

APRIL,



1918.

EASTINGTON
PARISH CHURCH MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

ONE PENNY.

Rector—REV. G. T. ALTIMAS WARD, M.A.

Regular Services, Classes, &c.

- Holy Communion*..... 8 a.m.,—**Second** and Fourth Sundays in the month.
Holy Communion..... 11.45 a.m.,—**First** and Third Sundays.
Holy Communion..... 8 a.m.,—**On Festivals** and Holy Days.
Matins & Evensong..... 11 & 6.30.—**Every** Sunday.
Evensong..... 7 p.m.,—**On Saint's** and Holy Days.
Litany,..... 11.30 a.m.,—Second and *Last* Sundays.
Holy Baptism,..... 2.30 p.m.,—*Last* Sunday in the month.
Sermons,..... 11 & 6.30,—**First, Second, Third** and Fourth Sundays.
Children's Service,..... 2.30 p.m.,—*Last* Sunday in month.
Sunday Schools, 9.45 & 2.30—**Every** Sunday.
Advent & Lent,..... 7 p.m.,—Evensong on Fridays.
Girls' Bible Class..... 2.45 p.m.,—**Every** Sunday.
Intercessions,..... 11 or 6.30—*Last* Sunday in month.
As Announced,.....—Confirmation and Communicant Classes, Guilds, Mother's Meetings, Lantern Lectures, &c.

The Finances of Eastington Church being wholly dependent on the ordinary Offerories it is hoped that any absent at one service and present at another, will contribute for both.

THIS MAGAZINE CAN BE HAD FROM THE RECTOR, OR FROM MRS.
J. TUDOR, CHURCHEND, OR MRS. WENT, ALKERTON.

APRIL, 1918.

SHALL WE PROFIT ?

I THINK I may assert with some confidence that Sickness,—pain and suffering, sorrow and loss—marked out the spiritual progress of four of the greatest men in history—S. PAUL, PASCAL, Dr. PUSEY, and JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Thousands of others have, and continue to travail in pain and bereavement as well as these men, but what sickness may or may not mean to these thousands I cannot tell. In the case, however, of these four great men, I think I am safe in saying that the “iron that entered into their souls,” the shafts that went so deep into their life’s struggles, meant for them something more than mere physical suffering. Their sorrows and afflictions were, I believe, the *starting points* for new insight, new service, new faith, new love, and *increased* devotion to GOD.

The present war-tragedy smites all,—nations as well as individuals,—fathers, mothers, widows and orphans,—to all alike the war brings the same kind of sorrow and loss. The same chain of *Causes* lies behind the war, however that tragedy is viewed. The action is there, clear and unmistakable. But what the *re-action* upon the peoples who make up the nation is, is not so clearly determined.

These terrible tragedies in our lives may leave us insensible, with nothing worthier than an effort to *forget* our losses,—a result deplorable to the last degree; or, on the other hand, we may try to bear our burdens of Faith,—which, GOD grant, may be one of lessons our sad trials will teach us. One thing at least which does stand out before us is—that the present sufferings are a clear *Invitation* and a *solemn Opportunity* for Nations and Individuals to tread a new, a better and a cleaner way,—call it Purifying, Purgative or Purgatorial, if you like.

KINGSLEY I think it was who said, (and was thoroughly Christian in saying it,) “That in the hour of an epidemic it was not enough to pray, and to leave uncleansed the hovels where the disease was bred.”

As it was with the Romans and the Greeks, so it is with us,—there was much that was sad and shocking, and even revolting in our pre-war lives; much that was perilous in our principles; and still more that was wholly indefensible in our religions; and each and all needed a thorough cleansing.

The *way*, (as we see it,) was not chosen by us. Nevertheless, the way, as it *has been* chosen,

gives the opportunity or occasion for the purifying of our souls. The vital question is—Shall we profit by the invitation ?

I strongly hold that for a whole nation, as well as for its individuals, the unspeakable tragedy of the war, with all its wealth of irreparable loss, may,—nay, ought,—to be turned into glorious treasures of Faith, and Hope, and Love. I feel,—(and would that others could feel alike)—that even that sorrow of sorrows,—the loss of unfinished lives, the loss of the hearts of heroes, the loss of gallant sons who were the joy and stay of others,—may, as I hope it will, revive in the heart of the nation as well as of its individuals, a new and confident faith in the life that is eternal. A nation, of course, can never cease to mourn the loss of its youth,—a loss, alas, of an irreparable jewel,—but that very loss will not be without its gain if these boys, these sons, these heroes that have prematurely laid down their precious lives,—become the *pioneers of our generation* in the world beyond Death.

Though England to-day mourns in her tens of thousands the loss of the flowers of her flock, and has given her hostages to the future; still, if those sacrifices bring a cleansing flood, and a purifying river, then, however sad, however tragic and however heart-breaking may be the loss, it will not have been in vain if only we that are left view the loss in its true perspective, accepting GOD’S purgatorial sentence, and profit by the lesson, however deep, however tragic, and however heart-rending it may be to each and all of us, and GOD knows it is all three.

22-3-18.

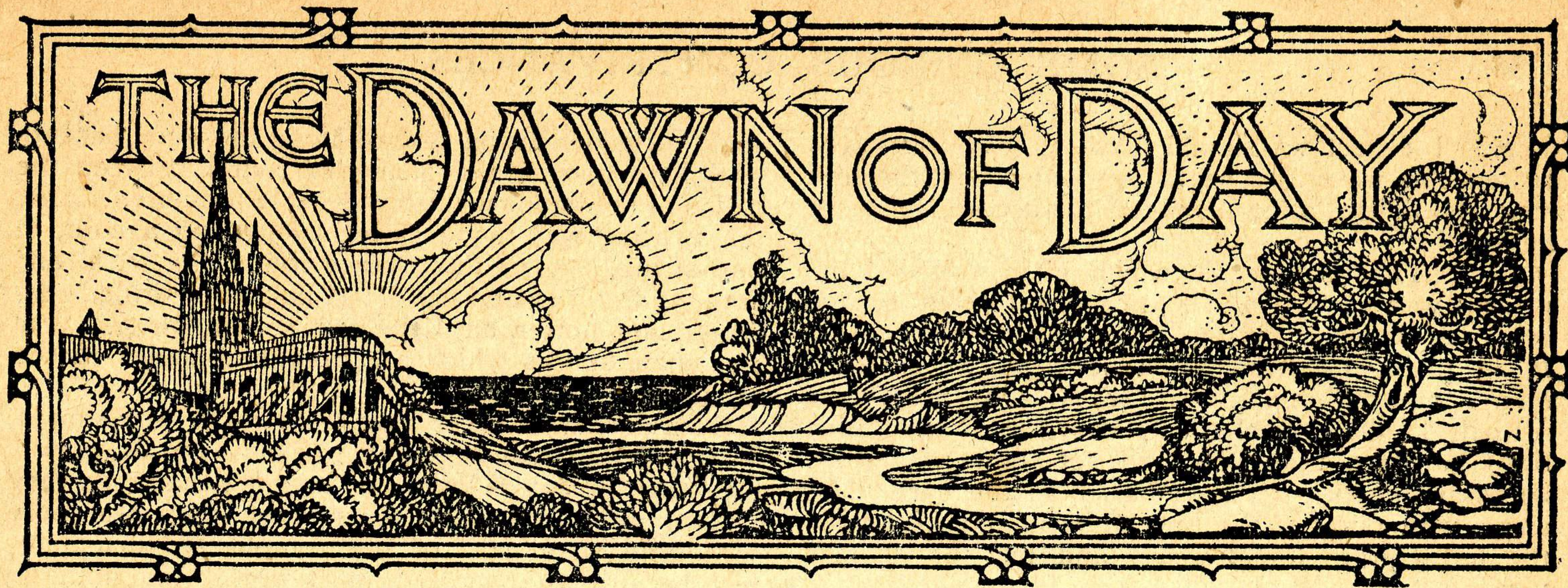
G. T. A. WARD, *Rector*.

Confirmation.

At the Confirmation in Stroud on Tuesday, March 5th., I had the pleasure of presenting the following candidates,—Gwendoline Hilda Shill, Phyllis Jessie Elizabeth Shill, Lilian Gaultier, Violet Annie Dowdeswell, Kathleen Mary Warner, Florence Mary Harris. The 1918 class was one of the most attentive I have had for some time. I am indebted to Miss B. Keys for kindly being with the candidates on the day of Confirmation.

Foolish.

Every article unfixed in price at once doubled, trebled and even quadrupled in price. Result.—a price was fixed. Pork is still unfixed. Result,—what was 10d. per lb. is now 2s.6d. What will be the result? A fixing of price, of course. To meet his lack of big profits on beef and mutton the vendor is now putting it on the unrestricted article. It is a short-sighted policy, to describe it mildly.



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SOME CURIOUS CONTRIVANCES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. E. MERCER, D.D.

How the Fire-drill drilled Fire.

HOW hard it often is to find out why words mean what they do! Here is this word "drill," and it stands for two such different things as boring a hole and drilling soldiers. I do not happen to know how these two meanings are connected by word-scholars; but I intend to connect them together in a way of my own. I am going to tell you how by boring holes man made fire obey orders.

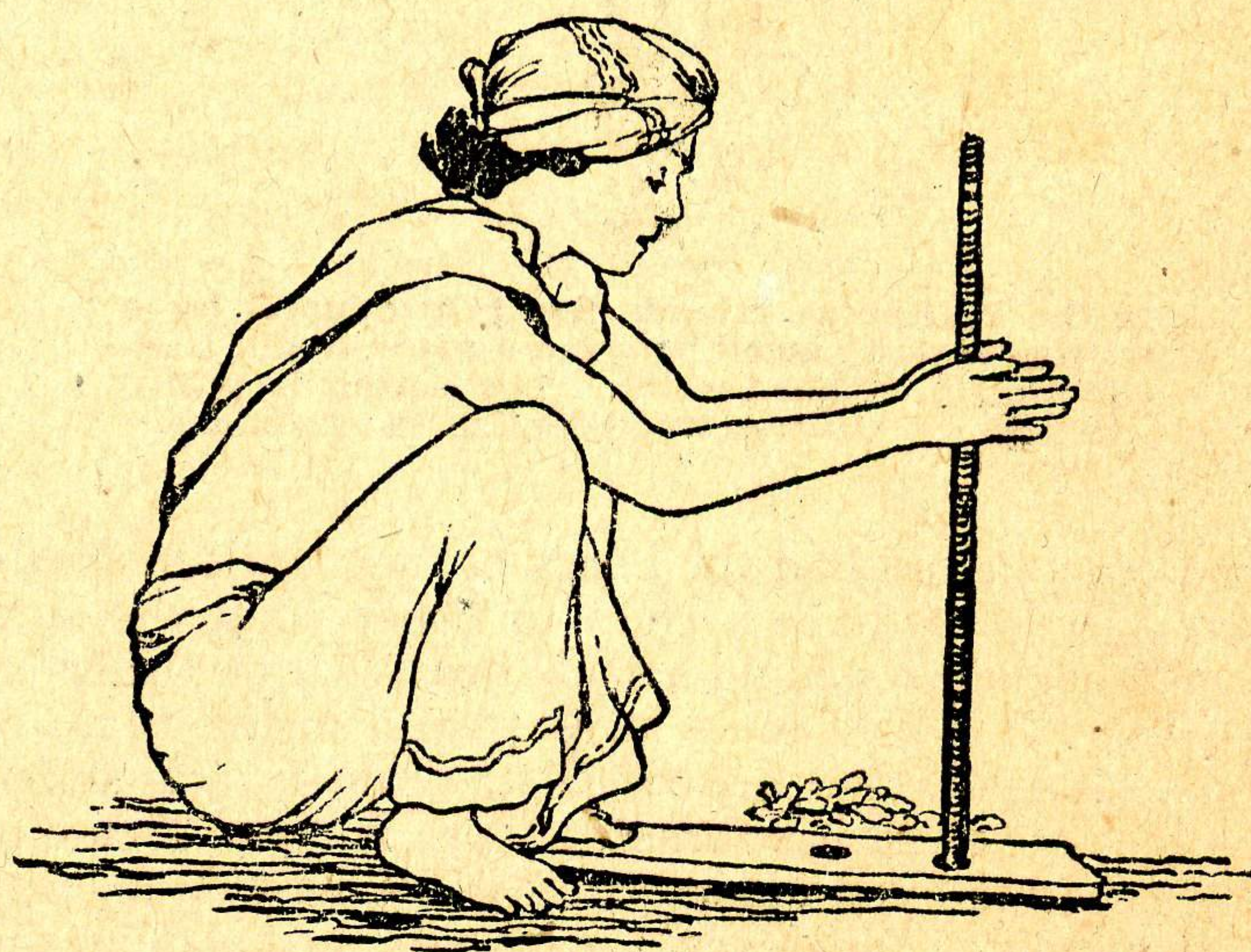
Look at the fire in your grate. It is quite fair to call it "drilled." It burnt up just when you wanted it, and it goes out when you have done with it. It keeps to the place you make for it. It obediently boils your kettle, warms your hands, dries your clothes. And this is only a tiny instance of the endless ways in which man makes fire obey him. It drives his engines, works his factories, sails his ships, smelts his ores—where shall we stop?

But there are times, as we know to our cost, when fire gets the mastery, and burns down the house or the factory. It is no good trying to drill it then; it must be fought. When I was in Tasmania, every summer I saw "bush" fires. (Bush is the Australian name for forest.) Often miles and miles of timber and crops are destroyed; sometimes human dwellings are caught in the sheets of flame, and human lives endangered. Special ways of fighting these fires are employed by the settlers, or the damage done would be much greater.

How was it first done?

By this roundabout way I have come to the matter I really want you to think about. How did man first

tame fire and drill it for his use? Let us imagine ourselves on a picnic, and wanting to light a fire. Has anybody a match? No, there is not one to be found. (Think, by the way, how splendidly fire is tamed when we carry safety matches about in our pockets!) Perhaps a clever member of the party suggests that



Producing fire with a drill in Southern India.

flint and steel struck together will make a spark. If a flint can be found, and some dry leaves or moss collected, the situation may be saved. Alas! there are no flints. Another member of the party asks if anyone has a magnifying glass for examining insects or flowers. No, even that way of getting a fire, by focusing the sun's rays to a burning point, is not possible, for no one has such a glass. What is to be

done? I expect we should have to own ourselves beaten, and we might begin to wonder how the first man who lighted a fire managed to succeed where we are helpless.

Ah! That is a puzzle which often troubled me when I was young; and I am not sure that I have even yet satisfied myself in suggesting an answer. It is plain, nevertheless, that right away back, many, many thousands of years ago, fires were actually kindled and that even in the days when men lived in caves they managed somehow to get the necessary sparks. There, buried in the hard floor, along with relics of the time when mammoths roved the forests, are found ashes and bits of charred wood.

Some Present-day Methods.

But though unable to decide with certainty how our primitive ancestors kindled their fires, I can describe for you how savages even at the present day can succeed where we are helpless. I need not tell you that if you rub two substances together they nearly always become warm. Now if we could get the right



In the Philippine Islands fire is produced by a strip of rattan placed between a piece of soft bark and a piece of hard wood. The rattan is pulled to and fro till the wood begins to smoulder.

kind of stuff, and had the knack of rubbing sufficiently hard, we should have a right to expect that the stuff would begin to smoulder with heat and to throw off sparks. This idea must have stirred in the brain of some savage in the remote past. And having seized the idea, he must have tried to work it out. I cannot pretend to tell you the steps by which he won his way to triumph. Whatever they were, he plainly did triumph, because the "fire-drill" exists and is still in use.

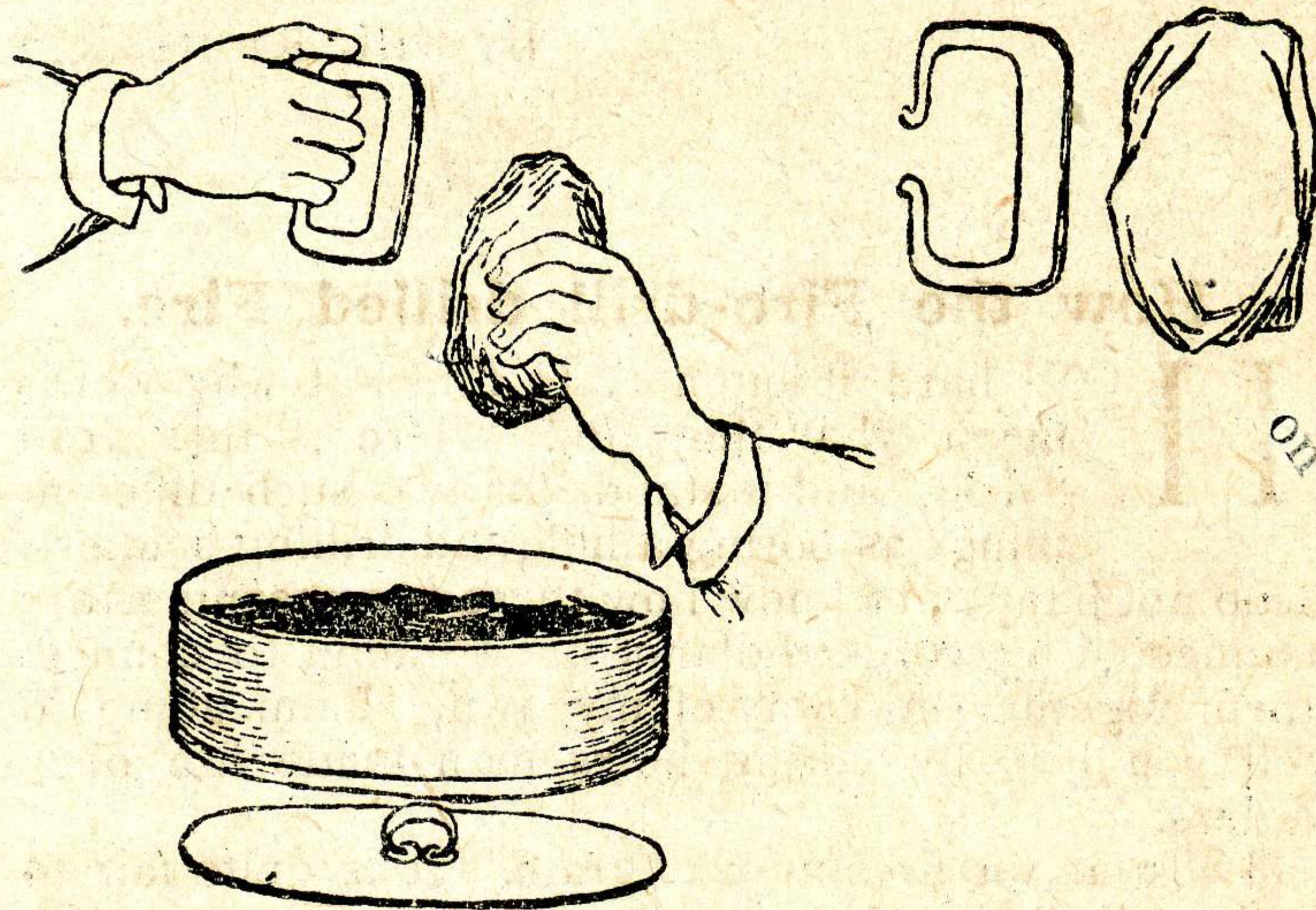
We cannot think that the fire-drill was the first of all tools for setting light to tinder. Some savages simply push a pointed stick very hard backwards and forwards on a piece of wood placed underneath. A Tahitian can by this means produce fire in a few seconds; but much will depend on the kind of wood employed.

The fire-drill, properly so called, must have come later, for it is more cunning to make and use. It was described by the famous Captain Cook. A pointed

stick, instead of being rubbed along the wood beneath it, is kept upright and is twirled round between the palms of the hands with considerable pressure. Later the twirling was made easier by passing a cord, or bow-string, two or three times round the stick, and then pulling it to and fro. The hole thus drilled gets hotter and hotter, until there is smouldering, and at last come sparks which are caught in tinder placed round to catch them.

Such devices as these may seem to be very simple. To appreciate their true value you must not forget how little their inventors knew and how few materials they had to work with. In my opinion they are more wonderful than most of our complicated machines, just because they started, as it were, from nothing, whereas we have so much to help us.

You will now see why I headed this paper with the title, "How the Fire-drill drilled Fire." The drill enabled men to produce fire when and where they wanted it, and so brought it under their command. That there is more than a play of words in this title is also shown by the fact that many tribes call the fire on the hearth "tame" (drilled). It obeys orders. On



Flint steel and tinder.

the other hand, fires caused by Nature (lightning and the like) they regard as coming from heaven, and as untamed. Think again of our phrase, "It spread like wildfire," that is, untamed fire. Wildfire was so named because the mixture of materials which caused it, when once kindled, could not be put out.

Perhaps you will be thinking that when next you have no matches you will try the fire-drill. I fear you may be disappointed in the result. Much knack is necessary to success. Does not the difficulty render it the more astonishing that our ignorant forefathers discovered the device?

In any case I hope I have led you to take a more grateful interest in the doings of primitive inventors whose names we know not; but to whom we owe so much. Their drill has given us the start in being able to summon, when we want them, those marvellous powers of fire which are a prime necessity for so many of the arts and crafts of civilised life.





THE SWINEHERD GUNTRED BRINGS HIS HORN FULL OF SILVER PENNIES TO BISHOP HUGH.

THE SWINEHERD OF STOW.

IT was a dull autumn day somewhere about the year 1193 A.D., and Gunthred the swineherd, who spent his days in looking after the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's pigs at his Manor of Stow-on-the-Wold, was lying under a huge oak tree at the door of his hut, watching with unseeing eyes his flock of ungainly grunters, evidently lost in deep thought.

He had tended the swine on the ecclesiastical estate for the last quarter of a century, and twice a year he had driven a portion of his flock to sell in Lincoln market-place, seven miles away. But never before had he returned home, stirred to the heart, as he had returned two days ago.

Gunthred was a poor uneducated man, who knew little about the affairs of this world. But he was a Christian, and he loved our Lord and His Church.

Sunday after Sunday he made his way in the early morning to the little chapel of St. Mary of Stow, and there joined in offering the Holy Eucharist. Although he could neither read nor write, he could say long portions of the service by heart, and as he went about his monotonous daily toil he would often sing softly over to himself the Sanctus or the Agnus Dei. And on his rare visits to Lincoln, after his pigs were sold, he would creep into the great Cathedral and

listen, in awe, to the monks chanting the Psalms, at Evensong or Compline.

For the last twenty years the Cathedral had been falling into dis-repair, and just eight years before my story begins, a great earthquake had taken place, and the beautiful structure had well-nigh been destroyed. For the roof had fallen in, and great rents had appeared in the walls. Then the Lord Bishop had died, and it appeared to Gunthred that no one was likely to be sent in his place.

For Stow Manor remained empty, and the great Cathedral stood desolate and in ruins on its hill.

Then, at last, tidings came that a new Bishop had been appointed by the King.

But he was a foreigner, from Savoy, and although he had already spent some years in England, men spoke of him still as Hugh of Grenoble, the town from whence he came.

So Gunthred, who did not know where Savoy and Grenoble were, and who hated foreigners, took little interest in the matter.

But when at last Bishop Hugh arrived, strange stories

began to reach the swineherd's ears.

It had always been the custom when a new Bishop was installed at Lincoln for him to give a great feast to the nobles and rich folk of the city.

Hugh of Grenoble followed this custom; but the feast was not only for the rich. It was for the poor as well. By his orders three hundred deer had been slain in the woods surrounding Stow Manor in order that everyone, even the poorest child, should eat and be satisfied.

Up till now, when anyone was attacked by that foul disease, the leprosy, he had been cut off from the companionship of his fellowmen, and left to die like a dog.

But this extraordinary Father-in-God cared so little for disease, or the risk of infection, that he had built a lazar-house on a corner of his estate. Gunthred could see its low-walled roof from where he lay. And whenever the Bishop came to Stow he visited the inmates, and dressed their loathsome sores. Moreover, when Gunthred had been to Lincoln, two days before, he had seen a sight that had warmed his heart.

Not content with feeding the poor, and succouring the lepers, the new Bishop was beginning to rebuild the Cathedral.

Craftmen and masons were already at work—Gunthred had seen them with his own eyes, hewing stones, and bending under hods of mortar.

And, greatest wonder of all, he had seen a tall, white-haired, kind-faced priest, in an ordinary monk's gown, helping the builders by carrying armfuls of stones, and laying them down at their feet.

And an old market woman, to whom he sold his geese, had whispered to him, in an awe-struck whisper, that that was the Lord Bishop himself.

That plainly dressed priest the Lord Bishop! In a moment all Gunthred's ideas of Bishops went topsyturvy.

Up till now he had thought of them as resplendant beings, clad in gorgeous robes, who lived in palaces, and performed stately ceremonies in church.

And now—this Bishop—*his* Bishop, fed the poor, touched the sores of lepers, carried stones to build God's Church!

Slowly the idea of the dignity and joy of service crept into the swineherd's brain.

To work, to serve, to give—not for pay, but for love—how splendid it would be. That would be a service worth offering.

This was what Gunthred was pondering, as he lay under the oak tree, watching the swine.

Seven years passed away, and the walls of the great cathedral on Lincoln hill were rising once more in stately beauty—not to be completed in one man's lifetime—no builder in those early days expected that.

But already choir, and aisles, and transepts were finished, and the plans were drawn which showed where the long lines of the nave would be.

Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, no one called him Hugh of Grenoble now, was sitting in his study in the Manor House, his favourite swan at his feet, when a knock came to the door, and he was told that his swineherd waited without.

If the Bishop was surprised, he did not show it, although the swan raised his feathers and hissed fiercely as the uncouth and weather-beaten form of the old swineherd entered the room.

"Well, Gunthred, and what wouldst thou?" asked the Bishop, kindly. "Hath any disaster happened to thee, or to thy flock, or what boon wouldst thou crave of me, ere I depart on my journey? For to-morrow I set out to visit my childhood's home in Savoy. I am growing an old man and I would fain see it once more ere I die."

"'Tis not a boon for myself, my Lord Bishop," stammered Gunthred, fumbling with a very ancient and discoloured swineherd's horn which he carried between his hands. "But I would fain offer these for thine acceptance—to build a little turret, only a little one—out of sight, in your Lordship's Cathedral Church, up there on Lincoln Hill. I am but a poor swineherd, but mayhap thou wilt deign to accept the gift."

And then, overcome with nervousness at the idea of the liberty he was taking, in thus confronting the Bishop in his own private apartment, as though he had been his equal, Gunthred's shaking fingers dropped the horn, and straightway a heap of silver pennies poured out in a heap right at the Bishop's feet.

"'Tis my wages, my Lord," gasped Gunthred, as Bishop Hugh gazed at him in mute astonishment. "Twelve silver pennies every year, besides my food and hut, and an occasional buckskin for clothing.

When I saw thee carrying the stones, I wanted to do something to help, also. And I have neither kith nor kin, and my wants are few. So every year I dropped ten pennies into a hole under my hearthstone, where they lay snug and warm, till now there are enough to fill my horn, and peradventure, to pay for the building of a little turret."

The good Bishop's eyes were bright with tears ere the old man had finished speaking, and he stooped down himself to pick up the money and replace it in the horn.

"I accept the gift gladly, Gunthred," he said softly, when the last silver piece was laid on the shining pile, "but not in mine own name. To-morrow, when I ride to Lincoln thou shalt ride with me, and together we shall lay the money on God's altar as an offering to Him." Then, when the old man, quivering with glad excitement, had left the room, he added to himself, "It is even now as it was in the days of old when the Master sat in the Temple, over against the Treasury—Rich men may cast in of their abundance, he of his penury hath cast in all that he hath.

"And as the record of the widow and her mite hath been preserved in Holy Writ, I shall make it my endeavour to leave directions to those who come after me that the memorial of this poor man's gift be set on some part of the Cathedral to show to succeeding generations what was the measure of the love he bore the Church of God."

Thus it comes about that to-day, when we visit Lincoln Minster, and approach the great Western portal, we lift our eyes and see two figures carved in stone, set high on pinnacles one on each side of the grand facade.

The one is a Bishop in his robes and mitre, the other is a swineherd, blowing his horn.

And if we ask any of the townfolk whom those figures represent, the ready answer is, "Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, and the Swineherd of Stow."

ELIZABETH GRIERSON.

THE LOST SHEEP.

IN St. Luke xv there are three parables describing God's love for sinners and His unceasing efforts to win them back: the Lost Coin, the Lost Sheep, and the Lost Son. Speaking always of the *Prodigal* Son, we lose the point that three things were lost and found again: "I have found the piece which I had lost"; "I have found my sheep which was lost"; "This thy brother . . . was lost and is found."

In this they are alike; the difference lies in what was

lost and how far it was responsible. We cannot in fairness blame the coin, whose loss was due to another's carelessness. So there are some born and brought up in such conditions that a good life seems almost impossible. God gives them every chance, searching for them amid the dust and dirt of the world. But the son deliberately lost himself, scorned his father's love, and went into a far country. Notice that his father did not search for him; it would have been useless. He had to wait till the son "came to himself" and arose to go to his father; then, of course, the father ran to meet him, when he was still a great way off, and welcomed him home. So, when a man has been brought up in a Christian home and deliberately rejects what he knows to be good, we find that God leaves him for awhile; he must be allowed to go his own way and learn from bitter experience.

But what of the sheep? Was it responsible for being lost? Yes, in a way. But one does not blame sheep very much. Poor silly thing! perhaps it followed its leader and began nibbling some choice pasture away from the track, and then looked up and found the rest of the flock had passed on, so it bleated piteously to find itself lost.

Most of our young people go wrong like this. Like silly sheep, they follow their leader in the shape of bad companions. They never think that one false step will lead them so far astray. So their elders must be as loving and patient as possible, remembering that the Good Shepherd has not given them up, but is even now seeking the lost one in the hope of bringing it back to the fold.

GARDENING NOTES.

"It is only by holding the front at home as well as abroad that we shall avoid being driven to accept a halting peace."—Mr. Prothero, President of the Board of Agriculture.

Fertilizers such as wood ashes, burnt vegetable refuse, and soot must play a large and valuable part in the production of this year's food. But do not put on your

plants *new* soot. The "fire" must be allowed to get out of it before using.

Potatoes.—It is time to get in your main crop varieties—especially if you are situated in a warm district in the south. Your drills should be six inches deep, and there should be thirty inches between each drill. Eighteen inches must be between tuber and tuber. If your soil is light put in, before planting, some well rotted dung: also a good sprinkling of soot and wood ashes. Certainly at least one of the latter.

Cabbages, "Sprouts," Cauliflowers, etc.—Either sow seeds now in drills one inch deep and six inches apart or make certain where you can next month buy the plants from.

Peas.—Sow main crop. Again wood ashes in trench six inches wide, two inches deep. Let there be at least six feet between each row. A greater distance between row and row means a greater length of pods. Sow thinly.

Lettuce, Spinach, and Summer Turnips.—One row of each should now be sown.



A SCOTTISH REGIMENT ON THE MARCH "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."





BY MRS. CHAS. FIELDING MARSH, F.R.H.S.

CHAPTER III.

THE sisters confronted each other for a moment in silence. Then Rosabel did what, later on, Anne discovered she always did at convenient moments: she began to cry. She cried softly, little sobs coming with rhythmical regularity, and tears slowly running down her cheeks.

"You must be very tired, come and sit down," said Anne. It was an awkward moment, and Anne, to relieve the tension, rounded up the little flock. Having got rid of her first feeling of astonishment at their number, the extreme dirtiness of the children was the fact that forced itself on her mind. They were all clothed in white garments—white, that is, when put on, but now of every shade of drab and grey. The journey had been a hot and tiring one, and the misery of the little travellers showed itself in the runnels of cleanliness which marked the course of tears down grimy faces. There was nothing about them of the "monster" children of Mary's imagination: to Anne they appeared miserable, pinched, and undersized.

"I did think," said Rosabel, checking her sobs to speak complainingly, "that someone might have met us at the station."

"We were going to, it was all arranged. But your telegram said: 'Arriving this evening,' so everything was ordered for the 7.10 train."

"We just caught the earlier train by five minutes. I couldn't keep the children waiting about in London longer than I was obliged. But I mean at Liverpool—I thought someone would have met me at Liverpool, knowing I was travelling alone with all these children."

"But how could I—?" Anne heard herself speaking sharply and she checked herself, she was determined that no word or deed of hers should add to the sorrows of this

sorely tried mother. "You see, Rosabel, dear, you never told me the date of your arrival or the name of the ship. Nor," and Anne tried to hide her dismay with a cheery laugh, "nor did you tell me you were such a Mrs. Quiverful."

"Isn't it awful," said Rosabel. "Seven!" She looked round the room enquiringly: "Where are Uncle Fearon and Aunt Harriet?"

"Dead," said Anne.

"And you never let me know!"

"I could not, I could not find your address——"

"But I used to write to Uncle Fearon——"

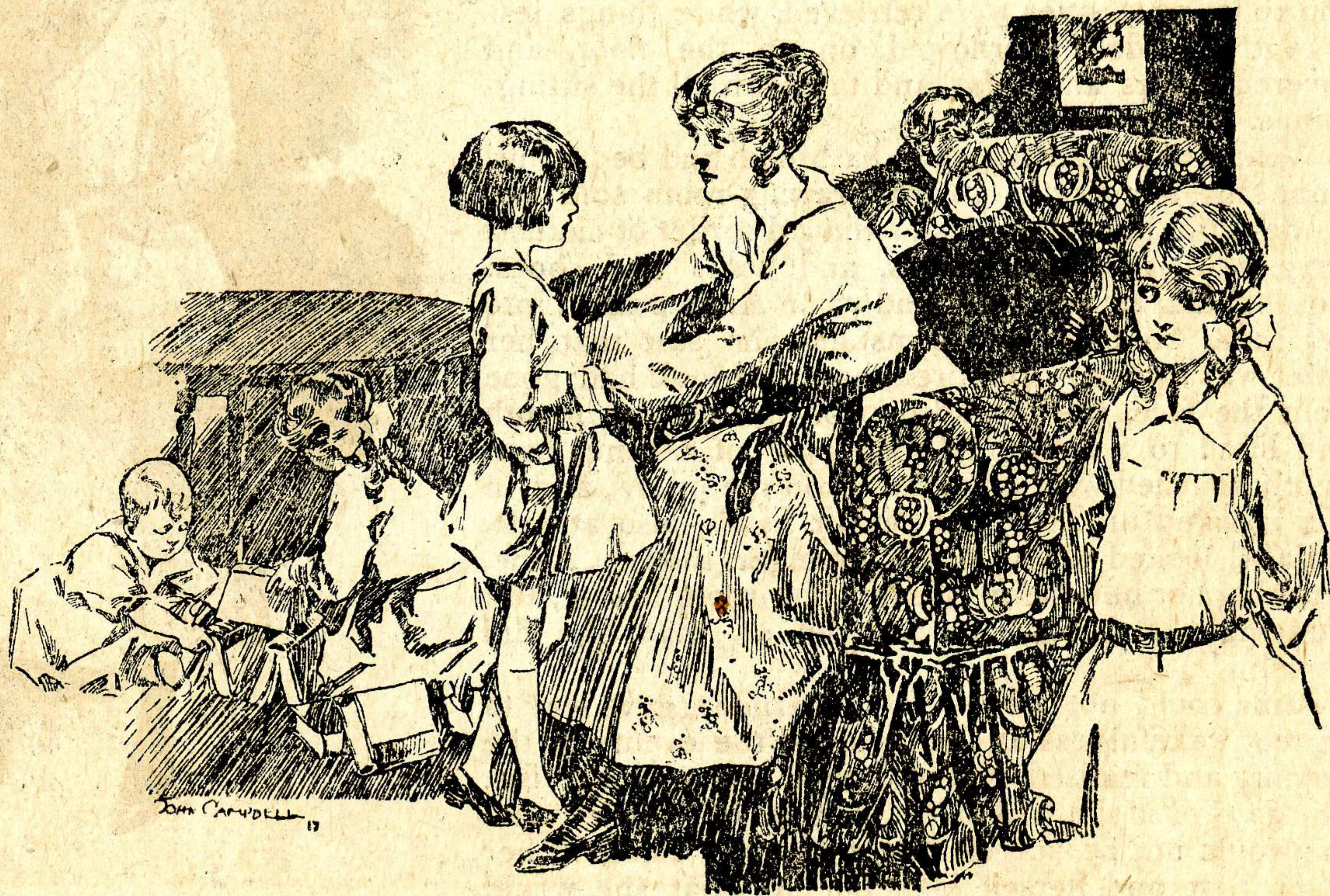
"That may be, but he never showed me your letters. The little I knew of you was through Mary—an old confidential servant of Aunt and Uncle—she is in the house now."

"How very extraordinary," said Rosabel. "So Uncle Fearon is dead—and he has left me nothing! Everything has gone to you, I suppose, and yet I was as much his niece as you."

"They called me their adopted daughter. I have Uncle Fearon's money, it isn't very much. Aunt Harriet was the rich one. But I am glad I can offer you a home. About the children—they must be hungry."

Anne looked round the room at the seven little figures. The two elder girls were listlessly leaning against a table. Four more had huddled themselves on the floor and were crying silently and hopelessly. The youngest child lay on the sofa where her mother had deposited her, sound asleep.

"They seem tired out, we must get them to bed at once. But they will want some tea first—I will call Mary," and Anne opened the door and ran across to the kitchen. "Seven, Mary!" she exclaimed, taking no trouble to soften the blow the number would occasion. "And all girls! They're so tired and dirty, poor mites. We must get them something to eat, and



THEY WERE ALL DRESSED IN WHITE.

then bath them and get them to bed. Mary, this is Mrs. Farrance," Anne added as Mary followed her to the drawing room.

"I hope you are quite well, ma'am," said Mary stiffly.

"I was up before five this morning and I've been struggling with children, and luggage, and trains, and cabs ever since—and I'm dead tired," was Rosabel's answer.

"Then the nurse hasn't come?" said Mary looking round the room as if hoping to see a figure that had escaped her first glance.

"No, nor the cook, nor the parlourmaid, nor my own maid," said Rosabel with biting sarcasm. "The two nurses tried me so much on the voyage that I dismissed them at Liverpool!" She looked fiercely at the unconscious Mary. "Seriously, though, where do you think nurses come from in Canada?"

"You don't mean to say you brought all these children all this distance all alone?" Anne asked incredulously.

"I have, but how I did it I don't know. If it hadn't been for the help I got from two or three soldiers' wives it wouldn't have been possible. Two came with me to London, and one, luckily, wanted to come across to Waterloo. Let's get the children to bed as soon as we can, please."

The leg of mutton, which had been popped into the oven, went on cooking itself, unbasted and uncared for, while Anne and Mary cut bread-and-butter and tried to make a very inadequate supply of milk suffice for the wants of the little people. The question of beds had then to be faced. Anne arranged to give her room to the two elder girls and sleep on the drawing-room sofa, while Mary, grumbling, consented to take a little one into her room. The three-year-old baby was to remain with Rosabel. The other children were placed in the beds already prepared for their reception. The luggage, stacked in the hall, where the flyman had left it, was hastily overhauled, and night garments and toilet necessities were retrieved, while things less urgently needed overflowed on to the floor, and covered chairs and sofas and tables in all the sitting-rooms.

Weary from the struggle in bathroom and bedrooms, Anne dug her way on to the drawing-room sofa and lay down for her night's rest, amid a disorder of clothes, dirty and clean, toys, books, and boots and shoes. Rosabel had retired early and when Anne peeped into her room on the way downstairs she saw that her sister was asleep. The tired, harassed look had gone from the face, the droop of the peevish mouth had lifted to a smile, the long plait of chestnut hair, lightly touched with grey, rested on the pillow, and in one crooked arm lay a little fair head—also at rest. Rosabel looked young again, younger, thought Anne, brushing her hair before the drawing-room mirror, and studying her features as she did so, than she did herself.

Anne could not sleep. Her weariness gave way to a great wakefulness as she reviewed the events of the evening and realized all they would mean in her life. For days past she had been making the resolve that she would not be selfish, that she would think of her sister first and herself last, but do what she would thoughts of self would intrude. A widow and seven

children! and, as far as she could see, she alone must be responsible for their well-being. Good-bye to her day-dreams, good-bye to "The Hermitage," good-bye, it may be, to her life in Long Sutton. The very foundations of her life's building were undermined. Dawn was painting the sky before her eyes closed in rest and after two or three hours of uneasy sleep she woke to a room of tossed clothes and scattered toys, and a resentful Mary standing over her with a cup of tea and a request that she would rise at once and go "down street to the shop," for all the bread had been eaten last night, and the baker never called till half past twelve, and it would take the best part of a loaf to make bread-and-milk for all them seven!

Towards evening the house regained its normal appearance—in the matter of inanimate things, that is, seven little figures sitting on the lawn or round the dining-room table were certainly not normal to the quiet old "Hermitage." As yet these little figures were strangely quiet, shy and timid with strangers, and when Matthew had run up the garden path, on a hurried visit to see if all was well, they had scattered before him like a flock of frightened sheep. He had but a moment's private conversation with Anne, and she had hardly time to sketch the bare outlines of the case when Rosabel demanded attention and Mary came requesting orders. At breakfast time that morning it had been a task of some magnitude to fill



SHE MANAGED TO WALK TO THE GATE WITH MATTHEW.

those little hungry mouths! Anne, as she watched them consume the eggs that should have been her supply for the week, thought of a nest of young starlings and she, the parent, ever darting to and fro in search of supplies.

She managed to escape from her sister and the servant and walk with Matthew to the gate. "Seven, think of it!" she said. "Poor Rosabel brought them over from Canada—alone. The poor girl is half dead with fatigue: I did not let her get down till lunch-time."

"And yourself, Anne?" said Matthew solicitously.

"Oh, I'm as strong as a horse," and Anne flung back her head, defying pity. "What are seven children compared to a dairyful of cows? I've had good training in early rising. But think of it—seven girls, and England wants boys so badly now."

"But Canada—their home—wants girls. These will be the mothers of the new Empire. But how are you going to bring them up, Anne; will the money hold out?"

Matthew knew the size of Anne's income. He had thought four hundred a year too much to marry—he thought it totally insufficient to support eight extra people.

Anne shook her head. "I've tried not to think about ways and means yet," she said. "Indeed, I've had no time: just to wash and dress and get food ready for all those little people has taken up every minute. Perhaps Rosabel will be fit to-morrow and able to help. I must have a talk with her as soon as possible—I don't know yet if she has any means. I fear not, for she talked of selling everything to pay the passages home."

Matthew whistled. He had his own troubles, for business was going badly. Few cars were being sold, and day by day rumours of an impending strike grew more detailed. But he would not worry Anne with his difficulties just now. Nor would he speak to her of her fading prospects of buying the house. Each had troubles—would these troubles bring them together or alienate them hopelessly, he wondered?

That evening Anne had a little talk with Rosabel, and her worst fears were justified. Rosabel, she found, had left Canada, a penniless woman, to throw herself on the charity of her uncle and aunt.

"I had to do it, there was nothing else to do," she said passionately. "Oh, yes, you may talk of pride"—Anne had said nothing—"but what is pride to a woman with seven little children? It won't feed them or clothe them, or give them shelter in that awful country. Things went pretty well for the first two or three years after we were married, but Robert was always an unlucky man. After the third child was born he decided to give up work in the town and take up land. He said it would be healthier for the children. I told him town was healthy enough for me, but he would not listen. The first farm we had was not so bad: we had neighbours, and when the babies came I could get help when I was laid by, and at other times too. But just then all Canada went mad about finding oil, and Robert decided to sell our farm and buy land in an oil-producing district. It was an awful place we got to: the land was bad for farming, it was just a starvation life. I crazed Robert to leave, but he said we must hold on: our fortune would be made when oil was found."

"And was oil found?" asked Anne.

"Of course not," said Rosabel bitterly. "Robert never had any luck. I don't believe any oil was there—they began boring but they never came to anything. It was the asphalt that betokened the presence of oil—I saw that myself—and that was why Robert held on to the land. The other children were born there and life was just—just hell. The farm produced nothing and we used up all our little savings. Then came the war, and the borings ceased; all Canada was so enthusiastic about the war it had no time or thought for anything else. Everybody round us was enlisting;—I wanted Robert to enlist"—an ugly look came to Rosabel's face—"but he would not. I called him a coward, and we had some horrible quarrels, but I was ashamed to have a husband who would not fight for his country. Maybe I said more than I should, but I was justified, was I not?"

(To be continued.)

"INTO ALL THE WORLD."

BY M. C. GOLLOCK.

IV—THE GREAT MESSENGERS.

MISSIONARIES are great because of the Message they carry, and because of Christ's promise to be with them always. Most of them are quite ordinary people, but their total obedience to God and their love to man have made them unlike all other people. Many a brave deed have they all done in unseen places, and were such things as the V.C. or the M.C. given in the Service of God, missionaries would win them again and again. But to give their Message by life and by lip is the one thing they care about.

Leaving Home.

There are many stages in what they do, and the first is leaving home. These homes differ greatly. Down by a lonely lake in the midst of hills and fells is a hamlet of less than a dozen houses. With a tiny church which would fit into the chancel of any ordinary church. Here in this remote north country spot the call came to a young woman to go into all the world with her Message, from a solitary English lake side to a thronging Chinese city where she lived—and died in a few short years—for the Chinese people. Or it may be the home to be left is one of those stately homes where ease and beauty abound. Here too the call comes and the daughter or the son go to spend the best years of their lives learning a new language, and patiently teaching dull minds day by day, without a pang about what they have given up. Or it may be that a young man, after taking a brilliant degree at his university as a doctor, instead of setting up a practice in England where he could make a great name and lots of money, goes to the Mission fields. He has heard the call of the sick without a physician. He flings aside all his prospects and goes in his Master's

Name to grapple with disease and dirt and help the patient sufferers.

A coal miner, too, may have had his call, so that he quietly and steadily teaches himself Greek and Hebrew, works on till he is ordained, and then goes abroad and becomes a great teacher of Christ among the ancient religions of the East. Or, one of our gallant sailors, because of his familiarity with toil and hardship has given himself as a missionary within the arctic circle, where few men can live who have been born in the gentler life of England. These all leave home, face loss, hardship and danger, and win through, for as they give their Message Christ fulfils His pledge.

The New Life.

The next stage is the new life. This, too, varies greatly. There are few spots in the world outside Europe and North America where the climate is not so hot and dry that the country burns brown for months at a time, or so hot and damp that work is a burden. Apart from the climate, with its insect pests, little family life is possible. The children cannot for many reasons be brought up in new Christian surroundings, and there must be separation from them. Missionaries without children sometimes find at the end of long and faithful service that they have scarcely a tie left in England.

But the real difficulties come from the unrestrained working of sin. Missionaries have to teach from the bottom up the true principles of life and conduct. In the course of doing this they have to become acquainted with impurity and grossness such as do not exist anywhere in Christian lands. This means sore conflict, specially for those from sheltered homes. One of these doing pioneer work in West Africa, once said, "When darkness falls I first go outside the house that I may look up at the stars, for they seem to be the only pure things to look on here."

Personal Dangers.

Then, too, missionaries rightly expose themselves to many personal dangers. Perhaps they visit robber tribes on the mountains, telling their message, tending their sick. Perhaps they visit in places where no Christian has ever been or where the very name is

hated. They may be courteously received into the houses where, when they have been hospitably entertained with coffee or some other drink, the cup or the glass will be snapped in two before their eyes because their Christian lips have polluted it. Women missionaries, in particular, have even great risks, because women have been so little respected outside Christian lands, yet they do not flinch. One friend of the writer's was a welcome visitor to some ladies of rank in a Mohammedan city, one of whom was insane. Sometimes in a sudden frenzy she would seize the missionary and hold her out over the balcony running round the courtyard and threaten to drop her down. This she never did, poor soul, and the missionary never ceased

to pay her call or to bring her Message and her medicine. Notwithstanding, however, from all sacrifice and loss, the missionary has a glorious life. Part of his message is the Brotherhood of Mankind, and his life is meant to prove this true. He is a stranger, he wants by his courtesy, his respect for the people of the land to seek their friendship and to offer his on equal terms. It is his to give his message with his lips and to live it with his life. It is theirs to receive that message and afterwards to build up the Church in their own land. So the missionary as he gets to understand customs and beliefs, always wants to distinguish carefully between those which may and may not be carried into Christian worship, and to guide his new friends in carrying out Christ's command to evangelize their own people. Happily, as education spreads, the possibility of friendship



SOMETIMES IN A SUDDEN FRENZY SHE WOULD SEIZE THE MISSIONARY.

on equal terms steadily grows.

His highest Hope.

The missionary's highest hope as to the Christian people of each land is that of John the Baptist's attitude to our Lord. He said, "He must increase; I must decrease." The missionary knows his work will one day be over, that there is a limit which every foreigner must reach in another land, and he wants to put his work into the hands of the Christian people themselves, so that they may work out the Christian Message for themselves and build up their own Christian Church. Great at giving up in the beginning all the way through, and at the end is the greatness of the missionary.

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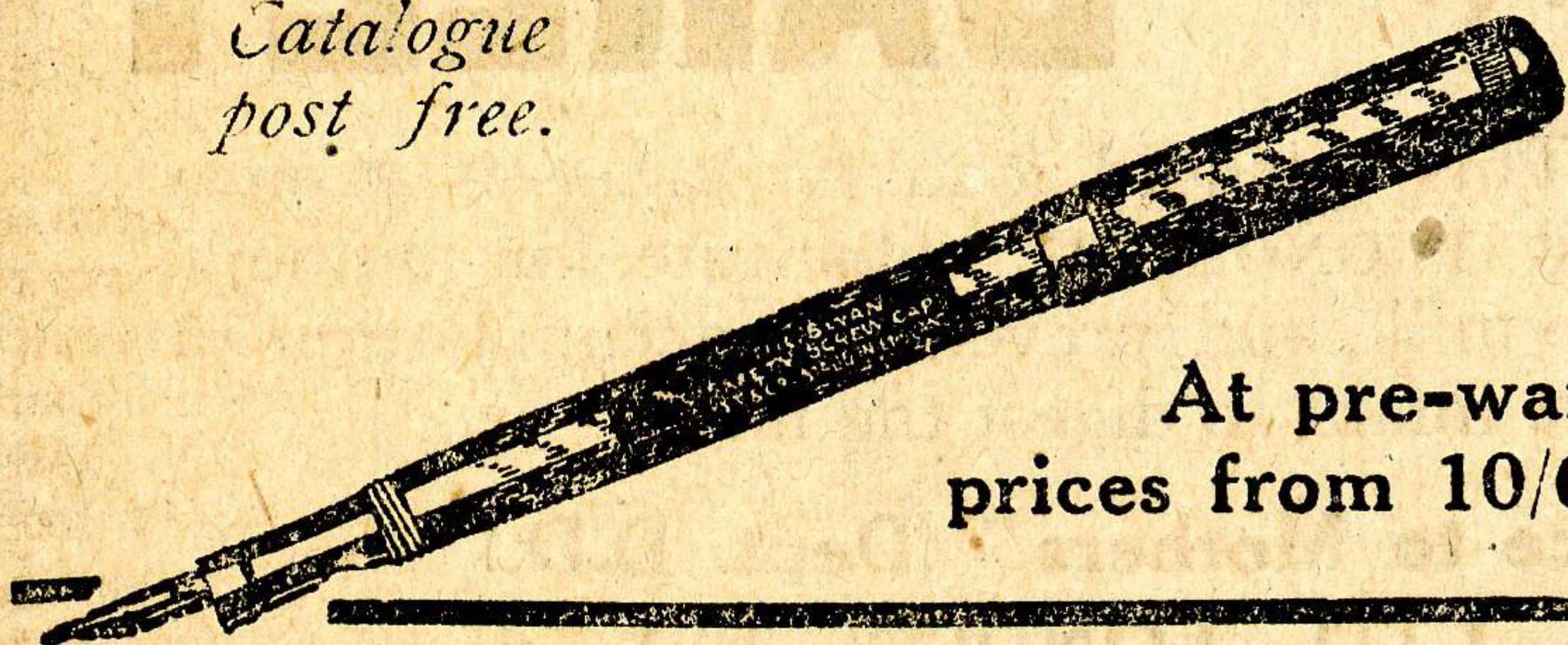


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COUGH & WHEEZING.

VIOLENT ATTACKS AND CHEST CHOKED UP.

MRS. DENYER, 21, Whichelo Place, Brighton, says:—"Baby was only nine months old when he had a bad attack of bronchitis. It came on quite suddenly, and soon was so severe that the attacks of coughing would last half an hour. His chest seemed quite choked up, and the wheezing was very bad. I feared it was going to be whooping cough as well as bronchitis.

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The Magazine.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be a pleasure to find the circulation of the *Parish Magazine* increasing, (as it has again for 1918,) but the drastic shortage of paper makes me a little anxious about the supply. I will do what I can to meet it.

School Managers' Meeting.

A meeting was held on Feb. 28th. Present,—The Rector, (Chairman), Messrs. E. Hooper, J.P., W. J. Smith, A. W. Keys, A. F. Daniels. Routine business was transacted, and finances examined.

School Endowment Trust.

The Trustees met on March 6th., and decided with regard to the usual Exhibitions for scholars.

One Way of Doing Things.

The replies in Parliament are about as misleading as War *Communiqués*. From what one reads of the work done by military authorities, one would think that they were the "best of all authorities." If, however, you examine into their ways a little more closely you will find that the stupidest of business men would not do the absurd things they do. I say nothing of how frequently the same account has been paid over and over again. I say nothing of the scandalous waste of the taxpayers' money on the Frampton-Frocester railway. I say nothing of the crass, rank injustice of taking the little food left for parishioners. But in the name of decency and common intelligence I do protest against the latest folly,—the surreptitious inveigling of local farm and other labourers from their steady and necessary work, by offering them more than twice the wages they had. Have not the authorities had sufficient warning from their stupid efforts in the same direction in the early days of the war? Will they never learn? Or is it that they are too grossly ignorant? If the folly is pursued I hope the farmers and others will "down tools." It really seems the only way to bring such people to their senses. Since writing the above I have been informed that the Quedgeley gentlemen have offered £2. a week to a local man who was well content with his 25s. a week for necessary work in which he has served since his boy-hood. Can no check be put upon such criminal stupidity?

The Local Pensions Committee.

I am not a "man of affairs," if I was I should soon want to know something of the workings of the Local Pensions Committee, and the ways in which supplementary aid is given to applicants. A case has been referred to me recently from

Cheltenham, and I strongly recommended no aid to be given. Why? Because the applicant was in receipt of a pension for herself and some seven or eight children. To anyone who could not live and pay her baker, rent or other debts on so ample a sum as these numbers obtain, it would be unkindness to put more money in her possession for waste.

Normality.

Most of the soldiers billeted on the parish have been transferred to Frampton, and our village is again resuming its normal life. There are some results from the billeting that many will regret.

Abnormality

Since writing the previous paragraph a new batch of soldiers have been billeted on this parish, and, I regret to say, the parish is once more in a state of commotion and moral turmoil. The scenes on our public roads after dark are not a credit to either the men, the giddy, foolish young girls, or their parents. I sincerely hope that the county police will be vigilant in reporting any licensed house that supplies any man, not in a fit state, whether he be officer, sergeant or private. On Sunday, March 10th, we had some scenes that were not creditable. We have a number of officers here, and I strongly hold that one at least should personally patrol the roads from five to ten o'clock at night. They are not overburdened with military or other work, and they should be taught that soldiering,—whether for officer or private,—is no longer toy-work, but work returned for pay. The social side of soldiering is a thing of the past.

£3,400 GONE AS TRAY.

I have been told that sometime ago sugar was supplied by Mr. A., from Bristol. A. sent his bill to department C. C. wrote that it must go to D. D. wrote that it must go to E. Meanwhile C. sends A. a cheque for £1700. By next post D. sends £1700. Next post E. sends £1700. A. returns cheques to D. and E. Next post D. and E. re-forward cheques to A., saying he must keep them. They are still in A's safe. I wonder under what column these items will appear in Government ledgers?

HOW THE MILITARY MANAGE THINGS.

A short time ago a small article was bought. Officer—Is the price a fair one? Orderly—Yes. Then buy it. A bill for 7s. was sent to head quarters. Foolscaps followed. Purchaser is reprimanded. Head quarters send a Valuer from Salisbury. Day, and railway expenses are lost. All are reprimanded, the 7s. article is revalued, and more is offered to the seller than he asked! That's the way to spend—other people's—money.

THANKS.—I desire to thank all who have returned me their Waf and Stray Collecting Boxes.

F. HOWELL.—We were all glad to see Fred Howell amongst us, and looking so well.

TOBACCO.—"I do not challenge the justice," [writes a correspondent,] "of your severe comment in the March Magazine upon our gross extravagances. But why omit the waste on tobacco?" Quite right; nor do I challenge the justice of your comment. I did not forget it, but I had not the figures by me at the time.

Question and Answer Column.

PROPHECY AND THE WAP.

(Short Notes of Sermons preached by the Rector in Eastington Parish Church.)

TURKEY IN PROPHECY. (10-2-18)

To-night's subject is based on the words which tell of the 'over-flow' of the Euphrates. Rev. ix. 14.

Question.—In what way can this prophecy be reasonably applied to the rise of the Turkish Empire?

This question can only be answered by knowing what S. John meant by the word "over-flow."

Jeremiah xlvi, 8, answers. He prophesied on the "over-flow of the Nile," and it was followed by the invasion of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar. (So did Isaiah, in viii, 8.

When the great rivers of the East are used by the prophets, it is generally understood that the rivers themselves are not referred to literally, but as representatives of the peoples living in the vicinity of those rivers.

Prophetically, then, the use of the Euphrates may refer to those living near to that great river.

Historically, this will fully apply to the Turks, for, originally they came from the neighbourhood of the Euphrates,—from Turkestan.

The prophetic over-flow would then seem to indicate the sudden rise to power of some peoples in the neighbourhood of this great river.

Turkey alone suits this prophecy.

Some facts.—Till the 8th. century Turkey was an unknown, at least an insignificant, state on the eastern shores of the Euphrates. Little by little Turkey pushed westward, till, in 623 Mohammed attacked the whole Christian world in Asia, Africa and Europe. From thence, down to the taking of Constantinople in 1453, the Turks conquered everywhere, stopping short only in Europe at the gates of Venice and Vienna, receiving their first and fatal check at the battle of Lepanto, 1571.

Up to 1571, no other power meets so amply the prophecy of S. John respecting the over-flow of Euphrates. (Rev. ix, 14.)

Since 1571 Turkey, (always a European usurper,) has been engaged in one continuous effort merely to keep her earlier conquests.

Thus the Euphrates has prophetically 'over-flowed,' and S. John's prophecy has been fulfilled in historic fact in the national events connected with the Turkish empire.

We should not forget that if such prophecies as these do and have come true, that there are other prophecies so immediately concerning ourselves as to make their neglect little short of a crime.

THE DRYING UP OF THE EUPHRATES.—THE DECLINE OF TURKEY. (17-2-18.)

Based on Revelation xvi, 12.

To-night we are to consider what seem to be indications in the modern history of the once powerful Turkish Empire pointing to a fulfilment of the 'Drying Up' process.

It will be conceded I think that loss of Sovereign authority on the one hand, and actual loss of territory on the other are clear indications of the Decline or Drying Up of the powers of any Empire. I judge the Decline of the Turkish Empire as Gibbon did the Roman Empire.

Up to the year 1571 Turkey was all-conquering. In that year, under John of Austria, Turkey met with her first defeat at the battle of Lepanto. From 1571 to 1820 Turkey has no history save that of crime, no progress save

in the domain of massacre and rapine.

In 1827 the Greeks revolted, and the present Greek Kingdom was set up. Moldavia and territory north of the Danube was freed. In 1844 England compelled Turkey to give Religious Toleration to all her subjects.

In 1866 Egypt became independent. In 1882 England occupied Egypt. In 1915 England deposed the Khedive, created a Sultanate, and assumed a Protectorate.

Morocco, after 400 years, is Independent. Tunis and Algeria are French colonies. Tripoli is Italian. A new King of Arabia rules at Mecca, and HALF of PALESTINE is now in ENGLISH HANDS. Thus Turkey in Europe, Asia, and Africa is but a skeleton of herself. No Prophecy could be more suggestively realized.

Parish Register.

BAPTIZED.

Warner, Donald, s. of H. & W Warner,	Jan 28, 1917
White, Gwend., d. of W & E White,	Mar 25 "
Prout, Marg. K, d. of L & M Prout,	June 17 "
Kindrick, Geoff., s. of A & E Kindrick,	Nov 25 "
Shill, Doris E., d. of R & J Shill,	Jan 13 1918
Shill, Gwen. H., d. of " "	" " "
Shill, Phyllis J., d. of " "	" " "
Shill, Flora W, d. of " "	Mar 10 "

MARRIED.

Guilding-Holmes.—J E to M E,	May 23, 1917
Gabb-Dell.—A C to Amy	June 23, "
Young-Keene.—S to A M,	June 30, "
Lewis-Abraham.—E A to M,	Nov 24, "
Coleman-Cowley.—R A to F A	Feb 23, 1918

BURRIED.

Sherman, Ann, 96 years,	May 15, 1917
Gregory, George, 85 years,	June 20, "
Leighton, Julia, 58 years,	Aug 7, "
King, George, 21 years,	Oct 2, "
Hayward, Eliza, 53 years,	Oct 22, "
Briekerton, Leslie, 4 years,	Nov 28, "
Clutterbuck, Sarah, 88 years,	Nov 29, "
Davis, Oliver, 63 years,	Dec 22, "
Young, Jane, 75 years,	Dec 29, "
Sparks, Caroline, 78 years,	Jan 5, 1918
Gwinnell, Mary, 78 years,	Jan 5, "
Cowley, John, 66 years,	Jan 16, "
Cowley, Eliza, 65 years,	Jan 19, "
Phipps, Lucy, 27 years,	Jan 25, "

Burnt Bricks.

Burnt bricks were used in the earliest days of human civilization. Romans introduced them into England.

Pressure.

The pressure of the atmosphere on a man of average stature is about 15 tons to the square inch. Being equalized it is not felt, but he would hesitate to carry a quarter of a ton.