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*Fear God. Honor the King. Love the Brotherhood.*

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VOL. IX.

ONE PENNY.

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**Eastington**

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**Parish Church**

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**Magazine.**

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*Rector*—Rev. G. T. ALTIMAS WARD, M.A.

*Churchwardens*— { JAMES TROWER, Esq., J.P.  
Mr. D. B. WADLEY

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*For List of Officers, Services, Fees, &c., see back.*

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This Magazine can be had from Mrs. WENT, Alkerton, Mrs. J. TUDOR,  
Churchend, Mrs. FRYER, Nupend, or from the RECTOR.



# Eastington Parish Church Magazine, 1912.

## CHURCH OFFICERS.

*Churchwardens* : { J. TROWER, Esq., J.P.  
Mr. D. B. WADLEY

*Sidesmen* :—Messrs.

A. KEYS,	T. EVANS,
A. W. KEYS,	N. TUDOR,
JAMES SMITH,	W. SHILL,
L.P. FAUL,	H. HOWELL,
E. SMITH,	H. WARNER,
C. DYMOTT	P. SILVEY.
G. HARRIS,	W. ACTON.

*Choirmaster*—Rev. G. T. A. WARD, Rector

*Organist*—Mr. J. MOORE.

*Music Librarian*—Mr. J. TUDOR.

*Church Keeper*—Mr. TUDOR, Churchend.

*Members of the Choir.*

Mrs. Tudor	Miss F. Dowdeswell
Miss Powell	„ K. Stapleton,
„ K. Cole	„ N. Burt
„ L. Cole	„ R. Owen
„ L. Evans	Mr W. Smith
„ M. Wight	„ F. Burt
„ F. Organ	„ H. Barnfield
„ N. Cole	„ H. Stapleton
„ A. White	„ W. E. Evans
„ A. Hone	„ J. Rowbotham
„ M. Howell	„ J. Tudor
„ G. Shill	„ Wm. Evans
„ L Gardner	„ R. Davis

*Sunday School Tacheers.*

Superin- { Clerical—The Rector.  
tendents { Lay—Mr. J. Rowbotham.  
—Mr. J. Moore.

The Rector, Messrs. J. Rowbotham, H. Barnfield, the Misses B. Keys, L. Cole, Annie Hone, G. Shill, M. Howell, D. Fletcher.

The seating of the Parish Church is under the direction of the Wardens during their term of office.

## SCALE OF FEES, &C

	Rector.	Clerk.
Banns of Marriage ...	1/6	1/0
Marriage (after Banns) ...	5/0	2/6
Marriage (by License) ...	1/1/0	5/0
Graves, 5 feet deep ...	0/0/0	10/0
Graves, for each extra foot...	0/0/0	1/0
Graves, for Non-Parishioners	1/1/0	10/6

### FEES EXTRA TO THE ABOVE

Head and Foot Stone ...	10/6	2/6
Flat, or Body Stone ...	1/1/0	2/6
Tomb ...	2/2/0	10/6
Grave enclosed with Stone...	2/2/0	10/6
Vault ...	4/4/0	10/6
Brick Grave ...	4/4/0	10/6
Opening Brick Grave or Vault	1/1/0	10/6

NOTE.—All Burial Fees are double for Non-Parishioners.

Certificates of Marriage, 2/7 each. Search of Register, first year, 1/-, subsequent years, 6d. per year. Fee for Artificial Flowers on Grave, 5/-.

NOTE.—There is no Fee for Holy Baptism, and the Fee for the Churching of Women,

SPECIAL NOTICE. No Funerals whatever will be taken on Sundays, unless ordered by the Medical Officer of Health.

## THE OFFERTORIES.

SICK AND NEEDY. Matins. 1st Sunday in the month.

CHURCH EXPENSES. 11 and 6.30 on the 2nd and 3rd Sundays, and 6.30 on the 1st Sunday.

ORGANIST SALARY FUND. All services on the 4th Sunday, and at early Celebrations.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPENSES. Fifth Sunday in the month.

RECTOR'S EASTER DUES. All Services Easter Day.

The Choir Practices on Fridays are open to the members of the congregation.



# The Tuesday Lantern Lectures

Subject,—‘Voices from the Past.’

(By arrangement with the British Museum.)

Jan. 9—Mt. Ophel (Hill of Zion)

Jan. 23—Royal Babylon.

Jan. 30—Empire of Babylonia.

Feb. 6—Nineveh and Mosul.

„ 13—Rome, (Pompei)

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**MEN'S GUILD,—7 to 10.**

The Hall, Monday & Thursday.

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**WOMEN'S GUILD, Wednesdays.**

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**CHOIR PRACTICE, Fridays, 7.30**

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**GLEE CLASS, Fridays, 8.45-9.15**

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*The next united Guild*

*‘Social,’ Tuesday, 16*

*Jan. Admission 3d.*

G. T. A. WARD, M.A., Rector.



# Eastington Parish Church Magazine, JAN., 1912.

1912.

My dear Friends and Parishioners,

By the time this magazine has reached you, 1911, with all its associations—some pleasant, only too many sad—will have passed from us, and we shall have begun a new set of numbers.

## TIME.

Already we have crossed a new threshold, stepped on to a new road, leading who knows Where? bringing into our lives who knows What? carrying us who knows Whither?

If Time had no other value or importance, surely the spirit of reflection which it must arouse in each one of us who thinks at all is not easy to exaggerate—one year older, another of experience added, one more from the total taken away, the grave time of opportunity irrevocably diminished. In the words of Scripture, "nearer (to the end) than when we believed," or as the well-known hymn has it, "A day's march nearer home."

I can hardly think but that these facts must be of importance to each one of us, be we young, be we old, be we rich or poor. For some the hour glass may still have much of its sands left, but for many they must be fast running out, for either the glass may at any moment be broken.

## OUR DUTY.

Reflections of this kind, which are bound to be brought home to us at the end of one, and the beginning of another year, surely must suggest to us some clear line of duty. What kind of thoughts would be likely to come into the mind, say, of a hungry man, with his last sixpence beginning to grow less? He would surely begin to "husband" his remaining coppers, and to try to make the most of what was left. Clearly enough it seems to me that that, or a like course, is what sensible Christian men and women ought to do with regard to their religious state during the coming year. All of us have more to be sorry for, and less time wherein to make such amendment as we can. Let us husband the days of the New Year as if they were our last few coppers, as with many they may well be. Do not let us be extravagant with what may well be the last penny of our lives. Do not spend them in the profitless luxuries which so often prove to be but "the meat which perisheth." Do not lose them on the ephemerality which are but the baits and lures and will-o'-the-wisps of the evil one. Rather let us gather such a store of soul-sustaining food that when the hour of stress is upon us we may be able to bear our burdens and be fitted as best we

can for the long journey that begins only when we have "crossed the bar" and entered upon that road which joins this life with the life of the risen.

## MY NEW YEAR'S WISH.

For each and for all in this parish I have but one all-embracing wish, and that is that the great Father of us all may bring into the life of us all Joy, Peace and Prosperity, Freedom from Pain and Suffering, and a deeper appreciation of our sacred and solemn responsibilities as Christian men and women.

Your Parish Priest and Friend,

G. T. ALTIMAS WARD.

## DAY SCHOOL PRIZE LIST.

Prizes for Proficiency (given by the Managers).—Gertie Underwood (Standard VI.), Nellie Fryer (Standard V.), Albert Middlecoate, Eleanor Daniels (Standard IV.), Sybil White, Wm. Wood, Elsie Howell (Standard III.), Phyllis Shill (Standard II.), Ben Goulding (Standard I.). Infants (1st class): Nancy Rowbotham, Harold Gwinnell, George Smith; 2nd class: Clara Stapleton, Nellie Shill, Wm. Clutterbuck.

Rector's Prize for English: Gertie Underwood. Mr. Hooper's Prize for Arithmetic: Dora Stapleton.

Fancy Needlework Competition.—1st, Violet Goddard (prize given by Mrs. Rowbotham); 2nd, Nellie Fryer (prize given by Mrs. F. Miles); 3rd, Evelyn Howell (prize given by Mrs. E. A. Hooper); 4th, Dora Stapleton.

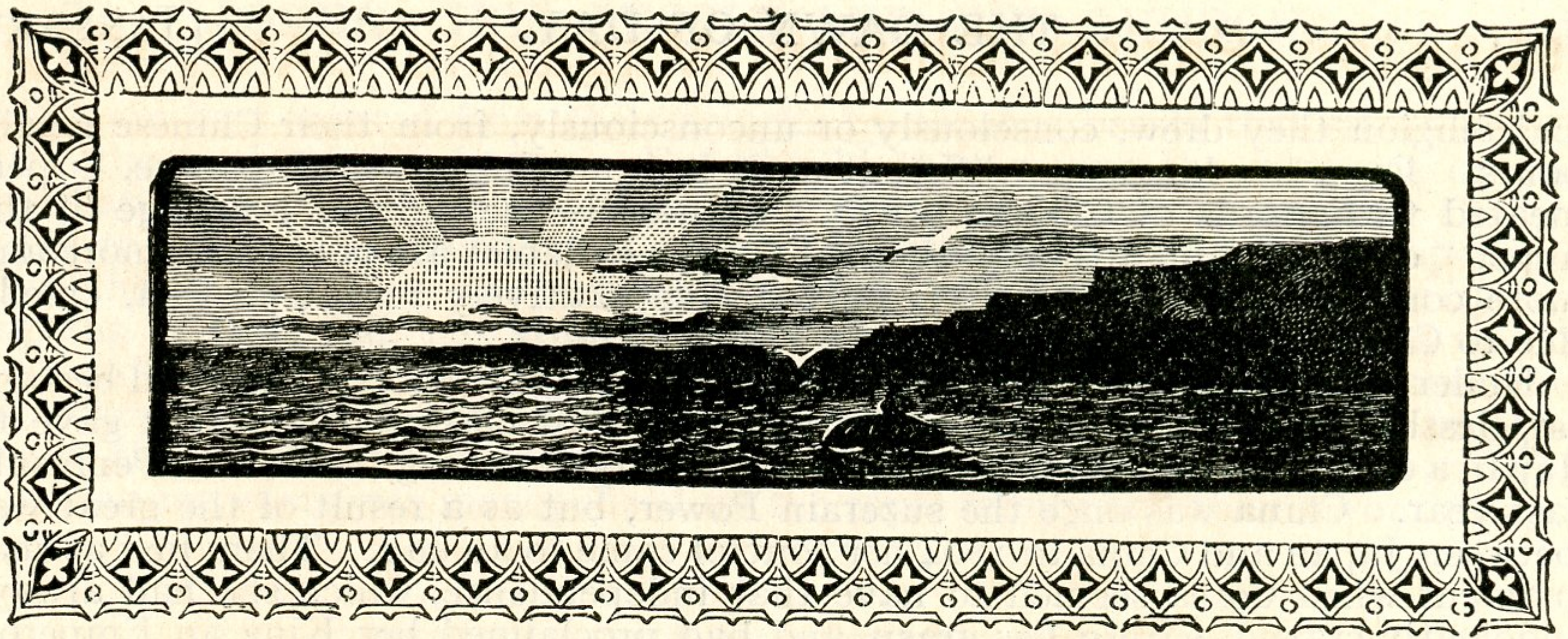
Handiwork Competition (boys).—Cyril Keys (prize given by Mr. F. Miles), Frank Gwinnell (prize given by Headmaster).

General Needlework.—Gertie Underwood (prize given by Miss Coates).

## FIRST SOCIAL.

At the first January social the following contributed:—Pianoforte solo, Miss E. M. Evans; song, "All the nice girls love a sailor," Mr. D. Warner; "Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling," Miss G. M. Williams; recitation, "A woman of mind," Mr. H. Barnfield; song, "Love's old sweet song," Miss V. H. Miles; song, "Tit for Tat," Miss M. Howell; song, Mr. R. Warner; song, "Three merry travellers," Miss D. Fletcher; song, "A little child shall lead them," Miss M. E. Clutterbuck; song, "Asleep in the deep," Mr. H. Howell.





No. 193.]

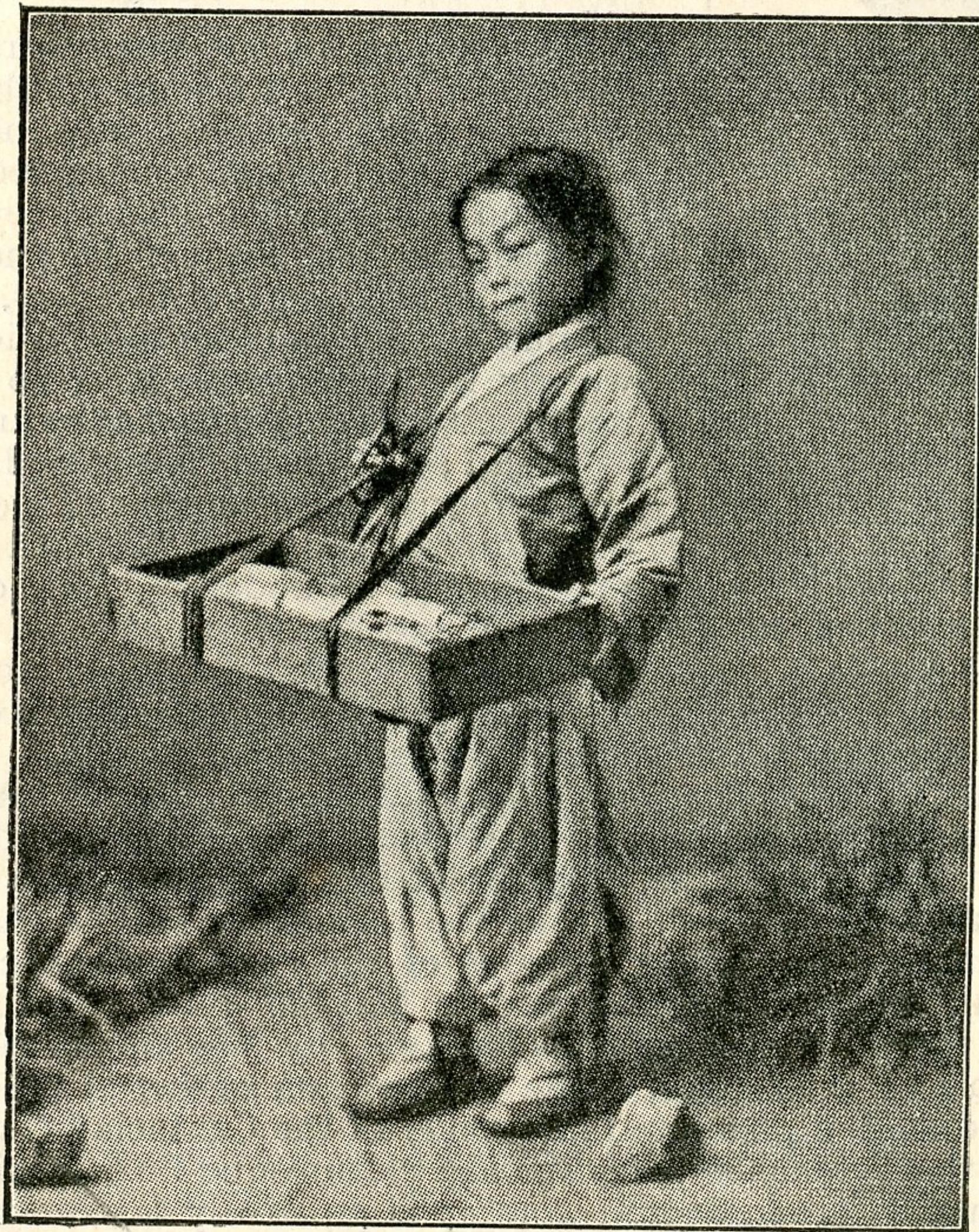
JANUARY, 1912.

OCTAVO EDITION

## Corea : Her People and Her Church.

By the Rev. S. J. CHILDS CLARKE, M.A.

*Organizing Secretary of the Church of England Mission to Corea.*



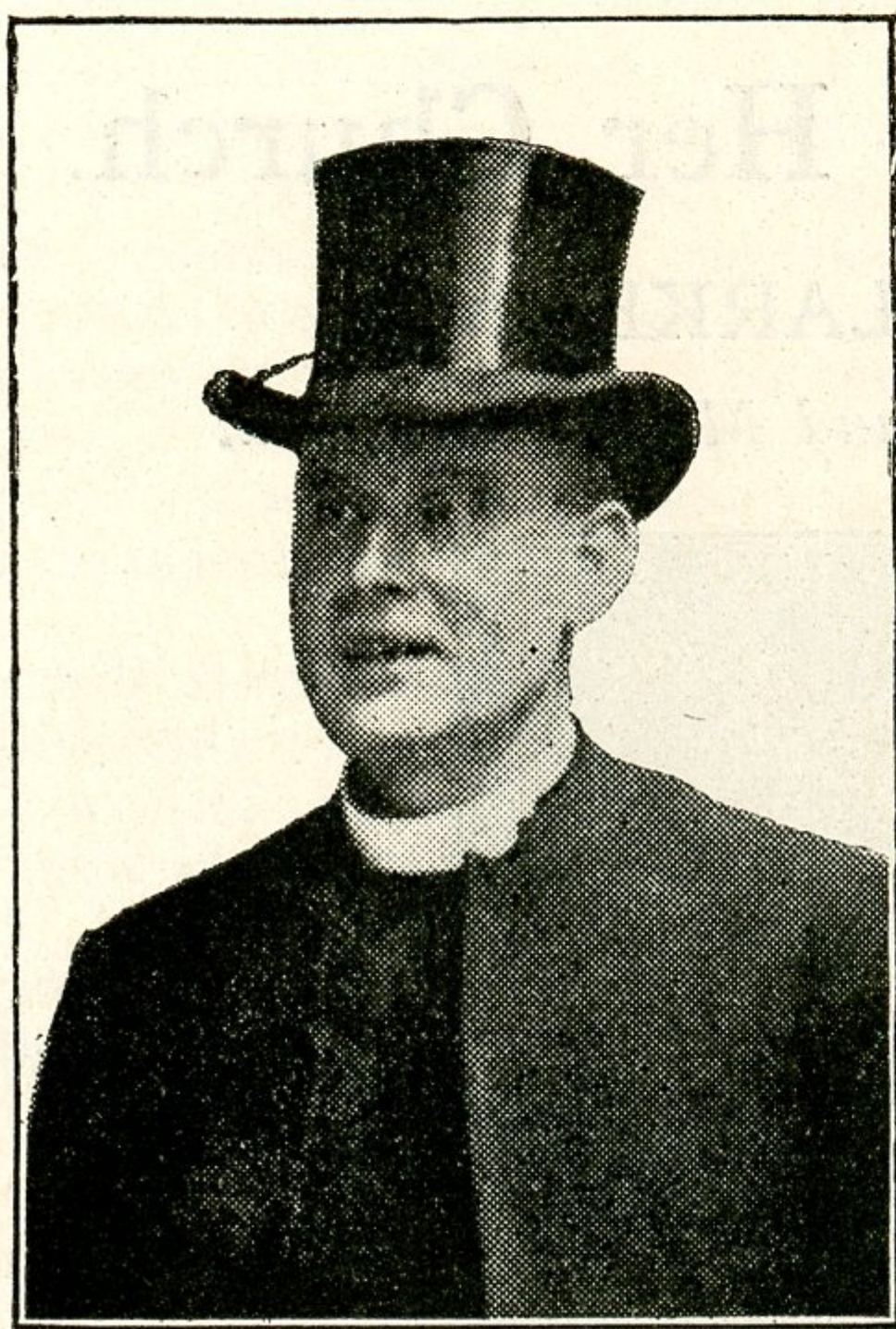
A LITTLE VENDOR OF CANDY IN COREA.

**T**HERE is a glamour and romance about the Far East generally, that has always appealed to the Englishman in search of new experiences. Corea, perhaps, of all the countries of the Orient, offers him the most interesting study. Quaint, fascinating, beautiful, irreligious, lazy, inscrutable, and ever to be pitied, so she is described by the few who have ventured to write of her as they have found her. All that her people knew of government, of art,



and religion they drew, consciously or unconsciously, from their Chinese neighbours. Even her language, different as it is from Chinese or Japanese, is permeated with words of Chinese origin. Chinese is the written language of the upper "classes", and although the real Korean syllables are now being more and more committed to writing, it is only a comparatively recent custom, chiefly due to Christian missionaries.

Under the somewhat lax suzerainty of the Chinese Emperors, Korea had become hopelessly corrupt and at the mercy of the official classes. This fact gave to Japan a certain warranty for her action in formally annexing the Korean Peninsula last year. China was once the suzerain Power, but as a result of the great war between Japan and China in 1894 her control came to an end. Then, just at that moment when Korea seemed to have that independence, which she had always indolently craved, within her grasp, and had proclaimed her King an Emperor, Russia made a bid for political supremacy over the country. This resulted in the Russo-Japanese war, which ended so disastrously for Russia. Victorious over her two great neighbours, Japan at first claimed to establish a protectorate over Korea, but this laudable intention was soon given up for the more tangible fruits of victory—annexation. So Korea has ceased to be an independent kingdom, and has become part of the Japanese Empire.



*Photo by General Press Photo Co.*  
RT. REV. M. N. TROLLOPE, D.D.,  
BISHOP IN COREA

### "No Religion."

It was just twenty-one years ago that the Church of England undertook the difficult task of planting the Catholic Faith among this people, of whom travellers and writers declare that "they have no religion". This sweeping statement has been made so frequently, and by those who should be in a position to know, that it cannot be put aside as a mere impression. But when we say that the people have no religion, we do not necessarily imply that they are "irreligious". It would seem that this hermit land, almost the last to receive the attention of the civilizing ideas of European and other Western Powers, has remained shut up under the hand of God, waiting for the proclamation of the Gospel, before responding to that desire for worship, which is implanted in every race. There was a time when

Buddhism was the prevailing religion of the Korean people. But Buddhism fell into discredit some centuries ago when its devotees came into conflict with those who professed to follow the sage Confucius. The Buddhists, who had become corrupt and enervated, "were terribly defeated, and thenceforth no Buddhist was allowed to dwell within the capital or within the cities." The monasteries remained important features of the rural landscape, and were not interfered with; but the mass of people became quite oblivious to religious matters. The morality of Confucius became, for the upper classes, the only guiding principle of their lives, while superstition enslaved the poorer people, whose lack of education prevented any study of the Confucian classics. And the superstition of the Koreans is uncommonly picturesque! One writer has gone so far as to say that "Korean demon-worship is positively fascinating!"

### Strange Demons.

There is a class of demons whom the poor Korean lives in constant dread of—demons who work all manner of evil. The superstitious Korean attributes all his ills and misfortunes to these demons. He peoples the air, the sky, and the sea with the devils of earthquake, of pestilence, of lightning, of hurricane, and ten thousand other evils. These demons are very very small, and of little physical strength. They drop mysteriously from the sky, and therefore the dwelling-



places are best secured from their attacks by hideous beasts that sit on guard upon the roofs of the houses. But should they escape the vigilance of the guardian monsters, there is still another means by which the cunning Korean hopes to evade the impending calamity. He makes his roof with the up-tilted eave (shown on p. 4), so that when the demons fall upon it, they are shot by the impetus of their fall, not straight down into the surrounding yard, as would necessarily happen were the roof such as we are accustomed to, but over the boundary wall into the premises of some unsuspecting neighbour. This precaution of the tilted roof was rendered all the more necessary, since the right to have guardian monsters was monopolized by the royal family and their favourites.



AN OFFICIAL OF THE COURT AT SEOUL.

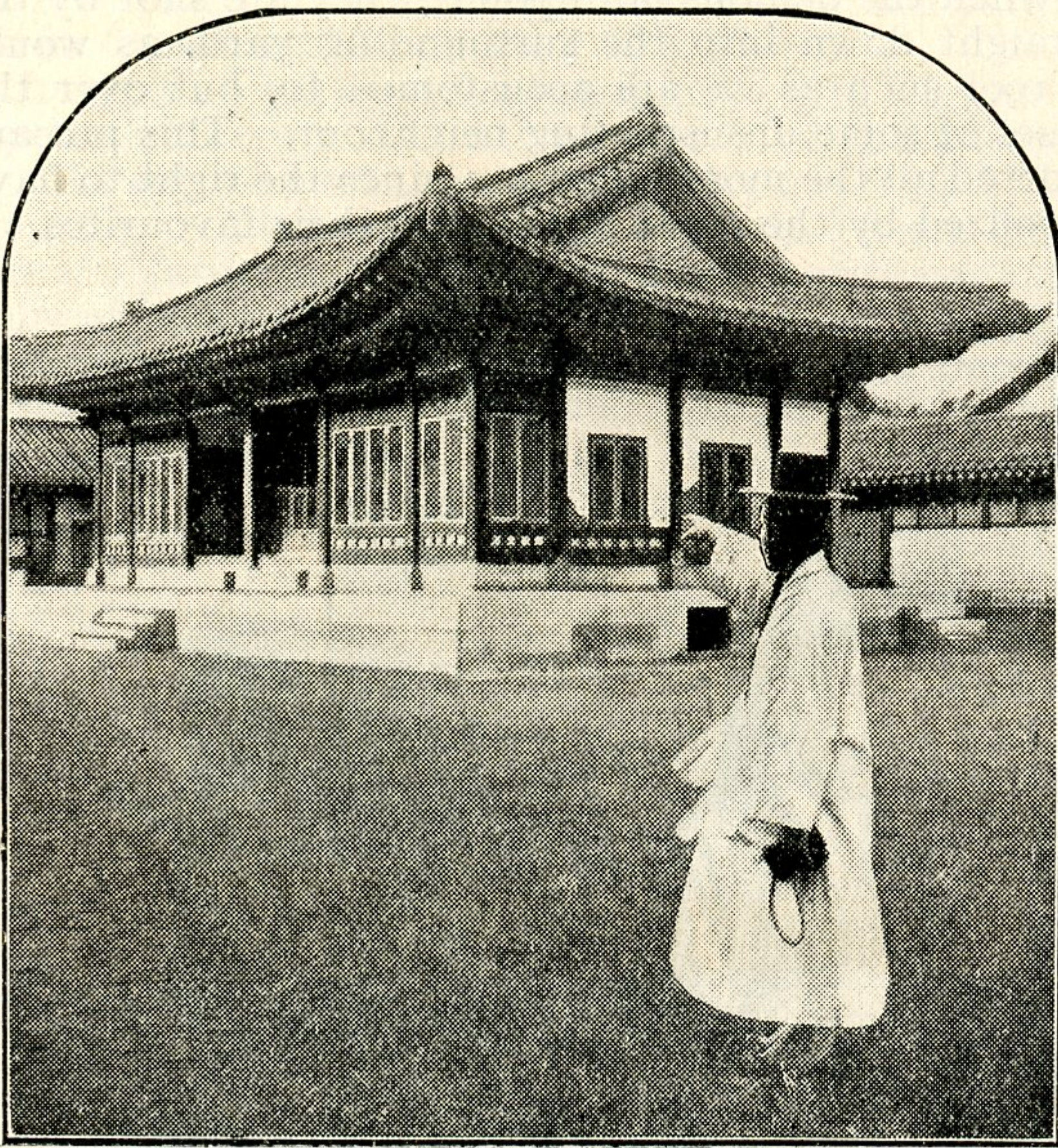
### The Progress of Christianity.

Now at last it seems that the advent of the Christian faith is rapidly dethroning the demons from their usurped place in the lives of an otherwise sensible and intellectual people. Twenty-one years ago, the missionaries of our Church had just arrived in Corea. After seven years' work there was but one baptized adherent. The position to-day is marvellously changed. In one centre alone, there are more than one thousand communicants. And these are no "fair-weather Christians". A priest, recently gone out from an East London parish to work in this district, writes home that nothing has impressed him more than the cheerful and ready way in which, in country districts, men and women of over seventy years of age walk their ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles for their Sunday Eucharist.



## A Remarkable Feature.

One of the most remarkable features of the converts is their intense desire to bring others into the church. Churchwardens, after Sunday service in their own



THE EMPEROR'S APARTMENTS IN THE PALACE AT SEOUL.

parish, consider it a duty to start off to some neighbouring place and preach the Gospel. As a result, centres of work are springing up in every direction, which the priest in charge of the district is often at a loss to know how to deal with. It must not be supposed that this enthusiasm is abused by any carelessness in selecting those for admission into the status of Catechumen. A long period of probation is the rule, so that the genuineness of the request may be abundantly proved. This proves no hardship to the earnest inquirer. Classes are eagerly attended after the day's work in the fields, and those who attend are content to sit hour after hour—often indeed for much longer than the weary teacher originally bargained for. Schools are attended with no less keen-

ness. The future, therefore, of the Church in this land of no religion is very bright. Events seem to prove that the Koreans are at heart a deeply religious people, whose influence must undoubtedly count for much in the evangelization of the Far East in time to come.

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### Our New Year.

NEW YEAR! that comest, to watching folk,  
Thro' mists and snows—

What bring'st thou, hid beneath thy cloak?

*"God knows! God knows!"*

Behind the veil that none can lift

Wait joys? Wait woes?

Is peace, or pain, to be thy gift?

*"God knows! God knows!"*

Our hopes whereon we build so much

Wilt grant us those?

Or shall they perish at thy touch?

*"God knows! God knows!"*

New Year! that answer holds the key

And fear o'erthrows!

Whate'er behind the veil may be

*"God knows! God knows!"*

On Him, whose love is true and just,

Our hearts repose

As children's in their Father trust . . .

*"God knows! God knows!"*

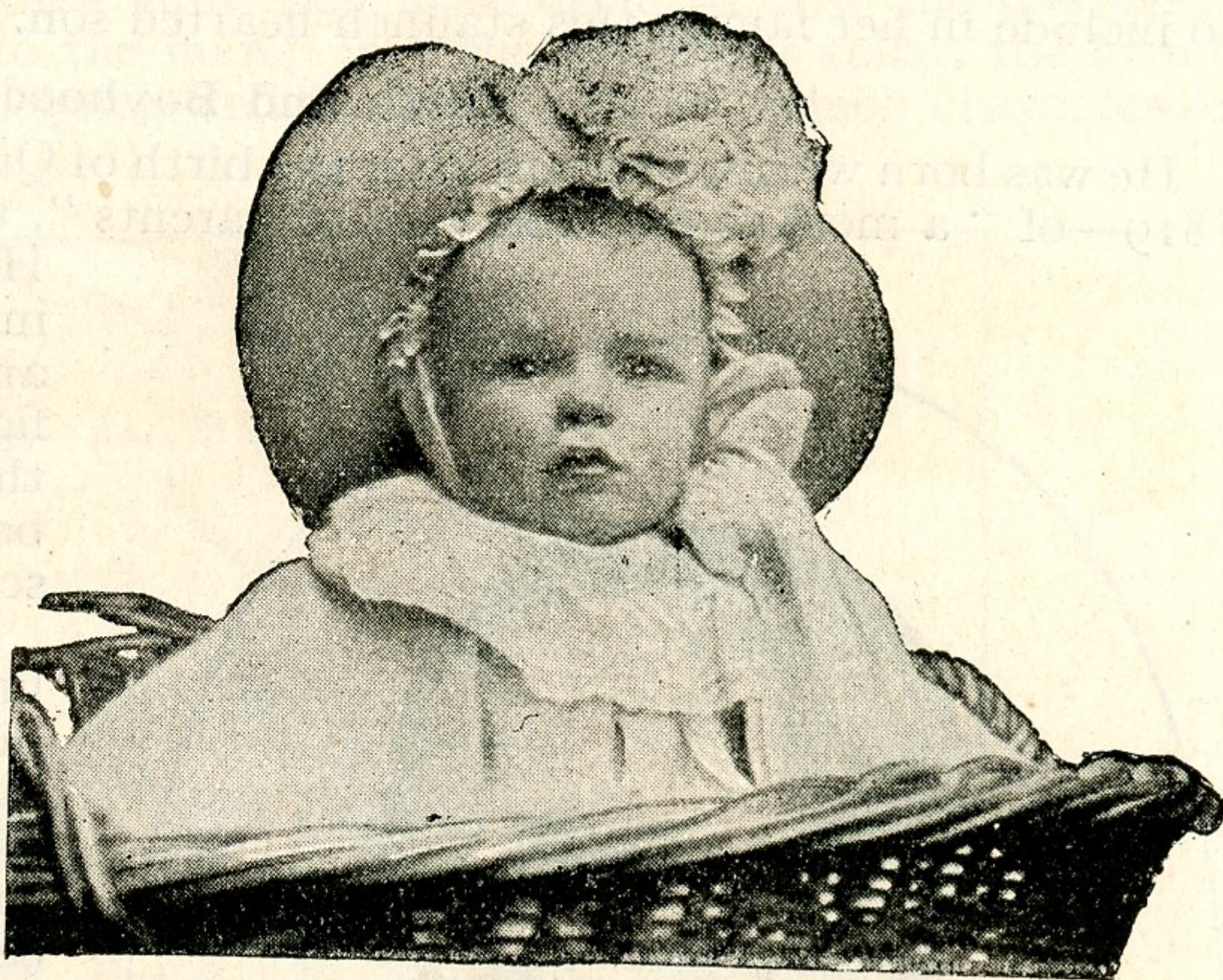
QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER.



## Baby.

**H**E may be the most beautiful—the dearest baby in all the world, but, after all, he is only a baby—not a little man. We do not expect him to talk and walk like a man, but do not some of us sometimes treat him like a little man as regards what he eats? He has only a baby's digestion and his food must be suited to his years—or rather to his weeks and months.

For the first eight or nine months of baby's life his mother should feed him herself, or, if this is unfortunately impossible, he must have nothing but pure, fresh cow's milk diluted with boiled water or barley water (made from prepared barley in powder), with a very little white sugar added. He should be fed every two hours during the day and every three or four hours during the night until he is three months old, then the intervals between his meals may be made a little longer, but he should still be fed every three hours during the day until he is eight or nine months old.



The following table is given in a leaflet for mothers printed by one of our big hospitals.

Age of child.	Milk.	Water or barley water.	Total amount to be given at each meal.
During—	Tablespoons.	Tablespoons.	Tablespoons.
1st fortnight	1	2	3
2nd „	2	3	5
2nd month	2	3	5
3rd „	4	4	8
4th „	5	4	9
5th „	6	4	10
6th „	8	4	12
7th „	9	4	13
8th „	10	4	14
9th „	12	4	16

These are the quantities suitable for a healthy baby.

When he is nine months old baby should be taking every day at least a quart of milk mixed with half a pint of barley water. At eight or nine months his teeth will have begun to come, and he may then have for his middle-day meal a little red gravy or plain broth with stale bread crumbs, or the yolk of a lightly boiled egg with bread crumbs. By the time he is a year old his quart of milk should be undiluted, and his meals may be varied by bread and milk, bread and butter, well cooked milk puddings, and bread crumbs in bacon fat. He may have fish—fresh fish of course—or meat when he is eighteen months old, but it would be better to wait until he is two years old, and even then both the fish and the meat must be finely minced. And he must have no green vegetables or raw fruit until he is over three years old.

As for tea, coffee, beer, spirits, cheese, pickles, dried fish, or any such things, they are simply poison to him.



## Great English Churchmen.

BY Q. SCOTT-HOPPER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“**A** WEST-COUNTRY man born and bred”: such was Kingsley’s joyous boast concerning himself, and “Glorious Devon”, who has contributed some notable names to England’s roll of honour, may be well content, to include in her family this staunch-hearted son.

### Birth and Boyhood.

He was born within a month after the birth of Queen Victoria—viz., on June 12, 1819—of “a most remarkable pair of parents”, as he himself was wont to say.



His father, “a magnificent man in body and mind,” came of an ancient family, in whose veins ran fighting blood. His mother was the daughter of a judge in Barbadoes, a man of books and science, and a great traveller.

Holne Vicarage, “under the brow of Dartmoor,” was Charles’s birthplace; but his parents removed from thence when he was six weeks old, first to Burton-on-Trent, and from there to Clifton (Notts.), and afterwards to Barnack, in the diocese of Peterborough, which living the Bishop of Peterborough desired Mr. Kingsley to hold until his son, Herbert Marsh, then a boy of seventeen, should be of age to take Holy Orders. Here, in the nursery of the fine old fourteenth-century rectory, Charles Kingsley, at four years old, preached his first sermon, and before he was five, composed his first poems (“A Song upon Life,” and others). Here, too, he grew to intimately know and love the Fen country, of which, in its yet unreclaimed wild beauty, he gives us a wonder-

ful pen-picture in his “Prose Idylls”, pp. 95, 96, while he makes its old-time history live for us again in the most enthralling way in his great romance of *Hereward the Wake*.

But though the Fen scenery of his boyhood’s early years never faded from his memory, the going back to Devonshire, when he was eleven, brought revelations dearer still. His father had been appointed rector of Ilfracombe, and all the more readily got in touch with his seacoast flock because he was “physically their equal, feared no danger, and could steer a boat and haul a net as one of themselves”. When the herring fleet put out, the rector, with his wife and boys, would speed down to the quay, there to give a short parting service. The old metrical version of the 121st Psalm, often used on these occasions, put Charles Kingsley in mind of them, to his life’s end. And when, in his books, we read those wonderful descriptions of shipwreck, we may recollect that in his boyhood he was eye-witness of many such. There were times when “a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of hope and courage”.

### School and College.

In 1831, Charles and his brother Herbert, having previously had a private tutor



at home, were sent to a preparatory school at Clifton, Bristol, and were witnesses of the riots which reddened the sky over the city in the autumn of that year. The year after, the boys were transferred to the Grammar School at Helston, in Cornwall; the headmaster of which was, at this time, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet. The latter has told how he met his old pupil, as Canon of Westminster, in 1874, when Kingsley flung his arms about his neck, with the exclamation, "Oh, my dear old master! my dear old master!"

His school-days (save for the shadow cast by his brother Herbert's death) were happy ones, and those who knew him then have declared how the boy, in no common sense, "was father to the man," in "the vehement spirit, the love of truth, impatience of injustice, quick and tender sympathy, which characterized him then, as all through life."



CHARLES KINGSLEY BY THE ROCKY SHORE AT CLOVELLY.

In 1836 the Kingsleys left Clovelly ("the dear old Paradise"—so Charles spoke of it, in years after, to his wife—"that was the inspiration of my life before I met you") and went to Chelsea. Charles now became a student at King's College, London, from whence, two years later, he proceeded to Cambridge.

It was soon after this, while his father, for the sake of change, was taking duty near Oxford, that Charles first became acquainted with his future wife. She was Miss Fanny Grenfell, a Cornish lady, descended from that brave Sir Richard Grenville whose famous exploit forms the theme of Tennyson's ballad, *The Revenge*. Looking back to that 6th July, 1839, he was wont to say, in after time—"That was my real wedding-day." The friendship, thus begun, was of the utmost help and value to him in the dark time through which he was then passing—

"tossed about

With many a conflict, many a doubt"—

and strongly tempted to break away from all restraint and plunge into the wild



life of the Far West. He fought the battle out, however, and the rest of his life may fitly serve as illustration of the truth in the poet's lines—

“The more the doubt, the stronger Faith  
If Faith o'ercomes the doubt.”

Upon June 12, 1841, we find him writing thus :—

“My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly. . . . Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God ; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled.”

#### Curate at Eversley.


His original plan had been to take the law as his profession, but he now abandoned it for the Church. He completed his College career in February, 1842, and in July of that year was entering upon the duties of his first curacy of Eversley, in Hampshire, which was to be his home, though then he little guessed it, for thirty-three years. The moorland parish, on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, had a very scattered population, and was in a much neglected state. “It sometimes happened that when the rector had a cold or some trifling ailment, he would send the clerk to the church-door at eleven, to inform the few who attended that there would be no service. In consequence, the alehouses were full on Sunday, and the church was empty, and it was uphill work getting a congregation together. People soon began to come, however, when they found that God's ministry, as represented by this young new curate, was a thing to be respected, instead of being despised ; and one secret of his influence, at least, was the same as that of his father among the Devon fisher-folk, inasmuch as he could “swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, and turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow.”

Here is the summary of a day out of his life, at this time. “I have,” he writes, “since nine this morning, cut wood for an hour ; spent an hour and more in prayer ; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay ; taught in the school ; thought over many things while walking ; gone round two-thirds of my parish visiting and doctoring. . . . Such days are lives, and happy ones. One has no time to be miserable, and one is ashamed to invent little sorrows for one's self.”

No “little sorrow”, we may note, was his, just then, having reason to fear that he should never be able to marry her whom he so devotedly loved. Yet a friend who visited him, during this year, in his rough lodging, “a humble cottage in the corner of a sunny green,” brought away the impression that “he was as happy as if he were in a palace”.

(To be continued.)

### A Talk about the Prayer Book.

“ CHURCHMAN ? Oh, yes ! Of course I am. The wife and kids go regularly to church, and I go now and again.”

“Why only ‘now and again’, Jim ?”

“Well, to tell you the truth, Tom, I'm a plain man and I like a service I can understand.”

“Have you tried to understand the prayer book ?”

“Can't say I have.”

“Let's have a try now, then,” and Tom whipped a prayer book out of his pocket ; he had just come from evening church.

#### The Exhortation.

“Well, we began this evening with a few texts, easy enough to understand, and then came the Exhortation. It has rather an old-fashioned flavour about it, I grant you, like all the prayer book. But then it was written a matter of three hundred and fifty years ago. A lot of the prayer book is much older than that, mind you. But I for one like to think we are using just the same words that those who've gone before me—better men than I am—have used. As for not



understanding it, just have a good look at it, Jim, and see if you can't tell me right enough what the drift of it is.'

Jim studied the open page a few minutes.

"Well, yes," he said slowly, "I suppose it all means something like this:—

#### The General Confession.

"The Bible says that we ought to confess our sins to God, that we may get His forgiveness for them. We ought to do it always, but especially when we meet together to thank Him and praise Him and to hear His word, and ask for what we want for our souls and our bodies. But why does it say we should come 'with a pure heart'? If our hearts were pure we shouldn't have any sins to confess."

"It means, I take it, with a heart pure from hypocrisy—meaning what we say. Well, now, Jim, it seems simple enough, and reasonable enough too, doesn't it? We are coming into God's special presence to worship Him. It is just as reasonable that we should make ourselves more fit to be there by asking Him to rid us of our sins, as it is for a man not to go just in his workaday coat when he comes to King George's courts or levées."

#### "Restore Thou them that are penitent."

"Ah! you've hit me there!" laughed Jim. "But now I want to ask you about this 'General Confession' that comes next. Isn't it rather a farce to confess our sins wholesale and all together like this?"

"It would be, of course, if that were all we did. But 'Restore thou them that are penitent'—that takes it for granted that we have found out our sins at home and have confessed them one by one to God, and are sorry for them. And then when we say the 'General Confession' each man of us will be thinking of his own particular sins."

Tom turned over the prayer book and found "The Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea".

"Look here! Here's a rubric which puts it better than I can. 'When there shall be imminent danger, as many as can be spared from necessary service in the Ship shall be called together, and make an humble confession of their sin to God: In which every one ought seriously to reflect upon those particular sins of which his conscience shall accuse him.'

"And then there is another reason, I think, why it is a good thing to have a 'General Confession'. We are all members one of another; we rise or fall together. Each man of us is responsible in a sense for his neighbour's sins."

#### "Sober."

"Yes, I see," said Jim. "But there's another thing. It seems odd that a whole congregation should ask God that they may live a 'sober' life for the future. We aren't all drunkards."

"Yes, but 'sober' meant more in those old times than it does now. That we may in future live a God-fearing, holy, and self-controlled life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name, that's what we mean when we pray that last bit."

#### The Absolution.

"Yes; well, now, tell me what the 'Absolution or Remission of sins' means?"

"It means this. Before our Lord Jesus Christ went up into heaven He gave His disciples authority to pronounce in His Name the forgiveness of sins. (You will find the account of it in the last chapter but one of St. John's Gospel.) That authority has been handed down to the priests of His church. You see in the rubric that it is 'the Priest' who is to say the Absolution."

"I must say, though, Tom, it seems odd that God's forgiveness should be given wholesale like this to a congregation of all sorts and kinds of people."

"Yes, but look! the words of Absolution are, 'He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly (without any pretence) believe His Holy Gospel.' There may be unbelievers in the congregation, and there may be men and women who do not really repent (and repentance, mind you, means a good deal more than just being sorry—it means turning over a new leaf as well). The Absolution does not touch those people; it leaves them just where they were. God knows who the repenting and believing ones are, and He gives them His forgiveness and makes them fit to come and worship Him—to take part in the rest of the service. This first part you see is just the introduction to what comes afterwards."

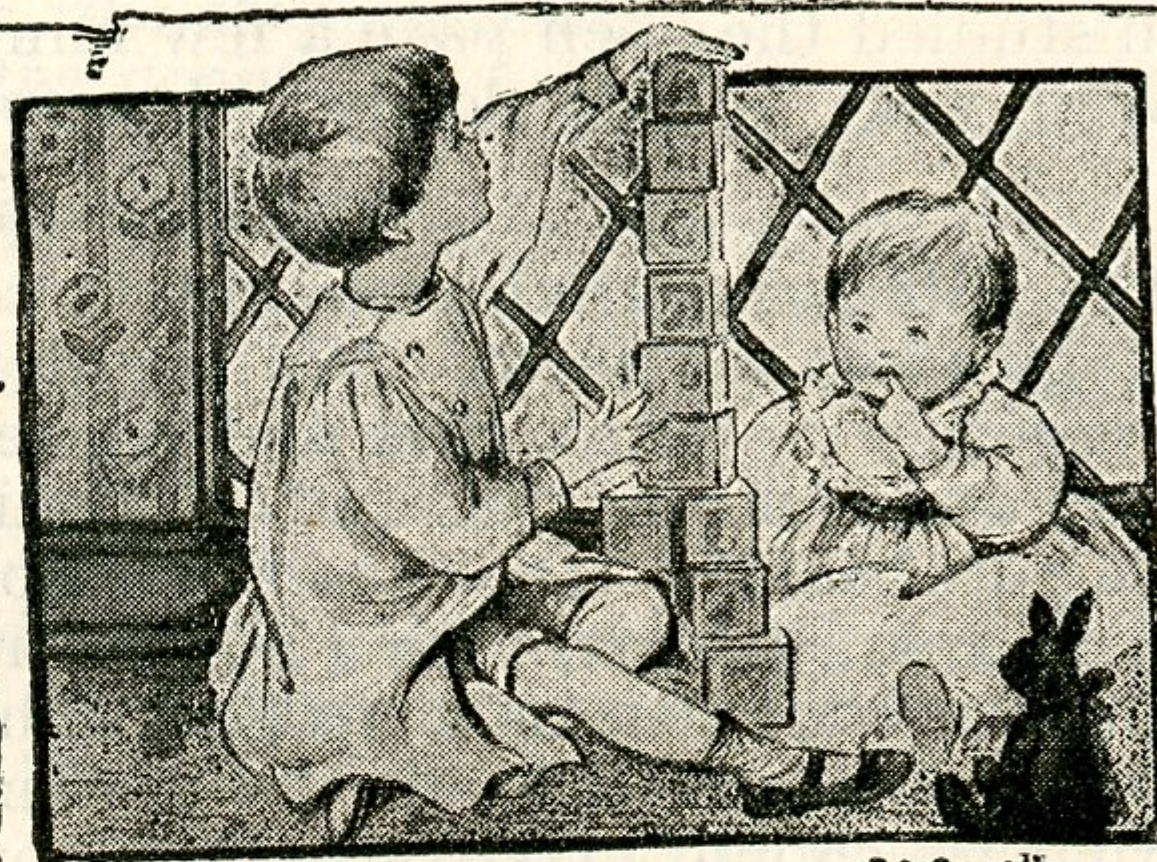




## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

By C. M. VINCENT,

Author of "Prayer Book Stories",  
"Two or Three", &c.



### A January Rose.

**T** was a beautiful pale yellow rose grown in a hot-house. The people who lived next door had had some roses sent to them, and because Marjorie loved flowers they had given her this one. She sat stroking its soft petals and smelling its lovely scent, and was as happy as any little girl could be.



BOBBY ACTUALLY KISSED THE ROSE IN HIS DELIGHT.

Presently her mother came into the room and said she was going to get ready to go out.

"Where are you going, Mummy?" Marjorie asked.

"To see poor little Bobbie Downs."



Marjorie looked very grave and stopped stroking her rose. "Is Bobbie very bad, mother?"

"Rather bad, I am afraid, and anyhow he hasn't much to make things bright for him, poor little fellow!"

"Do you think he would like my rose?" The next minute Marjorie was sorry she had said it, for she couldn't possibly part with her rose.

"Well, yes," said her mother; "he would like it, but I am sure you wouldn't like to give it away, and this nice piece of pudding will be enough to take to-day."

When her mother had gone Marjorie got out a story book. But somehow the story did not seem a bit interesting to-day. She kept looking at the rose, but she did not touch it or smell it.

Mother had said that the pudding would be enough for to-day. But what was pudding compared with a rose! She loved her rose more than the most delicious pudding she had ever tasted. How she wished mother hadn't said that about Bobbie not having much to make things bright for him.

"All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee our Heavenly King."

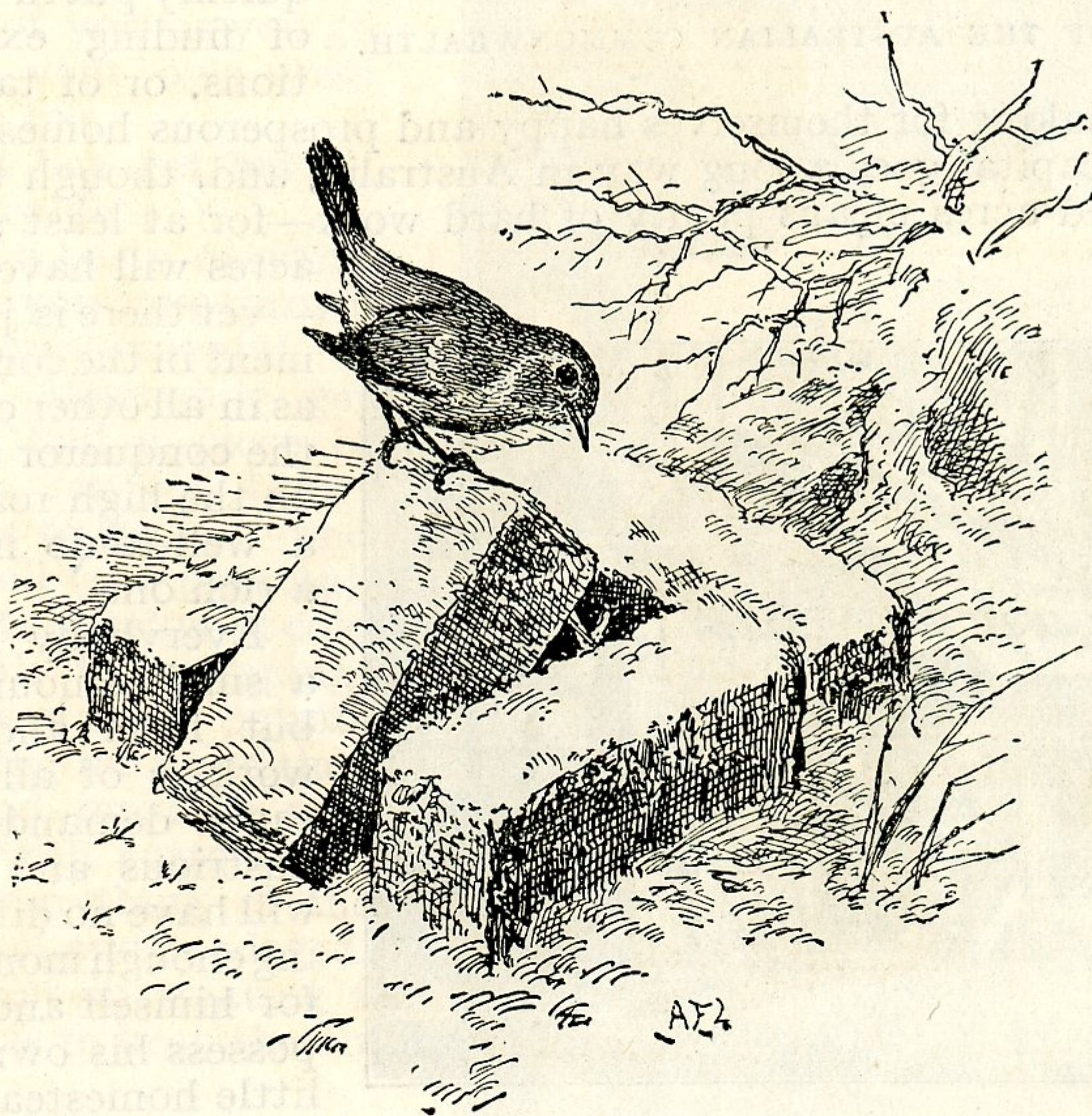
It had been the Epiphany the day before and Marjorie had loved singing "As with gladness men of old" at the children's service. The Vicar had explained to them that "costliest treasures" mean the things which we like best in the world, and that sometimes Jesus Christ might ask us to give them up for love of Him.

Her rose was her "costliest treasure" just then. Was Jesus Christ asking her to give it to poor little Bobbie Downs?

She tried to think He wasn't, but presently she felt sure He was. And when her mother came downstairs ready to start she put the rose into her hand.

"I want to give it to Bobbie," she said.

It was very hard—harder to do even than Marjorie had expected. But when mother came home and told her how Bobbie had actually kissed the rose in his delight, she only wondered that she had ever minded giving it up.



DON'T SET TRAPS FOR THE BIRDS.

### Feed the Birds.

Don't forget to feed the birds. If you give them their breakfast and dinner regularly they will soon get to know meal-times, for birds are very punctual little creatures in spite of their having no watches and clocks as we have.



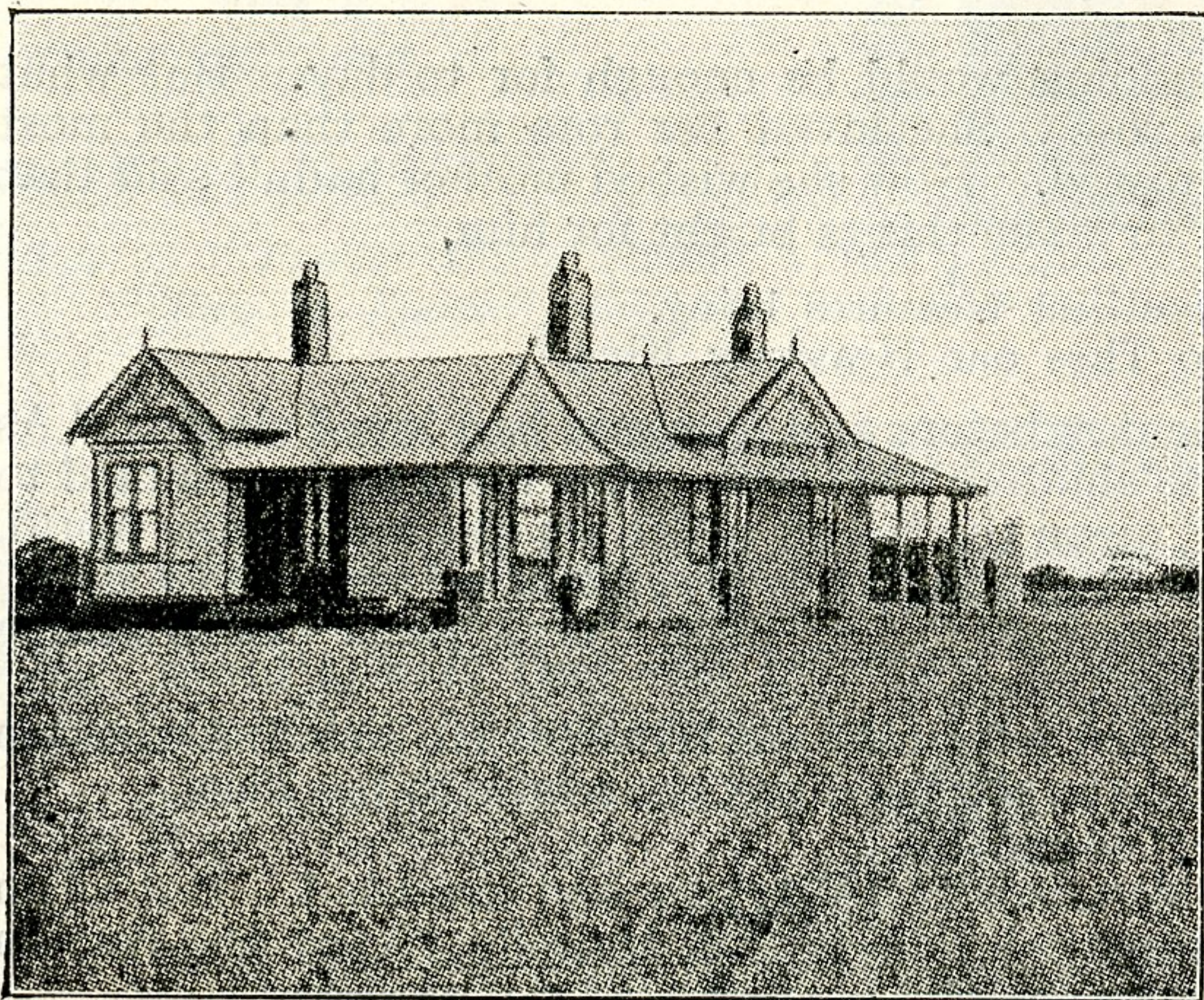
## Our New Home across the Sea.

### WHERE SHALL WE GO?

#### I.

**T**HE great Commonwealth of Australia is twenty-five times the size of the United Kingdom, and its population is, comparatively speaking, very small, so that there is room enough and to spare for settlers.

It is one of the very healthiest countries in the world.

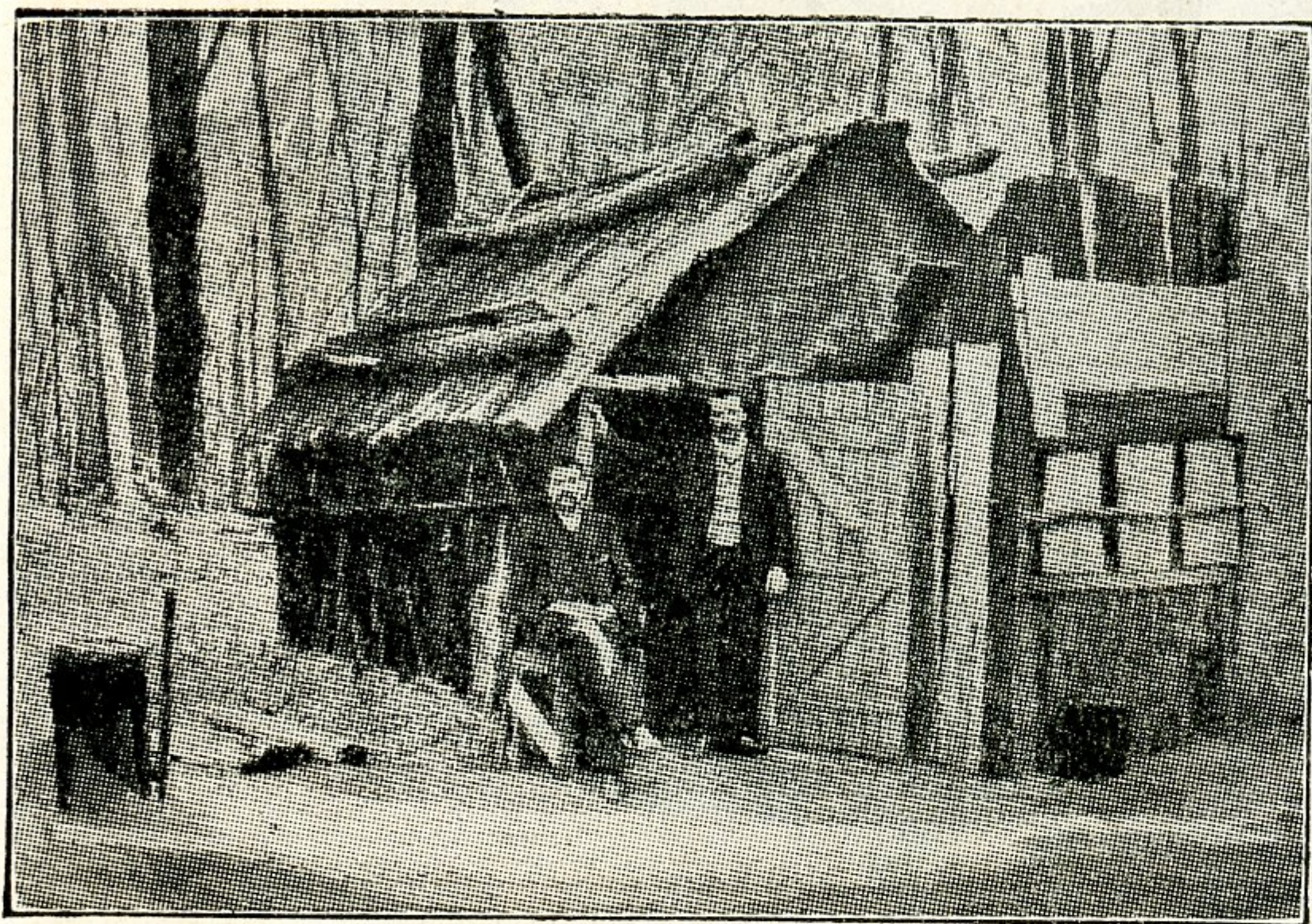


A SETTLER'S HOUSE.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

steps towards making for themselves happy and prosperous homes.

A very little capital goes a long way in Australia, and, though the possession of a few hundred acres means plenty of hard work—for at least some of those



NEW-COMER'S FIRST HOME.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

ages are given to workers on the land and to domestic servants.

These last are very scarce in the Commonwealth, and suitable young women have no difficulty in getting high wages and comfortable situations.

In so big a country there are, of course, varieties of climate, but in the areas chiefly occupied by settlers, the summers are glorious—rather hotter than our usual English summers, but dry and healthy—and the winters are mild.

It is practically never necessary to house live-stock, and settlers live comfortably and snugly in cheaply-built houses, such as we should shiver in here in England.

#### No use for Loafers.

The Commonwealth has no use for loafers, but men and women of the right sort are heartily welcomed and quickly put in the way either of finding excellent situations, or of taking the first

acres will have to be cleared—yet there is joy and excitement in the conquest of land, as in all other conquests, and the conqueror in this case is on the high road to become a well-to-do man, possibly a rich one.

Everybody has not even a small amount of capital, but farm and agricultural workers of all kinds are in eager demand, and an industrious and thrifty man will have no difficulty in saving enough money to get land for himself and presently to possess his own comfortable little homestead.

#### Assisted Passages.

Assisted and, in the case of one of the States, free pass-



All that has been written and said about the wild, lonely life of the Australian bush, may have "put off" some people from emigrating to Australia. But no one who dislikes loneliness need choose a lonely part of the country in which to settle. There is plenty of work to be found in busy and up-to-date towns or villages, or within easy reach of them.

#### Church Privileges.

No churchman would put himself beyond the reach of church privileges, but the Church Emigration Society would willingly advise any one as to suitable places in which to settle.

The journey to Australia is a long one, but life on one of the great Australian liners, whatever class one travels, is so comfortable and luxurious, that it seems to many just a long holiday. And this applies equally to those who pay their own third-class fare, or travel free, or have an assisted passage.

The post to Australia only takes about a month.

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### What shall I Do?

#### When Molly's pinafore catches fire

(which it probably will not do, by-the-bye, if you have a guard round the fire, and keep the matches out of the children's way), do not let her rush to an open door or window. Throw her down flat on the floor with the flames uppermost, and smother them with a rug, a cloth coat, or anything else thick and woolen. Hold the rug, or whatever it is, in front of you as you go up to her, or your own dress may catch fire too.

If your hand has got burnt or scalded,

plunge it into a basin of warm water in which you have thrown about a dessert-spoonful of baking soda. Meanwhile get somebody to find a piece of linen or clean rag—or better still lint, if it is to be had—and to soak it in oil (not paraffin), or smear it with vaseline or cold cream, or with the scrapings from the inside of a raw potato. Put this over the burn and then the whole hand must be well covered over with cotton-wool or flannel (or anything of the kind you can get), and bandaged. The great point in treating a burn or scald is to keep the air from it.

In all cases of burns or scalds put the patient to bed in a room where there is a fire and keep her very quiet and very warmly wrapped up, taking care at the same time that there is plenty of air in the room. Give her hot drinks such as hot milk or hot tea. This is to avoid shock—the great danger in these cases.







# JEM FORSTER'S REVENGE

BY GERTRUDE HOLLIS.

*Author of "His Own Interpreter," &c., &c.*

*With Five Illustrations specially drawn by  
GORDON BROWNE, R.I.*

## CHAPTER I.

### JEM FORSTER.

**F**OR many long weeks the coal-pits in which most of the men and boys of Langport worked had been closed, because of the strike which had stopped the work of the miners all over the country. Very terrible had been the misery in consequence, but now it was almost over. The kindly and gentle Bishop of the diocese, almost broken-hearted at the trouble and privation from which those in his spiritual charge were suffering, had prevailed upon masters and men to meet in his house, and there make one more effort to end the prolonged struggle. In a few days the result of this meeting would be known, and many were the heartfelt prayers that it might end in peace.

This is not a story of the strike, but only of the lives of two people who were affected by it.

One of them is Jem Forster, a tall, dark-haired young pitman, and the other is Jemima Heseltine, the girl he loved with all his honest heart.

One summer evening, Jem was leaning against the parapet of a bridge that carried the road over a stream near his home. The bridge was a favourite place for a good many people, especially on fine evenings or Sunday afternoons, and it was said in Langport that more than one couple had spoken the words which were to bind them together for life, as they leaned over the old wall, and watched the ripple of the water below. Jem was in his shirt sleeves, and had a stumpy clay pipe in his mouth. That was only from habit, however, for the want of work had left him without any pence for "baccy", and the pipe was empty, except when a friend better off than himself filled it for him.

He was talking to an old man named Brookes, who was looked upon as one of the "characters" of Langport. An accident in early youth had



made him what the neighbours called "a trifle daft", and to "get a rise out of old Brookes" was a very favourite amusement with his neighbours. Brookes loved talking and he hated work. As a rule, he was employed at the neighbouring colliery to check the "tokens" which the local hewers place in the waggons they send to the surface, and which decide by their number the total of their week's wages. But when the strike threw the pit idle, and Brookes was free to spend the whole of his time in friendly "cracks" with every man, woman, and child he met, he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

"They say as the Bishop is going to get the strike ended," said Jem. "How'll you like that, old gaffer? You'll be forced to work again."



"YOU'LL NEVER DO BETTER, JEM FORSTER."

Brookes grunted and shrugged his shoulders. He was not at all pleased with the prospect.

"He's no call to interfere, I say," he answered. "Why don't he stick to 'is preaching?"

"If he puts a stop to this strike, he'll do what's a sight better than all the preaching," said one of a couple of tired-looking women, who were just passing and heard the words. "Folks cannot be expected to go to church nor chapel neither, with hardly a rag on their backs, and empty insides, and all their bits of things in pawn."



"You are right there, missus," said Jem Forster, but old Brookes interrupted him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jem Forster," he said. "We'll never be right till we've gotten a republic."

Jem laughed.

"And what might a republic be, Mister Brookes?" asked another of the women, who had her husband's coat over her head, with the ragged sleeves dangling down her back.

"Well," said the old man, rather taken aback. "A republic is—well, it's . . . well, I don't know. Not exactly, that is."

His hearers laughed at this, and Brookes looked about him with an injured air. "I reckon you've no call to laugh," he said.

"And that's true enough," agreed one of the women. "Crying's a sight more like it. I'm sure there's misery enough."

"Is your little 'un any better, Mrs. Watson?" asked Jem.

"Ay, bless 'er. She's got the turn. It's a bit of luck too, for I can better afford to keep her than bury her. It's thanks to Susan Ridley though. She's been main good to her, giving her new milk, and puddings, and such like."

"It's well to be Susan," said the other woman, wearily picking up a basket she had set down in the road. "She's got a bit of money of her own coming in regular, strikes or no strikes, and no man to touch it."

"Aye, Susan Ridley hasn't much to worrit 'er," said old Brookes. "Always makes me think of fresh-mown hay, she does."

"She's as good a sort as God ever turned out," said Mrs. Watson. "Always ready to do a kindness to any one."

"That niece o' hers, Jemima Heseltine, is a rare fine lass," said old Brookes, with a sidelong glance at Jem. "I reckon you think so, don't you, my lad?"

"Susan Ridley's taught her what will make her a good wife for any man," remarked Mrs. Jones. "There's no cleverer lass in the parish at sewing and cooking. You'll never do better, Jem Forster, if that's what you've got in your head," she added.

Jem gave a sort of gruff sound that might mean anything, but there was a smile on his face that made it evident he was by no means displeased at the women's remarks.

"There's others after her too," said old Brookes, after a somewhat lengthy pause. "I'd been down to the river last week for a bit o' sand for the garden, and I see'd her among the trees, over by the West Farm gates. She was not alone, either."

"Who was with her?" asked Mrs. Watson. "Not that I've any call to ask," she added, "for I know."

"'Twas young Mr. Arthur Gordon from the Hall," said Brookes. "They was walking up and down together, talking very earnest like. I think he was a giving her something, but I couldn't be sure, for it was getting dusk, and I don't see in the gloaming no better than a new-born kitten."

"You saw that all right," said Mrs. Watson, "for my little Tom, when he ran in at bedtime, said he'd seen Mr. Gordon and Jemima. I gave no thought to what he said at the time."

"She'd best take care what she's doing," said Mrs. Jones. "It does a girl no good when a gentleman begins to talk to her overmuch."

"I should have thought Susan Ridley's niece would have known better," said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, girls is girls, same as boys is boys," said old Brookes. "You take and marry her, Jem Forster. That's what she wants."



The smile on Jem's face had turned to a look not at all pleasant to see, and the word which came from between his locked teeth was not pleasant to hear either.

"I reckon he'd better let her alone," he muttered, half to himself, as the women went on their way. "What's a gentleman like him got to do with a girl like Jemima Heseltine? He'll find as he's got one to deal with as is a man, if he ain't a fine gentleman," and Jem clenched his hands, and scowled fiercely at old Brookes.



HE SHOOK HIS CLENCHED FIST.

"Well, you need not look at me like that, man," said the old pitman. "I'm not after your lass."

Jem grinned, as Brookes's words made him realize how he had been looking at him.

"No," he said. "If you were, I'd take and drop you over here into the water, to feed the fishes. Good-night to you."

He nodded to the old man, and strolled away across a couple of fields, sucking at his empty pipe, and pondering over what he had just heard. Presently he shook his clenched fist in the direction of a big white house about a quarter of a mile away.



"I'll do for him somehow, if I see any more of it," he muttered, and the man's whole body was trembling with passion as he spoke.

Jem Forster was not altogether English. In his veins there ran a strain of fiery Spanish blood. His grandfather had been a sailor in one of the iron ore boats, plying between the Tyne and Bilbao, and his grandmother was the daughter of a Spanish inn-keeper in that port. Their only child was Jem's mother. She also married a sailor, and when Jem was three years old, his father was drowned in a storm off the Dogger Bank. For nine years Jem and his mother lived together in a cottage on the coast, and then she married again, this time a pitman named Newman.

Another son was born to her, and they moved inland into the colliery district where her husband was employed. Little Billy was a weakly child, always suffering, but the boy had an indomitable spirit in his wasted little body, and his merry laugh was no infrequent sound in the home.

As years went on Billy's father had taken to drinking, not regularly, but at increasingly frequent intervals, and life was very hard for his wife in consequence. Her one comfort was Jem. With all the power of his half-southern nature, he loved his little weakly half-brother, and Billy returned his affection with a passionate devotion. The child was generally spoken of in the place as "Jem Forster's Billy", so often were they seen together, and so constant was the man's thought for the boy.

The Spanish strain in his nature which made him love so deeply made him hate in the same way, and if Jemima Heseltine had realized what she was doing when she allowed Mr. Arthur Gordon to show her his careless attentions, she would surely have given it all up. She had little idea, however, either of the strength of Jem's love, or of the power of passionate anger of which he was capable, though she was beginning to realize that there was something about him different from the rest of the young men who laughed and jested with her.

"I'll not give in to him too much," she thought, when he had remonstrated with her in sharp words one evening when they had spoken of Arthur Gordon. "If I do, he'll be that masterful, there'll be no bearing with him. And where's the harm, I should like to know, if the young master does stop and talk to me, or walk a few steps at my side? Any way, I mean to have the brooch he said he should buy for me when he goes to London this week, Jem or no Jem, though I don't see that I shall ever be able to wear it," and Jemima sighed impatiently.

"It's not right," Jem had said. "He's a gentleman, and you've naught to do with him. If it hadn't been for this strike, we should have been getting ready to be married now, and you ought to do as if you were my wife."

Jemima shrugged her shoulders, and tossed her head scornfully at his words.

"Time enough to talk like that when I *am* your wife," she answered. "I'm not going to be tied down before my time, and you needn't think it. There's no harm, I tell you. You'd grudge me any little bit of pleasure, I can see. And there's little enough of fun while this blessed strike lasts. I'm sick and tired of it."

"You are not the only one," said Jem. "I'd sooner hear the old buzzer going again than the finest band as ever played!"

"Aunt Susan fairly cried last night over the clemmed faces of the children," said Jemima, forgetting her irritation in the fresh thought. "There's many and many a one looks like your little Billy now."

"I'm downhearted about Billy," said Jim. "We cannot get him the



support he ought to have, and I see a change in him. That's bad enough, without you wringing my heart too."

And then Jemima, conscience-smitten for the moment, made a resolution in her own mind that she would have no more nonsense with Mr. Gordon "when once he's given me that brooch", and she was so sweet and sympathetic to Jem that the man's sore heart was soothed, and he began to believe that he had been making a mountain out of a molehill.

This had happened a week ago, and old Brookes's gossip, confirmed by Mrs. Watson, had roused Jem's furious anger again. So his words had had



"SIX BUTTONS, FORSOOTH!"

no effect, and she had been meeting the gentleman again! Well, it had got to end, and if violence came of it, it would not be his fault. Only let him catch young Gordon making game of his lass—man to man they should fight it out, and he only hoped the chance would soon come.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE WEST FARM FIELDS.

SUSAN RIDLEY and her niece lived in a cottage standing back from the road in a small piece of garden ground, in which, notwithstanding the smoky atmosphere, they managed to grow a fair quantity of flowers. Snowdrops and





**W**HAT can one woman have to say to other women that has not been said already a hundred times over in books and addresses? But some of the oldest truths need to be constantly brought before us lest we forget them, and they can be shown to us in a new light by being put into new words.

So these talks to women by a woman may be useful to some who read the *Dawn of Day*. Certainly they will be useful to the writer, for as I write I shall often have to stop and ask myself if I am trying to live up to the truths I am writing about, and if not I must know the reason.

When I asked myself what the first paper should be about it seemed to come naturally to me to write about our homes. For I think that a woman's highest privilege in the world is to be a *home maker*. The greatness and the prosperity of England is founded upon her homes, and it is the women of England who make the homes of England. So it seems worth while to ask how we are fulfilling our duties as home makers and if the homes we make are happy ones. For, if they are not happy they will not produce the right kind of men and women who are to be the *future* citizens and home makers of England.

Most of us who read this paper have homes of our own. I am sure when we married and first set up house we had very high ideals as to what our home should be like.

When I married, my father wrote to me these words:—

"Remember always that a happy home is a little bit of heaven. It is the one place on earth where we know each other best, and love each other most, and bear each other's burdens and forgive each other's failings." Well, probably none of us have fully realized this ideal, nay more, we have failed over and over again. In this as everything else, life is one long struggle, a striving after something which always seems just beyond our grasp. Let us not be discouraged, but keep our ideals to the end, for some day we shall reach them.

And for each one of us every new day is like a new life. If we failed yesterday we can begin again this morning. If our home was unhappy yesterday, by God's help it shall be a real home to-day.

Thank God a home does not depend in the least on its surroundings. The happiest homes may be found in the slums of a manufacturing town. Our own beloved King and Queen have shown us a beautiful example of how the true home life may be lived in palaces.

When we were children at school we all learnt a piece of poetry called "The Happy Homes of England". But there was something wrong about that poem. For all these happy homes were set in stately parks or beautiful gardens or in picturesque country villages. Now the greatest number of homes are to be found in towns where there are no gardens and no view and not much fresh air, and yet these homes may be gloriously happy, so let us say at once that a woman who is going to make a home need not bother about the surroundings.

And a home does not depend upon money either. If there is sufficient to feed



and clothe and educate those living in the home, the true woman will be content. There is an old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." That is a very unpleasant proverb. We dare not say it is never true, but shame to us women if it is ever true in our case. We took our husbands for better for worse, for richer for poorer, and the home which depends on riches for its happiness is a very poor sort of home.

A happy home then does not depend on its surroundings and it does not depend on money. Does it depend on the husband? Well, I suppose in a way it does, and yet I don't know. There is one thing we are always hearing at Mothers'



Union Meetings, i.e. that our husbands are what we make them, and I am inclined to think it is true. Nagging and fault-finding will spoil the best-tempered husband, while bad cooking will ruin a man's digestion and end by making him cross and disagreeable.

No, it all comes back to the woman; the happy home depends first and last upon her, and that is why we women who are home-makers have such a great responsibility laid upon us.

Two women were once talking together in the kitchen of a little cottage. The elder woman, who had brought up a large family well and happily, was mixing a cake and was listening to the complaints of the younger woman, who had not been long married and had not found home-making so far very satisfactory.

"Well, my dear," said the older woman at last, "it seems to me home-making is something like cake-making; you've got to have the right materials, but even then it all depends upon yourself whether the cake turns out well or not. But



now let me give you an old-fashioned recipe that my good mother gave to me when I married. I have tried it for forty years and never known it fail."

*"Recipe for Home-Making."*

"Take a great deal of love, drop into it some of the oil of gladness, and some flowers of hearts' ease—that's for contentment. Add a pinch of the salt called 'A sense of humour', and a good handful of the berries known as 'making the best of it'. Mix it all lightly with some of the milk of human kindness and bake in a clean warm oven."

## The Conversion of St. Paul.

JANUARY 25.

**W**E celebrate the conversion of St. Paul rather than his birth or his death, because it was the most important event that ever happened to him, and a wonderful instance of the mercy of God. When he was riding over the great plain of Damascus, intent on delivering up the Christians to



HE LIVED THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE FOR THREE YEARS.

chains and death, our Lord Himself appeared to him with such dazzling glory that he was blind for three days, and ever afterwards suffered, it is said, from weakness of sight. "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou Me?" sounded in the ears of the persecutor, for the persecution of His followers is the persecution of Christ. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and the answer was the promise of suffering; and suffering for the sake of Him he had scorned. Unlike modern converts, he repaired to the desert, where he lived the contemplative life for three years, and after this discipline and deep communing with God he was inspired to preach. The history of St. Paul's life forms the greatest part of the "Acts of Apostles," written by his companion and friend, St. Luke. There is a tradition that he visited Britain: he has always been held in great veneration here, and the principal Cathedral, St. Paul's of London, was dedicated to him. He is the Patron Saint of the citizens of London, and

the sword in the city arms is said to be his symbol, the red cross that of St. George. His emblem is a sword.



## The House of God.

### I. THE LICH-GATE AND GARTH.

**W**HEN we speak of the "lich-gate" which admits us to the churchyard, we are talking in the language of our early English forefathers. "Lich" is from the Anglo-Saxon *lic*, a corpse. The lich-gate is the gate of the dead. This fact has been turned to account by a modern writer of graceful verse in one of his prettiest short poems, *Mors Janua Vitæ*, which describes how father and child, hand in hand, are passing by

"the gate which leads unto  
The resting places of the dead"

when the little maiden, "peering through," desires to know what is on the other side. Her companion answers her—

"My little maid—it leads to Death!"

and when the child, to whom this is a word unknown, questions further, what Death may be, he can explain it only in the words—

"Death is the gate that leads to Life!"

For probably thirteen hundred years at least, the lich-gate has been a feature of our English graveyards. Wherever a little Christian community had been formed, since the earliest times, such community had had of course its graveyard, where the bodies of the faithful departed were laid to rest in sure and certain hope. But the places were not necessarily enclosed. More common it seems for the dead to have been buried close to the foot of the Cross which was set up to mark the ground for Christ ere ever the church was built or a hedge set round the "garth." Later, when the churchyard became a place perpetually set apart for sacred uses, the Church made a rule that no spot of ground could receive such hallowing until its bounds had been clearly defined, and a proper fence provided. A suitable entrance, it was then felt, must be provided too; and to meet this want, the lich-gate rose. It was really a part of the church, the gateway being covered by a roof of tiles or thatch, so as to form a shed, within the shelter of which the corpse was met by the clergy, and the first portion of the service read over it while it lay, usually uncoffined, upon the large flat stones, called lich-stones, which were placed there for the purpose.

#### A Natural Lich-Gate.

It is curious to read how, at any rate down to the middle of last century, an oak-tree upon Penalt Common, in Monmouthshire, was serving almost the purpose of a lich-gate. Its boughs overshadowed a block of stone upon which (one writing about the year 1847 remarks) "the custom is said to be still maintained of depositing the corpse of a person on its way to the churchyard, while the mourners sing psalms over it."

#### Few Ancient Lich-Gates.

Few of the lich-gates of early times remain in existence now. The reason is that, being nearly always made of wood (though the stone one at Blackford Church in Perthshire supplies an exception to this rule), they were liable to decay, and needed frequent renewing. In most of our old country churchyards the trees overshadowing the lich-gate are of an age much greater than its own. The yew which stands (the last survivor of a group) near the parish church of Seaton-Delaval in Northumberland, is considered to be coeval with the church, which was built, as the private chapel of the Delaval family, in 1102: while the yew-trees to be seen near Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, are said to be the same which sheltered the original colony of monks while their abbey was in course of building, in the twelfth century. The common presence of "ewgh-" trees (to quote old Leland's spelling) in our churchyards, is due to their being regarded, in their long life and abiding greenness, as an emblem of immortality.

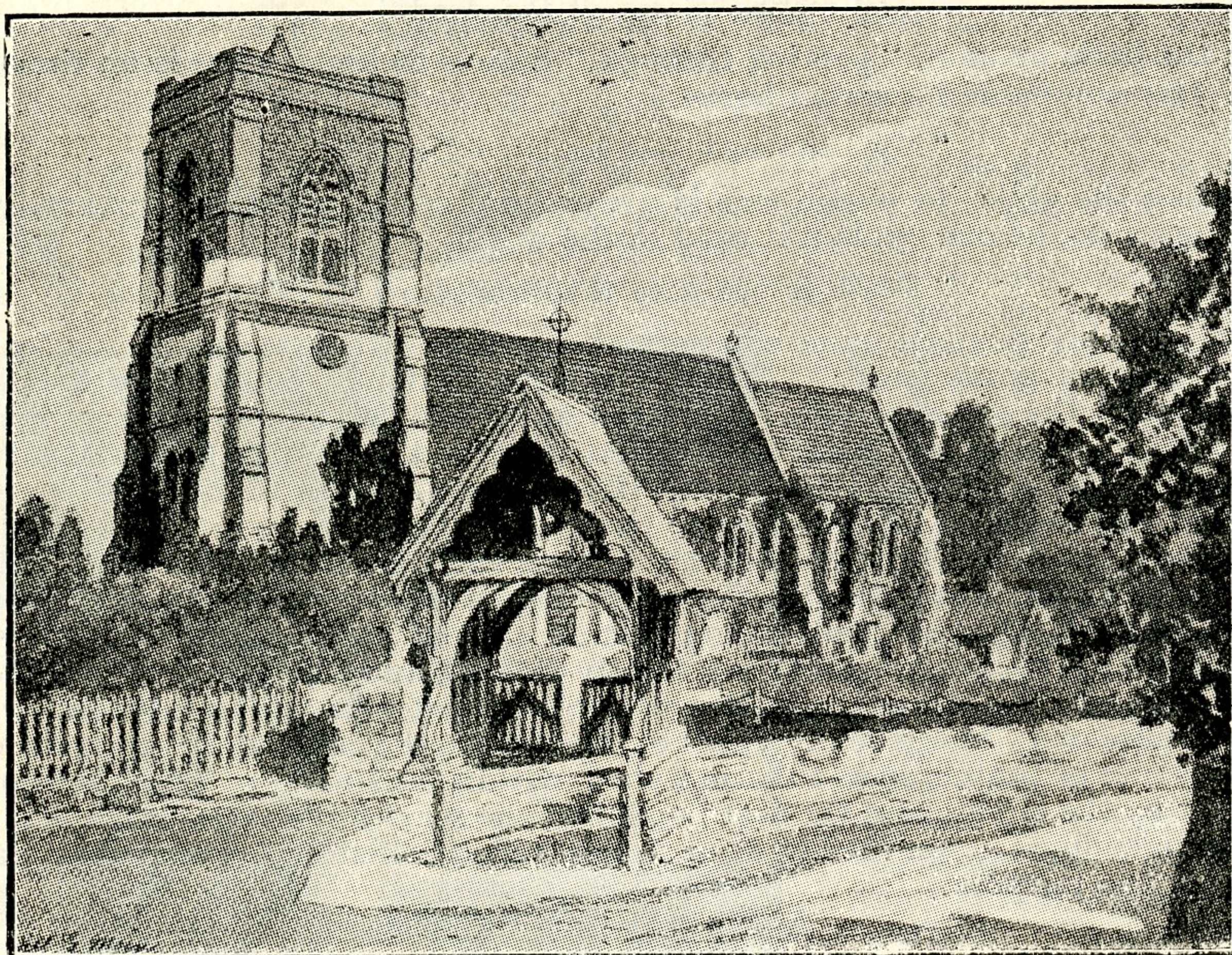
The churchyard yew is generally left to fling his spreading shadow at his will.



Those lining the "walk" of St. Mary's Parish Church at Morpeth are, however, kept clipped and trimmed in prim conventional shape, as we may sometimes see done in old-fashioned gardens.

### Memorial Crosses.

It is sad to reflect upon the ruthless destruction, since the Reformation period, of many scores of such fine old crosses, that stood to hallow the unnamed graves within the quiet acre—the graves of the rank and file of the army of the Church Militant, whose leaders were commonly interred within the sacred edifice itself. The placing of tombstones to commemorate those laid in the churchyard was a practice almost unknown before the seventeenth century—the churchyard cross served as the memorial for all.



LICH-GATE AT SPELDHURST.

### The Battle of Otterburn.

In recent years, within some churchyard here and there, we hear of a new cross being set up, but these must, of necessity, lack much of the significance attaching to their predecessors. Still, we may welcome their up-rearing, to cast a holy shadow over the resting-places of the many "nameless, unremembered" dead, whose very presence, in many cases, is utterly unknown to those who pass by. This was illustrated in a striking manner when, in Elsdon Churchyard, about a hundred years ago, and again in 1877, during some excavations along the north wall of the church, there were discovered, packed close together within the smallest possible compass, the bones of many scores of persons, who had all, apparently, been young or middle-aged men. From various circumstances, although there exists no record to prove the fact, it would seem to be beyond doubt that these are the remains of warriors who fell upon the field of Otterburn, on that memorable moonlight night in August, 1388, borne hither afterwards, on

"beeres of byrche and haysell graye,"

to sleep their last sleep in consecrated ground.



## Microbes carried by Liquids.

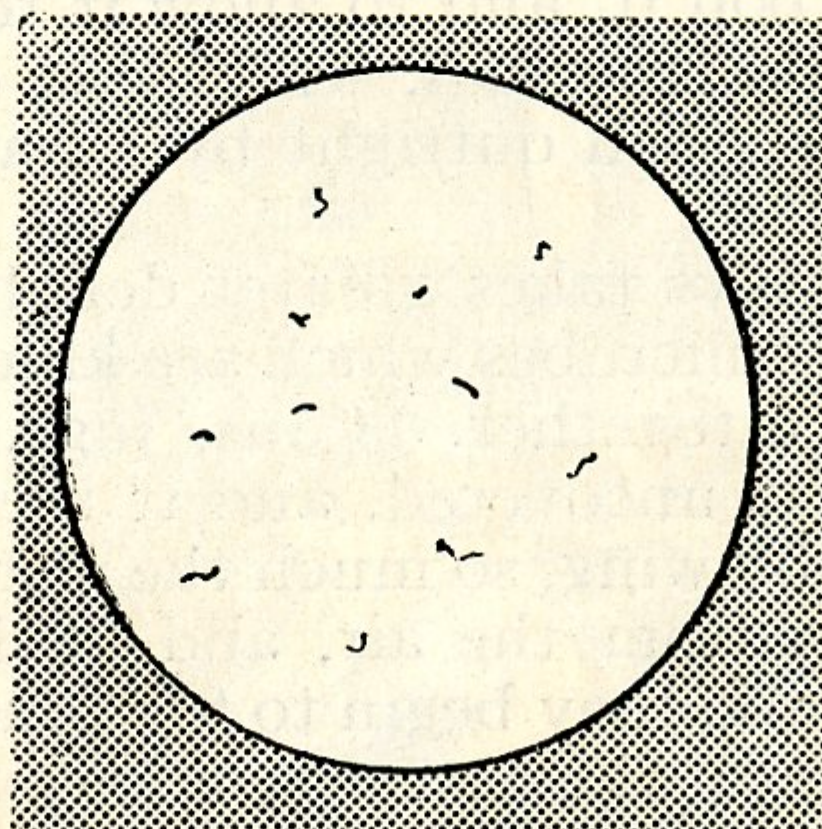
BY JOHN POLKINGHORN.

*Author of "The Wonderful Works of God", &c.*

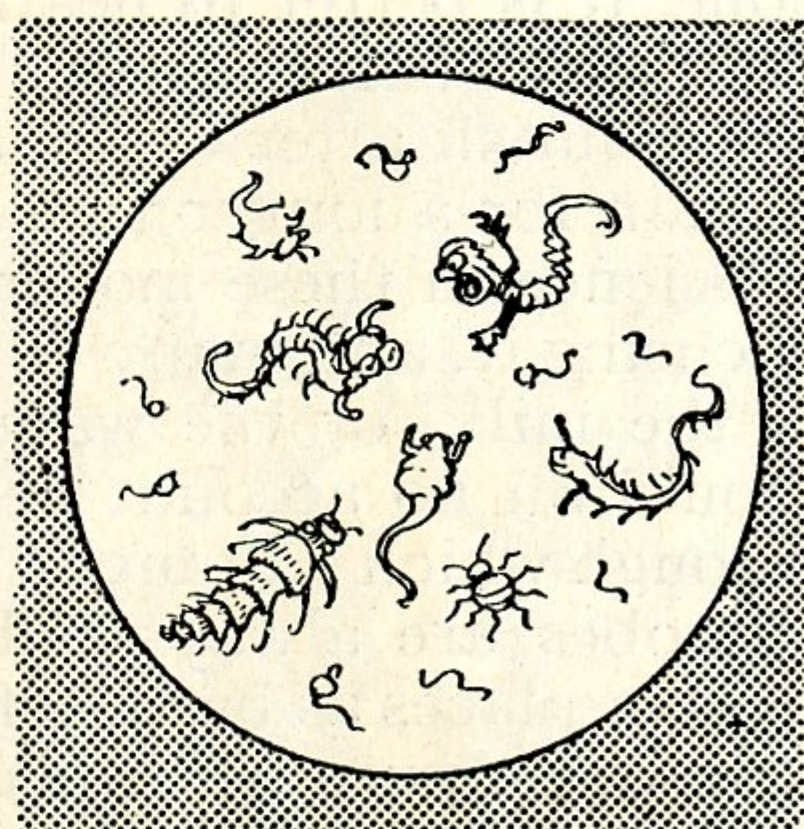
**T**HE lowest forms of life flourish most abundantly in liquids. They must have moisture in order to multiply, for moisture means motion, food, and growth. It is by liquids that some of the most deadly microbes are spread, so as to reach new homes and new victims.

### 1,000 in a drop.

There are few microbes in wholesome water or milk ; indeed, it is their presence in those liquids which turn them from good to bad. Water from very deep wells is almost free from these enemies to health ; whereas river water may contain an immense number. Thus, one drop of water from a deep chalk well may have in it only twenty microbes, while a drop of water from the Thames may have in it, unseen by the naked eye, no fewer than a thousand. The water from the well has been shielded from the microbes floating in the air, and is therefore pure, as compared with the river water, into which they have been steadily falling.



COMPARATIVELY PURE WATER.



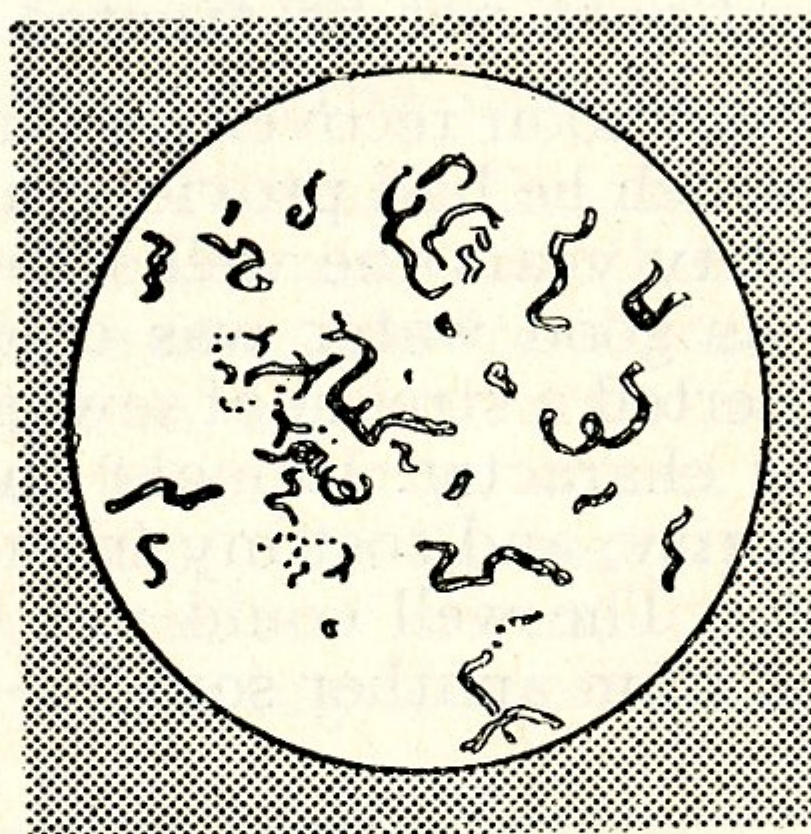
IMPURE WATER.

(Greatly magnified.)

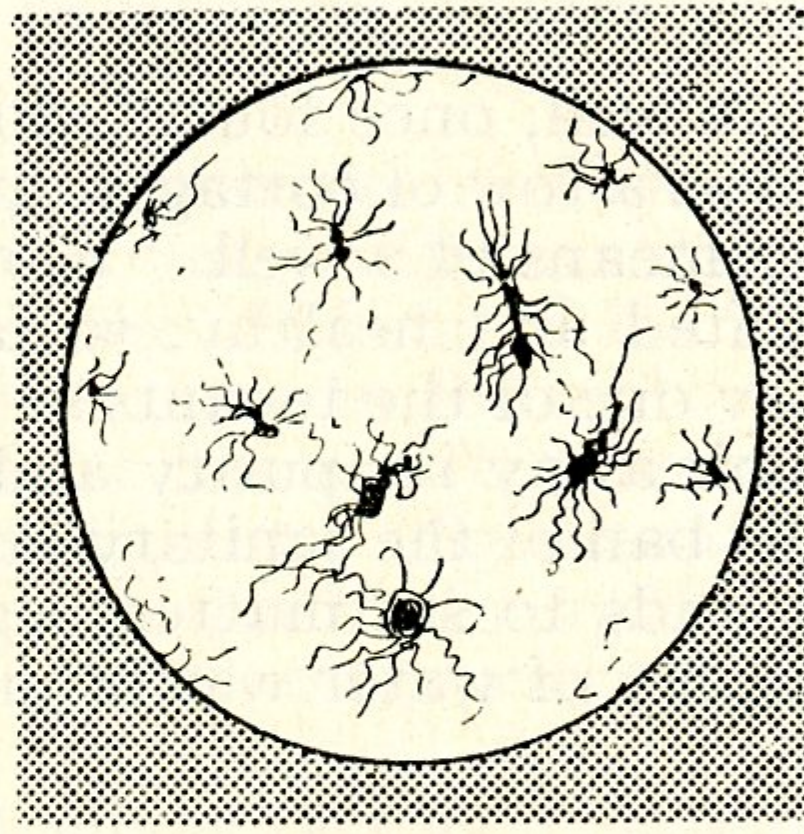
It is not only exposure to the air which accounts for the abundance of microbes in one case and not in the other, but also the fact that pure water does not provide food. Their favourite abodes are liquids into which sewage of some kind has drained. Here they grow and increase with wonderful rapidity ; so that a drop which contained only a score of microbes one day may the next have a population equal to that of a large town.

### Filters.

As big towns need ample supplies of water they are forced to get it from rivers, which are often more or less fouled by sewage matter gathered in their course towards the sea. This has to be got rid of by some sort of filter, and the value of the sand through which the water is usually strained is proved by experiments showing a host of microbes on one side of the sand, and very few on the other. The sand lets the water through, but says to the microbes, "You cannot pass here." When small household filters are used, they must be cleansed at intervals, or they will be more dangerous to health than no filters at all.



BACILLI OF DIPHTHERIA



BACILLI OF TYPHOID

(Greatly magnified.)

Outbreaks of diphtheria and typhoid fever are the result of drinking milk or water containing the special microbes of those diseases, and in most cases the outbreaks can be traced to some fouling of the water-supply, to the use of this impure water on some farm



or dairy, or to the unclean state of cow-houses or cows. Even if the pump or the well be clean, the microbes may lurk in dirty pitchers, jugs, cans, and pails in the dairy or kitchen or out-houses.

#### A manufactory of disease.

Not only so, but a person employed in connexion with the distribution of milk may become a manufactory of disease. Curious facts have lately come to light which seem to show that an individual who has suffered from typhoid may not only spread it while ill, and for a week or two after recovery, but may actually be a source of infection for the next five or six years. This perhaps is a rare case, but it shows that too much care cannot be taken in dealing with milk or other articles of food or drink.

Milk is often boiled in order to kill the microbes and prevent it from going sour, but as this is apt to change the nature of the milk, and not in all respects for the better, other means of preventing disease have been suggested. Instead of bringing the milk for a moment to boiling-point and then removing it, as is usually done, it is better to nearly boil it, and to allow it to remain for a longer time at the lower temperature. The microbes, which can endure a momentary boiling and flourish afterwards, are killed outright by a bath less heated in which they remain for a longer time.

Science in these modern days takes greater delight in preventing disease than in curing it, and many of the microbes which are killed by heat should be kept out of the milk, or the water, altogether. Cans, jugs, and basins containing milk should on no account be left uncovered, and if they are so left inside windows through which a draught is blowing, so much the worse. As we have already seen, microbes are always falling from the air, and if they can find such congenial resting-places as basins of milk, they begin to feed and to multiply quickly. Thus milk quite pure when placed in the morning uncovered on the pantry shelf, may before night be full of disease.

#### Prevention better than Cure.

It is easier to keep sewage, and therefore disease, out of water than to remove it after it has got there. A great fuss is made about the water-supply after an outbreak of typhoid fever, whereas a quarter of the same fuss beforehand would be cheaper, less painful, and less destructive of life. In a case within the writer's knowledge a pump supplied water to half the dwellers in a village. After a time complaints were made that some one was placing stale vegetables, remains of fish, and even worse, in the corner of a field just at the back of the pump. It turned out that a fisherman, living a few yards away, in order to save himself a little trouble, had set up a refuse-heap just near the well which supplied the pump. His ignorance and laziness became a danger to all his neighbours as well as to himself.

#### Could not be trusted.

A well, once fouled, does not soon recover its purity. One of my neighbours owns a row of cottages, for which he had provided an ample supply of pure water by means of a well. For thirty years the well sufficed, and everybody was contented and healthy, so far as good water was concerned. But on an unlucky day one of the tenants so diverted a stream of sewage that it flowed into the well, took away its purity and its character, brought the whole row of houses under the ban of the sanitary authority, and cost my friend much more than a hundred pounds to set matters right. The well could not be trusted any longer, and a supply of water was brought from another source.



“PRAY night and day, very quietly, to the good and loving God, for everything you want, in body as well as soul, the least thing as well as the greatest. Nothing is too much to ask God for—nothing too great for Him to grant—and try to thank Him for everything. . . . I sometimes feel that eternity will be too short to praise God in, if it was only for making us live at all !”—*Charles Kingsley*.



## Christ Lifting Men Up.

BY REV. H. G. YOUARD.

"He took him by the hand and lifted him up."—MARK ix. 27.

**T**HIS is what the Saviour of man was always doing, taking people by the hand and lifting them up and down. Not only did He lift up with His helping hand that poor devil-posessed deaf and dumb man referred to in the text, but He lifted up that poor woman bowed with infirmity for eighteen years; that poor man at the Pool of Bethesda who had been a hopeless cripple for thirty-eight years. He also lifted up from his bed that pitiable palsied man who was let down through the roof that Christ might heal him; and He lifted up Mary Magdalene out of the depth of moral corruption and degradation into which she had fallen. All through Christ's public life people were constantly brought under His notice who were down in life in one way or other, and He took them by the hand and lifted them up. "*The Lord raiseth up all that be bowed down,*" says the Psalmist; and that is precisely what the Lord Jesus Christ did when on earth, and is still doing since He has left the earth. Through the agencies of His Church and of His people individually, He is ever taking people by the hand and lifting them up spiritually, morally, bodily, intellectually, socially.

This was the great purpose for which Jesus Christ came into our world—to lift up fallen man to God. The great object of His Incarnation was to uplift, to raise, to elevate the whole life of man from darkness to light, from degradation to honour, from sin to holiness, from sorrow to joy, from death to life.



CHRIST LIFTS UP THE PALSIED MAN.

### 1. Consider the uplifting power of Christ in regard to various classes and conditions of the human race.

Christ has uplifted the *slave*. Through the teaching, influence, and power of the Christian religion, one nation after another, one country after another, has set the slave free. The slave owes his freedom, owes the uplifting of his life from the wretchedness, degradation, and horrors of slavery, more to Jesus Christ, the world's Emancipator, than to any other cause. Christ has uplifted *woman* from a very low level of life to one of high honour and dignity. The elevated position to which she has been raised in Christian countries is due to the uplifting power of her Saviour. It is not saying too much that woman owes everything to Jesus Christ.

Christ has uplifted *children*. Christ's wonderful teaching about children, declaring that a little child is the model of a man's true greatness in the kingdom of God; that children have the angels of God as their guardians; that a fearful woe awaits those who offend or corrupt children,—this teaching about little children, together with the great love and reverence Christ showed for children, has done more to uplift the life of childhood than anything else ever heard of.

Again, if you want to know what the uplifting power of Christ is in raising the



most degraded savages on earth, read the reports of Christian missionaries amongst the savages of Africa, of the South Sea or Norfolk Islands, and it will be an astounding revelation to you.

**2. Let us now consider the uplifting power of Christ, particularly in regard to Men.**

Look at it in regard to the *manhood of men*. When a man allows Jesus Christ to take him by the hand, you will not wait long before you begin to see a change in the character of the man's manhood. More and more he ceases to be a man of the world; more and more he becomes a man of God. His manhood takes more and more the character of the manhood of Jesus Christ, the incarnate God, whose manhood God intends to be the model of our manhood. As a man yields himself to Christ, his manhood becomes more and more a manhood of gentleness, courage, courteousness, self-restraint, unselfishness, humility, purity, and Christian chivalry; and all this is the result of the uplifting power of Christ raising the tone and standard of the man's manhood.



CHRIST HAS UPLIFTED THE SLAVE.

Look once more at the uplifting power of Christ in regard to *men's conduct to women*.

When Jesus Christ takes a man by the hand and lifts him up to the life of God—in other words, when a man becomes an earnest and faithful servant of Jesus Christ—what a great change soon comes over him in regard to his thoughts, feelings, and conduct towards *women*. He no longer regards her as intended to gratify his sensual lust; or as his tool to carry out his whims and wishes; or as his toy to play with and trifle with whenever he feels so disposed; or as his slave who is bound to render him abject subjection in everything. No, that is all changed now that Christ has lifted him up to the heavenly level of man's

life. He respects her, he honours her, he sympathizes with her, he protects her, he considers her at every point as a woman; and above all things he shrinks from bringing upon her disgrace before marriage. He carries out that golden rule of the Christian religion, regarding men's duty to women, to treat *the elder women as mothers, and the younger as sisters, with all purity*. That's how Jesus Christ lifts men up in their conduct to women when once He is allowed to take them by the hand.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, lifts up all whom He takes by the hand; raises them higher and higher to the highest levels of heavenly and earthly life. But oh! remember that if He is to lift us up we must allow Him *to take us by the hand*; in other words, we must yield ourselves to His uplifting power; must fulfil the conditions of His lifting us up.



# Eastington Parish Church Magazine, JAN., 1912

## THE LANTERN LECTURES.

I regret to say that owing to an unexpected demand on my time next week I shall not be able to commence the Lantern Lectures on Tuesday, 9th. I will give due notice of the first lecture.

## THE SPIRITUAL DIFFICULTIES OF THE BIBLE AND PRAYER-BOOK.

In response to a request, I will begin a short series of explanations of the "Spiritual Difficulties in the Bible and Prayer-book" on Sunday evening next. My first subject will be the murder of Sisera by Jael, and Deborah's supposed commendation of the act.

## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

I am much indebted to all who sent flowers, as well as those who put them into such graceful forms in our church for Christmas.

A course of very novel but very interesting Advent addresses is being delivered at Eastington Parish Church by the Rev. G. T. A. Ward (Rector), on the subject of "The Modern Discoveries in the Ancient Empires of Assyria and Babylonia." The object of the Rector in these addresses is to show the un-wisdom, from a Christian standpoint, to "set our affections on things below." In the face of inclement weather, unusually large congregations listen with rapt attention to the lucid and interesting way in which the Rector treats this difficult but important subject. It is rumoured that the Rector has succeeded in making arrangements with the authorities of the British Museum, who have courteously promised a loan of their private and exclusive slides of the Assyrian Tablets, and that a course of lantern lectures will be given on the subjects of Jerusalem, Babylonian and Assyrian discoveries by the Rector shortly after Christmas.

On Monday last, December 18th, the first "social" given under the auspices of the joint committees of the men and the women guilds was held in the Rector's Hall, Eastington, and was an unqualified success. Admission was confined to the members, and the spacious hall was full. An interesting programme was provided, which embraced songs, instrumental selections, recitations, dancing and games. Light refreshments were pro-

vided. At the close three hearty cheers were given for the Rector. The Rector's Hall was beautifully decorated and illuminated by electricity supplied from the Rector's plant.

Mrs. John Underwood, of Westend, after a very long illness, passed to her rest in the early hours of Sunday morning. Her husband predeceased her by sixteen years. The deceased was 50 years of age.

## CHURCH BOOKS ON SALE.

There are now on sale at Mrs. Went's stores a number of very cheap, but very useful and interesting books. Any member of the Church at all desirous of knowing the "Why and Wherefore" of their Church and Churchmanship ought to read these little books. The following can be had—price 1d.—Outline History of the Church of England; Apostolic Succession; Church Property and Revenues; The Minor Holy Days; The Church and Social Questions: What every Christian must know; Counsels for Women; The Story of the S.P.G.; Church Teaching; Robert Dolling; Our Church; The Children's 1d. Library of the Saints. Also the following penny manuals:—Gospel Stamps; Lad's Communion Book; The Lord's Way; National Education; The Symbolism of Worship; Notes on the Lord's Prayer; Our Duty to the Children; The Story of the Passion; Private Prayers; A History of Socialism; Religious Life for Women; Worldliness; A Broken Heart and its Cure; The Passion; Before His Face; The Cult of S. George; My Prayers; Private Prayers for Women; Private Prayers for Men. Also Intercessions for Missions (4d.); The Congregation in Church, 1/-; The Why and Wherefore, 1/-; etc., etc. There is an astonishing amount of information in these little manuals, and I strongly commend them to the thoughtful among my parishioners. The sorest disease from which the Church suffers is lack of knowledge amongst her children as to her why and wherefore.

## TO STRANGERS.

At Eastington Parish Church we usually have a number of worshippers who are not parishioners, and I want to impress upon them the need of contributing more generously than is their custom to the offertories. The expenses of the Church have to be met, and the offertory is the only way we have of meeting them at Eastington. I think, too, that a little more liberality on the part of the regular worshippers would not be inconsistent with the means of many of them.



# Eastington Parish Church,—List of Hymns for Jan., 1912.

## M A T I N S .

7	Epiphany I	478	77 (4)	78	309 (1, t iii)
14	Epiphany II	5	273	537	75 (166)
21	Epiphany III	6	255	220	323
28	Epiphany IV	7	281	291	282

## E V E N S O N G .

7		220	76	79	266
14		274	177	220	31
21		233	197	236	20
28		271	183	285	21

Organist—Mr. J. Moore.

Choirmaster—Rev. G. T. A. Ward, Rector.