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The

Falkland Islands

Magazine

AND

Church

Paper.

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AT

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 12 Rundel Street,
 London W C

July.

Moon
 Full Moon 4th.
 Last Qtr. 11th.
 New Moon 19th.
 First Qtr. 27th.

Moon **AUGUST**
 Full Moon 3rd.
 Last Qtr. 9th.
 New Moon 17th.
 First Qtr. 25th.

1st. **S.** 4th. Sunday after Trinity.
 2nd. **M.** Visitation of the B.V.M.
 3rd. **Tu.**
 4th. **W.**
 5th. **Th.**
 6th. **F.**
 7th. **S.**

8th. **S.** 5th. Sunday after Trinity.
 9th. **M.**
 10th. **Tu.**
 11th. **W.**
 12th. **Th.**
 13th. **F.** S. Margaret, V.M.
 14th. **S.**

15th. **S.** 6th. Sunday after Trinity.
 16th. **M.**
 17th. **Tu.**
 18th. **W.** S. James, A.M.
 19th. **Th.**
 20th. **F.**
 21st. **S.**

22nd. **S.** 7th. Sunday after Trinity.
 23rd. **M.**
 24th. **Tu.**
 25th. **W.**
 26th. **Th.**
 27th. **F.**
 28th. **S.**

29th. **S.** 8th. Sunday after Trinity.
 30th. **M.**
 31st. **Tu.**

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND
CHURCH PAPER.

No III. Vol. XXIX.

JULY 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

Advertisements (subject to approval) are inserted at the following rates :-

Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address.

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION 8. 0 a.m.

MATTINS AND SERMON 11. 0 a. m.

HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday
in the Month) 12. 0 a. m.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE 2. 30 p.m.

EVENSONG AND SERMON 7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS 10 0 a.m.

EVENSONG (Wednesday) 7. 0 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and
by arrangement.

CHURCHINGS, before any service.

EDITORIAL.

In the May issue appeared various statements of accounts in connection with Church

work. This month we print the balance sheet of the Sustentation Fund, and take this opportunity of making a few comments.

We call attention to a change in the administration of the Fund which became necessary when Mr Harding, the sole survivor of the Sustentation Fund Committee, left the Colony. The Vestry has now commissioned the Dean and Churchwardens to manage this branch of Church finance, and the Dean would be glad if, for the future, donations and subscriptions from private persons were sent to him.

The necessity for liberal and regular contributions to this Fund becomes evident to those who notice the heavy annual payments for which it is responsible. If anyone is inclined to imagine that the existence of a balance in hand of over one hundred pounds at the end of December 1916 proves the fund to be in an excessively flourishing condition, we would point out that from time to time passages of the clergy cause a considerable drain on its resources. It is necessary, therefore, to exercise the utmost economy in order to be able to meet this item of expenditure, when it occurs.

For several years the Colonial Government, the Falkland Islands Company, and the majority of the sheepfarms have been generous annual subscribers. In addition there are several subscriptions from private persons. But it is felt that the number of the latter would be larger, if greater publicity were given to the needs of the Fund.

We are extremely grateful for all that has been done in the past, and we hope that the Sustentation Fund will not suffer through the enforced change in administration. J.S.S.

F. J. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER.

SUSTENTATION FUND, year ending December 31st 1916.

	£	s	d				
To Stipends of Clergy				By Balance from 1915	134	13	7
Dean Smith	350	0	0	Subscriptions	324	17	9
Rev. Hobley	300	0	0	" F.I.C.	162	8	10
" Advance	76	2	4	" Cl. Govt.	200	0	0
" Insurance	6	5	0	" Offerories	9	18	8
" Local Rates	4	5	0	" Sundry fees and Donations			
" Stores purchased		13	4	per the Dean	21	15	0
" Balance	116	12	8	" Sav. Bank Int.		4	6
	£ 853	18	4		£ 853	18	4
				By Balance	£ 116	12	8

W. A. Harding
Chairman and Treasurer.

Examined and found correct
L. V. Oswald.

ANNUAL CATHEDRAL Bazaar

Date will be announced later.

Contributions towards the stalls will be gladly received by Mrs. Dean, Stanley Cottage; Mrs. J. Stanley Smith, the Deanery, or Mrs. C. McDonald-Hobley, The Church House.

Every Contribution Gratefully Received.

Mr. Allan Willis and Mrs. Wade wish to express their gratitude for the many tokens of kindness and sympathy shown them during their recent bereavement.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Liverpool. June 9th. Mr. Andrew McPherson. From Buenos Aires Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McDaid.

DEPARTURES.

For Liverpool. June 9th. Mr. W. P. Clifton-Mogg, Mr. George Evans. For Valparaiso. Mr. J. G. Aldridge, Mr. J. J. Aldridge. For Punta Arenas. Miss M. Bailey, Mr. Sverre Andreasson.

Help for the Wounded.

One of the most practical ideas of local help for our wounded soldiers and sailors was inaugurated at a meeting held in the Church Hall on June 22nd, when "The Falkland Islands' Bandage Club" was put on a regular basis. The general idea is that the members should roll bandages which will be sent home for distribution at some Hospital base, which is to be suggested by the Colonial Surgeon. The Rev. C. McDonald Hobley opened the meeting and explained the objects of the Club to the ladies who were present: he urged them all not only to give their own practical help, but also to use every endeavour to bring forward the special need of the Club of continuous subscriptions, to enable the members to continue their good work, if possible, till the end of the war. The following ladies were then elected:— Mrs Pearce, President. Mrs. Rowlands, and Mrs Thomas, Committee, and Miss D. Cletheroe, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. Mr Hobley pointed out the fact that the scheme was thought out, in the first place, by Mrs. Pearce, to whom the greatest credit was due; it had also the full approval of His Excellency the Governor. He asked all the members present to back the Officials well up in their work, and not to let any obstacle stand in their way. The Ladies present then had tea, and the meeting closed with prayers for our soldiers.

We take this opportunity of asking every local reader's hearty co operation & support in this scheme, and can assure them that every donation, however small, in either flannel, calico or money to buy material with, - will be most gratefully received by the Hon Treasurer- Miss D. Cletheroe.

The following subscriptions have already been received:—

Mrs. George M. Dean	-	£5	0	0
Mrs. Robson Sur.	-	3	0	0
Mr. H. Waldron	-	3	0	0
H. E. The Governor	-	1	0	0
Mr. J. Houston	-	1	0	0
Mr. M. Robson	-	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. W. Luxton	-	1	0	0
Mr & Mrs. Pole-Evans	-	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Thomas	-	1	0	0

Mr. and Mrs. Peters	-	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Weiss	-	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Felton	-	1	0	0
Mr. A. E. Felton	-	1	0	0
Mr. G. J. Felton	-	1	0	0
Mrs. Benney : Messrs. G. I. Turner : M. Craighie Halkett : John Pearce : J. H. W. Dawe : L. V. Oswald : G. Ball : R. Hardy : J. Smith : G. Royle : & The Rev. Stanley-Smith	10/- each.			
Miss Young : Mrs. Hulford : Miss Irwin : Capt. Rowlands : Capt. Saanum : The Rev. C. McD. Hobley : Messrs. Gresham : P. Mills : G. W. Benney : A. Hoare : R. B. Baseley : & Mrs. Privett	5/- each.			
Misses. G. Davis : R. Davis : & Mrs. Pederson	2/- each.			

Out of the above subscriptions, 263 yds. of calico have been purchased, and some bandages have already been made.

C. McD. H.

OBITUARY.

We greatly regret to announce the death of Lt. Colonel Singleton Bonner. D.S.O. which took place at Etaples, France on May 1st. Colonel Bonner originally belonged to the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment, whose Headquarters were at Whittington Barracks, Lichfield; but when he returned to France on March 28th, he was transferred, and put in command of the 10th. Royal Fusiliers. Colonel Bonner had been at the Front since the commencement of the War, and was wounded at Ypres on Oct. 29th. 1914. He returned to France in April 1915, and commanded the 1st South Staffords at Festubert & Neuchapelle, where the Regiment won great laurels for themselves, though their casualties were very heavy indeed. At Festubert he gained his D.S.O. He was gassed at Loos on Sep. 25th 1915, and only returned to France on March 23rd. of this year. Colonel Bonner was wounded on April 23rd, and had his right arm amputated on the following day: he died from the effects of his wounds on May 1st. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his relatives.

—:o:—

C McD. H.

The B. P. Scouts.

The local Troop has been making satisfactory progress during the past month or so, and numbers have increased: the Bugle Band has been enriched by the gift of a bass Drum, which has been made locally and presented by A. S. M. Fleuret. The Shooting Range has at last been opened, and some very useful scores have been recorded. It is hoped that the new uniforms will arrive by this next mail and then the whole Troop will be fully equipped. The movement has made big progress in the world at large during the past few months. The Italian Government has given official recognition to the Scouts as an approved national Institution: in America, an Act of Congress has been passed to the same effect. In Spain, not only has the movement been officially recognized by law, but the Government has confirmed its opinion in a practical way by handsomely subsidising their local Scouts.

It now remains for the British Government to follow the good example set by Spain, and from what we can hear, even that may come in the very near future. Many of the more important shipping lines are now employing Scouts as signallers, messengers and liftboys, and on the ill-fated *Britannic*, one of the largest of the White Star Liners, which was sunk off Greece, there were two patrols of Scouts employed. We read that the lads "stuck to their posts until almost driven away". It is stated that the ship's Officers were "amazed at the boys' courage", and in their report they state "The conduct of the boys in such a trying time was exemplary, and calls for the highest commendation." The boys of today are the men of the future, and when a Scout takes the Oath, it means more to him than outsiders think, for as Kitchener once said — "Once a scout, always a scout."

We congratulate San Carlos North on being the first Station in the Camp to have a Lone Scout: on May 18th, Scout E. Bruat was sworn in by the District Scout Master.

We sincerely trust that many more will follow his example. *C.McDH.*

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mrs Tom Butler, an old resident in the Colony, and one who was very greatly respected when she lived here. Mrs Butler was born in Stanley, and was the daughter of Mr J. Rudd, late Camp Manager for the F.I.C. and therefore sister to Mrs Carey, and half-sister to Mrs C. Enestrom, Mrs D. Sullivan, and Messrs H. & E. Roberts. She went to Canada about twelve years ago having, previously lived at Hill Gap, and also on Weddell Island. Mrs Butler died in Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, at the early age of 54, and leaves two children, Mrs Sullivan, in New Zealand, and Mrs Chance, in Vancouver, — together with five grandchildren, to mourn her loss. We tender our sincerest sympathy to her relatives in this their sad bereavement. *C.McDH.*

It is hard to realise that Edith Binnie has gone from our midst. On Sunday 17th June she was at school, and then was seized with a sudden illness from which she died on the following Tuesday. She was such a bright intelligent child, a universal favourite, that her death has caused the deepest sorrow not only to her relatives but also to all her many friends in Stanley. She was buried on the 24th, when the Service was conducted by the Dean and the Rev. C. Mc D. Hobley.

Mrs WILLIS, one of the most devout and regular of worshippers in the Cathedral died from shock as the result of accident on Friday, 29th of June. In spite of her 78 years she was full of energy, and was in fact, engaged in her usual household duties at the time of her death. She was exactly what country people in England describe as 'a good living woman, and a most devoted mother.' We shall miss her greatly, but we must rejoice that she was spared any lengthy or painful illness. We give our deepest sympathy to Mr Allen Willis and to Mrs Wade.



Welfare Among the Industrial Boys: *The Citizens of To-morrow in the Workshops of To-day.* *By Amy Eleanor Mack.*



ALTHOUGH most of the work done by the Welfare Section of the Ministry of Munitions is for girls and women, it must not be imagined that no care is given to other workers. On the contrary there is a special branch of the Welfare Section whose whole time is devoted to caring for the boys in munition factories.

The problem of the boy in industry has always been a difficult one, but it is more complicated than ever just now by the fact that many boys are doing men's work and earning men's wages. This state of things naturally gives the boy an exalted opinion of his own value, and makes him very impatient of criticism and restraint. There has been so much demand for boy labour that a lad will throw up his job on the slightest pretext, because he feels perfectly sure of getting another as soon as he wants it. This reckless independence is bad for the boy and bad for the work too; and it is one of the difficulties with which the Boys' Branch of the Welfare Section is faced in its task of safeguarding the boy in industry.

Welfare supervision for boys is very different from that for girls and women; and, in some ways is much more difficult to arrange. In the first place, although there are tens of thousands of boys in munition works, they are scattered throughout the

length and breadth of the land, a few here and a few there. It is only now and again that there are enough boys in one factory for the management to think it worth while to appoint a welfare supervisor. Then too it is not always easy to

find the right man for the work. A man needs sense, sympathy, and humour to handle boys successfully; and, as some one has ruefully said, "Most of these men are at the Front."

Still, there are some such men available, and where they have been appointed the result has been so satisfactory that other



A WEEK-END CAMP FOR THE FACTORY LADS.

firms have followed and arranged for welfare supervision for their boys.

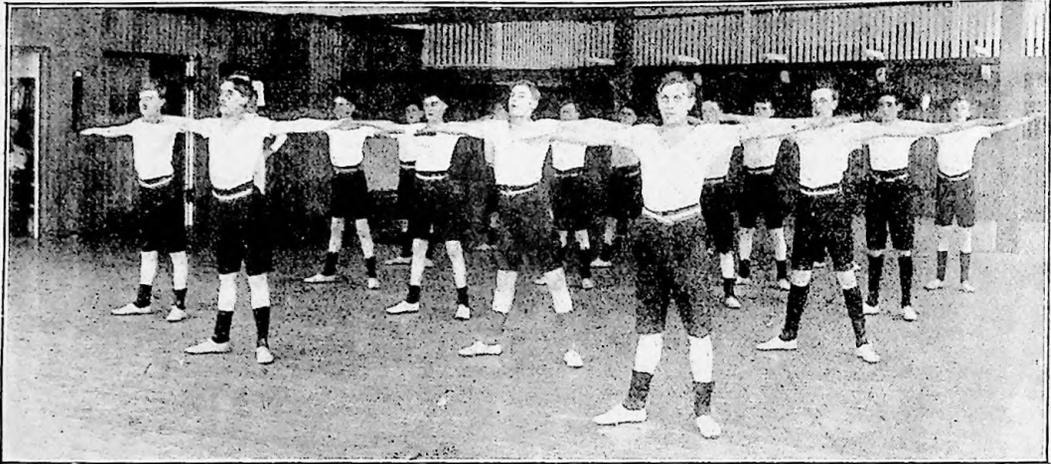
The duties of a welfare supervisor are to deal with the many questions which affect the boys' welfare in industrial life, but which cannot be dealt with adequately by the management.

In the first place, he should interview new boys, look into their reference, and explain the nature of the work to them. Then, when the boy is engaged, the welfare supervisor should take him in hand on his arrival, show him something of the shops, and arouse his interest in the work he is about to do before handing him over to the foreman.

The welfare supervisor should keep a careful eye on the boy at his work, to see that he is doing the job for which he is best suited, for more time is lost by people working at uncongenial tasks than is

generally allowed for in industry. He should interview the boy from time to time, giving him a chance to air any grievances he may have. Wherever possible, the welfare supervisor should get into touch with the boy's parents, and impress upon them the importance of keeping him up to the mark in timekeeping and cleanliness. And he

boyhood, and that is love of exercise and games. The factory lad does not have the chances for cricket, football, hockey, and tennis that more fortunate schoolboys enjoy. But the welfare supervisor can bring a great deal of pleasure into the factory life by arranging games for such spare time as the boys have; and, indeed, one of his most



THE GYMNASIUM IN A FACTORY.

should make a point of giving a report to the parents occasionally, *not only when complaints have to be made*, but to tell of the boy's progress.

In the factory the welfare supervisor should see that there is proper and sufficient lavatory and sanitary accommodation for the boys. He should persuade the boys to wear overalls; for, though this seems a small matter, many employers are of opinion that it increases the lad's self-respect and encourages him to be clean. And—a very important thing—the welfare supervisor might be made responsible for seeing that the canteen arrangements are adequate and that the boys have proper meals.

It is generally admitted that the average boy is not thrifty by nature, and one of the duties of a welfare supervisor should be to encourage boys to save out of their wages by one of the many schemes now in force for saving.

There is another thing which is common to all

important duties is to organize outdoor sport, and, if a club-room exists, indoor games as well. In some firms, where large numbers of boys are engaged, scout troops and cadet corps have been formed, and, what the boys love best of all, summer camps have been organized by the welfare supervisor.

These amusements not only help the boy physically, but they give him a fresh, healthy interest in life, keep him out of mischief, and give him a chance to learn what we all admit is one of the most valuable lessons taught in our public schools—to play the game.

I believe that the Ministry of Munitions, 6 Whitehall Gardens, London, S.W., will give further information on this subject to any who wish it; and it is noteworthy that the Rev. R. R. Hyde (so well known in connection with the Christian Social Union and the Maurice Hostel) gave up his living in Hoxton to devote himself to the work of Organizing Officer of Boys' Welfare.

To a New Vicar.

GRANT him Thy grace, O FATHER! He is here
As Thy ambassador, to care for us—
A faithful parish priest, whose chiefest thought
Is how to bring his people nearer Thee.

Grant him Thy love, O Saviour! He is here
To show the love of JESUS un to men.
But love is dead in many hearts to-day,
And heaven is dim, and GOD seems far away.

Grant him Thy grace, O FATHER! He is here
To minister to us the Holy Food.

May many wandering ones be led to Thee,
And taste the joys of Holy Commune there.

Grant him Thy rest, LORD! There's so much yet to do
Here at our home-church. May he feel the truth
Thy everlasting arms are near; and in
That heavenly promise may he comfort find.

Grant him Thy peace, LORD, heavenly peace divine,
That so all earthly turmoils fail. And then
When his work here is ended may he hear
The Master's voice, "Servant of Mine, well done!"

L. E. A. BROWN.

Weather and Health. *By Evelyn Dickinson, M.B., Ch.M., D.P.H.*

III. "SAMPLES" OF WEATHER.



HE wonderful rhythm of life is shown not only in winds and seas and the unfailling seasons of the year. There is an endless ebb and flow in the finer and unseen vibrations which make up our weather and climate.

For instance, the pressure of the air recorded by the barometer may, and in England probably does, vary from day to day; but we find that there is also a regular high-pressure record, and a low, twice in every twenty-four hours. Now this pressure is made up of the weight of air plus that of watery vapour, all round the world. Hence we may conclude that there are tides of air. The seas observe their tides, and the winds; and the weather-wise folk (of whom there is now a new army, for they go up into the air in ships!) know that the early hours of the morning tend to be exquisitely still, and that winds rise as the sun rises, and fall with his setting.

In the matter of barometric pressure, we can take our start in the Tropics, for here the tide is most strongly marked, and its variation becomes smaller as it sweeps upwards and downwards through the temperate zones to the Poles, where there is no daily variation at all, but only an annual ebb and flow. It is always the same in the great movements of the earth; speed, heat, moisture, storms, vegetation, life abundant—a riot of life—in the Tropics, and comparative stillness and death, with only a poor little grudging struggle towards being, at the Poles. Every manifestation of life falls off as we approach these. The high rainfall of the tropics diminishes gradually as we go North and South; and, though many untravelled persons believe that in the lands of the sun it is always fine weather, whereas in our cloudy islands it is always raining, the fact is that we really get much less rain than they do; but it takes place in small quantities all the while, so to speak, because colder air will not hold vapour in suspense. But water is somewhere about seven hundred times as heavy as air, and the wonder is that it should be held at all, and more especially that when it is so held the air should become lighter in weight, and the barometer should fall. But weather is a fascinating subject, and the study of it lures us gradually into the world of chemistry and physics, where absorbing interest awaits us.

Among other things, electricity awaits us. This, too, has its rhythm.

The atmosphere is always charged with electricity, which is chiefly positive in fine weather and negative in wet. Land is negatively, and sea-water is positively, electric, and the clouds may be either. Electricity being a form of motion, there is a perpetual exchange and give and take between these two kinds; and the least observant of us recognizes what we may call the high festival of exchange—a thunderstorm. Here we have a

positive cloud approaching a negative cloud, because opposite electricities attract one another. When these charges meet, they produce an electric spark on the grand scale—a flash of lightning—generating immense heat. This heat expands the air with enormous violence, colder air rushes in instantly to take its place, and the sound of this mighty action and reaction manifests as thunder, rolling and rumbling all along the line of it. Popular opinion still believes in the thunderbolt—"Jove's thunderbolts"—cylindrical bodies cast down to earth in the fury of the sky-battle, to be picked up later, with awe and admiration, by mere mortals. But natural science has no mercy on our fondest superstitions. There are no thunderbolts. What has happened is that a flash of lightning has struck a patch of sandy soil, and the sand has been fused by chemical action into what is known as a fulgurite.

When observations are taken at a constant height above ground, it appears that there is a regular rise and fall of electric force twice in the twenty-four hours. They occur when temperature is either rising or falling, most rapidly; and have their maxima timed for 8 a.m. and 9 p.m. in summer, and 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. in winter. It is thought that the lowest electrical point during the night is just before the dawn, when it seems to us that the current of life runs very slow. Whether there is any connection between the two we cannot say; but then we cannot yet say what electricity is, and what we do not yet know of it is not the least part of the attraction of the whole subject. These daily tides bring us back to the sun, for they seem to coincide with the most rapid rise and fall of temperature, and temperature depends on the sun. Probably we ourselves suffer a daily ebb and flow of energy. Most people are aware of a time of the day when they are, as the saying is, at their best; and it may quite well be that this coincides with a rise of electrical force—and perhaps some day we shall know all about it.

We must take wide views if we are to understand the weather. These vast waves of heat, waters, vapour, winds, and electricity move steadily in gross; but they seem broken and irregular in detail. Spring begins officially for us on March 21, but the Derby was once run in a snow-storm! The wonder of it is not yet forgotten, yet we may be sure that no one doubted but that summer was coming. And, by the way, Epsom, with its huge dust-producing crowd, would be an excellent place for a snow-storm, because snow is caused by the excess moisture in the air crystallizing round particles of dust. Sleet and hail are different, being frozen raindrops.

We in England are very well placed for studying weather: as the American said, it is all samples! On a typical April day, for instance, in a southern county, we can follow and understand the whole process of

it. Suppose that the morning is fine, with a clear sky and a brisk north-westerly wind. The wind blows from the sea because the land is warming up as the year advances, and the air over the sea is therefore colder, and flows in to take the place of that which rises; also it has a northerly bias, because the North is distinctly colder at this moment than the South. As the sun heats the moist spring soil vapour rises into the air. At short impetuous intervals the upper air throws it down in the form of showers, because, being colder than the lower, it cannot hold it. The sun has considerable power, and in brilliant intervals we dare settle ourselves to bask under a south wall. Unperceived, a heavy cloud rushes up on the wings of the wind, and even with the sun in our eyes we are treated to a lash and swirl of hail from the other side of our wall. The waters from the unnoticed cloud have been met in their descent by a particularly bitter current of air, and have been frozen on their way

down. Rarely, we are further blessed by a fall of *graupe*l (or *grésil*)—small balls of soft snow from the upper regions of the atmosphere. (In winter snow usually follows this.)

Perhaps also, as the great drifting clouds career about the blue, those of opposite electricity may meet, and a sudden single thunderclap may add to our surprise, and emphasize what Shakespeare has called "the uncertain glories of an April day." Later on, as the earth cools, less vapour rises, and because there is less difference in temperature between North and South and land and sea, the wind will sink, and the evening will be still, and the sky clear. I allow that the rhythm is a little jerky! And of course we grumble. But all the same it is there, this inevitable rhythm of sun and heat and electricity and waves and winds; and long experience has enabled us to formulate—though unconsciously—a law of it, and we know full surely that the year is wearing on towards summer.



MILKING TIME.

[Photo, Chas. Reid.]

Our Village in War Time: (III) Geraldine the Carrier.

By B. M. Girvin-Cosens.

OUR village is four miles from the railway town. Until last June we could get provisions easily, because Will Lovering, the seventeen-year-old son of Fisherman Lovering, was our carrier. With the aid of his donkey-cart he fetched packages of any size or description for twopence a piece. As well as carrying he did shopping.

When Mrs. Warren wanted some blue ribbon for Harriet's hair for the harvest-tea Will was given sixpence to get it.

"Mind ye I want it light blue, Will, because it's to match her Sunday blue dress."

When Will got to the shop he could not remember—it was a heavy morning for him; the squire wanted new buttons for his gaiters, Miss White wanted the enamel teapot he had bought last Friday changed for a size smaller, and Cobbler Brooks wanted a particular kind of nail for soleing—if it was light or dark blue she had ordered. So he got an in-between shade, which

happened to be royal, and quite spoiled the look of the sky-blue nun's veiling.

In spite of lapses of this kind, Will Lovering, it was agreed by all the villagers, was indispensable.

It was not until the last day of June that the thunderbolt fell. Mrs. Tucker knew it first, and stood at the corner of her lane, her hands resting on her ample hips, telling every one who passed.

"They've taken Will Lovering for the Army!"

It had seemed meet and right that Dick Thomas should have been called up for the Navy, and that Tom Carter and Bob Stringer, "both to service up over Buckland," should have been spared from their work to serve their country. But that Will Lovering should be taken—*Will Lovering!* The carrier for Little Winkle! It was nothing short of a national calamity.

"And with the season starting," moaned Mrs. Winslow; "how be us going to get our parcels out from Branston?"

"I don't know how us is going to manage at all,"

sighed Grannie Chalicombe, who could not afford to have more than one parcel in six months!

"Us will have to shop more to Aunt Emma," was the general verdict.

But Aunt Emma, partly because she is so very old and cannot read nor write and keeps her accounts by rows of crosses, rings, and strokes, is unreliable! Her stock is limited, and she has been known to run out of sugar and not replenish for as long as six weeks! So it really was most awkward for our particular village when Will Lovering joined the Army.

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the truth of the old maxim was proved once more in Little Winkle.

Will Lovering went and pretty Geraldine came.

It was Mrs. Tucker once more who spread this information. One might describe Mrs. Tucker as the "Stop Press Column," not only because she has the news before any one else, but also because she is square, the same width all the way down, stout and firm and strong, very like a column.

"That young woman up to May Cottage says she's going to do Will Lovering's work. I fancy it's not what Little Winkle expects of her." Then, with a very big snort, "A girl carrier!"

So Geraldine at first found it hard to make her little business venture a success, because she rented the donkey and cart at five shillings a week and no orders came in, although she put a notice in Aunt Emma's shop window saying she would start from the *Laura Jane* (this is an old upturned boat lying beside the stone wall, which has been there as long as Aunt Emma can remember) at ten o'clock each day.

Will Lovering had worked promiscuously. Any odd time had done for him to start. You just ran out and caught him when he passed. Adhering to hours was a thing to be debarred in Little Winkle. "Besides," as Mrs. Tucker said, "who'd trust shopping to a mighty-fighty female like that young person? Her couldn't tell a sausage from a lump of sugar!"

Eventually though, however, pretty Geraldine was able to prove she did know a sausage from a lump of sugar, because one day she was given her chance.

The visitors' season had started.

Mrs. Tucker found herself without soap, and it was her own fault, because she had forgotten to buy it when she had walked all the way into Branston the previous day.

She sneaked down to the *Laura Jane*, hoping no one was peeping at her over the lace curtains strung across the cottage windows in Aunt Emma's street.

Geraldine took such care with that order. She knew that her reputation was at stake.

That afternoon Mrs. Tucker talked again from the corner of the lane.

"The sweet young lady up to May Cottage, her knew how to shop for certain. Her had brought back seven tablets of soap for a shilling." (Mrs. Tucker had never managed to buy more than six!) "A proper bargain, that!"

From this day Geraldine's reputation was made.

The donkey-cart was laden with parcels from Monday until Saturday. Now there was never any mistake about the shade of blue.

And pretty Geraldine did many things that Will Lovering could never have done. She took the children to Branston and fitted them with boots or suited them with hats. She bought, she bargained, she fetched to every one's satisfaction.

And there were other things she did besides carrying.

She totted up Aunt Emma's accounts. The tiny village shop began for the first time to pay its way, for pencil crosses on the wall, which stand for farthings, rings for halfpennies, and strokes for pennies, are "fair 'mazin'" for an old soul whose eyes are dim.

As Mrs. Tucker put

it, long before the season was over:—

"There's blessin's in the war after all. Who'd have thought there was another Bill Lovering in the world. And him a girl!"

This war is teaching us queer things in Little Winkle.



"FOR their sakes I consecrate Myself" (S. John xvii. 19). The thought may help us in regard to all the temptations of our life, even the most hidden and solitary. It may help us to do battle with our despondency and sadness, with our restlessness and resentment, with the perverting and corrupting misery of ambition. We must be watchful and uncompromising, if the self-consecration is to do its work. One sin alone indulged, condoned, domesticated, may spoil it all; may cripple all our hope of helpfulness; may baffle the willingness of God to use us in His work for others. "For their sakes I consecrate Myself." This, then, is our constant hope, that God will so cleanse and purify our hearts that they may not hinder the transmission to others of that light and truth which issue from His Presence. For that hope we would cast out all that defiles and darkens us; we would freely give ourselves to CHRIST, that He may enter in and rule and animate us; so that, through all our unworthiness, something of His brightness and peace may be made known to men.

BP. FRANCIS PAGET.



"Mrs. Tucker sneaked down to the 'Laura Jane.'"

Fragments from my Scrap-book.

VII. BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

(1)

AMONG the many and diverse types which the English Church produced in the nineteenth century, Bishop Walsham How may be taken as standing pre-eminently for that central body which, while avoiding excess in any direction, holds fast to the essentials of good Churchmanship.

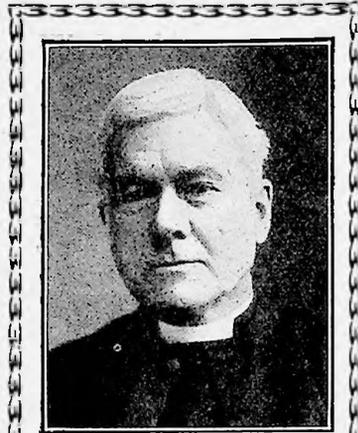
While fully acknowledging his debt to the great Movement which takes its name from the Oxford Tractarians, he was never ashamed to be labelled "moderate" or "Anglican." "We love the name 'Catholic,'" he said, "and we refuse to limit it to a party watch-word."

While a simple parish priest—he was for twenty-eight years Rector of Whittington, in Shropshire—he exercised great influence as a leader of this school of thought through his preaching and writing. His series of short instructions entitled "Plain Words" is widely known, and it has been said that nine-tenths of the younger clergy are "brought up on" his handbook, *Pastor in Parochia*. He also wrote a number of well-known hymns, including "For all the Saints" and "O Jesus, Thou art standing." The impression produced by the devout simplicity of his preaching was quaintly described by a listener who said, "Of all the preachers I have heard, the root of that man's tongue seems most closely connected with his heart."

(2)

From his quiet pastoral work he was called to rally the overworked, undermanned Church of East London, which now, for the first time, had a suffragan-bishop of its own, though, owing to the wording of an old Act of Parliament, he had to be known as Bishop of Bedford. This gave rise to some odd mistakes. People could not understand why the bishop of "a purely agricultural diocese" should be always preaching for the poverty-stricken and congested district under his charge. His recent successors have been more appropriately known as Bishops of Stepney.

The poverty and overcrowding, however, were real enough, and, with the help of the East London Church Fund, founded the year after his consecration, Walsham How threw himself ardently into the work of building up a strong Church



[Elliott & Fry.]

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW,
b. 1823, d. 1897.

Bishop of Bedford, 1879-88; Bishop of Wakefield, 1888-97.

"A bishop who ran to catch trams and omnibuses, who would fly from Tottenham to Wapping, from Bromley to Whitechapel, to preside at a very humble parish festival, was a new figure in the English hierarchy. The neat, well-knit figure, the crisp grey hair, the bright brown eye, the mouth, so whimsical and sympathetic, with its trick of becoming very firm and set if he saw or heard what he did not like, this was not the sort of thing to pass unnoticed. . . . It was a cheering vision when people were worn, or weary, or out of heart."

life in those depressing surroundings. He regarded it as one of the most important parts of his task to cheer and encourage the hard-worked clergy. One of these was the present Bishop of Stepney, Dr. H. L. Paget, who recalls "the touch of crowning brightness, the touch of dignity as well as of gladness," that his visits gave. "He came with a freshness, an eagerness, a readiness to be surprised and pleased, that were wonderful indeed." The "loving brightness" of his disposition endeared him to the people of East London as well as to the clergy. As he went about the streets, his shovel hat, apron, and gaiters at first caused amusement and wonder. "After a time he was pleased to hear it said 'That's a bishop.' Then there came a time when he was still better pleased to hear 'That's the bishop,' and he would often tell of his delight when at last the familiar phrase became 'That's our bishop.'"

(3)

In 1888 he was called to leave his beloved East London and undertake the organizing of the Church in another part of the country. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, as in the East End of London, the Church had failed to keep pace with the rapid growth of an industrial population. The creation of the See of Wakefield was part of an attempt to remedy this, and Walsham How was sent to preside over it. In both places the surroundings were gloomy. Of his new diocese he said, "There's not a garden where I can pick a flower without blacking my fingers." But his cheery buoyancy carried him through. Here, as in London, it fell to his lot to raise money, increase the number of clergy, form new parishes, and the like. But his success in all these things was due to his great gifts of sympathy and love, his power of interesting himself in the interests of others, his simple piety, and perhaps in no little degree to his sense of humour. How he made his way to the hearts of Yorkshiremen is illustrated by an incident which greatly delighted him. He was leaving a town where he had been to preach, when a working man put his head in at the window of the railway carriage and said, "We like you very well; you can coom again."



The Faith of the Ascended Life.

[Photo, Alinari.]

THE glorified CHRIST . . . is not "mere man." . . . As it is with the Person, so it is also with the work of CHRIST; the Ascension has lifted it to a plane immeasurably higher than that of the earthly life, high as that stands above the lives of other men. . . . The Gospels reveal our LORD as Teacher, Healer, Master, *Pastor Pastorum*; and, in all these relations, He is incomparable.

Again, they show Him tempted, suffering, dying, and victorious over temptation, pain, and death; and these aspects of the CHRIST-life are beyond price.

But how much remains of His Work at which the Gospels hardly hint?

His mediation and intercession, His high-priestly life of perpetual self-presentation, His reign, His exercise of universal authority, His certainty of complete victory; His gift of the Spirit, His Headship of the Church, His office of Universal Judge;—

this is the contribution which is made by the second half of the New Testament to our knowledge of CHRIST.

To realize the work of our LORD in heaven is essential to any right appreciation of the worship of the Church.

Apart from the High-priestly life in heaven, prayer is a venture with no assurance of success; apart from the real presence of the ascended CHRIST in our assemblies, common prayer has no special value. . . . All this is changed so soon as the fruits of the Ascension are apprehended; the ascended CHRIST is seen to be present and operating in His Church. . . . The sacramental life of the Church is henceforth not a theory, but an experience, and one which ripens as life advances, and in countless instances has endured the supreme test of the approach of death.

From Dr. H. B. Swete's *The Ascended Christ*. (Macmillan's, 2s. 6d.)

Some Sketches in Ely. By Ethel M. Bilbrough.

ELY is enveloped in an atmosphere of bygone days, which its very remoteness has helped to preserve. It is not like any other town in England, and, apart from its mighty minster, has innumerable points of interest.

In the picturesque old Close almost every building has some past history. The entrance to it lies through a fine stone gateway, built about 1397, and



THE CLOSE, ELY.

Retracing our steps through Ely Porta, in a few minutes we are at the great west entrance of the Cathedral. Opposite this stands the bishop's palace, a building dating from the time of Henry VII. A great part of it was built in 1486 by Bishop Alcock, a well-known name in Ely, for he was a famous architect with a characteristic style of his own. The original bishop's palace was formerly a few miles out of Ely at a place called Downham. To-day it has nearly all vanished, and some very uninteresting looking farm-buildings occupy the site of the ancient episcopal palace. But one beautiful old doorway still remains, leading to what may have been either the chapel or the hall of the palace. This doorway, though crumbling with age, is a good specimen of richly sculptured Decorated art, and is very possibly the work of Bishop Alcock himself, who is said to have rebuilt the palace.

known as Ely Porta. Passing under the arch, we leave the town behind us, and a vision of ancient peace and beauty presents itself. Quaint old gabled houses, covered with roses and virginia-creeper, lie scattered round a greensward sheltered by massive elms, and in the background towers up the silver-grey pile of the great Cathedral.

Enclosed within the Deanery Garden is all that remains of the gigantic kitchens of the monastery, which was rebuilt by Abbot Simeon in the twelfth century on the site of the abbey originally founded by S. Etheldreda; and the old grey Norman pillars and round-headed arches are now to be seen cropping out amongst flowers and climbing roses.

One of the most picturesque old houses in the Close, the present Deanery, was formerly the Guest-house. Here free hospitality was dispensed to all pilgrims and travellers, and a welcome awaited every wayfarer, prince or pauper.

Near the Deanery, and attached to the Prior's Lodge, is an exquisite little decorated chapel, built in 1330 by Prior John de Crauden for his own private use. It is still called "Prior Crauden's Chapel," and its delicate tracery work, sculptured niches, and ancient tiles are all intact, in spite of restorations.

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DOORWAY OF BISHOP'S PALACE AT DOWNHAM, NEAR ELY.



ELY PORTA.

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,*

Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BLUNT'S GARDEN.

THE long shadows of evening were beginning to fall across Mrs. Blunt's garden on that warm day in May. She had been sitting out under the budding trees, enjoying the sight of her tulips and forget-me-nots, with their background of flowering shrubs, lilac, laburnum, azalea, and dark clustering evergreens. Now Agnes Malcolm was wheeling her slowly in her chair along the smooth gravel walk, a last turn before going into the house.

Agnes looked a stronger and happier girl than when she first came to Mrs. Blunt, and a little more flesh on her slight bones, a little more colour in her pale cheeks, if altering the extreme delicacy of her appearance, by no means lessened her beauty. She was happy, though the old nervous restlessness had not quite left her: it was impossible not to love the warm-hearted, unselfish woman who had done her best, through these months, to fill a mother's place towards the girl. Her sister Margaret wrote every Sunday; if Agnes had found her last letters rather short and unsatisfactory, it was easy to imagine that the two little London children must take up a good deal of time.

The gate clanked, and the postman on his bicycle came hurrying along the drive. He brought one letter for Mrs. Blunt. As he gave it into her hand Agnes could not help seeing the address, in Margaret's writing, with "Private" in the upper corner. Mrs. Blunt hardly glanced at the letter, and did not open it immediately. Agnes was too shy and too well-mannered to say a word, though she was wild with curiosity. What could her old Peggy be writing to Mrs. Blunt about? Did she want her to come home? A holiday in the summer was already talked of. Had anything happened, and what could it be?

"I will go in now, Agnes," said Mrs. Blunt.

A little later, when Agnes came back from carrying her wraps upstairs, she was resting, white and agitated, on her couch in the drawing-room. The letter had disappeared.

"Agnes," she said, "Mr. Simon is coming to see

me this evening. Perhaps not till after dinner. But I want to see him alone, on business, you understand."

Agnes, of course, acquiesced at once. She was puzzled, for it did not seem possible to connect Margaret's letter and Mr. Simon's visit. Though Mrs. Blunt had not mentioned him that day, she must have known that he was coming, and till now her usual serenity had been unruined. The letter, then, was responsible for a nervous excitement Agnes had not seen in Mrs. Blunt before, hardly even in those distressing days after young Leonard's

disappearance. What in the world could Margaret be writing about? Agnes grew more anxious every moment, and more miserable. At the same time there was something in Mrs. Blunt, as well as in herself, which made asking an impossibility. After a silent meal, at which Mrs. Blunt ate nothing and Agnes very little, the riddle was made more difficult by a word from the friendly parlourmaid.

"Is there anything wrong with the mistress?" she whispered, detaining Agnes a moment in the hall. "Cook is in ever such a way because she didn't touch her dinner, and I know she was queer when she came in from the garden. She made me 'phone straight off for Mr. Simon."

"Did she?" Agnes opened her eyes wide.

"Agnes, come here!"

The voice was sharp and pre-emptory.

"I don't think she's ill. Some business is bothering her.—And me too," thought the mystified girl as she hurried into the drawing-room.

But Mrs. Blunt only wanted her spectacles.

Half an hour later Agnes fled upstairs at the sound of Simon Mills's arrival. He found Mrs. Blunt alone and in her usual corner; but there was something in her look and manner which set him wondering. He saw that to-night there was no question of investments, charities, parochial affairs, or any matter on which she usually found him a shrewd adviser. He felt uncomfortable, with a pricking sensation of danger which was justified by her first words.

"I have had some most extraordinary news."

"News of Leonard? From whom?"

"You are clever."

"My dear lady, you have a tell-tale face. The dullest person could see that some great"—



"What am I to do with all this?" Simon said.

"That some great joy had come to me."

Simon nodded; he was pleased at her confidence. "Well, I don't know," she went on. "It is a curious story, and I am not sure; that is why I sent for you. I don't want a word said to your uncle. Has he really forgiven the boy? Anyhow, if he came back now I suppose it would be all right."

Simon shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Where is he? At the North Pole?"

"Not yet. If Miss Lynn is right, we have caught him just in time."

"Miss Lynn?"

"Yes. Miss Malcolm's sister. Read that. Yes, I know it is marked "private," but you will see why. That need not hinder my asking your opinion in confidence. I must have some help."

An absorbed frown, which might have expressed a deeply sympathetic interest, settled on Simon's face as he read the letter. Having finished it, he turned once more to the beginning.

"This is Friday," he said, and looked hard at Mrs. Blunt.

"Well, what of that?" said she.

"The letter was written on Monday, according to Miss Lynn's date. The postmark shows it was not posted till this morning. Rather an unfortunate delay under the circumstances, with not a day to lose; expedition sailing within a week, at farthest; sailed already, probably. What a stupid thing!"

"Very stupid and very strange," Mrs. Blunt agreed. "However, there you are. Now the question is, When can you start?"

"Me? Do you mean me?"

"Certainly. I can't go myself; and, after all, I am not one of the family. Here is a bare chance of finding your cousin and restoring him to your grandfather. Well, I know you two were not always friends. But you are too much of a man to bear malice against a boy, such as Leo was when he ran away. Here, give me that little table with my writing-things."

Simon could only obey. His brain was working furiously, for he realized that the news, seized upon by Mrs. Blunt with such eager energy, was the worst news possible for him. He was not entirely a bad man; he wished Leonard no actual harm; only hoping that the fellow would stick to his seafaring life, and not being specially anxious that he should ever turn up at Marminster again. As to bearing malice, perhaps it was not unnatural that Simon should not have forgiven or forgotten that affair in the snow. Mrs. Blunt expected too much there. Still, he seldom wasted a thought on anything so unpleasant. He had the best of it. Leonard had banished himself; and Simon was slowly, gradually becoming the most important person, next to his great-uncle, in the firm of Mills Brothers. He had not yet attained the partnership for which he longed. Mr. Mills kept the reins in his own hands still, and trusted no one else to drive the coach. He did not appear to be failing in body or mind; even Leonard's desertion, it seemed, had done little to shake his sturdy frame and dogged character. For some months he had not mentioned his grand-son's name; but he was beginning to lean more or

less unconsciously on his great-nephew, whose clear head and regular business habits became more valuable to him every day.

And now—was everything to be upset, owing to this letter from a ridiculous, fanciful, meddling woman? Margaret Lynn appeared to Simon Mills in the light of an enemy, sister as she was to the girl whom, his fortune once secured, he firmly meant to make his wife.

While he sat there, gloomily staring at the letter, Mrs. Blunt was writing a cheque for twenty pounds. Presently she looked up.

"Well, what is it?" she said abruptly.

"Why should he call himself Lewis Marr? His initials, of course, but—"

"Rather clever. His mother's name was Lewis, and he belongs to Marminster. One may add, poor boy, that he has marred his own life and other people's; but he didn't mean that."

"Double r," Simon murmured. "I had forgotten his mother's name for the moment," he said aloud.

"Still, that is no proof. And—look here, I don't want you to be too hopeful. Miss Lynn declares that this fellow recognized her sister. Now, did Leonard ever see Miss Malcolm? She came to you, if I'm not mistaken, on the very day he went off to Liverpool. As far as I know, you never saw him after he came back, though he was skulking about here that night when we—when I—"

"Had a tumble in the snow. Yes, it is rather puzzling," said Mrs. Blunt.

"Wouldn't it be as well to ask Miss Malcolm if she ever saw him?"

"No. As you see, her sister trusts me to keep this expedition from her knowledge. What do you say? 'Treating her like a baby?' Well, she is rather a baby in some ways, poor dear. No. If you can see the young man, we shall want no witness of hers. Will you start early to-morrow? You won't mind a week-end by the sea. Here is money for your expenses; and mind, please, that your uncle need know nothing—unless—"

"What am I to do with all this?" Simon said, as she put the cheque into his hand.

"Spend it as you think fit. If it is a question of buying him off, let me know at once." She looked at him hard with those blue eyes of hers, which could be so singularly keen. "If you don't want to go," she said, "I shall ask Mr. Ray; he was fond of Leo."

Simon flushed up and laughed awkwardly.

"Why shouldn't I want to go! I'm perfectly willing to go. Only I don't want you to make too sure and then be disappointed. Of course Ray can't go; he can't be away on Sunday."

"No; I had forgotten that," said Mrs. Blunt.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN JACK'S SECRET.

THE *Pretty Peggy* had sailed for the Arctic Ocean some hours before Margaret Lynn, standing on the cliff, looked down with bewildered eyes on the harbour. She walked back slowly to her cottage, trying to realize what seemed

almost incredible, that Captain Jack had started on his quest without a word of farewell to the person most deeply concerned in it. This distressed her so much that her tired brain had scarcely a thought to spare for the other complication, the letter to Mrs. Blunt. Had she but known sooner, the letter would not have been posted; not that identical letter at least. What was to be done now? Really, Margaret neither knew nor cared.

And then, behold, when she opened her sitting-room door, a letter from Captain Jack lay on the table.

"DEAR MISS MARGARET,

"I am awfully sorry to hear you have had such a rough time with little Tiny, but glad she is out of danger. They tell me you are worn out for want of sleep, so I won't ask to see you, more especially as I should say things you might find worrying. Everything is ready on board, and I dare not put off sailing beyond the next tide; so remember the *Pretty Peggy* in your prayers, my dear, as I shall remember her namesake in mine. I may be near on double your age, but if I get back alive from this voyage, you won't be surprised if I should ask for a reward. So consider if you will be likely to give it me. You will have plenty of time to think it over before we meet again. God keep you, my dear.

"From your faithful friend,

"ERNEST JACK.

"PS.—I like young Marr better and better. You were very good to him on Monday night. Farewell."

"Double my age! He's nothing of the kind," said Margaret, and laying her head on the table she cried bitterly before creeping upstairs to bed.

She heard later that Captain Jack had been to the cottage in the morning of the day before, much hurried and excited and quite unable to stay. Towards evening, the *Pretty Peggy* having gone out with the afternoon tide, one of the nurses had found his letter in the passage, had laid it on the table, and forgotten it.

While Margaret, refreshed by sleep and relieved of anxiety as to Tiny, the background of her mind fully occupied by Captain Jack's letter, was busy debating the question of writing again to Mrs. Blunt or waiting to hear from her, a telegram arrived.

"Grateful for letter, though delayed. Mr. Mills has started. BLUNT."

This settled the question. Mr. Mills was on his way. Evidently Margaret had made no mistake: young Leonard's family shared her conviction. Mr. Mills! The grandfather himself, seemingly! What a misfortune, Margaret thought, full of distress at this result of her inconsequent actions. If only she had waited ten minutes to post the belated letter it would certainly have been laid aside for the present. She really felt that for a sensible, cautious woman, such as everybody thought her—and she often agreed with everybody—she had behaved in a strangely rash and thoughtless way. The truth was that in watching by the child's sick-bed, with all her faculties strung to the utmost in the endeavour to save that little life, she had not realized the slipping past of the days.

"Time and tide . . ." the old proverb had once more come true; they had not waited for Margaret Lynn. But that poor old gentleman, travelling right across England for nothing!

"Well, I must do my best for him," Margaret thought. "I must remind him that if all goes well it may be only a few months before his grandson gets back. We must hope and pray. Months, oh, what am I dreaming about? Years, more likely, if ever, if ever—"

In the meanwhile there were duties to be done, and for some hours at least the Mills family must retire into the background. Margaret did just ask herself whether she ought to meet the old man at



"Excuse me—Miss Lynn, I believe?"

the station, whether she could offer him a room at the cottage; but she decided against both. He was a rich man; probably, at his age, he was not coming alone; he would certainly go to the hotel, which was comfortable; he had her address, and would call this evening, no doubt. Or if very tired, he would send a message asking her to go to him. The people at the hotel, of course, would let him know that he was too late for the *Pretty Peggy*.

Margaret set off for the hospital, where she had arrears of work to make up. She was there nearly all day, leaving another nurse in charge at the cottage. After tea, and after writing to the children's mother, she took Tommy out for a run on the cliff, being careful not to go too far from home in case of Mr. Mills's arrival. It was possible that he would wish to see her at once: he might even drive straight from the station by the back road. In that case he would know nothing; and Margaret, courageous as

she was, shrank inwardly from the thought of having to destroy the hopes she had raised. Then again—was it not more likely that he would drive straight to the harbour in search of his grandson and Captain Jack? He might not think her, personally, worth troubling about; not at least until he knew that her witness was the only one available.

Tommy flew along with his toy motor in the evening sunshine, as happy as a prince. A railing protected the cliff-edge, so that Margaret knew he was safe, and this was fortunate considering her tired limbs and preoccupied mind. She sat down on a bench facing the great wall of sea, purple, green, grey-blue, sunlight striking it in long rays under a soft curtain of motionless clouds beginning to deepen in colour as the day declined; the distance sharp-cut, against which one or two passing ships seemed immovable. Long ago the *Pretty Peggy*, the sturdy little Arctic steamer, had slipped out of sight on her northward road.

Margaret's thoughts followed the ship; she knew her course well. She could picture the advance into that pale mysterious world, the lengthening days till night was a thing unknown and sea and sky gleamed in the strange unearthly light of the midnight sun. Then, as weeks and months rolled by, perpetual day would change by degrees to perpetual night—an awful time, were it not for the glory of the moon and the stars and the northern lights shooting and trembling in their marvellous colours up the dark arch of the sky. Often and often had Margaret listened to yarns of that far-off land, often had her imagination played round its wonders, and shuddered at the terrors of the cold unknown. Now the thought of it all touched her afresh and with a new pain.

"It is so hopeless," she told herself. "Why need he have gone? Couldn't I have stopped him? More precious lives—and what is the good of it all?"

She sat looking out to sea, but she saw nothing, for her eyes were blind with tears. Then she quickly

brushed them away, for warm hands seized on hers, and little Tommy, tired of playing alone, climbed on the seat beside her.

"Where's Captain Jack?" he began. "Won't he come and talk to us never no more? Is that why you're crying, nursie dear?"

Margaret hugged and kissed the boy as he cuddled up against her.

"Oh, yes, he'll come back some day," she said. "His little ship will bring him back again, and he will have such wonderful stories to tell us. All about bears, Tommy."

"I remember," Tommy said wisely. "He told me all about it one day."

"What did he tell you?"

"He was going to see the northern lights, and to fetch a friend he'd left behind him a long time ago. He taught me some texes to say for him. Shall I say them to you?"

"Do, Tommy."

"O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

'O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

'O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

'O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'

"Look, nursie; there's a man."

A long shadow fell on the grass, and a voice on Margaret's ear.

"Excuse me—Miss Lynn, I believe?"

Looking up she saw a tall, well-dressed young man, who smiled pleasantly on her with two even rows of very white teeth. Tommy scrambled down to face him, his little fists clenched, crying out, "Go away, ugly man, we don't want you."

The stranger took no notice of this unfriendly reception.

"I must introduce myself," he said. "My name is Mills."

(To be continued.)

Whitsuntide.

I WILL not leave you comfortless—
The promised SPIRIT comes to bless;
The Pentecostal Day is come,
And with one mind, in common home,
The sad disciples of the LORD
Waiting, obey His solemn Word.
Oh, let His Word with us abide,
While thus we keep our Whitsuntide!

Sudden, above, and all around,
A mighty Wind, a rushing Sound
Comes from the clouds asunder riven;
Resistless comes—it comes from heaven—
Its Power expansive makes its way,
And fills the chamber where they pray.
Oh, may that Power with us abide
To cheer us in our Whitsuntide!

Not sounds alone, but sights are there,
For cloven Tongues of Fire appear;
Brighter than jewelled diadem
They rest on each and all of them:

The heavenly influence spreads: and they
Exulting hail the glorious Day.

And oh, may we with thankful pride
Thus hail our glorious Whitsuntide!

Filled from one Source, the HOLY GHOST,
(JESUS their theme, His Cross their boast)
No other teaching they require,
Kindled, inspired by heaven's own fire,
In tongues ne'er learnt they JESUS preach,
E'en as the SPIRIT's breathings teach.

Oh, help us, teach us, Heavenly Guide,
To keep aright our Whitsuntide!

The tidings soon were noised abroad
Of Powers that spoke the Present God;
And numbers vast of pious men,
From every clime 'neath heaven's ken,
Each in his native language heard,
From men untaught the sacred Word.

Oh, spread those tidings far and wide,
Blest Founder of our Whitsuntide!

G. V. C. From *Lyra Messianica*.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

PROBABLY no living priest is regarded with deeper respect and affection than is the Rev. Edward Francis Russell, who has just completed fifty years of service as Curate of S. Alban's, Holborn. Born in 1844, Mr. Russell was ordained in April, 1867, to the curacy which he has held to the present day without a break and without receiving any pecuniary remuneration.

To celebrate the jubilee of a ministry which can only be compared to that of the late Father Stanton at the same church, a sum of money has been subscribed which Mr. Russell is asked by his friends to use in whatever way he may select. In the circular letter issued in this connection Lord Halifax, the Archdeacon of London, and Dr. Scott Holland say: "Mr. Russell, in more ways than it is possible to enumerate, has fostered and promoted all that is best in the organization of and work for the welfare both of the souls and bodies of the members of CHRIST'S flock. The help that he has brought to the spiritual life of so many clergy, what he has been enabled to do for the general good of souls, and for the efficient care and nursing of the sick, especially through the Guild of S. Barnabas for Nurses, of which he has been chaplain-general for forty years, and which now numbers over 5,000 members, is known to every one who is at all acquainted with Mr. Russell's life."

THE recent celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Peterborough Cathedral was naturally somewhat subdued in consequence of the state of public affairs. A further commemoration is to be held on the patronal festival of the cathedral, S. Peter's Day, when the Archbishop of Canterbury has undertaken to be present.

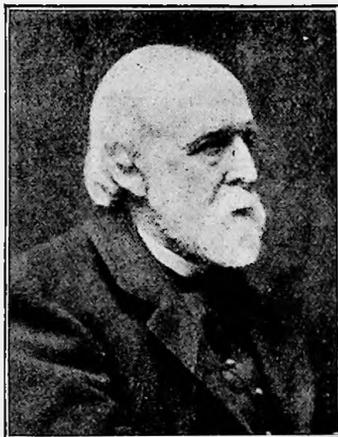
The original church probably dated back to the foundation of the monastery in the seventh century, and was destroyed in the Danish wars. In 1116 its successor was burnt in a fire which was thought to be a judgement on the profane language of the abbot, John de Seez. It was he who in the following March laid the first stone of the present building, which in time became one of the most famous churches in England, owing much of its fame to its glorious west front.

The monastery was suppressed by Henry VIII in 1539, but its church was spared, it is said because his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, was buried there. And when the See of Peterborough was founded in 1541 this church became its cathedral.

CANON Bullock-Webster, editor of the *Quarterly Intercession Paper* issued by the S.P.G., states that the circulation of the paper has steadily risen from 4,000 copies in 1900 to its present figure of 120,000 copies a quarter. In 1905 a *Candidates' Five Shilling Fund* was started in connection with the *Intercession Paper*. The idea was suggested by the action of a blind and deaf inmate of a workhouse, who, having learned of the need through a Braille edition of the paper, saved the little gifts given her

from time to time, and when five shillings had thus been saved, sent it as a contribution for training missionaries. By the end of 1905 the fund realized £2,026, and in each subsequent year it has raised over £3,000. The total for 1916 was £3,056, as compared with £3,356 in the previous year; the number of subscribers for the year being 5,775. Canon Bullock-Webster states that the whole of this amount has been subscribed without any applications or reminders on his part, and that since the fund was initiated no single day has passed that has not brought its contributions.

THE late Rev. C. T. Wilson was the last survivor of a party of eight missionaries who, in 1876, were sent by the Church



[A. H. Fry.
REV. E. F. RUSSELL.

Missionary Society to Central Africa in response to an appeal from H. M. Stanley, the explorer. They reached Uganda in July, 1878, and held the first service there in the presence of the then King Mtesa, who welcomed them with the question, "Have you brought the Book?"

Mr. Wilson's health broke down, and he returned to England in 1880; but afterwards worked for many years as a missionary in Palestine. Since 1911 he was Rector of Beauchamp, near Taunton.

In his recent letter on the duty of the Church to munition workers the Archbishop of Canterbury points out that the Church of England desires and intends, to the best of its power, to meet the demands made by the new problem. "We are dealing," he says, "in many places not with tens or hundreds, but literally with thousands of young women collected far from their homes under conditions as novel as they are bewildering and even perilous. We need special arrangements, special services, special leaders, and friends who must be women of capacity, courage, and experience."

A committee has been formed, and is in close touch with the bishops in whose

dioceses the munition centres are established, with Government officials, "Welfare Workers," and others. "The special duty which we are trying to accomplish," says the archbishop, "takes the form of helping to multiply and develop huts and club-rooms as required, to secure the provision of chapels and prayer-rooms in connection therewith, and to provide the necessary workers for them and promote their adequate training. The eager response given wherever such work has begun furnishes evidence of the reality of the need."

THE Rev. H. V. White, Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Dublin, and Canon and Chancellor of S. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, has been appointed Archdeacon of Dublin by the Archbishop of Dublin in succession to the late Ven. R. Walsh. The new archdeacon was ordained in 1878, and has been connected with S. Patrick's Cathedral since 1902. For some years he was Organizing Secretary of S.P.G. for Ireland.

THE American Church has now adopted a scheme of pensions for aged clergy. The necessary capital fund has been guaranteed, and henceforward any priest of the age of sixty-eight becomes entitled to a yearly pension of 600 dollars—about £120—on retiring. A similar scheme has been under discussion in the English Church, and proposals on the subject were issued last year by the Central Board of Church Finance, but have not yet been put into force.

THE Rev. J. B. Barton, Rector of Rousdon, near Lyme Regis, has gone to Holland to act as chaplain to the interned men of the Naval Brigade at Groningen. It will be remembered that these men, about two thousand in number, inadvertently crossed the Dutch border while retreating after the fall of Antwerp in October, 1914, and therefore had to be interned.

Since that time they have several times been visited by Bishop Bury, the English Bishop for Northern and Central Europe, by whom a number of them have been confirmed. In his book, *Here and There in the War Area*, the bishop gives a vivid description of the camp life at Groningen and his experiences there.

THE Rev. B. O. F. Heywood who has been appointed Vicar of Leeds in succession to Canon Bickersteth has hitherto worked only in the Diocese of Manchester, having been ordained to a curacy at Bury in 1894. He subsequently became Vicar of S. Paul's, Bury, and since 1906 has been Vicar of Swinton. Mr. Heywood is the author of a volume of Mission Instructions entitled *Seeking God*.

The position of Vicar of Leeds, as is well known, is one of the most important in the Northern Province, and has been held by a number of eminent Churchmen, among them the late Dean Hook, and the present Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester.

Our Query Corner: *Hints for some of our Correspondents.*

RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.

1122. Why do people not eat meat on fast days?

It is the custom of those who follow the Prayer Book tables and are able to keep Church customs to abstain from meat on fasting days. Such abstinence may be severe or light, according to the season; but the cheerful, unostentatious observance of a uniform rule is a training in discipline of no small value.

The whole subject in its historical aspect, and especially as regards abstinence from meat, is fully discussed by Canon Vernon Staley in his *Liturgical Year* (Mowbrays, 3s. 6d. net). Perhaps you could borrow this volume.

1123. Where can I get information about the work of a Lay Reader?

General information as to the Lay Reader's work and prospects may be obtained by communicating with the Warden, Church Training College for Lay Workers, 384-392 Commercial Road, Stepney. Enclose stamps (2d.) for *Lay Reader's Handbook*, and 4d. for a copy or two of the *Lay Reader Magazine*.

For diocesan information apply in your own diocese, through one of the clergy.

1124. Is there any book that tells about organizing a parish?

Apply for information to a well-worked parish; but you might look at *Modern Methods of Parochial Organization*, by the Rev. C. W. A. Brooke (Mowbrays, 3s. 6d. net).

1125. Why do they have different coloured altar-cloths?

The colours of the frontals for the altar-cloth are meant to catch the eye, like pictures in a book, and to tell us what sort of a day it is in the Church.

Generally white is for the great festivals of our LORD—Christmas, Easter, Ascension. Red for the festivals of the HOLY SPIRIT and the Church, such as Whitsuntide, festivals of martyrs and evangelists, etc. Dark blue or violet for penitence, green for ordinary days. There are other arrangements. *The Ceremonial of the English Church* is a useful book (1s. net), but

perhaps you would find simpler answers to this kind of question in *Questions Asked* (6d. net), if you require a book

their marriage when there are no disabilities save that of unequal age. Commonsense may say that such marriages are often most inadvisable on natural grounds. On the other hand, where a woman has personal charm, although older than the husband, such a marriage may be very happy. It is really quite impossible to judge a case without knowing all the circumstances and the individuals concerned.

1127. Turning to the east at the saying of the Creed has been stopped with us—is this right?

The need for us all is firmly to believe our Creed; but the manner of saying it which you and we prefer is certainly old and historical. It contains the beautiful symbolism of turning to the light in memory of the Sun of Righteousness and of facing all one way as Christians. We do not know of any leaflet dealing with this particular point, but *Bible Teaching—Church Teaching* (1d.) might be generally helpful to you in your difficult circumstances.

1128. If a person does not wish to amend in a specified way, is it wrong to give up Confession?

Confession in the Church of England is voluntary; but if a person has put himself under rule then it is a serious responsibility to claim "freedom." It may be, and is, justified in some exceptional cases.

If a person has any idea that the "disobedience" can be justified, he should try to see another priest in whom he has confidence, and ask for counsel upon the situation. If he is merely rebellious, and dislikes a required "amendment," disobedience would in itself be sinful, and, of course, would require renewed penitence before there could be any peace.

1129. Is there any book dealing with common legal difficulties of poor people?

Yes. *Legal Difficulties of the Poor* (6d. net, from the Secretary, National Union of Women Workers, 20 Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.). It is newly revised and most carefully drawn up.

Our Notice Board.

"Let us Pray."

MAY, 1917.

DATE.	FESTIVALS.
1. Tu.	Festival of SS. Philip and James, R.H.M.M.
6. S.	4 Sunday after Easter.
13. S.	3 Sunday after Easter. [Rogation Sunday.]
17. Th.	Holy Thursday. Festival of the Ascension. [Proper Preface in Communion Office for eight days.]
20. S.	Sunday after Ascension Day.



27. S.	Whitsun Day. [Proper Preface in Communion Office for seven days.]
28, 29.	Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun Week.
June.	
3. S.	Trinity Sunday. [Proper Preface in Communion Office for one day.]

FASTS.

Fridays,	May 4, 11, 18, 25.
Vigils,	" 16, Of the Ascension Day.
"	" 26, Of Pentecost.

Rogation Days, May 14, 15, 16.

EMBER DAYS.

Wednesday,	May 30.	Ember Pennies due
Friday,	June 1.	where given.
Saturday,	June 2.	

NOTES.

ASCENSION DAY, Proper Psalms:	M., 8, 15, 21; E., 24, 47, 108.
WHITSUN DAY, Proper Psalms:	M., 48, 68; E., 104, 145.

to tell you about ways in the English Church.

1126. May a man marry a woman much older than himself?

There is nothing illegal nor unecclesiastical in the consent of parties to

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

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AIM: To enroll Lads and Youths from 13 to 18 who will agree—
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This is not a new League; there is no fee for membership; it is not another parochial organization. A membership card is issued to each lad who enrolls, and occasional papers are sent him from time to time by the Secretary.

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LOCAL SHELLS.

It will be remembered that in 1909, Mr. A. F. Cobb of Bleaker Island, discovered nine new shells, which had never been diagnosed or named previously, and upon which a treatise was written which appeared in Ser. 8. Vol. 5. Jan. 1910, of "The Annals and Magazine of Natural History". In 1911, Mr. A. G. Bennett, discovered a further eight new shells, and we have now to congratulate him, when we see in the same Annals (Vol. xviii, Sept 1916.) that he has discovered eight more. A large number of Mr Bennett's, new discoveries were taken from the stomachs of fish, both from Port Stanley Harbour, and also the South Shetlands. Mr H. B. Preston. F.Z.S. in his preface says — "The thanks of the author are due to Mr A. G. Bennett, of the Falkland Islands, for the material described in this paper: when the difficulties of collecting in what is (even in the heights of summer) an exceptionally vigorous climate, in great discomfort and without adequate apparatus, are taken into consideration, it will be readily appreciated how much Mr Bennett was able to accomplish during his short stay at Deception Island." —

Once again, Mr Bennett has had the honour accorded to him of having some of the new shells named after him by Mr Preston, who made the diagnosis. *C. McDILL.*

LOCAL NOTES.

WE WERE GLAD to welcome back by this last Mail Mr and Mrs W. McDaid, who have returned after a stay in Buenas Aires.

WE HEAR that Mr Roper is now in the 1st Co. 1st Res. Batt. of the Hon. Artillery Company, and wish him every good luck in his new work.

MR A. L. ALLAN, late of Darwin, is now doing war work in connection with the New Zealand Government. We hear he is very disturbed to find that "Victory" tobacco

costs 14/- per pound in England nowadays!

MR DAVID ALLAN hopes soon to be in the Royal Flying Corps

A LARGE NUMBER of local Dances have taken place just lately. One in the Town Hall on June 7th being, we hear, especially good.

NEWS WAS RECEIVED this last mail from Mr A. M. Souter, who is still working in Mauritius. Both he and Mrs Souter are quite well, and wish to be remembered to all old friends in the Colony.

WE TENDER our heartiest congratulations to Mr A. Pitaluga, Snr, upon his marriage. He is now engaged in Special Constable's duty in England.

BARRY GIRLING is still at the Front, and seems, by his letters, the same as ever. He wishes to be remembered to everyone, and in one of his letters says — "People talk about Stanley being the last place made. — but let them try this life for a time, and they would realize their mistake."

THIS SEEMS TO BEAR out what we have often said, that there are many worse places than the Falklands, -in spite of the weather! After all, a place is what you make it!

A GENEROUS FRIEND has promised to defray the cost of a cement path for the approach to the Church Hall. The thanks of the whole community will be showered upon the kind donor.

NEWS HAS ALSO been received of the death of Mrs Reg. White, in New Zealand. To her family we tender our deepest sympathy.

BY THIS LAST MAIL one of the most popular of the *Falkland* crew left for the Coast. Mr. Sverre Andreassen has during his stay in the Falklands, made himself popular, and will be missed. We can congratulate him, upon his engagement to Miss Teresa Buse of Stanley. The wedding is to take place about June 1918.

THE S.L. and D. S. held another meeting on June 14th, when the subject for debate was "That this House has no confidence in the statement that Mr Lloyd George has been reported to have made, viz. that Great Britain will prove "self supporting" Mr G.W. Royle proposed: and was seconded by Mr J. G. Poppy. The Rev C. McD. Hobley led Opposition, and was seconded by Mr W. E. Conway. The proposal was carried.

—o—

THE LOCAL BRANCH OF THE OVERSEAS' CLUB has taken a new lease of life, and we quite expect to hear "something doing" in the very near future

—o—

WATCH the British Empire Union!

—o—

SO, --- Bleaker Island has got the *Eze* again !! We gather that she is not going to be converted into a T. B Destroyer after all. Exe-actly!

—o—

WE ALSO HEAR THAT a young laddie of 2½ has recently paid one of the highest compliments to the Colonial Surgeon that he has ever received. A bottle of medicine was provided, to be taken -- according to the usual dose, - but the Doctor dispenses so well that the laddie finished the bottle in one go !!

—o—

LOCAL PEOPLE will unite in tendering heartiest congratulations to Commander Evans (late of the Scott Expedition) - in being in charge of the T.B.Ds. which gained a brilliant victory over the Huns in the English Channel.

—o—

AN OLD FRIEND of the *Glasgow* was also on board.

—o—

NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED from Valparaiso that Mr Jack Aldridge has undergone an operation, which appears to be entirely satisfactory.

—o—

CHARTRES STATION is to be congratulated on the erection of a steel bridge across the Little Chartres River. The bridge is 40feet by 8 feet.

—o—

NAVAL WEDDING.

A pretty Naval Wedding was solemnised in the Cathedral on Monday June 18th. when Mr. John R. Kingsford, R. N. R. was married to Miss Eleanor E. Aldridge, elder daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. C.E. Aldridge of Stanley. The service, was conducted by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, and was Choral. The Bride, who was given away by her Uncle, Mr. Joseph Aldridge, looked charming in a cream voile dress with veil surmounted by a wreath of orange blossom. She was attended by her sister Miss A. Gertrude Aldridge who wore a white silk dress and grey hat trimmed with roses. Mr. F.W. Adams, R.N.R. a brother officer of the Bridegroom acted as Best Man.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the Bride where the many presents were on view. *W.E.C.*

OBITUARY.

Mrs Stewart died at the Saddle, Chartres on 9th May last after a few days, illness. The news of her death was received with great regret on the West Falklands, where Mrs Stewart had lived many years, and where she was well known and respected by all. She was a native of Scotland and came out to this country to marry Mr. Stewart. After a short time spent in the Company's Camp Mr. and Mrs. Stewart moved to Roy Cove. From there they went to work at Hill Cove remaining nineteen years. The last fourteen years were spent at The Chartres. Mrs. Stewart was 59 years old at the time of her death. She was buried at the Old Settlement, Chartres. The deepest sympathy will be felt for Mr. Stewart and the four sons and two daughters who remain to mourn her loss.

J.S.S.

OFFERTORIES

June	£	s	d	
3rd.	6	5	5	Church Expenses
10th.	1	18	1	" "
17th.	3	5	8	" "
24th.	9	8	0	Sunday School Fds.

£20 17 2

The Limit of Geography and Audacity.

SEVERAL people in the Colony have been somewhat amused by some portions of a pamphlet which has been sent from a Britisher at Buenos Aires, who means very well, no doubt, but whom we should strongly advise to take a few months tuition at the hands of some British school master. The pity of it is, he seems to be connected either directly, or indirectly, with the Overseas Club. Now most people will agree that very few finer organizations than the O. S. Club have been started in the Empire. It stands for everything that is noble and patriotic, and our local Branch has proved itself in the past, and will we hope, in the near future, — to be one of the best and most active in the world. — And now the bomb-shell comes along, that, according to a certain Mr. A. G. Laughton of Buenos Aires, — our poor little Colony apparently no longer forms part of the British Empire, and has therefore no right whatever to British privileges etc. etc., because according to the geography of this individual, we happen to be in Argentina!! In the pamphlet, which commences on page one, with our O. S. rules etc., — page two being a blank, (shocking waste of paper in War time) — page three has its heading "Contributions raised by members of the Over-Sea's Club in *Argentina*" — (the italics are ours). Included in this list are many local residents names. This certain individual, by name Mr. A. G. Laughton has not only included their names, but has even added "Falkland Islands". And if this is not sufficient, we read at the bottom of the same page a heading "similar work *done in the Argentine* by other associations" — again the italics are ours. We now turn over to page four, and find that in Oct. 1916, the Stanley Sports Association are credited with contributing the sum of £23, and the "People of the Falkland Islands," the sum of £644 - 14 - 6 — *work done in the Argentine*, mark you! No persons more than those living in the Colony have a higher respect for, or have enjoyed happier times than in Buenos Aires, the capital of our sister nation, the Argen-

lines. We as a Colony have always looked upon the Argentines with the greatest of friendly feelings, and cordial relationship; but it is Britishers like Mr. A. G. Laughton who, quite unmeaningly perhaps, are apt to cause an intense feeling of amusement and yet disgust, — not only with our local Britishers, but especially with his fellow members of the O. S. Club. We strongly advise the said Mr. A. G. Laughton to immediately recall every copy he has issued of this pamphlet, and kindly have a reprint made of an otherwise excellent leaflet, — the reprint to include an apology to our local people who sent their sums of money *from the Falkland Islands* not from the Argentine, and who have been considerably annoyed at seeing their names inserted, without their permission, as forming part of this certain Mr. A. G. Laughton's work in Argentina. Secondly we advise him to study the rules of the O. S. Club, especially Nos. 2. and 4. Thirdly, to study for a few months the Geography of the world especially that of the British Empire, and then possibly he may discover that the Colony of the Falklands, though it lies in proximity to South America, forms no part whatever of that vast Continent. *C. McD. H.*

Be careful what you say.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own:
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
The better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d	a dozen for	1½d	stamps.
3d	„ „	1d	„
6d	„ „	2d	„
7½	„ „	2½d	„
16	„ „	6d	„
3/-	„ „	1/-	„
9/-	„ „	3/-	„
15/-	„ „	5/-	„



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS.

- PERRY. At Douglas Station, June 2nd. the wife of James Perry of a son.
 BETTS. At San Carlos N., June 6th. the wife of C. Betts of a son.
 HOBLEY. At Stanley, June 9th. the wife of the Rev. C. McD. Hobley of a son.
 OLSSSEN. At Stanley, June 22nd. the wife of G. Olssen of a daughter.
 MORRISON. At North Arm. June 28th, the wife of D. Morrison of a daughter

BAPTISMS.

- June 15th. George Robert Betts.
 June 30th. Douglas Markham Pole-Evans.

MARRIAGES.

- STEWART-LEE. June 6th, At Fox Bay, by the Dean, William Stewart to Catherine Harriet Lee.
 ALDRIDGE-NORTON. June 7th, At Stanley, Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev C. McD Hobley, William Thomas Aldridge to Edith Norton.
 KINGSFORD-ALDRIDGE. June 18th, At Stanley, Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev C. McD Hobley, John Rider Kings-

ford to Eleanor Edith Aldridge.

SMITH-ANDERSON. June 25th, At Stanley Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev. C. McD Hobley James Archibald Smith to Edvie Lena Anderson.

DEATH.

June 29th. Fanny Maria Willis. Age 78 yrs

BURIAL.

June 25th. Edith Mary Binnie. Age 6 yrs

HYMN LIST for July, 1917.

1st. Morning	445, 370, 322.
Evening	192, 223, 348, 391.
8th. Morning	299, 7, 236.
Evening	285, 537, 534, 20.
15th. Morning	160, 520, 235.
Evening	214, 541, 300, 27.
22nd. Morning	373, 196, 179.
Evening	277, 436, 193, 550.
29th. Morning	229, 178, 274.
Evening	12, 256, 169, 304.

TE DEUM.	Stainton.
BENEDICTUS.	Simms.
MAGNIFICAT.	Bunnett.
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Bunnett.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
William Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettloff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Glendell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
James Harvey.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914

Norman Aitkin. James Allen. Frederick Biggs. William Blyth.
Herbert Gaylard. Charles Newing. Walter Shires. Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th, 1916.

Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917.

Singleton Bonner, May 1st, 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following: Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and Lids, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with 'Present from Falkland Islands' thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes, etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore French Cannars, Bolly Dies, Wood Taps, Cooks, Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pasteur Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Chamber Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5 pts., Stove Plate Litters, Meat Saws, Garden Hinks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds. Manilla for Clothes Bines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish.

Singers Hand Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Buttons 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Gardigen Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives & Forks, Table and Dessert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Nail and Packing Needles, Plastic of Paris, Hulls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Home Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/4.

Camphorated Oil, Pepp, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Aspicine, Soda Mint and Bicarbonate Magnesia Tablets, Tongue, and Globe of Gold.

Millinery Department.

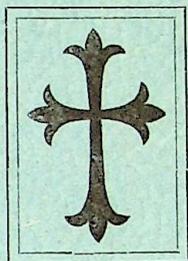
Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Skirt, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velvet and Serge Dresses, Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelette Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelette Shirts, Flannel Shirts, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirtings, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serpae, Ladies' Fan Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Vest dresses, Nightdress Satchels & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linon Tanask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Carl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets, etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoons & Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors, Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.



No. IV. Vol. XXIX

AUGUST 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The

Falkland Islands

Magazine

AND

Church

Paper.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

AT

THE CATHEDRAL PRESS, PORT STANLEY,

FALKLAND ISLANDS.



BISHOP
 Right Rev. E. F. Every DD
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN
 The Very Rev.
 J. Stanley Smith. M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN

Rev C. McDonald-Hobley.
ARCHDEACON
 Vacant.

HONORARY CANONS
 Four Vacancies.

SELECT VESTRY
 Mr J. G. Poppy, Churchwardens
 Mr. R. B. Baseley, " "
 Mr. A. R. Hoare, Hon. Secretary
 Mr R. B Baseley Hon. Treasurer
 Mr. W. Atkins senr, Mr F. Hardy.
 Mr A. F. Smith.

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES
 East Falklands H.W. Townson, Esq.
 West Falklands M. Buckworth, Esq.

ORGANISTS.
 Miss L. Rowlands
 & Miss S. Wilson

VERGER and SEXTON.
 Mr. J. F. Summers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS
 Miss M. Thomas. Miss L. Poppy
 Miss L. Rowlands Miss S. Wilson.
 Miss D. Rowlands.

CHOIR.
 B. Hannaford F. Hardy L. Hardy,
 The Misses M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King
 L. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas
 H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I
 Atkins, I. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge. A
 Newing, D. Riches, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce,
 S. Skilling, M. Bradbury, R. Rowlands, G.
 King, B. Kiddle, W. Newing.

SOLE ENGLISH AGENTS.

To whom all particulars concerning ad-
 vertising literary, and other business
 may be addressed,

The South American Press, Ltd.
 1 Funderel Street,
 London W. C.

August.

Moon

Full Moon 3rd.
 Last Qtr. 9th.
 New Moon. 17th.
 First Qtr. 25th.

Moon

SEPTEMBER.

Full Moon 1st.
 Last Qtr. 8th.
 New Moon 16th.
 First Qtr. 24th.

1st.	W.	Lammas Day.
2nd.	Th.	
3rd.	F.	
4th.	S.	
5th.	S.	9th. Sunday after Trinity.
6th.	M.	Trans. of our Lord.
7th.	Tu.	Name of Jesus.
8th.	W.	
9th.	Th.	
10th.	F.	S. Lawrence, D.M.
11th.	S.	
12th.	S.	10th. Sunday after Trinity.
13th.	M.	
14th.	Tu.	
15th.	W.	Falling asleep of B.V. Mary.
16th.	Th.	
17th.	F.	
18th.	S.	
19th.	S.	11th. Sunday after Trinity.
20th.	M.	
21st.	Tu.	
22nd.	W.	
23rd.	Th.	Vigil.
24th.	F.	S. Bartholomew, A.M.
25th.	S.	
26th.	S.	12th Sunday after Trinity.
27th.	M.	
28th.	Tu.	S. Augustine. B.C.D.
29th.	W.	Beheading of S. John Baptist.
30th.	Th.	
31st.	F.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent
 in by the 10th. of each month. Communi-
 cations should be written on one side of the
 paper only; and must be accompanied by
 the name and address of sender, not neces-
 sarily for publication. The Editor is not re-
 sponsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No IV. Vol. XXIX.

AUGUST. 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a. m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p. m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7. 0 p. m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10. 0 a. m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p. m.

HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3. 15 p. m, and by arrangement.
CHURCHINGS, before any service.

EDITORIAL.

The goods ordered from England have arrived at last, and we hope that we shall be

able to hold the Bazaar towards the end of this month or the beginning of September. It is, of course, a pity that a great number of camp visitors will have left Stanley before the Bazaar. A few have been kind enough to leave donations in order to swell the amount of the receipts. We shall be grateful for any further contributions so that, in spite of the difficulties besetting those responsible for the Bazaar this year, the Church funds may not suffer. We have every confidence in expecting to be in a position to pay off all existing debts, and possibly to inaugurate a General Purposes Fund, if we receive the same generous support as we have had in past years.

It is gratifying to record the success which attended the experiment of holding a Sunday School Festival. The offertories, given to Sunday School purposes, exceeded anticipation. Not only were we able to bear the expense of the Treat, but we had sufficient balance to justify the ordering of a supply of Bibles and Scripture Pictures. In course of time we hope to add considerably to our equipment.

We take this opportunity of conveying our best thanks to those who give religious teaching in the camp. Often their work is difficult in the extreme and meets with little encouragement. But we can assure them that it would be hard to mention any more useful service than this that they are doing for the sake of Christ and the advancement of His Kingdom.

J.S.S.

LOCAL NOTES.

A LITTLE BIT LATE — this issue of the Magazine : still one cannot do everything in war time, so we beg the clemency of our readers.

—o—

THE WEATHER, - though cold, - has been exceptionally good for this time of the year.

—o—

THE LAST TRIP of the *Falkland* (Aug : 3rd) took away many of our visitors, including Mr. & Mrs. Townson, who left for Darwin ; Mr. & Mrs. W. Luxton and family and Miss Irwan, for Chartres : Mrs Pole-Evans, for Port Howard. Mr. H. Waldron also left us after a long stay in Stanley.

—o—

A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE was given by Mrs. Roy Felton at the Town Hall on July 25th and a return dance, which was most successful, was got up by Mr.G.W.Royle, on August 1st. also in the Town Hall.

—o—

A VERY HAPPY TIME was spent at the Church Hall on July 30th, when through the instrumentality of Mr.E.Aldridge an excellent dance took place.

—o—

WE HEAR THAT Mr. & Mrs. Roy Felton are leaving Stanley for Fitzroy on or about Aug : 6th ; also the Hon.G.J. and Mrs. Felton will be returning to Teal Inlet towards the end of the month. Both Waverley House and Sullivan House will seem very lonely after their departures, for both places have recently been the scenes of much hospitality.

—o—

THE S.L. & D.S. held their fortnightly meeting on Aug. 2nd, when Mr. R. Dettleff read an excellent paper on "Can the Falkland Islands fairly be called a "Paradise for Manual Labour." A discussion followed, & it was pretty evident that could a vote have been taken, the "No's" would have had it.

—o—

WE HAVE BEEN requested to ask whether it is customary for Camp Teachers to wear *very* wide trousers ? Is it the latest Scotch fashion ?

—o—

Also, -who is "the grasshopper on the peat-stack ?

—o—

Also, we hear, that "griddle" is called "girdle" by the Scotch : Of course, in an English Colony, - well, refer to the Dictionary !! But there, we are assured it is *not* "griddle", but "girdle".- So where are we ??

—o—

BY THIS LAST MAIL, we welcome back Mr. Jason Hansen. We hear that Mrs. Hansen, who is still in Buenos Aires, is progressing well.

—o—

WE ALSO EXTEND a hearty welcome to Messrs J.H. Alderton & M.G. Jeremy, who have come to live in Stanley.

—o—

BY THE SAME MAIL MESSRS J.M.W. Dawe and J. McLeod left us after a stay of nearly eight months. We wish them both all good luck and prosperity in their new sphere of life.

—o—

MR.W.A. Harding is now home in London. It was decided at the Select Vestry to forward to him an illuminated address from the Members, as a mark of their esteem for all the work he did when in Stanley, on behalf of our Church.

—o—

WE CONGRATULATE MR.R. Packe upon the wonderful escape from death he recently had. When up in an aeroplane, the machine stopped suddenly wien 60ft from the ground, and dived straight to earth. The machine was a total wreck, but fortunately both Mr. R. Packe and his companion were unhurt.

—o—

WE GREATLY REGRET to hear that Mr. Chris. Girling has been seriously wounded by shrapnel but is now out of danger. We trust he will soon be fit and well again.

—o—

OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Admiral Sir D. Sturdee who was made a full Admiral in May 1917. It will be remembered that Admiral Sturdee was created a Baronet on Jan 1st. 1916.

—o—

NEWS FROM VALPARAISO tells us that Mr. John Aldridge is very much better, and is now on the high road to recovery. Mr. Aldridge has undergone a serious time, and during his operation (in which his appendix

was removed) - he was under anaesthetic for two hours and ten minutes. He hopes to return back to Stanley by this next mail.

WE NOTE in the Government Gazette that the following promotions have been made in the F.I.D.F.:—Capt. Newnham to be Major. Lieut. Goddard to be Captain; and Mr. T. H. Foster (Late Lieut. in Middlesex Regiment 1917) to be Lieutenant.

WE HEAR that a pack of cards forms an excellent pillow, also,—

THAT, at the impromptu sports held at Darwin on June 30th. Mr. E. Aldridge ran the 100 yards course against Mr. H. Jennings for £5, the former taking two thirds, and the latter, one third of the proceeds. Eleven pounds was collected for the event, and the surplus £6 was given to the Red Cross Fund. Mr. E. Aldridge proved the winner.

THE SECOND EVENT was an 80 yards race between Mr. Moir (representing Scotland) and Mr. Tom Myles, who endeavoured to uphold the Emerald green of Ireland. This time, the Shamrock was beaten.

THE LAST EVENT was a 100 yards race between Mr. Alec. Bonner and the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, in which the Church managed to prevail, in spite of a big lunch!!—and

THE PRIZES were distributed during the evening's dance by Mr. H. W. Townson, Camp Manager.

WE REGRET to have to chronicle the death of Mr. Henry Phillips, who has died in a Training Camp in New Zealand from bronchitis.

WE ALSO REGRET to announce the death of Mr. J. Dickie who has been killed at the Front. It will be remembered that both he and his brother were born in the Falklands, their father having worked on the West, at Main Point and also at Walker Creek, having come out for the Falkland Island Company. The two brothers left their farm on the Coast to join up for the defence of the

Empire a year or so ago.

BY THIS LAST MAIL, Messrs Tucker and Turner, late of Goose Green, left the Colony, in order to proceed to England for the purpose of joining up. Our best wishes are extended to them.

OUR OLD FRIEND Mr. James Smith has been ill lately, but we are glad to hear he is much better again.

OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Mr. Stanley Goss, who has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous valour on the field of action.

HIS BROTHER, Sydney, together with Mr. Willy Rutter has been having exciting times just lately: both of them are in the King Edward's Horse, and in a reconnaissance, they got cut off from the main body, but in spite of Sydney's horse having got shot under him, they both managed to get back into safety.

WE ARE GLAD to welcome back Mr. Charles Robertson to the Colony, after a long period in England at school

PLEASE don't forget "Our Day" Fund, this year. Last year the Colony contributed the splendid average of 7/- per head of the population. The Red Cross work is costing no less than £8000 per day, and is increasing rather than diminishing. So we earnestly ask every local reader to use every form of self denial possible to make our Colony's contribution this year not only a record, but a bumper record:—possibly in connection with the local Fund ———

THE STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB may have some schemes already up their sleeve? ?— Don't forget to support the cause, and make a start now, especially in the Camp Districts.

IF THE FUND realized 7/- per head last year, let us have a good try to make it 17/- this year!

C. McD. H.

W. Seccombe Williams

It is with the deepest regret we have to chronicle the death of Mr W. Seccombe Williams, late of Weddell Island. The news was received in the Falklands during May, but it was not until this last mail that full confirmation arrived. Mr. Williams was born in the Falklands, and was the son of the late Mr Henry Williams, a Barrister from the West of England, who came out to live in the Colony. He was educated at the Mount, one of the chief R.C. Public Schools in England. After spending some time in farming on the Coast, he became successively Manager at Teal Inlet, Speedwell Island and then Weddell. This last year he went home to see his wife and family - (as his daughter had been in failing health for some time, and was ordered by the specialists to live at Nice.) and it was at Brighton his death occurred on May 3rd, the cause being due to a series of illnesses. We hear that Mr J. Houston, Manager of the Falkland Islands Company, has been appointed by the Executors to be local Attorney for his will.

Mr Williams will be very much missed by all who knew him: his frank open demeanour and his thoroughly British bearing, together with a very keen sense of humour made him a most welcome visitor in all society. A thorough sportsman in the true sense of the word, and a perfect friend, made him just what one would wish a typical Britisher to be. It seemed strangely pathetic that on the day of his death, the news was received that his second son, Mr L. D. Williams was reported missing at the Front. We unite with his many friends, in expressing our deepest sympathy to Mrs Seccombe Williams and her family in their very sad loss, - and for ourselves can truly feel that in Mr Williams we have lost one who can ill be spared.

C McD.H.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Liverpool. July 31st. Mr.C.Robertson.
From Monte Video. July 31st. Messrs
J. H. Alderton, M.G.Jeremy & W.J.Hansen.

DEPARTURES.

For Buenos Aires. August 1st. Mr. J.

McLeod & J.M.W. Dawe.
For Liverpool. Messrs A. & J. McPherson,
W. Turner, and N. J. Tucker.
For Punta Arenas. Mr W. Atkins, Jnr.

The Daylight Saving Scheme.

We are extremely glad to note that the authorities in Stanley are going to introduce a Daylight Saving Scheme, which will prove one of the greatest benefits to the people in Stanley, especially to those who have gardens. The present suggestion is that the Clocks shall be advanced one hour from midnight, Oct. 13th, until midnight Dec. 1st, when there shall be a further advance of thirty minutes. On Feb. 2nd, the clocks will be put back half an hour, and on March 16th, a full hour, - thus bringing the time back to the local mean. These times and dates correspond as nearly as possible with the conditions now prevalent in England. For many years past, most of the Camp Stations have advanced their times during the summer months, and it is hoped that now the Government have taken an official lead in the matter, the above scheme will be followed not only in Stanley, but throughout the Falklands.

C.McD.H.

WEDDING.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Cathedral on June 7th when Mr.W.Aldridge was married to Miss E Norton. The service, which was conducted by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, was fully Choral, and the sacred edifice was well filled by a large congregation of relations and friends. The Bride, who was given away by Mr J. Grierson, wore a silk figured voile dress, with bead trimmings and carried a sheath of lilies. She was attended by Miss Evelyn Aldridge as bridesmaid, who wore a crushed strawberry silk dress, trimmed with white lace, and a hat to match. A Reception was held after the wedding at the house of Mr.&Mrs. Joe Aldridge, and in the evening a dance was given in the Town Hall in honour of the happy event. We sincerely wish them every happiness in their new life.

C McD.H.



The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope :

A Story continued from the Year 1913. * By Mary Martindale.

ABOUT the summer of the year 1913 the work of this hospital for lepers at Kumamoto, in Japan, was described in the pages of

THE SIGN. An English priest read the simple story, and he resolved to give up everything and go to help these outcasts. Communication was quickly arranged between Miss Riddell, the Englishwoman who had instituted this work for lepers, and the Rev. A. S. Hewlett, the devoted priest. Many intercessions had been offered in England and in America and Canada for some one to volunteer for this advanced post in the work of the kingdom; and much gladness was felt at this answer, beyond what had been hoped or expected.

Owing to Farewell "for Always." delays caused by the war it was not until October, 1914, that he raised his hat in farewell "for always" to the beautiful dim towers of Westminster, seen through the autumn sunlight and haze, as he passed to greet a few of the old friends who had been able to gather at the railway-station to give him good speed.

After many adventures by sea and land, including the stoving-in of the ship by a half-spent German mine; a drive in an open motor of some twenty miles at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia through the ice and snow, almost within the Arctic Circle; and a tedious journey through Siberia of eighteen

days, with three train accidents, Mr. Hewlett arrived at Seoul, in Korea, on Advent Sunday morning.

There, in Bishop Trollope's hospitable house, as he wrote at the time, he had "a blessed week's rest, and the unspeakable comfort of a bed which did not move."

Early in Mr. Hewlett's December Arrival.

Japan was reached, and the kindly little Japanese chaplain to the hospital met him and escorted him to the city of Kumamoto, where a dainty small Japanese house and garden, standing high above the river, are now his home. This city is a great educational centre, has a permanent garrison, and is well known in Southern Japan, although it is quite out of the beat of the globe-trotter. And it is there, just outside the populous streets, on a little green hill, enclosed by a tall protecting hedge, that the "Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope" stands, with benediction to lepers ever extended in the Name of the CHRIST.

The compound of the Hospital of Hope is like a great garden, with its flowering trees and shrubs. Little spotlessly-clean Japanese houses stand in this pretty place instead of wards, with three or four lepers living in each—so placed as to be able to help each other. Thus, one whose eyes have been consumed away, one who is losing the use of his fingers, another whose feet are gone, make their home together, and bravely supply each other's



A CHRISTIAN LEPER.

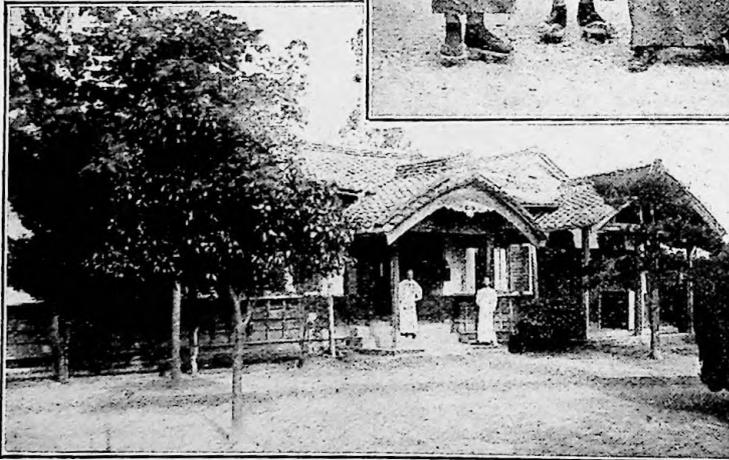
need. Here we should now find about seventy lepers, the majority of whom are either Christian or catechumens. The patients are drawn from the educated and cultivated classes of Japan; most of the men have had university training.

With what joy they hailed the coming of their priest! The lepers themselves organized a reception for him, and made a great triumphal-arch with "WELCOME" in English letters. Very soon all their hearts were won. "I have lost my own father," said one poor sorrowful lad, "but God now has sent me another." The name of Father Hewlett proved too difficult for Japanese lips to say, so "Shimpu Stepanó" was substituted; and by its translation, "Father Stephen," their priest and friend is known. His loving human sympathy leaps over barriers of race and language—one of the older men-patients said, "I never feel that I am a leper or different in any way from other men when I am with him."

husky voices. One man said, "The Son of God became incarnate, and for the sake of that we must use our manhood to the full." Many services must be held also to suit the needs of the feeble and the dying, and much individual work. In the old days Father Stephen was a great collector of curios and of beautiful things, and, though he parted with nearly all his cherished possessions before he left England, he took out with him lovely embroideries and gifts for the church-to-be.



REV. A. S. HEWLETT WITH FOUR LEPERS BAPTIZED BY HIM.



THE FRONT ENTRANCE: WITH DOCTOR AND ASSISTANT.
Here is the Dispensary and Library—Church Room on the right.

On Easter Day, 1915, Father Stephen held his first Baptism; the four men who were baptized varied in age from seventeen to seventy. "At the end of the service," said the priest's letter, "we gave to each of the new Christians a baptismal cross, as the Greek Church does, after it had been blessed upon the altar. The names chosen by the candidates were Cornelius, Petero, Clement, and Stepanó."

The days are filled to overflowing with varied work in connection with the hospital. There is secretarial work, with which Miss Riddell is most glad of assistance; and then there are classes in English, which the lepers love to attend, as they thirst for knowledge for the pure sake of knowledge, and try hard to get the right accent in speaking, even with their poor

timation of his vocation to the lepers.

The Spirit of Love.

The work is difficult, and though it has its radiant successes and joys in the triumph of the love of CHRIST over all that might seem most hopeless and despairful, yet there is much to make the heart discouraged. The disease of leprosy is degrading in its nature—not only to the body, but also to the soul.

A man of noble rank in Japan and a clever surgeon said recently, "I am a good Buddhist, I hope, but I have come to the conclusion that in the Christian spirit of your hospital you have what we, as Buddhists, have not—we lack the spirit of love." The lepers feel that in Father Stephen they have a manifestation of the incarnate love of the CHRIST, and through him they learn to dare to believe in GOD as Love.

What He Discovered.

By Eleanor C. Price,
Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SIMON AT SEAMOOR.



I was very odd, very unexpected. Margaret seemed to be suddenly awaked from a dream, of which Tommy's "texes" were not the least wonderful part. She found herself shaking hands with this smiling young man and thinking, with some consternation, that he supposed his runaway cousin to be somewhere about—in the harbour, in the street, round the next corner, to be produced on demand by the excellent Miss Lynn. Well, at any rate he appeared more able to bear a shock than old Mr. Mills would have been.

As she prepared words with which to administer it, Simon Mills startled her again.

"So I am too late; the bird has flown?" he said with easy cheerfulness.

Margaret looked at him. Her lips parted, but words now refused to come.

"Yes; it's a pity," Simon went on. "Well, you know, Mrs. Blunt was awfully obliged for your letter, and the delay was no fault of ours, you understand. Your letter was written Monday, but not posted till Friday morning. We saw at once that the margin of time was small. It was impossible for me to get here sooner."

"I know it was," said Margaret. "I must explain to you about the letter; it was most unfortunate, entirely my fault. Run along, Tommy; it's bedtime!"

Tommy was not pleased, but he never rebelled against Nurse Lynn's gentle firmness. He went on in front with his motor, often looking back to watch her following with that strange man, for whom he felt a child's quite unreasoning—not always unreasonable—dislike.

Simon listened kindly to Margaret's excuses, and hastened to reassure her when she expressed deep regret at the disappointment for old Mr. Mills.

"Oh, he knows nothing about it. I can't say how it would have been, if I had had the luck to meet my cousin here; but as it is, we never mention his name. Possibly, if he had returned, his grandfather might have forgiven him—he gave terrible offence, you know; personally I doubt my uncle's lifting a finger to fetch him back. No; it is Mrs. Blunt, his godmother, soft-hearted like so many of your charming sex, who would move heaven and earth to trace the young rascal."

"I understood that Mrs. Blunt was very fond of him," said Margaret. "But surely his grandfather advertised."

"At the time, yes. He had to, don't you see. Public opinion in any case"—

"Then nobody cares? Nobody but Mrs. Blunt?"

"Don't misunderstand me," said Simon, who had his reasons for being friendly with Miss Lynn, and did not wish to impress her as a cold-hearted person, "I did not say that at all. Leonard was a very popular chap. Everybody at Marminster was fond

of him. But he was always a bit wrong-headed, bent on his own way. Mad to get away to sea; ideas of Arctic discovery. Didn't realize, I expect, how my uncle leaned on him in business and everything else."

"But a young man of that kind would hardly be useful in business," observed Margaret shrewdly.

This was so true that Simon took refuge in a truism.

"If we all rode off on our own personal hobbies there would be no business men left."

Arrived at the cottage, Margaret took Tommy upstairs to bed, while Simon waited for her in the sitting-room. When she came back he was standing before the fireplace, staring, as his cousin had stared five days earlier, at Agnes Malcolm's portrait.

It struck Margaret that the two men were a curious contrast to each other. One tall, the other rather short; one pale and smooth, the other bronzed and curly; light, narrow-looking eyes, brown candid eyes set wide apart; one talkative, with a good conceit of himself; the other silent, except when some ardent enthusiasm carried him away. Two cousins could not be more unlike; there was not even a scrap of that family resemblance which may exist between very different people.

"An excellent likeness!" Simon remarked, turning round with a smile.

Margaret remembered the impression given her by Agnes's letters, and a cold finger seemed to touch her heart.

"Have you seen my sister lately?" she asked. "Is she—is she well?"

"I think she is very well," he answered graciously. "I have the pleasure of seeing her constantly. But now, Miss Lynn, won't you sit down and let us discuss this matter? I should like to know from yourself your exact grounds for concluding that this young sailor, Marr by name, is identical with my cousin Leonard Mills."

Through all the distress and confusion of mind that day had brought, Margaret had not lost her sense of humour. To be asked to sit down in her own house was one way of appealing to this. Oddly enough, it cheered her and did her good. She obeyed at once, and Simon followed her example.

"My letter to Mrs. Blunt," she began—but with a wave of his hand Simon interrupted her.

"Excuse me, I read it. Do me the kindness of explaining in your own words. Just go back to Monday night—wasn't it? Tell me what this man said and did, and why or how you got this strong impression."

Margaret began accordingly; but she soon found that a difficult task had been laid upon her; and it was not made easier by the kind of cross-examination she was put through. Simon's questions might have been those of a prosecuting lawyer, and she was not always sure that she answered them consistently. Every word, every look, every change of countenance, every detail in appearance or manner, that she had noticed in Lewis Marr, was written down in

a little book that came out of Simon's pocket. "You are sure?" "You would take your oath of that?" "Had he lost a front tooth?" "When he assumed that your sister lived here, you still thought that he had seen her at Marminster?"

"I tell you the idea did not occur to me till after they were gone," said Margaret with an impatient sigh. "And then—I absolutely could not help writing. Evidently you think I was wrong."

"Not at all. Most kind and thoughtful of you. And of course one is only too glad to follow up every trace, every possible clue. Now, don't let me bother you, but it would interest me to hear something more about the expedition."

After a long talk Simon at last said good-night, and went away, leaving Margaret with the impression, though not the certainty, that he did not share her romantic conviction as to Mr. Lewis Marr.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said. "I need not leave before midday."

Margaret was not sure that she wanted to see him again. Looking after him as he strolled off towards the town, she thought that he had a conceited back; his walk was consequential; he turned his smart head from side to side with a critical, priggish air. No; she did not like him. She found his patronizing manner almost offensive. Nor did she like his tone about his cousin's disappearance, and the cross-examination, she hardly knew why, seemed to her insincere.

"After all, what does he matter to me?" she thought. "Or any of them, indeed! if I was mistaken."

That was all very well, but in her heart she was afraid of this good-looking, prosperous man, who saw Agnes "constantly." In her prayers that night, and still more especially in the early hours of Sunday morning, which brought her strength and refreshment for the whole week, her anxious spirit strove hard for comfort and help in two separate perils—of her faithful friend at sea, and of her little sister divided from her by the breadth of England.

Later on Sunday morning she met Simon Mills again, wandering on the cliff. He was enjoying Seamoor immensely, it seemed. A nice little place: the air was so brisk after Marminster. At the same time, swinging back to the subject Margaret dreaded, it could not be denied that Miss Malcolm did Marminster credit. If there had been room for improvement—he was not sure—she was certainly in splendid looks now.

"Mrs. Blunt has been very kind," said Margaret.

"Well, Mr. Mills, have you thought over our talk of yesterday?"

"I have, Miss Lynn. And I don't deny that there are certain points of resemblance between this Marr and my cousin Leonard. One must be fair and candid. I was anxious to be convinced, if possible. But, you see, I came here possessed of information which, to my mind, settles the question. You say that he recognized your sister's photograph. That is your main contention. Now I must announce to you that although he may have seen, in his voyages, beautiful Spanish or Italian faces—that type of dark beauty, don't you know—he cannot, if he is Leonard, have recognized Miss Malcolm. To the best of my belief he never saw her."

"Did you ask her?" said Margaret abruptly.

"It was your wish, I understood, that the subject should not be mentioned to Miss Malcolm. But really it was not necessary. Mrs. Blunt and I knew all the circumstances."

"Then why did you come?"

Margaret was never sure if she had asked the question aloud. He did not answer it. His superior smile only seemed to say, "Now are you ashamed of making all this fuss? But you meant well, so we must forgive you this time. Besides, my journey is not wasted, for I am glad to have made your acquaintance."

CHAPTER XII.

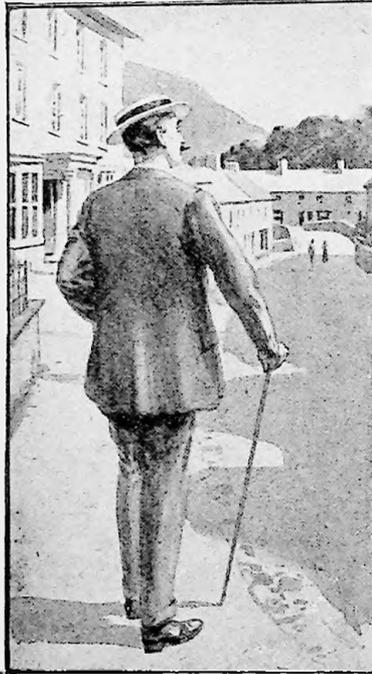
ROSES FOR AGNES.



So it was settled. Lewis Marr the sailor was not Leonard Mills the runaway. Settled for Margaret Lynn, who rather

warily dismissed the affair from her mind, resolving never again to meddle with what did not concern her. Settled, though not so finally, for Mrs. Blunt, who could not refuse to accept the witness of her own messenger, when he declared that the man described by Miss Lynn, though like Leonard in some ways, was decidedly not he. After that it seemed almost useless to worry over the question whether Leonard had, or had not, actually seen Agnes Malcolm.

Simon himself knew very well that the negative answer to this question was the one sound leg he had to stand upon. So far he was honest, for he really did not believe they could possibly have met. But this was a case in which "half a truth" proved itself once more "the blackest of lies." Simon's cross-examination of Miss Lynn had had an effect on his mind exactly contrary to that which he pretended both to her and Mrs. Blunt. It had convinced



"He had a conceited back; his walk was consequential."

him that, even if some things needed explaining, Lewis Marr was Leonard Mills and nobody else. But even to himself he would not confess the strength of that conviction.

"One can't be sure," he told himself as he travelled home. "Why shouldn't I take the benefit of the doubt?"

It was a big benefit and worth taking. Of course Leonard was pretty sure to turn up some day—bad pennies always do; but an Arctic expedition at the best would run into years rather than months, and—a dark spirit, quickly silenced, whispered at the back of Simon's mind—this little enterprise could not be really well-equipped; a foolhardy business, it was likely enough to end in total loss and destruction. But even if it returned safely there would have been plenty of time for Simon to make his own position sure. Leonard would find his place filled up effectually: he would find Simon a partner in Mills Brothers—well, he had suggested that himself when making his dash for freedom! Better still and perhaps unexpected, he might find himself disinherited by a new will of his grandfather's; in that case, Simon was the natural heir. And, if he really admired Agnes Malcolm so much, he might have a chance of bitter disappointment in finding her Simon's wife.

Somehow or other, and in more ways than one, Leonard was going to be punished for that old scrimmage in the snow.

Simon blessed Margaret Lynn for the delay of her

letter. He did not regret his visit to Seamoor. It was satisfactory in view of the future to know that Agnes Malcolm's only near relation was a presentable person.

He wrote to Mrs. Blunt on Sunday night, but could not go to her till Monday evening, being kept at the office all day. This was a pleasanter experience than usual, owing to his uncle's amiability. The old man consulted him on several important affairs, and was more inclined than ever before to accept his judgement and to leave decisions in his hands. Finally he asked him to dinner.

So it came to pass that, as on a Christmas Eve they both remembered, Simon Mills and Dr. Sharpe boarded an evening tram in Marminster High Street. Simon had planned to spend half an hour with Mrs. Blunt before keeping his appointment, and he was carrying a bouquet of early roses which he had just bought from the florist next to Sweetland's at the corner.

"Going to see your uncle? So am I," said the old doctor. "Never knew he was fond of roses, though!"

Simon found the doctor a bore, and his jokes unseasonable. People might be right in saying that under the surface he was the kindest man alive. But the surface alone concerned Simon, and he was tired of mischievous smiles and words of acid meaning. However, his temper that day was serene.

"No; flowers don't interest him much," he answered placidly. "If you care to know, I'm taking these to Mrs. Blunt. After calling on her I am going to dine with my uncle. You are not seeing him professionally, I hope? He seemed very well this afternoon."

"Professionally? No. He is better than he was—say eighteen months ago. But he wants to see one or two old friends. I shall meet the rector there. I'm rather late, by the by."

Simon felt a little puzzled. His uncle had been remarkably friendly that day. Could he be making up his mind? That tiresome old doctor was still staring at the roses.

"Give them to me, Simon. Mrs. Blunt has plenty of her own."

"What do you mean, Dr. Sharpe?"

Simon flushed uncomfortably, then was angry with himself for it.

"Come, you are a prudent man, so don't run any risks now," said the doctor. "You have waited long enough; wait a little longer. Your uncle is ambitious, remember. He

will expect money, as well as other things that don't exist in that quarter."

"I beg your pardon—I did not ask—" began Simon very stiffly.

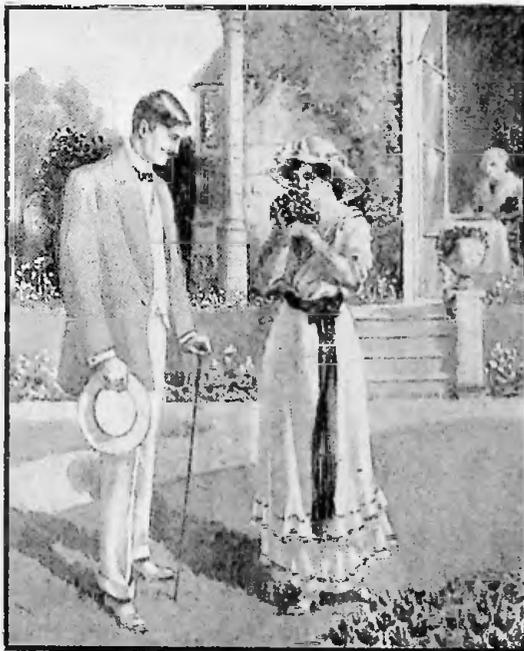
"To be sure you did not. And unasked advice is never welcome. I beg pardon. Mrs. Blunt will be delighted—with the roses, of course. Nothing heard of Leonard, I suppose?"

"No." Simon hastily recovered himself. "Sometimes one fears—"

"One does! Then again it seems unlikely that such a nice, good boy would go under. If he lives he'll come back—to rejoice his poor old grandfather. Good evening, Simon."

"Yes," muttered the doctor, turning in at Mr. Mills's gate. "And to put a spoke in somebody else's wheel, I hope."

While Simon was making his report to Mrs. Blunt his eyes often wandered out into the garden, where



"Oh, these darlings!" the girl said, burying her face in them."

Agnes was to be seen, busy among the fading tulips.

"May I take the roses to her?" he said when he had done.

Now it was not without impatience that Mrs. Blunt had watched the philandering, as she called it, which Simon had carried on in his cautious way ever since Agnes came to Marminster; and if she had thought that it did Agnes any harm it would have been stopped long ago. But the girl was so innocent, so child-like, so unconscious, accepting all kindness with such simple gratitude, that Simon's limited attentions seemed to matter little to her. At the same time, this sort of thing could not go on for ever; and Mrs. Blunt, acknowledging to herself that Agnes would be a lucky girl in the world's eyes if Simon Mills were to marry her, had decided privately that he would not have a penniless bride. He had played his cards well, and she liked him better than of old. So did Agnes, she thought, but was not sure, sometimes suspecting that his undeniable priggishness stood in his way there.

"I couldn't, of course!" she thought as she looked after him. "But there! he comes of a good stock; he will make a good husband."

Agnes received the roses with an eager, astonished delight, which enchanted Simon till he realized that her pretty smile and flush were for them and not for him. They were small red roses, rich in colour and very sweet.

"Oh, these darlings!" the girl said, burying her face in them. "No; but they can't have come from there! It's impossible. They are never out till July."

"Why, where do you suppose they came from?" Simon asked, wondering. He could not exactly add, "From Green's, and pretty dear too!"

Then Agnes looked at him very earnestly. "If it had been July they might have been growing on the south side of my sister's cottage at Seamoore."

Simon stared in amazement. "Well, they were not. I wish they had been—I don't know where they grew—in a hothouse. But how did you know I had been to Seamoore?"

Agnes's face lighted up in an extraordinary way. It seemed as if a cloud had lifted; but then its soft veil descended again and her eyes were full of anxiety.

"I guessed it," she said. "Mrs. Blunt did not mean me to know. It was her kindness; but if anything is wrong, I would much rather know, please, Mr. Mills. I am not such a coward, really. Has anything happened to Margaret?"

The appealing face was so sweet that Simon nearly took her in his arms on the spot and begged leave to bear all her troubles for ever. The thought, "I may ruin myself," stopped him just in time. Otherwise the rest of this story need not have been written.

But his look and manner said a good deal, as, bending over the girl and her roses, he tried to comfort her without giving away either her sister, Mrs. Blunt, or himself.

"Look here, there is absolutely nothing for you to worry about. I did go to Seamoore, it's true, but it was on private business, family business, which I can't very well explain."

"Oh, of course not!" cried Agnes, ashamed.

But she was no less puzzled than before. Why should Margaret have written on Mills family business? What had she to do with it?

"I shall have to ask her, if Mrs. Blunt doesn't tell me."

So thought Agnes. Aloud she said, "I wonder if you saw my sister?"

"I did. She is not a bit like you."

"Oh, no. I only wish I was like her."

"I don't," Simon whispered; but she hardly seemed to hear. "Seamoore is a jolly little place," he went on. "And the roses—you say they grow at the back of the cottage—"

Very slowly they strolled together across the lawn, Simon talking confidentially, Agnes looking up with her dark, thoughtful eyes. Mrs. Blunt watched them from the window.

"I wish I liked him!" she sighed to herself.

(To be continued.)

A Red Cross Sister.

SITTING alone in the silence
She heard the call to go;
She rose and went, nor heeded
The wintry winds and snow.

Her hands, that were soft and white,
Are toil-worn now and rough:
Love never counts the cost, nor deems
The sacrifice enough.

Weary from loss of sleep, she climbs
The long steep flights of stairs;
With those who mourn, she sorrows too,
And in their pain she shares.

The ward is brighter for her smile
And sadder when she goes;

She leaves a perfume on her path
As sweet as summer rose.

She is not clever—does not boast
That she is learned or wise,
But e'en the poorest knows she has
The gift to sympathize.

God made her thus: she might have had
A life of sheltered ease;
She chose the part of giving up
To cure the ills she sees.

An unseen aureole is hers,
It circles her with light,
As, like a star, she moves along
Throughout the darkest night.

C. J. HAMILTON.

Work among the Deaf and Dumb.

By the Rev. Vernon Jones, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Deaf in North London, Working under the Royal Association.



VERY few people realize that there are over 32,000 deaf and dumb people in Great Britain. The majority of these are born deaf from various causes, or become quite deaf when very young, in consequence of illness, accidents, etc., and have never known what "sound" is, and, failing to reproduce sounds, they grow up "dumb." It is indeed sad to be unable to hear the voice of a mother or friend, the singing of the birds, the strains of music, and the other joyful sounds of life, and to be unable to speak on their own behalf. But their affliction is deeper still, for it shuts them off so completely from the outside world. The English

fields, and, running up to him, he cried joyfully, "Father, father." His father was so overcome at hearing his boy call him "Father" for the first time that he fell on his knees then and there in the field and thanked God with tears streaming down his face.

On another occasion too one felt the reward of many hours of patient teaching. Soon after I had been ordained at Canterbury one of the senior lady teachers died, and I was asked to conduct the Burial Service. The boys and girls of the upper school came to the service. None of them could hear a sound, but they watched my lips most intently, and, when they saw me say the Lord's Prayer,



DEAF AND DUMB MEMBERS OF THE C.E.M.S. SIGNING "LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE KING."

language itself is a mystery to them, to be acquired patiently at school and from textbooks.

For the education of the deaf special schools have been founded, where trained **Patient Teaching.** teachers try to set free the captive minds of their pupils and give them a useful knowledge of language. Every effort is made to teach them to speak orally, to read the lips, and to know something of a trade before they leave school. It was my privilege to be on the staff of the Royal School for the Deaf and Dumb at Margate for several years, and I can never forget the patience, thought, and sympathy necessary to teach these children, eager, as they often were, to learn. But the teachers have reason indeed to feel encouraged by the results. I remember one boy who came to school unable to understand or speak a word. Very slowly he learned to make the vowel sounds and then to speak a few consonants. At length he was able to say "f," "ah," "th," and "er" correctly. Then he was taught to say them together, i.e. he could now say "Father." When he returned home he saw his father working in the

they framed the words as they had been taught, and said each word distinctly with me. They uttered the words so clearly that some of the general public present would not believe that they were pupils of "The deaf and dumb school."

In the Battle of Life. Their school days are comparatively happy, but at the age of sixteen they leave school and enter the battle of life. Unable to hear, and making themselves understood with difficulty, their search for employment is often a heartbreaking pursuit. Scattered over the country they lead lonely lives amidst thousands of their fellow creatures who understand them not and whom they cannot understand. What a fierce struggle it is for some of them! Yearning for help, sympathy, and social intercourse with those who understand them, to whom can they turn?

They turn to the chaplains and missionaries for the deaf, who have been specially trained to understand them and to know their needs.¹ To them they go when they are in any kind of trouble or in need of help. It will be readily understood that special

¹ The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 419 Oxford Street, W., was founded in 1854, and cares for the deaf of London and neighbourhood; and in 1873 S. Saviour's Church for the deaf and dumb, in Oxford Street, was consecrated by Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle. Depending entirely upon voluntary contributions the Royal Association has tried every year to attend to the spiritual, physical, and social needs of these afflicted people. Its work has developed enormously in recent years, till there are in London alone twenty-three missions attached to it, the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, of S. Saviour's Church, Oxford Street, being the chaplain-superintendent.

arrangements are necessary in the missions for these people who are totally deaf, and so the services are rendered by clergymen and lay-readers who understand the manual system, i.e. they spell on their fingers and use the same signs which the deaf and dumb are accustomed to in their daily lives, and when those are present who can read the lips fairly well (as is often the case now) the services are spoken in conjunction with the finger-spelling and signing. Words and ideas are used which come within the scope of their intellectual development. The lights are reflected upon those taking the service so that every movement of their fingers and lips and every expression on their faces may be plainly visible. The texts of sermons and summaries of lessons are written on a large blackboard. All these things are needful to enable the deaf and dumb to benefit by the services and take their proper part in worshipping God.

It is a matter for regret that there is not yet a Church mission for the deaf in every diocese, but where there are Church missions the work is organized as far as possible on parochial lines, and the services, classes, lectures, and clubs are much appreciated by the deaf. In London, for example, there are several good branches of the C.E.M.S. I remember some years ago, at S. Bede's Mission, Clapham, the members of the C.E.M.S. undertook to clean, restore, and re-paint the whole interior of the mission church there, as a proof that they wished to "do something to help forward the work of the Church." They gave their time, paid all expenses, and worked hard for nearly two weeks, and, when they had done, everything was as bright and clean as a new pin!

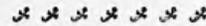
In my mission in North London—S. John of Beverley's, Finsbury Park—our branch of the C.E.M.S. takes a prominent part in our work. We have also a branch of the C.E.T.S., and some of our deaf men and women are preparing enthusiastically for the syllabus examination. Our women and girls are very active. The Dorcas Meeting is well attended by deaf ladies, who make garments, etc., for their poorer sisters and comforts for the soldiers. Our Deaf Girls' Club is affiliated to the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs, and takes a good place in the competitions organized by the Federation every year. Two years ago they were second in drilling, although, of course, they were not able to have the help of music and could hear no spoken command. On having the signal to commence they followed their leader in silence, knowing the exercises by heart and moving together in perfect time.

A special feature of our services at S. John of Beverley's is the work of our deaf and dumb choir. They sign the hymns and spell on their fingers the Psalms, responses, etc., and one of them usually "reads" the lessons. They are a real help to the chaplain, and the congregation, following them, knows when to take its part and join in. Probably this is the only choir in London which so completely dispenses with the services of an organist!

A pleasing characteristic of the born deaf people

is their natural and deep faith. Their total deafness shields them from much that is evil, helps them to put the distracting sounds of the world outside, and enables them to meditate and pray in peace. Many of them realize that (as Bishop Hook said in a recent sermon), "There is no such thing as deafness and dumbness between our heavenly FATHER and those He loves down here on earth. They could hear His voice and He could hear their speech, and in that thought there lay a very great happiness as they passed through this little life to the great eternity beyond." Many of them live very near to God, and if their affliction prevents them from doing much that they would like to do yet they feel that "No soul is idle that is touching God."

There is a real need for a Church mission in every diocese, and for more clergy and lady workers who will throw themselves heart and soul into the work for the born deaf.



THERE is many a Christian who feels the irksomeness of the duties of life, and feels his spirit revolting from them. To get up every morning with the firm resolve to find pleasure in those duties, and do them well, and finish the work which God has given us to do, that is to drink CHRIST'S cup. The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—F. W. ROBERTSON.



The Sacrifice.

VOWED to Thy sacred service years ago
Was there reserve, LORD, only Thou didst
know;

In the surrender of my will, my soul?
Yea, in most near communion with Thee
Didst Thou, LORD, know hearts' depths—scarce
consciously—

Not wholly Thine? Faith's shrinking from the
goal

Of Thine ordained sacrifice, foresee?

Now, LORD, upon the altar-stone the fire
Of sacrifice is laid—and Thou of me
Dost ask for offering my heart's desire . . .
One in the thicket erst a lamb did see—

Yet . . . now when to the utmost Thy decree
Spares not, O Lamb of God—in agony
I lift mine eyes unto the Rood—to Thee.

LORD, at Thy word
Loosed is the silver chord, the golden bowl
Broken . . . broken at the cistern the wheel . . .
Now, while the darkest shadows o'er me roll
CHRIST, with Thy holy power preserve my soul,
Unto my trembling heart Thy love reveal.

Grant me the faith which night and death outsoars,
Love, which questions not because it adores . . .
Lo, to Thy Crucifix the dawn-lights steal,
Making the shadows holy where I kneel

Bowed to Thy heavenly will,
LORD, in Thy Presence still.

EDITHA JENKINSON.

The Poems of Charles Kingsley.

By the Rev. Dr. Nairne, Canon of Chester.

I. SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POET.



[Elliott & Fry.]

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN 1848 *The Saint's Tragedy* was published. The author was Charles Kingsley, the young Rector of Eversley. Born in Devonshire, then coming from Magdalene College, Cambridge, with a first class in the classical tripos, he had been ordained in 1842, and was now rector of the Hampshire parish which he had served as curate, and in which he was to spend the rest of his life. The poem was a drama in which the religious aspirations

of the Middle Ages were criticized with the sympathy of a real dramatist, yet with the prejudice of a strong—not complex—combative soul. It was a powerful piece of work for so young a man; a surprise, as coming from a clergyman of those days. But it foretold greater surprises in the future. F. D. Maurice wrote an introduction: that showed the author was keeping company with men who had something to say and to do in their own modern time. The play was interspersed with lyrics—who does not remember "Oh! that we two were Maying"?—there was the promise of new melody for the world.

For neither in *The Saint's Tragedy*, nor in that other dramatic poem, the terrible soliloquy of *Saint Maura* from her cross, do we hear Charles Kingsley at his best. He comes to his own in his lyrics. Let those who are new to *Poems of Charles Kingsley* (the complete edition first published by Macmillan in 1871) start upon the lyrics. They may or may not care for his novels. Few are likely to agree with all his views. Only the magnanimous can avoid offence at some of his robust antagonisms. But no one with an ear and a heart will lay this book down till he has read it through, forgetting all else in sheer delight.

That thoughtless joy cannot be recaptured. But it will leave echoes in the memory, and these will awake a richer pleasure in thoughtful study. The poems are all dated. Read the *Letters and Memories* of Charles Kingsley, edited by his wife, and you find that these verses form, as it were, a diary of the seasons of his growth; a brief pregnant diary, for he never sang but when the spirit compelled

him. And read, too, the preface Tom Hughes wrote for the later edition of *Alton Locke*, in which he tells the story of the first of these "seasons." It was the period which began with the Chartist riots, when Maurice was inspiring a gallant attempt to inaugurate a better hope for the labourers and artisans; when co-operation was planned, and a dogged effort was made to explain and realize Christian socialism. Charles Kingsley was the "Parson Lot" of "Politics for the People." In *Yeast*, as well as in *Alton Locke*, he embodied the hope of these adventurous Churchmen in a tale. And he sang this revived creed of S. John in verse. Sometimes this verse was a bitter challenge, as in *The Bad Squire*; sometimes it mingled with the gallop of the hunting field:—

"So the great cause flashes by;
Nearer and clearer its purposes open,
While louder and prouder the world-echoes cheer us:
Gentlemen sportsmen, you ought to live up to us,
Lead us, and lift us, and hallo our game to us—
We cannot call the hounds off, and no shame to us—
Don't be left staring alone!"

Sometimes it was just grand art, like *The Day of the Lord*:—

"The Day of the Lord is at hand at hand:
Its storms roll up the sky:
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh;
The night is darkest before the morn;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the Day of the Lord at hand."

Something these pioneers did; something they suffered. The *Three Fishers* who

"went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down"—



[Frith & Co.]

EVERSLEY: CHARLES KINGSLEY'S STUDY.

every one knows the courageous melancholy of that song—was written the day after a cruel blow had been struck. But chiefly they looked onward, to the fulfilment which our generation has at least begun to see. In the lines *On the death of a Certain*

Journal Kingsley looks back and forward, as he turns to other duties for a while:—

"Failure? While tide-floods rise and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?"

For there were other duties always at hand. He was a champion all his life, but only from time to



(Elliott & Fry

THOMAS HUGHES.

time did he step forth into public gaze. Before all and through all he was a parish priest. "It is," he wrote to a friend, "a comfort often to feel there is one little spot, the parish, to which thoughts and prayers are for ever turning." His parish was a country parish in which he learned to alleviate the hard lot, as it certainly was then, of the country labourer. And it was beautiful with moor and forest and stream. "My amusement," he wrote to another, "is green fields and clear trout-streams and the gallop through the winter fir-wood; and perhaps this free healthy life makes my little lark's pipe all the fresher and clearer when it tries a song." Here is an Eversley picture:—

"O blessed drums of Aldershot!
O blessed South-west train!
O blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain!

O blessed yaffil, laughing loud!
O blessed falling glass!
O blessed fan of cold gray cloud!
O blessed smelling grass!

O bless'd South wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack!
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back!"

For Kingsley knew how to play, and he was a boy for fishing. Strange that he, so full of pity for all suffering, so tender a lover of birds and beasts, was yet a deadly sportsman. But that is often the way. In another of his letters he says:—

"Read history: look at the world and see whether GOD values mere physical existence. Christ died for the whole creation—for the sheep we eat, the million animalcules which the whale swallows at every gape. They shall all be delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God—physical death is no evil."

And compare the lines he wrote during the Franco-Prussian war:—

"Speak low, speak little: who may sing
While yonder cannon-thunders boom?
Watch, shuddering, what each day may bring:
Nor 'pipe amid the crack of doom.'

And yet—the pines sing overhead,
The robins by the alder-pool,
The bees about the garden-bed,
The children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth
The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things."

The years at Eversley were full and strenuous; pastoral activity, sermons which brought all the parish and many strangers to church, lectures at Wellington College, good talks in the study opening upon the garden, good talks too with the pen to distant friends; real study of history and science out of which sprang novels like *Hypatia* and natural history books like *Glancus*. Then the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge, and from it *The Roman and the Teuton*. After that a canonry at Chester, and the founding of that now flourishing institution for genuine research—the Chester Society of Natural Science. Then from Chester to Westminster; but not before all this high pressure had worn the body out. A holiday in America was followed by one short residence at the Abbey; and in 1875 he died at Eversley, in his fifty-sixth year.

Amavimus, amamus, amabimus—"Love without end"—was the motto he had given to his wife, which she put upon his tombstone in Eversley churchyard: it was the flame of their faith. He had spent his life in chivalrous labour, keen thought, and honest study. And through all ran



EVERSLEY CHURCH.

[Firth & Co.]

the golden thread of poetry. Historian, preacher, man of science, social reformer, Charles Kingsley was all these. But it is in the line of poets he stands to be remembered. He was a Church poet like George Herbert, a poet of nature like George Meredith; above all, a singer with a wood-note of his own. Next month we will look more closely for the essential character of his verse.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

GOD takes men's hearty desire and will, instead of the deed, when they have not power to fulfil it; but He never takes the bare deed instead of he will.

The Eve of S. Peter. * By Ellen Callinan.

"The footsteps of the Blessed Saints are at your very doors."

Twas the Eve of the Feast of S. Peter, the day when Sir Thomas More, decked like a courtier, in princely apparel, right joyously greeted Sister Death. Many, many years after Sir Thomas had found refreshment and peace, another of his name one smiling June day prepared for his final encounter with a great fear.

Thomas More, aged seventeen, had no business to be there at all; when he declared he was nineteen he told the one lie of his life. Now that clean, innocent life was about over—the Army doctor had said so.

The boy closed his darkening eyes wearily to shut out the horror of it all, and prepared to tread his lonely *via dolorosa*. He could not move to get the letter out of his tunic, but he knew its contents by heart.

"We shall be keeping festival at 'S. Peter's' when you read this. Your name will be read before the altar, and on the altar will be some roses from your garden. Don't forget our patron saint and our Blessed LORD he loved so well.

"Your loving father
in CHRIST,
"PHILIP WARKEY."

Thomas repeated the letter aloud, but in broken sentences; and suddenly the fragrance of June roses greeted him and the door of his far-away home.

It was all bewildering and wonderful, and yet how unafraid he felt, how radiantly happy. He watched the fisherman coming nearer to him out of the din of battle. His face was rugged with a strange beauty, yet tenderly as a mother stoops over her querulous babe did S. Peter bend to bless both dead and dying, wounded and whole.

A little group had wavered, hard pressed in fight, but as S. Peter stood among them they charged again and the enemy fell back.

At last he stood by the lad and held his cold little fingers, for, after all, it was not a man but a child who lay dying—dying for you and me.

The recruiting-sergeant had wavered before he passed him for active service, but he had looked in the brown eyes and had let him go.

"I have forgotten my prayers, and cursed thrice in the heat of the battle," said the boy softly, his hands clasped and his eyes tightly closed.

"I cursed thrice myself, once," said the saint sorrowfully.

"And in the roar of the fight I nearly lost myself; I felt like—like—a brute—my own fault, my own great fault."

"I too would have lost myself in the roar of the waves but for Him," said the saint very gently.

"And wrong thoughts have come, and I swore just after the Blessed Sacrament; I have sinned exceedingly!"

"I denied Him just after the Blessed Sacrament too," replied the fisherman of Galilee.

"But I love Thee, LORD JESUS, and I'm sorry," gasped the boy; and a tear that all the smart of wounds, and fear of death, and home-longing had failed to bring, now trickled down his grimy face.

"I love Him too more than all else," echoed the saint; "and I told Him so—three times I told Him long, long ago. He'll forgive for the sake of that tear, that love; He forgave me."

Just then S. Peter seemed to fade into the sky, so blue in spite of all man's foul smoke-clouds, and the blessed

King of saints Himself stood by His tired soldier-boy.

"I want to serve at S. Peter's altar again," murmured Thomas; "and I want, oh, I want to get home to mother—she needs me."

And the LORD turned and looked on him as He had on S. Peter long ago, but no reproach was in His gaze, only wondrous love.

"You shall serve at S. Peter's altar to-morrow, when they keep festival, and go home before the roses fade."

The Rev. Philip Warkey had communicated the faithful few who kept the patronal festival in the little church down by the river. As the worshippers returned to their seats they did not notice that the priest stood and bent with Paten and Chalice over the server's place. It was empty that day, yet it seemed to him that a little, war-worn khaki figure, never far



"This boy will live—the haemorrhage has ceased."

from his thoughts, was verily kneeling there: and so he paused—so real seemed the vision—and bent as if giving him his LORD.

And, at the same moment, an R.A.M.C. man stooped over Thomas and said, "This boy will live—the haemorrhage has ceased."

For the days of miracles are with us yet, and

the footsteps of the blessed saints still travel down age-worn paths to our very doors.

Philip Warkey, priest, is radiant as he leaves the altar to carry the Blessed Food to the white-faced lad whose hands are so eagerly outstretched to receive the CHRIST, the SON of the living God; and his mother sings her *Magnificat*.

The Child of God: Practical Thoughts on the Religion of Little Children.

By E. S. Newman, Hon. Member of the Bishop of London's S.S. Council.



Lynn, Photo.

II. FIRST WORDS.

ONE evening a friend came into see me. Before coming out he had been up to say good night to his baby boy. "Good night, my son; God bless you." "Good night, daddy." Then slowly he added, "God bless you." Was this the baby's first prayer? I think it was. Sounds which he had heard and heard again had resolved themselves into words, and he had repeated them.

"We have to be very careful what we say before baby now," says mother, "for he catches up everything and repeats it; he's a regular little mimic." That is so, baby *imitates*. Imitation is a gift given by God, that the little one may find his place in the world. How we all, consciously and unconsciously, work on this! Baby John begins to show signs of talking. "Dad—dad—dad," says mother, repeating it many times a day; "dad—dad—dad," says baby, imitating to a nicety her intonation and expression. Repetition, imitation, these are the guides we need in helping baby to say his first prayers. Mother's "quiet few minutes" change into a few, simple, reverently-whispered words, and soon baby joins in. Of course he does not understand intellectually, but spiritually—yes. He "understands it, not through and in the thought, but through and in the heart." "I think," said a mother to me, "it is time I taught my little girl some prayers, but I have never done anything of the sort with her, and I do not know how to begin; she will ask so many questions now." The child was three or four years old. I think this difficulty would never have arisen had the mother begun from the beginning with her quiet times and simple words.

Begin now, I suggested, her coming birthday will make an occasion; teach her first to give thanks.

Far away in the west of Canada is a lonely homestead. All day three little ones play in the long prairie grass and gather the gorgeous flowers. When night comes and prayer time, the question invariably arises, "What can we thank Him for to-day?" "Oh, that lovely sunset!" said the eldest one day; and so week by week the spirit of love and gratitude and worship is fostered.

Little children have a very limited vocabulary, and what words they know they like to use. This

should be a guide to us when teaching them to pray. Simple—very simple—talks about the FATHER in heaven, and our loving LORD with His arms round His little children, will lead them to suggest what to say to Him. "Thank you for. . . I am sorry. Help me to be good and brave. Take care of us all." Short sentences like these, with the orderly beginning and ending, and a pause to let them put in their own petitions, will probably be long enough for the first few years. Suitable verses from children's hymns, sung to and with them, are also very helpful in deepening their religious sense.

Little children have a disconcerting way of mixing religious and secular things, and going freely from one to another. It is not irreverence with them, and some of us wish we had not lost that power; all the same, definite prayer times must be fixed, that the habit may be formed for life. Morning and evening, without a break or interruption, the prayers are to be said. Then comes the question, Must the children be *forced* to say their prayers against their will? "I don't want to say my prayers, I *won't* say them," said a small boy of four, tired out at the end of his day. "Very well, then," said mother, knowing what a struggle might ensue, and how unfit her little son would be to pray after that struggle, "jump into bed, and mother will say them for you." Next day, when he was in a different mood, the matter was talked out between them.

Very earnest are the prayers they say, and very real to the little ones are the petitions offered. "Please, God, bless my dolly, my kitten." "Dear FATHER in heaven, please give me a bicycle, a baby sister," etc. And with what confidence they await the answer! It is hard for us sometimes not to protest or even smile; but, if we have told them that God is all powerful, all loving, and may be told anything, let us leave it, and God will surely answer them in a way that they will understand.

A little boy was showing his auntie over their new house. Opening the last door he announced, "and *this* is the prayer-room." Later on the mother said, "The children always say their prayers there; it was their own choice." How beautiful, when possible, to fit up even a tiny room, that will stand for "the prayer-room," always ready of access, with its suggestions of peace and holiness.

We have been considering baby's first words to-day—a big step onwards in baby life; next time we will think of his first actions, and seek for some suggestions to help us in fostering his religious life.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

A NUMBER of Easter Vestries this year were moved, as a result of the National Mission, to abolish pew-rents. Among them was that of S. John's, Mansfield, where the new vicar, the Rev. W. B. Soole, said he could not, after his experience in the National Mission, accept a living in which even a shilling of his stipend depended upon pew-rents. If any one was going to suffer financially it was himself, but he was willing to take the risk.

WHILE expressing his wish that certain City churches should be closed during the war, the Bishop of London has announced that the commission which is to consider the whole question of these churches will not be appointed until after the war. At the Vestry at S. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the rector said that, if things were left to go on as at present, there might be a great outburst of public opinion that would sweep away the City churches altogether. He, for one, wished to preserve them—except perhaps two or three.

At the General Synod of the Church of Ireland the Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh, referred to a proposal for the union of parishes in order to provide, in scattered country districts, more work for the clergy and also a living wage. Much more might be accomplished on these lines. Where the parishes are large and scattered the problem is especially difficult, but it has been suggested that in many of the cities and country towns the number of the clergy and the churches might reasonably be diminished, and the shortage in rapidly growing industrial populations could thus be remedied.

THE management of All Saints' Boys' Orphanage, Lewisham, has been offered by the Mother Superior of the All Saints' Community to the Rev. C. H. Blofeld, who has accepted it, and hopes to take up his new duties in July. Mr. Blofeld has had considerable experience of work among boys as chaplain of the Training Ship *Mercury*, and of S. Cuthbert's School, Worksop, one of the Woodard foundations. He has also published *A Book of Prayers for Boys*.

ONE of the most urgent tasks now before the Church is the provision of churches for the populous districts which have sprung up owing to the placing of large munition centres in neighbourhoods which before were sparsely populated. In one of these districts the bishop of the diocese recently laid the foundation-stone of a permanent church, towards the cost of which £2,000 had been raised by the efforts of the *Church Times*.

Sir Edward Pearson represented H.M. Ministry of Munitions, and expressed his satisfaction that the work of building the church had been begun, for the district was destined to become a permanent industrial centre of importance.

On the following day a Confirmation was held in one of the township huts now used for services, when thirty-one candidates were confirmed.



[Photo, E. A. Elliott.]

AN INTERESTING FONT.

Monk Soham Church, near Framlingham, Suffolk, which was formerly held by the monks of Bury St. Edmunds, possesses a specially interesting font. The bowl is octagonal, and illustrates the seven sacraments and the crucifixion. In each case the artist's design is quite recognizable, despite the mutilation which the figures have undergone in the lapse of many years.

AN application was recently made to the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, Sir P. W. Baker Wilbraham, by the Vicar and Churchwardens of Weaverham, to affix to a pillar on the south side of the church a shrine of oak containing a plaster figure representing our LORD on the Cross, with an inscription beneath, intended as a memorial to Francis Stuart Long, son of the Vicar of Weaverham, who fell in action last September, and of parishioners of Weaverham who have fallen in the present war.

The Chancellor, in reviewing the application, said it was making devotion easy. In a case like this, he thought it must be admitted that the crucifix would not be merely an architectural decoration. On the other hand, it was certainly not intended as an object of superstitious reverence, and there was no likelihood of its being so used. The reason why crucifixes seemed natural to use in this connection was that they represented the Supreme Sacrifice, which was, in Christian thought, the type and inspiration of all human suffering and endeavour. In thinking of those who had laid down their lives for their country their minds were carried back to the Great Sacrifice through which the sacrifices of those they loved might be hallowed. He thought, therefore, that in this connection the crucifix was both natural and proper.

A VERY beautiful sundial has been given anonymously by two "Wayfarers" to Kingscote Church, Gloucestershire, and has been placed at the entrance of the churchyard. The pedestal is from

the design of Mr. A. G. Walker, the sculptor of the statue of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place, and of the memorial of the "Lady of the Lamp" in the crypt of S. Paul's Cathedral. It has on its four corners the words, "This is the LORD's garden: Sacred to Him: Sacred to those whose bodies rest here: Let nothing defile it; Speak and act reverently; Eternal rest grant unto them, O LORD, and let light perpetual shine upon them." The sundial itself, which bears the year 1720, has this quaint motto inscribed upon it:—

"My wheels, a thousand threaded strings of stars,
My mainspring, light from heaven's golden bars,
My key, the Will of God."

THE Statistical Tables recently published in the *Year Book of the Church of England* show that the voluntary offerings of the Church for the twelve months ending Easter, 1916, were still over seven millions, the exact figures being £7,060,911, as against £7,426,852 for the preceding year. The funds raised by the various societies under the heading of home work show a substantial increase from £677,775 to £731,663. Foreign Mission work and educational work both record a decrease, and so do the totals raised by church collections for parochial purposes. Under the circumstances, however, the falling-off is less than might have been anticipated.

THE forty-seventh festival of the Gregorian Association will be held on S. Barnabas's Day, June 11th, when Evensong will be sung in S. Paul's Cathedral by the Festival Choir. The association, of which the Duke of Argyll is president, was founded in 1870 to promote the study and practice of Plainsong, and its annual festival is one of the chief musical events of the year at S. Paul's. The musical director, Mr. Francis Burgess, is absent on active service with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, but hopes to be able to conduct the final rehearsals as well as the service itself.

THE newly-appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Capetown, the Rev. J. O. Nash, has worked in the Diocese of Pretoria for fifteen years. Since 1905 he has been Head Master of S. John's College, Johannesburg, and Hon. Canon of Pretoria since 1912. He was ordained in England in 1886, his first post being a curacy at S. Andrew's, Bethnal Green. From 1895 to 1898 he was Vicar of Radley.

THE Rev. T. G. Gardiner, has recently been appointed to a Canonry of Canterbury. The new canon joined the late Canon Barnett at S. Jude's, Whitechapel, in 1881, and was one of the original founders of Toynbee Hall, where he worked for several years. He has had a varied experience as a parish priest in Colchester, Southwark, Farnham, Lambeth, and the City. Canon Gardiner was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, and proved one of its most active and thorough members.

Our Query Corner: *Hints for some of our Correspondents.*

RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.

1130. Can I get information as a mother who wishes to bring up her children religiously?

Apply by letter, or personally, to the Secretary, Mothers' Union, Church House, Westminster. Mrs. George Chitty, The Cloisters, Windsor, gives advice on the subject of books and reading; and, when educated mothers can go to the Union's office, they may find the bureau of much use.

1131. What is "Paschal-tide"?

The word is a survival from the Passover feast. The word *pesak*, derived from the Hebrew, became *pascha* in Greek; and was, and is, applied in memory of the "Passing-over" as described in Exodus.

It is probable that the Death of our LORD took place on the day of the Passover, as S. Paul and S. John seem to indicate, and that the meal on the night He was betrayed was an "anticipation." The Easter festival which became the Christian *Pascha* was kept on two dates for some time—(a) on the day of the Passover, (b) on the Sunday after. The day kept in memory of the LORD'S Resurrection became the chief Feast of the Church.

1132. Is Baptism enough without Conversion? If not, what good is it?

See *Elements of Christian Doctrine and What Every Christian Must Know and Do* ("Churchman's Penny Library"). Try to borrow from a library Sadler's *Church Doctrine, Bible Truth*. Recollect these great points:—

1. Our LORD is GOD, and always was related to everything in earth and in heaven.

2. He came on earth to found a Church which He purchased by His precious Blood.

3. Baptism is the entrance into that Church of His, neither more nor less. It is the beginning of spiritual life as promised by Him; it is not the end.

You can look up S. Matthew 28, 19; S. John 3, 4, 14, 15-17; Acts 2, 41, 42, 9, 17-19, 10, 47, 48; Romans 6, 1-12; Ephesians 2, 20, etc.

The whole thing rests upon this—

if we believe *thoroughly* in our LORD we keep His commandments; if we *half* believe—either from ignorance or from self-will, as to which He alone can judge—then we say that we will find a better way for ourselves than the one He has chosen. Against this S. John warned us, as from our LORD Himself, in S. John 10, 1.

occasional narrowing of the great word "universal" to a very narrow section or party. This is sometimes carried to absurd lengths, and is almost "Pharisaical." We think you will allow that we should not talk about a "Catholic Church" or the "Catholic party," to the exclusion of the greater and deeper meaning of Catholic.

1134. Is it right to read the Bible to see when the war will end? etc. Surely it is not meant for that.

Like yourself, we do not consider it wise or useful to make definite attempts to twist the words of Holy Scripture into predictions as a sort of religious fortune-telling! We believe that all this war is judging us in a very real way, and that our GOD is working His purpose out. Further than that we do not go. You may, perhaps, recollect that we quoted (writing it at our worst time, in August, 1914) words from S. Augustine which fit great times of judgement, such as he knew and we know:—

"Tribulation is a fire; does it find thee gold? It taketh away the dross. Does it find thee chaff? It turns that to ashes." Your experience will prove these words true.

1135. Why do people kneel at "And was made Man"?

This is a pious custom only; but it is symbolical of recognizing the divinity of our LORD in the circumstances of His humiliation "when made Man."

You would find a little book, *Questions Asked* (Mowbrays, 6d. net, postage 1½d.), very helpful to you in briefly explaining such points.

1136. Can I get information about mission work from a Church Society?

Write to the Secretary, Missionary Preparation Union, S.P.G. House, 15 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W., who will send you information. In any case, valuable work on behalf of missions can be done by home-helpers; but in some cases assistance is given towards eventually going abroad. A course of home study is prescribed.

Our Notice Board.

"We worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity."

JUNE, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.
3, S. Trinity Sunday.
10, S. 1 Sunday after Trinity.
11, M. Festival of S. Barnabas, A.M.
17, S. 2 Sunday after Trinity.
24, S. Nativity of S. John Baptist.
3 Sunday after Trinity.
29, F. Festival of S. Peter, A.M.

July.
1, S. + Sunday after Trinity.

+
FASTS.

Fridays, June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.
Vigils. .. 23, Of S. John Baptist.
.. 28, Of S. Peter.

EMBER DAYS.

Wednesday, May 30. } Ember Pennies
Friday, June 1. } due
Saturday, June 2. } where given.

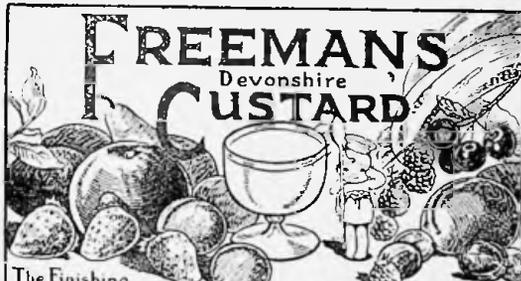
1133. Why should our vicar say that it is not right to speak of some of us being "Catholics" and others not?

Think for a moment of our LORD'S parables of the growth of the kingdom of GOD—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn. Or again, of the multitude of fishes; and again, of the selected and numbered good fish. Now, the net and the field do mean the universal (or "Catholic") Church; and if growth is begun, or the person is within the net, then so far he is of the great Catholic Church, though not perfected nor adequate.

Your vicar is—we suppose, for we cannot know—protesting against the

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage MUST be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



FREEMANS
Devonshire
CUSTARD

The Finishing Touch

Delicious with all Fruit
Pears, Peaches, Prunes, Plums, Pineapples, and all fruits lack the finishing touch unless they are served with

FREEMANS Devonshire **CUSTARD**

This delicious custard has been known for many years as the custard with the home-made flavour. Freemans Devonshire Custard is the easiest to make, most nutritious and economical.

The children love Freemans Devonshire Custard best of all.

OF ALL GROCERS AND STORES

£1 WAR CERTIFICATES
are given away every week until the end of April, 1917. Read at once for a complete book of— with details of the Great War Savings Scheme—which will be sent post free on request. A 10/- War Savings Voucher is sent free to every applicant.

Freemans
FOOD PRODUCTS
Waford

Feeling poorly?

IF IT'S A TONIC YOU WANT, take Iron Jelloids No. 2A. The finest Tonic for MEN. They buck one up and make one feel a different man immediately, at slight expense.

ANÆMIC WOMEN (the signs are pallor, breathlessness on slight exertion, depression and weakness) cannot do better than take Jelloids No. 2 for a week or two—the result is simply marvellous in many cases.

OF ALL CHEMISTS :
A Fortnight's Treatment 1/3, large size 3/-.

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jelli-Lloyds.)

For Anæmia in Women, Iron Jelloids No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men, Iron Jelloids No. 2A.
For Growing Children, Iron Jelloids No. 1.

The WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

gives

HOME LIFE,
EFFICIENT TRAINING,
RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

4,800 Children now in its charge.

116 Homes, including Farm, Industrial and Cripples' Homes.
More than 21,000 Children rescued,
including over 1,230 Service Children.

HELP URGENTLY NEEDED.

Gifts gratefully received by—
PREBENDARY RUDOLF,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E. 11.
Cheques, etc., crossed and payable to "Waifs and Strays."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

For illness and
convalescence.

BENGER'S

Food
for **INFANTS,**
INVALIDS & the AGED.

2336

Invalids enjoy Benger's Food. Letters from doctors and nurses continually voice the gratitude of patients for it. Invalid after invalid writes to say:—"It is the one Food of which they never tire."

The ease with which Benger's Food is digested and absorbed, makes it most welcome to patients, and it ranks highest among nutritive foods.

In tins 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- & 10/- of all chemists, etc.
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., - Oster Works, - MANCHESTER, Eng.
Branch Offices: New York & Sydney. Depôts throughout Canada.

The Allenburys' DIET

When Visiting the Sick

One of the difficulties often met with when visiting the sick is to get those who have not had experience in nursing to prepare suitable nourishment for the invalid. In such cases The 'Allenburys' DIET is of great value, for it is only necessary to pour boiling water on to the dry Food to prepare an appetising, sustaining, and very easily digested nourishment.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is a pre-digested and cooked Food made from full cream milk and whole wheat. It thus provides a complete and easily assimilated Food, suitable in most cases of illness or in convalescence. Whilst exceedingly helpful to the Invalid and Dyspeptic, it is admirably adapted for general use, especially as a light supper repast. Aged persons and brain workers sleep the better for a cupful of the DIET the last thing at night.

A large Sample sent for Three Penny Stamps for Postage.

In Tins at 1/9 and 3/6 each, of all Chemists.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London.

Locomotor Ataxy

Wonderful Results from Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

It is not claimed that Dr. Cassell's Tablets cure Locomotor Ataxy, but Mr. Ashworth, a music master, of 16 Ring Road, New Southgate, London, N., says, "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have freed me from the torturing pains of locomotor ataxy. The trouble came on in 1888, and from that time my best effort was a cripple's crawl. Latterly I was quite helpless. Lightning pains attacked me daily, and every meal was followed by severe indigestion. Then came Dr. Cassell's Tablets and a new lease of life altogether. I can walk two miles absolutely unassisted, and am free from pains of every kind."



Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the best home treatment for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Spinal Weakness	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Indigestion	Premature Decay

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, and 3/-, the 3/- size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION.

If you want to know anything about the medicinal action of Dr. Cassell's Tablets free of all charge or obligation, write to the Manager, Dept. C. 17, DR. CASSELL'S CO. LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Famine in the HOLY LAND.



(Reproduced by permission of "The Times.")

The recent victory near Gaza enables us almost immediately to follow the Allied advance with FOOD, CLOTHING, and MEDICINE, to relieve the distressed inhabitants who are in the last stage of destitution through the cruelties and privations which they have suffered.

£50,000

is needed at once

to relieve the starving people in Syria and Palestine. A strong Committee is at work, and goods are already stored in Egypt ready to be poured into the country. Relief will be given to all—Christian, Jew, and Arab alike—according to their need.

Please send your DONATION to the Hon. Sec., Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, 110 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

Your Friend at Every Hour.

MORNING—NOON—EVENING—NIGHT

Vaseline

Trade Mark Registered

PREPARATIONS

are reliable family friends of good standing, and no home medicine cupboard should be without one or more of these preparations in some form or another. For giving beautiful complexions—for healing all skin affections—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a "Vaseline" preparation for all these—and much more. You should never be without these "Vaseline" Specialities—

Yellow.

This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.

Bottles—
3d., 6d., & 10d.

White.

Highly Refined.

Bottles—
6d., 10d., & 1/6



Perfumed White.

No. 1, bottle in carton ... 1/-
No. 2 size, hand-size bottle in carton, with glass stoppers ... 1/6

White and Quinine Pomade 1/-

Pomade.

Blue Seal, 3d. & 7d. bottles.
No. 1 size, bottle in carton ... 7d.
No. 2 size, bottle in carton ... 1/-

ADVICE.—For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Eusebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

Descriptive Booklet, with complete list of "VASELINE" preparations, Post Free.

CREEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Con'sd.)
42 Holborn Viaduct, London.

THE STANLEY CUP.

The Subscription List for the Stanley Cup has at length closed, and the Balance Sheet is appended below. The original list was sent round Stanley in December 1915, and the first one was published in the Magazine in January 1916. Subscriptions were asked for from one shilling. The Trophy consists of a solid silver Challenge Cup of an old Irish design, executed by the well known firm of Messrs Alexander Clarke & Co. London. The Cup itself stands 10¼ inches high, and is set on a plinth, upon which are fixed the names of the holders. The Subscription upon the Trophy is as follows:— "The Stanley Cup, presented by the inhabitants of Port Stanley to the Falkland Islands Volunteer Defence Force to commemorate the Battle of the Falklands, Dec. 8th. 1914." It was obtained on special terms through the kindness of the Falkland Is. Co., through their export manager Mr. E. G. Creece. The following letter was received from Major Newnham, and expresses the appreciation which the Trophy has given:—

Headquarters,
Stanley,
March 5th. 1917.

Dear Mr. Hobley,

I am writing on behalf of the Force to express the thanks of the Members of it to you and the subscribers in Stanley for the very handsome cup presented to

the Volunteer Force in commemoration of the battle of the Falkland Islands, and for the miniature thereof.

The competition, which was instituted under service conditions in 1915, was won that year by Q.M.S. D. Lehen who had the privilege of holding the Cup for some ten minutes before handing it over the 1916 winner, Pte. H. Newing, in exchange for the replica.

I trust that the competition for this historical Cup will be keenly fought out for many years to come and the high average of shooting will be maintained.

Yours very truly,

F.J.Newnham, Capt. Commandant.

It is interesting to note that the present holder, Pte. H. Newing is, we believe, the oldest member in the F.I.V., having served 24 years. Last year, he was second in the Competition to Q.M. Serg. Lehen, and this year he was very closely followed by Cpl. W. McAtasney.

Appended is the List of Subscribers, together with the Balance Sheet;—
Mrs. Dean; The Hon. W. A. Harding; Mr. J. Houston; Mr. L. V. Oswald; The Hon. G. I. Turner, & The Rev. C. Mc. D. Hobley, 10/-each. The Very Rev. The Dean; Mr. M. C. Halkett; Mr. H. R. Gresham; Mr. T. N. Goddard; Capt. H. Thomas, 5/-each, Miss N. King; Mr. H. Fuhlendorff; Mr. A. Brundell; Mrs. A. Martin 2/-each. The Late Mrs. Luxton; Mrs. W. R. Campbell and Mr. J. G. Poppy, - 1/-each.
Anon. £3. 7.

BALANCE SHEET.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Subscription, as per List.	4	16	0	To cost of Cup etc.	7	12	6
Anon Donation.	3	7	0	Miniature Cup		10	6
	8	3	0		£8	3	0

C. McD. Hobley,
Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct, 13/8/17.
A. E. Smith.

ANNUAL CATHEDRAL BAZAAR

will be held on

September 4th. and 5th. 1917.

An Ancient Prayer.

[From *The Anglican Church Chronicle*
June 1917.]

We are sorry to see that this ancient nuisance is again making its appearance on the coast. We came across it the other day in the form of a prayer, quite excellent in its way, for the success of the allies in the war. It was written on a postcard with the request that it should be copied out and sent to nine persons on nine successive days. Then came a threat that if the person failed to do this, she (it is usually women who are made victims) would meet with some calamity. If, however, she sent it as directed, she would on the ninth day experience a great joy. This promise and threat were, of course, also to be passed on. One can easily imagine the bad effect of this sort of thing on a sensitive girl, especially one who has friends or relations at the front. The idiotic part of the thing is that there is no suggestion that the prayer should be prayed; it is simply another manifestation of that superstitious belief in any sort of magic which we spoke of last month in an article on mascots. We sincerely hope that any of our readers who may receive this precious communication will immediately consign it to the waste paper basket. We assure them that no ill effects will result, but, on the contrary, they will experience, not "on the ninth day" but on the first, the joy of having avoided one act of pernicious idiocy.

The Bandage Club.

Mrs Pearce and Committee wish to thank all those who have been kind enough to send money and calico to help the "Bandage Club."

Amount acknowledged.	£30	16	0
Capt. Reed.	1	0	0
A.R.Davies.	10	0	
Mrs G. M. Smith, Messrs T. A. Rushworth, H. Ewing : T.M. Thomas : J.W. Evans : A. Scannura : A. Bozzino : L. Degargiv : R. Simler : E. Mills : E. J. Evans : R. Rossi : E.			

J. Davies, 1st Mate : A. Pottinger, 2nd Mate
5/- each.

J. D. Reed, 3rd Mate : P. Corechi. 4/- each.

J. Davies : R. S. Pratts : J. Kelley : J. E.

Stea : W. Sims : G. Williams : F. Holloway :

G. Foster : F. Farongi : C. Lehen : F. Lell-

mann : W. Newing : A. Newing : C. McGill :

H. Simpson : M. Johnson : L. Smith : James

Smith : L. Alaridge : G. Newing : W. Clif-

ton : J. Liddle : Mrs J. Short : Mrs Arthur

Hardy : Mrs Simpson : Mrs L Newing. 2/6

each.

R. McLaren : M. Reive : H. Newing : M.

McAtasney : Mrs Wade : Mrs J. Kelway :

R. Zammit. 2/- each.

Ben Said : F. Olsen. 1/- each.

Subscriptions already received. £55-3-6.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The many friends of Dr. Coughtrey, late of New Island, will unite with us in congratulating him upon a wonderful escape from death quite recently. The Doctor, who had been home on leave, and had spent some of his holiday in Edinburgh, was on board the S.S. *Corondo*, one of Messrs Salverson's steamers, — on his way out to South Georgia.

On passing the Coast of Ireland, they were torpedoed by a hostile submarine, and the vessel immediately began to sink : owing however, to the excellent discipline on board and in no small way to the example set by the Doctor, the boats were successfully launched, and all hands were saved except two who were killed in the explosion. The *Corondo* (which carried full cargo for South Georgia) - suddenly dived beneath the waves before the Doctor could get off, and both he and Capt Sinclair were sucked down by the vessel. Dr. Coughtrey was handicapped with a badly injured hand which he got when helping to lower the boats. In spite of this he came to the surface, and began to swim about. After being *nine hours* in the water, he was picked up by an American Vessel, and was taken on with them to New York. Captain Sinclair was also saved. On arrival at New York, the Doctor proceeded to get some clothing etc, for he had lost absolutely everything on the *Corondo* : we hear that he

F. I MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER

was somewhat hurt to find that no ready-made clothes would fit him, so had to retire into hiding for a few days until the tailors could rig him out. After replenishing his stock of baggage, medicines, etc, etc, he sailed for Buenos Aires in the S.S. *Byron*; a fellow passenger on board was Mr McPherson Superintendent of the Marconi Company.

On arrival at B. A. he embarked in a Schooner for South Georgia.

C McD.H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Goose Green,
August 1st. 1917.

The Editor,
Church Magazine,
Stanley.

Dear Sir,

Kindly favour me in inserting the results of the Charity drawings in your Magazine.

Drawing for piece of H.M.S. Kent's aerial resulted in Mr. A. Bain of Walker Creek winning the stick, and Mr. Dixon of Stanley winning the piece of Zeppelin. The drawing together with the piece of Zeppelin auctioned, resulted in over thirty pounds being raised, which was sent to the British prisoners in Germany, Red Cross Fund, and Lord Kitchener's Memorial Fund.

The drawing for the wedding resulted in cake Mr. Poppy's name being drawn. The sum of twenty pounds was cleared and is being sent to S. Dunstan's Hospital for blind soldiers

May I thank those who have assisted me with these and other drawings for charities through the medium of your paper, and congratulate Mr Poppy for his generosity in handing the cake over to the Church Bazaar.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours faithfully,
Fred H. Weiss.

The Local Guide Book

The local Guide Book is now for sale, and through the courtesy of the Managers, may

be purchased for 2/- at the following Stores:- The West Store; The Globe Store; Messrs T. & N. Binnie's; Kelvin Store; The Stanley Bakery; The Kelper Store; and The Shilling Bazaar. All orders to be sent by post, should be sent direct, together with 2/6 to cover postage etc. to c/o The Church House, where they will be dealt with in strict rotation, and will be posted in time for the mails. His Majesty's Government have done us the honour of ordering forty copies of the Book. The work consists of 52 pages printed on art paper, and bound in attractive covers; there are 23 illustrations, together with articles on The local Sheep, Whaling, and Canning. Industries: The Falkland Island Battle; Stanley Sports; the Stone Rivers; the Stanley Hulks; Plant and Bird in the Colony; Local Shells; The Falkland Island Company; a History of the Colony; together with a tour through Stanley, in which all the principle places are described, together with their histories. There are also other articles on the Government, the Commerce, Climate etc etc. As the edition is strictly limited, we should strongly advise all intending local purchasers to obtain their copies *at once* in order to avoid disappointment, for when the next influx of naval visitors arrives, possibly the copies may be all sold out. We are soon mailing for Christmas, so any reader who wishes to send one as a Christmas Card to a friend at home, cannot do better than send his order *now*. There are a few copies bound in stiff book covers, edition de luxe, and lettered in gold for 4/- or by post, 4/6.

C. McD.H.

OFFERTORIES

July	£	s	d	
1st.	4	0	8	Church Expenses.
8th.	3	7	11	" "
15th.	5	17	4	" "
22nd.	4	12	1	" "
29th.	5	12	3	" "
	£23	10	3	



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.

Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d	a dozen for	½d	stamps.
3d	„ „ „	1d	„
6d	„ „ „	2d	„
7½	„ „ „	2½d	„
16	„ „ „	6d	„
3/-	„ „ „	1/-	„
9/-	„ „ „	3/-	„
15/-	„ „ „	5/-	„



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS.

- BURNS. At Findley Harbour, June 30th, the wife of W. Burns of a son.
 FINLAYSON. At Tranquilidad, July 4th. the wife of R. Finlayson of a son.

BAPTISMS.

- June 27th. Laura Wynnifred Perry.
 July 4th. Maud Alice Mary Morrison.
 „ 12th. Catherine Elizabeth Finlayson.
 „ 28th. Denys Jack McDonald Hobley.

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH.

- July 19th. Mary Isabella McGill.

MARRIAGES.

- HENRICKSON-HARRIES. On June 27th, at the Rincon del Moro. Douglas Station. by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, Frederick Henrickson to Edvie Margaret Harries.
 RYAN-MYLES. At the Church, Darwin, on June 29th, by the Rev C. McDonald Hobley, John Stanley Ryan to Mary Myles.

HYMN LIST for August, 1917.

5th. Morning	323, 312, 553.
Evening	24, 362, 257, 542.
12th. Morning	36, 4, 595.
Evening	18, 528, 198, 392.
19th. Morning	261, 221, 265.
Evening	209, 340, 200, 22.
26th. Morning	243, 567, 538.
Evening	22, 428, 254, 271.

TE DEUM.	Woodward.
BENEDICTUS.	Simms.
MAGNIFICAT.	Smith for Ps : 8
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Anon.

DEATH.

- July, 24th Catherine Elizabeth Finlayson.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Binnie wish to tender their grateful thanks to the many kind friends who sent letters of sympathy and condolence in their recent sad bereavement; also to Mr & Mrs. Hoare and the children of the Government School, and to the children of the Cathedral Sunday School, for their beautiful wreaths. They also wish to express their thanks for the many floral tributes from their other friends in Stanley.

Owing to lack of space we regret to have had to hold over the accounts of weddings etc.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
William Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Bailloit.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
James Harvey.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Robert Packe
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin. James Allen. Frederick Biggs. William Blyth.
Herbert Gaylard. Charles Newing. Walter Shires. Ernest Spencer.
Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916. Henry Phillips.
Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917. James Dickie.
Singleton Bonner. May 1st. 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following : Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and lids, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bar Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Enamelled Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5pts, Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Lingers Hand Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Sails, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Pepp, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Biscuerated Magnesia Tableoids, Tonco, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24". Ladies white Poplin Shoes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velvet and Sergo Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelette Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelette Shirts, Plushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satchets & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linen Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Owl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets, etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoon Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes

M. J. G. G. G.



No. V. Vol. XXIX.

SEPTEMBER 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The

Falkland Islands

Magazine

AND

Church

paper.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

AT

THE CATHEDRAL PRESS, PORT STANLEY,

FALKLAND ISLANDS.



BISHOP
Right Rev. E. F. Every DD
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN
 The Very Rev.
J. Stanley Smith M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN

Rev. C. McDonald-Hobley.

ARCHDEACON

Vacant

HONORARY CANONS

Four Vacancies

SELECT VESTRY

Mr J. G. Poppy, Churchwardens
Mr R. B. Baseley, "
Mr A. R. Hoare, Hon. Secretary
Mr R. B. Baseley, Hon. Treasurer
Mr W. Atkins senr., Mr F. Hardy.
Mr A. F. Smith.

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES

East Falklands H. W. Townson Esq
West Falklands M. Buckworth Esq

ORGANISTS

Miss L. Rowlands
& Miss S. Wilson

VERGER and SEXTON.

Mr J. F. Summers

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Miss M. Thomas, Miss L. Poppy
Miss L. Rowlands, Miss S. Wilson
Miss D. Rowlands.

CHOIR

R. Hannaford, F. Hardy, L. Hardy,
The Misses M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King
L. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas
H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I
Atkins, I. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge, A
Newing, D. Riches, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce,
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King, B. Kiddle, W. Newing.

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September.

Moon

Full Moon 1st.
 Last Qtr. 8th.
 New Moon. 16th.
 First Qtr. 24th.

Moon

OCTOBER

Full Moon 7th.
 Last Qtr. 16th.
 New Moon 23rd.
 First Qtr. 30th.

1st.	S.	
2nd.	S.	13th. Sunday after Trinity.
3rd.	M.	
4th.	Tu.	
5th.	W.	
6th.	Th.	
7th.	F.	S. Evaristus, B.
8th.	S.	Nativity of M. B. V.
9th.	S.	14th. Sunday after Trinity.
10th.	M.	
11th.	Tu.	
12th.	W.	
13th.	Th.	
14th.	F.	Holy Cross Day.
15th.	S.	
16th.	S.	15th. Sunday after Trinity.
17th.	M.	
18th.	Tu.	
19th.	W.	
20th.	Th.	Vigil.
21st.	F.	S. Matthew, A. E. M.
22nd.	S.	Ember Day.
23rd.	S.	16th. Sunday after Trinity.
24th.	M.	
25th.	Tu.	
26th.	W.	S. Cyprian, Abp. M.
27th.	Th.	
28th.	F.	
29th.	S.	S. Michael and All Angels.
30th.	F.	17th. Sunday after Trinity.

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No V. Vol. XXIX.

SEPTEMBER. 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address.

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a.m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

We have received from the Bishop a copy of his "Instructions to the Clergy on the

Celebration of Marriages in South American Republics" Many of the rules apply exclusively to the Republics mentioned. But at least one statement ought to be quoted for the benefit both of the clergy and the general public in the Falkland Islands. It is this, — "**Marriages should not be celebrated in private houses, where a Church is available within a reasonable distance. Exceptions should only be admitted upon strong cause being shown.**" Past records bear witness to the fact that several marriages have been celebrated in private houses in Stanley. Probably in these instances there was sufficiently strong cause, and in any case we are not concerned with the discussion of former traditions. We wish to state quite briefly what seems to be the obvious position of the Church.

Why should those in authority insist that private houses are not the proper places for the celebration of marriages? Plainly the marriage service was compiled for the use of members of the Christian family: it is a rite to be performed between two people who are professing Christians. It is a religious ceremony. Consequently the Church, the common home of the Christian family, is the natural place for the celebration of the contract which concerns not only the bride and bridegroom but also the whole community. Apart from other losses, the breaking of this rule goes far to destroy the idea of membership in the Christian Society. Failure to realize this truth causes many of the troubles which hinder the progress of Christianity. Therefore we trust that all Christian people will regard the question of marriage from a

Christian point of view, and will do their best to comply with the rules that are laid down for this particular item of Christian social life.
J.S.S.

LOCAL NOTES.

WE REGRET TO HEAR that Mr. Norman Watt is in Hospital at Lincoln suffering from shell shock.

WE ALSO HEAR that Dr. Stanley Turner,—late Colonial Surgeon on the West Falklands is also in hospital, suffering from the same complaint.

ANOTHER LOCAL MAN, Mr. James McCall, has been wounded in the wrist, in Egypt, at the big battle of Gaza. He was last heard of in Alexandria, and we hear, like many of our men in those parts, he has suffered greatly from the sand trouble: though his eyes are bad, we hear they are getting better.

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that his brother was wounded at Gallipoli last year.

WE REGRET TO HEAR that Mrs. Patterson, who used to live at Arrow Harbour, died on May 13th.

"OUR DAY" FUND promises to be well patronized this year by our local people. When we realize the terrific amount of work and responsibility that lies with the Red Cross Fund,—it surely behoves each man, woman and child in the Falklands to do something. The British Casualty lists are simply enormous each week, and numbers make it very hard to realize in a small community such as ours,

SUFFICE IT TO GIVE but one example;—during the week ending Aug. 18th, more than five times the number of the whole population of our Islands were either killed, wounded or missing, in the British Army!

ONE REMEMBERS the story of the wounded soldier after the Boer War. "Mr A.—What a terrible thing war is,—I'm awfully sorry." Mr. B. "Yes, its ghastly to see fellows muti-

lated like this." Mr. C. "Well you fellows seem to feel jolly sympathetic in words,—the real test is how much do you feel?—Personally, I feel £5."—Result,—£15 towards the Red Cross Fund!

DON'T FORGET, it is through our Army and Navy that we in the Falklands are still enjoying our homes: Let every man, woman and child give something really worth giving in either work or money towards the cause.

PARTICULARS of the week- "Our Day Fund" week, will be found in another column.

WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR that Mr. George Goodwin is better, and sincerely trust he soon will be fit and well again.

THE CONTRACT between the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. and the local Government, expired on Sept. 7th. We are soon hoping to hear what arrangements have been made as regards our mail service in the near future.

A CABLE MESSAGE was received by Capt. Thomas on Aug 22nd. to the effect that the S.S. *Falkland* has been torpedoed. It will be remembered that the *Falkland* was one of the best known of our local Whaling factories, but has recently been commissioned by the Government. Capt. Thomas sent the following cable in reply.—"Fredricksen, Christiania. Sorry *Falkland* torpedoed. Hope crew saved. Thomas."

WE FEEL SURE the many local Shareholders will be sorry to hear of the loss, but will no doubt be glad to hear that Capt. Thomas sent a message on their behalf, when he received the news.

THE S. L. & D. S. held their meeting on Aug : 23rd. when Mr. T. N. Goddard read a paper on "The decay of sincerity." The paper proved most interesting, and evoked good discussion. On Aug : 30th, Mr. J. C. Rose gave a paper on the question—"Is the present press combine becoming a menace." This was also extremely interesting, and

many speakers aired their views on the subject in the debate that followed.

THE LAST MEETING of the session is to be held on Sept. 13th, when there will be a "Hat" debate, -i.e. the speakers and subjects to be drawn for during the evening. This proved very popular last time.

C McD.H

"Our Flag Bazaar."

THE dates of the Cathedral Bazaar have been fixed for Sept. 4th. & 5th, and we sincerely hope that all our friends will use every endeavour to make the sale a real success. The original suggested design of an English Country Fair, we had to abandon, on account of time, but felt we could not do better than adopt a general design of the Union Jack, keeping it throughout. We are fortunate in having an excellent supply of toys and general goods, and we would strongly advise all our readers to take the advantage in purchasing goods for Christmas presents now, while the chance presents, in case no other goods arrive in the Local Stores by that time, owing to the Mail Service being stopped. Mrs. Dean has a very large assortment of beautiful things suitable for any occasion, and her stall will be, as usual, well worth a visit. Both her stall, and the Toy Stall, will be greatly enlarged. Then don't forget to take your ticket for the Cake: send your 2/- along to Mr. Arthur Hardy, before the list closes. Several new features will be introduced, and the Concerts arranged seem to promise well. So, come along with the crowd, and see, inspect and buy all and as much as you can, - and don't blame us if you haven't got any toys for the kiddies at Christmas!

C McD H.

CORRECTION.

We ask our readers to note that the suggestions in correction with the Daylight Saving Scheme, as mentioned in the August issue, have since been modified. It has now been decided that the clocks shall be advanced one hour on 13th October 1917, and be put back one hour on 16th. March, 1918. J.S.S.

"Our Day" Fund.

--:0:--

It seems that the local people of Stanley intend to do all they can to make a record for "Our Day" Fund, and so intend to devote the week commencing Oct 15th, to the cause. On Sat. Oct. 6th, The Government School Children are giving an Entertainment in the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr. & Mrs. Hoare. On Tuesday, Oct 16th. there is to be a Grand Concert given by the "Nondescripts" Concert Party in the Town Hall in which entirely new songs and items will be given, together with Living Tableaux taken from some of Capt. Bainsfather's noted cartoons: these by themselves, will be at least worth a visit. On Friday and Saturday, a Grand Sale of Work, promoted by the Stanley Football Club is to take place, - also in the Town Hall. We hear this is likely to be a great success: many features will be introduced, and amongst other attractions, a huge Cake, made and presented by Mr Arthur Hardy, is to be raffled. The Club wish to ask, through the medium of the Magazine Columns, if their friends in the Camp will kindly use every endeavour to help forward this sale by sending to them novelties, or work to sell. Anything from a Cow to a pair of bed-socks will be gratefully received by either Mr L. Hardy, Mr W. E. Conway, Mr A. E. Smith, (Members of Sub Committee) or the Rev. C. McDonald Hopley (Chairman)

C. McD.H.

OFFERTORIES

August	£	s	d	
4th.	4	0	0	Red Cross Fund.
5th.	2	13	0	Church Expenses
12th.	3	3	0	" "
19th.	2	10	1	" "
26th.	2	11	11	" "
<hr/>				
£14 18 0				

WEDDING.

Darwin was all astir on June 29th, which was set apart as the day on which Mr J. Ryan married to Miss M. Myles, daughter of Mr. T. Myles of Darwin. The popularity of both parties were well evinced by the large number of visitors present : friends had ridden in from Walker Creek, North Arm, San Carlos North and San Carlos South, Douglas Station and Stanley. while Mr and Mrs S. Miller, of Hill Cove, represented the West Falklands, while of course, all the inhabitants of Darwin and Goose Green were present. The service which was conducted by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley was held in the Church, and was fully Choral, - Mrs Wace kindly presiding at the Organ. The Wedding Breakfast was held at Mr Myles old house, and it does the greatest credit on all concerned to feel that so many were amply catered for. Unfortunately the Wedding Cake did not arrive in time : it was a magnificent five tier cake made by Mr A. Hardy, Stanley. However, Mrs Jennings came to the rescue, and surpassed all her many previous achievements by making an excellent four decker cake, which was pronounced first class by everybody who sampled it. The Bride wore a white silk dress, and carried a bouquet. The Bridesmaid, Miss M. Morrison, wore a pale blue silk dress : both had been made by Mrs Scellis, of Darwin. The Best man was Mr A. Earle, who performed admirably, - with the exception of the speech, - (which he would *not* give!!!) - In the evening a dance was held in the Hall, and a second dance was given on the following night.

We sincerely wish the happy couple every joy and prosperity in their married life.

—:o:o:o.o.— C. McD H.

A Gift to the F.I.V.D.F.

We read in the Official Organ of the Colonial Institute, and in the *Weekly Dispatch* of May 8th, that an interesting function took place at the Colonial Office on May 7th when Princess Alexander of Teck, on behalf of the League of Empire, presented to six overseas regiments a silken Union Jack and a shield, a gift from the Women and Children of the British Isles "as a tribute of their gratitude

for devoted services to the Empire." Amongst the six named is our local F. I. V. D. F. Mr. Walter Long, in accepting the flags on behalf of the Regiments said that although all of them had not been in active fighting, it might be frequently driven home that whether a man found himself in the fighting line or doing his duty in any part of the Empire, he was equally deserving of the gratitude and appreciation of his fellow country men."

Though the local authorities have not yet apparently, been officially notified of the above gifts, yet they feel, with the rest of us that the spirit which prompted such a presentation is one which is greatly admired. Acts such as these all tend not only to increase our love for the Mother Country, but also to forge even stronger and stronger, the link that binds our Colony to the Great Empire to which it is proud to belong. C. McD. H.

—♦—
OBITUARY.

On July 25th, there passed to its eternal rest, the soul of Ellen McLeod, who died at the K.E.M. Hospital during a seizure. It will be remembered that on Jan. 18th. Mrs. McLeod was suddenly taken ill, and fell forward unconscious into the fire at her home at Salvador. Her baby, who was badly burned was brought in with her to Stanley where they both received every attention at the hands of Dr. Craddock and the Nurse Matron. Owing to their untiring efforts and ceaseless care the two patients made a wonderful recovery, and Mr. J. McLeod took the baby home a month or so ago Mrs. McLeod still progressed well, and though her arm had not entirely healed, and the sudden news of her death caused a very great shock to all who knew her. She was buried on July 29th, the service in the Cathedral being conducted by the Very Rev The Dean, and the Rev. C. McD. Hobley: the funeral arrangements were efficiently carried out by Mr. J. Luxton. We extend our deepest sympathies to her sorrowing husband, and Mr. & Mrs. R. Short and family at Moss Side, and her many relatives and friends. C. McD. H.



A Church of To-day: S. Luke's, Eltham, and the Munion Workers.
By Katherine Kennedy.

THIS age is, if ever there was one, an age of youth. Middle age is still called "the prime of life," but the sages of the past have gone their way, to be replaced by the deeds and ideals of youth. Boys have fought the greatest war of history, and girls have shared with their mothers the burden of nursing the wounded and ministering to the strong, and have fed the guns no less effectually than did the maid of Saragossa a century ago.

It is fitting, therefore, that **Munitions in a Garden City.** one of the largest burdens of war-work should fall on a young church. The parish of S. Luke's, Eltham, was separated from the mother church of Eltham only ten years ago, when, we may imagine, Eltham was still hardly more than a large village. Even now, in spite of the trams and 'buses which link it with Woolwich and Lewisham, Sir Anthony van Dyck might recognize the irregular, sloping street along which he rode on his way to paint the beautiful Lady Venetia Digby lying dead at Eltham Hall. On the one side sparsely-built fields stretch away to Sidcup and Chislehurst, and on the other two and a half miles of densely-populated ground reaches out to Woolwich and the Arsenal.

The parish of S. Luke owed its birth mainly to the Boer War, when numerous rows of villas, planned and placed with true Victorian symmetry,

sprang up to house the munition workers of that day. Three years ago the remaining area of the parish was largely occupied by cabbages and other denizens of allotments. Then came the Great War, and within nine months the allotments had made way for a garden city, which offers a striking commentary on the change wrought in artistic and social ideals by twelve years of peace. The houses are built in pairs, and scarcely two pairs are alike. Each house has its little garden, and there is more than one "village green." The wide streets seem to have but one rule—that they shall not be straight; and apparently they wander among the houses just where they can get in. As regards accommodation, each house contains a good-sized kitchen-living-room, a sitting-room, and a scullery on the ground floor, and two bedrooms above them. In the scullery is a bath, with a wooden lid to cover it and form a shelf when not in use, and a small portable copper. And these houses were built by a Government which could not produce

Stronger.

Lines based on an officer's letter describing a midnight Celebration in a wood, and ending, "We all felt stronger."

*OUR orders were out that night,
 And there wasn't a man but knew
 For certain, when daylight came
 He'd be in the thick of the fight,
 Right in the heart of the flame,
 And silent most of us grew;
 Weary, anxious, and cold,
 And some (if the truth be told)
 Not over-bold.*

*A parson that night we had,
 And parsons there were but few,
 He'd come by the merest chance,
 And he summoned every lad,
 That night in the wood in France,
 When silent most of us grew;
 Weary, anxious, and cold,
 And some (if the truth be told)
 Not over-bold.*

*Altar—a packing-case rough;
 Candles—our last, and just two;
 Chalice—a mug, battered tin;
 "Please God, He will think it enough,
 Now let our service begin."
 And silent all of us grew;
 Kneeling, reverent, grave,
 Seeking (from Christ that can save)
 Strength to be brave.*

*There in the stillness of night,
 Though there wasn't a man but knew
 For certain, when daylight came
 He'd be in the thick of the fight,
 Right in the heart of the flame,
 Stronger each one of us grew;
 Kneeling, resolute, grave,
 Gaining (from Christ that can save)
 Strength to be brave.*

ISABEL J. CORNWALL.

workmen's cottages five years ago! The garden city was immediately filled by a population of over five thousand people. But before the nine days' wonder had ceased, Government prepared a fresh surprise; and on the other side of the parish appeared another city, this time of huts, containing similar accommodation on a slightly smaller scale as the houses (except

that in huts a bath is an "extra," at sixpence a week) but planned on one floor only, and built of wood, with some sort of asbestos lining. This again was filled rapidly with munition-workers from every part of the country.

Here, then, was the problem to be faced. Before the war the population of the parish consisted of six thousand people, not poor, but not rich or leisured folk; there is but one double-fronted house in the parish—the doctor's. These, indeed, might have been served by two priests and a deaconess, who would not be, one may imagine, entirely without occupation. In nine months this population was nearly trebled by an influx of people from every corner of the British Isles, but no one suggested trebling the staff of the church. Every one is acquainted with chaplains to the Forces, but chaplains to munition-workers have yet to appear.

From statistics compiled by the vicar of the parish and the Wesleyan minister, it seems likely that only twenty-five per cent. of the newcomers are professed members of any religious denomination. Time did not—and does not—permit of house-to-house visitation, though the clergy endeavour to become acquainted with people recommended to them, and with those who send their children to the Sunday Schools, as well as with the sick.

The first step taken was the provision of a nurse, who assists not only the doctor, but the clergy, by sending them the names of sick people. The necessity for this action was shown by a typical occurrence soon after the nurse's arrival, when the vicar, on one of his visits, found a sick baby-girl, suffering from bronchitis and pneumonia, being held before the fire by her mother much as she would have held a piece of toast. Nurse succeeded in saving her life, and she is now a sturdy member of the community. At the time of writing an Infant Consultation Centre is about to be established in

the parish room, where a lady-doctor will attend to give mothers who bring her their ailing infants advice and instruction as to their treatment. Girl munition-workers are provided for in a Y.W.C.A. Hut, which works in harmony with the church.

In the midst of so much life one finds, not unexpectedly, a beautiful church, designed by Mr. Temple Moore; and it is also no surprise to find the building unfinished. But, even in its incompleteness, it has that spaciousness and atmosphere which "raise our thoughts from the things of earth to which they cling"; or, as in the case of the "War Corner," raise the very "things of earth" to a different level, placing them in a truer perspective. This "War Corner" has been enriched by some beautiful gifts, notably an old Spanish crucifix, of wonderful pathos and dignity, which a friend of the church discovered in an out-of-the-way curiosity shop; and a little brass sanctuary lamp, handworked in Italy long ago, which one can well imagine before some mediaeval shrine. Next to the church stands its parish room, the home of a flourishing Sunday School and a "Children's Church," in which, on Sunday mornings, a R.N.A.S. man acts as lay-vicar, with a L.C.C. teacher as his curate. The "church" has also its own sidesmen, organist, and choir.

One instance will serve to show the spirit of the parish. A year ago the vergers resigned, and as money was more than usually scarce on account of Zeppelin insurance charges and other war expenses, the people undertook in rotas work which should obviate the need of a vergers. One rota became responsible for bell-ringing, another for stoking the furnace, another for opening and closing the church, and so on.

"The poor old Church of England" is the butt of many scornful critics. But loyalty and co-operation and enthusiasm have shown themselves plainly in these last years; and such a parish as S. Luke's, Eltham, proves that these are all at the service of the Church if she will but summon them.

The Poems of Charles Kingsley.

By the Rev. Dr. Nairne, Canon of Chester.

II. THE ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF THE POEMS.

THIS month we are to look for the particular qualities in Charles Kingsley's poetry by which he is distinguished among poets. And in doing so we must bear in mind that he is a Church poet, a country parson who—like George Herbert—never forgets his faith in his "versing." This is a preliminary observation which needs not to be specially illustrated; herein is the directing spirit of the whole.

God first and last, and all life running up to God. That premised, we may arrange what else

we find under three heads: (1) He is a lover of nature and a student of natural science: hence his poetry is sacramental, he finds the eternal in the visible. (2) He is a scholar, a first class in the Cambridge school of Latin and Greek, and widely read in ancient, mediaeval, and modern history: hence he delights in Greek form and mind, but also in the romance of the younger "barbarian" nations. (3) He was born with the gift of music in words, and is even more a singer than a poet. And with all this he is an out-door man; not bookish; he sings because he must.

1. His love of nature is obvious, but that might be sentimental. With Kingsley the love was disciplined by the study of nature; by continual, patient,

purposeful observation. "Science," he said, "is on the march; listen to her divine words, for what is she but the voice of God, *Deus revelatus*? Mark her footsteps, and if you cannot keep pace with her, still follow her." A poet with such convictions is bound to recognize nature as a sacrament in the large primitive sense of that term. Nature is the symbol of the divine; not a "mere" symbol, making us think of the divine; but the "real" symbol, partaking of that which it symbolizes. Nature does not teach about God, but manifests God. Life is one, in air, earth, animal, or the soul of man, or the eternal Word of God. And by obedience to the holy laws of lower life the higher is entered. In illustration of this "mystery" of nature take some verses which he wrote in circumstances thus described:—

"Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton — Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life—scenery more lovely than tongue can tell. It brought out of me the following bit of poetry, with many happy tears.

POET.

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.
I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

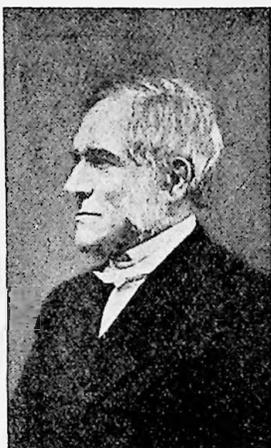
THE WORD'S ANSWER.

Oh, rose is the colour of love
and youth,
And green is the colour of faith
and truth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
And earth is fruitful, and faith-
ful, and young,
And her bridal morn shall rise
ere long,
And you shall know what the
rocks and the streams,
And the laughing green-woods
say!"

Hence a profound reverence for life, for the teeming life of earth. "The earth seems one vast bride-bed," says Elizabeth in *The Saint's Tragedy*; and Kingsley's quarrel with the mediaeval Church is about its attitude to this divinely natural law.

And hence again a firm trust in life as filled with a divine faculty for forgiveness and renewal. When Llewelyn Davies made a selection from Maurice's writings, he called the book *Lessons of Hope*, acknowledging that Maurice "was not sanguine or optimistic by disposition." That paradox is characteristic of Maurice's whole school. And in Kingsley honest facing of the present, disappointment continually

passes, through belief in the sacramental virtue of life, into disillusioned but indomitable hope. Would that space permitted to quote a dozen fine poems in proof. Let this famous one suffice. It is from his most Kingsleian book, the philosophic rigmorling *Water Babies*:—



THE LATE
REV. F. D. MAURICE.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell
rings,
Undeified for the undeified,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and
child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother
and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.

Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undeified, for the undeified;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

2. "I am," wrote Kingsley to his friend Bennett, "a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again." There his Cambridge training appears. Thence came the impulse of that lovely fragment *Sappho*:—



[F. Frith & Co.]
CHESTER CATHEDRAL—SOUTH TRANSEPT.

"She lay among the myrtles on
the cliff;
Above her glared the noon;
beneath, the sea.
Upon the white horizon Atho's
peak

Weltered in burning haze; all
airs were dead;

The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair;
The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
The lazy sea-weed glistened in the sun;
The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings;
The lazy swell crept whispering up the ledge,
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest."

So it begins, reminding us of Tennyson's *Ænone*, but this is more of a wild flower. His Greek taste was also shown in *Andromeda* and a few other pieces in which he adapted Greek metres to English rhythm. Take as an example a few lines from what was

originally intended as a prologue to *Saint Maura*. The "long and short" marks will suggest how the hexameter should be read:—

"Drop back awhile through the years, to the warm
rich youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike
in passion and pleasure,
Childlike still, and still near to their God, while
the dayspring of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of
Ionian mountains.
Down to the mothers, as Faust went, I go, to the
roots of our manhood.
Mothers of us in our cradles; of us once
more in our glory."

This metrical adaptation was carefully thought out, and would be worth careful discussion if space allowed. More generally interesting is the genius with which he revived the Greek mythology. That is the merit of his children's book *The Heroes*, in which he boldly develops the form while he is loyal to the spirit; the HOLY SPIRIT, he would say, Who inspired Hellas and Christendom.

Yet, after all, this is but one side of Kingsley's temper. Though he called himself a classicist, he had at least as much of the northern romance in him. The collision and interfusion of the two forces was the subject of his Cambridge lectures *The Roman and the Teuton*. It is treated with delightful jollity and grimness in the ballad of *The Little Baltung*, who went with the old Baltung to the Emperor at "Micklegard by the shore," *The Ode to the North-east Wind* stirs the Viking blood in whosoever veins it flows; and the opening lines of Kingsley's earliest poem are—

"Wake again, Teutonic Father-ages,
Speak again, beloved primaeval creeds;
Flash ancestral spirit from your pages,
Wake the greedy age to noble deeds."

But those are the words of Epimetheus, whom Prometheus answers:—

"Speak! but ask us not to be as ye were!
All but God is changing day by day.
He who breathes on man the plastic spirit
Bids us mould ourselves its robes of clay."

That is the right "classic," excluding no period and no race, the civilized tradition wherein—

"Fresh elixirs wander every moment,
Down the veins through which the live past
feeds its child, the live unborn."

3. Dr. Joseph Bridge, the learned, genial organist of Charles Kingsley's cathedral at Chester, has remarked that his poems go well to music; they have "the musical curve." Every reader will notice how each is rounded off with the right number of verses; partial quotation spoils them. The words do not always flow so liquidly as with some other, more careful writers. But they always make melody. Whether or no it be true of all poetry, Kingsley's poetry does make you read it to a tune. It is invariably song. Moreover, you feel that it sprang forth as song; modulated to the accompaniment of wind and wave; only written down when the author's ear was satisfied. Listen to this:—

"Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer's day!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!"

The direct language contributes to the song-like effect: there are few adjectives, hardly any ornament. He once wrote, "I know I can put into singing words the plain things I see and feel; but all that faculty—which Shakespeare had more than any man—the power of metaphor and analogue—the instructive vision of connections between all things in heaven and earth, which poets *must* have, is very weak in me." Of course, he was no Shakespeare; but he was a poet. The limitation he recognizes was his peculiar gift. That all things in heaven and earth are one was the strength of all his thought. That he cared little to break up that unity into similes forbade his being splendid, but gave him rarity. And by simple means he could, at need, express emotions which were not too simple. In *The Sands of Dee*—which there is no room to quote here, and it is too well known to require quotation—what interwoven harmonies go sounding through the homely words! Analogies from music, from the early composers, rise to mind. But if such analogies are tolerable, none touches Kingsley so closely as that saying about Beethoven—"Doesn't he make you attend?"



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Weather and Health. *By Evelyn Dickinson, M.B., Ch.M., D.P.H.*

IV. SOME EFFECTS OF HUMIDITY.



HE human body is incessantly adjusting itself to changing conditions and accommodating itself to circumstances. A personal experience of my own set this forth in a way I have never forgotten.

I was coming home from Australia, and we had been steaming for weeks in damp heat. It was the end of May, and the Red Sea had been as bad as it could be, with the wind behind us, and saturated with moisture, and the thermometer had never sunk below ninety-three degrees in my cabin. Every one was more or less "under the weather." Appetites failed, sleep was either a heavy stupor or an unattainable luxury; muscular movement, even in dressing and undressing oneself, was abhorrent; we were bathed in perspiration night and day; most of us lost weight rapidly; one or two succumbed with heat-stroke. At last we reached Port Said, to which we had been looking forward as to good news from a far country. I rolled languidly off my deck-chair and crawled to the rail to greet the blazing sandy land.

Suddenly a bone-dry wind from the Egyptian desert blew upon us. In a minute I was shivering, and my teeth were actually chattering. It seemed that the mercury must have gone down twenty or thirty degrees, and for the first time for three weeks I made a move for "below" and a wrap. On the way I looked at a thermometer—it stood at a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or seven degrees hotter than before! The sodden skin and exuding pores and dilated blood-vessels of all the damp-hot days had been suddenly contracted by the dryness of the desert wind, and radiation of body-heat, hindered and impeded hitherto, had become so extraordinarily rapid that it produced a sensation of extreme cold. Relatively I had been doused with a freezing mixture.

Happily we are not often called upon to adjust ourselves to so profound a change, although here, as the mercury showed, it was a change of one factor only—that of humidity.

Of one factor only, I say—but what do I know? It is clear that we mortals live and move and have our being in a great system of atmospheric vibrations of different kinds, and no doubt we are affected by all, and respond to all. Light, heat, vapour, electricity, and wind influence our health and our comfort and our activities. And besides these, of which we have a little understanding, there are systems of vibrations of which we know scarcely anything—as the ether, which is believed to interpenetrate all sorts of substance, and the N-rays and the Gamma Rays and the Delta Rays and other mysterious rays which have been proved to exist, but which we have not so far ventured even to name definitely. It is a rather alarming thought to

the unscientific mind, but we can reassure ourselves by realizing that they are part of our system—that they belong to us and we to them, and that our forefathers enjoyed life and died in their beds without having suspected the existence of them.

On the whole people do well enough with their native climate, to which they are naturally adjusted. For all the grumbling, which is our birthright, and which may be an effect of the native climate, we English live longer and keep our youth longer than most other peoples. Age for age, the youngest-looking person in the world, I think, must be the English man or woman, of good health and of the comfortable classes, at fifty. To a considerable extent this is due to the humidity of our skies; for moist air, as it were, preserves the skin in a mild quiescent poultice, wherein not much work can be done; whereas, on the contrary, dry air keeps the glands and nerves of the skin working at full speed. Hence the lined and faded faces of the tropics and the dull-toned leathern skins of the really cold lands.

Some say that humidity, and not heat, is the key to climate, and in a sense this is so, for, as we see, the skin is handicapped by damp in doing its

task of accommodation to atmospheric conditions. Skin and mucous membrane of nose and mouth and respiratory passages are meant to react instantly to the state of the air. Now heat is hotter for us and cold is colder when this is hindered. Reaction must take place if the bodily balance is to be maintained, and more work is thrown upon internal organs—liver, kidneys, lungs, and heart, which respond more slowly, and less efficiently.

Every one knows the wretchedness of a thaw after snow, when a cold damp layer of air wraps our knees and feet, and the cold moisture carries off our heat very rapidly by its coldness and prevents us from warming up in the process, and a "chill" of some sort commonly follows. Every one knows the oppression of a dull, muggy day in summer, when there is rain about. The earth cannot radiate out its heat freely because of the damp curtain of clouds, which indeed are giving back their own warmth to us, and our skins are hampered in their radiation by the moist top dressing, and the result is that we labour inadequately with our lungs and complain that there is not a breath of air.

Dryness is a powerful stimulant, and damp is a depressant; but in this, as in most other things, the happy mean is the best. Too much dryness wears the human machine out quickly. Relative humidity is a complicated subject, but in England we seem to be most comfortable with about seventy-five degrees in the atmosphere.



THINGS should never be done by halves; if a thing be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

"Her Job." ✿ By S. Louie Siviter.

HIM earn a penny! Not one! 'F I paid Bill, the cowman, 'arf what I ladle out to our Bob—light-minded young ass!—he'd likely have some-thin' to see for it, 'stead o' a flash suit, wi' the coat-sleeve of it gene'lly idlin' round a girl's waist! *She's* no more brains to her than a—*a* gooseberry!"

"Now, now, father!" soothed Mrs. Pinks, turning placid blue eyes to her husband's irate ones; "You know our Bob has a heart o' gold—"

"And a face o' brass! Forgot them early taters *again!*"

"—If he is a bit giddy-inclined," continued Bob's mother, ignoring the interruption, "and poor 'Cilla has nobody but that sour uncle to be with. Small wonder the lass ketches at any straw o' pleasure!"

"A gigglin' shallow-brained shop-ninny!" growled Farmer Pinks. "Don't know a mush-room from a turnip! A fat lot o' good for a farmer's wife—or any other man's! Some folk seem only born to worrit others!"

"*That's* the truth!" remarked Mrs. Pinks, with a significance that made the grumbler take refuge in a discreet silence.

This was before the war!

Bob Pinks, though an only child, was amongst the first to volunteer in 1914, much to his father's loudly-expressed chagrin.

"There's others wi' big families o' sons," he grumbled, "not sent one! Why should the Guv'ment take my right hand? And him no soldier! 'Taint his job!"

"It's every brave man's job!" retorted his wife, her eyes sparkling through tears, "and you allers said that Bill the cowman was wuth two o' Bob."

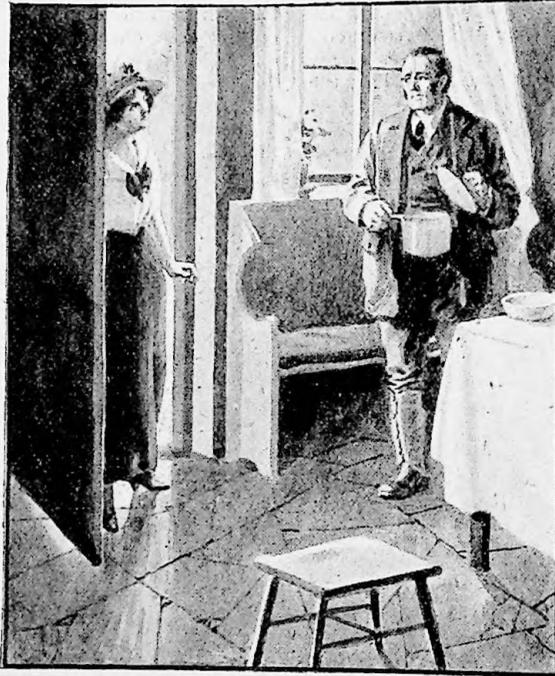
"*Said!*" echoed the distressed father, bitterly; "I've said lots o' things, 'aint I? It's what I *meant* as matters!"

So Bob's smiling eyes and cheery voice disappeared from the farm, and grievous times followed. Wakeful nights and anxious days, and all dates reckoned by the postman's visits. Then fear gave place to dread certainty. Bob fell prisoner to the Germans.

Priscilla Brent lost her pretty colour, and her dimples were seldom in evidence. Mrs. Pinks, watching the girl's sharpening contour and strained eyes as seen on Sundays across the little church, whispered to herself that "the poor lass was frettin'," but feared to rouse her husband's ire by stopping to condole with her on the way home.

Farmer Pinks strode by her as if she were not there.

"A fool of a girl," he muttered to his pricking conscience. "Hadn't enough wit to keep Bob at home."



"The opening of the door revealed Priscilla Brent."

Matters went from bad to worse for the Pinks.

Bill the cowman was always so primed with ghastly accounts of the treatment meted out to British captives that it was somewhat of a relief when he was called to the forces, although the farmer was thereby left, to use Bill's elegant phrase, "in the cart."

The one "help" kept indoors went on munitions, and Mrs. Pinks fell seriously ill with worry, grief, and over-work.

Farmer Pinks stood in his disordered kitchen one morning ruefully regarding—not the muddle, nor his scalded hand—but the unsavoury mess that a sudden incursion of pigs into the front garden had caused him to leave to "grow" to the

saucepan. What had been intended for gruel for his sick helpmeet was now scarcely fit for the animals he had been chasing.

But he was past grumbling.

"I grumbled when I was happy—happier than I knowed," he soliloquized; "grumbled when the sun was a-shinin', and now God has sent the clouds."

"Come in!" he called out resignedly, as a timid tap was repeated on the door. The opening of the door revealed Priscilla Brent, white, and a little shrinking, but a look of purpose in her pretty eyes.

"What d'yer want?" asked the farmer abruptly. "Come to see the mess we're in? Why didn't ye try to keep our Bob in his own place, at his own job?"

"I did," said 'Cilla, gently but firmly. She looked straight into the old man's miserable eyes. "Should I be a woman worth the name, if I'd kept him back? Would he have been a man if he'd stayed? You

know you think different to that in your secret heart, Mr. Pinks!"

The farmer stared at her half resentfully. Before he could frame a reply, however, she went on:—

"You might as well know that I *sent* him, or helped to. Whatever has happened since, I still think it was his place—fighting for the right—and his job!"

Then something in the bowed, dejected shoulders and grief-strained eyes gave her courage to enter. Her eyes and nose further informed her of the latest pathetic disaster. She came quietly to his side.

"Mr. Pinks," she said, "Uncle has gone North to a better job. I heard Mrs. Pinks was bad, and you with no help inside or out. I've left the shop, but I'm not going after uncle unless you turn me away; but though I sent Bob to 'do his bit'—and proud I am of it—I think *this* is mine. Here, give me that saucepan!"

Ten minutes later, fresh appetizing gruel was being watched and stirred in the pauses of dressing the farmer's injured hand.

"Yes, it's more'n I deserve," admitted Farmer Pinks, looking round the spotless kitchen a month later. "It took our Bob's gel to show me what a crabbed, narrer, hard-hearted, onpatriotic—"

"Now, now, father, callin' yerself names!" expostulated Mrs. Pinks from the cushions 'Cilla had piled on the old settle where Mrs. Pinks had

been moved from her bed for the first time since her illness.

"What's to be done about Lizzie?" she asked presently—"she wants to come back. Munitions don't suit her health, and she's offered to do the milkin'."

"I've told her to come back immedejut—seen her to-day."

Mrs. Pinks was plainly taken aback.

"I thought—I hoped—you'd 'ook to 'Cilla," she ventured—"Where's she to go?"

"On to the land wi' me," chuckled the farmer. "Been round the farm with me since dinner. Takes to the work like a duck to water. Wonderful lass, 'Cilla. Just the ticket for our Bob."

"There we're agreed, father," said a familiar voice in the open doorway, and there stood Bob himself, with a very pale, startled, but happy 'Cilla in the crook of his right arm—the left was in a sling.

"Bob!" breathed the old couple, smiling and sobbing together.

"He escaped!" Priscilla explained for him, divining the lump in Bob's throat; "and he's to work on the land for a time till he's fit to join his regiment, and—"

"And he's going to marry 'Cilla at once," declared Bob, finding his voice; "and keep her, or leave her, as the case may be, where he found her, with the dearest old folks in the world."

"That's her proper place, my lad!" agreed his father heartily.

"Thank God for all His mercies!"

My Soul doth Magnify the Lord.

By the Rev. T. Francis Forth.

QUR Lady sings *Magnificat*, in tones surpassing sweet," and her opening words were, and are for all time, words which show us what the true principle of Praise should be. It is not "my tongue," nor "my mouth," nor "my lips," but "my soul doth magnify." It is the inner self, the true personality, the very being which rises up in glorious praise.

The first verse gives us both soul and spirit, but not body, as magnifying and praising the LORD as "God my Saviour." In this one verse there lies the first, the chiefest principle of the Church's Praise. It is not to be that which is merely external, it is not to be merely the expression of words, or voice, however beautiful; but the words must be the outcome of an interior act, the act of the soul and of the spirit.

The Hymn of the Incarnation is, as Canon Liddon called it, "the centre and heart of our Evening Service. . . . Something more than a Psalm, something less than a complete Christian Hymn." It is, as Isaac Williams said, "the perpetual incense of the evening sacrifice, rising daily before God, with the prayers of the saints." Though it may be "less than a complete Christian Hymn," the long association of this Hymn with the Church's Praise,

and the general interpretation of the Hymn as the Hymn of the Incarnation, make us look upon it as a complete Christian Hymn. It is the outpouring of Praise because of the Incarnation, it is the rejoicing in the Incarnate One as "God my Saviour," to us who sing it. It certainly has the *Gloria Patri* added to it because it was in its original meaning essentially Jewish; and in this way is unlike the *Te Deum*, which is essentially Christian, needing no *Gloria*, as that Hymn is distinctly a *Gloria* in itself, hymning the Three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity.

The *Magnificat* strikes the key-note of all Church music; it is to be Praise which comes from the soul. Throughout the world, wherever the Praise of God is sung in Holy Church, there should that Praise spring forth as an interior act of the soul. It is not sufficient that the voices be attuned to each other or to the organ, they must be attuned to "the LORD" from the soul, they must be rejoicing in "God my Saviour" in the spirit.

It is only when we get our choirs to realize that the Praise of God is to be an act of the soul, and not merely an offering of lip-worship, that we shall be able to make that Praise all it ought to be in the Church—the lifting up of the soul in adoration.

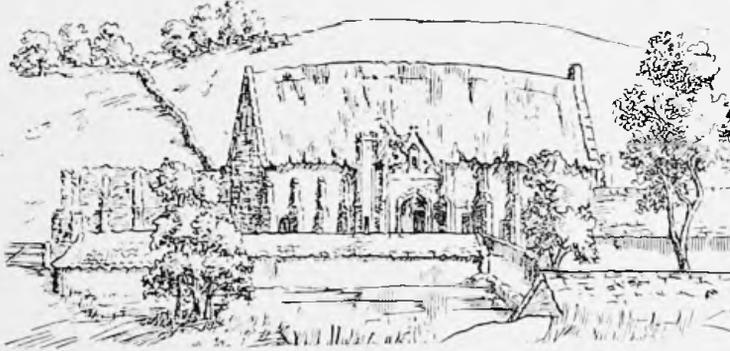
Monastic Barns.

By M. Adeline Cooke.

Illustrated by Olive V. Cooke.

IT is very usual for us to find large, detached, barnlike buildings in near proximity to the ruins of monastical establishments. These barns or granaries had an important share in the daily work and life of the monastery, for it must be remembered that very extensive tracts of land, or manors as they were fre-

quently termed in those days, were attached to the abbeys, and were either farmed by the monks or let out to men who paid their yearly rent in kind. Money was much more rare than it is now, and the general custom was to pay in this manner. So that at certain times of the year quantities of corn and other agricultural produce were sent in to the lord abbot as payment for the land held under his jurisdiction. It was therefore necessary for the abbot to build large, and in some instances really immense, granaries to contain these "rents," beside what was brought in by the individual work of the monks and the offerings which wealthy persons often forwarded from their own store.



THE ABBOT'S BARN, ABBOTSBURY.

Now these abbots were wise men who built grandly on a large scale: they built strong stone buildings which would remain practically as good after the lapse of centuries. They had a special plan of their own; and if you are not certain whether an old barn belongs or not to some monastical foundation, you can usually determine the question by examining it carefully. The "abbot's barn," as it was generally called, was cruciform in shape, the transepts forming the entrances, and it had huge gables. The stonework was massive, the beams of oak, and buttresses were sometimes put to impart added strength and solidity.

One of the finest of these granaries, which dates from the fourteenth century, is to be seen at Glastonbury. As this was one of the largest, richest, and most powerful monasteries in all England, the barn was particularly important. It is cruciform, and is 93 ft. in length, 63 ft. in breadth, and 36 ft. in height; at the end of one gable is the effigy of an abbot—probably the one who built the barn—and at the other end a sculpture which is considered to represent the Virgin Mary. Above the richly-traceried windows are effigies of the Evangelists—S. Matthew on the east, S. John on the west, S. Luke on the north, and S. Mark on the south.

Another fine barn which, it has been said, would put to shame many a modern church, stands amidst the fragments of the Benedictine abbey from which the village takes its name of Abbotsbury, and which was founded in the reign of King Canute, 1026. The barn is fifteenth century, and almost one-third of its immense length is roofless, but it possesses a most unusual feature in an octagonal staircase-turret close to the great doorway.

These huge granaries were of such excellence and of such use that when monastical buildings were ruthlessly swept away they were invariably preserved; and that is why at the present day a portion of the abbot's barn, still high piled with agricultural produce, is often the sole remnant which tells of the existence in the same spot, hundreds of years ago, of some wealthy abbey. This is the case in the pretty valley of the Tarrant.

The large abbeys possessed immense "granges," as they were called, in the outlying portions of their domains, and these often were attached to chapels which were served by monks deputed from the head-quarters of the establishment. Situate on the Beaulieu Creek stands one of these, known as S. Leonard's Grange, and considered to be probably the largest building of its kind now existing. The huge gable-ends of the barn can only be described as colossal; and its width, and length, which is reckoned to be about 226 ft., makes us understand something of the magnitude of the work which the old builders carried out. One does not, however, see the entire extent, for when the roof became worn the front wall was moved back some distance, and a smaller and less important building contrived. Even now it excites wonder, especially the massive eastern gable on which the knotted ivy stems of ancient growth stand out in ridges, covering the solid masonry with a bower of green leaves.

Monastic barns, however, were not always built in the style I have been describing. At the little town of Stoke Courcy or Stogursey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, stands a church dignified by massive double Norman arches between nave and chancel, and



THE PRIOR'S BARN, STOKE COURCY.

an east end hard to surpass. The Falaise family, who were ancestors of those De Courcys whose name lingers with the town, are supposed to have built this fine Norman church, and attached it to the priory of their foundation. Indeed, the blocked-up doorway in the south transept was the monks' entrance from the conventual buildings. The priory lay behind the church, but its only recognizable fragment is the barn which stands on a gentle eminence. It is entirely different to the customary shape, of quite modest proportions, circular in form and thatched,

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,*

Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNSELLORS.



THINK it over," said Mr. Mills.

Sitting by the library fire, which he found rather too hot on that warm May evening, the rector thought it over.

Did he, from his knowledge of Simon Mills, think him altogether worthy to be taken into partnership by his great-uncle and eventually to become his heir? This was the question. It had nothing to do with business capacity, of which Mr. Mills rightly considered himself the best judge. But he was shrewd enough to guess that his fellow-townsmen had a better chance than he in his lonely home-life of knowing Simon's moral and social character. And being determined at all costs to keep up the high reputation of the firm he had created, John Mills was not the man to run any risk for the sake of his family. So he had resolved to hear what Mr. Steadman and Dr. Sharpe, two wise old neighbours, had to say. That they would confirm his own opinion of Simon he had little doubt. If they did he meant to arrange the partnership over a glass of old port that very evening. His seventy-eighth birthday was not far off; at such an age most men begin to feel that they cannot stand alone.

The rector thought it over. Simon was a regular church-goer, a sidesman at S. Philip's, a useful man on committees, always good-tempered, never grudging trouble, steady, patient, persevering. He was kind to his younger brothers and sisters, if somewhat self-centred and hard to the poor. Not openly religious, not a constant communicant; but the rector told himself that outward signs were not always to be trusted. Look at Leonard Mills, whom the young clergy of S. Andrew's had considered their right hand! He had flung away all the quiet duties of life to satisfy his own roving desires, and by this time had probably joined the sad army of good-for-nothings, disappeared, gone under.

"From my knowledge of Simon," said the rector, "I don't think you would repent taking him into partnership. I know nothing against him."

Faint praise perhaps; but the rector was one of

those strictly honest men whose words never overpass their thoughts; rather the contrary. This honesty was what John Mills wanted; yet there was a touch of vexation in his words: "Don't see what else I can do.—Ah! here's Sharpe."

The doctor came into that stuffy room like a sudden gust of fresh air. Little Nick, rising from the hearthrug, met him with pricked ears and wagging tail. He sat down as far from the fire as possible, and gave his opinion instantly.

"Not repent taking Simon into partnership? You'll repent it once, and that is always."

"Now, Sharpe, why do you say that?"

"Come, come, that's not altogether just!"

Thus exclaimed his two companions.

"What have you to say against him?" asked Mr. Mills.

"Nothing," said Dr. Sharpe. "There! You see! Most unfair," said the rector.

Dr. Sharpe made an odd grimace.

Mr. Mills frowned impatiently. "No use making faces," he said. "I want none of your fooling. This is a serious matter, and you have got to explain yourself. Do you understand?"

"Very well. I will explain as clearly as you or any one can wish. I repeat, I have nothing to say against Simon, except that he is Simon, and he can't help that. His parents are responsible for that. Oh, to be sure, a respectable fellow, as no one knows better than

himself. All the same, my dear sir, you'll repent taking him into partnership. And you will repent more bitterly still if you make a will in his favour. But you won't do that."

"Why not?" growled John Mills.

"Because Leonard will come back some day," said Dr. Sharpe solemnly.

There was a dead silence. The old man's red face became redder, and he stared hard at the fire. Nick wagged his tail. The rector twisted himself in his chair.

"Come, Sharpe!" he murmured. "A young fellow who proved himself so unworthy"—

"Unworthy of what?"

"Of all the pains spent upon him, all the goodness, the generosity"—

"Bosh! I'm speaking to old friends, and John Mills does not desire me to mince my words.



"The doctor came into that stuffy room like a sudden gust of fresh air."

If the grandson behaved foolishly, selfishly perhaps, the grandfather set him no good example. He was selfish too. He wished to sacrifice all the boy's tastes and longings to his own idol, the firm of Mills Brothers, that is to say, himself. He gave him no hope of freedom, now or hereafter. He spoke like a tyrant, and the boy took him at his word and left home. Remember, John Mills, you told me all about it. But I knew then, and I know now, that your heart is bound up in Leo. He is the only creature in this world you love. And you coolly talk of letting him come back—for he will when he has rambled far enough—to find his place filled by a self-righteous prig of a cousin, as inferior to him in most ways as your poor brother, his grandfather, was to you. Well, you asked for my opinion, so there you have it, and the reason for it. Have I offended you?"

"No, you have not offended me," said Mr. Mills after a pause. "At the same time, Sharpe, you don't quite understand the situation. However, let us drop the subject. Have you seen the evening papers? How do you think this new tax is likely to work out?"

Twenty minutes later, on their way to the gate, Mr. Steadman and Dr. Sharpe met a happy and prosperous young man, twirling his stick and whistling cheerfully. He had enjoyed his visit to the Grange, and was looking forward to a good dinner and a satisfactory evening.

"Hallo, Simon! Did Mrs. Blunt admire the roses?" was Dr. Sharpe's greeting, while the rector smiled kindly; he still thought his companion's judgement a hard one.

"Immensely," Simon answered. "How do you find my uncle?"

"Going strong. Lloyd George a bit on the brain, but that's natural."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE ARCTIC.

 MONTH at sea: a very different sea from any that Leonard Mills had yet seen. The *Pretty Peggy* steamed slowly northward through regions of fog; a voyage not without dangers of its own, though free, in those old days of peace, from mines and other terrors lying in wait below the long rolling surface of the ocean.

There was a crew of a dozen on board the *Pretty Peggy*. Leonard, acting as mate, was second in command to Captain Jack; there were two engineers, intelligent fellows, one of them with some knowledge of electrical and other science. Of the other men, one acted as steward, another as cook, another as carpenter. There was no doctor on board, but the skipper, "Jack of all trades," as they called him—and they might have added, "Master of many," had a sufficient knowledge of medicine. The want of a chaplain might have been more serious; yet there was no fear that on board a ship commanded by Ernest Jack the worship of God would be forgotten. Morning and night he called his crew together to commend themselves

and their errand to Him Who is as near His servants "by water as by land." With all his light-hearted gaiety, Captain Jack carried Leonard's thoughts back to S. Andrew's and the manly activity of religious life there. Certain talks with Mr. Ray, one of the few who had known the deepest thoughts of the boy's heart, returned with the vividness of yesterday. As he leaned over a book in the stuffy, ill-lighted cabin, there came between him and the page a vision of a chancel, bright and high, where he used to sing in white with his comrades of the choir. In other ways too, he hardly knew how or why, this voyage, at which he had aimed for so long, seemed, unlike the earlier ones, to be carrying him home.

Yet the voyage itself became day by day wilder, stranger, more remote from past experience. After touching at an Eskimo settlement in Greenland, where they took forty dogs on board to draw the sledges on the ice expedition in search of the lost men, they steamed on, past immense green icebergs towering in the sea, till one night, going on deck for his watch, Leonard found that the *Pretty Peggy* was pushing her way with a cracking sound through a wide plain of water and thin ice. And over that white and blue expanse with grey shadows, absolutely silent and still except for hundreds of small white birds swimming in the lanes of open water, the low sun was throwing long pale rays of misty light; the sun, which at midnight half dipped below the horizon, then slowly once more climbed the arch of the sky.

The dogs, who made the ship a turmoil of noise by day, were now fed and asleep, and it was a quiet, unearthly world that gave Leonard his first sight of the Arctic regions he had dreamed about so long. The summer night was cold, yet in that still air he hardly felt it, and it had not yet become necessary to add furs to a seaman's ordinary clothing. He had often been colder in early days of an English spring.

A touch on his shoulder made Leonard turn round. Captain Jack was standing there, looking through his glasses. He had directed them on a point in the far north-west, where Leonard's unaided eyes could see nothing but sea and sky, glimmering to the horizon. But it was marked by a clearer line than usual, owing to the lowness of the sun.

"Look out, Marr. Do you see that point of land over there? No, a bit to the right. Take the glass and look."

"I see something—a dark spot—it might be a ship."

"It is a mountain. Glaciers and cliffs down to the sea. No ship can reach it, except by drifting with the ice-floe—a dangerous job. It was beyond that mountain that my little ship *Butterfly* got nipped in the ice three years ago next September. She was crushed and sank, as I told you, and we lost most of our supplies; no time to save them; luckily we had our guns and ammunition. It was there Malcolm left us and started west with two other men; a forlorn hope, for the provisions we had to

divide were very small; but he had a theory that by breaking across country he would reach some Eskimos. And he was not the chap to sit down for the winter as we did."

"And you were saved by another exploring party?"

"Yes, in the spring, when we were at the last gasp, having started in his tracks with the few dogs we had left."

"And now, captain—we make for that mountain—what do you call it?"

"I gave it the name of Mount Disaster."

"This time we'll change its name. Mount Victory. We'll follow in Mr. Malcolm's tracks, and find him."

"Or what is left of him." Captain Jack sighed. His merry confidence had died down a little at the sight of the ice-fields, the lonely Arctic scene so terribly familiar. It was all very well for this lad, who knew nothing of the dangers before him.

But how he liked the lad!

"You're the right sort, Marr," he said. "But—it's a bit late to think of them—but how about your home people? Your mother? I'm sure you have a good one. What did she say about this trip?"

For a moment Leonard was silent. Then he said quickly, "I have no mother," and added, "and no home, I suppose. I'm a waif, a runaway. So it doesn't matter what happens to me."

Captain Jack stared. All along he had thought the lad reserved, but he could not and did not believe that there was anything really wrong with him.

"Can't you tell me all about it?" he said.

Leonard needed little persuasion. There, at the entrance of the polar world, while the unnatural midnight sun made pretence at setting and rising, while the fields of ice thickened as the *Pretty Peggy* worked her slow way northward, he told his captain the whole story of his life until this hour of attainment.

"And then I saw your advertisement, and I came

to Seamoor, a place I'd never heard of, and you took me to Miss Lynn's house, and there I saw—well, that's another story."

"Rather interesting, too." Captain Jack laughed. "I thought you were a bit soft to be knocked over like that by little Agnes Malcolm's photograph. So you had seen her at Marminster? You know the old lady she lives with?"

"Yes, I had seen her. Through the window, that's all. I was going to say good-bye to Mrs. Blunt, but I saw there was a stranger with her, so I couldn't manage it."

"You are a funny chap. Through the window! But that was enough, it seems."

"That was enough," Leonard repeated quietly. "So now you know why I am going to find her father."

"Good luck to you, my boy!"

Captain Jack fell rather silent after that. He had never heard a story more queerly full of coincidences. He did not immediately return Leonard's confidence, being middle-aged and doubtful of his own chances; but it drew him to the lad as nothing else would have done, and he was only too happy, later on, to pour out all kinds of recollections of Agnes and

her family, every word of deep interest to his hearer.

There was not much time for talk, however. The *Pretty Peggy's* course, partly because of the strengthening ice pressure, was directed towards hugging the land, mostly small desolate islands, which loomed up gradually on the horizon as she worked her way northward. The slippery rocks were often inaccessible, but small parties from the ship made their way across the perilous ice-field, and landed where they could. The snow that filled the rocky hollows and crevices was often powdered red, showing the presence of millions of those tiny insects which had interested Aleck Malcolm. Sometimes the reddish rocks were covered with yellow lichen. Sea-birds nested in them; gulls,



"Do you see that point of land over there? Take the glass and look."

augs, guillemots, ptarmigan; there were even flowers, such as purple saxifrage and yellow poppy, to be found in sheltered nooks. Animal life there was too; white hares sprang up under the men's feet, foxes peered down at them from the rocks, the curious round heads of seals bobbed up in the water and vanished as they plunged under the ice again. Once, when the sun-rays were unusually warm, a gay butterfly perched on Leonard's hand.

"That's a good omen," said Captain Jack.

The *Pretty Peggy* worked her way northwards. Sturdy little ship as she was, the danger of being caught and crushed was considerably less in her case than in that of the unfortunate *Butterfly*. In the building of her, lessons learnt from the hard experience of other Arctic travellers had been put to practical use. Among the crew only Leonard was new to his surroundings; and in him quickness, with a good technical training, made up for inexperience.

So all went well for a time. They steamed through lanes of water ever narrowing; now and then, anchored to an ice-floe, they launched their sledges upon it and gave the dogs exercise; wild, rough, unmanageable beasts as a rule, with shaggy coats, black or white and curly; but some of them gentler by nature than others, and all showing some kind of affection for the men who fed them, especially for their own Eskimo leader, long-haired, mahogany-faced, hooded and dressed in skins, as good-tempered as he was ugly, and unmatched for clever dealing with his charges.

They were a merry party on board, for Captain Jack's frank high spirits were catching, and his crew of picked men were on the whole worthy of him. Leonard began to think that the hardships of the Arctic were vastly exaggerated, both as to cold and as to danger. If he said anything of the kind, his comrades shook their heads with a grin; those at least who were more experienced than himself.

"Wait and see!" was the advice they gave.

And in truth it was not long before Leonard began to see. For the sun, though still lingering long above the horizon, gave less heat every day; fogs and mists prevailed; then the pale vault of the sky became veiled with clouds, and the dead calm was replaced by a wild wind that brought the snow; such snow, wet and heavy, which covered the ice

several feet thick, and lay in great drifts against the *Pretty Peggy's* side where she was caught between the floes. For caught she was, both earlier in the season and farther from any land than Captain Jack had intended. Not that he yet despaired of working his way nearer to that phantom "Mount Victory" which still lay far on the horizon. It was better to be near the land, rocky and frozen as it might be, for it would give them solid ground under their feet in case of the crushing or foundering of the ship, as well as game for their subsistence.

The *Pretty Peggy* was in some danger. Her crew worked hard to rid her of the weight of snow which pressed her down upon the ice, and to keep off the moving ice-pack which threatened to crush her. Night and day they worked, while the wind howled in the rigging and the blinding snow drove upon them with a numbing force, against which their hoods and coats of fur were a slight enough protection. Sometimes a mass of ice was pushed up so high as to overhang the bulwarks, for the pack was always moving, and this it was which gave a touch of unearthly terror to the situation. Strange sounds, like a coming earthquake or distant organ music, heralded a whole concert of ice-noises—thundering, grumbling, cracking, then dying away to a ghostly moan. Leonard had read of all this in his favourite books, but had hardly guessed at the reality. And then the great snowstorm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the long pale daylight gleamed over the enormous uneven plain, broken into solid waves of hummocks, of that snow-covered icy sea. And then, marvellous to tell, a milder day freed the *Pretty Peggy* so far that she could push on a mile or two nearer land.

"Load the sledges," the captain shouted cheerily.

(To be continued.)

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

GOD may in His Love lead me further on in the Christian Life than I can possibly see or even *wish* now. For every Christian soul He has a special call. Some He calls to serve Him in homes, in married life, in the workshop or factory, in everyday duties, everyday joys and sorrows. But there are some to whom He gives a clear call to come and serve Him in harder ways. . . . And if the call is real He gives more strength, more faith, more courage than at one time we could have dared even to pray for.—E. R.

Discontented.

I WISH I had a horse and cart
All of my very own,
With which to wander through the town
Just as I please, alone,
And cry as down the road I go,
"Who'll buy some logs? Log-o! Log-o!"

A wheelbarrow might even do,
Or I would be content
With just a basket, or a tray,
And anything that meant
Something that I could shout out loud
And sell to people in the crowd.

Instead I have to stay with Nurse,
However loth I am
To saunter by a little girl—
A baby!—in a pram;
While Nurse is sure to cry out, "O!
You naughty boy, mind how you go!"

BLUE BIRD.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

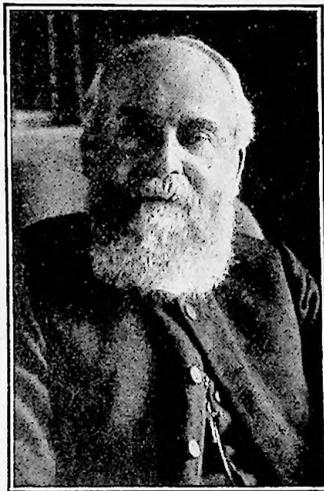
TWO notable statements were made at the annual festival of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society. The Bishop of London said, "Of all the many societies in the Church of England of which I am at the head there is none, I believe, more absolutely according to the mind of CHRIST, more manifestly blessed, of more good to the nation, as well as to the Church."

Prebendary Rudolf, the Founder and Secretary of the Society, said there were at the present time some twelve or thirteen hundred children who had been placed in the Society's Homes by soldiers on active service. There was some resentment at the idea of these children being classed as "waifs and strays." The title had been correct enough at the time when the society was founded. Since then, however, it had become a most rare occurrence to find friendless children sleeping at night in the streets.

A PAPER on "The Missionary Message and Bradford Trade" recently read at a Bradford Missionary Conference told how the second missionary ever sent to Australia by the Government was the Rev. Samuel Marsden, from Farsley, on the outskirts of Bradford. After working in Australia for thirteen years he came home in 1807, bringing with him a few packets of wool clipped from some sheep at Botany Bay. This he had spun and made into a suit of clothes, which pleased him so much that he asked an audience of the King, who in turn was so delighted that he too ordered a like suit, and gave Marsden five sheep from the royal flock to improve the Australian breed. From that day Bradford trade has continued to go forward; so the city owes at least a part of its prosperity to foreign missionary effort.

The new Dean of Carlisle, the Rev. Dr. Hastings Rashdall, is best known to Churchmen as a scholar and author of a number of learned works, nearly the whole of his ministry having been passed in scholastic posts. Dr. Rashdall was born in 1858, educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford, and ordained in 1884. He returned to Oxford in 1888 as Fellow and Lecturer of Hertford. In 1895 he became for a short period Chaplain and Theological Tutor of Balliol, and in the same year was elected to a fellowship of New College, which he held for fifteen years, also acting as tutor. He was appointed Canon of Hereford in 1910.

"The Navy Mission brings to the navy's work the human touch, the moral idea, and tries to put the whole thing on a higher line." The navy's is extremely trying and arduous work, and nowadays, more than ever before, people realize the tremendous importance of it. This was the key-note of the speeches at the annual meeting of the Navy Mission Society at which Bishop Boyd Carpenter and the Bishop of Sheffield spoke. The descriptions given of the doings of the society among navvies engaged on war work, both at home and in France, fully justified the claims that have been made for it.



[J. Russell & Sons.
THE LATE
REV. PROFESSOR SWETE, D.D.]

THE late Dr. H. B. Swete is happily described by the *Challenge* as one of those "who fully obey the command to love the LORD their GOD with all their mind."

For a quarter of a century he was Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, retiring in 1915 at the age of eighty. To students in general he was best known by his editions of S. Mark's Gospel and of the Apocalypse, and his work on the HOLY SPIRIT in the New Testament. "Everywhere he combines learning and a critical judgement with reverence and true devotion. That is what we like to think of as a characteristic mark in the Church of England."

It has been pointed out that, while the clergy as a body have suffered many bereavements through the war, the losses which have fallen upon the families of members of the episcopate are exceptionally heavy. At least twenty bishops in the United Kingdom have lost sons, some of them more than one. Among them is the Bishop of Lincoln, whose eldest son, Captain E. T. Hicks, has recently died of meningitis while on active service.

THE Bishop-designate of Labuan and Sarawak, the Rev. E. L. Danson, is the son of the late Dr. Danson, formerly Dean and Rector of Aberdeen, and for many years a prominent figure in the Scottish Church. The new bishop also began his ministry in Scotland, being curate of the Cathedral Church of Dundee for five years before taking up missionary work in Singapore, the diocese adjacent to that of which he is now taking charge.

SPEAKING recently in Convocation the Bishop of Oxford gave high praise to the scheme of Christian Social Reconstruction which has been issued, in con-

nection with the Swanwick Conference, by the representatives of various religious bodies—Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists. It is based on the principle that, "destined for eternal life and called to a divine sonship through CHRIST, every human being is of inestimable worth, and the material takes its value and significance from the spiritual." This involves the right to a decent standard of living, of family conditions, of housing and wages; and to ensure these, "workers should have not merely a fair share of industrial profits but also a place in the control of industrial conditions."

WITHIN the Church the Christian Social Union is considering the problems that must arise after the war in a similar spirit. The Bishop of Kensington laid down at a recent meeting that society must be reconstructed not in accordance with individual selfishness but for the good of the whole community, on the Gospel principle that a man cannot live to himself.

IN Manchester the same subject has been under consideration as an outcome of the National Mission. Under the title **Foundation Stones of a New England** great meetings have been held on purity, infant mortality, and intemperance. In these various religious bodies have cooperated, and the Archbishop of York and Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Labour M.P., were among the speakers.

IT is announced that the Memorial to the late Canon E. A. Stuart is to consist of a "Stuart Memorial Lectureship" for the endowment of which £1,000 is to be raised and handed over to trustees who will appoint the lecturer annually. The lectureship will at first be attached to Bow Church, Cheapside, where Canon Stuart was "Thursday Lecturer" for nearly thirty years. But it will be transferable to any other city church at the discretion of the trustees.

AMONG the names to be added to the list of chaplains who have laid down their lives in the war is that of the Hon. Maurice B. Peel, Vicar of Tamworth, and younger son of Viscount Peel, the former Speaker of the House of Commons. He went to France as a chaplain in 1915, and was one of the first to win the Military Cross for gallantry in tending the wounded under fire; he was severely wounded at Festubert while rescuing the wounded left on the field, and was sent back home. After his recovery he again volunteered for duty at the front, and won a bar to his Military Cross. Finally he was shot by a sniper while trying to rescue a wounded man.

THE new Archdeacon of Clogher, Canon J. MacManaway, has since 1910 been Rector of Monaghan, an important parish in the Diocese of Clogher, in which he is one of the leading clergy, being Representative Canon for the diocese in S. Patrick's Cathedral.

Our Query Corner: Hints for some of our Correspondents.

* * * RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.

1137. Please give the authoritative words referring to bowing towards the altar in the Church of England.

You will find the words of Canon 7 of 1640 (that must be taken as suggestive, not legally binding) set out in Mr. Staley's *Ceremonial of the English Church*, 1s. 3d. net (see next answer); he adds that there is a great deal of evidence for the custom since the Reformation. The words, too long to be printed here, but well worth reading, recite (1) the reasons for acknowledging with our bodies that we are in God's house—pious in itself, profitable to us, edifying to others; (2) that well-affected people, members of this Church, thereby do obeisance to the LORD (not the church nor anything contained therein); and (3) that the rule of charity should be observed.

1138. Why do people kneel at the name of the Virgin Mary in the Creed? What is the meaning of making the sign of the Cross and other customs?

Surely nobody kneels at the mention of the Blessed Virgin? If he does it must be an extraordinary mistake. What is done, as a pious custom, is to kneel through the words, "And was incarnate . . . and was made man," kneeling down quietly during the words "came down from heaven," and rising quietly before "under Pontius Pilate." This symbolizes recognition of our LORD's Divinity in His Humiliation. Three "reverences" used to be made.

The sign of the Cross is a private act of devotion. We should be sorry to say that all customs ever adopted had authority or meaning; but you would find very usual ones explained in Staley's *Ceremonial of the English Church* (1s. 3d. net), or more popularly, and with other matters explained, in *Questions Asked* (6d. net, plus postage, 1½d.).

1139. Is it true that Holy Communion is the only Church Service that is ancient?

Such sweeping assertions cannot be answered quite correctly in a few

words. We can only say here that Holy Communion, the Eucharist, the Holy Mysteries, the Christian Sacrifice—by whatever name you call it—is the greatest Sacrament, ordained by CHRIST Himself as a central act of earthly worship, and all other offices were subsidiary to it. But most assuredly it must be recollected that

a spiritual religion, and organized by officers, because our LORD showed that to be His way.

1140. Why should the Church of England say "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" and protest against the original Catholic Church? And what does its name mean?

We are sorry that you are troubled by what is intended by Roman controversialists to worry not very definitely instructed people into joining the Church of Rome.

The most important mis-statement you recount is that we have protested against the original Catholic Church. That is simply untrue. We have protested against Romish errors, and we hold the Catholic Faith as such in a form more likely to be recognized by the primitive Church than any other. The development of the Papacy can be traced in a secular book, *Bryce's Holy Roman Empire* (7s. 6d. net). Again, the Church of England is a very glorious title—bound up with English liberties—but each national Church in communion with it has its own title, as in America, Scotland, Japan, etc. At least read *Everyman's History of the English Church* (1s. 3d. net).

1141. Who are the "elect people of God"?

To-day people often find that they do not know the Catechism or its meaning. The "elect" people of GOD are all those who have received the "call" of Baptism. To say any less is to go against the whole body of sound Christian teaching. Baptism=calling. Calling=election. Remember, on the other hand, the man who was "called" and proved an unsuitable guest, not corresponding to the call, did not sit down to the banquet.

1142. Are communicants only the children of God?

Baptism makes us children of GOD. Communicants do occupy the full position meant for the children of GOD; but others belong to the body also, and there are sheep not yet of the flock.

Our Notice Board.

"Receive the Prayer of Thy People."

JULY, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.

- 1, S. 4 Sunday after Trinity.
8, S. 5 Sunday after Trinity.
15, S. 6 Sunday after Trinity.
22, S. 7 Sunday after Trinity.
25, W. Festival of S. James, H.M.
29, S. 8 Sunday after Trinity.

August.

- 5, S. 9 Sunday after Trinity.

+

FASTS.

- Fridays, July 6, 13, 20, 27.
Vigil, .. 24, Of S. James.

+

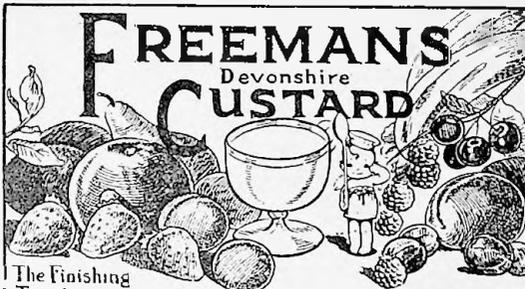
OLD DAYS NOTED IN CALENDAR.

- JULY 2. Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; A. Trans. of S. Martin, B.C.; 15. S. Swithun, Bp.; 20. S. Margaret, V.M.; 22. S. Mary Magdalene; 26. S. Anne.

the recitation of the Psalter and other prayers and reading of Holy Scripture in order take us right back to the worship which our LORD knew. They connect us with the saints of the Old Testament in their long preparation for Him, which is seen, for example, in S. Luke i. and ii. The beginnings of our present morning and evening services in English date from 1549, but the use of the Psalms in the offices is very ancient. For the history of our services read *Everyman's History of the Prayer Book* (1s. 6d. net). Church worship always included the direct use of the Holy Scriptures (S. Luke iv. 17). Christian worship should be congregational, because we belong to

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



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Make the Bird's Custard in the usual way, and pour over the fruit Hot, or serve a little of both on each plate.



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"UNITED KINGDOM" 4.

v

FALKLAND ISLANDS 1.

A very interesting match took place on the Stanley Football Club Ground on Saturday 18th, August, between a team of Falkland Islanders and a team selected from men from the United Kingdom. Messrs. V. Summers, A. Newing, W. Carey, L. Walsh, C. Allan, W. Summers, A. Fleuret, H. Aldridge, T. Hardy, R. Hardy, and L. Hardy, represented the Falkland Islands and W. Hubbard, J. Kingsford, W. Barlas, G. Madgwick, J. Till, R. L. Stevenson, F. Wray, W. Conway, H. Strickland and W. Bartram represented the "United Kingdom."

The team lined up for the kick off at 3 p.m. under the charge of Mr. T. N. Goddard (Referee) the U. K. team playing one man short throughout the game. Allan won the toss for the Colonials and elected to take the west goal thus taking advantage of a strong north-west wind. At the kick off the ball was passed to Strickland who swung it out to the left wing but the Colonial team soon obtained possession and with some pretty work attacked the U. K. goal; Hubbard saved a shot from Aldridge and for some time the play was give and take until a foul was awarded against Walsh, the kick was taken by Stevenson and Bartram combining with Strickland broke away but Carey saved the situation with a kick that placed the ball well down the field and the Colonials pressed the attack, Allan shot placing the ball over the bar, Hubbard enabled the U. K. team to carry the play into the Colonials half of the field but the referee ruling Bartram offside enabled the Colonials to relieve the pressure, a corner off Newing resulted in a goal scored by Bartram.

At the kick off the Colonials got going in fine style and for a time bombarded the U. K. goal Hubbard just managed to put a shot from Fleuret over the bar, an attack was then made on the Colonial goal and a hard shot from Wray brought Summers to his knees, who managed to clear. Some good work by

Fleuret and Aldridge carried the play into the U. K. half and some pretty shooting was seen; Hubbard cleared well several times but an unfortunate slip gave Aldridge the chance to score with a low shot.

From the kick off until half time nothing resulted as neither team obtained an advantage; just before half time L. Hardy was winded but soon recovered and the whistle went with the score one all.

At the beginning of the second half the wind had freshened and was more puffy, but in spite of this the Colonials opened with a brilliant dash, and for a time kept the play in the U. K. half. A good shot by T. Hardy nearly scored but Hubbard just managed to put it round the post, Fleuret took the corner and put the ball behind the goal.

The U. K. team with some combination gave Wray the chance of scoring again, this, was from the spectators point of view an off-side goal and some argument arose but the referee allowed the goal and play was resumed but the Colonial attack was seen to have lost its sting and the U. K. team began to press with the result that Wray soon scored again. Soon after the kick off a long shot from Conway struck the bar and scored a fourth five minutes from time, to further scoring resulted no either side.

Hubbard in goal was in tip-top form and brought off some marvellous saves; the backs Kingsford and Barlas stopped some dangerous rushes by their magnificent clearing; we were glad to welcome Barlas back after his long absence and it was quite evident that he had not lost his old form and fully justified his place in the team; Madgwick, Till and Stevenson made a very strong half back line and did good work but it was easily seen that Till was the mainstay of the combination Bartram and Strickland made several rushes on the Left wing but were well marked, Conway and Wray also did good work but were evidently hampered by the absence of an outside right.

V. Summers in goal has often given a better display, the backs, Carey and Newing tackled well, but there did not seem to be the usual power behind their kicks: of the three halves Allan showed up to great advantage. W. Summers did good work but seemed to

give too much attention to the man and not enough to the ball. Walsh played a steady game from start to finish; in the forward line T. Hardy played a very fast game, Fleuret and Aldridge on the left combined well and many efforts by them went unrewarded; R. Hardy who appeared on the field again after a long absence showed occasional glimpses of his old form but received no support on his right.

Conway was frequently off-side towards the end of the game but was not noticed by the referee, and some of the Colonial team did not show up to advantage in not excepting the referee's decisions.

It is to be regretted that during the game F. Wray received a badly sprained finger but in spite of that continued to play well.

En Passant.

STOP PRESS.

The Annual Cathedral Bazaar took place

on Sept. 4th & 5th, and once again broke all previous records for over £246 was taken, in proceeds. A full report will appear in our next issue together with individual stall takings etc. Meanwhile our heartiest thanks are due to all the Ladies, and Girls & others who did so much to make the Sale the huge success it proved to be.

—o—

Rumour tells us that because one or two people were conspicuous by their absence at the Cathedral Bazaar, it has been stated that the Red Cross Sale will suffer in consequence. We sincerely trust that everyone will remember that the proceeds from the Red Cross Sale are *all to go to help our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, and every penny is needed* for this great and national work. For this reason alone, we cannot but believe that every patriot will support the Sale to the utmost of their ability.

—o—

C. McD.H.



PRIVATE
Christmas
&
New Year Cards
are now on sale
from 2/6 dozen at
THE CATHEDRAL PRESS.

Orders promptly executed in
time for the Mails.

:: A Book of Sample Cards now ready for Inspection. ::

OBITUARY.

We beg to tender our deepest sympathies to Mr. & Mrs. Donald Finlayson in the very sad loss they have sustained by the death of their baby girl. The babe underwent a bad attack of jaundice soon after it was born, and was not able to fight the bad effects: it passed away on July 24th, being only a month old. The little body was brought from Walker Creek to Darwin where it was laid to rest in the Cemetery, the Funeral Service being conducted by Mr. A. Moir, M.A. The general sympathy of all was shown by the large attendance of friends from all parts of the Camp at the Service.

"Jesus called a little child unto him"

C. McD. H.

ELECTRIC TORCHES.

Many people in the Colony have been for some years past the proud possessors of electric torches or hand lamps,—which are excellent in every way as long as the batteries last, but when the latter give out, and there are no more to be purchased at the Stores, it very frequently means that the actual torch is put away and possibly forgotten altogether. A very simple method of renewing a spent battery is to convert it into a Leclanche cell. To do this, take off the cardboard cover, and perforate the zinc cells. Place the zinc cells into a glass containing a solution of 2 oz. of Ammonium chloride (or sal ammoniac,) to a pint of water, and let it stand for a good while. Then remove the cells and drain, and the battery will be as good as new.

C. McD. H.

CATHEDRAL NOTES.

We hear that the new Path, leading to the Church Hall is to be commenced at an early date. It is an open secret that Mr. Henry Waldron, of Beaver Island, has kindly promised to bear the cost of it, and he has already given a cheque to the Dean for the same. The gratitude of the Stanley people in gen-

eral will be extended to Mr. Waldron for his most generous gift,

—o—

We regret that Miss Marion Binnie has resigned the post of Sunday School Teacher; it also means that the staff is depleted, and we should gladly welcome another volunteer.

—o—

Saturday August 4th, the Anniversary of the outbreak of War, was observed by an Intercession Service at the Cathedral. It was largely attended and the Collections on behalf of the Red Cross amounted to £4.

—o—

The Choir and Sunday School contributed together for a wreath to be placed on the grave of their late school fellow, Edith Binnie. The amount was collected by Winnie Newing, and every credit is due to her for all she did in the matter. *C. McD. H.*

An Appeal for Moss.

Apparently one of the greatest necessities at the present day in connection with the Red Cross Society, is the supply of moss, which is largely used in their medical work. For some time past we must have noticed in our papers various appeals for it, together with pictures of villagers and others hard at work picking moss for the Red Cross Society. In the Falklands then is an abundant supply of moss, and, with the co-operation of the community at large, the Red Cross work could be very materially helped should we be enabled to send a few bales of moss home to them. This would be a work in which the Camp children could especially help, and if our local Managers would allow their wool presses to be used to bale the material, they can be assured that it will be appreciated at home as much as anything. The moss should be picked and well dried, — but no dirt, or earth should be included.

We are hoping by this next month to have a more definite scheme on foot for forwarding this local work: meanwhile, any enquires on the subject may be addressed to Mr. A. E. Smith or the Rev. C. McD. Hobley.

C. McD. H.

Stamps.

Stamps. Stamps.

Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

6d " " " 2d "

7½ " " " 2½d "

16 " " " 6d "

3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "

Stamps must not be torn or dirty.

R. & N. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS

- ✓ DAVIS. At Saunder Islands, April 21st, the wife of R. Davis of a daughter.
- ✓ GLEADELL. At Hill Cove, April 24th. the wife of F. Gleadell of a son.
- ✓ SUMMERS. At Port Edgar, June 28th, the wife of A. Summers of a daughter.
- ✓ STEEN. At Hill Cove. July 3rd, the wife of Evar Steen of a son.
- ✓ GOODWIN. At Dunbar, July 13th, the wife of John Goodwin of a daughter.
- ✓ PHILLIPS. At Douglas Station, June 30th, the wife of A. Phillips of a daughter
- ✓ GRANT. At Stanley, August 1st, the wife of L. Grant of a son.

BAPTISMS.

- Aug : 18th. Ernest Arthur King.
- " 23rd. Reginald Donald John Gleadell

MARRIAGES.

- CLASEN-BUTLER. On the West Falklands, on June 29th. By the Registrar. Frederick Sigismund Clasen to Annie Elizabeth Boyer Butler.
- CARTMELL-HEWITT. On August 24th. At North Arm. By the Registrar. Robert Cartmell to Sarah Hewitt.

BURIAL.

July 29th. Ellen McLeod. Age 22 years.

HYMN LIST for September, 1917.

2nd. Morning	371, 559, 316.
Evening	24, 537, 302, 19.
9th. Morning	210, 474, 217.
Evening	538, 36, 290, 223.
16th. Morning	299, 163, 338.
Evening	355, 391, 281, 438.
23rd. Morning	291, 164, 274.
Evening	161, 255, 233, 390.
30th. Morning	297, 160, 263.
Evening	280, 423, 550, 477.

TE DEUM.	Beckwith for Ps : 120.
BENEDICTUS.	Simms.
MAGNIFICAT.	Barnby for Ps : 90.
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Anon.

IN MEMORIAM.

In ever-loving Memory of our beloved Beatrice Mary Lewis, who fell asleep in Jesus, September 19th 1895, aged 23 years.

So loving and so loved.

"Earth holds one gentle soul the less,
And Heaven one angel more."

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away ?

In Jesus keeping we are safe and they."

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Aluzin.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Sturley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
William Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillo.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Bernard Buckley.
William Higgs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campbell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Denn.

William Douglas.
Rupert Dunsie.
George Deay.
William Dottleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Glendell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
James Harvey.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhoe.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Robert Packe.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin.	James Allen.	Frederick Biggs.	William Plyth.
Herbert Gaylor.	Charles Newing.	Walter Shires.	Ernest Spencer.
Peter McKay,	January 28th. 1916.	Henry Phillips	
Ernest Kelway,	February 7th 1917.	James Dickie,	
Blagston Banner,	May 1st. 1917		

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following: Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and Lids, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Lids, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc. Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5 pints, Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27' wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Singers Hand Sewing Machines.

Men's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Furcy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives, Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Nail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Walls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins and 28lb drums, Aspnalla Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Brass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Pepp, Blackcurrant, Walda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Discontinued Magnesium Tableids, Tancee, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Shoes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinacores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velvet and Serge Dresses.

Girls Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannellette Nightdresses.

Boys Tweed Hats, Tweed Con. ay Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannellette Shirts, Pushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Furling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satchels & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

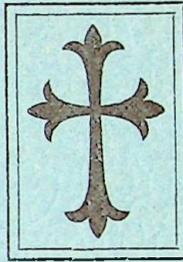
Linen Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Child Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets, etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoon, Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes

m^r J. Ratcliffe



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The

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Magazine

AND

Church

Paper.

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FALKLAND ISLANDS.



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 Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

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 J. Stanley Smith, M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN
 Rev C. McDonald-Hobley.

ARCHDEACON
 Vacant.
HONORARY CANONS.
 Four Vacancies.

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 Mr R. B. Baseley, "
 Mr. A. R. Hoare, Hon. Secretary
 Mr R. B. Baseley Hon. Treasurer
 Mr. W. Atkins senr, Mr F. Hardy.
 Mr A. E. Smith.

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 & Miss S. Wilson

VERGER and SEXTON.
 Mr J. F. Summers.

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 Miss M. Thomas. Miss L. Poppy
 Miss L. Rowlands Miss S. Wilson.
 Miss D. Rowlands.

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R. Hannaford F. Hardy. L. Hardy,
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 vertising, literary, and other business
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 1 Arundel Street,
 London W. C.

October.

Moon
 Full Moon 7th.
 Last Qtr. 16th.
 New Moon. 23rd.
 First Qtr. 30th.

Moon NOVEMBER.
 Full Moon 6th.
 Last Qtr. 14th.
 New Moon 21st.
 First Qtr. 28th.

1st. M.
 2nd. Tu.
 3rd. W.
 4th. Th.
 5th. F.
 6th. S. S. Faith, V.M.
 7th. S. 18th. Sunday after Trinity.
 8th. M.
 9th. Tu. S. Denys, B.M.
 10th. W.
 11th. Th.
 12th. F.
 13th. S. Trans. S. Edward, K. C.
 14th. S. 19th. Sunday after Trinity.
 15th. M.
 16th. Tu.
 17th. W. S. Etheldreda, V.
 18th. Th. S. Luke, E.
 19th. F.
 20th. S.
 21st. S. 20th. Sunday after Trinity.
 22nd. M.
 23rd. Tu.
 24th. W.
 25th. Th. S. Crispin, M.
 26th. F.
 27th. S.
 28th. S. 21st. Sunday after Trinity.
 29th. M.
 30th. Tu.
 31st. W.

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent
 in by the 10th. of each month. Communi-
 cations should be written on one side of the
 paper only; and must be accompanied by
 the name and address of sender, not neces-
 sarily for publication. The Editor is not re-
 sponsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No VI. Vol. XXIX.

OCTOBER. 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/- payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a.m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7. 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

THE magnificent financial success of the recent Bazaar will be noticed by those who study the balance sheet,

published in this issue. Next month we hope to explain the various purposes for which the proceeds have been used.

In the meantime we write on a topic of considerable importance in connection with congregational worship. We refer to the matter of sittings in Church. As it is a question which seems to have caused much trouble from the earliest times when men acquired the habit of assembling together for public worship, we will endeavour to state the case as plainly as possible, inasmuch as unpleasantness and innumerable other evils spring often from ignorance of the real facts or from the slavish acceptance of customs which have never been understood.

In our opinion the true spirit of Christian worship stands in danger of being destroyed in those Churches where the plan of charging rent for pews has been introduced. We understand, of course, that in many places this system has been adopted with extreme reluctance, and only as a means of raising income which apparently could be collected in no other way. It is encouraging to notice that in England during recent years, when the whole question of Church finance has been brought into prominence, many churches have discovered a more excellent way, and the system of pew rents has been abolished without loss of income. Other Churches — and we believe that they are comparatively few — have tried experiments which have proved entirely unsatisfactory. However, we rejoice to think that one of the results of the National Mission has been to create an ever increasing demand for free churches.

But a greater and more subtle evil exists. This is when the seats are "appropriated",

when people demand certain sittings as a right (for which they pay nothing and to which they have no claim.) In many instances the most jealous in regard to these so-called rights are the irregular attenders: it would almost appear that they expect seats to be kept reserved for them in case they should feel inclined to put in an occasional appearance at Church. Others act as though they regarded the presence of others in their seat as an intrusion on private preserves. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact that, wherever this most unchristian attitude is adopted, untold harm must result. Amongst other obvious possibilities it gives the non-attender a chance of making excuses, which are hard to answer. He may say, "You tell me that I ought to go to Church. Well, I went once and was turned out of my seat by someone who claimed it as his. And I don't intend to risk being insulted again." And we might continue to give instance after instance of the way in which people have been kept away from Church by the rudeness and unwarrantable conduct of the very people, who so often complain about the smallness of the average congregation. And yet there ought to be no trouble if we would behave in a reasonable Christian manner. It is natural for a man to like occupying the same seat, and to sit with his family. Probably he would find no difficulty in doing so, if he attended regularly and came in time, and it were known by the rest of the congregation that he had a preference for a particular place. Who would wish to disturb him? But if by some chance, either because he has been absent for some time, or he has arrived late, or some stranger has appeared, or for some other reason, he finds his usual seat occupied, he ought to share of the pew if there is room, or find some other sitting — and that too without loss of temper or the feeling that he has been defrauded of some right.

We might feel inclined to apologise for these remarks, were it not a fact - to which those who have been intimately connected with various Churches in different parts of the world will bear witness — that the extension of Christianity has often been delayed through difficulties arising from this question.

J.S.S.

The Cathedral Bazaar.

The Annual Cathedral Bazaar was held in the Church Hall on the 4th and 5th. Sept. and was a great success realizing the grand total of £256. 5. 1., (gross receipts) beating all previous records. As usual the Bazaar was of a distinctive design the general scheme being in red, white and blue. The stage, which was reserved for the refreshments, was backed by a large Union Jack with the words "Our Flag", the title of the Bazaar painted in the centre in 14" block lettering. The sides were draped with flags and red white and blue muslin: the front was railed off with a red, white and blue batteau fence; just below in the body of the hall were festoons of red, white and blue lanterns. The flag had been painted by Mr. Hobley.

The stalls were faced with white, relieved with blue and small Union Jacks; the roofs were of long strips of red, white and blue muslin and finished off with a trophy of Union Jacks over each stall.

The stall holders are to be congratulated on the tasteful setting of the stalls, and great credit and thanks are due to the following ladies for their untiring efforts:—

FANCY STALL. Mrs Rowlands, Mrs. Hobley, Mrs. Neworthy, The Misses V. Lellmann, L. Poppy, and S. Wilson.

TOY STALL. Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Arthur Hardy, the Misses L. Pearce, and L. Carey.

GENERAL STALL. The Misses L. Lanning, N. King and V. King.

ART STALL. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hoare, the Misses D. Cletheroe, and L. Rowlands.

VEGETABLE STALL. Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Hulford, and Mrs. J. S. Smith.

TEA STALL. Mrs. Gleadall, Mrs. Binnie, and Mrs. Rattley.

The side shows also were a great success, and this was in no small manner due to the hard work and general interest taken in them by the younger members who were in charge. It was especially noticeable that few escaped their attention, and it may be safely said that if there was anyone who did not try his luck it was not the fault of the girls.

Special thanks are due to the following young ladies for their assistance.

RINGING THE CAMELS Misses A. & W. Newing, I. Atkins.

BRAN TUB. Misses I. Pearce, D. Riches, M. Bradbury.

BUTTERFLY COMPETITION Misses A. Lanning, R. Rowlands, B. Kiddle

BASKETS. Misses G. King, G. Fleuret.

RINGING THE ROBINS. Misses V. Lanning, M. Davis, W. Spenser.

HOOPLA. Misses H. Wilson, M. Thomas, D. Rowlands, E. Parrin.

FORTUNE TREE. Miss Marion Binnie.

The Committee room was devoted to concerts and was fairly well patronized. Thanks are due to the following ladies and gentlemen who contributed to the programme :

Mrs Hobley, the Misses D. Cletheroe, L. Rowlands, S. Enestrom, N. King, M. Thomas, D. Rowlands, E. Parrin, Rev. C. McD. Hobley, Mr T. Hardy, Mr A.E. Smith, and Mr W.A. Bartram.

Mr Parslow as in previous years volunteered to help with the heavy work of preparation and was the right man in the right place. Great credit is due to him and Mr Hobley who was the designer and stage manager of the whole scheme for the work done.

Messrs A. R. Hoare and F. Hardy kindly undertook the arduous work of Treasurers for the two nights, and thanks are due to them for the excellent way in which they carried out the work. Mr. Poppy also did good work in the capacity of door keeper, in which duty he was assisted by Mr. George Newing. Mr A. E. Smith acted as Secretary, and carried out his duties with his customary zeal and thoroughness.

A novelty was introduced in the form of a wedding cake, presented by Mr Poppy and designed and made by Mr. Arthur Hardy. This was the means of raising, in one way and another, over £19.

The Secretary of the Select Vestry has already written to Mrs G. M. Dean and the ladies' committee heartily thanking them for their work in organizing the Bazaar, and also for their personal service and gifts

Appended is a list of donors to whom our grateful thanks are accorded :—Mrs. G. Dean Mrs. C. McD. Hobley. Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Hulford, Mrs. Nosworthy, Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. J. S. Smith, Mrs. Gleadell, Mrs. Robertson,

Mrs. L. Williams, Mrs. Lehen, Mrs. Rowlands, Mrs. Summers, Mrs. A. Hardy, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Newing, Mrs. J. Luxton, Mrs. H. Newing, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. W. Luxton, Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Biggs, Mrs. Poppy, Mrs. W. Campbell, Mrs. Henricksen, Mrs. John Betts, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Perry Senr, Mrs. James Smith, (Great Is.) Mrs. G. T. King, Mrs. Challen, Mrs. J. Peck, The Misses M. Niven, M. Henricksen, L. Lanning, L. Henricksen, A. Newing, V. King, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. Irwin, L. Poppy, Irene Hardy, F. Kirwan and G. Hardy. Messrs. L. V. Oswald, F. Simpson, T. Binnie, J. Poppy, H. Porter, J. Wilson, J. Houston, W. Nosworthy, Hon. G. I. Turner, J. Waddup, J. Kirwan and F. I. Co.

Masters M. & B. Hardy, & M. & R. Campbell.

Also the following friends in England :— Miss Moorstead, Miss Nun, & the late Mrs Greenshields.

It is hoped that, should any names have been omitted inadvertently the ladies or gentlemen concerned will accept our apologies and at the same time our hearty thanks for their help.

In Passant.

A Narrow Escape.

We congratulate Mr Hugh Harding on a wonderful escape from death. It appears that a few weeks ago in company with four other officers of the Artillery. Mr Harding was in an observing station, near Armentieres when a shell burst, killing two officers and wounding another. Mr Harding escaped unscathed.

J.S.S.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Liverpool. Sept. 21st. Miss K. Yule.
From Montevideo. Mr. R. Rossiter, Mr. John Aldridge, Mr. Jim Aldridge.

DEPARTURES.

For Liverpool. Sept. 21st. Mr. T. H. Foster, & Mr. C. H. Lewthwaite. For Punta Arenas Mr. James Lewis, Mr. Francisco Vasques, and Mr. Alfredo Grandi.

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, STANLEY, BAZAAR,

September 4th & 5th 1917.

BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.		£	s	d	EXPENSES.	£	s	d
STALLS	Vegetable	18	4	3	Whyte, Ridsdale & Co.	40	0	0
	Art	37	11	6	Landing Charges		7	1
	Pound	8	7	10	Prizes	2	17	6
	Toy	35	17	4	Decorations	5	3	3
	Fancy	94	2	9	Printing	1	6	6
	Refreshment	5	2	0	F.I.C. a/c	1	14	5
SIDE SHOWS	Concerts	7	15	6	Martin		4	0
	Hoopla	5	17	8	R. & A. Hardy		3	0
	Butterflies	1	3	8	Cleaning	1	10	0
	Camels	1	9	5	Sundries		14	0
	Fortunes	1	8	4	Balance	202	2	4
	Robins	1	14	11				
	Baskets	1	15	10				
	Dip	2	3	7				
ADMISSION		11	8	0				
MR POPPY'S CAKE		16	14	0				
DONATIONS		5	8	6				
		256	5	1		256	5	1

Audited and found correct
W. R. Nosworthy.
 12/9/17.

F. Hardy. } Hon.
 A. R. Hoare. } Treasurers.

SERVICES IN THE WAR.

NEW LIST OF MENTIONS.

Morning Post 7/8/17.

The names of the undermentioned have been brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War for valuable services rendered in connection with the war:—

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Turner, Maj. H. M., Falkland Islands
 Volunteers
 Packe, Capt. V., Falkland Islands Volunteers.
 Goddard, Lt. T. N., Falkland Islands , ,
 Watson, Serg. D., Falkland Is. Volunteers.
 Lacey, Pte. W., Falkland Is. Volunteers.
 Ball, Pte. G., Falkland Is. Volunteers.

OFFERTORIES

September.	£	s	d	
2nd.	2	5	4	Church Expenses.
9th.	4	7	1	" "
16th.	2	4	5	" "
23rd.	2	12	1	" "
30th.	2	0	9	" "
	£13	9	8	

Owing to lack of space we regret to be obliged to hold over the account of the Football Match, Local Notes, etc.



The Hole in the Hedge: A Parable.

“OUR ENGLAND IS A GARDEN.”

THERE was once a field. In early summer the long hay-grass waved and rippled in the wind, the ox-eyed daisies looked up to the sun overhead, while the buttercups caught and reflected his gold. Larks rose up and up from their nests in the deep, thick grass to the blue sky above them, singing,

The First Beauty.

singing with all their might. Through one part of the field wandered a brook, almost buried in meadow-sweet and ragged robin. The hedges changed with the season, from the snows of may, through the pink of wild roses, to the rich autumn colours of the blackberries and hips and haws.”

Little children trailed along the hedge-banks hunting for the first sweet violets, or filling their hands with blue-bells, while high above their heads the birds nested in safety. It was just such a meadow as we think of when we sing,

“All things bright and beautiful,
The Lord God made them all.”

Then came the builders. The long arms of the town stretched out until one side of the field was gone, transformed into red villas and a hot-looking street. But the gate was locked, and the field did its best, though the birds went away, and the larks were heard no more.

One day a little party of small boys, bent on investigation and adventure, prowled round the outside, and oh, joy! they spied a weak place in the hedge. A little attention, and soon there was a hole large enough to admit the smallest one. That hole grew and grew. In a few days that field was the chief play-ground for the new neighbourhood. Bits of broken crock and stones were laid out in patterns, camp-fires were lit with sticks from the hedge, bricks and rough material were imported, the grass was pulled up for the sheer joy of it. Boys paddled in the brook; tin cans, jars, dishes were brought for the fish and tadpoles that still struggled for survival.

In a few weeks there was no meadow left; brick-

bats, old pots, and discarded tin buckets reigned; the place became a dumping-ground for all the rubbish of the neighbourhood; the brook was only traced by a trickle of dirty water, outlined by pots and pans.

Then came the War, and our field had its chance. Very soon a fence was up, plots were marked out, and in two or three months the place was changed. In the soft brown earth were the first tender shoots of many a healthy-looking plant; peas and beans were climbing; rows of potatoes were being earthed up; marrows were venturing their way on neatly-made mounds. Let us talk to this gardener, and hear how it was done:—

“No, no one could have done it alone; but we each did our own bit, and then when we looked up, why, there it was. We had to have a good clearance first? No, indeed; *we used all that was there*, and very useful it was, in its way!

“That old hedge there with the mound—do you see it? That was built of all the old cans and tins, and covered with the worst of the ground; and a good screen it makes. Look at these paths: broken bricks and crocks make it clean to walk on; and when the rubbish was just weeds, why, we burnt them, and then *they* were useful too. That little brook is just what we want now it is cleaned out, and saves many a journey for water. Hard work? Of course it was; but we don't mind that if its in a good cause: and, you know, ‘a garden is not made by singing “Oh, how beautiful!” and sitting in the shade.’ We get little bits of help from each other all round too. Its a real joy to see it now, and look back on what it was; and as for the youngsters, how they love to help; they wouldn't throw a stone this way now. Yes; I reckon this field is doing more good as it is, than even when it was meadow-land.”

And if the sight of such fields is going to help us to realize what might happen to England if we “each did our own bit” in the garden of the soul, and used what is at hand instead of waiting for the chance of “a good clearance” first, it will indeed be “a field that the Lord hath blessed.”

E. S. NEWMAN.

Weather and Health.

By Evelyn Dickinson,
M.B., Ch.M., D.P.H.

V. HOW COLD, HEAT, AND LIGHT EFFECT US.



HERE are persons who will tell you that weather makes no difference to them. Wet or fine, hot or cold, it is all one to them. They are the exceptions that prove the rule.

The majority of us have a decided preference, and are distinctly better in summer or winter—for stimulation or for soothing. Warmth is necessary in the extremes of life, for the babe in the cradle, and the grandfather by the fireside; but between these there is a very marked variation. Highly-strung, nervous persons, often thin, quick movers, with active minds, and small eaters, dislike the cold. Heavier and more forceful persons, slower in movement and in mind, but muscularly strong, with good appetites, and very efficient in work, whether of body or brain, dislike the heat. "Airy fairy Lilian" blossoms out in sunshine and southerly breezes, but John Bull is at his best in an east wind. It is not all plain sailing when one tries to explain this, but it is largely a question of whether one has a constitutional need of stimulation or of being slowed down.

Cold braces us, and, as the saying is, "gets a move on." We must generate more heat, therefore our intake of food must be greater; we are more hungry, and what we take in is more fully consumed and burnt up. The lungs and the heart work faster; the liver has more to do; healthy nerves with an ample sheath of fat, carry their messages more briskly; and the kidneys, to a considerable extent, have to do the work of the skin. Now this is excellent for solid people, with good reserves of energy, who probably always consume rather more than they require. The process of building up and breaking down of the tissues, which is called in Physiology "Metabolism," goes on at a great rate, and life is keyed up to concert pitch.

Weak, and more finely-strung folk, who habitually "take it out of themselves," who have small appetites, and what may be called a low physiological bank balance, find themselves unequal to the extra call on their resources. They feel over-strung and irritable; they cannot digest extra food, to provide extra heat; their taut nerves always labour at top speed, and the spur of an east wind goes near to snapping them! Such people sleep badly in frosty weather, and feel a general *malaise*.

In a hot climate all the tides of life run low; the only thing that is definitely more active being the skin, which incessantly cools the blood by the evaporation of sweat. The capillary vessels are dilated to supply extra blood to be cooled, and there is relatively less blood in the internal parts. Breathing is slower (because quick breathing pokes the fire, which is exactly what we have to avoid), and because hot air contains less oxygen by volume

than cold air, the lungs and the blood take in less of this. Now there are those who would dare to say that oxygen is life; I dare only to say that it is a most important part of it.

Health, of course, can be maintained by many Britons in the tropics, but at a comparatively languid rate. To the greater number of us there is a progressive exhaustion, and we cannot rear our children under Cancer and Capricorn. And yet, so far as our trunk skin is concerned, we live always in a tropical climate, for we are careful, by suitable clothing, to keep its temperature at about ninety degrees. The colder the climate the smaller the demand made by civilized races upon the adjustment of the skin. We cover ourselves up till almost the whole task is left to our respiratory passages, and in the old days of respirators even this was diminished.

Light also is a powerful stimulant, and the joy and gladness of a sunny day in England is not by any means only that of the eye. A sensitive person will be conscious of the vibrations of light rays even when there is no heat, and there is a distinct physical craving for "more light." Occasional sun baths of the whole body would be good for most of us islanders; but they should be short, for white skins are not adapted to receive them. There is a theory that the pigment-cells of the dark races transmute the long vibrations of light into the shorter ones of heat, which is then dealt with by the heat mechanism of the body. The negro, whose blackness is the perfect work of centuries, can safely sleep in the sun; but you and I, whose pigment-cells are few and feeble (even though we preen ourselves on a little holiday tan), would stand a good chance of death from destruction of nervous tissue.

The tale is ever the same; the races of the earth forming habits of mind and body to accommodate themselves to their environment. The negro, with his thick skull and jetty colouring, can defy both heat and light. The brown races temporize and avoid extremes of either; Indians wear the turban to protect the head. Italians have a proverb: "Englishmen and dogs walk in the sun." They themselves hug the shady side of their narrow streets, and take their daily siesta in darkened rooms what time the sun is high. Many untravelled persons in this country would declare that they are certain that they could never have enough of heat and light. I have declared it myself, and I have proved myself an ignoramus by long sojourn in the lands of the sun. It is difficult to realize untried conditions.

There is a true story of a late King of Siam who had been listening with much interest to a description by an Englishman at the Court of winter sports and wonders upon the ice. Suddenly the royal patience gave way, and the royal ignorance rebelled against what he heard. "This is all very amusing. Mr. —," said he, "and I am much obliged to you for your narrative; but as a matter of fact, of course, we all know that water is never solid!" Which is an allegory for us all.

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,* Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIGHTS OF HEAVEN.



LEONARD crawled out of the tent, where Captain Jack still lay warmly tucked up in his sleeping-bag.

They had been travelling for weeks, sometimes making not more than a mile or two a day, for the going was very bad; and it was almost more than the dogs could do to drag the sledges, laden with stores for a whole winter, up and down the icy slopes of that frozen ocean. Sometimes they would slip into an unseen fissure or crevasse hidden by the drifted snow, and hours were spent in dragging them out: more than one dog was lost in this way.

The party consisted of Captain Jack, Leonard Mills, the second engineer (who had some Arctic experience), the Eskimo, and eighteen dogs. The rest of the dogs, some of which were ill after weeks on board ship, were left behind with the *Pretty Peggy*, the chief engineer in charge: thus he and the rest of the crew would have means of travelling over the ice in case of a

needed rescue of their comrades, or of any accident to the ship during the coming months of winter.

The travellers were guided by the compass, according to Captain Jack's idea of the direction in which Mr. Malcolm had disappeared. And the Eskimo—Joe they called him, his own name being hard to pronounce—confirmed the lost explorer's belief that somewhere, many weeks' journey over ice-floes and by craggy ice-bound coasts where glaciers streamed down to the sea, there existed Eskimo huts where bold hunters were known even to spend the winter in quest of sealskins and walrus oil. From this settlement, if to be found, Malcolm

had dreamed of bringing back help to his friends in their camp near the wrecked *Butterfly*. But neither the explorers who rescued them in the spring, nor any other expedition of more recent days, had persevered so far in that difficult region as to find any trace either of Malcolm and his companions or of the little colony he had tried to reach.

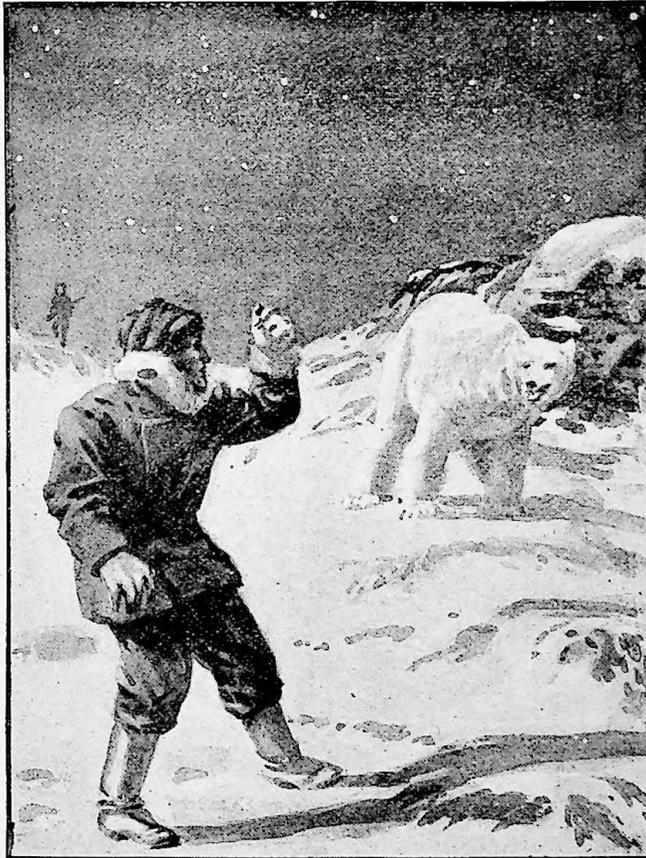
The tents had been pitched the day before in a rocky corner above the ice, sheltered by a spur of the mountain: not Mount Disaster, which was now left far behind, but an unnamed cape stretching into that seldom-travelled sea. Captain Jack had as yet flatly refused to alter "Mount Disaster's" name on the chart he carried with him.

"No, my lad. She must earn her new name first," he said.

"She will," said Leonard.

But in some of those sleepless nights in a stifling tent, while his companions snored within and the dogs without, and the dirt and smell were horrible to a lad brought up as he had been, it must be owned that his high spirit occasionally failed him. If one could have pushed on day and night, no matter if the frost numbed every feeling and

the air stopped your breath; pushed on till you dropped unconscious on the snow, yet knew that you were fighting this awful Nature to the end, and losing no moment in idle self-preservation—all might have seemed less unbearable. But the food was often repulsive, though a hungry man must eat it, and though he did his best to vary it with his gun. And the distances! He knew now what those adventurers had gone through who had voyaged in these seas before him. Not that their hardships had been his; but he began to understand them. And it was necessary for him, as probably for them, if all were known, to call up a great faith in the future,



"In another moment a large bear . . . came clumsily towards him."

a strong conviction that this patient slow advance was well worth while.

It was in one of these moods of depression that Leonard crept out into that Arctic night of early October. He stood still, astonished at the beauty of the world. The sky, blue above and shading into tints of violet, glittered with many stars, while a few clouds glowed round a great golden moon low in the south. Blue shadows lay on the rocky, snowy land and the waving surface of the frozen sea that stretched away into violet distances. Then suddenly over that scene of still peace there flashed and trembled those Northern Lights of which Leonard had read so many and such eloquent descriptions. Over the whole sky there fell "a veil of glittering silver, changing to yellow, to green, to red." This veil grew larger and then less, stretched itself in "bands of shining silver, billows of glittering rays." Tongues of flame darted upwards: then all died down into the moonlight, and for a few moments the world was unutterably pale and still, until those marvellous fireworks began again, wreathing themselves to the zenith in rainbow colours, from yellow to emerald-green and ruby-red.

What waste of beauty! some people might say. What a glorious exhibition for no human eyes but those of one young sailor, awake alone of his company.

Leonard walked on, looking up into the amazing firmament. One word came to his lips and unconsciously he said it aloud.

"Agnes!"

It was only for the last few months that he had known the name belonging to that loveliest of faces, and he thought it the loveliest of names. He had never spoken it before. In his talks with Captain Jack, frank as they were, the girl of his dreams had been most correctly "Miss Malcolm." But now—he was alone as he had never been alone since he left England: for, even in a solitary watch on deck, one never knew that somebody might not be within earshot. And as one beautiful thing recalls another, beauty itself taking so many forms, those Northern Lights in their changing brilliancy recalled dark shining eyes, a pale expressive face shadowed with dusky hair.

Leonard walked on, crossing dark rocks from which the snow had drifted away. In a few moments, owing to the turn of the coast, he was out of sight of the encampment. He bent his way, lit by the moon and the flashing sky, towards a higher point some hundred yards farther on. He had a restless desire to see what kind of country lay there, and whether land or sea would be the better going. He knew that Captain Jack had been somewhat troubled in the last few days by grumbling doubts from the Eskimo, who now began to say that it was a long time since he had heard any talk of that hunting-camp in the farthest region where desolate land met eternally frozen ocean. He hinted that possibly his countrymen had found their game too few and too hardly come by to make such a camp worth while. In that case, the search for Malcolm and his companions seemed to lose even its faint possibility of success.

Standing on the point at which he had aimed, Leonard looked down on a wide white plain crossed by mysterious blue shadows. Away to his right was the sea, but here the land lay almost level with it, a rough surface of boulders and snow. In the middle of this surface there was something which at once caught Leonard's eye. Standing up into the moonlight it looked like a pillar or tall heap of stones, not flung together by forces of nature, but piled by the hand of man.

Slipping and sliding down, Leonard went towards this object, which roused his curiosity. As he approached the cairn, for such it evidently was, he became aware that something was moving behind it: he himself was not the only living creature abroad in that Arctic night. He stopped, remembering that he had come out unarmed; the desire of escape from the tent had been so strong that he had not thought of snatching up his gun. In another moment a large bear, routing in the snow round the base of the cairn, raised its head, saw Leonard, and came clumsily towards him. It was growling, evidently hungry, and its green eyes shone like two small lamps in the night.

On such ground it was impossible to hurry, and steep icy slopes lay between Leonard and safety. He waved his arms in the air and shouted, hoping to frighten the great beast, but without the smallest effect. Then a voice from the height behind him cried out, "Stand aside while I shoot!" and the report of Captain Jack's gun had hardly echoed among the rocks when the bear fell dead, not a dozen yards from its intended victim.

"I woke and missed you." Captain Jack explained shortly. "I saw your gun was there. Remember, old chap, this is not a country for fooling."

When daylight arrived, such as it was, they examined the cairn. Inside it they found the remains of a small store of provisions, mostly perished in spite of being frozen, and a tin case with papers in Aleck Malcolm's writing, addressed to Captain Jack. After some of those scientific observations which were the joy of his life, he went on to say, "So far, all goes well. We are pressing steadily north-westward. I believe I shall find people and huts within a fortnight's journey. I shall then make my way back towards the *Butterfly*. Knowing the route, travel by moonlight will be possible. We are making a small depôt here, both in case of our return and to point out our whereabouts for any one who may chance to follow us, supposing our return to be delayed. Love to my wife and the girls, if you get back before me. Tell my little Agnes that her daddy will bring her some curiosities and a big Polar bear's skin."

A letter worth finding. But three long years had rolled away since it was written.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECOGNITION.

FROM the strengthening cold and deepening darkness of autumn in the Arctic the story must turn back for a few pages to summer in the English Midlands.

It was very hot at Marminster that July, and Agnes Malcolm had hoped that Mrs. Blunt would send her home for a holiday. Seamoor with its freshness seemed attractive; and, after more than eighteen months' absence, she longed to see Margaret. Then there was the still unsolved mystery of that letter. Mrs. Blunt had never alluded to it, and Agnes had not ventured to ask either her or Margaret. Simon Mills had not given any further explanation of his visit to Seamoor on that family business with which Margaret had certainly been somehow concerned. But indeed, for some reason unknown to her, Agnes had seen very little of Simon since that May evening when he brought her the roses, and when his looks and words had been such as would have excused any girl for wondering what would come next and what she ought to say to him.

Mrs. Blunt was less well that summer. In spite of the heat, her rheumatism troubled her greatly. She could not spare Agnes, who was a comfort to her in a thousand little ways, repaying her early kindness to the full. So, instead of sending the girl home, she invited Margaret Lynn to the Grange for a fortnight's holiday.

It was an oppressive evening. Agnes waited for her sister's train on the Marminster platform, and was standing alone when steps approached and a voice said close by: "Miss Malcolm, I hope you have not forgotten me."

She started, turned, and saw Simon Mills, who had just left a group of boys and girls—his young brothers and sisters, she supposed—with whom he had come to the station.

"You are not going away, I hope?" he said, having satisfied himself that Agnes was looking very well and prettier than ever.

"Oh, no. My sister is coming by this train. Mrs. Blunt has invited her—isn't it kind?"

"Really? Miss Lynn? Oh, jolly," said Simon.

But there was no pleasure in his voice, and Agnes was aware that he looked worried and careworn. Had there been time, she might have felt sorry

for him; but at that moment, fortunately, the train glided in.

"We are meeting a little chap from school," he said, lifted his hat, and moved away.

Half an hour later Margaret Lynn, flushed and tired from her long journey, was sitting in the cool drawing-room at the Grange. Agnes was pouring out tea. Mrs. Blunt, on her couch, studied the two unlike faces with keen, kind eyes. She had never seen Agnes so radiant. Silent while the others talked, her small thin hands busy among the teacups, the girl was smiling to herself, and Mrs. Blunt

felt satisfied with the success of this plan of hers.

"She looks a good, sensible, anxious sort of woman," Mrs. Blunt thought, observing Margaret. "Rather too fanciful—that was a silly letter she wrote me—but she meant well—didn't quite realize the disappointment—"

On the whole, she was in no hurry to discuss the subject with Margaret. She intended to do so, of course, but an opportunity might not be easily found, since the Arctic expedition was still unknown to Agnes. As to that, Mrs. Blunt had honourably kept silence, and Margaret was grateful. Less than ever she wished the girl to share her own burden of anxiety.

Margaret felt rested and comforted as she sat in the atmosphere of peace and

realized that this might very well be Agnes's home for the rest of her kind employer's life. Simon Mills's name had not cropped up so often lately in Agnes's letters; for this too Margaret was thankful. Her eyes wandered round the room in lazy content while she held out a bit of cake to old Muff, who had laid an imploring paw on her knee.

Then suddenly the scene changed. Margaret did not hear what Mrs. Blunt was saying to her. Muff scratched and whined, the cake remaining out of reach. Agnes, staring at her sister, allowed the kettle to deluge the teapot. Margaret's eyes were fixed on a small table near the window, where one or two framed photographs stood. Her flushed face became very pale, then the colour



"She held out a bit of cake to old Muff, who had laid an imploring paw on her knee."

returned slowly, and she pointed, leaning forward in her chair.

"Who is that?" she said.

"Agnes, look at what you are doing!" said Mrs. Blunt sharply. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lynn?"

Margaret rose: in so doing, with unconscious dexterity, she dropped the cake into Muff's mouth. Crossing the room, she stood before the table and pointed at the photograph of a lad in flannels, taken three years ago, when Leonard Mills had won a pair of sculls at the Marminster regatta, and preferred by Mrs. Blunt to any other likeness of her godson.

"Who is that young man?" said Margaret, a little hoarse and trembling.

"Miss Lynn, what do you mean? Do you know him? Have you seen him before?" Mrs. Blunt cried in great agitation.

"Of course I have! Tell me at once, Agnes. Who is he?"

Terrified at the passionate, peremptory words, Agnes stammered out—"That one? the one in flannels? It is Mr. Leonard Mills, who—who—" and then, suddenly noticing that Mrs. Blunt had fallen back on the cushions, her hand on her heart, she sprang forward to fetch a bottle of smelling-salts from the shelf behind the sofa.

But Margaret was before her. She was kneeling beside Mrs. Blunt, rubbing her hands, speaking quickly: "Don't give way! Yes, it was he—it was indeed. You are glad, are you not? Danger? Yes; but if human courage and care can bring him back safe, Ernest Jack will. As to himself, he knows I must have him back, and he won't break my heart, I'm sure. So, dear Mrs. Blunt, let us hope for the best, won't you? What a charming boy! I don't wonder you love him."

Mrs. Blunt pulled herself together. She looked at Margaret with a sort of surprise, nodded, and tried to smile.

"Thank you. Yes, I'm very glad. Agnes, this tea is cold and weak. Give your sister another cup, and me too, if you have not entirely drowned it. Tea-making needs attention and presence of mind."

Both girls thought Mrs. Blunt amazing. Agnes

knew her well enough to obey without a word, though she felt puzzled and curious to the last degree. What did Margaret mean by her talk of danger, of courage, of breaking hearts? When and where had she seen Leonard Mills, and what had Captain Jack to do with it all?

Margaret herself was not so easily silenced by a second cup of tea but Mrs. Blunt did not complain.

"Of course, then," she said, "Mr. Leonard Mills had seen Agnes, though his cousin declared he had not. Yes, Agnes, he recognized your photograph, you know. That was what first made me guess; and I guessed right! That was why I wrote to Mrs. Blunt. I wonder why Mr. Simon Mills was so sure."

"Don't look at me like that!" cried Agnes, more and more bewildered. "What do you mean? I don't know what you are talking about!"

"You forget, Miss Lynn," Mrs. Blunt said rather severely, "that, by your own request, Agnes knows nothing at all. Now, of course, you will tell her everything. In the meanwhile, my dear child, answer me. Did you ever see Leo Mills before he left home? I should like to be certain on that point."

Agnes coloured and hesitated. "Not really, I think. I can't exactly say I saw him. Not to know him again, I mean."

"You are talking nonsense. Explain yourself. If you saw him, you have not forgotten him."

"I saw a face at the window—that Christmas Eve. I couldn't say what it was like. You made me look out, but no one was there. You said afterwards—after Mr. Simon came—'Now we know who looked in,' and I supposed you meant Mr. Leonard."

"I remember," said Mrs. Blunt. "It is puzzling," and she glanced at Margaret, who was equal to the occasion.

"But he, looking in at the window, would have seen Agnes."

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Blunt. "Now, you two, go into the garden and have your talk out. I must think."

And she thought—"His grandfather must know. Simon shall have the pleasure of telling him."

(To be continued.)

What the Prophets really Teach:

Some Points about Reality in Religion.¹

By the Rev. R. G. Parsons, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, and Vicar of Poynton, Cheshire.

I. SINCERITY AND KNOWLEDGE.

ONE of the greatest evils in human history has been that of unreality in religion. Just because religion regulates our thought and conduct in relation to the most vital matters, good and evil, life and death, man and God, if it becomes

perverted it can, and often has, caused more harm than any other force at work in the world.

It was bitter reflection on the wrongs wrought by the superstitious intolerances of the old paganism of the Greeks and Romans which led the most sincere and religious of all Roman poets, Lucretius, to exclaim in a famous verse against the greatness

¹ To understand the place of the prophets we have to recollect that almost all their books were—like our modern hymn books—collections, rearranged for religious purposes. But the men whose names are given to the great books are in order: Amos (about 760) and Hosea (740), who prophesied while Israel and Judah were prosperous; Isaiah (737) and Micah (735). The Northern Kingdom fell in 722: Jerusalem not till 586, at which time Jeremiah was prophesying; but Ezekiel with other prisoners was deported to Babylon in 797. During all that period the prophets were teaching a spiritual religion, but the people preferred either a lower kind of the true religion or heathenism.—[ED. SIGN.]

of the evils to which religion had persuaded men. And our LORD Himself concentrates His most scornful anger on "hypocrisy," that is, insincerity and unreality in religion.

Now the Hebrew prophets were pioneers **Sincerity**. in this as in many other matters. One and all they are inspired by a magnificent sincerity; one and all they fearlessly attack anything in the religion of their time which is untrue and unreal. As we trace their teaching from that of Amos, the earliest to write down his message, to the latest books of the prophets after the exile, this bright blaze of sincerity illumines all they said and did. And surely this is one of the most important of the lessons they have to teach us now.

What forms did the unreality take which they so fiercely attacked? Two principal ones: (1) Formalism, (2) ignorance.

Let us see how they dealt with formalism. Amos opened the campaign by proclaiming God's certain punishment of Israel for its evils. At the royal sanctuary at Bethel, he attacked the national Church of the time, regardless of the fact that it had the prestige of the king's patronage, and was no doubt notable for the number and cost of its services of sacrifice and the crowds of worshippers which it attracted. But so long as this great outward show of religious observance was accompanied by the injustice, cruelty, and vice which were prevalent throughout the land, Amos was convinced that it was worse than useless. Isaiah was even more outspoken. In the great prophecy with which his book opens we read:—

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the LORD. . . . Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto Me. . . . I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn assembly. . . . Your appointed feasts My soul hateth. . . . wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widows."

And Micah, about the same time, in words no less striking, proclaimed the same message:—

"Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings? . . . Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (*Mic.* vi. 6-8).

Ourselves, our Souls, and Bodies. In such teaching as this the prophets foreshadowed the great truth which was clearly revealed in the Life and Death and Resurrection of our LORD, that the only sacrifice acceptable to God is the offering of a man's self, his soul and body, to His service and obedience. Our LORD's is the "one true, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice." He alone offers Himself blameless to God. Our worship is acceptable only in so far as it is an honest and sincere effort to offer ourselves, imperfect, sinful though we be, in the Spirit and love of CHRIST, to the service of God and our fellow men.

Our worship in church has value only in so far as it strengthens and inspires us to offer such "holy, living and reasonable" sacrifice throughout our daily lives; and we can judge of the reality of that worship by its effects.

To-day the Church has multiplied its services, and conducts them with a splendour and beauty of outward adornment, music and ritual, architecture and art, in a manner unsurpassed in any previous age. But by itself this is and must always be valueless; only in so far as this worship is not just an external formality, but is a means for expressing and increasing our inward devotion to God, and God's revealed will, of truth and justice, of purity and love, can it be acceptable to Him and good for men. Is our worship as a matter of fact producing this result?

The prophets have also often to complain of the ignorance of Israel. "My **Rejecting Knowledge.** people perish for lack of knowledge," cries God through the lips of Hosea. "Because thou hast rejected knowledge I will reject thee." Both people and priests were content to remain ignorant; they had no passion for the truth; they preferred prophets who prophesied smooth things, and cried "Peace, peace" where there was no peace; till at length Jeremiah is forced to say:—

"A wonderful and horrible thing is come to pass in the land: the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means: and My people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?" (*Jer.* v. 30).

We live in days in which knowledge is being vastly increased. The wonderful discoveries of science are the distinguishing marks of our time; and in the amazing experiences of this war we have learnt many lessons of which we were ignorant before. As Mr. Lloyd George has said, in a prophetic passage:—

"We are a thousand years older and wiser now. The experience of generations has been crowded into a few winters, and we should be unworthy of the great destiny to which providence has called this generation if we cast that all away for the sake of any formulas that were framed before the flood."

The nations are learning political wisdom from the events of our time; is the Church ready likewise to learn religious wisdom from the same lessons? A Church which is not bent on learning fresh truth as God reveals it can never teach the world; Christians who do not seek for knowledge can never be good disciples and messengers of the Truth. If our religion is to be sincere and real, it must be a religion which takes account of all the facts and truths which modern science and experience are discovering; it will not be content to go on in ignorance. Reality in religion implies incessant readiness to learn, and the steady effort to grow in wisdom and in knowledge. The prophets teach us to-day, as they taught the Israelites of old, to overcome ignorance, if we would do the will of God. And our LORD Himself enforces their teaching when He tells us, "Seek, and ye shall find"; and "They that worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Notes on Roodcreens. By D. H. Moutray-Read.

"O Lord, prepare our arts to praye : Anno 1632."—Motto on Screen cornice at Elworthy.

I. MEMORIALS OF THE PAST.

BEFORE the days of rapid transport, when many folk were born, lived their lives, died, and were buried, in the same small radius wherein probably their forefathers likewise

were born and buried, the details of their surroundings attained an importance which, for the most part, is far to seek to-day. We are apt to think of their lives as circumscribed and narrowed. True, they had not the varied choice of interests open to their descendants now; but they had others that we know little or nothing about, and they left behind them gifts which have enriched our islands—beautiful memorials that stand unsurpassed by modern efforts, despite all that scientific progress has done to make those efforts more effective.

In no particular is this more plainly to be noted than in our churches, especially in our village churches. There was a personal note in the past. When a man's interests were centred on his immediate neighbourhood local features assumed an individual importance. They were, so to speak, individual possessions. Nor had the rich a monopoly. The humblest, the poorest, might have some share, both of possession and performance. We see to-day in those grand old buildings, found more often in country corners than in city thoroughfares, monuments achieved by the poor man's pence as well as the rich man's gold. One might almost say

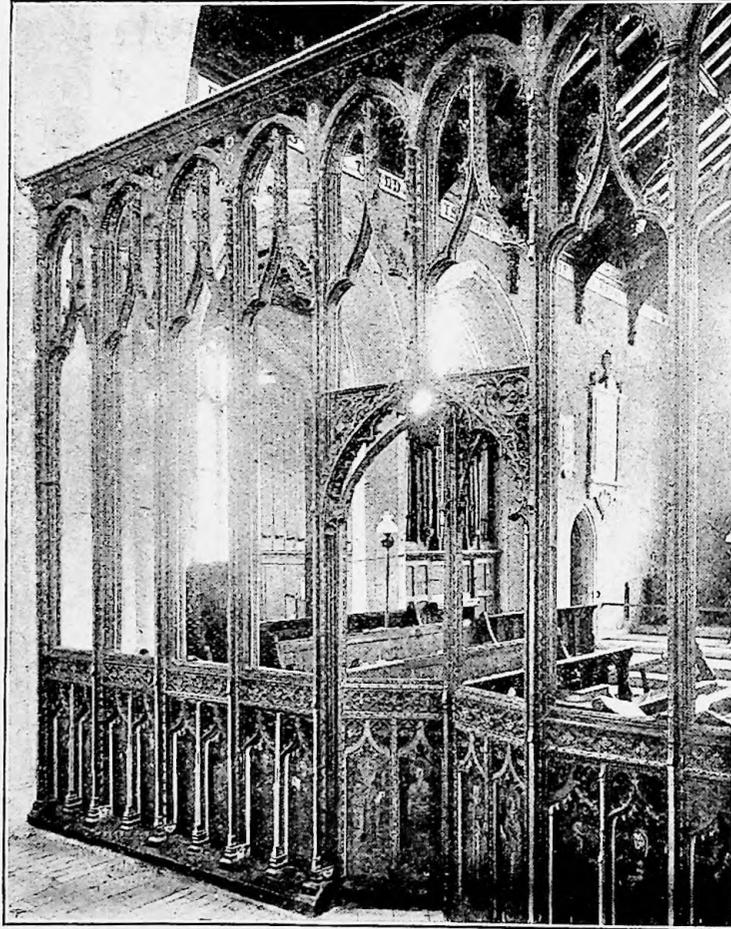
more often, for the wealthy donors were only too apt to destroy their ancestors' buildings in order to erect what a more modern, but often a less admirable, fashion dictated. Some, therefore, of the finest achievements of bygone times are at once the work of unknown hands and the gifts of long-

forgotten benefactors. If Flambard, the unscrupulous justiciar of an unscrupulous king, gave us Durham's majestic cathedral and the great priory at Christchurch, no history tells of the builders who successively were responsible for the building of Romsey's beautiful abbey.

Nor does this lack of record hold good merely of the buildings; it applies even more inclusively to church ornaments and furniture. Here and there an old parish account book may tell of this or that gift or donor; elsewhere tradition perpetuates the possible source of earlier gifts.

Moreover, we are not exclusively indebted for these to wealthy benefactors. The tower of Soberton Church, some twelve miles or so north-west of Portsmouth, in the valley of the Meon, was built, we are informed, by a butler and a dairy-maid. It was restored in recent years by means of a fund raised for that purpose among the servants in the county—Hampshire.

To turn to our more immediate subject, the parishioners of a Somersetshire parish (Queen Camel) erected the rood loft. "One Ralph Clies,

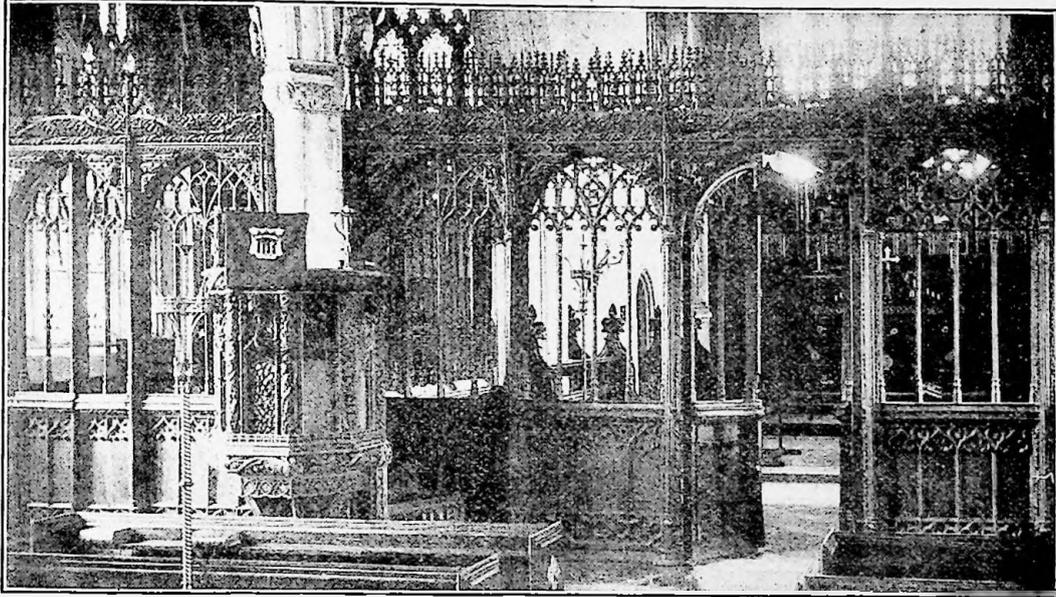


CAWSTON.

[Cyril Ellis.]

master smith," gave a screen to the church at St. Ives. A lordly gift this, but there is plentiful record of humbler benefactions. John Tayler, of Biddenden, in Kent, left by will, in 1479, the

Saints', Kenton, was the work of Flemish craftsmen, and that it was designed for Lima Cathedral, not the Devonshire church.* Another tradition, extant in that county and its neighbour Somerset, is to the



ALL SAINTS', KENTON.

[Cyril Ellis.]

sum of sixpence for "painting of St. Katherine, now in the Roodloft." Two years previously a neighbour, Lawrence Peel by name, had left eightpence "to making a new image of St. Lawrence in the new Roodloft." At Dunster, in 1514, Symon Pers "left 20*d.* to the Rode lyght." On one of the panels of the Cawston screen is an inscription, after the Norfolk custom, "Pray for the sowlis of William Atereth and Alice his wyff, the weche did these IV Penys peynte": "penys" meaning panels, not pence.

In short, the majority of testamentary dispositions of those days include legacies devoted to church ornamentation, more especially for the painting, or decoration otherwise, of the roodscreens in the parish churches.

The craftsmen who fashioned these Mediaeval beautiful specimens of mediaeval art Craftsmen. were doubtless often members of some monastery in the vicinity of the church, or a school in connection with such monastery. They are eminently the outcome of local achievement in every sense. Evidence exists in certain of the parish records of the employment of lay carvers also. Occasionally there is note of a carver, or of a portion of woodwork, being brought from a distance. Tradition, in a few cases, even gives an entirely alien origin: for instance, a local tale asserts that the magnificent screen now in All

effect that a considerable amount of carving in several of the west country churches was executed by a band of Flemish carvers who went from place to place in the middle of the sixteenth century.

In support of this it has been noted that work in the churches of Bishops Lydeard, Whitestanton, and elsewhere, distinctly shows a foreign influence in design, if not in execution. But in any case it would not be surprising to find traces of continental art in the ornament of west country churches, when one remembers that Devon especially was a county of sea-going folk. We learn from the parish accounts at Yatton, on the contrary, that the authorities there sent representatives to Frome, Bristol, and Easton-in-Gordano, to inspect woodwork; an entry under date 1454 records that boards were obtained from Southampton, and also the drawings and colours for the screen; whilst a "chandelier yn the Rodeloft" was bought from a Coningsbury man. It cost 13*s.* 4*d.* In the same record is the well-known entry about Crosse the joiner, "For ale gevyn to Crosse yn certeyn tymes yn his worke to make hym well wellede iid." (To be continued.)

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Acquit thee bravely; play the man,
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains,
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

G. HERBERT.

* It has been pointed out that the screen predates the cathedral by some fifty or sixty years. cf. F. Bligh Bond and Dom Bede Camm, *Roodcreens and Roodlofts*, Vol. II, p. 326.

In Touch. & By Mary Bradford Whiting.

"IT'S no good—not one earthly bit of good!" said John Jevons. "I've heard it all before a hundred dozen times over! That sort of pap may do for fools, but I'm not taking any, and that 's all about it!"

He flounced over on his pillow as he spoke and lay with his back turned to the young man who sat beside his bed.

It was not the rudeness of the words that drew Austin Barratt's lips together and set a line of pain across his forehead. It was the utter hopelessness of his task: he knew this type of man so well—the man whose superior education and respectable habits are no help, but rather a hindrance, to his inner life. It was but a few months since he had been appointed to this South London parish, but already he had found that the outcast and degraded are often more willing to open their hearts than those who pride themselves on their own goodness. He had knelt before now by a heap of rags in a foul cellar and caught the whispered words of penitence and prayer, but in this clean and tidy room he knew that there was no response to the message he brought.

"Will you let me read you a few verses before I go?" he said, after a moment's silence.

The sick man flounced round again, and stared at him savagely.

"No, I won't!" he said. "Take yourself off and let me alone! Isn't it hard enough to have to lie here without being jawed at? I'd rather have been knocked out altogether than have a bullet through my lung and be left to die of consumption by inches. If you'd lain out in the cold, as I have, with shells pounding over your head and not a drop of drink to put between your lips, you'd know something about it. Yours is a soft job, and you'd better stick to it, and let men alone. It's only women and children that you are fit to talk to."

His tone was insolent to the last degree, but Austin heeded only the anguish that underlay it.

"Where was it that you got your wound?" he asked, ignoring the latter part of the speech.

"Oh! no, you don't get me that way!" said Jevons, sneeringly. "I did my bit for the old country, but I'm not going to make a song about it. I've not scored much out of it, still I daresay I should be fool enough to do it again if I'd got the chance."

There was some touch of grace in the last words,

but he was in such a dogged mood of opposition that Austin felt there was nothing for it but to wait a better opportunity; and, rising from his seat, he put his hand in his breast-pocket.

"Perhaps you will like to look at this some-time?" he said, as he held out a little book.

"No, thanks; I've no use for that sort of trash!" said Jevons; and, without pressing the matter, Austin put the book back, but as he did so his hand came in contact with something that lay at the bottom of his pocket, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, he drew it out; it was a tiny cross, rudely fashioned of wood, and he held it up before the sick man's eyes.

"I got that on the wettest, coldest day I ever remem-

ber," he said abruptly; "the trenches were full of liquid mud, but we were hot enough when the scrap was over and we'd thrown the Bosches over again. The shells were sweeping across No Man's Land, but there were one or two of us who couldn't bear to hear the cries of a poor chap who lay out among the craters—for we knew his own people wouldn't bring him in—they've little more mercy on their own wounded than they have on ours."

Jevons was listening now, listening with an astonishment that he made no attempt to conceal.

"But I thought you were a parson!" he said.

"So I am," said Austin; "but I wasn't born a parson any more than you were born a railway goods' clerk! I was reading for my examination when the war broke out, and I enlisted right away;



"Jevons stopped him with outstretched hand."

and I can tell you that I learnt more in the trenches than I ever learnt in all my life before!"

"Then why did you leave them?" said Jevons in a tone that was not quite so contemptuous as he strove to make it.

Austin pointed to his leg.

"That had to come off just under the knee," he said. "Thanks to the skill of the artificial-limb makers I can walk with nothing worse than a limp, but I'm no good in the field, of course. Let me finish my story, though. My mate and I crawled over the parapet and went after the poor fellow, and got him in and bandaged him up as best we could, for there was no chance of getting him to a dressing-station. We couldn't understand a word he said, and we'd no way of making him understand us; but we soon saw that he was going out, and that nothing could save him. I could see that he was trying to pray, so I knelt down beside him and wished with all my heart that I knew a word or two of German; but it was no good wishing, so I got hold of the little cross that I'd worn inside my tunic, the badge of the Church Guild that I belonged to at home, and held it out to him, and if you'd seen the smile that broke out on his poor, blood-stained face, you'd know that there are souls still in some of those fellows, brutes as we may think them!"

He stooped to steady his voice, but Jevons made no attempt to speak, and after a moment he went on again.

"I saw that he was fumbling at his shirt as if he wanted to open it, and when I undid it for him I saw this little cross hanging round his neck; he tried to

put it into my haud, and I knew that he wanted to give it to me, and after he was dead I took it off and put my own in its place. He lies in a French grave, dug by English hands, but when I see him again—as see him I shall—we shall be able to understand one another, and we shall be enemies no longer, for all the wars and strifes of earth will be forgotten, and we shall only remember that we are both soldiers of one Captain—CHRIST, the Captain of our salvation."

He got up to go with the last words, but Jevons stopped him with outstretched hand.

"If there's one thing I hate, it's eating humble pie," he said, "but I'm going to eat it now! I take back all the things I've thrown at you, the soft job and the trash and all the rest of it! You've been through the mill same as me, and same as thousands of us in the land to-day, and you have earned the right to be listened to. I don't say that I'm going to believe all you tell me right away—that wouldn't be reasonable—but I'll turn it over in my mind and give it a fair chance. Hand over your little book, and I'll read it, and we'll talk about it next time you come to see me."

Austin Barratt had been hard at work all day, and as he limped back through the streets to the house where he lodged, his leg ached cruelly. But instead of depressing him the pain gladdened him, for he knew that in sharing danger, toil, and wounds with his fellow countrymen he had been brought into touch with them, and that that new power, given not to him alone, but to many another, was the promise of a rebirth in the world and in the Church.

The Child of God: Practical Thoughts on the Religion of Little Children.

By E. S. Newman, Hon. Member of the Bishop of London's S.S. Council.

III. FIRST DEEDS.

"To work is to pray."



THE child of God must lead a godly—God-like—life, and work is the outstanding characteristic of God; "each thought of God is a work." We may share in His work if we will; is not that what our LORD came to teach us? "My FATHER worketh hitherto, and I work."

In our last article we saw how baby imitates what he hears, and we know from experience he imitates even more readily what he sees.

"Look, mummy! me dusting! me washing!" All the little household duties are faithfully carried out. "If the washerwomen rinsed their clothes in as much clean water as baby does they would be clean," said a housekeeper of some experience.

Are these homely activities of any use, then, in training for worship? Has baby any other instincts that will lead him to work for the God about Whom he is gradually learning?

Baby "helps" mother; what little child does not love to be of use? Who does not want to be where mother is? They are often dreadfully Beginning in the way; but look at the joy in Mary's Work. face as she staggers along, carrying the big bag with the shopping in it. "It is so heavy, let mother have it," is met with the protest, "It's not too heavy for me." Or Willie goes out alone to shop, his money tightly clasped in a fat and very hot little hand. He is very intent, and has no time to linger. Mother has trusted him, and he is very much impressed with the fact. "Can't come, I'm busy," he calls to his playmates. There we see joy in work, in service for others, and the beginning of faithful work, the answer to responsibility.

Let us train it, exercise it, practise it, that it may be a habit as the children get older, for them to look round and see where they can help. I suppose we have all come across the mother who says "I never feel happy when Jackie is out of my sight, he gets up to such tricks"; and she looks and lives a life of worry. There is also—do we not know her too?—the mother who says, "Oh, I never

bother about the children when Fred is with them, I can trust him anywhere." This, then, is the beginning of a child's religion in action—that he can work for, help, and be trusted by his parents, who stand to him in the place of God.

Let us visit a school, and peep into **First Gifts.** the baby-room at lunch time, or into a crèche at the same important hour.

The children are sitting round a baby-table in their little chairs, unpacking their parcels of "lunch." Freddy is sitting next to Jackie now, and all are absorbed in what they are unwrapping. Jackie has sweets, a piece of bread-and-jam, and some cherries. Fred has two slices of bread-and-dripping and a bun. Quick as thought Jackie is offering some of his delicacies, to make things more even.

Gracie, aged three, dropped her lunch on the way, and only brought the paper, and is in tears.

"Will any one give Gracie just a little bit of their lunch?" says the teacher, and instantly Gracie is in danger of being overfed. Sweets, fruit, greasy bread, crumbly cake, all are held out gladly, and willingly for Gracie's con-

sumption, and feelings may be hurt, and sulks may follow, unless teacher has much tact in accepting something from every one.

Is not this the beginning of training in the gift of a cup of cold water? Little children are always ready to share the things they like, and I have had to accept, and often eat at once, pieces of biscuit and sticky sweets picked out with great care from a paper bag or trouser pocket by not over-clean fingers. But, surely, any thing is better than "No thank you, dear; keep it for yourself." Perhaps such refusals may account for some of the selfishness of later years. The child must begin with the brother whom he hath seen, and in whom consequently he is interested, and understands; and then we may be sure he will serve the God Whom he hath not seen. (1 S. John iv. 20.)

Here we have Bible proof to tell us that we are doing things in the right **First** order when we begin as I have suggested. **Worship.**

We do not stop there, however, for worship in church must be part of our baby's training; so he saves his *own* farthing to put in the alms-bag; he gathers his *own* flowers to offer them at the Flower Service.

Have you asked any little ones what they like best in Church, or do you already know? Is it not very evident by their fidgeting, or their silence, what appeals to them?

Movements are what they watch and remember. The baptism of a little brother is centred in the moment when he receives his name and is signed with the Cross. The procession in and out of church, the offertory, the singing, especially when he knows the tune, and, best of all, the children's procession, in which he actually takes part, and is generally too busy to sing! These are the joys of worship to him, and these are the means of teaching him about worship,



[World's Graphic Press Ltd
LUNCH-TIME ON THE ROOF OF A MISSION KINDERGARTEN.

for these are what he asks about. "Mother, why does he do that? Why do we stand up? What is that man in white going over there for? Why do you say hush? Why musn't I speak?"

These are some of the many questions that arise—and at home it is the movements that he remembers and imitates. "They all shut their eyes, *so*. He walked very slowly, like this. I'm in church, mummy; look, I'm singing; here's the big book."

The little ones are full of interest, and intent on watching what is done. This will lead us to select, for their first worship in church, those services where music and movement predominate.

o o o o o o o o

I WATCH for search-lights in the sky,

And try to count them overhead,

Until I think I hear them cry,

"Dear child, good-night! Go safe to bed."

So then, before I go to sleep,

I kneel and say a little prayer,

That God in safety too will keep

Our brave defenders in the air.—BLUE BIRD.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at the annual meeting of the **National Society**, said the Church must welcome the appointment as head of the Board of Education a Minister who was a professional educationalist. It would mean, and rightly, that a very high standard of efficiency in the schools would be required and no lessening of the financial strain upon Church people. He thought the prospects of education with religion as its core were by no means depressing or such as to cause undue anxiety.

The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich laid stress upon the importance of a thoroughly adequate remuneration of those who were engaged in the responsible task of training the children of the country and the equally essential duty of seeing that teachers were adequately trained. He thought that the bitter controversies which had hindered progress in the past were being 'left behind,' and that the prospects of settlement of the difficulties which had so far baffled them were promising.

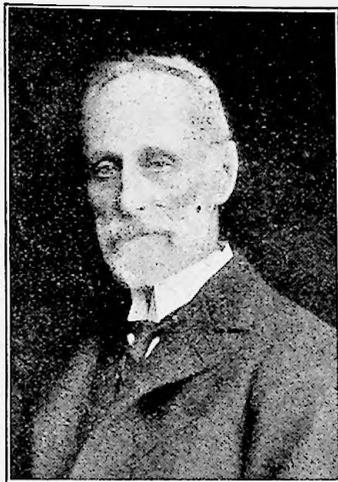
THE new Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, the **Rev. J. K. Mozley**, is taking up regular parochial work for the first time since his Ordination in 1909. In that year he was appointed Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which he was formerly scholar; and he has taken a leading part in the theological studies and teaching of the University. He is the husband of the author of *Encharistic Fellowship*, a little book of devotions and readings recently published by Messrs. Mowbray.

MUCH has been written of the experiences of the **English missionaries** interned in Africa, but the following extract from the journal of one of them will interest all who care for foreign missions:—

"I can hear one of our teachers outside the gate washing clothes. He is here a prisoner like myself. He has been through cruelty and ill-treatment so hard as actually to kill many of his fellows. But he washes the padres' clothes for nothing, and while he washes he sings, 'We praise Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.'

"Here is a child of GOD: he has done twenty-one months of cruel imprisonment and hard labour and many undeserved floggings, solely because he has given his life to the service of GOD and is by profession a Christian teacher. And at the end of it he still looks up and sings, 'We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.' And there are still some left who tell us, 'It is quite useless trying to teach Africans Christianity.'"

THE dedication of the second western spire of **Edinburgh Cathedral** crowns the work of the completion of the cathedral which was taken in hand by the bishop on his appointment to the see seven years ago. Dr. Walpole himself performed the dedication, and the sermon at the Service of Thanksgiving was preached by the Archbishop of Dublin. The two spires, which have cost over £12,000, are now entirely free from debt.



[Elliott & Fry.]

THE VISCOUNT HALIFAX, who has just entered his 79th year, mentioned at the recent Annual Meeting of the English Church Union that it was the fiftieth anniversary at which it had been his duty to prepare an address for the members. Lord Halifax has been President of the E.C.U. since 1869.

THE late Canon Allen Edwards was born in 1844, and ordained in 1867, from which date he spent the whole of his life in Lambeth, first as Curate of S. Stephen's, and from 1874 as Vicar of All Saints', South Lambeth. He was an Evangelical, who worked loyally with others in promoting the best interests of the Church, especially on the London School Board, of which he was a member in the time of acute religious controversy. It is said that he was offered more than one bishopric, but declined to leave his poor people in Lambeth, to whom he had devoted his life.

THE residentiary canonry in Southwark Cathedral, vacated by the death of Canon Allen Edwards, has been filled by the appointment of the **Rev. R. C. Joynt**, Vicar of Christ Church, Gipsy Hill. Canon Joynt, who is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, spent the first fourteen years of his ministry at Darnall and at S. George's, Sheffield. He was appointed to his present living in 1895, became Rural Dean of Dulwich in 1905, and Honorary Canon of Southwark in 1911.

IN announcing the appointment of the **Bishop of Hull** to the residentiary canonry in York Minster vacated by Canon Tupper-Carey's acceptance of the Vicarage of Huddersfield, the Archbishop of York said that he had long felt the strain involved in adding to all Dr. Gurdon's episcopal work the charge of the large and growing Parish of Hessele was more than the bishop ought to bear. His appointment as canon residentiary will

enable him, save for his three months of residence, to give his whole time and strength to his work as bishop. He will remain Vicar of Hessele till the beginning of next year.

As a result of **seventy-six years' work**—from 1840 to October 31st last—the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have augmented and endowed upwards of eight thousand benefices. The value of these grants exceeds £1,070,000 a year in perpetuity. A sum of not less than £44,000 a year is contributed by benefactors to meet temporary grants for curates. And in all the increased provision for the cure of souls in necessitous parishes resulting from the operations of the Commissioners exceeds in value £1,378,000 a year.

PREACHING at the Annual Festival of the English Church Union, Prebendary Boyd said that to him it seemed one of the magnificent parts of the ministry, of the present **Archbishop of Canterbury** that he had been called to do positive constructive work all through, and to meet difficult situations. Everybody had said that religion in the country was dying out. The archbishop's reply was the National Mission. Everybody had found fault with it, and nobody had suggested anything better. Other matters had arisen, such as Church Finance and Prayer Book Revision, and the archbishop had done his best in every case.

THE **Rev. G. H. W. Bromfield** has just completed fifty years of service in one parish, that of S. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth. He went there in 1867 as curate to Dr. Gregory, afterwards Dean of S. Paul's, whom, in 1874, he succeeded as vicar. He was Rural Dean of Lambeth for thirty-two years, and became Honorary Canon of Rochester in 1898 and of Southwark on the formation of that diocese in 1905.

OTHER clergymen who have recently completed fifty years of ministerial work are the **Rev. W. C. Heaton**, Vicar of S. Bride's, Fleet Street; and the **Rev. J. O. Bevan**, Rector of Chillenden, Canterbury. Mr. Bevan was originally apprenticed to a civil engineer, but on the expiration of his articles entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1867.

IN his recent sermon at S. Paul's Cathedral on "The Democracy and the Future," Canon Alexander made a strong appeal to the Government with regard to the **housing question**. He said that there would be no home worth the name for thousands of our returning soldiers unless steps were taken in good time. We wanted a great development of our rural districts. Agriculture would have to play a much larger part than it had lately done in the economy of the country. The essential thing was that the preparatory work should be well advanced before the war was over.

Our Query Corner: Hints for some of our Correspondents.

**** RULES.**—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise; our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*

1143. Has a well-to-do communicant any right whatever to refuse to aid the diocesan finance scheme?

"Diocesan finance" is a very unattractive name, and we wish that it had seemed good to our authorities to keep that title for their own use in accounts.

If we can tell people their help is asked for the active work for which the Church has no other money whatever, and that this collection is for the common good, it may be that they will give more readily. Often it is only by giving full reasons and some tiny bit of detail that one can persuade people to do anything. If one penny weekly be the minimum subscription there really is no reason why a man should not give, *when he sees why*, to this most righteous and really essential call of a living Church. Our religion is maintained by a few living people and the dead in CHRIST.

1144. Should not Churchwardens and other officers be really Church people?

The whole question is a mass of difficulties. Technically, the legal requirement is that a Churchwarden should be a resident ratepayer, but it is an absurd anomaly for any one to be elected to the post who is not a faithful member of the Church. A local lawyer, however, can alone give *ad hoc* advice safely. The time to protest is before the Easter Vestry.

The terms on which the organist is engaged are a matter for the incumbent at the time when he is engaged. Again, even artistically, it is the wrong ideal to have one who is merely a musician and not also a Churchman. The following works will probably meet your requirements:—Blunt's *Book of Church Law* (8s. 6d. net), Chancellor Smith's *Law of Churchwardens and Sidesmen* (2s. 6d. net), and Chancellor Smith's *The Church Handbook* (2s. 6d. net; paper edition, 1s. net).

1145. Why should a wedding be put off till "after Lent"?

The chief reason which prompts good Church people to discountenance weddings during Lent is found in the

custom of the early Church by which good Christians abstained from festivities in seasons of fasting. During war-time Christians may have to marry when men—and sometimes women—can get leave. But we should like to re-word your question: Why should members of the Catholic Church, according to the traditions of the Church of England, expect normally to be married

auditor must, of course, use his own judgement as to what constitutes a "charitable society." But in any such case he certainly would not be held liable for conspiracy to defraud the revenue of the country.

1147. Can Church people have any ceremony in church if they have been obliged to marry elsewhere for legal reasons?

The question you put frequently arises in regard to marriage before consuls abroad, as well as ordinary registrars. The marriage out of church (if legal according to English law, and, in the case of foreigners, Continental law) is a valid marriage according to the law of the Church as well as the law of the land, and no doubt should be cast on its validity. But if the parties to the marriage are Church people they will also desire the Church's blessing, which will be given by the Marriage Service, with alterations which the priest will make, and probably also they would wish for a celebration of the Holy Eucharist. There is no necessity that the Church service should be held in the church of the parish where the civil ceremony was performed.

1148. Is it not better for a frequent communicant to vary the preparation found in little manuals?

A frequent communicant will naturally develop methods of her own, keeping the formal preparation for occasional use. Some plan may be made in MS., so that the round of the life and its environment may be covered in a certain time. Again, in using this freedom, the meditations on subjects worked out at other times for conduct, devotion, and Communion will be needed.

We know no better basis to develop from than pp. 36, 37 of *Before the Throne* (2s. 6d. net), and a newer, very inspiring manual, *The Altar of Fellowship* (3s. net). Subjects for intercessions can be found in Benson's *Manual of Intercessory Prayer* (9d. net), or *Sursum Corda* (2s. net). G. Mozley's *Eucharistic Fellowship*, just published (4d. net), is very helpful.

Our Notice Board.

"Direct, sanctify, and govern both our hearts and bodies."

AUGUST, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.

5. S. 9 Sunday after Trinity.
12. S. 10 Sunday after Trinity.
19. S. 11 Sunday after Trinity.
24. F. Festival of S. Bartholomew.
H.M.

26. S. 12 Sunday after Trinity.

September.

2. S. 13 Sunday after Trinity.

+

FASTS.

Fridays, August 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.
Vigil. .. 23, Of S. Bartholomew.

in Lent by any priest who knows the rules of his service? Those who press for such marriage are not justified.

1146. Is an auditor bound to pass accounts which he considers have been kept irregularly?

No auditor of any Church accounts can be forced to pass anything of which he seriously disapproves; otherwise his certificate would be worthless. As to your other point, any auditor is technically quite justified in requiring stamped receipts for amounts over £2. But in the case of charitable societies it should be borne in mind that unstamped receipts are often given and accepted, inasmuch as there is no penalty for the omission of the stamp, save the fact that if it were desired to sue for the return of the sum paid the unstamped receipt would not be recognized. The

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

From Turtle To Tureen



The pure concentrated essence of selected West Indian Turtles is used in making

FREEMAN'S REAL TURTLE Extract

This most delicious and nutritious of all soups is now sold in 3d tablets and is a real economy to those who find the meat and bread allowance insufficient to maintain their usual strength. A plate of Turtle Soup made from Freeman's Real Turtle Extract enables you to eat less because you require less. Freeman's Turtle Soup sets to a stiff Jelly.



36 Tablets for 9/-

A special parcel is made up for dispatch in France or elsewhere containing 36 tablets and 1/2 pint.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, and Sars.

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FOOD PRODUCE
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A Great Ideal

And Iron Jelloids.

TO a robust constitution alone is possible the fulfilment of a great ideal. Maintain your strength by maintaining the number of your red blood corpuscles.

Diminution of the number of red corpuscles means thin blood, ANÆMIA (known by Breathlessness on Slight Exertion, Pallor, Depression and Weakness). In such cases Doctors prescribe Iron Jelloids No. 2. There is nothing better.

A Reliable Tonic for Men, Iron Jelloids No. 2A. A fortnight's treatment, 1/3, will convince you of their marvellous Tonic and Restorative Properties. Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron Jelloids to-day.

Iron Jelloids

For Anæmia in Women Iron Jelloids No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men Iron Jelloids No. 2A.
For Growing Children Iron Jelloids No. 1.
Of all Chemists: A fortnight's treatment 1/3. large size 1.

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of a nation
IS ITS CHILDREN.**

The WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

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Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E. 11.
Cheques, etc., crossed and payable to "Waifs and Strays."

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RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

For backward
and ailing
children.

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For INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

If in doubt about what "Food" to give an ailing or backward infant, or child, remember there is more in Benger's than in any other food.

Benger's is a highly nutritive food, plus the natural means of self digestion. It is ready to nourish when served.

Infants thrive on it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

In tins 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- & 10/- of all chemists, etc.
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furnishes a food which is pleasant to the taste, easily digested, and wholly nourishing. It is a unique concentrated food that increases the power of assimilation and speedily restores the impoverished system. It is indispensable in the **Hospital and Sick-room**, and for feeding our **Wounded Soldiers and Sailors**.

In tins at 1/9 and 3/6 each, of all Chemists.

The 'Allenburys' Diet is a food chiefly intended for Adults, and is quite distinct from the well-known 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants.

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'Nerves' and Lost Sleep.

Perfect cure by **Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

Mrs. Longthorn, 1 Herbert Place, Princess Street, Mashora, Rotherham, says: "I was in a dreadful state of weakness, with my nerves all shattered, and utterly broken in health. I could hardly eat anything, and as for sleep, I never had any real rest. I suffered terribly with wind, too. I had medicine, but nothing did me any good. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and from the first they helped me. All my pain went and my nerves became all right. Now I can eat and sleep like other people, and feel quite well and strong."



Mrs. Longthorn.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the best home treatment for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
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Spinal Weakness	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, and 3/-, the 3/- size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION.

If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, in your case, free of all charge, write to the Manager, Dept. C. 211, DR. CASSELL'S CO. LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.



NOTICE.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

BY ORDER

Why use eggs for custard, particularly in these days of War-scarcity and dearthness? BIRD'S Custard differs from egg custard only in its form of nutriment. The refined albumen in which BIRD'S Custard is so rich, produces a natural digestible Custard which never disagrees.

Bird's Custard

is as delicious and refined as cream for serving with all kinds of stewed fruit. With this and every form of boiled pudding, it is delicious, and goes far to replace the War-time lack of sweetening.

267a

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S.M.

LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE.

(From our London Agent.)

The presentation of a Silk Union Jack and shield to each of the Regiments furnished by the Crown Colonies took place at the Colonial Office by kind invitation of the Secretary of State for the Colonies on Saturday May 5th at 3.30. o'clock. Her Royal Highness Princess Alexander of Teck presented the emblems which were received by the Right Hon. Walter Long, on behalf of the Regiments.

The flags and shields are the gifts of the women and children of the British Isles, and the inscription engraved upon them is as follows:— "To the soldiers of who have fought in the cause of Empire during the great War, from the women and children of the British Isles, in high admiration of their valour and devotion"

LIST OF REGIMENTS.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIES REGIMENT drawn from:—

Jamaica, Barbados, The Bahamas Grenada, British Honduras, St. Lucia, British Guiana, St. Vincent, The Leeward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago.

THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES drawn from:— British East Africa, Nyassaland, Uganda Zanzibar.

THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE drawn from:—

Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Gambia, The Gold Coast.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS VOLUNTEER CORPS.

THE ST. HELENA VOLUNTEERS.

THE SOMALILAND CAMEL CORPS.

The Courtyard of the Colonial Office presented a very gay scene, a Marquee having been erected on one side, in front of which were a pile of drums on which were laid the several flags. On the one side was a row of six Colonial Officers, to whom the flags were committed, and on the other six ladies and six young children representing the League of the Empire who handed the flags and shields to the Princess.

The Princess was received at the entrance of the Courtyard by Mr Walter and Lady Doreen Long, and the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollack, Sir Philip Hutchins and Miss Chamberlain, representing the League of the

Empire. After the ceremony the Princess with Mr Walter and Lady Doreen Long, and many of the guests were received to tea by Miss Bonar Law at 11, Downing Street.

SPEECH BY MISS BEATRICE CHAMBERLAIN.
Your Royal Highness,

It is a matter of deep gratification to the Ladies' Committee, of which Your Royal Highness is Patroness, that the last of the presentations on our long list should be graciously made by yourself in person. This Committee was formed under the auspice of the League of the Empire, to find expression for the admiration and gratitude of the Women and Children of the British Isles towards the men of the Overseas Contingents fighting for the Empire in the Great War. In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, our fellow subjects and partners in the Empire uphold the cause of freedom and justice, side by side with the men of this country, and we know not whom most to praise, where each one we consider seems to have attained the utmost height of heroism.

The soldiers and sailors of the United Kingdom hear the voice of our pride and thankfulness: their deeds shall be remembered among us while the land they serve and save remains her liberty. Nor yet shall we forget the tide of loyalty and patriotism which flowed deep and full from every part of the Empire overseas towards the points of danger seeking the grim conflict for righteousness' sake. Lest they should remain ignorant of our deep sense of the new bond uniting subjects of the British Crown in mutual help and common sacrifice for the noblest end, lest any of the men who offer their lives for us should not know how we honour them in our heart of hearts, the Women and young people here at home have found a symbol in the flag of the Empire and have provided the accompanying record in these shields.

Many such emblematic gifts have already passed to the Overseas soldiers through Royal and gracious hands. To-day those Colonial Regiments who are serving in lands distant from these shores receive our tribute through the Secretary of State for the Colonies, their natural representative in this Country. They fight afar, but their valour and devotion are known and are dear to us,

and you, Madam, have graciously consented in presenting the gifts, which will be brought to you by a deputation of the givers, to be our intermediary and to enhance the value of our commemoration.

We send the message of our admiration to the BRITISH WEST INDIES REGIMENT whose units fight in France, in East Africa, in Mesopotamia and in Egypt, where they take their part in protecting that now precious land from a return of Turkish misrule.

THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE bear already upon their Shield the legend Togoland and Cameroons. They will add another name before the end, for they fight now in German East Africa.

Here they find themselves close comrades of the KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES, whose first work was to expel the invader from a portion of their own territory and who go on to the final deliverance from the German yoke of the last stretch of African soil - a consummation which now seems close at hand

There has been fighting in every corner of the African continent; the remotest contingents have struck their blow for the weak against the cruel. Thus the SOMALILAND CAMEL CORPS, in operations culminating with the victory of Shimber Barris, have repelled the Mad Mullah's adherents and justified the faith reposed in us.

Finally there are two Corps of Volunteers who have not been called upon to fight, but who have done all they could do in making ready for the call. One of these saw dire peril very near to them. Theirs was no idle boast when they offered life and limb if the need should arise. These are the FALKLAND ISLANDS VOLUNTEERS and the ST. HELENA VOLUNTEERS.

To all we offer the symbol of loyalty to our King and love of our Country, the sign of our common partnership in a great Empire - maintaining everywhere the ideals of humanity and justice, the flag that brings freedom in its folds, the Union Jack.



1917-1918.



PRIVATE

Christmas

&

New Year Cards

are now on sale

from 2/6 dozen at

THE CATHEDRAL PRESS.

Orders promptly executed in
time for the Mails.

:: A Book of Sample Cards now ready for Inspection. ::

WEDDING.

A very pretty wedding took place at North Arm on Aug. 24th. when Mr. Robert Cartmell, eldest son of Mr. R. Cartmell of Myles Creek. (who is one of the oldest of the F. I. C. Employees, having been with the Company for over 40 years) was married to Miss Sarah Hewitt, daughter of the late Mr. David Hewitt of Lion Creek, Lafonia. The wedding was taken by Mr. Alexander Moir, M.A. Registrar, and was held in the Cook House which had been tastily decorated for the occasion. The Bride, who looked extremely pretty, was dressed in white, and wore a wreath of Orange Blossom, and carried a bouquet. The Bridesmaid, Miss M. Cartmell, sister to the Bridegroom, was dressed in pale blue. The wedding dresses were made and designed by Mrs. Tom Burns. The other witness was Mr. Jack Hewitt. The Bride was married from the house of Mr. A. Simpson, Manager of North Arm Section. After the Civil ceremony, the whole company were entertained to a sumptuous repast at which over 150 people took part. The Bridal Cake was a magnificent one of five tiers, made by Mrs. Tom Burns, to whom the greatest credit is due. The customary dances took place in the evenings of Friday and Saturday, at which there were very large attendances, in fact it has been stated that seldom has there been seen a larger gathering in North Arm. for visitors arrived not only from the Section (which is the largest station in the Falklands,) but from Walker Creek, Darwin. Speedwell and Bleaker Islands and also from the back of the Mountains. During Friday Evening, Mrs. Moir sold by auction a small sprig of the Bride's Orange blossom for £6, while the bride herself collected £10. 10, these sums being intended for the Tobacco Fund for our lads at the front. On Saturday evening Mrs. Jay raffled a sewing machine for £2. 10. 0. It is very fine to be able to record such things as this taking place, for it proves, as we have so often stated, that though during war time we have our festive gatherings out in the Colony, in hardly one of them have our lads at the front been forgotten. Through the kindness and liberality of those present at

North Arm on the 24th & 25th, the Tobacco Fund will be the richer by £19. 0. 0.

We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. and Mrs. R. Cartmell Jnr. every joy and happiness in their new life, and though the Bride has fallen into "the Trap" after all, yet we feel sure that the "Trap" House will in the coming days be the centre of many a happy gathering of the many friends and relations of the young couple who are already so very popular throughout Lafonia.

C.McD.H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Malvinas,
Bulmershe Road,
Reading.
July 18th. 1917.

The Editor,
F. I. Magazine,
Port Stanley.

Dear Sir,

It may interest your readers to know that my youngest brother, Stanley E. Goss, whose name is on your Roll of Honour, has been awarded the Military Medal for Gallantry in the Field. The official record stated that "he shewed great fearlessness as a runner under heavy Machine Gun and shell fire, carrying nine messages backwards and forwards to Head Quarters until exhausted."

The Distinction was won in the First Battle of Arras in Easter week.

Pte S. E Goss has been in France and Flanders 2 years and 4 months going out with the Royal Berkshire Regiment and subsequently being transferred to the Army Cyclist Corps with which unit he is now serving.

His two brothers are on Active Service, Trooper Syd. Goss being in France with the 1st. King Edward's Horse and Lieut. Ernest E Goss is Gunnery Lieutenant of H. M. S "Patuca."

Yours faithfully,
Wm. H. Goss.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d	a dozen for	½d	stamps.
3d	„ „ „	1d	„
6d	„ „ „	2d	„
7½	„ „ „	2½d	„
16	„ „ „	6d	„
3/-	„ „ „	1/-	„
9/-	„ „ „	3/-	„
15/-	„ „ „	5/-	„



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS.

- CURREY. At Vermilion, Alberta, the wife of James Elliot Currey of a son (by cable July 7th.)
- WILKIE. At Stanley, Sept. 1st, the wife of W. Wilkie of a son.
- DICKSON. At Stanley, Sept. 9th, the wife of J. Dickson, Jr, of a son.
- BENTON. At Stanley, Sept 28th, the wife of A.W. Benton of a daughter.
- HARDY. At Stanley, Sept. 30th, the wife of A.P. Hardy of a daughter.

BAPTISMS.

- Sept. 23rd Edward Thomas Crawford Dickson.
- „ 30th Gladys Idina Olsson.

MARRIAGES.

- HARVEY-PITALUGA. At Stanley, Sept. 27th. Christ Church Cathedral. By the Dean. William Harvey to Alice Pitaluga.
- MCPHEE-PATTERSON. On Sept. 9th, at S. Mary's Chapel, By Rev. Fr. Migone. Donald McPhee to Sara Patterson.

HYMN LIST for October, 1917.

7th. Morning	553, 197, 555.
Evening	217, 588, 266, 191.
14th. Morning	369, 182, 196.
Evening	193, 368, 307, 20.
21st. Morning	431, 546, 242.
Evening	181, 258, 285, 436.
28th. Morning	539, 547, 432.
Evening	220, 174, 219, 437.

TE DEUM.	M.S.S.
BENEDICTUS.	Langdon
MAGNIFICAT.	Barnby
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Hopkins for Ps.85.



IN MEMORIAth.

In Loving Memory of our dear Maggi^e who passed away from us on October 12th, 1916.

Heaven is the prize,
Faith shows the crown to gain,
Hope lights the way and dies,
But love will always reign.

E. Ryan.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspin, II.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
William Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
James Harvey.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Robert Packe.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitken. James Allen. Frederick Biggs. William Blyth.
Herbert Gaylard. Charles Newing. Walter Shires. Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

Henry Phillips.

Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917.

James Dickie.

Singleton Bonner. May 1st. 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following : Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and lids, Cake Plates. Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5pts., Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Fingers Band Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Nail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Pepp, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Biscuerated Magnesia Tabloids, Tongue, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Coes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velvetten and Serge Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelotte Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelotte Shirts. Plushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satchets & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linen Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Curl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets. etc.

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Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, Red Sable Brushes.



No. VII Vol. XXIX

November 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE

The

Faerland Islands

Magazine

AND

Church Paper.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

AT

THE CATHEDRAL PRESS, PORT STANLEY,

FAERLAND ISLANDS.



BISHOP
 Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

DE. N.
 The Very Rev.
 J. Stanley Smith M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN

Rev. C. McDonald-Hobley
ARCHDEACON
 Vacant

HONORARY CANONS
 Four Vacancies

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 Mr R. B. Baseley
 Mr A. R. Hoare, Hon. Secretary
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 Miss L. Rowlands, Miss S. Wilson,
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To whom all particulars concerning advertising, literary, and other business may be addressed,

The South American Press, Ltd
 1 Rundel Street,
 London W. C.

November.

Moon

Last Qtr. 6th.
 New Moon. 14th.
 First Qtr. 21st.
 Full Moon. 28th.

Moon

DECEMBER

Last Qtr. 6th.
 New Moon. 14th.
 First Qtr. 21st.
 Full Moon. 28th.

1st.	Th.	All Saints' Day.
2nd.	F.	All Souls.
3rd.	S.	
4th.	S.	22nd Sunday after Trinity.
5th.	M.	
6th.	Tu.	
7th.	W.	
8th.	Th.	
9th.	F.	
10th.	S.	
11th.	S.	23rd Sunday after Trinity.
12th.	M.	
13th.	Tu.	S. Britius, B.
14th.	W.	
15th.	Th.	
16th.	F.	
17th.	S.	S. Hugh, B.
18th.	S.	24th Sunday after Trinity.
19th.	M.	
20th.	Tu.	
21st.	W.	
22nd.	Th.	
23rd.	F.	S. Clement, B.M.
24th.	S.	
25th.	.	Sunday next before Advent.
26th.	M.	
27th.	Tu.	
28th.	W.	
29th.	Th.	
30th.	F.	S. Andrew, A.M.

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No VII. Vol. XXIX.

NOVEMBER. 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a m
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m., and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

NOVEMBER, - the Month of Souls !
It seems hardly possible that again it is here ! Nov: 1st will ever live in local memories as one of the saddest days in our Colony's history : for it is only three years ago that those hundreds of brave fellows on the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* went to their watery grave. The month had barely come to an end, in that same year, when our little City was again plunged in grief, - this time, for some of our own Volunteers who had died in the execution of their duty.

Episodes such as these cause the most callous to pause and think. If there is such a thing as the Hereafter, - if after all, when we die, we do not go into mere oblivion as the snuff of a candle, then surely the belief in the Communion of Saints should be held and valued far more highly than it is. S. Paul tells us that we are "encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses" - And in that great cloud are the souls of those we love who have been called to the great beyond. Our dearest ones ! - Those whose mortal bodies we laid to rest ; - Yes, they are alive and nearer to us than we can realize or think. If we can but meditate more upon this great article of our Belief, we shall be intensely helped, and shall never feel alone. Though for a while a Veil hides them from us, yet we are still happy, knowing that they are alive and safe with Christ, "which is far better."

C.McD.H.

CATHEDRAL NOTES.

We are most glad to hear that His Lordship the Bishop intends to visit the Colony by the next mail, and hopes to be able to stay with us for a period. During that time we believe it is His Lordship's intention to visit some parts of the Camp districts, and when in Stanley, to hold a Confirmation.

—o—

The Dean left for the West Falklands by the last mail trip, and hopes to make an extended tour of visitation.

—o—

Red Cross Sunday Oct. 14th, broke all previous records. The Offertory at the Cathedral amounted to no less than £12.3.2. This together with £5.16.10. already in hand from the Memorial Service, etc. etc. has brought the Cathedral's contribution to no less than £18. 0. 0. this year.

—o—

There is a balance of 10/- over the sum expended on the wreath for the grave of our little Sunday School girl, Edith Binnie: the collection was made, it will be remembered by Winnie Newing. It is proposed to keep this sum in hand until the time that a wire protector for the wreath can be obtained.

—o—

On Sunday, Oct. 20th, special hymns were sung at Evensong in memory of Mrs. Alec Betts, who passed away at Pebble Island a few weeks ago. Before she died, she expressly wished that they should be sung at her funeral.



The S.F.C. Sale of Work.

Message from His Excellency the Governor.

Government House,
October 22nd, 1917.

Dear Mr. Hobley,

It must be greatly pleasing to you and to everyone who took part in it, as it is to

me, to know that the Sale of Work organized by the Stanley Football Club to raise funds for "Our Day", 1917, collection for the Red Cross and the Order of S. John of Jerusalem in England, has surpassed all expectations, and that the takings have established an unprecedented record in a sum of over £550.

I am aware that contributions to the Sale of Work have been general, and have been sent in spontaneously from every section of the Community. Let me say, the game has been well played.

The Sale of Work owes also its unqualified success to the untiring hard work willingly undertaken by the Committee and Ladies in preparing for the Sale and in carrying it through in a spirited manner, aided by cheerful Red Cross helpers.

I sincerely thank you, the Stanley Football Club, the Ladies, and everyone for the part played by each. Though I am afraid I cannot sufficiently thank each individual, I feel that of all the thanks the best to each lies in the knowledge and reflection of the complete success which has crowned the undertaking, and the objects for which the Sale was held.

In the "Our Day", 1917, Message from the King, His Majesty trusted there would be no falling off of general financial support on the part of everyone at home and in His Dominions overseas. I rejoice to be able to say that the wishes of Our King have already been fully met by the people of this Colony, the most remote of His Majesty's Dominions, and that not only has the sum generously given last year been maintained, but that with the handsome contribution from the Stanley Football Club by the Sale of Work, added to other contributions, "Our Day" collections this year for the Red Cross and the Order of S. John of Jerusalem will be in the neighbourhood of £1400, double the contribution of last year.

Again I thank the Stanley Football Club and everyone who has taken part in the Sale of Work.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours.

Douglas Young.
Governor.

The Red Cross Concert.

A grand concert, given in the Town Hall on the evening of October 16th, by the "Nondescripts Concert Party" in aid of "Our Day" Fund — established a record which will probably stand for some considerable time. The gross proceeds including about £20 taken at the Auction held before "half-time" amounted to something like £60.

The management with the co-operation of the Colonial Engineer who, in the words of the promoter, had worked like a Trojan, had effected several desirable alterations in the arrangements of the Hall. The stage, tastefully draped, and brilliantly lighted by a scheme which rendered the actual source of light invisible to the spectators, presented a striking appearance; the effect being greatly augmented by a number of coloured fairy lights which peeped here and there through an array of plants on either stairway, whilst before the performance, and during the brief intervals throughout, the stage was shut off by the new drop scene painted by the Rev C. McDonald Hobley.

On the arrival of His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Miss Young, and Major Newnham, the Audiences rose to the strains of the National Anthem, and on seats being resumed, the concert opened with a good swinging chorus by the Troupe

Miss D. Rowlands next favoured the audience with a pretty little song delightfully rendered, and this was followed by the first of a series of tableaux representing various sketches from that popular collection "Fragments from France" by Capt. Bairnsfather. These, portrayed by Messrs. A.E. Smith, and Chas. Allan — assisted in one instance by Miss L. Rowlands were really excellent representations and could only have been the result of many days of strenuous practice and preparation.

Billy Bartram made a hit with his first song, and it seemed as though the audience meant to insist on the stipulation "No encores" being voided. The management, however, was inflexible and its ruling was accepted with a good grace.

Mr. Kingsford, appearing for the first time before a Stanley audience, caused a good

deal of merriment in a funny little song entitled "Ma", and was, later, accorded a hearty round of applause when, in the course of his second effort, he introduced "current topics", scoring some clever hits.

Mrs Hobley, whose elocutionary feats invariably constitute a "star turn", was greatly appreciated in a recitation entitled "Picking Moss for the soldiers", and in a duet in which the honours were shared with the inimitable Billy.

Miss Thomas excelled all her previous performances in her rendering of "A broken doll", and was also heard to great advantage in a couple of duets with Messrs Royle and Kingsford respectively.

That versatile artiste, Mr. Royle, gave us another proof of his talent for mimicry by a clever impersonation of George Formby, and, besides taking part in a couple of duets, contrived as usual to contribute no small share of the mirth provoked by the performance of the troupe in concert.

The onerous task of taking all the accompaniments fell to the lot of Mrs. Royle, and was performed in a manner which left nothing to be desired.

Before the main interval, Mr. Royle assumed the office of Auctioneer, putting up for sale a number of "lots" (which had been given in aid of the fund by several sympathisers) ranging from a safety razor to a cow.

The Rev. C. McDonald Hobley was responsible for the management, and is to be congratulated on the results achieved by his labour.

The writer, whilst passing the Church Hall one day, observed the Reverend gentleman in a back-breaking attitude working on yards and yards of canvas, whilst paint pots innumerable littered the floor; and this, by the way, was only one of the many tasks pertaining to the post of manager.

The programmes, bearing on the front cover a photograph of the Troupe (the work of Mr. Royle) offered something in the way of a novelty and sold very readily.

We often lose sight of the fact, when attending a concert given by amateurs in aid of some charitable purpose, that the work of the artistes and others does not begin and end with the evening's performance, but that it

invariably entails weeks of patient practice, whilst not infrequently their efforts meet with but little appreciation. In the present instance, however, we trust that the Troupe will feel that their efforts have been in some measure repaid by the hearty reception accorded them, and by the resulting benefit to the fund.

In spite of the fact that there was an absolutely full house we — to use an Irishism — noticed a few absent faces there. We trust however, that if the possessors thereof were unable to offer the movement their moral support, they found means of assisting it materially, — at any rate, we shall be charitable enough to suppose that they did.

Perhaps it might not be out of place to offer here a word of congratulation to the Chief of the Police on the excellent order maintained throughout the evening, and to express the hope that having attained so much they will never 'look back' Stanley concerts, have in the past been notorious for the rowdyism among the g. ds, and it would be an excellent thing if the suppression of this became permanently a matter for official attention rather than that it should be left to private control. *Spectator.*

HYMN LIST for November, 1917.

4th. Morning	538, 220, 322.
Evening	235, 167, 185, 428.
11th. Morning	242, 161, 165.
Evening	167, 16, 452, 271.
18th. Morning	588, 185, 367.
Evening	588, 370, 277, 192.
25th. Morning	166, 571, 455.
Evening	280, 456, 403, 24.

OFFERTORIES

October.	£	s	d	
7th.	2	10	0	Church Expenses
14th.	12	3	2	Red Cross Fund.
21st.	1	14	4	Church Expenses
28th.	2	0	2	" "
	18	7	8	

CONCERT BALANCE SHEET.

PER AUCTIONS.

Razor	£2. 0. 0.	Model ship	1. 0. 0.
Spoons	1. 10. 0.	Cake	2. 0. 0.
Watch	1. 0. 0.	Cow	6. 11. 0.
Cake stand	15 0.	Sheep (a)	1. 10. 0.
Studs	10. 0.	Sheep (b)	1. 10. 0.
Sheep (c)	1. 0. 0.	„ resold	1. 0. 0.
„ resold	12. 0.	Watch „	5. 0.
Hen	1. 0. 0.		
	Total	£22. 3. 0.	

TICKETS SOLD.

Per West Store	£12. 9. 0.
„ Globe Store	10. 4. 0.
„ Mr. Royle	1. 0. 0.
„ Rev. C. McD. H.	4. 16. 0.
Door.	6. 13. 0.
Programmes	3. 16. 0.
Per auctions (as above)	22. 3. 0
	£ 61. 1. 0.

Expenses Nil.

Examined and found Correct.
L. V. Oswald.

C. McD. Hobley, 21/10/17.
Treasurer.

WANTED. A Parrot Cage.
Apply Box. A. B. F.I.M.

BIRTHS.

PARKER. At Stanley, Oct. 7th, the wife of C Parker of a son.
WILLIAMS. At Stanley Oct. 20th, the wife of H. Williams of a son.
DETTLEFF. At Stanley, Oct. 27th, the wife of H. Dettleff of a daughter.

BAPTISMS.

Oct. 23rd. Leonard John Grant.
„ 23rd. Isabella Violet Smith.

DEATHS.

Sept 15th. Vivien Gladys Betts. Age 26 yrs.
Oct 29th. Peter McGill. Age 5 yrs.

RED CROSS WEEK.

THE PEOPLE of Port Stanley are to be very highly congratulated indeed upon the perfectly magnificent results attained by their local efforts. To each and everyone concerned, the thanks of the promoters are given. For four weeks previously, thanks to the kindness of the Cathedral Press in allowing the printing to be done free of charge, pamphlets were sent around Stanley, which endeavoured to lay the claims of the Red Cross before the general public. The main theme was "Sacrifice", and Red Cross week 1917 proved that the local people rose to the occasion and made a real sacrifice. Few could afford to, but they realized what the Red Cross was doing, and their efforts were made as a thank-offering for all the benefits they enjoy and have enjoyed during the war, when elsewhere the story has been so very different. But let no one run away with the idea that because the sacrifice has been made, our local people are millionaires. There is a very great deal of difference in spending money for a definite cause as a real thank offering and sacrifice to spending money merely for the sake of getting rid of it in frivolous amusement or trifles. The sum taken in the Sale alone is practically 30/- per head of the adult population of Stanley, and they made the sacrifice as a gift to the Motherland through the medium of the Red Cross Society. It is not always the case that those who spend most in a good cause, or work the hardest, can afford either the time or money to do so. They have to make many self denials in order to make up for the sacrifice entailed upon them. One of the poorest people in Stanley sent a donation of 5/- towards the Sale of Work. A fact like this must cause rather a guilty conscience to a few who know by their own personal pocket what they can and ought, — in a cause such as the Red Cross, — to afford, — and what they actually gave to the public subscription list, or spent or helped at the various entertainments lately held. Money after all is a trust and a sacred trust and everybody's income in the Falklands is known pretty well. Curiously enough, some of the people who give least to, or spend least on charities are the very first to insult the

Colony's subscription list by putting down the barest trifle they dare in the face of public opinion. They are also the very first to say that "the people of Stanley are rich and prosperous, full of money and worldly wealth, and need no recognition." What a game it is! The people of Stanley have done jolly well, — and are a people to be proud of. The Red Cross Week 1917 will long live as a record Red letter Week in the Annals of our Colony, for, to quote the words of His Excellency, — "the Game has been well played".

Narrow Escape from a Wild Boar.

On the 8th July three bold warriors — somewhere in the Falklands — having just been relieved from a long spell of tedious duty, were recruiting their energies by a quiet stroll along the sea shore. The orders for the guidance of unwary seafolk chancing to visit this land of rugged mountains and impassable valleys are explicit and perhaps mindful of the narrow escape of a Midshipman in this same region only a year ago, each of the men carried his rifle and one round of ammunition. It is quite possible that there floated in their minds a hope that kind fortune would lead their footsteps to an Upland goose at convenient range, which might add welcome variety to their staple rations.

As they skirted a sandy bay lit up by the rays of the westering sun they observed two dark objects crossing the bank which bordered the grassy valley leading to the cove. Nothing daunted, the wanderers entered the valley and threaded their way through the scrub of diddle-dee, which grew rank in the centre. Hardly had they emerged into the open space when they saw a huge boar with gleaming tusks charging directly on them. There was no time to lose. Two shots rang out and though both hit their object, the brute made no pause. Only one bullet left; the third man dropped on his knee and with a fine shot in the forehead rolled the bear over only a few feet from where they stood.

The occurrence being reported at the post, the Officer in charge was quickly on the

scene but unfortunately it was then too dark to obtain a photograph of the quarry. Unfortunately too, the animal was all skin and bone and the only trophy that could be secured was the head. There was no bacon for next day's breakfast.

The following dimensions of this huge beast (which are approximate) have been supplied : —

Length from snout to root of tail, six feet. height at shoulder, 30 inches, weight, six hundredweight. Five men were unable to carry the carcass. Head, from snout to ears 12 inches. Ears, 5 inches. Tusks, lower, protruded, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, when extracted, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, upper, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Hide, in no place thinner than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch : on the sides, 3 inches thick : weight, 3 cwt

Strips of the hide have been cut off and when dried have been straightened, have been pared down and made into stout cudgels, after the style of the South African sjambok of hippopotamus hide. It is hoped that the skeleton of this, the last of the wild boars of the Falklands, may be secured for the Museum.

(The boar was bred by Mr some 16 years ago, and having escaped, must have been a menace to the district for the last six years. It is feared that on account of its untimely death the stock of fat young pork will beseriously diminished this summer.)

OBITUARY.

After a long illness, lasting many months, the soul of Vivien Gladys Betts passed to its eternal rest on Sept 15th. Mrs Betts was second daughter of the late Mr D. Carey, of Stanley, and eight years ago married Mr Alex. Betts, eldest son of Mr J. C. Betts, Manager of Pebble Island. The whole of her married life was spent on that station, and it was there that her last illness took place. The funeral was conducted by Dr. Henry, and her body was laid to rest in the little Cemetery of Pebble Island.

Mrs Betts showed all through her illness a wonderful spirit of Christian fortitude : she once said "I have made up my mind to bear

what the Lord has seen fit to afflict me with", - and also expressed a wish that the Dead March should be played, and chose the hymns to be sung at her funeral.

We extend our deepest sympathy to her sorrowing husband and relations, and to her only child, Cyril, - who are left to mourn her loss

A very sad bereavement has fallen to Mr. and Mrs. J. McGill of Swan Inlet for on Monday, Oct. 29th, after a painful illness only lasting a few days, their son Peter passed away. In spite of Medical aid, (for the Doctor twice put the little patient under an anaesthetic in the hope of saving his life) the end came as a very sudden shock to both relatives and friends. The funeral took place on Oct. 29th, the first portion of the service being held at Swan Inlet House by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley : the body was then brought on a sleigh to Darwin, and after the long five hours journey, the concluding portion of the service was read as the remains were laid to rest in the Darwin Cemetery. There was a large gathering of friends from all parts who assembled to show their sympathy. We extend our deepest condolences to Mr. and Mrs. McGill in their very sad loss,

STOP PRESS.

It is to be regretted that Mr E. McAtasney, who, it will be remembered, worked his passage home to join his Majesty's Forces, has, while with his regiment, the Scottish Rifles, had the misfortune to have his left ankle smashed with a piece of shrapnel, the operation was successful and the latest news is that he is recovering rapidly.

We regret that Mr W. Elmer is no better in health. He has now been ill for over six months.

Owing to pressure of space, we have been forced to hold over the Bandage Club and S.F.C. Sale Balance Sheets. etc etc.



Notes on Roodcreens. By D. H. Moutray-Read.

"O Lord, prepare our arts to pray: Anno 1632."—Motto on Screen cornice at Elworthy.

II. DISTRIBUTION AND CLASSIFICATION.

THE distribution of screens in this country is not without significance and interest. East Anglia and the West country churches are the richest in this respect.

Their number is considerable in the counties north of the Midlands, with the exception of Yorkshire, which possesses some fine specimens of screen-work, including fourteenth-century rood-screens at Hatfield, Pattingham, and Kirk Ella. For the most part the screens may be grouped according to types under three comprehensive headings—the East Anglian, or Norfolk type; the West country, or Devon type; and an intermediate class found with characteristic variations in Wales, the Midlands, and south Midland counties. Lithological conditions have not been without influence on the location of wood screens. Stone in East Anglia is either scarce or non-existent; in Wales, Devon, and Cornwall the local stone is, as a rule, unsuitable for fine carving. In a lesser degree the date of building, or rebuilding, of a church has determined the absence or presence of a roodscreen.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were pre-eminently the days of roodscreen construction. We have earlier specimens extant, and some were built after the Reformation. The small, out-of-the-way village of Washfield, near Tiverton, possesses a very fine specimen of Jacobean screenwork.

Perched on its hill-top, off the beaten track, the hurrying feet of change come but seldom to that quiet corner. This screen never bore a rood; and the shield of James I above the chancel door stands restored to the position it originally occupied when the screen was built in 1624. The date is there, carved large for all to see. Luckily the screen was unspoilt in the nineteenth-century restoration, when the square Norman font was recut. Ingestre screen, which also has the royal arms above it, is another seventeenth-century one, and of quite a different type.



STANTON HARCOURT, OXON.
(H. W. Taunt.)

The earliest screen-work now left us is said to be that in the church at Compton, in Surrey. The billet moulding on the beam of the Old Shoreham screen marks it also as very early work. The screen in S. Mary's Hospital, Chichester, of early thirteenth-century work, is one of the first that shows the characteristics

of woodwork design; the Early English screen at Stanton Harcourt, Oxon., for instance, being really a copy of stonework in wood.

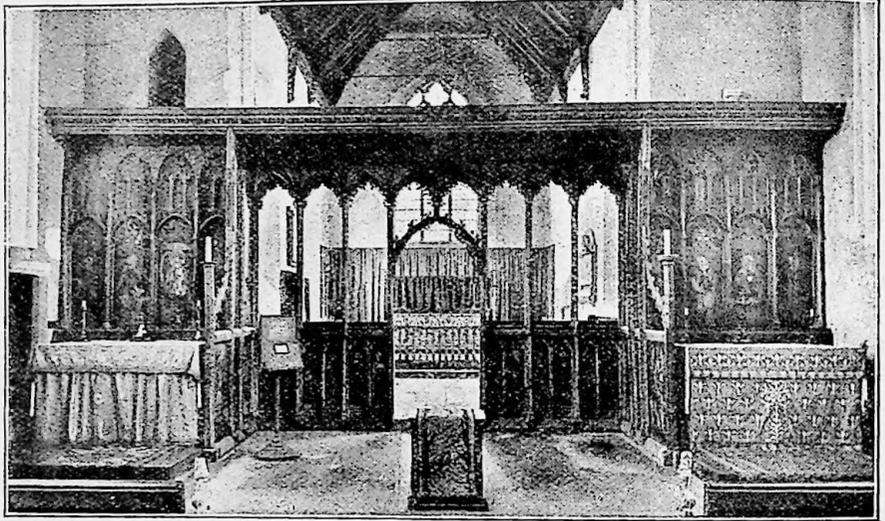
This evidence of an attempt to imitate masonry in wood is characteristic of the earlier screen-work. Later stone screens contrarily evince a desire on the part of the builders to imitate woodwork. The Norfolk type may be briefly summarized as a canopied screen with tall, narrow lights. The style of ornamentation appertains more to decorative stonework than woodcraft proper. This type is noted for its crotchets and its floriated ogees. Devon owns more vaulted screens than any other county, and this fine vaulting is characteristic of the Devon type. The ornamentations

are most elaborate, and of true wood-carving design, as differentiated from sculptured stone. High Ham, in Somersetshire, is one favourite example. The Devon type has actually been classified in no less than twelve groups, which follow, broadly speaking, a geographical distribution, suggestive either that a successful or popular style was copied in its neighbourhood—though, as we have seen, the local authorities sometimes sent far afield for designs and materials—or that certain craftsmen, or schools of wood-craft, were responsible for the screen-work in their district. Probably both these causes contributed to the result.

Both the Norfolk and the Devon type are noted for their painted panels. The paintings on the western screens are, however, of a lower artistic standard, being rougher in execution and more conventional in design than those of the Norfolk type, and lack the backgrounds of flowers and the fine diaper work to be seen on the panels in the eastern counties. There is nothing among the Devon panels so elaborate as the raised gessowork to be seen on the screens at Cawston, Ranworth, and Barton Turf.

The screen at Ashchurch, in Gloucestershire, is considered a typical example of the third type. These screens have plain horizontal coving, or hollow projecting ceiling. A very old and characteristic specimen of the Welsh group is to be seen in the church at Llanilieu, on the western slope of the

Black Mountains. Another out-of-the-way village this, with an old whipping-post cut from a yew-tree on a mound just outside the churchyard gate. Within, the little building is bare enough to-day, but it is worth a visit to see the old roodloft, supported on a triple-arched double arcade. The tympanum above the loft has seven pierced openings, which certainly admit of a very simple explanation



RANWORTH, NORFOLK.

—a hagnoscope for the priest on one side, four lower ones for the boys who held the lights and the gossels, and two more at the higher level for adult singers. One wonders much as to the past history of this somewhat forlorn little place; and curiosity is piqued by a stone built into the wall of a neighbouring farmstead, which bears the inscription,

"NON : IVPTER : QVIDEM
OMNIBVS : PLACET
SPES : ALIT : EXILIFS."

The date above the farmhouse door is 1679, eleven years prior to that in the Welsh Bible in the church. But we stray from our subject matter.

What the Prophets really Teach :

*Some Points about Reality in Religion.*¹

By the Rev. R. G. Parsons, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, and Vicar of Poynton, Cheshire.

II. FAITH IN GOD.

THROUGHOUT their history, as it is recorded in the Old Testament, the Jews were the citizens of a small

"buffer" state, wedged in between the most powerful military empires of the ancient Eastern world. To the south-west lay the great empire of the Pharaohs, centring in Egypt, but controlling the

¹ To understand the place of the prophets we have to recollect that almost all their books were—like our modern hymn-books—collections, rearranged for religious purposes. But the men whose names are given to the great books are in order : Amos (about 760) and Hosea (740), who prophesied while Israel and Judah were prosperous ; Isaiah (737), and Micah (735). The Northern Kingdom fell in 722 ; Jerusalem not till 586, at which time Jeremiah was prophesying ; but Ezekiel with other prisoners was deported to Babylon in 597. During all that period the prophets were teaching a spiritual religion, but the people preferred either a lower kind of the true religion or h-athenism.—[ED. SIGN.]

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,* Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET.

It was hard on Simon, especially as his dreams of a partnership had faded for the present into thin air.

He had been so hopeful that evening in May; he had gone to dine with his uncle in such spirits, so sure that the old man intended, with a few rough words expressing confidence, not only to lay a new responsibility on his shoulders, but to make the bearing of it well worth his while. He had planned what he would say in answer; no grovelling gratitude, but a manly acceptance of the new position. Then there would be no reason for delay; then, as soon as the partnership arrangements were securely made and his uncle's approval was no longer a necessity, he would ask Agnes Malcolm to marry him. The penniless girl would be only too glad to say "Yes," and the wedding might be in June; a month would be notice enough for Mrs. Blunt. She would have to find a new companion, but Simon saw no difficulty about that. His thoughts raced so far as to decide that Mrs. Blunt, being fond of Agnes, would let her be married from the Grange; a quiet wedding at S. Philip's would suit him much better than a journey to Seamoor. If

Miss Lynn could not manage to come to Marminster, he and Agnes might visit her on the return from their honeymoon; either the English Lakes or Scotland would do nicely at Midsummer.

And then—the old man gave him a good dinner, but nothing more. He was dull, absent, rather cross. Not a word, then or since, to suggest that he meant to alter his present arrangements. As the rector and Dr. Sharpe both held their tongues, Simon did not know where to lay the blame for his uncle's change of humour. He had a vague distrust and suspicion of the doctor; but even if he were his enemy, he was also an honest man, and John Mills was pretty sure, as his nephew knew him, to put business reasons before sentimental ones.

Yet after all, was he so sure? Or did the thought of Leonard so haunt him that he could not resolve, when it came to the point, to give up his hope of one day seeing his grandson head of the old firm. This idea lay at the back of Simon's mind and troubled

him. If so, only time, advancing weakness, and despair of the lad's return, could ever bring about the change of plan which meant success and prosperity for Simon.

Despair of the lad's return! Time crept on, bodily strength endured, mental hopelessness seemed at present to be Simon's best chance. A really thick fog to shroud Leonard's whereabouts, not even lit up by transient flashes of aurora borealis. A fog which could not lift for many months, which might never lift at all. Simon would have been shocked, of course, had he been told in plain words that he



"Captain Jack stroked his beard. . . . 'If you and Joe want to turn back, you can,' he said."

wished for his cousin's death. He would have said that he only wanted a chance to make his own way and to marry the girl he admired. As to the firm of Mills Brothers, he might have pointed out that a business man like himself would rule it far better than an errant spirit such as Leonard. Were he once in the saddle, Leonard might come back and welcome. Even if the bulk of the old man's fortune went with the business, there would be enough to pay for more voyages round the world.

No one could have been pleasanter or more reasonable than Simon, as he sat in Mrs. Blunt's room and listened to all that she and Margaret had to say. He was surprised, interested, sympathetic, thoughtful, and grave.

"And you wish me to tell my uncle where Leo is?"

"Of course. Why not?" said Mrs. Blunt. "You are the right person."

"It is not a question of that, I think. Is it kind to tell him at all?"

"Kind!" Mrs. Blunt's blue eyes sparkled.

There had been a time, fifty years ago, when she was the prettiest girl and the greatest flirt in Marminster. And once for a few days she was engaged to John Mills. But George Blunt was handsomer, more agreeable, and in those days more prosperous. John showed temper and jealousy; she quarrelled with him, jilted him, and married his rival. Immediately after this John made his own unfortunate marriage, and he never quite forgave his first love or ceased to treat her with a certain stiffness, although, after a short and not very happy married life, she became his neighbour at the Grange and a friend to all his family. She was, in fact, so good to them that the gossips said she would have married old Mills had he been wise enough to ask her.

"Kind! I don't understand you," said Mrs. Blunt. "When he has been so long in suspense, and when we have come so strangely to know where Leo is, and that he was well and flourishing a few weeks ago! You don't mean that you are not convinced of all that?"

"Oh, yes; I am convinced," Simon answered. "I quite acknowledge that I was mistaken. Miss Lynn has recognized him, and his recognition of Miss Malcolm is explained. But now that he has started on this very risky expedition, from which it is on the cards that he may never return, what is the use of raising my uncle's hopes only to be dashed again, probably? He seems fairly resigned to Leo's absence; never mentions him, goes on quietly from day to day. If he turns up again, that's all right. In the meanwhile, I believe you and I had better keep the secret; it will be kinder in the end."

"No, no!" cried a young eager voice.

The elder woman looked up startled. Simon smiled indulgently. Agnes sprang across the room and knelt down by Mrs. Blunt, glowing with excitement.

"No! Secrets are cruel, not kind," she said. "I hate secrets. Look at me! My sister was afraid to tell me that Captain Jack had started to look for my father; she thought it would frighten me and make me nervous. I'm thankful to know it. Even a little faint hope is better than none at all. And now there are two real heroes to think of—Captain Jack and Mr. Leonard. Oh, how glad I am! And fancy, what an idea, to keep it from poor Mr. Mills!"

Agnes caught Mrs. Blunt's hand and kissed it. Then springing to her feet again, she flew to her sister.

"Oh, Peggy!" a sudden hug, and she was gone from the room.

"Sweet of her!" murmured Simon. "But the cases are hardly parallel, are they? An old man of seventy-eight needs different treatment from a young girl of eighteen."

And it appeared to Mrs. Blunt and Margaret Lynn, though neither of them liked him very much, that Simon's argument was a good one, dictated by thoughtful kindness and knowledge of human nature.

So nothing was said to Mr. Mills. But Mrs. Blunt sent for Mr. Ray of S. Andrew's and told him the news of Leonard under a promise of secrecy, for which, it must be confessed, he saw no particular reason. Mrs. Blunt also asked for prayers in that church for certain persons "in peril on dangerous seas." They would be offered from his heart, she knew, by Leonard's old friend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

AND those prayers were needed. For the hardships and difficulties of that Arctic journey did not lessen as winter advanced, and the sun ceased to show himself above the horizon except by a faint red glow. Still the expedition pushed forward on the north-western track indicated by Malcolm's letter. Travelling was possible on many days, though very hard. It was only when wild winds brought tremendous snow-storms followed by fog, so that both rugged ice and rocky shore were dangerous, and the stars were invisible, and perpetual night reigned, except for the faint glimmer of the snow,



"Beyond the pool he saw a man. A small, stooping figure, leaning on a stick."

that the rescuers found it necessary to halt and encamp for a few days in tents banked up with snow, under the lee of a rock or ice-mountain. Then arose the moon in her glory, and circled the sky without setting for days and nights, so that by her light and the gorgeous flashing of the aurora it was possible for them not only to advance but to stalk bears and other game, or even to read and write if they desired it.

They did read, and only what was worth reading: Captain Jack had his Bible, and Leonard a volume of the pocket Shakespeare which his godmother had given him long ago. Sometimes each of them read aloud favourite passages. The engineer, their companion, for whom no books but technical books had any interest, listened with a certain scorn. To a practical man like

him it was all "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

To the engineer's mind the whole business was "not good enough." He had visited the Arctic before, but in a well-found ship, with a large crew and plenty of luxuries. He had never before been asked to join in a wild goose chase like this, in the depth of winter; and though physically stronger than either Captain Jack or Leonard, the hardships of extreme cold, poor food, dirt and fatigue seemed even less endurable to him than to them. It must however be remembered in excuse for him that the heart of those two was in the adventure, each following his own star.

Anyhow, some old words came true of this man—"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling and careth not."

He and the Eskimo laid discontented heads together; and one evening, when Leonard was busy cooking the supper on a small oil-stove they had brought with them, he took the captain aside and told him that in Joe's opinion and his own the expedition would never come to any good.

"Well, what of that?" said Captain Jack impatiently: he was not blind, and had already regretted his choice of a companion. "Nobody will make you responsible."

"No, sir; not in that sense. But I should fail in my duty to myself and you and Mr. Marr, if I did not warn you of what Joe thinks—and I agree with him. It's a foolhardy business, and we advise you to turn back while there's time. What's the use of throwing good lives after bad?"

Captain Jack stroked his beard, which was long and ragged: all the men, indeed, presented a hairy appearance.

"If you and Joe want to turn back, you can," he said.

The engineer reddened under his crust of oil and dirt.

"Couldn't think of such a thing," he muttered. "It would mean one of the sledges and half the dogs—shouldn't have mentioned it, but after all, self-preservation is a duty: first law of Nature, isn't it? and why should a poor chap like Joe push on to his death?—for that's what he believes it will be."

"Look here, my man," said Captain Jack after a moment's pause, "as to duties to yourself and laws of Nature and so forth, you should have settled up with them before you took on this job. That's enough. You and Joe start back to-morrow morning. One sledge and half the dogs, as already arranged between you."

"But stay, captain—won't you listen—"

"You have nothing more to say nor I to hear," and Captain Jack left him.

"I stopped short of telling the rotter what I thought of him," he said afterwards to Leonard. "Didn't consult you either."

"No necessity!" Leonard laughed. "We shall do better without the pair of them."

It was honestly thought and easily said. But practically of course it meant the doubling of work and hardship, the feeding and driving of dogs,

watching by night, hours of sleep curtailed, constant armed readiness, not only in the way of providing fresh meat and thus saving the dwindled stores; but in defending the tiny camp against all the wild hungry creatures which haunted its precincts, attracted by the smell of food, dead or alive. And the watch was not always effectual. More than once Leonard fell asleep out of his turn, in consequence of which two or three dogs were carried off. Once at least he was awakened by the routing and snuffing of a bear almost inside the tent itself. It was not possible to aim correctly in the darkness; he fetched the animal a blow on the head, but only killed it, with Captain Jack's help, after it had fiercely attacked them both.

At times, in the great loneliness, the two adventurers had long talks. They told each other the whole story of their lives, and thus Leonard came to know Captain Jack's dearest secret, his love for Margaret Lynn. He confessed to great doubts as to whether she at all returned his feeling; and being humble-minded, he thought himself unworthy of her—too old, too simple, too rough. It was a delight to Leonard to say what he truly thought, that she was a lucky woman; for the more he knew of Ernest Jack, the more he admired his character—that of a brave, sincere, generous, unselfish, faithful man. And the foundation of such a character was not far to seek. Much of what this new friend said and thought reminded Leonard of older friends and their teaching—S. Andrew's Church, Mr. Ray: the practical serving of God and man to which those holding the Faith were vowed from infancy. But perhaps he had never seen great principles quite so simply worked out as in the daily life of Captain Jack.

The heavy work of the journey, however, was not favourable to much talking or thinking. And soon after Christmas, a harder but happier Christmas for Leonard than that of two years ago, a serious misfortune happened: Captain Jack slipped on the ice and strained his leg so badly that he could not walk. There was nothing for it, if they were to advance at all, but for him to be hoisted on the sledge and dragged, a terrible addition to its load, by their few remaining dogs. Leonard harnessed himself with them, and tugged manfully on the hauling-rope, while the captain, most unwillingly helpless, but carrying his loaded rifle, shouted steering directions. Thus they struggled on for a few miles by moonlight. Then, when clouds came up with showers of blinding snow, they pitched their camp under the slight shelter of an overhanging rock, the tent facing south-west to the desolate white plain with its ghostly shadows, while all beyond their cape or island lay the rough surface of the icebound sea.

And that night, when Leonard had banked the tent with snow, built a snow-shelter outside for the tired dogs, unloaded the sledge, fed the dogs, and finally crept into the tent where the captain, his smelly little stove alight, was stewing a bit of bear's flesh for supper, he was received with the words—

"Well, old chap, I don't see how this can go on."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll tell you more after supper"; and Leonard was too tired and hungry to insist.

But later, when he had crawled into his sleeping-bag, his companion taking the first watch of the night, he yawned out—"What did you say about going on?"

"I said this couldn't go on, unless you'll do as you're told."

"Haven't I given satisfaction?"

"I'm talking of the future. Could you find your way back to the ship alone?"

"Dare say I could—with the compass—if I was driven to it."

"Then you'll start to-morrow. Take the dogs and the sledge; leave me here with some food—you'll meet some of them, most likely, coming to look for us—well?"

"And if I won't? To begin with, why should I?"

"Because I'm helpless, and this old leg gets no better. And why should you be sacrificed for the sake of a cripple—and a dream? I ought not to have let those fellows leave us."

There was a sob in Captain Jack's voice, the brave, cheery voice that had never given way. Leonard woke up completely.

"Don't agree, captain—we're better without them. What about a dream?"

"I'm beginning to wonder whether it's a dream that we shall ever come up with poor Malcolm. For myself, understand, I don't mean to turn back. You can sail the *Pretty Peggy* home without me, if I can't bring him along or some news of him beyond that letter. But do you hear, lad?—you must turn back now. There's that old man. I've thought a lot about him since I've come to know you better."

Leonard sat up. His eyes laughed and shone in the dim light; their brightness was almost suspicious.

"No doubt they'll start to look for us," he said; "and in time they'll find us. But why should I go and meet them? Any way, sir, I am not going to leave you. Besides, I'm expecting to find Mr. Malcolm every day, and I wouldn't miss that meeting for a good deal, I can assure you. Good-night—I'm frightfully sleepy."

And he disappeared among his furs.

They remained in that shelter many days, for one snowstorm followed another, and more than once Leonard had to dig his way out to feed and exercise the dogs. Even so they suffered, and two more of them died. Captain Jack patiently rubbed his useless leg and said no more about being left alone in the wilderness. Leonard's spirits did not flag, and they laughed at each other's appearance, long-haired, grimy with smoke and oil.

And then the darkest and coldest of the winter was over; a faint daylight returned; the snow-fields lay spread under a clear sky; a few days and the first sun-rays would begin to glitter on the horizon.

On one of those pale mornings Leonard went out to see in which direction, sea or land, the snow-covered ice would be best for sledge-travelling. Walking along the coast, rifle in hand—he never went out unarmed now—he came presently to a black pool in which some seals were playing; and beyond the pool he saw a man. A small, stooping figure, leaning on a stick, intently watching the water—but a man: the first stranger he had seen since the *Pretty Peggy* entered the Arctic Ocean.

(To be continued.)

The Flaming Dart.

I AM a flower, a pale fair flower,
With tiny dart of flame;
From far Virginia's sunny land
In ages past I came.

I like the sober English folk,
They like me too, they say;
They scorn my flower, despise my fruit,
Yet use me every day.

They do not praise or mention me
In lavish count of flowers;
Patient I stand, in serried ranks,
Outside their lovely bowers.

But since the world turned round about,
When nineteen fourteen came,
I'm set where pinks and pansies grew,
And put sweet-peas to shame.

What though my weapon's length is scarce
One barley-corn—'tis flame!
I'm at the front; I'm to the fore;
And "mentioned" is my name!

AMY R. KINGSMILL.



[Photo, C. Jones.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE POTATO
BLOSSOM.

In German Schools: An Englishwoman's Impressions.

By Florence Aston.

VISITED a polite minister of education in one of the palatial buildings in Unter den Linden, and we made bows to each other across a shining mahogany table. After this, a little man, with a beard like a goat and clever dark eyes, invited me to drink coffee with him at his house. He was a *Kreisschulinspektor*, now long since dead. Dead too is the rosy little wife who poured out the coffee, admired my clothes and figure, and congratulated me on my complexion.

After we had drunk our coffee the *Kreisschulinspektor* wrote fearful hieroglyphics on a correspondence-card, for this purpose pushing away the dish of little twisted cakes with tiny crystals of sugar on them. He told me that the correspondence-card would gain admission for me into any school in the quarter of Berlin over which he had jurisdiction.

In spite of a good working knowledge of German, I never to this day could decipher that card. The head masters to whom I presented it could not either, although one or two pretended that they could; but the elegant framework of flourishes with which the signature was encircled was evidently familiar, and secured friendly smiles and ready help.

I spent two months in those Berlin schools, sometimes visiting the same several times over and sometimes passing from school to school in rapid succession. This custom of listening to lessons is called *hospitiereu*, and is a source of instruction to the foreigner like myself. I was never bored a moment.

The children appealed to my sympathy—they were so horribly well-taught; they sat so very upright, clasped their little hands so very neatly, and attended to the lessons so very carefully that I trembled for their future. If a little girl failed to answer a question correctly, she would blush crimson with shame, and not infrequently collapse into tears. Their respect for knowledge was immense, and they possessed a wonderful amount of information, the result of patient plodding under the guidance of careful and industrious teachers.

But as time passed, a suspicion sprang up in my English heart. I mixed freely with those children, both at their homes and as they came to and from school. They worked hard when with me, delighted to "üben" (practise) their correctly-learned English. Their attainments formed a most respectable average of well-educated, quietly-behaved little mortals. Their closely-cropped or be-pigtailed little heads were in excellent order both outside and in, but I strongly suspected that every scrap of individuality was being carefully and systematically crushed out of them.

The air of their schoolrooms was close and stuffy enough to make a genius dull. A notice on the walls of the classrooms ordained that no windows

were ever to be opened while the children were in school. The coats and hats hung on the walls of those same classrooms, and on wet days the acrid smell of damp boots and mackintoshes pervaded the atmosphere.

In their playtime they processed round a landing, two and two, eating sandwiches of sausage and bread. No child ever moved out of its place or spoke loudly, and the odour of black bread and sausage filled the summer air. No child impressed me with individuality when it was at liberty. Their accurate knowledge was evidently gained at the expense of character. After this I turned my attention to the teachers. They were male and female, old and young. Each had a respectable and accurate knowledge of everything that he ought to know for the purpose of teaching children; but of enthusiasms, hobbies, and private research they never dreamed.

Very friendly were all the German young ladies of my own age, with whom I went picnics and excursions; but a description of one would be a description of all. Thekla's crown of plaits was fair, and Elsa's was dark; but Thekla's ideas and tastes were the counterpart of the ideas and tastes of Elsa. What was the matter with them?

They never grew up.

Obedient, industrious children they were, and obedient, industrious children they remained. Now childishness, like cream, is sweet and good in its own place; but when kept too long is apt to turn bad. The ignorance and thoughtless cruelty of a little child is savagery in the adult, and childish docility in a man makes of him a dangerous tool in the hands of despotism.

I look out of my window on to my English lawn. My English brother Peter sits smoking and reading in a deck chair. His French and German would send a foreigner into hysterics. His knowledge of dates is vague. I have never heard him talk on the subject of his fatherland or patriotism in general, yet he held his strip of frontier with an iron grip. He can control himself and others. A regiment of Sikhs looked up to him with love, respect, even awe. Why did they not turn on this not particularly-clever Englishman, and give him his quietus?

Down the drive rushes young Peterkin with two or three other twelve-year-olds. I fear Peterkin neither blushes nor weeps when unable to answer in class. His respect for learning might be greater.

But I notice that the other boys implicitly follow his lead. With imperturbable good humour, without hectoring or commanding, Peterkin can make his fellows obey him, and control himself and them.

The reason is plain. Our English education may be faulty; but all honour to those men, say I, who train our children in character before mere knowledge of facts and figures.

The late Lieut. E. S. Carlos.



RAW MATERIAL. (By the late Lieut. E. S. Carlos.)

[Copyright.]

WE reproduce above the last of the "Scout" pictures with which the name of Ernest Stafford Carlos is associated. In June the artist, who joined the Queen's Westminster Rifles last year, and became a second lieutenant in the Buffs last March, met his death at the front whilst leading his platoon in attack.

By his death the Scouts have lost a talented friend and the Church a genuine and ardent social worker. It is specially interesting to note how intimately blended these two elements were in Lieut. Carlos's life. His taste and aptitude for art were conspicuously evident in his youth. His first Academy picture was "Soldiers," exhibited when he was only seventeen, and still a student. As manhood developed he engaged zealously in work among boys and men at S. George's, Camberwell, and Trinity College Mission in the same neighbourhood, and in relief and social work in connection with Cambridge House and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Meanwhile his picture "Rejected and Dejected, one of London's Unemployed," attracted considerable attention at the Royal Academy in 1909. It was followed by "If I were a Boy again," "Head-quarters," and "The Path-finder," all of which are so well known as "Scout" pictures, and touch a note only possible to one who knew and loved boys well, and was in full sympathy with the high ideals of the Scout movement. A worthy companion to these

is "Raw Material," for which equal popularity and usefulness can be safely predicted. In connection with it the fact should be recorded that the original of the "Scoutmaster" in the picture, like the artist himself, has since given his life for his country at the front; all the other Scouts depicted are now actively engaged in war work.

In the course of his career Lieut. Carlos made a growing reputation as a portrait painter. His sitters included Bishop Hook of Kingston, the Dean of Salisbury, Canon Johnston of Cuddesdon, and the late Canon Brooke of Kennington. His last work of this class, left unfinished, was a portrait of the late Canon Deedes.

Despite a name which to some ears may have a foreign sound, Lieut. Carlos was English "to the backbone." To one of his father's ancestors, William Carlose, of Broomhall, Charles II, in gratitude for assistance after the Battle of Worcester, gave the motto, "Subitus Fidelis Regis et Regni Salus" ("A faithful subject of the king and the safety of the kingdom"). On his mother's side Lieut. Carlos's family motto was "Fidelis usque ad mortem" ("Faithful unto death"). And for Lieut. Carlos himself it can justly be claimed that no man by his life and his death could have more worthily upheld the honourable traditions he had inherited.

¹ Lieut. Carlos's picture is reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Frederick T. Dennis, of Red Lion Square, W.C., by whom photogravure prints of the work are issued.

The Magdalen Hospital: *The Earliest English Penitentiary.*

By the Rev. H. F. B. Compston.

FROM very early times S. Mary Magdalene has been regarded as the patron saint of penitent fallen women. There is no evidence that S. Mary was ever unchaste, and there is no authority for identifying her with the penitent sinner of S. Luke vii. 36-50. But her supposed story has comforted and inspired multitudes of repentant women; and on their account S. Mary of Magdala herself would perhaps not regret what in itself is an unfortunate misunderstanding.

The Magdalen Hospital, then, is proud of the name. And it is the oldest institution of its kind—the Mother Penitentiary of our Empire.

I.

Like numerous other benevolent institutions, the Magdalen was founded in the eighteenth century, beginning its work in 1758. It was the result of an appeal issued by various philanthropic merchants of London, headed by Robert Dingley, a well-to-do importer and exporter with an important branch establishment at Petrograd. Dingley was not only a business man; he had artistic, scientific, and antiquarian interests, being one of the prominent members of the Society of Dilettanti and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Associated with him, and exceedingly active in work for the Magdalen, was Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist. Many who have never heard of Hanway's beneficent activities remember him as the first person who was bold enough to carry in public, in London, an umbrella.

The hospital was first housed at Whitechapel, in the old buildings of the London Hospital in Prescott Street. The success of the new institution was striking. Money poured in from a discerning and appreciative public. Here was Christianity doing something practical and promising; and the example set by the Magdalen was soon followed elsewhere. The chapel services attracted crowded congregations of fashionable people; and the strangest episode in the interesting story of the Magdalen is that of its popular preacher, Dr. Dodd, who, in 1777, stooped to the crime of forgery, and was hanged at Tyburn. Happily his tragic end inflicted no great harm on the hospital. Indeed, the fall of so well-known a character drew more attention, probably, to the

new charity; and it is only just to admit that Dodd had benefited the Magdalen very considerably.

The public approval of the work enabled the governing body to build a commodious hospital, completed in 1772, in S. George's Fields, Southwark—in those days pleasant, open country. The site is now occupied by the Peabody Buildings, near the Elephant and Castle. Here the good work was carried on for nearly a century.

The enormous growth of Southwark, and the consequent entire change in the environment, led to the removal of the charity to the present home at Streatham, S.W. The buildings were commenced

just fifty years ago, and were ready for occupation early in 1869. The hospital and its spacious grounds covers six acres, close to Streatham Hill Station, with frontage on Drewstead Road.

II.

There are, in normal times, one hundred and twelve penitents in residence, under the care of

a warden (Rev. G. H. Morrell) and a head matron (Miss Ling) and an adequate staff of matrons and trained assistants. The Magdalens are fitted, by a two years' course of work, for domestic service; and their religious training is conducted with earnest care. The success of the system is undoubted. Statistics are difficult to come by in such matters; but there seems reasonable ground for the belief that no less than two-thirds of the inmates have been permanently won back for God and an honest life. Considerably more than fourteen thousand penitents have been received and cared for in body and soul since August, 1758. What this has done for England who shall say? "These thousands have—if we may reverse Keble's lines—bid farewell to cloistered cell to find their neighbour and their work. Most of them have married. Let a mathematical reader jot down averages and ratios and figure it out. What does it mean in terms of census-papers? How many gallant lads of British breed, fighting our battles to-day, have had a mother, a grandmother, or a more distant ancestress, who left the wrong path for the right, and at a critical turning-point in her life owed her salvation to the Magdalen Hospital? The effects of the reformation of one individual life are incalculable: and the



THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL, STREATHAM.

Magdalen has befriended fourteen thousand and more."

III.

The chapel services are open to the public, and so—very occasionally—are the buildings and grounds. There is much to interest,—the fine chapel; the beautiful grounds, with their fertile gardens and woodland vistas; the board room, with its pictures by Hoare and Beechey and Peters, and its old books; the eighteenth-century furniture and the fine old pewter. One of the most interesting exhibits consists of two chalices and patens made entirely of glass. These are extremely fine specimens of such work, with exquisite spirals in the stems of the chalices.

But the Magdalen Hospital is far less prominent in the public eye than it has been in days gone by. In this there is gain and loss. We are more reticent than our forefathers in giving publicity to this special department of rescue work. When the Magdalen

H. F. B. Compston: *The Magdalen Hospital: the Story of a Great Charity.* Foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury. With 20 Illustrations. S.P.C.K. 1917. Price, 7s. 6d.



"THE BISHOP'S CHAIR."

Hospital was housed at Southwark there used to be displayed prominently, near the entrance in Blackfriars Bridge Road, a notice informing "penitent prostitutes" that they could apply for admission any first Thursday in the month. Nowadays the Charity is much more closely linked with the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been president for more than a quarter of a century, takes a close personal interest in its work. Numerous bishops are vice-presidents. Diocesan and parochial agencies quietly send girls who need the Magdalen's help; and the institution lies *perdu*, to some extent, even in so accessible and populous a suburb as Streatham. It does not strive nor cry aloud nor cause its voice to be heard in the streets. But the prophet's fine thought of the servant of the Lord is not inapplicable to the Magdalen. For the hospital ever seeks to reawake sweet music out of bruised reeds, instead of breaking and rejecting them; and again and again, as the years pass by, the smoking flax, which a hard world would quench, is trimmed and replenished with oil; the light is rekindled, and burns with steady radiance—a testimony to God's saving grace.



THE RICH GIFTS OF HARVEST.

[Chas Reid, Photo.]

An "S.O.S." Call: For Mothers and Children.

By Mrs. E. M. Field.



MOST of us, perhaps, think of Mr. Carnegie chiefly as a giver of public libraries. We shall have a new feeling of gratitude when we know that some of the money he left in the hands of trustees to do good in the ways most needed has now been spent on an effort which could not be made without some such help.

A STOREHOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Before we can act wisely we must know truly. We have long been anxious and troubled about the heavy loss of babies in this country and the damaged state of some who grow up. But an uncomfortable sense that things are wrong and a clear view of what is really the matter are very different things. Three very large and solid volumes now contain the knowledge gained by an *Inquiry into the Physical Welfare of Mothers and Children*. The first is written by Dr. Hope, of Liverpool, and tells us about conditions all over England and Wales; the second, by Dr. Janet Campbell, of the Board of Education, tells us of midwives, hospitals, schools for mothers, *crèches*, and so on, followed by some very interesting chapters about the need and value of play in a child's life. The third volume concerns itself chiefly with Ireland.

These volumes will be carefully studied by those whose business it is to improve matters, and work which is already being done will be increased and made more useful, and better connected also with other work. For it often happens that it is a long time before a good plan tried in one place becomes known to people elsewhere, who would like to do something of the same kind, but do not quite know how to begin. For instance, many people have been keenly interested by hearing of a Rest Home started a year ago at Liverpool for mothers who are especially delicate before or after their baby's birth. Two airy wards, with six beds in each, and a cheerful sitting-room, make a temporary home which may save health, and even life, for mother or baby, or both. The work of founding such homes and other measures will go forward faster when we understand that it is not only the deaths of so many infants that are our grief and shame.

SOME VITAL THINGS.

Children need mothers to take care of them, and no one listens now to those foolish persons who say that poor people's children should be taken away from them and brought up in great State nurseries. We know for a fact that real homes are the proper rearing-places for real Christian citizens. Only, we must make it possible for each mother to make a real home.

Sixty-seven mothers a week *ought not* to die from the weight of a too heavy burden, or from bad nursing or infection. We must see to it that housing is better. The President of the Board of Education has just said that he hopes one of the

first uses women will make of their votes will be to secure that every town mother has a proper supply of water and a gas cooking-stove. Many of the worst conditions of life, apart from those slums which are a standing disgrace to some large towns, are in country places that are turning into towns. The old conditions will not do, and those needed for town life do not come as fast as they ought. Next to water in importance is pure milk, and about this there is much to be said. One point is that all our Councils should see it to be their concern, and women should sit on all Councils.

Another and more important point is that the one kind of milk which is absolutely pure because it is *never exposed to the air*, and therefore is the safest for an infant, is its mother's. Many reasons for hand feeding are given. One is that the mother "prefers" to go out to work. She would generally "prefer" to stay at home and nurse her baby if she were assured of food for her family. It is now proposed, especially in a little four-page paper called *A Memorandum on the National Care of Maternity*, sent out by the Women's Co-operative Guild, that as motherhood is a service to the State, every woman who chooses to claim it should have a State allowance of 10s. weekly for six weeks at this time, besides a wholly free State maternity service of all kinds. Another reason for weaning babies is that the mother, who is sure to think of herself last, is too ill-nourished to be able to feed her child. Provision for mothers' dinners at cost price, or even free, is cheaper to the State than the care of orphans. Some very interesting addresses on this point have been given here lately by the American Judge Neil, who has persuaded over thirty of the United States to "board out" destitute children with *their own* mother when possible! Child-crime was at once lessened in each place—another saving!

More will be done to provide better-taught midwives and more of those useful women who are called Home Helps and Cottage Nurses, and can take the disabled mother's place for the time being. In Russia six thousand women called *feldsheirs* are scattered about the country, having been trained in midwifery and various kinds of first aid, vaccination, and so forth. More attention will be paid to teeth. How seldom we see a poor mother with a good set; but how much suffering and loss of health a bad condition means!

Then the ex-baby will come in for more care. Nursery-schools, where "toddlers" may be safely sheltered, *not* educated, but trained in good ways by carefully-chosen teachers, will ease many mothers' burdens without depriving them of their little ones. They will also bring medical care to those tinies who now have to wait till their sixth birthday brings them under the attention of school doctor and nurse, when trouble may already have begun.

Will not *the kingdom* have begun to come if every English mother can be a *joyful* mother of children?

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

THERE are many indications that the invaluable work of the Church Army at the Front is being vigorously carried on. The gains of ground consequent upon the summer offensive necessitated the provision of a considerable number of new huts for churches, recreation rooms, and the like; and arrangements to meet the new situation were put in hand very promptly.

This has compelled the Army to renew its appeal to the Church public generally for funds, as well as to make an urgent call for clergy and lay workers. It will be remembered that this work on the Western Front represents only one section of the Church Army's many activities in connection with the War in many parts of the world as well as at home.

THE "Life and Liberty" Movement in the Church is based, in the words of its chairman, the Rev. W. Temple, on the belief that the chance of obtaining the most urgent reforms is very remote unless the Church secures liberty in the sense of full power to manage its own life. In other departments of national life revolutionary changes are in process. Is the Church alone to be condemned to immobility as long as the war lasts—and that in spite of the fact that it is in the region of the spiritual life that the changes of the time go deepest? The men at the Front do not want us to wait for their return. They want when they return to find a Church more adaptable to their spiritual needs than that they left behind. If the Church of England could reach substantial unanimity in its demand it could claim from any Parliament the fulfilment of its will.

PROBABLY little surprise will be felt at the decision that the much-needed division of the Diocese of Ripon can best be carried out by the creation of a See of Bradford. The claims of other parts of the diocese have been carefully weighed; but it is felt that, under modern conditions, the interests of the Church will best be served by making the great city of Bradford, with its throbbing life and its many problems, the home of the new bishopric, with Bradford Parish Church as its cathedral.

The committee appointed by the Bishop of Ripon at the request of the Diocesan Conference is taking the necessary steps for promoting the formation of the see; but no public appeal for funds will be issued until after the war.

THE cost of the war shrines, which are now becoming a common feature of our streets, has, in many places, been met by general subscription among parishioners of all ages and every social class. The sense of proprietorship thus produced is amusingly illustrated by a story from an East-end correspondent which appeared in a daily paper. A very small boy, noticing a non-subscribing juvenile about to do some mischief to a shrine, assumed a threatening air and exclaimed, "You touch it, that's all, and see what I'll give you. There's tuppence of mine there."



SHIVER-GILT MITRE USED BY BISHOP WREN, 1638-1667.

This is preserved in the Chapel of Pembroke College, Cambridge. It is of English workmanship, silver-gilt, with repoussé decorations.

THE Bishop of Southwark has quite justly pointed out that the problem of the Church's duty to munition workers applies with special force to his diocese. These workers have been brought from all parts of England, set to work in strange surroundings under new conditions, and exposed to new temptations. Herein lies the Church's opportunity and privilege.

In response to this challenge, besides the provision of additional clergy, church buildings, clubs, and the like, for the special needs of these workers, a great appeal to them will be made throughout the district in the first fortnight in September. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Lichfield, and Dover, and the Chaplain-General, Mr. Will Crooks, and a large number of well-known missionaries will take part.

THE Mary Sumner House which the Mothers' Union has opened in Dean's Yard, Westminster, is named after the Foundress of the Union. After inaugurating the Union in 1886 Mrs. Sumner remained President till 1909, when she became Hon. President for life.

Dr. A. Nairne, Canon of Chester, whose recent articles in "THE SIGN" on the poetry of Charles Kingsley will be remembered, is resigning his Professorship of Hebrew at King's College, London, which he has held since 1900, having accepted the Vicarage of All Saints, Cambridge. For five years after his Ordination, in 1887, Dr. Nairne was Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and from 1887 to 1891 he was also Vice-Principal of Cambridge Clergy Training School.

THE Church in Birmingham has just seen the completion of an ambitious building scheme, carried out under all the difficulties of war-time, in the enlargement of S. Thomas's Schools. There have been several previous enlargements, but

the fact that the schools have now the care of 1,500 children made another enlargement imperative. The boldness of the venture is seen in the cost, over £11,500, of which all but £2,500 has been raised.

THE roll of Army and Navy chaplains of the English Church who have laid down their lives for their country during the war now exceeds fifty. One of the most recent is the Rev. Basil Plumtre, killed through a shell entering his dug-out, who had been curate at Bermondsey Old Parish Church for nine years. He had spent eighteen months as a chaplain in France, and was awarded the Military Cross last year. When the Rector of Bermondsey, the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the well-known Essex cricketer, returned from the front Mr. Plumtre asked to be sent out with the Bermondsey men. An officer, writing of his death, said, "I suppose the Padre knew more of 'No Man's Land' than any other in this Army."

THE Dean of York (Dr. Foxley Norris) has received from his many friends in Wakefield Diocese a token of the high esteem in which he is held, and of the great service he had rendered to the Church in that diocese during twenty-eight years as examining-chaplain, canon, and, for the last eleven years, Archdeacon of Halifax. The presentation included a cheque for £100, for the purchase of a piece of plate.

The dean, in acknowledging the gift, wrote that by means of the present he intended to acquire a large number of books which he had long wanted, and to get, if possible, a replica of a fine old wood and silver bowl, known as Archbishop Scrope's "Indulgence Cup," in the Minster Treasury, to hand down to those who came after him.

By the invitation of the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's, the Rev. Father Nicolai Velimirovic, head of the Theological Faculty in the University of Belgrade, preached the morning sermon in the cathedral on July 22nd. This is believed to be the first occasion on which a Serbian priest has occupied the cathedral pulpit.

Preaching from the text "One thing is needful," he said the message he had to convey was founded on the experience of the war: that the one vital thing necessary, both in domestic and international politics, was the elevation of sacrifice as a guiding principle among nations.

THE presence of the Bishops of London and Chelmsford at the recent Wesleyan Methodist Conference is specially interesting in view of the suggestions which have recently been made concerning the possibilities of formal union between the Wesleyan Methodists and the Church of England.

At the Conference the Bishop of London in deprecating the idea of permanent division between the Churches expressly stated that he was authorized to bring a brotherly greeting from the bishops.

Our Query Corner: Hints for some of our Correspondents.

* * RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.

1149. Why does a clergyman refuse to conduct a funeral on the Sabbath day?

Do you really mean on "the Sabbath day" (*Saturday*) or the LORD'S Day (*Sunday*), which, for Christians, after the Resurrection replaced the Jewish "Sabbath"? We suppose the latter.

There are several more or less important reasons for discouraging Sunday funerals, save (as in all things) in cases of great necessity.

(1) The character of Sunday, which is a festival, commemorating the Resurrection day.

(2) The Sunday occupations of the clergy and congregations.

(3) The needless Sunday work caused to those concerned in funeral arrangements.

(4) Abuses of funeral feasts, which have been even worse than those of the Corinthian Church, ending in drunkenness, etc., etc.

If nothing of the latter troubles appears in any case of which you know, you may still take it that the question has been considered in the light of information from all parts of the country, and the body of experienced opinion is entirely against making Sunday the funeral day.

1150. Who chooses an organist?

Technically, the incumbent has sole voice in the selection of an organist. But he may choose to submit the question to his parish council, if he has one, or consult his churchwardens.

1151. What books on Christian evidences have been recommended in "The Sign"?

We have had papers on this special subject by Mr. Tremeneere, Mr. Shebbeare, and Mr. Clement Rogers. The last series, with additions and a few recommendations, is lately published—*The Christian's Claim about JESUS of Nazareth* (S. P. C. K., 1s. net), and is useful. You might also look at some little books in the "Churchman's Penny Library," or *The Truth about Christianity*, by Colonel Turton (2s. 6d. net); *Evidences of Christianity*, by

Lonsdale Ragg (1s. 3d. net); *The Atonement*, "English Churchman's Library" (1s. net); *Instructions on the Atonement*, by Father Bull (2s. 6d. net); *Doctrine of the Atonement*, Mozley (2s. 6d. net).

Day). But "three days" may be "a little while," a "marked but inconsiderable" period of absence: as, for example, "Let us go three days journey into the wilderness," or, as we put it, "I shall be away for 'a day or two,'" or "a week or two."

People often ask this question, and the above really represents all scholars would say.

1153. I should like to join a temperance society, but the one suggested is not of Church people. What should I do?

While we often do join with others for social work, would it not be better for a member of the Church of England to join the Church of England Temperance Society? There is a branch in almost every parish; if you cannot get to hear of one locally, write to the Secretary, Church of England Temperance Society, 50 Marsham Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

1154. Is it a good thing to say a hymn going up to the altar? If so, which should I choose?

It is an excellent practice to say familiar hymns while going up, as one should be devotional and yet try to be alive to the convenience of other people. But why not spend a little time in looking them up for yourself? Choose different lengths, e.g. 323 or 321 in *Hymns A. & M.*, for use on going up, and others according to the day. Prepare a little in advance what you are going to do at each Communion, so as to make it fit the season of the Church and the point for the time arrived at in your life.

1155. How can a teacher find out good books on Holy Scripture?

An excellent Bibliography, price 4d. by post, is obtainable from Miss Hippisley, S.Th., West Lodge, Sidcup, Kent, which gives short comments on all the best new books for study or teaching in secondary schools. You would be sure to find it useful. But there are other ways, if you care to join some of the unions for such purposes.

Our Notice Board.

"Receive the Prayer of Thy People."

SEPTEMBER, 1917.

DATE.	FESTIVALS.
2. S.	13 Sunday after Trinity.
9. S.	14 Sunday after Trinity.
16. S.	15 Sunday after Trinity.
21. F.	Festival of S. Matthew, A.E.M.
23. S.	16 Sunday after Trinity.
29. S.	Festival of S. Michael and All Angels.
30. S.	17 Sunday after Trinity.
October.	
7. S.	18 Sunday after Trinity.

+

FASTS.

Fridays, September 7, 14, 21, 28.
Vigil, " 20, Of S. Matthew.

EMBER DAYS.

Wednesday, 19. } Ember
Friday, 21. } Pennies due.
Saturday, 22. } where given.

OLD DAYS NOTED IN CALENDAR.

September 1. S. Giles, Ab.C.; 7. S. Euvrins, B.; 8. Nativity of B.V.M.; 14. Holy Cross Day; 17. S. Lambert, B.M.; 26. S. Cyprian, Abp.M.; 30. S. Jerome, P.C.D.

1152. "The third day He rose again": how can this be explained?

Most of the numbers in Holy Scripture are unintelligible to us Western-minded people; but scholars tell us they are almost always what we call round numbers. Here actually "three" days are represented. Jewish days begin at six p.m. So, as S. John shows, there was the Passover Day (Good Friday), the Sabbath Day (Easter Eve), the First Day of the week (the LORD'S

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1. Every care will be taken of MSS. sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

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The S. F. C. Sale of Work.

An unprecedented record was broken when, on Oct: 19th, 20th & 22nd, the S.F.C. assisted by a Committee of Ladies, held their Sale of Work in aid of the Red Cross Funds. It is believed that the recent Cathedral Bazaar, which attained the sum of £256-5-1, made a record in local takings, but the "Great Red Cross" Bazaar capped everything, and no less than £604-4-6 proved to be the gross total. The expenses only amounted to £3-2-6 so that over £600 proved the nett takings. When towards the end of August, a scheme for "Our Day" Fund was brought forward at a meeting of the S.F.C., in which a Children's Entertainment, a Dance and Concert were to form the week's programme, - it was thought to be "some undertaking", but when Mr Conway, with his usual Keltic grit, meekly suggested a Sale of Work, - at first the idea seemed too great: but the Committee accepted the suggestion, and left the preliminary arrangements in the hands of a Sub-Committee, consisting of Messrs L. Hardy, W. E. Conway, A. E. Smith and the Chairman, - who soon got together a Ladies' Committee, which consisted of Miss G. Aldridge, Mrs R. B. Baseley, Mrs Enestrom, Mrs Arthur Hardy, Mrs W. A. Thompson, Mrs Simpson and Mrs Walker. The scheme suggested and adopted was that the sale should be in theme with the Red Cross Work. The Stalls to represent Hospital tents, and the Ladies to wear Red Cross Uniforms. His Excellency kindly placing the Town Hall, together with some of the Government Staff, under the direction of the ever energetic Colonial Engineer, - the work of the Sub-Committee was considerably lightened. Over the main balcony hung the Allies' Flags, some of which had been painted by Mr Baseley. Underneath these hung a large banner with the very appropriate words "Progress and Prosperity". In the front of the railings hung a large Red Cross Emblem, made by Mrs Thomas. To the left of the entrance was the Flower Stall, while the Jumble Stall stood on the right. Next to the latter was Mrs Thompson's Stall opposite to which was Mrs Enestrom's. Mrs Arthur Hardy's Stall was at the extreme

left, and opposite was the S.F.C. Stall. On the balcony were various side shows, and the Cloak Room was given up to an Aunt Sally Range, which under the leadership of "Doctor" Smith and his Nurses, did a roaring trade. Other side shows were held in front of the stage, (where also the Raffle Boxes were placed): The Large Room behind the Stage was transformed into the Concert Hall, while the whole of the Stage was given up to the Tea Stall, under the charge of Mrs Fleuret. At the back of the stage, the large Union Jack from the Church Hall was hung.

His Excellency the Governor arrived punctually at 6 p.m., and was accompanied by Miss Young. His Excellency in his opening remarks, stated what had been done during the past years for the Red Cross Work, and gave some account of the work at present. He was most glad, he said, to be able to congratulate the smaller farms upon the excellent contributions that had already been received, and sincerely hoped that the larger farms would contribute in proportion. He felt sure that if every Manager in the Falklands realized that they owed their very existence to-day to the British Army and Navy, they would never hesitate to make a real sacrifice this year. He was fully aware that it might be stated that most of the owners resided at home, and gave their donations there: while that was true, he knew that the owners had the fullest confidence in their resident managers, and would be the very last to deter anyone from using every effort to show that, when the opportunity did arise, - as it now has, - their own particular farm was not going to be behindhand in any single way, in showing in some practical and worthy form - their whole hearted sympathy and esprit de corps for the British Army and Navy. To those people who lived in the Islands, he would say little for they had no doubt realized that in spite of a few commodities being a little dearer, the food prices compared very favourably with any British Colony or English Town, and above all, they were not beset with any extra taxes. His Excellency was received with rounds of applause, and then after a vote of thanks was proposed by the Rev. C. McDonald Hobley (Chairman of the S. F. C.) - the Sale was

declared open.

The takings on the first night amounted to over £328. On the second, it rose to over £530. On Monday night, helped on by the persuasive powers of Mr. Dan Sullivan, who came out in the new role of auctioneer, the money rolled in, and amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, the Chairman announced that over £600 was passed.

'The game has been well played by all.' The following is the list of Stall Holders and Assistants:—

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HOOP LA! The Misses D. Rowlands, A. Lanning and A. Newing.

NAIL DRIVING. The Misses I. Pearce, D. Riches and V. Baseley.

WEIGHING MACHINE. The Misses E. Aldridge and N. McAtasney.

POST OFFICE. The Misses E. Summers, V. Lanning and A. Kiddle.

FIND THE COIN. The Misses W. Newing, A. Rowlands, M. Gleadell and M. Rowlands.

BUTTERFLY COMPETITION. The Misses L. Sullivan and M. Bradbury.

SIDE SHOW SUBCOMMITTEE. Mr W. E. Con-

way and Mr C. Allan.

CONCERTS. The Rev. C. McD Hobley and Mr W. Barlas.

TREASURERS. Messrs L. Hardy & J. Milne.

DOOR KEEPERS. Messrs W. Newing and J. Ratcliffe.

STEWARDS, in addition to the above gentlemen:— Messrs J. McGill, A. Fleuret, J. Hubbard and W. Bartram. *S.F.C.*

THE CHILDRENS' EFFORT.

The children of the Government School had the honour to be the first to start the contributions to "Our Day" Fund for this year with a very interesting concert in the Town Hall on Saturday, October 6th, which realized the sum of £28. 5. 0. It can be safely said that the majority of people that attended did not expect to see such an interesting performance; the programme was well arranged and the children did great credit to their teachers, they both spoke and acted very well and could be plainly heard, and it was evident that they did not suffer from stage fright. Both halves of the concert were opened by choruses by the senior children which were very well rendered, one item that deserves special mention was entitled "Weaving" by twenty-five children, who made a black and yellow flag with a red cross in the centre by interlacing strips of black, red and yellow cloth. A recitation entitled "Five little Chickens" by some of the infants was well received and the way the children spoke up caused much amusement. In a game entitled "Briar Rosebud" played by the Infants, Kathleen Smith who acted the part of the princess was mistaken at first for a doll as she stood so still. The sketches in both halves were very interesting and well acted, the children played up well and fully maintained their parts, which had evidently been well learnt; the dances by the senior girls deserve special mention and were easily one of the best features of the programme. The costumes worn by the "Golliwogs" were much admired, great credit is due to Miss Carey who designed and made them. His Excellency the Governor was present and at the end of the Concert expressed his gratification at the effort made by the children.

En Passant.

"OUR DAY" CELEBRATIONS IN
PORT STANLEY.

The month of October with its attendant movements promoted for gathering money for the Red Cross will certainly be a land mark in the history of these Islands. There is an old adage that says, "charity begins at home"; the war has altered it slightly: self is put in abeyance and those who are sacrificing their lives are very much in the foreground.

In consequence of this the Red Cross Society perhaps is one of the most worthy objects that can receive practical support from a populous such as this that lives in peace and plenty.

It may not seem out of place then for us to cast backward glance, and place in chronological order the various events in this memorable month that have been the means of enriching the Red Cross Funds. Men, women, children have each one and all, zealously put forth their energies according to their particular bent into the various schemes which have been inaugurated for the Red Cross here in Port Stanley.

It was therefore befitting that the Children should have had the honour of opening the ball by giving the Concert in the Town Hall on October 5th. The Concert was undoubtedly an unqualified success; the sublime confidence of the children was nothing short of remarkable. Our local prophets need have no fear in predicting some very good concerts in the future by the rising generation. The proceeds were worthy of the youngsters' Effort and the Red Cross Funds were enriched to the extent of some £28.

We move forward to the next surprise namely the Concert given by the "Non-descripts". The talent exhibited on this occasion was responsible for providing an unapproachable record in the annals of Concerts in this Colony. If one can judge from the continuous vociferous applause from the audience, the Artists have no reason to believe that they had laboured in vain; likewise the audience had no reason to regret that they had expended their entrance money. In any case the Red Cross suffered no less in consequence.

With the exception of one or two well soured patrons the audience were never in better form and the whole proceedings went with a bright swing from start to finish.

The Red Cross funds were now enriched by £61, a record for any concert ever held in these Islands.

The next event presented to us was The Sale of Work organized by the Stanley Football Club. The Concert undoubtedly put the public in a good frame of mind and the enthusiasm waxed high as was shown by the crowds who attended the opening ceremony. The Town Hall never looked better nor did the ladies, who, bedecked in many red crosses of various sizes, flittered hither and thither to administer to the wants of the anxious buyers.

The takings on the first night exceeded the most sanguine expectations and realised some £338. This is all the more remarkable as the money obtained found its way for the most part from the people with small incomes. His Excellency in his remarks at the opening commented on the absent proprietors of large holdings, and stated that it was to be hoped that they would come forward in the same way that the smaller land owners had done.

The rank and file had set the example on this occasion and it is to be hoped that others in a better pecuniary position will follow suit.

The second night of the Sale was if anything more successful than the first. The articles to be bought had diminished perceptibly, but were augmented by the side shows. The Aunt Sally proved to be a lucrative amusement and was patronised freely, the concerts were also responsible for over £11 on this evening. After the takings were totalled up the huge amount of some £530 were realised; this did not include one or two of the big Raffles and oddments which were auctioned in the Town Hall on the following Monday, when to the amazement of everyone the grand total reached was over £600.

This result speaks for itself when one remembers the size of the population and it is quite unnecessary to single out praise individually. The organisers and buyers and the helpers have sufficient reward when they realise what their united efforts produced.

Eye Witness.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE WEATHER for this past month has for the time of the year, been perfectly exceptional. Brilliant sunshine has been the order for many a day, - the obvious result being, of course, a water famine in Stanley.

- o -

OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS to all the people of Stanley upon the stupendous result of the Red Cross Sale of Work, promoted by the Stanley Football Club. £600. 1. 0. nett, is a sum that any place may be jolly well proud of! - Our hats off to you every time, Ladies, Gentlemen and Children of Stanley.

- o -

SINCE ITS FORMATION, the Stanley Football Club have gone great guns in the cause of Charity. A whisper tells us that it is running the Stanley Sports Association in a close race.

- o -

IT SEEMS A PITY, however, for some things, that an amalgamation of the two clubs cannot take place.

- o -

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS also are due to our old friend Sir Ernest Shackleton upon the honour extended to him by the French Academy of Science. They have awarded to him their geographical prize of £400, in consideration of his Antarctic Explorations.

- o -

THE WHALING SEASON promises especially well: and our local Shareholders will no doubt welcome this news.

- o -

THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL came into force on Oct. 13th, and has been greatly welcomed. Regret has been expressed on many sides, however, that the original idea of extending it to two hours instead of the one, has not been accepted.

- o -

BY THE LAST MAIL Mr. T. H. Foster left us amidst general regret. During the short time he was with us he became extremely popular, and there is no doubt of his great popularity amongst the men of the F.I.V's., who all owned he was the right man in the right place. We greatly regret that owing

to the climate, his health would not allow him to stay longer with us: and we wish him every success in the future.

- o -

SEA LIONS ISLAND is certainly very isolated yet in spite of that we hear that one of the passengers in the *Falkland* found such a great attraction in its wild rocky shores that he got left behind there on a recent mail trip.

- o -

TALKING OF ISLANDS, congratulations to Bleaker, or rather to Miss Thelma Fuhendorff, upon winning the magnificent five Decker Cake in the great prize draw at the Red Cross Sale of Work. The cake was made and designed by Mr Arthur Hardy of the Stanley Bakery, who generously presented it to the S.F.C.

- o -

BLEAKER ISLAND seems also to be showing the right kind of progress. Last year they planted over 80,000 roots of tussac in some of the bare paddocks on the station, and we hear that this year they have planted over 87,000 roots.

- o -

MANY PEOPLE IN THE CAMP have been keen on the Moss question. So far, it has not been possible to get a definite local organization for the purpose of receiving and dispatching the Sphagnum Moss, but we earnestly trust that this fact will not deter anyone from making a personal collection, and we can assure our readers that any such gifts will be greatly welcomed by the Red Cross authorities at Home.

- o -

WORK HAS BEEN PROCEEDING upon the F. I. C. Hulks. The *J. P. Smith*, *Rosy Baker*, and others have all been re-moored during this past month, and now the *Great Britain* is having her moorings transferred. Considering that the latter has not been removed since May 1908, and since that time has withstood the hardest gales, and also held many a Cargo Boat of the P.S.N.C. alongside of her, it reflects the very highest credit upon Capt. Thomas that for nine years the largest hulk in Stanley Harbour has held so very well.

- o -

A Narrow Escape.

A gallant Falkland Islands airman recently had a very thrilling experience and a miraculous escape. Flight Lieutenant N. Watt, of the Royal Naval Air Service, was flying at the height of 2,000 feet when something went seriously wrong with his machine. With wonderful skill and coolness, for which he was subsequently complimented by the authorities, he managed to descend to within a couple of hundred feet of the ground, but then his aeroplane collapsed and fell, being badly smashed up. He himself was badly shaken and sustained a fracture, but has been making a rapid recovery, and hopes soon to be able to resume his duties.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

THE VISITORS 2. v STANLEY 2.

During the short visit of the H. M. S. "0000000" to Stanley an interesting football match took place on 8th. September, which ended in a draw.

The following teams took the field under the charge of Ldg. Sto. Appleton (Referee) at 2. 45. p. m.

The Visitors :—

A.B. Thomas, Sto. Taylor, Sto. Bentley, Sto. Mulholland, A.B. Cadwallader, Cooper Fern (Capt.) Sto. Plant, Ldg. Sto. Taylor, Sto. Stones, A.B. Graham, Sto. Anfield.

Stanley :—

W. Hubbard, J. Kingsford, G. Perry, B. Fleuret, J. Till, G. Madgwick, W. Conway, H. Strickland, W. Barlas, H. Aldridge, C. Allan, (Capt.)

Allan won the toss for Stanley and elected to take the west goal and the advantage of the north-west wind. Taylor took the kick off, the home team obtained the ball and began to press, Barlas took the opportunity of a shot Thomas, saving in fine style, he was soon called upon again to save a shot from Strickland but did not clear very well and Allan obtaining the ball scored.

The home team continued to press, Allan taking a long shot from the wing placed the ball over the bar, the visitors succeeded in holding the home team for a while but they soon got away again and Allan again shot,

Thomas in saving unfortunately fell, and Barlas neatly hooked the ball out of his hands and placed it in the net.

Just before half time Strickland made an attempt to score three-nil.

In the second half although kicking against the wind the home team still continued to attack until Aldridge being ruled off-side gave the visitors a chance to get away and a fine centre from Plant, gave Taylor the chance to score.

From the kick off the home team were all round their opponents goal, a hard shot from Strickland struck the bar, and was well cleared by Bentley, Allan gaining possession of the ball shot again, Thomas saved well and some hot work was seen, Allan being ruled off side gave the visitors a chance to relieve the pressure. After some even play a foul was awarded against Strickland but the home team got going and a shot from Barlas hit the post and rolled over the line, the goal was not allowed. After some pretty work Graham tried a shot and Taylor scored the equalising goal a minute from time, from the kick off nothing resulted and the whistle went with the score two all,

The visiting team played well, their goalie was well tried by the shots he was called upon to save, the team as a whole played a steady game. Sto. Plant at outside right suffered from cramp in the legs throughout the game had to be attended to several times but in spite of this he played a good game.

Hubbard was in form but was not given much chance to show what he could do, Perry and Kingsford at back both did well, but Kingsford seemed to be somewhat weak in his kicking. Fleuret, Till and Madgwick were a good half back line and played steadily throughout, though Fleuret seemed hardly heavy enough for the men he was up against; he played a steady game and tackled well. Conway, Strickland, Barlas, Aldridge and Allan played the best combination game that has been seen in the Stanley team for some time although Aldridge, was not up to his usual form at time, he showed what he could do, but his play was not consistent. Barlas seemed as much at home in the forward line as he is at back.

En Passant.



Stamps.



Stamps.  Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d	a dozen for	½d	stamps.
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7½	„ „	2½d	„
16	„ „	6d	„
3/-	„ „	1/-	„
9/-	„ „	3/-	„
15/-	„ „	5/-	„



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & N. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.



1917-1918.



PRIVATE
Christmas
&

New Year Cards

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from 2/6 dozen at
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Orders promptly executed in
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:: A Book of Sample Cards now ready for Inspection ::

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia
Henry Aldridge
Horace Aldridge
Richard Aldridge
Shirley Aspinall
John Armstrong
Norman Adam
Norman Blake
William Blake
Arthur Blake
Adam Blakeley
Arthur Barnes
Louis Barnes
Wilfred Baillo
Ernest Boothroyd
Bernard Buckley
William Biggs
Peter Buckley
Thomas Bean
William Campell
John Coleman
Edward Cobb
Hubert Cobb
John Dean

William Douglas
Rupert Durose
George Dean
William Duttell
David Frazer
Evelyn Felton
Stanley Goss
Sydney Goss
Ernest Goss
Barry Girling
Chris Girling
George Gordon
William Gleadoll
Claude Hardy
Valentine Hardy
Hugh Harding
Frank Howatt
James Harvov
George Morris
Peter McEwan
Archie McTravers
William McCall
Donald McPherson
Arentbald McCall

Michael Murphy
John Matthews
Edmund Matthews
James McCall
Edward McAtasney
Thomas Martin
Henry Ogilvie
Arthur Ogilvie
Gilbert Phillips
Walter Phillips
Robert Packe
Fred Pauline
William Rutter
Jack Turner
Richard Uwins
George Williams
Douglas Williams
Stuart Williams
Maxwell Williams
Phillip Williams
Jack Williams
Norman Watt
Stanley Watt

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914

Nor man Aitken, James Allen, Fred rick Biggs, William Blyth.
Herbert Gaylor, Charles Newing, Walter Shires, Ernest Spencer.
Peter McKay, January 28th 1916, Henry Phillips
Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917, James Dickie.
Singleton Banner, May 1st, 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of **Marthenware and Glassware** has just been received consisting of the following: Sets of Jugs, beer jugs, Sugar Bowls and Cream Sets, Bowls and Dishes, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "prints from the Island Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 4 & 8 pints, Tea Plates, Pitchers, etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Ornamented Pails 4' 6" long complete with handles, Wire and Binding Tainers, Stair Floor Bricks 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum in assorted designs, 111' long, Wash Cleaners, Folly Dyes, Wool Taps, Check Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Glass Tea and Coffee bottoms, Port & Whisky Bases and Black Tea Guards, Flour Blows, Calendars of Children's faces, Imperial Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 4 quart, Stove Plate Litters, Wash Bases, Garden Hose, Bellows Lines 20 & 30 yds, Vanilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Belongings, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Cozzette Matting 18 & 27" wide, Fat Blank, Buttons,

Children's Toys and Sewing Machine.

Girls' Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 & 40, Scotch Tweed Trousers 6 1/2 per pair, Primas, Spiral Pencils 7 1/2 per pair, Soft Bill Double Colours, Patent Net Hats, Patent Cotton Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas Ties, Patent and Court Shoes, Underwear & Vests 1 1/2 per suit.

Table Knives, Forks, Spoons and Dessert Spoons, Sets of Knives, Forks and Packing Needles, Pliers of Paris, Ball Distances, Paint in 1 1/2 lbs and 2 1/2 lbs cans, Aspin's Eucanal, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8 1/2 each, Alarm Clocks 8 1/2 each, Roden Oil & Soap, Horse Hoops, Brass Hot Brushes, Playing Cards 1 1/2 and 2 1/2.

Compliments of the House, Blackboard, White Board, Green and Red Boards, Pastilles, Live Milk, Asperine, Socks, Mittens and Discoloured Mugs, etc. etc. etc.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Funks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Paper Shoes, Children's Cotton Gaiters, Mitts & Gloves, Cotton, Muslin, and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, etc. etc. etc.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere, etc. etc. etc. Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Coats, etc. etc. with Caps to match, Boy's Flannel and Silk, Pushettes, White Silk Tulle, Crown Wreaths, Silk Wreaths, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirts, Felling, etc. etc. etc. & Silk, Same Fringe, Embroidery Silk, All Serge, Ladies' Fancy, etc. etc. etc., Dress Gowns, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Children's Gaiters & U.S. Cotton Blouses.

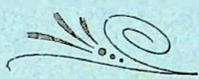
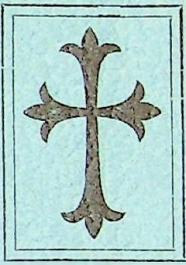
Linen Danish Table Cloth & Escotcher, Embroidered Green and Table Cloth, Cushion Covers, etc. etc. etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Buttons, Parures, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets, etc.

Cardle Sticks, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Brass, Silver, etc. etc. etc., Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoon & Fork, Silver Mounted Glass, Brush & Mirrors, Paint Boxes, Painting Boards, Artists' Stationery and Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.

17th J. King

P/FIM/17#12



17

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The

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AND

Church

Paper.

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AT

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FALKLAND ISLANDS.



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 Temporarily in Charge

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CHAPLAIN
 Rev C. McDonald-Hobley.

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SOLE ENGLISH AGENTS.

To whom all particulars concerning ad-
 vertising, literary, and other business
 may be addressed,

The South American Press, Ltd.
 1 Arundel Street,
 London W C.

December.

Moon

Last Qtr. 6th.
 New Moon. 14th.
 First Qtr 21st.
 Full Moon. 28th.

Moon

JANUARY
 Last Qtr. 5th.
 New Moon 12th.
 First Qtr. 19th.
 Full Moon 27th.

1st.	S.	
2nd.	S.	Advent Sunday.
3rd.	M.	
4th.	Tu.	
5th.	W.	
6th.	Th.	S. Nicolas, B.
7th.	F.	
8th.	S.	Concep. B.V.M.
9th.	S.	2nd. Sunday in Advent.
10th.	M.	
11th.	Tu.	
12th.	W.	
13th.	Th.	S. Lucy, V. M.
14th.	F.	
15th.	S.	
16th.	S.	3rd. Sunday in Advent.
17th.	M.	
18th.	Tu.	
19th.	W.	Ember Day.
20th.	Th.	
21st.	F.	
22nd.	S.	
23rd.	S.	4th. Sunday in Advent.
24th.	M.	
25th.	Tu.	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26th.	W.	S. Stephen, M.
27th.	Th.	S. John, A. E.
28th.	F.	Innocents' Day.
29th.	S.	
30th.	S.	Sunday after Christmas.
31st.	M.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent
 in by the 10th. of each month. Communi-
 cations should be written on one side of the
 paper only; and must be accompanied by
 the name and address of sender, not neces-
 sarily for publication. The Editor is not re-
 sponsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No VIII. Vol. XXIX.

DECEMBER. 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

Advertisements (subject to approval) are inserted at the following rates :-
Short Notices, 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6
Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address.

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a.m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

WE expect that by the time these lines are being read, we shall have had the privilege of welcoming His Lordship the Bishop, who is enabled to say that he was going to make an extended visit to the Colony. Owing to the remoteness of the Falklands, and the inconvenient mail service, especially during the past few years, we have only been enabled to welcome His Lordship for a few days visit at the most. It is just five years since the late Bishop made a complete tour of the Islands, and so this present visit will doubtless give great pleasure to all. After a Confirmation Service held by Bishop Blair in one of the Camp Settlements, several of the men present came forward and offered themselves as Candidates for the next Confirmation: a fact like this speaks for itself. The prayers of the congregation are earnestly desired for those who are now preparing to receive that Sacrament. The position of the Colony is so unique, and the possibilities of frequent pastoral visits by his Lordship the Bishop are necessarily so very limited, - (owing to the vast expanse of diocese over which he has the jurisdiction) - that it seems a chance sadly missed if every Church Member, who has not already been confirmed, does not come forward to receive that Sacred Rite. Confirmation, when properly prepared for, - and a good preparation is an extremely important item, - is one of the very greatest blessings anyone can be privileged to receive. It has helped many a man and woman not only to lead straight, pure and upright lives, but has given to them that

supernatural strength of the Holy Spirit, which has not only enabled them to stand out against the strongest temptations & play the white man through their lives, but has also brought them the choicest help and comfort at times when they have so often needed it during their lives. That supernatural life is strengthened and nourished by attendance at the Holy Mysteries, where indeed our bodies "are fed by the Bread and Wine," but our Souls, - or our real *selves*, are strengthened "by the Body and Blood of Christ which are verily and indeed taken and received." What words *can* be plainer? If Catechism, in stating this, is true, - as we are supposed to believe it is, - then Jesus Himself is present in a wonderful and extra-ordinary manner, to help on His faithful followers in their daily lives. It is an impossibility, - and against all divine Revelation in the Scriptures and human Argument, to separate "the Body and Blood of Christ which are *verily* and *indeed* taken and received by the faithful" - from the very Presence of Jesus Himself. If then, we believe in Him as we profess to do, can there be any *greater* inducement to take part in the Rite of Confirmation which admits us to that Holy Sacrament, besides giving us the Strengthening gift of the Holy Spirit of God?

LOCAL NOTES.

WE REGRET TO HEAR of the illness of Mr. George Greenshields: he has been ordered away for a six months sea voyage by his Medical adviser, and we sincerely trust he will soon make a speedy recovery.

ANOTHER OLD STANLEY RESIDENT is also ill, in the person of Mr. James Smith: we hope that we may soon be enabled to see him at out again at his usual duties.

NEWS WAS RECEIVED this last mail of the sad death of Mr. Guy Stokes, who will be remembered by many in these Islands as having formed one of the Scientific party which came here in July 1914. Mr. Stokes, who was the well known Blackheath Footballer, enlisted in the West Kent Regiment,

together with his friend Mr. R. G. Johnston (who also came to Stanley,) but was transferred to the Artillery. He proved so apt and reliable, that in an extremely short time he was placed on the Staff, and it was while engaged on Staff work that he was struck by a piece of shell, and died instantly.

WE HEAR THAT Mr. R. G. Johnston, the second Scientist of the Expedition, is now married, and hopes to return at no early date to Stanley, to further the work of the Expedition.

IN OUR LAST ISSUE we congratulated Bleaker upon being the resting place of the famous S. F. C. Cake. We now make our humblest apologies to Lively Island, for it is in that Station that Miss Thelma Fuhlendorff is living.

WE REGRET TO HEAR that Mr. Chris. Girling is still an invalid at his home, as the piece of shell has not yet been extracted from his body. Mr. Barry Girling is still at the Front.

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED to remind our many readers that S. Mary's Sale of Work takes place on December 20th; and as the Tabernacle, the Cathedral and lastly the Stanley Football Club, have already had record sales this year, we sincerely hope that S. Mary's will eclipse all their previous records.

READERS ARE ALSO REMINDED that the stock of Private Christmas Cards at the Cathedral Press is getting very low, so they will be well advised to place their orders as early this month as possible.

WE HEAR THAT Mr. E. McAtasney, who, (as was reported in our last issue,) was wounded at the Front, is in Hospital at Oxford, and is making a good efforts.

THROUGH AN OVERSIGHT, the name of Mr. George Robson has been left out of the Roll of Honour. We are extremely sorry for this, as Mr. Robson has been at the Front for no little time, after having made the long journey from the Falklands at his own expense.

in order to serve his country. He is in the Army Veterinary Corps.

—o—

THE FIRST PUBLIC LECTURE given by Sir Ernest Shackleton, was held at Ramsgate where the Explorer has been the guest of Miss Stancombe Wills. It was this lady who presented the boat in which the perilous journey to South Georgia was made.

The Red Cross Ball.

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A most successful Ball was held on Nov. 9th. at the Town Hall, in aid of the local Red Cross Funds. The whole idea had been promoted under the auspices of the Commander in Chief, the Officers, Non Commissioned Officers and Men of the F.I.D.F. who had elected a Dance Committee from their number consisting of Major Newham, Capt. Goddard and Lieut. Royle, together with Cpl. Summers; L. Cpl. T. Hardy, Pts. W.E. Conway and O. King. The Hall was tastefully decorated, and the catering was in the hands of Mr. J.F. Summers, who also presented a Cake, which was raffled for shilling tickets, and realized the splendid total of £16. 11. 0.

There was a fairly large attendance of local people, and the dancing floor was in excellent condition. Dancing commenced at 9. 15, and was kept up till the early hours of the morning. The whole responsibility rested upon the shoulders of the Secretary Mr. G.W. Royle, who proved, as usual, a most efficient and energetic worker. He was will backed up by the Dance Committee, and together with them is to be very highly congratulated upon the great success the dance proved to be in every way. We hear the Red Cross Fund has been swelled to the extent of over £25, which were the nett profits of the Ball.

THE TOWN HALL.

The Town Hall is now beginning to assume a habitable aspect, for already the Treasury and the Post Offices have been moved to their new quarters on the Ground

Floor. The position of the Library is being moved, and part of the Court House has already been partitioned off for the purpose: the new positions both for light and convenience (for the entrance can be made direct from the the east end of the building) will be as ideal as can be wished. The Colonial Engineer and his staff are to be very highly congratulated upon the excellent work that has been put in to the new Offices. The counters are all of teak, and the large glass screens, framed in teak, show splendid workmanship. The general arrangement of pigeon holes in the Post Office seem to be a thing which will materially add to the general convenience both of the Officials in charge and the general public.

The Museum stands on the North East Corner, and is now in the state of preparation at the hands of Mr. Bennett, who is assisted by Mr. S. Riches. This has proved a very big work, as the old museum was fairly hopeless from the start, both from the views of lighting, atmosphere and many other items. Scarcely a single specimen case was air-tight, and so that has meant many valuable exhibits have been ruined. At the present, however, everything has been minutely inspected, and all cases are now perfectly air-tight, thus making them free from the ravages of vermin. The local specimens have been separated from the general exhibits, and displayed by themselves. An interesting series of small maps, with the portions coloured red, show the visitor the particular part of the universe from which the specimen has been collected. The eggs, sea-shells, fossils and minerals have been excellently laid out in order, according to the different species of each. In a word, we have now a museum well worthy of inspection from every point of view, and the very highest credit is due to Mr. Bennett for all the many hours of tedious work he has put into the undertaking.

FOR SALE

- 1 Treadle Sewing Machine. £4.
- 2 Washing Boilers, almost new. 15/- & 18/-.

APPLY

Box 2. A. B. F.I.M.

THE BANDAGE CLUB.

Mrs. Pearce and Committee wish to thank all these who have been kind enough to send money and calico to help the "Bandage Club."

Amount acknowledged.	£55.	3.	6.
J. R. C.	1.	1.	0.
Mr. A. McLellan.	1.	0.	0.
Mr. P. Craig.	1.	0.	0.
Hon. G. J. Felton.	1.	0.	0.
Mr G. Sully.	10.	0.	0.
Mr. R. H. Strickland.	10.	0.	0.
Mr. T. S. Lacy.	10.	0.	0.
Mr. Jason Hansen.	10.	0.	0.
Mrs. A. Martin.	10.	0.	0.
En Passant.	10.	0.	0.
Mr. R. N. Bound	6.	0.	0.

H. W. Townson, J. H. Rowlands, Anon, G. Madgwick, J. R. Kingsford, Pseudonym, C. Oliver, C. G. Allan, A. M. Rowlands, M. B. Niven, F. Thompson. 5/- each.

Mrs. E. Spenser, Mrs. G. Biggs. 3/- each.
I. Henriksen, M. Henriksen, D. Clethroe
A. N. Other A Wellwisher, G. Thompson,
H Jennings, Mrs. Wilkie. 2/6 each.

T. Curran, T. Newman, Anona, Mr. & Mrs. May, L. Aldridge, A. Clasen, Gerie Davis, Ruth Davis, Mrs. Pederson. 2/- each.

L. Bennett. 1/-.

Subscriptions already received. £69. 0. 6.

Red Cross Notes.

We congratulate Mr. C Rowlands upon being the fortunate winner of the Model Ship, raffled at Mrs. Enestrom's Stall. The amount of entries totalled over £27.

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In our last issue we regret that we omitted the names of some of the younger helpers at Mrs. Hardy's Stall. They were the Misses A. Crece, M. Davis, D. Hardy, G. Fleuret, B. Kiddle, W. Spenser and Master M. Hardy.

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We also included Mr. Bartram in the list of Stewards : the name of Mr. Harold Aldridge should have been substituted.

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BIRTHS.

BUNDES. At Bleaker Island, Oct. 26th, the wife of J. Bundes of a daughter.

LEES. At Stanley, Nov. 7th, the wife of D. Lees of a daughter.

BERNSTEN. At Stanley Nov. 7th, the wife of Abner Bernsten of a son.

HEADFORD. At Stanley, Nov. 10th, the wife of E. Headford of a daughter.

PRIVETT. At Stanley, Nov. 15th, the wife of P. Privett of a son.

GODDARD. At Stanley, Nov. 17th, the wife of Capt. Goddard of a daughter.

ANDERSON. At Stanley, Nov. 28th, the wife of W. Anderson of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WATT-REID. On Sept. 3rd, at St. James's, Edmonton, by the Rev. A.E. Brocks, A.K.C. Norman Charles, Flight Sub-Lieut, R. N., elder son of Capt. I. Watt, Adjutant, National Guard, formerly of H.M. Coldstream Guards, and Mrs Watt, of Sneath-avenue, Golders-green, to Dorothy Sherwood, only daughter of A.W. Sherwood Reid, and the late Mrs. Reid, of Edmonton, Middlesex.

BURIALS.

Nov. 13th. William Stephen Elmer.

Age 62 years.

Nov. 29th. David Horace Carey. Age 17 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

In Memory of Elliot, the dearly beloved wife of Thomas Myles, who passed away on Dec : 5th 1915, at Darwin.

We shall sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious Dawn !
We shall meet to part, nor never,
On the Resurrection Morn !

OFFERTORIES

November.	£	s	d	
4th.	2	1	7	Church Expenses
11th.	2	2	6	" "
18th.	2	4	5	" "
25th.	1	15	0	" "

	£8	3	6	



What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,* Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STARVING MAN.

MR. Malcolm! Mr. Malcolm! The strong young voice echoed round that desolate world of rock and ice and snow. The startled seals dived; the figure beyond the pool drew itself suddenly upright, grasping the stick, stared a moment in Leonard's direction, then turned, limping, and made off with startling swiftness, being lost to sight at once among the boulders. To follow, Leonard had to skirt the pool, and by the time he had done this the figure had vanished, and the Arctic world seemed as empty as before.

Leonard thought of some of the strange tales he had heard; that in these regions men sometimes lost their wits so far as to see things which were not there, and to follow appearances which might lead them to destruction.

"Not me!" he assured himself. "I'm as clear as a bell and as fit as a fiddle"; and he hurried on as fast as the uneven surface would let him.

Finding traces of footsteps in the fresh powdering of snow, he followed them for about twenty minutes. Then suddenly he saw before him what looked like some large snowdrifts of rounded shape, but proved to be a group of Eskimo huts, evidently dug deep into the ground, walled with slabs of ice, and roofed with walrus-hides, all now heaped over with snow. In one of the nearest huts a black aperture showed up a human head and shoulders, thickly clothed in skins; and not only this, but a gun rested on the threshold, and was pointed in Leonard's direction.

Without a moment's hesitation Leonard laid down his rifle on the snow, and threw up his arms.

"Mr. Malcolm!" he shouted. "Don't shoot! I've come from Captain Jack. He's there, behind me."

For a few moments head and gun remained stationary, then both disappeared. Then the small figure scrambled out of the hut and advanced a few steps, the gun held cautiously ready. Leonard made no attempt to pick up his own, but called out cheerfully "We've come from the *Pretty Peggy*. Left Seamoor last May. Been on your tracks all the winter. Are you alone here, Mr. Malcolm? Where

are your companions? And the Eskimo hunters? This is the camp we were looking for."

The small figure came limping on without a word till he and Leonard stood face to face. The lad had thought that he and his Captain showed plainly enough the effects of hardship; but now in this castaway's face he saw the real thing. It was the face of a skeleton: great dark eyes, red-rimmed from exhaustion, staring from bird-like features over which the dark yellow skin was pulled tightly, and a bush of hair that should have been white sticking out in wild tangled tufts.

"Where is Jack?" said the hoarse, painful voice.

"Just over there," Leonard replied, and then the two were shaking hands, while an extraordinary smile lit up Aleck Malcolm's face.

"He won't know me!" he croaked out. "And so you're real. I thought you were a mirage, a phantom, or perhaps something worse. I've seen enough of them. What did you say? Companions? I buried the last three months ago. They lie in the huts there; I couldn't dig graves. Eskimo? They had deserted the place before we got here. Do you know my wife and daughter?"

Leonard shook his head. As to telling the poor fellow of his wife's death, he could not do it. That was Captain Jack's business.

"I'm a stranger to Seamoor, Mr. Malcolm," he said. "I came along as mate of the *Pretty Peggy*. Captain Jack will tell you all you want to know."

"Ah! Old Jack! Why isn't he with you?"

"Strained his leg, He's not far away, Come on, sir, won't you?"

"Why, to be sure! I can cure him. I'm next door to a doctor—a pharmacist. I've invented a new liniment made of Arctic moss; we'll try it on Jack. Look here, young man; have you any provisions? Because I—I'm starving."

He dropped suddenly, unconscious, at Leonard's feet. Leonard picked up the light weight like a baby—terribly light it was—laid him over his shoulder, and carried him to the tent.

"What have you got there?" cried Captain Jack.

"*Him*. I've got *him*. And now you must bring him round," Leonard panted in answer.

As soon as Aleck Malcolm was fit to travel, the three men began their toilsome journey back to the

ship. By dint of clever rubbing, in which Leonard was instructed by Malcolm, Captain Jack regained to some extent the use of his stiff leg; but even so he could walk but little, and the two men with the remaining stores often made an extra heavyload for the sledge and its few dogs, even with Leonard's unsparing help. Still he did not regret those two selfish companions, the engineer and the Eskimo; less than ever when, in the shadow of Mount Victory (now rightly re-christened), there was a welcome encounter with a party from the ship on its way to look for the missing ones. For this party brought the news that those two men had never returned to the *Pretty Peggy*; and it seemed probable that they might have struck southwards, and by ways known to Joe might have made tracks for some settlement of his own people. Either that, or they were added to the great army of the lost, and among the few in that army who did not deserve the name of heroes.

It was in the month of May, just a year after the *Pretty Peggy* had left the harbour at Seamoor, that she steamed slowly into it again. Margaret Lynn and the two children watched her approach from the cliff-top; the small weatherbeaten ship, dark and worn with hardship like her crew. Tiny, a stronger child than in past days, was playing with her brother on the grass when a great shout arose from the harbour, and Margaret, as she stood and gazed, knew that her prayers were answered and her doubts and fears set at rest.

"Oh, Tommy, look!" she tried to say. "Captain Jack's come home again."

CHAPTER XX.

SIMON'S CHANCE.



HAPPY ending to the story might seem now assured, but there is an old proverb as to reckoning without one's host, and in those spring months that position was pretty securely held by Mr. Simon Mills. With patience, prudence, and never-failing discretion he had steadily carried out his plan of making himself necessary to his great-uncle. He had devoted himself soul and body to the business, and had successfully carried through several very important transactions. One of these had meant a visit to Russia, an absence of three weeks, which cost Simon some searchings of heart. To be sure, it was too early in the year for the return from an Arctic voyage to be seriously feared; but there was always the risk that Leonard might reappear, and make up the quarrel with his grandfather, before Simon had gained his three ends—the partnership, a will in his favour, a promise from Agnes Malcolm. It had meant a hard struggle not to ask for this sooner; but he was possessed with the notion that Mr. Mills, considering both Agnes's position and his own coldness with Mrs. Blunt, would certainly disapprove.

The old man was failing. His mind was clear and positive as ever, but several bad attacks of gout had weakened him very much, and Dr. Sharpe was uneasy about him; anxious to checkmate Simon, anxious and

rather hopeless, as time went on, about Leonard's return. For the Arctic news was unknown to him: he was not Mrs. Blunt's doctor, not even her intimate friend, for her husband had quarrelled with him long ago for some plain speech that gave offence. Had Dr. Sharpe known of that news old Mr. Mills would not long have been ignorant of it; the doctor was not fond of secrets, and Simon's amiable motive in keeping this one would hardly have deceived him.

One day it was nearly let out.

It was a May morning, unusually hot for the time of year. Mr. Mills had felt too ill that day to go down to business; indeed, his attendance lately had been very irregular, and Simon had been acting for him in more ways than one. He strolled down to the gate, and at first enjoyed the sight of his rhododendrons, and of the great trees of lilac, white and purple, which hung over the road. Little Nick was with him, and watched him anxiously, for his walk was very feeble, and when he had laid hold on the gate it seemed as if he had no strength to carry him home again.

Then Agnes Malcolm, on her way back from the town, came slowly up the road.

Mr. Mills knew the pretty girl by sight. He had never spoken to her; he and Mrs. Blunt seldom met, for the ancient coldness lingered between them; if she in her heart was ready to renew the still older friendship, he was not, it seemed. But Marminster gossip had not failed to whisper in Mr. Mills's ear certain tales of his great-nephew's admiration for Mrs. Blunt's companion; and his tired eyes fell on Agnes, as she came, with a little more than ordinary interest. Certainly she was very pretty, very simple and refined-looking. If Simon really liked the girl, his taste was not bad.

Agnes, on her side, looked at the old man with interest and pity. He appeared to her to be very ill, and once more, as so often in the past year, she told herself that his friends had made a mistake in hiding from him even the little they knew of his lost grandson's whereabouts. Some further news, she thought, must surely come soon: good or bad, the old man should have been prepared for it.

"Suppose I tell him now!" she said to herself.

John Mills saw the kindness in her eyes. To his own surprise perhaps as much as hers, he smiled faintly, lifted his hat and spoke to her.

"Will you do me a favour?" he said.

"Certainly," said Agnes. "What can I do? Oh, you are not well!"

"No—I'm not well. I'm dizzy and weak. I seem to have no strength left. Nearly seventy-nine, you see. Will you give me your arm back to my house?"

Agnes was beside him instantly. He leaned on her heavily, and did not speak, as they slowly climbed the drive to the front door.

After all, could she tell him? No, impossible. Her courage died as she realized what the news might mean to any one so old, so worn out, as he seemed. No; perhaps Simon was right now; perhaps he knew his uncle best; perhaps, for him, utter silence and darkness was better than a little know-

ledge and a great suspense. Agnes knew what her own choice would have been; she had it, and with it sleepless nights often, but no regret. He was different, perhaps.

Martha came anxiously to meet her master at the door. Nick danced round them, and old John Mills shook and pressed the girl's hand.

"I'm grateful to you, Miss Malcolm," he said,

Late in the afternoon Simon came to see his uncle, and was startled by the change in him, the new weakness of mind and body following an attack of severe pain, after which Dr. Sharpe had ordered bed and perfect quiet. The doctor was now gone off on a long country round, and would certainly have been displeased could he have known how his patient's restless brain was working, and with what immediate consequences.

"Simon," said Mr. Mills, "I want to speak to you. Just this. It is time for me to make a new will. I can't leave everything to—to—What's the use?—That girl who helped me home to-day—they tell me you want to marry her. But she has nothing, I suppose?"

Simon stared, breathless. What enemy had been gossiping, making mischief? Dr. Sharpe, probably!

"I—I—shouldn't dream, Uncle John"—he stammered.

"Why not? Isn't it true, then? Sorry—I thought your taste was better than I expected. The girl comes of a respectable family, they tell me. Perfect little lady—as good and kind as she's pretty. She can't help being poor. I'd rather see you married to a girl like that than to one of your vulgar, dressed-up, affected minxes. You don't care about her, then?"

He spoke very clearly, with eager, feverish eyes fixed on his nephew.

"Yes, sir, yes," Simon answered hurriedly. "I admire Miss Malcolm very much—but"—

"You're not sure if she admires you? Perhaps not. But go and ask her. Understand? I've taken a fancy to that girl. Come back and tell me you're engaged to her, and I'll at once make a will in your

favour. What else is there to do? You've worked hard for it, Simon; and now I believe I'm going to die, and I can't leave everything on the chance—the chance!"

His voice failed; he sighed, and closed his eyes. Simon had a moment's terror before he convinced himself that it was only drowsiness after excitement and pain. He rushed downstairs, told Martha he was going out on business for his uncle, and left the house like a whirlwind.

"What's he up to now?" Martha muttered.

No one who loved Master Leo had any tenderness for the cousin who was supplanting him.

And it really seemed as if Dame Fortune had decided to favour Simon. She must have guessed how necessary it was for him to escape the keen scrutiny of Mrs. Blunt and to see Agnes alone on this supreme occasion. For as he hurried along the drive at the Grange he caught sight of the girl far away in the garden, and slipping quickly across the grass, behind the evergreens, he was by her side before she was aware of his coming. She looked up in surprise, and the eager passion in his face, never before so intense, so startling, made her flush and turn away. Then he caught both her hands and would not give them up again.

"Agnes, dear," he began, speaking fast and low, "we have known each other for a long time now. I can't wait any longer. I've come to thank you for your sweetness to my poor old uncle to-day—it was a little for my sake, wasn't it, dear sweet angel? because you know how desperately I love you."

"Oh, no," murmured Agnes, and tried to pull her hands away. "I was so sorry for Mr. Mills. How is he now?"

"Better—no, rather bad, but I left him dropping off to sleep. Don't let us talk about him now. Darling Agnes, you know what I want to ask you."

Agnes shook her head sharply; her delicate brows met in a frown.

"I think you have been so wrong," she said, with a cool courage that amazed herself, "in not telling



"Then the two were shaking hands, while an extraordinary smile lit up Aleck Malcolm's face."

your uncle about Mr. Leonard. Please let my hands go. Thank you"—for Simon, quite nonplussed, obeyed instinctively; it was as if a soft little pet kitten had flown in his face. "I very nearly told him myself this morning."

Simon caught his breath. "You never did! Simple cruelty! What would be the use?"

"Ah! Well, I don't know," said Agnes.

"No, you don't know. How should you? It is just your dear kind heart wanting everybody to be forgiven and comforted. Now look at me, sweet,

and just answer this one question—Will you marry me? Come, it's no new idea for either of us. You know very well that if I had not been a poor man, with a lot of encumbrances, I should have asked you long ago. Agnes, dear little love, will you? After all"—trying to laugh—"I'm not such a bad match, astimes go!"

For a long time it had been growing more and more clear to Agnes that Simon Mills, in spite of all his cautious attentions, was not the man to whom she could give her heart. It was true that in the earlier months she had been attracted by him, flattered by his admiration, touched by his kindness; and Mrs. Blunt had done nothing to discourage what seemed like a good prospect for a girl in Agnes's position. But not for nothing, in the making of Agnes, did it count to have Aleck Malcolm for a father. Romance was a part of her being: hero-worship came to her naturally. Since last summer her thoughts had been constantly occupied with the brave lad who, wrongly as he might have behaved to his own people, had so eagerly thrown himself into the heroic task of rescuing her father. Add to this that no girl, looking at his portrait day by day, could fail to rejoice in knowing how he had remembered her face, once seen, through all those months at sea. And again, there was the romantic love affair of her sister Margaret and Captain Jack; an object-lesson to any girl who might have thought it possible to marry a selfish, ordinary man for the sake of the home he could give her.

So, in reality, it was long since the prudent Simon had lost his chance, little as he guessed it. He was horribly shocked and quite incredulous when Agnes answered him.

"Too good for me," she said. "Oh, thank you—but no, I really couldn't."

"Too good for you, dearest? What nonsense! Why, you are a perfect little princess. I'm only glad to think that there is every chance of my being able to offer you something like real wealth and comfort—to make up to you for all the hardships—yes,

darling, my uncle is doing me justice. Whether that fellow turns up again or not, his grandfather has chucked him—but he could not expect anything else, could he? Not that you and I would wish him to be treated ungenerously, of course!"

Agnes turned very white. "And even if I liked you," she said, slowly and clearly, "do you think I would accept what belongs to somebody else? Mr. Leonard is Mr. Mills's rightful heir. Even if he never came back, one would feel that all the same."

"My dear girl, don't talk about rightful heirs," cried Simon impatiently. "It's not an old family estate. My uncle is entire master of his own possessions; he can do what he likes. Why should

he reward an ungrateful young dog like that?"

"I can't argue with you," Agnes said, beginning to move away. "Please understand. Please take my answer. I can't do as you wish. I can't indeed."

After that she had a few bad minutes to go through. Simon became desperate. He seized her hands again, and poured out a passionate flood of entreaties, reproaches, and furious protestations of eternal love. He swore he would never take "No" for an answer. When, pale and trembling, she at length escaped from him, he went back almost beside himself to his uncle's house.

What should he say to him? Was this ridiculous girl to ruin a man's life with her obstinacy? No!

(To be continued.)



"Agnes Malcolm, on her way back from town, came slowly up the road."

What the Prophets really Teach:

Some Points about Reality in Religion.

By the Rev. R. G. Parsons, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, and Vicar of Poynton, Cheshire.

III. FEARLESSNESS IN DANGER.



HERE are people who study the books of the prophets to-day in the hope that they will be able to discover from them some mysterious hidden information about the cause and duration of the present great war. And in every previous war people have studied the prophets with the same hope; and there have always been those who have argued that this or that text foretold this or that happening in the war that was being waged. But nothing of any real value has ever been discovered by these methods. The prophets were not raised up to give short cuts to knowledge of events that were to take place in far distant centuries, but to give practical advice to the people among whom they lived. But because that advice was inspired by God it contained principles which are of value at all times.

As an example of this we may take the great prophet Isaiah, whose teaching, with some exceptions, may be found in Isaiah i-xxxix. Isaiah was a great statesman, the friend of kings, a leader of the people; but above all he was a man of God. The times were troublous; the successive kings of Assyria with vast armies were perpetually on the move; the smaller nations were intriguing with Egypt, in the hope of securing help against them. Isaiah kept himself well informed as to what was happening in all these countries, and from time to time published reports about them, which are headed in our Bibles, "The Burden, or 'Oracle,' of Babylon," "The Burden of Moab," "The Burden of Damascus," etc.

Now Isaiah's unswerving policy was to keep the kingdom of Judah out of all entanglements with the other states. He was quite sure that if Judah would just go quietly on its way God would preserve it. "Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and song." It required a great deal of faith to keep true to this, especially after the Assyrians took Samaria, and deported a great part of the population of the northern kingdom or "Israel" into exile; so that "there was none left, but the tribe of Judah only," the little southern kingdom with Jerusalem as its capital. Isaiah interpreted this disaster as the work of God, in punishment for the wickedness of Israel; and he proclaimed that the Assyrians were, though they knew it not, the instruments of God's vengeance.

"Ho Assyrian, the rod of Mine anger, the staff in whose hand is Mine indignation! I will send him against a profane nation, and against the people of My wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil, and to take the prey. . . . Howbeit he meaneth not so; but it is in his heart to destroy, and to cut off nations not a few. For he saith . . . Shall

I not, as I have done unto Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols?" (Isa. x. 5-11).

Isaiah is keenly alive to the danger of an Assyrian invasion of Judah, but he is convinced of the futility of trusting in any one except the LORD JEHOVAH.

"Woe unto them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses and trust in chariots, because they are many, and in horsemen, because they are very strong; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the LORD. Yet He also is wise. The Egyptians are men and not GOD; and their horses flesh and not spirit. . . . As birds flying, so will the LORD of Hosts protect Jerusalem; He will protect and deliver it, He will pass over and preserve it. Turn ye unto Him from Whom ye have deeply revolted, O children of Israel" (Isa. xxxi).

The expected invasion came. In the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah, Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them. He then sent messengers to Jerusalem to summon it with threatening language to surrender.

"Beware lest Hezekiah persuade you, saying, The LORD will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? . . . Have they delivered Samaria out of my hand?"

Hezekiah sent to Isaiah for advice, and received this answer:—

"Thus saith the LORD, Be not afraid of the words that thou hast heard, wherewith the king of Assyria has blasphemed Me. Behold, I will put a spirit in him, and he shall hear a rumour, and shall return unto his own land" (Isa. xxxvii. 7).

Sennacherib received the reply, and sent other messengers with a threatening letter. Once again Isaiah heartened the king with a word from the LORD concerning the King of Assyria:—

"The virgin daughter of Zion hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee. . . . By thy servants thou hast reproached the LORD. . . . And for that thine arrogance is come up unto Mine ears, therefore will I put My hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest" (Isa. xxxvii. 22-30).

And Isaiah was right. Before Sennacherib could spare sufficient forces to attack Jerusalem his army suffered a great disaster, and he returned to Assyria, where he was assassinated.

Any one who studies the history of those days must be struck with the amazing likeness between the Assyrians, with their great armies, their lust of conquest, their ruthlessness, and the German Empire of to-day. May we not also learn from Isaiah to regard the Germans as an instrument of God, for the purifying and liberation of Europe, just as he regarded the Assyrians as the "rod of God's anger"? Europe was in a bad way. England was no better.

Luxury, greed, slackness, oppression, and internal strife were lowering the life-force of our country before the war; we were living by false standards, and worshipping false gods—wealth and pleasure. And then the war came upon us; and the struggle has aroused what is best in our national character, and opened our eyes to our sins and weaknesses. Germany little knows or cares in what sense she is operating now as “the rod of God’s anger.” Like the Assyrians of old, pride, savagery, violence, and cruelty control her actions; and we can be confident that she will suffer disaster such as she never expected. But the times are anxious and troubled; and it is all too easy to become depressed and

alarmed. And here again Isaiah can help us. We are on the right side; for all our sins and shortcomings our cause is righteous. God is with us, Emmanuel. So let us not be dismayed, but face the danger with a good courage.

“Ah, the uproar of many peoples, which roar like the roaring of the seas; and the rushing of nations, that rush like the rushing of mighty waters! . . . But He shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off” (*Isa. xvii. 12*). “In quietness and confidence shall be your strength” (*xxx. 15*). “We have a strong city; salvation will He appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee” (*Isa. xxvi. 1-3*).



THE QUADRANGLE—S. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY.

[Achland & Youngman.]

“THE NEW MONKS OF S. AUGUSTINE” : The Women Land Army at Canterbury.

A FEW years ago a writer told in *THE SIGN* the fascinating story of S. Augustine's, Canterbury—how after many centuries the romance of missionary work was once more realized on the site on which S. Augustine founded his great abbey more than a thousand years before.

To-day another change has come. The Missionary College has become a training centre for the Women's Land Army. “A sunburnt company of girls eat their rations in the thirteenth-century dining-hall; they have musical evenings under the oaken rafters of the Gateway Chamber, which in olden times was often used as a royal bed-chamber.”

The daily routine of their new calling is thus outlined. At 5.30 every morning the *reville* rings down the long oak corridor and echoes through the cloisters, warning the occupants of each little cell that it is time to be up and doing. At 6 the “army” crosses the quadrangle to the raftered kitchen, and each member of it drinks an early cup

of tea and eats a war-time sandwich. At 6.15 all set out with their ration baskets to their various farms for a strenuous day's work. By 6 p.m. they have returned; and, after a hot bath and a change of clothing, the supper-bell at 6.30 “finds a jovial party seated on the benches which run along the sides of the long, narrow oak tables. Roll-call is at 8 p.m. for all (save those whom a late leave pass permits to stay out till 9 p.m.); compline follows in the chapel, and lights are out at 9.30.

At the outset the south country farmer did not welcome women's help effusively; he was suspicious and critical. But, according to the testimony of a contributor to the *Daily Chronicle*, prejudice has now disappeared, and has given place to genuine satisfaction and the frank admission that the Women's Land Army is fully justifying itself. And hearty words of encouragement and commendation were given to the workers by the Archbishop of Canterbury when, on a recent visit, he happily addressed them as “The New Monks of S. Augustine.”

Weather and Health. By Evelyn Dickinson,
M.B., Ch.M., D.P.H.

VI. HOW THE AIR AFFECTS US.



VARIATIONS of air-pressure—of the actual weight of the air—do not appear to have much effect upon us at ordinary elevations; but mountaineers and even hill-climbers know that altitude produces distinct results

on the body mechanism. At a height of only three or four hundred feet healthy people are aware of a distinct exhilaration and a sense of lightness. As we go up higher, and the actual weight of the atmosphere decreases, all the natural functions are quickened. Breathing becomes deeper and fuller, because there is less oxygen in rarefied air, and we have therefore to consume more of it. Higher yet, and there is a curious blocked feeling in the ears, because the drums bulge slightly outwards, lacking their accustomed pressure. Higher yet, and there may be bleeding from the nose, as the walls of small surface vessels give way for the same reason.

Hill-top Air. Those who require bracing and do their best with stimulation—John Bull, for instance—are at their cheeriest on hill-tops: those who need soothing—as our "Airy Fairy Lillian"—are happiest at sea level. But the John Bull of the comic press is rather old for mountain climbing.

I take his age at sixty years, during which he has fared sumptuously every day. Hale and hearty is he, and able to enjoy a morning over the turnips with his sons; but he has too much weight to carry it safely up a long hill. His arteries are certainly just a little hardened by good beef and-beer, and, having lost much of their youthful elasticity, should not be tried over-much. John Bull can ride up the mountain-side on a stout pony, but Airy Fairy Lillian can trip along with him on foot. He can be left to realize a quite prolonged well-being on the top, while she rides down to loaf easefully at the sea-coast village below. (I take it that his heart is sound, and will not be strained by quickened action in the mountain air; but not all hearts will bear it.) He can walk down again to rejoin the maiden, throwing his coat back, mopping his brow, and declaring that there isn't a breath of air in the relaxing hole!

The Effects of Humidity. In such cases the barometric difference and its results are clear enough. Some close observers seem to have noticed that even the minor changes influence health. Epileptic fits, headache, violent temper, and neuralgia have been thought to follow a rising or falling glass; but no one has yet been able to formulate a law on the subject. In the matter of damp—humidity—however, there is no doubt, in certain directions.

Rheumatic people are the best of weather-prophets. Their aching muscles foretell rain while there is yet no cloud in the sky, and it is not easy to say why. Some think that because there is

chronic inflammatory state of the sheaths of the muscles in rheumatism, the sudden expansion of these under low atmospheric pressure causes pain. Asthmatic and bronchitic patients, on the contrary, are soothed by damp air (if not too cold), for their respiratory organs are irritated and overworked by dryness, especially when frosty. You will find them taking twice as much exercise with ease on days when their rheumatic friends are half-crippled and groaning as they move. But one must not lay down a law for asthmatic people, for they are a law unto themselves—which is one reason why they are so difficult to cure. It is fairly safe, though, to say that rheumatics require bracing, and bronchitics require soothing, so we can roughly prescribe hill-tops for the one class and sea-coast for the other.

Choosing "Change of Air." Change of air, to do its utmost good, should be more carefully chosen than is usually done. A whole family will go away for its yearly trip to some spot which, after long discussion, has been decided upon for reasons of scenery or golf or golden sands. Half of them will be in rude holiday health all the while, and the other half may be dyspeptic and out of temper, enjoying nothing. The distracted mother, perhaps herself of the latter half, declares once more that one cannot please everybody! Again it is a question of bracing or soothing, of stirring up the organism or of slowing it down; and even this is not so simple as it sounds.

For complete change of air stimulates every one for the moment, and John Bull will find his always excellent appetite rather better than usual on the evening of his arrival at Slowcombe-by-the-Sea, a mild west-coast watering-place. He dines with more appreciation than ordinary, and feels that he has come to the right place; but the mild west coast will not stimulate his powerful digestive organs and his mighty lungs to work off the superior dinner, and the next day he will be heavy and probably cantankerous. People who require bracing should go on short commons in relaxing air and damp climates, while Lillian and her like can confidently take second helpings.

"God is Working His Purpose Out."

WHAT does it mean—the dear lives lost,
The sacrifice, the awful cost,
The broken hearts, the homes laid bare,
The stricken wife, the vacant chair?

What can it mean—the mother's cry,
The widow's moan, the soldier's sigh,
The harmless harmed, the guiltless slain?
My God! when wilt Thou make it plain?

Who understands God's purpose here?
Ah! He alone can make things clear;
And though at times His children doubt,
Yet He will work His purpose out.

WILL JENKINS.

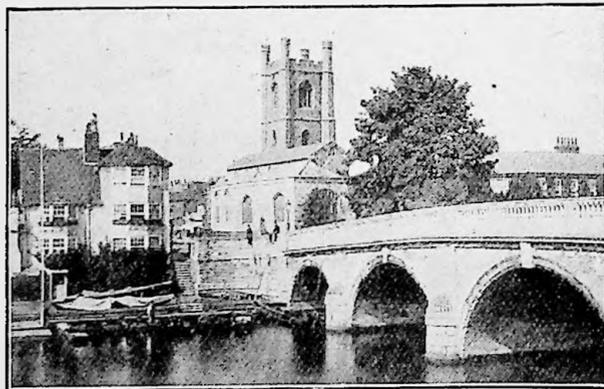
In the Thames Valley: *Some Notes on its Churches.* By Katherine Kennedy.

ENGLAND can show woods and corn-fields and pastures in abundance, but only one River Thames. There may, however, be river-worshippers who can occasionally turn aside to the little scattered churches which enshrine the spirit of this country-side, and for them I would write—not comprehensively, or as one who has systematically “gone the rounds,” but as a casual wanderer, to whom these churches are a part of happy wayfaring memories.

Perhaps we had better start at Twyford and Hurst, now a rather uninteresting modern village on the Bath road.

The church is well served, but in no way interesting as a building, and Twyford's chief link with the past lies in the almshouses, founded by Sir Richard Harrison of Hurst, *Domino et pauperibus*, 1640, and endowed by his granddaughter, Lady Frances Winchcombe.

Hurst is a pretty village lying about two miles south of Twyford by a leafy, winding road, and from the monuments in Hurst Church one can piece together some story of Richard Harrison's life and family, which is not without interest. A high tomb in the chancel is surmounted by a brass to Richard Ward, with Colubra, his wife, and seventeen children. Richard Ward was *Aulae Proquestor* through four reigns, and died in 1574. Close by, another brass shows “Ales Harrison,” daughter of Richard Ward, cofferor to Queen Elizabeth. This Richard was probably one of the seventeen children shown on the earlier brass. His daughter Ales—or



HENLEY.

[H. W. Taunt.

Alice—is depicted lying in a four-post bed, and the inscription explains that she died (about 1600, judging from the workmanship of the brass) at the birth of her son Richard Harrison. Yet another monument is to Richard Harrison, who raised two troops of horse for the King, and died in 1683—doubtless the son of Ales, and founder of the almshouses at Twyford. It is recorded that Laud visited the Harrisons, and preached several times in Hurst Church, probably from the still-existing Jacobean pulpit.

A mile east of Twyford lies Ruscombe, a tiny village possessed of a curious little church with an Early English chancel, and a brick

Ruscombe and Waltham S. Lawrence. Here is another Jacobean pulpit; but the chief interest of the church

lies in its decorations, the handiwork of a previous vicar, who still lives in the village. *Fra Angelico*



SONNING.

[H. W. Taunt.

angels circle round about the chancel, a finely carved door leads into the vestry, and the CHRIST-child on the banner of the catechism was painted by the same hand. This artist also painted some angels in the church of Waltham St. Lawrence, two or three miles further eastward—a most picturesque village, with old cottages giving on to its street, a timbered inn, a cattle-pound, cornered by pollard elms of extreme age, and, beyond these, the church with its guardian yews rising against a beautiful setting of trees and mellowed farm-buildings.

We often hear nowadays of the “atmosphere” of a church. Such churches as Ruscombe and Hurst and Waltham St. Lawrence gain an atmosphere from their oneness with their surroundings, which suggests at once that on this pivot turns all the life of the village.

Shottesbrooke. It is but a short mile from Waltham St. Lawrence to Shottesbrooke Church and House, in their green park dotted with magnificent trees. Shottesbrooke House was formerly the home of Francis Cherry, and a refuge for many

other notable Non-jurors, as Bishop Ken, Bowdler, Hickee, and Nelson, in the days of Dutch William. Earlier still, in 1337, Sir William Trussell (who also built the church) founded there a small College of S. John the Baptist for a warden and five priests, which was suppressed by King Edward VI. But the church survives, and near it the fine Elizabethan house.

“Shottesbrooke Church is by Shottesbrooke Hall, The House rather great and the Church rather small”—as an eighteenth-century rhymer has it. The

church is a graceful building, with many interesting details, and fragrant with memories of earlier days.

White Waltham and Bisham. A little way further on is White Waltham, chiefly noted for its possession of stocks and a whipping post. The present church is a Victorian building, well cared for, but not outwardly interesting, and we shall do well to make for the pleasant riverside village



WALTHAM ST. LAWRENCE.

of Bisham, nestling under the Quarry Woods, six miles away. The church, which stands close to the water, although it has been largely restored, is full of interest. Its associations are intermingled with those of Bisham Abbey, which stands close by; some of the monuments were transferred to it from the vanished conventual church. One of these commemorates Sir Philip Hoby, the last English papal legate at Rome, and his brother Sir Thomas, ambassador in France. Lady Hoby, wife of Sir Thomas, herself a sister of Lady Bacon and Lady Cecil, composed epitaphs for her husband and his brother in Latin, Greek, and English, one ending—

“Give me, O God! a husband like to Thomas,
Or else restore me to my husband Thomas.”

The mansion now called Bisham Abbey was mostly built by the Hobys on the site of the original monastery, and is said to be haunted by the learned Lady Hoby, who beat her child to death because he could not write his copy without blots. A blotted copy-book of Elizabethan age was actually found between the joists of a floor during some repairs made in 1840.

Proceeding on our way we pass the churches of Hurley and Remenham, the latter very much restored, but containing two brasses, and the former

a long Norman building, originally the chapel of a Benedictine monastery, which was the burial-place of Edith, sister of Edward the Confessor. Henley is across the river in Oxfordshire, its noble church, of perpendicular age, standing close to the end of the bridge. This church, though it has many links with the past, bespeaks much contemporary life and activity.

Wargrave and Shiplake. Recrossing the bridge and following the Twyford road we come to Wargrave, where the church has just been rebuilt on the ruins of that which was burnt down in June, 1914, by the Suffragettes. Thence we may cross the river by ferry and follow the towing-path or a steep lane to Shiplake church, where Tennyson was married, and where, it is said, he heard the “wild bells ring out to the wild sky.” Shiplake has a peculiarly lovely situation above the river, and the church is worthy of its surroundings. It contains much that is interesting—notably some old glass which was brought from the Abbey of S. Bertin, near S. Omer.



SHOTTESBROOKE.

Sonning. Down the hill from Shiplake by another steep road we cross the river again into Berkshire at the village of Sonning, one of the favourite beauty-spots of the Thames Valley. The Bishops of Salisbury had formerly a seat here, and before the Reformation there was a Chapel of S. Sarac, a celebrated place of pilgrimage for the cure of madness. The church is large and beautifully situated. It has been much restored, but still contains an elaborate Decorated arch—now used as the canopy of the tomb of a Victorian vicar—and eight brasses.



A TYPICAL VIEW IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

[H. W. Taunt.]

The Sermon: Some Notes on Its History. * By G. C.

ALTHOUGH "to hear sermons" is by no means an essential part of worship, it was from very early days the custom for Christians to take the opportunity afforded by their gathering together for worship to receive exhortation or instruction in the Faith.

Accordingly a sermon was preached at every Eucharist after the Gospel, originally, it seems, only by the bishop, afterwards by some presbyter appointed by him. In some churches the custom grew up that several preachers should follow one another in an ascending scale of dignity, the bishop coming last. Such a practice shows how great a value was set upon preaching in the age of the Fathers. One of the most famous of all Christian preachers was John, who became Bishop of Constantinople in A.D. 397, and for his eloquence was called Chrysostom—"golden-mouth." In his day the congregation used to signify their approval by clapping their hands and stamping their feet as we do now at a speech. Chrysostom once denounced this irreverent practice in a sermon which, we are told, was so eloquent that it was received with loud applause.

In Western Europe, after the invasions of the barbarians, learning decayed and preaching with it. In the Middle Ages all that was required of a parish priest was that he should instruct his people four times a year. From the thirteenth century this scanty fare would be supplemented by occasional visits from the friars who travelled about the country preaching what we should call "mission sermons," usually in the open air.

The leaders of the Reformation set great store by the sermon as a means of spreading their views. "Take away preaching, you take away everything," said Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, whose homely eloquence did much to make the reformed doctrines popular. The sermons preached at Paul's Cross—where the preacher was often a mouthpiece of authority in Church or State—and elsewhere became a feature of London life. From this time the hearing of sermons began to take the chief place in the public worship of Englishmen, overshadowing the sacraments as a means of grace. So much so, that by the eighteenth century the practice of the Middle Ages was reversed, and instead of Mass every Sunday and four sermons a year the people had a sermon every Sunday and only four celebrations of the Holy Eucharist in a year.

In the seventeenth century things had not yet come to this pass. The sacraments were still held in honour, and there were also many great preachers. Among them were Lancelot Andrewes, who was styled "an angel in the pulpit," and Isaac Barrow, whom Charles II called "the most unfair preacher he knew, for he never left anything for any one else to say on the subjects which he handled."

Sermons in those days were much longer than at

present. On the ledge of the pulpit stood a glass something like those now used for timing the boiling of eggs, but so arranged that it took an hour for the sand to trickle through; and an hour was the normal time for a sermon. Sometimes, when the sand was run out, the congregation, with what feelings we can only speculate, saw the preacher calmly turn the glass over and begin another hour. But it does not appear that a sermon lasting less than an hour was contemplated, whether preacher had matter to fill the time or not. Thus Manningham, a barrister of Queen Elizabeth's reign, describes in his diary a preacher who "ran himself out almost dry before he was half through." A later diarist, the famous Pepys, notes on one occasion, "the most flat dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery that ever I heard, and very long beyond his hour, which made it worse." Another time he notes, "Heard a simple fellow upon the praise of Church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats in the Church, but I slept part of the sermon."

His contemporary, John Evelyn, was more sympathetic in his style of criticism: "Our new curate preached, a pretty hopeful young man, newly come from collidge, full of Latine sentences, which in time will weare off."

In the eighteenth century the rule that every sermon must last an hour was relaxed, and there appears to have been no fixed standard of length. A preacher once asked Dr. Johnson if his sermon had been very long. "No, sir," replied the doctor. Pluming himself on this the clergyman went on to say he feared he had been tedious. But to fish for compliments from Johnson was a dangerous sport, and this time his answer came like a sledge-hammer, "Sir, you were not long, but you were tedious."

The Evangelical Movement of the eighteenth century naturally made its mark on the style of preaching. For the moral essay the Evangelicals substituted the impassioned appeal. As Mr. Gladstone said, "They preached CHRIST largely and fervently where, as a rule, He was but little and coldly preached before." The chief founder of this movement, John Wesley, it is said, preached forty thousand sermons in the last fifty-six years of his long life; and, at the age of seventy-one, declared preaching at five in the morning to be one of the most healthy exercises in the world.

It was the work of the Oxford Movement to restore the sacraments to their due place in English Church life. But it need hardly be said that the leaders of that movement did not undervalue the power of preaching. They and their followers, indeed, included some of the greatest preachers of the nineteenth century, among them John Henry Newman, Dr. Liddon, and Father Stanton.

THE very shape of the Cross, we have been told, suggests the victory over self: it is simply I crossed out.—BP. H. L. PAGET.

Michael's Knapsack. By the Rev. J. R. Lumb.



MICHAEL lives in a great kingdom, ruled by a very wise and loving king. The great king makes every boy and girl in the country his soldiers, so that they may learn to be brave and true and to serve him loyally and well.

Michael was very proud when he put on for the first time the uniform of pure white. On the hat was a small red cross, and on the tunic a large one stretching the whole way from his neck to his belt. Other children were dressed in white in other countries, but only the children of the great king could wear the sign of the Cross. This army was called the Army of Service—that means the army that fights the king's battles by serving him in the way that he commands, and by helping one another.

Michael was nearly twelve, and on his last birthday he had been made a sergeant; and he took a great pride in his patrol of soldiers.

One day a king's servant came galloping up, and he called out, "Is Sergeant Michael here?" "Yes," said Michael; "am I wanted by the king?" You see he was really very disappointed at having anything to do for the king that holiday afternoon, because it would mean that he could not go out with his friends; but he answered cheerfully at once.

"Yes," said the servant, "you are to take this dispatch to a town four miles away." He handed Michael a long envelope of parchment sealed on the back with the king's seal, which was a cross of red stamped on gold. It was the first time that the king had ever trusted him with anything so important as a dispatch. Then the servant said, "The king bade me tell you to take the high road, and on no account whatever to leave the road even for a minute. The dispatch is most important, and you must take it to the town without any delay."

For the first mile of Michael's journey was easy; the road ran quite straight and level, and though there were blackberries in the hedges, that would have tempted him to stay at another time, Michael was too anxious to do his work to think anything about blackberries. After that the road was more difficult. For the second mile it began to go uphill, twisting and turning all the way. And the sun had come out. He began to think of the friends whom he had left to go off on their picnic, and how jolly it must be for them to be in the shade somewhere having tea, and without any service to do on an afternoon like this.

That is the way things always go wrong with us all. First we begin to grumble to ourselves, and then, if we are tempted to do wrong, we give way to it more readily if we have made ourselves discontented by sulky thoughts. And that is exactly what happened to Michael.

He had climbed the long hill by this time, and by far

the hardest part of his journey was over, if only he had stopped to think. There was only one mile more to go, and this was down a cool, shady lane overhung with thick trees. He would have enjoyed this last mile if he had stuck to his task, but instead of looking straight ahead he was taking more notice of the side of the road where he knew he must not go. And what he saw by the roadside at the bottom of the hill was enough to tempt any soldier who was fond of fishing as Michael was.

It was a long pool, with water as clear as crystal; you could see the fish swimming about quite plainly. They were wonderful fish—red and blue and silver and green—and there were so many of them that Michael felt positive that he could catch one with his hand, and then he would be able

to show the other soldiers a fish that they had never seen before. All round the pool green grass was growing. Michael ran down to the water and put his hand in and grasped a big silver fish which was swimming quite slowly past. And as he did so he felt something that made him drop the fish and call aloud for help. His feet were stuck in the treacherous mud upon which the bright grass was growing, and inch by inch he was being drawn down.

Indeed the story of Michael would have been a sad one if something had not happened quickly; but as it was he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the road, and from where he was he could see two servants of the king coming at a great speed down the hill. There was no need to shout to them, for one was looking in his direction, as though he knew what had happened, and had ridden that way on purpose.

In a moment he was at Michael's side and leaning out of his saddle to draw the little soldier back to the

dry, firm earth again. He did not say anything; nor did Michael—he was far too much ashamed; but he thought of the dispatch with which the king had trusted him, and how he had been false to his trust. And then he looked at his white uniform, all stained and spoilt, and was still more sorry because he knew that he could not go to the town and do the king's errand in a dirty uniform that nothing could make clean or smart again. But the servant handed something to Michael, who saw that it was a clean uniform exactly his size—and a small knapsack which he did not understand at all.

"You see," said the servant, "that the king has forgiven you, and now you have another chance. Put on the clean uniform and go as quickly as you can with the dispatch. As for the knapsack, it contains another clean uniform. You are to carry this second uniform in the knapsack, and use it later as you think best." He gave Michael a kind smile and rode away.

Before the hour was out Michael had delivered the king's dispatch and was on his way back.



"He handed Michael a long envelope of parchment."

Now, as he came to the spot where he had fallen into such trouble he felt very grateful for the king's goodness; but still he puzzled about the knapsack on his back, and wondered why the king had given it to him. He thought he would keep it in case he ever dirtied his uniform again, and while he was thinking this he heard a shout from the pool, and he saw a white figure sinking slowly into the mud. It was Denys of his patrol. Of course Michael was brave, or the king would never have made him a sergeant, and without any hesitation or thought of himself he ran down to the bank and went as near to Denys as he dared. He then lay down full length and, holding tightly on to the straps, threw the other ends into Denys's hands. Very, very slowly he got Denys back to safety.

Denystold Michael how he had been tempted by the pool and the fish, just as Michael had been. He began to cry as he looked at his uniform covered with mud. You see he was only eight, much younger and smaller than Michael. "Well, I expect the king's servant will come and give you another uniform as he did to me," said Michael; but as he spoke the thought came, "Why don't you give Denys the clean uniform in the knapsack?"

Michael did not like this idea, but he looked at Denys, who was still crying, and remembered how the king had given him another chance, and that he ought to do the same for this soldier in his patrol. So he changed his mind and took the uniform out and handed it to Denys. The little soldier looked at it and still went on crying.

"If it fits you it will be far too big for me," he sobbed.

"Let us see, anyhow," said Michael. So they tried it on, and it was far too small for Michael, but the very size for Denys. Then Michael knew that if he had not given it to Denys it would have been of no use to him, and he said, "Evidently the king meant it for you. Now you must finish your service, and I will wait here until you come back."

Whilst he was waiting for Denys to return he heard the sound of the servant's horse once more; he jumped to his feet and saluted, and waited for him to speak.

"So you have found a use for the knapsack? That was well done and like a soldier," said the king's messenger as he handed him a second knapsack and said, "Give this to Denys, and tell him to use it as well as you used yours."

The Hush.

THE fields lie waiting, and a solemn stillness—
The hush of autumn—creeps on hill and dale.
The woods flame crimson, berry vies with berry,
Stacked is the straw, and hushed the reaper's flail.

Earth, having given, waits His benediction
Of healing dew upon her furrowed face.
She gazes upward, sure of His renewing
By His own channels her worn, toil-marked face.

GOD, the great Farmer, plans that in rotation,
Seed-time and harvest pass o'er land and field;
And, lo! a waiting-time, when earth lies sleeping,
He gives that it may yet the ripe fruit yield.

Peace broods upon her, and, amid the stillness,
Now can be heard the solemn, still, small Voice—
"Work, wait, and rest; thou need'st time for communion:
This rest / give, and Mine, not thine, the choice."

Then earth and man bow low amid the stillness
Of barren earth and unfulfilled desires:
Faith sees that Love will use the empty moment,
And leaves, to wounded Hands, all he aspires.

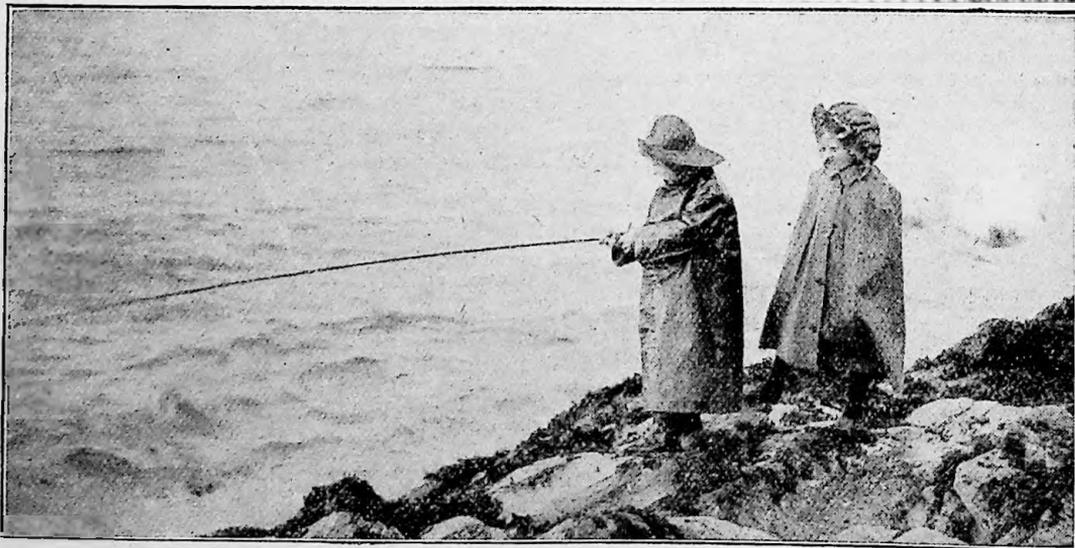
Those bruised Hands prepare the land for sowing,
And His the secret growth of soul and grain;
Watered and fed till seed breaks forth in beauty,
And harvest-fields of GOD are white again.

Then rest and wait, for every wind that passeth
Speaks of His presence, breathes the breath of Love:
Listen, and lift your face toward the Giver
Of endless stores of grace—to GOD above.

D. W. C.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

WHAT we can *do* is a small thing; but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can yet be good in will; and what he, with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring to pass; but our will and desire may be large.—JOHN TAULER.



YOUNG AND VENTURESOME.

[Chas. Reid, Photo.]

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

"A WORKER" writes to us—

"In your issue of THE SIGN for July, a statement was made in an article by Miss K. Kennedy, to the effect that 'Chaplains to Munition workers have yet to appear.' It may interest your readers to know that for more than three months a Chaplain to War Workers has been resident in one of our cathedral cities, where about 5,000 workers of both sexes reside.

"The chaplain was appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese for this special work, and those who have benefited by his ministrations can testify to the good work being done, and to the help and comfort the presence of the 'chaplain' is amongst them. On his arrival he immediately started a daily Eucharist at 7.30 a.m., with intercession for war workers, at a church set apart for their use. There is a Eucharist on Sunday at 9 a.m. with hymns, and a choral class in connection with this service has been formed, and meets one evening in the week, when a simple Plainsong service is being learnt. A Mission Service takes place at 8 p.m. on Sunday, when instruction is given; a Confirmation class has also been formed, to which a good many workers come. The chaplain visits those who are sick, both in hospital and at their own homes, and is always ready to give help and advice.

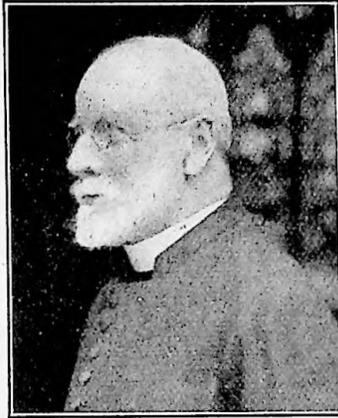
"The Factory Canteen," our correspondent continues, "is regularly visited, and it is here the chaplain has opportunities of making friends with the men and girls in their daily work. Social gatherings and expeditions into the country have been organized, both to places of interest in the neighbourhood and to private gardens, thereby bringing into touch those who might not otherwise meet.

"For the encouragement of those who are perhaps contemplating setting on foot a like good work, I may add that the (woman) inspector of police herself remarked to the chaplain that the tone throughout the factory had improved considerably for the better since his coming amongst the workers. Before this time religion had not been so much as mentioned."

Very justifiably our correspondent hopes that the example thus set may be widely followed.

NEXT year, on S. Mark's Day, Keble College will keep the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of its foundation-stone; and in connection with this jubilee a great effort is being planned to raise funds to meet adequately its financial needs. The hope is to secure in all £100,000 for three main purposes: (1) to provide some memorial for members of the College who have fallen in the war; (2) to meet the financial strain caused by the loss of income which the war has inevitably brought about; and (3) to supply a permanent and substantial endowment fund.

Long ago—as has been generally admitted—Keble "made good the hopes of its founders." It has deserved well of the Church—and not less of the State. At the present time no less than 750 of its members are serving with the King's forces, and of these more than one hundred have already laid down their lives for King and country.



[R. R. Madsen.]

THE REV. J. BELL COX, M.A.,
Vicar of S. Margaret's, Liverpool.

It is interesting to note that the Rev. James Bell Cox, of S. Margaret's, Liverpool, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday and completed forty-eight years of service at S. Margaret's—seven as assistant priest to the first incumbent, and forty-one as incumbent. He received on these anniversaries the best wishes of many who remember the old fighting days in the "seventies" and "eighties" of last century, when Mr. Bell Cox was one of the victims of the Public Worship Regulation Act. The oldest beneficed clergyman in the Diocese of Liverpool, he has for the last eleven years represented the clergy of his archdeaconry (Warrington) in York Convocation, and is unquestionably one of the most honoured and respected priests in Liverpool.

THERE was ample proof of interest aroused by the Bishop of Peterborough's "pilgrimage" to a number of the rural parishes in his diocese. The illustrated papers were prompt to portray the bishop robed in his purple cassock and bearing the six-foot staff which his lordship had specially prepared for this pilgrimage from old oak out of his cathedral. Upon this he intends to carve the names of all the parishes thus visited. "Special Correspondents" described with enthusiasm a sight which they termed "mediaeval," and expatiated on the scene at the boundary-line of a parish when the bishop thanked "the rector for his simple hospitality to a pilgrim," and bestowed his benediction on the throng which had gathered to bid him farewell.

These unconventional visits, with special services of intercession, stirring addresses, and friendly after-talks, have, it is believed, greatly strengthened friendly relations between bishop, clergy, and people.

SINCERE grief was universally felt and expressed in Liverpool at the news of the death of Captain Noel G. Chavasse, V.C., M.C., R.A.M.C., second son of the Bishop of Liverpool. As one of the city's V.C.s,

writes a correspondent, "he was a local hero, and from his intimate relations with the popular Scottish battalion, with whom and for whom he lived and worked and died, he held a quite peculiar position in the hearts and homes of Liverpool people. He was wounded in the head on July 31st, but after receiving surgical attention insisted upon going back to work, as there were so many to be seen to. Two days later he was again wounded by a second shell, and after another two days, during which he marvellously retained his will to live, died. His services at Hooze in June, 1915, earned him the Military Cross, and in October, 1916, his daring and devotion, prolonged through two days and nights of incessant toil and strain in face of danger, won him the Victoria Cross. Captain Noel Chavasse's twin brother, the Rev. Christopher Chavasse, is serving as a chaplain; Lieutenant Aidan Chavasse was reported wounded and missing on July 13th, and Captain Francis Bernard Chavasse was recently reported wounded.

ALTHOUGH the Rev. E. A. Burroughs has not yet completed his thirty-fifth year, his appointment to a residentiary canonry in Peterborough Cathedral has been warmly welcomed in view of the prominent position he has already won among the Evangelical clergy by his work and writings during the war. Besides contributing some notable letters to the Press, and publishing several small volumes of addresses and essays, Mr. Burroughs was one of the founders of the League of the Spiritual War, the pioneer of the effort which is being made by the various religious bodies to prepare for the return of the men after the war. He also took an active part in the National Mission, both as a member of the Central Council and as one of the missionaries. In the spring of this present year he went to Egypt as one of the Archbishop's Messengers. Last June he was appointed one of His Majesty's honorary chaplains in succession to the late Professor Swete.

CHURCH life in Swansea continues to show much vigour. In S. Gabriel's Church, a fine modern building in the Brynmill suburb of the town, a delicately-carved oak rood-screen has been erected, enriched with gilding, with the crucifix and attendant figures. The work was carried out, from designs by Mr. Geoffrey Lucas, by the Warham Guild, which has also erected an English altar, with ornaments of hammered ironwork, in the Lady-chapel. Parclose screens and carved oak choir stalls are included in the plans, but these will not be erected till after the war.

"VERITAS" writes to us, with reference to the Stoke Gabriel sextons, "It should be noted that the statement on p. 55 of THE SIGN (April, 1917) that tradition affirms that the Narracott family have furnished occupants of the sexton's office ever since 1410 is being controverted and apparently proved to be incorrect. On pp. 214, 215 of *Devon Notes and Queries* (July, 1917) quotations from the Stoke Gabriel registers show that the first Narracott of that place was the father of a boy there baptized in February, 1604."

Our Query Corner: *Hints for some of our Correspondents.*

* * RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.* *

1156. Is it true that the Early Church had one faith for the ignorant and another for the learned?

The Church did not expose her sacred rites and words to the heathen and impenitent; but as the Faith was one for all, Christianity had nothing to do with secret faith, and said so, even in the Apostolic age. The Church kept on saying "No" to heresies, as deeming them to be inconsistent with tradition, and any one who has been able to read the early Fathers will have no doubt on that point. Perhaps you, as an educated man, can either buy or borrow some of the following:—

Oxford Textbooks. (1s. 6d. net each); Bate's *History of the Church to A.D. 325*; Pullan's *Early Christian Doctrine*; Burn's *Apostles' Creed*; Burn's *Nicene Creed*—all highly condensed, but most valuable; Foakes-Jackson's *History of the Christian Church to A.D. 451* (third or subsequent editions). Larger Works:—Gwatkin's *Arian Movement* (in parts); or *Arians* (a smaller work); Bethune Baker's *Introduction to the History of Christian Doctrine*; a valuable book of foundation, knowledge, rather stiff, but worth mastering; Biggs' *Church's Task in the Roman Empire*, and *Christian Origins*; Bevan's *Stoics and Sceptics*. Illingworth has some works on the philosophic side; but for many the best defence is the historical one. Probably you could consult Murray's 1 vol. *Dictionary of Christian Biography* at the Free Library.

1157. Please give me very simple prayers for saying before and after Church.

Will these do? Others have also asked lately:—

Before Service. "O LORD, we are come into Thy holy house; help us to worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Keep our thoughts and our eyes from wandering; help us to understand what we are taught, and listen to our prayers and praises; to Thy honour and glory, FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT, one GOD for ever and ever. Amen.

After Service. Accept, we beseech

Thee, O LORD, our prayers and thanksgivings, as offered in the Name of CHRIST our Saviour, and keep us ever in Thy faith and fear, Who livest and reignest One God in Three Persons, world without end. Amen.

Have you seen the various printed slips for gumming into Prayer Books and Bibles? Apply to Mowbrays or

shows what a help it may be should you desire it. But you are free, as the Prayer Book says, either to go and seek ghostly counsel and absolution, or not. Do not do it merely as a fashion, and, if you go, recollect it is a means, not the end. Your personal religion *must* use some means of grace, and *may* use others. We think you would find such books as *The Narrow Way* and *Before the Throne* very helpful. *The Hand Outstretched* (7d. net), by Dean Hulme, also gives very good and clear teaching on the subject of confession.

1159. When is a funeral bell rung? Why are non-Christians also buried facing the east?

When the bell is rung, locally, is a matter about which antiquarians compare notes; but sometimes it is rung to indicate sex and age on the date of death, year, month, day. This "bell" was meant to be the "passing bell"; but again customs vary.

So again with the other funeral custom. England used to be a nation baptized in its infancy, and did not till the civil wars of the seventeenth century provide for the baptism of adults. Hence all our churchyards provided for Christians only. The Christians probably took over the symbolism of the sunrise as signifying waiting for the dawn of eternity. Now a symbol is not necessarily a sacrament, and to non-Christians this is simply a general national custom, while to Christians it is a memorial of faith in the Sun of Righteousness.

1160. Should one sit down beside a person one knows in church and take no notice at all?

Why not? As a general rule ignore all things but your duty in church. Let there be plenty of courtesy and warmth at other times, but no talking nor more than a look of recognition in church. Nobody should be morose, but it is far better to treat churchgoing as a sacred duty. Be silent as you draw near, and for a reasonable time after you come out. The talking that goes on in many churches and by various kinds of people is most distracting.

Our Notice Board.

"Thou wilt grant their request."

OCTOBER, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.

7, S. 18 Sunday after Trinity.
14, S. 19 Sunday after Trinity.
18, Th. Festival of St. Luke, E.
21, S. 20 Sunday after Trinity.
28, S. Festival of SS. Simon & Jude, A.M.M.M.
21 Sunday after Trinity.

November.

1, Th. Festival of All Saints.
4, S. 22 Sunday after Trinity.

+

FASTS.

Frídneys, October, 5, 12, 19, 26.
Vigils, .. 27, Of SS. Simon & Jude.
31, Of All Saints.

OLD DAYS NOTED IN CALENDAR.

October 1, S. Remigius, B.; 6, S. Faith, V.M.; 9, S. Denis, B.M.; 13, Trans. of S. Edward, K.C.; 17, S. Etheldreda, V.; 25, S. Crispin, M.

S.P.C.K. But would it not be well to get some good general book of prayers? Possibly *The Narrow Way* (6d. net) might be too simple; if so, *Before the Throne* (from 2s. 6d. net) is an excellent manual for English Church people. Any good bookseller would furnish you with a list of suitable books on the lines you require.

1158. Is it not untrue to say that every one must go to Confession?

Yes; according to the rule of our Church. You might get a little book called *Confession: a Word to Educated Women* (3d. net, Mowbrays), which

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



When out o' Sorts

It's more than wretched to feel out o' sorts and yet not know just what is wrong with you. To awake in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, with a slight headache, and feeling languid and run down. Then, as the day advances, to feel that all your old

snap and vigour has deserted you, though you haven't done enough hard work to account for this feeling. **TAKE** If this is ever your experience, it is almost certain that the cause is some derangement of the digestive organs. And it is just here that Mother Seigel's Syrup can help you. This wonderful invigorator and tonic has a marked beneficial effect on the whole digestive system. It braces the nerves and gives tone and vitality to stomach, liver, and bowels, and ensures good health.

**MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP**

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

THE RELIABLE
FAMILY MEDICINE.

The Best Remedy known for
**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

A true palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA,
COLIC, and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.



SMILE!

Dismiss Despondency, Nerviness, Debility and Anæmia.

That is the duty you owe to the whole community. Feel and look your fittest. You can if you take an Iron Jelloid with each meal three times a day. Iron Jelloids make rich red blood—the means of health and vitality.

Anæmic Women (the symptoms are pallor, breathlessness on slight exertion, depression and weakness) are recommended to take Iron Jelloids No. 2.—there is nothing better.

A Reliable Tonic for Men, Iron Jelloids No. 2A.

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron Jelloids to-day

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jeli-Lloyd)

*For Anæmia In Women Iron Jelloids No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men Iron Jelloids No. 2A.
For Growing Children Iron Jelloids No. 1.
Of all Chemists: A fortnight's treatment 1/3. Large size 3/-.*

For Acute Indigestion,

dyspepsia, &c., and whenever the digestion of ordinary food is difficult, take Benger's Food. It soothes the distressed stomach and gives freedom from pain. Though "light as snowflakes" it is fully nutritive, and quickly restores strength.



is never insipid. Adults—both men and women—always enjoy its delicate biscuit flavour.

From a B.A., M.D., &c. (Dublin).

"I have a very high opinion of your Food, and have recommended its use very considerably."

*Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.
Full particulars and directions with each tin.*

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
BENGER'S FOOD LTD. MANCHESTER, England.
Branch Offices:
New York, 90 Beckman St. SYDNEY, 117 Pitt St.
Dépôts throughout Canada.

The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.



embodies all the essential requirements of a complete nourishment in the highest degree. It supersedes cow's milk and the usual invalid's foods and enjoys the recommendation of the medical profession.

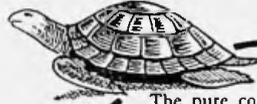
Made Immediately by adding boiling water only.

In Tins at 2/- and 4/- each, of all Chemists.

A Large Sample sent for Three Penny Stamps for Postage.

ALLEN & HANBURY, LTD., Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3.

From Turtle To Tureen



The pure concentrated essence of selected West Indian Turtles is used in making

FREEMAN'S REAL TURTLE Extract

This most delicious and nutritious of all soups is now sold in 3d tablets and is a real economy to those who find the meat and bread allowance insufficient to maintain their usual strength. A plate of Turtle Soup made from Freeman's Real Turtle Extract enables you to eat less because you require less. Freeman's Turtle Soup sets to a stiff Jelly.



36 Tablets for 9/-

A special parcel is made up for dispatch to France, no elsewhere, containing 36 tablets post free 1/10

Of all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores.

Freeman's FOOD PRODUCTS Walford

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Checks Acute Colds—Stops Coughs Relieves Bronchitis at once.

That is the experience of millions of users of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. This easy way removes all danger, whether the sufferer be a babe of six months or an aged person. Prove it yourself—take no risk with a dangerous cough or cold. Free yourself to-night. Your nearest Chemist will supply you with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. NOTE.—Veno's is guaranteed free from opium and every narcotic; it is therefore as suitable for children as for adults—and children like it.

Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal Paris Health Exhibition, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Ideal Home Remedy for—

COUGHS AND COLDS,
LUNG TROUBLES,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,

11d.
11½
a bottle.

WHOOPING COUGH,
BLOOD-SPITTING,
NASAL CATARRH,
BAD BREATHING.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical.

Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

The VENO DRUG CO. Ltd., Veno Buildings, Manchester.

HELP the CHURCH and STATE by HELPING the WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

to support its large family of
4,800 little ones.

1,450 soldiers children given homes.

HEAR THE BISHOP OF LONDON!

"There is no Society which I believe to be more absolutely according to the mind of Christ, more manifestly blessed, of more use to the nation as well as to the Church, than this Society."

Contributions gratefully received by
PREBENDARY RUDOLF,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., London, S.E. 11.
Cheques, etc., crossed and made payable "Waifs and Strays."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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Advertisements for "THE SIGN" should be sent to Freeman & Co., Advertisement Managers, 9 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Stanley,
13th Nov. 1917.

To the Editor of the Falkland Islands Magazine.
Sir,

We should be very grateful if you would be so good as to insert in your December issue the following communication which the Committee of the Stanley Sports Association desire to make the many supporters of the annual Race Meeting.

In past years it has been the practice to send throughout Stanley and the Camp districts of the East Falkland subscription lists and an appeal for donations towards the necessarily heavy expenses of running the Race Meeting. This appeal has invariably met with a generous response which earned the Committee's very sincere gratitude and has, during the last three years, also enabled the Committee, after paying all expenses and reserving a reasonable balance in hand, to make donations of various sums to the Prince of Wales National Relief Fund, the Red Cross Society, and the Blue Cross Society.

This year, however, the Committee have decided that they will not send round the usual appeal and subscription lists in view of the following facts:-

- (a) that there is at present in the hands of the Treasurer a balance of £80,
- (b) that no works of any considerable expense or magnitude are called for on the Race Course this year, whereas last year the Committee undertook a great deal of work in improving the course, spending upwards of £50 on this account,
- (c) that the appeals which have been made throughout the Colony on behalf of the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund and the Red Cross and kindred societies have been responded to with the greatest generosity and must have constituted a severe drain on the resources of many of those who usually give a donation towards the funds of the Association.

The Committee feel, nevertheless, that in spite of the foregoing there may yet be some supporters of the Association who desire to contribute towards the expenses of this year's

Meeting. Should this be the case any donations made will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, the Hon. G. I. Turner.

The Committee think it well to say that should the course of action outlined above result in this year's Meeting being run at a loss financially, it may be necessary the following year (1918) to increase the proportion of the Governor's Cup Sweepstake takings allocated to the Association. This proportion is at present only 2½% and amounts to but little more than the expenses connected with the Sweepstake.

We are, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. N. Goddard.

H. H. R. Gresham.

Joint Hon. Secretaries.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to chronicle the sad death of Mr. Elmer, who passed away after a long and painful illness which extended over six months, on Nov. 10th, at the age of 62 years. Mr. Elmer was a very old resident in the Colony, and was one of the old type of Camp men which is slowly passing from our midst. His illness was marked by a wonderful trait of patience, which showed itself all through: his mind was unimpaired to the last, when he passed peacefully away in the presence of his wife and son, together with a few of his relatives. We extend to his sorrowing widow, son and other relatives our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

Notice.

All Claims and accounts due to the Estate of the late William Elmer, to be forwarded to the undersigned, on or before January 31st, 1918.

John F. Summers.
Executor.

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER.

Mrs. Enestrom wishes to kindly thank all those who sent her money, materials, goods for sale, or who did any sewing for her, in aid of the Red Cross Sale of Work.

To cash received.	£.	s.	d.	Expenditure.	£.	s.	d.
Mr. M. Robson.	3.	0.	0.	The Millinery Store.	1.	9.	9.
Mr. P. Mills.	2.	0.	0.	The Globe Store.	3.	0.	0.
Lieut. Crawford	1.	2.	0.	Mrs. Martin.	1.	1.	11.
Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Smith.	1.	0.	0.	Messrs Binnie.	1.	7.	4.
Mr. J. F. Smith.	1.	0.	0.	Mr. Kirwan.	1.	0.	6.
Mrs. J. R. Robson	1.	0.	0.	Mrs. Bennett.		6.	0.
Mr. A. Smith.	1.	0.	0.	Mrs. King.		17.	6.
Mr. G. F. Ball.		15.	0.	Mrs. Wade.		4.	6.
Mr. F. W. Adams.		10.	0.	Sundries.		10.	0.
Mr Waddup.		10.	0.	Transferred to Stall account	3.	0.	0.
Mr. Langdon.		5.	6.				
Mr. Thanem.		5.	0.				
Mr. B. Walsh.		5.	0.				
Mr. Waddup.		5.	0.				
	£12.	17.	6.		£12.	17.	6.

and also thanks to the following :—

Mrs. Atkins, Snr. Mrs. Dean, Mrs. F. Lellmann, Mrs. J. Middleton, Mrs. F. Rowlands, Mrs. G. J. Felton, Mrs. R. S. Felton, Mrs. Hulford, Mrs. V. Lellmann, Mrs. W. R. Campbell, Mrs. Creece, Mrs. Saanum, Mrs. J. R. Robson, Mrs. Oswald, Mrs. Goddard, Mrs. Baseley, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Albert Kiddle, Mrs. W. Aldridge, Mrs. P. Mills, Mrs. Halkett, Mrs. H. Allan, Mrs. Challen, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. G. P. Biggs, Mrs. Henrickson, Mrs. W. McAtasney, Mrs. Hannaford, Mrs. G. T. King, Mrs. E. Bound, Mrs. B. Biggs, Mrs. Perry, Snr. Mrs. Rattley, Mrs. Alf. Biggs, Mrs. Cletheroe, Mrs. Sword, and Mrs. Simpson. The Misses Bender, F. Kirwan, D. Aldridge, L. King, M. Henrickson, H. and S. Wilson, L. Poppy, N. McAtasney, N. Bradbury, and Pecks. Messrs. J. Houston, G. I. Turner, C. Westerling, E. Wilson, B. Fleuret, J. Liddle, T. Dettleff, M. Campbell, and the Teal Inlet School Children.

RED CROSS DANCE BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.	£.	s.	d.	EXPENSES.	£.	s.	d.
Raffle Cake.	16.	11.	0.	Estate Williams.	1.	19.	0.
Door Tickets.	5.	7.	0.	F. Is. Co. Ltd.		9.	0.
West Store Tickets.	9.	7.	6.	F. I. D. F. Club.	1.	10.	0.
Globe „ „	1.	7.	6.	Mr. J. F. Summers.	6.	7.	3.
G. W. Royle „ „	2.	7.	6.	Balance paid to			
W. E. Conway „ „	15.	0.	0.	Red Cross Funds.	25.	10.	3.
(Stanley Football Club. 7/6.)							
	£35.	15.	6.		£35.	15.	6.

G. W. Royle.
2nd Lieut.
Hon. Sec

Examined and found correct.
M. Craigie-Halkett.
Nov. 13th. 1917.

STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB.

**SALE OF WORK HELD IN AID OF
THE RED CROSS FUNDS.**

OCT 19th - 22nd 1917.

BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.

Oct. 19th - 22nd.

To amt. Takings at Sale.

The Club Stall -	£147	18	7		
Mrs Thompson -	120	16	0		
Mrs Enestrom -	100	0	0		
Mrs Arthur Hardy -	86	12	10		
Mrs Walker -	40	6	4		
Mrs Simpson -	28	3	10		
Tea Stall (Mrs Fleuret)	24	12	0		
Concerts -	20	7	4		
Side Shows -	20	3	10		
Door -	15	8	9	£604	9 6
Donation, Mr T. Mills.				1	4 0

£605 13 6

EXPENDITURE.

Oct 24th. F.I.C. a/c.	£1	0	0		
R. & A Hardy					
a/c.	2	0	0		
Oct 25th. Mr A. Kiddle					
assistance Tea Stall.	1	0	0	£4	0 0
Handed to Hon. Treasurer of the					
local Red Cross Fund.				601	13 6

£605 13 6

I certify that at the request of the Hon. Treasurer of the Stanley Football Club, I have examined the Statement of Accounts of the Sale of Work, originated by the Club in aid of the Red Cross Fund, and find same to be correct.

The Balance of £601 13 6 was duly handed over to the Colonial Government for the Red Cross Society, on the 5th November, 1917.

M. Craigie Halkett.

Stanley, Falkland Islands.

Nov 14th 1917.

Leslie A. Hardy.

Hon. Treasurer. S.F.C.

:: E:d:u:c:a:t:i:o:n: ::

We are glad to be able to state that, with the approval of His Excellency the Governor, a series of Evening Continuation Classes are soon to be started, by Mr. A. R. Hoare, the Head Master of the Government School. This step, which is in the right direction, will fill a long needed want in Stanley. We have been privileged to see a prospectus of the scheme, which is very up to date. The Courses will be taken on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and will on two occasions last two hours, and on the third, an hour and a half. The Subjects will include Mathematics, Drawing, English Composition, Literature, etc, Geography, History, Physiology and Hygiene, and Singing. The scale of fees is extremely moderate, and the people of Stanley are fortunate in having this opportunity offered to them. The only matter for regret in the scheme is that the number of pupils is limited to seven : of course, this means that each will receive a considerable amount of individual attention; but still in these days, when a good sound education is such a vital factor for progress, we cannot help wishing that the authorities will see their way to extend that number. To the parents and others in Stanley, we strongly advise them not to allow this opportunity pass of allowing their elder children to take a further course of education, which after all, is a thing which nobody can ever take away from them, come what may, and which will prove extremely beneficial to the fortunate ones who are privileged to take it.

HYMN LIST for December, 1917

2nd. Morning	47, 335, 559.
Evening	49, 48, 268, 222.
9th. Morning	6, 243, 184.
Evening	362, 531, 12, 51.
16th. Morning	355, 46, 49.
Evening	353, 537, 214, 203.
23rd. Morning	50, 265, 174.
Evening	540, 567, 534, 49.
25th. Morning	60, 59, 62,
30th. Morning	59, 58, 176, 179.
Evening	60, 63, 62, 61.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Faikland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

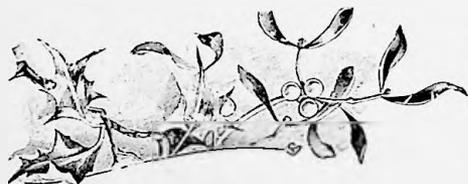
1½d	a dozen for	½d	stamps.
3d	„ „	1d	„
6d	„ „	2d	„
7½	„ „	2½d	„
16	„ „	6d	„
3/-	„ „	1/-	„
9/-	„ „	3/-	„
15/-	„ „	5/-	„



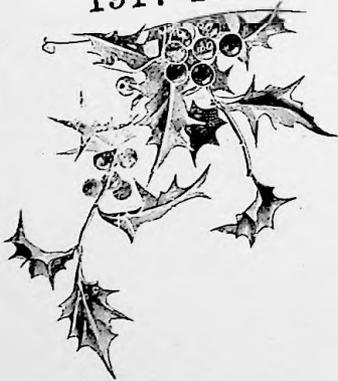
Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & N. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.



1917-1918.

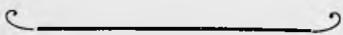


PRIVATE
Christmas
 &
New Year Cards
 are now on sale
 from 2/- dozen at
 THE CATHEDRAL PRESS.



Orders promptly executed in
 time for the Mails.

:: A Book of Sample Cards now ready for Inspection. ::



THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
William Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillou.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
Stanley Bounds.
William Campbell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleft.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
James Harvey.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.
Michael Murphy.

John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Robert Packe.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
George Robson.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitken. James Allen. Frederick Biggs. William Blyth.
Herbert Gaylard. Charles Newing. Walter Shires. Ernest Spencer.
Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916. Henry Phillips.
Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917. James Dickie.
Singleton Benner. May 1st. 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following : Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and lids, Cake Plates. Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Manual Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5pts, Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines. Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Singers Hand Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Sail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel. Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Peps, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Liscarated Magnesia Tabloids, Tonce, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Shoes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters. Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velveteen and Serge Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelette Nightdres-es.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelette Shirts. Pushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wineey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satehets & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linen Dunask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Curl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets. etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoon & Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.