

The Font, Quorn Church



DIOCESE OF

PETERBOROUGH

S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



Claude Lott, Del.



S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first Sunday in the month, also after Mattins
 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service,
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
 Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30.

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE
 AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Jan. 1st.—Friday, The Circumcision of Christ.
 „ 3rd.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
 „ 6th.—Wednesday, The Epiphany.
 „ 10th.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
 „ 17th.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
 „ 24th.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
 „ 25th.—Monday, The Conversion of St. Paul.
 „ 31st.—The Sunday called Septuagesima, or the Third Sunday before Lent.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

	To be brought <i>learned.</i>	Lesson in Scripture
Jan. 3rd.	Hymn 58 v. 7 & 8	Gospel
„ 10th.	„ 74 v. 1	„
„ 17th.	„ v. 2	„
„ 24th.	„ v. 3	„
„ 31st.	„ v. 4	„
Feb. 7th.	„ 515 v. 1	„

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

Nov. 21st.—Alice Sanders.
 „ 23rd.—Thomas Albert Brown.
 „ „ —Joseph Harris.
 „ „ —Horace Henry Fletcher.
 Dec. 3rd.—Florence Christine Dearden.
 „ 6th.—Sidney James Miller.
 „ 13th.—Walter Ernest Launder.
 „ „ —Joseph Harold Fisher.
 „ 17th.—Jane Ann Elizabeth Chapman.
 „ „ —Katie May Chapman.
 „ „ —Margaret Dawson.
 „ „ —William Arthur Dawson.
 „ 27th.—Ethel Mary Nail.

Marriage.

Dec. 25th.—John Henry Howlett to Alice Johnson.

Burials.

Nov. 21st.—Harold Frederick James Allett, 15 months.
 „ 27th.—Edith Mary Adeock, 8 days.
 Dec. 7th.—Florrie Elizabeth Jeffcott, 4 months.
 „ 12th.—William North, 34 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses £ s. d.	Special £ s. d.
Nov. 29th.—	0 1 11	2 11 0	—
Dec. 6th.—	0 2 9	2 8 0	—
„ 13th.—	0 0 10	3 1 3	—
„ 20th.—	0 2 0	—	a3 8 9
„ 25th.—(Christmas Day)	—	—	d5 18 0
„ 27th.—	0 2 1	2 16 6	a3 12 9
Alms Box—	0 0 2	—	{ d0 1 1 d0 1 3
Totals	£0 9 9	£10 16 9	£13 1 10

a.—Choir and Organ. b.—Foreign Missions
 c.—Negro Boy Fund. d.—Waifs and Strays.

COLLECTIONS IN JANUARY.

(When not otherwise stated, for Church Expenses.)

Jan. 3rd.—Choir and Organ.
 10th.—Sunday Schools.
 Afternoon, Negro Boy Fund.
 17th.—Choir and Organ.
 24th.—Church Expenses.
 31st.—Church of England Temperance Society.

Spms.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evansong
Jan. 3rd. {	165	175	73
	72	165	485
	74		30
10th. {	79	79	76
	77	341	81
	220		219
17th. {	78	76	80
	488	337	218
	178		486
24th. {	529	333	82
	81	566	488
	536		477
31st. {	34	291	162
	168	261	210
	172		27

PARISH NOTES.

QUORN CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Prize List for the Year ending Advent, 1903.

Prizes to be given away in Church on the 1st Sunday after Epiphany, January 10th, 1904.

Those whose names are printed in capitals have made full marks, and also receive framed certificates.

BOYS—CHOIR CLASS.

1 WILLIAM SWINFELD	6 John W. Burrows
2 Charles Daws	7 Albert Thornton
3 Harry Swinfield	8 Albert Blackshaw
4 Ernest Rennocks	9 Walter Lovett
5 Cyril Ottey	

Class I.

1 { JOHN WM. SHARPE	4 Ernest Bancroft
{ ALLAN SHARPE	
{ CHARLES REEVES	

Class II.

1 { WILLIE MOORE.	
{ VICTOR RENNOCKS.	
{ THOS. GULFORD TURLINGTON.	
{ HARRY WISEHALL.	

Class III.

1 { HUBERT MOORE	4 Thomas Gamble
{ WILLIE HE P	5 Horace Burton
{ HERBERT RENNOCKS	6 John Rennocks

Class IV.

1 JOHN MEE	3 John Langrish
2 Marshall Mee	4 Percy Ottey

Class V.

1 Robert Sharpe.

Rewards for the Boys who mark the "Star Cards."

Sydney Platts	Charles Reeves
John Wm. Sharpe	Douglas Dexter

GIRLS—MORNING BIBLE CLASS.

1 { KATE CLARKE	5 Mabel Rennocks
{ WINNIE HORSPOOL	6 Julia Platts
{ JULIA TURLINGTON	7 Mabel Thornton
4 Nellie Martin	

Class I.

1 { MAUD DISNEY	5 Mabel Bradley
{ EDITH HORSPOOL	6 Gertrude Noon
{ IDA HORSPOOL	
{ MAUD HOWES	

Class II.

2 { MABEL GAMBLE	5 Gertrude Platts
{ GERTRUDE MACHIN	6 Gertrude Mee
{ ANNIE THORNTON	7 Florrie Blackshaw
{ MAY WEBSTER	8 Olive Reeves

Class III.

1 Ellen Langrish	4 Alice White
2 Nellie Mee	5 May Burrows
3 Ida Lovett	

Class IV.

1 { FLORENCE BOYER	4 Mary Leaver
{ ELSIE DAWS	5 Emily Bailey
{ MINNIE TURLINGTON	6 Emily Webster

Class V.

1 POLLY RENNOCKS	6 Elsie Lovett
2 { Mabel Mee	7 Beatrice Chapman
{ Dora Wesley	8 Lucy Freeman
4 Ethel Atter	9 Lucy Facer
5 Kitty Langrish	

MIXED SCHOOL.—Class A.

1 EDITH TURLINGTON	5 Elsie Roughton
2 Lilian Boyer	6 Maggie Harris
3 Horace Gamble	7 Rudolph Langrish
4 Frances Atter	

Class B.

1 Lucy Turlington	4 Maurice Ottey
2 Willie Boyer	5 Abigail Culpin
3 Ellen Capell	

Class C.

1 HUBERT HORSPOOL	3 Norah Mee
2 Albert Rennocks	4 May Atter

Class D.

1 Stephen Stocks	4 Percy Rennocks
2 George Horspool	5 Charlie Ottey
3 Charlie Harris	

INFANT SCHOOL.

Boys.	Girls.
1 Henry Mee	1 May Chapman
2 Basil Langrish	2 Evelyn Sewell
3 Wilfred Harris	3 Dolly Leatherland
4 Willie Capell	4 Rennie Rue
5 Harry Culpin	5 Mabel Smithard
6 Frank Rue	6 Lilly Clarke
7 Alex Branson	7 Mary Penfold
8 George Carr	8 Ada Thompson
9 Harry Ward	9 May Leatherland

The remaining Infants receive Picture Cards.

The Service will commence at 2.45 p.m., and end at about 4 o'clock.

There will be the usual singing of Carols by the Children and Choir.

Papers giving the order of the Service will be distributed in Church and at the Sunday School, on January 3rd.

JOHN A. LE M. HAYWARD,
Superintendent

A MEDITATION IN QUORN CHURCHYARD.

By the Vicar.

How wonderful is the power of imagination! I am sitting in a room over-looking the sea in the south-west of England. The waves roll up within 30 yards of me as I write. I can see the mountains of Wales in one direction—I look out towards the broad Atlantic in another. But lo! without even closing my eyes, I set imagination to work, and time and place are changed!

I am back again at Quorn, in the Churchyard, far, far away from sea, and waves, and mountains, and yet how very like the sound of the waves is the roar of the rotary ventilating fan at the factory (this will carry me back to the seaside again unless I take care, that I do not wish at present.)

No, I am in Quorn Churchyard on a summer afternoon, about three o'clock. I may wait by the Church a little while, for I have just dismissed a wedding party, and in a quarter-of-an-hour the bell will be going for a funeral. I will sit on this short tombstone, just outside the Farnham Chantry, and think, and you, too, reader, shall think with me if you will.

A wedding just over, a funeral in a few minutes! What manner of men should we clergy be, who have thus, at the people's call, to take part in their joys and sorrows? A few minutes ago, I was in the midst of a happy party, ready as soon as the service was over to break out into congratulations, and I was speaking from the altar to the new man and wife bidding them think and act so that their joy might be real and lasting. In a few minutes time I shall be repeating words of hope in GOD amidst a sobbing family who lament a good father taken away.

How full of love for our people, how ready in sympathy must we be to take our part at such times with sincerity. St. Paul's words apply to us with special force "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—*Rom. xii. 15*

And, as I turn to look at the old Church walls, they remind me how that I am only one of a long, long line upon whom that duty has fallen. The Church building tells its own tale. That doorway (not the porch, that is later) through which we go for marriages and funerals was built 800 years ago, and all that time there has been a pastor bound as "minister" (i.e. "servant" of God and His people) according to the rule of the Church to serve the inhabitants so far as they will accept his services.

After a Church had stood here about 200 years, an old English poet described the character of a faithful parson. Though the lines are in quaint old words, the ideas are quite up-to-date (as we say now). Only a few of them can be set down here—

"A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Parson of a town,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk,
And also a learned man, a clerk.
That Christes gospel trewely wolde preche,
His parishens devoutly wolde teche,
Benigne he was and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient.....
Wide was his parishe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought fer ne rain ne thonder,
In sicknesse and in mischief to visite,
The ferrest in his parish moch and lite.....
But Christes love and His Apostles twelve,
He taught but first he followed it himselve."

Men come and go, forms and customs change, but the principles of goodness and duty remain! If the parson of Quorn of 600 years ago could sit down by me here we should be able to enter into one another's work and difficulties quite well!

But let us look around. Observe how the builders of the Church set it on raised ground, clear of the highest floods. Note, too, how it still forms the centre of the village. We imagine that in the old days, the few houses which formed the place, lay about the cross roads, and the Church was built close by. Fortunately, so far, the centre of the place has remained the same. I do not suppose that out of our 2,300 people there are 50 who live half a mile away from the Church. (Where I am now staying the ancient Church is half a mile from nearly all the inhabitants.)

Our Church, too, is set East and West, the Chancel east, the Tower west, so that a moment's thought will always recall the direction of wind, road or place. The Leicester road is about due south—the Loughborough road north. I have noticed that as one approaches by the north or the south road, looking from half a mile away, the Church Tower is in a straight line with the direction of the road, by which I reckon that in old times, when the ways were mere tracks over the unenclosed country, travellers guided themselves by the Church Tower as soon as it came in sight.

There is one thing about our Churchyard which is very noticeable to strangers. When first I came into this district and saw the *slate* tombstones, all of one dull colour, I thought them very ugly, I have heard visitors exclaim at them too. But long ago, any idea of ugliness has passed away from my mind, for I soon saw their exceeding usefulness for their purpose. There seems to be no other stone that retains an inscription clearly so long as slate. Look at those around me now. Among them are some with dates of 200 years ago—many of 100 years ago, and all as plain and clear as when first engraved. I do not think there is any entire inscription remaining, older than 1700. At the present time only a few of those buried here have any stone put up. There must have been fewer still in the old days when there was much less money than now. Most graves are quite unmarked after a few years. I saw lately in a Churchyard (All Saints, Clevedon Somerset), by the gate a large cross with this inscription: "To the Glory of God, and in memory of those, His servants, who rest in peace leaving their bodies to lie in unmarked graves around." How many such must there be in our Churchyard? I have buried more than 300 persons since I came, but I doubt if more than 30 stones have been set up during that time. That does not matter so long as the green mound is kept tidy, and a few flowers placed on a grave gives a better idea of regular care than the finest stone monument (I have known one man set flowers upon his wife's grave every Sunday for two years).

By the bye there is no ancient yew-tree in our Churchyard. I fancy they are not to be found in the Churchyards about here. In some parts of England there is always one. In one Churchyard in Kent there is a yew-tree mentioned in Domesday Book (therefore now more than 800 years old!) The yew-tree in the railings opposite the tower door is the oldest here. It is planted on a grave about 40 years old, I think. Standing where it does it reminds one of the words of the poet—

"Old yew, which graspeth at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones."

I remember having a talk in the Churchyard a few years ago with a dear old man, now passed away, and

he told me several interesting things about it. He remembered the funeral of James Sculthorpe who was thrown from his horse and killed in 1819, (his tombstone is by the Wedding Path). He said that in his young days the upper part of the yard, not then much used for burial, was a good deal used for games. One man kicked a football over the Church. Fights took place there. There were ways through the walls for chickens to run into it much later. Let us hope that the care lately given to it may never be abandoned.

It is strange how hard it is for us to realize that we shall be laid here soon. It is very hard for me to realize, though I have cast the first earth on 300 others, that before long someone else will cast it upon me. I remember talking of this to a man who had taken part with me in many funerals. At last his time came, and I was there and he was not.

We ought at Quorn to be especially mindful of these things, for our way so often leads us past the dead. The children go running and skipping through the Churchyard to and from school. They of course do not think much of such things. A hundred young people in the prime of life go through with hurried pace to work and meals. How many of them ever remember as they enter the consecrated ground that "the night cometh when no man can work!"

I shall never forget one man, stricken suddenly in the midst of a very active life with mortal disease. We had not always agreed, and I rather dreaded my duty of seeing him frequently to help him to prepare for death. I soon found that with death so near, all differences were gone, and I was eagerly welcomed day by day. After a few weeks of suffering we laid him by his sweet baby boy, over whose grave we had sobbed together a few years before.

Often, too, I greet old folks here, bowed with age, slow of foot (most of our old people seem to live near the Church) I wonder whether they can think of death with more definite reality than we! Some I know do. There was a very sweet, good old woman, who had to go to live elsewhere in her last days. Whenever I saw her she always spoke of being brought back to Quorn Churchyard. When I saw her last she hoped and prayed that it would not be long. It was not long, and her wish was carried out.

But, there are the first booming notes of the biggest bell, always rung for deaths and funerals, and there stand two of my dear old friends by the upper gate, come out to see. It cannot be long before I say the prayers over them. Nay! what am I saying? I am forgetting my own lesson, they may come out to see me buried too.

In future, as I pass through the Churchyard, I will try to repeat some of the words which I say over every new-made grave, (Reader, will you try to do so too?)

"In the midst of life we are in death: Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death."

N.B.—Next month I hope to write for the Magazine "A walk and talk at Quorn."—E.F.K.

By Royal



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Certain Cure,

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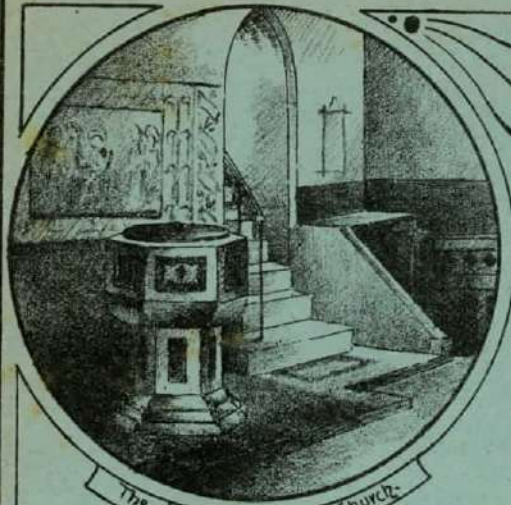
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The Font, Quorn Church.



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QUORN CHURCH.



Charles G. Del.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
 Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30.

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Feb. 2nd.—Tuesday, The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.
 7th.—The Sunday called Sexagesima.
 14th.—The Sunday called Quinquagesima.
 17th.—**ASH WEDNESDAY**—The First day of Lent.
 21st.—First Sunday in Lent.
 24th.—Wednesday, St. Matthias.
 28th.—Second Sunday in Lent.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

	To be brought learnt.	Lesson in Scripture
Feb. 7th.	Hymn 545 v. 1	Gospel
" 14th.	" v. 2	"
" 21st.	" v. 3	"
" 28th.	" v. 4	"
Mar. 6th.	" 306 v. 1	"

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

Jan. 4th.—Alfred James Camm.
 „ 13th.—Arnold Aubrey Wesley.
 „ 13th.—Maud Mary Rue.

Marriages.

Jan. 6th.—William Henry Rice to Ellen Revell.
 „ 9th.—John William Heap to Violinda Markham Harriman.

Burials.

Jan. 13th.—Mary Orton, 63 years.
 „ 16th.—John Adeock, 47 years.
 Charles Rue, 48 years, who died December 12th, 1903, was buried in Magdalen Road Cemetery, Wandsworth.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Church Expenses	Special
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Jan. 3rd.	— 0 3 0	— — —	a3 4 9
10th.	— 0 2 2	— — —	c5 0 9
10th.	— — —	— — —	b1 5 0
17th.	— 0 3 0	— — —	a3 12 6
„ 24th.	— 0 1 2	2 13 8	— — —
Alms Box	— 0 0 6	— — —	b0 3 11
Totals	£0 9 10	£2 13 8	£13 6 11

a.—Choir and Organ. b.—Negro Boy Fund.
 c.—Sunday Schools.

COLLECTIONS IN FEBRUARY.

Feb. 7th.—Choir and Organ.
 14th.—Church Expenses.
 21st.—Church Fabric Fund.
 28th.—Church Expenses.

Hymns.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Feb. 7th	{ 263	335	306
	{ 317	331	281
	{ 254	224	24
14th.	{ 290	339	273
	{ 274	242	291
	{ 277	332	28
21st.	{ 92	92	490
	{ 188	217	198
	{ 91	569	27
28th.	{ 85	91	91
	{ 256	194	251
	{ 108	175	193

PARISH NOTES.

Sister Francis who is leaving the parish this month, wishes to thank her patients and friends for all their kindness to her during the time she has been in Quorn. As they are too numerous to be called upon she adopts this method of saying Goodbye.

QUORN CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Superintendent's Report for the year ending at Advent, 1903. Read at the Prize Distribution in Church, January 10th, 1904.

As Superintendent of the Quorn Church Sunday Schools I have once more to make my Annual Report for the past year.

The number of children on the books remains about the same as for the past four years, viz. :—about 300.

The average of marks obtained by the children who attend the School regularly has again been very high, and no less than 29 children have obtained full marks, viz. :—12 boys, 15 girls, and 2 in the Mixed School— a boy and a girl.

The number of prizes given this year, not counting those given to the Infants, is 93, as compared with 88 last year and 86 the year before. Prizes are given solely according to marks obtained, no child who has made less than three-quarters of the full marks gets a prize this year. In some classes it has been necessary to give as many as 8 or 9 prizes, whilst in others only 4 or 5 are given, and in one class only 1 has been awarded.

The system of marking which has been in operation for the last 10 or 11 years is now so well understood that it is not necessary for me to refer to it further than to say that in all cases allowance is made for illness or absence from the village, provided that notice of such illness or absence as a holiday is sent in writing to the Superintendent by the parent of the child.

I should therefore like to take this opportunity of impressing upon parents the necessity of always sending this notice in writing, and not by word of mouth, and of requesting them to be so good as to put the date of the absence (that is the day of the month) upon their notice, as if this is not done difficulties sometimes arise. Children also are requested to see for themselves when next they come to School that they have been marked "S" for sickness, or "H" for holiday.

Teachers cannot be expected to know that a child is ill or away from the village unless they are told, and they cannot take notice of statements made with regard to this by other children.

The lessons set to be learned out of School are purposely made rather easy so as not to be irksome to the children, and therefore I wish that more children would take the trouble to learn their lessons, and that more parents would see that their children do so. I know that a great many parents do see that their children learn their lessons, and always hear them say their Collect and Hymn on Saturday, and it is these children almost exclusively who obtain full marks. I wish more parents would follow this good example.

I desire again to remind parents that "Star Cards" are given to those children who wish to have them, and that these cards are marked regularly every Sunday so that a parent may always tell from the "Star Card" whether his or her child has attended School or the afternoon service. It has been suggested to me by a parent that in the case of any child behaving badly in School or Church the Star Card of that child should be marked with a bad mark.

I think this would be a very good plan, and in future I will see that it is done, the bad mark will be a cross X, so that any parent finding a cross upon the Star Card will know that the child has misbehaved, and will I hope reprimand or punish him or her. This cross X will also be entered in the Class Register and will cancel all marks obtained on that occasion.

I am, however, very glad to say that the behaviour both in School and at the afternoon service in Church is on the whole exceedingly good, and I have very rarely any occasion to find fault.

The behaviour also in Church at the morning service has very much improved, thanks chiefly to those Teachers who so kindly undertake the duty of sitting with the children in Church.

I am always pleased to see parents about any matter connected with the welfare or the marking of their children, and I am glad to say a good many parents have called upon me lately to ask for explanations as to the marks obtained by their children, and I think I may say all have gone away perfectly satisfied with the explanations given. Mistakes may sometimes occur in spite of every care, but I do not think that any mistakes have been made this year.

One innovation has been made this year and that is the starting of a Bible Class for the elder lads who go to work. This Class meets in the morning at 10 o'clock in a Class-room apart from the rest of the School, and it has the great advantage of having for its teacher Mr. Adams, whose wide experience and great capabilities all who know him will acknowledge. The members of this Bible Class are expected to find their own way to Church at the morning service and to sit where they please amongst the congregation, and also to attend the Children's Service in the afternoon if they wish to do so, though this is optional. I hope that boys as they grow up into men will not consider themselves too old to remain in this Class for with such a teacher as Mr. Adams they will always learn something they did not know before, and it will be a good thing for them even as men to keep up the study of the Bible and to cultivate the habit of attending Divine Service.

In conclusion I must once again heartily thank the Teachers for their kind and willing co-operation, and for their perseverance and regularity of attendance. With such a good body of Teachers my work as Superintendent is made a pleasure instead of a toil.

Any person undertaking to teach in a Sunday School must be prepared for a great deal of disappointment and self-sacrifice. It is not easy to be always regular and punctual and to always prepare one's lessons carefully but unless this is done a Teacher can be of but little use and has no right to expect to see good results. It is not work that often shews any immediate results, these come gradually, and often not until a long time, perhaps years, have elapsed. It is work for which one gets but little thanks, it is not showy work, but still it is good work, and work too which brings its own reward to the Teacher if patiently and prayerfully persisted in.

We sow what we have in us, good, bad, or indifferent, the seed may lie dormant for years, other men may reap the reward of our labours, but God marks and knows the honest labourer and rewards him or her. Let us go on then and persevere, and may God help us, and bless our endeavours and pardon our shortcomings.

JOHN A. LE M. HAYWARD,

*Superintendent of the Quorn Church
Sunday Schools*

Jan. 10th, 1904.

A WALK AND TALK AT QUORN.

BY THE VICAR.

ANOTHER flight of fancy to carry me back among the familiar surroundings of home and to change the very face of all things about me.

I am sitting now far away on the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire; the wind shakes the house, the rain against the windows is deafening, but fancy can waft me as swiftly as the telegram across land and water, hill and valley, and back over weeks and months and years too.

Here I am, in the old house at Quorn that Mr. Stammers built seventy years ago. It is the middle of a summer's afternoon—it is close and oppressive, though the window and door are open—I have been at my desk almost since breakfast—I must have some really fresh air. If I get on my bicycle I can be up on Rothley Plain in fifteen minutes or so, and there will be a breeze there. So here I go down the High Street.

Have you ever thought what it is like for the Parson to go down a street in his parish?

To others it may look picturesque and interesting, to him the interest is so intense that it drives away all sense of beauty. He knows who lives in every house, he has seen sad things in most, seen death in many. He knows that even now when the sunlight makes the cottage windows bright there is the shadow of sin and sorrow within. Each house represents to him so many persons, each of whom he would like to help to be better and happier if he could. In respect of everyone he has some responsibility, and so the rows of houses are sad reminders of hopes and longings, sorrows and failures, labours and neglects. But, thank God, he has also this consolation more than any other per-son, that in house after house, when he can go to them, there is a kind welcome and the grip of a friendly hand.

But, this afternoon, I pass along quickly, not even stopping to speak to the sweet little baby that the old lady is holding on the steps there. It looks surprised, for I do not think I have ever passed it so before. On along Mountsorrel Road and round the corner, up Wood Lane where the houses always seem to me to turn their back doors to the front! What gardeners they are here. Is it three or four greenhouses that I see?

Passing this long row I shall always remember a friend who lived there who had once lived in the middle of London, and sometimes spoke regretfully of her move into the country. I could never believe she was really in earnest! But on and upward along the wood side. (The quaintly pretty house with its lawn and garden on the left is not yet there.)

The cottage right up the lane, round the corner is there, of course, and I get a kind greeting as I pass from one of its industrious inmates. I associate that cottage with two touching scenes—one happy, the other very sad. The first was the passing away of a dear, good old man, very old and very infirm, and very pious in a simple but earnest way. The other scene was a young widow in agony over the crushed body of her husband, killed by an accident on the Reservoir works.

So we go quickly down the hill to get a rush at the steep piece at the next corner. There is no sign yet of the Quarry works in Cocklow Wood, nor the railway under the road. The rush is soon spent; this piece is very difficult and I am soon off and walking slowly up the bank.

With head down, pushing the "bike," I did not at first notice a figure at the stile on the left, over which one goes to this end of the quarries; but when close by I see and recognize a friend. It is a quarryman in his best things, by which I know he is sick or injured.

"Good day, neighbour! Are you on the sick list?" Yes, he tells me. A strain or a sprain has condemned him to idleness and rest for a week or more, but he is now well enough for a walk, and he has come this way.

One would think that a man who works week after week at the same hard labour would be glad to get right away from the scene; but it is not so. Work, though it may be hard, is, after all, our chief happiness, and we feel it to be so.

I have noticed with hard working men that they soon get miserable when they cannot work, even though, through the provision of Sick and Accident Funds, they are provided for. My friend here looks eagerly at the quarries where he has worked, boy and man, for thirty years, and I can see that he is keen to get to work again.

"Come, then, friend," I say, "can you walk on a little farther?" I want to go up into the Plain where there is a pretty view to sit and look at, and there will be a breeze up there perhaps."

So we walk slowly together and I hear the story of the accident that disabled our friend, and what the doctor said, and how he hopes to try again next Monday.

The gate on the right, leading down to the Keeper's Lodge marks the boundary of Quorn parish that way. The keeper and his dogs are parishioners of mine, though I am afraid they hardly know it. I found out that they were in the parish when there was sickness and death there.

Out on the Plain at last! We sit down on the rocks facing the Forest. Reader if you have friends staying with you and you want them to see the country well without a long walk or drive, take them up here. I have heard people say, who do not know it, "Oh, Leicestershire is a flat, uninteresting country!" That shews that they have not been on Rothley Plain, just beyond the Quorn boundary.

We both exclaim at the beauty of the scene, and then my friend remarks upon the great alterations since he first knew it as a boy, thirty years before. The great banks of refuse from the quarries are behind us, and these, he says, made no great show twenty years ago; and there before us is the reservoir which is not yet ten years old.

"Yes," I say, "man if you give him time enough can make a great difference to a scene, and yet how tiny is his work when we mark the great things in which he has had no hand at all. See there, away over the Forest, comes a bank of dark clouds—(there will be thunder before night)—by the look of them they must be twenty miles long at least and miles thick, and they are only a tiny piece of the great shifting curtain that always shades part of the earth from the sun."

"But think, as we sit here, we are whirling through space—the earth and the clouds with it—forward, faster much than a bullet from a gun, and at the same time rolling over and over like a marble that a boy shoots with his fingers! I am saying what is known quite certainly, and, moreover, this earth of ours is only like a tiny speck in the great universe of which the stars are part."

After a pause, I added, "I think I know what sort of idea these remarks will arouse in your mind. I wish you would put it into words, whatever it may be." "Well," he replied, "one can't help but wonder whether the Maker of these big things will take much notice of you and me, and what we do." "True," I answer, "one cannot help wondering in this way, and there is no harm in wondering, but if we take the trouble to think a little seriously, we need not be led to doubt God's care for us or the importance of our doings in His eyes. We are too apt to think of God by what we can think and do ourselves; and to judge of His power and knowledge by our own."

"For instance, I can scarcely know something of every person in this large parish. You are accustomed to work with a pick or heavy hammer or shovel, and so could not sit down and use the pen as I can at my desk. And, again, both of us will wonder as we see our clever watchmaker (as I have often done) handle and work upon the small parts of a watch that we could only just see."

"Thus, by comparison among ourselves, we have impressed upon us how limited our powers are; each person being able to do only one kind of work and take knowledge of one small department of life. And this makes it hard for us to realize a Person who can do and know all. But for the sake of our happiness and the ennobling of our character we must do all we can to overcome this difficulty, and a very little thought will help us to overcome it. Thus when we begin to observe the works of nature we see a power at work to Whom number and bigness and littleness make no difference. See, there on your boot is a tiny insect climbing out of the grass. We can only just see it; and, see here, on this piece of stone there is a plant growing, so small that we cannot see each growth, but only a green smudge. Now, if we magnify these we shall see that each of these living things is made and finished off with the same care as our bodies are."

"Perhaps (I am not saying a thing that is unreasonable) this tiny insect is more important in its Maker's eyes than one of the stars above us. Think, if we were to go down to the village to our friend the watchmaker and see on his counter a tiny watch, and say: 'This cannot be worth much, because it is only a hundredth part as big and heavy as the clock against the wall!' He would say: 'Bigness and littleness make no difference in my business;

"often the smallest things are the most valuable, and have taken the most time and pains to make."

"Do not be persuaded to think that it is unreasonable to believe that God sees us and hears us, and cares very much what we do and say. You, going to and fro to your useful work day by day, may be as important in our Maker's eyes as a planet moving regularly in its orbit."

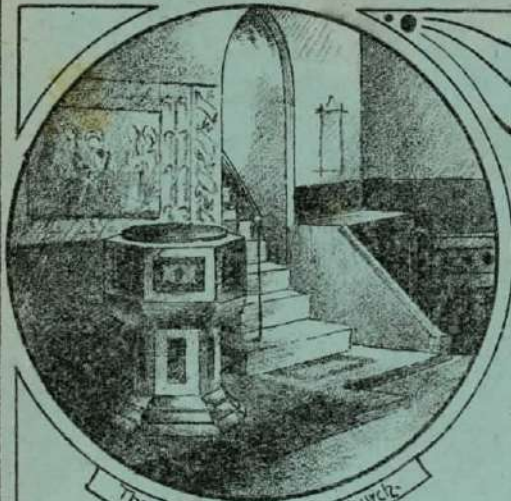
"I, also, in my little way, going about my round of prayer and sympathy, am not unreasonable to believe that the eye of God is on me, and that He knows and cares what I do and how I do it."

"You, neighbour, perhaps need this remembrance more than I do, because your work is more monotonous and dull—just the same year after year. On the other hand it is part of the difficulty and strain of my work that it is full of differences and interruptions. But let us think of God in connection with our work and that will make it a noble thing, and it may make us noble men too."

"That reminds me of the old man who used to live in the cottage by the wood. Do you remember him?" "Aye, that I do! and a good old fellow he was. We used to see him on the dark winter mornings, picking his way to work with a lantern, for he was very dim sighted; and they say that sometimes he used to stop and rest and say prayers at the stile where we met just now." "So I have heard," I reply, "and I daresay there were some who laughed at him for it, but there was nothing foolish about what he did. We are foolish and unreasonable if we live and work on without a thought of the great Power above and about us, and what He sees and thinks."

"But see, those clouds are coming nearer and look threatening, let us move homewards. I am afraid I must hurry as I want to pay a visit or two on my way home. If you should be out any morning this week, call in at the Vicarage and have a rest and a little lunch. I often have invalid visitors in this way. Please, mind to come. While you are at work I see so little of you, for we are both busy men, but now there is a chance for us to meet; and so, for the present, 'Goodbye.'"

[For next month I hope to write "A Talk by the Fireside." E.F.K.]



The Font, Quorn Church



S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



Charles Goff, Del.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.

11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
3.30 p.m. Baptisms
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Mar. 6th—Third Sunday in Lent.
13th—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
20th—Fifth Sunday in Lent (called Passion Sunday).
25th—Friday—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
27th—Sunday next before Easter (called Palm Sunday), beginning of Holy Week.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	To be brought learnt.	Lesson in Scripture
Mar. 6th.	Hymn 306 v. 1	Gospel.
" 13th.	" v. 2	"
" 20th.	" v. 3	"
" 27th.	" v. 4	"
April 3rd.	" v. 5	"

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

Feb. 3rd.—George Henry Atter.
" 14th.—Thomas Pilkington.

Burials.

Jan. 25th.—Ernest Bye, aged 42 years.
" 28th.—Gordon George Gamble, aged 3 days.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Church Expenses	Special
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Jan. 31st.	— 0 2 0	— — —	a3 12 0
Feb. 7th.	— 0 2 0	— — —	b2 14 3
" 14th.	— 0 3 1	2 9 9	— — —
" 21st.	— 0 4 10	— — —	c3 5 6
Alms Box	— 0 1 3	0 2 6	{ d0 0 10 e0 2 9
Totals	£0 13 2	£2 12 3	£9 15 4

a.—Church of England Temperance Society. b.—Choir and Organ.
c.—Church Fabric Fund. d.—Foreign Missions.
e.—Negro Boy Fund.

COLLECTIONS IN MARCH.

March 6th.—Choir and Organ.
13th.—Home Missions.
20th.—Church Expenses.
27th.—Choir and Organ.

Hymns.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
March 6th	{ 263 319 512	547 574	188 490 198
13th.	{ 92 373 269	54 92	91 251 31
20th.	{ 96 263 249	225 338	96 97 22
Palm Sunday.	{ 99 254		200
Mar. 27th.	{ 98	Musical Service	99 12

PARISH NOTES.

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LENTEN ADDRESSES will be given on the following dates at Evening Prayer—7.30 p.m. Those on "Our Lord's Last Week" will be by the Rev. J. Edwards Phillips:—

March 3rd.—The Rev. Edwd. C. Pigot, Vicar of Woodhouse.
" 10th.—"Our Lord's Last Week."
" 17th.—"
" 23rd.—The Rev. W. J. Lewis, Vicar of St. Peter's, Mountsorrel.
" 28th.—"Our Lord's Last Week."
" 29th.—"
" 30th.—"
" 31st.—"

ON PALM SUNDAY AFTERNOON (March 27th), there will be a Special Service of Passion Music, commencing at 3, when selections from Handel's "Messiah," and Bach's "Passion," will be sung.

A TALK BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY THE VICAR.

A few days ago I was looking out from a hill upon a large village in the valley below. It was about a quarter-past two in the afternoon, and I noticed that from a large number of the house chimneys there was coming fresh black smoke. If we were to watch the chimneys during the day we should see very little visible smoke; how was it then, I asked myself, that so many chimneys were smoking just then. I accounted for it in this way. At about 1.45 the husbands and older children, having had their dinner, are off again to work, and the younger ones start to afternoon school. The mother left alone (with the baby, if there is one,) clears away the dinner things, and then sweeps up the hearth, throws the ashes on the top of the fire with a little fresh coal, meaning it to last till it is time to boil the kettle for an early cup of tea; and then, unless the day is a very busy one, I think some mothers will sit quiet for a little while over book or paper, and perhaps get just forty winks of sleep.

I know some mothers do this sometimes. I wish all could every day; for the mother in a cottage home, no matter how well she may manage, has a very hard and long day. Her night is often disturbed, and she has early to begin her anxious and wearisome day's work, that will not end till all the family are again at rest.

I should like to think of that time when the fire is made up for the afternoon as sacred to the mother's rest. Let no mother think it wrong to have a little rest in this way. There are no members of the whole

community who are so hard worked, none have less change, and, perhaps, few get less thanks, for we men and children too are inclined to be thoughtless of those who are always working for us, and save our thanks for occasional and slight kindnesses.

For the above reasons I generally avoid paying visits between two and three unless there be some special cause.

But now, good reader, if you are willing you shall accompany me to a cottage home just after this sacred time is over. The persons mentioned, the house and circumstances, are of course all imaginary, but for me to tell the story, and you to read it, may be a little good for us both.

Come then, I start from the Cross at Quorn. We need not say which way I turn, but walk on thinking over the particular circumstances which have led to this particular visit.

Mrs. Someone has lost her baby of six months old. It was buried three days ago. I have of course been to the house since the death, and several times before, but now perhaps that the first trouble has past we may be able to talk together quietly and helpfully about it. And so I walk on thinking over the case. I have had a share in the joy and sorrow that this dear little one brought with it. Before it was two days old I had it in my arms. Within three weeks it was placed in my arms again in Church to give and dedicate it to God by Baptism. I saw the more of it because its little life was feeble, and it soon showed signs that it could not last long. And then I shared the sadness of its lingering, and saw the mother grow more and more worn and weary, as, with the help of a good father and kind neighbours, she watched poor baby night and day. And so at last it breathed away its little life, and then I said ag in over it in Church (as I always do at baby burials), the portion set to be said at Infant Baptisms, viz. :—S. Mark x. 13, &c., which include the words which JESUS said—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And so with solemn thought and thoughts of prayer I go on. [I have heard people say that Mr. Stammers in his old age was often noticed as he walked about the parish to be praying in words that could be heard. His saying prayers *aloud* no doubt was due to the infirmity of old age, but in praying as he went about he was probably carrying out a habit of many years. The earnest pastor should very frequently be in prayer as he moves about in his parish, when people would least suspect it, whether he be walking, bicycling, or even on a motor car! If he does not do so, he is likely to get very careless or very despondent.]

At the entry which leads to the back door, where I generally go to save trouble, I see a little roguish face and comical figure. It is little Tommy, a three-year-old of next door to Mrs. Someone's. Tommy and I are old friends, but to-day he chooses to be shy, and runs off shouting to bring the earliest news to his mother. "The parson's coming! The parson's

coming!" and I pass the door and say a word or two to his mother as she scolds him for being rude, not very seriously however, in fact we laugh together over Tommy's words. "When summer comes," mother says, "Tommy will go to Miss Corlett, who taught mother too, and then he will have better manners." Meanwhile Tommy comes for a kiss, and is soon off to the nearest shop for the form of comfort that he likes best. [Just as if I don't know that people call me 'the parson.' I call myself by the name too. It is a good old English word, the meaning of it being uncertain. Some say that it stands for 'person,' meaning the person who represents the parish. At all events it is only properly applied to the clergyman in charge of the parish, so that when people think they are making fun of the clergyman by calling him 'the parson,' they are really giving him an ancient and honourable title.]

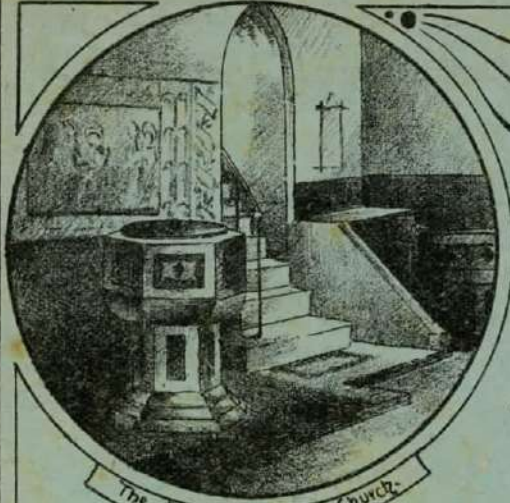
But we are keeping Mrs. Someone waiting at her door, where she stands and bids me walk in, and so we sit together by the fireside. [Oh, how happy and blessed is the parson's lot to have a place by so many firesides. May God make us more and more worthy of the confidence and friendship shown us!] We are old friends, Mrs. Someone and I, and there is no difficulty in opening a conversation. I say, I hope no one is the worse for the funeral, for it was a very damp afternoon. No, they are all well, and she herself is recovering from the effects of the great strain. She tells me, what I have so often heard, that the baby is all the more missed because it was feeble, and required so much care. The father, whose night's rest was often broken by the little one, grieves for him ever so much, and the other children miss him sadly. How much there is to reply to all this! Cannot we see how, even a feeble little life, in a body that never walked, with lips that never spoke, with a brain that could scarcely be said to think, has been a blessing to all that came in contact with it. See what unselfish love it called out in mother, father, and children, and unselfish love is the thing in all the world that raises us up and makes us most like God Himself.

All this is explained, and then I add, "You have indeed had a severe trial to your faith. For to see an infant suffering is one of the saddest and most mysterious sights to those who believe in the good and loving God. But there are many thoughts besides that which I have mentioned that may help us to see *some* good reason in it, and may make us reasonably assured that if we could see further and know more, we should understand how the suffering and sorrow even in these sad cases was *worth while* for the good that comes."

The poor mother speaks about the appearance of the Church at the funeral. She explains that she would not probably have noticed it at such a time only the Christmas decorations were still up, and she remembered that at the baby's baptism the Church was decorated for the Harvest Thanksgiving, and she added "I am sorry to say that I was not in the Church at all between those times. When I brought baby to be christened you spoke a few quiet words to me which made an impression, and I did intend to try to come to Church, and bring some of the children with me, but baby so soon began to be poorly that I could not leave him to the master or one of the girls, and Sunday after Sunday came, and I could not go."

My dear friend," I reply, "yours has indeed been a hard case lately, and indeed all your family life you have been very much tied to your home. I will not scold, but trust you to try. Your husband, I know, is a willing one with the children, and if he takes charge of some of them, you can take others with you, and by that simple plan, in which your own good example comes in, you will do more to help them in religious belief and practice than all the Sunday Schools and Children's Services that you *send* them to without going yourself. I speak from the recollection of my own childhood, and my own parents' pious ways."

[Next month I hope to relate the close of the talk, and what occurred on the way home.—E.F.K.]

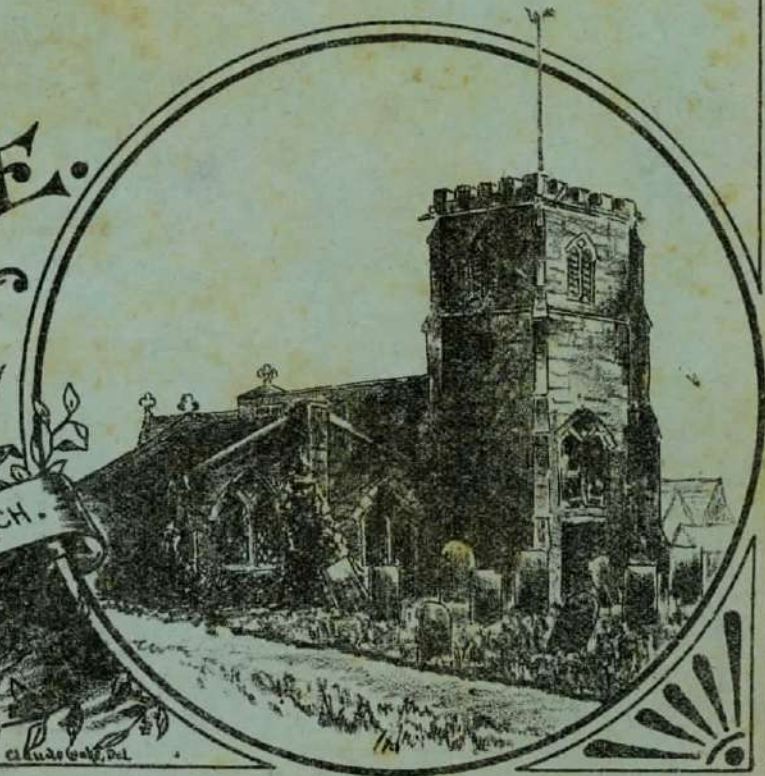


The Font, Quorn Church.



S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



Cl. H. G. Del.

St. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
 Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE
 AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

April 1st.—Good Friday.
 2nd.—Easter Even.
 3rd.—Easter Day.
 10th.—First Sunday after Easter.
 17th.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 24th.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 25th.—Monday—St. Mark's Day.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	To be brought <i>learnt.</i>	Lesson in Scripture
April 3rd.	Hymn 306 v. 5	Gospel.
" 10th.	" v. 6	"
" 17th.	" v. 7	"
" 24th.	" 516 v. 1	"
May 1st.	" v. 2	"

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

March 6th.—Charles Frederick Tomblin.
 6th.—Alice Mary Beardmore.
 13th.—Albert Pollard.
 24th.—Private—Cyril Preston.
 25th.—Eric Francis Vincent Cotton.
 25th.—Christobel Adelaide Ruby Cotton.

Marriages.

March 6th.—Arthur Henry Harrison to Ettie Revell.
 12th.—Sydney Rue to Annie Martin.

Burials.

March 12th.—Jane Squires, 30 years.
 12th.—Florence Mary Pollard, 9 months.
 19th.—Henry Facer, 64 years.
 19th.—Hobill Bramley Martin, 11 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Church Expenses	Special
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Feb. 28th.	— 0 1 2	2 11 0	— — —
March 6th.	— 0 2 0	— — —	a2 13 9
" 13th.	— 0 1 7	— — —	b3 5 9
" 20th.	— 0 2 8	2 19 3	— — —
Alms Box	— 1 4 0	0 0 10	{ c0 0 6 d0 7 1
Totals	£1 11 5	£5 11 1	£6 7 1

a.—Choir and Organ. b.—Home Missions. c.—Foreign Missions. d.—Negro Boy Fund.

COLLECTIONS IN APRIL.

April 1st.—Good Friday—The Refuge, Leicester.
 3rd.—Easter Offerings.
 10th.—Church Expenses.
 17th.—Fabric Fund.
 24th.—Church Expenses.
 May 1st.—Choir and Organ.

	Mattins.	Services Children's Service.	Evensong.
April 3rd. {	134	134	134
Easter {	127	140	131
Sunday. {	140		133
			80
10th. {	135	131	140
	137	292	130
	125		138
17th. {	302	297	135
	126	236	126
	449		477
24th {	136	299	135
	173	302	179
	140		18

PARISH NOTES.

The Churchwardens give notice that at the Vicar's request the proceeds of all the Collections on Easter Day will be equally divided between the Vicar and the Revd. J. Edwards Phillips.

On Good Friday, there will be Morning Prayer. Ante-Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m.; Litany and Sermon at 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

On Saturday,—Easter Even—there will be a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

On Easter Day, there will be Celebrations of Holy Communion at 6.15, 7, 8, and after Morning Prayer.

SALE OF WORK.—It having been decided by the Church Committee, that a Sale of Work be held if possible, to raise funds to meet the deficit in the Church Accounts, and to aid in the extension of the Churchyard, the Revd. J. Edwards Phillips was requested to bring the matter before the Ladies of the Congregation. A meeting was called of those who had expressed their willingness to help, and the following arrangements were decided upon:

STALL 1.—MRS. WARNER.
MRS. WOODWARD.
THE MISSES WARNER.

STALL 2.—MRS. HAYWARD.
MRS. BACKHOUSE. MRS. BROWN.
MISS CORLETT. MRS. CUFFLING.
MRS. J. CUFFLING. MRS. DEXTER.
MRS. HENSMAN.

STALL 3.—MRS. LEWIS.
MISS HARRIS. THE MISSES PARES.
MRS. WATSON. MRS. UNITT.

STALL 4.—THE REFRESHMENT STALL.
MRS. FIRR and MRS. G. WHITE.

STALL 5.—MRS. PHILLIPS and the WORKING PARTY.

BRAN TUBS.—MISS FRANCIS SWAIN.
THE MISSES HICKLING.
MISS NELLIE JAMIESON.

Contributions of any kind will be thankfully received by the above.

Mrs. Phillips specially appeals for Money Subscriptions to enable her to purchase Materials for the Working Party.

The Sale will probably be held early in June, but the exact date will be given next month.

THE PARSON GETS A SCOLDING AND DEFENDS HIMSELF.

BY THE VICAR.

In the March Magazine the reader had accompanied me to the fireside of Mrs. Someone, and had listened to our conversation. My friend had referred to the subject of Church-going, and regretted that she seemed able to go so seldom. I had agreed how much there was to excuse in her case, but had urged the importance of the pious habit of public worship both for her own sake and for that of her children.

A little more passed on this subject now it was once started. I said, 'I believe in most cases the saying is true, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' I heard lately of a case of a woman who had been a regular communicant, who was once seen coming up to the altar rails with a baby in her arms, and another led by the hand.'

[I remember mentioning this in a sermon lately, and the very next Sunday I heard a baby making a cooing noises during the service—that was one of the rare occasions in which I know of advice in a sermon being adopted.]

Mrs. Someone went on to say that she had sometimes thought that it would be different with her if like some people she had a nurse and servants to work for her, but she added, 'I expect that with people in that position such things don't make much difference, it is the will, not the circumstances.'

I could quite confirm what my friend said. There are people whose circumstances make it easy for them to go to Church both week-days and Sundays, but who only go perhaps once a week, at a comfortable time when it is fashionable, and no more. Others of course, having much leisure, hallow their leisure by zealous attendance in sacred duties, thus strengthening themselves against the peculiar temptations of their position, and setting a good example to their household and neighbours.

In the end, I reminded Mrs. Someone that in the Church at Quorn all seats are free and open to all, parishioners without any distinction of position or means. And so I tried to comfort and encourage and help by good advice.

Now it is only right that those who are often giving advice to others should be ready to gratefully receive advice themselves. It so happened that on my way home that afternoon I came in for some advice myself.

After the visit to Mrs. Someone there were a few others to pay in the same part of the parish, then I took my way homeward by a different road.

The way lay across some fields, and as I approached one of the gates I met a man whom I recognised as a tradesman in a village a few miles away, with whom I happened to be fairly well acquainted. [Let us call him Mr. Monitor.]

'Ah, friend,' I said, 'what has brought you so far from home.'

He replied: 'I had a little business at Barrow, and came this way to catch a conveyance to carry me part way home.'

After a few enquiries Mr. Monitor said, 'Seeing you reminds me of what I was thinking a few days ago. I was at a political meeting and heard a speech in which the Church and clergy were very much abused. The Church was said to be a preventor of progress and social welfare, and the clergy were called an interfering, selfish set of men, and by the bye, the speech was made by a non-conformist minister. Now, as I listened, I asked myself, why don't you parsons go to these meetings and stand up for yourselves, I know the parsons are not all good, but I don't think they are such a bad lot as they make out. Why don't we see you for instance sometimes at our political meetings defending the Church and your profession?'

'My good friend,' I answered, 'I am sure you mean your advice kindly, so let me try and explain why I do not think it right to do as you suggest. What you tell me about the speech of the non-conformist minister may serve to answer you. First, I think it probable that your impression of his speech is too strong. But I am bound to say that one often hears of speeches by Christian teachers and leaders which are violent and altogether unchristian in tone, and which misrepresent facts when they oppose the Church. That is one of the consequences of joining in political strife. It tempts men to be violent and unfair. I have no doubt that if the person you refer to were here quietly talking with us, he would be reasonable and friendly, but he goes to a political meeting and lets passion mangle his judgment and better feelings. Now consider that if I were to go and speak at political meetings, I should be subject to the same temptation, and if I were to use violent or unreasonable language, I should lose my influence with the most religious and quiet-living people who are those whose respect I most value and whom I depend upon for co-operation in religious work. I don't think it would be difficult to make speeches that would win votes at an election, but how would my voice sound next Sunday in the pulpit if I had spoken harsh or unkind words of opponents, or tried to convey an unfair impression by misrepresenting facts, or making one-sided statements.'

I had rather not run the risk, and I am glad that the vast majority of the clergy take the same line, and interfere as little in active politics as possible

We have our special opportunity given us of influencing people—that is from the pulpit, and I don't think the laity like to see their clergy trying to take upon themselves the position of political leaders.

Meantime it does not matter much if we are abused and misrepresented, but it would be very sad, and we should soon use our influence if we began to abuse others.'

'Well,' said Mr. Monitor, 'perhaps you may be right, but you know I only spoke as one who has always supported the Church, and been a friend of the parsons, and I don't like to hear them spoken against.'

'I am sure you meant kindly,' I replied, 'and I thank you for your advice, though I don't think it right to follow it, and now I hope you won't think it unkind if I talk to you a little in return about the duty of the laity.'

You speak of yourself as 'a supporter of the Church,' and 'a friend of the parsons.' I can speak plainly to you about this for I don't know what your own habits and practice are as you live at a distance. Sometimes a man calls himself a 'supporter of the Church without any proper grounds for it. Sometimes he supports the Church simply by not going to Chapel, or perhaps by going to Church now and again, once or twice a month say.'

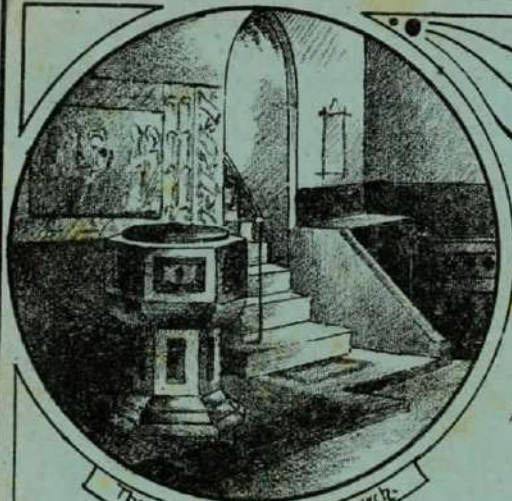
Mr. Monitor smiled and said, 'Oh, but Church going is not everything.'

'No, that is true,' I replied. 'but a Churchman who does not attend Church no more supports the Church than a political dissenter. The regular Chapel-goer will be a far better friend to the parson than such a Churchman, for he will better understand and enter into the parson's wishes and difficulties. The fact is the success or failure of the Church's work does not depend upon the clergyman. I wish with all my heart that we could get the power to discipline the clergy more—to turn out the idle and careless ones, and to make regulations by which we could more easily be brought to book, and kept up to our duty. But no matter what you do with the clergy, if they are not supported by a body of earnest thorough-going laymen, who try to follow the rules, and live the pious life of Churchmen, it would be of little use.'

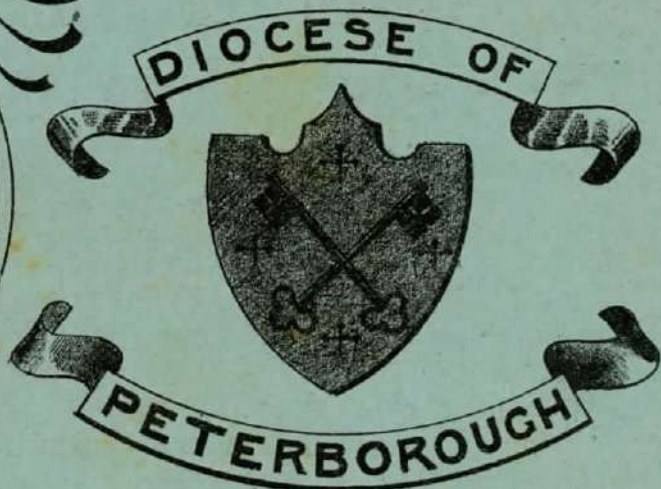
Forgive me if I speak somewhat strongly, but I have your own parson in my mind. He is a friend of mine as you know, and he is a good hard-working fellow; I know he doesn't spare himself (though his 'living' is not enough to support himself and family). Now consider how hard it is for him if he has to work on year after year against the influence of some of his principal parishioners, who, no doubt, often find fault with him, but who never give him any real support.

But I beg pardon, I did not mean to lecture you. Come home with me and have a cup of tea, and we will promise one another not to scold anymore; and after that, to show that we are friends, I will get out my little motor-car and drive you home.

[Perhaps Mr. Monitor and I may have some more talk in the next Magazine.—E.P.K.]



The Font, Quorn Church



DIocese OF

PETERBOROUGH

S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



QUORN CHURCH.



Charles Gold, Del.

St. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the first Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
 Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE
AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

May 1st.—Fourth Sunday after Easter. (S.S. Philip and James' Day, Ap.)
 „ 8th.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 12th.—Thursday—Ascension Day.
 „ 15th.—Sunday after Ascension Day.
 „ 22nd.—Whit Sunday.
 „ 23rd.—Monday in Whitsun Week.
 „ 24th.—Tuesday in Whitsun Week.
 „ 29th.—Trinity Sunday.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	To be brought <i>learn't.</i>	Lesson in Scripture
May 1st.	Hymn 516 v. 2	Gospel.
„ 8th.	„ v. 3	„
„ 15th.	„ v. 4	„
„ 22nd.	„ 337 v. 1	„
„ 29th.	„ v. 2	„
June 5th.	„ v. 3	„

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

March 27th.—Edward Smith.
 „ Pearl Edith Page.
 „ Emily Lee.
 April 14th.—James William Lovett.

Marriages.

April 2nd.—Ernest Alfred Clarke to Eliza Ann Carnall.
 „ 4th.—Walter Taylor to Maria Gamble.
 „ 4th.—Cecil Arthur Holmes to Margaret Annie Kendrick.
 „ 7th.—Ernest Harris to Susannah Louisa Swinfield.

Burial.

April 2nd.—James Cotton Bailey, 43 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses £ s. d.	Special £ s. d.
Mar. 27th.—	0 3 2	—	a10 14 0
April 1st.—(Good Friday)	—	—	b2 14 11
„ 3rd.—(Easter Day)	—	—	c23 14 0
„ 10th.—	0 3 0	2 17 9	—
„ 17th.—	0 1 6	—	d3 15 3
„ 24th.—	0 2 6	2 9 0	—
Alms Box—	0 13 4	0 2 6	e0 1 0
Totals	£1 3 6	£5 9 3	£40 19 2

a.—Choir and Organ. b.—The Refuge, Leicester.
 c.—Easter Offerings. d.—Fabric Fund. e.—Foreign Missions.

COLLECTIONS IN MAY.

May 1st.—Choir and Organ.
 8th.—Diocesan Association.
 15th.—Church Expenses.
 22nd.—Church Expenses.
 29th.—Church Expenses.

Annals.

	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
May 1st.	{	167	199
		197	229
		319	25
8th.	{	303	290
		178	295
		179	19
15th.	{	147	148
		301	201
		299	149
		304	477
8 a.m.	{	323	152
		154	210
		157	156
		155	207
22nd.	{	160	161
		161	163
		164	22
29th	{	160	161
		161	163
		164	22

PARISH NOTES.

The usual Easter Vestry Meeting was held at the Schools, at 6.30 p.m., on Easter Monday. There were about 30 present, including several ladies. In selecting Mr. Thornton to act again as his Churchwarden, the Vicar—through the Revd. J. Edwards Phillips—expressed the special thanks that were due to him for his long and efficient services in the office. Mr. Hayward was again unanimously elected to act as Warden for the parish. The ten Sidesmen were re-elected, Messrs. Cuffling and Laundon were appointed Auditors.

Mr. Hayward read the Churchwardens' Accounts and Statements, which have been freely circulated. He also read a letter from the Vicar, which is printed below.

Many matters were discussed, and resolutions were passed in favour of taking an additional collection for Church Expenses on Whit Sunday, and the use of plates for this and similar objects.

THE VICAR'S LETTER.

HIGHLANDS,
MINCHIN HAMPTON,

To the Churchwardens of Quorn, Monday in Holy Week,
March 29th.

Gentlemen,

In view of the Annual Vestry Meeting which will be held in a few days, it may be convenient that I should write and give you some account of myself and my intentions.

(1.) First I should say how thankful I am that I have greatly benefited by my long change and rest, though of course my health is not always at its best, yet by the time I return I have good hope that I shall be stronger than I have been for years, and be able to enter upon my service for the parish with renewed earnestness and energy. I hope to give thanks at Quorn Church on Sunday, July 17th.

(2.) I have already informed you that I have engaged the Rev. H. B. Lee, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, to act as Assistant Curate. He will enter upon his duties with me when I return. I also informed you when I submitted Mr. Lee's name and papers to you that I was doing this on my own responsibility, and that no one besides myself was pledged in respect of the stipend of £150 a year which he will be paid. I feel certain however that I can rely on the help of others, and have already had kind assurance from some of their readiness to contribute.

(3.) I have to thank you for the very kind way in which I have been spared trouble on account of parish business. I hope to return your kindness when I come back by devoting myself more and more completely to the work which you and others share with me.

(4.) I am also glad of this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Phillips, who has so completely relieved me of my pastoral cares. Though I have heard but little Quorn news since I left, yet all I have heard assures me that Mr. Phillips has rendered himself very acceptable to the people.

Please commend me respectfully to the assembled Vestry, and give assurance of my affectionate interest and prayers.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your affectionate fellow worker in Christ,

ED. FOORD-KELCEY.

THE QUORN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

It is always worth while to go over to Quorn when the Musical Society are giving one of their Concerts, for one is certain to hear such hearty and enthusiastic singing as is positively refreshing. On Wednesday last, for instance, the rendering given of the Departure section of Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" and of Elgar's "Banner of St. George," were worth going much further to hear. The chorus sang as though they knew the works backwards and forwards and inside out. They not only did not miss a lead, but every separate singer seemed to come full burst upon it exactly at the right moment. Then their *sforzandos* and their *crescendos* were altogether admirable. Mr. Vincent Dearden, the trainer of the Society, must have worked with the utmost patience and thoroughness, and have been backed up by much enthusiastic support on the part of the choristers, to have brought about such excellent singing.

The works are both difficult, but very creditable and enjoyable renderings were given of them. Miss Florence Smart was in very good voice, and her ringing notes made the Quorn Village Hall seem a very small place. Mr. W. J. Winterburn was a little husky in the tenor music, but he sang accurately and well, while Mr. A. Lakin, as the bass, was always artistic and good.

A splendid work in musical education is being done at Quorn by Mr. Dearden, and few villages in the county have anything approaching to such grand opportunities of hearing good music.—*Leicester Guardian*.

MORE TALK WITH MR. MONITOR.

BY THE VICAR.

THE reader will remember how that I had met Mr. Monitor as he was passing through Quorn, and engaged in conversation with him, and that he had reproved me on a certain point, and I had answered him. Notwithstanding our plain-speaking we had gone together towards the Vicarage to take tea together before I saw him on his way home on my little motor car.

My mentioning the motor car suggested the next subject for conversation.

My friend said, 'You will excuse my saying so, but do you think a motor car is a suitable thing for a clergyman to drive about?'

I replied, 'That depends on several things. First, if it should entail large expenditure beyond what he ought to incur, or if it were a grand one, and so ostentatious, then it would be wrong for him. Mine is a simple little thing, the cheapest one that could be had when I bought it for two people, and I see no more harm in driving it than driving a horse or pony.'

Secondly, the parson may use a motor car if, as a Christian man should, he uses it not for his own pleasure only, but to help others. Now I will undertake to say that my little car has given more sick, poor and weary folks a lift, and has been driven less for pleasure (though I am very fond of motoring) than half the carriages and horses in the parish. Many and many a tired man, woman and child trudging from work, market or school has been picked up and run home on it. I have had it loaded with three or four children, to their great delight, and I have saved the weary feet of poor old women of 80. So long as a parson uses a motor car in this way I think it is good for him to have it, not wrong.

'But,' said Mr. Monitor, 'you answer very readily; have you ever been called in question upon this point before?'

'My dear friend,' I replied. 'did you ever hear of a parson doing anything at all fresh and not being found fault with! I was one of the first clergymen to ride a bicycle regularly, and was scolded for that when it was fresh. Now everyone would know what a help it is in parish work, as in other callings. Of course I have been scolded about my motor. But I have not heard so much about it, since there have been others in the parish.'

As we were conversing thus we reached the Vicarage gate and turned in. That reminds me of a story I have been told about the building of the Vicarage. I suppose it would be about 70 years ago, and Mr. Stammers had been at Quorn several years. There was no house then provided for the clergyman. He was one day walking in the village and met a gentleman (Mr. Raworth, I think I have heard), who

said to him, Mr. Stammers when are you going to build a parsonage?' He replied, 'I will begin at once if any one will give me an acre of land.' 'All right,' said the other, 'I will give you one!' and sure enough he did, and the Vicarage stands on it now.

I love the old place and have been very happy in it, but have two faults to find with it. First, the garden is laid out too grandly for the parson, there is a large lawn, which is expensive to keep nice, and not much use, and there was very little vegetable garden until another quarter of an acre was added a few years ago. Secondly, the house was badly built, and covered with plaster, which is always loose, (N.B.—It was not built by a Quorn man) so that there is an endless expense in keeping it water-tight and tidy.

My idea of a parsonage is that, while it should be large enough for use and comfort, anything like show or grandeur should be avoided. It should be fit for a poor man to live in and keep up.

But now, suppose Mr. Monitor and myself seated over our tea. Our conversation continues to be on Church matters and is renewed in this way.

MR. MONITOR:—'You were saying just now that as I did not often go to Church I was not a real supporter of the Church or parson, all I can say is that when any money is wanted for the Church, they come to me soon enough!'

PARSON:—'That is fair enough, for you profess to be a Churchman and as you do not attend Church often you do not give your share at the collections. You forget that those who go regularly, contribute regularly, and are asked for extra help at times!'

MR. MONITOR:—'Well, to tell the truth, I would not so much mind if I had a pew allotted to me when I do go to Church. My father had one and he used to be at Church every Sunday and at the Sacrament once a month regularly.'

PARSON:—'Then your father certainly deserved a seat for himself if any man ever did. But I don't think it right ever to allot seats in a Parish Church. The Church should be the one place in the parish where every man, should be able to walk in and take his place *as though it were his own home*, whether he goes often or seldom, with no one else to question or find fault.'

I am thankful to say that the Church-people at Quorn have acted upon this view. The freeing of the Church was made a few years ago without any opposition and although I know that it must have caused inconvenience to some regular Church goers, yet people have been very good about it, and I look upon the change as the greatest advance in the cause of religion in this parish that has been made for a very long time.'

MR. MONITOR:—'But how do you pay your way? I am always hearing in *our* parish that the Church is in debt.'

PARSON :—' Yes, so have we been but that is not because of the freeing of the Church. We collect much more than we used to do (including the pew rents) only our expenses are greater, and about the time that the change was made we lost one contribution of £50 a year from one parishioner.'

MR. MONITOR :—' £50 a year from one parishioner! That was a lot indeed!'

PARSON :—' It may seem a lot to you or me, but I don't think it ought to seem much to people who live in large houses, with numbers of horses, carriages and servants. If they do not give large sums they really give *nothing*, in the religious sense, for they give that which really *costs* them nothing.'

MR. MONITOR :—' And yet you say your Church Funds are often in debt.'

PARSON :—' Yes, I am sorry to say that is so, but the reason is, I am convinced, because we do not use the right method of collecting.'

I have year by year said on every possible occasion, that knowing well each year what our expenses will come to, we ought to raise it in advance by taxing ourselves a certain amount in some real proportion to our means; and not trust to the haphazard method of collection. We want a *certain* sum, and we use an *uncertain* method of raising it. But then they say 'the parson is so unbusiness like' it doesn't do to go by him in such things.'

MR. MONITOR :—' Well suppose that you made such an arrangement how would you know what each one should pay. Suppose I gave a shilling a week.'

PARSON :—' My good friend, you pay only a shilling a week—a tradesman in good business! Why you spend as much as that sometimes I expect in tobacco! (I could smell that he had been smoking a cigar.)'

MR. MONITOR :—' Well perhaps I do sometimes, but I really thought I was making a good offer. I don't believe my neighbours as well off as I am give more in Church than 1/- a Sunday.'

PARSON :—' Very likely they don't, but it ought to be brought home to them that they are giving too little. Every professing Churchman should give towards the maintenance of public worship something that he will really miss—say, as much as would keep an extra hunter, if he is a hunting man, or as much as he spends on newspapers or tobacco if he is a man on wages, and each one in the different positions accordingly, each being sure that it is so much as he will really feel and have to reckon. In this parish there are a large number of people who, though not

what the world would call rich, are far removed from any anxiety or care as to means, and can afford to gratify almost any pleasure or wish. If they all acted on this principle and realised the *privilege* of giving to the Church, we should never have any anxiety as to the state of our finances.'

MR. MONITOR :—' If this were done things would be different. We should hear no more of Churches in debt or poor parsons or parishes with too few to do the work properly. I suppose it is true what people say, that the Chapel folk give better than Church folk.'

PARSON :—' Yes it must be so, for they have to pay their ministers, while most of the clergy are maintained out of the ancient property of the Church and by their own private means.'

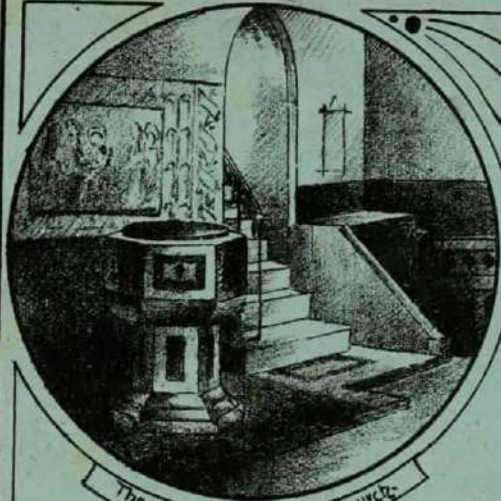
MR. MONITOR :—' But don't you think that if Church people contributed more largely they ought to have more power in appointing and dismissing their clergyman if he is unsuitable or neglectful.'

PARSON :—' I certainly think that the general body of regular and faithful Church people ought to have more control in these matters, but it ought to be very carefully arranged. I don't think it at all a good plan for people to choose their own minister quite by themselves. That may make it a matter of contribution and it also gives the best chance to those who have the most *popular* gifts which may *please* people, but not be the most really useful. And if people could turn out the clergyman without a properly provided officer then the best man would often get turned out because he makes himself unpopular, as a good clergyman is bound to do at times if he does his duty.'

'I myself very much desire to see reforms in many matters such as these, and so much has been done in the way of Church reform in my recollection that I am in good hope of more. Meantime, by God's grace, let us strive, both clergy and laymen, to do our duty.'

'But I am keeping you Mr. Monitor too long. When I once get on matters like these I am afraid I let my tongue run loose, but I hope there should be nothing that would hurt you or anyone else—so I will go and get out my little puffer and we will get you home as soon as we can, though we must not go too fast or the police will have no mercy on the poor parson, as I know to my cost!'

[Next month I hope to write 'A talk at the Black smith's forge.' E.F.K.]



The Font, Quorn Church.

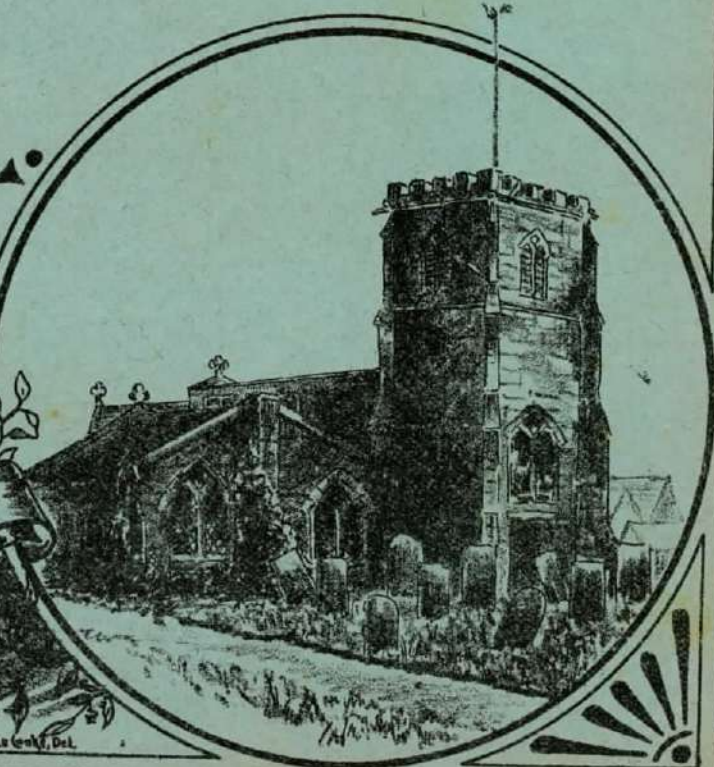


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PETERBOROUGH

S. Bartholomew's Quorn.

PARISH
MAGAZINE.



Chubb, Del.

S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

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 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
 2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
 3.30 p.m. Baptisms
 6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. every Sunday for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced.

DURING THE VICAR'S ABSENCE.

WEEK DAYS—

Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
 Mattins and Litany on Friday, at 11.30

THE SEATS IN THE PARISH CHURCH ARE FREE
AND OPEN TO ALL PARISHIONERS.

SUNDAYS & HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

June 5th.—First Sunday after Trinity.
 „ 11th.—Saturday—St. Barnabas, Apostle and Martyr.
 „ 12th.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
 „ 19th.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
 „ 24th.—Friday—St. John, Baptist.
 „ 26th.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
 „ 29th.—Wednesday—St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	To be brought <i>learn't.</i>	Lesson in Scripture
June 5th.	Hymn 337 v. 3	Gospel.
„ 12th.	„ v. 4	„
„ 19th.	„ v. 5	„
„ 26th.	„ v. 6	„
July 3rd.	„ 573 v. 1	„

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Baptisms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished.)

May 1st—Thomas James Bishopp.
 Doris Vera Tungate.
 22nd—Nellie Waite.
 23rd—Harriet Esther Mary Pinfold.

Marriages.

May 18th—Benjamin Selby to Hannah Cross.
 21st—Henry Lakin to Clara Hutton.
 23rd—George Powis to Annie Elizabeth Hall.

Burials.

April 28th—Robert Thompson, 42 years.
 29th—Lucy Dorothy Holmes, 51 years.
 May 19th—Reginald Swann, 14 months.
 24th—Maria Martin, 50 years.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses £ s. d.	Special £ s. d.
May 1st.—	0 3 7	—	4 8 0
„ 8th.—	0 2 2	—	—
„ 15th.—	0 2 2	4 7 3	—
„ 22nd.—	—	4 11 9	1 3 9
Alms Box—	0 1 4	0 12 0	1 0 7 1 0 8
Totals	£0 9 3	£9 11 0	£10 0 6

a.—Choir and Organ. b.—Diocesan Association.
 c.—Negro Boy Fund. d.—Foreign Missions.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS.

June 5th.—Choir and Organ.
 July 3rd.—Choir and Organ.

Hymns.			
	Mattins.	Children's Service.	Evensong
June 5th.	238	224	292
	254	175	271
	314		281
12th.	296	261	298
	260	163	241
	240		18
19th.	273	217	295
	303	194	277
	236		163
26th.	516	215	268
	628	199	257
	224		477

PARISH NOTES.

SALE OF WORK.

The SALE OF WORK will be opened

On Wednesday, June 8th,

At 2 p.m., by

MRS. HEYGATE.

OF ROECLIFFE HALL.

CAFÉ CHANTANT AND ENTERTAINMENTS

WILL BE PROVIDED.

The Prices of Admission will be from 2 to 4, ONE SHILLING; from 4 to 6, SIXPENCE; afterwards, THREEPENCE.

A TALK AT THE FORGE.

BY THE VICAR.

I HAD intended to place the present sketch, like the rest, at Quorn; but very sad news that reached me concerning our 'village smithy' seemed to render it inadvisable. I have therefore imagined the talk and action as taking place at a large and interesting village on the Cotswold Hills, near to which I have been staying. We will call it Mincham.

The words of the song came naturally in mind as I passed down the principal street at Mincham one afternoon last April, and approached the blacksmith's forge:

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

For the jingling music of the smith at work was accompanied by the cawing of rooks in the horse-chestnut trees above. I found that the smith, being a man wanting in poetic appreciation did not care for this romantic circumstance, but pointed out to me how damp the over-spreading trees made his roof!

I know the blacksmith well, for from a child the forge had always been an attractive place to me, and I have remained child enough still to

"... love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar."

I love to watch the smith as he swings to and fro, with his left hand at the bellows pole, and his right making clever little motions about the fire, arranging it just as he knows it will give the heat best, and apply it best to the work in hand. I love to see the deft turns and exactly placed blows as he fashions his forging upon the anvil. I have watched these things so often, and done the work myself in a poor way so often too that I can appreciate and admire to the full the cleverness of a practised smith. I have known the smith at Mincham quite a long time now, and am sure of a welcome.

I fancy all blacksmiths are good natured. I remember two friends in childhood in the craft who were very much so, and I have found it the same at Quorn and elsewhere.

As I step into the Mincham forge I get the greeting in the broad Gloucestershire dialect (which I must try and imitate). 'Good Marning, Zir.' Little more is said just now, for I see I can be of use. A largish piece of work is in hand, and is just at the right heat. He pulls it out of the fire, and swings it round upon the anvil. I see at a glance that he will get on better by help of the heavy sledge hammer that

stands close by, but the smith's mate is outside pulling the old shoes off a horse. Nothing is said, but when I take up the sledge he trusts me for he has seen me use it before, and indicating the place on the forging with his lighter hammer, the heavy blows of the sledge draw out the bar as he desires.

As I put down the sledge, there comes in a man whom I guess to be a farmer upon business with the smith.

'You werent bred to that I reckon?' says he, noticing my general appearance.

'No,' I replied, 'but sometimes I almost wish I had been. To contrive with one's brains, and then get clever at carrying out contrivances with one's hands seems to me to be the happiest kind of work in life, and then too, in an open building like this it is a healthy trade.' The smith was blowing at the bellows again and could listen, as I went on. 'And there is another reason too for liking this kind of work that is often in my mind, and I hope is sometimes in yours, friend smith, that is, that when our Saviour choose His lot for His earthly life He choose that of the craftsman. They called Him 'the carpenter,' and we need not doubt but that He contrived and carried out work for the village folk of Nazareth and the neighbourhood as you do here.'

'Ah,' said the smith. 'I mind (recollect) that our parson's lady told I sum'ut like that once afore. Her said to I, you ought to be a happy man Mister Jones, her said, you've always got plenty of work, and are strong and hearty to do it, as I went by this marning, her says, I saw vour or vive harses standing outside your door, and there was more inside I know, and we always hears the clink of your anvil up at the Vicarage all day long, her says, and it seems to say to me and my husband that we must keep busy too, and if we were idle folks I hope the music you make here would make us ashamed of ourselves. That's what her said to I one day, standing where you do now.'

But no more could be said for some minutes for the forging must go on, and the smith and I made a duet of treble and bass with the little and big hammers.

Then in the quiet again I began:—'Mrs. Parson was right. You should be a happy man, and your noisy work should teach your neighbours, rich and poor, a useful lesson. Your clink, clink all day long should remind them that we must all do some useful work, and only rest and play in order to do that work better. If we don't do this we are like the drone bees, living on the work of others.' [Just then an old rook in the tree above gave out a great 'Caw,' which seemed to say, 'That's all very fine but I wonder Master Parson whether you always remember that yourself']

The windows of the forge looked out upon the main street of the village and we saw all that passed.

It made me think how different it would have been at home; every man, woman and child would have been familiar to me and there would have been a smile and word from each as they passed, and more than one would have said to me. 'You seem busy this morning.' [People always say this when I am amusing myself with work that belongs to some one else!]. The smith is too busy to speak to many passers by but words pass between two or three who wait for horses or other work and I hear a good deal of village history.

Presently there passes a gentleman on horseback whom the smith salutes respectfully and says. "There be Sir John, he b'aint gone vox hunting to-day for the Duke's hounds be at Tedbury (Tetbury) and him's going the other road. Sir John he do remember what you said just now. Him be main vond of hunting but if anyone wants he for anything useful there him be for sure. Him be only round the carner now I expect talking on parish business with Mr. Smith at the carriage works. That's what I calls a good sart of man, one that likes a bit of spart, and rides a good harse and yet does'nt forget that there's wark to be done as well as pleasuring!" 'I quite agree with you,' said I, 'and that reminds me too that I have work in hand for the month is nearly ended and I have something to write for our Parish Magazine at home'. ['Caw' said the old rook above, meaning 'I've got a black coat as well as you Mr. Parson, and if you give me ink and paper up here I should write better stuff than you']

As I passed out and down the street I found the smith was right. Sir John Goodman was talking at the carriage works, but as I passed he left and walked his horse along beside me for we had often met before. 'Ah,' said he, 'I thought I saw you at the forge as I passed though I wondered what business you could have there; Your work is of quite another sort. 'Right Sir John,' I said, 'but what is one man's work is another man's play and I am very fond of watching that sort of work and helping in it if I can.' 'Indeed' said he and added, 'You found a good workman there. Jones is a capital smith and is a sensible fellow too, and what had he to say this morn- ing? 'Well I don't mind telling you for I think you need not feel any reproach. We were saying how that everyone should do some useful work and that the rich have no more right to be idle than those who have to work for their living. I ought to add that you were approved by your neighbours as a useful man as well as one that loved sport.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I do try to act up to that. You see, there is much work that only a leisure man can do.

'There are the parish affairs, and the County Council with its Committees, these take up a lot of my time and thought. Then I try to keep my property in good order, and farm a bit of land myself; and I like to know my tenants both at the farms and cottages and see that things are kept straight and comfortable.'

· Yes,' I added, 'and the Vicar tells me you are very useful in Church matters, not only giving money to help but giving time and pains as well. I know how he values your good example.

'You must not mind my saying how much I was struck with the sight I saw in your parish Church last Tuesday morning. When I went to join your parson at morning service I found two leading gentlemen in the parish there to make a congregation. [This actually occurred, and often occurs at Mincham]

'Well yes,' said Sir John, 'I make a point to go to week-day services now and then for I think it is hard on the parson to expect him to keep up the rules of the Prayer Book and to pay no attention to them oneself. I must say that the rule which says that daily services should be held is one of the plainest in the Prayer Book and I as a man who has been under rules and order myself, for I was once in the army, think it should be obeyed.' [This was actually said

to me by an old military man who used to live near Quorn.]

'I am glad to hear you say so'; I replied, 'but it must be confessed that the clergy have very little encouragement in this part of their duty from their well-to-do neighbours, many of whom come to Church no more than people who work in a factory all day or work hard from morning to night like our friend the smith.' 'But,' I concluded as our ways parted, 'I am glad you did not mind my telling you what I did about no one having the right to be idle, my own opinion is that an idle working man is bad enough, but an idle man in your position is worse because the bad example goes further.'

[Caw, said the same old rook, as he flew over, meaning, 'That's all very fine,' but an idle parson is the worst of all!]