

March, 1891.

S. Bartholomew's,  
QUORNDON,  
AND  
S. Mary-in-the-Elms, Woodhouse.



THE MAGAZINE.

ONE PENNY.

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# S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

## Calendar for March.

MAR.	1	S	<b>Third Sunday in Lent.</b> Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Children's Service and Holy Baptism at 2.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30.
	8	S	<b>Fourth Sunday in Lent.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	15	S	<b>Fifth Sunday in Lent.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30.
	22	S	<b>Sixth Sunday in Lent (Palm Sunday).</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins, Litany, and Sermon at 11. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	23	M	Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	24	TU	Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	25	W	Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	26	TH	Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	27	F	<b>Good Friday.</b> Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Litany at 2 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	28	S	Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	29	S	<b>Easter Day.</b> Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Litany at 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m.
	30	M	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Mattins at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.
	31	TU	Mattins at 8 a.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evensong at 6.30 p.m.

**For Daily Prayer See the Notice Board each week.**

Children's Offertory on February 1st was 4s. 6d.

**CONFIRMATION CLASSES.**—Sundays, 9.30 a.m., in the Vestry; Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8 p.m., at the Vicarage.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.**—On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 27th, a Meeting of Sunday School Teachers from the parishes of Quorn, Barrow Mountsorrel, Woodhouse, and Woodhouse Eaves, was held in the Quorn National Schoolroom. The Vicar presided, and the following clergy were present:—Rev. T. Pitts, Rector of Loughborough and Rural Dean; Rev. F. D. Thomson, Vicar of Barrow; Rev. W. J. Lewis, Vicar of Mountsorrel; Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, Vicar of Woodhouse; and the Rev. C. Barker, Curate of Woodhouse Eaves. The meeting opened with the hymn "The Church's One Foundation," and prayer, after which the Vicar, in a few introductory remarks, introduced the Rev. R. H. Cautley (Clerical Organizing Secretary of the Sunday School Institute), and he at once proceeded to give a "Model Lesson" to some twelve children. A verse from the Psalms was committed to memory, and this was illustrated by an historical passage from the New Testament. The children gave rapt attention, and answered well; the lesson lasting about three-quarters of an hour. After the dismissal of the children, an animated discussion followed, several questions being asked of the lecturer, on the difficulties of the Teacher and Superintendent with a Schoolroom full of Classes being taught simultaneously. The lecturer explained away all difficulties in a most assuring way, and laid great stress on the subjects for instruction being carefully prepared beforehand, punctuality of Teachers, and a bright and cheerful manner. The lecturer also gave several titles of books published by the Institute and elsewhere, on Sunday School Lessons. After a vote of thanks had been given to the lecturer, the meeting closed with the Evening Hymn and prayer.

**CONGRATULATIONS.**—We congratulate our Organist, Mr. Cardinal Taylor, who has recently passed an examination which entitles him to be an Associate of the College of Organists.

**PRELIMINARY NOTICE.**—AN ENTERTAINMENT will be given in the Village Hall after Easter, to defray the expenses of the Church Font Wall Painting. Full particulars will be published in the April Magazine.

Hymns.		
MATINS.		EVENSONG.
1st {	91 317	92 287
		23
8th {	4 198 183	89 108 23
15th {	96 200 111	106 96 23
22nd {	99 98 106	409 99 107
29th {	Hail Festal Day. 134 316	166 131 197 30 300

### Baptisms.

- Dec. 21.—John William Bailey.
- Jan. 23.—Ethel Mary Rumsby (privately).
- „ 24.—Florence Boyer (privately).
- Feb. 1.—Victor Rennox.
- „ Ernest Preston.
- „ Gerty Machin.
- „ Gerald Reuben Lovett.
- Feb. 6.—Joseph Cawrey (privately)

### Burials.

- Jan. 13.—Ellen Holmes, aged 44 years.
- „ 28.—Eliza Mee, aged 64 years.
- „ 31.—Florence Boyer, aged 26 years.
- Feb. 5.—Sarah Cawrey, aged 43 years.
- „ 11.—Edward Ball, aged 37 years.

### LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO QUORN MAGAZINE WHO CONTRIBUTED OVER 1s.—1890.

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S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.—CONTINUED.

**QUORN MAGAZINE ACCOUNT, 1890.**

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
No. of Books.	Distributor.	District.	£ s. d.				£ s. d.
271	Backhouse, Mrs.	School Lane, Soar Side	1 2 7	Balance due to Treasurer 1889...	...	...	2 2 8
164	Bolesworth, Miss	Leicester Road	0 13 8	Sherlock—4889 Magazine Centres	...	...	13 3 11
141	Brown, Miss	Church Passage	0 11 9	Wills—Magazine Covers	...	...	12 17 2
255	Camm, Mrs.	Meeting Street	1 1 3	" Carriage of Magazines from London to			
275	Corlett, Miss	Cross Roads	1 2 11	Loughborough	...	...	0 14 0
218	Cooke, Mrs.	Leicester Road	0 18 2	Lovett—Carriage from Loughborough to Quorn	..	..	0 3 0
264	Cuffling, Mrs.	Meeting Street	1 2 0	Balance in hand	...	...	0 17 6
324	Faithfull, Mrs.	Subscribers, extra copies, &c.	3 7 5				
301	Firr, Mrs.	Freehold Street	1 5 1				
240	Harris, Mrs.	Barrow Street	1 0 0				
128	Harris, Miss	Nursery Lane	0 10 8				
373	Hole, Mrs.	New Quorn	1 11 1				
349	Horspool, Miss	Barrow Street	1 9 1				
176	Inglesant, Mrs.	New Quorn	0 14 8				
140	Thompson, Mrs. Robt.	High Street	0 11 8				
168	Thornton, Mrs.	Leicester Road	0 14 0				
233	Woodward, Mrs.	High Street	0 19 5				
815	Rev. A. Hiley	Woodhouse	6 9 10				
	Advertisements	...	4 10 0				
	Printing Quorn Churchwardens' Account	...	0 3 0				
4885			£29 18 3				£29 18 3

Examined and found correct, January 15th, 1891.  
GEO. WHITE, AUDITOR.

F. AMY FAITHFULL,  
TREASURER.

**QUORN DISTRICT NURSE'S FUND.**

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
Subscriptions for 1890	...	...	56 0 0	Nurse's Salary for 1890	...	...	65 0 0
Fees through Nurse during the year	...	...	2 7 0	Wand's bill for various requisites	...	...	1 6 4
Balance at Bank, January, 1890	...	...	11 1 8	Nurse's book for various expenses	...	...	1 12 11
			69 9 9	Cheque book	...	...	0 2 0
Balance due to Treasurer	...	...	4 3 4	Cheque drawn December, 1889, but not presented till January, 1890	...	...	5 11 0
			£73 13 1				£73 13 1

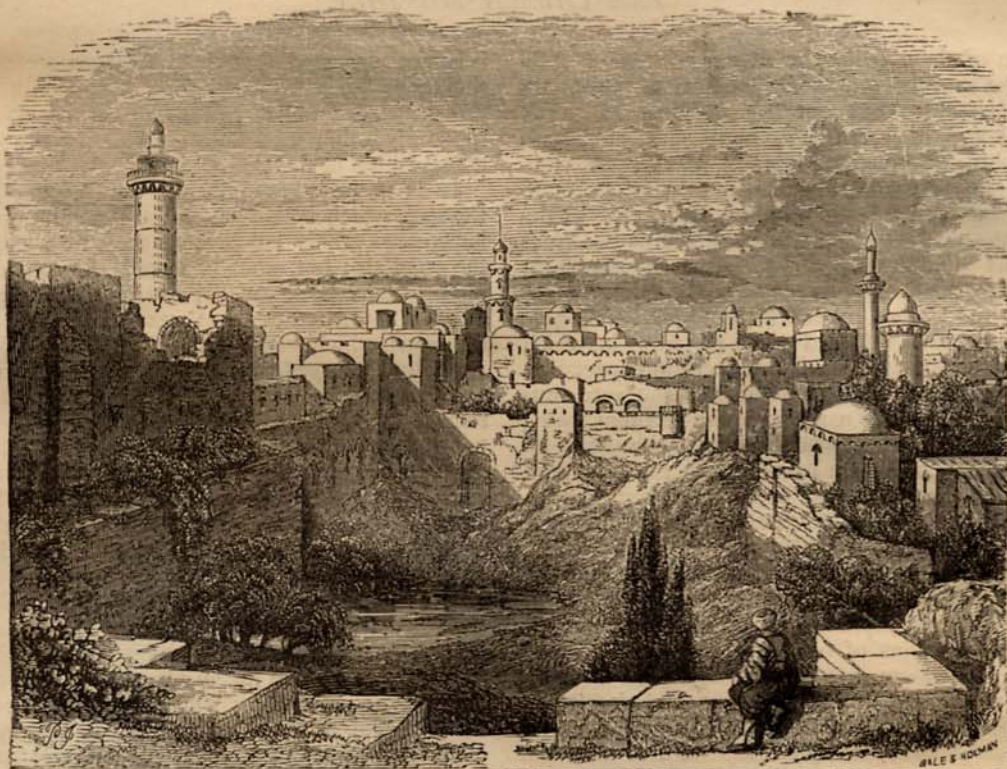
FOUND in Barrow Street, on Sunday, Feb. 15th, a CHURCH SERVICE with brass ornaments Apply at the Vicarage.



"A VICTORIA CROSS HERO" (see page 68).

Drawn by A. J. JOHNSON.]

[Engraved by RICHARD TAYLOR.



THE BIRKET ISRAÏL.

### THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.,

*Lord Bishop of Ossory, Author of "Heroes of the Mission Field," etc.*

**S**T. JOHN'S narrative of the healing of the impotent man by Christ at the pool of Bethesda has made all readers of the New Testament familiar with the name of the place. For several centuries a reservoir, known as the Birket Israil, and near to the place where the Temple stood, has been pointed out as the scene of the miracle. It is surrounded by walls and buildings, but is half choked with rubbish, and only contains surface water. Grave doubts have been long entertained by careful inquirers whether this is really the place alluded to by the Evangelist. Amongst other reasons for these misgivings, there are two which may be briefly mentioned. One is that ancient writers, such as Jerome and Eusebius (in the fourth century), describe the pool as "a double one;" the other is that early Christian writers inform us that a church had been built over the pool. There is, however, no appearance of the Birket Israil having been at any time "twin pools," as Eusebius calls them; nor can the smallest trace be discovered that any church ever existed there. Not even a fragment of such a building has been discovered.

IV. 3.]

Not far, however, from the same spot discoveries have recently been made which leave little if any doubt that the true pool of Bethesda has been brought to light; and, what is of more importance, that very remarkable confirmation of the Gospel narrative has been thus supplied. The place is in the Mohammedan quarter of Jerusalem, not far from St. Stephen's Gate. Houses have been built over it for centuries; and in taking down some of these, and removing the rubbish which had accumulated in the lapse of ages, the excavators discovered, a few years ago, the remains of an ancient church, with its apse or chancel strictly defined, though greatly dilapidated; and beneath this again they found a large cistern-like chamber, cut in the rock and arched over with solid masonry. All this seemed to point very distinctly to its being the pool which was described by those who saw it more than a thousand years ago. Subsequent explorations have still further confirmed this impression.

We may mention here that amidst the rubbish were found a number of Jewish and Roman coins, together with fragments of carved marbles and pieces of ancient glass and pottery. There were also some broken

[All rights reserved.]

idols, one of them being the upper portion of Ash-taroth, the goddess of the Zidonians, of whom we read in the Old Testament (*e.g.* 1 Kings xi. 5-33). This idol was made of red, burnt clay, similar to that of which the ancient idols of Moab were composed.

It will be remembered that the Evangelist in describing the pool of Bethesda has given us two clues towards its identification. One is that it was "near the sheep-market," or, more properly, the "sheep-gate," as the Revised Version renders it (see also Neh. iii. 32); and the other is that it had "five porches," in which the impotent folk lay, who waited there in expectation of being healed. It is thought that the gate thus alluded to received its name from the fact that, being near to the Temple, it was through it the sheep intended for sacrifice were brought into the city; and it is generally supposed to be, if not identical with what is now known as St. Stephen's Gate, to have been in its immediate neighbourhood.

The other clue—namely, that the pool had "five porches"—has received a remarkable corroboration by means of still later explorations. These have brought to light the remains of two tiers of porches, five in each tier, all of them arched; the upper tier being in the crypt mentioned above, the lower tier being in the pool itself. There they stand to this day, in their solemn, silent significance, to bear witness after the lapse of so many ages to the verity of the Gospel narrative.

A still further discovery was made, which proves that the description of the pool as given by early Christian writers was correct. For a second pool has been found to the westward of the one first discovered, and in close proximity to it, and containing a good supply of water. Thus the description of the "twin pools" given by ancient writers, who had the opportunity of seeing them with their own eyes, is amply corroborated, and the site of the veritable Bethesda fixed beyond any reasonable doubt.

Still later on, just before Easter 1889, when clearing away the rubbish from the fifth of the porches in the crypt under the church, a fresco-painting was discovered on the wall. It represents an angel descending into the pool and troubling the water. The water itself is depicted by means of zig-zag lines of an olive-green colour shaded with black; and the edge of the pool is indicated by a broad red line surrounding the picture. This line is broken here and there by rectangular projections into the water, which seem to mark the presence of steps going down into the pool, or possibly of the piers which supported the porches. There is also on the fifth arch another painting, which seems to represent our Lord. There are the remains of a halo round His head; and in the lower corner of the picture are parts of the folds of a blue robe, in which the figure was evidently draped.

The drawings are evidently very ancient, and quite unlike anything in modern art. They bear, in fact, the stamp of their own antiquity upon them. Of course

it is not suggested that these frescoes are as old as the times described in the New Testament; but they prove the opinion which was held, in those very early times when they were drawn, with regard to the veritable position of the ancient pool.

It is to be regretted that the colours in these frescoes, which were quite bright when first uncovered, have considerably faded since they were exposed to the open air; but, what is more to be lamented, the pictures have been greatly, and it would seem intentionally, mutilated in past times. The right hand of the angel, which was in an uplifted attitude, has been carefully destroyed, and the face has been so wantonly battered as to be completely obliterated. The same remark applies to the head of the figure which seems to represent our Lord. This doubtless was, according to their custom, the work of the Moslems in the early days of their power. It may be noted here that the length of time during which they held possession of the "holy places" in the East, and the bitter pertinacity with which they endeavoured to efface all evidences of the Christian faith, will explain why such remains as the true pool of Bethesda should remain so long buried in obscurity, and how room would thus be given for mistaken traditions as to its real site to crop up. The earliest mention of the Birket Israil as being the pool of Bethesda is of comparatively modern date, and cannot be traced further back than the time of Saewulf (A.D. 1102), who strangely calls it "Bethsaida."

Mr. Henry Gillman, the American Consul at Jerusalem, to whom I am chiefly indebted for the particulars here described, and who has himself taken a deep interest and leading part in Palestine explorations, is perfectly satisfied as to the identity of the reservoir thus recently discovered with the pool mentioned by St. John in the fifth chapter of his Gospel. He says: "The remains consist of four tiers of structure. First, the Turkish houses built upon the rubbish covering the ruins; next, the small church with the apse; beneath this the crypt with the five porches containing the frescoes; and, fourth and last, underneath all, the pool itself, cut in the solid rock, and with five arches of well-preserved masonry. This last, from the historical and other evidence, I have not the slightest doubt is the 'Piscina Probatica'—the veritable pool of Bethesda."

It is remarkable how many of these long-buried witnesses have recently been rising from their graves in Palestine, Egypt, and Assyria, to bear witness to the truth of the Bible record; and they seem to have been reserved, in God's providence, for the time when its testimony has been most vigorously assailed. May it not teach us to wait with patience for the clearing up, in God's good time, of remaining difficulties? and, meantime, may we not well have our faith confirmed by the clear and unexpected testimonies which have been so abundantly brought to light? Surely we may say with the Psalmist, "Thy word is tried unto the uttermost; therefore Thy servant loveth it."

"I BIDE MY TIME."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,  
Author of "Rider's Leap," "Sent back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER V.

WORD AND BLOW.



ROLAND looked forward to that explanation with Mr. Wilfrid with great and growing dread. If the position of Inez had not been so painful and perilous as to make delay impossible, he would probably have determined to wait for a convenient season; he would have trusted to some chance opening a way for him. But, as things stood, procrastination was acceptance of defeat and disaster. This case was, plainly, one of now or never. Therefore Roland screwed his courage to the sticking place, and said it out.

Now at first the lad had thought of making an appointment with Mr. Wilfrid at the lodgings of the latter. But somehow he felt that he could not do the thing there. The very circumstance of his being at home would give his rival an advantage. And Roland felt instinctively that the first small tender of civility—the offer of a cigarette, the invitation to take the most comfortable chair—would make his task more difficult. Furthermore, was it advisable to throw away the advantage which was his in being able to take Wilfrid by surprise? Any sort of appointment would give the adversary time for preparation. And suppose somebody should call and interrupt the conversation—suppose Wilfrid should purposely provide an impeding third party? No, it wouldn't do. "If once I went prepared to say my say," the lad declared to himself, "and failed to get it said, the words would stick in my throat for ever." And therewith he resolved that wheresoever and whensoever he first met his rival, he would go straight to the point, merely delaying so far, in case the encounter took place in the presence of witnesses, as to beckon him "to a more removed ground."

"Art, old man," said Grubb, suspending work for a minute, and balancing himself adroitly on one leg of his stool, "have you heard the news?"

Roland's thoughts were so far away from his neighbour, that he gave a visible start at the sound of his voice.

"No," he said, "I don't think so. What news?"

"I say, old man, that portry is getting 'old of your

nerves. 'Ow you did jump! Why, the news about Mr. Wilfrid?"

Roland's calm went at the hearing of that name. All sorts of vague terrors flitted across his mind. What was going to happen? Was it—no, it couldn't be!—was it possible that Grubb was about to tell him of Wilfrid's approaching marriage—to Inez? Yes; the terror was no longer vague, but horribly sharp and definite. It was more than terror now: it was presentiment—it was conviction. How so great a change in the situation could have taken place, and how the news could have been noised abroad since last night, Roland did not stop to think. That this was the news, and that it was true—that Inez's resolution had given way, and that her sorrowful consent had actually been given—was to Roland a horrible certainty.

"Why, old chap, what 'as come over you? You've turned as white as your shirt-front! Blow that portry! I'll get you a drink of water."

"I'm perfectly right," said Roland, motioning with his hand for Grubb to keep his seat, and speaking in a husky, internal voice. "Tell me,—I want to know."

"Well, if you're perfectly right, I'd rather be perfectly wrong. However, the news is this. Mr. Wilfrid is going to be——"

"Yes," said Roland, gripping the edge of the desk hard with both hands, "go on."

"Ma——"

Yes! it was out now. He had heard. In one moment all the long vista of his void and desolated life rose before Roland's aching eyes. He saw himself sitting day after day at that desk, or at one that meant a "rise" of a few shillings a week, without hope or ambition or object in life—a hardened, narrowed, loveless man. The vision of himself was so external and so objective that he inwardly exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" as though he were pitying a destiny that had nothing to do with him. It was only a second—less than that—yet he had surveyed and criticised a lifetime. Then he heard Grubb's voice saying, "You're a wool-gathering, 'Art. Come out of that. He's going to be made a partner."

The revulsion was so great and so sudden that Roland almost fell from his stool. Then the tears rushed into his eyes, and he said, "Thank God! oh, thank God!"

Grubb stared across the desk, open-mouthed, for a moment or two. Then, recognising that it was not good manners to inspect emotion, he felt for his pocket-handkerchief, and engrossed himself in strenuous blowing.

Roland was now master of himself again, and he fell back upon his own thoughts. The escape which he had just had from that imagined doom seemed to Roland a providential warning not to shrink from the task before him. His resolution was now fixed and unalterable. Mr. Wilfrid was again late, but he could not be long in coming



now. At every step up the ladder-stair—and there were a good many that morning—Roland's heart leaped and thumped. He was growing exhausted from repeated bracings of his nerves to undergo an ordeal that was still deferred. What had happened to Wilfrid? He had never been so late as that. Was he not coming at all?

It was about twelve o'clock when Roland was despatched by Mr. Hobbs to the bank. He kept his eyes open as he went, for he thought it more than likely that he might meet his man. However, his look-out was in vain. So Roland dashed into the bank, presented his cheque for £200, saw the money weighed, scraped it into his bag, and retired as quickly as possible. It seemed to him, as he hurried through the crowded streets, that he must get back instantly: that in order to avert disaster there was not a second to lose, if already it was not too late. So he began to run, and, his imagination further excited by the swiftness of his movement, he increased the pace every second, until at length he was tearing through the streets almost at his utmost speed. At length he drew near to his destination, and then a sudden reaction set in. He felt something like a reluctance to enter. The feeling hardly amounted to a prescience or presentiment of misfortune—indeed, after the absurd trick which his imagination had that morning played him, he would have been inclined to snub effectually any similar pretensions on the part of his prophetic soul—but somehow or other he now fell to dawdling; he sauntered through the packing room; stopped once or twice to look at things which did not interest him; and it required almost an effort to persuade himself to catch the dangling rope and ascend the steep stairs. It was no conscious dread of meeting Mr. Wilfrid that made him hang back, for the impression was now upon him that he should not see his rival that day; and yet if he had obeyed his instinct he would have turned back, and entered the lower order-room by the front stairs.

However, he did not. He mounted the last step, and swung himself, with the ease and safety of long habit, on to the landing above. And there—three or four yards off—stood the man whom he had been waiting for so long, and whom he had now given up.

"Mr. Wilfrid," said Roland, his resolution, set some hours ago to the performance of a certain action, now performing it almost automatically; "may I speak to you for a few moments?"

"Speak if you like," said Wilfrid, ungraciously, "but be sharp about it. I'm in a hurry."

"Just step in here for a moment, please," said Roland, pointing to the disused room.

"There's no occasion for that," returned Wilfrid. "You can say what you have to say here."

"Very well. I have received information to the effect that you have made an offer of marriage—"

"How did you come by your information, may I ask? I understood that you had been forbidden to hold communication with any member of—I will

not mention names—a certain family, and that the door had been slammed in your face."

"I received my information from Miss Inez Martyn."

"You infernal scoundrel! how dare you make secret appointments with the lady who—"

"That lady is my promised wife. Keep calm, Mr. Wilfrid, and hear me for one moment. I was engaged to Inez before you ever saw her. I have known her for years, and loved her from the moment of our first meeting. You are an honourable man, I firmly believe—"

"Never mind that. I can do without a testimonial from you."

Wilfrid seemed to have by this time got his temper under control, for he spoke with something of a sneer, but with no sign of violent passion.

"Well, I'll say no more about that. But just hear the facts. I don't believe you ever knew how matters really stood. Six weeks ago—on the night of the illuminations—Inez gave me her promise. It is quite true that her mother is unfriendly to me; but the young lady has just come of age—she has a right to choose for herself. Well, as I said, she has chosen. I don't want to boast, but it is the simple truth that she loves me, and if she ever were to listen to any other suitor, it would be only under the pressure of dire necessity. Oh, Mr. Wilfrid," said Roland, "you wouldn't take advantage of the misfortunes of her family to win the poor child from her allegiance; you wouldn't force her into a loveless marriage. I know well that—"

"I know well that I've had enough of this rigmale, broke in Wilfrid. "I was a fool to listen to you at all. You were kicked out and I stepped in. I've won the girl, and I'm going to marry her—and that's all about it."

Wilfrid took a step forward, intending to pass by Roland. Roland, however, put out his hand to stop him.

"No," he said, "that is *not* all about it. If, knowing the facts, you go on with this persecution, you are—"

"Well?" said Wilfrid, in a quiet, even tone, with a white face and a strange light in his eyes; "well? Pray go on."

"A coward and a cur."

Roland, with the string of the little leather bag twisted round his wrist, was standing—where he had stood all along—a yard or two from the edge of the stairway between the two floors.

As that word "cur" fell sharp and deliberate and stinging on the silence, Wilfrid sprang forward and aimed a violent blow at Roland's face. Instinctively Roland jerked back his head and threw up his arms to ward off the blow; then, as its force drove him reeling backwards, recollecting his danger, he made an effort to turn round and catch the rope. His hand just grazed it, sending it swinging from side to side, and right through the opening—a fall

of eighteen feet—Roland fell. There was a dull thud and a light sharp clink as he struck the stone pavement.

Then there came the sound of heavy boots, hurrying to the spot, and a hubbub of many voices. And then again, after a short interval, the strident tones of Mr. Hobbs, speaking in the awestruck silence of the rest: "Schnaps, go for a doctor—Dr. Thompson—he's the nearest. But it's only a matter of form. The poor young man is dead."

The anomalies of falls are very curious. One friend of mine twice fell a height of over sixty feet, once from a hill on to turf, and once from a rock on to sand; on neither occasion did he sustain any serious injury. A slater of whom I know something fell from the roof of a four-storey house into the area, and was able to get up and step into a vehicle without assistance. Another friend—who had likewise distinguished himself by escaping unhurt from various unpremeditated flights down flights of stairs and from the turning out of all kinds of turn-outs—recently, while lacing his boots in a low chair, overbalanced himself, and broke his thigh. There seems to be hardly any fall that *must* kill and no fall that *may* not.

However, when a man falls backwards eighteen feet on to a brick pavement, and either falls on his head or else strikes his head heavily in falling, it requires no large amount of experience or sagacity to assert that it is likely to go pretty hard with him, and that if he escapes with his life it will be a very merciful escape.

When, after ten minutes or so, Schnaps returned with a doctor, there was no apparent change in the condition of the injured man. He still lay without any sign of life. It was a few seconds before the doctor himself could say decisively that he was not dead. And when he did assert that Roland still lived he seemed to think that that was a very doubtful

advantage. "He will never, in all probability, recover consciousness," said Dr. Thompson; "certainly he can't last more than a few hours. There is tremendous concussion of the brain; and his right arm and leg and several ribs are broken. There are besides, I think, internal injuries. If he had fallen straight and plump as a drunken man falls, he would have come off far better. It was the twisted position—the attempt to save himself—that caused most of the mischief.

Poor chap! Missed his footing, I suppose?"

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Hobbs, looking round severely. "Sky-larking, I suppose? Dr. Thompson, I have told them again and again that this is not the Zoological Gardens, and that these monkey tricks will end in ruin, physical, moral, and spiritual; but they don't mind me any more than that barrel. Now, mind me, boys," he continued, addressing two very youthful clerks or apprentices, "the next one of you that I catch falling on his head shall take his hat and walk home. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the boys, powerfully impressed.

"I don't think Mr. Hart would do anything of that sort, sir," said Schnaps, "not in business hours. I think somebody must have give him a shove—playful like."

"Well, if anybody did," said the doctor, "a jury will have to decide whether it is playful manslaughter or merry murder."

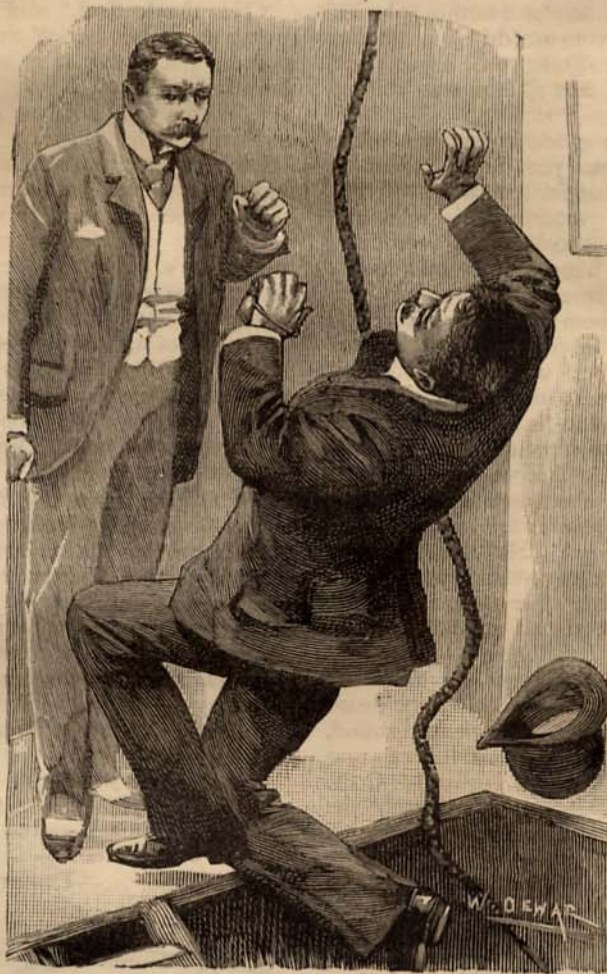
"Was anybody above? —Grubb!" shouted Mr.

Hobbs. There was no answer. Schnaps ran up to find the missing clerk. He was out—probably despatched by Mr. Walker.

"Mr. Wilfrid," said one of the hands, "went up—"

"More than ten minutes ago," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "Besides, if he had seen the thing happen, he'd have come down on the spot, wouldn't he?"

"Well," said the doctor, "I leave all inquiry to you. I think you ought to communicate with the police; however, that is not my business. He must be



"AND RIGHT THROUGH THE OPENING ROLAND FELL."

taken to the hospital at once,—fortunately the Regent's is pretty close. One of you lads run for a four-wheeler. Meanwhile, let us get him on a shutter."

In a few minutes poor Roland, still absolutely unconscious, was removed to the hospital.

"I say, Smith," said one of the boys to his fellow, "didn't you hear 'em quarrelling above? I did, and I know whose voice the t'other's was. It was——"

"Hush, you fool!" said the other. "I don't want to be sacked, if you do. I didn't hear nothing; and if you did, the best thing as you can do is to go and unhear it right off. Wilfrid's going to be a pardner."

"Here, Smith—sharp!" Mr. Hobbs was calling. The lad ran off.

"Take this telegram as quick as you can, now. And let this be a warning to you, Smith. Many a boy have I told to take his hat for less than this."

While Mr. Hobbs was preparing his telegram, Wilfrid sat in the Foreign Room at the top of the house, with his pen in his hand and certain letters which required translation spread before him. The only clerk who shared that room with him was engaged below stairs with the copying-press. Wilfrid's eyes stared at the letters, but they understood nothing, saw nothing. He was listening intently for voices—for steps—for any sound; and as he listened was praying to himself, in an agony of remorse and dread, "O God, don't let him die!" A door opened on the landing below. He started violently. Then he dipped the pen in the ink and wrote swiftly two or three lines. Footsteps—ah! they descended. He ceased writing, and again the silent insistent cry went forth, "Don't let him die, don't let him die!" He wrote a few more words, then laid down his pen and suddenly rose to his feet. "O God, if he die, I shall be a——" A mist of anguish dimmed his bloodshot eyes. He dared not even finish the thought. At that moment he heard the sound of wheels in the street. He glanced round, then ran to the window and looked out. A cab was moving slowly from the great door of Holland & Co.'s. He marked the direction: "Regent's Hospital," he said. "I must know—I must know; but not yet." He walked unsteadily back to the table, and once more the cry of his soul arose, "Don't let him die!"

A few minutes later Mrs. Hart—with that dread of tawny envelopes which characterises most women—bade Mary open the telegram which a boy had just brought, for she couldn't do it.

"Why, mother," said Mary, "telegrams mean nothing now. Roland wants his dress-clothes taken to the office, or is bringing home a couple of friends to supper—that's all." So, smiling—a little nervously, for her real feeling was not so modern as her speech—she tore open the envelope and read. Her mother, watching the girl's face, saw a spasm of pain convulse it. Mary let the hand that held the pink sheet fall heavily over the arm of the chair into which she sank, and pressed the other hand against her eyes.

"Which of them is it?" cried Mrs. Hart. "Is it your father? For God's sake speak, child."

"No, mother," said Mary, bracing herself to bear, and, after that momentary collapse, to help others to bear. "It's not father at all. It's—oh! mother, you must be brave—it's Roland."

"Is he—oh! Mary, don't keep me in suspense—tell me, child—is he—is he——?"

Mrs. Hart could not bring her lips to pronounce the terrible word, whose meaning lay like a stone upon her heart.

"No, thank God," said Mary, answering the unspoken word, but herself avoiding it, "not that. But, mother, I fear that it is very serious. This is what the telegram says:—

*"Brother met accident removed Regent's Hospital unconscious letter follows. Holland."*

Even as her heart ached and her brain reeled under the sudden and terrible blow, Mary, with an untimely perception of its humour, could not help recognising in the jerky condensation of the words the sender's instinctive desire to bring the telegram as nearly as possible within the inevitable sixpence. Though the message will fly like an arrow, cleaving the bosom of wife or mother, we are sufficiently master of our emotions to count the words of the rough draft—to strike out a superfluous preposition or pronoun. "Poor thing! poor thing!" we say, "my heart bleeds for her. There! that's it—twelve words exactly."

"What shall we do, Mary?" said Mrs. Hart. "Oh, I wish they had brought him here. There would have been some comfort in nursing him."

"He will have better treatment where he is, and you know, darling, that you are not strong enough. I'll go to the hospital at once, mother. I will try and get a room across the way, so that I can be with him as much as possible. Keep up your heart, dearest—it may not be so bad as we think."

"If I could only be doing something, I could bear up better."

"You can do something—much, mother. You can pray for our darling." In five minutes or less the girl was in a cab on her way to the hospital.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MARY'S REVELATION.



AS Mary entered, and asked to see the house surgeon, a young man came out of the doctor's room. He heard the lady, in answer to the porter's inquiry, give the name of Miss Hart. Straightway he walked up to her and grasped her hand.

"There *is* hope," he said excitedly. "In fact, it is not nearly so bad as was made out. That blundering idiot Thompson knew nothing about it: of course I wasn't there, you know, but his words were repeated to me. Depend upon it, Miss Hart, he'll be about, as well as ever, in a fortnight."

"Does the doctor say so?" asked Mary, her eyes kindling with new hope.

"Well, not in so many words—they never will—it's a rule of the profession to administer hope in small doses; but I know he will. I'll give my word for that."

"I am very grateful for your kindness," said Mary; and the young man was astonished to see how soft and winning the plain, sad face could grow. "Of course you are Mr. Wilfrid. Oh, Mr. Wilfrid, how *did* it happen?"

"Accident—the purest accident: it's a horribly break-neck place. We must have a rail put up."

"Did you—did you *see* it occur?" asked Mary; turning pale at the very thought of the actual scene, and yet impelled to try and realise it as far as possible.

"I see it?" said Wilfrid quickly, and almost rudely; "how *could* I see it when I had passed through ten minutes before? They all saw me go up, Mr. Hobbs and—. I beg your pardon. My nerves are gone to the bad altogether. Good-bye, Miss Hart; and mind, don't let them frighten you. I'll *answer* for his recovery."

Mary could not help looking a little shocked at the presumption of that last sentence. However, Wilfrid did not seem to notice her expression. He lifted his hat, and turned away. Mary was glancing round to find the porter, when Wilfrid dashed up to her again.

"Miss Hart," he said, "do pray excuse me, but my father—the firm—insisted: illness—we all know what that is." He forced a bundle of notes into Mary's hand. "No—I *won't* take them back. By the way, Miss Hart," he added, in a would-be jaunty tone, "you must not, of course, pay any attention to his talk. No doubt he'll ramble and say all sorts of queer things! Good-bye, again." He held out his hand, then walked rapidly away.

"The doctor 'll see you now, miss," said the porter. "That's his room there."

Mary rapped, and, being told to come in, entered. Somehow or other, as she stood in that small official-looking room, and noted the house-surgeon's grave impassive face, as, after bowing to her, he proceeded with an entry that he was making in a solemn folio, the sudden effervescence of hope, inspired by Wilfrid's confident predictions, died away in the poor girl's heart.

"Doctor," she began, as soon as, having blotted the book and wiped his pen, the surgeon looked up and lay back in his chair. "Is he—is there—?"

The doctor slightly elevated his brows, and slightly bowed. "Yes?" he said, in an interrogative tone. "Proceed, if you please."

"Will he—?" poor Mary began again.

"Will he what?" asked the doctor, sharply. "Pray finish your sentences!"

"Will he die?" said Mary, driven by the man's refusal to yield to the weakness of the flesh any immunity from the rigour and nakedness of speech to phrase her inquiry in the hardest and least euphemistic words,—“Will he die?”

"Ah!" said the doctor, "now we are getting on too fast. Some medical men might express an opinion. I do *not*. I never go beyond the symptoms. At present, my dear madam, the symptoms do not warrant any scientific conclusion. He may live—the symptoms do not preclude such a result. He may die—the symptoms are in no way antagonistic to such an eventuality. Therefore we must hold ourselves, as it were, in equipoise, and be prepared for either issue."

The doctor rubbed his hands and smiled, evidently pleased with his scientific resignation.

"May I see him?" said poor Mary.

"Certainly—certainly. C. Ward, No. 42. He will not know you. Good-day, madam."

It was a warm, bracing afternoon in May, a month after the "accident," when Mary sat in the convalescent ward of the hospital, holding Roland's hand. No, he had not died—he would not die. There had been a terrible week during which life and death hung in an even balance; then there followed days and nights through which the scale that held death began gradually to sink. And Mary—daring to hope no longer—could only pray piteously for that resignation which is so easy for science and so hard for clinging, longing human love. But there came a grey dawn when the black imminent shadow of death slowly shortened; which, at length, as the morning sun began to shine gloriously through the hospital window, was gathered into its brightness and disappeared. Roland was now quite out of danger. He sat, wrapped in a dressing-gown, in a deep well-pillowed chair, very pale and very weak, but distinctly a creature that belonged to earth and its joys and loves and sorrows; not a being in whose eyes already gleams "the light that never was on sea or land," and who only delays a little here, awaiting the mysterious touch that shall confer upon him the freedom of that City of the Wonderful Light.

Propped against the wall stood two padded crutches. With their aid Roland could now swing himself through the whole length of the long ward. Without them he could not take a step.

Mary, whose profoundly sympathetic nature rendered her an ideal companion of the sick, knew by Roland's dreamy eyes that his thoughts were far away. So she sat perfectly still, never obtruding her presence further than by a quiet pressure of the hand which she held.

Every now and then, however, her eyes would turn quickly and furtively to the crutches standing against

the wall. They always returned from that swift observation with a moisture in them which was never allowed to advance as far as actual tears, and after it the clasp of her hand always tightened.

During the time when Roland's life was in actual danger Wilfrid had called to inquire at the hospital every day, and during that awful period when even the danger was almost gone, several times every day.

Whenever he saw Mary, as he often did—for she had obtained permission to spend much of the day by Roland's bedside—he spoke in the same tone of insistent, unreasoning hopefulness that had characterised his first conversation with her. But he no longer deceived the girl, and her quick perception made it clear to her that he succeeded only very partially in deceiving himself. Once or twice he had seemed to be on the point of telling her something that he found it very hard to tell. But no revelation was actually made. And after that day when he learned that—accidents and imprudences put aside—the patient was out of danger, his whole manner had changed.

"There, Miss Hart!" he had said. "Didn't I tell you so all along? These scientific humbugs have been playing bogey with us."

And when Mary, in a solemn hush of exquisite thankfulness, had shaken her head and had put the flippant ingratitude by, he had turned away in something like a huff. After that morning he had called only once, and had then gone away as one whose business was done and whose interest was over.

Wilfrid's behaviour had puzzled Mary a good deal. The concern which his frequent visits manifested, however limited and corrected by his ostentatious underestimate of the danger, seemed to be in excess of what would naturally be felt by the son of the house in the case of an accident to one of the clerks. Then Mary was certain that more than once he had been on the verge of making some important communication. For a fortnight or more before the catastrophe Roland had displayed an unusual reticence as to the progress of his love affair, so that Mary had never understood the relations in which the two young men had stood to one another. Certain swift intuitive guesses she had made; but on the accuracy of these she would not build.

Very often, after the beginning of his convalescence, she had longed to ask Roland to throw some light on the obscurities of the circumstances. But she had been specially warned that all disquieting and exciting thoughts were to be kept as far as possible from the patient. And she felt perfectly certain that Roland himself was deliberately avoiding all reference to his love and to his troubles. Even the fall he implicitly tabooed from discussion.

Mary had yielded absolutely to her brother's whim, but it puzzled her—it troubled her. This reticence was unnatural, unhealthy, and it was dead against the grain of Roland's character.

Mary was thinking about these riddles, when

Roland's dreamy eyes suddenly grew keen and searching.

"Mary," he asked, "did I ramble much?"

"Oh yes, dear," she answered; "for a week you had wandering fits—but chiefly at night, when they wouldn't let me be with you."

"What did I say? Was it mere gabble, or was there any method in my madness?"

"Sometimes there were a few connected sentences, but as a rule there was nothing that I could follow. Once you repeated three or four lines of poetry—'Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead.' I remember that quite well."

"Was I up to date in my talk? I mean, did I harp upon the present, or did I go back to long ago? That's common in delirium, I believe."

"One night you went back a very long way. You were very angry because mother wouldn't let you wear your new shoes."

"Then, on the whole, I was a reasonable madman. Sometimes, you know, people say all sorts of awful things—accuse other folks of oh—, goodness knows what. I didn't come out in that line, did I?"

"No, dear, not in my presence."

"I wish you wouldn't stare at me like that," said Roland, very irritably. "It's beastly bad manners."

"I won't, darling," said Mary, averting her eyes. She *had* been watching him very keenly, she knew. Behind the assumed carelessness of her brother's inquiries she saw a very real anxiety.

After that brief conversation the brother and sister lapsed into a long silence. Poor Mary's thoughts were sorely troubled, and she was sorely troubled that, in the flush of that great mercy, they should be so. But, strive as she might after cheerfulness, after gratitude, the feeling—nay, the conviction—that Roland's strange reticence had its root in cherished bitterness, freighted her heart with anxiety and dread. People who have disciplined their souls to such a process, can pray anywhere and almost anyhow. All Mary's sweet and gentle life had had, since its great sorrow, an unknown background of prayer, and the dreadful weeks just lived through had been quick with prayer. And now, while Roland's brows were drawn down in self-contained thought, Mary's soul went out in supplication for him. Ah, poor fellow! he had more need of such holy intercession than he dreamed of. So Roland pondered and frowned, and Mary held his hand and prayed for strength—strength for her brother and strength for herself.

"Mary," Roland said, snapping the thread of his secret musings, "you can bring my letters to-morrow. The doctor says I may have them now."

"Yes, darling," she said, "I will be sure to bring them." She recognised the latent question in his words, but did not answer it, for, alas! there was no letter from Inez. That there had been not a line, not an inquiry from Roland's love—that not a sign had been made by any member of the Martyn household during the whole period of the poor lad's



"HIS THOUGHTS WERE FAR AWAY."

illness—Mary found it impossible to explain, and almost impossible to forgive. "Oh, it's all very hard," she thought. "I wonder if I shall ever understand it!"

"My head's tired, Mary," Roland said, by-and-by. "Read to me a bit."

"Would you like a chapter of the Bible, darling?" asked Mary, loosening his hand and getting up.

"No," he said, snappishly. "I wish you wouldn't force your religion down my throat so. I've had enough teaching to last me for some time. Read a bit of Keats—'The Eve of St. Agnes'—and don't sing it, there's a good girl."

So Mary read, and for a charmed half hour Roland forgot himself and his schemes and his troubles as the rich Italian pictures—gorgeous as of a world viewed through cathedral windows—rose successively upon his eyes.

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh, as Mary finished the poem; "that does a man good. That's—"

'A beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene.'

How did he do it, I wonder—'Johnny Keats, five feet high'? Many a poor beggar has been roasted whole for smaller wizardry than that. I want to be at it again, Mary—the poetry—that brings the old singing sense back."

Then he said, quite suddenly, "Mary, old girl, how long—when shall I be able to go without the crutches?"

Mary did not speak. Her cheeks paled instantly to the whiteness of Parian marble. She clasped her hands together, and her eyes grew wide as she turned them away from Roland—away and upwards. Ah! the ordeal was come—sooner than she expected.

"Strength, O Father, strength," she prayed;—"strength for me to tell, and for both to bear."

"What are you doing, Mary?" asked Roland, fretfully. "Are you growing deaf—or what's the

matter?" His tone changed, and a look of vague dread drew his thin face.

Mary came very quietly, and knelt beside Roland's chair.

"What is it, Mary?" he said. "You make a fellow feel quite queer."

"Roland," she said, "you were always brave when there was anything to do. I'm sure you would quit yourself like a man in a battle, or a fire, or a wreck. But there is another kind of courage, is there not, darling?—the courage not to dare, but to bear. Roland—"

"Oh, Mary," he said, trembling all over and catching her two hands, "you don't mean?—say you don't mean—"

She leaned her head against his side. Ah! how his poor heart leaped.

"Yes, darling," she said; "our loving Father, Who orders all things well, has given you that cross to bear."

He shut his eyes, and sat quite still. Then, after the pause of a few seconds, he asked,—

"A cripple, Mary?—a cripple for life?"

"Yes, Roland," she said, "that is the cross. Oh, my darling, would that I could bear it for you!"

(To be continued.)



## GOOD FRIDAY.

**G**ONE Form, the eye of Faith alone  
To-day in love may scan—  
God, Very God, upon His throne,  
Man, crucified for man.

Eternal Life, o'erwhelmed by Death,  
The power of endless Life,  
Love sighing out its last, faint breath,  
And vanquished in the strife.

So as her dying Lord hangs pale  
Against the darkened sky,  
Faith comes the King of Life to hail,  
Touched as she passes by.

Nothing to others—all to her,  
The sight on Calvary seen—  
A mystery, her love to stir,  
And make her vision keen.

This Cross is stamped upon her heart,  
This Calvary remains  
Midst all earth's joys, her better part,  
Her dower of woes and pains.

For well she knows her King returns  
After the night has run:  
That night, wherein her hope-star burns,  
Bright herald of the sun.

Then, with the dawn, shall spring again  
The conquest of the earth,  
When from the dark Good Friday's pain  
The Easter Morn has birth.

BY W. CHATTERTON DIX, *Author of*  
*"As with gladness men of old."*

## "CHRIST IS RISEN:"

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. CANON ARGLES,  
Rector of St. Mary's, York.

"If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. . . . But now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 COR. xv. 14, and part of 20.



HERE is immense comfort and strength in certainty. On Easter Day we have a certain fact to deal with. We believe that rather more than eighteen hundred and fifty years ago Jesus Christ, after dying in the sight of all men, Rose from the tomb

on the third day, was seen alive by many witnesses, and after forty days ascended into Heaven. This belief has been vigorously assailed by opponents who rightly discern that all hinges on this fact. If He did not Rise then He was an impostor, and Christianity is proved to be a delusion. If He did indeed Rise from death, it then becomes useless to attempt the denial of other miracles in the presence of one so stupendous, and all is proved. Hence the great conflict about Christianity takes place around the tomb of Jesus Christ.

The first attempted explanation was that the terrified, desponding Apostles stole away Christ's body by night in spite of the guards, and spread the report that He was alive. But this is now given up. A second is that Christ did not really die, but, mutilated as He was, removed the great stone, crept forth from the tomb, and was concealed by His Apostles.

The third explanation is Renan's, and is that of apparitions. His notion is that the Apostles worked themselves up into a mental condition, under the influence of which they were able to fancy that Christ was alive and with them. But the idea that five hundred men could all form exactly the same fancy is as great a wonder as that of the Resurrection itself. The fourth theory is that they saw visions, and fancied them to be realities.

To mention such objections seems strong evidence of the Resurrection. We feel inclined to ask—Is this all? Yes. The assailments of more than eighteen hundred years have furbished up nothing better; and against them we have strong unbroken evidence. At least five hundred men not predisposed to faith, but rather full of despondency and fear, were convinced by hearing, touching, seeing Him that He was alive. This conviction once grasped transformed their lives; they went forth, and staked all on the certainty of this great thing, and the Church they founded is the evidence that the Master lives from whom she sprang.

We then feel emboldened to say with increased emphasis, "Now is Christ Risen from the dead." But many people who speak of Christianity as the same thing as civilisation, and call a man a good

Christian who is simply kind and honest, think St. Paul goes rather far in saying, "If Christ be not Risen, then is our preaching vain." They would be right if Christianity were only what they represent it to be; but Christianity really is allegiance to a living Lord. If I ask, Are you a Christian? I mean, or at least ought to mean, Is Christ your Master and Lord? Do you follow Him, love Him, abide in Him, as a Lord dwelling in your heart and present everywhere? It is this kind of preaching that is vain if Christ is not Risen. If the Resurrection never happened, He is no good man, as some say, He is an impostor, and everything is lost; but if He *has* Risen, then Satan is conquered, death is overcome, every word that He spoke on earth is sealed as true, the door of Heaven is open, and life eternal—life in Him, is ours.

Let us then believe for evermore that the Resurrection of Christ is quite certain and all-important. It is a doctrine that blesses and elevates everything which it touches. Now that Christ certainly is Risen, worship in church is no mere veneration of a distant being, but it means conversing with, praising, thanking a present living Lord. Holy Communion is not merely a commemoration of the Saviour's death; it is also an act of feeding upon and union with a living Lord,—of worshipping and adoring an ever-present King.

The true Christian finds best protection against sin in communion with his living Master, for where Christ fills the soul sin finds no congenial atmosphere in which to thrive. And, once more the blessings that flow from the Risen Christ carry us further than the duties of this present life. As age advances, when sickness threatens, when thoughts of death and judgment, of the grave and eternity come in upon the soul, then truly is faith in a Risen Lord most helpful. In face of such realities the Christian sees, more clearly than ever, that without a Risen Saviour there could be no hope, but that in Him, his living Lord, he finds an all-sufficient stay.

### MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

#### A Dying Thought.

"PLEASE find enclosed an order for 2s. 6d., which I have been requested to forward to the C.M.S. by a dear dying girl. She had only found her Saviour when laid low by sickness; it was a touching proof of the reality of her faith that she should long that those who had never heard the Gospel should know the Saviour she herself had just found."—*The C. M. Gleaner.*

#### Forty Years' Experience.

"I have noticed lately in the *C. M. Gleaner* many proposals as to helping the cause, but no one advocates giving 'tithes of all.' I thank God that He has led me to do this *during the past forty years*, and I desire to testify to the truth of the promise contained in Mal. iii. 10. It has been most abundantly realised by me. I should like to ask all my fellow-gleaners, who have not yet done so, in this way to 'prove the Lord.'"

A GLEANER (Matt. vi. 1—4).—*The C. M. Gleaner.*

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III. THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE  
RIGHT  
REV.  
JOHN  
STEWART  
PEROWNE,  
D.D., who  
has been  
appointed  
to succeed  
Dr. Phil-  
pott as  
Bishop of  
Worcester,  
is a son  
of the  
Rev. John  
Perowne,  
formerly a  
missionary at

Burdwan in Bengal, where the new Bishop was born on March 13th, 1823. His father was a member of a family of French extraction which took refuge in England at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His mother was the first Englishwoman who opened a school for native girls in India. After receiving his early education at Norwich Grammar School he entered Corpus Christi College Cambridge, where his career was a distinguished one. He was appointed Bell University Scholar in 1842, Crosse (Theological) Scholar in 1845, Tyrwhitt (Hebrew) Scholar 1848, and he won the Members' Prize for Latin Essay in 1844, 1846, and 1848. He took his degree in 1845, and in 1849 (after taking orders in 1847) was elected Fellow of his college. Among the other honours which he gained at the University it may be mentioned that he was twice examiner for the Classical Tripos, several times select preacher at the University Church, Hulsean Lecturer (1868), and Lady Margaret's Preacher (1874). He was also known in London as Lecturer and Professor at King's College, and as assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn. From 1862 to 1872 he occupied the position of Vice-Principal at St. David's College, Lampeter. He was in 1872 appointed Prælector in Theology, and in 1873 was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was D.D. of his own University (1873), and received the same degree as an honorary distinction from the University of Edinburgh at its tercentenary in 1884. From 1874 to 1876 he was Cambridge preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; Canon-residentiary of Llandaff from 1869 to 1878; and Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge 1875. In 1875 he was appointed an honorary chaplain to the Queen, and in 1878 he was nominated, on the

recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, to the Deanery of Peterborough in succession to Dr. Saunders, where he did magnificent work in improving the services; and in the restoration and rebuilding of the venerable cathedral. It may also be mentioned that Dr. Perowne was a member of the company engaged on the revision of the Old Testament, and also of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts.

Bishop Perowne's literary efforts have been greatly appreciated by a very wide circle. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and among his best-known works may be named "The Book of Psalms," a New Translation, with Notes, Critical and Exegetical, which has passed into six Editions; Articles on the Pentateuch, Zechariah, etc., in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible;" "The Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments" (five Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral), "The Remains, Literary and Theological, of Bishop Thirlwall;" and "The Cambridge Bible for Schools."

It may be added that prior to his acceptance of Worcester, Dr. Perowne had declined two Bishoprics—that of Llandaff, on the death of Bishop Ollivant, and a year ago that of Bangor, on the resignation of Bishop Campbell.

Our portrait has been specially drawn and engraved by Mr. Richard Taylor, from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.



THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.





### PRAISE IN LENT.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,  
*Author of "At even, ere the sun was set."*

**C**OME, let us raise our thoughts awhile  
 From paths in frailty trod,  
 From all our hearts condemn as vile,  
 To magnify our God.

Lent has not spent its forty days,  
 Yet midst our Lenten care  
 We must not lose God's worthy praise  
 In penitential prayer.

Lord! to whom all things near and far  
 In meek submission bow,  
 We lift our eyes from what we are,  
 To think how great art Thou.

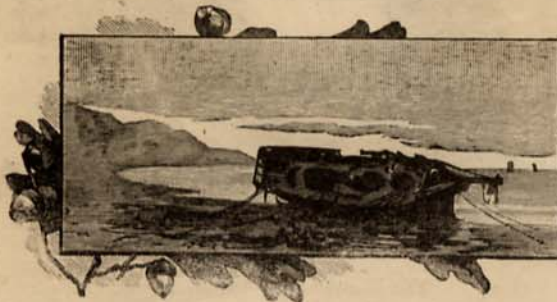
Before He drain'd that bitter cup  
 Which angels bent to see,  
 Thine everlasting Son sent up  
 A paschal hymn to Thee.

Why should our sorrows thrust aside  
 The praise of Thy dear Name,  
 When Christmas, Lent, and Eastertide  
 Find Thee, our God, the same?

O God most holy, God most just,  
 Yet full of love divine,  
 It seems to lift us from the dust  
 To say—all praise be Thine!

The faithful dead, the angelic throng,  
 The music of the spheres,  
 Will not keep back our feebler song  
 From Thy all-pitying ears.

Lo! peace comes down as we adore,  
 And mercy as we bless;  
 We hope one day to praise Thee more,  
 But dare not praise Thee less.



### WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR PERSONAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.

*Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.*

The Church by her Teaching, Influence, and Examples,  
 prepared the Way for the Liberation of Serf and Slave.

**T**HE Church, by the inculcation and example of the principle of personal freedom, fought the battle of the weak and helpless against the strong and powerful. Her recognition of the responsibility of each individual to God powerfully influenced her in all her efforts to educate the people in the principles of personal freedom. The Church taught that each man had a natural right to hold and possess himself, and that no one had a right to hold the body of another in a state of slavery against his will. In the case of two persons entering into her membership, who occupied the relative positions of master and slave, the Church did not directly insist that the master should liberate his slave as a condition of membership. Not by sudden revolution, but by definite, persistent, and leavening teaching, and by the exercise of gradual and kindly influence, did the Church seek to bring about those changes in the relationship of masters and their slaves which she earnestly desired to see accomplished. The Church, in fact, could afford to wait; she sowed the seed, knowing that the harvest-time would surely come when she, and those on behalf of whom she laboured, would reap the fruit of her efforts. In the meantime, by her teaching and influence, she greatly modified the hardships of the existing relationship between the slave and his master; and her bishops and clergy set the example to the laity generally of giving to slaves their liberty when they possessed them as attached to the soil and as belonging to any landed estate which came into their possession. Of this one most notable instance is recorded in the early days of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

#### The Liberation of South Saxon Slaves by Wilfrid, Bishop of York.

The great Wilfrid who, during the time of his exile amongst the South Saxons from his diocese of York, had laboured with great success amongst those people, and been instrumental in converting their King and numbers of his subjects to the faith of Christ. On receiving from the King, as an expression of his gratitude, large estates, to which were attached two hundred and fifty men and women as slaves, Wilfrid instructed them in the faith, and administered to them Holy Baptism. After their baptism he declared them to be absolutely free, there and then presenting them with their freedom. In fact, the educating influence and power of the Church were wisely used, in the first

instance, in mitigating and ameliorating the abject condition and suffering of the serf and slave, thus gradually preparing the way for their liberation.

**Summary of the Church's Teaching on the Equality of Christian Men in the Sight of God.**

The teaching of the Church upon this important subject was very simple but very effectual. It was substantially that which is expressed by the following words: "Ye are the work of one great Creator; ye are the offspring of one Father; ye are brethren: as such ye are equal before God. The whole testimony of natural facts goes to show this. Ye come into the world equal and helpless; ye die the same common death, your bodies return to the dust whence they came, and your spirits to God who gave them. Any inequality which exists between you, during your sojourn on earth, is necessarily incidental, though it is subject to God's providential superintendence. I cannot, therefore, recognise such a difference within my sanctuaries, 'for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.'\* Acknowledging allegiance to Christ, therefore, I must treat you as equals." Such teaching as this must have effectually told upon the minds of all classes, and created impressions, which tended to the formation of opinions, that could only find their adequate expression in the actual liberation of the slave, and in the restoration to the serf of his personal freedom.

**The Church in her very Constitution and in the Equality of Rights and Privileges that she conferred upon her Members suggested the Idea of a National Democracy.**

In the calling into existence of democracy in England the Church has undoubtedly played a prominent part. She has not of design taught political democratic principles or ideas, nor has she given herself to the work of forming a national democracy as against an autocratical or monarchical government. Perhaps, from a conservative love of peace and power, she may at times have almost unconsciously exerted her influence in favour of the existing state of things. Still her very constitution, membership rights and privileges, teaching and influence have ever tended to the formation of an ideal constitutional democracy. Neither with respect to her required qualification for membership, nor with respect to the qualification for her ministry, was birth, or rank, or social status, or wealth, a necessary possession. As members of her communion, all men were equal before God. It was impossible for such ideas as these to be received and acted upon by representatives of all classes of the community in their spiritual and ecclesiastical capacities as members of the Church, and to remain altogether uninfluenced by them in their civil relationships to each other as members of the State of which they were subjects. "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren," is a principle which, once grasped and acted upon by the

\* St. Matt xxiii. 8.

subjects of any State in their Christian capacity would soon pave the way for its recognition—with necessary qualifications—in all departments of civil government.

**The Church was in the Field as the Advocate of the People's Rights and Liberties Centuries before Modern Democratic Agitators.**

When modern democratic agitators arrogate to themselves the merit of posing as the people's advocates in claiming for them these inherent rights and liberties—assuming at the same time that the Church occupies an antagonistic position and attitude to these—they either little know or wilfully misrepresent the invaluable services which the Church has rendered, in her past history, to the vindication of these rights and liberties, and how much the constitutional freedom which the people of England now possess is the actual outcome of the long and repeated struggles of the Church for their common rights and liberties as against tyrannical and oppressive kings and barons. The Church was in the field of conflict as the people's advocate for these rights and privileges long centuries before such agitators appeared upon the scene of history; and more than this, it is even owing to the past successful struggles of the Church against overshadowing tyrannies that these very agitators enjoy their present unrestrained freedom to pose, as they now do, as self-designated deliverers of the people. The Church's very constitution has been, and is, the best guarantee for the conservation of the people's liberties, and her communion has always been the home, the shrine, and the citadel of freedom.

**GARDEN WORK FOR MARCH.**

**Kitchen Garden.**

**S**OW Beans, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbages, Carrots, Celery, Onions, Cauliflower, Parsnip, Peas, Savoys, Lettuce, Broccoli, Leeks. Plant potatoes about the end of the month, also artichokes. Transplant all kinds of cabbage plants into the beds where they are intended to remain. In heavy soils, where the beds have been dug in the autumn, it is well to fork them over, as during the winter the ground becomes hard and stiff. This should be done early in the month, to be ready for the various operations of sowing, planting, etc.

**Flower Garden.**

Sow in beds Carnations, Sweetwilliams, Wallflowers, Scarlet Lychnis, Columbine, Polyanthus, Canterbury Bells, Scabious. Transplant Evergreens and all kinds of shrubs. Roses transplanted now will bloom late, but it is always advisable to transplant roses in the autumn. Prune rose-trees sparingly towards the end of the month if mild open weather. Gravel-walks should be cleaned of weeds and rolled, and borders should now all have attention by lightly digging and raking and hoeing, so as to be neat and tidy. Grass lawns are all the better for being rolled, and cut if necessary.



## A CORNER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.  
*Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's.*



ST. EDMUND.

TO those who know Westminster Abbey well, there is scarcely a nook or corner of it which is not full of interest. I shall take you to-day into one small side-chapel, and glance with you at some of the tombs.

Round the shrine of Edward the Confessor cluster a number of smaller chapels, each dedicated to a saint, and intended collectively to symbolise the Communion of Saints. We will enter the iron gates which separate the chapels from the South Transept, and passing by the chapel of St. Benedict, will enter that of St. Edmund.

Which St. Edmund is this? There were two St. Edmunds, both Englishmen. One was the King of East Anglia, who succeeded to the crown at the age of fifteen, A.D. 855, and was scourged and shot to death by the heathen Danes at Hoxne, A.D. 870. The other was Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whose holy childhood and beautiful life many interesting stories are told. There can, however, be no doubt that the chapel is not dedicated to the good archbishop, but to the king and martyr. Like Edward the Confessor, Edmund was naturally a favourite with the royal builders of the Abbey, and his effigy appears—arrow in hand—with that of his saintly and royal compeer on the tomb of Henry V., and more than once in the chapel of Henry VII.

All the persons buried in this little chapel once loomed large in the eyes of their contemporaries, though some of them have long fallen into the pathetic insignificance which awaits all but the very few. Most of them I shall pass over with a mere line of mention. There is an Earl of Shrewsbury, who died in 1617; Sir R. Pecksall, Master of the Buckhounds to Queen Elizabeth; Sir Bernard Brocas, whose crest gave rise to the legend which so much interested Sir Roger de Coverley, that he was the knight who cut off the King of Morocco's head; Sir Humphrey Bourchier, killed at the battle of Barnet in 1471; Lady Katherine Knollys, who attended her aunt, Queen Anne Boleyn, in prison and on the scaffold; Bishop Monk, whose instigations chiefly induced his brother the General to restore Charles II.; the last Earl of Stafford; Bishop Ferne, who attended Charles I. in his imprisonment, and "whose only fault it was that he could not be angry"; and some-

what incongruously among these, Edward Bulwer Lord Lytton, the famous statesman and novelist.

What strange life-histories, what solemn events, what tragedies of tears and death lie buried in these tombs! But we must turn from them to others of even deeper interest.

The first tomb to the right was once one of those radiant combinations of grace and colour which were erected in the Middle Ages to the royal dead, but of which we seem to have lost the secret. On a base of grey marble, enriched by scutcheons of the arms of England and Valence, lies a chest of wood, long stripped of its sheathing of gilded copper. On the top of it reclines the beautiful effigy of a knight with small and finely cut features, whose surcoat, once bright with small enamelled shields, flows over his suit of armour. The effigy was of wood, plated with copper richly gilded. The knight's feet rest on a lion, and round his helmet was a narrow coronet set with precious stones, which were picked out and stolen centuries ago. This shield, with its small martlets, is inlaid with the richest and most lustrous Limoges enamel, which is happily still preserved on it, as is the lovely enamelling of the pillow on which the head rests. The gilded and plated chest was once surrounded by niches, in which stood no less than thirty little statues of the knight's relatives and ancestors. The tomb is now a mere wreck, but imagination can recall how splendid must have been its aspect when it first gleamed in its proper hues and enamels, a blaze of colour and a vision of beauty like the tombs in the Sacrarium, in the days before the venerable Abbey had suffered from the ravages of time, of barbarous havoc, and of hideous taste.

He who lies buried in this tomb is William de Valence, son of Isabel, widow of King John, by her second husband the Earl of Poitiers. He was a great favourite with his half-brother King Henry III.; and the wild part which he played in those wild days



TOMB OF WILLIAM DE VALENCE.

—hunting in the demesnes of the Bishop of Ely against his will, and encouraging his rude followers in brawls against the peaceful citizens of London—had no small share in precipitating the Barons' War, and

so produced permanent effects on English history. More than once he reduced himself to penury by extravagance, in spite of the wealth which the king lavished upon him. More than once he had to leave the country, and the king vainly made the attempt to repair his ruined fortunes by creating him Bishop (!) of Winchester or Norwich; in which he would have succeeded but for the stalwart opposition of the monks who refused the episcopal jurisdiction of this fierce Poitevin soldier. At last, after many vicissitudes, he set out on a military expedition with his nephew Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, and was killed in a French ambuscade at Bayonne about 1296, leaving his son Aylmer to play a part

him a visit at his seat at Pleshey, in Essex. The duke rode out to meet and escort his royal nephew, but was seized at Stratford by an ambush of his enemies, and was thence hurried away to Calais, where it is said that he was suffocated under feather beds. His unhappy widow, who lies here, took the veil in the nunnery of Barking, in Essex, and only survived him for two years, dying in 1399.

On the left-hand side of the chapel is the monument, with stately heraldic scutcheons, of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, who died in 1599. This lady, like so many of those who are buried here, experienced the fiercest vicissitudes of fortune. She was the daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Mary, daughter



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[Drawn by H. RAILTON.]

no less troubled and turbulent in the reign of Richard II.

In the centre of the chapel, on a low tomb, raised only two feet from the ground, is the superb triple-canopied brass of a lady in the dress of a widow and a nun, with her hands clasped in prayer. It is the effigy of Alianore de Bohun, the greatest heiress of her age, and wife of Prince Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III. The death of this able and popular prince is one of the worst blots on the fair fame of his nephew, Richard II., and his kinsman, Aylmer, son of William de Valence. The king was jealous of his fame and influence, but proposed to pay

of Henry VII. of England, and wife of Louis XII. of France, had been struck with Suffolk's manly beauty at a tournament, and when she was left a widow in three months after her marriage, she came over to England and married him. Frances was thus the grand-daughter of a king of England, and the daughter of a queen of France. Her husband, Henry Grey, also Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded in 1554, and his head is still preserved in a church in the Minories. That same year she had the further anguish of losing her beautiful and learned daughter, Lady Jane Grey, the hapless nine-days' queen, whose fate had been precipitated by the ambition of her father and mother. The political connections of Frances,

and her ardour for the Reformation, nearly brought her own head to the block. She had dressed a cat in a rochet, and she had made a deadly enemy of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Edward VI., by telling him, as he was being taken to the Tower, that "*it was well for the lambs now the wolves were shut up.*" She fled to France, and was reduced so low as to have to sleep in a church porch. Laying aside her royal rank, she married a private gentleman, Adrian Stokes, once her Keeper of the Horse, who erected this monument to her. The inscription quaintly says—

"Nupta Duci prius est, uxor post armigeri, STOKES."

"What!" said Elizabeth, "hath she married her horse-master?" "Yes, madam," was the answer, "and she saith that your Majesty would like to do the same;" for the Earl of Leicester, the Queen's handsome favourite, was then Master of the Horse. She did not live long to enjoy the sunshine of returning fortune.

(To be continued.)

## FOR YOUNG POULTRY-KEEPERS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FOWLS."



THE first question presenting itself to the young would-be poultry-keeper is, What breed is the best to keep? Now, how this question should be answered depends upon what space is at disposal for the purpose, and what object the young fancier has in view in taking up this pleasant and profitable hobby. I fancy I see some of the older folk giving one of those knowing shakes of the head

which mean so much at the mention of profit, while there are some people whom it would be simply impossible to convince, by reiteration or proof, that the combination of pleasure and profit in poultry-keeping is a fact. A few months ago some very interesting letters appeared in *Fowls: for Pleasure, Prizes, and Profit*, on this very subject, from people who were able to give substantial reasons for stating that their poultry paid in the shape of a very fair return for their outlay and trouble.

What breed to keep is a most important question, and on the selection of the breed and strain depends very much what kind of a balance there will be at the end of the year. Whatever breed may be selected, one point is most essential: *begin with healthy birds*, and the next is, *keep the birds clean*; for bear in mind, young people, without cleanliness in the keeping of poultry, as well as all other kinds of live stock, there is no pleasure, and instead of profit, certain loss. Now, large heavy Cochins,

or Brahmas, of either variety, are very unsuitable for confined runs, on account of the immense growth of feathers on their legs and feet. This heavy feathering is liable to get soiled and broken, which utterly spoils the look of the birds, giving them a dirty and neglected appearance, while some of the lighter breeds, living under exactly the same conditions, would keep perfectly clean, and maintain a smart appearance with scarcely any trouble at all. Whether it is intended to keep birds for egg-production, or to breed for exhibition, there are best breeds and best strains of every breed,—best breeds because some are so much easier to rear and keep; best because their exhibition points are so much easier to get, and to retain when got; best because they are so much easier to keep clean, and because they come to early maturity, and thus begin to give a return for the outlay and expense in rearing, before others have scarcely got all their feathers grown.

Well, then there are best strains of every breed, and for this reason: while some people sacrifice every useful property for the sake of getting and retaining exhibition points, other breeders devote much time, and the knowledge gained by years of experience, in discerning and selecting those birds which prove themselves the best or most prolific layers. This judicious selection has so vastly improved the laying qualities of their strain, that instead of only laying from 120 to 130 eggs in twelve months, these birds are capable of, and many of them do, lay 250 or more eggs.

There are people who say poultry cannot be kept properly in confined runs, but I could take them to see some poultry kept in confined runs in a London back garden which would be a credit to the owner if he lived in the country, with the immense advantages attaching to the possession of a large grass run. Now I hope my young friends will not make a mistake, and confound keeping with breeding.

Chickens *can* be bred and reared in such a place as I have mentioned, but it is not often any of them make winning exhibition birds, whilst the stamina often suffers to such an extent as to greatly impair what laying qualities the birds ever possessed; and then the expense of rearing under such conditions greatly increases the cost. Besides which a large number of the eggs, and especially those laid early in the season, prove to be unfertile, and are comparatively useless.

Great has been the disappointment of many an ardent fancier who purchased eggs for hatching from London yards. The order has been despatched to a supposed reliable man; the eggs arrive, well packed in the most approved style, and as they are unpacked and laid out, very beautiful they look, even in size and colour; but the shells are often very thin. Even, however, when this defect is absent, and the eggs are smooth and sound, great care is spent in getting and setting a reliable hen upon them, and great things are expected. Alas! when the testing time comes, first one is placed in the tester, then another, and as the process is continued, the hard fact is revealed, almost all are clear; and the anger and disappointment thus caused is intensified by the knowledge that valuable time has been lost, and the winter supply of eggs has become dependent upon an exchange for a fresh lot, or the purchase of birds later on in the season, thus incurring further expense, and destroying the chances possessed by every one—who buys good eggs from a reliable man—of hatching one or two really good birds, which by-and-by may more than repay him the time, as well as money, spent.



## SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Our Insect Allies," "Nature and Her Servants," etc.

## II.—NEWTs.

**A**T different times I have kept almost numberless Newts, and have sometimes had as many as fifteen or twenty in my big glass "bell" together. I do not think that I shall ever forget the first newt that I captured, although I was not more than about eight or nine years of age at the time. He was what I afterwards learned to describe as a "Triton"; a large, sturdy fellow (he seemed to me, in the first flush of my excitement, almost as big as a small alligator), with all the under parts of his body of a rich, deep chrome-yellow, and a beautiful waving crested fringe running all along his back and tail. I caught him in a weedy pond when I was fishing for water-beetles, and straightway turned everything that I had previously taken back into the water, in order that my prisoner might have the big pickle-bottle—which I had brought with me for purposes of carriage—all to himself. Tadpoles, however; they could do no harm, and would look nice in the aquarium, and make pleasant companions for him, and be very interesting to watch as well. Besides, would they not turn in due time into frogs, wherewith I could replenish my somewhat diminished stock of those valuable animals? So in went twenty or thirty of them to bear the Triton company on the journey, and afterwards to enliven his solitude in the aquarium. And pride was not the term with which to describe my state of mind when I started off for home with my bottle.

And I filled up the tank with water the very moment that I arrived, and I built a nice little piece of stone-work at the bottom for the newt to hide under, and I put in two or three pieces of water-weed, in case the tadpoles should want shelter from the sun. And then I turned the contents of the bottle into the tank, and thought it would be a thing of beauty and a joy for three or four months at the very least. But, alas!

when I came down next morning, and rushed off to examine my prisoners, the Triton was there, looking fatter than ever, but most of the tadpoles were not. For he had spent the night watches in devouring his fellow-captives, and somehow or other had managed to dispose of all but two or three. And thus I learnt that the newt is an animal with an appetite, and that it is not wise to place in the same vessel with him any small creature for which one may happen to feel a particular attachment.

So let me recommend any one who may think of keeping a newt as an "out-of-the-way pet," either to relegate him to solitary confinement, or else to imprison him with such creatures as can neither devour him nor be devoured by him. And he will not always require feeding at the rate of five-and-twenty tadpoles a day. He is like a Kaffir, who can always dispose of a good-sized leg of mutton at a sitting, but is nevertheless able to exist very comfortably for a week or so with next to nothing to eat. And if he—the newt, not the Kaffir—has a small worm given to him every two or three days, supplemented now and then by half-a-dozen small water insects, a newly killed fly or two, or even a few morsels of raw meat, he will do very well indeed.

His way of eating a worm is sufficiently curious. He does not begin at one end, as any other creature would, and then devour it slowly and systematically, but always seizes it by the middle, and proceeds to swallow it by means of a series of leisurely gulps, the two ends projecting meanwhile out of the corners of his mouth, and twisting violently about in the water. And it is said—I do not know with how much of truth, for I have never made the experiment—that by far the best way to catch newts, where they are at all plentiful, is to tie a good-sized worm to the end of a long piece of string, and then to lower it with a slight splash into the water. In half a minute or so, you pull out the string with a small jerk, and hanging on to the worm there are—or ought to be—two newts, one holding on to each end, and each doing its very best to get hold of the middle.

But a small fishing-net, or a shrimp-net, will always procure as many newts as will be wanted. The spring is the best time to catch them, for then the males put on their nuptial raiment, and their bodies glow with brilliant hues, which afterwards die away. And the wavy crest, which is subsequently almost wholly absorbed into the body, stands boldly out, and adds very considerably to the beauty and the grace of its owner.

And then, perhaps, a week or two later, the females may be seen in the act of depositing their eggs. And a very odd little operation it is; for newts do not produce their-spawn in huge, slimy masses, like frogs, nor yet in long strings, like toads. They lay each egg separately, and, by way of protecting it until the little tadpole appears, fasten it carefully up in the leaf of some water-plant, which they twist neatly round it with their deft little fore-paws. For some unexplained reason, the leaf always seems to retain the bend, and

so the egg is effectually concealed from the many water creatures which would be only too ready to devour it.

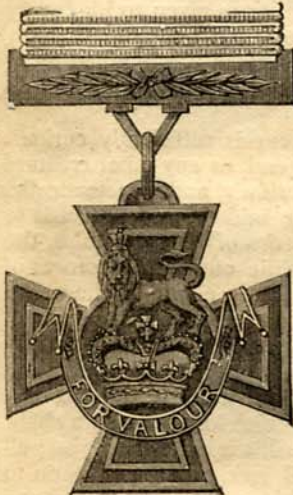
At the approach of winter newts pass into a state of torpor, having previously left their native waters and concealed themselves in some protected spot on dry land. I have found them, for instance, hidden beneath the roots of a tree fully two hundred yards from any pond. And so, unless one keeps them in a warm room—in which case hibernation will not take place—it is necessary to release one's prisoners when the days draw in, in order that they may go into winter quarters. And, indeed, as any number more can be procured in the spring, and the difficulty of keeping them in health through the winter is very great indeed, this is perhaps, in any case, the best course to pursue.

### A VICTORIA CROSS HERO

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 50.)



THERE are many ways of spending a Bank Holiday, but few more delightful than that chosen by my little friend, Jemmy Wyatt. Jem is a Londoner born and bred, and all Londoners are proud of Chelsea Hospital, and its brave old pensioners, whose heroic deeds have often been told in picture, song, and story. Jem is only a tiny chap, but he has a big heart, which throbs and beats at any tale of heroism; and on the last Easter Monday he trotted off to Chelsea and had a grand time with one of the pensioners. It was a touching sight to see the old hero in his quaint costume sitting on the bench, resting on his stick under the pleasant shelter

of a leafy tree, and telling, for the special benefit of little Jem, the story of winning the Victoria Cross. Yes; and it was a tale which had to be told from the beginning, for what did Jem know of the Victoria Cross or the Indian Mutiny?

"You see, my little man, the Queen,—God bless her!—made up her mind one day that she would like to give a special kind of honour to those soldiers and sailors who did anything out of the common when fighting for the country. So she fixed upon giving a bronze cross, called the 'Victoria Cross,' after her own name. This is one of them, and I daresay you can spell out these two words?" said the old man, pointing to the Cross on his breast.

"F-O-R V-A-L-O-U-R" was quickly made out by little Jem, whose eyes sparkled in the sun.

"Yes, that means for being brave."

"And were you brave?"

"Well—well—well—they said so," said the old man, modestly. And then he told how in the relief of Lucknow he had been in the thickest of the danger, and had stood by his officer in the worst of the fight, and saved his life from the treachery of the enemy.

And boy-like Jem opened up his mind to the old, old hero, and told him how he, too, had a medal. "I've won it at our St. George-the-Martyr Band of Hope."

"What for?"

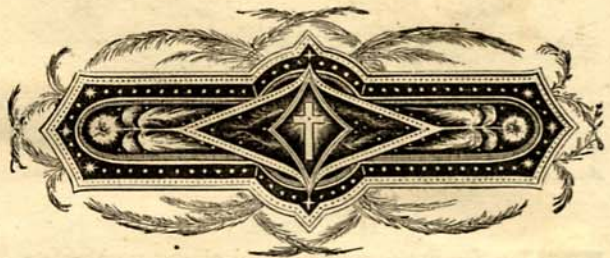
"Well, for bringing new members!"

"Ah, that's right, that's right! I'm a teetotaler too. I took the pledge from Havelock. You've heard of him?"

"No," said Jem.

"No! oh, he was the bravest of the brave. When you go through Trafalgar Square you'll see his monument there. Ask your father to tell you all about him. I was with him all through the Mutiny. I'm one of his men. He was the one man who did more for me than anybody else in the wide, wide world, except my dear old mother. He it was who talked to me about Temperance, and I signed the pledge of total abstinence in his book, and have kept it ever since."

Many people will spend the Easter Monday Bank Holiday in the open air, many more will spend it indoors, many will be outside the public-houses, many will be inside. The "outs" will certainly have a happier day than the "ins." Let us hope that every reader of this page will be among the "outs."



### PALM SUNDAY.

(A HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN.)

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—ZECH. ix. 9.

"BEHOLD our King!" He calleth us  
To yield ourselves to Him;  
For love of us He came to be  
The Babe of Bethlehem.  
For love's dear sake He left the light  
And glory of His throne,  
To claim as His the whole wide world  
And call the babes His own.  
Hosanna! Hosanna!

"Behold our King!" He calleth us  
Through childhood's sunny days,  
He was a child in Nazareth,  
He knoweth childhood's ways.  
No other friend can be so near  
And dear as this—our King—  
O bless us, Christ of Nazareth,  
As we Hosannas sing.  
Hosanna! Hosanna!

"Behold our King!" He calleth us  
Through hours of eager youth,  
The God of all heroic souls  
Would win us to His truth.  
The valiant and true-hearted press  
Around our glorious King,  
His Name to bless, His Name confess,  
And glad Hosannas sing.  
Hosanna! Hosanna!

The sorrow of the awful Cross,  
The shadow of the grave,  
Hung darkly o'er the Conqueror's path,  
As He rode forth to save.  
Oh, glory in the highest be  
To Him who stooped to bring  
His people to His Kingdom fair!  
Hosanna ever sing!

Hosanna! Hosanna!

St. John's Vicarage,  
Newport, Isle of Wight.

CLARA THWAITES.

## CECIL'S RIDE.



I.

How grand and how nice  
on a pony to ride  
Was dear Cecil's thought  
when he saw Tommy  
Hyde

Trotting gaily and briskly along the Green Lane,  
With never a shadow of sorrow or pain.

II.

That night, to his father Cis coaxingly said—  
"Tommy Hyde's got a pony tied up in their shed!  
I should very much like to have one for myself,



And you know  
I've some  
money put  
by on the  
shelf!"



III.

A pony was  
bought! And  
Cis went for a ride,  
But the jolting, oh dear! made such pains  
in his side!

Then a nasty dog snarled! then the pony took fright!  
Poor Cecil was thus in a terrible plight!

IV.

Mr. Rogers, the curate, gave the runaways chase,  
And soon made an end of their lightning-like pace!



V.

Cecil still has a  
pony, but it's  
quite to his  
mind.

You see it is one  
of a less go-  
ahead kind!





## CONFIRMATION HYMN.

By THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE,  
Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W.; Author of  
*H. A. & M. 333, 386, etc.*



COME to us, Lord, who come to Thee;  
Come in Thy love, to calm our fears;  
Come in Thy strength, that we may be  
Thine own through all the after years.

We do not come as those who know  
Their purpose firm to keep Thy way,  
Nor yet as those who hitherto  
Have served Thee wholly day by day.

We come because our lives have been  
Unworthy, and are worthless still;  
And, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean;  
Put forth Thine Hand and say "I will."

We come because our hearts are weak,  
Our hands are helpless, and our feet  
Too prone to wander; and we seek  
Thy Power, to make our will complete.

And yet we come as those Thine Own  
Already, by Baptismal Love  
Washed in the Blood that doth atone,  
And given the guiding Heavenly Dove.

Thou callest, Who All-Fatherly  
Hast blessed us from our feeblest days:—  
Come to us, Lord!—we come to Thee—  
And seal Thy children with Thy grace.

AMEN.

## THE FLOWER OF TRUSCOTT'S ALLEY.

By THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,  
Author of "*Strayed East*," etc.

## CHAPTER III.

## MORE FRIENDS.



OLD BLY felt very pleased with his charge as he took her home that morning. He himself owed much to the Vicar, and he was not a little rejoiced that Rose should have paid back something of his debt. He was quite aware that this act on her part would not soon be forgotten, and he looked for great profit to his young charge from this incident.

Nor was Bly wrong.

On the very day after Rose had rescued Harold from his imprisonment, the Vicar called at the shop.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that we must be doing something for the education of this little one you have taken under your care. She must go to school."

"Yes," said old Bly, a little dubiously.

"Then," said Mr. Morris, "send her to-morrow. I will call in as I go by, and tell the mistress that Rose is coming."

"Yes, sir," said Bly, "but, but——"

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked the Vicar.

"Why, sir, the fees. It will come mortal hard on an old fellow like me——"

"Oh, is that all?" said Mr. Morris, with a laugh. "Never mind the fees; I will see to them."

So it was settled that Rose should go to school.

She did not like the prospect, for she had never been before.

"Why, how's that, little 'un?" asked Bly, remembering the great activity of the School Board officers in their own neighbourhood.

"Mother said we never stayed long enough anywhere for me to go to school. But I can read—quite long words, and write too, and do sums. Mother taught me."

This was comforting, for old Bly hardly liked the prospect of Rose going to school as a dunce. The children of the courts and alleys around him were as sharp as the proverbial needle, and they were generally sent to school at the earliest age possible. It was so kind of the school people to take care of the babies (they were little more in many cases) instead of leaving them all day on their parents' hands!

Early the next morning Rose was sent off to school, and there began another phase of her life, with great satisfaction to her mistress.

But she had her trials. At eleven o'clock the children were sent into the playground for ten minutes. Most of them knew one another; but Rose knew nobody.

She had, however, to learn that some people knew her.

Rose was looking on rather wistfully at a group who were skipping, when a very forward little girl drew up in front of her.

"Oh my!" said this young person, with an air of disgust; "if this ain't the little gal as old Bly found on his doorstep!"

Rose heard the remark with some surprise, and with much dignity said, "Go away; you are rude."

Now Selina Roe certainly was rude, but she did not like to be told so.

"Oh, I'm rude, am I?" she asked, thrusting a rather grimy face very close to that of Rose. "All right; see if I don't pay you out for that!"

The discussion had brought the skipping rope to rest, and quite a little crowd had gathered around the two children. And in such a crowd you will always find somebody who is anxious not to make peace, but strife. Just such a person was then present in Mary Jenks, who at once entered the ring in support of Selina Roe.

"Don't you stand her impudence, S'lina. I wouldn't. If I was you I'd——"

But here, happily for Rose, the bell began to ring; and although Selina and her friends made many jokes after their manner, and threw out many hints as to what they would certainly do some day, they did nothing more then.

They might perhaps have renewed the conflict after school, but that a new ally was found for Rose.

Just as the girls were leaving school, a Punch and Judy show passed along the street. Now Punch and Judy are not so common as they once were; and, although a very respectable Punch had lodged in Truscott's Alley a few months before, it was not often that the show pitched in their locality.

But if Selina Roe had a great joy in life it was in looking on at street performances. Once she had been lost; for having followed a fire-eater too far down the Mile End Road, she tried a short cut home, and spent the night in the police-station.



"THE GIRLS WERE SOON IN THE CROWD."

"Here you are, Mary," said Selina, as her eyes fell upon the figure of Punch and his companion.

Mary was not herself a very warm admirer of these shows. She enjoyed a little squabble in the gutter very much more. But at the moment there seemed nothing else to do, and the two girls were soon in the very thick of the little crowd which followed the performers.

In that same crowd were a good many boys, whose manners, rough as they were, did not offend Selina and Mary. And in the exchange of many rude jests, with now and then a push or a slap, the time passed pleasantly.

And still Punch's family kept on their way. They took no notice of several beautiful corners. "The werry place for a pitch," as one of the boys justly said more than once; but they did not stop there.

Another boy, whose mind began to run on thoughts of dinner, went so far as to ask a question.

"Now then, mister," he remarked to the man inside Punch's box, "when be you a-goin' to pitch?"

But the man, who was sucking a short black pipe, said not a word.

It was at this moment that there suddenly shot across the mind of Selina the thought of a duty she had quite forgotten.

"My gracious, Mary," she cried, "I've forgotten all about our Jimmy!"

"Won't you catch it!" was the cheering remark of her friend.

In this opinion Selina herself quite agreed, and she therefore turned for home with all possible speed. Jimmy should have been met as he came out of the infant school; Jimmy should have been taken home to his mother, who looked upon Jimmy as the apple of her eye. But, alas! where was he?

That was a question which Selina felt herself unable to answer. She was very sure that Jimmy would be in some mischief; it was a way he had. And then, of course, she would have to bear all the blame.

But whilst Selina is hastening home as fast as fear can bring her, we may as well follow the steps of Jimmy himself.

His sister was well justified in thinking he would get into mischief.

On coming out of school Jimmy very properly looked around for his guide. He could not see her. Indeed, by this time she was half a mile away. Then it occurred to the mind of Jimmy that this was just the very opportunity for which he had been looking.

For a long time Jimmy had made up his mind privately to visit the vegetable market in the neighbourhood. Now was the time to do it. In a moment he was off, and in two or three more he was in the very middle of the carts and vans which crowd the thoroughfares near at hand. He was really in some danger, although, childlike, he was all unconscious of it.

But the accident came at last.

Jimmy was stooping to pick up a flower which lay on the pavement, when a burly porter, carrying a sack of potatoes, and not seeing the child, fell over him. Jimmy shrieked; he was good at that, and his cry was of some use. The porter fell on to his own hands, and, although Jimmy got a kick or two, he was not very much hurt.

That, however, was not his own opinion. He yelled with great vigour, and rubbed two grimy fists into his eyes until his face was really a terrible sight. A little crowd gathered.

"Whose brat is it?" asked one of the salesmen.

Nobody knew, and Jimmy would soon have been handed over to a policeman but that Rose at this moment came on to the stage.

She had seen the youthful Jimmy led forth to school that very morning by Selina, and at once knew his face, disguised as it was by tears and dirt.

"I know him, sir; I'll take him home," said Rose.

"All right, my little maid," said the salesman; and so Rose found Jimmy entrusted to her charge.

Taking the boy by the hand, she started for home without doing the errand for which she had been sent out by old Bly.

When Rose reached Truscott's Alley Mrs. Roe was looking out very anxiously for the arrival of her youngest child. His appearance in the company of Rose showed that something had happened. That something Jimmy was easily led to tell. When his tale was over, Mrs. Roe was very full of thanks to Rose.

She was just in the middle of these when the truant Selina came on the scene, panting and anxious.

Before the mother's eye could take in her coming Rose went up to her.

"I brought Jimmy home," she said, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, "and he didn't miss you a bit."

Selina stared. She remembered the scene in the playground. How could Rose be friendly to her? She did not know; and yet there Rose was smiling as though she, Selina, had never said a single cross word to her.

It was a mystery, and one Selina did not understand. But in the meantime it was clear that Rose had somehow saved her from her mother's anger; that was a good service Selina knew how to value, and when she looked back at Rose there was a trace of gratitude as well as of shame in her face.

Rose had now made two more friends, and one of them, Mrs. Roe, confided to old Bly her opinion that his "little maid" was as "sweet a little flower as ever she seed."

(To be continued.)

# "To Thy Temple I Repair."

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Music by the REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.  
(Vicar of All Saints', Scarborough.)

The musical score is written in 4/2 time. The first system contains the first line of the hymn: "1. To Thy temple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there!". The second system contains the second line: "When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the Mer - cy - seat. A - men." The score includes a treble clef and a bass clef, with notes and rests for both parts.

2. Thou through Him art reconciled;  
L through Him became Thy child:  
Abba! Father! give me grace  
In Thy courts to seek Thy Face.
3. While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

4. While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of Love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads!  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes!
5. From Thine House when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."

## BIBLE EXPLORATIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "The Great Problem," etc.

**F**IND passages in which the following journeys are referred to in the Bible:—

25. A journey by which a very distinguished man of early days sought to avoid one kind of death, and found (or fancied) that he was in danger of another.
26. A journey in which that man's great-grandson came to the same country, having quite lost his liberty and very nearly his life.
27. A journey in which ten of that first man's great grandsons came to the same country with the view of preserving their lives.
28. A second journey of ten men (all but one the same as the first ten) to the same country with the same object in view.
29. A journey in which about seven times as many persons came to the same country with much the same object in view.
30. A journey some centuries after in which a distinguished member of the same race left that country with the same object in view.
31. A subsequent journey of the same man in the same direction accompanied by thousands of others, all in fear of their lives.
32. A much later journey of a royal child of another race in the opposite direction to save his life.
33. A still later similar journey on the part of a prophet.
34. A journey of another and later prophet in the same direction, but not to save his life and against his advice.
35. A similar journey of a king about the same time against his will.
36. A journey in the same direction a long time afterwards in order to save the life of one greater by far than all the kings and prophets of old.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,  
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Woolwich; Author of "Jottings from Jail," etc.

1. Buried English rivers.  
A merry Christmas and a happy new year.  
I gave him a new eye-glass on his birthday.  
Leaving the valley a remarkably fine view opens out.  
The boy came with a message from the Post Office.  
There was much feeling against a market being established.  
Tennis tournaments will soon begin again.
2. Express in rhyme—  
By the regulation of the shortest digit I learned to estimate totals.
3. Good advice to working men.  
Save U R XXI marry.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Our Editor—man of resource—  
You will guess this one promptly of course.

- a. When you get to the end you may utter this word.
- b. If you do it before you'll be this.
- c. This can beam with affection or flash like a sword.
- d. A seaport in Kent that our tourist should miss.
- e. This is bad.
- f. Shakespeare's best brown lover.
- g. You feel this sometimes when you puzzle your brains  
And can't get the answer in spite of your pains.
- h. How long have you been?  
Look at this—'twill be seen.

# WOODHOUSE

## Church of S. Mary-in-the-Elms.



### Calendar for March.

#### HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

MARCH.	
1	<b>S</b> <b>Third Sunday in Lent.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Litany and Sermon, 3 p.m.
8	<b>S</b> <b>Fourth Sunday in Lent.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.
15	<b>S</b> <b>Fifth Sunday in Lent. Passion Sunday.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermon and Litany of the Passion, 3 p.m.
22	<b>S</b> <b>Sunday next before Easter. Palm Sunday.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong, Sermon and Story of the Cross, 3 p.m.
23	<b>M</b> <b>Monday before Easter.</b> Matins and Ante-Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Address and Story of the Cross, 7.30 p.m.
24	<b>T</b> <b>Tuesday before Easter.</b> Matins and Ante-Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Address and Story of the Cross, 7.30 p.m.
25	<b>W</b> <b>Wednesday before Easter.</b> Annunciation of Blessed Virgin Mary. Litany, 8 a.m. Matins and Ante-Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Address and Story of the Cross, 7.30 p.m.
26	<b>T</b> <b>Maundy Thursday.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and Ante-Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong, Address on Easter Communion and Story of the Cross, 7.30 p.m.
27	<b>F</b> <b>Good Friday.</b> Litany, 8 a.m. Children's Service, 9.45 a.m. Matins, Ante-Communion and Sermon, 11 a.m. Meditations, 2—4 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.
28	<b>SA</b> <b>Easter Eve.</b> Matins and Ante-Communion, 11 a.m. Choral Evensong, 7.30 p.m.
29	<b>S</b> <b>Easter Day.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Holy Communion, 9.30 a.m. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 3.30 p.m.
30	<b>M</b> <b>Monday in Easter Week.</b> Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
31	<b>T</b> <b>Tuesday in Easter Week.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

During the remaining weeks of Lent there will be Evensong and Sermon on the Wednesday evenings at 7.30 p.m.

The latter part of the Communion Service will be said after Evensong at 5.30 on Tuesdays, and there will be Readings at the same hour on Fridays.

A course of Sermons on the Christian Warfare with Evil is being preached on the Sunday Afternoons during Lent.

On Sunday, March 8th, there will be a Special Service at 6.30 p.m., when a Confirmation Address will be given. This Service is intended principally for the Candidates for Confirmation and their friends, but all are invited to attend.

**SERVICE OF SONG.**—A Service of Song, entitled—"Buy your own Cherries," will be performed on Monday, March 9th, at 7 p.m. Admission Free. Collection at the door.

**ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—There will be a Meeting of the Zenana Missionary Society in the Hall, on Tuesday, March 10th, at 3 p.m., when an Address will be given by Mrs. Greaves. All are invited to attend.

**DEAR FRIENDS,**

I have been asked by the Association Secretary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society to consider the Census Scheme, which is to help in sending the knowledge of Christ to our Eastern Sisters.

Now it is proposed that early in April, when the Census will be taken, every *woman* in this parish may give One Penny or upwards, as a Thankoffering for her own mercies; the money thus raised to be devoted to those poor Indian women who as yet know not Christ. Our parish is only a small one, but shall we not all do our utmost to help in this good work? Collecting Papers will be brought round early in April, so that every woman may have the opportunity of giving. At the last Census £2600 was raised in this way throughout England.

Yours very faithfully,

EDITH M. HILEY,

Hon. Sec.

**CHURCH HISTORY LECTURE.**—The 5th Lecture of this series which has been unavoidably postponed, will be given in the Village Hall, by the Rev. A. J. W. Hiley, on Tuesday, March 17th, at 7.30 p.m. Subject—"Resistance to Papal Jurisdiction, A.D. 1265-1535." The Lecture will be illustrated by means of the Magic Lantern. Admission Free. Collection after the Lecture.

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