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No. 5. MAY. 1901.

THE

PARISH MAGAZINE

FOR

Colton, Finsthwaite, Haverthwaite, Rusland and Satterthwaite.

MAY, 1901.

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COLTON.

VESTRY MEETING.—The Annual Vestry Meeting was held on Easter Monday at 3 p.m. the Vicar in the chair. The accounts of the Wardens for the past year were submitted and passed showing that the collection for Church Expenses had amounted to £28 os. 1½d., and for special objects (Hospital, War Fund etc) to £36 17s. 11d. leaving a balance in hand after paying all accounts of £1 2s. 9d. The accounts in connection with the special Repair Fund which has been raised for the removal of Organ, Repairs to to Roof, Heating Apparatus, etc., were also submitted; and a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Wardens for their strenuous exertions in raising the money (£42 9s. 11d.), bringing the work to a successful issue. The Vicar nominated Mr. G. Inman as his Warden, and Messrs. T. Cragg and J. Nicholson were elected as peoples' for the ensuing year. Messrs. A. Burns and J. Atkinson were elected as representatives to the R. D. Conference. Votes of thanks were passed to Messrs. T. Cragg, J. J Dixon, J. Hartley, G. Inman, G. Youdell, J. Ellwood, and J. Nicholson for carting coke and wood free of charge, thus effecting a considerable saving in the expenses. Thanks are also due to Messrs. Grizedale for their kindness in sawing up the firewood free of charge.

EASTERTIDE.—This great Festival was duly observed; the weather being very inclement many from a distance were prevented from getting to Church. Fears were expressed that there would be a scarcity of flowers, but these proved groundless—an ample supply being sent by a number of kind friends. The decoration of the Church was carried out by Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Whiteside, Miss E. Inman, Miss Garnett, Miss M. A. Penny, Miss A. Christopherson, Florence Bivens, Mary Dixon and John Henry Saunders. The Services on Easter Day were bright and hearty; the choir deserve credit for the steady way in which the Psalms and Hymns were rendered. The Communicants numbered 50 an increase on last year, but still leaving much to be desired in this respect.

A letter from Daniel Clark, who left the Parish a short time ago and is now serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, is crowded out this month as also a Parish Council paragraph.

FINSTHWAITE.

EASTER DAY.—The morning opened wet and gloomy, and this may perhaps account for a smaller attendance than usual at the early Celebration, but as the day advanced the weather improved, and we had good Congregations at both the later Services. The Church was very prettily decorated, chiefly with Daffodils, and plants in pots—the latter being principally supplied by Mr. Newby-Wilson. The Offertories amounted to £5 11s. 0d. which this year, were handed over to the Church-wardens towards Church Expenses. There were 19 Communicants at the Early Celebration and 42 at Mid-day.

The Annual Easter Vestry Meeting was held on Easter Tuesday, and all the Church Officials of last year were re-elected, and warm votes of thanks were accorded to Miss Lewthwaite for defraying the cost (£8) of over-hauling and re-hanging the bells—and to Mr. Newby-Wilson for again supplying the wine for use at the Holy Communion.

Many of our parishioners will be interested and pleased to hear that the late Mr. John James, who was butler for 20 years with the late Richard Pedder, Esq., of Finsthwaite House, has left £100 to the poor of Finsthwaite, the interest of which is to be distributed at the discretion of the Vicar for the time being; annually on the 1st of May, the anniversary of his late Master's birthday. The principal has been invested and is in the hands of the Charity Commissioners. The first distribution will be made May 1st, 1902.

HAVERTHWAITE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

It seems a long time since I wrote a letter to the Magazine. As you know I was obliged to go away and remain away from the Parish for a good many weeks for the sake of my health. I was sorry indeed to be away from you through Lent and Eastertide, and it was only through the great kindness of Mr. Townley that I was able to do this. It is now a pleasure to be back at work again, though I must still take things easily, if the great benefit I have derived is to be permanent.

I was glad to arrange with the Churchwardens for the Easter Day Offertory, to be given to the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Associations." It amounted to about £3.

The Vestry meeting was held as usual on Easter Tuesday and was presided over by Mr. Taylor. The Churchwardens' accounts showed a small balance in hand, and the two Churchwardens were re-elected for another year.

A Social Evening—the last of the season—was held in the Schoolroom on Easter Monday.

Since last I addressed you through the Magazine, we have lost a valuable helper in Mr. J. Croasdell. He was connected in many ways with the Church and Parish, we knew him best as our organist, and how he will be very greatly missed. Miss Bellman is playing the organ for the present until a permanent organist is appointed.

The Doctor wishes me to officiate at early morning Communions, and therefore I shall have to discontinue them for the present at all events, I am sorry to have to do this, not only because I believe they were much appreciated by those who were in the habit of attending them, but also because a Celebration every Sunday has come to me something of a principle.

Yours faithfully, C. T. KIRKHAM.

RUSLAND.

GOOD FRIDAY.—The congregations were slightly larger than last year, but the religious observance of the day by the parishioners is not what it ought to be. We hope to see further improvement in the future.

EASTER DAY.—The Services were well attended, considering the unsettled state of the weather, and the sharp rain that fell in the morning. There were two celebrations of Holy Communion, the numbers present being, at 8 a.m. 10, at Mid-day 18; total 28. The Offertories, which, by desire of the Bishop, were for the Vicar; amounted to, Morning £2 15s. 1d.; Evening, £1 1s. 4d.—total £3 16s. 5d.

VESTRY MEETING.—This was held in the Church Vestry on Easter Monday Evening, the Vicar in the chair. There was a fair attendance, though we could wish the Parishioners showed a greater interest in Church affairs. The accounts were accepted as satisfactory. The Wardens, Mr. H. Hudson, for the Vicar; and Mr. W. Wilkinson for the parishioners, were thanked for their services and re-appointed; as were also the Sidesmen, Mr. T. J. Burns and Mr. John Pattinson (Junr.) Messrs. Ed. Burns and R. Holme were re-elected representatives to the Ruri-decanal Conference. Votes of thanks were passed to Mrs. Archibald for the gift of Wine for Holy Communion, to Miss Twisaday for the gift of a platform, a mirror and a bench for the organ, and to Mr. Richard Walker, of Bradford, for the gift of a splendid St. George's Flag and fittings. A Resolution of condolence with Miss Twisaday on the death of her late sister was also passed.

SATTERTHWAITE.

CHURCH.—Two years ago the Archdeacon of Westmorland, on visiting Satterthwaite Church, made a suggestion in regard to fixing up the Ten Commandments, which, according to the 82nd Canon, are to be "set up in every Church or Chapel on the East end where the people may best see and read the same." For a good many years these necessary fixtures have been wanting. Probably they had a place in the older Structure, which only extended in one direction to the present Chancel Arch, and, in the other, to about four seats from the West Wall, but if so they disappeared in the extensions and alterations that were subsequently made. Desirous of carrying out the Archdeacon's suggestion, the Vicar and Churchwardens entrusted the preparation of a design to Mr. J. Barker, of Hawkshead, which has recently been completed, and fixed up, on either side of the Chancel Arch—this, so the Archdeacon advised, legally satisfying the requirement in regard to the "East End," and the position is certainly "where the people may best see and read." The Commandments are "written" in blue old English Characters on a white ground, with gilt headings, and are framed in Oak, the whole being specially backed to protect from any dampness. They are quite as much ornaments as necessary Church fixtures, and give every way unqualified satisfaction. We should add that the cost has been Ten Guineas. The new lamps, recently hung, permitted Evening Services in the Church during the late Lenten Season and on Good Friday, which we are glad to say were very fairly attended. On Easter Day there was a goodly number of Communicants, though in this matter we must never rest quite satisfied, and we cherish the hope of future and more general response still to the Special Easter invitation. The Church was chastely decorated and the Offertories, which amounted to £4 17s. 1d., were given to the Vicar.

On Easter Tuesday the usual Vestry Meeting was held, when the old Churchwardens were thanked for their services and re-appointed; the Accounts for the year were presented and audited, and a voluntary rate of 1d. in the £ laid for the ensuing year.

THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

On February 24th, at Haverthwaite, Robert Robson, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Jane Dodd.
On March 10th, at Haverthwaite, William George, son of Joseph Thomas and Hannah Kendall, of Brow Edge.
On March 24th, at Rusland, Doris May, daughter of Joseph Edmondson and Bridget Eleanor Jackson, Thwaite Moss.
On March 31st, at Haverthwaite, Bessie, daughter of William and Mary Davidson, of Brow Edge.
On March 31st, at Haverthwaite, Mary Lindow, daughter of George and Annie Fell, of Backbarrow.
On April 3rd, at Finsthwaite, Edward Silvester, son of Thomas Edward and Minnie Mashiter, of Finsthwaite.
On April 5th, at Finsthwaite, John, son of George and Mary Barker, of Finsthwaite.
On April 7th, at Haverthwaite, Olga, daughter of John Henry and Mary Robertson, of Barrow-in-Furness.
On April 10th, at Colton, Sarah Jane, daughter of James and Jane Clark, Benthawes.

MARRIAGE.

On April 8th, at Colton, John Frederic Smith and May Taffs.

BURIALS.

On February 28th, at Haverthwaite, Robert Massicks aged 70 years.
On March 10th, at Haverthwaite, Walter Johnson, aged 4 years.
On March 28th, at Satterthwaite, Richard Clarke, of Belfast, aged 87 years.
On April 10th, at Haverthwaite, Jane Scott, aged 73 years.
On April 16th, at Haverthwaite, Elizabeth Atkinson, aged 44 years.

Estab. 1861.

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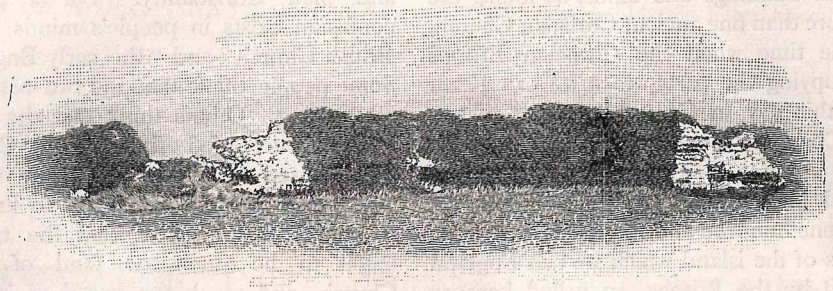




A SPRING MORNING.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY *by* K. STREET.

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RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND THE BRITISH CHURCH.

BY THE RIGHT REV. G. F. BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L.,
LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,

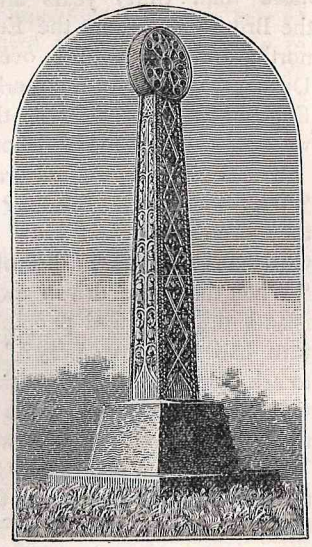
Author of "Lessons from Early English Church History," etc.

THE Church of England, to which we belong, was founded in the year 597. It is therefore 1303 years old.

By the Church of England, we mean the Church of the English people; not the Church of the Scots, not the Church of the Irish, not the Church of the Welsh. We shall see later on that the Church of the English people and the Church of the Welsh people have long ago become one Church; but we must fix our thoughts on the fact that "the Church of England" means "the Church of the English people."

Thirteen hundred years ago, when the name "Church of the English" began to be used, that is, as soon as the Church of Christ in England began to exist, that was the natural way to describe a National Church. The Church of the country which we call France was called at that time "the Church of Gaul," or "the Gallican Church." The Church of Rome was called "the Roman Church." And so we were called "the English Church," or "the Church of the English." These three examples are all taken from the letters of Pope Gregory, who sent St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, to convert our heathen ancestors, the English, to Christianity. He did not call us "the Roman Church in England"; no such name as that was ever used for the Church of England from its earliest days to the present time. He spoke of our Church just as he spoke of his own Church. We are, we always have been for 1303 years, "the Church of Christ in England," "the Christian Church in England," not a Church of foreigners.

St. Augustine came here 1303 years ago to convert the pagan English to Christianity. He seems to have thought that the English occupied the whole island, and that there were no Christian people at all, nothing but heathen English. Just about 1300 years ago he found that he had made two great mistakes. The English did not occupy nearly all of the island, not even of the southern part of it. A very large part of that which we now call England, he found to be occupied by a race of people called Britons; and he found that they were Christians, with Bishops, and Priests, and Deacons, and many very learned men. He found, too, that there had been a time when the Britons held all the parts of the island which in his time the English held; and that when the Britons held all



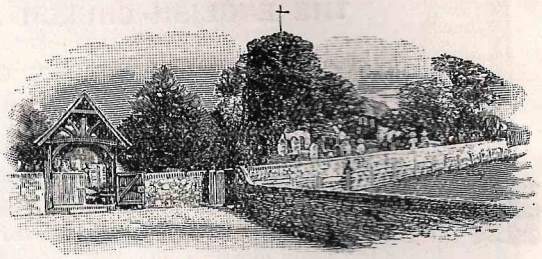
CROSS AT EBBSFLEET, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

the land, they were Christians. Indeed, in his own city, Canterbury, where the king of Kent had given him buildings and lands, he found the remains of more than one ancient Christian Church, erected at the time when the Christian Britons were still occupying the parts which we call Kent. We have to this day, in Canterbury, parts of two of the old Christian Churches which Augustine found, to his surprise, in that city.

He learned before long what the explanation was. About one hundred and fifty years before his time, the parts of the island which we call England were occupied by the Britons, so called because the island was called Britain. The pagan English pirates, coming from the parts about the north and east of Holland, coveted the fertile and civilized country, and, by degrees, conquered the eastern parts of it from the Britons, driving them away to the more mountainous parts towards the west of the island, and driving away Christianity with them. The Britons had fought very hard. The English had taken one hundred and fifty years to conquer such parts as they held in Augustine's time, and all put together it only came to about half of what we call England. For instance, Dorset, and Somerset, and Devon, and Cornwall, were still British, occupied by Christian Britons who kept the pagan English at bay. In the north, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and parts of Yorkshire, were still in the hands of the Christian Britons. Indeed, more than thirty years after Augustine's time, the Britons overcame the English invaders in the north, and for a time overran Yorkshire, and Durham, and Northumberland; and also the English land up as far as the river Firth, which we now call the lowlands of Scotland.

The questions we naturally ask are these: "Who were these Britons?" "How long had they been here?" "How did they learn to be Christians in these distant parts so early?" "When they were driven away to the west of the island, did they find people there whom they in turn had to drive away?" And it is natural to ask also, while we are asking questions, "Who were the people north of the river Firth, and were they Christians?" "And what about Ireland?" Thus there are a great many things we should like to know about the people of these islands, and their Christianity, before ever an Englishman had set his foot upon our shores, and long before the English people began to learn about Christianity.

We shall do best to begin with answering, as well as we can, the questions about the Britons and their Christianity. For a good deal of confusion exists in people's minds between "the British Church" and "the early English Church." Some people think that the two names mean the same thing. Others think that the early English Church succeeded the British Church, which then ceased to exist. These are very mistaken views, and we ought all of us to know, so far as it can be known, just what the truth is. We ought to be much too fond of our national Church, and much too proud of it, to be at all careless or lazy about its earliest history, or about what came before it here.



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BY DOROTHY STUART.

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IX.—Raisin Pudding.

HALF a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger. Mix well; put in a buttered basin; tie down close; boil for five and a half hours.

X.—Tea Cakes.

Take two pounds of flour; rub in a quarter of a pound of butter; add an egg, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a small piece of German yeast mixed with warm water, and add a little milk. Put in a warm place to rise for two hours; then shape into round cakes; brush over with melted butter, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

XIII.—Charade.

WHEN the seaman changes helm and sail
Because of the roaring wind,
He is said to do the word we hail;
So now the answer find.
When clock or watch their duty do
'Tis this we always hear.
Combine both words, and then 'tis true
A war word will appear.

XIV.—Enigma.

My first is the same as my second, and my whole is a bird which no longer exists.

XV.—Letter Puzzle.

Take fifty from a girdle and leave a girl's name.

For Queen and Country.

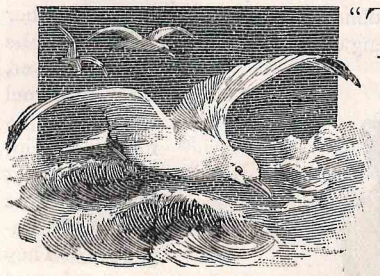
THE STORY OF HORACE SEYMOUR, C.I.V.

BY F. M. HOLMES,
Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT MARCH.



"THERE! what do you make of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, after reading the letter aloud. "Very kind, I call it."

"It is a fraud!" exclaimed Nurse sharply. "I am certain sure Mist' 'Orace never asked any one to write like that."

"Oh, Nurse, you are always putting a wet blanket on what I say!"

"Not I, mum—excoose me; but I sees that fax *is* fax, and I'm certain sure it's fax that Mist' 'Orace never hordered that to be written. It's a fraud, mum—take my word for it—like that woman that come here this mornin'."

"What is your opinion?" asked Mrs. Seymour, turning abruptly to Alice.

"I think it is very unlikely that Mr. Seymour would not write himself," replied Alice evasively, while a delicate pink colour flushed her cheek.

"He has no time," expostulated his mother—"he is marching every day; and perhaps now those horrid Boers are shooting at him. Oh, I do hope he is safe! And this friend has kindly written this letter for him."

"Very kind!" remarked Nurse sarcastically. "Why don't he tell us something we want to know?"

"It is certainly very vague," said Alice.

"Vague!" exclaimed Nurse. "Why, there ain't nothin' in it. Where is he? What's he been doin'? The letter don't tell nothin'. Mist' 'Orace would do different to that, I'm certain sure."

"It says he has seen Miss Melbury," remarked Mrs. Seymour dubiously.

"Well, he didn't go to the war to see Miss Melbury!" snapped Nurse. "And I shouldn't think, if he's too busy to write to you, that he's had much time to dangle after her."

"Where did he see her?" asked Alice. "Was it at Bloemfontein?"

"Nowheres, in my opinion," remarked Nurse tersely. "It's all make-up. Leastways," she added, "I mean he never flirted with her."

"Then why should this letter have been written?" asked Mrs. Seymour feebly.

"Ah!" said Nurse sententiously, "I think my own thoughts, mum; but I won't speak 'em out just now; yet I think 'em, nevertheless."

"It is not improbable that Horace should meet her," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour; "and of course, being old friends, they would naturally converse together. Well, if they should make a match of it, I won't say them nay."

"You was at that party at Mrs. Jones's, Miss Maynard, was you not?" interrupted Nurse, rather rudely, it must be confessed—"that party, you know, not very long before this idea of the C.I.V.'s come up last December?"

"Yes," replied Alice faintly, and with white cheeks—"yes, I was there."

"Did Mist' 'Orace speak much to Miss Melbury that hevenin', did you notice?"

"I—I—really cannot say," stammered Alice.

"And what did you mean," continued Nurse ruthlessly, but not unkindly, "when you cried out that it was her doin', when the noos came that Mist' 'Orace was goin' to the war."

Alice flushed crimson, and then turned deadly white, as she commenced to falter an evasive reply. But an unexpected relief came in the shape of a postman's sharp rap at the door.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Nurse, "post don't often come this time o' day—though 'tis later than I thought it was," she added, as she glanced at the clock. "I wonder what it is?—some circ'lar, I dessay, not worth goin' to the door for." And she hurried to the hall. She wanted to be back quickly to persuade Alice to reply.

But for the moment all thought of it was banished from her mind. "My!" she cried, as she took the letter from the post-box, "if here ain't somethin' from Mist' 'Orace after all! Here's his own dear 'andwritin' himself, bless him!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Seymour excitedly, hastening to meet her. "A letter from Horace? Give it me!—give it me!"

"There, mum, didn't I tell you that other thing was a fraud?" cried Nurse triumphantly. "I thought he wouldn't get any one else to write to you, especially rubbish like that."

Mrs. Seymour tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. "Oh, he is at Pretoria!" she cried.

"Ah! this is the right letter," said Nurse with energy; "he tells you ezackly where he is. This sounds all right, this letter does."

"Yes, he is at Pretoria," continued Mrs. Seymour, "and he says he has had so much marching that he has not had time to write before. The C.I.V.'s, he says,

have marched five hundred miles in fifty-one days, and have fought in twenty-six engagements (oh, how dreadful!), only halting for two consecutive days. Dear me, they have had a hard time of it, poor fellows! I should think he wishes himself back again."

"Not he, mum," interjected Nurse grimly; "he's game to take his part with the rest, I'm sure. There's nothin' about flirtin' with Miss Mabel in this letter, I'll be bound."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mrs. Seymour, running her eye rapidly over the closely written sheet. "Yes, he does say he has seen her. She is a nurse, he says, and seemed very busy. He suddenly met her near one of the hospitals at Bloemfontein, and only had time for a short conversation; but it seemed so strangely pleasant to see some one from home. I should think it did," added Mrs. Seymour. "Dear boy! Well, you see, Nurse, you were quite wrong. His own letter confirms the first one."



"GIVE IT ME! GIVE IT ME!"

But Nurse was not satisfied. "What he says is very nateral," she declared; "but what the other says ain't nateral. It—what d'ye call it—exagperates a very simple thing—blows it up like a big balloon out o' nothin'. Besides, if Mist' 'Orace could write this letter himself, why should he ask hany one else to write?"

"Both letters must have come by the same mail-boat," remarked Alice.

"Of course," asserted Nurse.

"Ah! you don't want him to marry Miss Mabel—that is what it is, Nurse," returned Mrs. Seymour. "Well, now, let us see what he says of their doings.

"'Now, dear mother,' he writes, 'I will not weary you, but I will just give you an outline of what the C.I.V.'s have done, as I think you would like to know it. On arriving in South Africa, some time elapsed, as you know, before the regiment was sent actually to the front. But we were constantly drilled in the art of taking cover—that is, of shelter from the enemy's fire—a proceeding of which I am sure you would approve.'

"Yes, I certainly do," remarked his mother.

"'The companies of mounted infantry were the first to come under fire. While the concentration was being made, preparatory to the advance for the relief of Kimberley—of which you will have heard from the newspapers—every available mounted man was sent to the front; and mounted infantry companies were, we heard, attached to the Seventh Division when it was sent to turn the Boers out of Jacobsdal. So you see they had fighting before we did. At that action two privates and a colour-sergeant were wounded. On the same day another company were engaged at Waterval Drift, on the Riet River, with Colonel Ridley's mounted infantry. After this they were continually engaged. They reached Paardeberg before Cronje surrendered (I wish I had been there); and after that great event they took part in the battles of Driefontein and Poplar Grove, on the advance to Bloemfontein. Arrived there, as you know, the General did not keep them long, but tacked them on to General Tucker's division, whose advance they most bravely and cleverly covered when he came into action, scouting right up to the enemy's position. While the army were waiting at Bloemfontein, our mounted infantry held part of the trenches in the front, from Krantz Kraal to Karee; and when the army advanced, they assisted in covering the advance.

"'Well, now, you see the mounted infantry were separated from us, who comprised the purely infantry, or foot, C.I.V.'s. After being engaged on the communications between De Aar and the Orange River (the C.I.V. battery was also engaged for some time on lines of communication), the infantry were brigaded with the force sent to subdue the outbreak in the Prieska district, in the north-west of the Cape Colony. Some of the enemy were at Britstown

and here for the first time we—the C.I.V. foot—were seriously engaged. The enemy were in greater strength, and our fellows were obliged to fall back; but Colour-Sergeant Taylor (who was wounded) and a dozen men gallantly covered the retirement. The cyclist C.I.V.'s carried dispatches over a wretched road to Strydenberg. Until the end of March we were engaged again on the lines of communication, and then we got orders to move on to Bloemfontein about the middle of April. At Bloemfontein we had the honour of being inspected by Lord Roberts. We looked very different from the spick-and-span appearance we presented when we left London, I can tell you. But my own clothes have not worn so badly as some of the soldiers' uniforms here.

"'Well, then we were attached to General Bruce Hamilton's brigade, the 21st. We had a good deal of marching. It will seem curious to you, no doubt, dear mother, but all that time we did not really know much of what was going on. Everything is on so vast a scale. We get our orders, and we follow them. But what we were doing was to march on Pretoria. What they call here the veldt—or grass-land, you would say—was green, and the rains were over; but the sun was hot, and continuous steady marching was no easy task. Allowing for halts, I suppose we did about thirteen miles a day. We became part of General Ian Hamilton's force which left Bloemfontein on April 22nd, and arrived at Pretoria, four hundred and one miles distant, forty-five days later—namely, on June 5th. During that time, too, we had plenty of fighting.

"'The first battle, when we had a man killed, was at the passage of the Zand River on May 10th. We were part of the force that seized the fords of the river on the preceding day, and then the whole army crossed. After preparation by artillery the 1st Sussex and ourselves were ordered to advance.

"'We were in extended order—that is, the men were not close together—and the Boers sent such a continual storm of bullets at us that they made a frightful dust. We fixed bayonets, and they flashed in long waving lines; and then we charged. The Boers soon fled; but they believe in the maxim "He who fights and runs away, Lives to fight another day." We think it cowardly to run, if you can possibly help it; but I fancy they think it the right thing. I am sorry to say that Sergeant Kingsford, of the 1st London Rifle Brigade, was killed in this action.

"'But at another battle named Doornkop we were the leading battalion of the brigade. The enemy were in a wood (the Boers always hide up somewhere, behind trees or big stones if they can); and after the 70th Battery Royal Field Artillery had searched the wood with shrapnel shell, we had to advance and clear the Boers out. I don't know exactly how we did it; but I know that the drilling we had in the art of taking shelter directly we got to South Africa came in very usefully. While we were advancing in this way, a wretched Pom-pom gun was fired at us from a kopje on the left, and enfiladed our ranks; so we had firing at us pretty nearly all round. But we meant to take that wood, and we did it. I felt full of suppressed excitement; and though I was so excited, yet I kept very cool, and so did the others. We had our bayonets fixed, and we kept steadily on. The Derbyshires were



LORD ROBERTS REVIEWING THE TROOPS.

with us; and we not only cleared the wood but took the kopje. Captain Berkeley and ten men were, unfortunately, wounded.

"'And so at length, after a lot of fighting and marching, we got to Pretoria. The air here is very clear, and the town presented quite a fine sight to us after our long march, when we saw it from the hills surrounding it. I wonder that the Boers did not make a greater fight for their capital; but I fancy they feared being shut up in a trap and caught as Cronje was. General French with his cavalry swept round from the east to the north of the town, after winning a brilliant action north of the Crocodile River. They say that one day he covered thirty-two miles, and in the evening beat his way out of a Boer ambush. He is a clever commander, is that General French. While he was doing this, the main army was moving up from the south. After some sharp fighting our forces drove off the enemy, and our heavy guns pounded the forts. By June 5th the place was in our hands, and the British prisoners were of course at once released. About one hundred and sixty-eight officers and men were in the Model Schools, and had been, I think, fairly well treated there. But the great majority—in fact, about three thousand—had been kept scantily fed at Waterval, which is fourteen miles north. The cavalry hurried there on June 6th and released a large number, in spite of the Boer fire. The enemy, however, had unfortunately removed some of them.

"'The march past was on the afternoon of June 5th, and must have been a fine sight for Lord Roberts. He sat on his horse in the square in the centre of the town, and for more than two hours the army swung past him. Tramp, tramp, tramp; many thousands of men, regulars and irregulars, Guards and Canadians, Gordons, Welsh, and C.I.V.'s, all marched steadily on. I never realized before how large our Empire is, and—without any boasting—how grand it is. There are men from all parts of the world almost—from the Land of Snows, from the Sunny South, and from all quarters of the dear old British Isles. But all speak the same dear English tongue, and all are fighting for the same old Union Jack.

"'We had our share of the shouts and applause with the other troops, and Lord Roberts did not forget us in the General Order, which was very complimentary, and which he issued to the army. Altogether we marched five hundred miles in fifty-one days, and took part in no less than twenty-six engagements; and we only once had a halt for two consecutive days. What do you think of that? Very different from going to and from London to business every day. I have got used to it now, and I do not mind it.

"'But they say we are not to stay long in Pretoria; we are soon to be in the field again, though what the move is we do not know.

"'Pretoria has a few fine buildings, and the Law Courts and the Government Offices are good enough for even London, or Paris, or Berlin. But in the centre of the town stands an ugly church, shaped something like a barn, in which they say Kruger used to preach. If only he had practised as well as preached, I don't think there would have been any war. Near by the church rises a pedestal, on which his statue was to have been placed; but now I expect a statue of the Queen will adorn the square instead. A good many villas surround the buildings in the centre, while the plain in which the town is situated is bounded by sheltering mountains.

"'So that is how Lord Roberts's long march ended at Pretoria. Some say the war won't last much longer, and that we shall soon be going back.'

"Oh, I am glad!" interrupted Mrs. Seymour.

"'But personally I do not feel so sure. The Boers are very crafty, and may have left Pretoria to give us more trouble in the mountainous districts they like so much for fighting in. Anyhow, whatever the General orders we shall do; and I hope that folks at home will think we have done our best. You can't tell how we think of that. "What will they say at home?" is often in our hearts, if not on our lips; and it helps us on, during many a long march or dangerous fight, to know that we are winning their approval.'"

"Ah! there is no doubt about that," said Mrs. Seymour. "Everybody, I hear, praises the boys. And now I suppose we may hear the news any day that the war is over, and the C.I.V.'s are coming back."

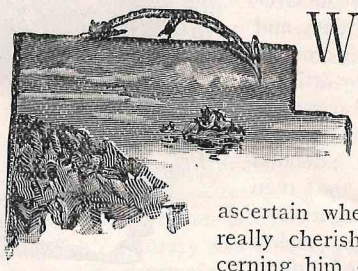
"Hark!" exclaimed Nurse, holding up her finger.

Through the open windows echoed faintly the cry of a newsboy in the street:

"Great bat-tel! Heavy British losses! C.I.V.'s hotly engaged! Great bat-tel!"

CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN'S PROMISE, AND HOW HE KEPT IT. THE BATTLE OF DIAMOND HILL.



WHILE these events were happening at home, and while certain of Horace's friends were considering how they could ascertain whether the "Fraud" really cherished a secret concerning him or not, he himself had not been enjoying an easy time of it since he wrote his letter from Pretoria. His remarks proved true; the C.I.V.'s did not remain long in the Boers' capital city.

"I hear we are to be off to-morrow," said his chum Martin to him one June night. "It's all gammon about the surrender of Botha. So we are in for some more hard work at once, my lad."

"All right, I'm ready for whatever comes; though I should not have minded a day or two of rest after our long marches."

"Ah! you want to be back in Bloemfontein again, talking to that pretty girl you met there."

"I don't think her pretty," said Horace stolidly.

"She thought you handsome."

"Bosh!"

"If ever I saw a girl make eyes at a fellow, she did at you."

"Rubbish, I say!"

"I tell you she did. Who is she?"

"A friend of my mother's."

"Bah!"

"It is quite true. My mother knows her in London. She has come over here to be a nurse, or something of that sort, and I was immensely surprised to see her."

"Pleased, you mean. You were immensely pleased to see her."

"No, not particularly pleased. But I believe she will do very useful work as a nurse, for she is a capable young woman."

"Um!" exclaimed Martin, as he scrutinized his companion through his half-closed eyes. "You really think that, do you?"

"I do."

"And that is the reason why you were so attentive to her?"

"Was I really attentive?" asked Horace doubtfully. "Now, honour bright; no gas, now—tell me straight."

"Well, certainly yes; I should say you were attentive."

Horace was silent a moment; then he turned in the dusk to his friend. "Martin," said he in a solemn whisper, "we have been uncommonly good friends, and I want to ask you to promise something. We are about to start out again to-morrow on a perilous march, and I have seen enough of this war to know that the risks are great. If anything should happen to me, you will find two letters in my coat breast pocket: one is to my mother, of course; and the other—well, it is not to the girl you speak of at Bloemfontein. If I was too attentive to her, I am heartily sorry; but I wanted to ask her a question—about—about something that happened at home—not a question that would be an offer of marriage."

"Oh, all right, old chap; I see. Some misunderstanding, eh?—third party in the way, eh? Don't worry about it, that's my advice. You'll shoot all the steadier to-morrow, if you don't." Then changing his tone, he added in quite a serious voice for the gay, light-hearted, bantering Martin, "If anything should happen—which God forbid—of course I will do as you say, and—and—I will tell your mother and—that other lady—that you were the best friend and comrade I could wish to have."

And the two men clasped hands silently under the bright South African stars. Next morning they were off to the battle.

Martin had spoken truly. The Boer general, Commandant Botha, had appeared at a pass in the hills named Pienaar's Poort, some fifteen miles east of Pretoria, on the line of railway to Middelburg and Delagoa Bay.

Again, some miles farther east of Middelburg, at a station named Waterval Boven, Kruger had taken up his position in a saloon carriage, with immense sums of money in his possession, ready to fly into the neutral Portuguese territory, or turn northward into the wild district of Lydenburg.

There could be no rest under such conditions, and Lord Roberts made ready for action. Botha, however, had negotiated for peace—a proceeding which may possibly have been only a scheme for time to strengthen his position; but the negotiations fell through, and on June 9th the British cavalry had orders to advance.

Away they went, weary though both men and horses must have been, after their swift and arduous campaign. Broadwood's men were to proceed to the left of the Boer position; General French to the right; while the infantry, including Pole-Carew's and Hamilton's divisions, were to attack the centre.

In these attacks the British forces engaged numbered only some seventeen thousand men. Lord Roberts's available forces had become much reduced—many had been required to guard the long lines of communications and to garrison the captured cities, numbers had been wounded or were incapacitated from fighting through illness, and others again were but poorly horsed; while the flanks of the Boer position were guarded by formidable hills.

But away marched the troops.

With his small force General French soon found he was not strong enough to beat back the Boers from their position; but if he could not advance, he would not retreat, and he thus kept a number of the enemy from assisting the operations against the other British divisions. Boers surrounded the intrepid General on almost every side; but with great judgment he placed his men in a widely extended order—of nearly thirty paces between each man—so that, although greatly exposed to fire from both rifles and big guns, the casualties during the two days were comparatively slight. At night his tired men slept on the ground they had defended so well.

Meantime, Pole-Carew with the Guards and the Eighteenth Brigade moved along the line of railway

and engaged in an artillery duel with the enemy, and Hamilton and Broadwood had been heavily engaged a few miles to the south. At one time it even appeared as though Hamilton would lose the day, and the celebrated Q Battery of British artillery was nearly lost. The guns had been pushed up near an opening in the enemy's defence, when lo! out swept a body of mounted Boers, firing with their deadly rifles at close range.

It was a thrilling moment. The guns were in imminent danger. But away went the 12th Lancers, sweeping straight on the daring enemy, who broke and fled, leaving a dozen of their number on the field. To men accustomed to shoot in comparative safety from behind big stones, or from trenches, a thrust through the bowels with those terrible lances must have been a frightful charge to meet; and they could not meet it. But they took revenge by sending a storm of bullets through the cavalry as they returned, and the gallant Earl of Airlie was slain.

Again, later on, a critical moment was saved by a charge of the Life Guards; and then on the afternoon of the winter day—for June is winter in the Transvaal—and after great preparation by artillery, the infantry were ordered to take the long hill in front. The men skirmished forward in widely open order, and their khaki uniform was almost indistinguishable on the brown-coloured veldt. Loud roared the guns as the Sussex battalion advanced on the left; the C.I.V.'s and some mounted infantry proceeded to the wooded ridge in the centre, while the Derbyshires took the right. Beautifully they skirmished forward, and as soon as they gained one part of the hill the Boers began gradually to retire. As they did so, they had to pass over a plain before reaching the principal hill behind, and the British opened a galling fire on the retreating enemy, who, however, soon replied when they reached their new shelter.

When night fell, therefore, the British had gained the first line of the Boer defence on this side of the field, and the ground so hardly won from the enemy was strongly held by sentries through the hours of darkness.

"Well, we have got through to-day all right," exclaimed Martin cheerfully to his comrade, as they retired for their well-earned rest. "Really I have got so used to this sort of thing now, that it seems like an ordinary field day."

"Yes, but I think it will be worse to-morrow," returned Horace. "When these crafty Boers retreat, they often turn up in a more dangerous place for the attack. Still, whatever it is, we shall meet it."



"THE TWO MEN CLASPED HANDS."

"Quite so," agreed Martin. "I dare say there will be a big battle to-morrow. You remember the old song, 'Just before the battle, mother.' We have often sung it at home; but we never thought that we should act it out in reality."

"Ay, what statesman was it that said, 'It's the unexpected that happens'? Lord Beaconsfield, was it not? If any one had told me a year ago that I should ever be a soldier waiting on the eve of a desperate battle, I should have thought he was mad."

Thus did the friends converse before their hour came for slumber, and the last words that Horace uttered that night were, "Remember your promise, Martin." And Martin promised.

When the morning dawned, the Guards were ordered round to reinforce the attack; and while waiting for them, gun-fire was exchanged with the

enemy; but the action was not very serious. Toward midday, when the Guards appeared, Hamilton once more advanced his infantry. Gallantly the Sussex, the C.I.V.'s, and the Derbyshires moved forward in open order to the steep ridges before them, and were followed by the three regiments of Guards.

They gained the ridge, but found themselves in a perilous position. The ridge was the beginning of a bare plateau called Diamond Hill, and was searched and swept by the enemy's fire from a kopje on the other side and from a position on the right. Shelter there was little. Moreover, the Boers were posted on a commanding position beyond a ravine which might prove a veritable death-trap. Horace's prediction was verified to the letter; the engagement was soon found to be very serious, and men began to fall rapidly in the British ranks. But still the infantry clung to their dangerous position on the edge of the plateau, waiting till the artillery could be brought up to support them.

"It is like another Spion Kop!" cried Martin. "Here we have to wait and be shot at, and can do nothing in return."

"They will get up the guns soon," replied Horace coolly, though he was quivering with excitement. "The ridge is so steep, it takes time to haul the big guns up here."

"Bah! there goes another of our fellows! Did you see that? Poor chap! he rolled over like a rabbit. It makes me mad to crouch here and be shot at. There seem to be guns peppering us from nearly every side."

"Yes, I feel mad enough," replied Horace; "but the General is right to keep us here. Why, scarce a man could get to the other side of that ravine alive! Ah! here come the guns!"

It was, happily, true; Major Conolly and his determined men had achieved the impossible, and had worked the 82nd Battery into the firing-line. But crash! boom! down went the horses one after the other, till ten were killed or wounded; and down also fell man after man beside them. Would the battery be annihilated before it could fire a shot? But once more that dogged British courage that keeps on pegging away at a desperate task, though everything seems against it—once more that persistent courage saved the day. The survivors nobly stuck to their post, and one after the other those terrible guns were made to roar back both defence and defiance against the enemy. They fired shrapnel



"SEYMOUR WAS LYING ON THE GROUND."

shell—that is, shells filled with bullets and a bursting charge, the bullets, as the shell bursts, spreading over a wide area. These shells soon made their dangerous presence felt, and the tide of battle began to turn. Other batteries came up, the rifles added their death-dealing messages, and the Boer defence began to slacken. Still the General would not yet risk an attack over the bare plateau, and his judgment no doubt saved many a life. For when the sun rose next morning Botha and his men had departed. The battle was won.

They were followed by mounted men, but only some West Australians reached them, and, gaining a small kopje dominating a part of their army, fired until the last cartridge was gone.

Meantime, though the British were victorious, there were, alas! sad groups and many recumbent figures to be seen dimly in the evening gloom on the British side. "The C.I.V.'s have lost more heavily in this battle than in any other engagement," said one of the regiment to Martin. "For the first time we have had one of our officers killed—Lieutenant Alt—I am very sorry to say."

"Ay, and there are quite a number wounded," remarked another young chum—"Seymour among them."

"Seymour!" cried Martin sharply. "Are you sure? Where is he?"

"There," returned the other, pointing to a group gathered round a khaki-clad figure on the ground. "I gave him a drink of water out of my flask before the others came."

"We were separated in the fight," said Martin, "and I lost sight of him an hour or so ago. He must have been hit then."

"Yes, in his side," said the other. "Poor chap! he looked pretty bad. I fear it is all up with him."

Martin hurried away to his friend; and he found the report only too true. Pale as death itself, with eyes closed, and head sunken, as though lifeless, on one side, Seymour was lying on the ground, while skilled and tender hands had opened his khaki uniform, and were endeavouring to stanch the ugly wound.

It was a ghastly sight, and Martin's face blanched as he beheld it; and he paused, awe-struck, and with eyes distended wide with horror.

"Poor chap! it is well his mother can't see him now," said one. And indeed it was well.

"Will he recover?" whispered Martin, with lips almost as pale as those of his friend.

"Doubtful," replied another; "he is very badly hit."

A minute more and the temporary bandage was adjusted, and Horace was lifted from the ground. As he felt himself moved, he opened his eyes, which seemed already glazing in death, and recognized Martin. Feebly he moved one hand to his breast pocket, and his white lips murmured the one word, "Remember."

With a strange lump choking his throat, and with a strange dew dimming his eyes, so that he could scarcely see in spite of all his efforts, Martin bent over the sad figure of his friend and unbuttoned the pocket to which he pointed.

"He wants me to send these letters home," said Martin in a breaking voice, as he took them from the pocket. "I suppose I must do so now?"

"Ay, you were his chum, I know," said another briefly.

And then the sad procession left the field.

(To be concluded.)

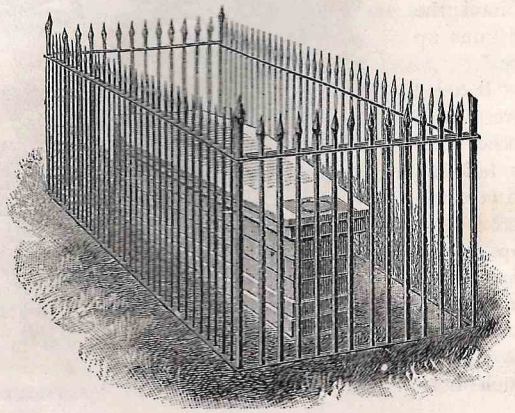


A CURIOUS MOORING-PLACE.

IN a meadow on the top of a high hill, some distance from the sea, on the coast of North Devon, we came across a boat tied up to a tree. It seemed so strange a mooring-place that we took a photograph of the scene, of which this is a reproduction.—H. B. W.

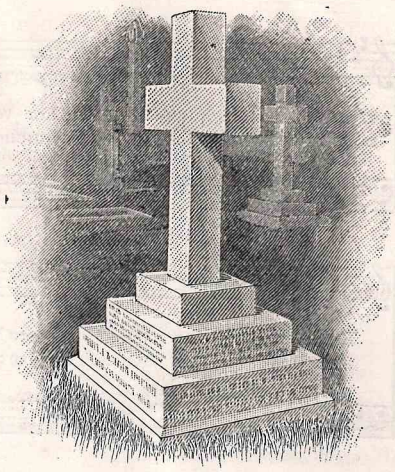
A CURIOUS TOMB.

THE churchyard at Combe Martin contains this coffin-shaped tomb. There are others in different parts of the country, but few which have stood the weather better than the one of which we give an illustration.





A GREAT PREACHER'S MEMORIAL.

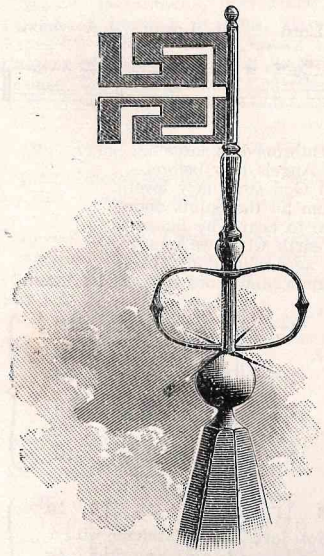


IN the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, few preachers were more widely known for their pulpit eloquence than Hugh McNeile, who was successively Vicar of St. Jude's, Hardwick Street, Liverpool, Vicar of St. Paul's, Prince's Park, Liverpool, and Dean of Ripon. A handsome marble statue was erected to his memory in the noble St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and the Cross marks his resting-place in Bournemouth Cemetery, near the remains of his life-long friend, the first Earl Cairns.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF WIND PRESSURE.

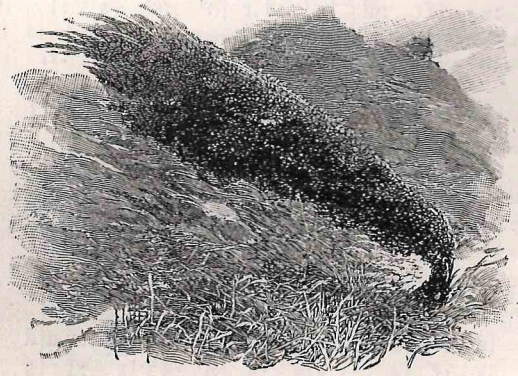


A HAWTHORN tree on a coast path exemplifies the truth of the saying, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." The wind rushing up a gorge from the sea has so affected the growth as to cause the tree to follow the ground formation, almost to an exact parallel. Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY, and engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.



A CURIOUS VANE.

THE quaint key-shaped vane surmounts the spire of the ancient church of St. Peter, Cornhill, in the very heart of the city of London.

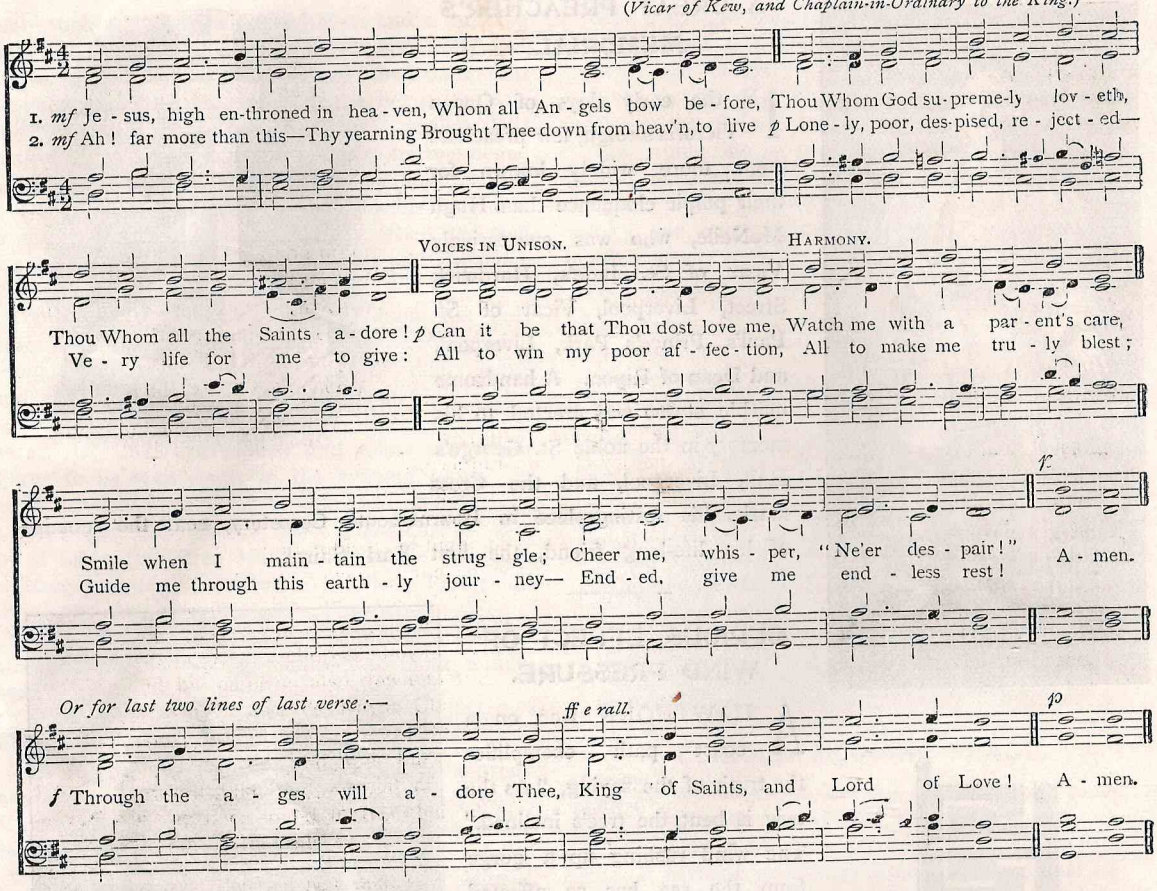


"THE CHEESE RING."

THIS curious rock is at Lynton on the coast of Devon, and is locally known as the "Devil's Cheese Ring." Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.

A Hymn for Ascension Day.

Words and Music by the REV. W. H. BLISS, M.A., Mus.Bac.
(Vicar of Kew, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.)



3. Rest and peace and joy triumphant,
Joy whose thought o'erfills the heart;
cres. Joy that I with saints and angels
Once shall meet and ne'er shall part.
p Oh, to love Thee as Thou lovest,
Pure and fervent, deep and free!
cres. King of Saints, and Lord of Angels,
Make our hearts to burn for Thee!

4. *mf* Jesus, high enthroned in heaven,
Whom all Angels bow before,
Thou Whom God supremely loveth,
Thou Whom all the Saints adore:
p Grant us here to bear Thy likeness,
And from earth when we remove,
f Through the ages will adore Thee,
ff e rall. King of Saints, and Lord of Love! Amen.

Key D.

m	:f	s	:-.l	t	:d'	t	:l	s	:m	d	:r	m	:f	r	:—	m	:-.m	f	:m
mf 1. Je-sus, high		en-		thron'd in		hea - ven,		Whom all		An - gels		bow be -		fore,		Thou Whom God su -			
d	:d	d	:d	r	:d	d	:d	r	:d	d	:t_1	d.t_1	:r.d	t_1	:—	d	:-.d	d	:d
s	:l	s	:-.f	f	:s	f	:d'	s	:d.r	m	:s	s	:l	s	:—	s	:-.se	l	:s
mf 2. Ah! far		more	than	this—Thy		yearn-ing		Brought Thee		down from		heav'n, to		live	p	Lone - ly,	poor,	des -	
d	:l	m	:-.f	r	:m	f	:f	t_1	:d	l_1	:s_1	d	:f_1	s_1	:—	d	:-.d	d	:d

												VOICES IN UNISON.				HARMONY.			
l	:t	d'	:t	d'	:t	l	:t	se	:-.se	l	:—	f	:m	r	:m	f	:m	r	:m	l	:s	t	:d'
premely		lov - eth,		Thou Whom all the				Saints a - dore! p				Can it		be	that	Thou dost love me,				Watch me with a			
m	:r	d	:r	d	:f	m	:f	r.t_1	:m.r	d	:—	d	:d	d	:d	d	:-.d	d	:d	d	:-.d	f	:m
l	:-.se	l.m	:s	s	:-.se	l	:r'.d'	t	:-.t	l	:—	f	:s	l	:s	f	:s	l	:s	f	:s	s	:-.s
pised,		re-ject - ed—		Ve - ry life		for		me		to give:		All to		win	my	poor af - fec - tion,				All to		make	me
d	:t_1	l_1	:t_1	m	:r	d	:r	m	:m	l_1	:—	l_1	:s_1	f_1	:s_1	l_1	:s_1	f_1	:s_1	f	:m	r	:d

																p			
s	:l	r	:—	m	:-.f	s	:l	r	:m	f	:s	d	:r	m	:f	r	:-.r	d	:—	l	:—	s	:—
par - ent's care,				Smile when I main-				tain the struggle;				Cheer me, whis- per,				"Ne'er despair!"				A - - men.			
d.t_1	:l_1.d	t_1	:—	d	:d	d	:-.d	t_1	:d	t_1	:s_1	l_1	:t_1	d.t_1	:r.d	d	:t_1	d	:—	d	:—	d	:—
s	:d'.l	s	:—	s	:l	s	:f	s	:-.s	s	:m	m	:s	s	:l	s	:-.f	m	:—	f	:—	m	:—
tru - ly		blest;		Guide me thro' this				earth - ly journey—				End-ed,		give	me	end - less rest!				A - - men.			
m	:f	s	:—	d	:l	m	:f	f	:m	r	:d	l_1	:s_1	d	:f_1	s_1	:s_1	d	:—	f_1	:—	d	:—

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the second half of last year—July to December. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as Prizes Twelve Volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. ELIZA WELLER, Wood Cottage, Hepworth, near Diss, Norfolk.	15		Mrs. Weller, Schoolmistress.
2. MAUD AGNES SCOTT, The Schools, Mortimer, Berks.	15	Parish Church: Rev. C. Lovett Cameron, M.A., Vicar.	Mrs. Cameron, S.S. Teacher.
3. MURIEL BEATRICE GREENHAM, Capital and Counties' Bank, Yeovil.	15	St. John's: Rev. J. Phelips, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. P. M. Greenham, Parent.
4. ROBERT GENDALL, 11, Camberwell Street, Penzance, Cornwall.		St. John's: Rev. T. F. Maddrell, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Bastian, S.S. Teacher.
5. EDGAR G. LOAT, 14, Elms Road, Dulwich, Surrey.	15	St. Barnabas': Rev. H. Nixon, M.A., Vicar.	Mrs. Loat, Parent.
6. MAY COLLETT, Wallcroft Cottage, Etlowe Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.	14	St. Albans.	Mrs. Collett, Parent.
7. HAROLD DUFF, Holme St. Cuthbert's, Maryport.	12	Parish Church: Rev. John Bardsley, Vicar.	The Vicar.
8. CHARLOTTE SARAH MANNING, Gutter's Hedge Farm, The Hyde, Hendon, Middlesex.	15	St. John's: Rev. W. H. Skan, Vicar.	The Vicar.
9. ETHEL HILL, 634, Leek Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.	15	St. Jude's: Rev. E. Spink, Vicar.	Mrs. Bangham, S.S. Teacher.
10. EMILY BANNISTER, Chestnut Cottage, Henleaze Road, Westbury-on-Trym.	14		Mrs. Bannister, Parent.
11. A. S. BOND, 29, Milsom Street, Bristol.	14	St. Gabriel's: Rev. W. Davies, Vicar.	Rev. C. R. Cottell, Curate.
12. MAY KEARNEY, Arney, Enniskillen, Fermanagh.	13	Cleenish Parish Church: Rev. H. Hare, B.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Bible Questions":—

NELLIE DARLINGTON, Edstaston; JULIA M. L. HOWARD, Lewisham; IRENE L. RANSOM, Clifton; A. M. OAKES, Totton; LYDIA PRIVETT, Alresford; FANNY TAYLOR, Liverpool; M. R. DREWETT, Mortimer; JANET M. ANSELL, Ashford; KATHLEEN A. ANSELL, Ashford; M. ROLFE, Cheveley; IDA F. WATSON, Armagh; A. W. GUSH, Tiverton; M. MOFFATT, Snape.

We append the answers, July to December, inclusive:—

JULY.—*Bible Questions:* (1) 1 Sam. xvii. 39. (2) Deut. x. 19. (3) Neh. v. 15. (4) Acts ix. 26, 27. (5) 2 Kings iii. 15. (6) Gen. iv. 7.

Buried Truth: 2 Chron. xi. 1-17 and 23.

AUGUST.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Neh. ii. 2, 4. (2) St. Mark iii. 35. (3) Gen. v. 29. (4) St. Matt. xx. 22. (5) Ps. cxli. 5. (6) Gen. xliv. 33, 34.

Buried Truth: See Exod. xv. 20; Judges iv. 4; 2 Kings xxii. 14; Neh. vi. 14; and Luke ii. 36; also Acts xxi. 8, 9.

SEPTEMBER.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Neh. ii. 10. (2) 2 Cor. xi. 23-28. (3) St. Matt. xviii. 19. (4) 2 Tim. ii. 15. (5) Acts xii. 2 3. (6) Exod. i. 22; ii. 5-10.

Buried Truth: Exod. xxxii. 32; compared with Rom. ix. 3, (margin).

OCTOBER.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Phil. ii. 19, 22. (2) 2 Peter i. 19. (3) Deut. xxxiii. 29. (4) Phil. iv. 6, 7. (5) Job xxix. 12-18. (6) St. Mark xiv. 72.

Buried Truth: See John i. 47; Ps. lxxiii. 1; cxxv. 1, 2, and 4; and Gal. vi. 16.

NOVEMBER.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Philippians ii. 19, 22. (2) 2 Peter i. 19. (3) Ps. xxxiii. 20. (4) Philippians iv. 6, 7. (5) Job xxix. 11-18. (6) St. Mark xiv. 72.

Buried Truth: Num. xxii. 23-31; also 2 Peter ii. 15, 16; and Rev. ii. 14.

DECEMBER.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Deut. i. 36. (2) 2 Chron. xxiv. 16. (3) 1 Kings xiii. 15-18. (4) Gen. xiii. 14-18. (5) 1 Sam. x. 27; xi. 12, 13. (6) Dan. vi. 3, 4.

Buried Truth: See 1 Kings xviii. 26; Acts xix. 28; also Jer. vii. 4.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

WE offered as Prizes Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (July to December last), in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. JANET M. ANSELL, 12, Queen Street, Ashford, Kent.	14	Canon Tindall, Vicar.
2. KATHLEEN A. ANSELL, 12, Queen Street, Ashford, Kent.	13	Canon Tindall, Vicar.
3. FANNY BRANN, 49, Hughenden Road, Hastings, Sussex.	15	Miss Wright, S.S. Teacher.
4. FRANCES A. GARRETT, George Street, Kingsclere, Newbury, Berks.		Mrs. Garrett, Parent.
5. JEANNIE PERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichenford, Worcester.	14	Mrs. Perrott, Parent.
6. BERTRAM H. WEAVER, Avonkurst, Claremont Road, Highgate, Middlesex.	15	Rev. E. Barnicoat, M.A., Curate of St. Augustine's.
7. ALICE L. KITCHIN, Lound, Retford.		Miss Farmer, S.S. Teacher.
8. ELIZA GITTINGS, Lound, Retford.	11	Miss Farmer, S.S. Teacher.
9. MARGARET SALTMARSH, St. John's Road, Epping.	13	Mrs. Lawrence, S.S. Teacher.
10. JESSIE GUNMALL, The Lodge, Foxgrove, Kingsclere.		Miss Matchwick, S.S. Teacher.
11. ETHEL WALLIS, Fernlea, The Ridgeway, Enfield.	15	Rev. G. P. Turner, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's.
12. NELLIE BURROWS, 9, Lake Road, New Hincksey, Oxford.	13	Rev. W. D. B. Curry, M.A., Vicar.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows :—

XIX. BURIED ANIMALS.—(1) Stag, (2) Bear.

XX. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Oak ham.

XXI. CHARADE.—Primrose.

XXII. ACROSTIC.—Lawcourts : Barrister. (1) Lamb, (2) Anna, (3) Wallflower, (4) Cider, (5) Omri, (6) Us, (7) Rat, (8) Tyre, (9) Sirdar.

XXIII. RIDDLE.—The Elder Tree.

XXIV. REBUS.—Car-pet.

XXV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — Warrior : Roberts. (1) War, (2) Arno, (3) Rob, (4) Rye, (5) Infer, (6) Obstruct, (7) Rays.

XXVI. WORD PUZZLE.—Cannot : Can, Not. Anno : An, No.

XXVII. HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES. — (1) Dorothy, (2) Marian, (3) Nelly, (4) Emma.

XXVIII. SQUARE WORDS.—

F O W L
O P I E
W I N G
L E G S

XXIX. REVERSED WORDS.—(1) Ten, Net. (2) Evil, Live. (3) Mart, Tram. (4) Mug, Gum. (5) Leer, Reel.

XXX. BURIED TOWNS.—(1) Lancaster, (2) London, (3) Leicester, (4) Louth, (5) Lynn, (6) Lymington.

XXXI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — Winter : Storms. (1) Winners, (2) It, (3) No, (4) Tower, (5) Emblem, (6) Runs.

XXXII. ENIGMA.—Shakespeare.

XXXIII. RIDDLE.—The eye.

XXXIV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Christmas : Mincepies. (1) Cam, (2) Haggai, (3) Raisin, (4) Idiotic, (5) Sensible, (6) Tiptop, (7) Magi, (8) Amuse, (9) Success.

XXXV. A CHRISTMAS ENIGMA.—A Good Wish.

BURIED TRUTHS.

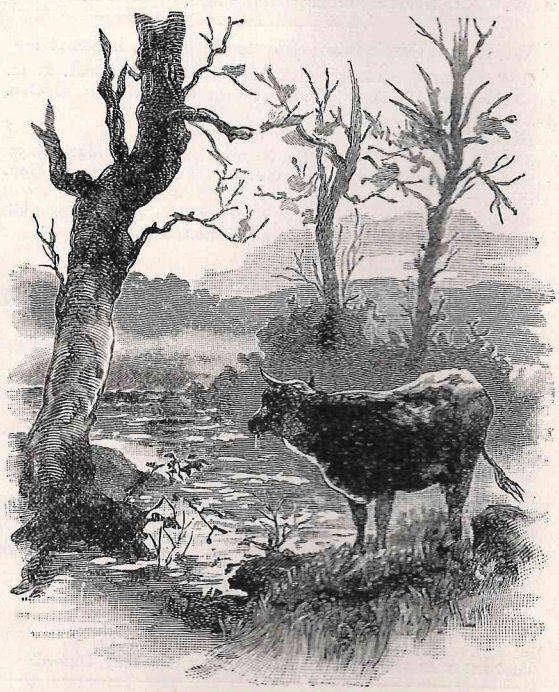
THE Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the answers to the Buried Truths published from July to December last is awarded to—

Mrs. CIMA, 292, *Euston Road, N.W.*

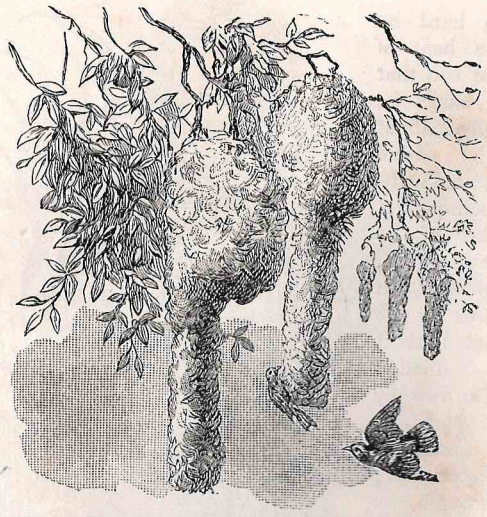
TOM'S MORNING WALK.



"GYP, Gyp, Gyp ! come along," said Tom cheerily. And Gyp did not need a second invitation, for he bounded to Tom's side, and away he rushed after the ball which Tom threw as far as ever he could down the lane. What a pleasant walk Tom and his faithful dog had : and what adventures too ! For once the ball lodged in the hedgerow, and Gyp barked his loudest, and Tom tried his hardest to bring the ball to the ground again, and failed. Then a friendly gust of wind came to the rescue, and down the ball rolled and Gyp scampered after it with a knowing look, as much as to say, "You shall not hide in a hedge again if I can help it." Presently Tom climbed the stile which led the nearest way back to his uncle's farm, but Gyp was so noisy that the old cow became quite alarmed and put on such a threatening look that Tom half thought of turning back, when happily he spied his Uncle Frank in the next meadow, and so went bravely forward. "She doesn't mean any harm, Tom, lad," said Uncle Frank encouragingly ; "things are not always quite as bad as they look" : a tiny bit of wisdom which we hope Tom will never forget.



F. S.



THE WEAVER BIRD.

CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

EVEN in our own country "curious" birds' nests may be found in plenty by those who know where to look for them.

There is the exquisite dwelling of the long-tailed titmouse, for example, which is sometimes fastened to the stem of a tree and sometimes fixed in the fork of a bough, but is more frequently built into the middle of a thick bush, so that it cannot be removed without cutting away the branches to which it is attached. Moss, wool, hair, feathers, and spider's web are the materials of which it is made, and the whole structure is so cleverly and neatly covered over with lichens stripped from the neighbouring boughs that you may look straight at it from a distance of only a few feet, and yet fail to notice it. And the odd thing is that although it is only a few inches in height, two parent birds and ten or twelve little ones somehow contrive to pack themselves away inside it. You can see the walls actually expanding and contracting as its little occupants breathe. Yet not one feather is ever displaced, not one vane on the long tail-plumes is ever ruffled, when they make their way through the small round hole at the top and pass into the outside world.

Then there is the nest of the reed warbler, for which you must look in the beds of tall herbage which fringe our rivers and streams. You cannot possibly mistake it for that of any other British bird, for three or four growing reeds are woven into its structure, while its depth is out of all proportion to its width. The reason is, of course, that reeds bend before the wind, so that if the nest were formed after the ordinary pattern the eggs would roll out into the water. But owing to its singular depth, it may lie almost horizontally, even in the absence of the parent bird, and not an egg will be lost.

There is the nest of the kingfisher, too, built at the end of a deserted water-vole's burrow, and constructed entirely of fish-bones. Few nests are more curious than that. There is the great tangled pile of rushes and flags heaped together by the moor-hen, which is frequently swept from its supports by a rising flood and carried away to a distance, with the mother bird and her eggs still upon it. And there is the dainty little mossy cell of the gold-crest, slung from one branch of a spruce fir and supported by another. It seems wonderful that a bird should be able to build such a nest, with only its beak to aid it.

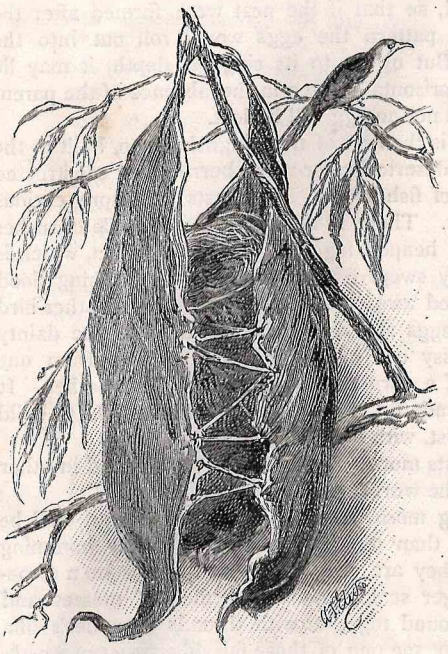
But nests more curious still are to be found in other parts of the world.

Nothing more beautiful, for example, can well be imagined than the fragile home of many humming birds. They are shaped like acorn-cups on a somewhat larger scale, and are formed of mosses and lichens, bound together with threads of spider's silk. You cannot see one of these fairylike structures without wondering how the feathered architect ever contrived to twist and twine such flimsy materials together.

Still more wonderful is the nest of the weaver bird. It is made of grasses and reeds, and is suspended from the tip of a slender bough which overhangs a stream. The reason is obvious. There is no dainty of which monkeys are fonder than the eggs of the smaller birds; and their liking for such delicacies is fully shared by the snakes. But neither monkey nor snake can rob the nest of a weaver bird, for as soon as it attemps to do so the yielding branch dips down, and the would-be thief is plunged into the water.



THE OVEN BIRD.



THE TAILOR BIRD.

Then there is the nest of the tailor bird of India, which understood the uses of needle and thread long before human beings had made the same discovery. Choosing a long broad leaf which hangs from the end of a twig, this odd little feathered builder first bores a series of holes, by piercing the edges of the leaf at tolerably regular intervals with its sharp beak. Then, with a long thread-like fibre, torn from some neighbouring plant, it literally stitches the two edges together, poking the end of the fibre through the holes and pulling it tight, till at last the leaf takes the form of a hollow cone, with the smaller end at the bottom. If one leaf is not sufficiently large, two or even three are sewn together in the same manner. Then a quantity of soft white down is packed into the lower part of the cone, and so the nest is completed.

The fan-tailed warbler builds in much the same way, except that it sews reeds together in place of leaves, and uses a number of threads instead of only one, carefully tying a knot at the end of each to prevent it from slipping through the hole!

Even more curious, perhaps, is the nest of one of the Australian honey-eaters, which is shaped and slung exactly after the manner of a hammock. The materials of which it is made are grass and wool, together with the cotton-like down of certain flowers; and it is suspended by the ends alone from the tip of a slender bough, just as the hammocks on board ship are slung from hooks in the ceiling. Needless to say, the eggs in this wonderful nest are safe from almost every foe.

The oven bird of South America builds its wonderful nest of clay, strengthened and stiffened by grass-stems. It is made in the form of an oven, with the entrance in the side, and after a few days is baked so hard by the heat of the sun that it may be rolled about on the ground without breaking. Part of its strength, however, it owes to the fact that it is divided into two by a partition, a wall of clay running through the centre from side to side, and reaching almost to the roof. The nest thus consists of an outer chamber and an inner one, the former of which seems to be used as a resting-place by the cock bird, while the hen sits on her eggs in the latter.



THE REED WARBLER.

Strangest of all, perhaps, are the nesting-habits of the brush turkey of Australia. A number of these birds combine in the nesting-season, and work round and round in a large circle, scraping together the dead leaves and other vegetable rubbish as they go, and kicking it out behind them towards the centre. As often as they complete their circuit they narrow the circle, till at last a great heap of dead herbage is formed in the middle. In the centre of this the eggs are buried, and are then hatched by the heat that is given out during the process of decay. No less than a bushel of eggs have been dug out from one of these singular nests, which may be as much as six or eight feet in height, and fifteen or sixteen in diameter.

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

THIS is specially the month for bedding out flowers for summer and autumn. All seedling perennials and biennials should now be planted out. Wallflowers and sweet-williams may still be sown. Hollyhocks for late blooming can be planted. Currant- and gooseberry-trees should be well dusted with dry lime and soot mixed together. French beans may be plentifully sown; also scarlet runners. Give plenty of air to growing cucumbers, particularly on fine, sunny days.



A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540-1876).

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

III.—THOMAS TALLIS.

THE deep-toned bell from our venerable Cathedral tower has ceased to ring, and we see the white-robed procession of men and boys quietly leaving the chapter-house.

Let us follow them into the church.

The sweet singing of the chants and canticles is over, and we are now joining in that most wonderful intercession for all sorts and conditions of men, our Litany, to Tallis's fine setting. How touching and pathetic the words! And how tender and reverent the music! The youngest of us must surely feel the beauty of this service, with all the grandeur and dignity of its harmonies, which have never been surpassed, and probably never will be. This Litany, with Tallis's setting, has been used in all our cathedral churches on the great festivals and other solemn occasions for more than three centuries.

Now, who may this Tallis be of whom we speak? He was one of the many shining lights that adorned the reign of the illustrious Queen Elizabeth; for though born early in Henry VIII.'s time, it was not till after Elizabeth's accession and the tranquillity which followed that his music for the English service was written.

To the Book of Common Prayer Tallis wrote the first *harmonized* cathedral service; for though Marbecke had already given music to the First Book of Edward VI., this was, as we have seen, only the simple plain song to the English words, but, as Dr. Burney says, "Tallis added to his melody most excellent harmony, so antique in style, chiefly in common chords, which produces a very different effect to any music written during the present century." This service in D minor ("D Dorico") must be well known (or at least part of it) by every cathedral choir-boy, for it is frequently sung, and especially during Lent, as the solemnity of style is well fitted for that season.

Some of the finest of Tallis's works are the Latin motets* and hymns published by himself and his friend Byrd, which have been translated into English by Dr. Aldrich and others for the use of our churches; also Bishop Ken's beautiful hymn "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," which nearly every child knows by heart, and of the tune of which we never tire, was written by the renowned Tallis. But the greatest of all his achievements was his song of forty parts. "This wonderful work is not divided into choirs of four parts, but consists of eight trebles placed under each other, eight mezzi-soprani, eight tenors, and so on, with one line allotted to the organ. All these several parts are not in simple harmony, but have each a share in the short subjects of fugue or imitation which are produced upon every change of words."†

Thomas Tallis, the greatest musician, not only of this country, but of Europe in the sixteenth century, was probably a chorister boy in Henry VIII.'s Chapel, and his name is also down in the list of gentlemen in King Edward's Royal Chapel, and, as is most likely, he was organist to Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1585, and was buried at Greenwich, and we will take our farewell of him by quoting some of the lines found in the chancel of the old parish church in that place:

> Enterred here doth ly a worthy wyght
> Who for long time in music bore the bell;
> His name to shew was Thomas Tallis hyght,
> In honest vertuous lyff he did excell.
>
> As he did lyve, so also did he dy,
> In mild and quyet sort, O happy man;
> To God full oft for mercy dyd he cry,
> Wherefore he lyves, let Death do what he can.

Amongst the other distinguished musical persons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were Byrd (already mentioned), Dr. John Bull, and Thomas Morley, but we have only space to give their names.

* "A motet is properlie a song made for the Church, either upon some hymn or anthem, . . . and that name I take to have been given to that kind of musicke in opposition to the other, which they called *canto fermo* and we do commonly call plain-song; for as nothing is more opposite to standing and firmness than motion, so they did give the motet the name of moving, because it is in a manner quite contrarie to the other, which after some sorte and in respect to the other standeth still."

Introduction to Morley's "Harmony."

† Dr. Burney's "History of Music."

A GOOD REASON.—A South Sea Islander, in reply to the question, "Can you give any reason for believing the Bible to be the Word of God?" said, "I believe it to be the Word of God on account of the prophecies it contains, and the fulfilment of them."

The Beloved Queen Victoria.

BORN AT KENSINGTON PALACE, MAY 24TH, 1819; DIED AT OSBORNE, JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

"The Foundation of our love is a true woman's heart."—
THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

The Queen's Birthday.

IN the hundreds of thousands of copies of *The Church Almanack* which adorn the walls of humble homes in all parts of the world, one date—May 24th—stands out with pathetic interest: "May 24th, The Queen's Birthday." The text chosen from the Church's Bible-reading for the day, "Ready to every good work," most touchingly and aptly sums up the beautiful character of our Lamented and Glorious Sovereign. The world with one voice has recognized that Queen Victoria set an example of devotion to Duty which the most illustrious as well as the most humble of her subjects might well imitate.

The Queen and Prayer.

THE Duke of Grafton, at a meeting of the Royal Blind Pension Society, said: "Great was his regret that he had kept no diary or permanent record of the many gracious and kindly actions of which he had been witness. There was one subject not mentioned in any accounts he had seen which he might refer to. He alluded to Her Majesty's boundless faith in the efficacy of prayer. When people remarked upon the good fortune which usually attended any public function in which the Queen was engaged, the common faith in 'Queen's weather,' and upon her tact and sound judgment, it was known to very few (for her piety was never ostentatiously displayed) that she certainly always sought the blessing of Almighty God in earnest prayer. And the charitable side of her nature was shown, not so much in the giving of doles (to which she attached little importance) as in visiting whenever possible and making sympathetic inquiry after those in sickness and trouble, whether they were the humblest cottagers on her estates or her nearest and dearest relations."

The Queen and "The Church Monthly."

THE portrait which appeared in our own pages was of special interest, for it was chosen by the Queen in 1897 as *the* picture which should appear in THE CHURCH MONTHLY. The panel photograph from which it was engraved was graciously lent for the purpose by Her Majesty, and the Editor received it through the Home Office, and returned it by the same medium when the engraver had completed his work. At the time of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations hundreds of portraits of the Queen were published, but this particular picture had thus the unique distinction of being the only one specially lent by Her Majesty for the purpose. It may be added that shortly after the portrait had appeared in THE CHURCH MONTHLY the Editor received a letter from one of the Queen's secretaries kindly stating that Her Majesty was "much pleased with the way in which the engraving had been produced."

The Queen's Faith.

THE Prince Consort was buried at Frogmore, and from the first the Queen decreed that when her time came she should be laid to rest beside him. Over the entrance to the mausoleum Her Majesty caused to be set up in Latin the following tender and loving inscription: "His mourning widow, Victoria the Queen, directed that all that is mortal of Prince Albert be placed in this sepulchre, A.D. 1862. Farewell, well-beloved. Here, at last, will I rest with thee; with thee in Christ will I rise again."

The Queen and Family Prayer.

FAMILY worship was always an institution in the Royal household. The Queen in earlier years attended prayers with the entire family before breakfast. Age and infirmity in later years made it necessary for the Queen's morning devotions to be conducted in her own room, but all members of the household were expected to attend the daily morning service. The Queen's Bible and Prayer Book, large and well-worn copies, had a special table assigned to them in the private sitting-room, whether at Osborne, Windsor, or Balmoral, and they accompanied her on Continental journeys, and were placed each morning ready for her use when she was travelling by rail or on board the Royal yacht.

The Queen as a Christian Mother.

IN her family the Queen considered it her duty personally to superintend her children's religious training. Once, when State affairs had been unusually pressing, she said, "It is a great trouble to me that I cannot always hear my children say their prayers." She drew up a memorandum for the religious training of the Princess Royal, which laid it down "that she should have great reverence for God and religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view."



OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA DIED.

Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

The Queen and Sunday Rest.

THE Queen kept Sunday from the first as a Day of Rest. Late on a Saturday night one of the Ministers arrived at Windsor. "I have brought for Your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some documents of great importance; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of Your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, Your Majesty; but the business of the State will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the Queen, "and will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents to-morrow morning." Next morning the Queen and the Court went to church, and so did the noble lord; and the subject of the sermon was "The Christian Sabbath: Its Duties and Obligations." After the service the Queen inquired, "How did your lordship like the sermon?" "Very much indeed, Your Majesty," was the answer of the nobleman. "Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." Not a word was said during the whole of the day about the State papers; but when the Queen wished her Minister good-night, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into those papers." "I could not think of intruding upon Your Majesty at so early an hour," was the reply; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."

The Queen's Favourite Hymns.

AMONG the Hymns frequently sung in the Chapel Royal were Newman's "Lead, kindly Light"; Doddridge's "Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes," and "O God of Bethel, by Whose hand"; Cowper's "Hark my soul! it is the Lord"; Faber's "Angels of Jesus"; Lord Glenelg's "When gathering clouds around I view"; Newton's "As when the weary traveller gains"; and, during Advent, "Lo! He comes," to the well-known tune "Helmsley," and "Great God, what do I see and hear."

The Queen as a District Visitor.

THE late Rev. Hugh Huleatt once told the following anecdote at an Army Scripture Readers' meeting at Cambridge: "The Rector of Whippingham had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. On entering the cottage, he saw, sitting by the bedside, a lady in deep mourning, reading out loud. His first impulse was to withdraw, when the lady, rising, remarked in a pleasant low voice, 'Please do not go. I was only reading aloud, and I should not like the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman's visit would afford.' She then retired, and he found, lying on the bed, a Bible which the reader had been using. That lady was the Queen of England."

The Queen and the Bible.

A DISTRICT Secretary of the London City Mission visited a small cottage at Windsor, with an old-world garden of sweet-smelling flowers in front, and upon taking a seat upon a Windsor chair which had been dusted for him was told "That is the Queen's chair." He was then told that one of the Royal Princesses had stopped her carriage to look at the flowers, and upon hearing from the daughter that her mother was ill went in to see her. The next day another Royal carriage drove up, and the Queen herself stepped out, with the help of John Brown.

"And, of course," the daughter told the Secretary, "we were greatly flurried, but the Queen said, 'Don't be put about; I came, not as a Queen, but as a Christian lady. Have you got a Bible?" She was given one, and the Queen sat down on the chair, and said, 'I heard from my daughter of your long and sad illness, and I came to comfort you.' She took mother's poor, wasted hand in hers, and said, 'Put your trust in Jesus, and you will soon be in a land where there is no pain. You are a widow, so am I; we shall soon meet our beloved ones.' She then read the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John ('Let not your heart be troubled'), and then knelt down on the floor and prayed for my mother. That was not the only visit, for always since when the Queen came to Windsor Castle she came to see my mother once or twice a week, and always read the Word of God, and always prayed."—*The Rev. Alfred Rowland, LL.B.*

ARE NONCONFORMIST PLACES OF WORSHIP CONTROLLED BY ACTS OF PARLIAMENT?

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

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



THE answer to the above question is, Yes. The places of worship of all the Free Churches, with their ministers, as well as the places of worship of the Church of England with her Bishops and Clergy, are controlled by Acts of Parliament.

Chapel sites are acquired under the provisions of the Places of Worship Sites

Act, 1873, amended by an Act, 1883, which provides that owners of settled estates, corporations, and officers, trustees, and commissioners, holding land for public purposes, may within certain limits grant sites for places of public religious worship, residences for ministers, and burial-grounds.

When a chapel is built on a site thus granted, or otherwise provided, it may, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament 18 & 19 Victoria, chap. 81, on the payment of 2*s.* 6*d.*, be entered upon the Registrar-General's list as a place certified for religious worship.

On the building being thus certified for worship, it is, under the provisions of the Acts of Parliament 3 & 4 William IV., chap. 30, and the Public Health Act, 1875, made free from the payment of rates and taxes so long as it is used exclusively for religious worship.

Under the provisions of the Act 23 & 24 Victoria, chap. 32, sect. 2, all religious services held within such building are protected from disturbance, and by the Act 24 & 25 Victoria, chap. 100, sect. 36, ministers officiating therein or at other places are protected in the discharge of their duty, persons obstructing them being guilty of a misdemeanour.

The doors of a chapel may not be locked during the time that a religious service is being held within its walls, under a penalty provided by the Act 52 George III., chap. 155.

When a place of worship, being a separate building, has been used for twelve months as such, and has been entered upon the Registrar-General's list, it may, on the payment of a fee of £3, be registered by the Registrar-General for marriages.

All marriages that are solemnized in the registered chapel are regulated by some five Acts of Parliament, the first being the 6 & 7 William IV., chap. 85, and the last being the Marriages Act, 1898.

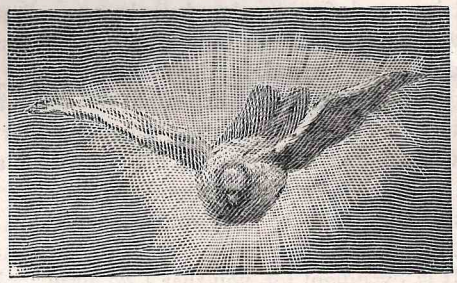
When the minister of a chapel officiates at a funeral, he does so under the provisions of the Burials Act of 1880, which provides precise regulations for all interments under his ministrations, particularly when he exercises the right conferred upon him by Parliament of officiating at burials in parochial churchyards and consecrated portions of cemeteries.

A chapel being put in trust, the Trust Deed, under the provisions of the Charitable Uses Act, 31 & 32 Victoria, chap. 42, is enrolled in the Court of Chancery; while under the provision of sect. 62 of the Charitable Trusts Act, 1853, a chapel certified for worship is, with all property thereto attached, exempted from the control of the Charity Commissioners. Nevertheless, the trustees of any chapel may voluntarily avail themselves of the services of the Charity Commissioners for the purposes of appointing new trustees and drawing up new trust schemes free of expense to the chapel authorities.

Returns made by the Charity Commissioners to the House of Commons from July, 1873, to February, 1884, show that the Commissioners appointed trustees and established new schemes for Nonconformist chapels or institutions or their endowments in 2,161 cases. In these returns particulars of each case are given. Mr. Cubitt, M.P., now Lord Ashcombe, stated in the House of Commons in the year 1872 that the services thus rendered by the Commissioners saves the Nonconformist chapel authorities in legal expenses some £10,000 per annum.

By an Act of Parliament, 7 & 8 Victoria, chap. 45, 1844, commonly called the Dissenter's Chapel Act, a great many chapels built by Presbyterians were transferred to the possession of Unitarian and other denominational congregations purely by a Parliamentary title, which set aside the intentions of the builders of the chapels in question and the founders of their endowments.

We think that sufficient proof has now been adduced to show that the "Free Churches" and their ministers, as well as the Church of England and her Clergy, are not only controlled, but greatly privileged by Acts of Parliament.



A MEDITATION FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, W.

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."—ST. JOHN xvi. 7.

THE Master has gone. A cloud has received Him out of our sight. From that sacred Mount of Olives, whither He had often retired to pray, whence He had wept over Jerusalem, overhanging the Garden of Gethsemane, where He had agonized in His suffering, He had ascended to His Heavenly Home. It was not merely that He had ceased to visit them, and they were left to infer His Ascension from His absence, but they had seen Him go into Heaven. No longer could they meet together in that upper room with the expectation that,

perhaps, before they separated, the Master Himself might stand in the midst of them.

No; He was gone. The Voice of the Teacher was for ever silent; the seat at the table was for ever empty; no longer would they congregate on the mountain-side to hear Him preach to the multitudes hanging on His lips; and they returned to their desolated homes. We would imagine that they were overwhelmed with sorrow; we know how sorrowfully they had anticipated the departure, even in the previous verse, because Christ had foretold this: "sorrow had filled their hearts." But no, we read in St. Luke xxiv. 52, they returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

It was a magnificent triumph of faith. They had seen Him enter the cloud, they believed that beyond the cloud His ascending Body was met by ten thousand times ten thousand angels, and escorted to the central throne of the Universe of God. They had seen Him despised and rejected of men, and now by faith they "saw Jesus crowned with glory and honour," and, as they thought of their Beloved Lord receiving the honour due unto His Name, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy; and, further, they had the assurance that He would come again; though parted, it was not to be for ever! And, in the meantime, they had His promise that "it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you," and, wondering what form the blessing would take, they waited until on this Whit Sunday the fire fell.

"It is expedient for you that I go away." It is difficult for us, even to-day, to imagine that this can be true. We sometimes think what a glorious thing it would be to have the bodily presence of Jesus Christ with us. Why, suppose, if instead of the clergyman it were announced that Jesus Christ Himself would occupy the pulpit some Sunday, what a rapture, what a joy, there would be, and not only what a joy, but what a blessing! What an answer to the sceptic, if we were able to point to Christ Himself, and what a centre of unity!—there would be no room for divisions or denominations if Jesus Christ were visibly present, and what an infallible Guide!—if ever we were in perplexity we could ask Him. And yet we can see that it would never do, for Christ, being most truly man, could only, as far as His manhood was concerned, inhabit a certain place, and, therefore, if we wished to see Him we must have travelled to His place of residence. We know the horrors and abuses of pilgrimages, whether Roman or Mohammedan, but if Christ were present at some one spot there would be some reason for the pilgrimage; but this is not now necessary, for, through the Holy Spirit, Christ is everywhere present. No; the Ascension of Jesus Christ has terminated the carnal and visible and established the spiritual and the true. Hitherto there had always been a visible presence of God, where man was able to worship God. When man was expelled from Eden, the Cherubim were placed at the gate, and Adam seems to have offered his sacrifices there; the Patriarchs, wherever they journeyed, built their altars, and there God appeared to them. Then came the Tabernacle and the Temple, where God manifested Himself in the Shekinah glory, and then the Word was made flesh and tabernacled amongst us, for it was only thus, by these successive localizations of the Deity, that man could be brought to believe in the presence of God with him in his daily life. But still God was always wanting to wean man from this localization of God, and now the Ascension of Jesus Christ teaches us to look, not for a visible local presence, but for a spiritual. The Most High dwells not in temples made with hands:—

> Where'er we seek Thee Thou art found,
> And every place is hallowed ground.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,
Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers.'

25. WHAT is the first Old Testament text referred to in the New Testament? 26. How did Enoch please God? 27. Where may we find the Scripture referred to in St. John xix. 36? 28. What does St. Paul say about the Fifth Commandment? 29. What does St. John say about the Sixth Commandment? 30. When did Moses speak with Jesus?

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—*May* 1, SS. Philip and James, Apostles and Martyrs; 3, Invention of the Cross; 5, 4th Sunday after Easter; 6, St. John, Evangelist, ante Port. Lat.; 12, Rogation Sunday; 13, Rogation Day; 14, Rogation Day; 15, Rogation Day; 16, Ascension Day; 19, Sunday after Ascension Day, Dunstan, Archbishop; 26, Whit Sunday, Augustine, Archbishop; 27, Whit Monday, Ven. Bede, Pres; 28, Whit Tuesday; 29, Ember Day; 31, Ember Day.

Jesus said: "He shall give you another Comforter."

ST. JOHN xiv. 16.

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