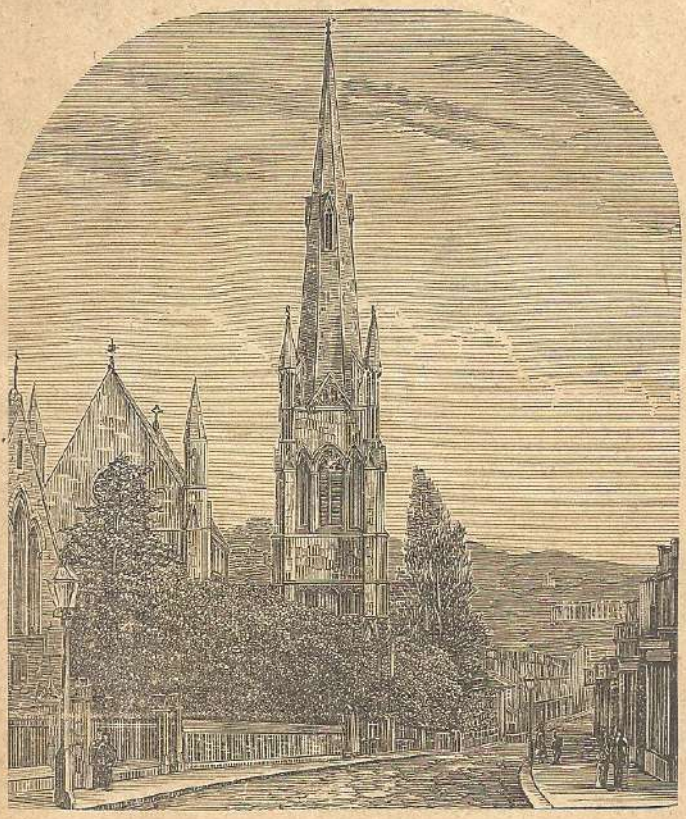
MAY 1905.

S. Mary Magdalene

— UPTON —

Monthly Magazine.



Rev. E. P. GREGG (Rector), Upton Rectory.
Surrogate for Marriage Licences.
REV. J. J. LARGE, Wretham, Thurlow Hill.
Rev. A. R. V. DAUBENEY, Hopefield, Springfield Road.

Price ONE PENNY.

AUCTIONEERS. VALUERS

WILLIAMS & COX,

CARPETS AND LINOLEUMS

HOUSE AGENTS. 12 STRAND, TORQUAY. HOUSE FURNISHERS.

J. HANCOCK,

Mercantile and General Stationer,

RELIEF STAMPER AND BOOKBINDER,

8 UNION STREET,

TORQUAY.

The West End Pharmacy, Torquay, Ltd.

254 & 256 HIGHER UNION STREET, TORRE.

MEDICINES AT STORE PRICES

Genuine Grape Juice Communion Wines—Free from Alcohol.

---

5 & 6 THE STRAND

WILLIAMS & COX

Silk Mercers and General Drapers

Costumiers

Ladies' Tailors.

TORQUAY.

T. PHILLIPS

Family Boot and Shoe Maker

AGENT FOR

The Celebrated "K" Boots

"ADAPTED" ,,

"SENSIBLE" ,,

"STAFFORDIA" ,,

"PINETS" ,,

etc., etc., etc.

A *Large Selection of above Make always in Stock.*

Special Attention is called to the Splendid Assortment of "JAEGER" Specialities, consisting of warm-lined Ventilated BOOTS, SHOES, BATH AND BEDROOM SLIPPERS, HOUSE SHOES, etc.

Repairs and Bespoke Work a Speciality.

68 and 69 Fleet Street. TORQUAY

☞ 39 Union Street, Torquay.

When in want of Jewellery, Clocks, Watches, Silver Plate, &c. Visit



E. CARTER,

Trunk and Umbrella Maker

107 UNION STREET.

A large Selection of Umbrellas, newest designs in handles.

Umbrellas Re-covered on the premises from 2/6

Repairs Promptly Executed.

THE TORQUAY CLOTHING COMPANY

Hosiers, Hatters, Glovers, &c.

E. T. BLACKLER, Proprietor,

37 MARKET STREET, TORQUAY,

Complete Outfitters. Up-to-Date Tailoring in all its Branches. Fit and Style Guaranteed.

MOURNING ORDERS EXECUTED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

The PIANOLA.

C. HEAVISIDE,

The ÆOLIAN.

THE PIANOFORTE SALOONS, 27 TORWOOD STREET, TORQUAY.

PIANOS by the Finest Makers at the Lowest Discount. Store Prices (Army and Navy, etc.) for Cash, or on the Hire Purchase System. 50 SECOND-HAND PIANOS, also ORGANS, etc., at Prices to suit all.

☞ If your PIANO has been injured by inferior Tuning, or otherwise, send for an Experienced Tuner and Regulator from C. HEAVISIDE'S PIANOFORTE SALOONS.

Church of S. Mary Magdalene.

— UPTON, TORQUAY —

SERVICES.

SUNDAYS.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m., also on the 1st and 3rd Sundays in month, 11.45 a.m. Matins with Sermon, 11 a.m. Children's Service, 3.30 p.m. Evensong, with Sermon, 6.30 p.m.

WEEK DAYS.—Matins and Litany, Wednesday and Friday, 11 a.m. Evensong, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 4.30 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISM.—Sundays, 3.30 p.m., Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.

CHURCHINGS after Baptisms, and after any of the Services.

The Church is open daily for Private Prayer and Meditation.

S. James' Mission House.

Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in Month, 10.30 a.m. Evensong, with Sermon, 6.30 p.m. every Sunday.

BIBLE CLASSES.—Sundays, Men, Parish Room, 3.15 p.m. Young Men, Mission House, 3.15 p.m. Women, S. James' School, 3 p.m. Young Women, Upton Rectory, 3.30 p.m.

C.E.T.S.—(UPTON BRANCH). Parish Room. First Monday in the month, 8 p.m.

DISTRICT VISITORS' MEETINGS.—On 1st Friday in the month, after Mattins in Vestry.

SCHOOLS.—Upton. Sundays, 10.15 a.m. and 3 p.m. Week Days, 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.—Parish Room, Monday, 2.30 to 4 p.m. Mission House, Wednesdays, 2.30 to 4 p.m.

NEEDLEWORK GUILD.—Third Tuesday in the month, at 3 p.m. at the Rectory.

COMMUNICANTS' GUILD.—Women's Branch, Thursday, before 1st Sunday in Month, at 7 p.m., in Parish Room.

PENNY BANK.—Parish Room, Mondays, 12 noon to 12.30 p.m.

COAL CLUB.—Parish Room, Mondays, 10.30 a.m. to 12 noon; Mission House, Wednesdays after the Mothers' Meeting, March to November.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING CLUB.—Parish Room, Mondays, 6.30 p.m.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

M. 1. S.S. Philip and James. Holy Communion 11 a.m.

S. 7. 2nd Sunday after Easter.

Parish Church. Holy Communion 8 and 11.45 a.m. Matins 11 a.m. Children's Service 3.30 p.m. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. James's. Holy Communion 10.30 a.m. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. 14. 3rd Sunday after Easter.

Parish Church. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins with Sermon 11 a.m. Children's Service and Catechising 3.30 p.m. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. James's. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. 21. 4th Sunday after Easter.

Parish Church. Holy Communion 8 and 11.45 a.m. Matins with Sermon 11 a.m. Children's Service 3.30 p.m. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. James's. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. 28. 5th Sunday after Easter. (Rogation Sunday.)

Parish Church. Holy Communion 8 a.m. Matins with Sermon 11 a.m. Children's Service and Catechising 3.30 p.m. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

S. James's. Evensong with Sermon 6.30 p.m.

M. 29. Rogation Day.
TU. 30. Rogation Day.
W. 31. Rogation Day. Vigil of Ascension.

Sunday School Lessons.

May 14. Lesson xxxiv. Story of the Disobedient Prophet.
28. ,, xxxv. Asa the Earnest.

COLLECTIONS.

		£	s.	d.
April 2.	A.C.S.	3	3	0
2.	Poor Fund	5	8	5
7.	Church Expenses	0	5	3
9.	Order of Rechabites	2	13	3
9.	Church Expenses	4	3	2
14.	Church Expenses	0	5	4
15.	To Erection of Pulpit	6	15	2
16.	Choir Fund	4	10	10
20.	Church Expenses	0	5	7
21.	Church Refuge	5	0	0
21.	Church Expenses	0	6	3
23.	Curates Fund	14	0	3
25.	Church Expenses	0	5	8
30.	Church Expenses	4	4	7

Marriages.

April 12. Percy Frank Smith and Jessie Sophia Crawshaw
23. Walter Henry Henley and Lilian Mabel Lusty.
24. James Carpenter and Susan Brimblecombe.
25. Frederick Mackenzie Hamer and Nellie Symons Pulling.
29. Arthur Summers Chard and Maude Mary Knight.

Burials.

April 13. John Henry Coad, aged 24 days, 4 Regent's Terrace.
17. Octavius Glover, aged 74 years, Atherstone Lodge.
22. Prudence Mary Farr, aged 72 years, 63 Lymington Road.
28. Elizabeth Greenham, aged 76 years, 2 Higher Union Lane.
29. James Frederick Hipper, aged 40 years, 4 Orchard Cottages.
17. Frederick Henry Cater Beer, aged 22 years, 2 Meadow View. A member of the Upton Church Choir from 1891 to 1900.

The Late Prebendary Wolfe.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIALS IN UPTON CHURCH, TORQUAY.

On Saturday, April 15th, a most interesting service was held in Upton Church, when, in the presence of a large congregation the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Robertson) dedicated the very beautiful new pulpit and screen erected as memorials of Prebendary R. R. Wolfe, the former rector of the parish, and his wife.

The pulpit and screen embody unusually interesting architectural features, and represent fifteenth century work at its best period, and as such is unsurpassed in the Westcountry. Of a type peculiar to Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, it is a question if there is another instance in England of a pulpit and canopy with screen combined. The pulpit stands on the angle of the screen, and is approached through two openings by a winding staircase. The lower portion is octagonal on plan, coved outwards into a clustered circular form. The upper part of the pulpit consists of five niches, containing figures of the four evangelists, with St. Mary Magdalene, to whom the church is dedicated, in the centre niche. These are surmounted by canopies and an enriched cornice, with carved ornamentation of a peculiar Westcountry type between the niches. The screen at the angle projects over the pulpit, forming a vaulted canopy, beneath which are canopied niches occupied by figures of St. John the Baptist and St. Paul, forming a background to the pulpit. The screen is continued from this point to the north wall, with an opening in the centre giving access to the transept. The lower portions of the pulpit and screen are of dark grey, and rich red Devon marbles, the upper parts being of Cæn stone. The whole harmonises well with the reredos, screens, and other carved work of this portion of the interior of the church. Inside the new pulpit is the following engraved inscription :—"To the glory of God, and in memory of Richard Robbins Wolfe, M.A., prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and first rector of this parish, who died on Good Friday, March 28th, 1902, aged 82, and of Susan Ann, his wife, who died December 14th, 1896. This pulpit was erected by their daughters, Louisa Tayleur and Edith Bissel, A.D. 1905." On the back of the screen is inscribed :—"To the glory of God and in memory of Richard Robbins Wolfe, M.A., prebendary of Exeter Cathedral and first rector of this parish, who died on Good Friday, 1902. This screen was erected by his sons, relatives and friends, A.D. 1905." The work has been most skilfully and artistically executed by Messrs. Blackler and Son, of the Royal Marble Works, St. Marychurch.

The proceedings were inaugurated with a touching incident. The surpliced choir left the vestry, and, proceeding round the churchyard, stopped at Prebendary Wolfe's grave, which was covered with flowers sent by many friends. There they sang most beautifully, unaccompanied, Spohr's "Blest are the departed." At the conclusion of the anthem, the choir continued their procession to the west door, which the Bishop and clergy, who had robed at the school, were already approaching. The Bishop was attended by Chancellor Edmonds, Rev. Stewart Sim, Brixham, rural dean; Revs. E. P. Gregg, J. J. Large, A. R. V. Daubeney, Upton; J. Henning, G. M. May, E. S. Page, Cockington; J. T. Jacob, C. W. Walker, Tor; A. H. Simms, St. Luke's; B. H. Patch, St. Michael's; H. Mills, St. John's; R. St. John Mitchell, St. Marychurch; H. B. Clark, St. Matthias; A. E. Northey, and J. S Bingley. Relatives and friends of the late Prebendary and Mrs. Wolfe present included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wolfe, Miss Phyllis Wolfe, Mr. Edward Wolfe, Junr., Miss Louise Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. C. Tayleur, Mr. and Mrs. Broad Bissell, Mrs. Gregg, Miss Gregg, Mr. Basil Gregg, Lady Macgregor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kitson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hext, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Luxmoore, Mrs. Mallock, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Tower, Miss Tower, Miss James, Mr. W. Ball, Dr. Odell, Mr. J. J. Matthews, Mr. A. W. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Rockhey, and Mr. Dundee Hooper. Amongst the clergy unavoidably absent were Archdeacon Wilkinson, Canon Tetley, Prebendary Boyle, and Rev. A. B. Wrey, vicar of St. Marychurch.

The whole procession moved up the church singing the hymn, "We love the place, O God." The service was conducted by the rector, Rev. E. P. Gregg. Psalm lxxxiv. was beautifully chanted. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were sung to Stainer's Sion College Gregorian setting. The first lesson was read by Chancellor Edmonds, and the second by Rev. Stewart Sim. Hymn before the sermon was "Behold the messengers of Christ." The Bishop preached from Psalm cl., 1, "Praise God in His Sanctuary." His Lordship, after expressing the hope for a revival of the habit and duty of family prayer, said they had met to dedicate certain beautiful gifts to the honour of God and in memory of one by whom under God the work of the Church in that parish was first begun, and by whom, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, the first foundations of corporate Christian life were laid there. The screen, an object not only of utility but of beauty, added to the adornment and completeness of the church as a house of God; and the pulpit, a work of rare and beautiful art, was perhaps the most fitting memorial that could possibly be made to one whose voice was often heard for many and many a long year in proclaiming the counsel of God from that place. They did well to perpetuate the memory of those upon whose labours they of the present day had entered. There might be some there who, like himself, never saw the face nor heard the voice of him who was commemorated that day; but, if they wanted a monument, they should look not only at the gifts which were now being dedicated, but around at the fabric of the church, at the schools, and at the Christian life of the parish, and in these they would find a memorial of Christian labour and faithful and sympathetic work for Christ which would not pass away. He hoped that the occasion which had brought them together would bring home to the hearts of many the duty of making a better and more fruitful use of the opportunity of growth in Christ which the parish church, with its opportunities for private and public prayer, afforded to all alike. The sanctuary of God should also be found in their homes, and it would be making but a poor use of renewed zeal and enthusiasm for the house of God unless as the result they went to their home-life determined that their own home should be more and more a sanctuary dedicated to God. Such a sanctuary should also be found in the individual heart and conscience and life, and this was the proper way in which such an occasion might leave a deep and permanent mark on the lives of every parishioner and every worshipper in that Church.—The offertory hymn was "Christ is our corner-stone," and the recessional "For all the saints." Theinberger's sonata in F sharp minor was finely played by the organist (Mr. W. W. Trotman) as the congregation left the church.

It may be interesting to note that during the last 25 years no less a sum than £3325, has been expended on the fabric of our parish church, without taking into account the new pulpit and screen.

Our best thanks are due to Miss Whittell for the beautifully worked pulpit frontal and alms-bag and to all those who have contributed to the cost of the same.

It is a source of much thankfulness that the number of Communicants on Easter Day exceeded that of any previous year. On looking back, we find that the number of Easter Communicants has far more than doubled that of Easter, 1883.



PROPER LESSONS.

The Lessons for Morning and Evening are given for Sundays and Holy Days. The Morning Lessons only for other days.

1	M	**St. Philip and St. James, A. & M.** M. Is. 62; John 1. 43. E. Zech. 4; Col. 3. 1–18.
2	Tu	1 Sam. 26; Luke 22. 1–31.
3	W	1 Sam. 31; Luke 22. 31–54.
4	Th	2 Sam. 3. 17; Luke 22. 54.
5	F	2 Sam. 6; Luke 23. 1–26.
6	S	2 Sam. 7. 18; Luke 23. 26–50.
7	S	**2nd Sunday aft. Easter.** M. Num. 20. 1–14; Luke 23. 50–24. 13. E. Num. 20. 14–21. 10: or 21. 10; 1 Thess. 4.
8	M	2 Sam. 13. 38–14. 26; Luke 24. 13.
9	Tu	2 Sam. 15. 16; John 1. 1–29.
10	W	2 Sam. 16. 15–17. 24; John 1. 29.
11	Th	2 Sam. 18. 18; John 2.
12	F	2 Sam. 19. 24; John 3. 1–22.
13	S	2 Sam. 23. 1–24; John 3. 22.
14	S	**3rd Sunday aft. Easter.** M. Num. 22; John 4. 1–31. E. Num. 23 or 24; 1 Tim. 3.
15	M	1 Chron. 29. 10; John 4. 31.
16	Tu	1 Kings 4. 20; John 5. 1–24.
17	W	1 Kings 6. 1–15; John 5. 24.
18	Th	1 Kings 8. 22–54; John 6. 1–22.
19	F	1 Kings 10; John 6. 22–41.
20	S	1 Kings 11. 26; John 6. 41.
21	S	**4th Sunday aft. Easter.** M. Deut. 4. 1–23; John 7. 1–25. E. Deut. 4. 23–41: or 5; 2 Tim. 4.
22	M	1 Kings 14. 1–21; John 7. 25.
23	Tu	1 Kings 16. 8; John 8. 1–31.
24	W	1 Kings 18. 1–17; John 8. 31.
25	Th	1 Kings 19; John 9. 1–39.
26	F	1 Kings 22. 1–41; John 9. 39–10. 22.
27	S	2 Kings 2; John 10. 22.
28	S	**5th Sunday aft. Easter.** M. Deut. 6; John 11. 1–17. E. Deut 9: or 10; Heb. 3. 7–4. 14.
29	M	ROGATION DAY. 2 Kings 6. 24; John 11. 17–47.
30	Tu	ROGATION DAY. 2 Kings 8. 1–16; John 11. 47–12. 20.
31	W	ROGATION DAY. 2 Kings 10. 1–18; John 12. 20.

The Churchman's Notebook.

By the Rev. E. J. Sturdee, Vicar of Brown Edge, Stoke-on-Trent.

Those of you who read the daily first lessons for the morning will notice that after the separation of the twelve tribes into two kingdoms the history of the Kings of Israel is read first, and then, after Israel's dispersion, the history of the Kings of Judah. These lessons in Kings and Chronicles are very interesting, both from the historical and theological points of view, but (with the exception of the chapters read on Sunday) they are not as familiar to many of us as they ought to be. The New Testament lessons are mostly from St. John, whose Gospel tells us so much of the *Words* of Jesus. If you want to know what Jesus *did* you will find out principally by reading St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke; but if you want to know what Jesus *said* you will find more in St. John than in all the other Gospels put together.

EASTER II. (May 7) *Evening* (Numb. xxi. 8, 9). You must compare these verses with St. John iii. 14, 15, in order to understand the spiritual meaning of the strange remedy of the serpent of brass. Then read the well-known hymn, "*There is Life for a look at the Crucified One.*" Could "Justification by Faith" be made plainer? Those bitten Israelites were only too willing to look to the serpent of brass, for they saw no other remedy, and so shall we be only too glad to look to Jesus for pardon of sin, when our eyes are opened to see what St. Peter meant in Acts iv. 12. (Do you mind looking out the words?) There is one point to be noticed in connection with the type. The children of Israel looked to the brazen serpent because they felt bitten. Many do not look to Jesus because they do not feel the bite of sin. Again, *when* are we to look to the Crucified One? When we are dying? No, look NOW (2 Cor. vi. 2).

EASTER III. (May 14) *Morning* (Numb. xxii. 35). You will feel, I hope, sufficiently interested to read at home (if you do not go to church at night) the next two chapters. What a strange man Balaam was—a mixture of religion and greed. There is no doubt he wanted Balak's "silver and gold," or he would have refused to receive the second deputation. We like to think that he really meant all the blessings that God put into his mouth; and yet, when at the last Balak sent him away in anger with no reward, he turned against God and caused Israel to sin (Numb. xxxi. 16). Poor man, he tried to serve God and Mammon. How shall we avoid his temptation? By "walking (living) in the Spirit" (Gal. v. 16), and seeking daily His guidance.

EASTER IV. (May 21) *Evening* (Deut. v. 29). In this chapter we have a repetition of the Ten Commandments, uttered nearly forty years before on Mount Sinai. Much had happened since. Those who then protested, "All that the Lord hath commanded us will we do and be obedient" (Exod. xxiv. 7), had quickly sinned in the matter of the golden calf, and none of them (save two) would be allowed to enter the Promised Land, because of unbelief. Did they not mean to keep God's Law? Very likely they did at the time, for they feared the awful accompaniments of thunder and lightning on the Mount, where God was present. But by degrees fear gave place to familiarity, and sin proved stronger than promises. Hence the beautiful words of the text, "Oh, that there were such an heart in them, that they would . . . keep all my commandments *always*." Does not this remind us of the prayer we utter in church after each commandment is read: "Incline our *hearts* to keep this law." There is a vast amount of difference between dreading to disobey and wanting to obey. When God's Law is written in our hearts we shall be free to *do* as well as *think* aright. But, can this take place? See Heb. x. 16.

EASTER V. (May 28) *Morning* (Deut. vi. 12). "Beware lest thou forget the Lord." Some years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote his famous "Recessional," based on these words—a poem which went to the heart of England, and made us realise the danger which accompanies prosperity. It is a very real danger, and applies to individuals as much as to nations. God blesses us in body and in soul. We have the Light, we know the Truth, our lives are cast in pleasant places. Then comes the temptation to relax our use of the means of grace—Prayer, the Bible, the Holy Communion. We are lifted up with pride, we set our affections on things below. May the words of Moses ever ring in our ears, "Beware, lest thou forget the Lord."

£50 IN PRIZES. *To encourage children to follow attentively the Lessons in their Bibles in Church, and to read the daily portions in the Calendar, we offer 100 Prizes, value 10 shillings each, to be awarded in 100 parishes for the best descriptions of the pictures appearing monthly on this page, and illustrating incidents selected from the Lessons, Epistles, or Gospels. The best complete set of descriptions should be sent in to the Editor by the Rector, Vicar, or Sunday School Superintendent of each competing Parish in December, 1905.*

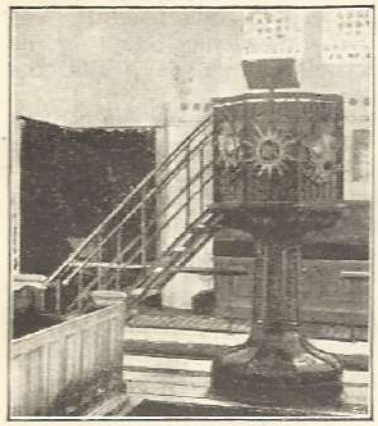


Specially drawn for this Magazine] [*by* F. W. Burton.

HIS QUEEN O' THE MAY.

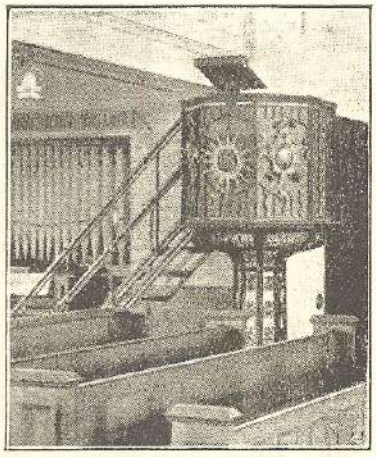
RED LETTER NOTES
of Church and Churchmen.

A MOVABLE PULPIT.—There are several movable pulpits to be found in various churches throughout the country, but we believe the movable pulpit comparatively recently presented to St. Paul's, Cheltenham, is the only one worked by machinery. A tramway, 18 feet in length, has been laid down in the chancel, and immediately before the sermon the pulpit and its staircase move along it slowly, noiselessly and almost mysteriously, and take up a prominent position, returning to the original position beside the organ at the conclusion of the preacher's discourse. There is approximately 30 feet of wire rope apparatus employed, the structure being caused to move on what is known as the "spindle" principle. The innovation, striking as it is, is a most convenient one, the preacher being able to address his congregation practically in full view of every one. The pulpit is lighted by electricity from the inside, the coil conveying the current being paid out as the pulpit moves. We may add the church holds quite twelve hundred people, the congregations being always large: at the evening service every available seat is filled. No wonder that space is grudged even for the pulpit. The able vicar is the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyles.



The Pulpit Moved Out.

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.—We think we are right in saying that the mammoth organ which was exhibited in the Festival Hall of the St. Louis Exhibition is the largest in the world. Its permanent home is in Kansas City. A train of ten freight cars was required to convey it to St. Louis. It is about 100 feet long, 40 feet high, and 33 feet wide. It contains 10,059 pipes, 289 movements, and 140 stops. The two pipes drawing the lowest notes are each 32 feet long, and so spacious that a small pony or two men side by side can pass through them. The organ is really a combination of five large organs, namely, a grand organ, a choir organ, a swell organ, a solo organ, and an echo organ, which is 300 feet from the rest. Two electric motors, each of 10 horse power, work this "factory of sound." They are driven from accumulators fed by a dynamo, so that a continuous performance of the organ can be given. The five organs can be played automatically from a separate console or key desk. Another key desk, at some distance from the organ, is for manual performance, and in either case a new "double touch" arrangement doubles the capacity of certain keys, so that varying the pressure on the keys has the same effect as if the performer had four hands. The swell organ gives for the first time the effect of a true orchestra of flutes, stringed instruments, and so forth. The solo organ gives the brass wind instruments. Over a hundred miles of wire and 1,300 electro-magnets are required in working this magnificent organ.



The Pulpit Pushed Back.

THE SMALLEST PARISH.—It is always dangerous to claim a record in largeness or smallness for either church or parish, so that we will content ourselves with the statement that we know of two parishes which in point of diminutiveness must be hard to beat. The first is that of Creslow, near Whitchurch in Buckinghamshire. It contains one dwelling-house only, a beautiful, lightly-fortified manor-house dating originally from late in the fourteenth century. The church now serves the mundane purposes of a harness-room—or did so—but still retains a late Norman doorway and two Perpendicular windows to attest its former dignity. The other miniature parish, Grove, near Leighton Buzzard, is even smaller in actual acreage. It contains a modern farmhouse, two cottages, and a tiny, ancient church. One of the old lords of this manor, Sir Nigel (or Nele) Loryng, was one of the original Knights of the Order of the Garter.

WHY THE LEFT HAND?—Can any of our readers inform us why married women wear the wedding-ring on the left hand? Is there any special reason for the Prayer-book injunction, "And the priest, taking the ring, shall deliver it unto the man to put it on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand?" Curiously enough, an extract from the "Sarum Ritual" shows that the Early English bride always proffered her right hand to the bridegroom, who placed the ring on the thumb, and the other fingers in turn, finally lodging it on the fourth. There was an old superstition that Love's Vein passed directly "from the Fourth Finger unto the Heart."



An extremely Ancient Pulpit at Newton Nottage Church, Porthcawl.

Mr. Pettigrew's Quick Returns.

A SERIAL TALE.

By AGNES GIBERNE,

AUTHOR OF "PROFIT AND LOSS," "SUN, MOON AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

IN DIFFICULTIES.



ORE than half the winter was over. Both Christmas and New Year lay in the past, and through February the days had steadily lengthened. The last evening of that month found two perplexed spirits under the Pettigrew roof.

One of the two was Bella Willis. She sat alone in her small bedroom, thinking busily, trying to make up her mind what to do.

Something of a shadow had rested of late on her young life, for by one unguarded speech she had repelled the man whom she loved, and the estrangement had lasted through many months. When they met it was as mere acquaintances.

She blamed both herself and him: herself for being so needlessly outspoken, him for being so needlessly angry. Why could he not forgive and forget? It did not occur to her that she had been by no means quick to forgive and forget in the matter of his supposed inquiries after her money.

But because he had so drawn back, she cared for him more than ever, and she was unhappy, though careful to hide the fact.

Sometimes, as weeks went on, she wondered—had she been wise to disregard his warning? Had she acted sensibly—first, in handing over her papers to Mr. Pettigrew; and, second, in not pressing to be told what he had done with them? For a while she had been so indignant with Collins' "interference," as she called it, that she had refused to face possibilities. Yet, young though she was, ignorant even for her youth in money matters, doubts of late had assailed her.

She knew Sam Pettigrew better than at first. She had been deceived by his apparent kindness, and, girl-like, had jumped to a decision. Since then her eyes had been opened.

It was unavoidable that she should note the different code of right and wrong which prevailed in this house from that to which she was used. Mrs. Willis, though not a strong character, had been a good woman, and had done her best to bring up her child in the fear of God, as her husband would have wished.

Bella found in John Turner the same spirit of truth and honesty and fair-dealing as that which had characterized her own parents. But in her aunts Sophy and Emma she encountered a different spirit; while Sam Pettigrew was ruled by one principle only—that of money-getting at any and every cost.

He had at first kept careful guard over himself in Bella's presence, refraining from speeches which would have shown his true self. This could not last, and in time he relaxed. Then she awoke to the fact that he was ruled by gold-greed; that right and high principle held no sway in his life; that his business was run on "happy-go-lucky" lines, with a total disregard of fair dealing; and that, in giving over to him the irresponsible control of her little capital, she had done an extremely foolish thing.

Several times she tried to bring up the subject, but he always managed to elude her. He was too busy; or, it was the wrong time; or, he would attend to her another day. But the "day" failed to arrive.

Something more aggressively dishonest than usual had come to her knowledge, causing increased uneasiness.

What if she were to go now—this hour—and insist on bringing "uncle Sam" to the point? She knew that he was in his room. Mrs. Pettigrew was gone for a chat with her sister Sophy.

Bella felt cowardly about tackling him. She was aware that he could make himself disagreeable. Still, the thing had to be done, and putting off would render her task no easier.

"I think I will," she said aloud. "And if he won't listen to me, I'll tell uncle John."

She had often thought of appealing to John Turner, and had only been withheld by her own resolution not to speak of the money, on account of Frank Collins. Matters, however, were reaching a pitch when further delay might have serious results. She felt that the time for action had arrived.

Sam Pettigrew was the second "perplexed spirit" under that roof. He was very much perplexed indeed; and he too sat alone, screwing up his visage, weighing this and that, endeavouring to see his way out of thickening difficulties.

For once, his confidence in a certain distant orb of light failed him.

At first, on purchasing Newman's Stores and starting his own methods, things had come about much as he expected. The rush for his "Good Fortune Tea-packets" had been great, and in those early weeks he had simply "coined money," making more than *cent. per cent.*, as he often exultingly told his wife.

But after the wave comes the back-wash, and it had surely come with him. Those who had invested in the inferior tea for a price far above its merits used what they had bought; but they

did not come to Pettigrew's Stores for their next supplies.

Sam found it needful to make fresh efforts—*not* in the direction of winning a reputation for honesty and dependableness, which in the long run would have served him well, but in the direction of further big gains, to be squeezed from the pockets of a too-confiding public.

So he started fresh schemes, offered new bargains, proclaimed again so-called "free gifts," and each time there was a fresh rush, though less vehement than its predecessor. People are easily taken in, and slow to learn; yet even the most gullible cannot be cheated beyond a certain point.

Stoneacre was beginning to gauge Sam Pettigrew at his worth; and his latest attempt, with piled-up goods and flaming placards, won no response. Folks began to fight shy of him.

The falling off in regular customers was also rapid. By this time Sam knew, only too well, that his venture with his wife's legacy, the purchase of Newman's Stores, was a failure. He recognized only too clearly that he who loved to "do" others had been himself "done" by Newman, and that in place of *cent. per cent.* returns, he might count himself favoured if any part of Emma's money should survive the strain of the next few months. In plain terms, he saw probable ruin ahead.

Where was Sam's "luck" now?

But the last thing he did was to blame himself or his own methods. New schemes came to his mind; new plans for cheating his customers; new notions for snatching at high profits. Capital was needed, however, to carry them out, and capital he had not.

As for Bella's two thousand pounds, Sam frowned at the recollection. He had promptly sold out all three investments, chosen by her mother under the advice of a wise friend, and in place of re-investing the money, he had thrown the whole into his own business, spending the girl's capital freely, and paying her quarterly five pounds.

It rather astonished him that she had not insisted on knowing more; but her slight attempts at inquiry had been soon squashed. What a mercy that she was of a non-suspicious temperament, thought Sam. "Easy bamboozled!" he called it.

A tap at the door interrupted his train of thought, and Bella entered. She did not ask leave to stay, but sat down, and Pettigrew eyed her uneasily.

"My dear, I'm busy. Don't you see?" He had a pile of ledgers on the table. "Haven't got no time for nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense, uncle Sam. I want to ask you something."

"Another time, not now. I've got a lot of work to get done. To-morrow."

"You always say 'to-morrow,' and to-morrow never comes. At least, of course it comes, but you never have time. And, please, I must know what you are doing with my money." Bella felt more brave.



"'Another time, not now. I've got a lot of work to get done.'"—*Page 101.*

"It takes a lot of time to find out about them investments." Sam looked anywhere rather than at her face. "A lot of time, it does!" He mopped his forehead. "And it's best to wait a bit for the right time. There's ups and there's downs in the money market, as needs a deal of study, and it don't do for to buy in when prices is unfavourable. Nor it don't do neither when conjunctions is unpropitious. I've been waiting"—this was a brilliant notion—"I've been waiting till I could make sure there was a favourable conjunction as would secure to you success *and* a bigger income."

Bella was not impressed. "I don't understand about conjunctions," she said. "But I want my two thousand pounds to be safe, and I wish I had not let you do anything. Where is it now, please? Have you sold out my investments?"

Sam wriggled like an impaled worm.

"The money's all right, so don't you worry."

"Is it at the bank, uncle?"

"That's just about *so*," asserted Sam untruthfully.

"I shall ask uncle John what is best to be done."

"Which, if you follow my advice, you *won't*," urged Sam. "John Turner, he's a worthy man, as makes excellent pills—he he!" Sam's laugh was not mirthful. "But as for business, why, he's a child. He don't know nothing."

Bella set her foot on the worm.

"I shall go to uncle John," she repeated.

Sam broke out into a cold perspiration. "You'd a deal best not. Mum's the word in money matters."

"Why should it be?"

Sam found an answer not easy. "It's a lot the best—a lot!" he said. "Set the women a-talking, and there's no end to the mischief—not any end at all, there ain't."

"Uncle John isn't a woman."

Sam began to feel enraged.

"Tell a man a secret, and his wife'll screw it out of him, sure as my name's Pettigrew."

"Why, uncle Sam, have you told aunt Emma?"

"No, and it's because I'm a business man. That's what John Turner ain't."

"I don't see the good of keeping things secret. I hate secrets, and it's no use." Bella had jumped to the conclusion that, since Frank Collins had ceased to come after her, the cause for silence existed no longer. Sam's agitation opened her eyes. If things were as they should be, why should he object to her speaking?

"But, howsomever, I'll settle everything this month, and let you know," spoke Sam in desperation. "There'll be a rise in the money market, I shouldn't wonder, next week, as'll affect investments favourable, and a lot of money had ought to be coming in, as'll give me enough in hand."

Bella failed to grasp the meaning of this. Sam talked on vaguely; and it dawned upon her mind that he had done something with her two thousand other than placing that amount to his or her credit at the bank; also that he could not, at a moment's notice, lay hands upon it. He would have to "realize" a certain amount first, and she would have to



"'I shall go right off this minute, and tell uncle John everything.'"—*Page 102.*

"wait a bit." The profits were to be enormous, and she was to be unspeakably grateful; and his lucky star, etc., etc. But the star did not move her.

"Then my money is *not* at the bank," she said. "And you have used it somehow in the business. Yes, I see now. And I shall go right off this minute, and tell uncle John everything."

She walked out of the room, and left Sam Pettigrew writhing in his chair.

CHAPTER X.

A MUCH BETTER WAY.

"THE stars are suns, like our own sun, only many of them are larger. It is the enormous distance

of the stars which makes them look so small," observed the Vicar.

Sophy stared open-mouthed. "Nobody'd ever think it," said John Turner.

"And the planets are worlds, more or less like our own world. Generally *less*," added the Vicar. "All the planets are near to us; very near, compared with the stars, though not actually near, compared with earthly distances."

"You were going to tell us what a Conjunction is, sir," put in Frank Collins. He had dropped in for a late chat with John Turner, at the same time that Emma Pettigrew dropped in for a talk with Sophy; and the Vicar, calling for a word with the chemist on some Parish business, found them all together. Frank seized the opportunity to ask for an explanation of Sam Pettigrew's "Planet Conjunctions."

"I'm approaching that point. You cannot grasp what is meant by a conjunction of heavenly bodies, till you know something of the heavenly bodies themselves. Eh? —'heavenly bodies!'—that's a term commonly used to describe all suns and worlds and moons in the Universe."

"Including our own, sir?" asked Turner.

"Our earth is a 'heavenly body' to other worlds, though not to ourselves. Now to go on. Perhaps you are aware that we speak of the stars in general as 'fixed stars,' because they do not appear to move in and out, one among another, but keep the same groupings through centuries. They do really move, and they are not truly fixed, but their distances are so vast that in a hundred years not the least movement can be detected, except with a very few."

"Seems strange!" Collins said.

"With the planets things are different. They are comparatively small and near. They belong to the sun, and travel round and round him, just as our earth does. So we *see* them to be always changing their positions in the sky, moving from one group of stars to another, some going fast, some going more slowly. All this is known to astronomers; and the exact position of each planet in the sky, at any moment of any day or any night, is known years beforehand."

"You don't say so, sir!"

"Certainly I do. Almanacks are regularly published in which such details are given. Now, as to conjunctions. The planets of our sun's system, moving steadily round the sun, are seen by us, as I have already said, from month to month in various parts of the sky. And from time to time we see two of them close together. Jupiter lies close to Mars, or Mars is near Saturn, or perhaps three planets join company. That is called "a conjunction"—a coming or joining together. Sometimes a planet is seen near the moon, and that again is a conjunction. Sometimes it is a conjunction of a



"'It's only about what uncle Sam is doing with my two thousand pounds.'"—
Page 104.

planet with one of the brighter stars. These conjunctions are in point of fact perpetually occurring, but we do not pay attention to them except in the case of the more brilliant and well-known heavenly bodies."

"And are they sometimes lucky and sometimes unlucky?" asked Emma.

"Ah! there you touch upon a widespread fancy. When once you realize what a conjunction means, you will find it difficult to imagine that any real connection can exist between them and human affairs."

Emma looked disappointed.

"Suppose, now, that the planet Venus is 'in conjunction' with the planet Jupiter. *We* see them side by side in the sky, apparently close together. But they are not really close. They are no nearer together than usual. They are still divided by a great gap. Jupiter still lies many hundreds of millions of miles farther away from us than Venus; only Jupiter happens just then to be in the same *direction* as Venus. The two happen to lie in almost the same *line of sight* as viewed from our earth."

Frank made a sound of assent. Emma and Sophy were hopelessly puzzled.

"If you were on the seashore, you might see many ships in different directions, some near, some far. You might see a fishing-smack, about two miles off, lying apparently close to a steamer six or seven miles off. That would be a *conjunction* of the two. They would lie in the same line of sight from yourself, and so would seem to be near together. But it would not be true nearness."

"It don't seem to me, sir, that a conjunction of that sort could make any difference to the planets themselves, nor any sort of difference to us," observed Frank.

"No. That is what I wished you to grasp. For a man to build upon such appearances, in connection with his own future, becomes an absurdity. At the same time," added the Vicar, "I do not deny that certain remarkable 'conjunctions' of bright planets and stars have occasionally come about at critical periods of the world's history. Whether this was, so to speak, purely accidental, or whether, in dark and ignorant days, it *may* have pleased God, through the natural movements of heavenly bodies, to utter a word of warning to nations, I cannot decide. It was once His Will to use 'the bow in the cloud.' It *may* have been sometimes His Will to use planetary and starry combinations."

Frank assented thoughtfully.

"But as for lucky and unlucky conjunctions, or lucky and unlucky days"—the Vicar shook his head—"that is all pure nonsense. 'Luck,' in the common acceptation of the word, has no existence. Our world is not governed by chance. You will be wise to put such vain notions aside, at once and for ever. '*Trust in God, and do the right*,' is a good old saying. Don't trust in *things*, which have neither mind nor will, spirit nor power. 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,' and He will never fail you."

Hardly had the Vicar taken his departure when Bella walked in.

"I thought I would come too, and go back with aunt Emma," she said; and at the sight of Frank Collins her face grew rosy red. It was weeks since they had exchanged a word.

"I've got to be off," muttered Frank.

He did not want to go. Angry though he had been, time was doing its work, and suddenly he knew that nothing had made any difference in his real feelings. He wanted her more than ever. He had carefully avoided encounters, but here was an encounter not to be avoided, and if only she would give him a smile, would hold out her hand, would seem pleased to see him, he was ready to respond.

But Bella held up her chin, and looked uncomfortable. So Frank moved towards the door.

"I've got to be off. I've stayed too long."

"Got to run away the moment Bella comes in!" cried tactless Sophy. "I never! And you and she such old friends."

This brought no response. Frank mumbled something and vanished. Bella was conscious of a tugging at her heart-strings, yet she carried it off well, put on an air of cheerfulness, and sat down with a smile.

"I thought you wouldn't mind me coming too, aunt Sophy."

"Of course I don't mind. As if I wasn't glad to see my own niece!" responded Sophy. "Shouldn't wonder but you got tired, sitting alone."

"I wasn't alone all the while. I've had a talk with uncle Sam."

Uncle Sam's wife showed surprise.

"I went to his room, because I wanted to say something. And now I've come because I want to ask uncle John something too. It's about my money."

The aunts pricked up their ears. If John Turner pricked up his, it was in a different fashion. He was not anxious to be dragged into a family discussion.

"Perhaps, if it is a matter of business, another time might be better," he suggested mildly.

"But I don't mind aunt Sophy and aunt Emma knowing too," the girl replied. She was in a mood to speak out, and it did not occur to her impulsive young mind that, in asking advice from a man on money matters, two talkative women-listeners might not be desirable. "It's only about what uncle Sam is doing with my two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" shrieked Sophy.

"Why, you never told me——" gasped Emma.

John Turner kept an uneasy silence.

"No, I didn't tell. You see, uncle Sam said it was better I shouldn't. He said mum was the word for business, and I had better not let anybody know except him. That was when I

first came. He offered to manage everything for me."

"But you gave out that you'd only got enough to get your clothes with," exclaimed Emma.

Bella looked ashamed.

"No, I didn't say 'only,' truly I didn't, aunt Emma. It was uncle Sam told me I'd better say that. I wish now I hadn't."

"Well, I do think you might have told me." Emma was evidently offended.

"I did want—very much — but ——" Bella hesitated, and a lump came into her throat at the thought of Frank. "But—I'd a sort of feeling I wouldn't tell just directly. And then uncle Sam asked questions, and he made me give him my papers, and he said I mustn't say anything to anybody, because mum was the word. And he said he must sell out the money, because he didn't like how it was invested. He said he could do it ever so much better."

"Two thousand pounds!" uttered Sophy. "Why, you're a rich woman."

"Two thousand pounds don't mean riches," said Turner. "How much do you get from it yearly?"

"Oh, just about seventy-five pounds. Uncle Sam said that was too little, and it ought to be a lot more."

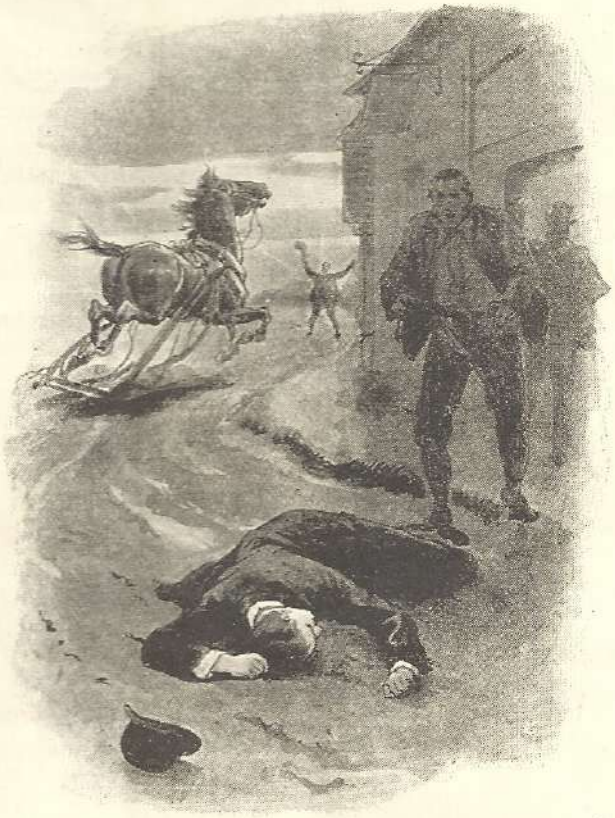
Turner shook his head. "Best to be content with little and sure."

"Seventy-five pounds a year! And me thinking you'd only got about twenty!" protested Emma.

"But I don't have that really, aunt Emma, because uncle Sam said I must pay him a guinea a week for my board."

Emma nearly jumped out of her chair. "*What!*" she cried.

"Of course, I meant to pay, and mother once said she supposed about thirty-five or forty pounds might do, and she said she hoped I would try to lay by something. But uncle Sam told me that wasn't enough. He said it must be fifty-two guineas."



"'Knocked down by a runaway horse.'"—*Page* 105.

"Well, I *do* think!" uttered Emma. "I just *do* think! And Bella my very own niece! And me telling him I wouldn't have her pay, not for anything! I wouldn't have thought Sam could be so mean!"

She burst into tears of vexation.

"But I like to pay," protested Bella; "only I didn't think it would have to be so much. And uncle said I'd better give it all over to him, and he'd manage for me. And I know he has sold out most of it, and he won't exactly say what he's done, whether it's at the Bank or whether he has put it into his ——"

An interruption cut her short. John Turner's young assistant dashed into the room.

"There's been an accident, sir, in the next street—a man knocked down by a runaway horse; got kicked on the head, and they are bringing him here."

Turner went quickly out, the women crowding after him. Bella was last, and before she could see anything she heard Sophy's high-pitched shriek—

"Why, if it isn't Frank Collins! My goodness me! he's dead!"

Bella went back and sat down, pale and dizzy. She felt as if a great mountain had fallen on her heart.

(To be continued.)

Red Letter Notes Competition.

As we remarked in our last number, the notes and photographs received have been most interesting, and we have had great difficulty in deciding between the rival claims of competitors. To avoid too minute discrimination we have divided first prizes among the following:—G. W. Rowlands, 5*s.*; Ransome T. Wyatt 5*s.*; Miss Escombe, 5*s.*; and D. W. Baker, 5*s.* Second prizes are won by W. N. Greenwell, 5*s.*; and Miss E. E. Burnett, 5*s.* Additional prizes of 2*s.* 6*d.* are awarded to Miss C. Percival-Wiseman, T. G. Parsons, J. G. Mannings, and R. Dickson. May 1st is the last date for receiving notes, with or without photographs, for our next competition. They should be addressed to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C., and a stamped envelope enclosed for their return.



THE QUIET HOUR:

CHRIST AND FAMILY LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory."—ST. JOHN ii. 11.

FOR the beginning of His ministry on earth, our Lord chose not the capital of the nation, but a small upland country town; not the wealth and culture of the aristocracy, but peasant folk of His own class; not some great feast at Jerusalem, but a village wedding. These were the circumstances under which the Son of God chose at the beginning of His ministry to "manifest His glory"—"the glory that He had with His Father before the world was."

As we think on this it seems strange, and yet at the same time we see the fitness of the occasion and recognize what in other circumstances we should call "a happy coincidence." Christ's ministry begins with a consecration of Home life.

I.

For it is this, and nothing less, that Christ's presence and first miracle mean. He puts His blessing on Marriage; He sets a seal of approval on the Home.

He came to draw us to Himself and make us one with Himself. In the union of two lives there is a sign of that mystical union between Him and His people.

He came to restore us as children to the heavenly board, and set us in our places, by His redemption, in the home above. He came to take us into the family of God. So here He blesses by His presence that type of the Divine family life which exists on earth.

Home life He consecrates as a reflection, however dim, of an eternal home above.

The *fitness* of this miracle is plain to us. It is, I suppose, the simplicity, the humility of the scene which puzzles. And yet I am not sure whether we all realize how very humble that country wedding was. It was the homeliest scene; such a scene as any traveller may witness to this day in Palestine. Eastern customs are unchanged.

We are apt to think of Christ our Lord as a solemn, sad, and almost stern Man; legend—often so unfaithful to truth—has told us that He never smiled. Upon a figurative expression in Isaiah people have built a theory that makes the Sacred Face a living Woe. I choose to think that we are wrong. Legend is not history. Figure is not literal fact.

As I read this wedding story and think of what an Eastern wedding is, I picture, rather, to myself our blessed Lord a grave but cheerful Man, moving among the sons of men with a face that sympathized in their joys as well as wept with them in their sorrows. He had His burdens. Who can know them? But He never did parade His griefs. If on His heart the sin of the world lay heavy, yet we may be sure He never frowned on simple joys, and His presence did not check pure mirth. He shared these things. The expression of the late Dean Farrar is a fine one—"Christ looked on life with a kindly as well as with a kingly glance."

II.

Let us picture an Eastern wedding of the peasant class. I will draw upon Dr. Geikie's *Short Life of Christ*—a book which should be in every house throughout our land.

The bridegroom and his friends have been in the early morning to the house of the bride's father, and closed the bargain by which she becomes a wife.

At dark the bride is led to her husband's home, seated on an ass, preceded by such music as can be got together, and married women (some friends of hers) walk beside the animal she rides. She is, of course, closely veiled. Men run in front of the procession with torches, and shouts of joy and welcome (to our ears most discordant cries) are continually being uttered.

So she enters her husband's house, and is led to the bridal chamber, where some matron takes charge of her.

Now comes the marriage feast. The bridegroom in the living room receives the guests, and they seat themselves on the earthen floor where mats have been spread, or on a ledge which runs round the walls. They prepare to join with him in the feast.

A very simple feast it is. There is a lamb, or kid, stewed in rice or barley, and no doubt there are some fruits and herbs with the plain cakes of bread in general use. The wine, which is

light, is drunk mixed with water. No Eastern drinks his wine unmixed. He drinks sparingly, though at a feast he might indulge more freely. Intoxication is most rare. So round the dishes or bowls in which the food was served the guests would sit, Jesus amongst them.

This is the sort of entertainment at a wedding in the East. It was a family gathering of family friends to celebrate the beginning of a new family life.

And in this gathering the Lord joined as one of the guests. He took His part, no doubt, as one of the well-wishers. He assisted by a miracle to save the honour of the host when the wine ran short. The whole picture is that of One Who shared the joys of others as one of themselves, and Who was indeed a Brother Man, like us in all things—sin only excepted.

He was, indeed, the Perfect Guest, Whose presence, while it sanctioned all that was innocent and pure, excluded everything that could for a moment debase the sacred rite which was an ordinance of God, His Father.

III.

And this suggests a thought which we shall do well to ponder. Christ could not have sanctioned anything which was not good in itself. Men might pervert it, and make it otherwise than God intended; but the thing in itself was good. Christ's presence at the wedding sanctifies for ever Marriage.

It was the Son of God Who not only joined in the wedding feast, but Who spoke words on marriage that stamp it with a sacredness almost awful. It was meant to be the union of two lives which bound them together so closely that the bond became a new creation. "So they are no longer twain, but one flesh. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Can any one find words more solemn to describe the idea and purpose of marriage as contemplated by God Almighty "from the beginning?"

Can we doubt that it was in sign to consecrate "this most excellent mystery," as He consecrated it afterwards by words, that Jesus our Lord chose a wedding feast to be the occasion on which He first "manifested forth His glory?" It would have a deep significance at any time during His earthly ministry that He became a wedding guest and worked a miracle. How much greater is the significance that it was His first miracle, and how high the sanctity must be.

The true meaning of marriage then is, the union of two lives so that they become one. Here is the completed life. As our life spiritually is alone complete when we are joined to Christ, so the perfect life, it seems, is when both sides of earthly life are represented in a true and perfect marriage.

I cannot doubt that if this were the universal view of marriage things would be very different in this world of ours. Different, indeed, is the common, ordinary view of marriage. It is called "a natural necessity," "a social convenience," "a mutual arrangement," "a national custom," and so forth—loose terms which generate loose thought; and this loose thought sooner or later drops into loose practice.

If marriage is merely "a social convenience" it is difficult to argue against a riddance of the tie when it becomes "a social inconvenience." And where the dissolution of the tie becomes common, and removals of the marriage bond are frequent, we know from history (which is the finger of God writing upon the wall) that the days of such a nation are numbered. Divorce may be made easy in the courts of a nation, but it demands a fee which has to be paid in blood.

There are cases which sound plausible enough, but the question arises how such cases come to be. It cannot be that men and women have held too high an idea of marriage, and so have failed; but rather they have had too low an idea, and so are punished. Can any thoughtful person maintain that if, before a man or woman contemplated marriage, they dwelt upon the sacredness of the marriage rite, and set the high ideal of God before their eyes, there would be the sad and painful revelations that we have of married life?

Could man and woman join hands in the reckless way they do? Would religion be one of the last things they think of as they pledge their troth? Would they look upon the personal appearance, the property, the position of their partner, as of the first consideration, rather than the fitness of such a one to help them realize their life's great end—the glory of God?

No, no! It is not marriage is the mistaken custom, but rather that our custom often is to make mistakes in marriage. Once let us realize the sacredness of that most solemn ordinance, and we shall not be quite so quick to lay the blame on marriage rather than on ourselves.

IV.

I have touched on the first step alone in family life. I hope to touch on home life at another time. The two are one. Christ consecrates both at this wedding feast. His presence lifts all home life (from the beginning to the end) into the higher realm of spiritual truth.

The one great matter for every human soul is union with Christ. In Him we alone have our completion. Our life is fulfilled and perfected as we are joined to Him.

God Counts None Mean Who Gives Himself.

Ah, if the love, the love be deep,
How little all beside appears!
The richest ointments are so cheap
Beside the costly tears.

—*F. Langbridge.*



The Story of Church Steeples.



By G. F. MELLIN.

OF all architectural features there is not one the whole world over that has been so suggestive of striking imagery as the Christian Church spire. Generation after generation it has been the finger pointing to the skies; it has symbolized the soul's aspiration; it has represented the prayer of the faithful; the finite mind reaching up to the infinite; the song of thanksgiving rising from earth's din and turmoil into the calm of heaven; a Spirit helped life struggling up out of earth's pollution.

It is a singular fact, too, that all the world over and throughout all time this emblem of the soul's loftiest aspiration never appeared till the Christian religion came with its inspiration. We look in vain over all classic art or pagan architecture for anything corresponding to this simple suggestive feature of the Christian Church. No heathen temple, no Mohammedan mosque, no philosophic hall ever pointed to the skies exactly as Christian Churches do. They have had their towers and domes and minarets, but they were all more or less utilitarian. The dome was merely a roof; the tower has frequently been something in the nature of a military defence; the minaret a convenient elevation from which to call the people down below to prayer.

And the towers of early Christian Churches were very much of the same kind. They were buildings from which the ringing of a bell summoned congregations to worship. They first appeared on the shores of the Bosphorus, from which the custom of building them crept across into Italy and thence up into Central and Northern Europe. In Eastern and Southern Europe they had originally just ordinary roofs. The square, lofty campanile, with its flat top or sloping tiled roof, is a familiar feature all over the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

But as these bell-towers began to creep up into the colder climate of the north, where roofs were often laden with snow and sometimes were liable to avalanches, roofs were more steeply pitched. There was at first no spiritual symbolism in this; nothing sentimental at all. It was merely a builder's modification suggested by climate and prudence, and up to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries churches were very commonly built with bell-towers merely roofed over.

But in the pointed roof there was the germinal idea of

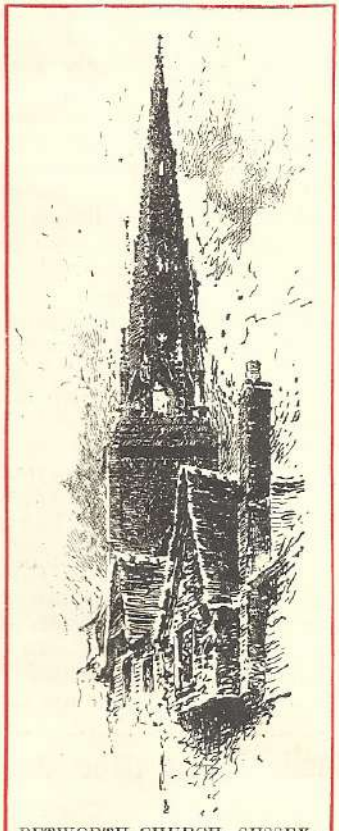
> "Spires whose silent finger points
> to heav'n,"

and the splendid devotional art of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries—centuries in which the commonest workmen engaged upon a church seemed to work for the love of God—caught at the idea and developed it magnificently. Not only were the new bell-towers carried upwards

> "Through storm and summer air,
> Telling that all around have striven—
> Man's heart, and hope, and prayer,"

but the old ones that had been built centuries before, in a great many instances all over Europe, caught the inspiration of the new symbolism, and thrust up new spires to the clouds.

This appears to have been the case with our own Salisbury Cathedral, the spire of which is the loftiest and the most beautiful in England, and is, indeed, by many good judges believed to be the finest piece of work in the whole world. It is not the highest in the world. Our own old St. Paul's stood a good deal loftier, but that was burnt down in the great fire of 1666, and now Strasburg Cathedral is first, with its spire of 474 feet, as compared with the 520 feet of old St. Paul's. Next to Strasburg comes Vienna, with a steeple 469 feet high; Notre Dame, Antwerp, with one 466 feet; and then comes our own Salisbury Cathedral with its beautiful spire 404 feet above the pavement of the great church below, this height being just the length of the nave.



PETWORTH CHURCH, SUSSEX.

Salisbury Cathedral was probably erected in the reign of Edward III, in the fourteenth century, and when in 1668 Sir Christopher Wren was called in to examine the structure, he found reason to believe that the square tower in the centre of the church from which the spire rises was originally designed by the architect to be merely roofed in, just as the central tower of Westminster Abbey is to this day. This tower itself is a very fine piece of work. At the centre of the cathedral there are four splendid

piers united by a vaulted roof, above which rises a light, richly embellished square tower in three tall stages. This beautiful tower and sub-structure stand some 250 feet high, and, as it has been said, the original architect appears to have had no ambition to soar higher. But a successor, who had caught the new afflatus, came in and bound the slender walls together with immense iron bands, and on the top of them he carried up a beautiful octagonal spire another 150 feet. This was one of the very earliest spires built in stone, and is held to be a very skillful piece of work. At each of its eight edges is a line of beaded enrichment, and round the spire are three broad bands of quarterfoil tracery. At the base is a richly-wrought open-work parapet, with eight pinnacles, two at each corner of the tower. The cleverness with which the work was carried out on a sub-structure probably never intended for it, is shown in the fact that, notwithstanding it is the tallest spire in England, its stonework is only seven inches thick. The spire, of course, is hollow, the stones resting on massive timbers arranged in twelve diminishing stages.

This is our finest steeple, but there are many others of great interest, and some of them we will deal with in another article. It has been well observed that "it is a beautiful proof of the spirit of sacrifice which actuated the builder of the Middle Ages that his finest and most precious works were not confined to great metropolitan churches and cathedrals, but are frequently found in quiet and secluded villages, nestled among pastoral solitudes, far away from the gaze and admiration of the world." Of such we give two beautiful examples, spires which may often recall the words, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower," to those who worship within their shadow.



SPIRE WITH SPIRE-LIGHTS.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

The Old Church Tower.

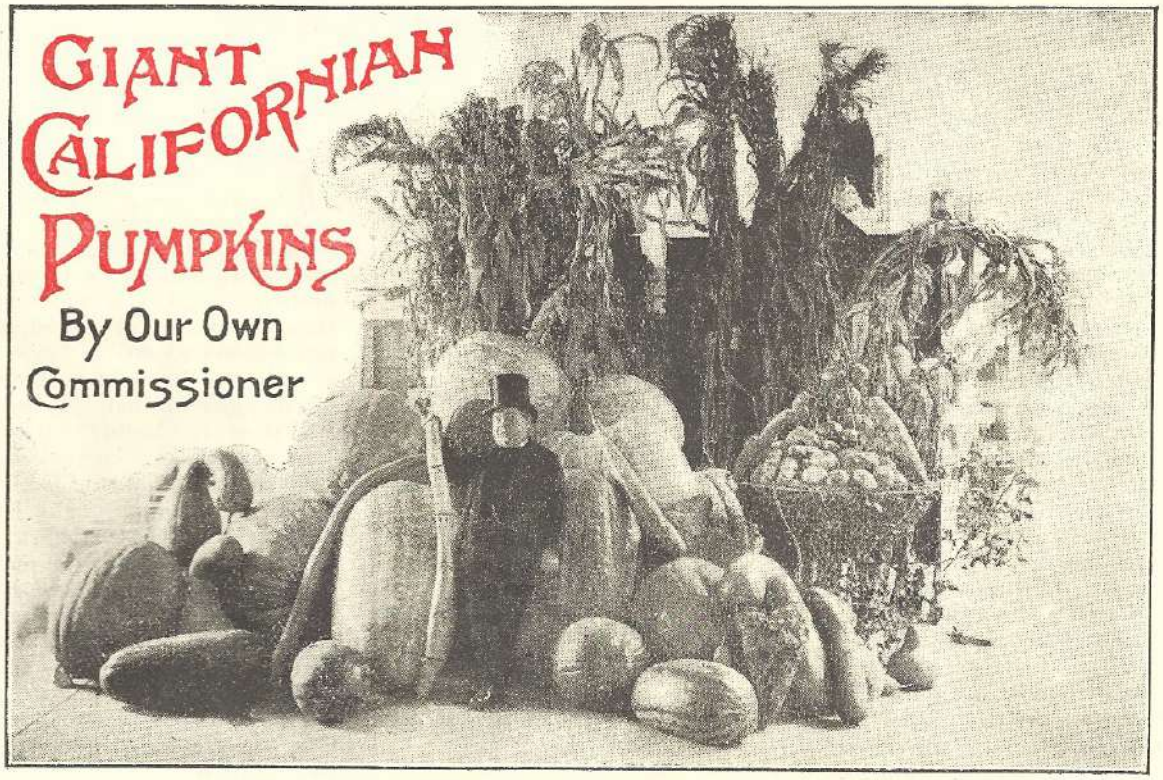
TIME was when knight and lady, labourers and artificers, attended by their clergy, came and with solemn ceremony measured out God's acre, and then, amid joyful anticipation, decreed that a "tower of strength" should be built to the glory of God. It was "a time to build." Rude stones, hewn out of rock by skill so simple and by hands so strong, were brought by boat right up the water way, and then by oxen in the mason's cart were drawn through fields when green, through lanes when thick with snow, and up the hill and down the valley, then up again to the old sacred spot, where now, like some eternal eminence, the Church Tower stands, built bit by bit by many hands, hands now mingled with the dust, oft sheltered by the shadow from the tower in heat of day. None can deny that *design* was o'er this tower, and many minds and many hands employed to make it thorough and complate. Just so with men, who for many generations have entered through the old oak door, which stands as porch unto the House of God. "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," thus have they been "throughly furnished" and consecrated for the service of Him Who is the Architect of both tower and tenant, minister and people.

It may be that the old Church Tower will fall and crumble to the earth, but it will not fall to rise no more, for people will hear of the disaster and realize how much they have lost, and with united voice exclaim: "We cannot do without the old church tower, much less without the 'shepherd of souls,' to point us onward, upward to our home in heaven."

W. E.

GIANT CALIFORNIAN PUMPKINS

By Our Own Commissioner

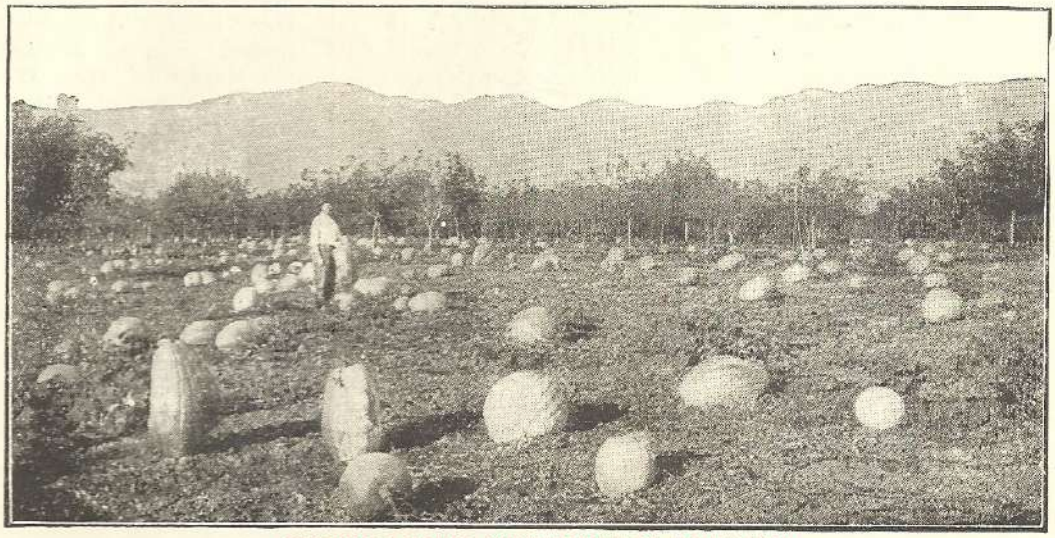


Illustrated from Photographs by C. C. PIERCE & CO., CALIFORNIA.

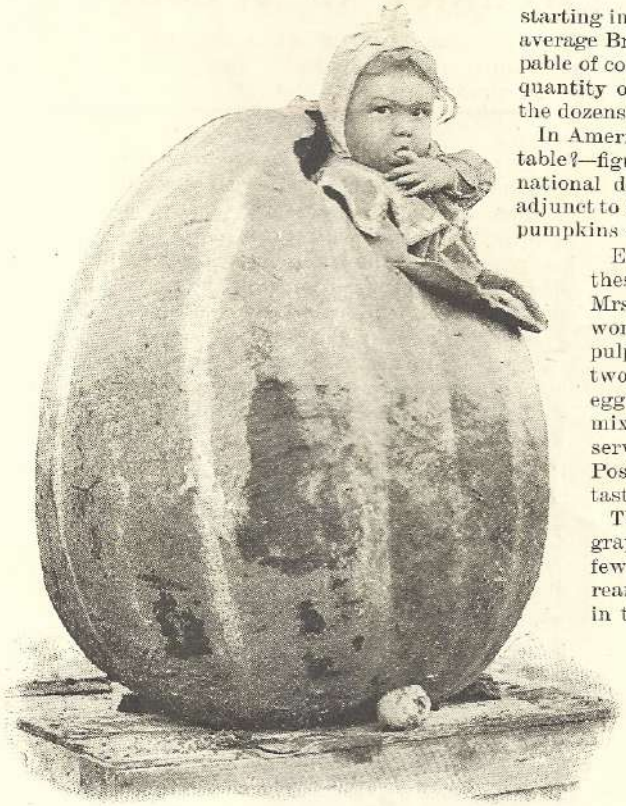
MUCH has been written about the fertile soil and marvellously productive climate of Southern California. We have heard of the cloudless sky, the long sun-bathed days, and the plant life which seems to leap into being as if in response to the touch of some magic wand. Yet, despite all that we know respecting the country's wonderful possibilities, many of us still look upon the accounts of California's vegetable giants as mere travellers' tales. Take, for example, the pumpkins. How can we English people, who think a melon a big one if it happens to weigh five pounds, be expected to believe in a pumpkin which would require the united effort of two strong men to lift it?

Yet giant pumpkins are no mere invention of the fertile Yankee imagination. They exist in fact and actuality, and are to be seen at certain seasons of the year on almost any Californian homestead. The farmers take a pride in the production of these immense gourds, and vie with one another to produce record weights. The writer of the present article is able to set before his readers a series of photographs striking enough to convince the most sceptical mind that California's pumpkin raising capacity is almost limitless.

Scientifically speaking, the pumpkin belongs to the great gourd tribe of plants, its near relatives being the familiar melons and vegetable marrows. Grown under cultivation in many parts of the world, it reaches its greatest perfection on the farms of the



PUMPKINS UNDER CULTIVATION IN CALIFORNIA.



A PUMPKIN BIG ENOUGH FOR A CRADLE.

Western States of America. Several varieties of the plant are grown. Of some kinds the fruit, when ripe, is bright golden yellow; of others green; while in the case of a third variety the great gourds are striped longitudinally, in a strangely regular manner, with alternate bands of yellow and green.

A field of pumpkins, just before the fruit is harvested, is a remarkably interesting sight. The leaves and stalks of the vines (as the plants are termed) have to a great extent withered and died under the scorching rays of the sun. But they have performed their office, and the ground is strewn in all directions with the huge egg-shaped fruit which looks for all the world like so many overgrown marrows.

Not infrequently the pumpkin vines are set in orchards, beneath fruit trees of various kinds, and in this manner a double yield is got out of the soil, just as in England two or more crops are sometimes grown upon the same piece of land.

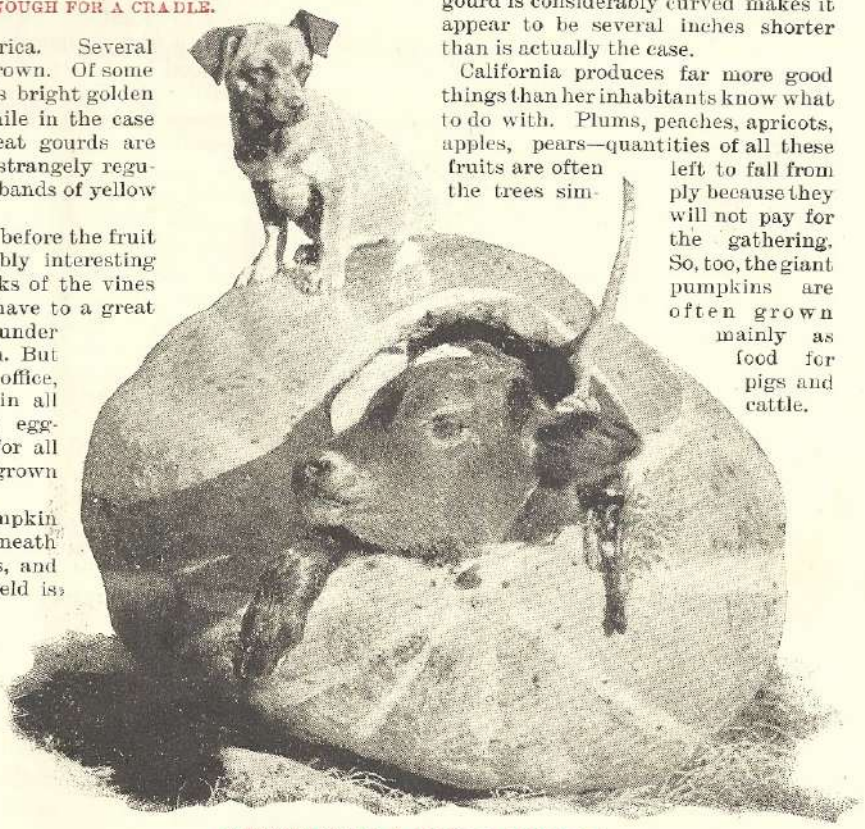
Of the culinary possibilities of the pumpkin much might be said. Fancy, for instance, starting in to convert a 230 pound pumpkin into jam! The average British housewife would probably find herself incapable of compassing such a task. Think, too, of the immense quantity of sugar which would be needed, not to mention the dozens of empty jars and pots!

In America, this giant fruit—or should it be called a vegetable?—figures in many toothsome dainties. That far-famed national delicacy, pumpkin pie, is regarded as a necessary adjunct to every well-appointed feast during the period when pumpkins are in season.

English ladies may be interested in knowing how these pies are made. According to Mrs. Carson—a Mrs. Beaton of the West—the following receipt is worth a trial: "Take one quart of strained pumpkin pulp, two quarts of rich milk, one teaspoonful of salt and two of ginger cooked with pumpkins; six well-beaten eggs and one and a half cups of sugar." Whether the mixture is meant to be baked under a crust, or merely served as a kind of stew, the lady does not say. Possibly the point is to be decided according to the taste and fancy of the reader.

The accompanying picture, from an actual photograph, represents a Californian farmer backed by a few samples of his agricultural industries. In the rear is a young forest of maize or Indian corn stalks; in the basket to the right of the picture are some wonderful potatoes; while the husbandman is surrounded by picked specimens of giant pumpkins and gourds, his right hand resting upon the top of a slender gourd exactly six feet long. The man himself, however, is only about five feet eight inches in height and not over six feet, as a hurried glance at the picture might lead one to imagine. The fact that the long gourd is considerably curved makes it appear to be several inches shorter than is actually the case.

California produces far more good things than her inhabitants know what to do with. Plums, peaches, apricots, apples, pears—quantities of all these fruits are often left to fall from the trees simply because they will not pay for the gathering. So, too, the giant pumpkins are often grown mainly as food for pigs and cattle.



A TIGHT FIT AS A STABLE, PERHAPS!

"A Dreamer in Wood."

BY MORICE GERARD, AUTHOR OF "THE GRIP OF THE WOLF," "PRINCE KARL," "BLACK GULL ROCK," "THE SHADOW OF GILSLAND," "THE TENANT OF THE GRANGE," ETC., ETC.



"'Are they all safe?'"—
Page 112.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE.

KARL seemed to be endowed with almost superhuman energy and strength as he pulled towards the shore. The landing place for which they were making, and from whence they had started, was only about fifty yards from the house in which he and Rose occupied apartments.

The air was dense with smoke, which the wind drove down upon the lake. It was impossible to see which house was burning, but there could be no doubt that if not the very one in which the young man lived, it was one of those adjoining. Even the old boatman was excited. Karl's feelings are indescribable. How much can be lived through, what intensity of feeling, in a few minutes of time.

The artist felt perfectly assured that the locality of the fire was his own domicile. In that house was the work of months of labour; that on which was founded the structure of all his hopes and ambitions. If his design and model were burnt, the great chance of a lifetime would be lost. It was one of those things that might never occur again. Yet, strange as it may seem, after one anxious thought about his own belongings, another fear came uppermost and dominated his whole soul. He had left Rose Mellish in the house. She had spoken of a weariness which had prevented her accompanying him on the lake. How if overcome with sleep and occupying rooms on the highest story, she had been suffocated by the smoke before ever she dreamt of danger?

Many a time had Karl read of such a calamity in the newspapers. One may sympathize with the unknown, but how different is the feeling when our own is jeopardized. The house, as the young man knew, was largely built of wood, and after the long drought of summer would burn like tinder. The fire would find the victim ready prepared for its clutches.

The terrible fear which possessed Karl lit up the secret corners of his own heart. He knew his feelings and realized them as he had never done before. Rose had appeared to him only in the light of a gentle and sympathetic comrade, a friend in the best sense of the word. Now he knew her as something far different. She stood up in bold relief against the background of his past, his terrible childhood, forlorn, neglected, not infrequently starving, his lonely youth. She had been to him as an angel of light emerging from a cloud of darkness. He had accepted her as a friend, that was all. Now he knew that he loved her. Let all that he had perish, if she were saved. So with strenuous energy he drove the boat upon the strand. The fire had already begun to die down.

A few minutes earlier they could hardly have landed at this spot. But the supply of water from the lake rendered the efforts of the firemen more than usually successful. The house in which the young people lived was gutted completely. But the tenements on either hand had been saved.

Karl leapt on to the beach and elbowed his way fiercely through the crowd of spectators, until he reached the chief officer of the salvage corps.

"Can you tell me, sir," he cried, "what has happened? Are they all safe? Is there any life lost?" He could barely articulate the words.

Captain Hanz, of the salvage corps, turned and looked at him. He seemed to ask whether it was mere curiosity which prompted the question. Men engaged in strenuous work resent interference. Karl interpreted the glance.

"That was my house, sir; at any rate, I lived in it. I was absent on the lake when the fire occurred," he faltered. "Sir, the one I loved best may have lain asleep in the top story."

Captain Hanz saw the reality of his questioner's apprehensions, and sympathized with them.

"I understand," he said, "that every one was got out; but one, a young English girl, I did not hear her name——"

"Yes?—yes——"

"She had to be taken to the hospital. She was rather severely burnt, not dangerously, I hope, and was also suffering from shock."

Karl felt a great nausea come over him. His brain reeled. The physical effort he had just made in rowing against time, and the stress of his anxiety, had sapped his vital powers. He would have fallen had not an arm at this moment been put into his. It was that of M'sieur Regnier, who drew the young man to the outskirt of the crowd, and sprinkled his face with water from the lake.

Finding it impossible to stand, Karl sank down on the edge of the boat from which he had but just leaped. It had been drawn up on the strand by its owner. M'sieur Regnier sat by Karl's side and put his arm round his shoulder

"My boy," he said, "you must bear up under this blow. I know you have courage. The good God gives it to us for moments like these. Summon it to your aid. The panel with your work on it was saved from the fire—I have put it in a secure place—but the drawing——"

The young man interrupted him.

"Oh! M'sieur Regnier, do you judge me like that? Nay, I only get my deserts. The panel is nothing to me in comparison with the life and health of the girl I love best in the world."

"Ah!" the old man answered. "I was blind, I failed to recognize what your feelings really were, although I wondered they could be otherwise."

"I was blind myself until this awful calamity opened my eyes. Oh! M'sieur Regnier, tell me the worst. Is Rose in danger? I can bear anything better than suspense."



"'She came to your window with the panel in her arms.'"—*Page* 114.

"I have just come from the hospital," Regnier answered. "The doctors have seen her, and speak hopefully of the results of treatment and quiet. Her eyes have been bandaged, and they trust the sight is not permanently impaired."

"Oh! my God, have mercy upon us, and save her for me."

"I believe He will," the master said gently.

After a few minutes Regnier told Karl, who was then able to bear it, the story of what had happened, so far as it could be ascertained. It seemed that the fire had originated owing to the upsetting and bursting of a lamp on the ground floor, which was occupied by the landlord and his family. The people occupying the rooms above had retired to rest, but were expeditiously awakened and got out of the house. Some one had thought of Rose and of Karl on the third story, and had rushed up to give the alarm. By this time the staircase was already alight. Karl, of course, was not in his room. The girl came out on the landing. At that moment it was possible to get down the staircase, although, even then, it was a matter of some danger. But she had cried out that she must get something from her apartment.

"Ah!" cried Karl, "I know what that was."

"You are right, my son, she risked her life to save your design. The messenger got down in safety, but only just. Immediately afterwards the fire had obtained the mastery over the staircase. It was a sea of flame, to plunge into which would have meant immediate death.

Karl bowed his head upon his hands and groaned audibly. Rose's words, lightly spoken, came back to him now. "You may rely on my taking the greatest care of them. I would risk my own life for their protection, if needs be." The promise made in jest had been re-

trieved in terrible earnest. Karl could hardly have borne the recital, had he not known that Rose was rescued in the end.

Regnier went on—

"She came to your window with the panel in her arms. The drawing had caught fire, apparently in the passage as she crossed from one room to the other. It was that which caused her to be burnt about her arms and face.

"Oh! that I had never been tempted out by the treacherous beauty of the night. To think that she should have gone through all this for me, and I so unworthy of so great a sacrifice."

"And yet," said the old man, "if there is one thing which above all will comfort her in her pain, and help her to come through it with renewed health and strength, it will be the feeling that she has done it for you. She does not think you unworthy of the sacrifice, believe me." He stopped for a moment, and then went on: "When she knows what she is to you, Karl, she will be the happiest woman on earth."

"Do you think so?"

"I don't *think*, I *know*. I have seen it for a long time."

"Yet you never gave me a hint?"

"Would you have me betray a secret which I had surprised?"

CHAPTER VI. THE AWARD.

SOME ten days after the night of the fire Rose Mellish lay extended on a wicker chair-sofa under the trees of M'sieur Regnier's garden, in the suburbs of Zelda. Her eyes were covered with a shade. Otherwise the girl seemed much as she had been before passing through the ordeal of fire. The burns were not quite healed, but they caused her now very little pain.

Karl sat by her side holding her hand in his.

"You are quite sure," she had said half an hour earlier, "that you will not go to the station?"

"No, I will wait and hear the result by your side. I know it has gone against me, otherwise the master would have telegraphed. Anyway, I have got that which I value most in the world."

She gave him a little pressure with her hand.

Karl had utterly refused to go with M'sieur Regnier with the panel to be adjudicated upon at Marzey. An inquiry at the hospital, on the morning after the fire, had elicited the opinion that Rose was threatened with erysipelas. If her life were in danger, nothing would induce Karl to absent himself from her neighbourhood. M'sieur Regnier felt this too, and willingly consented to go alone. Happily the apprehension on the part of the doctors had not been realized. Rose had made a rapid recovery. As soon as she was well enough, she had been moved from the hospital to complete her cure under the auspices of Regnier's old housekeeper, Marion Deloss. When Karl was first allowed to see her, it hardly seemed necessary to put what they felt for one another into words. He just knelt down on the grass by her side and kissed her hand. In that touch and caress her woman's instinct had read the whole story. They had been brought together by fear and peril. Out of the storm they had come to a harbour of refuge; the peace of a great love and of a mutual understanding was upon them both, never to be broken as long as their lives should last.

Now the day had come for the public announcement of the award in the great competition. Regnier had written them that it would be made at 10 a.m., that he would return immediately afterwards, so that they might expect him early in the afternoon.

"He is coming," Rose said. Her quick ear caught a step on the gravel. "Courage," she whispered as the old man advanced, hat in hand, the sunlight shining through the tracery of the leaves on his white hair. The girl tried to hide her own excitement; although she could not see him, she felt sure that Karl had turned pale. His hand which touched hers vibrated with emotion.

Regnier kissed Rose lightly on the forehead.

"Welcome, dear," he said, "to my home, and thanks be to God for your renewed health."

Karl stood up—

"Amen to that, sir, with all my heart."

The old man took him by the hand.

"Well, my boy, I will not keep you in suspense. You have both won and lost. This morning Professor Daral read out the names of the three prize-winners. I can tell you my heart sank; for yours was not among them. Then he went on to say 'That there was one carving sent in which was far in advance of all the rest.'

"As he said this he held up your panel. There was quite a murmur of approbation and applause from the great and distinguished company assembled in the room. The chairman went on to explain that according to the terms of the competition a drawing had to be submitted with the carving; that in the case of this competitor, the drawing had not reached them. 'I understand,' he said, 'that a fire most unhappily occurred, and that it was by the heroism of a young girl that the carving was rescued. The rules, however, are binding, and we cannot award a prize to Karl Morel, whose work I hold in my hand.'

"At this moment the winner of the first prize stepped forward and in most generous terms offered to give up his to you, Karl. The chairman, however, overruled the suggestion. He said that they had decided to award you a gold medal to mark their appreciation of your artistic skill. In addition, he added, that he 'understood the whole of the designs and the execution of them in the Cathedral would be placed in your hands.'"

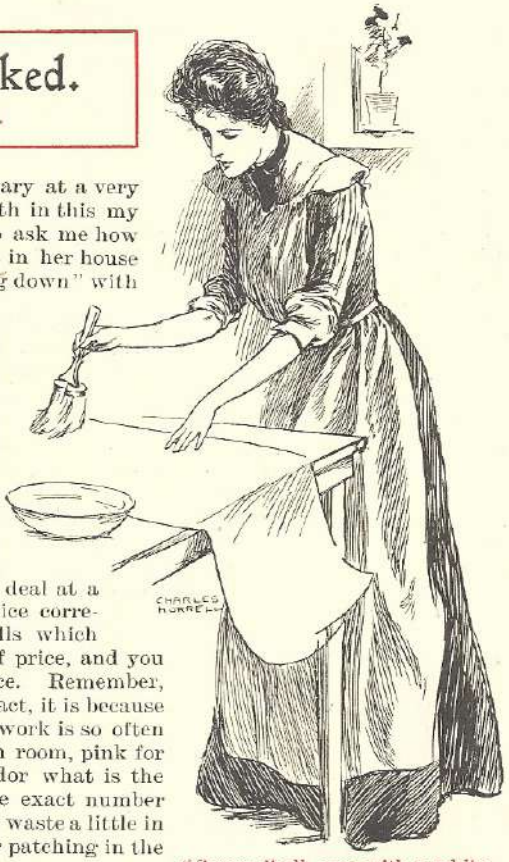
"I think, sir," Karl said, "you have brought me the best news in the world. If I have to go to Marzey and begin my life afresh, I shall certainly not do so alone. I shall want the two I love best in the world to accompany me."

"I think," said Rose, "you may rely upon us both."

Questions I am Often Asked.

By. MRS. ORMAN COOPER. PART V.

THAT it is possible to keep a house clean and sanitary at a very little cost, is one of the matters I want to deal with in this my fifth paper. So many of my correspondents write to ask me how to do this. One scribe from Dublin says the papers in her house have been there for many years, and that repeated "dusting down" with bread crumbs can do nothing further with them. "And yet the initial cost of new wall-papers has to be considered by me. Far more seriously the charges made for hanging such!" Now, I would like to tell my readers that any woman with average intelligence is quite capable of putting up a paper on her house walls. It is an easy enough thing to do, if set about properly. First of all as to its purchase. It is possible to get really beautiful and artistic designs at a very small expense, if you go to some large shop and ask them to show you *last season's patterns*. Probably, to the uninitiated eye, designs most in vogue last year, are quite as novel and pretty as the newer ones brought out this Spring for those who go in only for novelties—even in their wall-papers. Do not deal at a small shop for these; their supply is so small and the choice correspondingly limited. A large firm stocks hundreds of rolls which are never called for. These they will sell for less than half price, and you can get a thick, solid, beautiful paper for 9*d.* or 1*s.* a piece. Remember, it is far easier to handle a good paper than a thin one. In fact, it is because amateurs buy cheap flimsy ones to experiment on that their work is so often a failure. Having chosen your hangings—yellow for a north room, pink for a west one, blue for a south one, and so on—tell the vendor what is the measurement of your floor, and at once he will give you the exact number of rolls required. Then ask for one over. You will probably waste a little in your first attempts, and, anyway, it is well to have a reserve for patching in the future.



"Smear it all over with a whitewash brush."

When the rolls are sent home, lay them on as long a kitchen table as you can procure. Take two rolls together and get the pattern to match at the top. This will give you half as much work as if you cut off one roll at a time. Prepare a bucket of ordinary paste, in which a handful of size has been dissolved. Lay your first strip of paper face downwards on the table and smear it all over with a whitewash brush. Fold, if necessary, very lightly, with the pasted side upwards. Now mount a step ladder, and hold the paper just at the top cornice. Let it fall straight *of itself* before you attempt to smooth it down. Two or three times you may have to pull it from the wall again, as some spot may have touched before the whole sheet is straight. When satisfied as to its position, with a downward sweep of your arm plaster it to the wall with a clean cloth, made into some sort of rough pad, with a smooth cheek to it. The whole success of your work will depend on the way in which you have secured the straightness of this first strip of paper. So it is well to spend some time over it. Now, you have a second slip cut ready at the proper spot on its pattern, and before hanging it in its place, take a third roll and fit its top to your second one. You see, don't you, how this lessens labour? for you will not have to stretch your arms each time until you have matched one strip with the last one put up. Always begin at the left hand corner of a room, and hang all your straight lengths before you patch over lintel, window, or door-frame. Of course, edgings to all papers must be cut off the left-hand side of the strip. Leave the right-hand as it is, and lay the raw edge on to *it*.

Paper-hanging is the easiest thing possible, if carried out as I describe; and a very few shillings will keep all the walls in an ordinary-sized house sweet and dainty and clean. Addition of a frieze at the top near the ceiling is a wonderful improvement if you have not a very correct eye or a large pair of scissors, for it will cover all those jagged snippings which are so very amateurish and distressing to the onlooker! But avoid narrow edgings; they vulgarize a room at once.

When a room is freshly papered, its paint is apt to look shabby. This will not be the case if ordinary white paint is used all over the house. It is then so easy to repaint the places where little hands have soiled a door, or much opening has worked havoc with a window frame. If it is objected that white paint shows up every speck of dirt, I answer, "so much the better." For if the dirt be there it is good for health to remove it! And there it is, even on dark paint, though it may be "invisible to the naked eye!" Open pollution is so much better than masked dirt! Again, much washing is apt to remove paint as well as cleanse it. This will not be the case if a housewife spends a few pence (or shillings even) in the purchase of a large pot of Aspinall's enamel. She will have saved so many—firstly in the purchase of the last season's papers, and secondly by hanging it herself—that she may well finish up her work satisfactorily by expending a little on the enamel. If directions, which are given with all tins, are carefully followed, she will have a very hard and brilliant surface on all the paint in her house; a surface which will take only a damp cloth and hot water to keep beautifully in order. It will really save her in the long run, as I have had white enamel in my house which has lasted several years, though it was regulary washed—as regularly as the children's faces, though perhaps not quite so often. Once a week, however, every particle of paint in a house should be cleaned.

I like even a white front door, especially in a dingy street or row of little houses. What a relief it is after the sombre oak or hideous yellow grained wood one generally sees! And even the hall door a housemother can do herself. Surely, it is not more derogatory to be seen painting your front door, than it is to be discovered "varnishing" a masterpiece for the Royal Academy? White enamel on a hall door never looks dusty, like its more sombre brethren, whilst a turn of housemaid's flannel when the steps are being washed, will keep it in fine condition. If, in addition to the white paint, a bright brass bell knob and knocker be added, you have done something to lighten the dull path of the toiler who goes along your street. And that is no small matter.

Cleanliness, however, does not call for fresh paint and paper very often, if what is existent is kept in good order. My Dublin correspondent seems to know the efficacy of a loaf of bread as a purifier of her walls, but several others do not, so I must just say that wallpapers may be cleaned satisfactorily by a monthly or tri-monthly application to their surfaces of half a loaf of stale bread. Holding this in your right hand, carry it with a gentle though firm sweep as far as your arm will reach. You will see how much dirt and dust you remove by observing the state of that dough after each sweep. It will be black in no time! Cut off a thin slice, then, and start again. This plan of using half a loaf is more economical than utilizing slices only. For a slice will crumble away in no time.

If this renovation with dough is considered unnecessary, at least every week sweep down the walls of all rooms. For this purpose a clean calico sleeve should be made for your broom-head, and kept strictly for the one purpose. It should fit well and be tied on with tape. After use it may be washed, ironed and put away until further needed.

Epitaphs From My Notebook.

BY R. L. WIGHORN, M.A.

THE best epitaph a man can have on his grave is a bunch of flowers, placed there by loving hands. Once only, in a long experience, have I known of flowers being laid on a nameless grave. Day after day an old lady visited a quiet corner of a country churchyard, and when I questioned her she told me that the grave marked the last resting-place of a martyr, whose very name had been forgotten.

Sometimes a shrub of rosemary tells of sweet remembrance, but rarely indeed has a man planted the tree he would have grow above him. In a Welsh churchyard you may read this legend:

Under this yew tree
Buried would he be,
For his father and he
Planted this yew tree.

In the same churchyard there is this quaint regret:

Beneath this tree lie singers three,
One tenor and two basses.
Now they gone we ne'er shall find
Three such to fill their places.

In a churchyard in Cornwall there are four lines which at least bear witness to a disappointment:

Hope, fear, false joy, and trouble,
Are these four winds which daily toss this bubble;
His breath's a vapour, and his life's a span,
'Tis glorious misery to be born a man.

One other Cornish epitaph I must quote, though it is certainly out of place in a churchyard, and might be censored along with many others which are lacking in reverence:

Here lies the body of Mary Carthew,
Born in St. Columb, died in St. Kew,
Of children she had five,
Two are dead and three alive,
Those who are dead preferring rather
To die with their mother, than live with their father.

A church near Chester can show an epitaph one would like to deserve. It is written of

"a just and compassionate man who would neither cringe to an emperor nor tread on a worm."

The strangest memorial of a man's character is contained in some verses, too long to quote, which can be seen in Crayford Churchyard. They are headed with this inscription:

Here lieth the body of
PETER ISNEL
(Thirty years clerk of this parish)
He lived respected as a pious
and mirthful man,
And died on his way to church,
To assist at a wedding,
On the 31st day of March, 1811.
Aged 70 years.

Another clerk, who succeeded his father in office at Bakewell Parish Church, is thus "remembered" on his gravestone:

Erected
In remembrance of
PHILIP ROE
who died 12th September, 1815,
Aged 52 years.
The vocal Powers here let us mark
Of Philip our late Parish Clerk
In Church none ever heard a Layman
With a clearer Voice say "Amen!"
Who now with Hallelujahs Sound
Like him can make the Roofs rebound?
The Choir lament his Choral Tones
The Town—so soon Here lie his Bones.
"Sleep undisturb'd within thy peaceful shrine
Till Angels wake thee with such notes as thine."

I think one of the most pathetic and beautiful epitaphs that I have noted comes from a Norfolk "God's acre":

What shall we write on this memorial stone?
Her merits? She did trust in Christ alone:
My sorrows? She would blame the selfish tear:
My love? Ah me! it needs no record here.

The briefest example I have found was in a Swiss churchyard, but it has a world of meaning in it. Simply and grandly it stood, even as the mountains stand:

Found Climbing.



Sunshine and Shadow.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine,
And talk to the man in the shade.
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
And point out the places to wade.

It is easy to tell the Toiler
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.

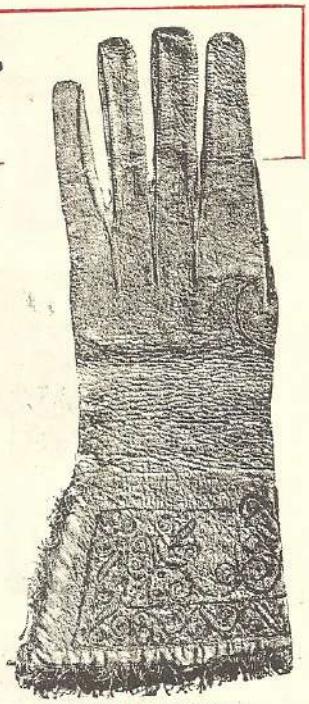




GLOVES ONCE WORN

Shakespeare and the Bible.

BY GEORGE MORLEY, AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE'S GREENWOOD," ETC.



BY SHAKESPEARE.

III.

SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND BOOK.

"OF the making of many books there is no end," wrote the wisest of men in those far off days when the printing presses (for there were none) did not groan under the burden, as they do in these later times, of producing numberless editions of books, whose only claim to consideration in the majority of instances—and this but a dubious one—is that they are the fruits of industry. And the making of many books in Shakespeare's days was without end; though he, eager to expound the joys and sorrows, wishes and hopes of this life in relation to the life beyond, had only two books out of them all from which he drew the wonderful and soul-soothing truths so bountifully expressed in his own.

These two books were the Bible and the Book of Nature—God's creations both. The value of the first, and greatest of all books, the Bible, with its universal human as well as spiritual interest, was, as has been seen, opened before him in his childhood, at the knees of his mother, and at the feet of the frequent preachers, reading and explaining its divine pages from the Gospel Trees of his greenwood.

The second book, the Book of Nature, without a deep reading of which no man or woman can ever hope to be large of heart, wide of intellect, and great of soul, lay spread out before his eyes in the long, beautiful, illimitable reaches of living woodland, fair green meadow-land, and clear brightly-purling brooklet; and if Shakespeare read deeply, which he did, into the eternal Message of God to mankind, no man ever read deeper than he into the Book of Nature—the creation of God Himself for the comfort and delight of his earthly children.

Shakespeare, with his large discourse of reason, his deep intuition of the secrets and mysteries of Nature, and his intimate knowledge of things beyond the range of the ordinary thinker, only too clearly recognized that God Who made the country and placed man therein, could, had He chosen, have made a barren land only, without the decorative beauties of waving woodlands, evergreen pastures, thickset hedgerows, silver streamlets, and eye-delighting flowers.

He need not, save through His own wondrous love, have made a land green, leafy, and fruitful,

> A land flowing with milk and honey,

a land so lovely to the senses, so delectable to the eye, that the wisest of men, Solomon, in all his material glory could not show such fair beauty; Solomon who cried out in his "Song" (chap. ii., verses 11, 12), in the fulness of his heart as he saw the wonders of growth, and heard the music of the earth's spring:

> For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
> The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

This clear knowledge in the mind of Shakespeare that the Creator had made the earth so much more beautiful for the comfort and delight of man than He need have made it, had He cared to be less bountiful of His blessed benefits, caused him to read deeply and ever deeper into the Book of Nature; into the pages of supreme natural loveliness which were spread out before him in the long comely vistas of his own greenwood; reading into the pages with the appreciation of a Solomon, from whose wonderful "Song" he has certainly drawn many of his most vivid inspirations.

And the sweet simplicity of the language of Solomon and the other Biblical writers, a simplicity and a sweetness which have dominated and held the hearts and imaginations of men down the ringing changes of the centuries, and will continue to hold and dominate them to the end of Time, is the same sweetness and simplicity observable in the language of Shakespeare, especially when he is discoursing of the beauties and wonders of natural life in the country.

In the verses quoted Solomon sings a hymn of praise to the Spring, a hymn of perfect beauty, which proclaims him a Nature-lover as true as was Shakespeare himself; and in "The Winter's Tale" (Act 4, Scene 3), the poet of Stratford-on-Avon—that leafy little Warwickshire town of old-world and irregular streets—charmed with the natural beauties of his own woodland in

Spring, bursts out with a song of Nature ; with knowledge as clear and diction almost as pure and poetical as Solomon's :

> Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength.

This is Shakespeare's paraphrase of Solomon's simple, strong words :

> The flowers appear on the earth,

and it is full of a rare beauty, showing how closely the poet had studied the only two books that were really needful to him—the Bible and the fruitful Book of Nature.



Then the pastoral element in the Bible and the Book of Nature would naturally, and did literally make a great impression upon the mind, character, and imagination of Shakespeare. The love of Nature, the love, as it is, of the handiwork of God Himself, is the signet-stamp of great minds, whether they be sacred writers or exponents of the human life only ; and few writers in the very front rank have equalled Shakespeare in the depth and purity of his love of Nature, and delight in the scenes of country life, which were ever before his eyes in the sequestered coombs and huge pasture lands of his beloved, native Warwickshire.

When the inspired Bible lover of country scenes and the charms of a country life gives sweet utterance to his feelings in the poetical words, "Song of Solomon," (chap. i., verse 8) :

> Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
> and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents ;

and again (chap. vii., verse 11) :

> Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field,
> let us lodge in the villages ;

Shakespeare takes up this beautiful parable of idyllic life far from the treachery of courts and camps, in lines of incomparable wisdom and sweetness, in the "Third Part of King Henry VI" (Act 2, Scene 5), showing how deeply imbued he was with the sentiment of Nature-love as inspired by existence in the sylvan dips and groves of his own woodland :—

> Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
> Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade,
> To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
> Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
> To Kings that fear their subjects' treachery !
> Oh ! yes, it doth ; a thousand times it doth.

This close knowledge of, devotion to, and, earnest communion with Nature—her many moods, beauties, delights and mysteries—which Shakespeare reveals with loving prodigality and richness of colouring in all his pages, is one of the many striking proofs which he demonstrates of his acquaintance with many beautiful passages in the Bible.

The beautiful, simple Psalms of David, the royal singer, made an especial appeal to Shakespeare's kindred temperament. Indeed, the kingly Psalmist undoubtedly inspired the Warwickshire poet to the accomplishment of many of his sublimest lines, and the imagery and language of David are very clearly reflected in the imagery and language of Shakespeare ; a reflection and an emulation deeply treasured by a grateful world.

Turn to those exquisitely vivid words of David (Ps. 73, 6) :

> He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass ; as showers that water the earth ;

and then look at the reflection of them in that wonderful "Mercy" speech in "The Merchant of Venice" (Act 4, Scene 1) :

> It droppeth as a gentle rain from Heaven
> Upon the place beneath.

Yes, the Bible and the Book of Nature—the Bible first—were the two mirrors of Shakespeare, in which he looked and found all the pictures of more than earthly loveliness which he has drawn, and written in letters of gold for all who come after him to read—and see. The first was a wonder and a delight to him : the second was a delight and a wonder. He loved them both with a pure, perfect love and with infinite knowledge of them both ; and certainly a poet who could in "As You Like It" (Act 2, Scene 1) :

> Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything,

had learnt well the real lesson of life, and death, and the Beyond ; with a strength born of a lively faith in the grace of his Creator and Redeemer.



"Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us."

Let us Pray.

LORD, have mercy upon us,
Christ, have mercy upon us,
Lord, have mercy upon us.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

For Pardon.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Who of Thy great mercy has promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Thee, have mercy upon us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins; confirm and strengthen us in all goodness; and bring us to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For all Missionaries.

O God, Who has granted Thy loving kindness in the daytime, and Thy protection in the night season, guide and guard Thy missionary servants in distant lands. Give them grace to feed Thy flock, and to shepherd souls for Thee; by their lives of unselfish devotion may they glorify Thee; and grant that we by word and deed may ever uphold the work which they have gone forth to do at Thy command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Rogation Prayer.

Almighty God, Lord of heaven and earth, in Whom we live and move, and have our being; Who dost cause Thy sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendest rain both upon the just and the unjust; we beseech Thee at this time favourably to behold Thy people who call upon Thee, and send Thy blessing down from heaven to give us a fruitful season, that our hearts being continually filled with Thy goodness, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For Holiness.

O God, Who art mighty to save, we know that Thou art also mighty to sanctify. We ask Thy forgiveness day by day; grant us also holiness. In the name of Jesus we beseech Thee to cleanse our hearts and sanctify our thoughts by Thy Holy Spirit. Deliver us from the power of temptation, and may it be our earnest desire to follow after righteousness. We ask all through the merits and mediation of Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

For the King.

Almighty God, Who rulest over all the kingdoms of the world, and dost order them according to Thy good pleasure; we yield Thee unfeigned thanks, for that Thou hast been pleased to set Thy Servant our Sovereign Lord, King *EDWARD*, upon the throne of this Realm. Let Thy wisdom be his guide, and let Thine arm strengthen him; let truth and justice, holiness and righteousness, peace and charity, abound in his days. Direct all his counsels and endeavours to Thy glory, and the welfare of his subjects; give us grace to obey him cheerfully for conscience sake, and let him always possess the hearts of his people; let his Reign be long and prosperous, and crown him with everlasting life in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In Time of Trial.

O Almighty God, Who art a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Thee, to Whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth do bow and obey, be now and evermore our defence and shield; succour us, when we are sore tempted, with the strong arm of Thy love; compass us about with Thy compassion, and grant that we may be more than conquerors in the battle with sin and self, through the might of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Prayer for Sunday.

O God, let Thy Holy Spirit, Who on the first day of the week descended on the Apostles, descend also upon us, that we may be in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. Help us to worship Thee as we ought, with reverence and with fear. O let us join in the prayers and praises and services of the Church with ardent and heavenly affections. Let us hear Thy word with earnest attention, and hide it in our hearts. Let us devote this Day to rest, to praise, and prayer. And let the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength, and our Redeemer. Amen.

Special Collects of the Month.

St. Philip and St. James, A. and M.

O Almighty God Whom truly to know is everlasting life; Grant us perfectly to know Thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life; that, following the steps of Thy holy Apostles, Saint Philip and St. James, we may steadfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Second Sunday after Easter.

Almighty God, Who hast given Thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an ensample of godly life; give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that His inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Third Sunday after Easter.

Almighty God, Who shewest to them that be in error the light of Thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; Grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Religion, that they may eschew those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

O Almighty God, Who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men: Grant unto Thy people, that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

O Lord, from Whom all good things do come; Grant to us Thy humble servants, that by Thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Vol. XXXV. No. 5. MAY, 1905.

Miss James has again consented to collect for our Sunday School Funds. We are dependent on the steady and regular support of our good friends for the maintenance of our excellent Sunday Schools.

UPTON DAY SCHOOLS.—Substantial aid is much needed. There are unpaid accounts amounting to £24 17s. 8d., and the near prospect of a further expenditure to be incurred—while the balance in our favour at the bank amounts to only £1 4s. 11d. Moreover we, in conjunction with six other Parishes in Torquay, have engaged to pay £5 a year towards the up-keep of S. James' School. Mr. Youldon, our collector, is now on his rounds.

GOOD FRIDAY AT S. JAMES' MISSION HOUSE. —A very successful and helpful Lantern Service was held on Good Friday Evening by the Rector and Mr. W. M. Baynes. The beautiful set of slides exhibited on former occasions was further enriched by some very fine new ones. The large congregation consisted chiefly of grown up people, who displayed throughout a reverent appreciation of the service.

The Rector feels that he has the whole Parish with him in the resolution which he proposed at the Easter Vestry: "That this Vestry desires to express heart-felt sympathy with Mrs. Tucker in her recent heavy trial, through the decease of the Rev. C. C. Tucker, formerly Assistant Curate of this Parish."

C.E.T.S., UPTON BRANCH—On Monday, April 9th, a Devotional Meeting was held in the Parish Room. The attendance was small, owing to the Rechabite Meeting which was held the same evening in the Royal Public Hall. This was the closing for the session of the Upton Branch.

In connection with the Annual Meeting of the Perseverance and Erskine Tents, and the sixty-fifth Annual Council Meeting of the Exeter District of Rechabites, held at Torquay, the Sermon was preached in our Church by Brother the Right Rev. Lord Bishop designate, of Llandaff, on Sunday, April 9th, at an afternoon special service.

The Rechabite members assembled in large numbers in the Strand, and were led by the Salvation Army brass band. Clothed in regalia they marched to the Church, and presented a most pleasing sight. The service was arranged by the Rector. Special hymn sheets were printed for use of the congregation. The choir, led by the organist (Mr. W. Trotman) made the singing bright and hearty.

The offertory, amounting to £2 13s. 3d., was given to the Torbay Hospital The Bishop was listened to by a large congregation with rapt attention throughout; he basing his eloquent Sermon on the text II. Kings, x. 15. The Rector, Rev. E. P. Gregg, said prayers. The first lesson, read by Bro. H. W. Michelmore, District Chief Ruler, was Jeremiah xxxv. descriptive of the ancient Rechabites.

A very strong wish having been expressed that the Sermon should be published in pamphlet form, his Lordship has kindly consented to this being done, our readers may have the advantage of reading it for themselves. We hope it may have a wide circulation, as it deserves from its high tone and the enforcement of Christian duty.

Bro. Narracott (the local Secretary) we understand, will gladly supply them to any who wish.

THE SCHOOLS. — On Thursday, the 20th ultimo, the Rector and Mrs. Gregg distributed the silver medals and books provided by the Education authority for children who were regular in their attendance last year. The medals, which were of a very pretty design, were given to all who had never missed an attendance, and only those who had attended with great regularity were awarded a book prize. The hero of the day was Fred Pitts, who possesses seven medals and has not missed school for seven years. Mr. and Mrs. Richards are to be congratulated on the regular attendance of their children. Bernard has won six medals, Gladys and Dorothy five each, and Flossie has four—a total of twenty in the family.

MEDALS.

Boys.—Leonard Hayman, Willie Carthew, Bernard Richards, Fred Pitts, Vernon Sparrowe, Willie Townsend, Frank Worth, Ernie Cox, Robert Frost, Fred Bolt, Jack Tunkin, Arthur Lane, Harry Armin, Frank Armin, Percy Webber, Reggie Northcott, Geo. Short, Willie Pomeroy, Arthur Gerry, Herbert Davey, Fred Tucker, Fred Butt, Fred Searle.

Girls.—Bessie Lane, Annie Wadham, Nora Tozer, Flossie Richards, Ida Preston, Olive Cocks, Jessie Hayman, Ethel Carthew, Lily Valley, Olive Gilbert, Elsie Bolt, Stella Tidball, Beatrice Crook, Cissie Pomeroy, Lottie Vinton, Ivy Valley, May Bolt, Winnie Davey, Flossie Potter, May Tozer, Rose Bridle, Vera Cocks, Grace Rice, Dorothy Richards, Annie Lane, Florrie Tunkin.

Infants.—Horace Coleman, George Bridle, Albert Hayman, May Tunkin, Ethel Potter, Voilet Valley, Ruby Howells, Eva Hayman,

BOOKS.

Boys.—Geo. Lewis, Thos. Searle, Willie Winter, Lionel Nesham, Alec Smerdon, Willie Plowman, Lonie Sampson,

Frank Flory, Harold Ford, Frank Penwill, Fred Roberts, Stanley Jury, Frank Rowell, Harry Norman, Percy Tozer, Harold Toby.

Girls.—May Turner, Annie Bridle, Ivy Drake, Ethel Eggbeer, Elsie Carpenter, Minnie Nickels, Lizzie Gooding, Edith Roberts, Elsie Palmer, Marjorie Jury, Florrie Eden, Marjorie Penwill, Beatrice Craze.

Infants.—Harry Worth, Florence Zaple, Hilda Hayman, Willie Binding, Reggie Hooper, Charles Slee, Bertie Bush, Reginald Knapman, Bessie Frost, Gertie Slee, Winnie Tozer, Maud Gatting, Mina Collier, Edith Jarvis, Ivy Bond, Rose Kniel, Edith Vincent, Elizabeth Bradley, Gladys Martin, Olive Emmett, Beatrice Cater, Bessie Sluggett, Elfreda Eveleigh, Daisy Tunkin, Emma Waymouth, Lucy Jarvis, C. Palmer, Victor Pope, Edgar Jarrett, Charles Cole, Ernest Harris, Alfred Priston, Sydney Tucker, Fred Sluggett, Albert Emmett.

The Rector also distributed the certificates to the children who received "honourable mention" at the last Scripture Examination. Hearty cheers were given for the Rector and Mrs. Gregg and the teachers.

St. James' medals and prizes will be given out during the month.

SUMS ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Out of Debt Fund.—In Memoriam, K.J.M., 5/-; Miss Lavers, £4.

Magazine Fund.—Per Miss Corfield: Miss Lees, 1/- Per Mrs. Wilmot: Mrs. Dean, 2/6; Mrs. Horn, 1/6; Mrs. Perry, 1/- Per Miss Smart: Mrs. Harrison, 1/- Per Miss K. M. Price: Mrs. Stevens, 2/6; Mrs. Glanfield, 1/- Per Miss Sanders: Mr. Burrows, 1/-; Mr. Addems, 1/-; Miss Smale, 1/- Miss Lavers, 2/-; Miss Clamp, 2/-; Mr. Trotman, 2/-: Rev. R. Ford, 2/6.

Sunday Schools.—Rev. E. P. Gregg, £1; W. Ball, Esq., £1 1s.

Day Schools.—Rev. E. P. Gregg, £2.

Hospital. — Upton Rectory Bible Class, £1 1s. 8½d.

For Children's Ward.—Upton Rectory Bible Class, 9/6½. Other boxes £1 0s. 6½d.

For King Edward's Cot.—Proceeds of Self-denial boxes at present received: Upton Boys' Sunday School, 3/1; Upton Girls' School, 18/10½; Upton Infants' School, 2/9.

All communications and contributions for the Magazine must be sent to the REV. J. J. LARGE, (Wretham), *before the 20th of the month.*

H. ROSSNER

supplies the BEST INSTRUMENT at the LOWEST PRICE.

PIANOS Iron Frame, Trichord, &c., from 16 Guineas, or 8/6 Monthly.

ORGANS Walnut Mirror Top, &c., from 6 Guineas, or 5/- Monthly.

The largest and Best Stock of VIOLINS, MANDOLINES, GUITARS, BANJOS, CONCERTINAS, ACCORDIONS, &c.

62 UNION STREET, TORQUAY.

WHITE, CHATTON & CO.

LTD.,

Antique Furniture Showrooms

EXCHANGE AND MART,

(Adjoining Upton Church),

- - TORQUAY.

W. BROCK & CO.,

House & Estate Agents & Valuers

Undertakers,

Upholsterers, Bedding Manufacturers,

ART FURNISHERS AND DECORATORS,

TORQUAY, AND AT EXETER.

Auctions Conducted. Prompt Settlement.

Valuers for Probate, Sale, or Transfer.

J. W. COCKS,

Pharmaceutical Chemist,

2 TOR HILL ROAD,

TORQUAY.

Dispensing a Speciality, at Moderate Charges.

Patent Medicines—Store Prices for Cash.

E. & E. PICKARD,

12 TOR HILL ROAD,

TORQUAY.

High-class Dairy Produce.

New Laid Eggs and Fresh Butter.

FAMILIES WAITED ON TWICE DAILY

Telephone No. 68.

Established 1862.

E. MARYON

(From London)

Naval and Military Boot and Shoe Maker

LONDON HOUSE,

6 TOR HILL ROAD.

Pinet's and other celebrated Paris makes always in Stock.

A large Assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's Court Shoes and Slippers.

THE MISSES HENLEY,

CAMBORNE HOUSE,

TORQUAY.

High-class Education for Girls

Numerous Successes at College of Preceptors, Cambridge Local, and other Examinations.

Little Boys received under eight years of age.

TERMS MODERATE.

(NUMBER ONE)

MANCHESTER HOUSE, TORRE

The Best House for Blankets, Flannels,

SHEETS, QUILTS, CALICOES,

Also a good assortment of Underclothing, &c.

N.B.—WITNEY BLANKETS manufactured specially for

F. & W. OLIVER,

Clubs and Charities supplied.

EDWARDS & SONS,

CYCLE MERCHANTS

112 & 114 Union Street, Torquay

AND

31 VICTORIA ST., PAIGNTON.

CYCLING LESSONS GIVEN,

Closed or Open School.

All Classes of Machines on Hire.

Patronised by T.H.R. the Prince and Princess of Wales.

J. C. DINHAM & SONS,

Photographers and Photographic Dealers.

34 UNION STREET,

Telephone 0275. TORQUAY

H. D. COZENS,

Tailor, Breeches, & Habit Maker

14 FLEET STREET, TORQUAY.

MOURNING AND LIVERY ORDERS executed at the Shortest Notice.

Sole Maker for Torquay of the "COOPER" Patent Cycling Skirt.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hairdressing Saloons.

FINEST AND LARGEST IN TORQUAY.

MANICURE, CHIROPODY, FACE MASSAGE } A Speciality. (Separate Rooms)

Electrical Treatment for the Hair and Scalp. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

HODGES,

57 and 58 Fleet Street, Torquay.

MISS N. GILL,

Experienced Dressmaker

AND

Children's Costumier,

3 MARCHWOOD TERRACE,

MUDGE'S HILL, UPTON.

C. & W. BUSWELL,

Ironmongers,

Plumbers, Oil Merchants, Gas Fitters,

BELL HANGERS,

Smiths, and Tin and Copper Smiths,

116 & 118 Union Street, Torquay

Large Staff of Men for all Branches of the Trade.

Estimates Free. Telephone No. 98.

W. E. REED,

Family Butcher, &c.

TEIGN HOUSE, Lymington Road, and Market Street, TORQUAY.

Telephone No. 67.

Your Favours will be greatly esteemed

All Orders Punctually Attended to.

Price List on Application.

THE

TORQUAY DIRECTORY

IS THE

PRINCIPAL NEWSPAPER

AND THE

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Printing of every description at the Steam Press Works, adjoining School of Art.

FLEET STREET.

C. AUSTIN,

Draper, Milliner, Costumier,

88 UNION STREET, TORQUAY.

Dressmaking a Speciality.

. . CASH PRICES . .

Special Prices to Charities and Mothers' Meetings

R. H. HOBSON,

THE ABBOTT STORES,

280 Union Street, Torquay.

The Noted Tea Stores.

Our Army Blend, 1/6 per lb. Give it a trial.

Coffees and Cocoas a Speciality.

High-class Groceries and Provisions.

Price List Free on application.

Telephone No. 242.

W. F. BUCKLEY, PRINTER, 207 UNION STREET, TORQUAY.

FOR GOOD VALUE IN

GLASS, CHINA, & HARDWARE

GO TO

MIDDLETON'S

102 and 104 Union Street,

. . TORQUAY . .

PRISTON'S,

95 Union Street,

FOR ALL LONDON, LOCAL, DAILY, & WEEKLY

PAPERS.

Delivered sharp in Town and Neighbourhood.

PERIODICALS, MAGAZINES, &c.,

Discounted for Cash.

M. A. TAPPENDEN.

Ladies' & Children's Dressmaker

FANCY DRAPER, ETC.

Underclothing made to Order.

147 LYMINGTON ROAD.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

R. E. EVANS,

Monumental Sculptor,

177 UNION STREET,

TORQUAY.

Monuments Removed, Cleaned and Re-lettered
Agent for Artificial Wreaths, &c.

W. EASTERBROOK & SON

(From George's, Limited, Cheltenham),

Cooks and Confectioners,

BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKERS,

GENEVA HOUSE,

Torre Hill Road, Torquay.

G. CAMP,

MANOR FARM DAIRY,

UPTON, TORQUAY.

HIGH-CLASS DAIRY PRODUCE.

NEW LAID EGGS AND FRESH BUTTER

Families waited on Twice Daily.

AMBROSE CULLUM,

Builder, Decorator and Trade Supply Stores

LONDON HOUSE,

160 Union Street, Torquay

(Opposite Upton Church).

Venetian Blinds done up equal to new.
Incandescent Accessories, &c.
Various Oil Shop Goods kept in Stock.
N.B.—Lantern Entertainments given. Slides lent, &c., very cheap.

ESTABLISHED 1834.

THE BOROUGH CO-OPERATIVE STORES,

12 Union Street, Torquay.

JOHN DENDLE,

Proprietor.

Telephone No. 23.

W. E. PEEKE,

Butcher and Purveyor,

248 Union Street, TORQUAY.

Prime Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, and Dairy Fed Pork.

Corned Beef and Pickled Tongues.

Your favours and recommendations kindly solicited.

JOSEPH BERRY,

Hair Specialist, M.H.S.,

Advises daily on all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

66 FLEET STREET,

Six doors above W. H. Smith & Sons,

Branch: 26 LUCIUS STREET,

Close to Victoria & Albert Hotel.

Largest Salons in Torquay for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hairdressing, Chiropody, Manicure, and Face Massage.

F. R. GIBBS,

(FROM SHOOLBREDS)

Cabinet Maker ø ø ø and Upholsterer

Furniture of every Description Repaired and Renovated. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

"ORTANCE," THURLOW ROAD, TORQUAY.

Devon Laundry and Dye Works,

NEWTON ROAD, TORQUAY.

GOLD MEDALIST.

High Class Work in all Departments

TELEPHONE 140

A Post Card brings our Cart.

E. A. CHANT,

(Late J. C. Hosking),

BAKER, COOK & CONFECTIONER

Vienna, Daren, and pure Whole-Meal Bread fresh daily.

Wedding, Birthday, and all kinds of Fancy Cakes.

Our own make Self-raising Flour a speciality

21 ABBEY ROAD, TORQUAY.

H. F. SALTER,

Family Grocer,

English and Foreign Provision Merchant.

14 MADEIRA PLACE,

TORQUAY.

Families waited on Daily for Orders.

FREE SERVANTS' REGISTRY KEPT.

TELEPHONE 7 X 3.

MARY JENKINS,

(Late of Jenkins & Co., Fleet Street)

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS AND SHOES . . .

16 FLEET STREET, TORQUAY.

H. C. WASHER,

THE WHILBOROUGH DAIRY,

63 Market Street, Torquay.

New Milk, Butter, Cream and Eggs, delivered to all parts of the Town twice daily.

Devonshire Cream a Speciality. Packed and sent to all parts by Parcels Post.

All Produce direct from Farms under Medical and Sanitary Inspection.

W. G. BAMSEY,

Family Butcher.

187 Lymington Rd., Torquay.

All orders personally and punctually attended to.

Canterbury Lamb a Speciality.