

KINGSLAND

PARISH

MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1874.

Leominster;

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THE SCHOOLS.

WE are very glad indeed to be able to tell the Parishioners, that, after an anxious delay of two years, and a mass of correspondence, the Committee of Council on Education have promised a grant towards the Enlargement of the School of £104 12s. 6d.

It may be necessary to remind the Parish that Government calculate the cost for the additional room at £604 2s. 0d. To meet this we have only so far obtained in the Parish, less than £200 ; £104 12s. 6d. from Government, £50 from the National Society, and 5s. 6d. from the Offertory, or a total short of £400.

It will be necessary therefore to call upon the Parishioners for increased subscriptions, and this we will do at once and with confidence, for many reasons :—

I.—Because no time must be lost in beginning to build or the Government Grant will lapse.

II.—Because it is more economical to give a lump sum *now*, than to have, as must be the case, a *permanent rate*, (and if we may judge from those places where School Boards exist, a *high rate*) made upon all the inhabitants.

III.—Because a School Board would not, to put it only *negatively*, increase the harmony of the Parish.

IV.—Because until the School is enlarged it will earn no Annual Government Grant, which would make it almost self-supporting.

THE LENTEN SERVICES.

The Services have been so far, we are very glad to see, well attended, especially by our poorer brethren. We do hope ere Lent closes to see many there who as yet have absented themselves. Do not let us, dear friends, miss any opportunity of humbling ourselves before Almighty God, and hearing the "Comfortable Words" of His forgiveness.

The Sermons preached as yet have been :—

By the Reverend the Rector, on Ash-Wednesday, on *Life*.

1st Sunday in Lent—*On Death*.

2nd Wednesday, by the Rev. E. Barton—*On Repentance*.

THE CONCERT.

The Concert which was held in the School-room, on Tuesday, the 17th of last month, in aid of the Fund for the payment of the Choir, was in every way, musical and financial—a great success. The programme, which we subjoin, was a very attractive one, not only because of the music which was selected, but, if we may say so, because of the musical abilities of the executants, many of whom were warmly encored.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----|-----|--|
| Pianoforte Duet | ... | ... | <i>The Misses Thompson</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Miss Williams</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Mr. Bradley</i> |
| Vocal Duet | ... | ... | <i>Mrs. Sanders & Miss Houston</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Mr. C. J. Saxby</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Miss Parker</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Rev. J. Brown</i> |
| Song | ... | ... | <i>Rev. W. Goss</i> |
| Vocal Duet | ... | ... | <i>Mrs. Crump and Mr. Connop</i> |

PART II.

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Glee—"The Canadian Boat Song," | Choir |
| Song | <i>Miss Heather</i> |
| Song | <i>Mr. Bradley</i> |
| Duet (Pianoforte and Flute) | <i>Mr. Bradley & Mr. Saxby</i> |
| Song | <i>Miss Williams</i> |
| Song | <i>Rev. J. Brown</i> |
| Song | <i>Mr. J. Castle</i> |
| Song | <i>Mrs. Crump</i> |
| Song | <i>Mr. Connop.</i> |

"God save the Queen."

The room, which, owing to the kindness of J. GETHIN, Esq., had been freshly whitewashed, was very prettily decorated indeed by MRS. CHATTAWAY, MISS CHATTAWAY, and the MISSES MARRISS. Over the platform, erected at the expense of MR. GETHIN, the Union Jack and Russian flag were crossed, and beneath was the very appropriate motto, having a double meaning, "May our Sailor Prince and his Bride reach a safe haven." A beautiful wreath encircled the clock, and festoons of laurel, &c., interspersed with flowers, were tastefully arranged throughout the room, and, to crown all, there was a very capital and appreciative audience, principally in evening dress.

It is perhaps as well to state here what the actual annual expense of the choir, exclusive of books, &c., is, and the sum which has so far been raised to meet it.

The Choir then ought to consist of 16 Choristers, viz., 12 trained paid Choristers and 4 probationers, and the Organist. Each Chorister on the staff has been promised £2 a year, which is liable to reduction by fines of 2d. for each non-attendance in choir. The Organist receives £10 a year. The average payment to each boy is £1 15s.

At present we have but eight paid Choristers, we must therefore calculate that the annual expense of our choir is £24, and those who have had experience in such matters, will think this a small sum.

Towards this we have thus far raised as follow:—

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|-----|----|------|
| Offertory in Church | ... | 9 | 12 3 |
| Gross proceeds of Concert | ... | 7 | 12 3 |
| B. L. Sanders, Esq. | ... | 1 | 0 0 |
| Mr. J. Lewis, (Fairfield) | ... | 1 | 0 0 |
| A Friend | ... | 0 | 10 0 |
| Mr. Goates (Aston) | ... | 0 | 5 0 |
| | £19 | 19 | 6 |

It will thus be seen that we have yet £4 to raise before the Choir can be fully paid, and this sum we are certain we shall receive.

CONFIRMATION.

On Thursday, the 19th February, eleven of our younger Parishioners, nine females and two males, were presented to the Bishop, by the 'Curate' of the Parish, in the Parish Church of Monkland, for the Holy Rite of Confirmation.

We are sure that the earnest and loving words of our Father in God the Bishop, must have sunk deep into their hearts. May they, by the grace of God, spring up and in His own good time bear fruit some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold.

BURIAL.

February 24.—Edward James, of Wellington, aged 49 years.

POOR'S CROFT.

We hope to be able to distribute the bread provided out of the rent of this land, the first moiety on the 21st of this month; the 2nd moiety next month. Applicants must be at the School-room at 11 o'clock.

OFFERTORY ACCOUNT FOR FEBRUARY.

| 1874. | | | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------|--------------------|-----|-----|----|------|
| February 1— | Payment of Choir | ... | ... | 9 | 4 6 |
| " | " | ... | ... | 0 | 7 9 |
| " | 8—Sick and Poor | ... | ... | 0 | 10 0 |
| " | "—Evening Service | ... | ... | 0 | 3 0½ |
| " | 15—Church Expenses | ... | ... | 0 | 9 3 |
| " | "—Evening Service | ... | ... | 0 | 2 1½ |
| " | 22—Church Expenses | ... | ... | 0 | 4 7 |
| " | "—Evening Service | ... | ... | 0 | 1 0½ |
| | | | £11 | 3 | 1 |

B. L. SANDERS, Esq., of Street Court, has forwarded his annual cheque for £5, to the Rector, who intends to dispose of it as follows:—

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-----|-----|----|---|---|
| *Coal Fund... | ... | ... | £2 | 0 | 0 |
| Schools | ... | ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Payment of Choir | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |

* There now remains a balance of £1 13s. 6d. due to the Treasurer of this Fund.

CHILDRENS' CORNER.

What is the meaning of the word Lent?
 What *is* Lent? What ought we to do in Lent?
 How may *children* keep Lent?
 Tell me some of the instances of fasting you meet with in your Bibles.
 What does our Lord tell us about fasting?
 What does the Church in the Collect for the 1st Sunday in Lent say about fasting?
 Tell me in the words of S. Paul what the *object* of fasting is.



'He had a loaded cannon mounted near the clergyman, and a man standing by with a lighted match all the time he was preaching.'

DUTY FIRST.

Duty First.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.



LOTTIE read the letter till she knew it by heart, and then kept it by her day and night: it was all she had of George. Happily for her, she neither knew nor guessed the misery he was suffering, shut up with all sorts of crime and villany. The prisons of that day were not the well-regulated institutions they now are, and woe to the man of decent habits and feelings who found his way into them! George Merivale had roughed it pretty well in his young life, but he had no idea of the miseries contained within the walls of an American prison. And it was little, if any, better on our side of the ocean.

Shortly before Merivale's admission to the State Prison in Philadelphia, a worthy and kind-hearted clergyman had begged permission to address some religious exhortation to the prisoners on Sunday. To this the keeper strongly objected, urging that the life of the preacher would thereby be endangered, and the prisoners would doubtless escape to rob and murder the citizens. When an order was granted by the sheriff for the performance of a religious service, the keeper obeyed it most reluctantly; and he had a loaded cannon mounted near the clergyman, and a man standing ready with a lighted match all the time he was preaching. His audience were arranged in a solid column, directly in front of the cannon's mouth.* And these were the people among whom the unhappy Englishman was doomed to spend some of the best years of his life! He was of a hopeful nature, luckily for himself, and could not but believe that an innocent man would one day be released, despite sentence being passed. And this hope was kept alive by the kindness of one or two visitors to the prison. When Lottie had recovered from this new and dreadful grief her nursing energies were once more called out, by the serious illness of the poor deaf widow who had cared for her of late. For weeks and months she lay much as Aunt Patience had lain, in a half-living death, and Lottie once again waited untiringly on the sick woman, this time assisted by the neighbours.

Widow Smith wore through her malady, and even, strange to say, recovered her long-lost sense of hearing: she attributed her restoration to health entirely to Lottie's unwavering care and attention.

Shortly afterwards yellow fever appeared in Philadelphia: an isolated case here and there at first, and then a fierce outbreak. A little neighbour of Lottie's, a pretty child George had once caressed, took it first, and wailed for Lottie, who, fearing nothing, installed herself as its nurse. The little thing died, and then the father and other members of the family sickened. Lottie saw them all through it, smoothed the grave-clothes of two or three, and helped to win the rest back to life. But hers was an isolated case of courage and resolution. A panic spread through the length and breadth of the city; mothers fled from their dying children, fathers and breadwinners left their dear ones to perish, in the selfish hope of saving themselves, and all was confusion and terror.

Lottie, aided by Widow Smith, went hither and thither, nursing the

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sick and cheering those still in health. It was life to Lottie this necessity for work, these poor stricken ones crying out to them for succour. Her only relaxation was a quiet hour in the old church where she and George had sat together; it smote on her ear as the sweetest of prayers, that petition in the Litany for 'pity on all prisoners and captives.' Surely those holy men who framed it must have thought of such as George, suffering and yet innocent! Lottie besieged Heaven with prayers for her promised husband, and then crept out into the sunlight happy, even among the dying and dead.

The Friends looked shyly upon her at first, the affianced bride of a worldling, an Englishman, and a convict; but the best of them could not hold out long, and when the lease of Mistress Nichol's house was expired several homes were thrown open to her, and Lottie went for a time to one where she had nursed a patient through the fever. Here she was found by the superintendent of the largest hospital in the city, who came to offer her a post of considerable importance in the establishment as head nurse, her nursing powers having become widely known. Lottie preferred her own quiet way, but on being assured that the difficulty, almost impossibility, of procuring trustworthy nurses at the crisis was so great, that the officials of the hospital were almost worn out, she agreed to assist them for a time, the Widow Smith accompanying her into her new sphere.

Lottie had few fears in going into this nest of disease, but she wrote a letter to George telling him of her intentions. 'I must work now,' she wrote piteously; 'if not for thee, for other sufferers.' It was no light task this girl had taken on herself, but she persevered in endeavouring to do her best amidst the general confusion.

Then there came a day when nurses and doctors alike fell before the enemy; more help, more nurses, must be had: yet none would come, though large money payments were offered. Lottie kept up through all, though sorely desirous of assistance; it cut her to the quick that the sick should die simply for want of tending, and such was literally the case with many patients who had got through the worst of the fever. At last the superintendent called her to him to say that nurses had been found for the men's ward, and all at present in the hospital might be drafted into the women's sick-room. 'You are a brave girl, and I will tell you all,' he said, looking steadily at Lottie; 'we were at our wits' end, and obliged to snatch at any offer. Government has permitted us to engage convicts from the State Prison for the work. Some have refused, preferring life to liberty, a prison to risk of death by fever; others, about a dozen, are on their read here, on parole not to escape while on duty. You are aware that some are men of desperate character, but I believe we shall be able to manage them; and, at all risks, further help must be had for the sick.'

Whether the superintendent knew her story or no, Lottie never learned nor cared; yet her cheek flushed once at the mention of convicts. She stifled down a hope,—it was not likely that George, but a few months in prison, on a long sentence, too, would be one set free as a sick-nurse. She would not think of such a thing; it would only paralyse her energies and make her sicken with hope deferred. Yet, in the course of her daily necessary work, her eyes would be raised and her cheek glow when a strange nurse, rough in aspect yet on the

* This anecdote is taken from *Life of Isaac Hopper* by Mrs. Child.

whole gentle in action, would come to her for directions; but it was never George. The fever yet raged unabated, and these convict-nurses worked well and steadily. A pang shot through Lottie when a night-nurse came to her one morning with the intelligence of the death of one of these new attendants: she could not restrain herself from hurrying to the ward; but no! that black beard, those dark lashes resting on the dead face, were not those of her sunny-haired lover. She sighed over the lost life though, for George his comrade's sake, and then returned to her post. And yet George was in the building, equally unconscious with herself of their near neighbourhood.

So great was the press of work within the house, that Lottie had never allowed herself of late the ten minutes' walk in the garden of the establishment, which at one time she took as a precaution, and almost a duty; but one fine afternoon she sallied down into the courtyard, to ask for some necessary food or drug for the sick under her care.

The porter, also a convict, a burglar with a long sentence, told her that the cart which went to bring food for the establishment was still out, but would return shortly. This cart was daily driven round the city, to take up contributions of food, &c. for the sufferers, from those who through panic had exiled themselves from their fellow-citizens: it was also in charge of a convict; in fact, there were now few other attendants in the hospital, and almost without exception they were faithfully performing their strange duties.

Lottie passed that porter and stepped out into the courtyard, thankful for a breath of fresh air: with all her wearying occupations she had a look of content, a peaceful expression on her sweet face. She was still doing her duty in that state of life to which God had called her, and He kept painful thoughts away from her.

There was a sound of wheels, a stir in the court; the porter came out to assist with the parcels, but Lottie crept back into the building, her eyes glistening, her cheeks rosy with an unusual flush. She had seen him, seen George at last! He looked older, graver, but well and strong, as he sat driving the hospital cart. Verily, this was indeed a meeting in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; yet Lottie could only find room for joy in her heart. She waited till she could meet George alone, and then words failed her. But his cry of joy was enough. A very short interview was all they could secure, for both were needed; but George found time to whisper to Lottie that he had a feeling they should never part again now.

'And I am as good as a friend at second sight,' he said cheerily. Lottie laughed, and then checked herself; she had scarcely smiled for months, and as to laughter it had been an utter stranger to her.

Lottie's story became pretty well known in the hospital after this, and many a time the kindly superintendent contrived that she should have some message to take to George, or some necessity for an interview with the Englishman. His case, too, was exciting attention—as much, at least, as the stricken city could give at this time. And so renewed hopes thrived vigorously in the breasts of those two, who so short a time since seemed hopelessly parted.

The general good conduct of the convict-nurses had been noticed with approbation by the Government; in no case had an attempt at escape been made, their parole was strictly respected, and their

kindness to the sick and obedience to hospital discipline had surpassed that of the ordinary staff of attendants. There was nothing to prevent any of them, especially the porter and the driver of the provision-cart, making off at any moment they chose, and the chances of being retaken were very slight; but all preferred to remain at their posts, unshaken by the deaths of two or three of their number.

It was a white day in the calendar of George and Lottie when, the epidemic abating, they took their first walk round the hospital garden together, by permission of the superintendent. Michael Michelsen had been with them earlier in the day, and given them good hope of a pardon for all the convict-nurses who had given satisfaction in the hospital. As to George, Michael felt almost certain of his release, but would not raise the hopes of the young couple too high. The good pilot had been busy for his friends, and worked unceasingly to prevent George's case escaping the memory of sundry officials who wished him well, and in this he had been successful. Palmer, in a severe attack of fever, had confessed that Merivale was utterly unaware of the fraudulent nature of the proceedings of the firm, and though his confession was not made public it had its effect in high quarters.

When the last case of fever was convalescent, and the yellow flag no longer floated over the hospital, Lottie and George went out of the building together: his pardon had arrived, he was a free man; the cloud had passed that obscured these young lives.

Michael took in George, and Lottie went to another friend: neither of them could yet realise that life was before them once again, fresh, and bright, and open. Next day in the old church it was easier to believe it, especially when thanks for mercies received went up from George Merivale and Lottie Thurston. The old Prayer-book had been taken out, and once more shared between two. And George moved the mark again to the Marriage Service, whence Lottie had taken it, bidding her leave it there now for ever.

That evening they walked to Aunt Patience's burial-place, and Lottie told George how she had blessed him in dying.

'I am glad she never knew of these troubles,' she said: 'it was better she should die thinking we were going to be happy. Michael was good to keep it secret awhile. But oh, George,' she said with a sigh, 'I hope this is the end of our trials; I feel as if I could bear no more.'

Poor Lottie! she had indeed stood out manfully against the sea of trouble which threatened to wreck her happiness, and now she might well long to feel she was in port. There was a little anxiety at first concerning their future prospects, though the difficulty consisted in choosing which of the many kind offers of employment and assistance George Merivale should accept. At last that was settled, and, to Lottie's satisfaction, Philadelphia would still be their home; for, though both had suffered much in the place, they had loved much there, and the familiar scenes were dear to them. Besides, it was right and fit for George to hold up his head in the same town which had witnessed his unmerited degradation.

As soon as matters could be arranged, George and Lottie were married in Christ Church; the bells, rescued from their watery hiding-place, sending forth merry peals on the occasion. Many a Quaker maiden on that day received a severe reprimand from precise Friends

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for entering a place of worship wherein were graven images and painted superstitions, but the temptation of seeing fair Charlotte Thurston married was too great for the associates of her childhood, and they risked the anger of aunts and elderly cousins; the mothers chiefly winked at the transaction and contented themselves with wishing Lottie well, since she had passed through the furnace.

Lottie had her pleasant home at last; very simple indeed, but rich with many a tribute from grateful neighbours who had profited by her care. Aunt Patience's legacy of furniture and china had been kept for her by one of these, and gave a home-like look to the little cottage.

The gray days of Lottie's life were passed; George alone with his bright face gave light and colouring to the house: but a year later, when baby Dorothy appeared on the scene to claim her share of love and attention, there was no happier, gayer mother and wife, than Lottie.

The babe had been taken by its parents to be christened in the church, for Lottie had never fallen into the prevalent error among the Quakers of slighting all religious observances, even the Sacraments, as unspiritual and unworthy of the age.

The quaint 'thee' and 'thou' still clung to her; but as it was no sign of a party, but simply the language she had been most accustomed to hear, George liked the sound, and would have her continue it, the while he chose that her smooth hair and her neat dress should be decked with a gay ribbon, to the scandal of some old acquaintances.

The wish to visit her native land had sunk into quiet abeyance in these days of happy, domestic peace; she still loved to hear George talk of it, and to glean the merest trifles concerning the history of her own family: but she had no great longings, no irrepressible desires, to cross the ocean that separated her from these associations, that land was dear now which furnished a home for husband and child. She had friends, too, around her who respected and loved the English household, despite difference of creed and nation. Michael was chief of these: he had his own seat in the chimney-corner, which he never occupied alone, since, from the day she could totter a few steps, little Dorothy would always make her way to him, to nestle in his arms and stroke the grizzled beard, as Lottie had done years ago.

'Duty first' had ever been Lottie's motto, and it still remained so: but duty now was also pleasure, since it consisted in caring for the happiness of her dear ones. God had called her to a state of life pleasant to dwell in, and for this she daily thanked Him, guiding her feet still carefully in the flowery path before her, desirous to please Him who had granted her peace at last. H. A. F.

Hospitality.

BLEST be the spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire!
Blest that abode where want and pain despair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH

Mosaic.

PIECE by piece our lives are put together;

Piece by piece we plan the perfect whole;

Fitting in the grey and purple shadows
With the golden flashes of the soul;

Brown and russet-red of wayside travel,
Tender blue which marks the light above,

Pearly gleams of joy, fair green of promise,

Clouds of hate, and rosy tints of love.

Noble temples rear their marble columns
Midst the spreading foliage of the land—

Temples proud of honour, wealth and learning,

Built on rock, it may be, or on sand.

Here and there a broken pillar lieth
Prostrate in the dust; while some gay flower

Twines around the shaft its loving tendrils,

Hides the basement in a leafy bower.

Ah! each day a little stone is added,
Once cemented, always to remain;

Ah! each act is gone from us for ever,
Never, never, to return again.

If the colours seem not quite harmonious,

And the pattern scarcely yet complete,
Still, at the great Master's awful bidding,

Must the work be laid before His feet.

Will He deign to use it for His building,
For the flooring 'neath His golden Throne?

Will He spurn it as a thing unworthy
Of the wondrous polished Corner-stone?—

Of the Corner-stone whose glorious beauty

Gives to every meanest part a grace;
Making each imperfect, dim mosaic,

Seem well suited to its honoured place?

EMMA RHODES, in the 'Argosy.'

A Short and Pithy Sermon.



WE no man anything.' Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, do anything that is honest and useful rather than run in debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all task-masters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful sky. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks from the eye its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the mirth out of his laughter, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its dominion.

The Brooklet.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside,
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast with thy soft murmur
Murmured my senses away.

Hugh Latimer, Bishop and Martyr.

1475-1555.

HUGH LATIMER was born at Thurstaston, in Leicestershire; his father was a worthy yeoman, and of him Latimer said, when preaching before Edward VI., 'My father kept me to school, else I had not been able to preach before the King's Majesty now. He married my (six) sisters with twenty nobles a-piece. He kept hospitality to his neighbours, and gave alms to the poor, and all this he did of the same farm.' Hugh Latimer also told of his training in archery. 'In my time, my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn any other thing. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms, as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body. . . . It is a worthy game, a wholesome exercise, and much commended in physic.'

At the age of fourteen, Hugh was entered at Christ Church, Cambridge. He was elected a Fellow of Clare Hall, and in 1500 took a Master's degree, and was ordained.

Tidings of the preaching of Luther in Germany having reached Cambridge, the zeal of Latimer was awakened. His energetic nature threw him at once into the contest, and he attacked the foreign Reformers, especially Melancthon, with ardent eloquence. So highly were his efforts prized at Cambridge, that Latimer was elected to the office of Cross-bearer in religious processions.

In 1525, however, the Church of Rome lost the ablest champion of her corruptions, for the eyes of Latimer had been gradually opened to them by his friend the Reformer Bilney, a clergyman of most holy life, who, perceiving Latimer's candour and honest love of truth, had induced him to lay aside his Papal prejudices. All that he learnt, Latimer, with his usual ardour, began to preach openly, and he astonished all Cambridge by his exposition of Scriptural doctrine, his protests against locking up the Bible in an unknown tongue, and his attacks on the prevailing immorality and superstition.

Latimer and Bilney preached not only with their lips but by their lives. They used to walk together on what the Romanists named after them the 'Heretics' Hill,' and help each other to a clearer perception of Scriptural truth, as well as devise plans for improving the condition of the poor of Cambridge. They also constantly relieved and ministered to the sick and needy, the inmates of the lunatic asylum, the leper-house, and the prison. These two friends were at the head of the reforming party at Cambridge, and the meekness and gravity of Bilney, the cheerfulness, humour, and eloquence of Latimer, and the unaffected piety of both, wrought much upon the junior students.

Latimer was, however, to lose his beloved companion, for *Saint* Bilney, as he called him, 'died for God's word at Norwich,' converting thereby not a few to his opinions.

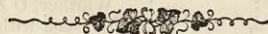
Latimer's character was reflected in his sermons, for they were simple and forcible, with a vein of pleasantry running through them, which rendered them popular with all classes. Even the bigoted Bishop of Ely confessed their excellence, although he joined the other authorities of Cambridge in striving to put a stop to them. At last, to the surprise and dismay of his enemies, the powerful Cardinal



What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

LONGFELLOW.



Wolsey took the side of the harassed preacher, and gave him authority to preach what he would, even 'under the beard' of his chief enemy.

Latimer's fame for bold and eloquent preaching reached the ears of Henry VIII., and procured his appointment as one of the Commissioners to examine the question of the invalidity of Henry's marriage to his late brother's wife. Soon after this, Latimer preached before the King in a manner that greatly impressed him, and he became so attracted by Latimer's frankness, courage, and earnestness, as to regard and treat him as a friend. Latimer, however, would not flatter even a royal friend and patron, and when Henry made a proclamation forbidding the use of the Bible in English, the favourite Court preacher wrote to him a letter of remonstrance and reproof. This letter is a memorial among many of the disinterested love of truth with which the Reformers of our Church were endued. It shows, too, how far Latimer's ideas had advanced, for he maintained the long-discarded principle that persecution is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, 'for they who do persecute be void and without all truth.'

Although this letter did not move the King to give up his decree, yet it gave him a still higher reverence for the writer. Latimer had many friends at Court, and among them the noted physician, Dr. Butts, and Thomas Lord Cromwell, the statesman, and they desired that he should have some high post in London, where his abilities might have full scope and be helpful to the King in his contest with Rome. Latimer, however, preferred taking a quiet country parish, for Court life was distasteful to him, vexing his pure and heavenly mind, and he was content to preach to the lowliest of his brethren that message of salvation which, in his own words, 'was sealed with the Blood of our Saviour Christ.' Gladly, therefore, did the eminent preacher retire to his obscure parsonage of Kinton in Wiltshire, where, though now in his fifty-fourth year, he laboured with youthful energy among his parishioners; and besides this, he obtained from the University of Cambridge a general license for preaching, and by this means taught the primitive doctrines of the English Reformation throughout Wiltshire, where the pulpits were willingly opened to him; and he also preached frequently at Bristol.

The people heard Latimer gladly whenever he appeared, but many of the parish clergy bitterly opposed his teaching, and after vainly attempting to silence him for three years, they persuaded Stokesley, Bishop of London, to summon him, and on his alleging that he was not in that Bishop's jurisdiction, they persuaded Warham, the Archbishop, to do the same.

Latimer considered it his duty to comply with this regular summons at once, and although his friends advised him to escape, and he was suffering from severe illness, the brave old man travelled to London in the depth of winter. Before departing he had written to Stokesley, who was commissioned to examine him, and observed, among other things,—'Methinks it were more comely for my Lord, if it were comely for me to say so, to be a preacher himself, than to be a disquieter of preachers. . . . Either my Lord of London will judge mine outer man or mine inward. If he will have to do only with mine outward man, how I have ordered my life, I trust I shall please both my Lord God and also my Lord of London, for I have taught according to the

Scriptures, and with all diligence moved my auditors to faith and charity; but if my Lord will needs invade my inner man, and break violently into my heart, I fear then I may indeed violently offend my Lord of London. Finally, as you say, the matter is weighty, even as weighty as my life is worth, and ought to be well looked to. How to look well to it I know not, otherwise than to pray my Lord God, night and day, that as He hath boldened me to preach His truth, so He will strengthen me to suffer for it, and I trust that God will help me; which trust if I had not, the ocean sea should have divided my Lord of London and me by this time.'

On reaching London, Latimer had to appear before a Court of Bishops and Doctors, and a paper was given to him wherein were drawn up the special Popish doctrines concerning Purgatory, the Mass as a sacrifice, the absolute power of the Pope, the doctrine of merit, and the adoration of images; and Latimer was desired to sign it. Having read the document, he returned it unsigned; whereon the Primate, with a severe frown, expressed a hope that at the next meeting the recusant would be in a better frame of mind.

This scene was frequently repeated—Latimer continued inflexible, and his examiners continued to torment him. Three times a-week they cited him to appear, putting to him captious questions, and hoping to tease him into compliance, or beguile him to declare his opinions.

Latimer afterwards, in a sermon, thus described one of these meetings:—

'I was brought to be examined . . . but whereas before there was a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was among these Bishops that examined me one with whom I had been very familiar, and whom I took for my great friend, an aged man, and he sat next the table-end. Then, among other questions, he put forth a very subtle and crafty one, and when I should make answer, "I pray you, Master Latimer," said he, "speak out, I am very thick of hearing, and there be many that sit far off." I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney, and there I heard a pen plainly scratching behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, that I should not start from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answers; I could never else have escaped them.'

At length, being ill and wearied out by this hard usage, Latimer wrote an excellent letter to the Archbishop, remonstrating against it, and vindicating his conduct; but all to no effect, until the schemes of his enemies were unexpectedly overthrown by the King himself, who interposed, rescued Latimer from their hands, and sent for him to come to his Court.

The Protestant Queen, Anne Boleyn, and the Lord Cromwell, thought that Latimer was well qualified to promote the Reformation, and they easily persuaded the King to offer to him the vacant Bishopric of Worcester; and as it had not been sought by Latimer, he considered his appointment as the work of Providence, and it gave great joy to the friends of the Reformation throughout England. To Latimer himself it was only an incentive to increased lowliness of mind,

to greater self-denial, and to a more complete consecration to the work of the ministry.

The new Bishop was indeed unceasing in the labours of his diocese. In overlooking his clergy and presiding in his court 'he was active, warm, and resolute, in visiting frequent and observant, in ordaining strict and wary, in preaching indefatigable, in reproof and exhorting severe and persuasive.' It was his custom to arise at two in the morning, and after spending several hours in his study, he would go forth day by day to awaken men 'to a consciousness of the great work which God was then calling upon England to arise and accomplish.' Though discreet and cautious in his attacks on the errors of Popery, he in public and private ceased not to teach the pure word of God, 'once delivered to the saints,' as understood and interpreted in the Apostolic ages, before it was corrupted by human innovations.

The Bishop enforced on his hearers the great principle that 'God is love;' 'and this,' he said, 'is Christ's badge: not that ye make pilgrimages to dead men's graves, nor carry home holy water, nor keep a consecrated candle, but that ye have charity in your hearts, and love one another.'

Latimer must have rejoiced in the wide scope he now had for spreading the Divine light which was in his own heart, not only in his diocese but also in London, where he was frequently summoned to debate on the affairs of the Reformation both as to doctrine and morals.

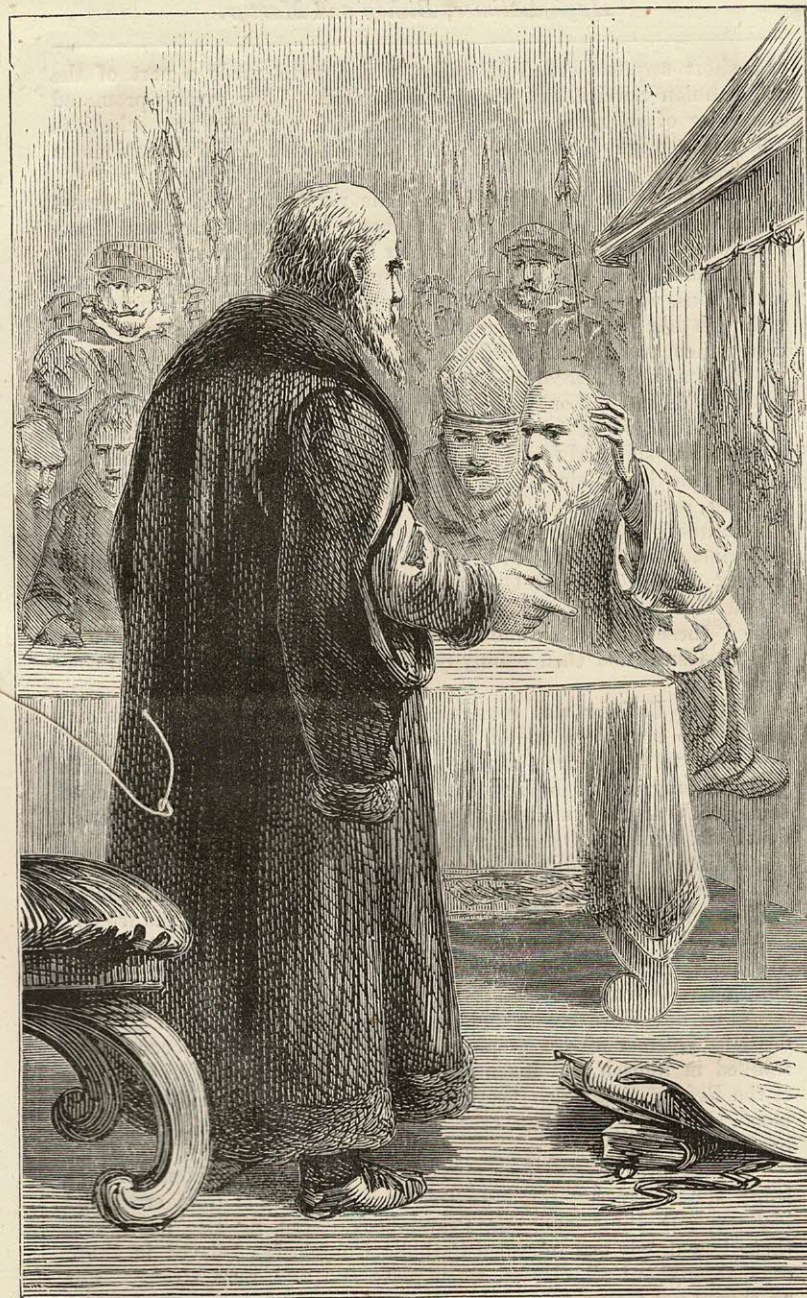
He had now become famous for his eloquence, and in 1536 he opened the Convocation of the Clergy by a sermon on the appointment of Cranmer to the Primacy. Many alterations were made at this Convocation, and the Bible was ordered to be translated into English.

But the good Bishop's bright and happy course was now to be clouded over. The King's mind had been perverted and hardened by Gardiner the Romish Bishop of Winchester, and in 1539, by his advice, Henry published and set forth what are called 'The Six Articles,' containing much Popish error. Latimer was the first to protest against these Six Articles, and having been thus compelled to resist the King's authority, he thought fit to resign his Bishopric of Worcester.

Now there came a proof of the sadly evil change that had been wrought in the King, for he ordered Latimer, his faithful friend and adviser, to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he continued for the remaining eight years of Henry's reign.

On the accession of the good young King, Edward VI., he immediately released Latimer from prison, and offered to him his former Bishopric, but he declined to accept it. Edward and some of his Protestant advisers appreciated the noble character and talents of Latimer, and he was made a royal chaplain and preacher. His sermons having been printed, they show us with what powers he was gifted to stir up the King, the clergy, and the people, to carry on the great work of restoring the National Church to purity and order.

During the pious Edward's short reign Latimer's influence was paramount, and his advice was constantly required in the affairs of religion. To him, and to Cranmer, the Church is chiefly indebted for



'I pray you, Master Latimer,' said he, 'speak out, I am very thick of hearing, and there be many that sit far off.'

the short sermons called Homilies, which were made a part of the Communion Service, and were much needed. They greatly promoted the cause of religion and of the Reformation, and even now selections from them might be useful in rural parishes with slight alterations in language.

But now came the reign of Mary the persecutor, and the foremost champions of the primitive faith, Bishops Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, were the first who laid down their lives in its defence.

Latimer, after three years' imprisonment, and many harassing examinations, was, in 1553, called before a Commission at Oxford, and although his judges were unable to answer his arguments, they declared them to be worthy of death.

We know that, according to the faith of our reformed Church, 'the faithful' do in the Lord's Supper really, 'verily and indeed,' receive the Body and Blood of Christ, yet not in a carnal, but in a mystical manner, as 'spiritual food,' which sustain the soul, as bread and wine sustain the body; also that Christ made one oblation (or sacrifice) of Himself, once offered.

Latimer's judges, however, required him to declare that the bread and wine, when consecrated, lose their own substance, and become the *natural material* body of Christ, and that it is offered again and again in sacrifice whenever the Holy Communion is celebrated. Latimer denied these things, as innovations on the old faith and 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and then calmly received the expected sentence of condemnation.

Bishop Latimer was considered by the worthiest of his contemporaries to have been one of the holiest and ablest men whom God ever gave to the Church of England, and now, when in his eightieth year, his long life of holiness was crowned by martyrdom. The aged saint, with another noble martyr, Bishop Ridley, suffered the cruel death of burning at Oxford, in an open space near Balliol College.

Latimer's intrepidity and even cheerfulness did not forsake him at this appalling moment. He was chained to the stake with Ridley, and on seeing a lighted torch applied to the wood round his friend's feet he exclaimed, 'Be of good cheer, Master Ridley; play the man. We shall this day kindle in England such a candle as by God's grace shall never be extinguished.'

Thus did these brave soldiers of the Cross go to their glorious death! Latimer with a prophecy on his lips, which has been amply fulfilled in himself and his numerous fellow-sufferers. For the light of the Reformation which the persecutors thought to quench in their blood, shone brighter than ever when England saw the constancy of her martyrs.

Let us ever revere their memory, for to their enlightened knowledge and bitter sufferings we owe our preservation from error and idolatry, our Bible, and our Prayer-book. Let us also learn from them how deeply our reformed Catholic Church was beloved in those days throughout all classes, when piety and zeal were strong. For we should not forget, that besides the numbers who bore imprisonment and loss of property, no less than two hundred and seventy persons, that is to say, five of our Bishops, twenty-one others of the clergy, eight of the gentry, eighty-four tradesmen, a hundred servants and

labourers, fifty-five women, and four children, 'gave their bodies to the burning flame' rather than deny the truth as it was then taught, and is now taught, in the Church of England.

Truly was her doctrine sealed with the blood of her holiest ones,—

'True sons of our dear Mother,—early taught
With her to suffer and for her to die.'—KEBLE.

C. E. M.

Wandering Thoughts.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A., RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON.



F coldness and dryness of soul in prayer is like a barren desert, wandering thoughts in our devotion are like a crowd of troublesome visitors, coming and going through the passages of the mind, so that it resembles the inn where there was *no room for Jesus*.

Now this evil may very often be traced back to an unrestrained habit of mind, a general listlessness and carelessness of thought, a want of the power of fixing the attention upon one thing at a time. And it is right to aim at more fixedness of attention in all we do. We can probably do something to improve ourselves in this. But this is a long, and a hard, and a slow remedy. Can anything be done meanwhile?

1. Would not a little pains in preparation help? What we are now aiming at is attentiveness, not fervour. But for attentiveness we need order and method, rules which shall act like the banks of a watercourse, restraining the flow of the waters within their appointed limits. Might we not, then, draw up an outline of the subjects we resolve to bring before God? Would not a written list of the sins, the difficulties, the needs of our inner life, of the persons and causes for which we should make intercession, of the mercies and blessings for which we should render thanks, help to restrain our thoughts within the channels we have marked out for them, and to prevent their losing themselves in the profitless overflowings of a waste of idle imaginings? We take a great deal of trouble in preparing for many other things, but we think it is not worth while to make any preparation for prayer. We expect it all to arrange itself in a moment. We are too idle to take pains to secure for it method and order, and then we are surprised because it is vague and distracted.

2. I am sure that *slowness* is a great help to attentiveness in prayer. Prayer should be deliberate, that we may have time to attend. Oh! don't hurry when you are speaking to God. Don't run on so fast, that you can hardly bring before your mind the ideas to which you give utterance. No wonder the thoughts wander, when the words by their very rapidity barely skim the surface of the mind, and wake up no deep thoughts or feelings. Prayer, to be real, must be calm, solemn, reverent. The way in which we sometimes rush into God's presence, and begin our words of prayer before the mind has time to collect itself, and know what it is about, is simply shocking. Imagine any one thus rushing into the presence of the Sovereign, with some petition for a mere earthly favour. We should feel the rudeness and indignity

quickly enough then. But it really seems as if we sometimes thought 'Anything will do for God.' Oh, be reverent in prayer.

3. When wandering thoughts come, and we wake up, as it were, and find ourselves far away, what shall we do? It is very sad, very humbling. We wished perhaps to pray, and then some little trivial thing (oh, so little, so trivial!) came in, and turned our thoughts into another channel, and in a few moments they have gone anywhere. We thought we were speaking to God, and we start and find we were busy with some absurd trifle, so foolish, that we are ashamed to think we could be drawn aside by it. Well, what shall we do? Offer up a short prayer for pardon, and go on with our prayers. And this again and again. It is of no use wasting time in regrets and wonders. It is very humbling, because it shows how weak we are. But it is no wilful sin. So we must confess it as an infirmity, and cast it off as often as it comes, and go on in spite of it. Any how we must not let Satan beat us by such a weapon as this. Nay, we may even turn it against himself. We may seize the wandering thought, and make it do us good service, by making it itself the subject of new prayer. If it be occupied with some matter of business or anxiety, this is not hard, but anyhow it can be made a subject of confession and humiliation. To pray always and never faint, however discouraging our wretched infirmities may be, this must be our constant aim. It may be the battle of our whole life to fight against these wandering thoughts. Be it so. We will fight on. Our Captain bids us fight. We leave to Him the victory.

Not Remembered, yet not Lost.

GOOD Bishop Hoskins of old thus encourages those readers and hearers of the Word who, though earnest in their desires, yet sometimes fail in their efforts to keep in memory the lively oracles: 'I have heard of one who, returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some; and being asked what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly, I remember nothing at all; but only, while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better: and so, by God's grace, I will."'

There is a story to the same purpose of one who complained to an holy aged man that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory. The old hermit bade him take an earthen pitcher and fill it with water. He then bade him empty it again and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it. This being done, 'Now,' said he, 'though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the Word thou readest, yet thy heart is cleaner for its very passage through.'

To the above may be added the following of later date: 'What a sermon we had last Sunday!' said a poor woman, who kept a small shop, to a neighbour. 'What was it about?' asked her friend. 'I cannot remember what it was about, but I know that it made me go straight home and throw away my false weights.'



A Good Servant.

WOULDST thou a household servant
be,
Three points of character I see
Needful for thriving,—these the three:

Be sober, honest, and discreet,
Or no good mistress wilt thou meet;
And be in person clean and neat.

Three things avoid with special care:
Tales from your master's house to bear,
For once out they fly everywhere;

Avoid strong drink, for none can know
How fast the love of it may grow,
And then disgrace will not be slow;

Scraps give not to your friends away
Unless your mistress says you may—
Their greed will grow till it betray.

Three things in household service too
'Twere well that thou shouldst ably do,
Though all may be well done by few:

Scrub well, cook well, and well attend,
Then will thy mistress be thy friend,
And make thee happy in the end.

Scrub well the floors and make them
white,
Polish the tables, shining bright,
Rub all the glasses clear as light.

With noiseless step and watchful eye,
Whate'er the guests may want supply,
Making no bustle needlessly.

Still three rules more must thou observe
If thou perfectly wouldst serve,
And praise and honour well deserve:

If you do wrong the error own,
Nothing hide that should be known,
Or conceal what should be shown.

Never let idle vanity
Tempt you your ladies' clothes to try,
Or in their drawers and cupboards pry.

Let all things in their places be,
That none need seek what all should see;
And aim at punctuality.

Such, then, as all these things can do
We reckon servants good and true;
Pity there should be so few!

Obsolete Words in Bible and Prayer-book.

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

WE often find that words which once existed in more than one of the parts of speech, *e.g.* as verb and noun, or substantive and adjective, now survive in but one of these capacities. 'They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest' (Isa. ix. 3). In this text 'joy' appears both as verb and noun, but the former of these is obsolete, except in poetry. Bacon, in his *Essay of Friendship*, writes, 'There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more.' 'War' has been only too common a word in our mouths as a substantive, but such phrases as 'Joshua warred against Libnah' are antiquated. We do, however, retain the verb in the expression 'go to war.'

We speak now of a physician's skill, but we should not say that he could skill to cure diseases; but it is recorded of the Sidonians that they could 'skill to hew timber' better than the Jews (1 Kings, v. 6); and in 2 Chron. xxxiv. 12, we read of 'all that could skill of instruments of music.' It is common enough to speak of an enterprise, but the Prayer-book warns us that matrimony 'is not to be enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly.' We may talk of others being in our company, but 'these men which have companied with us' (Acts, i. 21) is a sentence not in accordance with modern usage. The pipe and tabor are still familiar words, and are constantly joined together.

'Now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.'

Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3.

But the verb 'to pipe,' at least in the sense of playing on the pipe (1 Cor. xiv. 7), is but little used, and 'to tabor' (Nah. ii. 7) is yet more obsolete. In our translation the instrument itself is always called tabret. We might promise a pleasure to another, but we should not now promise 'to pleasure' him (2 Macc. xii. 11). 'Summer' remains as a substantive though not as a verb; 'the fowls shall summer upon them' (Isa. xviii. 6). On the other hand we often speak of wintering at such and such a place (Acts, xxvii. 12). 'Wit' as a substantive is in constant use, though with a more restricted sense than formerly; but it was once common as a verb also, meaning to know, to ascertain. 'The man held his peace, to wit whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous' (Gen. xxiv. 21); and again, 'Moses' sister stood afar off to wit what would be done to him' (Exod. ii. 4). 'We do you to wit' (2 Cor. viii. 1); *i.e.* we would have you to know. 'Wot' is the perfect of 'wit,' but used as a present. 'I wot that through ignorance ye did it' (Acts, iii. 17). 'Wist' also is the perfect of 'wit' or 'wis.' 'He wist not what to say' (St. Mark, ix. 6).

In all these cases the verb has succumbed and the noun survived; in several instances, however, the reverse has happened. A fisherman angles for fish, but we no longer call his rod and line an angle, as in Isa. xix. 8: 'All they that cast angle in the brooks shall lament.' Fuller, in the *Holy Warre*, writes, 'In these western parts heresies, like an angle, caught single persons; which in Asia, like a drag-net, took whole provinces.' We have 'drag' in Hab. i. 15. One of the Proverbs (xxv. 18) runs, 'A man that beareth false witness against his neighbour is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.' A maul is a

Obsolete Words in Bible and Prayer-book.

mace or hammer. So in the *Faerie Queene* (iv. 5, 42), when Sir Scudamour attempts to sleep in the House of Care, who is represented as a blacksmith with several workmen, we are told,—

'And if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavey eyelids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoons one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpiece with his yron maul.'

We have no longer 'maul' as a substantive, though we have 'mallet;' but it is still possible for us to maul, or be mauled. 'Bruit' is an Anglicised French word, meaning rumour or report; we might say, 'It is bruited abroad:' the use of the noun, as in Nah. iii. 19, 'All that hear the bruit of thee shall clap the hands over thee,' is obsolete. Bacon and also Fuller, quoting a proverb from the French, answering to our 'Great cry and little wool,' translate it, 'Much bruit, little fruit.' Latimer, complaining of some prelates who were backward in the duties of their office, especially in preaching, expresses a fear that their object was to reintroduce Popery, and that this report would reach the Pope's ears, 'and he shall send forth his thunderbolts upon these bruits;' where it might be thought, if the sentence were only heard and not read, that the preacher was calling these bishops very hard names. 'Shine' has passed out of use as a noun, but in the Prayer-book version of Ps. xcvi. 4 we find, 'His lightnings gave shine unto the world.' So in Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*:—

'And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine.'

There are a few adjectives which once were substantives also. 'Abject,' for instance, is often used, especially with such words as poverty, fear, misery, &c.; but in Ps. xxxv. 15 we have, 'The abjects gathered themselves together against me;' so George Herbert, 'Servants and abjects flout me.' 'Delicates'—'delicacies' (Jer. li. 34). Latimer compares wealthy persons who flow, *i.e.* abound, in delicacies, with poor men who lack necessary meat and drink. 'Ancients' with us is only employed as a substantive in the one phrase, 'the ancients,' by which we usually mean the Greeks and Romans; but in Isa. iii. 14, and in other passages, the word signifies old people, and I have heard a poor person call one advanced in years 'an ancient.' But many words and phrases linger among the peasantry after they have ceased to fall from the lips or pens of the educated, and much of what is called bad English is only old-fashioned English. Thus some one once said to me, 'I worship the dead,' using the term as in that clause in the Marriage Service to which I referred in my first paper.

I have constructed the following sentence, which is apparently full of solecisms, but each of them is more or less in use among the poor, and may be justified by good authority; the Bible and Prayer-book in many cases offering examples of them: 'We thought to have axed that party for to learn us how to get the nest-es of them birds; but the trees would clean ruinate our clothes—at leastwise that is what we be afeard on—and cloth costs a lot of brass, for his price ris wonderful a month agone.'

'Thought to'—'intended to.' 'I thought to promote thee unto great honour' (Num. xxiv. 11).

'Axed' is the old form of 'ask,' of frequent occurrence in Wicliff's translation, and even in Tyndale's, put forth in 1534. Chaucer has,

'Axe not why; for though thou axe me
I will not tellen Goddes privitee.'

'Party' applied to a single person has, except in legal phraseology, an air of slang or vulgarity; it occurs, however, in Tobit, vi. 7: 'We must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman, and the party shall be no more vexed.'

'For to'—'to,' is common in the Authorised Version, e.g. Exod. ix. 16. St. Luke, iv. 16. Acts, iv. 28.

'Learn' does not occur in the English Bible in the sense of 'teach,' but is found several times in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms: 'Lead me forth in Thy truth and learn me' (xxv. 4); 'O learn me true understanding' (cxix. 66). Shakespeare also uses the word sometimes in this meaning.

'Nest-es.' The uneducated often make two syllables of such words as nests, posts, fists; they are, in reality, clinging to the old form. 'Foxis han dennes, and briddis of the eir han nestis' (St. Luke, ix. 58. Wicliff's translation).

'Them'—'those.' 'Spare Thou them which confess their faults; restore Thou them that are penitent' (General Confession). In these and all similar cases the American Prayer-book substitutes 'those.'

'Clean'—'quite.' 'Is His mercy clean gone for ever?' (Ps. lxxvii. 8.) It is of frequent occurrence in the Homilies: 'God's word being clean laid aside;' 'The children of unbelief be of two sorts, far diverse, yea, almost clean contrary.'

'Ruinat'—'ruin,' will be found in its past participle in the heading to Jer. xxxix. So Shakespeare, 'I will not ruinate my father's house' (3 K. Hen. VI. v. 1).

'At leastwise'—'at least.' In the Authorised Version 'at the least' is the form in which this expression always appears, but 'at the leastwise,' and 'at leastwise,' are very common in writings of the time. The vulgar, perhaps, more usually say 'leastwise' simply. I have not met with this in any good author.

'We be'—'we are.' 'We be twelve brethren' (Gen. xlii. 32). 'The Philistines be upon thee' (Judg. xvi. 19). 'We be tied and bound with the chain of our sins' (Occasional Collect in Prayer-book).

'Afeard'—'afraid.' The form does not occur in the Bible. Lady Macbeth says, 'Fie, my lord! fie! a soldier and afeard?' and Spenser has the word constantly.

'On'—'of.' In 1 Sam. xxvii. 11 it is found in a phrase that is still current; 'Lest they should tell on us,' i.e. 'of us.' In *Macbeth* we have, 'I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.'

'A power of'—'a great many,' and so a 'great deal.' 'A power also of Syria and of the land of the Philistines joined themselves unto them' (1 Macc. iii. 41). 'He (Robert Bruce) sent over his brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Redd-shankes into Ireland' (Spenser's *State of Ireland*).

'Brass'—'money,' now a slang term or a provincialism. In St. Matt. x. 9, and similar passages, it stands for copper money, but Mr. Wright,

in his *Bible Word-book*, quotes from Piers Ploughman's *Vision* an example of the word being used for money generally.

'His'—'its.' 'Its' is a comparatively modern word, and does not once occur in the version of 1611; in all modern Bibles the printers, or other irresponsible correctors, have inserted 'its' in one place (Lev. xxv. 5), where the original reading is 'it,' which was sometimes used where we should now put 'its.' In the Geneva Version (1557) of Acts, xii. 10, it is said that the iron gate 'opened to them by its owne accorde.' Generally 'his, her, of it,' or 'thereof,' take the place of this useful word, which was not then invented.

'Ris'—'rose.' Cowley, who wrote in the middle of the seventeenth century, has,

'Only He spoke, and everything that is
Out of the fruitful womb of nothing ris.'

And Ben Jonson before him uses the word several times.

'Wonderful'—'wonderfully.' Dean Alford, in his book on the Queen's English, observes, that though adjectives are frequently put in the place of adverbs, e.g. 'Breathe soft, ye winds,' such adjectives are always monosyllables. In this, however, he was mistaken. 'The house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great' (2 Chron. ii. 9). Bacon writes, 'Wonderful like is the case of boldness.' Latimer's Sermons supply the following similar instances: 'Which works be of themselves marvellous good;' 'it becometh us to stand unto it so far forth as it is not manifest wicked.'

'Agone'—'ago.' 'My master left me, because three days agoe I fell sick' (1 Sam. xxx. 13).

'For long agoe I have forgot to court.'
Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1.

The Message of the Bells.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT was the evening of the Christian
rest
From the six days of toil, that blest
release;
The reapers idly strolled amid the
sheaves,
The very wind at peace.

Through the sweet stillness of the
autumn fields,
With the red flush of sunset on her
hair,
Plucking the poppies and the bugloss,
roamed
A maiden young and fair.

Most gentle was her soul, and sweet
and pure,
And much she loved the beauteous
things around,
But in her heart the Lord of that
bright world
No place as yet had found.

But even thus, as with a sunny brow
And joyous step she heedless strayed
along,
From the grey tower the ancient bells
rang out
The chime for evensong.

Sudden it seemed to her awakened soul
As if a voice were pleading in the air,
Sending an urgent message by the bells
'Turn, maiden—come to prayer!'

'But nay,' thought she, 'I will not be
beguiled
By any such strange fancies; I will dare
To mock them all:' but still the bells
rang on,
And still the voice was there.

And yet she lingered not, but onward
sped
With hurried eager step o'er field and
fells;

'For, oh!' said she, 'I cannot, will not hear
Those ever-chiding bells.'
The sounds grew faint and fainter till they ceased.
But what across the wooded range of hill
Comes floating? 'Tis the echo of the chime,
The voice so low, so still.
She turned, the bells had conquered;
Subdued and soft, that could resist no more,
She entered, full of wistful penitence,
The church's open door.
She knelt, and as she knelt came questionings,
Sorrow for all the ill-requited love
That e'er had brooded o'er her backward path
With blessings from above.

She heard, and as she heard a strange new life
Within her narrow, earth-bound spirit stole,
And daylight from the Sun of Righteousness
Pierced through her inmost soul.
And from that time, as years went on, that life
Grew day by day more holy and more pure,
While the light waxed more bright, till faith became
A settled thing and sure.
And often now, with humble thankfulness,
She, with o'erflowing heart, the story tells,
How on that blessed evening she obeyed
The message of the bells.

C. H. P.

Short Sermon.

'THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.'

BY ARCHIBALD WEIR, D.C.L., VICAR OF JESUS CHURCH, ENFIELD.

S. John, xiii. 7.—'Jesus answered and said unto Peter, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

STRONG characters are often marked by some special weakness. Milder characters are more even, and although they may not be so powerful in their way of doing right, yet they are not so striking in their way of doing wrong. St. Peter was an example of a strong character having the drawback of a striking weakness. He undoubtedly may be said to be one of the most able, as regards natural gifts, of all the Apostles; yet up to a certain point in his life he was chiefly known for the trouble he gave his Lord by his weakness. His fault was over-eagerness. This spoiled his faith, carried him out of his place as a disciple, a learner of Jesus Christ, and hurried him into doing many acts and speaking many words which grieved his Divine Master, and brought upon himself shame and rebuke. The text refers to an occasion of this sort. Our Lord chose to perform an act of great condescension towards His disciples, intending to teach by means of it a very important lesson on the two sister graces of humility and charity. All the disciples, except Peter, underwent the lowly deed of Jesus, and allowed Him to wash their feet without saying a word of objection. We are not to suppose that they were less careful for the dignity of their Master than their brother-disciple was, or that they understood better than he what was meant by the feet-washing. But they remembered that their Lord always had some good end in view in all He did, though He did not always tell them what that end was at

the time. They trusted Him with the faith which a true disciple puts in the Master he loves, and this faith made them patient, and checked undue eagerness to know what the act signified. But with St. Peter it was otherwise. He never seemed able to put a curb upon his eagerness to know everything and test everything at once. This fault of his had tripped him up many times, and now it was to give him another fall. We will not, however, dwell upon the part St. Peter took in the matter. Our purpose now is rather to draw out the lesson which our Saviour taught to the disciples, and now teaches to us, by the few simple words of the text. That lesson may be made more clear by being set out under three heads, thus:—I. The Fact. II. The Promise. III. The Precept.

I. The Fact. 'What I do thou knowest not now.' These words describe by far the greater part of God's dealings with us. He is, every day of our lives, doing things to us, and causing us to undergo a great variety of experiences, some pleasant, some painful, the real intention and aim of which we cannot understand at the time. This is a fact which no one, who believes that God governs the world, will think of denying for a moment. We all would like to understand what the events of our life mean as soon as they take place. That is our natural disposition; though good training in Christ's school of faith will suppress it, and put in its place a holy confidence that God does all things well. We all would like to 'see the end from the beginning,' as each day dawns upon us, as each year rolls over us, and we toss, more or less violently, over the sea of this present life. But there is only One who can do that. Holy Scripture tells us that the power of 'seeing the end from the beginning' belongs to Almighty God, and to Him alone. Mankind in general have agreed to accept this truth, and to give a special word in their language to describe it, how little soever many of them may let the truth have any practical effect upon their lives. The word they use is 'Providence.' This is a title of God which indicates His power of 'seeing the end from the beginning.' Thus we are accustomed to speak of any event, the meaning of which we could not make out at first, but which we afterwards see to have had a wise intention, as providential; and those who strive to live in the fear of God, look upon their whole course of life as providentially guided. If any change takes place in that course, if some great trouble comes upon them, if some puzzling fact starts up before them, giving an unforeseen bent to their career, believing, God-fearing people, turn Christ's words into a maxim of great comfort and re-assurance to their hearts: 'What God does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter.' This brings us to—

II. The Promise. 'Thou shalt know hereafter.' Our Lord's words might more closely be rendered, 'after these things;' as though He would say, 'Wait till I have done what I desire to do; bear it with patience and in faith; and when My purposes are accomplished, and My dealings with you have come to their perfection, you shall be able to see what My meaning was towards you.' In the particular instance of the text we know it was so. For in the twelfth verse we read how Jesus, when He had ended the washing of the disciples' feet, sat down and explained to them that it was a symbolical act on His part, intended to represent to them how they should always treat one

another with that brotherly love which shrinks from performing no office, however lowly, for each other's good: thus showing them that humility is the handmaid of love, while pride, on the contrary, is the promoter of strife and the occasion of hatred. And is it not so throughout our lives? Many a Christian has realised the promise, 'thou shalt know hereafter,' as a reward of his patiently putting up with not knowing at the time. We can, indeed (such, alas! is the power of unbelief), start up in rebellion against God's dealings with us; insist upon 'knowing now'; and while we fail in getting the knowledge we wish, yet succeed in so thwarting the designs of God's providence, that, after all is over, we discover too late how we have marred by our over-eagerness and our faithlessness our Father's loving purpose. Yes, this is the terrible power of free-will when joined with unbelief and hardness of heart; we can spoil God's good will to us, while we can do no good for ourselves. But they who wait for the promise, 'Thou shalt know hereafter,' to be fulfilled in the Lord's own way, will receive the reward of beholding how the Hand of infinite love and power has been guiding them through the waters of this troublesome world, now bending them aside into a little trouble to avoid a greater, now steering them right through some heavy wave of affliction to bring them to a point of prosperity beyond it, now checking them in what seemed a fair progress, lest by a too rapid advance they should lose the benefit of experience, which brings patience, which is the mother of hope. Here we reach,—

III. The Precept, which may be expressed in words again and again to be found in Holy Scripture, 'Wait on the Lord.' This is the maxim of a Christian's practical life. From the beginning the followers of Christ have found it a hard one to act up to. The first disciples often fell away from it, and many since have suffered loss through disregarding it. Yet its observance is the secret of carrying out faith into practice. A very simple life, a life passed in the daily round of very common duties, will suffice to gain plenty of opportunity for this maxim to work. The simplest life has dark passages in it which one is forced to enter, without seeing what they lead out to. How happy is he who can enter without fear, without question! Who believes that the loving hand of the ever-present Friend is upon him, guiding him to a blessed issue! He who, by the discipline of self-denial and the practice of prayer, learns to wait patiently and in faith, as each trying mystery, each perplexing interruption to his course comes upon him, for the fulfilment of Christ's promise that he 'shall know hereafter'—he shall experience at last, when the final and darkest passage of all looms before him, the fulness of that blessed 'hereafter,' when faith shall be swallowed up in knowledge. To cultivate this patient waiting is a task that may well be the special business of a whole Lenten season. Let this, dear reader, be your spiritual work, this present Lent. Learn to wait, learn to trust, learn to place yourself, your soul and your body, your interests for time and for eternity, in your Lord's hand, and assuredly your Lord will bring you out to the 'perfect day' which knows no ending, and to knowledge that has no limit.

MARCH HATH XXXI DAYS.

MOON.

Full Moon 3rd, 5h. 21m. morn.
Last quarter, 11th, 9h. 34m. morn.
New Moon, 18th, 5h. 2m. morn.
First quarter, 24th, 10h. 31m. aft.

SUN.

Rises 6h. 43m. Sets 5h. 41m.
Rises 6h. 26m. Sets 5h. 55m.
Rises 6h. 10m. Sets 6h. 7m.
Rises 6h. 56m. Sets 6h. 17m.

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| 1 | S. | Second Sunday in Lent. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past 6 o'clock. <i>Chad, B. of Lichfield.</i> | F. |
| 2 | M. | | F. |
| 3 | T. | | F. |
| 4 | W. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 5 | Th. | Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock | F. |
| 6 | F. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock. | F. |
| 7 | S. | <i>Perpetua, Martyr.</i> Choir Practice at 4 o'clock. | F. |
| 8 | S. | 3rd Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 9 o'clock, Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past 6 o'clock. | F. |
| 9 | M. | | F. |
| 10 | T. | | F. |
| 11 | W. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 12 | Th. | <i>Gregory, M. & B. of Rome.</i> Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 13 | F. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock. | F. |
| 14 | S. | Choir Practice at 4 o'clock. | F. |
| 15 | S. | 4th Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 9 o'clock, Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past 6 o'clock. | F. |
| 16 | M. | | F. |
| 17 | T. | | F. |
| 18 | W. | <i>Edward, King of W. Saxons.</i> Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock | F. |
| 19 | Th. | Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock | F. |
| 20 | F. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock | F. |
| 21 | S. | <i>Benedict, Abbot.</i> Choir Practice at 4 o'clock | F. |
| 22 | S. | 5th Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 9 o'clock, Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past 6 o'clock. | F. |
| 23 | M. | | Vigil. F. |
| 24 | T. | | F. |
| 25 | W. | Annunciation of Mary, the Blessed Virgin. Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 26 | Th. | Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 27 | F. | Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 28 | S. | Choir Practice at 4 o'clock | F. |
| 29 | S. | 6th Sunday in Lent. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past 6 o'clock. | F. |
| 30 | M. | Monday before Easter. Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. | F. |
| 31 | T. | Tuesday before Easter. Litany and Sermon at 7 o'clock. | F. |