

MYDDLE AND HADNALL PARISH MAGAZINE, FOR 1905.

SEPTEMBER.

SHREWSBURY:
ADNITT AND NAUNTON, MACHINE PRINTERS, THE SQUARE.

Baptisms.

Aug. 6—Charles Edward Evans.
„ 27—Fredrick William Dorn.

Harvest Festival.

It is proposed to hold the Harvest Festival on Sunday, September 3rd.

PARISH CHURCH.—Holy Communion at 8. Choral Service and 2nd Communion at 11. Choral Service at 7 o'clock.

HARMER HILL.—Service at 6-30.

Collections in aid of the Salop Infirmary, and Eye and Ear Hospital.

Church Repair Fund.

The Church Repair Fund now stands as under—

Mr. Giles' Estimate	35	0	0
Extra work probably	10	0	0
			£45	0	0

Towards this we have in hand—

Church repair bank book	20	0	0
Rummage Sale	6	13	6
Collection Myddle Church	4	16	9½
„ Harmer Hill	0	8	5
Subscriptions—					
Mr. Meredith	3	0	0
Mr. Bebb	2	0	0
Mrs. Watkins	5	0	0
Mr. Hand	0	5	0

£41 13 8½

Leaving the small sum of £3 6 1½ to be raised at some future time. The work in the Chancel came to £4, which Mrs. Egerton has paid, and which she looks upon as her subscription to the good cause.

Rummage Sale.

As proposed in last Months Magazine, a Rummage Sale was held in the Schoolroom, Myddle, on Friday, 18th August. A large quantity of garments and many knick-nacks were tastefully arranged around the room, and being under cover, rendered all fears of the weather unnecessary. By 3 o'clock the doors were besieged by eager applicants, and by 4 o'clock a general clearance was effected.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Parker and family, for kindly undertaking the Sale, and also to those Farmer's wives, who kindly sent cakes, bread, and butter, to provide the tea, so that all taken from that source, was gain. The following sum was obtained which Mrs. Egerton, considers extremely good, £6 13s. 6d.



THE GLEANERS.

THE PARISH MAGAZINE. SEPTEMBER, 1905.

THE REWARD OF DOING GOOD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES SUTELL,

(Rector of Stretton Baskerville and Vicar of Burton Hastings, Warwickshire). Author of "Preaching and the Composition of Sermons," etc., etc.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—
ECCLESIASTES xi., 1.

THE figure, on which the passage we have chosen for consideration is founded, is very beautiful, striking, and instructive. In many parts of India and Africa, and especially on the Nile, when the rivers overflow their banks, the natives may be seen scattering the rice seed, or the corn, on the surface of the waters. When the waters subside, the seed thus scattered becomes deposited in the earth, and from it springs a fruitful harvest. Great care has, of course, to be taken by the agriculturist that he does not miss the opportunity; if the seed be not sown at the time of these overflows, then the opportunity is lost, and with the opportunity, the harvest. Such are the facts of the case, and to which allusion is made in the above passage from Ecclesiastes. Bearing this in mind, we shall be better able to understand the important truth it contains. The present time is our opportunity, and especially it is one of seed sowing; everything done or said here is as seed; indeed, our whole life stands in relation to the future as a seed. It is a very serious fact to consider that there is not a word we utter, but has an influence; there is not an act, however trifling, that does not leave behind some impression, however small; nay, our very looks and tones of voice carry an influence with them for good or for evil; and however obscure we may be, each possess, in a greater or less degree, this power for good or evil. But we, unhappily, through an habitual disregard of little things, come to regard only what we call great matters, as

possessing this influence, forgetting that little and great are only terms and measures of our own contracted horizon. Placed side by side with eternity, viewed in God's light, there is nothing little, everything is great. The pebble cast into the river raises a wave which communicates itself with water far out of sight; it is not for us to circumscribe its influence to the few small rising circles that come under our own observation. Thus the most insignificant actions may be compared to seed sown; and the great harvest is before us; each seed, in the wonder-working way of God, shall be resuscitated, each one shall start from the grave of oblivion, and standing, so to speak, before Conscience, shall recognise its own image! memory shall be the light that shall irradiate the dark chamber of forgetfulness and bring forth many witnesses.

Then "cast thy bread upon the waters." There is an old proverb—"My time is my bread"—which well illustrates the view we take of this word "bread." Our time, our wealth, our talents, our influence—these are the bread in this point of view; cast these upon the waves of opportunity as they roll in upon your path. Gather up the leisure moments and devote them to something that will tell on eternity. See if some of that time, wasted, it may be, in idleness, cannot be redeemed for God's glory. Look around, and see if some of that wealth you are accumulating cannot be spared for God's cause. Do not grasp it as if it were your own; it is not yours, remember, it is God's gift, for which, sooner or later, you will have to give an account.

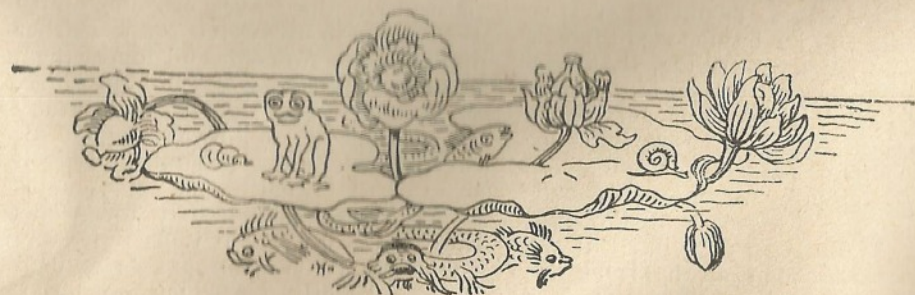
SERMONETTE.

You may be hoarding it simply for your own gratification, and will not afford even a tenth, in opposition to His command, even a tenth for His glory. See if some of those talents which have been hitherto used for your own selfish pleasures cannot be exercised for the benefit of the poor and afflicted. See if you cannot by your presence, or by way of encouragement, help some holy cause that may be languishing; or you may make the effort, however difficult, to speak faithfully, to some who are living in gross sin, or to any Christian friend, who is leading an inconsistent life; even though it be at the risk of being called an enthusiast, a bigot, a fanatic, or a fool. Yes; "Cast thy bread upon the waters"; try the experiment; seize every opportunity for doing good, and do it without grudging, and without stint, and you shall find your bread after many days; it shall be returned to you a hundred, yea, even a thousand fold. And now let me ask are you in any way working for Christ? Be honest, cast away the mask you may now wear (if thus it should be), give to the winds your hollow, worthless religion, and, in all sincerity, be what you profess to be, a Christian; if you bear this holy name, bear it honestly, and be not ashamed to confess your crucified Lord. Up and be doing, and use your opportunities for God more than you have hitherto done, and thus shall you cast your bread upon the waters. But let us not be deceived, if we walk by sight, and not by faith, we shall never there so cast it; for it will be washed away and it will be lost. Yet God there commands us to cast it—to human reason this is, of course, utterly foolish, as to the natural man, the lessons of faith always are. The Divine command is, that we cast it

there, but where, to the faithless, short-sighted man, it will surely be lost. But the child of God knows something the carnal mind does not know; while he casts the bread upon the waters, he knows that out of sight, beneath the surface, there is solid ground; he understands this, though he does not see it; he knows that "his labour in the Lord is not in vain"; he casts his bread upon the waters, but he is supremely confident and knows that it will sink down into God's appointed place, and shall, at the stupendous great harvest, reappear. How truly can he say: "I know in Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Now observe the beautiful promise, "Thou shalt find it." Thou shalt find it after many days. You perceive it is an individual promise, and one of certain fulfilment; and, therefore, remember, dear reader, that no good act done in the name of Christ is ever lost; neither here nor hereafter. Each seed, so trifling in appearance, shall yet reappear; bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, shelter for the naked, and spiritual consolation for the wavering and the ignorant—each shall be recognised in the great day of the Lord, when he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. We must bear in mind that our position here, in this life, is one of waiting, and so are we to work, to watch, to pray, and thus exercise our *Faith*.

One further word only. The bread must be cast now, during the time present, as (and it is a solemn thought), we may have no future opportunities for so doing. It was only at a certain period the Nile overflowed. Time is ever fleeting away, and neglected opportunities can never be redeemed.



ROMANCE OF OUR ANCIENT CHURCH TOWERS.

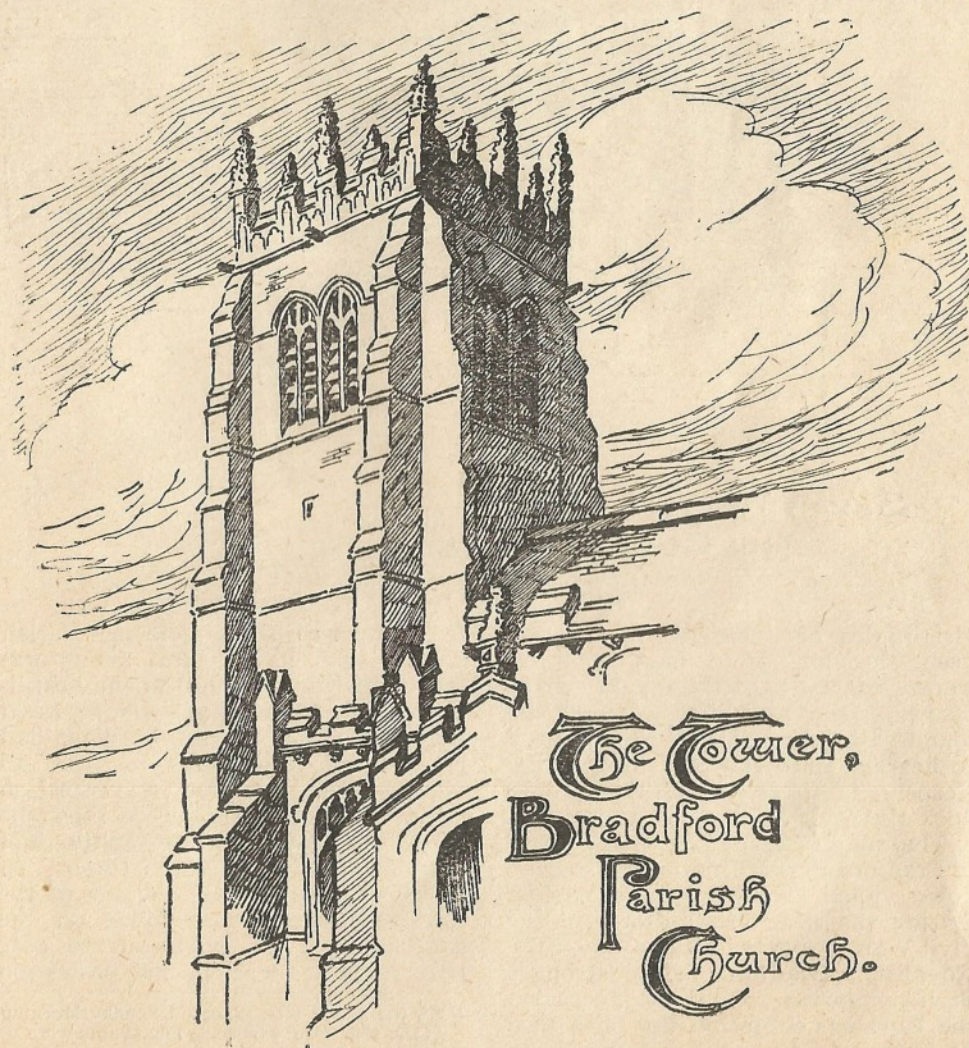
BY R. T. WYATT.

THE glamour of romance that clings to all that appertains to our old churches seems to reach its highest point in the interest that is attached to the Towers. The grey, weather-beaten, fortified towers of the Northern Province, or the more beautiful steeples of Herefordshire, or the tapering spires of Lincolnshire, all appeal to us as little else in the church fabric does.

For it must be remembered that

our church towers were not all built for the same reason. There are towers on the Scottish Border, which, by their strength and fortifications, tell us only too plainly why they were erected. Traces of machicolations are to be found in the towers at Whitkirk and Rothwells, and even at Wakefield, showing that defence was considered necessary many miles from the Scottish Border.

But Border affrays are not the only





Saxon Belfry
Little Ouseburne
Church

vicissitudes our church towers have been through, some have endured worse trials than those. In times of peace the parishioners would be found within the walls of their church to hearken unto the preaching of the Gospel; in times of war they would flock there for shelter and protection.

The rough, uncompromising tower of Bradford Parish Church has frowned down upon some strange sights. During the siege of Bradford, in the Civil War, it was twice besieged by the Royalists, Bradford being strongly Parliamentary. On the first occasion the Royalists subjected the town to a fierce cannonading, and it would have

gone hard with the ill-defended Parish Church had not a fierce snowstorm caused a temporary lull in the hostilities.* When the Royalists returned they found that the Bradfordians had hung great wool-packs in tiers all around the tower as a protection against the assault. Baffled thus, the Royalists adopted fresh tactics, and tried to storm the church tower. In the *melee* that ensued, the son of the Earl of Newport was killed on the church steps. It is curious to note that there are yet, in the possession

* For the attack took place on Sunday Morning, Dec. 18th, 1642, whilst the inhabitants were at worship.

ANCIENT CHURCH TOWERS.

of the Bradford Corporation two wool-packs containing cannon-balls fired at the tower by the Royalists.

Many are the forms adopted by the builders of our old church towers. One is triangular, some hundred and seventy-five are circular, but the majority of them are square. Occasionally one is found that is quadrilateral without being square, Bath Abbey being a notable instance.†

Detached towers, too, are not uncommon. Fleet church, in Lincolnshire, has one, while there are others at Illogan and at Gwerat, in Cornwall, and at Bosbury, Holmer, and Pembridge, in Herefordshire. The Bell Tower, at Chichester, is another case in point.

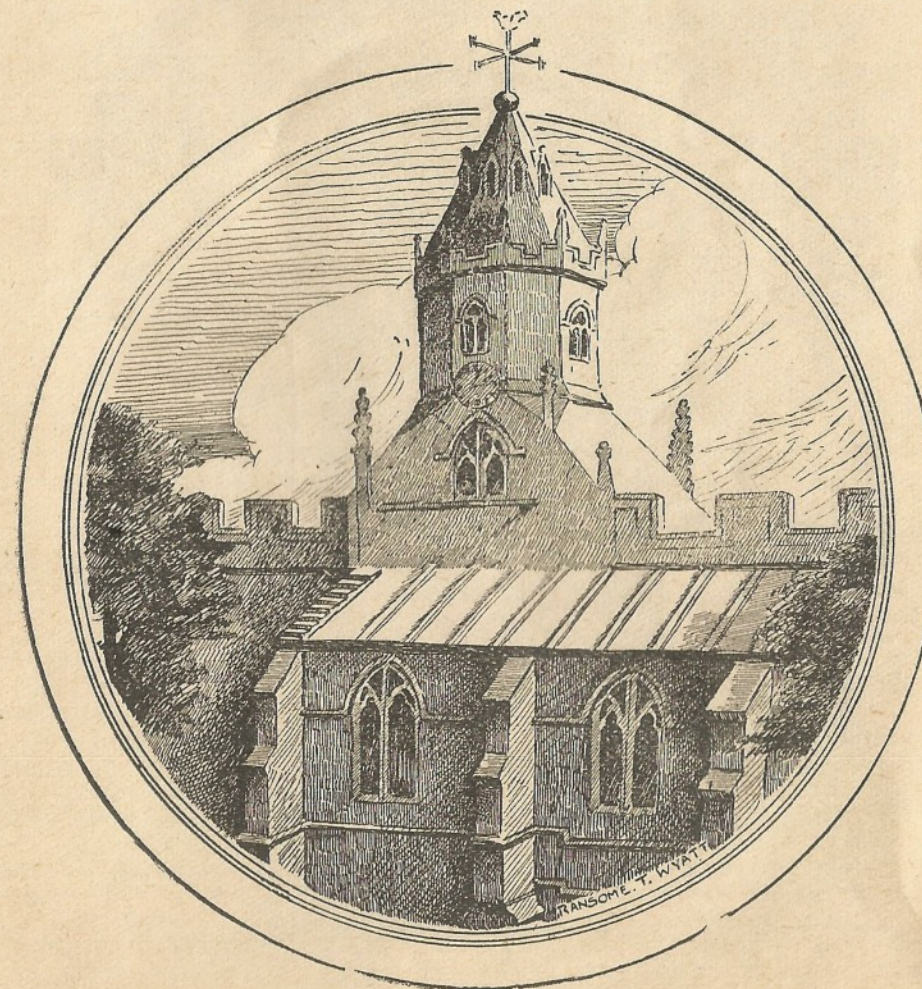
Often where a whole church has disappeared under successive restor-

† Another being Kildwick Church, the famous "Lang Kirk i' Craven."

ations the tower is left to us, as its original builders planned it, its strength and solidity, its safeguard against destruction. The sister churches of Fulham and Putney are famous examples of towers remaining intact after the rest of the edifices having been rebuilt.

The two towers of Bolsover Church remain to-day, serving as beacons, while all the rest of the church has fallen into decay. Instances might be multiplied of churches all over the country where such towers remain. Haworth is a well-known instance. Here the church has been twice rebuilt, but the black old rugged tower still stands, lifting its head proudly over the wind-swept moors as staunch and as strong as when it was first erected.

Often the charm of these old-world towers lies in the incorporation of



TONG CHURCH, SALOP.

ANCIENT CHURCH TOWERS.

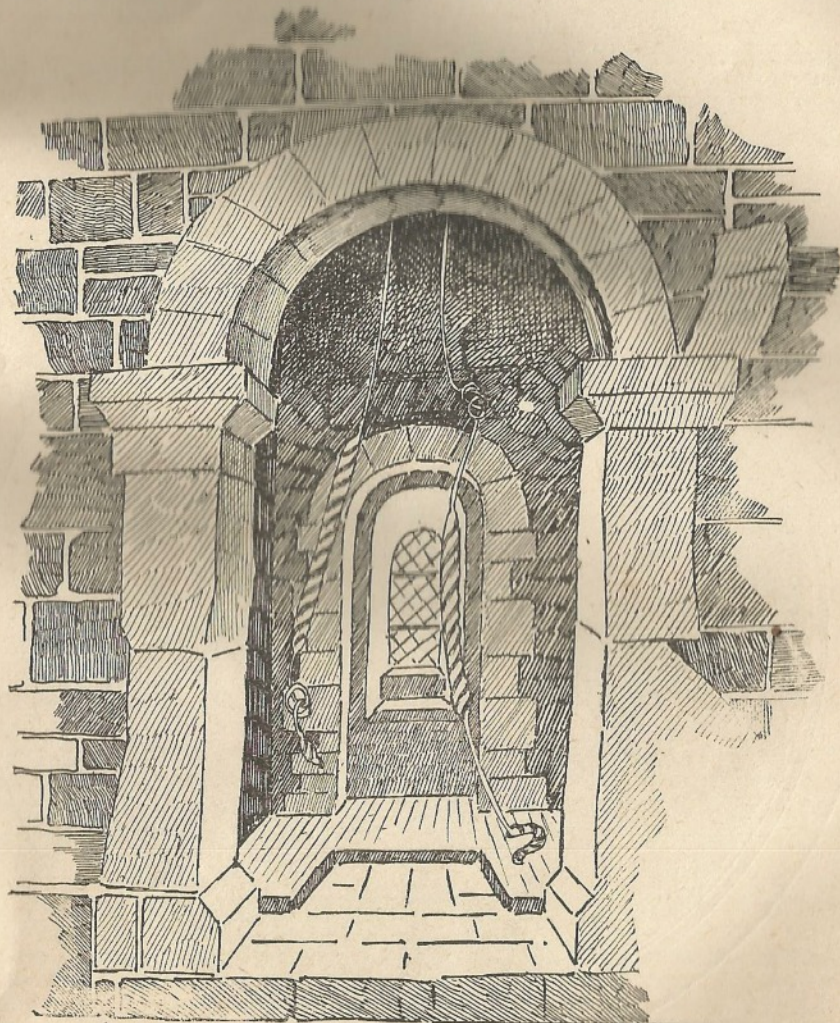
several styles in one building. A Saxon tower, with a Norman archway, and a perpendicular parapet, is by no means uncommon. Earl's Barton, in Northamptonshire, shows such a combination. Little Ouseburn Church, in Yorkshire, has a tower, the lower stages of which and the parapet are perpendicular, while the belfry-stage is unmistakably Saxon. Of course, the secret of this apparent paradox lies in the fact that continual restoration is taking place, and the outer walling of the tower has been completely renewed with the exception of the belfry window.

The complete restoration that has been found to be necessary has luckily done nothing to mitigate against the interest of this old church, and though

much of the work in the interior of the tower is new, it will be seen from the illustration that nothing of its distinctive character has been lost or obliterated.

Our other illustration is of Tong Church, Salop. This church is interesting because of its associations with Dickens; Little Nell and her grandfather having been buried there. Apart, however, from this, the church is of interest. The spire is so low that, in order to ring the bells, it is necessary for the ringers to stand in the chancel.

But enough, the history of even half-a-dozen towers would more than fill a whole volume, such is the interest and such are the associations attached thereto.



WEST END, LITTLE OUSEBURNE.

FESTIVALS, FASTS, AND SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

By THE REV. J. F. G. GLOSSOP, *Vicar of St. Luke's, Whitechapel.*

MICHAELMAS.

ST. MICHAEL and All Angels; this festival is known to have been kept as early as the time of Jerome, 390 A.D., it is commonly called Michaelmas Day, or the day when the mass, that is the Holy Communion, was celebrated as a thanksgiving for St. Michael and All Angels; it being a custom of our Church to mark and observe all festivals by celebrating the Holy Eucharist, which is the holy thanksgiving of Christian people, this festival occurs on September 29th—quarter day. Possibly there are many who are accustomed to think of angels as they think of fairies, as though the stories about them might be very pretty, but only stories, and no reality. The day set apart in honour of St. Michael is intended to help us to consider the reality of the angels, a race of spiritual beings, probably in most respects resembling ourselves. How do we know of them? Remember the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, speaks constantly and freely of them, as did also our Lord Himself and His apostles. They tell us that in old days, and even down to the time of the apostles, angels were seen by men, and had intercourse with them, though since the time of the apostles such visible appearances of the angels seem to have entirely ceased; it is at least interesting to note that as far as the Christian faith is concerned there is no impossibility in that happening again, which has, we believe, so often happened in the past. But though the angels are not now seen or heard by us, this is not a sufficient reason for supposing that the interest they used to take in us has now been lost. If you read the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, you read of the angels as "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." And this is how we constantly read of them

in the Bible, bringing God's messages to men even as Jacob, in his vision, saw them ascending and descending the ladder that united earth to heaven. The word angel means a messenger; they are messengers keen with zeal for the honour of God, so that Christ holds them up to us as examples of how we should obey God, teaching us to pray that we may do God's will on earth as they do it in heaven. They are messengers who are keen with love for us to whom they minister. Christ Himself it is who assures us that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (*Luke xv., 10*).

It is Christ again who warns us not to despise "one of these little ones," and why? because, He tells us, each one is cared for by an angel who has access to the presence of God Himself. How greatly this statement would influence our conduct to each other if it were more constantly kept in mind. How wonderful it all is, to think that we actually know not only of the existence of these heavenly beings, but of their character and occupation; in two cases we even know them by name—Michael is mentioned in the books of Daniel, Jude, and Revelations. He is called "the great prince" and "the Archangel." The other, whose name we know is Gabriel, of whom we read in the gospel, and also in the book of Daniel.

Our Prayer-Book reminds us of our communion with the angels in the grand words of our Eucharistic service "with angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name"; of which communion the author of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us: "Ye are come unto the city of the living God, and to an innumerable company of angels" (*Heb. xii.*). We cannot tell in what ways the angel messengers of God are caring for us and helping us

HYMN.

now, but we may well believe that, though unseen and unheard, they are still amongst us and doing all that they are able to keep us from evil and lead us to God, and believing this, we may offer this petition to the throne of grace.

"Visit, we beseech Thee, all our dwellings, and drive from them all snares of the enemy; let thy holy angels dwell within them, and keep us in peace, and let Thy blessing be ever upon us."

It would be pleasant to stop here, inviting you to thank God for this beautiful revelation of the angels and their ministry to men, but there is another notice of angels, and that in words spoken by our Lord Himself. He warns us of the angels of Satan. S. Matt. xxv., 41: "The devil and his angels," to whom St. Paul seems to refer in his Epistle to the Ephesians vi., 12: "We wrestle not against flesh

and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." St. Peter also tells us of angels that sinned and were cast down to hell, and delivered into chains of darkness (2 Pet. ii., 4). We all experience the power of temptation, God grant we may all experience the power of His grace brought to us, it may be, in ways we do not recognise, by the messengers whom He has revealed to us, and of whose care for us He has assured us. Perhaps we are never alone, never without an angel witness of every thought and desire, as well as word and action, never without an angel to strengthen us, to comfort us, to show the way of escape from evil, if we wish to see it, to lead us into all truth, when we desire to find it.

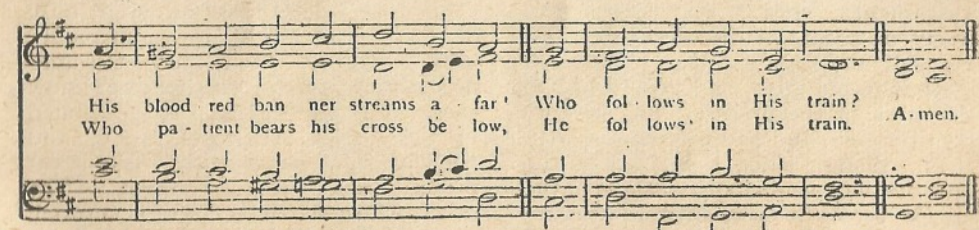
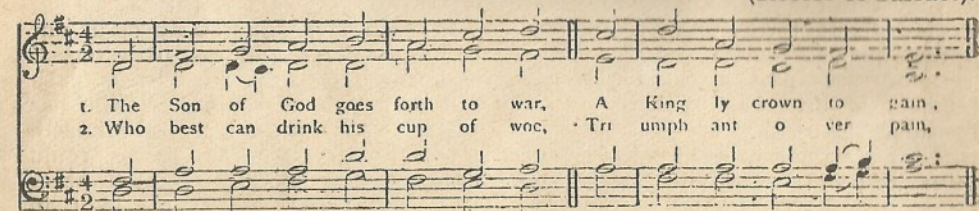
"Then the devil leaveth Him, and behold angels came and ministered unto Him" (S. Matt. iv., 11).

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

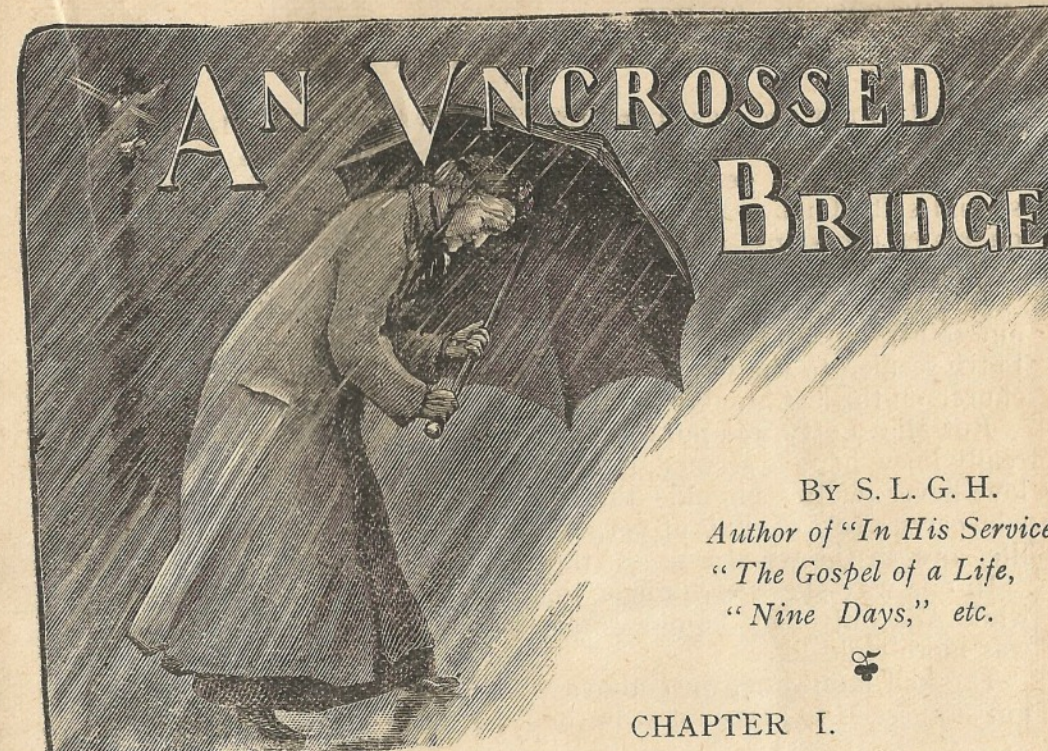
BISHOP HEBER.

Tune—"RIDLEY." C.M.

E. RYLEY, M.A.
(Rector of Sarratt).



- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save. | 6. They met the tyrant's brandished
The lion's gory mane; steel,
They bowed their necks, the death
to feel: |
| 4. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the
wrong: | 7. A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed. |
| 5. A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope
they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame. | 8. They climbed the steep ascent of
Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen. |



By S. L. G. H.
Author of "In His Service,"
"The Gospel of a Life,"
"Nine Days," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ADA stood in the hall holding Miss Letty's waterproof as that lady came down the staircase.

Hardly anyone called her anything but Miss Letty, except the doctor, who had not been very long in the place. Miss Forrest had died some time ago, but Miss Letty remained Miss Letty to those who knew her well. Miss Forrest herself had not at one time been the eldest daughter of that family of brothers and sisters who had been brought up in the low-roofed white house by the sea—all of whom had left this home for ever now, except Miss Letty, the last survivor—but in the old days Miss Forrest had been Miss Dorothea; no one had ever ventured to play tricks with her Christian name.—no one, not even Miss Letty herself.

It was not a very big house, this quaint old house by the sea, but Miss Letty felt it very big now, and it seemed sometimes as if other feet besides her own went up and down the wide, shallow stairs, as other feet had gone long ago. But it was only the wind, or maybe the rats, or the creaking woodwork that made these sounds. No ghost had ever been said to haunt the White House.

The house was not quite so empty now—for the last day or two another pair of feet had run up and downstairs: a restless pair of feet that as yet had brought none of the old happiness of companionship back to Miss Letty.

There were strange noises to-night as Miss Letty came downstairs, but it was just the rain beating on the staircase window and the east wind shaking the front door.

A young girl came out of the drawing-room and looked rather impatiently at Miss Letty.

"Oh, Aunt Letty, you are mad to be going out to-night."

AN UNCROSSED BRIDGE.

"It is very wet, Miss Letty," expostulated the voice of the little maid, Ada.

Ada had not the least hope that Miss Letty would listen to her; Miss Letty never had listened to her all these wet Sundays of a very wet year. Or on weekdays, either, when it seemed right that she should sally forth. Pliable as wax in Ada or anyone else's hands, on many occasions, where duty seemed involved the lady, was as adamant.

But Hilda Forrest had only been three days in the White House, and to her youthful eyes a very old lady—for very old, no doubt, Miss Letty seemed to the visitor—starting in a gale of wind and rain for church on the last Sunday evening of the year was the picture of folly.

But Miss Letty was not old in most peoples' eyes. To those who really knew her she seemed, in a sense, young—but perhaps those we love never really seem old—there are some Miss Letties of the world who carry a sort of elixir of perpetual youth about with them through life, and, in the worst sense of the word, never grow old.

In one way she was younger than the girl who stood by her side while Ada buttoned the old waterproof for her mistress: her heart was more child-like.

The hall lamp hung just above where Hilda Forrest stood. I do not suppose Miss Letty knew in the least that the girl was not unlike



ADA BUTTONED THE OLD WATERPROOF FOR HER MISTRESS.

AN UNCROSSED BRIDGE.

in face what she herself had been fifty years ago. For if we straitly forget what manner of men we are as we turn away from the glass, we certainly cannot recall our old selves of fifty, or even perhaps, five years ago. The real Hilda hidden away behind the face was not like what Miss Letty had been at all.

To Ada, who had the blessing—or is it the curse—of hero-worship strongly enwoven in her nature, the visitor was perfect as she was.

Having said her say, the girl turned back to the cosy drawing-room, and may have missed the eager "Do let me walk with you, Miss Letty. I could hold the umbrella over you. I do not believe you will be able to hold it in this wind." Or the low-voiced reply: "Oh no, Ada, Miss Hilda might not like being left alone, and, as cook is out, it would be very awkward, you know, if any one came to the door." So Miss Letty went on her way.

Ada heard the visitor putting coals on the fire, but, for all that, she felt she must see that all was right in the drawing-room. She drew a thick pair of curtains more closely and turned up one of the lamps, though it did not want turning, and smoked woefully a few minutes later.

But Hilda, in spite of Ada's contrivances, was not inclined to talk. She sat by the fire and pretended to be deep in a book when the little maid came in.

The moment Ada left the room, the visitor dropped the book on the hearth-rug (Miss Letty picked it up later in the evening). The girl did not feel inclined to read: with the misery of youth she felt she would never read again. The world was very, very black to Hilda Forrest in these days. And life seemed very long, stretching far away into the days when she would be getting feeble as Miss Letty was getting now. Hilda's father had died about two months ago, leaving his motherless child almost unprovided for. Her aunt had at once offered her a home, but Hilda did not like the idea of the White House as a home. Long before she had ever seen it she had planned to get her own living.

At eighteen or so, it does not seem very hard to get one's own living; that is when one has never tried.

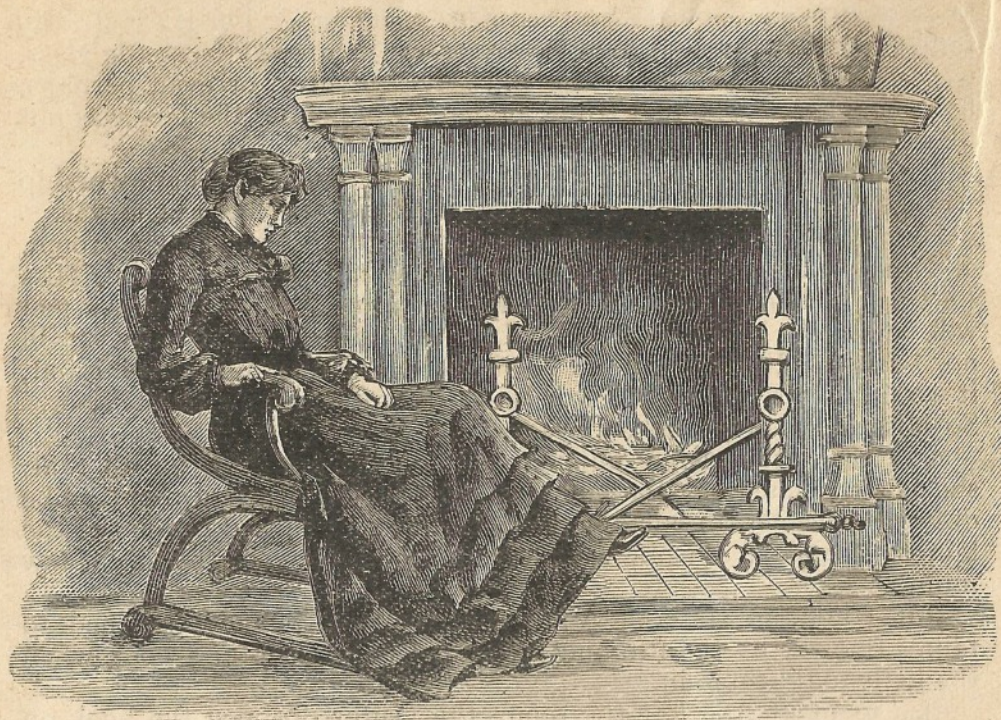
CHAPTER II.

It seemed quite a long walk to church that evening. Of course the shortest walk is long when one has to struggle to hold up an umbrella as Miss Letty struggled, that is when one has left the age of Hilda Forrest far behind one.

But it seemed to Miss Letty now, that for several Sundays the walk had been long. There is nothing like a cold, east windy, rainy day to depress one and to bring into evidence the lurking dreads that are so easily set aside in brighter weather.

She felt that night that for some time past she must have been growing old. She had no great dread of death. She never shrank from the thought of it as so many do. She was richer far on that Other Shore to which in faith her soul-eyes often turned than on this.

It was sickness she feared. The daily growing feebler, and then, perhaps, the long, long weeks or months or years of helplessness,



SHE SAT BY THE FIRE.

perhaps also of pain. It was only lately she had felt this: she had been so strong.

She had never minded the thought of anything when Dorothea was near, not even the thought of helplessness, and Dorothea was gone.

No one thought Miss Forrest very lovable but her little sister herself. Possibly no one but this sister had ever really known Dorothea: she was one of those rare, stern natures that only give of their best to the very few, or even to the one.

The last few weeks while Hilda had been crossing the sea—she had been living with her father in India—Miss Letty had begun to encourage a hope that after all if old age lay before her it might not be a lonely old age. It had been natural to hope, at any rate, even in spite of very cold letters, that the girl had inherited the warm-hearted nature of her father. It had been easier to her aunt to hope than it would have been to many people, partly because she found a difficulty herself in letter-writing, and partly because, except when “down,” as she felt this evening, she was full of hopefulness.

But Hilda evidently did not want to stay any length of time at the White House: already she had spent hours in answering advertisements. Also, Miss Letty could not shake off the feeling that the girl might not be altogether a comfort if she stayed.

She felt this more than ever that Sunday when she got home, no doubt partly because she was very tired.

Hilda was playing hymn tunes on the piano. Miss Letty had asked her to play some later on when the servants came in to prayers.

“Oh, Aunt Letty, what a queer old piano, how it does want tuning up.”

Miss Letty's fingers had brought music out of the despised instrument, and yet she could not play as Hilda played: love makes the best of things always, and the old piano was loved for the sake of those who had played on it long ago.

But Hilda's music jarred.

Miss Letty was late in going to bed that night. Long after Hilda had fallen asleep she kept watch in her room on the other side of the house.

The biggest front bedroom with its sea view had always been Dorothea's, and afterwards, when Dorothea had “gone away,” Miss Letty never thought of occupying it herself. It was so far the best room in the house, it must be kept for the visitors.

Mrs. Brown, the churchwarden's wife, shook her head over Miss Letty's visitors—no one as yet had seen Hilda—and she had felt it her duty to warn Mrs. Mostyn, the Rector's bride, that Miss Letty, since her sister's death, had become very different from dear Miss Forrest in her selection of friends. “She even had a dressmaker to stay with her the other day, and invited some of her old friends to meet her.” Mrs. Brown had not been invited to meet the visitor it appeared.

Mrs. Brown had said when Mrs. Mostyn first came to Seabay that she reminded her of a piece of Dresden china, but she did not say this afterwards. No doubt the little bride was more like ware of Delft as she dryly remarked: “I do not want to know anything about Miss Letty's friends that she does not care to tell me. I only know I would rather have her for my friend than any other woman in the parish.”

And Mrs. Brown, subdued only for a moment, had gone away shaking her head more than ever: *woman* instead of *lady*. What if Mrs. Mostyn, like Miss Letty's dressmaker friend was only a common person after all!

Miss Letty had always had one of the back bedrooms looking out on to the village street. In talking about this to one of her visitors, a visitor who wondered a little why all the best things seemed appropriated by everyone but the rightful owner of the White House, she had said: “Yes, I love to see the sun rising over the sea, and so I sometimes go into dear Dorothea's room or one of the other rooms to see it, but I love to look into the street too, and then I get the sunsets over the village.”

The street—other people's lives brought close to one who had few interests left in her home life now—was intensely interesting to Miss Letty. And, though it was in some cases only long after that they found it out, there were few lives in Seabay that her influence had not touched.

It was well that Ada, with thoughtfulness, a thoughtfulness only called into being by love, had piled up the coals on the mistress' fire that night, for Miss Letty had much to think about, and the fire burned low and red while she thought.

In fancy she was back again in the old church she had worshipped in ever since she had been a child. It was a strange sermon that the young Rector had preached that night, at least it seemed strange

AN ANCIENT CHAINED LIBRARY.

as coming from such young lips. His text had been this—St. John xxi., 18: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee,—When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

Mr. Mostyn had taken the words as a parable. Dear Miss Letty had taken them almost literally to herself. What did the new, untried year that was coming hold for her? She had been guessing on the way to church. But now she did not mean to worry any more. Strength would be given to her to stretch forth her hands even for a cross when the time came. Why should she try to pass over the "bridges" of the coming year until she came to them?

Miss Letty's prayers were shorter than usual that night. One long petition she left out of them for ever. Unlike the young man in his natural strength, going wheresoever he willed, she would be as the one who had been trained, who had grown old in learning the Master's lessons, content to do nothing any more, even if this were according to His will.

(To be continued).

AN ANCIENT CHAINED LIBRARY.

BY LUDLAM SEALE.

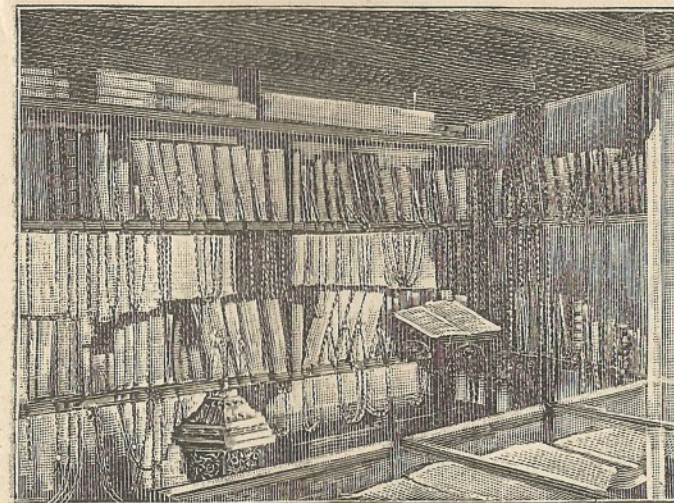
BEFORE the introduction of printing, in the sixteenth century, books were very costly, and far beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. We are indebted to the zealous Religious Brothers for the ancient manuscripts, which have been carefully preserved and handed down from remote days, who, within the shelter of their monastery, spent many hours daily in the *Scriptorium*, indefatigably making literal copies of the valuable volumes bequeathed to their care, in the time of war and pillage, which took many years of patient labour to complete. The smith made these cherished relics still more secure by adding chains of iron to each. One of the most interesting examples of a chained library occurs in the Treasury above the Sacristy in Wimborne Minster, approached by a spiral flight of worn stone steps. This consists of more than two-hundred-and-fifty volumes, the greater number having been bequeathed by the Rev. W. Stone, in 1686, for the use of the parishioners, but later additions have been made from time to time.

Massive wooden shelves are placed round the chamber, which contains the costly heritage of mediæval days,

but the illuminated MSS. are preserved in glass cases, down the centre of the room. Most of the books still bear their original iron fetters, thus secured from theft in the fashion adapted in days of plunder and sacrilege; one end of the chain being attached to the outside edge of each volume, whilst the ring on the upper end of the chain is slipped on the lock which is fastened to the shelf above and safely locked, necessitating the books being ranged on the shelves with their backs turned to the wall.

Among these time-worn treasures is an ancient MS., the Monk's Prayer Book, written in 1343, and is hoary with the weight of its years. The work of the writer was apparently interrupted, as none of the initial letters appear in the pages; it is possible that it was the intention of the scribe to illuminate these later, as was often done, but for unknown reasons the initials were never inserted. A copy of the Black-Letter or *Breeches* Bible (so called from a printer's error in the rendering of Genesis iii., 7), bound in strong wood boards, finds a place among old commentaries, Walton's Polyglot Bible, in seven languages, dated 1657 A.D., and an early seventeenth century copy of the "History

of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh. Matthew Prior, the poet, spent much time in Wimborne Library, and it is stated that, one evening, as he was



AN ANCIENT CHAINED LIBRARY.

YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS.

poring over the pages of the last-named volume, with a lighted candle beside him, he was overcome by sleep, and fell into an uneasy doze. Suddenly he was awakened by the smell of burning, and found a hole burnt through more than a hundred pages, some of the lighted snuff having fallen on the history from the candle. His retentive memory came to his aid, he wrote down the missing words in ink on tiny scraps of paper, which he carefully pasted over each hole in all the damaged pages. Though fresh leaves have been inserted, those bearing the poets' writing and skilful repairs still remain and considerably enhance the value of the work.

YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS.

BY THE REV. H. ERIC ROBSON, B.A., Curate-in-Charge, St. Paul's, Frimley.
No. VIII.—THE THRIFT SIDE.—Part II.

WE begin this article with an Outline of how the Government helps its people to be thrifty. Any person of every age, who is not under legal disability, and any child over seven years of age, can open a banking account at any Post Office on any week-day. They may put in any sum of not less than one shilling, though pence are excluded. The transaction is entirely private, and may be made at any post office. For those who want to save in smaller sums, forms may be obtained at the post office containing spaces for twelve penny stamps. Thus, children may be taught from their earliest years to save, and a habit so inculcated will be invaluable to the child through life. The Government grants interest at 2½ per cent., that is, sixpence on every completed pound per year. Money can be withdrawn at three day's notice, if over £1, lesser sums on application. I may add that clubs and societies may open accounts in the same way. Life insurance may also be effected through

the Post Office. Annuities may be bought and Government Stock purchased. It is well worth anybody's while to obtain through the Post Office full particulars of the various schemes which it provides; for whatever societies a man may belong to, it is always well to have a Post Office book as well. Experience has taught me that it is necessary to urge a young man to start Post Office or similar accounts; it is absolutely perilous to have money in large sums lying about in lodgings or locked up in boxes; furthermore, it is financially unsound since the money is bringing in no interest.

Penny Banks exist in many parishes, and I once had charge of a large one, which entailed endless trouble, and I have come to the conclusion that now the Post Office offers the facility of saving small sums by means of these penny forms, a parochial penny bank is no longer a necessity. Those who feel they are, could save themselves a great deal of trouble, and achieve the

YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS.

same purpose, by keeping forms until they are filled and then paying them into the Post Office accounts.

2. *Life Insurance.*—There are so many life insurance companies who accept small premiums, that there seems little excuse for a man not making some provision for his wife in case of death. All fathers ought to see that the men who are to marry their girls are insured before they consent to the wedding. Care should be taken to join a thoroughly respectable and safe company. I would specially urge men to consult their clergyman or doctor, or some other person of position, before joining any insurance company. This would prevent them from being caught in the toils of any undesirable company. Widows would do well to obtain a clergyman's help in getting the insurance money after death. I may say in passing that, apart from the actual spiritual needs, the ordinary parish priest is invaluable at times like these; and men, when they are healthy and strong, should make a point of getting to know their clergyman personally, so that they have someone to come to for advice in the time of trouble. Some young men seem absolutely frightened of a clergyman, and fall into delusions which they would never do had they made an effort to know something of him.

3. Let me give four rules to guide young men in the matters of thrift:

I. Think well before you start, get all the advice you can, from those better educated than yourself.

II. Join some benefit club or clubs.

III. Begin when you are quite young, as you will then get the best results.

IV. Be regular, and never get behind with your payments.

I will now give an outline of the work of the National Deposit Friendly Society. If there is no branch in the particular neighbourhood where any reader may happen to live, he may obtain full information from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. C. Tuckfield, 11, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.

The National Deposit Friendly Society is not only a benefit club, but it is also a savings bank, and so in the payment book will appear two sets of columns, one for the monthly contribution, the other for the deposit. Supposing a member chose to put in one shilling a month contribution, he would receive one shilling a day sick

pay. At the end of the year he would receive back, I think, about two-thirds of this. Roughly, the remainder being his share of the sick, medical, and old-age pay throughout England.

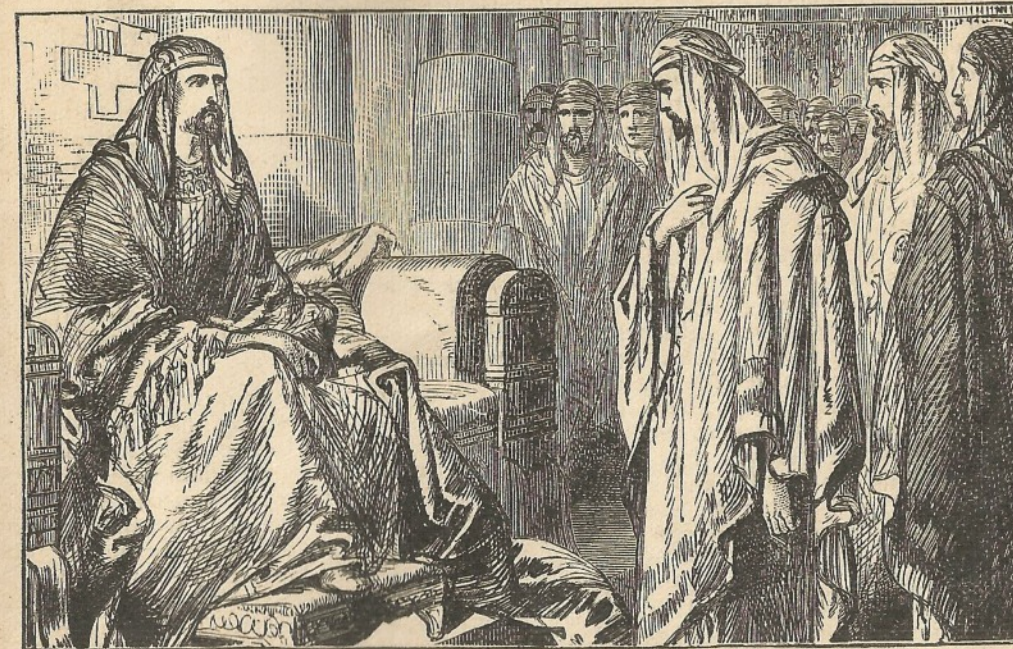
This will be transferred to his deposit, and would receive interest at the same rate as the Post Office. The member would not be in benefit till he had been in the society six months, and had an equal amount in deposit. For every shilling a member receives in sick or medical pay, ninepence will come from the society and threepence from the deposit. Thus it encourages a man to save, as his sick, medical, and old-age pay depend upon it. Further, it is a society which helps those who help themselves; men do not wish to keep "on the club" longer than they can help, because all the time they do so their own deposit will be dwindling. I think it was last year that the average amount of sickness was less than three days per member. Supposing a member had an exceptionally long illness, and his own deposit became exhausted, the society grants what is called "grace pay," which, if he is a shilling member, would amount to ninepence a day for six months, or 4½d. a day for twelve months, less the member's monthly contribution. Any member can pay in a larger contribution, and get larger proportionate benefits, if he so wishes; thus, if a man chooses to pay two shillings a month, he would receive twelve shillings a week sick pay, and 9s. a week grace pay, less the monthly contribution. Similarly if a person paid in 5s. a month he would receive 30s. a week sick pay. If a member dies and has been registered twelve months, £3 is paid to the person authorised to receive it towards funeral expenses, in addition to the whole amount in deposit. Each one may have the services of his own doctor, and the society pays the bill according to the scale of charges laid down in the rules. This is, supposing a man joins before he is thirty-five—there are different charges slightly higher for older men, and for women. I hope that every young man who reads this article will send for and study the pamphlet sent by the secretary.

A well-known North-country lawyer once told me when I was speaking with him about benefit clubs, that he considered that the National Deposit Friendly Society was "miles above all others," and I, personally, can con-

DANIEL.

fidently recommend the society to the committee of any young men's club as an organisation which they will do well to start for their members. I do not want to be misunderstood; I am saying nothing against other benefit clubs. I have myself been a member of two other societies, and for those who prefer some other club than the

National Deposit Society, I can confidently recommend the Odd-fellows, Hearts of Oak, and Foresters, and, of course, for men over thirty-five who have been in some other benefit club for some years it would be an unwise policy to throw it up for the National Deposit Friendly Society.



DANIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS BEFORE THE KING.

TRADITIONAL STORIES ABOUT DANIEL.

BY THE REV. HERBERT PENTIN, M.A., *Vicar of Milton Abbey, Dorset; Warden of the International Society of the Apocrypha.*

DANIEL was a popular hero: he figures largely in Jewish literature. Some account of his life appears in the prophetic book in the Bible which bears his name: other details appear in several of the books of the *Apocrypha*—which the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners. Granted that these latter details have not the same authority as the former; yet they present us with some very ancient and interesting traditional stories concerning this great man.

In the reign of Cyrus, Daniel was held in high esteem at court. He lived with the king, and was his most honoured friend: and Cyrus was also very kind to the captive Jew, even though

he and his own immediate subjects were idol-worshippers.

CONCERNING THE GOD BEL.

The patron-god of Babylon was named Bel, and a magnificent temple had been built for the statue; and every day, fine flour, sheep and wine were offered to it. Cyrus went daily to honour and worship the idol; but Daniel worshipped his own God. Then the king asked the prophet why he did not worship Bel. And Daniel answered that he could not worship idols made with hands: his God was the living God who had created the heaven and the earth, and had sovereignty over all flesh. "But," asked Cyrus, "do you not think that Bel is a living god; do you not see

DANIEL.

how much he eats and drinks every day? Then Daniel said: "O, king, be not deceived: Bel is made with plaster, and overlaid with brass, and he neither eats nor drinks anything."

DANIEL *versus* BEL.

So Cyrus was very angry, and he called the seventy priests of Bel to meet Daniel and himself, and said unto them: "If you do not tell me who eats all the food offered to Bel, you shall die; but if you can show me that Bel devours it, then Daniel shall die, for he has spoken blasphemy against Bel." And Daniel agreed to the terms of the contest: and he and Cyrus and the priests went to the temple of the idol. Then the priests asked the king to prepare the food and mingle the wine, to shut the door fast, and seal it with his own signet, and on the morrow when he should come in, if he found that Bel had not eaten anything, they would suffer death: or else Daniel, who had spoken falsely against them. Thus the priests despised the idea of any danger, as they thought that their private underground entrance to the temple was unknown. It was they who had entered in continually and consumed the food, by means of a trap-door under the table on which the offerings were made. So when the priests had gone forth, Cyrus prepared meats for Bel; and Daniel instructed his servants to bring in some funeral-ashes and sift them on the pavement of the temple, in the presence of the king alone. Then they all went out, and shut the door, and sealed it with the king's signet. But in the night the priests came, with their wives and children, according to their usual custom, and ate and drank all the offerings.

THE OVERTHROW OF BEL.

Early next morning, Cyrus and Daniel came to the door of the temple and found that the seals had not been broken; and as soon as they had opened the door, the king, seeing the empty table, cried with a loud voice, "Great art thou, O Bel, and with thee is no deceit at all! But Daniel asked Cyrus to notice the marks of the footsteps on the ashes on the pavement; and the king, perceiving the footsteps of men, women and children, realised how he had been deceived. And he was angry and took the priests, and forced them to confess by what privy means they had gained access to the offerings. Then he slew the deceivers,

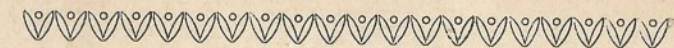
and delivered Bel into Daniel's power, who destroyed the idol and its temple.

DANIEL AND THE DRAGON.

Now, the Babylonians also worshipped a great dragon or serpent—a monster of some unknown kind; and Cyrus requested Daniel to worship it, reminding him that it was not made of clay and brass, but was a living god which ate and drank. Then Daniel replied, "I will worship the Lord my God: for he is a living God. But give me leave, O king, and I will slay this dragon without sword or staff. And the king gave him permission to make the attempt. Thereupon Daniel took pitch and fat and hair, and seethed them together, and made lumps thereof, and gave them to the dragon to eat; and the dragon eating them; burst in sunder. And Daniel said: "Lo! these are the gods—ye worship"—gods unable to defend themselves, and therefore powerless to defend others.

THE DELIVERANCE OF DANIEL.

But a conspiracy was the result of the overthrow of the god Bel, and of the dragon. The Babylonians were very indignant, and accused King Cyrus of having become a worshipper of the one True God, and they threatened to destroy him and his house if he would not deliver up Daniel. Then the king, in weakness and fear, gave the prophet to them, and they cast him into a den containing seven lions—lions which were fed daily with two human bodies and two sheep, but which were now deprived of their food in order that they might at once devour Daniel. But though he was in the den six days the lions touched him not; and Habbakkuk the prophet was sent by God to bring him food. Then Daniel said, "Thou hast remembered me, O God, neither hast Thou forsaken them that love Thee. And when the king found Daniel alive on the seventh day, he cried with a loud voice, "Great art Thou, O Lord, Thou God of Daniel, and there is none other beside Thee. And he brought the prophet out of the den, and cast the conspirators therein, and they were devoured in a moment before his face. Then the king said: "Let all who dwell in the whole world fear the God of Daniel; for He is the Saviour, doing signs and wonders upon earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the den of the lions."



THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

BY GERALDINE PARKES.

"Ye have Angels' Faces, but Heaven knows your hearts."—*Henry VIII.*, SHAKESPEARE.

HE was walking down a crowded street, and the face that looked out from the rusty black bonnet bore the stamp of perpetual benevolence.

The mouth had smiled so constantly that there was an upward line at the corners, and the soul that looked out of her eyes was as fresh and as innocent as a baby's.

For she was one of those persons who, in some extraordinary way, manage to go through life without observing its iniquities, and so, at seventy, she was mentally a thousand times younger than the mere girls she passed in the street.

It was five o'clock, the houses with their vast array of chimney pots, were sinking into a soft blended tone of grey, while the shops and restaurants were all ablaze and sent out blurred lights at intervals down the street.

Amid the perpetual roar of omnibuses and jingle of hansom-cab bells, she was conscious of a footstep swiftly pursuing her, and the shadow of a slim figure crossed her path as an exceedingly gentlemanly voice struck on her ear.

"Excuse me—may I detain you for one moment? Ah! I see you don't recognise me."

She gave a start of surprise, and looked up into the face of a fair young man of five-and-twenty, with a peculiarly boyish face and sweet mouth that the lack of moustache showed off to advantage. He was smartly dressed, and his well-brushed silky top hat he held gracefully in one hand.

The light from the entrance of a big restaurant shone on a closely cut head of fair curly hair, and she was charmed at once by the sweet curve of the mouth.

"Such a nice bright open face," she thought to herself, with an appreciative beam in her eyes.

"I am afraid I *don't* remember you," she said apologetically, as if the fault were hers entirely. No one could have realised the quick beating of her heart, so calm was her face.

"I am *exceedingly* sorry, I'm sure, that you don't recognise me, but it is all one can expect after such years and years. You were my mother's best friend, her—"

"Ah!" she cried, and her voice took the tender tone of one who has been reminded of some sweet memory, and has gone back for the moment to the



THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

far-off "long ago."

She laid her hand, in its worn suede glove, upon his arm.

"Can you be little Hugh—my dear god-son?"

For an answer he seized her hands in his. She saw he had a gold signet ring on his finger.

"You are right," he said, and again his mouth fell into those fascinating curves that went straight to the little old lady's heart. "I wish I could stay and talk over all those old days, but I am off to-night by the next train, I ought to be going already in fact, I have just five minutes to get to the station. This is *Providence* to have met you," he went on impressively. "I am going to the country, to an excellent post—£800 a year—but I *must* be there to-night. It is urgent, and I have just found myself to be short of the necessary sum for the rail there. It is a mere nothing—but it may lose me my post," he added, with a tragic gesture.

True generosity is a beautiful characteristic. The real virtue will never stay to consider if it can afford to be so. The hand is in the pocket the identical



SHE TORE IT OPEN WITH UNRUFFLED GOOD TEMPER.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

moment that want comes across its path. For this reason the little old lady was never rich, and never would be. The well-worn purse, with its broken clasp and elastic band, was at once produced, and sympathy was in her voice as she said:

"My dear boy, let me help you. How much is it?"

Her fingers trembled with haste as she slipped the band off and disclosed to view two golden sovereigns.

"Will one be sufficient? I can give more," she said, holding the coin between her finger and thumb.

A sudden flush came creeping up over his pale face. Fixing his mouth into a hard set line, he said in a strained voice:

"£1 10s. would be better—"

"I have no change," she interrupted, "but take the two—and go. Do not miss your train. Write and tell me how you get on. I live at 20, Glamorgan Terrace."

He bowed over her hand so graciously that she felt almost overpowered, and as he turned on his heel she touched his arm, and looking up into his young face with sweet prayerful eyes, said almost tremulously:

"Let me shake hands with you my godson, and—may God bless you, dear."

Was it her fancy or not, that his eyes were suddenly filled with moisture and his mouth gave an ominous little twist.

Again his lips moved to frame the word "Thanks," but it died away in the utterance, and he moved mechanically down the street and passed out of sight amid the ceaselessly moving throng.

* * * * *

Half an hour later the little old lady was sitting in her diminutive room in a cosy armchair making herself some tea in the proverbial brown pot. Her meal was interrupted by the entrance of a trim maid bringing in a note extravagantly sealed and bearing the curious address:—

"TO THE LITTLE OLD LADY,

20, GLAMORGAN TERRACE."

She tore it open with unruffled good-temper. To her things were never "impertinent" or "intolerable." She digested the lesser irritations of life with a smiling face, but to-night a great pity shone in her gentle eyes as two sovereigns rolled into her lap, and she read as follows:—

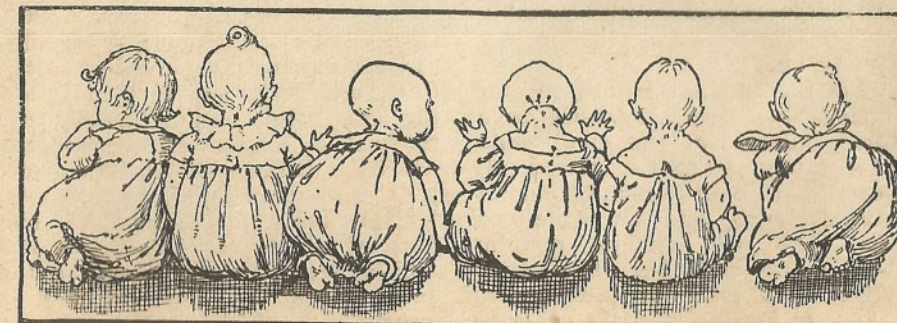
"TO THE LITTLE OLD LADY:—

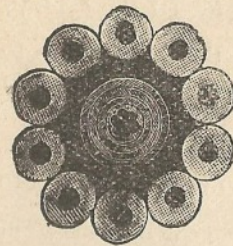
"Dear Madam,—I am returning the £2 you lent me this evening. In all my experiences (and I am a professional at obtaining money under similar circumstances), I have never been treated with such prompt generosity.

"Your benevolence has 'bowled me over,' so to speak. I return you the sum intact, but I ask leave to retain one thing you also gave me this evening, I mean—*your blessing*.

"I cannot deceive you, though I am sorry to disillusionize you about myself and confess that I am not 'Little Hugh,' but yours always gratefully,

"A PROFESSIONAL FRAUD."





OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLES.

BY
HECTOR MAINWARING

SECTION OF CABLE.

IT is probable that many persons now in the world will live to see telegraph messages sent without wires become as common and as cheap as ordinary messages are now. But a great deal will have to be done to perfect the instruments used by Marconi and his rivals, and meanwhile we must be content to use poles and wires on the land, and cables under the sea.

Telegraphy is simple enough after the instruments have been invented to send and to receive the electric current, and after an alphabet has been devised to speak with. All that is needed is to set up poles of wood or of iron at convenient distances along the road and to hang on them galvanised iron or copper wires. Even rivers, unless they are of greater breadth than most of those in our own country, can be bridged by a strong wire hung overhead, and therefore offer no obstruction to conversation between one part of the kingdom and another. The matter is altogether different when we come to broad stretches of sea between country and country, or continent and continent.

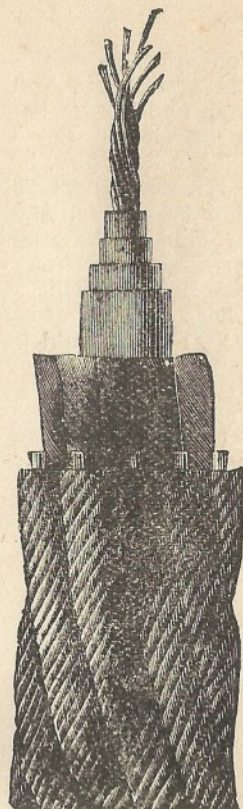
There is, first of all, the fact to be faced that wire, whether of galvanised iron or of copper, will rust or corrode if exposed to salt water and the various acids which it contains, so that in a short time the wire will break or become useless. There must, therefore, be a waterproof case to shield it. Then in some instances, the wire must be of enormous length to stretch across the ocean, and this means enormous weight.

One of the first Atlantic cables, for example, was two thousand five hundred miles long, and every mile weighed a ton; so that it formed full cargoes for a British man-of-war of ninety-one guns and an American frigate. The two warships met in mid-ocean, spliced the two ends together, sailed east and west—one to Valentia, in Ireland, and the other to

Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. This cable was made up of seven copper wires, wrapped first in gutta percha, and then in hemp soaked in pitch, beeswax, and oil, with an outer coat of eighteen strands of iron wire, each strand containing seven wires.

Another Atlantic cable, laid in 1865, was also composed of seven copper wires, so coated with resin, Stockholm tar, and gutta percha, that no hole was left through which water could penetrate. But to avoid all risk, another coating of the same composition was laid over this, then another of pure gutta percha, and this was again repeated. Once more this was wrapped with jute, and protected by ten iron wires, each of which was encased in strands of tarred manilla yarn; thus not only rendering the entrance of salt water impossible, but also making the cable so strong that it would stand any weight short of eight tons without breaking.

Fortunately, for the makers of Atlantic cables, the ocean between Great Britain and America is shallow, as compared with some other parts of the great deep, and is almost level through all its length, thus rendering the task as easy as can be expected, when the distance has to be measured by thousands of miles, and the depth by thousands of fathoms. The cable laid by the *Great Eastern* in 1865, which weighed four thousand tons, broke when the ship had paid out nearly half. After another cable had



THE SECOND ATLANTIC CABLE.

been laid by the same vessel, the end of the first was pulled up from the depth of two miles in mid-ocean, spliced, and the piece still remaining on board paid out until the New World was reached.

The old method of finding the spot where a cable was broken, so that it might be hauled up and mended, was so laborious that the wise men set to work to devise something easier and cheaper. Thanks to an ingenious arrangement, of which a mirror reflecting a tiny jet of flame forms part, it is now possible to tell exactly how many miles from a telegraph station the damaged part lies. Thus, whether the cable between Porthcurno and Lisbon be broken ten miles, a hundred miles, or three hundred miles away, the officials in Cornwall are able, by means of the evidence given them by their instruments, to send a steamer to the exact spot, so that no time is lost or expense incurred in prowling about the Channel or the Bay of Biscay.

"Who was so clever as to invent such an ingenious instrument?" I

asked the principal official at Porthcurno. "Nobody" he answered, "it was gradually found out by one investigator after another, one man taking the work of his predecessor and carrying it a little nearer perfection. But Lord Kelvin, if he did not actually discover the method of finding out where a cable has been broken or damaged, has done an immense deal for submarine telegraphy, and we owe to him an arrangement by which ocean wires can be worked at twenty times their former speed, and a device by which the messages can be printed for future use, as in the case with ordinary land messages.

At the bottom of the deep ocean there are no waves to disturb and break the cables, and, in the case of the Atlantic cables, which have a soft bed of mud to lie on, there are no rocks to chafe them, supposing the currents are strong enough to set them in motion. But ocean cables must be landed somewhere, and that landing usually takes place at an exposed part of the coast. They cannot be taken into



THE GREAT EASTERN.

TELEGRAPH CABLES.

some river or protected harbour, where they will be liable to constant damage from shipping, and the best that can be looked for is that some quiet cove may be found, with a sandy bottom which will render the pounding of the great waves less hurtful.

An Atlantic cable which I am now looking down upon proceeds from Whitesand Bay, in Cornwall, to St. Pierre, in the south of Newfoundland. In spite of the soft sand along which its few miles of shore end is laid, it needs constant attention and repair. Steamers, large and small, are often in the bay, each provided with her staff of electricians and professional divers, and the expense of the repair must be enormous. Sometime, as a gale from the east sends a fleet of small vessels into the bay for shelter, and, in spite of the fact that the word "Telegraph," in enormous letters, is on a house near the landing place, they now and then get their anchors entangled in the cable.

Under such circumstances the Telegraph Company entreats the captains of ships on no account to attempt to pull them up, whether they be old or new, but to let the chain go after the anchor, and send in the bill for the price of a brand new anchor and chain. It is suspected that occasionally a wily captain loses his old gear on purpose that he may get new in exchange. But no captain has ever confessed this. There is one advantage in having cables under the sea, instead of across the land. They cannot be cut up and

used for improper purposes, as is said to be the case in South Africa, where economical farmers who need wire for fencing their land, coolly cut it from the nearest telegraph posts.

Seeing that an Atlantic cable may cost fifty thousand pounds, the question suggests itself—does it pay? In the early days of Atlantic telegraphy, messages cost a pound a word, no word being allowed to contain more than five letters, so that whoever sent such words as "antediluvian" had to pay three pounds each for them. But competition in cables, as in everything else, has brought down the price, and now a message can be sent to New York or to Quebec for a shilling a word and long words, too. The lines pay better with a low tariff than they did with a high one since the business has increased a hundredfold. The Italians get little profit out of their postal service, although they charge twopence for the postage of a letter; whereas our own Postmaster General, who will carry a letter from one part of the Empire to another for a penny, finds himself at the end of the year with a profit of millions sterling.

The Eastern Telegraph Company, whose wires go from Porthcurno to Southern Europe, Egypt, India, and beyond, has alone more than a hundred cables in connection with it, measuring between them over fifty thousand miles, or enough to go twice around the earth.



HEROISM IN CIVIL LIFE.

BY G. F. MILLIN.

PART III.

IN two previous articles we have particulars of some of the cases of heroic self-sacrifice which the late Mr. G. F. Watts so heartily desired to put on permanent record that he incurred great expense and a vast amount of trouble in the institution of a public memorial in the heart of the city of London.

In our last article we pointed out that the records inscribed on the walls of this memorial were not confined to any class or condition or age. The great painter's intention was to commemorate noble and generous deeds worthy of imitation. Such deeds may be done by rich and poor, high or low, old or young, and whenever they are done, they cannot be too widely known or too heartily admired. The great merit of them is that they are practical displays of the impelling power of duty, of sympathy, of benevolence triumphantly overcoming all the instincts of fear and self-interest.

Kings have done such things as well as commoners. The present King of Sweden, King Oscar II., for instance, as a young man on his travels, did a very plucky thing indeed. Happily he did not sacrifice his life, though he undoubtedly placed it in the gravest peril. He was out walking in Nice, when he suddenly caught sight of a carriage, in which were a lady and two children, behind two run-away horses, dashing straight away for a precipice. The future monarch of two kingdoms might have considered his life too precious to be risked for three entire strangers. But young Prince Oscar was always a generous and kindly-hearted lad, and he saw three fellow-creatures in peril of their lives, and, without a moment's hesitation, he dashed forward and gripped the horses just in time to avert the fatal plunge.

It was a right gallant deed; but when kings and princes do such things the world is pretty sure to know of it. In this case it came to the ears of the Emperor Napoleon III., who gave the

young man the *medaille de sauvetage*, a decoration which he is said all his days to have valued as highly as any honour he ever received, though he has had a good many, and wherever the story of the royal house of the Bernadottes is handed down to future generations, that plucky deed of Prince Oscar will be blazoned out to his credit. But some of the obscurest and loneliest corners of the world are every now and again illuminated by acts of heroism that get no record and stir no emulation—often because those immediately around are too dull and unheroic themselves to realise their nobility or to be stirred by sympathetic admiration.

Two incidents are reported almost while this is being written. In one case a little Hertfordshire lass of five years old has been sent out in charge of a brother of three. According to the account, the little toddler of three falls into the Grand Junction Canal, and, in her desperate efforts to save her young charge, the sister of five plunges in too, and both are drowned. Almost at the same moment, in Stoke-on-Trent, another little guardian sister is in charge of another little brother, who suddenly twists away from the hand that held him and dashes into the road after a toy he sees lying there in his eagerness, all unmindful of the horse and cart bearing down upon him. The sister sees his danger and rushes into it herself. She just succeeds in getting him out of the way of the wheel, but only to fall herself beneath it, and is presently borne away unconscious and badly injured—perhaps to die.

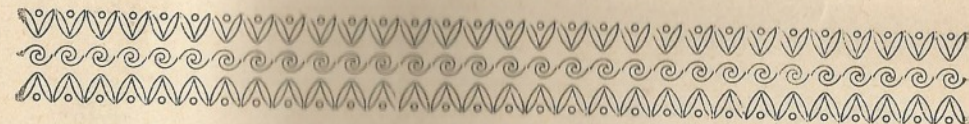
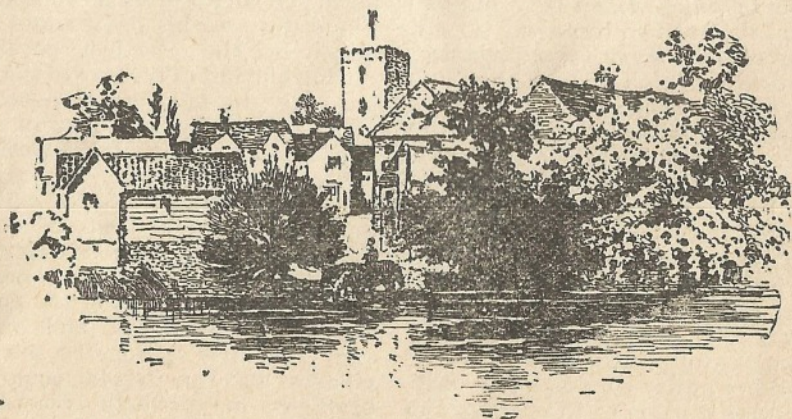
As has already been explained, hundreds of such deeds of daring—brave, generous, life-sacrificing deeds—have been dug out from their obscurity in newspaper columns of the past and carefully investigated and verified; and London is setting the towns and villages of the whole country an example in publicly recording a selection of them, when they are

HEROISM.

London deeds or deeds done by London people. The record is not on the scale of splendour and impressiveness originally proposed, but the more modest form of the memorial has at least the advantage that any town and almost any considerable village may do something similar wherever deeds of unselfish heroism are done. Of course, they need not attempt it on even the comparatively small scale of the St. Botolph's Cloister. For the Metropolis this memorial will soon prove too limited. In London, with its five or six millions of people, never a day—never an hour—passes, but something happens to call forth courage and generous impulse and it enhances one's estimate of human nature to know how often the call is responded to by people who appear to have been ready and waiting for the opportunity. That indeed, is the special duty of an act such as that of Alice Ayres, whose rescue of her master's children from a burning house has been already described—that they are not the outcome of a mere sudden impulse but, if the truth could always be known, they would in a general way undoubtedly be found to be the outcome of a brave, faithful, generous character. One cannot imagine an untrustworthy, unconscientious, mean, and dishonourable domestic servant giving her life to save the children of the family she served; nor can one conceive of men with whom duty does not habitually override considerations of their own self-interest doing what

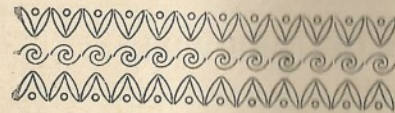
is recorded of two railway-men in one of the tablets set up in the cloister of the "Postmen's Park."

The record here is too brief to set forth the action in all its splendour, and we may supplement its bare facts by some details not given here. On the 18th of July, 1898, the 4.15 express from Windsor to Paddington was dashing along between Ealing and Acton, when the connecting rod of the engine broke, and so damaged the fire-box and boiler that Walter Peart, the driver, and Harry Drew, the fireman, were instantly enveloped in flame and scalding steam. Both men were horribly burnt and scalded, and if they had sought escape from their dreadful position by leaping from the train, or, at least, backing away from the furnace flames and scalding water, they could hardly have been blamed. But their first duty was to serve their train, and they manfully stuck to their duty and brought the train safely to a standstill, but it cost them both their lives to do it. It was the deed of brave and manful men, but the moral grandeur of it was that the great occasion only brought out the really greatness of the men—only working men though they were. In another article we propose giving an even more splendid exhibition of fortitude and courage on the part of a woman—Miss Rogers, the stewardess of the *Stella*, whose names on the roll here, and the story of whose death will probably be told as long as the sea has terrors and human life is sweet.



QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MARY II.



MARY, eldest daughter of James II. by his first wife, was married at the age of 15 to William, Prince of Orange. The latter was a delicate man, small in stature, and very much pitted with smallpox. He was cautious, reserved and silent, and not at all attractive to the young princess, who wept bitterly when she heard that she was to be betrothed to the Dutch prince. Her life in Holland was very dull, and she seems to have had little affection for her father, but rejoiced when she returned



MARY.



WILLIAM.

to London thinking little of what that exile meant to him. Though William and Mary were supposed to reign jointly, Mary had more than her full share of the difficulties of government, as her consort was often obliged to be in his own dominions. She was both shrewd and clever, and managed to rule the country tactfully and wisely. Her reign however, did not last long, for but five years after her father's exile, Mary caught virulent smallpox, from which she died at the early age of 33. She was a Queen with many virtues, but it is always difficult to forget the hard way in which she treated her father. She never even sent him a message when she was dying, or seemed to feel in any degree the sadness of his situation, an exile living on the charity of a foreign monarch, while his own daughter occupied the throne from which she had forced him to flee.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

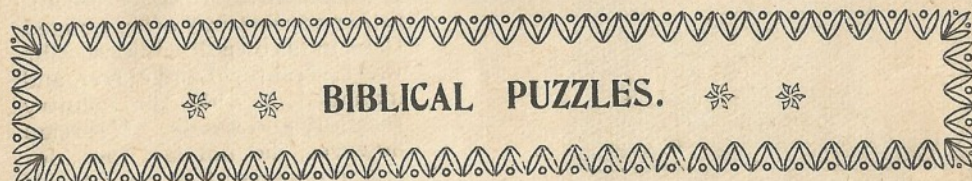
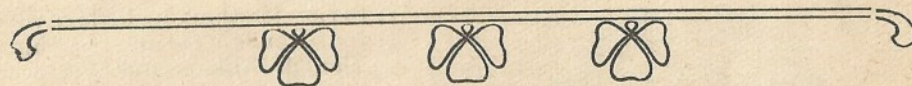


MY DEAR LITTLE MEMBERS,—

I CAN only write you a short letter this month as I want to give the answers to the Puzzles for the half-year ending in June. Next month you shall know who has won the prizes, but I cannot tell you that yet as I have been away for the holidays and have not had time to go through all your answers carefully. The Competition for this month is to be a very easy one. Please write me a letter telling me what you have been doing

this summer I have been abroad among the mountains of Switzerland, walking and climbing, and getting burnt copper-colour by the sun. It has been most delightful. I expect most of you have been away somewhere, too, and you must tell me where you have been, and what you have been doing. Even if you have been at home you will have something to tell of work or play.

Yours affectionately,
COUSIN JOAN.



BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

I. WORD SQUARE.

- Isaiah prophesied that the desert should rejoice as THIS.
- A prince of Midian slain by the Ephraimites.
- A son of Cush, and grandson of Ham.
- The mountain from which Moses commanded the curses to be pronounced.

II. How many queens are specially mentioned in the Bible as such, not including the mothers of the Kings of Israel and Judah?

III. Make a Bible clock on the word SOUL.

IV. MISSING VOWELS.

Add the vowels and make a wellknown text.
TH * L * RDKN * W * THTH * T * R *
H * S.

V. ANAGRAMS.

Put the letters in order, and make six books of the Bible.

E I O H L M N P
A A I O B D H
A E E I H H M N
E E I G N S S
A E H M T T W
A A E I H H N P Z

ANSWERS TO BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

MAY.

I. R eb A
E sar-had-do N
S wor D
U zzi A
R hode M
R ejole C (e)
E v E
C ai N
T are S
I shu I
O n O
N isa N

II. Ten.

- To Mary Magdalen. 2. The other women.
- To two disciples. 4. To Peter. 5. To ten apostles. 6. To eleven apostles.
- To apostles and others. 8. To five hundred brethren at once. 9. To James.
- To eleven apostles and others.

III. "Ye shall receive power."

IV. Harp, lute, psaltory, sackbut, viol, cornet, dulcimer, flute, organ, pipe, trumpet, shawm, bells, cymbals, tabret, timbrel.

V. Amos, Esther, Ruth, Hosea.

JUNE.

I. G A T H
A L O E
T O L A
H E A P

II. T abre T
H anna H
E ben-eze R
T abernacle E
R epentance E
I la I
N u N
I dd O
T e N
Y ok E

III. Marks will be given for this according to merit.

IV. Water, fire, wind, oil, rain and dew, a dove, a voice, a seal, cloven tongues.

V. He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance.

JULY.

I. 1. S lin G
2. O n O
3. D odani M
4. O beded O (m)
5. M elza R
6. A mbe R
7. N ehod A
8. D ehora H

II. With God all things are possible.

III. Marks will be given for this according to merit.

IV. Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

V. Candlestick, cast, net, slide, cake, kind.

Proper Lessons

FOR
Sundays
AND
Holy Days.

<p>Sept.</p> <p>3</p> <p>10</p> <p>17</p> <p>21</p> <p>24</p> <p>29</p>	<p>Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. 1 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 12 v. 28 and 13 1 Kings 19 or 21; S. Mark 6 v. 14 to v. 30.</p> <p>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. 1 Kings 22 to v. 41; 2 Cor. 1 v. 23 to 2. v. 14. 2 Kings 2 to v. 16 or 4 v. 8 to v. 38; S. Mark 10 to v. 32.</p> <p>Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. 2 Kings 5; 2 Cor. 9. 2 Kings 6 to v. 24 or 7; S. Mark 14 to v. 27.</p> <p>Saint Matthew the Apostle. 1 Kings 19 v. 15; 2 Cor. 12 v. 14 and 13. 1 Chron. 29 to v. 20; S. Mark 15 v. 42 and 16.</p> <p>Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. 2 Kings 9; Gal. 3. 2 Kings 10 to v. 32 or 13; S. Luke 1 v. 57.</p> <p>Saint Michael and all Angels. Gen. 32; Acts 12 v. 5 to v. 18. Dan. 10 v. 4; Rev. 14 v. 14.</p>
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Collects.

3 The Eleventh Sun. aft. Trin.

O God, who declarest thy almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity; Mercifully grant unto us such a measure of thy grace, that we, running the way of thy commandments, may obtain thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of thy heavenly treasure; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

September

1905.

Collects.

10 The Twelfth Sun. aft. Trin.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy: forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. **AMEN.**

17 The Thirteenth Sun. aft. Trinity.

ALMIGHTY and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service, Grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. **AMEN.**

21 St. Matthew the Apostle.

O ALMIGHTY God, who by thy blessed Son, didst call Matthew from the receipt of custom to be an Apostle and Evangelist; Grant us grace to forsake all covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches, and to follow the same thy Son Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. **AMEN.**

24 The Fourteenth Sun. aft. Trinity.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may obtain that which thou dost promise, make us to love that which thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **AMEN.**

29 St. Michael and all Angels.

O EVERLASTING God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant, that as thy holy angels alway do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **AMEN.**

From the Epistles.

3 The Eleventh Sun. aft. Trin.

BRETHREN, I declare unto you the Gospel, which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand: by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.—**I. COR. XV. 1.**

10 The Twelfth Sun. aft. Trin.

SUCH trust have we through Christ to God-ward; not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.—**II. COR. III. 4.**

17 The Thirteenth Sun. aft. Trinity.

IS the law then against the promises of God? God forbid; for if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.—**GAL. III. 21.**

21 Saint Matthew the Apostle.

FOR we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.—**II. COR. IV. 5.**

24 The Fourteenth Sun. aft. Trinity.

BUT the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.—**GAL. V. 22.**

29 Saint Michael and all Angels

THERE was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels; and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven.—**REV. XII. 7.**

HADNALL.

Church Matters.—The Morning Offertory and Evening Collection on Sunday, August 6th, amounting to £5 11s. 10d. has been duly acknowledged by P. H. Harston, Esq. (Hon. Treasurer), on behalf of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund. The object of this fund being to supplement the yearly incomes (in case of insufficient endowment) of the Beneficed Clergy. In 1894, the sum of £1,159 was distributed to 90 Clergymen, in grants ranging from 5 of £50, to 5 of £4. The Archdeaconry of Stafford received £408 in 28 Grants; Stoke Archdeaconry £366 to 28 Clergymen, and Salop Archdeaconry £385 to 34 Clergymen.

The following may interest some readers—"The Parish of Hadnall was originally a Chapelry attached to the Parish of Myddle, and used to be then called Hadnall Ease. In the year 1856 it was, by an Order in Council, separated from the Parish of Myddle and constituted a separate Parish. Before 1856 the sole Endowment of Hadnall consisted of £73 per annum; £60 of which was from land in Montgomeryshire, and £13 from Queen Anne's Bounty. But by the Deed of Separation it was arranged, that, the Rector of Myddle should pay £100 per annum to the Vicar of Hadnall until the next avoidance of Myddle, at which, the Tithe Rent-charge of Hadnall, from the Townships of Hadnall, Hardwicke, Haston and Smethcote, amounting to £287 11s. 6d apportionment, should revert to Hadnall; and the payment of £100 from the Rector of Myddle should then cease."

Since 1856 the value of Tithe has of course decreased considerably, so that, the £287 11s. 6d. is now worth about £200 3s. 1d., making Hadnall Living £273 gross, not deducting the reduced rent of the land (£10) and expenses connected with repairs to Farmhouse and Buildings which your Vicar has had to meet since 1888.

The Baptism of Barbara Matilda Isabel, daughter of George Edward and Elizabeth Evans, of the Station Road Cottages, took place in our Church, at 4 p.m., on Sunday, August 13th.

The Marriage between Samuel Williams, of Christleton, Cheshire, and Harriet Jones, of the Plex, was celebrated in the Church on Tuesday, August 29th, at mid-day. A good many friends witnessed the ceremony.

Parish News.—The school, where Mr. F. Bibby is kindly making some alterations in the roof, will, we trust, be ready for scholars on Monday, Sept. 11th.

We congratulate Mrs. Guise on winning Mr. Edwin Murrell's prize for the best Collection of 6 distinct Vegetables, also for obtaining 1st prize for 3 heads of Celery, and 2nd prize for 2 Cauliflowers. William Astley, of the Plex, obtained a 3rd prize for his Collection of 6 Vegetables; 6th for 6 Spring Onions; 1st for 3 Heads of Celery; 1st for 3 Cauliflowers; 1st for Dish of Peas, also 5th for Collection of 8 Vegetables.

The only other Parishioner's name we noticed is that of Mr. Dan Simist, who wins a 3rd prize for Dish of Broad Beans. B.C.M.