

THE Parish Magazine.

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Holy Trinity.

FINSTHWAITE,
St. Peter's.

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All Saints.

Sept., 1919.

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The Carmelite Friary at Hulne.

By Charlotte Mason.

(The Illustrations are from Photographs by J. C. Ruddock, Alnwick.)

"Erst a religious house, that day and night
With hymns resounded and the chanted rite."

A SPELL of antiquity hovers over the venerable and ivy mantled Abbey, standing in a woody and delightful solitude on the north side of Hulne Park. We do not find it nestling in a valley like so many of our Cistercian Monasteries, but set on a hill-top amid acres of beautiful trees, the ash, the birch and the beech, forming a picture replete with by-gone association and a spot dear to the soul of the true artist.

Prosperity and beauty reigned throughout its possessions, when the Abbey was tenanted by Carmelite Friars. The exact date of its foundation is unknown; we find in a charter of John de Vesci between the years 1265 and 1288, that his father William de Vesci, "had appointed a site for the possession of the Friars," and from what we can gather from other writers we find the story of its foundation dates back to the days of chivalry and romance; in the palmy days of long ago the hearts of men were stirred to enthusiasm by the doughty deeds wrought in the Holy Land, in the campaigns to rid the sacred places from the Infidel.

More than six hundred years have rolled away since William de Vesci and Richard Gray, "two

eminent chieftains in the Christian Army," influenced alike by heroic associations and religious fervour, journeyed to Palestine, and during their sojourn there paid a visit to the Monastery on Mount Carmel, where their eyes rested on green slopes and pastures. "For even," says a writer, "from the ancient days Carmel had been the habitation of Shepherds."

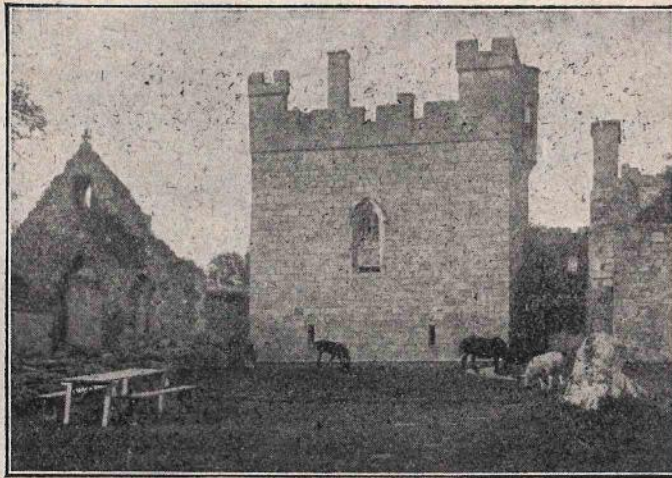
To the great surprise of the pilgrims they found among the Friars a monk who proved to be an old companion-in-arms and a fellow-countryman, by name Ralph Freshburn, who after signalling himself in the Crusades, assumed the cowl, adopted the hermit life, and joined the Friars in the Monastery which "zealous poverty had long

maintained upon the Mount." In the silent and peaceful seclusion:—

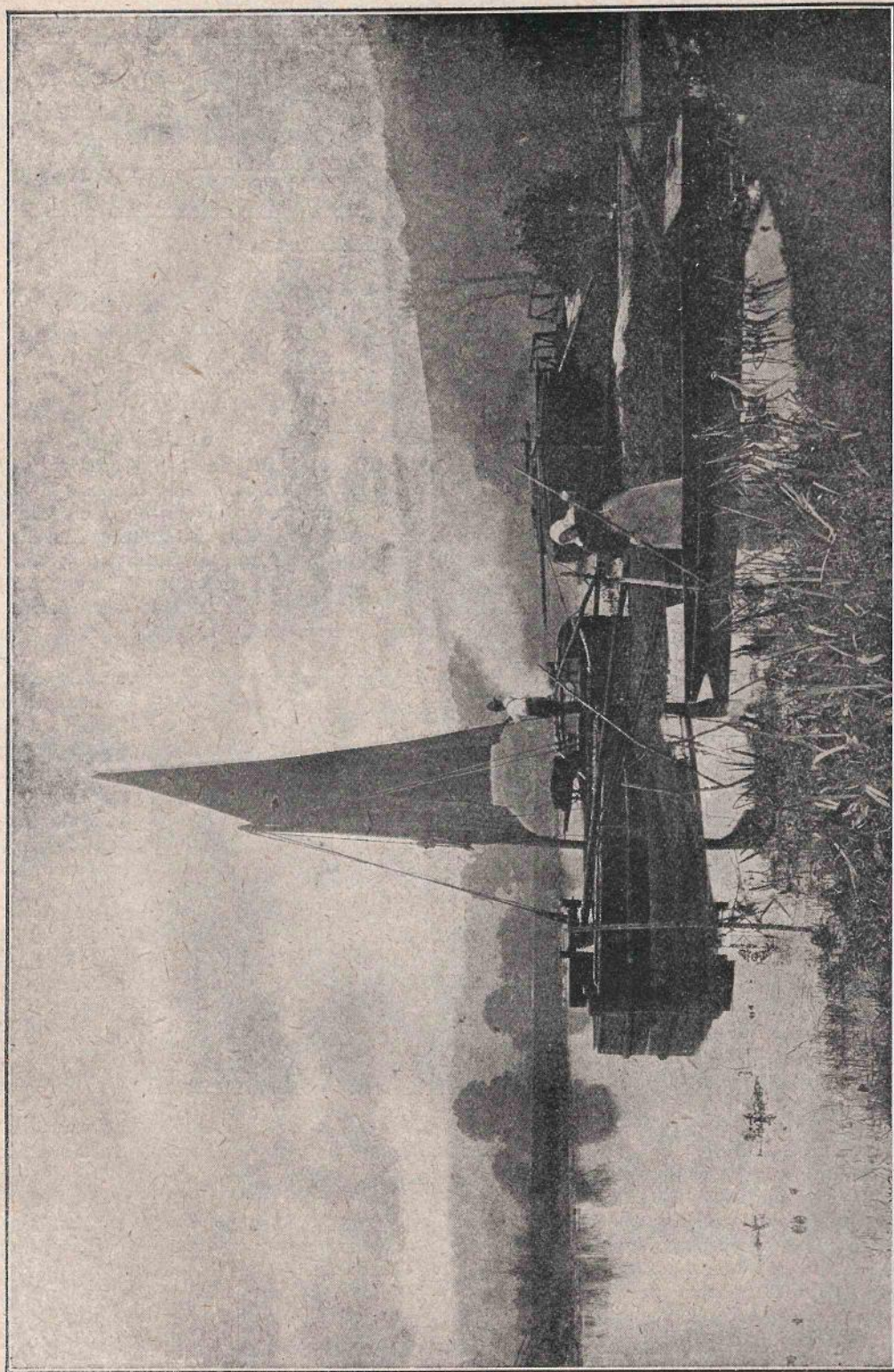
"The soldier, weary of the sound

Of war and tumult, sought the humble cell," and took the vow of poverty and the white gown of the Friars.

Quickly the barons hailed him as brother, and made entreaty with the Superior that he should return with them to England, which even his vows could not banish from his memory. A



THE TOWER, HULNE ABBEY.



From the painting by

THE FERRY.

[Colonel Galt.]



GATEWAY, HULNE ABBEY.

great longing for his birth-place awoke within him at the sight of de Vesci and Grey. What wonder if a tear fell on the coarse robe as the sounds of his Northumbrian home cried to him with their familiar voice, and his thought went back to the old day-dreams which had stirred his heart in the world which he had renounced; and the monk felt all his loneliness in the House where "obedience was their freedom and poverty their honour."

At first the pleading was in vain, but eventually and after great persuasion the consent of the Friars was obtained on the promise of the Englishmen to build a house of Carmelite Friars in their own land. And the promise was not forgotten.

On their return to Alnwick, while wandering along the banks of the river, the three travellers marked a fair green hill which to the monk's eyes bore a remarkable resemblance to the mountain of Elijah, and, foreseeing the opportunity of great good in this remote situation, the site of the Carmelite House was instantly chosen, and according to tradition, De Vesci gave the land and Freshburn built the monastery.

There is no special beauty in the architecture, but it is in a style befitting a religious edifice built in the early years of the

13th century; foliage and lichen relieve the severe aspect of the high enclosing wall, which is well preserved and cared for by the lords of the castle.

A stone figure of a monk is seen standing at the entrance as if keeping watch and ward over the vale. The gateways are still entire, but the numerous chapels, oratories and offices are greatly dilapidated. Within the hallowed precincts, sacred in charm and peaceful seclusion, are the remains of the Church, which consist of a gable and the south and east walls, showing the solid masonry of the old builder. We can see that the Church was long and narrow, its dimensions being 123 feet by 26 feet.

Many of the buildings have disappeared, but owing to frag-

ments of stone which peep up from the green sward we can trace the cloisters, refectory bakehouse, the old mill with its quern for grinding the monks' corn, and the foundations of other buildings. The Church retains its sedilia and piscina, also five lancets with trefoil headings in the South wall.

The Sacristy is an object of great interest. It can show the oven for baking the consecrated wafer. In the 16th century it was divided into two storeys, and the old Tudor window which lighted the room for the Sacristan in charge of



THE NINE-YEAR-OLD HOLE, HULNE ABBEY.

the holy vessels to keep vigilant watch at night still looks into the ruined church. The Chapter House is lighted by an East window and four large lancets in the south wall, which still do honour to the original architect.

The Cloister :—

"Where between the hours of prayer
The Brethren walked in whispering solitude"—
with its covered alleys was 78 feet square.

Adjoining are two ground passages, one leading to a narrow lobby which may have been the Prior's Lodge, and the other to a square court which was probably the garden of the Prior.

A turret-stair leads to the Refectory with the dormitory above.

One feature which arrests the attention of the tourist is "The Praying Monk," a stone figure in the garb of a Carmelite Friar, standing in the attitude of prayer near one of the old windows. The monk is said to have been carved by the same sculptor who executed the figure of Paulinus near the Holy Stone spring.

Standing quite by itself in the grounds is an embattled

tower with vaulted under-storey, quite the best preserved portion of the ruins, built in 1388 by the fourth Earl of Northumberland, foremost among the noblemen of his age, as a place of defence for the brethren during the Scottish raids.

On a panel sunk in the wall is an inscription which tells us a little of its history :—

"In the year of Christ MCCCLXXXVIII.

This Tower was builded by Sir Hen Percy, the fourth Erle of Northuberlad of gret hon and worth.

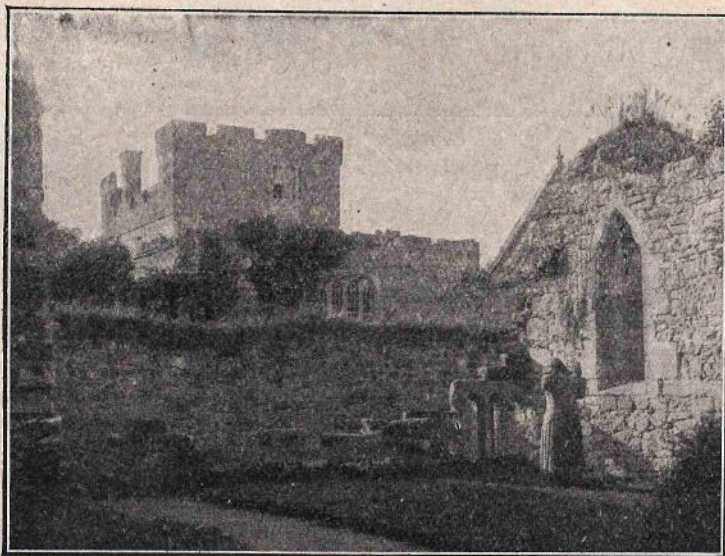
That espoused Maud ye good lady full of virtue
and bewty, daughter of Sir William Harbirt right
noble and hardy Erle of Pembrock whos souls
God save and with his grace conserve ye bilder of
this tower."

The interior contains some fine tapestries

representing events in the life of Constantine from designs by Rubens.

Half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, a rugged footpath leads to "Brislaw Hill" where, in the lone craggy rocks, is a large cavern known from time out of mind as "The Nine-year-old Hole," overshadowed by trees. The origin of the name is that in the olden days the cavern was occupied for nine years by one of the Friars of the Carmelite House as a punishment for some wrong doing,—or maybe as a voluntary penance. In his great sorrow he sought relief by years of penitence and prayer, and occupied himself in carving a large figure at the entrance and also one in the interior of the cave. These old relics gratify the eye by touches of ancient

skill. If they are rude, the sculptor did his best; they are cut out of the solid rock and must have entailed great labour on the part of the imprisoned carver. There was nothing to disturb the quiet of his solitude but the Abbey bell, heard in the distance, the mellow song of the birds, and the coo of the wood-pigeon, and nothing



THE MONK AT PRAYER, HULNE ABBEY.

has happened since to disturb his memory.

Truly it is a memorable place. As we stroll in the grounds of the old religious house we acknowledge while we gaze at the carefully preserved ruins that it is the most complete example of a Carmelite Friary in England.

Though little is known of its history, the romantic story of its formation is quite in keeping with the ruins, and at least we may accept it on trust :—

"Here to its stately porch and sculptured nave

In better days the poor and sorrowing hied,
And as the holy fathers solace gave,

Found their griefs softened and their wants
supplied."

Through Trial's Gate.

BY PERCY JAMES BREBNER.

Author of "The Pendreds of Crag's End," "Miss Nevill of the White House," "The Turbulent Duchess," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NUMBER TWO PIT.

FTER some delay a boy was found to go for a cab and Philip Hadden was taken to the hospital. He had not recovered consciousness. The blow had been a heavy and brutal one, and his head had struck the kerb as he fell. The hospital was the safest place for him. Violet had protected him from a worse fate only because Cripps had been there; she would not be likely to have the same success with another gang of men, even if she chanced to be on the spot at the time.

Allan pointed this out to her as they left the hospital after the doctor had informed them that Philip's condition was not likely to become serious.

"What has happened to Mr. Hadden?" she asked.

"I do not know. If he is wise he has made himself scarce. The men are not going to listen to arguments now until they have had their fill of destruction. You must go back to Rose Cottage, Miss Oswald."

"Must!" and with a defiant lift of her head she turned suddenly towards him.

"Yes," he answered firmly, as if there could be no opposition to his will in this matter, and then after a pause he went on: "What more can you do? This strike has let loose the dregs of Rexborough and you have no power with them. It isn't fair to your friends to stay here. I met Mr. Holgrave and he is in a terrible state about you. He went one way and I went another to find you. Listen! And look! What can you hope to do in such a crowd as that?"

They had come to the market-square and across it saw a huge crowd which had collected in the street where the Haddens' premises were. Every window in the building was already broken. The small force of police placed there to guard it had been swept aside, and even as they watched, the barred door was burst open, and with a wild cry of triumph, the crowd surged and struggled in.

"It is horrible," said Violet.

"Hadden has only himself to blame," Allan answered.

"Please God he isn't there now," she returned.

"He has had plenty of warning, and I do not suppose for a moment he has stopped to face this music. Please go home, Miss Oswald. I will see you safely on the way and then come back and tell Mr. Holgrave you have gone, and do anything else I can. Were you to attempt any interference now you would only make things worse. For the present you have done all you can, later there may be a great deal for you to do."

"Very well, I will go. You will come to the cottage this evening and tell me all that happens."

"I promise."

The happenings in Rexborough that day were many. No such determined rising had been expected by the authorities, and altogether inadequate preparations had been made to meet it. The police were unable to deal with the riot, and reinforcements from other towns did not arrive until late in the afternoon, and were then too few in number to bring any order. It was not one crowd they had to contend with, but half a dozen, and the miners had been joined by all the riff-raff of the town. Shop windows were smashed, goods stolen from the broken windows, and anyone who protested came in for rough handling. The public-houses were stormed for drink, the provision shops for food. The mob had decided that everything must be free in Rexborough to-day, and the leaders of the strikers were themselves powerless to hold up the storm which they had let loose. The crowd grew drunk and savage. In many streets there was furious fighting with the police and amongst themselves. Philip Hadden was not the only person who had to be taken to the hospital. And when it was whispered that the military had been sent for from the nearest garrison town the fury rose to madness. The Haddens' premises had been completely wrecked and set fire to, much of the machinery at the pit's mouth had been destroyed, and now fires were started in several parts of the town. Innocent people, having nothing whatever to do with the trouble, were made to suffer. This was the mob's answer to the authorities for sending for the soldiers.

It was late in the afternoon when Allan found Mr. Holgrave with the Vicar of Rexborough, who was dusty and dishevelled from doing his utmost to bring the crowds to reason.

"I have got Miss Oswald away," said Allan.

"That's good," said the lawyer.

"Do you mean to say she has been in all this riot?" asked the Vicar.

"Fortunately as it happens," Allan answered.

"I think they would have killed young Hadden had she not rushed in to save him. It was splendidly plucky of her. He was badly knocked about before she could interfere and we had to get him to the hospital. Do you know what has happened to his father?"

"I haven't seen him," said Holgrave.

"Nor I," said the Vicar. "I have been looking for him everywhere. If we could only get him to promise a settlement even now we might achieve something."

"It is too late I fear," Holgrave returned. "Is it true that soldiers have been sent for?"

"I believe so."

"Then there is likely to be bloodshed in Rexborough streets before we are through with this business," said Allan. "I have promised to see Miss Oswald to-night and tell her what happens."

"Be sure and make her stop at home," said the lawyer, "and don't be careless of yourself, Mr. Allan."

George Allan left them and was soon swallowed up in the crowd now surging towards a new fire which had been started in the High Street close to the Town Hall. He presently caught sight of Cripps gesticulating wildly as he endeavoured to draw a certain body of men in another direction, and Allan struggled to get near him. It would soon be dark, and he wanted to learn if possible what new outrage was contemplated when the night fell.

At Rose Cottage the hours were very slow to Violet Oswald. She was restless, and a score of times since arriving home she had regretted that she had been persuaded to leave Rexborough. At one moment she was inclined to resent George Allan's interference with her actions, and the next was quite convinced she could have done no good by staying in the town. Restlessly she walked to the gate several times to see if Allan were coming. It was unreasonable to expect him yet perhaps, but the longer he delayed the more anxious she became. Philip was safe, but what had happened to his father? The angry voice of the crowd was still in her ears, and she felt that anything was possible. Anyone who attempted to interfere with the rioters now would be considered an enemy and might be struck down—Mr. Holgrave, Mr. Allan, any innocent person, man or woman. Even at this moment George Allan might be as much in need of her help as Philip Hadden had been.

It had grown dark since her last visit to the garden gate, and Emily came in with a lamp.

"There's something new doing over Rexborough way, Miss Violet."

"What is it?"

"Looks to me like fire. Lucky you are safe at home. You were wise to come home."

"I am not so sure of that. It was George Allan who persuaded me."

Emily gave a sort of cluck in her throat.

"That's the first really sensible thing I have known him do."

Violet heard neither the sound nor the remark for she had gone hastily into the garden to look in the direction of Rexborough. Emily followed her. The sky was red and throbbing.

"It must be a big fire," said Violet.

"May be there are several of them in the town, or perhaps it's the pits."

"I wish Allan would come," said Violet.

"He's not coming here to-night surely?"

"Yes, to tell me what has happened."

"And if it's bad news you won't sleep for thinking about it. He'd be more sensible if he left what he's got to say until to-morrow. And what business is it of his at all I should like to know. He isn't much of a favourite in Claydon, and if he gets interfering with the Rexborough people I shouldn't wonder if he got hurt."

"Emily!"

"It would be his own fault. He is rather fond of interfering in other people's affairs, you must have noticed that yourself, besides——"

"Listen!" Violet exclaimed suddenly, holding up her hand.

There was a sound which did not rightly belong to the night, distant, yet every moment drawing nearer, a murmur which grew louder, men's voices in the distance and the tramp of many feet upon the road.

"They are coming to Claydon, Emily, to the Haddens' house, to——"

"The Haddens must look after themselves," Emily answered.

"They can't. There is Mrs. Hadden to be thought of. Tell George Allan when he comes that I have gone to warn them."

"Miss Violet! Miss Violet!" Emily cried, but the girl, without troubling about a hat, was running lightly across the garden.

There was a field path to Claydon, a much shorter way into the village than by the road, and Violet sped along this path as fast as she could. It was quite dark now but she knew every inch of the way. There was no need to go through the village to reach the Haddens', by cutting diagonally across a field she could come out on to the road close by the front-gates of the house.

As she was climbing the field gate into the roadway a man came quickly from the shelter of the hedge.

"Miss Oswald."

"You here!" she exclaimed, recognising Allan's voice.

"I was coming to the cottage presently," he returned.

"The rioters are on the road," she said. "The Haddens must be warned. There is not a moment to lose."

"I know. I heard their intention and cycled out at once. Hadden must be mad. He has made no attempt to protect his property. I suppose he did not expect them to get to work so quickly. I telephoned to the Town Hall to tell them what was going to happen and suggested they should send some of the soldiers out here."

"Soldiers!"

"Yes, they have had to send for them. The rioters in Rexborough are entirely out of hand."

"The rioters will be here before the soldiers," said Violet, "and Mrs. Hadden—"

"There is no one in the house, Miss Oswald. I warned them an hour ago. Mrs. Hadden, and the servants too, are at the Manor House. Mrs. Christie is looking after them. Perhaps you would like to go there and see Mrs. Hadden, and reassure her about Philip."

"Go to the Manor House? No, I couldn't do that. Listen! They are coming."

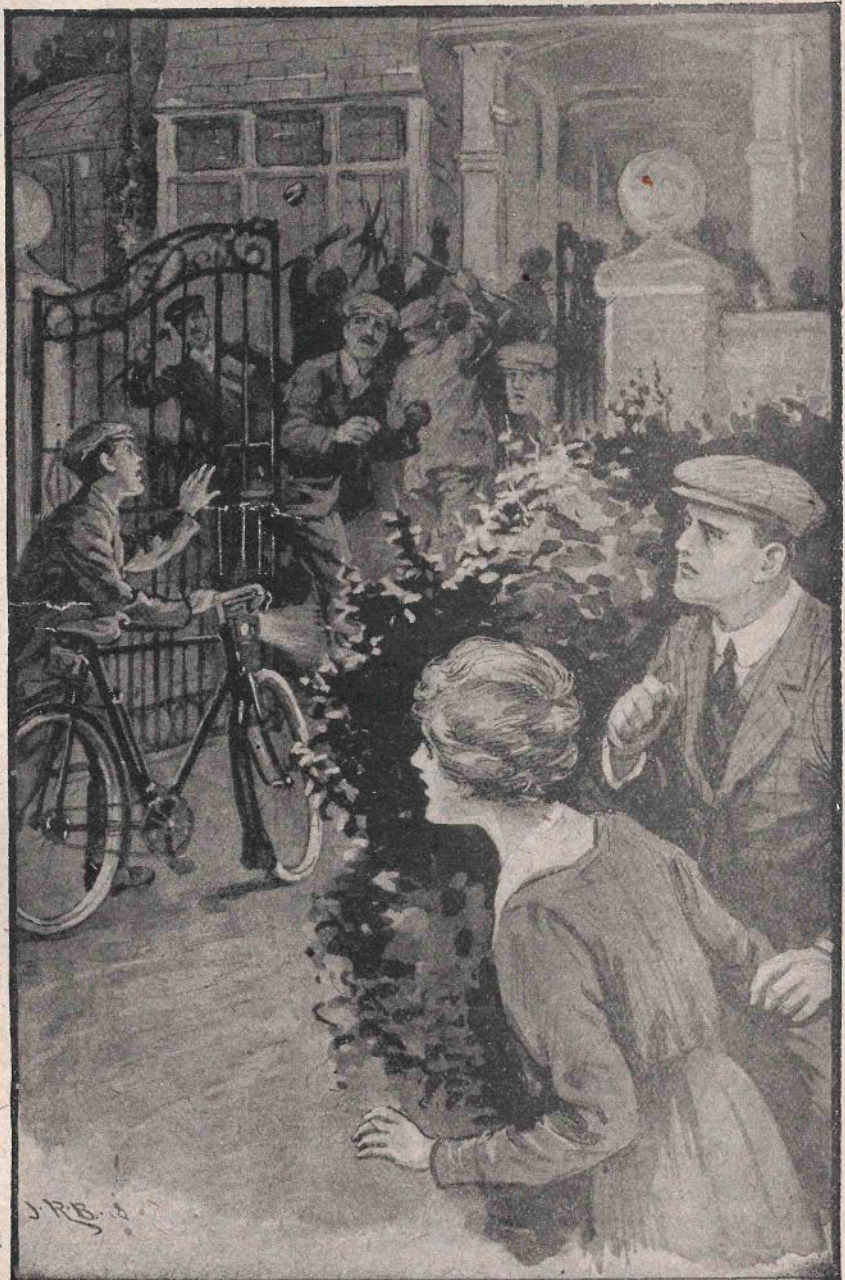
"And we may as well go," said Allan. "There is nothing we can do to prevent their wrecking the house. I will tell you all that has happened in Rexborough to-day as we go."

"Why were you waiting here?" Violet asked.

"Oh, in case—"

"I know, in case Mr. Hadden should come back."

"Yes, but he won't come now," Allan said as the shouting grew closer. "He has certainly found security somewhere. Let us go."



A YOUTH JUMPED OFF HIS BICYCLE EXCITEDLY. "CRIPPS! CRIPPS, I SAY! ALL OF YOU!"

"I shall stay in case—in case I can do anything."

He drew her back into the shelter of the hedge, but had little time to argue with her, for the rioters came quickly through the village and were in the road before the gates.

"No lights in the house," someone shouted. "We're expected. He may shoot from a window."

"Heaven help him if he does," said another.

"Maybe there's soldiers in the house already."

"Then we'll set fire to them," roared Cripps.

They poured through the gates on to the drive, and a few moments later there was the sound of smashed glass. A stone had been thrown through a window to begin the attack.

Then came the sharp ring of a bicycle bell, and a youth jumped off his machine excitedly.

"Cripps! Cripps, I say! All of you!"

"What is it?" shouted half a dozen voices.

"What's up?" roared Cripps. "Have the soldiers come to Rexborough?"

"Yes, but that ain't nothing to do with it. There's been an explosion in number two pit, and Stevens and Battersley and all the others you left there are in it, buried alive."

"Stevens," said one.

"Battersley!" exclaimed another.

"Aye, it was Battersley's missus as sent me along," said the youth. "She says they are down there according to arrangement with Cripps and the rest of you."

"That's so," Cripps answered.

The rioters had fallen silent.

"Let's finish this job and then get back," said one man.

"This job!" cried Cripps. "This job, while mates of ours are in the pits—buried. Old Hadden must wait. Come on all of you. Go on you with that bike and tell 'em we're coming."

With this crowd at any rate, Cripps' word seemed to be law, for every man followed him.

"Isn't that splendid?" whispered Violet.

"Yes, there is something big about Cripps," Allan answered. "Now you can go home, Miss Oswald."

"To get a hat and coat and my bicycle," she answered. "There is certain to be work for me to do at the pit's mouth to-night."

(To be continued.)

The Church Collects for the Month.

By The Rev. W. S. Hooton, B.D.

SEPTEMBER.—GREAT GIFTS OF GOD.

LAST month we dwelt on God's goodness and mercy. The most prominent thought in this month's Collects is the goodness of God as the *Giver of good*. Two of them place this in the preamble (we were thinking how helpful to faith are these opening clauses of so many Collects, recalling the attributes of God on which we base our faith as we pray, or the very claims made by our helplessness on His love). Thus on the 12th Sunday after Trinity—"art wont to *give* more than either we desire, or deserve." And on the 13th—"of *Whose only gift it cometh* that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service." The Collect for the 14th introduces it in the main petition itself—"give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity." On the 12th, the word is repeated further down—"giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord." The remaining Sunday Collect does not explicitly contain the word "give," but nevertheless asks for what is a great gift of God—His keeping power,

for His Church as a whole, and for ourselves individually.

Both the other Collects of the month—those for St. Matthew's day and for St. Michael and All Angels—introduce their main petition with the word "Grant." Of course this is not really so remarkable, because this word naturally occurs very often in the Collects. And indeed all our prayers are for God's gifts, as we saw in the case of one this month where such words are not actually used. But at any rate a helpful line of thought is suggested by the discovery that they are to be found in five out of the six September Collects.

Thus are we led to reflect upon the goodness of God as shown by His gifts to His children. And what are the special gifts here commended to our thoughts and prayers? First, we beseech God, who is "always more ready to hear than we to pray," and "wont to give more than either we desire or deserve"—"Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and

giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord." Notice again the reminder of God's *mercy*, so prominent last

month in association with His goodness. We seek for its *abundance*. God is not grudging in His gifts. It is of that boundless mercy and love that we are forgiven through Christ our Lord (the first blessing here sought), and are made partakers of those other blessings which we dare only ask, as this beautiful prayer confesses, through His merits and mediation. The next Sunday we seek (again from the "Almighty and merciful God") the grace of "true and laudable service." Yes; we must think not only of what we receive from God, but of what we can render to Him (Ps. cxvi. 12). And a life of faithful service is the truest praise we can offer for His gifts, as

our General Thanksgiving constantly reminds us. But this too is His gift! Even the grace for service is not of ourselves. It comes, as we are here taught to say, "of His only gift." The next Sunday suggests some essential conditions of this true service; and again they come from Him alone:—"give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity." Without this three-fold cord our service will be sadly cold and ineffective.

And then that Collect for St. Matthew's day—how it lights up the only true pathway of service again! "Grant us grace to forsake all covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches, and to follow

the same Thy Son Jesus Christ." The other Sunday Collect, and that for St. Michael and All Angels' day, seek for the keeping power of God Himself, and for the succour and defence of His heavenly hosts—this also "by His appointment." He is the Supreme Ruler and Ordainer: our prayers are to Him, not to them: He commands, and they obey: He sends His deliverances as He sees fit, whether by direct interposition, through the Holy Spirit, or by agencies commanded by Him in answer to our prayer.

It will be a fitting close to these meditations if we place side by side some words from St. Paul and St. James.

"By grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: It is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8, R.V.) And "every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with Whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning." (James i. 17. R.V.)

Above all, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" (2 Cor. ix. 15).

Prayer Book Kalendar.

SEPTEMBER

1 M	Giles, Abbot and C.	SUNDAY, 7
2 Tu		M—1 Kings 22 to v. 14
3 W		1 Cor 15 to v. 35
4 Th		E—2 Kings 2 to v. 16, or 2 Kings 4 v. 1 to v. 35
5 F		Mark 8 v. 10 to 9 v. 2
6 S		
7 S	12th SUN. after TRINITY. (Enurchus, Bp.)	SUNDAY, 14
8 M	Nativ. of V.M.	M—2 Kings 5
9 Tu		2 Cor 6 and 7 v. 1
10 W		E—2 Kings 6 to v. 24 or 2 Kings 7
11 Th		Mark 12 v. 18 to v. 35
12 F		
13 S		
14 S	13th SUN. after TRINITY. (Holy Cross Day.)	SUNDAY, 21
15 M		M—2 Kings 9
16 Tu		2 Cor 12 v. 14 and 2 Cor 13
17 W	Lambert, Bp. Ember Day.	E—2 Kings 10 to v. 32, or 2 Kings 13
18 Th		Mark 15 v. 4, and Mark 16
19 F	Ember Day.	
20 S	Ember Day.	
21 S	14th SUN. after TRINITY. St. (Matthew, Ap. M.)	SUNDAY, 28
22 M		M—2 Kings 18
23 Tu		Gal 6
24 W		E—2 Kings 23, or 23 v. 11
25 Th		Luke 4 to v. 16
26 F	St. Cyprian, Abp.	St. MICHAEL
27 S		M—Gen 32
28 S	15th SUN. after TRINITY.	Acts 12 v. 5 to 18
29 M	St. MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS	E—Dan 10 v. 4
30 Tu	St. Jerome, C. and D.	Rev. 14 v. 14

St. Michael and All Angels.

(SEPTEMBER 29.)

O GOD the Son Eternal, Thy dread might
Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of
Heaven,
And from the realms of light
Cast down in burning fight,
Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

Thine Angels, Lord, we sing with thankful lays,
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky;

Who 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,
And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.
We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal Saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

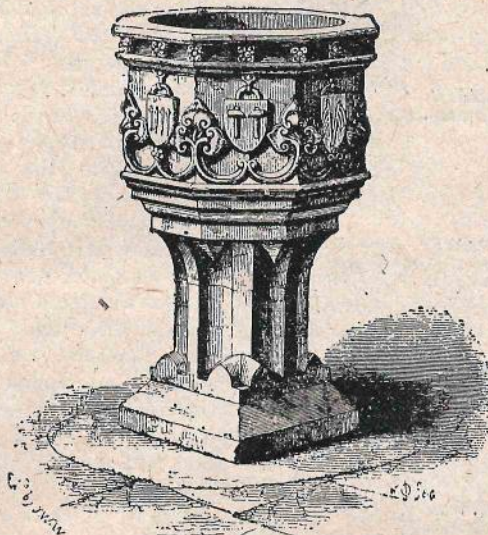
BISHOP HEBER.

Fonts.

By The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.

II.

FROM the examples I have already given you will have gathered that the Norman mason delighted in adorning his fonts with all kinds of figures, and the earlier the font the freer the fancy of the artist. Nothing came amiss to him, men, animals, fishes,



FONT AT COVENHAM ST. MARY.

birds, plants, ploughing and sowing, reaping and mowing, hunting, hawking; the saint, the bishop, the priest, the warrior, weird strange creatures, living and dead. He was something of a mystic, and loved to express in art the religious mysticism of his age. He loved to tell the legends of saints and also historical events, and to record biblical stories such as Adam and Eve in the Garden (Hook Norton, Oxfordshire), the Serpent overcome, the Baptism of our Lord and the descent of the Holy Dove; the Crucifixion, the Temptation, and other Scriptural subjects. He liked to represent the Holy Trinity, the Father as an aged man, the Son upon His knees and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. Some of the mason's imaginings we can only conjecture as to their meanings, as we know not the circumstances of some mediæval miracle or some mighty display of the power of the Church.

At Eastwood in Essex there is a fine Norman font with an arcade of intersecting arches carved on it. Intersecting arches form a pointed arch, and this is one explanation given of the origin of this feature of Gothic architecture.

There is a curious font at Stone church. It has had its wanderings, originally belonging to Hampstead Norris, in Berkshire, and finally resting at Stone. A monster on the left is the Evil One with open mouth and unknotted tail, free to destroy and hinder the course of the Fish, that is, Christianity. The Greek word for fish is ἰχθῦς, and contains the first letters of the Greek words for "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Saviour." On the right is the same Evil Power, but a hand is in his mouth and his tail is knotted. It is being subdued by the might of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, though it still holds in its claws a human head whose expression is one of agony and terror. That is the usual interpretation given. The central figure is trampling upon the serpent and the salamander is fleeing away. The scroll work is very fine, and little heads appear within the intertwinings on the right. That is the "official" interpretation, though I am inclined to think that the carving is an illustration of Psalm xlv. 18-20: "And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget Thee nor behave ourselves frowardly in Thy covenant."

"Our heart is not turned back; neither our steps gone out of the way."

"No, not when Thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons: and covered us with the shadow of death."

This "place of dragons" was a favourite sub-

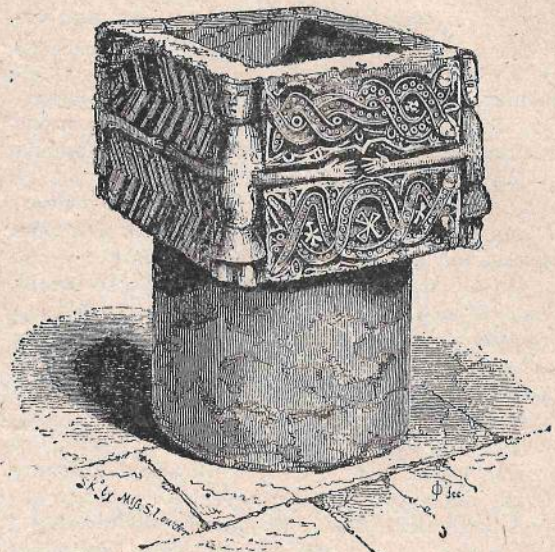


FONT AT EAST HADDON.

ject for these Norman artists, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove is helping God's servants to fight the evil creatures. At East Haddon, Northants, a man is seen strangling serpents, which may signify our Lord bruising the serpent's head, or the conquest over sin by means of baptism. At Lenton, Nottinghamshire, we find carvings of the Crucifixion and Descent from the Cross, the soldier piercing the Saviour's side, angels under canopies and above them the cherubim. At Locking, Somerset, at each angle is a knight in armour with their arms bent back to surround the bowl.

At Fincham, Norfolk, there is a rude representation of the Nativity, with two heads (like oxen) and a star, John the Baptist, a Bishop with mitre and crosier, probably representing St. Augustine, the Apostle of the English, and a priest in a pulpit. We sometimes see the instruments of our Lord's Passion, the cross, nails, hammer, crown of thorns, spear, reed and sponge, carved on fonts as at Mettlecombe, Covenham St. Mary, and Walsoken, or the Seven Sacraments, or the Evangelistic symbols, an ox, lion, man and eagle, as at All Saints, Norwich. The salamander is sometimes shown on fonts as a sort of lizard and is said to typify baptism "with the Holy Ghost and with fire." It was once supposed to live in fire. In a few cases old Roman altars have been seized upon by Norman sculptors and converted into fonts, a triumph of Christianity over paganism.

You are aware of the four great periods of Gothic architecture, Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular, corresponding roughly with the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. I have described briefly the kind of fonts which belong to the Norman style. Those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries usually show little beyond mere architectural ornament, though they are very beautiful. In the fifteenth many fine fonts were made elaborately carved, but people began to place their coats of arms and heraldic shields on fonts, showing a desire to preserve the honour of a name or family rather than to promote the honour of God. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power" began to find their way into the sacred sanctuary. Sometimes fonts are inscribed with the names of donors who ask for the prayers of the faithful. Thus on the font at Beverley we find: "Pray for the soules of Wylin Feryffaxe draper and his wyvis which made this font of his pper costes the x day of Marche ye year of our Lord MCXXX." I should like to tell you about font-covers, of the adventures and migrations of fonts, but my space is finished, and I am sure we ought to be thankful that in spite of all the troubles through which our



FONT AT LOCKING.

churches have passed, so many examples of the earnest faith and artistic skill of our forefathers remain to us as a glorious heritage.

What to do in a Garden.

By Mildred de M. Rudolf, F.R.H.S.

September.—The Harvest Month.



WITH the beginning of the Autumn the amount of work to be done in the garden increases rapidly. The most important work is the harvesting of Fruit and Vegetables, and there will be many things which ought to be done without delay, the chief difficulty being which to do first. The gardener will have to use his own discretion and be sure to do the work first which would suffer most by delay. Fruit picking must on no account be postponed if the fruit is ready, nor must the lifting of Potatoes, if there is the slightest danger of them 'growing out.' A week's delay at harvest time may lessen the value of a crop tremendously; it is well worth while working longer hours during the harvest, and every advantage should be taken of fine weather, which can never be relied on in the Autumn.

If the following important points are borne in mind when harvesting, the keeping properties of fruit will be much greater.

1. The Fruit must be gathered at the right time. When it snaps off easily in the hand without being

forced it is ready for picking. It must be remembered that some varieties of Apples and Pears should be gathered as early as August, whereas others, should hang on the trees until November. Gathering all the fruit at once to save time is a disastrous method and either results in the fruit not ripening properly, or else decaying in a short time.

2. Gathering must be done in dry weather. Damp fruit begins to sweat very quickly and thus disease and decay commence to set in.

3. Care must be taken not to mix rotten or bruised with sound fruit while picking. Disease spreads so rapidly that unless this point is strictly adhered to while gathering and storing, the rotten apples will quickly contaminate all those with which they come in contact.

So many people have been growing vegetables during the last few years that they have probably found out from experience,—possibly bitter experience,—the essential conditions of harvesting vegetables. As in the case of fruit, vegetables

must be lifted at the right time and in dry weather. If Potatoes or any other roots are damp, they must be spread out under cover before being finally stored for the winter, but not forgetting that if potatoes are left too long exposed to light they will turn green and deteriorate.

For the benefit of those who have no experience of harvesting vegetables a few points as a guide to the correct time for doing this, may be helpful. Potatoes are ready when the haulm has changed colour and died down, Carrots when the foliage has turned red or yellow, Beetroot when the foliage is dying down; the latter must be lifted before the advent of frost.

In lifting all vegetables, a fork should be used and care taken not to prod or bruise the roots in any way. Beetroot especially needs very careful handling; if the skin is bruised the roots will bleed in cooking, and the flavour and appearance spoilt for the table.

Sunday and the Peace.

By The Rev. Charles Clarke, Rector of All Hallows, Bromley-by-Bow.

(Concluded from page 90.)



WE rejoice that in the future the Lord's Day is less likely to be a day of *toil*, which it has increasingly become in recent years; but if it is to become a day of worldly pleasure instead, nothing will be gained.

The worst aspect of the whole matter is that so many *Christians* consider Sunday games not inconsistent with their religion. Their argument is that the Ten Commandments were only meant to be kept literally by the nation to whom they were first given, and that when the first day of the week was substituted for the seventh, in commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord, the details of its observance were changed. I can find no evidence of this in the New Testament.

As to the Ten Commandments, as distinct from the ceremonial law, they appear to have been eternal rules of right and wrong *for all time*, the foundation of home, society, and civil government. The 4th commandment is as binding on all as the 6th, 7th or 8th, etc. Indeed, it is even more so, for it is more ancient, going back to the Creation (Genesis 2, 3), hence the word "remember" when given at Sinai.

Our Lord's words, so often quoted by our opponents, really support our contention. "The Sabbath was made for *man*, not man for the Sabbath" (Mark 2, 27). First, let it be noted, it was made for man as man, for mankind in

every age, not merely for those of Moses' time. Then it is for man, i.e. the *whole man*, and he has a *spirit* as well as a body and mind, and "doth not live by bread alone but by *every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God*."

The Sabbath was given to man, not to do as he likes with but as God knows best. Our Lord used His authority to denounce all the absurd rules which the Pharisees had gathered round it, making a burden of it and often involving cruelty, and He restored it to its original simplicity.

In the first part of our Lord's statement: "The Sabbath was made for man," we have the statement of a principle which vindicates men's rights against those who would deprive them of them. May I remind the advocates of Sunday games that their policy must involve Sunday labour to others? The second portion of our Lord's statement: "Not man for the Sabbath," guards against the danger of losing the spirit of it in man-made rules, as the Pharisees did. *How then should it be kept? Let God's Book tell us how to keep God's Day:*

1. Rest. Gen. 2, 3, and 4th commandment given twice, in Exodus 20 and Deuteronomy 5. Hence the name "Sabbath" (rest). In one sense it is no more holy than the other six. Each day is kept holy by using it as God intended. He ordained six days for work and one for rest.

Rest is *not idleness*. There are works of mercy

and "it is lawful to *do good* on the Sabbath day." Then there never was a time when *all* work could be suspended, so there is necessary work. It is equally true that secular enjoyments are not rest.

II. Solemnity. "A Sabbath of solemn rest" (Exodus 35, 2). It should remind us of three things which correspond roughly with the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit respectively. (a) Creation (4th commandment, etc.). Thus if our thoughts on the rest day are given to the Father's love and wisdom, the activities of all the other days will be given to the Father's business. (b) Deliverance from Egypt. "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt and the Lord thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and a stretched out arm: *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day." (Deut. 5, 15.) (c) Sanctification. "Ye shall keep My Sabbaths: for it is a sign between Me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord which sanctify you." (Exod. 31, 13.)

How much more should the *Lord's Day*, the day on which the Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead and completed our Redemption, remind us of re-creation (not recreation), redemption, and sanctification (by the Spirit which descended at Pentecost on the Lord's Day).

III. Worship. "Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and *revere My sanctuary*." (Leviticus 19, 30.) Thus the early Christians met on that day for Holy Communion, prayer and preaching (Acts 20, 7), almsgiving (1 Cor. 16, 1 and 2) and exhortation: (Hebrews 10, 25.)

There are some quite spiritually minded people who think that all days should be alike. Probably they will be in the next world. Here we are imperfect and God knows best. For every one who would make all days Lord's Days, perhaps 99 would make all week-days. The tendency of human nature is such that to have no special day for worship would lead to spending every day without God; therefore God gave a law sanctifying a special day in order to lead to the broader truth that every day is God's.

It is scarcely necessary for me to explain that St. Paul's rebuke to the Galatians in observing days (Gal. 4, 9 and 10) referred only to the observance of *Jewish* festivals by Gentile Christians. The observance of the Lord's Day is such an essential part of Christianity that Voltaire said: "*If we would destroy this Christianity, we must first kill Sunday.*" In the persecutions of the early Christians, the *test of a Christian* was made by the question: "*Do you keep Sunday?*" The faithful replied: "*I am a Christian: and cannot omit it.*"

It is our obvious duty to try to keep the nation Christian, but whatever the world does, may the Church remain true and every member make the same reply.

The real remedy for "our appalling British Sunday" is to spend it as God directs, in rest and worship and the cultivation of home life. To be serious is not to be sad, especially when it consists in remembering with gratitude all God has done for us. Sunday has never been observed by the Church as a Fast but as a Festival. In these days of shorter hours of labour, and especially after the great victory God has wrought, it ought to be more than ever possible for the nation to say with the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." (Ps. 118, 24.)

Church in the British Navy.

By Patrick Vaux.

IN the Navy of Great Britain there is divine worship not only on Sabbath morning but on the morning of every day in the week. In every British warship except in the small craft, as in torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, and the lesser patrols, the real work of the day commences after prayers. Before that, the men have been doing "housemaid's work"—washing decks, cleaning guns, etc. And worship is held immediately after the usual morning muster of the entire crew of the vessel.

When the bluejackets, marines, artisan and stoker ratings—who form the various divisions, lined up along both sides of the ship—have been inspected by their respective officers of divisions for cleanliness, tidiness, and general appearance, and the commanding officer is satisfied, a bugle call followed by the tolling of a bell announces that the hour is come for worship. Not every one has to attend. Toleration is the keynote of religion in the British Navy as in the American, too. But permission for absence from "prayers" on the grounds of religious scruples has to be formally requested and granted. Full liberty to absent themselves is given to those who have such scruples, and every endeavour is made for them to attend the services of their own Church. So it comes that to-day in the British Navy there are Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and other Protestant chaplains as well as of the Church of England.

At prayers, then, the Roman Catholics and several others fall out, but the rest of the crew march aft to the quarterdeck. Here they halt formed up in their divisions, and, taking off their

caps to the commander's or first lieutenant's order, stand easy, and give ear, while, as directed, "short prayers" are read by the chaplain, or, if the vessel does not carry a "padre," by the commanding officer. The service used at sea is that which is appointed in the book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. It occupies only a few minutes, and then, worship at an end, the morning's drills or exercises begin.

On Sunday, church in the British Navy is real church. It is the rule of the British Admiralty that only absolutely necessary work is to be done on the Sabbath. The men turn out at 5.30 in the morning, one hour after the cooks, and have their thick hot cocoa, and wash. Then at 6 o'clock they fall to, and scrub the upper and mess decks as usual. At 7.20 comes the pipe to clean guns, and at 8 a.m. the ever welcome summons to breakfast. When nine o'clock or two bells is struck, bugles shrill forth, and the men form in divisions for inspection as on weekdays. But, on the Sabbath, they are dressed in their best, their "number one rig," and are as spick and span as possible. Of course in the days of hostilities, the peace and polish of Sunday morning often cannot be had, for war nowadays pays no heed to the Sabbath as it did in mediæval times when the Sunday was a day of truce.

While the officers of the divisions carefully and minutely look over their men from top to toe, the captain as closely examines all things below, accompanied by various officers, messengers, and buglers. When at length he steps up through the hatchway on to the after deck, the men of the quarterdeck division awaiting him uncap themselves simultaneously to their lieutenant's order, and he also salutes the captain. Acknowledging it in return, the commanding officer with eagle eye inspects each division, man after man. In time, after the Head of the Ship has satisfied himself his crew have so far, at least, honoured the Sabbath Day with better clothes and what the British bluejacket terms "an extry bit o' spit-and-polish" on himself, the bugle sounds the "Disperse," and the divisions step forward, turn outward, and scatter.

But "Church" has yet to be "rigged." So it comes that this call is sounded off immediately after the "divisions," and then all is well-ordered bustle on the ship's quarterdeck. Benches are quickly made out of mess stools or broad planks laid on capstan bars resting on buckets. A lectern makes its appearance, draped with a white flag, and, possibly a small harmonium is brought up from below, and a musical instrument or two. Chairs for the officers are placed aft fronting the benches, the captain's slightly advanced. Then

punctually at 10.30 a bell begins to toll for service, and at that a flag is hoisted at the peak indicating Divine worship is about to begin.

Smartly the seamen and others stream out of the batteries and occupy the benches. On the last man taking his seat, it is reported to the executive officer all are present, and the captain then steps to his chair, the officers already in their places behind him.

The chaplain appears from the after hatchway, his surplice fluttering in the wind, and gains the "church," then after a solemn pause for a few seconds he announces the first hymn. The opening of it is played over by the harmoniumist and other musicians, and then all the crew, officers and men, rise to their feet, and join in praise. "Church" has begun.

After the hymn, that is sure to be a well-known and popular one, the captain crosses to the lectern, and leads aloud the Lesson for the day. Another hymn follows, and then comes the sermon. And it, you may be certain, is aye short and to the point. Jack and his officers are difficult men to preach to, for in a modern warship are, necessarily, some of the keenest-brained men of this keen-brained twentieth century.

A short hymn may follow, and then comes the benediction. There is a pause of a few seconds as officers and men remain standing bareheaded, and then all join in the National Anthem.

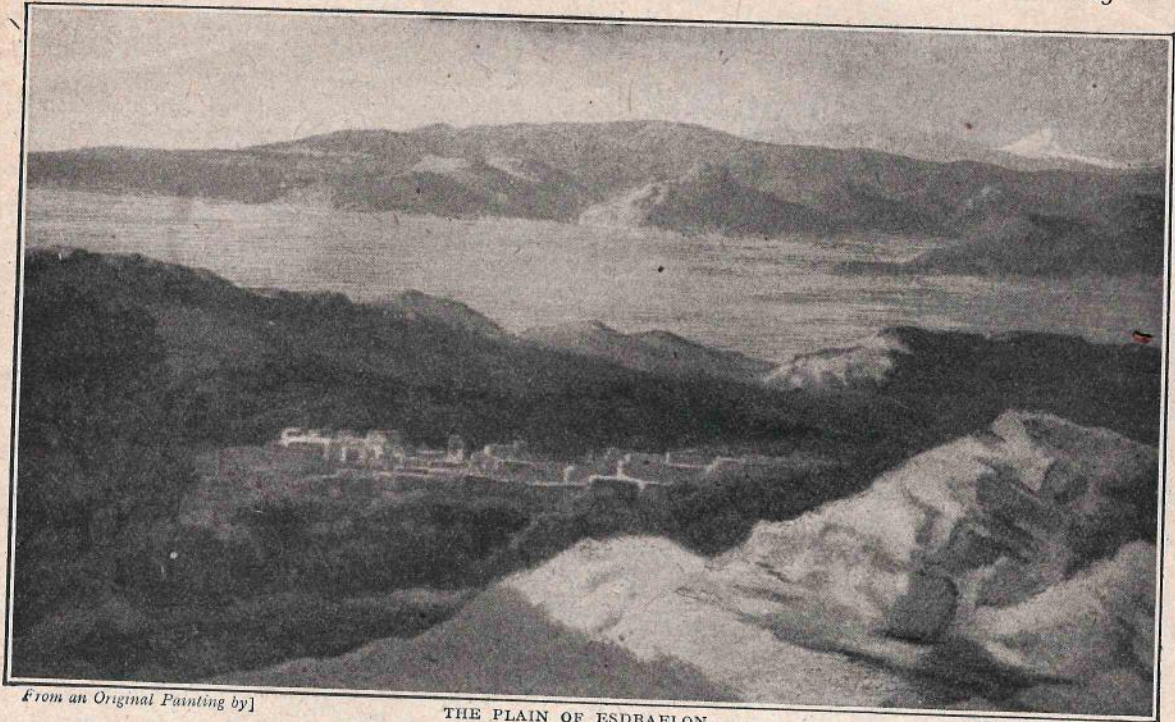
As their voices die away the commanding officer raises his hand a little to the executive officer, and the order is given to "pipe down." Quickly yet orderly the bluejackets stream away forward, the officers disperse, and the watch on deck smartly deals with "unrigging church," while some of the "boys, first and second-class" return the books to the care of the librarian.

"Church" on the Lord's Day is at an end.

It and all Sunday observance is subject to the directions of the Commander-in-Chief, and ship's duties and the weather permitting. Sometimes the service is held in one of the flats on the lower-deck, and, when the enemy has to be dealt with, there is such a feature as the general order that "Next Saturday shall be Sunday." On a busy Sunday, too, British Jack may not have "Church" but "stand up prayers," which term explains itself.

But worship he aye has, be it short or long.

Those who serve God faithfully must ever look to be accounted in their generation singular, intemperately extreme. They are not so, they must guard against becoming so, but still it is no proof that they are such, because the many call them so.—*Dr. Newman.*



From an Original Painting by]

THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

[Sir Richard Temple.

The Plain of Esdraelon.

TURNING to the right from the heights above Dóthan the traveller in Palestine sees the Plain of Esdraelon. With respect to the number and variety of objects on mountain, plateau, and plain, to the events affecting several nations that have happened within this area, to the long chain of associations lasting for nearly 4,000 years, this is one of the most interesting views in the world.

Far beneath the eye, and stretching from left to right across our range of vision, lies the plain. Towards the end of winter, the area, being largely though not wholly, cultivated, is green with young crops or fresh herbage. It is traversed by the river Kishon, which is not visible at this height. On the extreme left—that is, on the west—is Carmel. As the north side of the mountain slopes down steeply towards the Mediterranean, a low range of hills appears. This range separates the Plain of Esdraelon from the coast of Acre, and hides the sea from our sight. The Kishon has to break its way through this low range, in order to find an outlet from the plain.

On the opposite side of the plain a range of hills appears, one of which belongs to Nazareth.

The Plain is nearly on a level with the Mediter-

anean at its lower or western end, but rises gradually towards its upper or eastern end near Jezreel. On this eastern undulation Jezreel is situated, and there is the water-parting. From this undulation westwards the water drains into Kishon, and so into the Mediterranean. From the same undulation eastwards a valley begins, which carries the drainage down to the Jordan basin. Thus the Plain, and the outlets or valleys adjoining it, form a sort of connection between the Mediterranean and the Jordan. But this partial connection is affected by the fact that the Jordan valley is hereabouts 700 to 800 feet below the sea-level.

Some attempt is made to depict the view in our illustration. Midway in the picture runs the green plain of Esdraelon from left to right, with Little Hermon prominent, and Tabor but slightly perceptible. On the right is the slope of Gilboa. In front, beyond the Plain, is the range of Nazareth hills, marked by the traditional Mount of Precipitation. Above this range are the tops of the Lebanon mountains and the snowy summit of Hermon. In the foreground is the northern face of the Manasseh hills, in the bosom of which lies the village of Kabatiyeh, surrounded by rich olive groves.

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