

KINGSLAND

PARISH

MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1874.

Leominster;

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WENT,
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PRICE TWO-PENCE.

Notice of Confirmation.

The Rector has received notice from the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of the Diocese that he intends, God willing, to administer the Holy Rite of Confirmation in our Church on Tuesday the 23rd. of February next. Those who wish to present themselves as Candidates will kindly send their names to the Rector before *Christmas Day*. Mr. Goss wishes it to be thoroughly understood that he will not feel justified in refusing to accept as candidates any one above the age of *twelve years* (the minimum age fixed by the Bishop) *provided* they are of "years of discretion," i. e., understand fully their responsibility, and can also say "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue" and are "further instructed in the Church Catechism." To give them further instruction as well as "ghostly counsel and advice" they will meet their Clergyman twice a week after Christmas Day either in classes or individually as may be appointed. May God bless the time of preparation to all who shall take part in it!

Advent Services.

During the Holy season of Advent the Services in the Church during the week will be—Morning Prayer on Wednesdays, Evening Prayer followed by the usual Lecture on S. Luke's Gospel on Wednesday Evenings, Morning Prayer on Fridays and Litany followed by Sermon on Friday Evenings. The hours of service will be as usual viz: 11 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

Cottage Lectures.

These Lectures on the Parables of our Lord are given on Thursday Evenings at 7 o'clock in the cottages of Mr. John Cornish and Mr. James Jones alternately. They are intended principally for old people and those who have, from various reasons, few opportunities of going to worship in God's House. Those who attend them are asked to bring their Bibles and Hymn Books. The following is the Calendar for December.

Dec. 3rd.	At Mr. Cornish's	on the Parable of	"The Ten Virgins."
" 10th.	" Jones's	"	"The Talents."
" 17th.	" Cornish's	"	"Description of the Last Day."

On the 24th and 31st respective Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve there will be service in Church (see Monthly Calendar.)

Christmas Tree for Sunday School Children.

Who will help? This may be done 1st (the best way.) By making up *useful* presents. 2nd, By sending money to *buy* useful presents. 3rd. By helping to dress the tree and to interest the children on the day of distribution probably Twelfth Day. Again **Who will help?**

Coal Fund.

Tickets for purchasing coal at about half price will be sold to the deserving poor at the Schoolroom on Wednesday the 23rd December, after Morning Service. *At present* there is in hand, the proceeds of the Offertory on Harvest Thanksgiving Day, £3 3s. 1½d., add to this about 30s. for sale of tickets and there will be still only something less than £5. Contributions will be thankfully received.

Christmas Carols.

Books of the words of the Carols annually sung in Church during Christmas-tide may be obtained at Mrs. Went's, Printer, Leominster.

Offertory Account for November.

				£	s.	d.
Nov.	1.	Sick and Poor	0	16	2
"	"	Evening Service...	...	0	2	2
"	8.	Church Expenses	...	0	9	8½
"	"	Evening Service...	...	0	3	0
"	15.	Church Expenses	...	0	6	11
"	"	Evening Service	...	0	1	4½
"	22.	Church Expenses	...	0	10	7
"	"	Evening Service	...	0	2	0
"	29.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	...	0	5	4
"	"	do.	...	1	4	4½
				£4	1	7½

Baptism.

Nov. 1.—Alice, daughter of John and Margaret Hodges, of Kingsland

Burial.

Nov. 7.—George Barrar, of Shirlheath, aged 70 years.

Children's Corner.

What is the meaning of the word Advent?

What is our duty in Advent?

There has been one Advent—there *may be* two more—what are they?

How did Christ come the first time?

What is the sin opposed to humility?

Give me a text from one of the Epistles which shows how great was Christ's humility?

How will Christ come the second time?

Give me a text which says that Christ will be the Judge of all.



THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS.

The Patagonian Brothers.



HOUGH not related, John Griffiths and I, William Walder, called ourselves brothers; because it looked well in the bills, and pleased the public. We met by chance on the race-course at Doncaster, and went partners in a tour through the Midland counties. After the tour we got an engagement in London for the winter. When summer came we joined a travelling-circus company, with whom we stayed more than two years; and during that time we made ourselves so well acquainted with each other's strength and powers that there was scarcely a new feat in our line which we did not learn. We were well matched in height; and if Griffiths were the more muscular, I was more active. In other respects, too, we agreed equally well; and for three years and a half we had never quarrelled. He was a steady, saving, silent fellow, with small grey eyes and heavy black brows; and I remember it struck me once or twice that he was not the sort of person I should like for an enemy.

We had now grown so expert that we resolved to return to London, where we were engaged by Mr. Bounce of the Bravado Gardens. We were successful, and soon drew enormously.

Griffiths and I lodged together in a quiet street near Islington, at the house of a respectable woman named Morrison. She had been just left a widow with only one daughter, about nineteen years of age. The girl's name was Alice—her mother called her 'Ally,' and we fell into the same habit; for they were simple, friendly people.

It was not long before I found myself caring a good deal for Ally, nor a great deal longer before I fancied that she did not altogether dislike me; and so we soon found ourselves engaged to be married.

I scarcely knew when it was I first noticed the change in John Griffiths, but it was about this time, and others saw it as well as myself. He became more silent and unsocial than ever, was always away from the house, spent all his Sundays out, and even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work. He scarcely exchanged a word with me, even at meals; watched me about the house, as if I had been a thief; and sometimes I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me. More than once I tried to get some explanation, but he either shook me off or muttered some sulky expression; so I let him have his own way and choose his own company.

Our engagement at the Bravado was well-nigh ended, when I began to buy furniture and Ally to prepare the wedding things. Though Griffiths continued in the sulks, when the day was fixed I made up my mind to invite him to the church and the dinner.

It was the 29th July, I remember, and there had been a general call to rehearsal that day. I started early, and as I was twenty minutes too soon I sauntered through the gardens. In a summer-house I stumbled on John Griffiths, resting his head on his hands over one of the tables, fast asleep, an ale-bottle beside him, and his stick on the floor. I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

'A fine morning, John! I thought I was here early, but it seems you were before me after all.'

He sprang to his feet, and then turned impatiently away, saying, sullenly, 'What did you wake me for?'

The Patagonian Brothers.

'Because I have news to tell you. You know the 6th of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the 7th I'm going to be married, and —'

'How dare you come to me with that face, you smooth-faced hound!—to me, of all men living? Why can't you let me alone? What do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off you till now.'

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot.

'Griffiths,' I said, 'are you mad?'

He made no answer, but looked straight at me, and then walked away. From that moment I knew all: it was written, somehow, in his face.

'O Ally, dear!' I said to myself, and sat down on the nearest bench, and scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met at the rehearsal, by which time I had recovered my composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking. After rehearsal Mr. Bounce called us into his private room, and said,—

'Patagonians! I suppose you would make no objection to a little extra work and extra pay on the 6th, just to wind up the season?'

'No, no, sir, not we!' replied Griffiths. 'We're ready for anything. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?'

'Better than that. It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country: it's called "the trapeze." Patagonians! your health!'

We drank his health, in return; and he explained that there was to be an exhibition of posturing combined with a balloon ascent. A triangular wooden frame-work, called 'the trapeze,' was to be secured some distance below the balloon; and from the lower pole, or base, of this triangle one of us was to be suspended, with a strong leather strap attached to his ankle, in case of accident. Just as the balloon was rising, and this man ascending head downwards, the other was to catch him by the hands, and go up also, having, if he liked, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were to go through our usual performances till the balloon was out of sight.

'All this,' said Mr. Bounce, 'sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon is so steady that, but for the knowledge of being above the house-tops, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men, who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians!'

'I am ready, sir,' cried Griffiths. 'I'm ready to do it alone, if any man here is afraid to go with me!'

'If you mean that for me, John,' said I, quickly, 'I'm no more afraid than yourself; and if that's all about it I'll go up to-night.'

How shall I describe the expression that now came over his face? It seemed to curdle all the currents of my blood.

Mr. Bounce was pleased to find us so willing, and a few words more settled the matter.

Poor Ally! In the excitement I had forgotten her, but as I walked slowly homewards I remembered she must be told. Though I believed there was really no danger her fears would magnify everything. Neither

that day nor the next could I tell her, and it was Sunday, after dinner, before I could speak of it. I had no idea of her taking on as she did. It was a sore trial to her; and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the first instance. There was no help for it now, and I could only solemnly promise to be the first man tied to the trapeze, as the safest position of the two.

During the seven days that elapsed between the 29th and 6th, I saw even less of John Griffiths than usual.

I had hard matter to get away from Ally and from home, when the afternoon of the 6th arrived.

The multitude assembled in the gardens was something wonderful. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress and go to the green-room. Mr. Bounce was there, and three other gentlemen. I was going to draw back, as I saw them with their wine and cigars, but they forced me to take a glass, and shook hands with me all round, as polite as possible.

'Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow!' said one. 'And a pleasant trip to us all!' They were going in the car.

Excited by the glass of wine, the pleasant chat, and the hum of the crowd, I was in first-rate spirits. Presently one of the gentlemen said, looking at his watch,—

'What are we waiting for? It's ten minutes past six, already!'

It was so; yet Griffiths had not appeared. Mr. Bounce grew uneasy, the crowd grew noisy, and so twenty minutes more passed. Then we made up our minds to go without him. Mr. Bounce addressed the crowd—the gentlemen got into the car—and I was fastened by one leg to the trapeze. Mr. Staines was about to get in, when Griffiths was seen forcing his way through the crowd.

By the time he was dressed and ready it was a quarter to seven. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost, but was obliged to submit; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap. The signal was given; the band struck up—the crowd applauded—and the balloon rose.

Down sank the trees, the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sounds and the tumult. At first I could scarcely endure the strange sensation, but that soon passed away; and by the time we had risen some 300 feet I was as comfortable as if born and bred in the air, with my head downwards.

Presently we began our performances. The gentlemen looked down from the car for a time, but soon gave it up. I never saw Griffiths cooler, and we went through all our tricks. As the city and the crowd sank away further and further, and it grew damp, misty, and cloudy about us, I called out,—

'Come, John, don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?'

He had been hanging quiet for some minutes, and did not seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that I could hardly see a yard before me. I called again; he made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and thence to the middle of my arm, and so raised himself by degrees till

our faces were nearly on a level; then he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

'William Walder,' said he, 'wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?'

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dark and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried, but in vain, to shake off his hands.

'Well, what if it was?' said I, at last. 'You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you, and let go of my arms?'

He gave a short, hard laugh, but never stirred.

'I suppose we're about 2000 feet high,' he said; and it seemed to me he had something between his teeth. 'If either of us were to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground!'

I would have given worlds to see his face, but with my own head downwards, and all his weight hanging on my arms, I was helpless as an infant.

'John,' I roared, 'what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same!—my head's on fire!'

'Do you see this?' said he, catching my arms high up, and looking right in my face. 'Do you see this?'

It was a large open clasp-knife between his teeth, and his breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade!

'I bought it this evening—hid it in my belt—and waited till the clouds prevented them in the car from seeing. I shall soon cut you away from the balloon! I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it.'

A dimness came over my eyes—all turned red. I felt in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was already so, let go my arms, and dashed at the pole.

That spring saved me. As our wrists were bound together, he drew me with him. I could have made no effort of my own.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand, and seize the knife with his right. I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then—ah, then!—the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, so that I clung to the framework just as the thing gave way.

We were separated now—I still secured to the trapeze with one ankle—he, with only his arms to trust to, and the knife.

O the deadly strife that followed!—it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon with which he strove to stab me with one hand, while he clung with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and in the silence of that hideous struggle to hear the report of a champagne cork, followed by a peal of careless laughter overhead—oh, it was worse than death a hundred times over!

I cannot tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand on the other's throat. It might have been seconds—it seemed hours. The question was who should be strangled first.

Suddenly his grip relaxed—his lips became deadly white—a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

A cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a

'Till He Come.'—On the Picture of 'The Christian Martyr.'

false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt, round his waist.

'It's all over with me! It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!' Then his head fell heavily back—he was a dead weight on my arm!

I did take my revenge: but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl so laden up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me an instant, and the excitement gave a sort of false strength, I suppose, while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me, as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burthen in my arms.

He is a penitent man now—an Australian settler, I am told; well to do in those parts.

This is my story—I have no more to tell.

'Till He Come.'

ONLY a few more burdens must we carry,
In heat and toil, beneath the scorching sun;
Only a little longer must we tarry,
Only a little longer, 'till He come.'

Only a little more of life's long journey,
Through the world's desert, till the day is done;
Only a few more desert scenes of conflict,
Only a few more Marahs, 'till He come.'

Only a little longer, thinking gladly
Of the uprising of the brighter sun;
Only a little longer, waiting sadly,
In the fast-falling twilight, 'till He come.'

Only a few more billows, wildly tossing,
Beating us backward from the longed-for shore;
Only a few more snares our pathway crossing,
Then all the trials of the way are o'er.

So let our eyes be on Him in His absence,
Seeking to serve Him in this day of grace,
While the thought cheers us in our constant sadness,
Soon He will come and meet us face to face.

On the Picture of 'The Christian Martyr.'

ONE of that throng art thou, O fair-haired maiden,
Who, safe through troubled life and martyr death,
Stand clothed in white, with palm-branch softly laden,
Sounding glad praises with their new-found breath?
Yes, thou hast come through greatest tribulation;
But all is over now, and we would dwell
Not on the darkly pictured recollection
Of thy sad death, and our more sad farewell,
But on thy welcome at the heavenly gate,
Where He Who loves thee more than father, friend, doth wait.

H. A. F.

A Bishop's Warning.



AT this time, when the Bishops and Clergy of our National Church are doing their utmost to impress upon the people the dangers that arise from excess of drink, and the need and value of the Temperance movement, in case there should be any who still stand halting between two opinions on the question, we print the following quaint letter of Bishop Wilson's, written more than one hundred and thirty years ago, and when he was in his eighty-second year:—

'Bishop's Court,

'July 27, 1744.

'GOOD BROTHER,

'I understand that there are, of late, great quantities of Brandy & other spirituous distilld liquors landed & to be landed amongst us; This, in all probability, will bring those most pernicious liquors, & the Drinks made of them, to their former low prices amongst us.

'Our duty, therefore, will oblige us to forewarn our younger People of the sad mischeifes which may attend their being tempted to tast them in any shape mix'd or unmixed, lest they fall in love wth them unawares, and at last bring themselves to untimely ends, scores of Instances of which we have had amongst us within these few yeares.—I have, therefore, sent you a few little pieces proper to be put into the hands of such thoughtful young people as you may hope will profit by them.—This, with a little of yo^r good and serious advice, may, thro' the blessing of God, save many a soul from ruin.—And I hope every clergy man in the Diocese will take this occasion, in his Sunday Evening's Catechetical Lectures, to exhort both young and old, of the danger of coming within the Borders of this destructive Poyson, as they value the Health of their bodys, or the salvation of their soules.

'As for such as are already in the snare, there is little hopes of extricating them by this way. It must be a miracle of mercy & Providence, if they shall be reclaimed by any the severell methods, & brought to Repentance & Amendm^t of Life. I am, yo^r affec^t Friend and Brother,

'THO. SODOR & MAN.'

Opportunities of Usefulness.



CHRISTIANS, whoever you are, whatever your sphere, whatever your gifts, whatever your station, God has a plan of life for you. More than this, He has a plan of useful life for you, a plan of doing good—certain occasions and opportunities of doing good, all mapped out for you in His eternal counsels. These occasions and opportunities are to arise day by day upon you as you pursue your beaten path of life, just as, while the globe turns round upon its axis, the sun in course of time rises upon those parts of it which before were dark.

DEAN GOULBURN.



A Christmas Cradle-Song.

HUSH thee, while the dying embers
Shed their dim uncertain light;
How the strange fantastic shadows
Dance across thy cradle white!

While without the stars are shining
O'er the snow-clad mountain-tops,
While the winter morn streams coldly
Through yon silent, leafless copse.

Sleep thou peacefully, my darling
Spite of winter frost and snow;
In thy slumbers sweetly smiling,
By the fire-light's ruddy glow.

Tell me, Baby, why thou smilest?
Dost thou hear the Christmas bells?
Dost thou know the joyful tidings
That their silver music tells?

I can hear them, up the valley,
Ringing out upon the wind,
Far and near the message telling,
Joy and peace to all mankind!

Happy baby! art thou dreaming
Of thine Angel-guardian bright?
Is he telling thee the story
Of that first glad Christmas night?

Of that Baby, meekly sleeping
In a manger cold and drear,
Tended by His maiden mother,
With St. Joseph watching near?

How the message, sung by angels,—
'Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, goodwill to all men,'
Echoed through the starlit sky?

Ah! my child, in that poor stable
E'en the oxen softly trod,
For within that cold bare manger
Lay the Incarnate Son of God!

He it was Who died to save thee;
He it is Who guards thee now;
He it is whose mark is glistening
Pure and bright upon thy brow.

O may He in mercy keep thee
All unstained till life be past!
May His angels watch around thee,
Till they bear thee Home at last!

G. H. F. N.

Obsolete Words in Bible and Prayer-book.

BY T. LEWIS O. DAVIES, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MARY EXTRA, SOUTHAMPTON.

OUR attention has hitherto been chiefly directed to words, which either in themselves, or in the sense in which they are employed, have become antiquated. In this concluding paper I propose to consider some obsolete and unusual phrases that occur in the Authorised Version. Some few of these it will be difficult or impossible to illustrate from English authors, because the phrases are not English phrases, but literal translations from the Hebrew or Greek, or occasionally from the Latin Vulgate.

In 2 Kings, iii. 11, for instance, Elisha is described as he who 'poured water on the hands of Elijah;' i.e. was his servant or minister, to whom would belong the task, after each meal, of performing this office for his master. Our customs do not, in this respect, coincide with that to which the text refers, and which would still be quite familiar to an Oriental; we may, however, compare the following from the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

'Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, a third a diaper,
And say, Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Another example of a Hebraism may be found in the challenge which Amaziah sent to Jehoash (2 Kings, xiv. 8), 'Come, let us look one another in the face;' or in other words, 'Let us set our armies in array against each other.' So we are told that Pharaoh-nechoh slew Josiah at Megiddo, 'where he had seen him,' i.e. 'had fought with him' (2 Kings, xxiii. 39). We ourselves speak of meeting an adversary face to face, or withstanding to the face (Gal. ii. 11); and having regard to the etymology of the word, we use an expression very like Amaziah's when we talk of armies *confronting* each other.

Again, to 'strike hands' means to 'become surety' (Job, xvii. 3. Prov. vi. 1; xvii. 18; xxii. 26). The last of these passages runs thus: 'Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts.' The form observed among the Jews was for the man who became security for another to strike the hands of the creditor to whom he pledged himself. To 'strike a bargain' is a common English phrase; but this comes from the Latin *foedus ferre*, and refers to the Roman custom of striking a victim as a sacrifice in token of the ratification of a solemn agreement. To offer the hand, however, as a sign of good faith is a custom almost universal; and in the Marriage Service the joining of hands is an essential part of the public betrothal.

In Acts, xxvii. 21, we meet with a translation from the Greek which sounds somewhat strangely: 'Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss.' The expression strikes one as paradoxical, like another phrase which most of us must have heard applied to an invalid, 'He enjoys very bad health.' And, perhaps, this is so; the Apostle, as Bishop Wordsworth suggests, rebuking the obstinate crew with a gentle irony, as though he would say, 'The gain, or profit, which you have acquired by taking your own course, turns out to be a gain of harm and loss.' There is, however, another interpretation, which can

be supported by classical examples, viz. 'Ye should have hearkened unto me, and so have gained over to your side, as it were, this harm and loss;' *i.e.* should have escaped it. Mr. Wright quotes a note from the Geneva Version, published in 1557, which shows that its authors took this last view: 'That is, ye should haue saued the losse by avoyding the danger.'

'Thou sayest' (St. Matt. xxvii. 11), signifying assent, is a Greek, not an English idiom; some, indeed, might suppose that no direct answer was returned to Pilate's question. The phrase, however, means just the same as 'Yes.'

In our own language a man would not be pronounced 'guilty of death' (St. Matt. xxvi. 66). The expression is a Latinism, taken from the rendering in the Vulgate, '*reus mortis*.' It signifies, of course, that he of whom it is spoken has incurred the penalty of death.

'They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus;' and again, 'Thyself mayest take knowledge of all these things' (Acts, iv. 13; xxiv. 8). To 'take knowledge' is to 'know,' or sometimes, as we say, to 'take notice.' In Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, v. 1, Horace says, 'I take no knowledge that they do malign me;' Tibullus replies, 'Ay, but the world takes knowledge.' In the heading of Gen. xxix. we have, 'He (Jacob) taketh acquaintance of Rachel.' Another phrase of the same kind is found in St. Matt. xiv. 35: 'When the men of that place had knowledge of Him.' In *Henry VIII.* (v. 3), Gardiner, talking of the charge brought against Cranmer, asks, 'Has he had knowledge of it?'

Several of these phrases consist of a preposition joined with some other word, usually a verb. One that is very likely to give rise to misapprehension is 'go about.' When our Lord asks the Jews, 'Why go ye about to kill Me?' and they reply, 'Who goeth about to kill Thee?' (St. John, vii. 19-20); the idea conveyed to us by the English translation is, perhaps, that of active personal movement undertaken with this object; something like that which, in 1 Pet. v. 8, is asserted of the devil. But the word rendered 'go about' simply means 'to seek,' and is so translated in many passages. Hooker begins his *Ecclesiastical Polity* with these words: 'He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers.'

St. Paul directs 'that no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter' (1 Thess. iv. 6). To 'go beyond' is now to 'go further,' to 'outstrip;' it has lost the sense to 'overreach.'

'Go to' was a common interjection, though now out of use, and employed either to call attention or by way of rebuke. 'Go to, let us make brick' (Gen. xi. 3, 4, 7). 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl' (St. James, v. 1).

'Lay to' occurs in the Prayer-book Version of Psalm cxix. 126, 'It is time for thee, Lord, to lay to thine hand;' in the Bible, 'It is time for thee, Lord, to work.' 'Lay to your fingers; help to bear this away' (*Tempest*, iv. 1).

'Put to' is similarly employed. 'If the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength' (Eccles. x. 10); *i.e.* he must add or apply more strength. The phrase is only used now of fastening horses to a carriage. We speak of an army being

'worsted,' or 'put to flight;' but the expression in 2 Kings, xiv. 12, 'Judah was put to the worse before Israel,' is obsolete.

To 'set by,' as meaning to 'value,' is somewhat out of date, though to 'set store by' is a not unusual phrase. In the Prayer-book Version of Ps. xv. 4 we have, 'He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes;' and in 1 Sam. xviii. 30, we are told that David's 'name was much set by.'

'As for all his enemies, he puffeth at them;' and again, 'I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him' (Ps. x. 5; xii. 5). In the first of these passages the Prayer-book rendering is 'defieth;' in the second, 'swelleth against.' 'Puff at' is a literal translation of the Hebrew: we speak, however, of 'breathing defiance.'

'Away with' is used in two different senses in the Bible. One of them is not obsolete: 'Away with Him! away with Him! crucify Him!' (St. John, xix. 15.) But the other is more rare: 'The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with;' *i.e.* I cannot endure (Isa. i. 13).

'And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium' (Acts, xxviii. 13). This sentence, occurring as it does in the description of a sea voyage, might possibly be misunderstood by the very ignorant, and taken to refer to the nautical instrument, which was not invented for some 1200 years afterwards. The phrase, which is common enough in authors of the time, means 'making a circuit.'

In Rev. xviii. 12 we read of 'all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood.' The omission of the preposition 'of' after manner distinguishes this sentence from our present use. Such omission was not infrequent. Thus Hooker, 'If men did repent as they ought, they must endeavour to purge the earth of all manner evil.'

When Moses saw two Hebrews striving together he 'would have set them at one again' (Acts, vii. 26). To 'atone,' *i.e.* to 'set at one,' is often used by old writers in the sense of 'reconcile.' 'If he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you; but he seems so implacably enraged' (Jonson's *Silent Woman*, iv. 2). 'Atone-ment' is employed for 'reconciliation' in Rom. v. 11: 'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.' Hence the word signifies, also, the satisfaction offered, or propitiation made, in virtue of which reconciliation is effected. Thus our Lord's death is the atonement for our sins.

'World without end,' *i.e.* 'for ever and ever,' occurs at the end of the doxology and elsewhere. In this phrase, 'world' signifies 'age' or 'time':—

'A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.'

Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2.

'Be of good cheer' (St. Matt. ix. 2, &c.) is frequently employed in Scripture as an encouraging form of address. 'Cheer' means 'face' or 'aspect.' Thus, Portia says:—

'Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer.'

Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

Hence, 'cheer' came to signify whatever would make the countenance

bright or happy. 'Be of good cheer,' therefore, is the same as 'be of good comfort.' 'Good cheer' is used for 'good food' in the margin of Prov. xvii. 1, a sense which it still retains. Another word which is used sometimes for 'face' in the Bible is 'favour.' In Ps. xiv. 12, cxix. 58, the margin gives 'face' where the text has 'favour.' In *Cymbeline*, v. 5, we have, 'I've surely seen him; his favour is familiar to me.' Of Joseph it is recorded, that he 'was a goodly person and well favoured' (Gen. xxxix. 6). A child is sometimes said to 'favour' his father—that is, to be like him. We still countenance or show countenance to those whom we favour.

In the Prayer-book version of Ps. cxxviii. 2 we find the elliptical phrase, 'Well is thee!' *i. e.* 'It is well with thee.' And in Eccles. xxv. 9, 10, 'Well is him that dwelleth with a wife of understanding. . . . Well is him that hath found prudence.' 'Howl ye, Woe worth the day!' (Ezek. xxx. 2). 'Worth' is an old word, meaning 'be.' Latimer says, 'I have heard much wickedness of this man, and I thought oft, Jesu, what will worth, what will be the end of this man?' Becon, in his preface to the *Jewel of Joy*, writes, 'Wo worth thee, thou antichrist. . . . Wo worth thee, wo worth thee, for this thy tyranny and cruelty!' Fitzjames's lamentation over his horse will be familiar to many,—

'Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!
Lady of the Lake, canto i.

Some few other obsolete words and phrases I had marked for observation, but the limits of my space are reached. The point which perhaps will most strike us on a review of the whole is the rarity of those instances in which any appreciable difficulty or misapprehension would arise from the language of our version. No doubt many terms have retained their freshness and currency, because they have been preserved in that Book which happily is in such familiar use among us, and which has done so much to form and fix a standard for our mother-tongue. It would be absurd to pretend that our translation is absolutely perfect, or that it contains no expressions which, bright and clear it may be 260 years ago, have gathered rust in the course of time, and might be well replaced by others of a newer fashion. Yet it is earnestly to be hoped that whatever is attempted in this direction will be effected with a very delicate and sparing hand, that thus neither the heart may be disturbed by unnecessary changes even in the outward dress of that which it has learned to hold so sacred and so dear; nor the ear be disappointed of the ring and rhythm of the well-known words.

The Committees of Revision which are now sitting have very important duties to perform. They have to provide, with all the aids which modern research and scholarship can bring to bear, that we shall have the most correct text and the most accurate rendering of that text. But it will be theirs also to see that in our Bible we still possess a 'well of English undefiled;' that its diction shall still be as pure, and simple, and vigorous, as now; that so, apart from higher and more important considerations, the Holy Book may continue to form, even in virtue of the very language in which it is couched, one—and that not the least—of the many blessings which we as Englishmen enjoy.



A True Story of the London Mission.



HE Vicar of St. Pancras, London (Canon Thorold), in his annual address to the parishioners, narrates the following thrilling story, which he prefaces with this sentence:—

'I pledge myself for the details of what I am now about to relate, not in my own words, but in those of one of our Church-workers; one, too, who would feel it a sin against God either to overstate or to give a false colouring.'

'It was on the evening of the 9th of February, 1874, whilst standing on the steps of the church looking out for some of the men out of my district, who had promised to come to the Mission Service, that I noticed a young woman come up the steps, look in at the church door, and turn

to go away again. I thought she seemed sad, and said to her, "Are you not going in?" She said, "No." I then said, "O do! I will find you a seat." At last she consented. When the service commenced, I went and sat near her. I noticed that she seemed much impressed with the sermon, and I hoped she would stay for the after-meeting; and was much disappointed when I saw her go out. You will remember not many stayed that first evening. All I could do was to pray for her. I walked home with some friends almost to my own door; but as soon as I was alone I was surprised to see the same young woman come up to me. I spoke to her, and then she told me she had been waiting about in hopes of seeing me come out of the church, but had not liked to speak till she saw me alone. I talked to her a little, and then she told me her history. Her father is a very respectable farmer down in Hertfordshire; both her father and mother are true Christian people. She was their only child. She had been well brought up, had gone regularly to Sunday-school and church, and liked doing so—better, she thought, than anything else. When she was twenty she made up her mind to come to London and go to service. There was no need for her doing so, and neither her father nor mother wished her to do it. However, as she so much desired it, they gave their consent. She soon got a place as upper-housemaid; she had several fellow-servants; but she soon found that neither master, mistress, nor servants cared for religion. At first she read her Bible, said her prayers night and morning, as she had been used to do; but her fellow-servants laughed at her. First she gave up her Bible, and then her prayers, and by the end of the first year even going to church. Her father and mother urged her to leave, but she had good wages, and she would not. For some time she went on writing to her mother; but for the last two years they had not heard from her. She told me she was very unhappy all the time, knew she was wrong, but could not bear being laughed at. She left her place a few days before the Mission commenced: she had got another to go to. I think she said she was to go the next week, and she was lodging in the Gray's Inn Road.

'The evening I saw her she had come out without the least intention of going to church. She had heard of the Mission, but thought herself too bad for it to do her good. But Mr. Goe's sermon, by God's grace, overcame her, and went to her heart. I talked some time to her. When I said good night, I asked her if she had a Bible. She said "No;" so I took mine, and marked a few passages in the First Epistle of St. John, and gave it to her. Her own letter will tell you what she did that evening. The next morning I was obliged to go to see some sick people; on my way I met the young woman. She said, "O Miss, I knew there was a service at the church at twelve o'clock, and I was going there, hoping I should see you again." I told her I was afraid I should hardly get there; but I advised her to go on. She told me she was very happy. When I left her, she told me she had to go to Cavendish Square that afternoon to see her future mistress, but she should go to church first; and as she left me she said, "I shall see you this evening."* About half-past one she was taken to

* The sermon that morning in St. Pancras Church was preached by the Rev. W. D. Maclagan, M.A., from the words, 'Where art thou?' (Gen. iii. 9.)

the University Hospital; a cab had run over her somewhere in the Portland Road. I think it seems likely she may have left the church, and gone on her way to Cavendish Square. She lived about an hour after she was carried to the hospital. I happened to go that afternoon to see a sick man. I am very often in and out of the hospital, and am well known there. As soon as I went in one of the sisters came to me and said, "Is not this your Bible?" I said, "Yes, it was; how did you get it?" She replied, "I thought I knew it again;" and she told me how it had been found in the pocket of a young woman who had been brought into the accident ward. The same sister had been with the girl when she died. She knew all that was going on. She asked if she was likely to recover; and when told no, and that the end was likely to be soon, she said, "Thank God it did not happen yesterday:" and her last words were, "I am quite happy." The letter to her mother was written the same morning before I met her. She told me she had written. The father and mother came up to London when they heard of her death. Their sorrow was great, but they could not but rejoice in the midst of it. Her mother told me they had prayed earnestly that she might be brought to God; and their prayers, I believe, were answered. She was just twenty-seven years old. I add the letter, with her mother's full permission to publish it, and with a clear persuasion that this is just one of those exceptional cases where it is for God's honour to make known what the Good Shepherd has done to bring back a sheep He loved:—

"10th February, 1874.

"My dear Father and Mother,—Can you forgive me all the wrong I have done you, and all the sorrow I have caused you? I am so sorry for it; I see how wicked I have been. O do forgive me! I know I have almost broken your hearts. I hardly know what to do, when I think how I have treated you; just because you told me how wicked I was, and how wrong I was doing in giving up God and my Bible; and all that I knew was right, just because people laughed at me. But, oh! I have been so unhappy all the time; I knew I was wrong, and I have never been happy really since the first year I left home—not as I used to be. I have often thought the last year I would try to be better; but then I said No! I am too bad ever to go back to Jesus, and to get pardon for all my sins. But now, mother, I am happy again. I believe God will forgive me. It is only since last night. There is a great Mission going on in London. I had heard of it, but thought it did not matter to me. Last night I felt so miserable that I went out for a walk. I looked into a church; but I was going away again, thinking I was too bad and no one cared for me, when a lady asked me if I would come in. I said, 'No;' but she asked me again so, as if she wanted me, and I liked her so, that I went with her, and sat by her. Oh! I am so glad I went. The gentleman who preached the sermon told about the love of Jesus, and how He was waiting for us to come to Him, and He would pardon; and He could do it, and would, because He loved us so. I felt I must go to Jesus again, then, and that He would pardon even me. After a bit, most of the people went away; but the gentleman said, "Any who liked to stay to be spoken to might stay." I went away; but I was sorry when I had gone. I thought I should like to have spoken to the lady who took me in. I waited about for her a long time. At last she came. When I saw her alone I went up to her. She said something to me; and then, I don't know how, but I found myself telling her all about myself. She was so kind; told me how Jesus loved me. She was sorry I had not spoken to the gentleman; but I felt I could tell her. When she said good night, she gave me her Bible; I

The March of Time.

told her I had lost mine long ago; and she marked some place in the First Epistle of St. John for me to read. I sat up such a while reading them, and then I prayed the first time for many years. I hardly knew how to leave off. I was so unhappy, and yet all the while so happy. I know God has forgiven me; will you and father? I had to write at once, and ask you; I could not wait. I am going out now to church. I hope I shall see the lady who gave me the Bible: but if I do not, I expect I shall this evening, for she said she hoped to be there. I will write again and tell you about myself. I only want you to forgive me now. I know I do not deserve it; but, oh do, mother and father!

"From your loving daughter,
"LUCY —."

'Some of the following reflections may reasonably occur to us as we thankfully ponder this story. That it is a necessary, reasonable, and blessed thing to provide, from time to time, special and exceptional opportunities for careless and negligent souls of hearing the glad news that God still loves them, and of turning to Him in repentance and faith. That the Holy Spirit is at such times specially helping His faithful servants, and personally dealing with the souls that He is waiting to save. That a great, simple, cheerful, sturdy faith, in His purpose and power to save is, at such times, both reasonable and necessary. That all sorts of help is good, and from all sorts of people; and that while those who refuse to help, either because they are afraid of being laughed at, or from a coldness and indifference about their neighbour's spiritual welfare, not only rob themselves of a great opportunity of personal blessing, but also rob of His glory the Lord who bought them: so those who willingly offer themselves, though not without previous misgiving and even painful effort, soon find that He who calls them to it enables them for it; and they who sow in tears reap in joy. It is absolutely certain that the case of this young woman in her neglect of God and His House, notwithstanding her early training and her parents' prayers, is the case of tens and hundreds of thousands in our great cities; and as we read of her, should not our hearts yearn in a sad and holy love, somehow or other, to bring them back into the Good Shepherd's fold? Further, are we not justified in the hope, born out of a knowledge of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, that this instance of His mercy is but one out of many which the angels rejoiced over in the great London Mission; and that not till Christ comes back in His glory, to claim His spoils and to receive His triumph, will be made known to the Church His manifold wisdom and pity in the souls He was pleased to save?'

The March of Time.

IN the palace, in the cottage,
By the river, by the rill,
Time is ever marching onward,
Ever onward—onward still:

Never tiring, never resting,
Neither bending to our will;
Hastening on with even footstep,
Ever onward—onward still.

Secrets lost in dark oblivion,
Human tongue shall never tell;
Time, their keeper, little heeding,
Marches onward—onward still.

Dreams and echoes of the past,
Waken in us memory's thrill;
Showing, by their silent teaching,
Time is marching onward still.



The Children's Corner.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

COME, carol, Christian children,
A carol clear and sweet,
As ye draw nigh with gladness
The holy Babe to greet!

The horned oxen patient stand
His lowly crib around,
And busy feet pass to and fro,
Nor know 'tis holy ground.

The maiden mother fondly bends
To kiss her little One,
But unseen angels bow their heads
Before the Eternal Son.

Hark! hark! what wondrous melody
Falls on the listening ear!
Go forth into the starry night,
The sky is bright and clear.

The watching shepherds upward gaze,
As, higher still and higher,

They see the light that streams from
Heaven,
They see the angel-choir.

'Glory to God on high; they sing,
Good-will on earth to men!'
Fresh voices, ere the echoes die,
Take up the strain again.

'Glory to God!' be this your song,
O children, great and small;
Glory to Him Who left His throne
To cradle in a stall.

All glory to the Infant Lord
On this our Christmas Day:
Sing, children, with pure heart and
voice,
And He will own your lay.

A*.

Looking Back.

LOOKING back, how thoughts will
linger,
And eyes, with an eager strain,
Gaze over the trodden pathway,
Ere the corner is turned again.

I cannot see it all plainly,
For it winds up the mountain-side;
And sometimes the shadows darken,
Or the mosses my footmarks hide.

But I see enough behind me
To fear for the way to come;
For I know not of the dangers
That lie between me and Home.

Why should I fear? there is with me
One of the angel band,
Who, when I am falling, tightens
His grasp on my trembling hand.

Captain of angels and pilgrims!
Thou canst all my pathway see;
Shadows of Time cannot darken,
For the years are nothing to Thee.

Back, to the part that is dimmest,
For mists from the lowlands rise,
Where I was sealed with Thy signet,
Which still on my forehead lies.

And though it be often hidden
With the clouds of sin and care,
Yet when the journey is ended,
Oh, mayest Thou trace it there!
On, where the sunshine is playing,
Where I pledged myself to be
Thy faithful soldier and servant,
And where I remembered Thee.
Thou seest all the way behind me,
And whither my path will tend,
Through sunshine, starlight, or
shadows,
And Thou knowest when it will end.

Ah! what will it matter then,
Though the joys of our life have been
Like wood-flowers that grow amid
shadows,
Few, pallid, and far between.

And what if our path is flowerless?
The brightest of earth-joys fade;
And Heaven will be all the brighter
If we've walked to it through the
shade.

Oh! short seems the longest pathway,
And little the time to wait,
When we stand at Heaven's threshold,
Looking back from Heaven's gate.
F. S.

Short Sermon.

CHRIST'S ADVENT TO THE FAITHFUL.

BY THE REV. I. R. VERNON, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. AUDRIE'S, SOMERSET.

St. Luke, xii. 38.—*'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.'*

The first coming of our Lord, which we joyfully commemorate at the great feast of the Nativity, the dull-hearted were many; the watchers were few. But blessed was it for those who, at the coming of the Lord, were found watching. For holy Anna, and for Simeon, and for the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, and for Joseph. That amazing and stupendous event, which the world had ever since the Fall been more or less intelligently expecting; for which the chosen people of God had been, age after age, looking and longing—came, after all, in a strange silence upon the world—upon Israel itself. True, the watching magi were attracted from far to the manger where lay the mighty God, the Babe of Bethlehem; and the shepherds on the lone hillside heard that first heralding of the Gospel, 'good tidings of great joy,' from the eager, sympathetic angels, who leaned over the great news to learn them, and who, understanding at least this much, sang joyfully the news to a redeemed earth, that its Saviour had come:—*'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; goodwill towards men!'*

Thus, to waiting hearts, and simple, child-like minds, the first great Coming was announced; and some of the vast family of mankind, both Jew and Gentile, received and accepted the new and everlasting Gospel.

But, after all, how few were the watchers at that marvellous Coming; at the Incarnation of the great God and Saviour of the world! How little sensation was made by this unparalleled event in the world's history! Think! God—God, I say—made man, and dwelling among us; our Creator, and the Sustainer of the universe, condescending to the infancy of our manhood, in order to fulfil the great and mysterious requirements of our salvation! And this so unspeakable wonder coming to pass with scarce any perceptible stir in the world. Things going on much as usual; not only our forefathers in this island altogether unconscious of what had taken place in the small city of the little country of Judea; not only the untaught Gentiles, unconscious and unmoved; but the very Israelites, the people of God who had been for centuries looking forward to this great Coming; unconscious, as a rule unmoved, indifferent; going on about the ordinary duties of life just as though the Fulfilment of yearning prophecy, the Desire of all nations, had not arrived!

Dear friends, it was, then, possible for an event so amazing as the Incarnation of our God to take place amid the nearly absolute unconsciousness and indifference, not only of an unprepared world, but of a people specially chosen and taught of God, with a view to their preparedness for that first Advent of Messiah. How few the watchers! how numberless the unconcerned and indifferent!

And what is our lesson from the contemplation of this marvel, that Christ should at last come and scarce twenty people in the world notice or regard His long-expected advent?

Certainly, for one thing, that God's ways are not as our ways. That whereas we creatures of a day must have show and display for our working, the Inhabiter of Eternity can afford to work even His greatest works noiselessly.

But, above all this. That in our expectation of the second Advent of our Lord, it is of all importance that we be found—watching.

O the difficulty of this! O the rareness of it! Millions of Christians in name and covenant; but the watchers—the real watchers—how many? How many among the readers of these words? How many in the whole Church Catholic? How many, I mean, who are living, and working, and forbearing, with a view always to that great Second Coming of the King,—Who came once unnoticed, or scarce noticed,—but Who is coming in the clouds, and all eyes shall see Him, and the kingdoms of the world shall wail because of Him?

The sleepers, the indifferent—how many! The watchers, the earnest—how few!

But at that second coming, not indifference, not carelessness, not unconsciousness, but dismay and terror, will overtake the unprepared, the unwatching, at that day. That Second Advent cannot be, as the first, an unperceived thing by the world. 'Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.'

The indifferent and the dull-hearted cannot be unconscious in that day. Those whose excuses were, in the preparation-time, glib and ready, will be speechless in that day. Those who were occupied with

this and that, and had no time for God's prepared Feast, will in that day desire, but in vain, to taste of that Marriage Supper of infinite and absolute satisfaction which God has prepared for them that love Him. But for those who are watching—for the faithful servants—what shall we say for those?

O the unutterable, O the unimaginable, satisfaction!

They tried—and often failed. They watched—and were often unfaithful in their charge, slumbering upon their post. They fought, and often gave way—when the might of the Holy Trinity would have sustained them—from their own weakness, or carelessness, or slackness. Still they *were*, in a degree, in earnest. They *did* watch, however, with dulness; they *did* war, however, with intervals of faintness and half-heartedness. And they have a gracious Master, One ready to condone failures, in service which *wants* to be in earnest. Let them not lose heart, but be found at His Advent, watching.

The time is short, though it seems long. While trials and temptations beset us, and failures sadden us, and endurance to the end seems less possible, as life goes on still let us endure. It seems too much to say—still, it is said—Let us look to 'the recompense of the reward.'

'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.'

The Lord Who here had provided all things very good until sin came to spoil His creation, herein promises a full and exact provision for every need of His creatures. Who, as He, knows their need—their very inmost need? Who, as He, being the Almighty and the All-wise, can provide for it—even in its subtlest particulars?

And, in the text, He sets before us this truth: That He will not deal with us, as it were, in the mass, but particularly and specially; that every requirement—every specialty, so to speak, of mankind—will be specially dealt with; that the Lord of all will deal particularly with each; that they who have waited and foregone the false satisfaction which the world offered them, before the time for satisfaction, shall find every exact want and yearning adjusted and provided for by the King Who can absolutely provide; that He Himself will gird Himself and minister for the particular need of each of His servants.

And who, I say, knows them as He? And who else can exactly supply them? And, indeed, what a vista of possibilities is, by these words of our Lord, opened before us!

Ah, dear brethren, we do not know of what it tells! Satisfaction—infinite, absolute satisfaction; and the God Who made us and Who knows us catering, as it were, individually—not in the mass, I say, but to each one—for our needs, for our special, individual requirements!

The wonder! the glory! But such a prospect is opened for us by the mighty fact of the Incarnation of our Lord!

Rejoice we, and adore!

CORRECTION.—In the September number, in the paper on 'Horrocks and the Transit of Venus,' two errors crept in, which readers are requested to correct in their copies.

In page 11, for Dec. 4, read Dec. 9th.

„ 15, for Dec. 23, read Nov. 23rd.

DECEMBER HATH XXXI DAYS.

MOON.		SUN.	
New Moon, 9th, 12h. 6m. morn.		Rises 7h. 56m.	Sets 3h. 49m.
First quarter, 16th, 12h. 24m. aft.		Rises 8h. 3m.	Sets 3h. 49m.
Full Moon 23rd, 4h. 56m. morn.		Rises 8h. 7m.	Sets 3h. 52m.
Last quarter, 30th, 2h. 36m. aft.		Rises 8h. 9m.	Sets 3h. 57m.
1	T.	Morning Prayer at 11—Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.	
2	W.		
3	Th.		
4	F.		
5	S.		
6	S.	2nd Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.	
7	M.	Morning Prayer at 11—Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.	
8	T.		
9	W.		
10	Th.		
11	F.		
12	S.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock. Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. Choir Practice at 4 o'clock.	
13	S.	3rd Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.	
14	M.	Morning Prayer at 11—Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.	
15	T.		
16	W.		
17	Th.		
18	F.		
19	S.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. Choir Practice at 4 o'clock.	
20	S.	4th Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.	
21	M.	St. Thomas Ap. & M. Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock.	
22	T.	Morning Prayer at 11. Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock. Vigil.	
23	W.		
24	Th.		
25	F.	Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 9 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7 o'clock.	
26	S.	S. Stephen Proto-martyr, Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock.	
27	S.	St. John, A. & E. 1st Sunday after Christmas. Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.	
28	M.	Holy Innocents. Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock.	
29	T.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer & Lecture at 7 o'clock	
30	W.		
31	Th.		