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St. John's Church WEST TORONTO

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. 2.

WEST TORONTO, ONT., APRIL, 1911.

No. 11.

St. John's Church, West Toronto

Rector—Rev. T. Beverley Smith, B.A., 289 Annette St. Telephone Junction 529

Wardens—A. H. Richardson. R. S. Drewitt.

Services—Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. All pews free.

Children's Service—9.45 a.m.

Holy Communion Second Sunday at 11 a.m., fourth Sunday at 7 p.m.

Baptism—First Sunday at 5 p.m.

Sunday School—3 p.m., Superintendent R. S. Mason. Assistants,

Chas. Boon, W. A. Skeans. Sec'y-Treas., T. H. Gordon Kenyon. Li-

brarian, Percy Hopkins.

Infant Class—Miss LaVenture; assistaat, Miss Kemp. Cradle Roll—Miss

Berthon.

Branch S.S. St. Clair Ave.—Supt., Arthur Morris. Sec'y-Treas., Robert

Walker.

Woman's Auxiliary—2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m. Pres. Miss Champion.

Women's Guild—1st and 3rd Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m. Pres., Mrs. F. G. Martyn.

Junior Auxiliary—Tuesday 8 p.m. Pres. Miss Constantine.

Young People's Association—Monday 8 p.m. Pres. W. G. Fell.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew—Director R. R. Hopkins, M.D.

Men's Club—Friday 8 p.m. Pres. W. J. Steele

The Choir—Practice Friday 8 p.m. Directress, Mrs. Marie S. McGill

Sexton—Fred Knight, 156 Maria St.

St. Philip's Church, Etobicoke

Wardens—W. C. Grubbe, G. M. Lyons.

Service at 3 p.m. Holy Communion 4th Sunday in the month.

St. John's Home Words

Editor—H. M. Wodson, 354 Clendenan Ave.

Business Manager—W. G. Fell, 438 Clendenan Ave.

Committee—Wm. Speers, E. Southall, R. S. Mason.

Subscription—50 cents a year. May be paid to the business manager or placed

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Estimates Given

WARDENS' REPORT

West Toronto, March 15, 1911

To the Vestry of St. John's Church:

Your church wardens for the past year beg to submit to you the following report of receipts and disbursements of the church for the year ending this day.

RECEIPTS

General Funds

Collections—		
Envelope.....	\$2,456 94	
Loose.....	760 42	\$3,217 36
Lenten.....	6 08	
For assistant.....	16 0 0	
For Choir.....	5 37	
Women's Guild for engine...	125 00	
Women's Guild for installation of sewer and water service.....	125 00	
Women's Guild for decorating basement.....	18 00	
From Annette St. Mission printing.....	1 60	
Cheque issued Oct. 1907, returned, not used.....	2 00	
Total.....		\$3,516 41

Special Collections

London Society for Jews.....	\$ 6 52
Easter Missions.....	249 60
Quarterly collections.....	142 40
Wycliffe College.....	52 00
Gleaners for M. S. C. C.....	13 80
Thanksgiving collection.....	67 72
Prison aid.....	2 80
Widows & Orphans.....	1 50
Missionary fund.....	258 65
Total.....	\$794 99

Annette St. Mission Lot

From Mrs. Kirkwood.....	\$ 78 00
Donation Mr. Prettie.....	50 00
Interest on bank account.....	34
Total.....	\$128 34

G. W. P. HOOD

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NOTARY, Etc.

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Mortgage Debt

From Mrs. Kirkwood.....	\$470 05
Interest on Bank Account.....	7 03
Total.....	\$477 08

Church Enlargement

Collections.....	\$ 25 50
Interest on bank account.....	2 57
Total.....	\$ 28 07

St. Clair Ave. Mission Lot

From Mrs. Kirkwood.....	\$ 27 10
Interest on bank account.....	57
Total.....	\$27 67

On Hand March 1910

Canadian Bank of Commerce.....	\$149 46
Molsons bank.....	80 03
B. B. N. A.....	4 93
C. B. of C., Annette St. lot.....	23 85
C. B. of C., St. Clair Ave. lot.....	13 90
Total.....	\$272 17

Total Receipts.....\$5,244 73

DISBURSEMENTS

Synod expenses.....	\$ 62 33
Door catches.....	2 40
Painting sign.....	12 50
Printing account.....	44 00
Postages.....	9 41
Paid choir.....	5 37
E. Lye & Sons.....	4 00
Women's Guild, boys' vestments.....	34 88
W. Hann, repairs.....	7 85
Laundry.....	10 20
Hymn books, etc.....	25 00
Communion wine.....	1 50
T. Moore, alterations.....	30 11
W. A. Murray & Co.....	12 19
Gas Company.....	50 33
Fuel.....	149 50
Water rates.....	9 60
Rubber hose.....	13 70
Insurance.....	51 55
S. Ryding, fittings.....	5 47
Music.....	10 52
Parish & Home.....	25 00
Home visitation.....	2 00
Water main.....	28 00
Stationery & envelopes.....	22 45
Paint & painters account.....	8 10
Painting and decorating basement and vestry.....	33 50
Lyon Glass Co.....	9 00
Nodden & Hallett.....	6 20
F. Armstrong.....	1 00
Engine and extras.....	121 00
S. Ryding, contractor.....	98 15
C. Boon, account.....	47 37
Record book.....	1 25
Two door mats.....	5 00
R. Simpson.....	2 40
Globes and Mantles.....	2 40
Mrs. McGill, for difference in salary to March, 1910.....	62 50
Total.....	\$1,027 73

Total.....\$1,027 73

Salaries Paid During the Year

Rectors stipend.....	\$1,425 00
Choir leader.....	227 50
Organist.....	200 00
Sexton.....	300 00
Vestry clerk, etc.....	31 60
Organ blowers.....	31 60
Total.....	\$2,440 10

Total.....\$2,440 10

Special Collections

London Society for Jews.....	\$ 6 52
M. S. C. C.....	143 80
Widows & Orphans.....	9 00
Superannuation fund.....	15 00
Diocesan fund.....	228 00

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Wycliffe College.....	52 00
Prison aid.....	2 80
Total.....	\$457 12

Mortgage Debt

One years interest on mortgage.....	\$127 27
Paid on principal.....	400 00
Total.....	\$527 27

Annette St. Mission

Printing.....	\$ 1 60
National Trust Co., Principal.....	100 00
National Trust Co., interest.....	34 10
Total.....	\$135 70

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St. Clair Ave. Mission Lot
Paid taxes.....\$ 6 37

Cash on Hand
In Canadian Bank of Com-
merce.....\$149 99
Molsons Bank, Enlargement
fund.....108 10
B. B. N. A., mortgage account. 82 01
C. B. of C., Annette St. lot... 16 49
C. B. of C., St. Clair Ave. lot. 35 20
B. B. N. A., minssioary..... 258 65

Total.....\$650 44
Total Disbursements...\$5,244 73

Due by the A. Y. P. A., paid
on Organ, May 1910..... 75 00

A. H. Richardson
R. S. Drewitt
Church-wardens

March 15, 1911

Liabilities

Rev. T. B. Smith.....\$ 75 00
R. S. Mason..... 18 00
Mrs. McGill..... 22 50
Bryant Press, Parish & Home. 92 00
J. G. Musson, hymn books, etc. 21 45
Fairbanks Printing Co..... 3 00
Gibbard Communion wine.... 1 35
Peters Coal Co..... 14 75
Nodden & Hallett, hardware.. 16 66
Standard Fuel Co..... 19 50
Synod assessment..... 78 60
W. & O., as by allotment..... 56 13
Superannuation, allotment.... 11 44

Total.....\$ 430 38
Mortgage Debt..... 3,700 00

Total.....\$4,130 38

Envelope System

Number of envelopes in use... 195
In this number those who are not
giving regularly..... 21
The balance, namely, 174, are giv-
ing as follows:
15 give 5c. per Sunday...\$ 75
49 give 10c. per Sunday.... 4 90

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APRIL

<p>1 S Joshua 2; Luke 5, 17. 2 S 5th Sunday in Lent. M. Ex. 3; Luke 6, 1-20. E. Ex. 5 or 6, 1-14; 2 Cor. 6 (and 7, 1.) 3 M Joshua 6; Luke 6, 20. (and 7, 1.) 4 Tu Joshua 9, 3; Luke 7, 1-24. 5 W Joshua 21, 43-22, 11; Luke 7, 24. 6 Th Joshua 23; Luke 8, 1-26. 7 F Judges 2; Luke 8, 23. 8 S Judges 5; Luke 9, 1-28. 9 S Palm Sunday. M. Ex. 9; Matt. 26. E. Ex. 10 or 11; Luke 19, 28 or 20. 10 M M. B. EASTER. M. Lam. 1, 1-15; John 14, 1-15. E. Lam. 2, 13; John 14, 15. 11 Tu T. U. B. EASTER. M. Lam. 3, 1-34; John 15, 1-14. E. Lam. 3, 34; John 15, 14. 12 W W. B. EASTER. M. Lam. 4, 1-21; John 16, 1-16. E. Dan. 9, 20; John 16, 16. 13 Th T. H. B. EASTER. M. Hosea 13, 1-15; John 17. E. Hosea 14; John 18, 1-36. 14 F GOOD FRIDAY. M. Gen. 22, 1- 20; John 18. E. Isa. 52, 13 and 53; 1 Peter 2. 15 S EASTER EVEN. M. Zech. 9; Luke 23, 50. E. Hosea 5, 8-8. 4; Rom. 6, 1-14.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CALENDAR.</p> <p>16 S Easter Day. M. Ex. 12, 1-29; Rev. 1, 10-19. F. Ex. 12, 29 or 14; John 20, 11-19. 17 M M. IN EASTER WEEK. (or Rev. 5.) M. Ex. 15, 1-22; Luke 24, 1-13. E. Canticles 2, 10; Matt. 28, 1-10. 18 Tu T. U. IN EASTER WEEK. M. 2 Kings 13, 14-22; John 21, 1-15. E. Ezek. 37, 1-15; John 21, 15. 19 W 1 Sam. 6; Luke 14, 25-16, 11. 20 Th 1 Sam. 8; Luke 15, 11. 21 F 1 Sam. 10; Luke 16. 22 S 1 Sam. 12; Luke 17, 1-20. 23 S 1st Sunday after Easter. M. Num. 16, 1-36; 1 Cor. 15, 1-29. E. Num. 18, 26 or 17, 1-12; John 20. 24 M 1 Sam. 15; Luke 18, 1-31. (24-30 ST. MARK, I, A. M.) 25 Tu M. Isa. 62, 6; Luke 18, 31-19, 11. E. Ezek. 1, 1-15; Philippians 2. 26 W 1 Sam. 17, 1-31; Luke 19, 11-28. 27 Th 1 Sam. 17, 56-18, 17; Luke 19, 28. 28 F 1 Sam. 20, 1-18; Luke 20, 1-27. 29 S 1 Sam. 21; Luke 20, 27-21, 5. 30 S 2nd Sunday after Easter. M. Num. 20, 1-14; Luke 21, 5. E. Num. 20, 14-21, 10 or 21, 10; Col. 2, 8.</p>
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Vol. LXI. No. 4. APRIL, 1911. Home Words Ltd. Office, 11, Ludgate Square, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Red Letter Notes from the Mission Field.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

A Serious Difficulty.
A SERIOUS difficulty has arisen in the missionary district of Laurence Marques—Portuguese territory. In the treaty between England and Portugal, dated 1891, it is stated that religious toleration and freedom for all forms of Divine worship and religious teaching are guaranteed. By the new regulations it is provided that teaching in religious schools is to be in the Portuguese language. As hardly a single native knows, or desires to know, Portuguese, the enforcement of these new regulations must involve the abandonment of all Christian Missionary work in Portuguese East Africa. We may well pray that an appeal to the new Government may not be in vain.

Religious Future of Corea.
Bishop Montgomery has been making a most successful missionary tour, and the accounts of his journeys and experiences sent home have been deeply interesting. No country has afforded his lordship greater pleasure to visit than Corea, of whose religious future he has the greatest hopes, believing as he does that that country is at the present time the most hopeful sphere for missionary labour of any in the world. Such work is infinitely easier in Corea than in China and Japan, and he finds that there is about the Coreans "a gentleness and unworldliness" which attract them to the faith of the Gospel quickly.

"Turned the People Upside Down."
Mr. Moffat, the faithful missionary in Western Africa, related the following story:—After Christianity had progressed considerably, a stranger, chief of his tribe, came, and seeing some young people intent upon some little books, asked, "What things are these that you are turning over and over? Is it food?" He was told that it was the Word of God. "Does it speak?" he asked. "Yes, it speaks to the heart," was the reply. He went to another chief, and finding the same books being eagerly read amongst them also, said, "Pray explain this mystery to me; for these people look at things and talk to things that cannot talk again." The better informed chief explained that they were the books which the teachers had brought, "And we have found out that

they are God's books," he added. "How did you know that?" asked the other. "Because we saw that they turned the people upside down," was the reply.

"Alive Unto God."
The Christian chief went on to explain the power of these books. "They made the people new," he said; "they separated between father and son, mother and daughter. There is my son: he is dead to me through these books." He was asked why. "Because he is *alive unto God*" was the answer. The stranger chief was astonished and wished to know more. "Do they eat the books?" said he. "No, they eat them with the soul, not with the mouth; they digest them with the heart, they do not chew them with the teeth." Thus the power of the Word of God is seen by the blind heathen, in that it can make all things new.

Spiritual Leadership of Corea.
The Japanese Editor of the *Oriental Economic Review* has something encouraging to say in regard to the future influence of Coreans. He writes: "Suppose they should prove to be the first people, outside of the old Christendom, to be Christianized as a body—as they may very likely be—may we not again witness a recrudescence of that Asian culture which fifteen centuries ago the Coreans were instrumental in bringing to Japan?" It is not likely that the Japanese themselves will lag behind in assimilating whatever is good and noble in the world; and Japan, thus regenerated spiritually as well as politically, could rightly claim a leading position in the affairs of the Far East. That Corea should be the key to this great future we may well pray, and it is the prayer of all Japanese Christians.

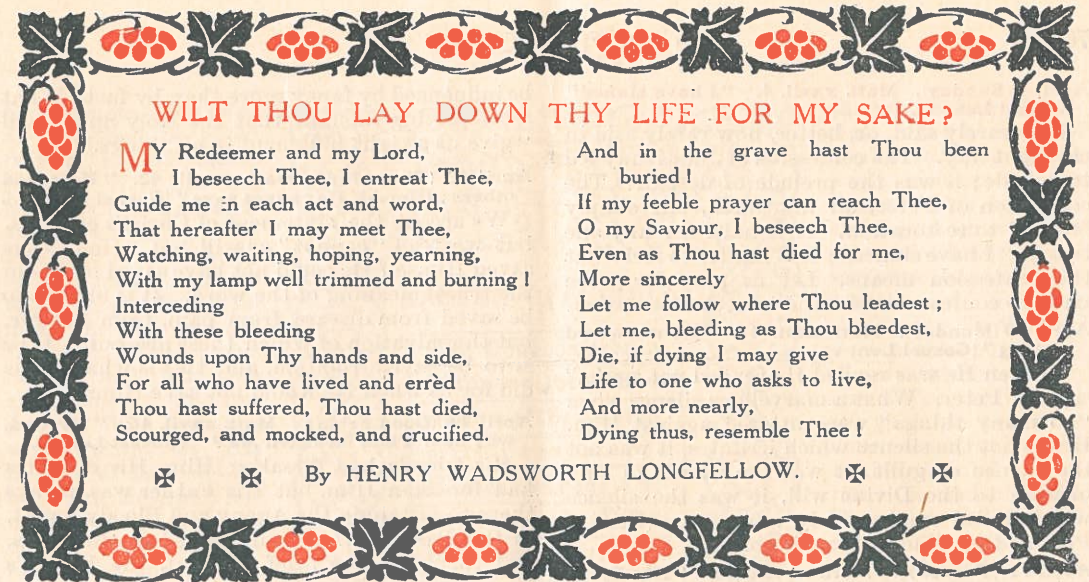
Bible Circulation.
Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society issued 6,620,000 copies of the Bible; the Scotch and Hibernian Bible Societies 2,300,000; the American Bible Society 2,326,000; German Bible Societies about 900,000; Dutch and Scandinavian Bible Societies about 400,000, making a total of over 13,000,000 copies. To these must be added 2,000,000 Bibles sold by ordinary publishers during the last twelve months.



HE IS RISEN.

"Oh my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,

More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest."—See p. 75.



WILT THOU LAY DOWN THY LIFE FOR MY SAKE?

MY Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!
Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and errèd
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified.

And in the grave hast Thou been
buried!
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest;
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee!

✠ ✠ By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. ✠ ✠

Quiet Thoughts for Every Day in Lent.

By the Rev. E. J. STURDEE, Vicar of Brown Edge.

April 1 (Saturday). John vi. 14. "That Prophet" (Gospel Lent iv.).

IT was a confession, certainly, but not with any result, save that of seeking "that Prophet," in order to get another meal.

All Christendom makes the same confession now; all confess that Jesus is the Christ. But few go beyond this and confess that "that Prophet" is a personal Saviour. God give us grace to make this latter confession.

April 2 (Sunday). John viii. 46. "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" (Gospel Lent v.).

A startling proof of Christ's Divinity. Others have uttered the like challenge with regard to concrete sin, some special sin, but no one has dared to challenge a conviction of sin in the abstract. "Christ alone is without sin," and hence Christ alone is able to be a perfect Saviour.

April 3 (Monday). John viii. 47. "He that is of God heareth God's words" (Gospel Lent v.).

A safe test to apply to ourselves and to others who profess to be "of God." Do we hear and obey the words of God as revealed in the Bible, or to our inner consciousness? In an age of much sentimental religion, it is well to test our faith by our obedience, to seek the blessing of those who "hear the word of God and keep it."

April 4 (Tuesday). John viii. 48. "Say we not well . . . Thou hast a devil?" (Gospel Lent v.).

Let us beware of rash statements. Those Jews were guilty of the most awful blasphemy, yet they were proud of their statement—it was well said, they exclaimed. Let us utter nothing in the way of statement that is not backed up by the word of God sensibly expounded. St. James's advice is sound with regard to rash conclusions: "Let every man be slow to speak" (Jas. i. 19).

April 5 (Wednesday). John viii. 50. "I seek not Mine own glory" (Gospel Lent v.).

Can we echo the statement? Is there no

seeking for glory, praise, commendation, in our so-called Christian work? Does it make no difference to us whether we are appreciated or ignored? Is it "none of self and all of Thee"?

April 6 (Thursday). John viii. 55. "Yet ye have not Known Him" (Gospel Lent v.).

Notice the "yet." It is possible to know so much of Him (in Bible, Church History, etc.). It is possible to know the details of the Christian life, and to be well versed in theology, and "yet" not to know Him. The great need of every soul is a personal knowledge or revelation of Jesus Himself. Let us pray for that and seek that as our first need. So much knowledge of what is good and "yet" no knowledge of HIM!

April 7 (Friday). John viii. 56. "He saw it and was glad" (Gospel Lent v.).

"Glad" because "he saw." When we see the "day" of Jesus Christ, in other words, when Jesus is revealed to our souls, we are most truly "glad" with what St. Peter calls a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Pet. i. 8). Ought we to speak of gladness during Lent? Why not? Lent is a time when we rightly deplore our weakness, our sinfulness; when we seek at the foot of the Cross strength against our spiritual foes. Therefore gladness is not out of place, but just what we need. Look at Nehemiah viii. 10.

April 8 (Saturday). John viii. 58. "I am" (Gospel Lent v.).

Reverently we say it. Jesus was no after thought, no final attempt on the part of Jehovah to win mankind. "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. i. 17). The eternity of Jesus Christ is a firm foundation for the believer. Do you ask why? Then see Ephesians i. 4, and remember that we were chosen that we might be holy, and that God means to make us so.

April 9 (Sunday). Matt. xxvii. 4. "I have sinned" (Gospel Lent vi.).

How rarely said, or, better, how rarely said in the right way. The confession of Judas only led to suicide; it was the prelude of despair. The confession of Peter, all unuttered, but simply felt, led to restoration. It is hard for any one to say, "I have sinned"; it is harder to feel what the confession means. Let us pray for grace truly to confess our sin and to seek restoration.

April 10 (Monday). Matt. xxvii. 12. "He answered nothing" (Gospel Lent vi.).

"When He was reviled He reviled not again," says St. Peter. What a marvellous silence when "so many things" were uttered against Him. It was not the silence which irritates, it was not the silence of guilt; it was the silence of submission to the Divine will, it was the silence which relied on heavenly advocacy. (Read 1 Pet. ii. 23.) Such silence is golden.

April 11 (Tuesday). Matt. xxviii. 25. "His Blood be on us and on our children" (Gospel Lent vi.).

Were any more awful words ever uttered? In their light read the terrible history of nearly 2,000 years of persecution of the Jews, a persecution still going on. One lesson to us is surely this, to beware of what we say in moments of frenzy. "By thy words thou shalt be condemned" is a law which sometimes works in a mysterious way. Let us pray this Holy Week in the words of Psalm cxli. 3.

April 12 (Wednesday). Matt. xxvii. 26. "Then released he Barabbas" (Gospel Lent vi.).

Such is popular choice. To desire a murderer, to kill the Prince of Life (Acts iii. 14, 15). Let us be on our guard against what is popular rather than good. Let God choose for us. There are temptations at times to prefer Barabbas to Christ, to

be influenced by fancy more than by fact. What a comforting thought that the Holy Spirit will "give us a right judgment in all things."

April 13 (Thursday). Matt. xxvii. 42. "He saved others; Himself He cannot save" (Gospel Lent vi.).

We accept the statement of Christ's enemies, but we read "cannot" as will not. Had Jesus saved Himself He could not have saved others in the truest meaning of the word. It is blessed to be saved from disease, from pain, from hunger, but the salvation of which these are but a type is to be saved from sin, and this is what Jesus did for us when He would not save Himself.

April 14 (Good Friday). Matt. xxvii. 46. "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Gospel Lent vi.).

His friends had forsaken Him, His disciples had forsaken Him, but His Father was always there to sustain in the Agony and Bloody Sweat, in the Passion which culminated at the Cross. But then, for one brief moment, the Father's Face was withdrawn and Jesus bore alone the awful burden of a world's sin—past, present and future. Does it mean that God could not look on sin even when laid on His beloved Son? So we think, and the thought should make us realize the dire tragedy of Calvary.

April 15 (Saturday). Matt. xxvii. 54. "Truly this was the Son of God" (Gospel Lent vi.).

The verdict of a heathen soldier; shall we say of natural religion undimmed by prejudice? One by one we utter the same verdict, and it changes our lives. This verdict builds up the invisible Church of God. Personal confession is worth more than all the creeds of Christendom, for it alone makes them powerful. Are we longing for the time when the heathen world shall say: "Truly this Jesus is the Son of God?"



EASTER OFFERINGS.

The Churchwardens,
following the ancient
custom of the Church,
will present the
Easter Sunday Col-
lections and Offer-
ings as a personal
gift to the Vicar,
and they ask your
liberal support on
this occasion. ■ ■

Facsimile of Easter Offering Notice.

Churchmen. "Give, and it shall be given to you," is God's motto for us. Why has God left His Church dependent on our giving? For His good do we think, or for ours? Do we think that He Who made the heavens and the earth, Who gives us health and strength and power to get wealth, Who feeds the whole world by His miracle of harvest—do we think He could not manage these interests of His, of the poor and helpless, of the Church and His devoted servants who minister to us in holy things, of missions, without our money in the collections, in subscriptions, in Easter offerings?

No, indeed, but He says, "I want My children on earth to remember Me and think about My interests, and for their spiritual good I want them to do little things to help Me." God does not need our money. "The silver and the gold are Mine," saith the Lord; "all the earth is Mine." But He loves to see us grateful to Him and helpful to His Church.

I heard a man tell one day of the delight he felt when on his birthday his little daughter ran to him with a beautiful bunch of flowers that she had been tending and watching over in her garden for weeks so as to have them ready as a surprise for him. And that sweet little face flushed with pleasure, called forth the corresponding pleasure in him. He was so pleased. Do you think he cared about its money value? The child's garden was only a little corner of his that he had given her; the seeds and bulbs were his, but they were her little flowers, and she had tended them and given them to him.

Is not that the way God looks on our giving? He has given us freely everything that we enjoy, and He wants us for our own good to remember this and be grateful, and to show it by our acts. It pleases Him when we do it; it pains Him when we do not.

There was once a society which started with a beautiful mission—"to care for the interests of Jesus." If we would have such an ideal does it not follow that since we belong to the Church of Christ its interests must belong to us? Have we neglected those interests? If so we have an opportunity this month to make amends, to prove that our love is not cold. I refer to the

annual Easter Offerings, often sorely needed to replenish the small incomes of the clergy whose interests are bound up with the cause of Christ, whose servants they are. The practice of devoting the Easter Thankofferings to this purpose is of very ancient origin, and its revival during the past ten years has done much to relieve anxieties, and sometimes actual distress. They are the freewill gift of all parishioners to show gratitude to God for another year of faithful ministrations.

Let me end with two true stories. "A poor woman," says a well-known clergyman, "brought me nine pounds to spend on a case in which she was interested. I refused it, as I thought she could not afford it. But she said, "It is from my

little treasury where I put one-tenth of all my earnings to give for God's work. So it is not mine and it is no loss or gain to me if you take or refuse it."

The same clergyman tells me of a rich man who always gives one-seventh of his income, and says "My income is from stocks and shares, bearing interest all the week. But the seventh is the Lord's day, and I think the interest on that day should be His."

TO MY FELLOW CHURCHWARDENS.

To insure a liberal response I would suggest that churchwardens should, as in former years, send for the HOME WORDS Easter Notices, of one of which a facsimile is given on this page. These should be placed in the pews on the Sunday before Easter, and otherwise distributed, so that no one can plead ignorance of the effort. These Notices are gladly sent to any churchwarden, free of cost, by the publishers of HOME WORDS, 11, Ludgate Sq., London, E.C., and, if desired, with the following printed on the back:—

TO THE CHURCHWARDENS,—

As an Easter thank-offering, in the Name of Him Who, after He had made perfect our redemption by His death, and was ascended into Heaven, sent abroad into the world His Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Doctors and Pastors, to preach the Gospel, I enclose to strengthen the hands of those who minister to us in holy things.

Signature
The number required of these Notices should be stated, and 4d. per 100 enclosed for postage and packing. Easter Cards and Booklets are also supplied at nominal cost from the same source.

THE EASTER OFFERINGS.
By A CHURCHWARDEN.



THE other day I was talking with a friend who had spent some years in Canada, mostly in the diocese of Montreal. "You people who stay at home," he said, "don't half realize the advantages of belonging to the Church because the Church doesn't half belong to you." I asked him what he meant. "Well," he answered, "let me put it in this way: Would your Church, your parson, miss you, miss you badly, if you didn't belong to it? In Canada it would. Every one of us counts there. We not only belong to the Church, but it belongs to us, just as one may say one's child does; and I do believe we love to support it, watch it grow, and help it all we can, because we feel it is in a sense dependent on us. Isn't it a bedrock fact that there's no love worth calling

love that can't be self-sacrificing? We have any amount of opportunities in Canada to size up what our love's worth—walking miles to service, giving a fixed proportion of our income, and so on. Why, single churches in Montreal and Toronto give \$10,000, \$15,000 and \$17,000 for mission work. In the Old Country, even with your endowments, it would be thought good if a parish gave \$1,000 for missions . . ."

I am not going to repeat all my friend told me—it struck home more than I cared to allow at the time, but it set me thinking, and I made up my mind that I would honestly try to answer the two questions:—

**Do I belong to my Church?
Does my Church belong to me?**

Behind both the questions I found—God. He has called me to belong to the Church founded by His Son, and at the same time He has left that Church dependent on the "giving" of



The Flame of Love.

Our Thrilling Serial Story by LESTER LURGAN.



CHAPTER XIII. Gaffer Brown's Advice.

“HERE'S a storm brewin' over Whinny Moor, lassie,” said Gaffer Brown kindly. “You'd better hurry, or else bide here wi' me.”

Noreen shook her head, though she glanced anxiously out through the narrow casement, viewing the gathering storm-clouds in vague alarm.

Earlier in the afternoon she had crossed the moor alone with some work which Mrs. Causton had been commissioned to do for old Gaffer Brown, and, in spite of some doubts and a vivid memory of that twilight encounter with Miles Grey, she had been persuaded to stay to take “a dish of tea” with the old woman.

It had been cosy enough sitting over the fire nursing the Gaffer's big black cat and listening to the chatter of her kindly hostess, but now Noreen bitterly regretted her indiscretion.

The lurid clouds looked dreadfully ominous, and, for all her vagrant life, the girl had not been able to overcome the paroxysms of fear into which a thunderstorm threw her.

Many a beating had old Tansy the Irish woman administered for this weakness, but they had quite failed to cure her. The first flash of lightning would set her trembling like an aspen leaf, whilst the crackling roar of the thunder claps drove her shuddering to the nearest refuge.

But here was a quandary.

She could not stay all night at Gaffer Brown's, knowing what uneasiness she would cause her kind friends at Braxton; and if she waited for the storm to come and pass she would have a dark walk home.

And already Whinny Moor began to look very gloomy and forbidding.

Why, oh, *why* had she not just left the crochet work and returned home at once? But it was too late for self-upbraidings.

With a sigh Noreen glanced from the window towards Gaffer Brown who sat in her easy chair, her three-cornered shawl over her shoulders, nodding drowsily by the pleasant warmth of the fire.

“I think I'll go,” she said desperately. “I'll run, and—and I'll get back before the storm breaks.”

The old woman blinked and smiled up into the anxious face.

“My Jake says when t' storm comes up that way it'll be a bad un,” she replied consolingly.

“Then I *must* run.”

“Better stay here, lassie, an' keep an owd woman company.”

“I wish I could, Gaffer, but I—I daren't go back across the moor alone after dark, an' I'm starting for the first time to the factory with Effie to-morrow.”

Gaffer Brown nodded.

“Dursn't go 'cross t' moor after dark,” she commented; “but there, I was t' same when I was a young lassie concernin' Hallow E'en.”

“Hallow E'en!”

Poor Noreen gasped in fresh fear. She had been thinking of Miles Grey and his kind, but here was a new dread, and one she was not proof against, since the north is the very hot-bed for every superstition.

“Well, well,” nodded Gaffer, “you'll come again, lassie, another day? It's pleasant t' see you sittin' there with your bonnie face an' blue eyes. Mind me of some one you do. Shouldn't wonder if it were t' master's lady. She'd blue eyes an' a kind heart too. Came to see me, she did, once an' again in t' old days, wi' little Missie Myra beside her. Just such another bonnie lassie she was, poor barn.”

Noreen put her hand to her forehead.

Myra! Myra! Where had she heard the name before?

But gathering gloom forbade her to linger.

“I *must* go,” she said, emphasizing the words, more for her own encouragement than to the drowsing old woman by the fireside. “If I run, I'll get back to Braxton first.”

“Good-bye, lassie. But t' storms come up quickly over Whinny Moor; an' my Jake says when they come that way they'll be bad 'uns.”

This time, however, Noreen had not waited for a repetition of Jake's opinion; she was already hurrying down the garden path and through the wicket on to the moor.

Already the sound of the coming storm was in the air, that low, unmistakable humming which presages the first outbreak. The air was close and oppressive; myriads of flies hovered round in circles.

And *how* she must have stayed chattering, thought poor Noreen, as she noted how fast the shadows of evening crept up over the landscape, whilst white mists stole phantom-like across the hollows shrouding bush and brake in their mysterious folds.

Save for the humming moan of the storm-breeze not a sound was to be heard. Nature waited, expectant, fearful, and the darkness gathered apace.

How many paths there were! And, in her haste, how hard it was to recognize the right one to follow over this desolate waste.

And it was Hallow E'en.

Noreen remembered now having heard a neighbour joke Effie on the subject, and ask whether she wanted a mutton-bone to hide under her pillow to make sure of dreaming of her sweetheart. She had asked Effie what the woman meant, and been told it was nothing but



“The lurid clouds looked dreadfully ominous.”—Page 78.

blish-blash talk, fit only for the barns. But Effie had blushed rosy-red as she said it.

There had been much other chatter about this mysterious Eve besides the ever-favoured topic of love-charms. Effie had told her more than once, and in hushed tones, of the legend of this same Whinny Moor, across which the souls of the dead were supposed to flit. She had often heard her companion croon the old dirge sung to speed them on their way.

In her fear she found herself chanting it over, as a kind of spell to save her from any such grisly encounter.

This one night, this one night,
Every night and all,
Fire and fleet and candle light,
And Christ receives thy sawle.
When thou fro' hence dost pass away,
Every night and all,
To Whinny Moor thou com'st at last,
And Christ receives thy sawle.
From Whinny Moor that thou may'st pass,
Every night and all,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last,
And Christ receives thy sawle.

The rising gale seemed to echo the plaintive song as it swept across that wild and forlorn waste.

"Receives thy sawle—Receives thy sawle," it wailed, and Noreen, drawing her shawl yet more closely round her head and shoulders, ran on with renewed effort.

But it was a hard struggle now, as the blast caught her and drove her back, though she fought on her way step by step.

How dark it was! And the black clouds had spread over the whole sky.

Jake was right after all. And now she began to wish she had taken Gaffer Brown's advice and stayed with her till the storm was over.

Too late to think of that now. Already a great rain-drop had fallen splashing down on her face. The storm was upon her.

CHAPTER XIV. The Storm.

NOREEN stood still, looking round in despair. Bleak, heather-covered moorland stretched round her on every side, dipping here in a valley, rising again in low-crowned hillocks, whilst wind-swept alders bent under the fury of the gale which scattered the mists into broken fragments of fleeing vapour.

Crash! A long, resounding clap, preceded an instant before by a vivid flash of lightning.

With a cry, the terrified girl sprang forward, looking to right and left in an agony of dread.

That ancient horror had lost none of its force: the blinding streak of fiery light had thrown her nerves into a wild dismay which left her weak and trembling as a baby.

And what should she do? Where should she go?

The rain beat down fast upon her, quickly drenching through shawl and dress beneath. But it was not the rain she minded. She was well accustomed to worse than such a wetting,

but she must get *somewhere* to shelter from the storm which threatened to rage with full fury on that open and desolate moor.

To return to Gaffer Brown's would be as hopeless a task as to struggle on towards Braxton.

Too bewildered by her fear to know what to do or whither she went, Noreen stumbled forward.

Another lightning flash—another peal of thunder.

Oh! what should she do? What would become of her?

With hands close wrung in anguish she tried to falter out a prayer, when, glancing to the right, she saw, at some short distance, a solitary house.

Here was an unexpected haven, which a dip in the moor had hidden before from view. Now she hurried towards it, breathless, panting, yet more thankful than she could have expressed.

A closer inspection showed the place to be dilapidated and ruinous. Broken windows, tileless roof, and bulging walls, proved that it must long have been uninhabited.

Yet, even though this was a disappointment, it did not deter the girl who sought for shelter.

Through a gap in a broken wall she hurried across what might once have been a garden, though nothing remained to show it saving a few shrubs and a weed-grown path.

Chilled and shivering, Noreen stood before the door.

Would it be locked?

With trembling hands she turned the handle. It yielded readily enough, swinging back with a long, whining creak.

For a moment the girl hesitated on the threshold. The atmosphere seemed even colder than without. A smell of mould and decay made her draw back as one might from some churchyard vault. But another flash decided her. With a cry she sprang inside, pushing the door to behind her.

It was quite dark in the passage, and Noreen felt her heart thumping most uncomfortably as she groped her way onwards.

Here were the stairs. Should she go up and see if she could find any sign of habitation? She put her foot on the lowest step, and then withdrew it.

The banister had gone, and the stairs themselves, as she could feel, were worm-eaten and broken.

What an asylum she had found! And yet she was thankful for it. She would have gone mad had she been compelled to face that terrible storm without. To be sure she could still hear the loud peals of thunder which seemed to shake the old house to its foundation, but here, in the dark passage, she could not see the lightning.

Yet nervous restlessness would not allow her to remain crouching alone at the foot of the stairs.

Fear stole, soft-stepping, to her side in that



"The storm
was upon her."
—Page 80.

grim darkness. It was necessary that she should explore more—perhaps find a more comfortable spot in which to await the passing of the storm.

Slowly she felt her way along by the wall till she reached a door. Opening it, she found herself in a room. Empty and bare enough, with glimpses through the unglazed window of that terrible moor over which the lurid glare of the lightning hung.

With a shudder she stepped back into the passage.

But she could not remain there. Indefinable dread forbade it. It was as though some unseen presence stood beside her in the darkness,

bidding her search on. And she obeyed the instinct blindly.

Another door, to the left this time, and only a glimmer of light to show her what was within.

Not much indeed, yet sufficient to rivet her footsteps on the threshold.

There, in the centre of the empty room, was an upturned box, and, placed upon it, a loaf of bread, cheese, a couple of bottles, an unlighted lantern, a candle and matches.

So much the deepening twilight and the vivid flashes of lightning showed her.

But what did it mean?

With startled eyes she stared around.

What did it mean?

A gust of wind blowing through the open window drove her back, the door slamming to upon her.

Once more she was in the darkness of that deserted passage, more puzzled yet than frightened, questioning whether this could be the home of some vagrant wanderer who might be even now sleeping somewhere near at hand.

The thought caused her uneasiness. She imagined what fate might overtake her should the unknown be one of the wild band with whom she had passed those long years of the past.

What should she do? Go out once more and face the storm? She went slowly back up the passage towards the front door. A deafening peal of thunder crashed—as it seemed—almost directly overhead.

No, no! Anything rather than that! Anything rather than that!

She dared not face such a tempest. Cowering down in the darkness, she tried to think what best could be done. She must remain at any rate for the present, and escape as soon as the storm was over.

And, in the meantime, she must not wait here, else discovery would be instant, should that unknown inhabitant of this dreary place return.

She must hide. Hide somewhere where she should not see that awful lightning. Hide somewhere in the darkness, no matter how fearful it was to her.

Again she turned towards the stairs, feeling her way along, step by step, groping in the dismal gloom, till she discovered what she sought. Beneath the stairs was a hollow place into which she could creep. Crouching back in the farthest corner it was unlikely that anyone—who was not looking for her—would discover her whereabouts.

With a deep sigh of relief, she crept on hands and knees into her dusty refuge. Close and stuffy as was the atmosphere, with a hundred lesser dreads to keep her company, she was thankful enough, since here she could neither see the lightning nor hear the full raging of the storm which swept over the moor without.

The wailing of the wind and the muzzled roar of the tempest now formed a strange lullaby which presently lulled her into uneasy sleep, so weary and worn was she with the terrors she had undergone.

And neither memory nor fear had she for the legends of that haunted Eve or the brooding dread which hung round that ill-omened house on the moor.

CHAPTER XV. In the House on the Moor.

FROM a curiously tangled dream of pursuit and escape from Miles Grey, mingled with the humming of Gaffer Brown's tea-kettle and the sing-song chant of the old woman's voice telling a tale of little Myra . . . Myra . . . Myra . . . Noreen awoke, cramped, chilled, and puzzled, with pulses stirring in quick, anxious beats, as though fear had preceded the waking.

Where was she? Was that Tansy's voice? What had happened?

Slowly she stretched out her arms, touching the staircase above her, and then suddenly remembered all.

How strange that she should have fallen asleep in such a place!

And was the storm over? It was so dark in her hiding-place; but listen!—she could not hear the dull reverberation of thunder-claps any more.

How cold it was! Her damp shawl clung round her neck in clammy folds. She pushed it back, still listening.

"It's nearer nine than eight," growled a man's voice, with an added oath. "He's not coming after all, mate."

"Hold your gagger," rasped back another speaker, and Noreen's heart gave a great leap as she recognized the voice of Miles Grey.

Yes, there was no mistaking that drawling intonation which emphasized every burring syllable of the broad dialect. But what was Miles Grey doing here in a tumble-down house on Whinny Moor? And it was late—the other man had said it was nearly nine. *Nearly nine.* Then it would be dark too. And to-night was All Hallows E'en.

Noreen shuddered, clenching her little hands tightly as she crouched, listening.

Bending forward in her hiding-place, she could just see a faint streak of light falling athwart the dusty boards of the passage. The speakers then were in the room to the left—the room where she had seen those rough preparations for an evening meal.

Had they sought shelter like herself—storm-driven? It might be so, and yet—yet *someone* had meant to return to that deserted dwelling.

And what had Miles Grey's companion said? Did he not imply that they were waiting for someone who had not arrived.

She held her breath as she waited there, longing to hear more, not daring to stir, so great was her dread of the men near at hand.

And presently Miles spoke again.

"It's not the storm's kept him," said he. "Jack's not such a blate booby as that. He must have changed his mind."

"Mayhap he has. That's no reason why we shouldn't go through with t' job. I alwus said it was a mistake having too many in the business."

Miles swore, then went on speaking in a slightly lower key—by instinct probably, since they had no fear of eavesdroppers on such a night and in such a place.

Noreen's heart beat fast. A vagrant life had sharpened her wits, and she had the feminine prerogative of jumping swiftly to a conclusion.

This Jack must be Jack Bramley. Effie had told her, with tears in her pretty eyes, of her dread of Miles Grey's influence over her lover—an evil influence from an evil man.

Noreen's imagination vividly pictured the scene in Barbrook Lane when Maurice Wingrove had saved her from the rough fellow's insults.

It needed courage in the circumstances for her to stoop forward, creeping on hands and knees a little distance down the passage. A creaking board or an unwary movement might warn those within the room of a listener.

Yet strong impulse kept her to her purpose.

Phil Turner, Grey's chum, was speaking.

"No, no," he said, "we can't do better than to-night. I tell you all my plans are made. Maggie'll go with me, and we're shipping from Liverpool. I've had enough quod to last me—and enough of old England too. Once let me finger the dibs, and I'm off."

"We want Jack," retorted Miles, "I'm set on him. He'll do for the p'lice to track down. They won't be thinking of us whiles' they're nabbin' him."

"What's t' swag?" asked Phil, huskily.

"There's jew'ls," replied Miles, with an oath. "they saved them five year back. They're worth a goodish fortun', an' I knows a man in Leeds who'll give it for them an' take the risks. And there should be a tidy sum of the ready too. Barnes goes up t' Manor every Friday morning an' t' joss has the wages ready in a leather bag for him, brought back from t' bank this evenin'."

"Mean? Why I mean that masters have found out before now that the men they've turned off have a way of bein' even with them."

"But you wouldn't—"

"What's the matter with you, Phil? I tell you it's nought for you. If Felix Hetherington gets in my way to-night, I'll ask no one to help me in clearin' him out of it."

The listener sank back against the wall, her eyes staring in dilated horror into the darkness.

"Felix Hetherington," she whispered to herself. "Felix Hetherington! Oh, *why* do I know that name? Why do I?"

But it was no moment for self-questioning, since the man Turner was replying to those significant words.

"I'll have no hand in murder," he said sullenly.

Grey's laugh was not pleasant.

"Who's talkin' of murder?" he questioned. "You keep your eyes on the safe, and mind your own business. As for the joss, I'll tackle him, though—like as not—he'll be in bed an' asleep by that time. He's no late bird now."

"Why's Jack not here?" muttered Turner uneasily. "He's got to be in it, or he'll be splittin' on us."

"Not he! 'Sides it's not too late yet. We needn't start till ten or past. And if Jack, was afraid of wettin' his skin, he'll have no 'scuse now. The storm's over."

"For a moment the girl hesitated on the threshold."—Page 80.

"It'll be creepin' up again." "So much t' better for our job. We'll have to keep an eye open for Hillson."

"If we wait till to-morrow we'll have Jack—an' I'll keep *cave* outside."

"No, you don't, you old shirker! We go square on this. As for Jack—"

An oath followed.

"I'm for waitin'," reiterated Turner.

"Then you'm's a fool. T' gold 'll be gone to-morrow." This last observation had its effect. There was silence for a brief interval. And, in the silence, Noreen's thoughts were busy. Courage had risen to meet the need. Her nerves were strung high, but she was prepared to act. And why? Why, because the conversation meant that Felix Hetherington—who must be one and the same with the Mr. Hetherington Effie Causton talked of—ran grave risk that night of his life, as well as the robbery of his property.



"He'll have an eye to that."

"The safe's in his study."

"And a night-watchman outside, eh? I've heard of that dog of hiss'n."

"Yes, but he's not on duty till eleven. We'll have a clear hour."

"If t' joss has gone to bed—"

Noreen shuddered as she heard Miles's imprecation in reply to this.

Even Phil seemed surprised.

"Got a spite that way, hey, mate?"

"Curse 'un," growled Miles, "what do I care if he's there or not? I'll have my swag."

"You mean, mate—you mean—"

Yes, that was clear. The men in there were burglars—one, if she had listened aright, had something akin to murder in his heart; and if she could not carry the warning, there would be tragedy at Braxton Manor before morning.

She had never been to the Manor itself, but she had seen it amongst the trees on the slope above the village. And she would find it—if only she could escape from present peril.

It was that peril which daunted the poor girl for a moment. If she were discovered *now*, what would be her fate? As she recalled the harsh, drawing tones of Miles Grey's voice, she shuddered.

"If Felix Hetherington gets in my way to-night, I'll ask no one to help me in clearin' him out of it."

Instinctively her hands were clasped in prayer.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "help me—help me."

It was all she could say; her faith stretched upwards—blindly—yet confidently to a Power stronger than herself.

"Help me! Help me!"

The words dinned in her brain as she looked back along the passage which led to the front of the hall. It was still pitchy dark. The one-faint streak of light behind her was all the illumination visible. What should she do? Not only for the unknown Mr. Hetherington, but the instinct of self-preservation bade her escape. Yet how?

"Help me! Help me!"

With the words came sudden inspiration—the door on her right might be still ajar since the wind in blowing it to might have failed to press down the latch. Softly she bent forward, creeping stealthily along, step by step, her heart leaping as a board creaked under her.

"What's that?"

Turner put the question with the sharpness of taut nerves.

A laugh answered him, though the perspiration gathered in beads on Noreen's forehead, as she knelt immovable, not daring to stir.

"What's that?" queried Grey's jeering voice. "What should it be but some squeakin' ratten. Did yo' think it was old Squire Jackson, lad, come to keep us company?"

Turner grunted an unintelligible answer and lapsed into silence.

Noreen stooped again, advancing resolutely towards her goal, though she grew sick and faint with dread lest another creaking board should awake fresh suspicion.

The door at last. Would it yield to her gentle push? And oh! pray Heaven it might not creak!

She had risen, pausing to rally her ebbing courage for the coming crisis. Grisly fears of what might be gradually merged into quiet resolution as she prayed.

Now!

The door swung back, and in an instant she had slipped through, closing it, yet not daring to latch it after her.

Yes, the storm was over, and the faintest and most watery of moonshine glimmered over the vast moor, bathing it in weird, fantastic beauty.

But Noreen had too many tangible fears at present to remember the fables surrounding All Hallow's E'en. If only she might safely escape across the moor, it would lose its terrors since she fled from this mighty dread behind her.

The unglazed windows were close to the ground. All would be easy now. So thought the girl as she stole forward. But she consoled herself too soon. Catching her foot on a stone which some mischievous lad had probably pitched at the ill-omened house, breaking the lower window, she fell heavily to the ground.

CHAPTER XVI. From the Fear of Pursuit.

MANY a girl, at such a culmination to her fears, would have lain prostrate, too unnerved to stir.

But Noreen's presence of mind did not fail her. She realized her danger and did not hesitate. Had she done so, who knows of what tragedy the lonely house on the moor might not have been the scene?

But, almost as soon as she had fallen, the young girl was on her feet again, and flying across the room, without stopping even to listen to the raised voices at the other end of the passage, she scrambled out over the window ledge. Then running with the swiftness learnt in those vagrant years of wandering, across the deserted and weed-tangled garden, she crouched at length between a thick-growing clump of bushes and the wall.

That her enemies had heard her was soon apparent. From the window through which she had sprung a light flashed, and peering from amongst the leaves she could see two dark figures silhouetted there. One quickly sprang down into the garden, the other stood holding up the light which shed a feeble glare around.

Noreen could hear their curses as they called one to another.

Would they both start searching? If so, she would soon be found. Even now the one man had come as far as the wall and stood staring across the barren track. Soon he would bethink him of the bushes, and then—

How she trembled now, almost inclined to end her suspense by stepping boldly out and confronting them, or by making a dash for liberty across the moor, trusting to her running powers.

Then, in the deepening darkness, she heard the watcher at the window hail his comrade.

"Who is't? A woman, I'll be bound; there's the drippin's of her wet skirts here over t' floor."

"More like t' owd un* hisself. There's no sign of so much as a rabbit moving, an' if there were I couldn't see now t' moon's hidden with they clouds."

"It's another storm comin', and as black as a bleg acrost t' moor."

"It's my belief she's in t' house," replied

* A nickname for the devil.

Turner from the window. "There's steps to and fro. Come in, lad, an' we'll ferret her out."

"If it eesen t' squire himself?"

A groan from the window answered Grey's scoff. It did not please the redoubtable Phil to be reminded of the house's ghostly tenant.

As for Miles Grey, he walked slowly back to his comrade, little guessing as he brushed against the clump of bushes to his right that a girl lay crouching behind them, half swooning in her fear lest the clouds should pass too soon and the treacherous moonlight reveal her hiding-place.

"Help me—save me," she prayed almost unconsciously.

And the prayer was heard.

Grey swung himself up over the low window sill and followed Turner, to puzzle themselves

(To be continued.)

AN EASTER MESSAGE. By the Rev. E. J. STURDEE.

"Alive for Evermore" (REV. i. 18.)

THIS message was given years after the first Easter Day. It may be called a corroboration of the glorious fact of the Resurrection. To the trembling John, prostrate at the glory of the revelation, vouchsafed in the Isle of Patmos, where he was in captivity, "for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ," came the greeting which has comforted thousands: "Fear not, I am the First and the Last and the Living One. I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

I. Alive.

Jesus is alive. Not merely He *was* alive. St. John knew that, for he had lived with Him on earth in closest intimacy, but Jesus is (now) alive. He rose on Easter Day, and His resurrection is based on "many infallible proofs," so many, that there is no event in history which has so strong a foundation. Each "proof" forms a link in an unbroken chain of Christian evidence. There is, there can be no reasonable doubt that Jesus is alive. I say, "reasonable," for those who desire to doubt can always do so. We can't substitute sight for faith in the Christian life. But faith is encouraged by all the multifarious evidence that Jesus is alive. And so we may sing this day, in clear ringing notes, a triumphant Hallelujah!

II. For Evermore.

Literally "unto the ages of the ages." What a splendid vista. Not "alive" for a time, for the time when primitive Christianity was on its trial and needed many signs, but alive unto the end of the world.

Don't take the "evermore" as a mere theological statement, but rather on this joyous day as a solid ground of comfort and encouragement.

Here is the comfort: "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John xiv. 19). Christ is the first fruits. So when we die and there is nothing to betoken immortality, we can hold on to this blessed assurance—Jesus is alive and I shall live again. Hence the yearly renewal of Easter joy; hence

still further over the discovery of footprints, unnoted before, up and down the dusty hall, and the traces of some late visitor who must have lain crouching far back beneath the stairs.

It was no pleasing discovery to men who fell to wondering in growing discomfort who and what manner of person this eavesdropper might be.

"There's no time to be wasted," growled Miles Grey. "I'll wait no longer for Jack."

And Phil Turner agreed, little knowing that whilst they had searched and hunted, a slim girlish figure had slipped from behind the bushes without, and, creeping through the gap in the wall, had started at a rapid run across the heather-covered waste in the direction, as she hoped, of Braxton.

the wonderful power of Easter to touch our hearts and thrill our souls. But when shall we live? And the answer comes: "At the Resurrection in the last day." So spoke Martha at the grave of Lazarus, and somehow the statement had an echo of disappointment about it. She could not help wishing that Jesus had come earlier and her brother had not died (John xi. 21-24). Do we feel like her this glorious Easter Day? Does the eternal life of which Christ's resurrection is the earnest seem dim, far off? "We know" it is all true, and we will to believe it, but can we not have an instalment of eternal life now?

Yes, praise God, we can. There is a life which knows no decay, which is renewed day by day, which takes no account of enfeebled bodily powers, but goes on in strength and reality. This is how St. Paul expressed it:—

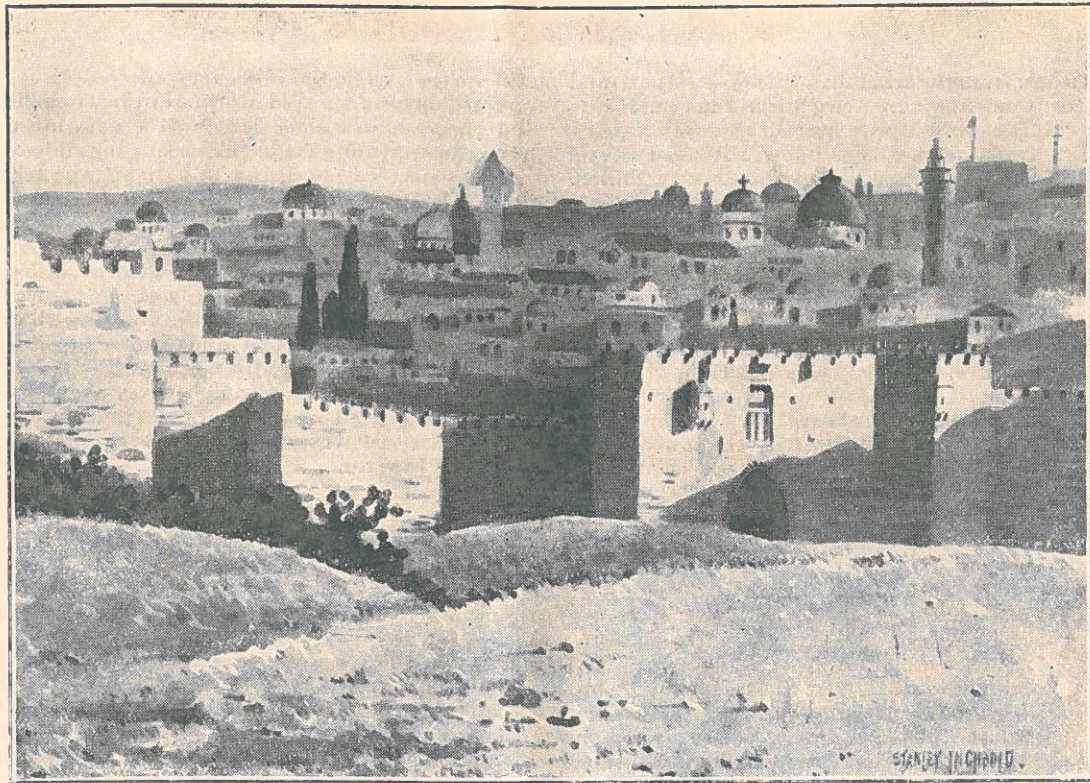
III. "Christ Liveth in Me."

See Galatians ii. 20. This is called the Resurrection life. This life is the privilege of every Christian. Alas! how few care for the privilege or even know about it. This is the only blessed life, the only "life worth living," because it is the Resurrection life of Christ within. This Resurrection life makes "all things new" (Rev. xxi. 5).

If we have this life, we have an internal Christian evidence which nothing can shake, which no criticism, or contempt from the enemies of our faith can spoil, which no assaults of Satan can touch. What a wonderful life, what a glorious life, this life within.

So we rejoice in the Easter message—"I am alive for evermore"—because we not only believe it, but know it is true, for we can say with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "Christ liveth in me," by faith, which will not fail. Shall we then hold fast to the "alive for evermore," and ask God to make these words of St. Paul our own happy experience day by day—

"Christ liveth in me?"



Gordon's Calvary.

Easter in Jerusalem.

By A. C. INCHBOLD.

Illustrated from Life by STANLEY INCHBOLD.

JERUSALEM is still the most interesting city in the world, and as in the days when Jesus preached in the land made holy by His wonderful life, people from many other lands still gather there at Easter.

For our Christian commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord from the tomb comes at the same season of the year as the Jews still observe the Passover. It is also the time when many followers of the prophet Mahomet come to Jerusalem to perform a pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses, so that a people flock in great crowds to the Holy City at this special season of the year. And all these people are drawn there by the same desire to satisfy in one form or another that religious feeling which is deep rooted in the soul of all mankind.

There are two Eastertides in Jerusalem: one is the Easter observed according to our own Church calendar and that of the Roman Catholics who are called Latins in the Holy Land; the other is the Greek Church Easter which falls about ten days or a fortnight later. By the Greek Church in the Holy Land is meant the Christian Church of the East, to which belong great numbers of natives, the Russians, Armenians and Greeks. Though in the whole land three-fourths of the people are unhappily of the Mohammedan religion, yet in Jerusalem itself the Christians and Jews are by far the most numerous. All the Christians, except the small

communities of the English and German Protestants, hold their chief services in that most famous of all Christian churches, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The name of this church tells the story of its fame. It is built over the spot which according to very early tradition contains the actual tomb in which Jesus was laid. Church after church has been built over this revered spot, though it is very doubtful whether it is the true site of the sacred tomb, for the city of Jerusalem and the position of the walls to-day enclosing it are not those of the days of Christ.

With the pilgrims' prayers of to-day is mingled a belief in many grave superstitions that have crept into their form of Christian faith and worship. One of the strangest of these superstitions is connected with the great festival of the Greek Easter. It is called the miracle of the Holy Fire, which takes place on the Saturday following Good Friday, and is regarded as the great event of the whole year.

During Holy Week the narrow streets of the city and the roads leading up to the gates are crowded with pilgrims and tourists. It might be the Bible time of Pentecost when "out of every nation people were dwelling in Jerusalem," for wherever we walk we hear English, French, German, Russian and other languages spoken by the passers-by. It is a time of buying and selling, of noisy barter and dusty traffic. The

pavement of the small enclosed court in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is strewn with wares which the gaily dressed natives, squatting on the ground, sell to the pilgrims and tourists who pass to and fro. Here are great bundles of palm branches and of reeds brought from the Jordan banks. There are countless candles, strings or rosaries made from seeds, glass beads, shells; crosses are to be seen and other religious symbols carved out of olive wood and mother-of-pearl, also coloured prints and cards of the holy scenes and places. Bread and fruit are offered for sale, holy soap and glass bracelets from Hebron. Eager buyers are always standing around in crowds.

We look on and wonder if into other minds, as well as our own, there enters at times remembrance of that scene in the Temple court when Jesus "cast out them that sold therein and them that bought."

All these wares have to be removed from the forecourt of the church on Holy Thursday, to make room for the ceremony of the washing of the feet. Twelve bishops of the Greek Church sit in a row on a raised platform, and their feet are washed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who is the head of their Church. Throngs of pilgrims and sightseers, too, fill the whole of the small court. From the flat roofs, balconies and terraces of the houses around people with eager faces look down upon the scene.

The Patriarch speaks the words used by Christ when He washed the feet of the disciples, and uses a separate towel for each bishop. When the washing is over then the Patriarch takes some butter in his hand and with it makes the sign of the cross on the sole of the bishops' feet. Directly the ceremony is over the pilgrims around take the towels, rub their faces with them, then tear them in pieces and divide these among themselves as holy relics. With the butter those standing near anoint their faces with faith in its healing virtue.

The whole of Good Friday night and the next day up to two o'clock the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is filled with people who carry tapers in their hands and are waiting for the ceremony of the Holy Fire.

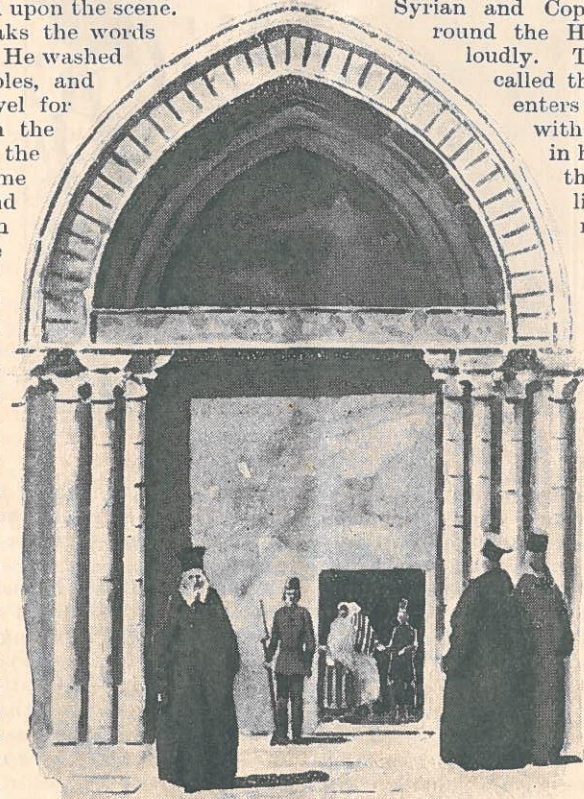
They are chiefly native Christians (Syrians, Armenians, Copts) and Russian pilgrims. Nearly all these Russian pilgrims are of the peasant class in Russia, and have been travelling on foot through the land of their beloved Jesus, enduring great hardships in their determination to pay homage in their humble way to the places which are held holy for His memory's sake.

Turkish soldiers are keeping order inside and outside the church, so great is the crush. Under a great dome in a part of the church called the Rotunda, there is a little marble chapel, and this is the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre. Many silver hanging lamps are always kept burning inside the chapel and over the marble slab which has been placed upon the original tomb in the rock, where these Christians believe the body of Christ to have rested from the evening of Good Friday to Easter morning. These lights are extinguished when the hour of the so-called miracle arrives.

Through the weary hours of waiting the people sing hymns or chant at frequent intervals the words, "My candle is in my hand and this is the tomb of our Lord." When the time draws near all the galleries of the Rotunda are also filled with people, many of them mere spectators, including visitors from England, or America, France and Germany.

Then a procession forms of Greek, Armenian, Syrian and Coptic clergy, and walks round the Holy Sepulchre singing loudly. The Patriarch, who is called the bishop of the fire, enters the little marble chapel with extinguished candles in his hands. In a moment these candles are thrust lighted through holes made for the purpose in the walls of the chapel.

The people shout and cry for joy at what they believe to be a miracle, and it seems but a few seconds before the light spreads and every one is holding lighted candles in the hand. Greek priests with lanterns in their hands rush out of the church, run to the nearest gate of the city where carriages are waiting, and carry the lighted candles to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. To the priest who arrives the first with the light is given a sum of money.



Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Greek Christians of Jerusalem carry away their lighted candles most carefully, because in every home there is a sacred picture, or an image of a favourite saint, before which a small lamp is kept perpetually burning. Every Easter this light is extinguished and rekindled by fire carried home from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The deception played upon these trusting natives and Russians is much to be deplored, for the Patriarch describes the ceremony of the Holy Fire to his fellow clergy and intelligent inquirers as merely a symbol of the spread of the gospel through the world, and not as a miracle. If the ceremony were observed from this point of view, or as a symbol of immortality, it might be made a very beautiful and instructive one. The fire—the image of life—darting suddenly from the tomb of the risen Saviour, and the quick illumination of the whole church, would then typify the Life and Light of the Resurrection.

That same night of Easter Eve all the Christian communities which have their separate chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre celebrate the Resurrection together in the midst of throngs of Russian pilgrims and natives. These all shout their Hallelujahs, while the procession of priests in gold mitres and rich vestments move round the Chapel of the Tomb singing hymns and chanting.

For English residents and visitors there are churches in Jerusalem where they can join in services observing the sacred memories of Holy Week and the Easter festival of our own branch of the Christian faith. There is Christ Church belonging to the Mission to the Jews, upon Mount Zion, and St. Paul's of the Church Missionary Society outside the city walls. There is also the newer church of St. George, under the episcopal charge of Bishop Blythe, who is bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East.

Easter morning dawns with a cloudless sky. People are early in the streets. Those who have watched all night in the churches—there are

many in the city—come out into the light of day. All greet one another with the same glad greeting—

"The Lord is risen!"

"He is risen, indeed!"

This happy Easter salutation passing between young and old, and rich and poor, strikes like music on the ear after the many displays of superstition of the previous week. We walk down the dusty high road skirting the north wall of the city and pass the Damascus Gate. Then a little hill with a small garden of trees at its foot rises to the left of the road. The rocky face of the hill is curiously formed, for as we look closely we see several dark cavities in the surface giving it the likeness of a skull.

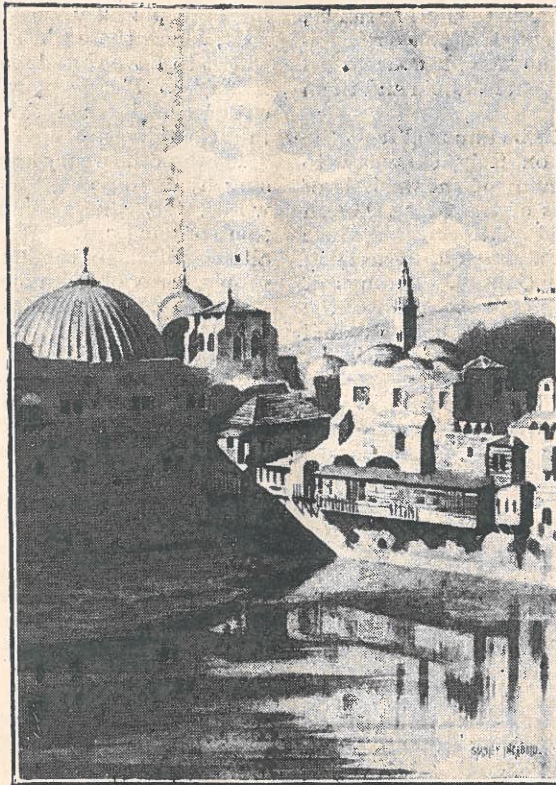
It is the hill to which is given the name of Gordon's Calvary, because the great General Gordon, when he visited Jerusalem, expressed his opinion that this was the place of a skull, or Golgotha. The hill is near the city and yet outside the city, and it contains ancient tombs cut into the rock, and is surrounded by gardens. So that when on Good Friday and on Easter Day we go there to ponder, or to join in a small open-air service, held by an English clergyman, we are deeply stirred by the memories of the wonderful Story of the Cross. At the end we sing with deeper meaning than ever before the hymn, "There is a green hill far away," while

our feet press the sod of the little hill, and the city of Jerusalem is spread before our eyes, still a "city compact together" with a high wall enclosing it.

We feel, too, that in just such a garden as the one lying at the foot of the hill Mary saw on that first Easter morning her Master who was dead alive before her eyes. And now nearly two thousand years later, in witness to the truth of the day of the Lord's Resurrection from the tomb, the passers-by in the streets of Jerusalem still say to one another as they meet—

"The Lord is risen!"

"He is risen, indeed!"



The Domes and Tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre from Hezekiah's Pool.



"When the doors swung back at 8 o'clock there was such a rush that big plate glass windows were broken in."

WHAT principles can I lay down with regard to the £ s. d. of woman's dress? Well, firstly, the spending of a few pence sensibly will often save pounds. Yet spending pence on cheap things bought for cheapness sake will waste pounds.

I read lately of a sale at a draper's off Regent Street. Before six a.m. crowds of women congregated there. When doors swung back at eight o'clock there was such a rush that big plate glass windows were broken in, garments were torn, and "bargains" actually ruined by being dragged from rival hands. Such things, my sisters, ought not to be. A bargain bought at expense of personal health, common courtesy, and that "quiet" which St. Paul exhorts all women to study, is a costly bargain indeed. "Right dress is bought for its worth at its worth, and bought only when wanted." That is a first and guiding principle. For the latter reason a trousseau which numbers a dozen robes in it is a foolish waste of money. Far better let a mother give her daughter bride three dresses made up, a few lengths of material if she so wishes, and a little extra "purse" to purchase others when really wanted. I remember my own trousseau at the end of twelve months—just a litter of garments hopelessly out of date. Children do not need great variety in clothing, but plenty of underwear—good, sensible longcloth garments made at home (if possible) and trimmed with fine needlework. But not boasting of imitation Valenciennes frills which end in jags and tatters long before the underclothing be worn out. I do not counsel special garments being kept for visiting. It is as necessary for our children to wear

The Housewife's Budget.

PART III. By MRS. ORMAN COOPER.

pretty things at home as abroad. And it is as necessary for the housewife too. I have still, after thirty years, some of the dainty handmade underclothes which, happily, accompanied the trousseau above mentioned. One pound's worth of longcloth, Masulipatam, or cambric, with its due accompaniment of cut work, insertions and beading, will give one a quite large stock, if cut at home and given out to a seamstress to be made. How far would twenty shillings go in purchase of the ready-made underwear one sees in shops? Cheap ready-mades are cut as close as they can possibly be to make them "pay" at all. Costly ones are mostly expensive by reason of fragile trimming put thereon. The economical housewife will purchase a good paper pattern, buy a roll of material, and see how much she can get out of it, cutting one garment with another.

Few of us are rich enough to afford to buy cheap things, which in the long run are very costly. The poorer the person, the better material should she purchase, the better suitable material. For instance, serges at 6*d.* a yard will never give any satisfaction in the wear. Instead of buying such, the wise woman will gather together double or treble that amount and buy a navy serge, which will wear seven times as long and always look well. She will not be content with lining at 3*d.*, but will look out for something strong and durable. Then, if she be obliged to put out the dress to be made (as, alas! so few women have time nowadays to make costumes themselves) the dressmaker's charge of 10*s.* will not have to be repeated in a few weeks. On the other hand, it is wasteful to wear a thick, good serge or silk in the dog days, because one will not expend a few pence in muslin.

Many housewives pride themselves on renovations of old clothes; but spending much time on them I take to be rather unwise. I have seen shillings spent in dyeing and new trimming a dress which could never look well—far better cut it up for floor cloths. On the whole, I should say, save every bit of silk, brocade, or really handsome material, but let a well worn dress go. Time is of greater economic value than even money. If after a given period a well made, carefully worn dress be hopelessly faded or shabby, "bestow" it on a poor body rather than waste hours in remodelling. Almost anything of woven texture can be turned to household use. Even old stockings cut down at the seam, opened out, and overcast with a treble stitch of wool, make excellent dusters. I can now keep one for polish, another for dusting, another for rubbing on Brasso, another for Veneer, etc., etc. And many an old garment will cut up as usefully, especially if a few moments be spent in hemming or overcasting.

Good clothes may be made to last for a long while if proper care be taken of them. Bodices should never be put away in a cupboard when taken off; instead, hang them on the back of a chair for a while, then fold and put away. Blouses should be changed frequently and not worn till too soiled—they will last twice as long. Treat stockings in the same fashion, at least three pairs weekly being worn. Never put on a garment which needs mending if you value economy. A stitch in time is a soundly wise saw—it certainly saves more than nine!

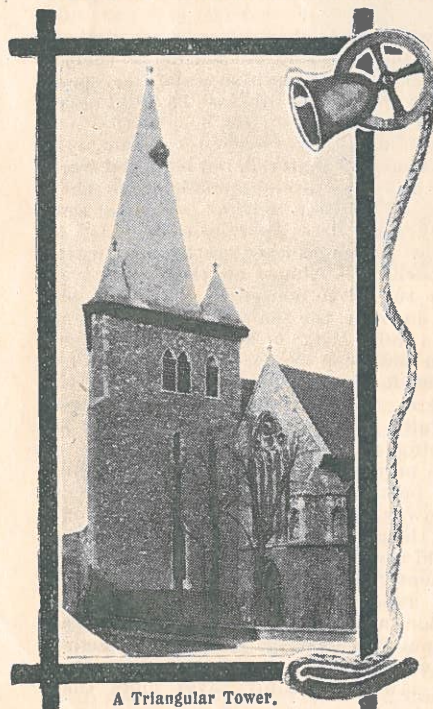
* * * If you know of any piece of church news which you think would be interesting to our readers, send it to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C., during April. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs may also be sent, but stamps must be enclosed if their return is desired.

A Church Cycle Shed.—This cycle shed serves a most useful purpose at Epsom Parish Church. It was put up by the Rector to provide shelter for the machines of cyclists who attend Sunday morning service in the summer. Many thousands of cyclists visit Epsom on Sundays, and this thoughtful act of the Rector has been much appreciated. The shed is fitted with cycle racks and is up to date in all respects.

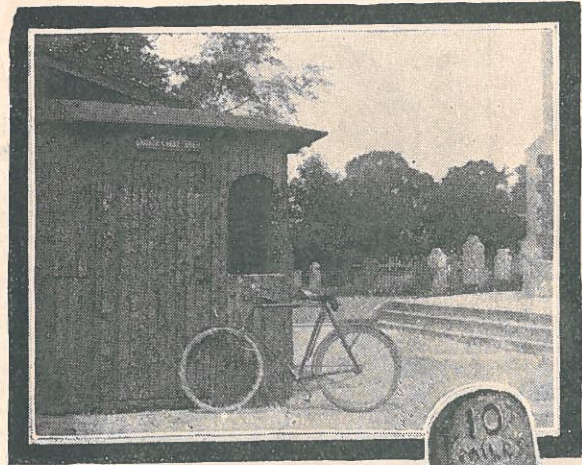
J. B. TWYBROSS.

Born in 1808.—"The grand old man of Tring," who had reached the venerable age of 103, died in February. He spent practically all his life on the land, either as farm labourer, cowman, or shepherd, always wearing his quaint green smocked frock and knee breeches and leggings. Until he was 100 he walked to and from Tring church every Sunday morning. After his 102nd birthday, however, he became much feebler, and was confined to his house, though he still retained his faculties to a truly remarkable extent. His complexion was fresh-coloured, his eye clear and bright, and his health generally as good as that of many a man not half his age. At times the old man's mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth, and he appeared to live over again many of the events of his long and laborious life. Stevens visited London when he was ninety years of age, and attracted a good deal of attention as he walked through the busy streets. He made no alteration in his attire for this "great event," and was seen in the fashionable West End clad in his inevitable yokel's smock and picturesque beaver hat crowning his snowy white hair.

A Triangular Tower.—The Church of All Saints, Maldon, Essex, is considered to be one of the most interesting in the county. It is built of flint and stone and existed as long ago as 1180. A notable feature is its triangular tower, which is believed to be unique in England: this is surmounted by a hexagonal spire and pinnacles at the angles. In a vault within the church lie the remains of an inhabitant noted for his enormous size. Seven men were actually buttoned up in his waistcoat, which is still in existence. He died in 1750, aged 29, weighing 41 stone. His coffin was let down into the vault by an engine fixed



A Triangular Tower.



A Church Cycle Shed.

up in the church. The churchyard contains the grave of Lawrence Washington, the great great grandfather of the first President of the United States, who died in 1652.

Sergeant Tucker's Last Sunday.—Sergeant Tucker, it will be remembered, was one of the sergeants who was shot dead while on duty in Houndsditch, London. He was regular in his attendance, so far as his duties allowed, at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Lant Street, London. For years he had been people's warden, and like many London workers he found in his church his recreation and his joy. It was his custom to attend twice every Sunday if possible. He was almost a weekly communicant, and on the last Sunday of his life he joined his fellow-worshippers in the early morning at the Lord's Table. Then came a day filled with duty, and in the evening he was back at church. He did not himself address meetings, but held up the hands of his vicar and watched over the interests of the poor. His son is a Sunday School teacher and a member of the choir. His young daughter sometimes teaches the little ones as well.

MISS LANGLEY.

The King's Tribute.—On January 6, the Feast of the Epiphany, the old custom of presenting offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, was carried out on behalf of the King, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Marshalled in the vestibule was a squad of the Yeomen of the Guard. Three other Yeomen stood on each side of the nave and preserved an almost stony stillness during the whole of the service. The children of the Chapel Royal were there in their scarlet and gold coats, and these, supplemented by the gentlemen choristers gave a beautiful rendering of Gounod's anthem, "Bethlehem," and other music. But the most impressive part in the service was when a procession of the Yeomen of the Guard escorted the King's representatives (Mr. Percy Armitage and Mr. Thomas Kingscote) into the Chapel. They bore His Majesty's gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, the modern counterpart of the offerings which the Wise Men of the East made to the Christ Child. Twice the Royal representatives bowed low—once as they reached the middle of the nave, and once again as they presented the gifts to the Sub-Dean, the Rev. Canon Edgar Sheppard, D.D. There are hopes that King George will some day consent to revive the old custom of the King presenting the gifts himself.

MISS LANGLEY.

Graveside Peal of Bells.—At the graveside of Mr. J. R. Haworth, who was recently buried at Highgate cemetery a peal of bells was rung. Deceased, a compositor aged ninety, had denied himself even the necessities of life in order to contribute £100 or more per year to the Printers Pension Corporation. He had rung the bells at Westminster Abbey at every royal function since the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

MISS E. EVANS.

The Price of Light.—A poor blind woman in Paris put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir; I can," she answered. On being pressed to explain, she said, "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at night?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light in the dark heathen lands."



A Novel Method of Raising Funds.—

Kelshall church, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, has recently been found to require extensive repairs to the belfry. So, every one in the parish being called upon to assist, the Sunday School scholars of course had to take part in the work, and a novel way of raising funds was tried. The elder girl scholars with two teachers went out gleaming in the corn-fields. They gathered many "gleans" and triumphantly bringing them home, sold them to a poultry owner. The money thus obtained was equally shared amongst the children, and, secreted in tiny envelopes, was placed in the offertory bags on the occasion of the Harvest Thanksgiving, when the alms were devoted to the Church Restoration Fund.

MISS C. SWATMAN.

A Lectern with a History.—The brass eagle lectern in the old city Church of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol, was presented to Bristol Cathedral in 1683 by Sub-Dean George Williamson. About 1804, when certain "improvements"

were being carried out at the cathedral, the then Dean and Chapter sold it as old brass to a metal dealer for about £27. The lectern was, however, rescued by a Mr. William Ady, a citizen of Bristol, who purchased it and gave it to the Church of St. Mary-le-Port, "on condition," so runs the inscription, "of its being placed in the chancel there to remain for ever."

C. J. CRAVEN.

A Jumping Bride.—In the country village of Embleton in Northumberland there is a curious custom carried out at the weddings in the parish church. After the marriage ceremony is over, and the couple leave the church to pass through the churchyard gate, the villagers place a stool, which reaches across the gateway, for the bride to jump over. This is supposed to bring her happiness in her wedded life. Embleton Church and Vicarage are full of interest to visitors to the interesting county of Northumberland, the tower of the church and vicarage being six hundred years old or more. The vicarage is one of the fortified vicarages of Northumberland.

MISS C. WOODS.



Photo by [A. A. RICHARDSON]. The reputed Birthplace of Thomas à Becket at Woking in Surrey.

A Curious Lakeland Custom.—At the reopening of Threlkeld Parish Church by the Bishop of Carlisle on January 18, his lordship alluded to the old-fashioned custom which is in vogue in that part of the Lake district, namely, the custom of mourners attending church on the Sunday after a funeral and remaining with bowed heads throughout the service. His lordship deprecated the practice, and said he would prefer to take his part in a service of praise, however sorrowing and sad his heart might be. The church possesses an old black letter Bible belonging to the seventeenth century church of Threlkeld. It is bound in wood boards and leather with brass mountings. It was printed by the king's printer (Robert Barker) in 1613.

JOHN SEWELL.

An Ancient Cross.—In Gosforth churchyard, Cumberland, stands at the present day, in excellent preservation, what is regarded by authorities as the tallest ancient stone cross in England. It is fourteen feet high, and is assigned to the period when the Irish-Scottic missionaries began to spread the Gospel among the pagan Northmen who had formed settlements in Cumberland as early as the sixth and seventh centuries. The sculptural ornamentation on its four sides, though mixed with much Norse mythology, tells the story of Christ's triumph over the powers of darkness and death. The cross is of deep interest to antiquarians, many of whom travel great distances to see it.

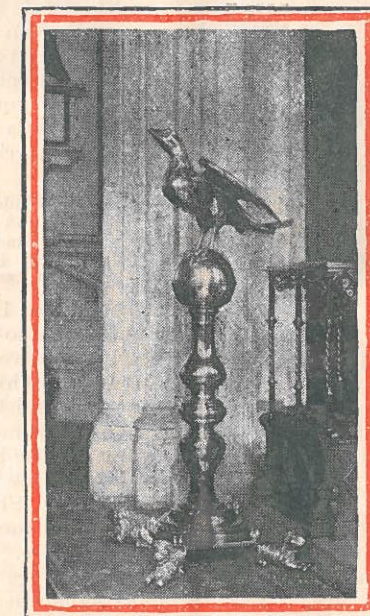
JOHN SEWELL.

St. Andrew's, Melton.—The roof of St. Andrew's Church, Melton, in the county, of Norfolk, was some twenty years ago in a very bad condition, and the late rector, the Rev. R. J. Simpson, found it very difficult in so small a parish to raise funds for its repair. He therefore visited many of the churches in the district and made sketches of all that was interesting. These were afterwards reproduced in print in book form and sold to friends and to those who visited the church from time to time, who were glad to buy them as souvenirs of their stay in the picturesque district of Cromer. The money was raised in a few years and the roof repaired. The services were held in a mission room in the Rectory grounds till the church was ready for use. The harvest thanksgiving was held on the day arranged for the re-opening, when there was a record congregation, every pew being filled.

MISS A. SIMPSON.

A Thankoffering.—A Member of Parliament last Christmas presented two collecting plates with a well-executed medallion of himself in the centre to a church in Devon to commemorate his success at the poll. Might not the medallion have been omitted?

EDITH LAUGHER.



A Lectern with a History.

A Saxon Font.—We give on this page a photograph of the font in Chaddesley Corbett Church. Of Saxon workmanship, it is one of the finest in existence, having been preserved in plaster during the time when the church was despoiled in Cromwell's days. A remarkably fine monument in the church dedicated to Lady Yate, "the incomparable widow of Sir John Yate," has this inscription:—

"She lived for the common good and died for her own.

"She lived too well to fear death, and could not have died if the prayers of the poor had prevailed. Her prudence in ye management of a bad world was alwaies aiming at a better.

"Her justice was more than exact in paying all she owed even before it was due.

"Her temperance was grounded on her Hope and Charity, wch raised her heart so much above ye world that she used it without enjoying it.

"She bestowed it liberally upon those who needed it, lived in it as unconcernedly as if she never loved it, and left it as easily as if she had always despised it.

"Ripe for Heaven, and as full of virtue as of daies, she died in ye 86th year of her age, the 12th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1696.

"This is a dutiful tribute, erected by her Daughter Apolonia Yate." ✠ ✠ Miss R. B. WOODWARD.

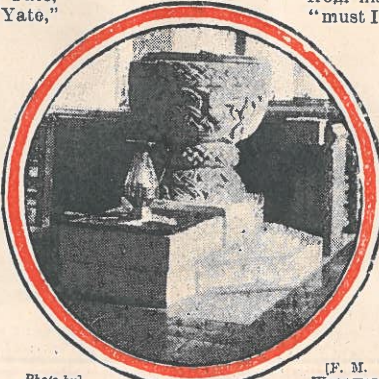


Photo by] Saxon Font at Chaddesley Corbett Church

A Tight Fit.—The following story was told by the late Rev. W. D. Parrish, Vicar of Selmeaton, Sussex:—"I was once marrying a shepherd who had arrayed himself in a very tight pair of white kid gloves, and suggested to him before the service began that he should remove the glove from his right hand. "What!" he exclaimed. "must I have her off? Then if she takes as long to come off as she did to put on, we shan't get this here job over to-day." ✠ ✠ Miss A. J. C. POLLOCK.

January Prize Award.—The first competition of the year produced many excellent notes and photographs, and we have pleasure in making the following award: First Prizes to Miss J. S. M. Pollock, W. Swinburne, R. R. Madsen, R. J. H. Monteith, Miss Langley and Miss Escombe; Extra Half-crown Prizes to G. Storer, Dr. Fletcher, Miss M. Muzzell, C. Winter-Wood, J. Savell, Miss H. Ellcott and Miss J. M. Jack. Reserves (three inclusions in this class entitle a competitor to a 5s. prize, which must be applied for): C. J. Craven, Miss G. Jones, Miss C. Woods, E. J. Noakes,

Miss E. Evans, Miss E. A. Schofield, Miss A. Simpson, Miss B. D. Borrett, Miss G. Welburn, Miss F. Dixon, Mrs. Burris, Frank Pimm, Mrs. Norvill, Miss Killeen, Miss L. G. Johnson, W. A. Burnell, Miss L. E. Bullen, Mrs. Cattermole and Mrs. Pocknell. ✠ ✠

The Romance of Love.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Author of "How to be Happy though Married,"

III. LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.



SOMETIMES on awakening from sleep we feel put out and cross; may not a young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship and the fascination of the honeymoon? Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered and settled. For the first time husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married

state to which the other has to grow accustomed. Is this disillusion or a falling off of love? No; it is simply reaction after excessive emotion. To the bride and bridegroom we would say: "Do not be surprised or blame either yourselves or each other if your passionate love has subsided and given place to more tranquil feelings. The blossoms and flowers of spring are very beautiful, but the mature golden fruit of summer is even better. Still, you must do all in your power to keep the hearts you have won. To be always beloved one must be always agreeable, and so you must continue to court each other. There is no reason why courtship should stop with marriage, but every reason why it should not.

"The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive."

The Result of Ignorance.

A lady asked Dr. Johnson how in his dictionary he came to define pastern the knee of a horse; he answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many of the mistakes that are made at the commencement of matrimonial careers. A man who was fond of the leg of a chicken helped his wife to that part the whole of the first year of their married life. She preferred the "white part," but was alas too unselfish to hint that she had this preference. How many mistakes of a more serious kind are made from want of knowledge and explanation during the first year of married life!

In no department of life is it so true as in matrimony that people should begin as they hope to continue. Talking of the first and perhaps the most trying year of married life a lady whose marriage was a failure said to me, "Oh, we began all wrong."

Archdeacon Hare and his wife began all right instead of all wrong, and his experience of the first year is as follows:—"We have reached the end of this happy year. It has given to each of us, I believe, that which is more precious than any other gift of God, and not one anticipation of the happiness attending our union has been in vain. Not one cloud has come between us; each day seems only to draw us more closely together, and to unite our thoughts and feelings more intimately."

As it was in the beginning so it continued and ended with James Nasmyth and his wife. He was the inventor of the steam-hammer, but he did not put his wife under the instrument or nag at her which would have been nearly as bad. And Mrs. Nasmyth was unlike the woman who ceases to desire to win her husband's approbation merely because she wears on her finger a golden pledge of his love. Thus it was that Nasmyth could say, "Forty-two years of married life find us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning."

"The Prize of Happiness."

The man who ceases to court and begins to bully a woman merely because she was foolish enough to marry him is a brute, and a bright sparkling girl, who turns, after marriage, in her hours of privacy with her husband, into a dull, silent or grumbling wife, has no one to thank but herself if he is often absent from his home. It is this sort of thing that made Swift say that "the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

"Think not, the husband gained, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost."

"Before marriage a woman speaks with her

eyes, afterwards with her lips," says the cynic, and perhaps he adds that matrimony is the door that brings deluded mortals back to earth. This is by no means always the case. Love does survive marriage, but matrimonial failures make more noise and are therefore more heard of than the successes. Writing to his wife from the seaside, where he had gone in search of health, Charles Kingsley said: "This place is perfect; but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. People talk of love ending after the marriage service—fools!"

Three Faithful Friends.

A married couple get to feel towards each other as two chums at college or two partners in a business, who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. "There are three faithful friends," said Benjamin Franklin, "an old wife, an old dog, and ready money."

Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed;" if this be a rule, it is one to which there are many exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of Garrick said of hers: "He never was a husband to me; he was always a lover."

One day when Lord Lawrence of Indian fame was at home he became impatient whenever Lady Lawrence left the room. His sister could not help making the remark, "Really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married

her," he replied. Daniel O'Connell, in what he called "a love-letter of an old husband," assured his wife that he was as romantic in his love as he was on the wedding day long ago when she put her not unwilling hand into his.

A Sweetheart Couple.

We are so often assured now-a-days that marriage is a failure that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows: "I have gone over the boundary line of fifty, my wife is four years younger, and to-day she is 'my sweetheart, my wife,' and she tells me that I am still her 'king among men.'" To those who say that marriage enslaves, this husband and wife would reply, "We kiss our chains, we do not want to be free. We are married, but not unhappy. We are a sweet-



"The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear."

heart couple; she is my Queen, and I am her King. We have no use for the Divorce Court." Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, used laughingly to say that he wished it put on their tombstone that he and his wife had never been reconciled. It was not necessary, for they had never had a falling out.

In this case both husband and wife had similar intellectual tastes, and this enables people to live together without boring each other. It is not at all necessary, however, that they should agree upon all points. A man boasted to Archdeacon Paley that he and his wife had lived together for thirty years without ever having a difference of opinion. Paley's comment was, "Very praiseworthy, but very dull!"

A book that came out lately was dedicated to the author's wife in these words: "To my wife, from whom I have never differed except in opinion." There is much meaning in this dedication. It means that husband and wife agreed to differ, and that this did not prevent the loving kindness of each to the other. Each party in a marriage contract should live and let live.

I heard a wife the other day say that no one was allowed to have an opinion in her house except her husband. That masterful person denied this, and said that he was the last person to be a Pope in his home, but from all accounts, this is just what he is, and his infallibility is a dogma which his wife cannot swallow.

Love in a Cottage.

And if a married couple can love each other without suppressing their individualities they can also do so without being millionaires. There is such a thing as love in a cottage, and when people have grit in them love does not fly out of the window when poverty comes in at the door. Sydney Smith's definition of marriage is well known—"It resembles a pair of shears, so joined, that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, but always punishing those who come between them."

He and his wife were a sweetheart couple, who did not allow relations-in-law, riches or poverty, or anything else to come between them. The Reverend Sydney had no wealth except his own fine character and intellect, and his bride no possession except a pearl necklace, which she sold for five hundred pounds to buy furniture for their first house. One day before their marriage Sydney ran into the room where his fiancée was, flung into her lap six small teaspoons, which, "from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves," and said, "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!" Whether this was or was not to symbolise that they were to be "spoons" after marriage as

well as before it, they certainly did love each other until death separated them.

Many people also do love and cherish in sickness as well as in health their partners in marriage. A medical man who practises amongst very poor people in an East End parish, described an old working man who called himself "the happiest man in London." He was happy because he forgot himself and only thought of what he could do to comfort and assist his aged and paralytic wife. It was said of the poet Wordsworth and his wife when they were quite old that "They seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." Browning was a fine poet and so was his wife, but perhaps the loving life they lived together was the best poem that either of them produced.

Married Sixty-four Years.

I know of a country couple who were married sixty-four years and had loved all the time. Talking of their long pilgrimage together the man used to say, "Me and my missus never argued." There must too have been "sweet reasonableness" rather than a desire to argue in the famous Bishop Hall and his wife, for he says that he "enjoyed" her company for forty-nine years.

A farmer, ninety years old, was dying, and had so longed to see his old bed-ridden wife once more that she was carried to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, "Come soon," and not long after he passed away.

"He will not separate us, we have been so happy." These were the last words of poor Charlotte Brontë when, having become Mrs. Nicholls, and having lived with her husband only nine months, death came to snatch the cup of domestic bliss from the lips of the happy pair.

In all ages the anticipation and the reality of separation has been the greatest and sometimes the only sorrow in the lot of united couples.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!"

Should not the thought of this separation which is inevitable induce husband and wife to abstain from harsh words and unkind deeds? Alabaster boxes should not be sealed up until our life partners die. The fragrant perfumes of sympathy and love should be given to them beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does little good. Speak approving, cheering words to your husband or wife before it is too late. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. Behave every day to each other as you would behave if you knew for certain that it was the last day you were to spend together.

Christ's Part.

Christ, He requires still, wheresoe'er He comes
To feed or lodge, to have the best of rooms;

Give Him the choice: grant Him the nobler part
Of all the house; the best of all's the heart.

—HERRICK.



JERUSALEM'S streets no more give back the tread of Jesu's feet:
Beneath the olive shade no more His twelve disciples meet:
Bethphage and Bethany alike forget that God once came
At ev'ning hour unto their place to rest His human frame.

* * * * *

But, far beyond Jerusalem's walls, in spirit still He treads:
Not in the shade, but in full light, His followers lift their heads:
The Cross that rose on Calvary's hill—the sign of Jesu's shame—
Is emblem now o'er all the world of those who own His Name.

Yet, while we think of Him as God enthroned above the sky,
We fain forget His kingdoms there and turn towards Bethany:
The Son of Man can touch the hearts unreached by Son of God:
Less sacred seem the streets of gold than dust-strewn paths He trod.

* * * * *

Jerusalem above may be the goal towards which we strive,
But Olivet on earth below keeps hope and faith alive:
The Saviour throned as Judge in Heaven may give us entrance there,
But Bethlehem's fair Christ-child is still the Saviour of our prayer.

HAROLD HARDRADE.

LETTERS TO MEN.

By the Rev. G. L. RICHARDSON, M.A.,
Rector of Burton Latimer.

IV. CHURCH FINANCE: A BEGINNING.

[Mr. Robert Petty writes: I have lately heard of a new method of Church finance known as the "envelope system." It is said to have a wonderful success, but I don't know how it works. Can you tell me anything about it, and what, if any, are the drawbacks to its universal adoption in church parishes?]

MY DEAR MR. PETTY,—

The "envelope system" is a step in the right direction. But it is only a step, because at present it is parochial, not diocesan. Taking these two statements as my text, let me expound.

1. The Envelope System, a Step Forward.

Since the Vicar of Emmanuel, Paddington, W., adopted what is called the freewill offering scheme in his parish, no less than 600 parishes have followed his lead, with excellent results. The scheme is simple and may be worked in any parish. (Emmanuel is a poor parish with a population of 10,000.)

(1) A meeting of the whole congregation is called, and the "new method" is fully explained

and discussed, and papers distributed for signature.

(2) Those who have thus promised to join the scheme are each allotted a number which is stamped on fifty-two small envelopes, one for each week. This number is entered in the treasurer's book, which contains the addresses and names of the subscribers. Each person undertakes to put into the envelope not less than one penny a week; and boxes are placed at the door of the church to receive the envelopes. (Should a member be absent, he puts in two or more envelopes on his next attendance.)

(3) A finance committee deals with the money, which is often sufficient to obviate the necessity of the annual sale of work or other effort to meet the church expenses. A regular income thus secured leaves special needs to be met by special effort. It is not sound finance to have, e.g., a bazaar for the curate's salary.

(4) The finance committee is composed of the secretaries of all the societies connected with the Church and other zealous workers. Those who provide the money have their full share

in deciding how it shall be spent. They thus learn how much is absolutely necessary to carry on the work of the parish.

The strong points of the scheme are (1) that it teaches systematic almsgiving as a duty, to be performed not as a response to special appeals to generosity, but out of loyalty to the Church as an institution; and (2) that it gives the people a voice in appropriating the money which they provide, and thus creates a living interest; and (3) that the names of subscribers need not be known to any but the treasurers, the number on the envelope being a sufficient identification. Thus the rich need not be ostentatious nor the poor ashamed. But the scheme might work well and yet not extend the outlook of the people beyond the bounds of the parish. It needs expansion; and here I think the Church abroad can teach new methods to the Church at home.

II. A Scheme of Church Finance from Canada.

In Canada the Church, having no ancient endowments to rely on, has to do what the English Church did long ago, viz. endow herself. The need is not more real, but it is more obvious, and therefore has pressed business-like methods on churchmen in the Dominion.

The general work of the Church is divided into parishes and missions. A "mission" is a district which needs support from head-quarters; a "parish" is a district which has become self-supporting. A mission rises to the dignity of a parish when it is able to dispense with support from the diocesan fund.

The General Synod of the Canadian Church—which bears some resemblance to our Convocation, though its powers are much greater—called into existence in 1892 the society known as the M.S.C.C., the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada. At present the M.S.C.C. deals with only a small part of the mission work of the Canadian Church; but the lines on which it works are these. (I quote from Canon Welch's article in the *Guardian* of July 14, 1909.)

"In the case of the M.S.C.C. the total amount to be raised in the whole Dominion is decided each year by the Board of Management, of which all the bishops are members. At the meeting at which the amount is settled it is also decided what proportion of the whole is to be raised by each diocese; and later the authorities of each diocese may, and many do, allocate the amount expected from each parish and mission. It will thus be seen that every congregation is, or might be, in a position at the beginning of the financial year to make a fairly accurate estimate of its probable expenditure during the next twelve months under the four headings—Church Expenses, Clerical Stipends, Diocesan Assessments, Apportionment for M.S.C.C. It then becomes the business of the Churchwardens to see that the amount required is raised in the time specified. There are in most parishes two methods by which this is done. There are first the regular Sunday collections in church, and secondly dona-

tions specially solicited and promised. It is commonly found that where people are told beforehand what all their liabilities for a year are likely to amount to, they are ready and willing to meet them. A word should be added in regard to the envelope system. It is a very common practice to secure a promise from every member of the congregation to contribute a fixed weekly sum through the Sunday collection. These promises range from a few pence to a couple of pounds. Thus the income of the Church does not suffer through bad weather or the absence of members from their homes at holiday times."

Let me conclude by indicating some advantages of adapting such a scheme for home use.

III. Some Practical Advantages.

(1) The financial solidarity of dioceses would bring home a conviction of the unity of the Church in the diocese, would prevent agencies overlapping, and would strengthen the centre. The diocese would be like a bicycle wheel where all the spokes are "trued up" from the rim to the hub. There would be no loose spokes, and the wheel would run true to its centre.

(2) Parochial extravagance would be discouraged. The basis of assignment for the diocesan fund would be the amount given in the annual parochial balance sheet under the headings "Clerical Salaries," "Organist, Choir and Music," and "Current Expenses." There would be, as now in the diocese of Bethlehem, U.S.A., a sliding scale; parishes contributing at the rate of three per cent. while spending on the above purposes less than £125, and gradually increasing up to ten per cent. on large parochial income.

(3) When every parish contributes its fixed assessment to the Diocesan Board of Finance, two pressing problems will be in a fair way to be solved to the satisfaction of the laity—the compulsory retiring of old or infirm clergy and the training of candidates for the ministry. At present many old men "hang on," when for their own and the parish's sake they would gladly retire, simply because they cannot afford to resign, and have never had a chance to save. On the other hand the vocation (or consciousness of a Divine call to the ministry) is stifled in many young men because, while we require a high standard of education in our candidates, the money is not forthcoming which would enable them to attain it.

In conclusion I would say that the important principles to keep in mind in setting up a sound system of Church finance are—

- (1) The "Church due" obligatory on members.
- (2) The recognition of the diocese as the true unit of Church life.
- (3) The assessment of parishes for diocesan funds.
- (4) The formation of Diocesan Boards of Finance which thoroughly represent the people.

Yours sincerely,

J. PENN.

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60 give	25c. per Sunday	15 00
2 give	30c. per Sunday	60
3 give	35c. per Sunday	1 05
3 give	40c. per Sunday	1 20
15 give	50c. per Sunday	7 50
2 give	75c. per Sunday	1 50
3 give	100c. per Sunday	3 00
1 gives	150c. per Sunday	1 50
1 gives	200c. per Sunday	2 00
1 gives	1000c. per Sunday	10 00

174 R. S. Mason \$51 85

Mortgage Debt

Paid People's Warden

Apr.	1910 for Mar.	\$ 45 50
May	1910 for Apr.	45 90
June	1910 for May	30 60
July	1910 for June	40 30
Aug.	1910 for July	39 60
Sept.	1910 for Aug.	38 85
Oct.	1910 for Sept.	45 65
Nov.	1910 for Oct.	36 25
Dec.	1910 for Nov.	47 00
Jan.	1911 for Dec.	24 35
Feb.	1911 for Jan.	40 70
Mar.	1911 for Feb.	32 20

Total, \$466 90
MARGARET KIRKWOOD
Sec.-Treas.

St. Clair Ave. Mission

Paid People's Warden

Apr.	1910 for Mar.	\$ 6 30
May	1910 for Apr.	5 70
June	1910 for May	50
July	1910 for June	6 35
Aug.	1910 for July	1 00
Sept.	1910 for Aug.	2 25
Oct.	1910 for Sept.	35
Nov.	1910 for Oct.	2 35
Dec.	1910 for Nov.	20
Jan.	1911 for Dec.	2 10

Total, \$27 10
MARGARET KIRKWOOD
Sec.-Treas.

Annette Street Mission Collections

For Year Ending March 15, 1911

Paid People's Warden

Apr.	1910 for Mar.	\$ 5 65
May	1910 for Apr.	3 75
June	1910 for May	10 15
July	1910 for June	5 30
Aug.	1910 for July	7 15
Sept.	1910 for Aug.	2 40
Oct.	1910 for Sept.	6 30
Nov.	1910 for Oct.	8 55
Dec.	1910 for Nov.	6 45
Jan.	1911 for Dec.	6 00
Feb.	1911 for Jan.	8 80
Mar.	1911 for Feb.	7 55

Total, \$78 05
MARGARET KIRKWOOD
Sec.-Treas.

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WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Receipts

Balance at last annual.....	\$12 61
Membership fees for the year....	11 30
Diocesan dues.....	4 10
Leaflets.....	5 55
Parish boxes (March 1910).....	6 00
Collection for freight on bale (May 20, 1910).....	1 70
Parish boxes (June 1910).....	4 00
Donation from Miss Shortt (June 1910).....	1 00
Parish boxes (Sept. 1910).....	3 75
Donation from Mrs. Stretton (September 1910).....	1 00
Donation from Mrs. Constantine	1 00
Balance from Communion set..	50
Four Life Members fees January 24, 1911.....	4 00
Collection, Chinese, in B. C. January 24, 1911.....	1 15
Parish boxes (February).....	4 75
Donation.....	1 45
Total.....	\$63 86

Expenditure

Mrs. Nowden Dorcas, Secretary (March 25, 1910).....	\$ 5 00
Miss L. Harris for Synod lunch.	3 00
To Mrs. Bigwood for Mrs. Webster, L. U., (April 1910).....	1 00
Mrs. Nowden (May 13, 1910).....	10 00
To Caretaker (May 20).....	1 00
To Nevillion Bros. for freight..	5 05
Mrs. Nowden (November 1910)	6 00
Mrs. Coughler for leaflets (November 1910).....	10 00
Mrs. Webster, Four Life Membership fese (November 1910)	4 00
Mrs. Webster for Chinese B. C.	1 15
Balance on hand.....	7 30
Balance in bank.....	10 36
Total.....	\$63 86

THERESA MASECAR

In addition to the above the Woman's Auxiliary provided a Communion set for Annette St. Mission at a cost of \$32 00.

WOMEN'S GUILD

From April 19, 1910 to April 4, 1911

Receipts

Balance on hand April 1910...	\$102 65
Fees.....	48 70
From church wardens for choir vestments.....	34 88
Quilt money.....	1 80
Collection from social.....	5 30
Sale of cakes and vegetables...	1 00
Talent money.....	4 40
Cheque from poor fund.....	27 14
Work done during summer....	15 32
Flower box money.....	10 69
June, October and December Mission boxes.....	25 00
Taken in at sale, December 9, 1910.....	177 31

Get Your Sporting Goods and Bicycles at Licence Bros

1752 Dundas St.
Phone Jct. 232

If there's one thing you should be particular about it's a

Portrait or Photograph

You see every day

We make them; all prices; and please the people

LYNDE WEST TORONTO

H. D. Kemp

Choice Meats and Vegetables

Cooked Meats, Ham and Bacon, Poultry, Butter and Eggs, a specialty

FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY.

1912 Dundas St. West Toronto
Phone Junction 185

J. HILL Wholesale and Retail

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SALESMAN

BUTTER AND EGGS A SPECIALTY

All Orders Promptly Attended to
1952 Dundas St., West Toronto

Taken in since sale.....	\$ 27 10
Interest.....	5 10
Total.....	\$486 39
Goods outstanding.....	\$15 50
A. H. BINNS Treasurer	

April 4, 1910.

GIRLS' BRANCH OF W. A.

Cash Receipts

From October 1910 to April 13, 1911	
Membership fees.....	\$ 9 15
Annual meeting collection.....	2 00
Donations.....	17 75
Total.....	\$28 90

Disbursements

Material for bale.....	\$12 28
Membership fees.....	1 20
Pledges and thank offering.....	5 50
Cash on hand.....	\$ 9 92
LUANA BOND, Treasurer	

Toronto, April 13, 1911.

WOMEN'S GUILD

From April 19, 1910 to April 4, 1911

Disbursements

To U. R. Sheppard.....	\$ 74 51
To Work Committee.....	37 15
To gasaliers.....	7 00
To goods for decorating, etc...	7 94
To C. T. Thompson, printing..	3 50
To goods for sale.....	2 10
To ice cream.....	4 00
To Mrs. Abel, flowers.....	33 10
To Church Wardens for motor.	125 00
To Church Wardens for decorating basement.....	18 00
To banquet for choir.....	12 32
To postal cards and telegram..	85
To furnishing vestry.....	31 01
To granite ware for kitchen...	2 96
To flannel for holders for cutlery.....	90
To Poor fund.....	15 52
To boiler.....	1 35
To cash on hand.....	109 18
Total.....	\$486 39

A. H. BINNS
Treasurer

April 4, 1911.

POOR FUND

Receipts

May 17, 1910.	
Cheque.....	\$27 14
Total.....	\$27 14

Disbursements

September 23, 1910	
To Irvine family.....	\$ 5 00
To U. R. Sheppard, goods.....	2 72

January 25, 1911	
To U. R. Padget & Co.....	\$ 7 27
To Poyntz Bros.....	3 25
To Cash on hand.....	8 90
Total.....	\$27 14

Receipts

Balance on hand, 1910-11....	\$ 19 34
Membership fees.....	58 25
Collection for decorations (Christmas).....	4 00
Oyster supper, (collection)....	10 00
Missionary (collection).....	4 92
Sale of A. Y. P. A. badges....	20 50
Total.....	\$117 01

Disbursements

Social evenings.....	\$ 15 45
Ribbon (contest).....	2 14
Printing (Programmes).....	6 50
A. Y. P. A. stamp.....	50
Decorations.....	4 00
Books (4).....	2 00
Express.....	1 00
Donation to St. John's Hockey Club.....	5 00
Oyster supper.....	10 00
A. Y. P. A. badges.....	25 00
Cash on hand.....	45 42
Total.....	\$117 01

Respectfully submitted
THOS. C. THOMPSON
Treasurer

MEN'S CLUB

Third Annual Report April 17, 1911

Receipts

Membership fees.....	\$32 50
Special collection.....	5 00
Merchant of Venice (5 copies)..	75
Cash in hand from last season..	2 32
Total.....	\$40 57

Disbursements

Piano.....	\$ 7 00
Printing.....	3 50
Postage, etc.....	1 35
Inter. Church Athletic meet....	5 00
Stove and pipes.....	4 45
Lantern.....	5 00
Ribbon.....	70
Refreshments.....	3 15
Merchant of Venice (8 copies)..	1 20
Cash on hand.....	9 22
Total.....	\$40 57

E. SOUTHALL
Sec.-Treas.

Boys' Club Report

The Boys' Club was organized September 1911, with 19 members, and since then we have been on a steady increase constantly adding to our membership, which at present

numbers 51 with 8 honorary members.	
Total receipts.....	\$29 85
Total expenditure.....	16 64
Balance on hand.....	\$13 21

The amount on hand is to go towards providing general athletics for the summer.

G. F. R. RYDING
Sec.-Treas.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

1910-1911

Receipts

77 subscriptions, at 50 cents..	\$ 38 50
15 subscriptions at 25 cents....	3 75
15 subscriptions from Weston.	3 00
A. Y. P. A., re cut.....	1 75
To advertisers.....	175 00
Collected last year.....	93 66
Total.....	\$316 36

Disbursements

Acton Press, 12 months.....	\$176 22
Chas. Murray "Home Words".....	27 61
R. S. Mason, 25 per cent. Commission, re advertisements for 1909-10.....	48 95
Duty and delivery from Eng..	3 20
Dominion express package....	6 46
Grip Engraving Co., 1 cut....	1 50
Postage.....	17 25
G. Rosevear, 10 months delivery.....	1 45
Writing pad, 25, musilage 5 ..	30
10 per cent commission on \$46 00.....	4 60
Balance on hand.....	4 85
Balance in bank.....	23 97
Total.....	\$316 36

Assets

Advertising accounts.....	\$ 65 20
Balance on hand and in bank.	28 82
19 subscriptions at 50 cents....	9 50
5 subscriptions at 25 cents....	1 25
Total.....	\$104 77

Liabilities

Chas. Murray "Home Words".....	\$ 25 00
Acton Press, printing.....	13 50
Postage.....	2 00
Incidentals.....	3 00
Net balance.....	60 97
Total.....	\$104 77

W. G. FELL
Bus.-Man.

CHILDREN'S MORNING SERVICE

Receipts

Balance brought forward from last Easter.....	\$ 9 68
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Collection for Easter 1910 to	
Easter 1911.....	\$17 96
Interest.....	10
Total.....	\$27 74

Disbursements

Expenditures from Easter 1910 to	
Easter 1911:	
Groceries for entertainment....	\$ 2 36
The Band of Mercy.....	1 25
The Children's paper.....	4 65
Chart.....	50
Balance in bank.....	18 98
Total.....	\$27 74

Number on roll.....	102
Average attendance.....	34

EARLE MILLARD
Treasurer

Mission Boxes

June collection.....	\$16 00
September collection.....	15 00
January collection.....	19 00
Total.....	\$50 00

Distribution

One half to Womens' Guild....	\$25 00
One-quarter to Womens' Auxilliary.....	12 50
One-quarter to Girls' Auxilliary.....	12 50
Total.....	\$50 00

Total number of boxes collected.. 140

All of which is respectfully submitted

J. RENASECAR

Senior Brotherhood

As this limb of the church is not a money-making one its report cannot be based on the treasurers "funds on hand," and compared financially, with those of the other societies.

However perhaps, a few words as to the work attempted and partly accomplished may be of interest.

Our aim, "The spread of Christ's Kingdom among men especially young men," is the basis of our report, and during the past year we have tried to carry this aim through by assisting the rector in the work through the parish, and visiting men who have either strayed or seemingly forgotten the great old church, also in welcoming strangers, churchmen in our city and inviting them to attend or become interested in St. John's church work, and lastly in assisting in any way or in any place where our services are appreciated or required.

At the present time the Brotherhood of St. Andrew's Senior Chapter consists of eight good working members and each one is doing something to assist. in this great work.

THOS. THOMPSON
Director.
F. P. HOPKINS
Sec.-Treas.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Missionary Fund

Receipts

Balance, Easter 1910.....	\$ 31 60
Collections.....	58 08
Contributions.....	2 30
Birthday bank (2 mos. only)...	4 44
Missionary boxes (1 m. only)...	5 10
"Pyramid" and April missionary boxes (to date).....	22 73
Total.....	\$124 25

Disbursements

Amounts sent to M.S.C.C.....	\$ 60 22
Balance on hand.....	60 43
Total.....	\$124 25

General Fund

Balance, Easter 1910.....	\$ 27 70
Collections.....	192 30
S. S. Picnic collections.....	46 85
S. S. Tickets sold.....	48 20
S. S. Subscriptions.....	3 90
Children's Day collection.....	13 97
Subscriptions to Library fund.....	9 24
Sale of Library catalogues.....	3 76
Proceeds from sale of surplus Christmas entertainment supplies.....	1 25
Total.....	\$347 17

Supplies.....	\$114 94
Library books.....	34 67
Library catalogues.....	11 00
Picnic expenses Main School and Infant Class, supplies, prizes and transportation...	122 44
S. S. commission.....	13 97
S. S. entertainments.....	10 01
Balance on hand.....	40 14
Total.....	\$347 17

Number of scholars on roll, Main School and Infant Class.....	99
Minimum attendance at any one session.....	285
Maximum attendance at any one session.....	202
Average attendance for the year.....	202

For eleven Sundays during the summer months (July 3 to September 11) inclusive, the attendance was comparatively low, ranging from 99 to 178.

During a period of thirteen Sundays from April 3, to June 26 inclusive, the attendance was as follows:

Below 200.....	2 Sundays
From 200 to 225.....	6 Sundays
From 225 to 244.....	5 Sundays

From September, 18, 1910, to April 16, 1911, inclusive (30 Sundays,) the attendance was as follows:

Below 200.....	1 Sunday (Christmas Day)
From 200 to 225.....	5 Sundays
From 225 to 250.....	8 Sundays
From 250 to 270.....	6 Sundays
From 270 to 285.....	10 Sundays

The following comparative statement of attendance for the years 1909-10 and 1910-11 may be of interest:

	1909-10
Below 200.....	16 Sundays
From 200 to 225.....	14 Sundays
From 225 to 250.....	11 Sundays
From 250 to 270.....	6 Sundays
From 270 to 272.....	1 Sunday

	1910-11
Below 200.....	14 Sundays
From 200 to 225.....	11 Sundays
From 225 to 250.....	13 Sundays
From 250 to 270.....	6 Sundays
From 250 to 270.....	6 Sundays
From 270 to 285.....	10 Sundays

T. H. GORDON KENYON
Sec.-Treas.

SUPERINTENDENT'S MEMO.

Memo, of work done as assistant in St. John's parish:
Sunday School sessions conducted 47
Services taken, including funerals 16
Services assisted..... 11
Meetings attended..... 46
Calls..... 601
Contract calls for 184 half day's work.

Have fulfilled 191 half day's work.

RALPH S. MASON.

St. Philips

The annual vestry meeting of St. Philip's Church, Etobicoke, was held on Monday afternoon, April 17th. The wardens' report was presented, and showed that all indebtedness had been met and a balance of \$102 in the treasury. The Sunday School statement, presented by Mr. Dalton, showed a balance on the right side of \$24. The following officers were elected:

Rector's Warden, W. C. Grubbe.
People's Warden, G. M. Lyons.
Sidesmen, Messrs. Cathcart, Naiskitt, Charles Grubbe and Shaw.
Lay Delegates to the Synod, the wardens and Mr. Dalton.
Parochial Tribunal, Jos. Griffiths and George Naiskitt.
Auditors, Messrs. Dalton and Naiskitt.

The annual Easter vestry of St. John's Church was held on Monday, April 17th, at 8 p.m. The churchwardens' report, as presented by the auditors, is printed above in full. The following officers were elected:

Rector's warden, Mr. James E. Scott.
People's Warden, Mr. M. S. Drewitt.

Lay Delegates to the Synod, Messrs. B. W. Murray, W. A. Baird and A. H. Richardson.

Rector's Sidesmen, Messrs. Richardson, Short, Hann, Martyn, Har-

ington, Rowley, Bevington, Ryding, Brough, Goudge.

People's Sidesmen, Messrs. Masecar, Steele, Mason, Baird, Speers, Southall, Stretton, Nicholls, Dempster, B. W. Murray.

Advisory Board, Messrs. Ryding, Baird, Murray, Skeans, Stretton, Steele, Richardson, Goudge, Southall, Chapman, Speers, Mason, Temple, Hann, Bevington, Rowden, G. Smith Brough McCuaig, Sharpe.

Auditors, B. W. Murray, A. E. King.

Home Words Committee, W. G. Felt, H. Baker, E. Southall.

Parochial Tribunal, S. Ryding, T. Rowden.

The first annual vestry meeting of St. Paul's, Runnymede, was held on Tuesday, April 18th, at 8 p.m. The vestry was duly constituted according to the Canon on New Vestries.

The following officers were elected:

Rector's Warden, Robert Walker.
People's Warden, Mr. Day.
Vestry Clerk, W. H. Cross.

Sidesmen, Messrs. Johnson, Bristow, Mockford, Locock, Staines, Osler, Rigby, Elliott, Pugh, Pickard.

Auditors, J. M. Rhodes, R. S. Mason.

Parochial Tribunal, Messrs. Cross and Bristow.

Advisory Board, The wardens, sidesmen and J. M. Rhodes.

AN OPPORTUNITY

Here is the place for our Sunday School teachers to find inspiration and to receive instruction to help them to present faithfully the subject of missions to their classes during the coming year. Here is the place for the young people of the Bible Class to come to learn about their Church and what she is doing and what she needs of them in self-denying service and whole-hearted consecration. Here is the place for young men to find heroic ideals for life, and to receive inspiration to give of their best to the service of the Master. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity.

ALL MAY HELP

This summer school for missionary prayer and study is under the patronage of the two Canadian Archbishops, all the Ontario Bishops, the Bishops of Montreal and Algoma, and the General Secretary of the M.S.C.C.. The

former General Secretary, the Rev. Canon Tucker, is to preside at the meetings. Thus, it is very clear what our leaders would have us do, then let us, of the rank and file, fall in and support them loyally by our sympathy, our presence, and our prayers. Talk about this amongst your friends. Plan to go yourself and urge your friends to go. Club together and send a delegate from your Sunday School, Bible Class, or Y. P. A. Above all, pray that God will bless in a very special manner this first summer school of our Canadian Missionary Society, to the strengthening and extension of His Kingdom throughout the world.

"All we can do is nothing worth, unless

God blesses the deed.
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide, till

God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—

The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea."

AN INDIAN CHILD'S PRAYER

Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher on the Sioux reservation, North Dakota, relates a touching little scene of wigwam life. The infant daughter of One Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death. The face of the stoical Indian gave no sign, but the tender grief of a parent was as keen in his breast as in the heart of a white man.

A little daughter, a few years older, stood by, looking pitifully at the sick baby. Presently she said: "Papa, little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray."

She knelt at her father's knee and prayed in her Indian tongue: "Father, God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a grand-daughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage. Her father, One Bull, is one of the so-called "good Indians," who have felt the influence of civilization, and the child herself, only three removes from barbarism, has declared herself

a young disciple of the Great Teacher, who seeks the highest welfare of men, whether civilized or uncivilized, "bond or free."—*Youth's Companion.*

"THANK GOD! I SEE A CHURCH"

A crew of sailors, who, as they said, did "not believe in missions to the cannibals," learned to change their minds. Cruising among one of the Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was nothing to be done but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between sharks and natives. The part of the coast where they landed happened to be uninhabited; they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length, one of the boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over to the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet, and swing his hat, shouting: Come on, boys; it's all right. Thank God! I see a Church!"—Selected.

SPECIAL BIBLE-CLASS WORK

Mr. Jas. Mawson conducts a Sunday Bible-Class for adults at Roland and Myrtle with an attendance of 35, half of whom belong to other religious communions. His subject is "The Identity of the British Race With the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel."

He has given many years to a close study of this topic, and his treatment of the fulfilment of the two sets of prophecies in relation to Israel and Judah is most illuminating.

Members are allowed to ask questions. They are encouraged to search the Scriptures at home.

The Bible only is used in the class and the leader is careful to apply the lessons to the spiritual needs of the members—the majority of whom are men.

There are places and opportunities for this kind of work appealing specially to adults. Amid the wealth of inexpensive literature on various subjects intelligent and capable men can always select courses of study to attract and hold where ordinary means fail.