him when they want an extra man."

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

"Brice, Alan Brice!"

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

It was Moira's turn to be astonished now. "Yes! yes!" she answered.

Running and the Race of Life.

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

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

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

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

Let us then consider—

I. Running and the Race of Life.

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

There were four of these great meetings for sport—

(1) The Olympic games, which were the most

important. These were held in honour of Olympian Zeus in Olympia, and took place every four years.

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

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

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

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

St. Paul, in writing to the Christians at Corinth, reminds them of the great races which were held at the Isthmian games, close by them at Corinth. As I have just said, these and the Olympic games were the great sports of the world, and a man who won in them became a hero known to the world; and St. Paul knew quite well that every one to whom he was writing knew all about these great games, and so he says to the Corinthians that life is like a race at the Isthmian games. He tells them to remember how the victors in these games run, and in the spiritual life to copy them. They were to run in the race of life (to live their life) so that they might obtain—"so run that ye may obtain."

And, reader, as we take part in or look on at the races or sports which perhaps are held in our neighbourhood, you and I need to think more often of that far greater race which we are all running, which we cannot help running—though we can help whether we run it well or badly—the race of life. And I think, were St. Paul alive to-day, he would urge on us the point he urged

on the Corinthians, that we must so run this race that we may obtain the reward at its finish.

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

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

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

Let us consider, then,

II. How to run.

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

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

(a) *He must get rid of all weights.*

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

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

(b) *He must look where he is going.*

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

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

So the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews

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

(c) *He must constantly train.*

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

(d) *He must never give up.*

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

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

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

III. The Judge.

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

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

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

(1) *He was selected for his spotless integrity.*

Is he not then a fit type of that great Judge of all the earth, Who knew not sin and Whose spotless character and absolute sinlessness were well summed up in those words of the Baptist, “Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world.”

(2) This Judge was required to spend ten months in learning the duties of his office, and for the last month to watch the training of the athletes who were going to compete.

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

IV. The Prize-giving.

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

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

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

(a) In the Olympic games it was a crown of wild olive.

(b) In the Isthmian games it was a crown of pine leaves (in St. Paul's time) and ivy.

(c) In the Nemean games it was a crown of parsley.

(d) In the Pythian games it was a crown of laurel.

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

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

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

St. Paul reminds us how those old athletes used to train before their race—what trouble they took to be able to run well, yet they only did it to win a corruptible crown—for, as we saw, the crown given was but of leaves, which would fade within a year (though the winner was welcomed with the honours of a victorious general)—and

we, we do it to win the victor's crown in Heaven, which shall never fade nor its lustre pass away.

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

* * *

Then, athlete in Christ's training ground of life, let St. Paul remind you of that great and awful race you are now running, the starting-point of which is the cradle and baptism, and the winning-post of which is beyond the grave and gate of death, where Jesus holds the palm branches and the garlands of victory to give to all who run well, who live a good and holy life. And may He, the Captain and Champion of all Christian athletes, so bless each one of you, that you may be enabled so to run and so to live amidst all the glitter and glare of earth that one day, as you breast the tape held out by death, you may at the same moment reach out your hand and grasp the winning-post, and, hearing the words of Jesus ring out "Well done," you may raise your eyes and see His tender, congratulating smile, and take from His Hand the crown and palms—emblems of conquest—which are *promised* to every spiritual athlete who, with Christ's wonderful coaching and splendid help, will do his very utmost to get rid of sin and all that God hates, and to run the race of life pure and good and true.

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

THE MARRED MEETING.

(Read St. John xx. 25, 28.)

I. "I WILL NOT BELIEVE."

YE say ye've seen Him? Nay, it cannot be!
 Could He we laid in yon dark cavern rise
 And come to us in natural human guise,
 Just as of yore? Nay, nay! It was not He!
 I *must* believe? Ah, never, till I see
 The nail-prints in His hands, and with these eyes
 Behold His side. Till proof all doubt defies,
 And Face to face He doth commune with me!

II. "MY LORD AND MY GOD."

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

♦ ♦ ♦ JOAN ARUNDEL.

RED LETTER CHURCH NEWS.

* * * If you know of any piece of church news which you think would be interesting to our readers, send it to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C., during April. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs are specially welcome, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is desired.

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

The Oldest Northern Church.—At Lindisfarne four churches have been erected in the days now long past. In 635 A.D. Aidan, a Scottish monk, strove to evangelize the rough Northumbrians, and built a structure composed of wood and the bents found on what is now called Holy Island. This gave place to a more substantial edifice, also of wood, about the year 750 A.D., but through the active interest of an early bishop of Lindisfarne—and there were sixteen in all—a substantial stone cathedral took its place in the closing years of the eighth century. It had, however, a short life, for in 793 the Vikings or Danes swarmed upon the coast, burnt the cathedral, and slew all the inhabitants, leaving the sea-birds in undisturbed possession for upwards of two centuries. It was not till 1070 A.D., when the Conqueror marched north to punish the Scots for rebellion to his rule, that the few faithful monks, carrying the bones of St. Cuthbert, found a refuge within the walls of the ruined cathedral. Here they set to work to rebuild the walls around the temporary shrine guarding the bones of the saint. Our photograph shows the magnificent rainbow arch spanning the nave. It is a matter of wonder to the antiquary that such a piece of masonry should withstand the wear and tear of wind and storm for all these centuries.—
W. HALLIDAY, F.S.A.



The Oldest Church in North England.

85



The old "Clerk's House," Fressingfield.

An Archbishop's Bequest.—The accompanying photograph shows an old tenement known as the "clerk's house," which for many years stood on the outskirts of the churchyard at Fressingfield, Suffolk, to which village it was bequeathed by Archbishop Sancroft, in 1685, as a residence for the parish clerk. After being occupied by successive worthies for a long period, it was latterly used as an almshouse for several old ladies of the parish, until at last the property became so dilapidated that an order was issued for it to be demolished, and the site of the old "clerk's house" is now part of an adjoining garden. Archbishop Sancroft was born at Fressingfield, and lies buried under the shadow of the south porch of the beautiful parish church there. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ E. BOND.

"The Hold Buffer!"—Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who recently retired from the bishopric of Ripon, was at one time being constantly called upon to officiate at fashionable weddings. Upon one of these occasions the Bishop was to conduct the ceremony at a West End church. The usual large crowd of interested spectators had collected to witness the arrival of the wedding party. Magnificent motors and carriages drew up beside the strip of red carpet and disgorged their splendidly dressed occupants. At the tail of the procession came an extremely ramshackle four-wheeler. Two policemen rushed forward—"Here! hi!" they shouted, "you can't stop here! The Bishop is just coming!" The cabby scornfully surveyed the constables: "Keep your 'air on," he said, "I've got the 'hold buffer' in 'ere." And out of the ancient vehicle stepped Dr. Carpenter. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A Royal Superstition.—Canterbury Cathedral, like most Gothic cathedrals, is decorated with innumerable niches for statues. At Canterbury a series of these niches is occupied with statues of kings and queens of England,

and there are only four niches left unoccupied. An old tradition has it that when all the niches are filled the throne of England will come to an end. Queen Victoria was approached with a view to a statue of herself being placed in one of the four remaining niches, but her late Majesty was aware of the old tradition and refused. One wonders whether in the future there will be four monarchs of England sufficiently indifferent to superstition to defy the tradition and allow their effigies to fill the unoccupied spaces.

♦ ♦ MRS. BURRISS.

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

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

What is it?—"No doubt," writes Mr. C. A. Peacock, "many of your readers will at first glance wonder what the accompanying illustration represents, but the proper effect is only to be obtained by holding the paper above the head and looking up at it. It is the old and beautifully painted ceiling in the tower of St. Albans Cathedral with the windows and ancient corridors beneath it, and it is much admired by the many visitors to this historic building. I have never before seen a photograph of this ceiling, although until about four years ago I spent my life in the city. Many of my friends to whom I have shown the print have been puzzled as to what it is until told to view it in the manner described above." ♦ ♦ ♦

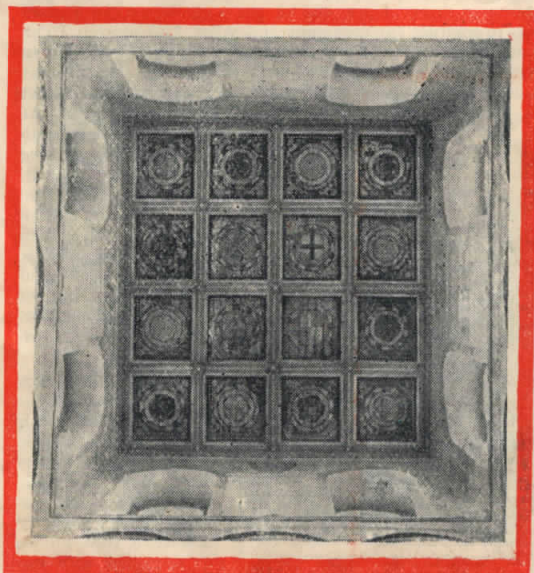


Photo by

What is it?

(C. A. PEACOCK.)



A Pathetic Graveyard.

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

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

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

Chertsey Abbey Bell.—It may not be generally known that the story told in the poem "Curfew shall not ring to-night" is in all probability true. A recent article in a magazine states that the bell which the heroine, Bessie, prevented from ringing still hangs and rings in the belfry of Chertsey Parish Church. It is known as the Abbey Bell, because it was originally made for Chertsey Abbey, but was preserved and given to the Parish Church at the dissolution of monasteries in the sixteenth century. But even if the poem be not true the bell is interesting—(1) because it was tolled for Henry VI when his body was taken to Chertsey Abbey for burial; and (2) because it was cast in 1310, and is therefore one of the oldest bells in England, the oldest dating from 1296. ♦ ♦ MAY BALLARD.

In the Family.—The office of parish clerk of Old Clee, near Grimsby, has been held by a member of the same name and family for more than 400 years. A John Locking, with wife and son, came from Scotland about 400 years ago and settled down at a farm at Clee, the same being farmed in succession up to the present day. The present John Locking was born in 1847. The church is very interesting; the tower is thought to be 1,000 years old. The old custom is still kept up of strewing the aisles of the church with freshly mown grass on Trinity Sunday. ♦ ♦ MRS. ADAMS.

A Choir of Little Girls.—The accompanying photograph is an interesting one of the church at Crossing Green, a hamlet near Hartlebury, Worcestershire. Here little girls occupy the choir stalls, although they do not wear cassocks and surplices like the boys of other churches. The costume chosen for their use is both simple and picturesque. The gowns are dark blue in colour, and the capes and bonnets white. The church itself is really a chapel-of-ease to St. Mary's, some three miles away, in which the Bishop of Worcester frequently worships. The much-loved Bishop Philpott and his wife are interred in the quiet churchyard, and the beautiful lych-gate was erected as a memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

E. Cox.

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

MRS. WALTER CLARKE.

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

MISS MARY POLLOCK.



A Church where there is a Choir of Little Girls.

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

January Prize Award.

First prizes have been won by J. B. Twycross, Miss C. Mason, H. L. Dowker, Mrs. Phillips, R. R. Madsen, and L. S. Cocking; extra half-crown prizes by J. Bolton, G. A. Wade, R. Ibbotson, Mrs. Druce and the Rev. S. W. Barnes. *Reserves* (see note last month), Miss M. J. Sowrey, Miss E. A. Greene, Mrs. Weinberger, S. Holt, Mrs. Gaster, A. Foale, Miss May Ballard and Miss E. Evans.

Miss Pars, Mrs. Courtenay, Mrs. Rush, Mr. G. H. Dickens, Mr. A. Sessions, Mrs. Middleton, Mr. C. F. Seymour, and two other correspondents are specially thanked for letters on youthful choir boys. An article on the subject will appear shortly. Mr. L. S. Cocking sends us an interesting note on St. Augustine's Chair, whose genuineness he calls in question.



Teigh Church. Find the Pulpit, the Lectern and Reading-desk.

THE SPRING-CLEANING OF AN ELEPHANT.

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



Trainers enter the water with the elephants to restrict their movements and prevent their making off across the lake.

EVERY animal requires a certain amount of attention when in captivity to help it to keep its coat and skin in order, but the possession of an elephant opens up untold opportunities for the expenditure of time and money.

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

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

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

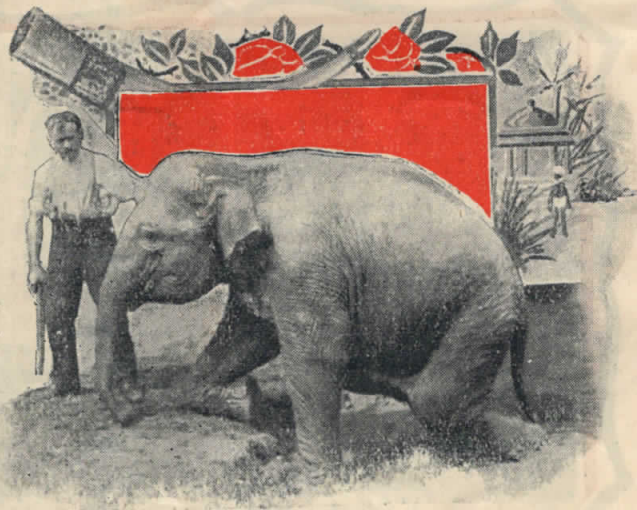
When in place of the soft mouse-coloured skin which the elephant should wear the owner finds that the animal is getting covered with unsightly patches, he has to arrange

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

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

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

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



The elephant comes out of his bath, having freed himself from the soap rubbed into his hide

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

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

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

The next process was alarming to any one with a limited idea of

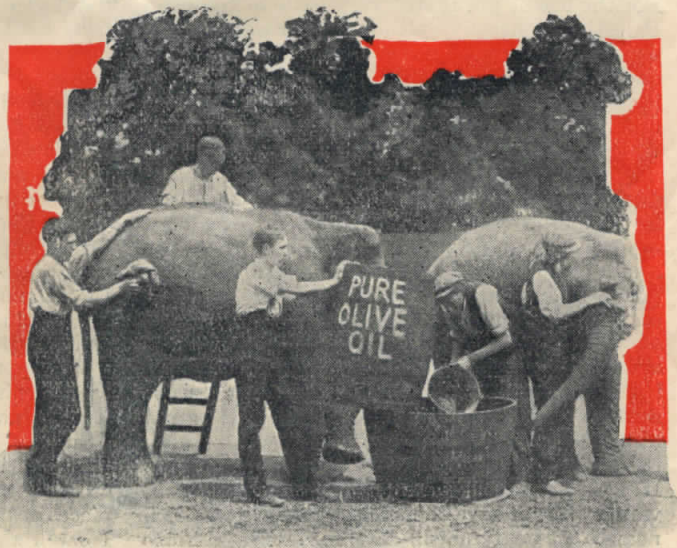


He is manicured after his bath.

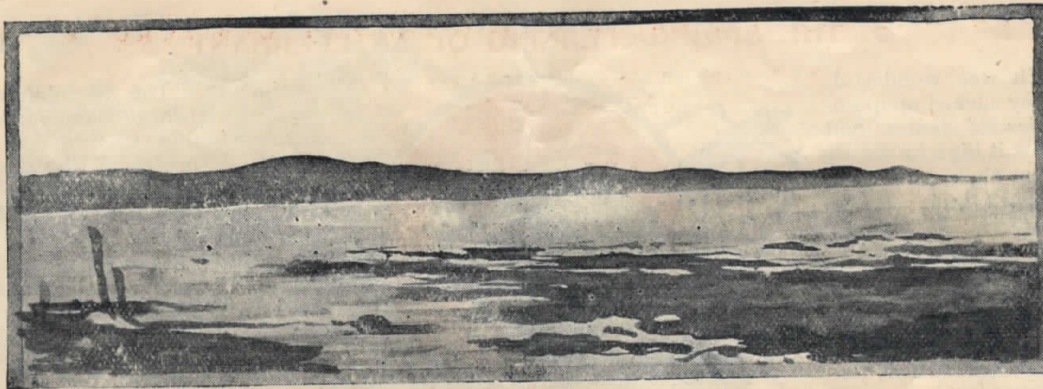
elephants. The attendants, armed with large coarse rasps similar to those used by boot-makers, proceeded to file their charges from trunk to tail. The area of an elephant is considerable, and it took hours of energetic rasping before the head keeper was satisfied that a sufficient quantity of dry skin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

The following day again found the little army of attendants busily engaged on the last process of renovating the elephants. Two barrels of pure olive oil, a commodity which is by no means inexpensive, were emptied into tubs, and throughout the day the men rubbed and rubbed at the elephants' hides until all the oil was used up, and in the place of two somewhat ancient

and weather-worn looking animals Mr. Bostock had elephants looking as if half a century had been taken off their ages. Every particle of dry skin and mould had disappeared, and they were clothed in delightful mouse-coloured hides which looked as supple and pliable as kid.



When the elephants are thoroughly dry their hides are rubbed with olive oil. This is a costly item. From first to last each elephant costs £60 to wash and brush up.



With Pen and Brush in the Land of Our Lord.

By A. C. INCHBOLD.

Illustrated by STANLEY INCHBOLD.

WE read a great deal about watchmen in the Bible, and it has already been shown that in the ripened corn-fields, in vineyards, and other fruit plantations, watchmen are still placed on guard. The watchmen of old are spoken of as raising their voices aloud—"with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye."

Now this custom is explained by a walk late at night in most towns of the Holy Land. Suppose we have been spending the evening with friends who live in a house in Jerusalem. It need not be inside the city, for there is now quite a town built up in more than one quarter outside the actual city walls. We have to carry a lantern, not only to show we are harmless citizens, but as there are no sanitary inspectors, and road-making is chiefly put in order only when important visitors of high rank are expected to visit a place, walking inside roads would be difficult and often unpleasant without some such light to guide our feet. For the use of gas is still very little in vogue in Palestine generally, although Jerusalem now possesses some good street lamps and more than one private electric plant. As a rule, however, a lantern bearer will be employed who will walk in front so that the light is shed on the path which we are following.

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

intent on dark nights without his movements being watched and proclaimed from one point to another.

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

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

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

when the family lies down to sleep on the mattress and matting, the only kind of bed they possess, or even desire.

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

At the season when lambs are big enough to take from the mother sheep every village family in most parts of the Holy Land buys one, and feeds it up to repletion with great care. Wherever you go you can see a young sheep fastened up by a cottage door, or in the courtyard if there is one. To the stranger the sight has a pleasant pastoral effect, and it seems almost as if the honest Palestine peasant is as partial to keep-

ing a pet lamb as the Irish peasant is to keeping a pig. But it is a little disturbing when you find that the sheep is constantly feeding; and when unable to feed of its own accord the wife or a child of the family sits on the ground beside it with a basket, or sack of vine leaves, or mulberry leaves, and quietly and persistently forces it to eat for hours together. As fast as the animal munches one handful of the tempting green stuff another is stuffed between its jaws. This stuffing, which is a system of cramming just as much as that employed on poultry farms at



A Druse employed in Silkworm Culture.

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

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

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

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

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

In addition to providing for the home silk industry, no less than £600,000 worth of raw silk and cocoons are sent abroad every year. It is evident therefore that the livelihood of a large population depends upon the successful results of this particular silkworm culture. To show how seriously the villagers regard their occupation, we will enter a church in one of these hill districts. It is a plain square edifice with a very simple belfry upon its flat roof. The church door is left open day and night, so that any one who wishes can enter and find refuge at any time. The people around have firm faith that, should a thief enter and dare to lay hands on any of the gold and silver properties of the church, his hands will be instantly paralysed. Though this belief is a superstitious one, it has the good effect of keeping away people of evil intent. The interior of the church is plain and clean, with few decorations.

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

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

INITIAL LETTER COMPETITION.



which should be preferably similar in char-

We offer three prizes of one guinea, fifteen shillings and half a guinea for the best set of three initial letters,

acter to the letter **M** on page 76 and to the **W** on this page. They must be original in design, and carried out in red and black in any size. Competitors must send in their designs to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C., before May 15, and stamps should be enclosed if their return is desired in the event of their not being successful.

Everyday Mistakes.

IV. Some Mistakes in Early Married Life.

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



MR. JOHN BUNYAN—that first and greatest of all novelists, as he has been truly described—places his Land of Beulah at the far end of the pilgrimage. For most of us that happy estate is inherited whilst we are still young. But, whenever entered upon, the air of married life should be “very sweet and pleasant.” Here should be heard continually the singing of birds. In this country the sun is meant to shine day and night, wherefore it is beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of reach of Giant Despair. Neither from this place should we so much as see Doubting Castle. Here we are within sight of the City—not made with hands—to which we are going. In this land the Shining Ones commonly walk, because (mark well!) it is—or should be—upon the borders of Heaven.

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

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

Yet this is the initial mistake made by young married folk. Edwin finds Angelina something less than an angel, and so grows discontented and “short.” Angelina finds her own particular image, set up on her own particular Plain of Dura, possesses feet of clay, and grows peevish and fretful. Do they ever pause to think that an angel would not live contentedly with an ordinary husband? or that pure gold throughout would be entirely unfit for companionship with a faulty woman? Love loves in spite of infirmity! Don’t expect too much of each other, at first, young people. You have, hitherto, only seen each other, as it were, *en fête*. Now curl papers and slippers come in. If your love has rested only on waved tresses and polished pumps, it will shrivel up. But then—it was never love at all. Will Shakespeare was eternally right when he wrote the lines I have quoted.

“Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.”

The first year of married life is undoubtedly the most difficult to get through rightly. We have not yet grown accustomed to each other, in that wonderfully sweet companionship of intimate interests. We are learning each other’s idiosyncrasies only. As years go on we shall fit ourselves into each other, and it will be plain sailing. So don’t expect perfection, but make allowances. Remember, you have,

probably, been brought up in quite different atmospheres. You have been moulded by markedly different environments. You may have been trained to different ideals. Go slowly. Learn each other as carefully as you once learned pothooks. Study each other. Don’t rush at happiness, but wait patiently for it. It is a mistake to scoff at the honeymoon. It is an effort in the right direction, to enable possible strangers to become acquainted with each other away from friends and customary surroundings. Instead of wearying yourselves in a round of sight-seeing during the honeymoon (a common mistake, resulting in both bodily and mental loss), pass the short time in finding out each other’s tastes and cranks. For even brides and bridegrooms are faddy. Then, on return to the home prepared so hopefully, you will start fair on the road to mutual happiness.

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

A second mistake is made by allowing too much freedom between married folk. There should always be a certain reticence and modesty in arrangements. If Edwin be always admissible on all occasions to his wife’s solitude, privacy is entirely done away with, and he is apt to see Angelina at her worst. For this reason I always urge that each should possess some kind of *sanctum*. The secrets of toilette, for instance, are better carried out *apart*. I often see an empty, shut-up room in a little house dedicated to the very few visitors who may occupy it. How much better if Edwin used that as a study, dressing-room, workshop! Of course, whilst the short visits of strangers are being paid, he could adjourn to his wife’s chamber for such pursuits. I am speaking of the *first* years, when this guest-room is unappropriated. As time rolls on, probably, that chamber will be wanted for little cots or something equally legitimate. If possible, young married people, have some place you can call your own, if only to sulk in! Then those sulks may pass unnoticed.

Freedom of speech is another mistake between

young married folk. I mean, too much of it. George Elliot in one of her romances speaks of "that rudeness which seems part of ordinary family life." Keep up the little courtesies of wooing, and treat each other as if you were not quite secure of one another. Angelina would have blushed for Edwin to find her at breakfast in dressing-gown and plaits during his courtship. Edwin would never have appeared before Angelina minus shoes and collar. Yet how frequently the words "it doesn't matter now" pass our lips. Be careful of your appearance if you are wise. Carry out the ordinary courtesies of life. To see, as I have done, an old husband *always* rise to open the door for his aged wife, after fifty years of matrimony, gives the key to a remarkably happy and successful marriage. On their silver wedding day that old gentleman said, "My wife and I are still lovers, because we have never ceased to treat each other as if we were lovers."

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

Financially a great many mistakes are made. For instance, we expect to start as our parents left off. Generally a girl leaves a comfortable home when she marries. Her father has spent years in making it. She is apt to forget this, and demands from her young, struggling husband the same luxuries she has relinquished. I never counsel unequal marriages. They are most unwise. But I do say—don't be afraid to start where your parents started. With hope, and energy, and love, and pluck, you will win up to and beyond what they did. For opportunities for advancement are enormously increased. Be content with a small beginning. Add to the home comforts bit by bit.

If possible, Edwin should allow Angelina a small settled sum for herself. Even on forty shillings a week a few pence should be the wife's *absolutely*. The old custom of "pin money" was a strictly wise one. Pins—I mean their equivalent—are still neces-

sary, and it helps matters matrimonial if Angelina can buy things without appealing to Edwin. Much annoyance is caused by frequent small calls for trifles on a not too well plished purse.

A mistake is often made about correspondence in early married life. Edwin's letters should be his entirely. So should Angelina's be hers. Don't open each other's letters. A man and woman who have lived separate lives for at least (we hope) twenty years, *must* have friends and interests which may be private. A girl, especially, has probably cherished a "bosom friend," whose confidence should not be open to Edwin. As a general rule respect for each other's correspondence results in perfect oneness about such. Personally I would no more have opened my husband's letters than I would have taken such a liberty with King George's. Result: our breakfast was a prolonged and cheerful meal because so many epistles had to be read aloud.

Don't be jealous of former friends. Marriage makes no chemical or miraculous change in us. Jonathan still has his David, even if Angelina has come pre-eminently into his life. Welcome his old friends, dear young wife, cordially and wholeheartedly. Help him by being gracious and sweet to whomsoever he may bring to the house. Don't try to entertain beyond your means. The most pitiful case of home-breaking I ever came across resulted from just such attempts. I shudder as I think of the heavy lobster patties, of the ill-made cakes which an acquaintance of mine offered indiscriminately to acquaintances during the first year of her married life. She could not afford wholesome, well made, kickshaws. So health, wealth, and happiness were sacrificed to the fetish of "seeing company."

Lastly—and above all—don't make the mistake of excluding God from your early made circle of home life. It is the most fatal of all. Family prayer, attendance at the House of God, private devotions (here comes in the necessity of a sanctum) must never be slurred or passed over. They should not always be *dual*. "Enter into thy closet and shut the door and pray" is still a living command to be obeyed. It pre-supposes and suggests *alone*. Then, twice daily, the family altar. Thus and thus only can early married life border on Heaven.

DO YOU KNOW?

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS. IV.

1. What other period of forty days does the Church observe beside Lent?
2. Can you find three examples of our Lord's suffering being called His "Passion"?
3. "All this I steadfastly believe." Do these words occur anywhere else than in the Baptismal Offices?
4. "We commit his body to the ground." Are these words ever to be altered?
5. On what days is the Litany to be said?
6. In what instance does the Priest say the Lord's Prayer alone?
7. When is the Venite omitted?
8. What is the greatest number of Sundays there can be after the Epiphany?

9. And what the greatest number of Sundays after Trinity?
10. Why is the Preface Proper for Whit-Sunday said for only six days after, not seven?

ANSWERS. III. (see March Number).

1. Visitation of the Sick; Exhortation.
2. Sponsors (Catechism).
3. Last verse of Te Deum. The Creed.
4. Sundays are Festivals.
5. Ordering of Priests.
6. Tuesday in Whitsun-week.
7. The Purification. The Annunciation.
8. Psalm lxxxv.
9. Psalm cxxxii.
10. Answer to "What dost thou chiefly learn in . . ."

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



From the picture by

NEVER MIND!

[C. & E. MANNING.]

New Light on Old Texts.

III. THE IRREVOCABLE PAST.

By OXONIENSIS.

"For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully, with tears."—HEB. xii. 17.

THESE notes, suggesting "new light," are intended primarily for those who are simply readers rather than students of the Bible—and there is a distinction. The latter are able to refer to the original, and in so doing how much fresh light is cast upon the interpretation of Holy Scripture, how many a difficulty is thereby overcome! "He sought it carefully with tears." How many ordinary Bible readers have taken the "it" to refer to "place of repentance," when, according to the Greek, there is no such connection. We find in the original that "it" is in the feminine gender, and, in consequence, agrees, not with "place," which is masculine, but with "blessing," which is feminine. The Revised Version puts into brackets, "for he found no place of repentance," making it to refer to the "blessing." Dr. Hayman's translation is, "When eager to inherit the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no opening for his repentance, however tearfully and earnestly he sought the blessing."

Esau did not seek a place of *repentance* in vain. The correct interpretation is, that he sought to obtain the blessing from his father, and though he sought it earnestly with tears, he could not change his father's decision—the past was irrevocable. The text as it should be read therefore is this: "He wished to inherit the blessing, but he was rejected, though he sought it earnestly with tears." This will not appear as "new light" to the student of the Bible—who is able to examine the original—but it will be to many ordinary Bible readers, for to many this verse has proved a stumbling-block. Many who have been under conviction of sin—whose repentance has been sincere—have fear, in face of the case of Esau, lest their repentance should be vain. Looking to the context, we find the writer of the Epistle is sounding a note of warning against the falling away from a holy life through any sin of self-indulgence, of sacrificing spiritual for temporal blessings, as Esau sacrificed his birth-right for the sake of a single meal. He afterwards repented of his exchange, but he found it impossible to get Isaac to reverse his words—he found the past irrevocable, though he sought earnestly to undo it. The text, as a matter of fact, has nothing whatever to do with personal repentance before God, and if any one who reads these words has ever found in it a stumbling-block, causing doubt as to whether his repentance is accepted and his sin forgiven, let him for ever cast aside the very suggestion of a doubt upon the mercy of God, Who "will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, but will bring forth judgment unto truth." A sinner, deeply conscious of his sin, with true

repentance for the past, and longing with a broken and contrite heart for peace with God, and yet being rejected, has no original in the history of God's dealings with mankind. "*Whosoever* cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," and that "*Whosoever*" of Jesus is far-reaching, and mercifully includes the very worst of sinners. It is indeed a forgiving voice which says, "Come unto Me *all* ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." No man can seek a place of repentance in vain, his very desire is in itself an act of repentance: but we cannot undo the past—it is irrevocable, though the guilt of it may be washed away; the sentence consequent upon the sin may be withheld through sincere repentance and the all-forgiving love of a Redeeming Lord. "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow" (Isaiah i. 18). No, the text has nothing to do with man's personal repentance for sin before God; but it serves as a very solemn warning to all against the irrevocable nature of deeds done in haste or thoughtlessness. And we all know something of this experience. Humbly do we acknowledge in the Confession in the Communion service that "the remembrance of our sins is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable." The all-forgiving God gives us assurance in saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more"; but though that quiets our consciences, it cannot obliterate such sins from our memory. How the Apostle Peter must have realized this fact in its awful certainty after his terrible denial of his Lord. What a sad Good Friday poor Peter must have experienced when he realized he could not get back, with all his "weeping bitterly," the opportunity for openly confessing Christ which he had lost. Take another instance, that of David. When conviction of sin was brought home to his conscience from Nathan, when he faced him with the accusation, "Thou art the man," how great was his anguish of heart for the deed done which brought such sorrow to his house; how great the sorrow which filled him, but which could not undo the past sin, forgiven though it might be. And has David's experience no repetition in our own lives? Who has not known of words uttered they long to call back, of deeds done which they would give anything to undo, of bursts of passion they crave to forget? We do remember the past, alas! for memory is the most faithful of servants. It is difficult to forget what we even most desire to obliterate from our memories. We cannot forget, but God can and does forgive, for "God is Love," and "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin."

night congregation, the front part is now shut off by red curtains, which gives it a cosy and homely look, and also has the great advantage of bringing people together, which leads to more hearty singing, and nearer to the preacher, and also saves oil for lamps which must otherwise be lighted every time.

Church of England Men's Society.

A full Meeting of the Members of our Parochial Branch was held at the School on March 11th, at which, after prayers and the reading of the minutes of the last Meeting, held at the School Church on February 19th, the President read the Secretary's Monthly Letter, which was followed by discussion. In view of the present dishonest attack upon the Welsh Church he then read from "The Guardian" of February 9th, a portion of the Archbishop of Canterbury's address to Convocation, explaining the meaning of "Disestablishment," which is not so easy to understand as "Disendowment." The latter is quite simple: it means robbing God and His Church of property which never has been state property, but given in long past ages for the use and benefit of the poor in every parish in Wales, to the amount of 18/6 in every pound, and applying it to secular or state purposes. But Disestablishment means the throwing off of any National recognition of the Christian Religion, and also to bring it more clearly home to ourselves, the forcible breaking up of the parochial system whereby for more than a thousand years the poorest have always had the right to claim the ministrations of God's Ministers living among them, and if this is once allowed, in Wales or England, it can never be replaced. After the matter had been discussed the President then introduced the subject of the Coal Strike, which concerns every one without exception. This also having been discussed by all present and hopes expressed for its speedy termination, and no other subject having been brought forward, a new member expressed a wish to join, and the meeting terminated in the usual way. The next meeting was fixed to take place at Harmer Hill in April.

Myddle Reading Room.

An air-gun competition, consisting of two rounds of seven shots each, took place on March 12th, for which there were thirteen entries. The following were the winners, in order of merit, after shooting off several ties: Messrs. J. Brookfield, J. Brayne, G. Brayne, A. Chrimes, E. Edwards, J. Smith and L. Stanton. The Rector and Mrs. Woolward had offered 10/- for prizes, which it was decided to divide in money, in sums varying from 2/6 to 6d.; and he had much pleasure in responding to a hearty vote of thanks. A Committee Meeting was held on March 19th, the Rector presiding over a small attendance, no doubt owing to the approaching close of the season. The minutes of February 22nd, having been read and confirmed the Stewards handed in 5/5, for the credit of the account at Lloyds Bank, through which every item of receipt and expenditure passes. It was reported that Mr. Chase Meredith had kindly offered to give the prizes for a Whist Drive to close the season for which all present expressed their thanks. It was resolved to fix this on Tuesday, April 16th, and a settling-up meeting of the Committee on the 18th: but these dates were afterwards altered to the 23rd and the 25th. It was decided to allow the date for closing the room to stand over for future settlement in accordance with the wishes of the members and the weather.

Unionist Meeting.

A Lantern Lecture on Tariff Reform and other questions of the day was arranged at the School on March 15th, by the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. A. Sheldon. A number of farmers and working men were present, in spite of very bad weather, and a most interesting lecture was given by Mr. Stephen White, for many years the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, at Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the London Police. A view of the Thames Embankment at 2 a.m. showed the number of poor "out of workers" sleeping on the stones, and there were other views of the crowds at the Dock-gates waiting for a job, and often in vain; and of the swarming mass of foreigners in

Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning showed the evil of alien immigration which this Government has favoured, instead of using the safeguards provided by the well-known Unionist Act of Parliament for checking this ruinous cause of unemployment among our own countrymen. Figures were given to prove among many other similar cases whereas formerly eighteen million pairs of gloves were made in England, employing 80,000 people and causing £75,000 a week to be paid in wages, this trade has been destroyed by foreign importations free of all duty. A vote thanks to Inspector White, proposed by the Rector and seconded by Mr. C. Bebb, was carried unanimously and a verse of the National Anthem closed a most interesting lecture on a subject which closely concerns town and country alike.

Baptisms.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." St. Mark, X. 14.

Jan. 28—Mary Keay, daughter of Wallace and Annie Walford, 4, Upper Road.
Mar. 10—Arthur, son of John and Elizabeth Harriet Chettoe, 4, Harmer Hill.

Burials.

"I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the World to come."—Creed of Nicæa, A.D. 325, confirmed and enlarged at Constantinople, A.D. 381.

Jan. 15—George Roberts, 7, Myddle Wood, aged 20 years.
" 25—Mary Louise Porch, The Schoolmaster's House, Myddle, aged 29 years.
Feb. 8—Elizabeth Bickerton, The Cottage, Harmer Hill, aged 62 years.
" 25—Harold Eaton, 6, Myddle Wood, aged 23 years.

Day School Att^dndances—January.

MYDDLE. Complete Attendances: Upper Division—George, Ethel and Francis Crewe, Cecil Garbett, George, Annie and Joseph Formstone, Harry Brookfield, George and Mary Cooke, Edward and Thomas Shingler, Amy Birch, Mary Mullinex, Amy Richards, Frederic Rowley, Charles Matthes, Elizabeth Farrington and Emily Painter. Lower Division—Arthur Formstone and Frances Brayne. Absent once only—Upper Division—James Stanton, John Austin and William Rowley.

HARMER HILL. Complete attendances: Upper Division—Dorothy Garmston, Ellen and Albert Taylor, Muriel Chettoe, Elizabeth Davies, John and Edwin Evans, Edith Davies, Ellinor Done, Emily James and Gladys and Richard Thomas. Lower Division Robert Sutton, Charles, James and Arthur Taylor. Absent once only—Upper Division Arthur Garmston and William Fardoe. Lower Division—Doris Evans, Alfred Pugh and Graham Reeves.

February.

MYDDLE. Complete Attendances: Upper Division—Hilda and Percy Howell, Edward Roberts, Thomas Shingler, John, Annie and Joseph Formstone, Francis Ward, Elsie and Thomas Pitchford, John Austin, Harry and Annie Johnson, Amy Birch and Alice Moore. Lower Division—Arthur Formstone, William Ebrey, Arthur Cooke, Dorothy Shingler, Dorothy Cooke and Fanny Brayne. Absent once only—Lower Division—Jane Pitchford.

HARMER HILL. Complete Attendances: Upper Division—Dorothy and Arthur Garmston, Daisy Arkinstall, Ellen and Albert Taylor, Lily, Muriel and Stanley Chettoe, Lilian Foreman, Emily James, Gladys and Richard Thomas and Alfred Pugh. Lower Division—Emily Yeomans, Ethel and Albert Chettoe, Evelyn Foreman, Charles James and Frederic Powell. Absent once only—Upper Division—Olive Done, Eva Micklewright, Elizabeth Davies, Edith Davies and Leonard Griffiths. Lower Division—Olive Thomas, Doris Evans and Graham Reeves.