

... THE ...

Parish Magazine

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Holy Trinity,
RUSLAND,
S. Paul's.

FOR

FINSTHWAITE,
S. Peters's.
SATTERTHWAITE.

April, 1904.

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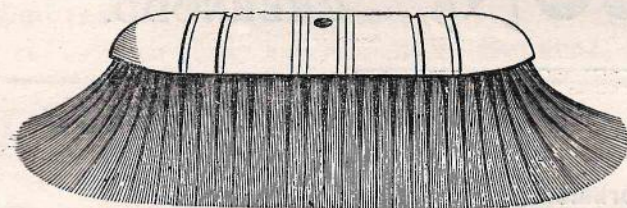
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COLTON AND DISTRICT PARISH MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1904.

COLTON.—VICAR—REV. T. P. HARTLEY, M.A., 1899.

GOOD FRIDAY.—April 1st. Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon, at 10-30; Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7-30 p.m. It was on Good Friday that Jesus died upon the Cross. It was out of love to mankind that He thus died, so Good Friday is the day of God's love. If there had been no Good Friday there could have been no forgiveness of sins. Let us then cultivate feelings of love and thankfulness to Him, Who so loved us as to die for us; let us avoid any desecration of the anniversary of His Death, as a cruel slight on His memory; let us spend at least part of the day in God's House.

EASTER DAY.—April 3rd. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion, 10-30. Evening Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion, 6-30 p.m.

The Church attaches a special importance to the Easter Communion; in the Prayer Book we find Easter mentioned as no other time is mentioned, as an occasion when everyone should receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. The words are:—"*And note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one.*" We should not fear to go to Communion if we are really sorry for our sins and are trying to grow more like Jesus. Going to Communion is going to meet Jesus; and sin, alone, makes us fear to meet Him.

LENTEN FUND.—On March 20th, collections were made for the Bishop's Lenten Fund. In spite of a very wet and stormy day the sum contributed amounted to £1 6s. 2d., which, as in previous years was divided between the Home for Waifs and Strays at Natland near Kendal, and the Diocesan Mission to the Deaf and Dumb.

EVENING SERVICE.—On and after Easter Sunday the hour of Evening Service will be 6-30 p.m., and Afternoon Sunday School will begin at 5-30 p.m.

BIBLE SUNDAY.—Special mention was made of the Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society on March 6th, when an account of the work and progress of this most excellent Society was given; we hope that more support may be given to the great claims it has on all who profess and call themselves Christians. It was not possible to have an offertory just at present, but an opportunity will be offered to shew our thankfulness to God at our Annual Meeting in the Autumn, of which due notice will be given.

BIBLE CLASS.—The Young Men's Bible Class which has been held during the winter months has been most encouraging, there have been 16 members with an average attendance of 12. The Class will be suspended till the autumn when we hope to begin work again.

FINSTHWAITE.—VICAR—REV. S. INMAN, M.A., 1871.

MID-LENT SUNDAY.—A Collection was made on this day on behalf of The Carlisle Diocesan Lenten Fund, amounting to £2 17s. 8d., and as in former years this sum has been forwarded to Carlisle, to be apportioned by the Bishop and his Co-Distributors at their discretion among the following Diocesan Societies, viz.:—Temperance Society and Band of Hope, Sustentation Fund, Mission to Deaf and Dumb, Home for Waifs and Strays.

FINSTHWAITE ENDOWED SCHOOL AND JAMES DIXON'S CHARITY.—The first meeting of the newly appointed Trustees of this Charity was held at the Vicarage, on Tuesday, March 15th. The Vicar presided, and there were also present the Rev. C. G. Townley, and Messrs. T. Newby-Wilson, and John Coward, Senr.; Mr. Wilson resigned his offices of Secretary and Treasurer, in consequence of his change of residence, and Mr. Coward was elected to these offices in his place.

The meeting decided to make application to the Board of Education for a scheme for the management of the Charity with the following resolution annexed:—"That a sufficient sum be set aside yearly for repairs and other expenses as a first charge on the Income, and that the surplus be applied to the relief of the rates of the Township of Finsthwaite."

RUSLAND.—VICAR—REV. C. LORD, 1897.

LECTURE.—As the result of the Lecture given by the Vicar in the Parish Room on March 4th, on the subject of the "British and Foreign Bible Society and its Work," the sum of 10/- has been forwarded to the Centenary Fund of the Society.

COLTON AND DISTRICT PARISH MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1904.

GOOD FRIDAY.—This is the most sacred and solemn day of the Christian year, and as such we trust the parishioners will observe it. It is the death-day of the world's Saviour for the world's sin. In that death we all have part, for "all have sinned." Surely worship is the fitting work for such a day. There will be Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon at 10-45; Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7-30.

EASTER DAY.—This is the Festival of life, life through death, life after death, life for evermore. It is pre-eminently a day of Christian gladness and rejoicing. And all this, because of the wondrous grace and love of Him who "was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification."

We would remind all who have been confirmed of the duty and privilege of attendance at Holy Communion.

The Services will be as under :—

Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and Mid-day; Morning Prayer 10-45; Evening Prayer 6-30.

VESTRY MEETING.—The Annual Vestry Meeting will be held on Easter Monday Evening at 7 o'clock.

EVENSONG.—On and after Easter Sunday the hour of Evensong will be changed from 3 to 6-30.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Afternoon Sunday School will commence on the 1st Sunday after Easter.

IN MEMORIAM.—We are sorry to have to record a loss to the parish in the death of the late Mr. Edward Towers Burns which took place on Thursday, February 25th. Mr. Burns carried on the business of a Joiner and Builder at Thwaite Head, and had been long resident in the parish. For two years he was Vicar's Warden, during which time though in failing health, he was devoted to the duties of his office. He was highly respected by all who knew him, as was amply testified by the large attendance at his funeral. Our deepest sympathy is with his widow and family in their bereavement.

SATTERTHWAITE.—VICAR —REV. W. P. DAWE, 1885.

BIBLE SOCIETY.—Although it was inconvenient to have collections in Church on the third Sunday in Lent, the Services were arranged to be quite in sympathy with the Bible Society Centenary, and in his sermon on the subject the Vicar said, failing the opportunity of an offertory, he would be happy to forward any individual contributions he may privately receive in the course of the then succeeding week. We are happy in being able to say that the sum of 11/6 was thus received and has been forwarded to the Rev. Canon Ayre, local treasurer, who has on the part of the Society, acknowledged the receipt with thanks. Mr. Copland, 2/6; Rev. W. P. Dawe, 2/6; Mrs. R. Graham, 2/6; Mr. Moore, 2/-; Mrs. Myles Towers, 2/-

LENTEN FUND.—As usual, on Mid-Lent Sunday, collections were made on behalf of the Bishop's Diocesan Lenten Fund, which amounted to £1 3s. 5d. This sum, divided as announced, between the Diocesan Temperance Society and the Society for Deaf and Dumb, has been forwarded to the treasurer, C. Courtenay Hodgson, Esq.

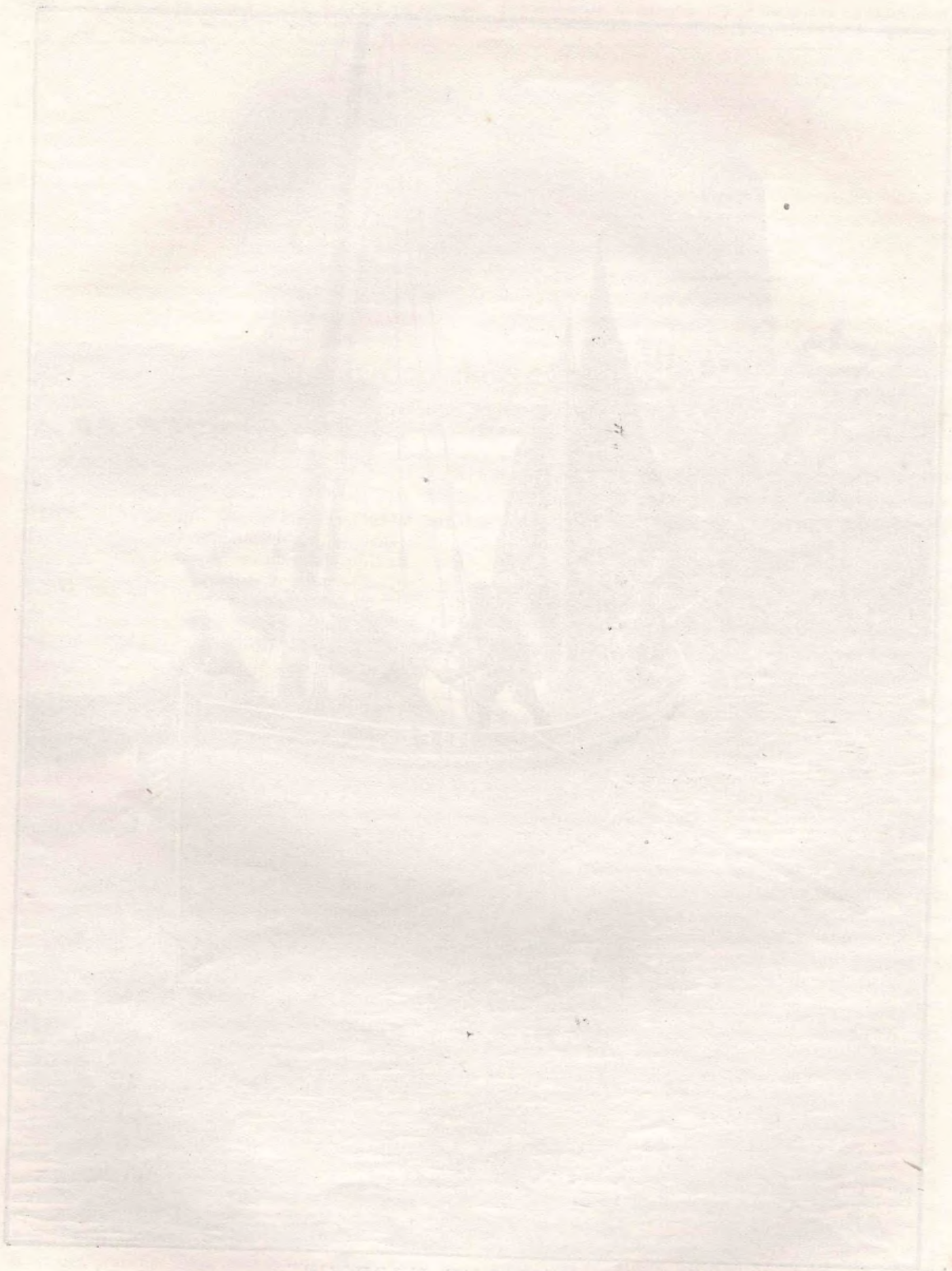
ERRATA.—March Magazine. Local matter, line 9, for "williness" read willingness; line 12, for "repitition" read repetition; line 20, for "Harvey Sosden" read Harvey Gosden; line 40, for "Satterthwatite" read Satterthwaite.

PARISH REGISTERS.

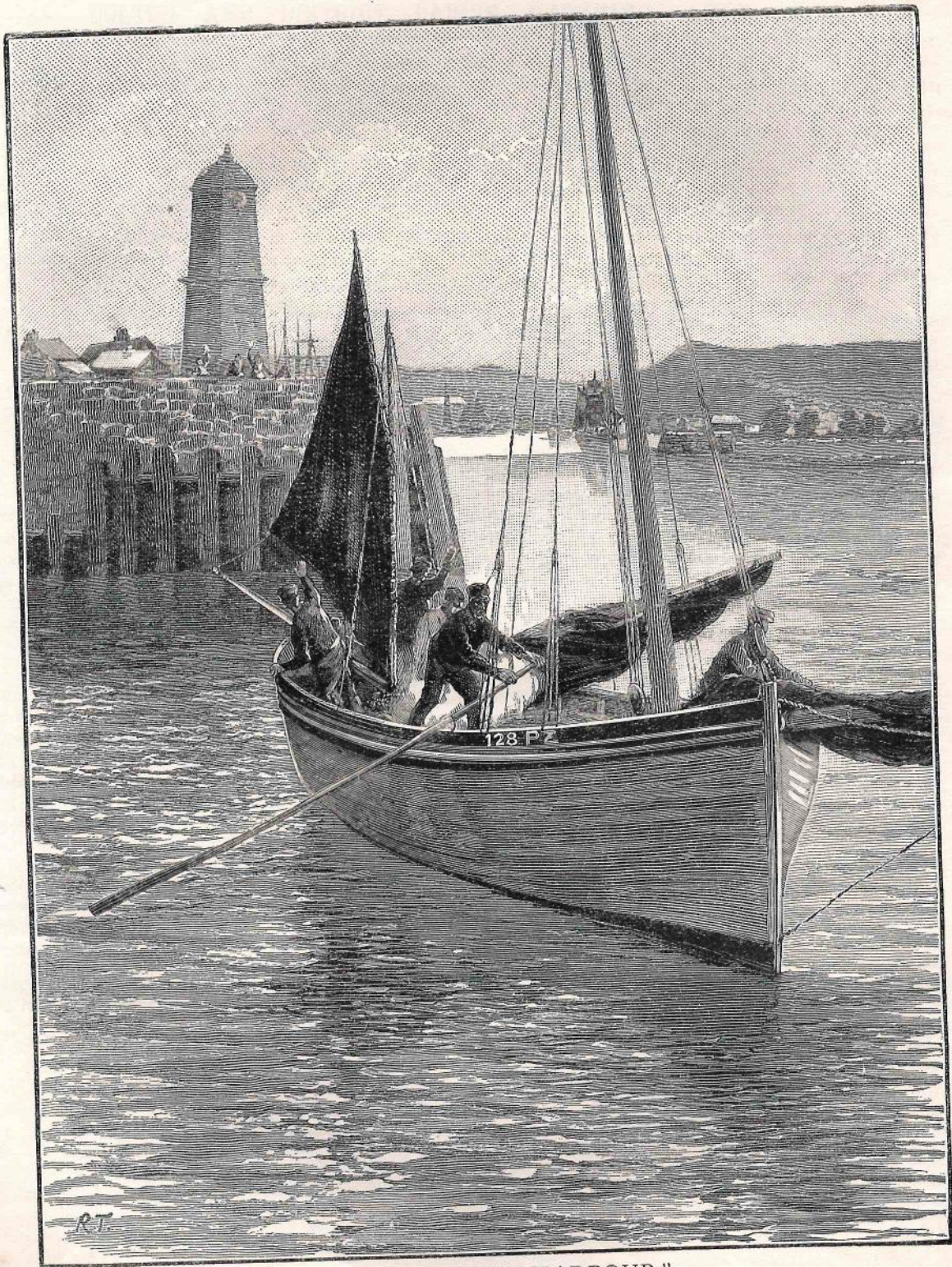
BURIALS.—February 29th, at Rusland, Edward Towers Burns, aged 69 years.

March 8th, at Satterthwaite, Francis Nixon, of Ulverston, aged 71.

March 19th, at Colton, Thomas Dickinson, aged 45 years.



PRINTED BY THE LONDON LITHOGRAPH CO. LTD. 15, ABchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C.



"LEAVING THE HARBOUR."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by T. LEMARE.

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A HINT TO CHURCHWARDENS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," etc.

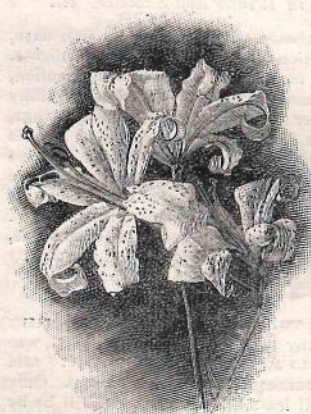
WE have received a very large number of applications for Easter Offering Cards in response to the offer which we made last month. We trust that this year's Offerings will show an increase not only in the number of parishes taking part, but also in the amounts contributed. We shall be much obliged if Churchwardens will kindly report to us in confidence what amounts have been received.

We may add, for the information of those who have not yet applied for Notices or Cards, that we are still prepared to despatch them free of cost, and that requests should be sent in immediately, and addressed to me thus: Mr. Fredk. Sherlock, CHURCH MONTHLY Office, 30 & 31, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

EASTER THANKFULNESS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

"That ye may know what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."—EPH. i. 16-20.



IS it not true that upon Easter Day one feeling fills the heart of every one of us, and that is the feeling of *thankfulness* that rises in the hearts of all of us, and thus knits us all closer to each other in sympathy and fellowship? That Jesus Christ has Risen, and in His Resurrection conquered death, that the amazing and unbounded Sacrifice of Calvary has been accepted as the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, that the eternal anthem of a world redeemed struck its first chords on that first Easter Day—for this and for the triumph and the joy of the Lord's Victory, and for His finished work and man's achieved Redemption, our hearts are filled with thankfulness and our lips with praise. Thankfulness is the true foundation of our Easter joy. As we read it in our Communion Preface for Easter Day, so we feel it in our glad Easter hymns and services: "Chiefly are we bound to praise Thee for the glorious Resurrection of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord: for He is the very Paschal Lamb, Which was offered for us, and hath taken away the sin of the world; Who by His death hath destroyed death, and by His rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life. Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High. Amen."

If we think of it, there are at least two reasons why we may feel thankfulness that God's inspired word has given us these thoughts.

One reason why we are thankful that these inspired words of our text are handed down to us is that they may become (as they have done) the actual expression of the prayer of many a faithful heart and life. Is it not true that these words of the Apostle have been made the channel of petition for many thousands of Christian men and women who have taken them and used them as their own? Is it not true that with this form of words has been moulded, in every land and every generation of Christendom, some of the deepest needs of spiritual life that have gone up from man to God? The Holy Ghost in these words has given us the form, and what a concourse of Christian souls have seized and utilized this prayer! Let us thank God for them.

And in the second place these words call for our thankfulness because they taught these Ephesian converts, and teach us, what was the subject of St. Paul's prayers. He asks for these three things to be the fruit of their further enlightenment:

First, he asks that we may have the more fixed apprehension of eternal life—that is to say, that we may have that firm conviction of a life to come which humbles the pride and dwarfs the vanity and tunes the disharmonies and levels the inconsistencies of all these things that are seen, and which fires the soul and trains the heart, and plants the mind upon that which is not seen but is eternal. "That ye may know what is the hope of His calling"—that is to say, that ye may discern the glorious and important objects of your hope, to the enjoyment of which God has invited you.

And the second subject of his prayer for them is that they may know the more of their Heavenly inheritance, that they may understand what is the abundance of the spiritual wealth to which we are entitled by being made children of God; for if children, then heirs—heirs of that superb inheritance which God has provided for us. "That ye may know what are the riches of His inheritance among them that are sanctified."

And the third subject of the Apostle's prayer is our text, that they may know God's power in raising them from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, "that ye may know what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."

Surely, my brethren, here is our call for thankfulness—that all that power of God by which Christ rose as on this Day from death, that all the power which underlies Christ's Resurrection, is just the measure of a force, a specimen of the Omnipotence, that is for use by us. Here is the mighty hand that is available for us, here is the power by which we may conquer and prevail, here is the store of potency on which by

prayer we can all draw to make His strength perfect in our weakness.

There may be some readers who are only conscious of deficiency and inability, to whom failure in spiritual power has come to be an almost dreadful certainty. You are cast down and sad; you feel you cannot try to make your life what you believe it ought to be. Here is your needed power: that opened grave of Jesus Christ proclaims the power which God will give to you. Not your own strength, but His, not your poor paralyzed impotence, but Jesus's Resurrection power, His Life, His Force, His Own Divine Omnipotence—this is your strength.

And just for the same ends did that great Resurrection power work for Christ as it may work for you. Just in the same way in spiritual things will the power be evidenced. On the first Easter Day that power of God in the Lord's Resurrection meant life out of death. In the still quiet morn, before the tints of light fell on the hills of Bethany, before the Angel-hands rolled back the gravestone from the sepulchre, before the Angel-watchmen bid the wondering world, "Come, see the place where Jesus lay," and lo! the tomb was there untenanted, before the wondering few ran eagerly with the great Easter news, "The Lord is risen"—before all this, out of the power of death, out of the grave's captivity, He had come forth, alive from death, the Conqueror of sin, the Firstfruits of them that slept. And so it is to life from death He calls each one of us. So will His Easter Resurrection power be evidenced to-day.

(To be continued.)

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

Author of "My Garden in Winter and Summer," etc.

SEEDS of all sorts should now be sown on fine days, giving them protection from the weather on cold nights. Auriculas coming into bloom will require attention, deformed pips removed, and the trusses carefully trimmed. Weak manure water should be applied in the mornings, afterwards shading the plants from the sun. Carnations in pots should have the surface stirred, and new compost added. Tulips should be protected from the cold winds; and if rose-trees require pruning, the work is best done without further delay. If asparagus is raised from seed, this is a suitable time to begin. Broad beans and scarlet runners should be sown, also cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, celery, leeks, lettuce, onions, and parsnips.

"SELF" LOST.—A person who had long practised many austerities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining of his state to a certain Bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the Bishop, "that the place where you will lose self will be that where you will find your Saviour."

"Thou art the way,—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee."

A Message for Every Reader.

THERE will be room for you in GOD'S HOUSE on GOOD FRIDAY. You will be expected there on GOOD FRIDAY. If you are absent, you will be missed.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Where will you spend GOOD FRIDAY? GOOD FRIDAY is a holy day; pray do not make GOOD FRIDAY a holiday, or, what is worse, a folly day. Give GOOD FRIDAY to GOD, WHO gave HIS ONLY SON for you.

"O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, Save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord!"



ARE you coming to HOLY COMMUNION at EASTER? You ought to come. Your LORD and SAVIOUR bids you "Do this in remembrance of ME." Your Book of Common Prayer says, "Note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which EASTER to be one."

"O Lord, the Only-begotten Son Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us."



"TIS EASTER MORN."

MAIL! Morn of morns; thy gladdening light
Rolls back the darkness of the grave;
For "Christ is risen";—ring out the cry
Afar and near, o'er land and wave.

Let each to each the glorious tidings tell—
To-day the victory is won, and all is well.

We knelt, O Lord, in wondering joy,
And worshipped at Thy manger-throne;
We saw Thee pass—O boundless Love!—
Through Thy Gethsemane alone
For us—for all—Thy lost and sinful sheep,
Yet found by Thee, and brought from out the
trackless deep.

In Earth's supremest, darkest hour
We stood around the awful Tree;
For us the shame—for us the grief—
For us that death of agony:
'Tis finished, and the realms of the dead
See Him Who for all souls hath once on Calvary
bled.

Thus year by year, in reverent awe,
We watch the Sacred Life unfold;
His earthly pilgrimage we trace,
And love the story oft retold;
For still the Church, with Festival and Fast,
Marks step by step Redemption's course while
Time shall last,

Until beside the empty Tomb
She stands again at Eastertide—
Peals forth her anthem to the sky—
Adores the Risen Crucified;
O joy beyond all joys! which none can know
Save they who live in Him e'en here on earth
below.

'Tis Easter morn; let Earth rejoice,
And to the skies her glad voice raise;
On Jesu's life—on Jesu's death—
The seal is set to endless days;
Incarnate, Tempted, Dead, and now Arisen,
He keeps us by His grace, and raises us to
Heaven.



“Until He Come!”

Words, by GEORGE RAWSON.

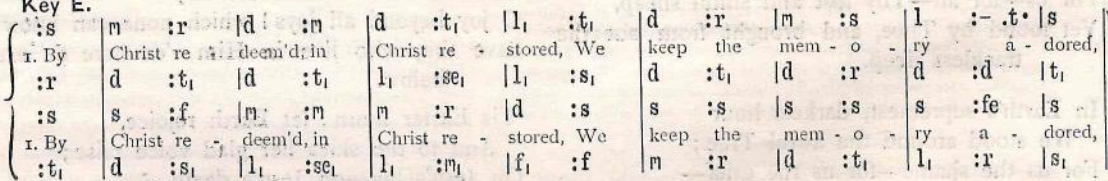
Music by SIR GEORGE MARTIN, Mus.Doc., M.V.O.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)



2. His Body slain upon the tree ;
His Life-blood, shed for us, we see ;
Thus faith shall read the mystery
 Until He come !
3. And thus His dark betrayal night
With His last Advent we unite
By one bright chain of loving rite,
 Until He come !

4. Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.
5. Oh, blessed hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come! Amen.

Key E.



"Faithful Jess":

A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

By the REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.,
Rector of Barkham; Author of "Our English Villages," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER ARREST—A HATEFUL PROPOSAL.



GREAT consternation reigned throughout the village when on the following morning the news flashed from house to house that Harry Goodyer and George Watson had been arrested. The two men were universal favourites with every one, and this was somewhat rare in our village, where, as in all small communities, jealousy and detraction are not unknown. To every one it was apparent that some grave

mistake had been made, and the wiseacres shook their heads and said they could make "nought on it."

And yet another surprise was in store for them; the constables paid the village another visit, and carried off another prisoner. They entered "The Bull," and were received with open arms by its worthy landlord, who thought the opportunity favourable for impressing upon the minds of the representatives of the law the true state of affairs with regard to his former companions.

"Gentlemen, I be proud to see you, and beg to offer you some refreshment. Nay, do not hesitate; I always like to entertain my friends at my own expense. Now, gentlemen, I understand that you have arrested two friends of mine whom we all respect. You have made a great mistake, gentlemen; and no one can give you better information than I can."

Here one of the constables was seen to wink knowingly at his companions.

"I tell you, I was with those two men the whole time, and no one could have tried harder to subdue the fiery element than those two men who have been unjustly accused." Master Honeybourne could be very grandiloquent when he liked, and the present occasion he considered well suited for a fine oration. "Now, Gentlemen, what we want in these cases is evidence. What evidence can you produce which can possibly condemn such men as those whom I have the honour to call my friends?"

"Oh! we've plenty of evidence," replied one of the

constables; "don't you trouble yourself about that. But meanwhile me and my mates have a little business to do with you. Stephen Honeybourne, in the King's—I mean the Queen's—name I arrest you on the charge of aiding and abetting Harry Goodyer and George Watson in setting fire to Farmer Heythrop's ricks. Here is the warrant for your arrest."

A great change came over the expression of the landlord's face. Extraordinary surprise, amazement, and dismay were there depicted. He became deadly pale. His wife came into the parlour at that moment, and witnessed the landlord's collapse with dismay.

"Why, Stephen, what is the matter with you? What have you been saying to him?" she said to the constables.

"Unpleasant duty, Ma'am, but must be done. We've just arrested your husband on a charge of aiding and abetting."

"A betting!" replied the landlady; "my Stephen don't bet! You're just a-fooling on us, you be, and it isn't right, and Stephen be rather bad at the heart sometimes. Hold up, Stephen; it's all right—it's only their joke."

"Well, Ma'am, it's a rum sort of a joke! Here be the warrant, and there be my prisoner," replied the constable, pointing to Stephen.

"Oh, you bad man! Ain't you ashamed of yourself with your warrant and your prisoner? I shan't let him go; it'll make his heart bad, and Stephen never did nothing wrong in his life."

"All right, Maggie," said Stephen; "don't take on so. I spects the warrant is all right, but can it be possible that a respectable landlord should be seized and carried off to prison all for the sake of nothing at all? It weren't so in my young days. I remember when I was a boy—"

"Never mind that now, my man; you can tell us all that when we're on the road. You must come now; we've been wasting a deal of time talking and jabbering."

"All right, my good fellow, I'll come with you; but, mind you, it's under compulsion. I'll just go with you to the Bench and explain matters, and it will be all right, Maggie; don't you fret. We may be in time for the Bench to-day, and then I'll be back for dinner. Good-bye, Maggie; don't wait for me if I be a bit late. But I'll be back to dinner—I'll be back to dinner."

The constables then marched him off.

"Nay, you needn't put on them things," said he, pointing to the handcuffs, which the constable was about to place on his wrists. "I shan't run away, especially as I'll be back so soon; and it isn't respectable for the landlord of 'The Bull' to go through the village with them sort of bracelets on."

The constable, knowing well that his prisoner was safe, spared him the indignity of handcuffs, and amid

the lamentations of the villagers Stephen Honeybourne was marched off to the gaol at Oakington.

It was not long before the news of the arrests was brought to the Rectory, and I set off at once to hear the true story and to comfort the sorrowing women. Such times of trial bring a Clergyman very near to his flock. But from the stories of the broken-hearted sufferers I could learn nothing definite, except that the men had been conveyed to the gaol, but on what evidence they were connected with the crime I could gather little information. I interviewed Farmer Heythrop, but with a like result. The only assurance I could wring from him was that "them that has done this must pay for it." So I saddled my horse and rode into Oakington. The magistrates had just finished their sitting, and I fortunately met Squire Farnham—a neighbour of mine—to whom I confided the sorrows of myself and my flock, and enlisted his sympathy on behalf of the unhappy prisoners.

"I fear it will go hard with them, Rector," he said. "You see, there have been several of these cases lately, and they will probably be made an example of. Between you and me, I don't see any very strong evidence against them yet, but the case will go before the next assizes. The strongest witness against them is that young Heythrop. He professed to prove that the prisoners had threatened to injure his father; but I don't like the looks of either of them, and the son's character is none of the best, as probably you know."

This was cold comfort. I went to see the prisoners, and tried to cheer them, and then returned home sad and sick at heart, grieved more than words can say that I had such sorry comfort to give to the

distressed wives and poor Jess. As for Jess, she behaved splendidly; she seemed to forget all her own heart-rending grief in trying to console her poor mother and Mrs. Honeybourne. A common sorrow brought the three women together, and they tried to comfort each other with hopes of a speedy end of their grievous trouble.



"WHY DO YOU TREAT ME SO BADLY?"

Specially drawn by VICTOR PROUT.

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE.

There are as many recipes for the performance of this trick as there are for the making of cakes. "Practise all the virtues," says one, "Deny yourself," advises another; "fight against every instinct of your nature which costs either money or time; work and save; and when you are very old and about to die you shall have the gratification of being envied for your riches." Another man who has amassed more than a million by trade and is still under fifty, says: "Never manufacture anything; buy cheaply, sell dearly, and give no credit." A Chicago millionaire attributes his success to his habit of regarding every man as a thief until he has proof of his honesty—a cynical perversion of the older and more charitable plan of regarding every man as honest until he proves himself the reverse. Clearly, the wise ones who would teach us how to become millionaires are very numerous and no two of them tender the same advice.

All these teachers may be right, though it is more probable that all of them are wrong. But one thing is sure—no man ever yet became a millionaire as a result of following advice, however good that advice might be. Another thing equally certain is that no dyspeptic has ever been known to acquire a fortune; his headache, weariness, and depression make it impossible. It would seem, therefore, that a good first step towards success is investment in a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and so insure freedom from indigestion.

"For sixteen years I suffered from indigestion, at times so severely that I could not work." Thus writes Mr. Joseph Mullens, of the Post Office, Tatsfield, Surrey, on 16th October, 1903. Mr. Mullens continues: "Whatever I ate was sure to cause me great pain. I was much troubled with violent headaches and dizziness. As if this were not enough for me to endure, I suffered from frequent attacks of biliousness, which badly affected my sight. Some medicine prescribed for me by a doctor having failed to do me any good, I was induced to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and very soon found relief. The pain after eating, the headache, and dizziness all left me. Soon I could enjoy my food as I had not done for years, and a very few bottles were sufficient to make me as well as ever I was in my life. I would not on any account be without some of the Syrup at hand in case of need."

Many people are prevented from acquiring wealth only by ill health, while some who acquire it lose their health in its pursuit, and so derive no benefit from their success. The remedy is to act as Mr. Mullens did. Mother Seigel's Syrup has been successful in cases which have baffled the best medical talent, and what it has done it may be trusted to do still. Only in long-established cases, there is need of patience and faithfulness in using it.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Food, well digested, is the origin of strength. Every act, every thought, every movement of muscle or mind uses up some of the substance of our bodies. Food repairs this loss, but *only* when it is digested. Undigested food ferments in the stomach, poisons the blood, starves the body, and lowers vitality. To be strong and healthy, assist your stomach, liver and kidneys to do their work perfectly by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, which contains food-digesting ferments and gentle tonics for the stomach, and has cured more dyspeptics than any other medicine in the world. "So badly did I suffer from indigestion," wrote Mrs. Cave, of 42, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, on 10th September, 1903, "that even the lightest food caused me intolerable pain. I was so languid and miserable that life was a burden to me. I had a doctor constantly in attendance upon me. He could not, however, cure me. Not until I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup did I obtain any real benefit. A week or two after I began to take it, my condition improved, and soon I was as well and bright as ever I had been."

THE WORLD'S REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

**START
THE DAY
RIGHT**

— NO —
COOKING

**Shredded
Whole Wheat**



"BISCUIT"
with hot milk and
sugar makes the
BEST Breakfast

SEND 1d. STAMP
FOR FREE SAMPLE

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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**JOLLY CHILDREN,
A CHEERY NURSE,
A HAPPY MOTHER.**

Health Giving and Health Preserving.
4d. a Tablet.

THE NURSERY SOAP.

**Taken
in
time**

A disease neglected inevitably means health lost. No one can afford to be ill. Sickness is costly, painful, and dangerous. When you commence to feel run down, give Nature a friendly lift. Help it to throw off the impurities that clog the system. There is nothing like

BEECHAM'S

PILLS

to put the bowels in good working order, to Repair the Liver, to improve the Digestion, and to banish Headache and Insomnia. A few doses will make you feel like yourself. Beecham's Pills will do this. They prove all they claim. They save time, worry, and expense.

**save
dangerous
ills.**

Sold everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills).

**COLMAN'S
STARCA**
IS AS GOOD AS
**COLMAN'S
MUSTARD**

AND BOTH OBTAINED THE GRAND PRIX
AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.



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Gloves and Clothing. **LISTS No. 161
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SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION

Removes Disfigurements, Pimples, Eruptions, Eczema,
Acne, Irritation, Developing a Fair, Spotless Skin.

DON'T LOOK OLD!

KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER
DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

One long, lingering month intervened before the assizes were held, and during that time hope sustained their sinking hearts and saved them from despair. It could not be that men so innocent, so good, so upright would be condemned by their country's laws to punishment. Verily it was with them as with the Psalmist: "False witnesses did rise up and lay to their charge things that they knew not." We were all certain that such false witnesses would receive the due reward of their wickednesses, and that the innocent men would be released.

One day during this distressing period of waiting, Jess was walking near the Rectory to the wood which we call "The Combs," there to think in quiet over her troubles, when she suddenly encountered the young farmer, Charles Heythrop. She could not avoid him, or she would have tried to escape from him.

"Ah, Jess! this is an unexpected pleasure," said the young man; "where have you been hiding yourself so long? I have not seen you for ages."

"Those in trouble have need of solitude, Master Charles," Jess replied; "I am going to 'The Combs,' to rest and be quiet, and would rather be left in peace. Good-day, Sir."

"Nay, not so fast, Jess! Why do you treat me so badly? I have made the gov'nor very angry with me, and all about you, Jess. I think you might say a word to me, and I want to speak to you. I have something to tell you about your father."

"What of him, Sir? Oh, tell me anything you know! I should be so grateful, and it is so hard to be parted thus."

"Well, Jess, listen here. It just depends upon you whether your father and that fellow George ever come out of gaol or not."

"What do you mean?" Jess said very earnestly. "Oh! tell me what I can do to save them. I would do anything."

"Anything! Well, listen to me. You know, Jess, I love you very much. I told you so the other night. You shall be a farmer's wife, Jess, and have a real house of your own, not a trumpery cottage, and cows and horses. There's a chance for you, Jess."

"Oh, don't let us go over the same ground again, Master Charles! I told you ever so long ago that I will never marry you."

"You're a foolish girl, Jess; but do you hear what I am telling you? It depends on you whether they ever come to B—— again."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this, that if you will marry me, I can save them."

"How can that be?" asked Jess. "I don't see how the two things are connected—my father's release and you marrying me."

"Easy enough; it will be all quite easy if you'll say 'Yes,' Jess. It is just in this way. It depends upon what I say at the trial whether the prisoners

are condemned or not. Father wants me to tell what I know, and I don't want to. At any rate, I won't if you'll marry me."

"Ah! I see what you mean. You want me to sell myself to you in order to buy off my poor father and George. Oh, Charles Heythrop! aren't you ashamed of yourself to put me in such a fix? If I marry you, I shall save my father and poor George; if I refuse you, they will be condemned. Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"You seem to have put the question very clearly," said young Heythrop, with a sinister smile.

"But I don't love you at all, and I love some one else," said Jess distractedly.

"Oh! that won't signify in the least; you'll get over that," replied the young man.

"It would be the death of me; but that would not matter if I could save father and George."

She continued as if speaking to herself: "The question is, would father approve? Would George wish me to give myself to this man for the sake of their safety? No!—a thousand times, no! Can he save them if he would? No, Master Charles; you have tempted me sorely, and I would give my life to save them, but marry you I never will!"

"Well, Jess, is that your final decision?" asked the young man. "All for the sake of a foolish fancy you will condemn your father to prison, and perhaps harder fate. Is that your wish, Jess?"

"You're a wicked and unfeeling wretch, that's what you are, Master Charles. I won't say another word to you. If you tell the truth, I'm no feared but that father and George will soon come back to us; but if you go and tell a pack of lies about them, and they get punished for what they never did, look you, you'll suffer for it! Remember, you'll have to swear that what you say is true, and if you swear falsely, God will strike you down, though you be ever so proud and sure of yourself."

The eyes of the young girl sparkled with unaccustomed fire, and her face glowed as if with inspiration.

The young man cowered before her searching glance, and tried to cover his confusion with a bitter laugh.

"Well done, Jess!" he said; "you'll turn preacher soon, and young fellows will come and listen to you, if they won't to the Parsons, if it were only to see your pretty face. I swear you look ten times prettier when you're in a passion, Jess!"

"I'm not in a passion," Jess replied calmly enough. "Marry you? I'd rather die! But I would marry you to save father, if I could make you say the truth: for if you speak the truth, he will be free; but if you go and tell the Judge lies about him, you'll get found out and sent to prison—so there will be no need for me to marry you, after all. So good-day to you, Master Charles, and don't you bother me any more,

and mind you tell the Judge a true story, or it will be the worse for you."

Jess then turned round, and left him muttering all kinds of threats and expostulations.

"All right, my fine lady," he said, looking after her as she hurried down the Rectory lane, "we'll soon see about that. I'll make you suffer for it, and you'll soon be coming and asking me to wed you, and a-kneeling to me to ask my pardon. I'll humble you yet, my beauty, and when I marry you I'll soon break you into harness. You'll have to do then as I bid you. I'll stand no nonsense. Charles Heythrop ain't a man to be trifled with, as you'll find that out, young lady, before I'm done with you."

(To be continued.)

HALF-HOURS AT THE ZOO.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

*Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Wandsworth Common, S.W. ;
Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-Way
Pets," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

IV.—THE GIRAFFES' HOUSE.

ADJOINING the Hippopotamus House at the Zoo is the Giraffes' House, which at present contains two of those most extraordinary creatures.

The first giraffe which was ever seen alive in England was brought over in 1827, having been sent as a present to King George IV. by the Viceroy of Egypt. It was a delicate animal, however, and only lived for a very few months. But nine years later four examples reached the Zoo together, and for more than half a century afterwards giraffes formed one of the chief attractions of the Gardens, while no less than seventeen fawns were born at different times. In 1892, nevertheless, the stock died out, and as the Soudan at that time was closed to traffic, owing to the activity of the Mahdi's followers, it was impossible for some years to replace them. In 1895, however, one of the present pair was imported from the Transvaal, while the other came from Central Africa after Lord Kitchener's final victory at Omdurman.

Importing giraffes, of course, is a very difficult as well as a very costly undertaking. First of all, the animals have to be caught—no light task in these days, when they have retreated to the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the great African continent. Next they have to be led on foot to the coast, a distance of perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred miles. Special shipping accommodation has then to be provided; while finally, after the giant creatures have crossed the sea, special railway trucks have to be constructed in such a way as to enable them to pass through the tunnels. So it is little to be wondered at that giraffes are valuable creatures, or that out of six young animals which were taken prisoners in 1895 only the one at

present in the gardens should have reached its destination alive.

This particular animal has a special interest for us, as it is the first example of the South African giraffe which has been seen in England. It is identical with the North African animal in many respects, but its colour is much darker, and the spots are much larger and closed together, while they are continued underneath the body and also down the upper part of the legs. These differences, however, are not sufficient to allow the animal to take rank as a separate species, and we can only regard it as a local race or permanent variety of the common or three-horned giraffe, which is spread over almost the whole of Africa south of the Sahara.

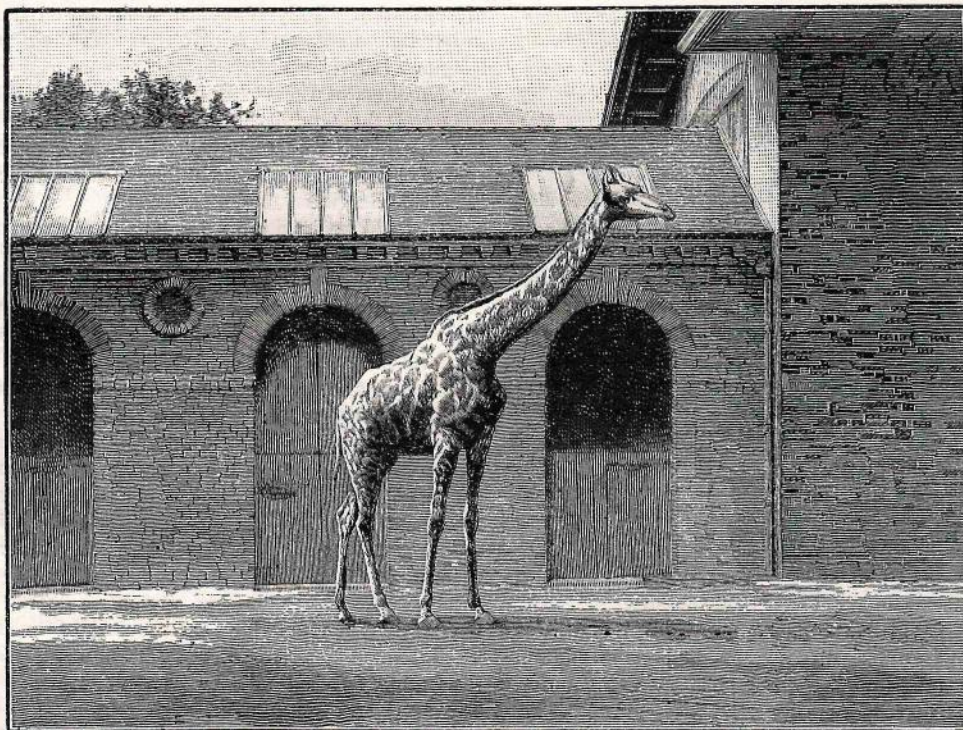
These so-called "horns" are very curious. They are not "horns" at all, in the strict sense of the term, for they do not grow on cores, like those of the oxen and the antelopes, neither are they formed by the annual deposit of lime, like the antlers of the deer. Two of them are simply bones, which at first are quite independent of the skull, but afterwards become united with it, while the third is merely a bony prominence in the middle of the forehead.

The size of the giraffe, like that of almost all the larger animals, has often been exaggerated. But there is no doubt whatever that the fully-grown male stands at least sixteen feet high, while still taller examples have frequently been met with. This great height, of course, is chiefly due to the length of the neck, which, strangely enough, contains exactly the same number of vertebrae as that of a dog or a sheep. The bones, that is, are not multiplied; they are only prolonged.

The object of this exceedingly long neck appears to be to enable the animal to feed upon the leaves of a particular kind of acacia, which does not throw out branches near the ground. The giraffe plucks each leaf separately by means of its tongue, which is a very singular organ indeed. For in the first place it is very long, and can be poked out of the mouth to a really astonishing distance; in the second place it is very slender, so that it could easily be passed down the barrel of an ordinary door key; and in the third place it is very prehensile, like the tail of a spider monkey. So when the animal wishes to eat a leaf it just coils its tongue round the stem, and picks it off in a peculiarly dainty and elegant manner.

Unfortunately, however, it is unable to distinguish artificial flowers and leaves from real ones, and the hats and bonnets of many feminine visitors to the Zoo have suffered in consequence!

Drinking, of course, is a far more difficult matter to the giraffe than eating, and the only way in which the animal can reach the water is by straddling its front legs as far apart as possible, and bending down its head and neck between them. But it appears, as a rule, to obtain all the moisture that it requires from



THE GIRAFFE.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by H. B. WOODBURN.

the foliage on which it feeds ; and there are certain parts of Africa in which it is tolerably plentiful, although it can have no opportunity of drinking for seven or eight months together.

It may well be imagined that the long neck is rather unmanageable when the animal is running. A giraffe travelling at speed, indeed, is said to present a most extraordinary appearance, the head and neck rocking to and fro at every stride, while the hinder legs are thrown widely outwards with a kind of clumsy, semi-circular movement, so that from behind the front pair are seen between them. The animal is extremely active, however, and is most at its ease upon rough and rocky ground, leaping over the various obstacles in its path with the most perfect ease, and seldom finding it necessary to reduce its speed.

One would think that an animal of the size and colour of the giraffe would be a most conspicuous object in the African forest. Yet, as a matter of fact, even the keen eyes of the natives themselves can scarcely detect it, as long as it remains perfectly still. The reason is that the long neck and dark skin look just like the stem of a blighted tree, while the dappled body exactly resembles the effect of sunlight shining through the leaves, and alternating with patches of shadow ; so that the animal is quite as invisible when standing motionless among the trees as the tiger is among the tall grass of the Indian jungle.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

THE House of Prayer is to my heart the dearest place and best,

Its sounds of worship speak of Heaven, its stillness speaks of rest ;

Here, when my spirit tires of earth, I love to come and pray,

To hide within the veil and hear the words that angels say.

No noise of strife may hither come, nor anxious cares intrude ;

The rich and poor are equal here, a loving multitude ;
The windows of the heavenly world here opened seem to be,

And those whom God hath taken there are not so far from me.

Our lowly worship rises here to their pure praise above,
And burns more brightly in the flame of their more perfect love.

So through the world's dark wilderness we sing the while we roam,

For in the House of Prayer we keep the memory of our Home.

W. H. DRAPER, M.A.

The Rectory, Adel.

TALKS WITH PARISHIONERS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.



PARSON TO RICHARDS: "Well, my friend, how did your Conference go off?" "You can judge by this record which I have made of its proceedings. Fifteen of my old friends responded to my invitation. When we met, I asked them in what way they would prefer their objections against the Church to be considered? Should they state them and show on what supposed facts they were founded, or would they prefer to put them in the form of questions, requiring me to answer them? They chose the latter method."

FIRST OBJECTOR: "Don't you think it unfair for Parliament to place one religious body—the Church—above all other religious bodies in the country, and confer upon it exclusive privileges, as well as tax the people for its support?"

"The State never lifted the Church above other religious bodies in the country. She was in existence and had her Cathedrals, Parish Churches, privileges, and property hundreds of years before a single one of them was organized. Parliament does not give the Church any exclusive privileges; on the contrary, it is continually 'bit by bit' taking her ancient exclusive privileges from her, and conferring them upon the various religious denominations.

"Parliament does not tax the people for the support of the Church. The Church is supported by her ancient endowments, and by the modern voluntary contributions of her members."

SECOND OBJECTOR: "Anyhow, don't you think that in the altered religious circumstances of the country the Church ought not to be permitted by Parliament to retain her established and endowed position which she acquired from or had conferred upon her by the State hundreds of years, as you say, before other religious bodies came into existence?"

"No, I do not think anything of the kind. The people in the present day, of whom these religious bodies are composed for reasons of their own, either left the Church of their own free will, or, being brought up in a state of separation from her, may choose so to remain. They can, however, in either case, return to her communion when they like. Her doors are ever open for their readmission; and indeed it is a notable fact that comparatively few of those who as members of religious denominations are in a state

of separation wholly renounce their vested interests in her sanctuaries and ministrations as their ancient religious inheritance.

"Numbers of them still by preference avail themselves of their privilege of being married in their Parish Church, and of having their dead committed to their last resting-place with her solemn and beautiful Burial Service.

"It would be hard indeed upon Churchmen, and to the highest degree unjust, if their Church were to be deposed from her legal position and be deprived of her property simply because numbers of people of their own accord are in a state of separation from her, and have formed themselves into other religious organizations, or have joined themselves to them."

THIRD OBJECTOR: "Well, seeing that so many religious bodies exist outside the Church, why should they not be given a proportionate share of her property, both of her buildings and endowments? Why should what in every parish was intended for the religious benefit of all its inhabitants be enjoyed by only a portion of them?"

"If all the inhabitants of any parish do not enjoy the religious benefits which the property of the Church was intended to secure them, that is not the fault of the Church: it is solely the fault of those who refuse to avail themselves of them.

"The Church's property in buildings and endowments was given, acquired, and put in trust not for the use of groups of people outside her fold who might hold and teach any religious opinions and adopt any form of worship they pleased, but for those who remained within her communion and conform to her forms of faith and worship.

"But how do Nonconformist bodies themselves act in this matter?"

"When there is a 'split' in one of them, say in the Wesleyan body, and the persons seceding from it form another community, do they claim a share of the property of the original body from which they have withdrawn?"

"No. Whether it be a split from a connexional body like the Wesleyans or a large, independent, religious community, the separatists make no claim on the property of the body from which they have seceded, nor do they demand that a portion of the property belonging to such body shall be taken from it and applied to other purposes."

FOURTH OBJECTOR: "Is not the existence of the Church in her present legal and endowed position the cause of the divisions in religious matters which prevail throughout the country?"

"No, certainly not. How can the Church be held responsible for the existence of hundreds of religious bodies who differ from each other as much as they all differ from the Church. In fact, it is from each other that they all differ and dissent, and not from the Church.

"What has the Church to do with differences between Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Presbyterians? If the Church ceased to exist as indicated in the question put by our friend, all these bodies would still have their organized religious life separate from each other.

"And what has the Church to do with the differences which separate various sections of the Baptists from each other? What has the Church had to do with the bitter controversies which have separated the *General* Baptists, who believe in universal redemption, and the *Particular* Baptists, who believe that the benefits of redemption were intended for the spiritual benefit of only a select portion of the human race; or the controversies which have so sharply separated the 'Close' and 'Open' Baptists, the first believing that none should be admitted to the 'Lord's Supper' but those baptized as adults and by immersion, the second believing that no such restrictions should, as a hard-and-fast condition, be imposed upon communicants?

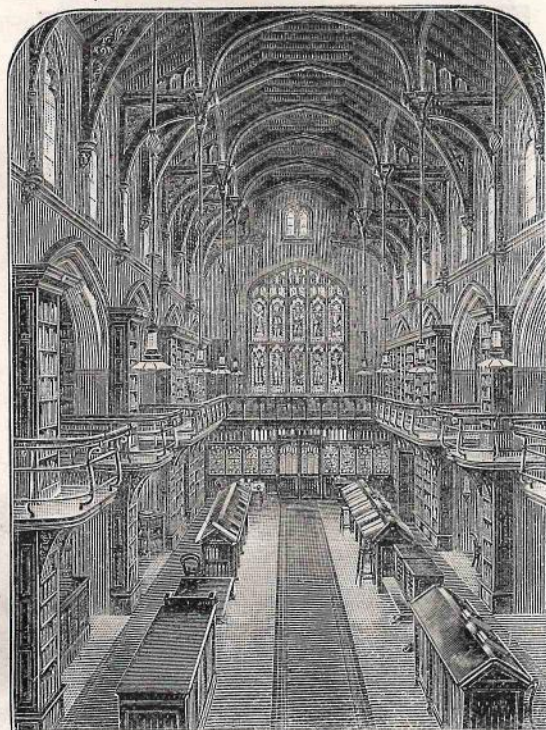
"Then again, how can the Church be held responsible for the formidable divisions prevalent amongst Methodists? The Methodist New Connexion on certain points separated from the original Wesleyan body in 1837, the Primitive Methodists in 1810, the Independent Methodists in the same year, and the Bible Christian Methodists in 1815; and the United Free Church Methodists constituted themselves one body from two differing sections dating from 1836 and 1837.

"But all these separations and divisions are a series of organized dissent from some previously existing forms of dissent, but certainly not dissent from the Church. The Church has in no way been concerned in or with these external and internal divisions."

ARCHBISHOP USHER'S DECISION.—Dr. Parr, in his *Life of Archbishop Usher*, relates that while that prelate was once preaching in the church at Covent Garden, a message arrived from the Court that the King wished to see him immediately. He descended from the pulpit, listened to the command, and told the messenger that he was then, as he saw, employed in God's business, but as soon as he had done, he would attend upon the King to understand his pleasure; and then continued his sermon.

GIVE QUICKLY.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried an idle boy. "Good friends! why, you have ten," replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers and thumbs, my boy," said his master. "I have; there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not got ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."



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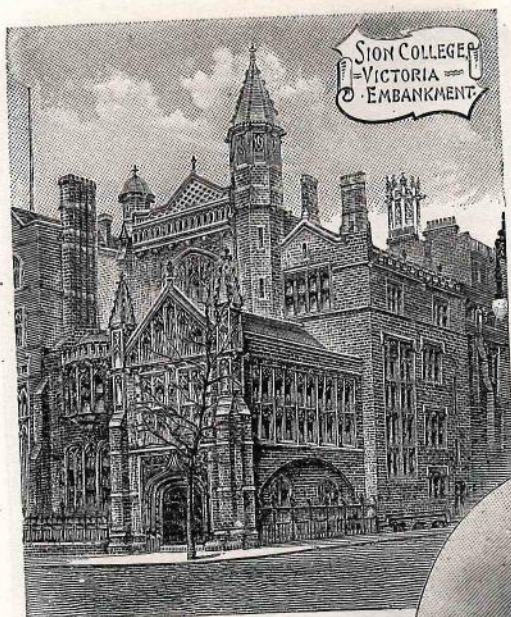
BY CHARLES H. LIMBRICK,
Assistant Librarian, Sion College.

Our Illustrations are from photographs specially taken by A. E. H

SION College is a Corporation of the Parochial Clergy of the City of London proper and its immediate suburbs within a certain area.

Dr. Thomas White (a former Rector of St. Dunstan's in-the-West), the founder, left a sum of £3,000 for the buying (to use his own words) "of a fair house and courtyard to make a fit College for a Corporation of all the Ministers, Parsons, Vicars, Lecturers, and Curates within London and the suburbs thereof; as also for a house or place fast by to make a convenient Almshouse for twenty persons, *viz.* ten men and ten women." This he did in regard to the Clergy to "maintain truth in doctrine, love in conversing together, and to repress such sins as do follow us men"; and in regard to the almshouse, with the laudable desire of relieving the suffering and misery attendant upon impecunious old age. He also left £40 yearly for the maintenance of the College, and £120 for the Almshouse. He desired that the Bishop of London should be the "Visitor."

The business of the College is managed by a Court



of Governors, consisting of a President, two Deans, and four Assistants.

The Incumbents of benefices in the area already mentioned are, by virtue of their incumbencies, Fellows of the College, and have the power of electing, and are also eligible for election, to the Court of Governors. The Lecturers and Curates are members of the College, but can neither elect nor be elected to the Court of Governors.

The original building was erected on the site of Elsinge Spital and Priory in London Wall. Dr. White died on March 1st, 1624; by March 7th, 1626, a charter for the College, such as Dr. White desired, had been obtained (this charter had subsequently to be modified: it was re-granted in its modified state by King Charles I. in 1630, and confirmed by Charles II. in 1664).

On April 25th, 1627, the executors of Dr. White purchased the site already spoken of, and having obtained charter and site, they proceeded to the founding of the necessary buildings. It was during

the erection of these buildings that the library was first thought of; its foundation was due to the following incident.

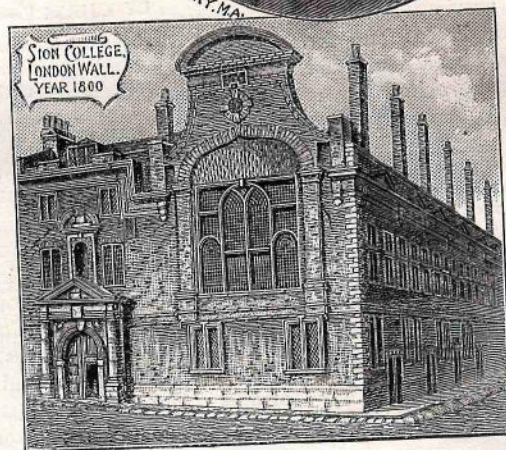
A member of the first Court of Governors, in company with Dr. Simpson (one of the executors of Dr. White), was viewing the progress of the works. Turning to Dr. Simpson, he remarked "that a fine room for a library might be built over the almshouse." The remark was not lost on Dr. Simpson, as he eventually built a spacious room at his own expense.

The record of the College, almost from the time of its foundation until the Great Fire of London, seems to have been one of continual financial difficulty, not entirely because of the meagreness of its endowment, but largely due to circumstances over which those who

managed its income had no control. And not financial trouble only (although that perhaps was its greatest), for the College became involved, among other things, in the turmoil and strife of the Revolution. On two occasions soldiers were quartered within its walls, and these evidently had not "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested" *The Souldiers' Catechism* (a facsimile of which is in the library),

which Cromwell caused to be issued to his soldiers, for they could not keep their hands from picking and stealing, and so the College lost the silver clasps off the covers of the vellum register of its benefactors. Then came the Great Fire of 1666, in which the whole of the buildings were burned down and one-third of the books in the library destroyed—a crushing blow, truly, and if there were no Sion College in these days, blame could hardly be laid upon any one. But, phoenix-like, the College rose again, so to speak, on its own ashes; and we find Stow, in his *Survey of London*, speaking

of it as a "Fair Building of smoothed brick with a large library of the same, well furnished with books." It had improved in other ways also, for it seems gradually to have cleared itself of debt, and perhaps for a century to have enjoyed comparative prosperity, doing its work in a quiet yet persevering manner, and making its power felt whenever occasion occurred for it so to do. The library had by this time so increased,

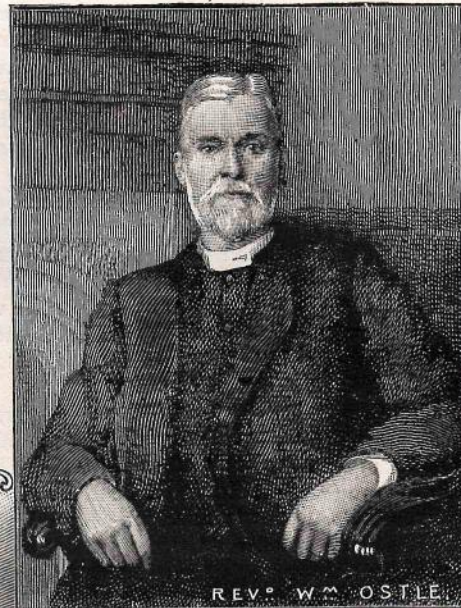


by the generosity of a number of different donors, that it had become a valuable collection of books, and it dawned upon the Governors that for so large and valuable a library to be constantly in danger of being burned down by having twenty old people, more or less incapable, living underneath it was not a very desirable position for it to be in; so a separate almshouse was erected between the years 1845 and 1847 costing £5,000. This again plunged the College into financial difficulties, and it was not until the latter part of the last century that it was once again free from debt.

One of the chief causes of the great increase of books in the library was the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, 1710, by which the College became entitled to one of every book published. This proved to be not an unmixed blessing, for the shelves of the library became stocked with a number of volumes that, considering those who most used the library, were practically useless. This Act continued in force till the Act 6 and 7 William IV. cap. 110 substituted for this right an annual payment, or compensation, of £363 15s. 2d.

Although the danger of fire from the almshouse no longer existed, yet, owing to the increase in the library, the buildings were becoming very inconvenient, and the warehouses and offices that had sprung up round about the College made it somewhat inaccessible, and were also a source of danger, as in the case of the Wood Street fire in 1882, which the King (then Prince of Wales) viewed from the roof of the College; and it was on this occasion that he is said to have made the remark that it would be wise to remove the College and its library to safer quarters. To do this it required two Acts of Parliament—one to enable the College authorities to sell a portion of the old site, and another to enable the Corporation of the City of London to sell them the present site on the Victoria Embankment, the freehold of which cost £32,000.

The present library, hall, and other buildings were opened on Wednesday, December 15th, 1886, by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales; there were also present the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson), the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and many other distinguished personages. The new building, which was designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield, the architect, cost close upon £28,000. It is a handsome, red-brick edifice of Late Gothic style of



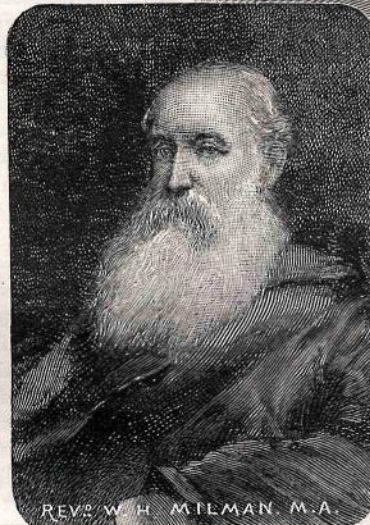
REV. W. M. OSTLE.



ARMS OF
THOMAS WHITE
FOUNDER OF
SION COLLEGE.



ARMS OF
JOHN SIMPSON,
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THE LIBRARY.



REV. W. H. MILMAN, M.A.

architecture, having a bold projecting porch, to build which special provision had to be made in the way of girders and arches over the arches of the underground railway. The floor of the porch is paved with mosaics, in which we notice a Latin inscription, part of which is the words used by the first elected President for the text

of the Latin sermon which, until some years ago, each President preached on his election to office. The words are: "Benigne fac Domine in bonâ voluntate tuâ Sion" ("O Lord, be favourable and gracious unto Sion").

Passing through the inner doors of the porch and turning to the left, we enter the fine hall, 65 ft. long, and about 45 ft. wide at its greatest width. On its walls are hung portraits, including, besides that of the founder, those of King Charles I., King Charles II., Thomas Tenison (Archbishop of Canterbury), Archibald Campbell Tait (Archbishop of Canterbury), and the Rev. W. H. Milman (the present librarian, who has been in office over forty-six years, and under whose fostering care the library has reached its present state of valuable efficiency). The hall is lighted on the southern side by a fine stained-

glass window containing the coats-of-arms of former Visitors and Presidents; the other windows are gradually being filled with the coats-of-arms of the Presidents who have held office since the erection of the new building. The oak panelling on the walls was, together with the stained glass in the southern window, brought from the old building in London Wall, so that our veneration for antiquity and appreciation of modern utility are happily blended. It is roofed, in common with the other rooms of the College, with fine specimens of carved oak work. The hall is used for social intercourse and, in the words of the founder, "for loving conversation" among the members; also in the winter months discussions on subjects of great general interest are held.

On the third Tuesday after Easter Tuesday, which is the day appointed in the charter for the anniversary meeting to be held, this hall is the scene of a function which has now been enacted for nearly three hundred years, practically without a break—namely, the election of the President and Court of Governors; in the evening of the same day the anniversary dinner takes place. Some notable guests have from time to time been present at this dinner, and the speeches have not always been so dry as people would have us believe after-dinner speeches usually are. The late Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple), then Bishop of London, said on one occasion that it was the "Visitor's" privilege to find fault and grumble: with the administration of the College he was glad to say he could find no fault; the dinner, too, was excellent; "but," said he (and in a way that only Dr. Temple could say it), "gentlemen, I can get no drink!" This was all the more remarkable as he only wanted water, but he supposed the real difficulty was he wanted it hot. On another occasion the Bishop of Rockhampton (Dr. Dawes) was a guest. In his speech he thanked the President and Court for relieving him of the stigma that was attached to every Colonial Bishop returning to England, "for," said he, "after the intellectual feast I have had upstairs in the library, followed by the sumptuous repast in the hall, no one, I would venture to say, could designate me 'a returned empty!'" At this function the last act, so to speak, of the outgoing President as such takes place. He rises, and calls the newly elected President to him, and then invests him with the seal and chain of the College, and formally hands him the keys of the archives and—whisper softly!—also the key of the wine-cellar. It is interesting to note that the presidential chair (which is seen at the far end of the hall in the illustration) was made from the wood of a plane tree that grew in the courtyard of old Sion College.

On the south-western side of the hall, and looking on to the Embankment, is the "common-room," well stocked with current newspapers and periodicals. There is in this room also a number of portraits, among which is an engraving of the portrait of Dr. Temple

(late Archbishop of Canterbury) by Herkomer (which, by the way, was presented to the Archbishop in the hall of Sion College). Passing from the hall, a handsome and massive oak staircase leads first to the "porch-room" and thence to the library. The porch-room is used as a smoking-room; it is bright and pleasant, with windows facing east, west, and south. On the wall above the mantelpiece hangs a portrait of George, Earl of Berkeley, who in 1682 gave to the library his noble study of books, containing in all 1,676 volumes.

Continuing our way upstairs, we come to the library, a fine Gothic hall with pointed, open-oak roof 96 ft. long, 45 ft. wide, and 42 ft. in height. On either side are four alcoves, 10 ft. deep, affording secluded accommodation for readers; and about 20 ft. from the floor a gallery runs round the whole building, giving easy access to the upper shelves of books. There are at the present time about 40,000 volumes on the shelves of this library, and the remainder of the books, about 50,000, are stored in bookrooms underneath the library. Overlooking the Embankment is a magnificent stained-glass window, containing representations of Archbishop Laud, William Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Dr. White, St. Augustine, St. Olave, Caxton, St. Martin, and St. Mellitus. This window would seem to symbolize the three chief aspects of the College: St. Augustine, St. Mellitus, Laud, and Dr. White its theological; Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Caxton its literary; and St. Martin its charitable. On the wall of the first alcove is a curious piece of antiquity: on one side is the image of the Deity with the following inscription—E.G.O SVM ALPHA ET Ω, on the other side the decollation of John the Baptist. This is thought to be an altar-picture belonging to the old priory on the site of which old Sion College was built. Standing at the north-eastern end of the library is a large glass show-case containing some very fine manuscripts and specimens of early printing, among which is a Greek Cursive manuscript of the Gospels of one hundred and fifty-three leaves written about 1050; Wycliffe's translation of the Old Testament, a manuscript on very fine vellum, written and illuminated about 1420; a manuscript Psalter on vellum, written about 1270 (this is considered one of the most beautiful examples of English illuminated work of this period); *Breviarium secundum Usam Ecclesiæ Eboracensis*, on vellum, consisting of four hundred and fifty-three leaves, written about 1330, with musical notation (this manuscript is the only known copy of a York Breviary); *The Recuyell of the History of Troy*, printed by William Caxton and Colard Mansion at Bruges between the years 1472 and 1474, this being the first book printed in English (it was in the printing of this book that Caxton tells us he learned the art); the first complete Bible printed in Greek, printed at the Aldine Press in Venice in the year 1518; *The Chastizing*

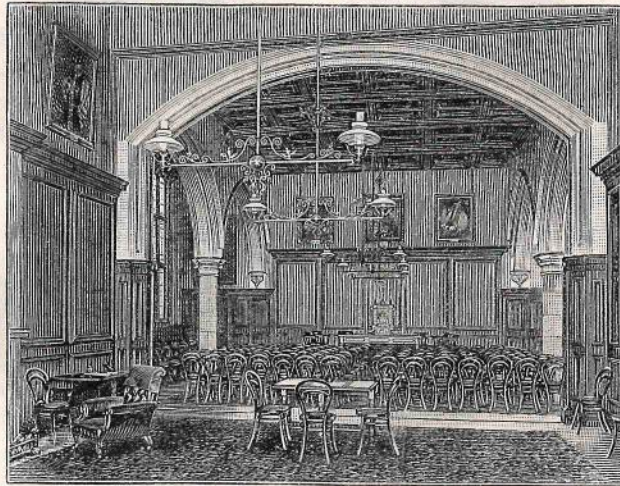
of *God's Children*, printed at Westminster by William Caxton (this book contains the earliest example of an attempt at a title-page). Close by, covering the lower part of the northern wall, are the archives, behind whose glass doors are a great number of valuable books, amongst which are the "Great Bible" of 1539; the *Complutensian Polyglot Bible*, 1514-1517; Coverdale's Bible, 1535; *Æsop's Fables* in English, French, and Latin, 1687; a volume of satirical essays by George Withers, entitled *Abuses Stript and Wipt*, for the writing of which he was imprisoned; and a fine copy of a very rare collection of voyages by Purchas, known as *Hakluytus Posthumus*. At the opposite end of the library are a few presses devoted almost entirely to

transcriptions and facsimiles of rare and famous Biblical manuscripts. Immediately above these the shelves are devoted to poetry and the drama. The whole of the alcoves on the western side and the straight bookcase at the northern end above the archives are devoted to theological works. It would be futile to attempt to describe this wealth of theological literature. Let it suffice to say that seldom, if ever, a student of theology comes to these shelves

and seeks in vain for information. The remaining part of the library is taken up with history, literature, bibliography, literary history, and the fine arts, while the first bookroom below the library is devoted to philosophy and natural and social science.

And this magnificent library of between ninety thou-

sand and a hundred thousand volumes is to all but some few hundred clergy practically unknown. That this should be so seems almost incredible, especially as it is stated in the rules "that strangers, lay as well as clerical, are admitted to read in the library," and this privilege is granted with the least possible formality. Clergy of the Church of England in the metropolitan area are allowed to become subscribers, and the



THE HALL.

payment of a merely nominal subscription gives them, among other privileges, the advantage of borrowing books from the library.

This article would be incomplete if it was not mentioned that, although the almshouse exists no longer, the source of the income for its maintenance has so increased in value that no less than forty poor persons receive pensions of between £36 and £40 per annum. This charity is now known as "Sion Hospital."

MONTH BY MONTH.

BY FRANCES AMIES.



JANUARY, dreary, sad, and cold,
Shut to the door, the tale's soon told.

February, short, hail, snow, and sleet,
Right glad are we its days are fleet!

March, noisy, rough, and wild of wind
Yet still we feel there's hope behind.

April, inconstant, sunny, and kind,
Rain, fair buds, e'en flowers we find.

May, is it true thou wast all joy?
Of east wind now thou hast alloy!

June, gay with roses red and white,
All Nature's gifts for our delight.

July, hot sun and brimming full,
Fruit and flower for us to cull.

August, with fields of golden brown,
Of all the months thou art the crown.

September, sweetly still and glad,
Thy passing beauty makes us sad.

October gleams of what has been,
And makes us fear the chill unseen.

November, dark and full of fog,
Prophetic of the Christmas log.

December hath a star so mild,
Which tells us of the Holy Child.



REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

THE RIGHT REV. EDMUND ARBUTHNOTT KNOX, D.D., Lord Bishop of Manchester, is a son of the Rev. G. Knox, and was born at Bangalore on December 6th, 1847.

He was educated at St. Paul's School, and proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He holds a brilliant record: Boden Sanscrit Scholar, 1867; First Class Mods., 1867; First Class Lit. Hum., 1868; First Class Law and Modern History, 1869; B.A., 1868; M.A., 1870; Hon. D.D., 1894. Fellow, Tutor, and Dean, Merton College.

In 1884 he became Rector of Kibworth Beauchamp, where he laboured with untiring devotion and earnestness until 1891. He was then appointed to the Vicarage of Aston, Birmingham, and became an Honorary Canon of Worcester in 1894, and Archdeacon of Birmingham. In the following year, upon the death of Bishop Bowlby, Dr. Knox was consecrated Bishop of Coventry, and became Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham.

The Bishop's twelve years' work in Birmingham has left an indelible impression on the Church life of the city. At Aston he developed and strengthened the parochial agencies, and was elected a member of the Aston School Board and became its chairman. As an educationalist the Bishop speedily stepped into the front rank, and gained a national reputation by the splendid lead which, as Bishop of Coventry, he gave to Churchmen in the last School Board Election at Birmingham. His services were so generally recognized by all parties that, although he suffered defeat in the election, the Bishop was invited to return to the Board as Chairman, and once more

took up an office in which his conspicuous fairness and strong judgment had been utilized with such advantage to the public life of the community.

Bishop Gore has frequently expressed his great admiration of Dr. Knox's strenuous labours, and when, upon the resignation of Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop Knox was called to the responsible position of the charge of the great Diocese of Manchester, a feeling of great satisfaction at so wise an appointment was expressed on all hands.

The Bishop received many valuable gifts on leaving Birmingham, and his reception at Manchester was marked by great cordiality. In the few months in which he has been at work in the North, he has shown a very real desire to be the helper of all classes of the community. His ready tact, unflinching courtesy, and abounding energy have quite won the hearts of the people, who look upon the Bishop as a most worthy successor of the illustrious prelates who have held this important See.

The Bishop is a powerful preacher and eloquent speaker. He takes a keen interest in social questions and is a strong supporter of missionary work.

His first wife, Ellen, daughter of the late Bishop French, died in 1892, and his present wife is Ethel Mary, daughter of Canon Newton, Vicar of Redditch.

The Bishop is the author of *Pastors and Teachers*.

Our portrait has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. T. D. Scott, from a photograph by Messrs. H. J. Whitlock & Co., Ltd., New Street, Birmingham.

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"Antipon" can be had of chemists, stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from stock or on order, or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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"THE RAPID REVIEW will make a bold bid for public favour."

The "Morning Post" says:

"The pages devoted to 'Contemporary Thought' are bright and necessarily up-to-date, and the literary and dramatic criticism is what one expects of a magazine which, besides being new, means and deserves to live."

The "Daily Mail" says:

"THE RAPID REVIEW promises to be a rapid success."

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"THE RAPID REVIEW, of which the first number is before us, promises to have an interesting future. At least, it will not fail for want of ambition. By no means a mere review of periodical literature, it has excellent sections devoted to 'Books of the Month,' 'Plays of the Month,' 'Art of the Month,' and even to 'Music of the Month,' in the last of which there is an attempt at giving something of the actual scores."

The "Carlisle Journal" says:

"The new publication aims at giving in a comprehensive form the news of the month in politics, music, the drama, and science, and an epitome of the contents of the most interesting books, magazines, reviews and other periodicals which are published in this country. This aim has been fairly attained, and the first number will be found to contain a great variety of information and good reading. There are numerous illustrations, and the frontispiece consists of a portrait of the Speaker, which is a good, but somewhat severe, likeness of the distinguished member for Carlisle."

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"It treats of everything of interest under the sun, and elsewhere for that matter. It is simply a marvellous compendium, and so thoroughly up-to-date that it even has a 'Stop Press Supplement.' Can enterprise go any further? and all for 6d. We cordially welcome it, and wish it every success."

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BY JESSIE CHALLACOMBE,

Author of "Little Christopher's Cross," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

FURNISHING THE NURSERY.



LITTLE Dorothy soon reigned as a queen in her new home, though her advent there was greeted by some with doubtful pleasure and surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had been married for many years. Some of their servants had lived with them ever since they were married; and everything had always gone on in the house in a very quiet and undisturbed way.

They lived in a beautiful house near Richmond Park. All that could make their home luxurious and comfortable was there. Dorothy's arrival was a thing very much out of the ordinary course of events in that household, and her first appearance was almost looked upon by some of the elderly domestics as a grievance.

"Well!" said the parlourmaid to the cook, as she came to announce the news in the kitchen, "the master and mistress have often brought back curious things from foreign parts, but they have brought back the most curious thing of all this time."

"What is it, Dormer?" the cook inquired. "I hope it is no new animal; that screeching parrot last time was quite enough."

"Animal, indeed! it is an animal, cook. It is nothing less than a baby. Now, what do you say to that?"

"A baby! You are dreaming, Dormer! It is a child they have taken pity on for some one, to be sent on by-and-by to its destination, I expect."

"No, it's their own baby, so the master says—a child that lost its mother on board, and nobody has claimed it; and mistress says till it is claimed it will be to them as their own. They both seem that fond and proud of it, it is quite funny to see them."

"Well, I have lived with the master and mistress nearly twenty years, and to think of having a baby now. Ah well! it is like their kind hearts; but I hope they won't regret it. These picked-up children very seldom turn out well."

"They have brought a nurse with them for the child—a pleasant-looking woman—she seems devoted to it, too. The mistress would take care that it gave us no extra work. But there, I must go—the bell is ringing. It is nice to have them back again, and they both look so well."

The question now was, which room should be the nursery? Although the house was large, every room was used for some purpose; no one of them could well be dispensed with. At length it was decided that one of the guest-chambers upstairs should be turned into the nursery; and there was a large dressing-room leading out of it which would do excellently for a night-nursery. As to the proper furniture for the rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were quite ignorant as to what ought and what ought not to be there. Mr. Henderson's one idea was that there certainly ought to be a rocking-horse. The morning after their arrival at home they went up to London to get, as far as they knew, the necessary furniture for the nursery.

Mrs. Henderson had a short consultation with Mrs. Buston before she started.

"Well, ma'am, you must get the little lady a proper cot—one with iron sides to it, so that she will not fall out; and a high chair, for she will soon be able to sit up to the table; and a high fender, which is such a protection against children falling into the fire; and a low table which she could easily reach for herself. And you might buy her a pretty mug, and a few toys, and some picture-books that won't tear. That is about all I can suggest just now, besides the chairs and tables and cupboard and chest of drawers you said you should get."

Mrs. Henderson wrote down Mrs. Buston's list beside her own, and showed the list to her husband, as they were going up to London.

They bought the most delightful high chair, which seemed to turn by magic into a low chair, a rocking chair, or a wheeling chair; a high brass fender; and a lovely bureau, with a cupboard above, which they thought would do well to keep Dorothy's books in. Then there were the tables and chairs, such pretty ones, the best that money could buy; and the cot was a picture, draped with white muslin frills and curtains.

"Dear little Dorothy! how lovely she will look in it!" Mr. Henderson said to his wife.

When all the furniture was purchased, then came the pictures.

"We must have suitable ones for the child," Mr. Henderson said.

There were plenty to choose from. They bought some coloured prints framed in dark green wood. Then came the rocking-horse. Mr. Henderson would not go home without buying that. "It will be all ready for her when she wants it," he said, when his wife hesitated as to the desirability of getting one.

Going to the toy department led them into many more extravagances. They had never before had

any idea of the vast amount of toys suitable for babies. They purchased a little white wool dog, a pretty rattle, and a large wool ball.

"These will do for the present," Mrs. Henderson said, though her husband had visions of coming again and again to the stores, and bringing home all sorts of other toys for his little girl.

They forgot nothing that Mrs. Buston had advised. Two mugs were bought: one was a Worcester china white one, and one had on it "A Present for a Good Girl," which Mr. Henderson thought was most suitable for little Dorothy. Then there were the picture-books. The selection was made. There was *The Farmyard*, *The Zoological Gardens*, and *The Child's Alphabet*.

"We have got no toys for Sunday, Edward!" Mrs. Henderson said, just as they were leaving that part of the building. "Dorothy ought to have something for Sunday: pictures to do with the Bible, I mean."

"A Noah's Ark would be the kind of thing," suggested the shopman.

Again they went back to the toy department, and a Picture Book was purchased, also some bricks with Scripture pictures upon them.

"Sheshall have a Sunday shelf in her cupboard like I had when I was a little girl," Mrs. Henderson said to her husband.

Then there was the baby's outfit to be purchased; for though the little orphan Dorothy had had a plentiful supply of plain clothes with her, they were not thought fit ones for Dorothy Henderson, as they loved to call her. Mrs. Henderson gave a large order, and selected some very pretty little frocks and pelisses and pinafores and hats.

One thing more and their purchases were completed. "We must have a go-cart for the little darling. Mrs. Buston can never carry her." And a dainty one was chosen in pure white. At last all the purchases were finished. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson seemed as delighted and pleased as if it had really been their own child for whom they were making all these loving preparations. Now and again the thought did enter their minds, "Suppose she should be claimed." But there was no clue at present, and there seemed to be no likelihood of it, for the Captain had telegraphed from the first port that they had stopped at, to Capetown, about the unknown child; and on reaching London there was a telegram which had been sent from Capetown, saying they could give no information about the woman's friends. Of course, they could not be sure at present that the child would not eventually be claimed, but they would not let that thought trouble them. It was a real comfort to them



"YOU ARE DREAMING, DORMER!"
Specially drawn by PAUL HARDY.

both to feel that dear little Dorothy was, for the time being, their own home treasure.

"Why worry over the future," said Mrs. Henderson. "It is for us daily to do our duty by 'Nobody's bairn.'"

(To be continued.)

OUR VILLAGE LAUNDRY CLASS.

BY C. F. PICTON-GADSDEN

(Domestic Economy Teacher, London School Board).

IV.

THE GETTING-UP OF COLLARS.



WHEN starched and ironed, collars and cuffs cannot look well unless they have been previously thoroughly washed. Sometimes after a collar has been washed a perspiration mark may be seen on the edge of it; to remove this, take an enamelled saucepan, and into it put three quarts of water and one tablespoonful of borax, which has been dissolved in a little boiling water.

Into this put the collars, and bring them slowly up to the boil, and boil for twenty minutes. Then rinse first in warm and afterwards in cold running water, blue them carefully, and when dry starch them with cold water starch.

Cold-water or raw starch is made as follows: One tablespoonful of starch, half a pint of cold water, half a teaspoonful of dissolved borax, four drops of turpentine. Put the starch into a basin, and mix it to a smooth cream with the cold water, using the fingers to press out any lumps in the starch; add the dissolved borax and turpentine, and strain through muslin into another basin. Keep the starch covered until it is wanted, and be careful to stir it up before using it. The borax is used to give a gloss to the linen, and the turpentine to prevent the iron sticking to the linen.

To starch Collars.—It is very necessary that they should be quite dry. Take two collars at a time, rub them lightly, put them right side to right side, and dip them into the starch. Wring them slightly, and rub the starch well into them. Then wring them by hand as dry as possible, and put them, wrong side uppermost, on a clean cloth, a little apart from each other, cover, and roll up in the cloth. Leave for half an hour; if unable to do this, the collars being placed in the cloth may be passed through the wringer.

To iron Collars.—Pull the collar into shape, and place it straight in front of you on the ironing-table,

wrong side uppermost. Rub it with a clean, dry handkerchief, or piece of flannel, to remove any surface starch, and to wipe out any creases to the top and bottom. Pass a hot iron very lightly over the collar. Turn it over, having the right side uppermost, pull again into a good shape, wipe out the creases, and press heavily with a hot iron; when smooth, turn and press heavily on the wrong side, turn again, and finish ironing it on the right side. When ironed dry enough, the collar should balance across an outstretched finger.

Keep the collars covered with a cloth until ready for polishing them.

To polish Collars.—Place the collar on a polishing-board, or if there be not one, turn back the ironing-blanket, and use the surface of the table. Damp the surface of the collar evenly, and with a bevelled polishing-iron, which must be very hot and very clean, press heavily down the edge of the collar; then work it backwards and forwards in even, straight lines until a good gloss is obtained. Then turn the collar, and polish the edge of the wrong side to prevent it from scratching the neck of the wearer. When the collar is polished, remove the polishing-board, lay the collar wrong side uppermost on the table. On it place a cool, flat iron, hold it firmly with the right hand, and with the left pull the collar sharply from beneath it; this is called curling the collar.

Cuffs are treated in the same way as collars. Eton collars should have the little band ironed quite dry first, and then the deep part of the collar should be ironed as described above. Shirt fronts are starched with cold-water starch, and are treated in the same manner as collars. If a collar be attached to a shirt front, that should be ironed first. In a front press out the creases to the sides, and iron it very evenly, using a hot iron and great pressure. Then polish as you would a collar.

If the old starch be not washed out of the collars, or if they are not carefully boiled, rinsed, blued, and dried, as well as starched, they will not look well when finished. If any of the old starch or the soap they have been washed with be left in them, they will look brown and streaky when ironed. If the iron used be not hot enough, it will stick to the collar, and will make nasty marks on it. In polishing, be very careful that the polishing-iron is quite clean; dust it all over, as any spot of dust will spoil the look of the collar. When doing several collars and cuffs, iron them all first, and keep them covered up; when all are ironed, polish them, curl them, and place them to air by putting them on a tray in front of the fire, covering them with muslin to keep off any dust. Cold-water starch is only used when anything is wanted very stiff, such as collars, cuffs, shirt fronts, children's sun-hats; for everything else it is better to use boiling-water starch. Articles starched with cold-water starch should be ironed within an hour of

starching, as if allowed to get dry, they would have to be damped before being ironed, and that would render the starch useless.

The Removal of Stains. Iron-mould.—Sprinkle the stain with lemon-juice, and expose to the air; if unable to do this, dip a clean rag in salts of lemon, pour some boiling water on the stain, and rub in the salts of lemon with the rag. Hold the stain over a basin, and pour some more boiling water over it. Then rinse the article in warm water, in which a little carbonate of soda has been dissolved; this will prevent the acid burning a hole.

Ink-spots, if freshly made, can be removed by soaking the stain in buttermilk, or in milk that has boiled; change the milk frequently, until the stain disappears.

Paint-stains.—If caused by water-colour, wash out easily; if caused by oil paints, rub the spot with a little turpentine or paraffin, and wash well.

Tar can be removed by rubbing a little olive-oil on the spot before the garment is washed.

Grease, borax will remove.

Mildew is very hard to remove. Rub the stain with either lemon-juice and salt, or onion-juice and salt, and expose to the air and sun. If these fail, damp the mildew spots, rub them with French chalk, and expose to the sun. Repeat the process until the stain disappears.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery).

VIII.—Potato Salad.

ONE of the best methods of serving cold potatoes is to make them into salad. Cut them in any convenient form, add one small onion finely chopped and a little celery. Mix thoroughly with a dressing made as follows: Break into a bowl the yolks of three eggs, add a pinch of red pepper, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, and beat hard. Add of best oil, beating constantly, enough to make the dressing as thick as cake batter, alternating occasionally with a few drops of sharp vinegar. Finish by adding one cupful of thick cream—sweet or sour.

IX.—Short-bread.

Two pounds finest flour, one pound salt butter well washed, twelve ounces castor sugar. Break the butter in pieces among the flour, add the sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Work it into dough, and roll into cakes.

X.—Manchester Cake.

Work half a pound of butter to a cream, mix a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound candied lemon, well together; add half a pound of castor sugar; then add ten eggs, beat well; then add half a pound of best Vienna flour, in which mix a teaspoonful of good baking powder and a pinch of salt. A few drops essence of lemon is an improvement. Put in a well-buttered cake tin, and bake for an hour and a quarter.

XI.—Homely Rules.

Not to wash plates and dishes soon after using makes work.
Never put the handles of knives into hot water.
Dirty saucepans filled with hot water begin to clean themselves.

St. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr (APRIL 25).

We pray Thee, Jesus, Who didst first
The chosen Twelve ordain,
In order due and holy life
The Church they ruled sustain.

We pray Thee, Jesu, with Thy gifts
Our pastors still to bless,
With doctrine uncorrupt and pure,
With zeal and righteousness.

G. PHILLIMORE.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. PERCY NOTT, M.A.,
Curate of Hornsey.

19.  O whom did Our Lord first appear after His Resurrection? 20. Who was saved from dying of thirst by finding water in a bone? 21. What parable did Our Lord tell in answer to the question, "Who is my neighbour?" 22. What man, in consequence of a rash oath, would have killed his son if he had not been prevented from doing so? 23. Of whom did Our Lord ask the same question three times? What was the question? 24. Who wished that he might die the death of the righteous?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

X.—ENIGMA.

 Y First is what we all detect—
At least, we say we do,
And we're bound to hold what we are told
As being strictly true;
But yet, in spite of that, I ween
There's not a man can say
He doesn't make free to indulge in me
In his own peculiar way.

My Second had for ages stood
And laughed at Time's decrees,
He couldn't surpass his scythe and glass,
And I had conquered these;
But there came a puny thing called man,
And I found, to my dismay,
That he had the power in a single hour
To shatter me clean away.

My Whole is found on enchanted ground
On Erin's lovely isle,
Where the wit is rare, and the maidens fair
Have a winning glance and smile.
Oh! were I there, on that island rare,
With all those maidens true,
I'd gather my whole, with all my soul,
And wreath a crown for you.

F. E. S.

XI.—SIMPLE ADDITIONS.

1. Add two letters to a month and make a magistrate. 2. Add two letters to a shop and make a dignitary. 3. Add two letters to donkeys and make a collection of pupils. 4. Add two letters to a plug or cover, and make a shell-fish. 5. Add two letters to a fowl and make fun. 6. Add two letters to a monkey and make a pattern.

XII.—SQUARE WORD.

1. An ugly giant. 2. What salt is. 3. Made to be trampled on. 4. A boy's pet name.

ON MESSRS. SMITH'S BOOKSTALLS

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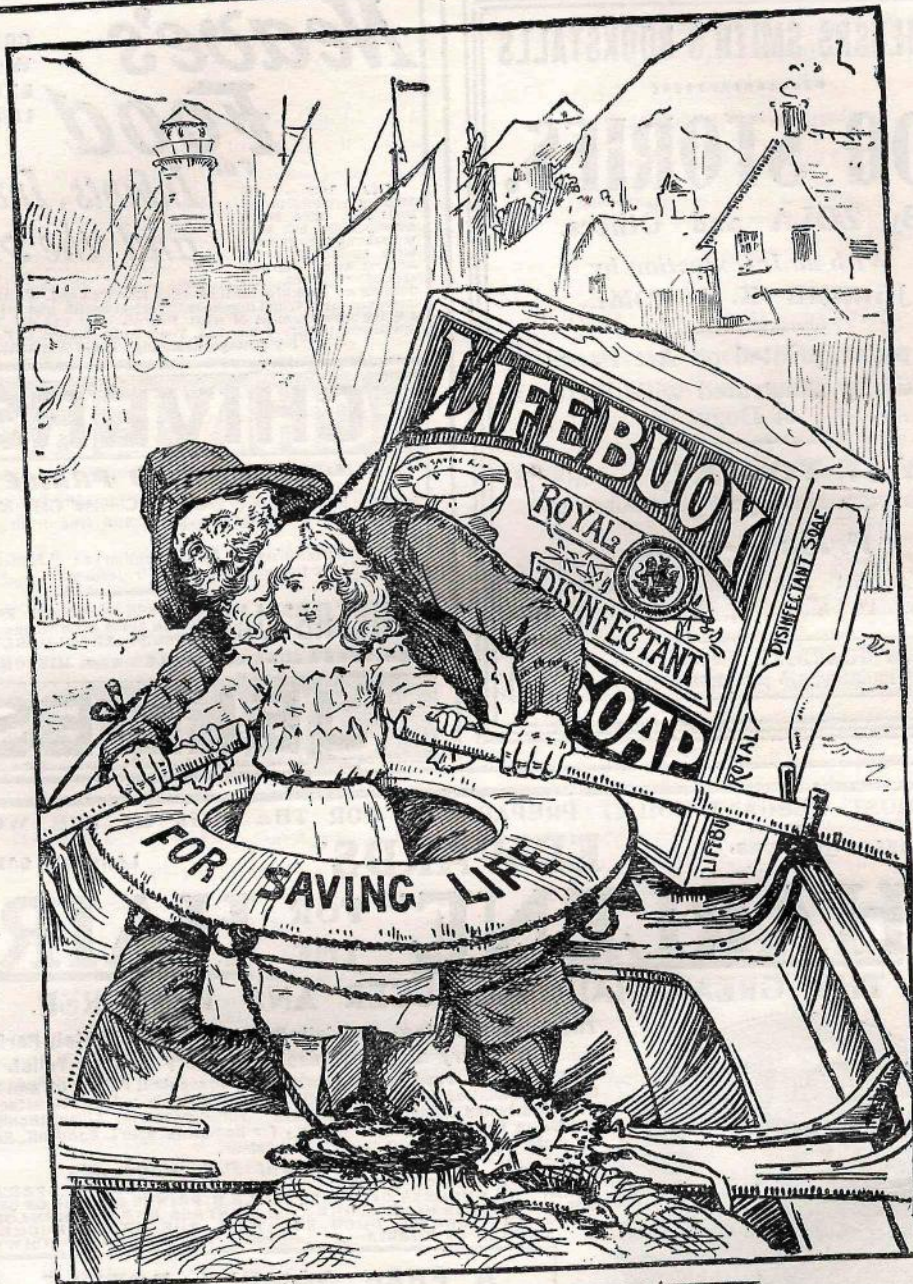
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Cassie's Wonderful Eyes,

AND WHAT SHE SAW WITH THEM.

BY THE REV. GERARD W. BANCKS, M.A.,
Rector of Hartley; Author of "*A World Beneath the Waters*," etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by DOROTHY FURNISS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUGAR-EATERS, AND THE END OF THE WORLD.



"SUDDENLY there was a great commotion among the little workers. They left off singing and smiling, and seemed in the greatest agitation.

"My little friend cried, 'Come along as quickly as you can.'

And back we hastened, following the stream by which we had come towards the sugar lake again.

"As we hurried on, thousands of the little people all along the way were weeping and wailing, and seemed almost beside themselves with fear. When we reached the lake the terror and consternation on all sides was terrible to see.

"And now I perceived that the sky was overcast—a dark purple hue was fast overshadowing it. It seemed as though the light of day was being gradually shut out. I soon lost sight of my friend among the excited crowd, but it was not long before I learnt the cause of the general dismay.

"The sugar-eaters are coming,' they cried; 'what shall we do? what shall we do?'

"What do you mean?' I said to some of those nearest to me. 'Who are the sugar-eaters? And why are you so afraid of them?'

"They are our enemies,' they cried. 'There are thousands and millions of them. See! they are there, trying to force a way through the sky; and if they succeed they will pour in upon us and will eat all our sugar. They will leave us nothing but brandy and water. Then we shall all die, and the end of the world will come.'

"Perhaps they will not be able to break through,' I said, wishing to comfort them. 'And if they do, cannot you drive them back?'

"It is impossible!' they cried: 'We cannot fight; we can only work and eat, and laugh.'

"And all this time the sky grew more and more purple, and a loud noise like crackling thunder was heard above, which they said was caused by the sugar-eaters trying to break through the sky.

"Presently a great shout was heard, 'They are through! they are through!' And sure enough, I saw a great zigzag rent in the clouds, like a streak of lightning, and through it came immediately after a stream of the sugar-eaters pouring down into the lake.

"What were they like?" asked Jeff.

"They were round, and, as far as I could make out, without arms or legs or heads, like the people of the country; but they swam about very easily, and some of them soon came very near to me.



"THEY ARE THROUGH! THEY ARE THROUGH!"

"It was very curious to see them tearing the sugar to pieces, undoing all the work of the poor little creatures who had made it. The something, which I told you the makers strained out of the air, these creatures put into bags which seemed to swell bigger and bigger. Something else, which smelt like brandy, they poured back into the lake, and what was then left they sucked into their own bodies.

"I was particularly interested in the little bags. One near me soon grew very, very large, like an enormous bladder. Bigger and bigger it swelled, and then it slowly rose up in the air and began to move along.

"I could not help shouting out 'A balloon! a balloon!' and running along the shore after it. Higher and higher it rose, till it seemed to touch the sky, and then, with a tremendous report, it burst, and seemed to leave nothing behind. Very soon a number more of them rose and burst in the same way.

"But now the strangest thing happened. Everything seemed to be getting smaller, and farther and farther away. I could not see anything quite distinctly. At last I saw only the great globe, and that became smaller and smaller, till it seemed to hang in the air just over my head. I was beginning to open my real eyes. Then I heard the bumble bee's voice saying, 'Open your mouth—open your mouth; eat it.'



"So I opened my mouth, and the globe, now become quite small, fell into it, and I ate it. It was a ripe purple grape, and I had eaten my beautiful world!

"As the bumble bee flew away he cried out, 'Come again tomorrow, and you shall see more wonderful things with your little eyes.'

THE PREEN YEW.

MANY will recollect the great storm which swept over the country on Thursday, December 12th, 1901. The wind blew a gale, and the snow fell thick and fast. Many trees, especially firs and yews, suffered from their branches being so heavily weighted with snow that they gave way beneath the pressure. The old yew which has flourished for so many centuries in Preen Churchyard



A VENERABLE TREE.

was seriously injured by the breaking off of two large branches. This venerable tree is probably the largest yew in England, and the following particulars are taken from Dr. John Lowe's well-known work, *The Yew-Trees of Great Britain and Ireland*.

"CHURCH PREEN.—In the churchyard is one of the finest, if not the finest tree in existence. . . . The trunk is hollow, and will hold twenty-one men standing upright. Notwithstanding, the tree throws out every year new wood." The following measurements will give an idea of its size: Girth of tree at ground, 37 ft. 2 in.; 1 ft. from ground, 32 ft. 7 in.; 7 ft. from ground, 23 ft. 3 in. "The branches are very large; and the 'umbrage' of the tree is 230 ft. Several branches are kept up by wood supports, and an iron band surrounds the trunk. With regard to the age of the tree, various opinions have been given. These are based upon a comparison of the increase of growth in a certain number of years, but it would appear that the rate of growth varies considerably according to the age of the tree, so that no positive result can be relied on." The following measurements are given by Dr. Lowe in the work noted above: "In 1780, the difference between the circumference of the tree at the base and at 4 ft. was 13 ft. 2 in.; in 1833, it was 14 ft.; in 1889, it was 18 ft. 8 in., which can only have arisen from the growth of young shoots from the base. . . . The rate of growth for young trees is 1 ft. in seventy to seventy-five years. At this rate, Dr. Lowe estimates the age of the tree to be 750 or 1,000 years. A French authority, on the other hand, M. A. de Candolle, would reckon its age to be 1,440 years.

Our illustration is from a photograph kindly taken by the Rev. Edward Collétt, M.A., Vicar of Hayton.

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—April 1, Good Friday; 2, Easter Eve; 3, Easter Day, Richard, Bishop; 4, Easter Monday, St. Ambrose, Bishop; 5, Easter Tuesday; 10, 1st Sunday after Easter; 17, 2nd Sunday after Easter; 19, Alphege, Archbishop; 23, St. George, Martyr; 24, 3rd Sunday after Easter; 25, St. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr.

Jesus said: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."

ST. JOHN XVI. 22.

News of the Month.

By **FREDK SHERLOCK.**

MANY happy returns of the day to the Archbishop of Canterbury, April 7th; the Bishop of Gloucester, April 25th.

The Rev. A. Love, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Cambridge, is making a vigorous effort to raise an endowment of £2,000 for the increase of the benefice, and £2,000 for the erection of a Vicarage. It is of special interest to learn that the Endowment Fund has a direct link with the localised issue of **THE CHURCH MONTHLY.**

In a very brightly written pastoral letter the Vicar writes:—

"It is pleasant to find that the suggestions made in our columns are not only read but acted upon. The idea that—not only notes of passing events are acceptable to the Editor of a Parish Magazine—but that a place can also be found in our parochial activities for Bank Notes was at once acted upon by a working printer who reads our Magazine. In one of the early days of January, an envelope was laid on my table, enclosing a Postal note for 10s, to start the Endowment Fund—with the request that it might be entered as an anonymous gift. May this example be largely followed, not only with respect to the Endowment Fund, but with other parochial funds in which you are interested."

Timid people are afraid that the Vicar is asking for too much. To allay the fears of such, Mr. Love cheerfully adds:—

"Some of our parishioners think that the amount which I stated was needed for St. John's Parochial work was so large a one that we shall never obtain it. *Apropos* of this I noticed in another column of the *Cambridge Daily News* of January 8th, which contained the report of our gathering and appeal for £8,000 for our Parish, the following paragraph:—

"The Quorn Hunt has decided to spend £8,000 on new kennels for their hounds."

"Surely it is not too much to ask our Diocese to contribute for the House of God the sum which the members of a Hunt give ungrudgingly to house their dogs!"

The parish is a rapidly-growing suburb of the University town. Ten years ago work was started in an iron room; now the chancel and two bays of the nave of a noble church have been built and paid for. £4,000 is still required to complete the nave, and £400 for suitable vestries.

The Bishop of Worcester's fellow feeling for his clerical brethren is seen at its best in the following paragraph which appears in his *Diocesan Magazine*:—

"I have come back from an excellent holiday amidst the wonderful interests, natural and historical, of Algiers and Tunis. I cannot help feeling a great regret when I think of those of the clergy who are debarred by lack of means from any similar recreation—good alike for themselves and their parishes. In America it is very much the habit for parishioners to supply their clergy with means for taking their holiday. In some cases this might be done among us also. Where there is no one in the parish who can do it, I should be always glad if the churchwardens or other parishioners would let me hear where the need exists and cannot be satisfied, in case I might be able to do something towards procuring the necessary funds."

Temperance Sunday in London Diocese will be observed on April 24th. The Bishop in his letter to the Clergy urges for a special "appeal to the people to help to make London a more sober city than it is."

The *Reader and Lay Worker* seems likely to fill a useful place in Church periodical literature. The first few numbers have been very well done.

At the Lambeth Palace meeting of the C.E.T.S. on April 25th, the Duke of Fife is to be one of the speakers.

The historic continuity of the Church of England is exemplified by a fact which was mentioned the other day by the Bishop of Stepney. Land in the parish of Tillingham, Essex, was given for the upkeep of the fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral so far back as the year 609, and the gift has been continued to its original use to the present day.

Mrs. Harvey-Brooks' charming volume on "Marriage and Marriages" should be in great request as a gift-book for those who contemplate entering, and those who have already entered, the marriage state. It is packed full of wise counsel, presented in such an attractive form, that her good advice will be accepted even by those who wince under the knowledge that their own foibles are laid bare.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man will preach the Spital Sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, on April 13th.

The building of Liverpool Cathedral looms so very large in the papers that the average man will rub his eyes when he reads that Bishop Chavasse reports six new churches as now building in his Diocese, and "twenty-five additional churches and forty new mission rooms" are among the urgent wants of this energetic Bishop.

The new issue of the Clergy List is, so far as we have tested it, a model of accuracy. In the list of Benefices both the gross and the net values are given, a feature which will be appreciated by many who have to consult this section. The type, although small, is very clear and readable, so that the volume is still kept a convenient handy size.

Those who are familiar with the stalwart presence of the Archdeacon of London will appreciate the whispered comment of a City policeman to his companion when on duty in St. Paul's Cathedral: "He (the Archdeacon) should have been one of us!"

A few months ago the Religious Tract Society issued an *edition de luxe* of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with some most striking illustrations by Mr. Harold Copping. A fresh edition, with a few of Mr. Copping's drawings printed in colour, has now been published at the popular price of one shilling, and it will no doubt have a large sale.

The Rev. J. H. Stamp continues, in the pages of the *Waltham Abbey Magazine*, his fascinating story of the old Abbey. An extract from the Registers, under date of February 25th, 1803, gives the Baptismal name of a child as "Love, Peace, Unity, and Concord, of Benjamin and Ann Sears," but whether a boy or a girl is not mentioned. The hapless infant lived only two years or so, and the burial of "Love, Peace, Unity, and Concord" is registered under the date of August 17th, 1805.

The Princess Christian has promised to open a Bazaar and Fête in the Rectory Grounds, Hornsey, in aid of a new church in Priory Road.

Canon Horsley, Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, S.E., is again arranging a trip to Switzerland, to take place in June.

Lovers of that favourite hymn, "The Sower went forth sowing," may like to make a note of a revision which the author, the Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, has made in two of the verses. In the new edition of Church Hymns, the lines in verse 1, "The seed in secret slept Through weeks of faith and patience," appear as "The seed in secret slept Through days of faith and patience"; and in verse 2, "Oh, *beauteous* is the harvest," appears as "Oh, *beautiful* the harvest."

The income of the S.P.G. for 1903 amounted to £158,642, being an increase of £6,112 over the previous year.

Mrs. Temple has been elected President of the Women's Work of the S.P.G.

The widow of Canon Carus has bequeathed £1,000 towards the completion of the tower of Christ Church, Winchester.

Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly, the only son of the Rev. F. F. Kelly, M.A., Vicar of Camberwell, is a young artist who is meeting with considerable success in Paris. Several of his pictures have been hung on the line at the Salon, and one of them has been recently purchased by the French Government for the National Galleries.

The work of church extension in Leeds is being pushed forward with great enthusiasm. Of the £100,000 asked for five years ago, £90,000 has been raised.

The S.P.C.K. has contributed £500 towards the building of the nave of Belfast Cathedral. The opening ceremony is expected to take place in June.

For the first time in its history the Diocese of New Guinea is out of debt. Bishop Stone-Wigg is carrying on a magnificent missionary work among the native races.

The Sunday school children of the poor parish of St. Luke's, Old Street, E.C., provide the cost of the education of a little girl in the S.P.G. School at Kalasapad, Madras.

A handsome screen has been erected in Holy Trinity, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, in memory of the late Rector, the Rev. J. W. Collins.

A convention of the International Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in Philadelphia from September 29th to October 2nd.

One hundred years ago there were 112 churches in the City of London; to-day there are only 54. No less than 58 have been demolished, and their parishes united with others, the revenues being mainly applied for the erection of churches and the increase of the incomes of the clergy in poor parishes.

Two new churches are to be erected in Swansea to replace the temporary iron churches of St. Jude and St. Stephen.

"Like father like son," may, in at least one respect, be said of the Bishop of Gloucester and his only son, for they are both ardent cyclists. The Bishop, in response to an enquiry, says:—

"I can only speak of cycling in the humble form of a tricycling octogenarian. Some eight or nine years ago I felt, that fond as I was, and ever have been, of the incomparably healthy exercise of walking, old age made me more conscious of the weight of the body, and of the advantage of distributing it by machinery. So I had a light tricycle made for me, on which I have ridden for the last eight or nine years with comfort, and the advantage of having a supplemental form of exercise. As such I can heartily recommend it."

His son, who is Chancellor of the Diocese of Gloucester, and also of the Diocese of Bristol, and Judge of County Courts Circuit, Gloucestershire, has recently been interviewed by a correspondent of *Cycling*, to whom he confided that he had been a wheelman since 1886, and it is the Chancellor's ambition to cycle from Rodborough to London, a distance of about a hundred miles, within the day. In his capacity as Judge, he has "often to sit in judgment on collisions," and juries frequently have the benefit of his expert knowledge.



BISHOP ELlicOTT.

From a Photograph by H. J. Comley, Stroud.

A Million Penny Fund has been started at St. Paul's, Sale, in aid of a Mission Hall, which is urgently needed.

The King has sent a donation of £20 towards providing a Good Templar Hall for Berkshire.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have decided to appropriate £250,000 during the present year towards the endowment of new benefices in populous places and the augmentation of poor livings. The valuable work done by the Commissioners is shown by the fact that as a result of their operations the total increase in the incomes of poor benefices now exceeds £1,091,010 per annum.

An effort is being made to improve the endowment of the benefice of Witherslack, Westmorland. The place practically owes its origin to the benefactions of Dr. Barwick, Dean of St. Paul's in 1664, who was born at Witherslack, and left his fortune for educational and parochial endowments. Though the former are amply provided for, the living has remained at a very moderate figure considering the circumstances. The place is eleven miles from Kendal, and nearly six from the town of Grange-over-Sands.

One event in this parish is the Annual Meeting of the Trustees, when marriage portions are awarded to "maids born in Witherslack." Five grants of £12 were made last October.



CHANCELLOR ELlicOTT.

From a Photograph by H. J. Comley, Stroud.

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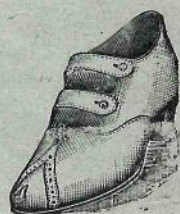


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