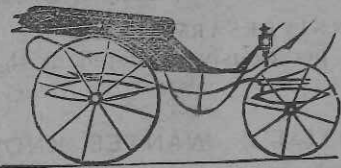


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—June 19, 1897.

Vol. II. No. 12.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

JUNE 19, 1897

THE CHURCH MESSENGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
THE PEOPLE . . .

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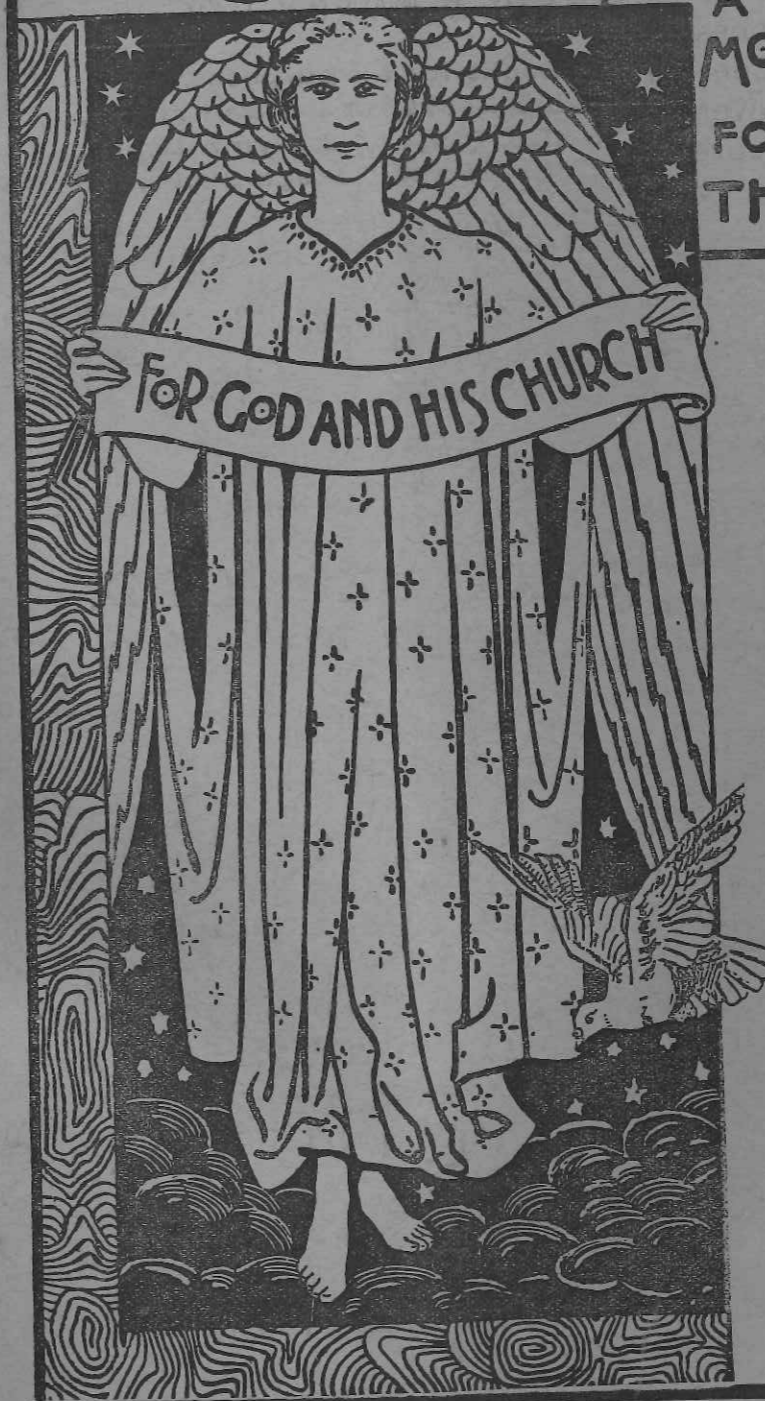
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Church Messenger.

Forward, ever Forward.

VOL. II. NO. 12.

JUNE 19, 1897.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

OUR QUEEN.

BRITONS throughout the world are calling for a mighty song. In a few more days the call will have been resonantly responded to, and the refrain taken up on sea and land, from shore to shore, the wide hemispheres over. Then will come the inevitable reckoning with the piper, whose "little account" will prove to be a tremendously lengthy one. But who will begrudge this lavish freewill outpouring of a nation's deep-seated loyalty? None of us—not one who loves his country and has the pride of race in his heart. There is Jubilee in the air and everywhere. In the cottage and in the hall, in crowded cities, in lonely villages, and in scattered homesteads, on many a ship traversing the ocean's vast solitudes in torrid or in icy zones, and wherever the flag of old England flies—all, all are joyfully preparing to celebrate the eventful day which is now fast dawning upon us. And what a glorious retrospect will open out from thence, tinged with sadness, may be, but still a glowing vista of the past, and foreshadowing, let us truly hope, the advent of a still brighter future for the whole of the British race. All through these long sixty years "Forward, ever forward," has been the one keynote of Church and State—the former nobly keeping pace with the giant strides of science and manufacture. It has been a time of steady and sure expansion and advancement, until in this year of Jubilee never before did the grand old mother Church of England stand on such a firm foundation—never before was she so vigorous, such a potent factor for all that is good and true. The pure life of our beloved Sovereign, her unsullied Court, and her fervent Christianity have been whole towers of strength to this happy result as well as the pole stars

to guide the nation into the paths of rectitude. And so the coming 21st of June will be an eventful day indeed, the memory of which will be handed down, far, far into the coming generations, in loving remembrance of a peerless woman, wife, and mother, who then had reigned over and in the hearts of her faithful subjects for threescore years—the good and gracious Queen Victoria. God bless her.

THE JUBILEE FUND.

IN obedience to the request of the Diocesan Council, Archdeacon Whittington, the Administrator, has at considerable cost of time and strength, visited almost every parish in the island. Wherever he goes the Archdeacon is a welcome guest. Full of geniality and latent power, he is worth hearing when brought face to face with something that acts as an electric spark to his highly strung and somewhat fiery soul. At any rate his visits everywhere have stimulated people to do something for this fund. Misconceptions as to the management at headquarters have been cleared off, and churchmen now can hardly, save and except on the plea of parsimony, refuse to do all within their power. Let us hope, too, the clergy will be loyal to the movement. Think of it—a miserable £4000 only asked for from something like 75,000 members of our beloved Church—i.e., about one shilling a head; though there are a good many individual churchmen in the diocese who could easily, if they tried, give £500 each and not miss it much. If only for once in their lifetime, let them do the proper thing now.

A BUSH SERVICE.

By R. C.

WHAT varied recollections these simple words, "A Bush Service," bring into the minds of God's servants who are now, and have been in days gone by, privileged to take such services. Let us think for a moment what it entails. An early start in the morning from the Rectory or Vicarage, the taking of a good supply of Mission Hymn Books, and if possible, of papers suitable for distribution, the careful thinking out beforehand of an address or sermon likely to be profitable to those coming to the service, the silent prayer in the study for God's blessing upon the undertaking, the necessary preparation for bad weather, and it can be pretty bad sometimes; then off goes the bush parson, with an injunction possibly from someone in the home he is leaving, to "take care of himself, and not to get wet."

Then comes the long ride, mile after mile, through scenery sometimes of wonderful beauty. Here is a hut which must be visited, and the inmates cheered up and encouraged to think awhile of those things which belong to their eternal welfare; not in vain, surely, is the "bread cast upon the waters," and the seed sown in faith in these humble dwellings springs up and bears fruit oftentimes in a manner wonderful to behold. Then when "the shades of night are falling fast," the barking of dogs and the merry voices of children announce that the "outlying place" has been reached, and the parson's horse steps out more briskly, knowing that supper is nigh. Then comes the hearty welcome, and the ready invitation to "come in and take tea," which is as readily accepted. "What hymns shall we have to-night?" is then asked. This opens out a tremendous discussion, and finally some four are chosen. Then the neighbours begin to drop in, some of them coming long distances over bad roads or no roads at all, and at last we begin the service. What a picture might be painted of the whole scene. A long low room, a roaring fire, six or seven dogs in various positions of comfort or otherwise, two or three babies, and men, women, and children of "all denominations" or "no denomination" sitting about the room. But how heartily they sing, how they enjoy the service; never have the words "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" been sung with greater enthusiasm, and the bush parson, looking round, says quietly to himself, "It is good for us to be here." And the simple words of the sermon, how they are listened to, how they sink down into the hearts of the hearers. Perhaps there are only twenty people present altogether, but possibly that service may, by God's grace, be the means of converting some sinner from the error of his ways, and saving his soul alive.

And after the service comes the friendly chat until the little congregation disperses homewards along the well-known bush tracks, and the tired parson is taken to his room, and the lights are put out, and the house is still. But through the stillness a voice might have been heard, saying, "Thank God for this Bush Service."

HEROISM: PAST AND PRESENT.

By E. M. H.

WE have just been reading Nansen's "Farthest North," and as we close the book, the strongest impression for the moment is, "What a manly man we have here;" the very simplicity of style, the homeliness of detail, sometimes making us smile, as at the artlessness of a child, and giving us pleasant feeling of personal acquaintance and friendliness with the author.

But what I was about to say, was that the heroic type of man is not extinct, as some would have us believe. Those who are given to extolling "the days that are no more," and lamenting the degeneracy of these latter ones, would have us believe that men have grown very effeminate, just as they tell us that women have become masculine. The fact is that there have always been a great many varying types of both men and women, and there are and will be still. There is as much courage and as much endurance now as ever, the strong spirits still fighting for the weak and oppressed. There always were the weak and oppressed, but they of the strong arm in olden days were generally engaged dividing the spoil. Justice is much stronger than it used to be. Morley says somewhere that "Progress itself is little more than the substitution of justice for privilege as the governing idea of human society." If he is right, then we have progressed. The strong adventurous spirits now do and dare for science what they no longer need to do for life or home. Carlyle knew what he was talking about when he said, "It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense, sugar-plums of any kind in this world or the next. In the meanest mortal lies something nobler. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations."

And while our modern heroes have all the strength, the courage, the endurance, and readiness of resource of their forefathers, surely they are infinitely more interesting. They manage to cultivate their minds as well as their bodies. The strong men of old had very little notion of enjoyment between their fightings except drinking bouts, which lasted until they fell under the table, or rough horse play.

It is doubtful if you could have got the idea of any joke into their heads except a practical one. Thackeray, in his imaginary sequel to "Ivanhoe," tells us very wittily, how frightfully bored Ivanhoe became with the society of Rowena, who, as we would say in modern phrase, "had not much in her," and was very pleased to meet with Rebecca again, though she was much more like that modern bugbear, the "New Woman." Well I fancy the knights of old must have bored their ladies frightfully too, or would have done so, only that they had so little of their society. Of course there were men of mind in all ages, and there are plenty of weaklings in intellect nowadays, but modern times can produce better all-round men, and so we have progressed.

To return to Nansen, who seems to be a typical modern "strong man," one cannot but be struck with his keen observation and intense enjoyment of the beauty of nature. Then his sympathies for dumb animals are great, and when necessity forced him to be cruel to them he felt it deeply, and nothing but necessity would have made him so. A recent writer to the press criticises Nansen's book very severely, calling it a "Godless book." Certainly he says very little of religion, and yet, as I read it, he did not impress me as a "Godless" man. I fancy that the modern man of iron will and nerves does not talk much of his religious feelings, at least in public. Probably, as Nansen talked over his adventures and escapes with his wife, he gave utterance to feelings and thoughts that would not be printed for the world's eye, but were reserved for his most sacred moments. The "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears" are, also, often, too deep for words.

TIME FLIES.

IN our boyhood's days the interval between the holidays forced itself upon our youthful imaginations as a long deep gulf of time, when we settled down to our studies after having left the comforts and pleasures of home and the loved ones behind us. How eagerly we yearned for the years to go by which should advance us to man's estate. Old Father Time seemed to travel very slowly in those days. Our next advance was to the stage of the "hobbledehoy, neither a man and neither a boy," which our elders said was the least loveable stage of our existence that far, and we still had the longing for the years to roll quickly on. And so we came of age at last, when, what with the excitement of our new-found freedom, the carelessness and joyousness of early manhood, the seasons arrived and departed almost unnoticed, and before we had time to seriously consider the situation, as it were, we found ourselves at thirty, and this brought us up with a start. Instead of giving the hour-glass a shake to make the sand run faster, we would willingly have laid it on its side then, to give us a spell and breathing time to look round. But remorselessly it ran on, faster and faster as it seemed to us, and in an alarmingly short period we arrived at forty, about which the poet sang:—

Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,
Then you know that a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass;
Wait till you come to forty year.

Was it possible, we said—was there witchery about? How, why, when, or where had the ten years gone to since we were thirty? We would like to have retraced our steps a little, but still we were hurried onward, and in a hop, skip, and a jump we were at the half-century post, far over the brow of the hill. Affairs began to look very serious now. There was no recalling the past, that was certain; but what about the future? Why, in another twenty years we should be seventy, and then we began to conjecture what old people thought about, what their emotions were and

what ours would be when we, too, became tottery. And so we began to realise to the full the absolute unerring truth and accuracy of the statement of old King David, who knew a thing or two, that life is but a span. And so it is, not the shadow of a doubt about it.

EIGHTY-EIGHT.

IT is food for thought, and not a bright reflection either, that the above numerals exactly corresponded to the number of applicants for a certain post in the north of the island last month. It required a man of intelligence and education, not to say refinement ever, to fill it. The duties, although not laborious, were very onerous, demanding attendance through the best part of the twenty-four hours, all the holidays, and part of each Sunday, a cramped and exacting occupation indeed—worse than a milkman's. The honorarium offered was £75 a year with quarters, the wages of a day labourer and far from that of an artisan, and yet there were 88 men of education, out of a very small community, who were eagerly solicitous to fill the vacancy. Nothing that is here written will wound the susceptibilities of the candidates, as the fault lies not with them and they have our sympathy, they command it. Rather is the fault to be looked for in the system in which so many misguided but well-meaning parents will fatuously insist upon making their sons fit for a clerk's position only. In no walk of life is the supply so enormously beyond the demand as in this direction, not only in Tasmania but throughout all the colonies. Bankers, merchants, and others knowing they have a wide field at their feet from which to pick and choose, remunerate just as they feel inclined to and no more. Really we cannot blame them. The evil will work its own cure before long, it must, unless hundreds of young men are blindly allowed to grow up in idleness, or next door to it.

A word to parents and guardians. Put your boys to a trade or to some other special handicraft of skill. It may stand them in good stead some day, although the present would not seem to warrant the necessity of so doing. It would be well to have something at their fingers' ends besides a pick and shovel or a pen. Or else put them on the land, apprentice them to the sea, or send them out to delve for minerals. There is nothing dishonouring in these various occupations—the reverse. Make men of them, lure them away from the so-called pleasures of the towns, which are no pleasures, but pitfalls. Do something like this for them and they will thank you in after years. All the professions are overstocked, over and over again, with one sad exception. Two years ago it was said that there was not one native-born Tasmanian qualifying for an ordination in the Church of England. How many are there now?

The Episcopate of Australia dates from the establishment of the See now called Sydney, in 1836.

PEACE.

THIS is a little unobtrusive word, but there is a mighty hidden power in it. The whole tenor of our lives is made or marred by the way in which it is cultivated. Peace in our homes, peace in our several callings, and peace of mind generally are the three desiderata. But laying aside the spiritual aspect of the question, and looking at it in a business and domestic light only, treating it on purely commercial lines for the sake of argument, does it not pay, and pay handsomely, to "seek peace and ensue it" all through our waking hours? Take peace in the home life first. It is an exceptional household where there are not some jarring elements, and when these are allowed to run riot there can be no happiness under the roof tree. A petulant complaint, a cross word, or veiled sneer can so easily be turned aside by a few soft remarks or by some propitiatory action, and a gentle persistence in thus speedily smoothing the troubled waters will stay many a storm. When brethren dwell together in unity, home is indeed the hallowed spot it ever should be. Peace in our several callings depends mainly upon ourselves, be we masters or be we servants. When all do their duty, the one towards the other, when little failings are made light of, and when due allowance is made for intellects which are evidently not remarkably bright, everything will run smoothly, to the happiness and contentment of all around. Now all these considerations require but a little thinking out, they want but a little firm resolve, and then the manifold attractions, comforts, and what not, emanating from the little word "peace" will assuredly make themselves manifest, and the lives of all who cultivate it will be made so bright and so happy.

TOLD IN THE GLOAMING.

By LEITH.

IT was Sunday evening, and I was sitting looking at the glowing embers at that delightful time called "the gloaming," when you draw near the fire and pity the less fortunate mortals who are out in the cold. I love this hour, and like to watch the fantastic shadows thrown by the firelight on things in the room. What weird shapes they make? what fancies they stir up, and recollections of days gone by! What hopes for the future? dreams, you call them. Aye! perhaps they may be. Sad dreams! bright dreams! Dreams that may all end in dreams, according to our zeal or laziness, who can say? A little hand was here slipped into mine, and my little niece pleaded for a story.

"A story, Miriam? What shall it be?"

"Oh! anything you like, auntie, that I have not heard."

I answer this by the question, "Can you see anything in the fire, Miriam?"

"In the fire, auntie? No! nothing except red-coals. I often hear people say they see faces, houses, and castles; but I thought it was all rubbish, for I've looked and looked, and I never could see anything."

"Well, I will tell you what I see, and what I was partly thinking of a little while ago. Watch the little flames that leap, dance, and clasp the pieces of wood. How like they are to our hopes and ambitions, some small, others so large. See that dirty heap of ashes? True type of a wasted talent, misused time, dead hopes, worthless lives that bring no fruit to the Master's glory, which is a sad side of the picture to many people. But there is a higher and nobler meaning to fire than this. Do you remember what last Sunday was, Miriam?"

"Yes, auntie. Pentecost, or Whit Sunday."

"Well, we are reminded on that glad festival of the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. You will find a full account of it in Acts ii. There appeared unto the disciples cloven tongues, as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. It is a wonderful story, Miriam, and I can never look into the bright fire at night without thanking God that the Holy Spirit has come into my heart with His life-giving power; and I pray that this Holy Fire may burn up all selfishness and evil, and leave it as pure and white as that beautiful pearly ash on yonder glowing coal."

CHURCH FINANCE.

The writer of an article on "Church Finance" in our contemporary the *Church News* pleads for a statement from the Church trustees in popular language, explaining how and in what manner £4000 has been "endangered." He also says that their balance sheet should enter more into details. Mr. Piesse has carried a motion in this direction in the Diocesan Council. We subjoin the following on the same subject from the *Graphic*:—"Being a person of somewhat limited intellect I confess it is not easy for me to understand the balance sheets of public companies. I read them through and through and fail to grasp their meaning, and often am unable to discover the dividend; sometimes there is no dividend, so I am naturally unable to grasp it. But, joking apart, I really want to know why they cannot make things clearer. Why cannot there be a concise *precis* at the beginning of the document that will clearly demonstrate the state of the company and the prospects of the shareholders? This could easily be drawn up, and there is no reason on earth why it should not be done. In ten lines you might distinctly show the financial state of a company and what is likely to accrue to those interested therein. Such a *resumé* would not only be a comfort to those whose money is invested, but it would enable them more clearly to understand the accounts which they would subsequently peruse to prove the statements laid down in the summary. As it is, there is not one person in a hundred reads the balance sheet of a public company, and out of these there is not one person in ten who really understands it. In the admirable annual report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge this is just what is done. Corporations that have to appeal to the public for funds should make their statements so clear 'that he who runs may read.'"

1837

1897



OUR QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER.

(From Photo. taken January, 1897.)

NOTES.

THROUGHOUT the whole length of the Victorian era, the history of our Church has been one of steady uninterrupted revival and expansion, and now at the sixtieth year of that era, never was she so vigorous and so full of hope for the future.

* * *

In 1837 there was but one bishop for the whole of Australasia—Bishop Broughton—and seventeen clergy. In this year of grace, 1897, there are twenty-three bishops and over a thousand clergy.

* * *

Sixty years ago, news travelled very slowly, and the death of William IV. and the accession of Queen Victoria on June 20th, 1837, were not known in Sydney until October 25th, but even this was not then considered a particularly long interval. The newspapers of the time went into mourning for several days.

* * *

Only one other Victoria has ever reigned as queen or Empress. This was she of that name who ruled with a firm hand the savage and warlike Gauls, who inhabited a large portion of the western division of the Roman Empire, A.D. 271.

* * *

Let Launceston people bear in mind that theirs is only a city on sufferance—no resident bishop, no cathedral, not even a peal of bells. From the lack of these essentials there are several simple towns in England with a population exceeding that of the whole of Tasmania. A pretty little cathedral could be built for £20,000. Twenty gentlemen of means are invited to divide the hint between them.

* * *

Perhaps it never occurs to those who neglect to contribute to the collections in church that they are obtaining the ministrations of their religion at the expense of others. Is it fair, or is it honest? Would they venture to enter a theatre or a concert hall on the strength of some of their friends having purchased tickets? Where is the moral difference?

* * *

Some of our readers have requested us to introduce another serial tale, one highly esteemed and respected clerical contributor in the south being especially keen on the subject, to whom we would like to put a query. Let us suppose that he is half way through an interesting sermon—and his discourses are ever such—when he tells his expectant flock that he will finish it that day month. Now, could he expect his people to satisfactorily gather up the points, arguments, or what not after such a long interval? For a serial to take, the interest in it must be kept alive, and this it is impossible to do in a monthly publication. From enquiries made, we doubt very much if more than one in fifty of our readers went straight through with "Friday's child." We only know one for certain, and he was the gentleman who revised the proofs.

The many friends of the Rev. Frank Parnall, now at the Cape, will be glad to hear that he is flourishing, to use his own expression. He has moved from Cathcart to Fort Beaufort, not far from Grahamstown. He gives rather a gloomy account of church matters in his district, only wishing that some of the go-ahead spirit of the Church in Tasmania were infused into it. He speaks of ripe oranges and pomegranates in his garden, so he has something to console him, but his heart is evidently in his old parish of S. John's, Launceston, he speaks of it with so much affection, yearning to get back to it, but debarred from doing so.

* * *

It is stated that the number of clergy in the Anglican Communion is about 30,000. There are over 60 bishops in England, 13 in Ireland, 7 in Scotland, 96 colonial and missionary bishops, 83 in America, and about 30 on the retired list.

* * *

An old woman living in one of the large towns of the north of England went to a neighbour with the startling intelligence that the author of all evil was dead. The news was not received with credence, and the sceptical one accompanied her friend to the shop where she had seen the fact advertised. So they proceeded to a dyer's establishment in one of the streets, on the window of which was the inscription—

"Satin dyed here."

* * *

Be there fiction or fact in the following story, it is a capital object lesson for the little ones—and big ones too, come to that:—A lady while giving the finishing touches to a table spread for a late dinner party heard the patter of naked feet on the stairs. Surmising that her little daughter was about to make a raid on the dessert, she hid herself behind a curtain and watched the proceedings. The child in her night dress came into the room, climbed on to a chair, and helping herself to a peach, ran quickly off. The mother felt sad, and began to consider how she should punish the little delinquent. Presently she again heard the patter of little feet and hid herself as before. The child again climbed into the chair, replaced the stolen peach, and triumphantly exclaimed as she trotted off to bed, "There's one for you, Mr. Devil."

* * *

A collection of a dozen hymns, published by Skeffington, will be used in some of our churches during the celebration of the Jubilee. Hymn 1 is the National Anthem; the rest are original—all good and perfectly suitable. Perhaps the best is, "Shall praise or prayer prevail to-day?" The tunes are admirable. Amongst the composers we have Stainer and Martin, Elvey and Parratt, Bridge and Barnby, and most of the tunes were composed expressly for the hymns. It is difficult to imagine a more satisfactory collection. There is an additional verse to the National Anthem.

Thou Who for threescore years,
In sunshine, cloud, and tears,
Hast kept our Queen;
Still be her Guide and Stay,
Through life's uncertain way,
Till dawns the perfect day,
God bless our Queen.

THE JOYOUS LIFE.

By TOJIN.

Sir Charles Dilke, in an addendum to "Greater Britain," devoted a series of chapters to Japan, through which country he made an extended tour. He was particularly impressed with the happy disposition of the people, their love of merry-making and seeming freedom from all care. Speaking of European countries, he told us that France was the last home of what he termed "The Joyous Life." He drew a picture of the banks of the Seine and the river on a summer holiday in the beginning of the present century. And a bright picture it was. With laughter, song and feasting, the gaily dressed citizens threw themselves heart and soul into the amusements of the hour with refreshing innocence and without a thought for the morrow. But all this has long since passed away we are told, and black care has settled upon the major portion of the descendants of that happy light-hearted throng. Coming to Japan, Sir Charles was pleased to find amongst the natives that joyous life which had long since departed from beautiful France. Perhaps he was right in his impressions in all but he refreshing innocence. That certainly was absent, though doubtless he knew it not. Certain it is, however, that a Japanese crowd bent on holiday making is a most pleasing spectacle—pleasing in so many ways. For there is not the slightest approach to boisterous mirth; everybody is on their best behaviour, in fact they always are. We generally allow that French people are the politest nation in Europe, but they are nowhere compared to Japanese. Two coolies passing one another on their way to their morning's work will stop and bow profoundly several times, at the same time passing the most extravagant compliments and enquiries. These are the lowest class with the exception of the pariahs, or outcasts, who are not allowed to live in houses, but find shelter in rude huts along the main roads of the Empire, subsisting wholly on charity; and even among these latter I have found the majority to be perfect gentlemen in their manners. The most striking feature to a foreigner in a gathering of pleasure seekers is the bright mingling of colours in the dresses of the females. Scarlet, purple, yellow, blue, in fact every known tint almost. The costumes of the males are invariably of sombre hues. And if it is very dry weather, the people move about so noiselessly, nothing but a light shuffle being heard from the sandals. The gait of the people is rather awkward, arising from the use of the wooden clog so much, which is only fixed to the foot by a loop passed round the big toe—and a great clatter they make. There is one city in Japan where the inhabitants are pre-eminently given up to pleasure, seemingly the whole year round, and where the joyous life is in full force. Many a happy holiday I have spent there. This is Kiyoto, or the Western capital, some thirty miles from Osaka, one of the treaty ports. In the former place, foreigners are not allowed to transact business, with the exception of buying curios, and are only admitted to a visit by passport, obtainable through

their respective consuls. The city is delightfully situated in a forked valley, the mountains rising up on the two sides and covered in early summer with a blazing undergrowth of scarlet azaleas with the wistaria in immense clusters of bloom twining among the branches of the maple. Added to these, there is a great wealth of flowering trees for which Japan is so famous, notably the camellias as large as an average oak, covered in the spring with blooms from the lowermost branches to the crown. The city proper is built on the level, through which courses the Kamogawa, spanned by several bridges, the largest an iron one; but the hill sides are terraced with houses and temples. Most of the streets are broad enough to allow of two horsed vehicles passing. Theatres and various other entertainments abound, and tea houses for the accommodation of visitors are there by hundreds. Nobody ever seems to do any work except the pastrycooks, the bath house people, and the jinriksha men, and they all seem to like it. The inhabitants appear to have their best clothes on all the time, silks and satins being seen everywhere, for Kiyoto is a great weaving centre. The suburbs all round the town have their pretty pleasure gardens, and our Japanese delight in picnics, taking their families with them. On these occasions, Papa drinks freely of *saké*, a wine made from fermented rice, returning home with a red face, very jovial, but not at all inebriated. One of the very prettiest sights of Kiyoto is the bed of the Kamogawa on summer evenings, when the water is shallow. Built well out into the stream are two lines of temporary tea houses with coloured lanterns swung all round the eaves and verandahs and well lit up inside. Standing on any of the many bridges the whole bright scene is before one. Each pavilion is full of merry feasters. Laughter, song, music, the clatter of cups and dishes, and sounds of general merriment come up to the listener on the bridge, the lights sparkle on the running water, and if it should happen to be a full moon, the hills on each side stand out in bold relief, the vast city with its many lofty temples looks beautiful in the soft light, while the river can be seen for miles ahead shimmering along its winding course to meet the ocean.

Some joyless growlers out here seem to think that we snatch holidays too often, and on very weak pretexts. What would they think of the festival calendar of the people of Kiyoto? They even keep the birthdays of some of their emperors who have been gathered to their fathers for over two thousand years. Each of the numerous temples has its annual festival, so that if it is not a gala day in one street, it is in the next, and so the year goes round.

Some four miles out of the city is a beautiful holiday resort called Hirashiyama, an inland watering place. It is a cluster of tea-houses built on the shores of a broad lake at the mouth of a gorge, down where rushes a mountain river which takes its rise in the highland province of Tamba, eight miles up the gorge above Hirashiyama. Should there be no flood waters, parties can be towed up the river over the rapids until the smooth water is reached on the plateau. It is a rather expensive but intensely exciting experience.

Some twelve men, whose one garment is a loin cloth, with tow ropes round their shoulders, laboriously drag a large but light boat up the rushing river and over the many cataracts and waterfalls. Some of these latter are very alarming to one first essaying the trip. The boat of course is specially constructed for the work and is very strong, although it gives in all directions, the planking being very thin, with breast high bulwarks, but it is firmly knit together. On being hauled up a waterfall, the craft of course is much tilted up, while it takes the twelve boatmen all they know to get headway on. Straining every nerve, it is only by fractions of an inch that they gain the mastery over the falling torrent. And it requires a little nerve for those in the boat to keep calm the while, for the water is bubbling, hissing, and thundering all around within an inch or two of the gunwale. It takes several hours to gain the smooth water on the plain, but the return journey is over in about twenty-five minutes. If the ascent up the river is exciting, the descent is terribly so, and after the first cataract and waterfall have been negotiated with the accompanying and quite excusable trepidation, the remainder of the voyage is about the most exhilarating and spirit stirring locomotion possible. All the men are in the boat, each with a long bamboo, with the captain in the stern, using as a tiller a long oar trailing behind. Right ahead and facing the boat a wall of rock may be seen with the water dashing against it, the channel taking a turn almost at right angles. It would seem as if nothing could save the craft from destruction as it sweeps along at express speed towards the danger. But a prod from a bamboo here and a prod there with a skilful twist of the guiding oar by the helmsman, and round she gracefully glides to tumble over a cataract a quarter of a mile long. Then for a big fall, and as the boat plunges headlong into the foam below, a loud and spontaneous cheer is bound to be heard if there are Englishmen aboard. It is glorious fun and over all too quickly. The supple boat is soon alongside the jetty, and the also supple boatmen are quietly smoking their tiny pipes and calculating among themselves what the Tojins or foreigners are going to give them for *saké* money beyond the contract figure.

After the excitement of the day, a well served dinner will be most acceptable, followed by a mild cheroot whilst reclining at full length on the mats, with the balmy evening breeze cooling the room. And as the night comes on, a delicious feeling of contentment and languor will steal over the senses, followed by the happy surroundings. For the moonlight is playing on the dancing wavelets and glinting among the giant trees far up the mountain side, some night songsters are sweetly trilling their vespers in the opposite wood, fireflies are gracefully undulating through the air, and some pretty daughters of the land are fanning away the mosquitoes. Is it to be wondered at, that one feels inclined to sing with the lotos eaters, "My island home is far beyond the wave, I will no longer roam"?

SUDDEN TEMPTATION.

BY THE WANDERER.

NOW and again society at large is startled and scandalised at the news of some well-known, highly-respected, may-be honoured member thereof flying in the face of all that is good and honest by taking a sudden downward moral plunge. Several instances of such totally unexpected eventualities may occur to some as they read these lines. A melancholy example comes to the mind of the writer, and is here narrated by him for the first time for the readers of the *Messenger*. The tragedy here recorded—and it was a tragedy, and a sad one too—occurred over a quarter of a century ago, many thousands of miles from these shores, but the details are as fresh in my memory as if they were but of yesterday.

In a certain bank, in a place which shall be nameless, there were two young Britons, cashier and accountant respectively. They were refined, handsome, and generous, full of high spirits, friends with everybody, and the life and soul of every social gathering indoors and out of doors. Farthest from everybody's thought was the suspicion that they could go wrong, or that anything had happened which would lead them to such a course. And yet, one Monday morning, when the bank was opened, the two did not put in an appearance, and the keys of the safe were missing. Enquiries were at once set on foot as to the whereabouts of the absent officials, and their movements followed up as far as possible from the time when they quitted the bank on the Saturday. On that day they were found to have lunched at the club over a bottle of sparkling Moselle, which was nothing at all unusual in those days—the regular custom, in fact,—and that afterwards, they had departed to their respective bungalows, where they remained but a short time, and then all traces of them were lost. It was then discovered that, on Saturday evening, a schooner had cleared out of the harbour for Guam, that indefinite port, which, as all mariners know, occupies the same position on land as the Greek Kalends do with regard to time. It was at once surmised that the two missing men were on board, and steps were at once taken for a pursuit. A steamer was hastily chartered, a file of marines from a man-of-war in port was put on board, with an officer fully armed with authority to arrest on the high seas, etc. Steam was got up and a start made, but the schooner had a clear two days' time allowance, and to which point of the compass she had steered, nobody had the slightest intimation. It was much akin to a wild goose chase, but then the loss to the bank was an enormous one. It had been thoroughly depleted of gold and notes, the latter having been converted into the former at several exchange shops on the Saturday evening, as was afterwards ascertained. The pursuing steamer had a long stern chase before espying her quarry, but the elements favoured her, as there was not a breath of wind all over the sunlit ocean. In the afternoon of the second day out, on rounding a headland, the officer of the watch reported a schooner far out to sea, which was being towed by

boats, with the evident anticipation of falling in with some favouring breeze. Through the telescope it was seen that the scores of boatmen were working with a will, and it was known afterwards that they had been heavily subsidised: a hundred or two of gold pieces was neither here nor there with those who had engaged them. But their money could nothing avail them now, as Nemesis was rapidly bearing down on the poor refugees, and the steamer was soon within hailing distance. A boat was lowered and manned, while the marines and lieutenant took their places in it and were rowed across to the schooner. As the officer stepped on to the deck, two shots were heard in the cabin, the one following the other in quick succession, and two guilty souls had rendered up "their long account, and last." They had preferred to face death rather than the shame and humiliation which awaited them if they had allowed themselves to be taken back to the scene of their misdoings. Their feelings, as the avenging steamer hove in sight, must have been awful, too dreadful to contemplate. It seemed that there must have been a pact between the two to destroy themselves in the event of a certain capture. From the surroundings in the cabin after the fatal deed, we all conjectured that the younger one's heart failed him at the supreme moment, but that he of the sterner mould was determined that the pact should not be broken. There was a smile on the face of the latter as he lay on the cabin-floor shot through the heart. Two bright young lives were thus cut short through some sudden overpowering temptation coming over them. They were involved in money matters to no great extent. Their friends would willingly and speedily have extricated them if they had been called upon; but they gave heed to the tempter and fell. We buried them by night in a corner of the cemetery "without the aid of clergy," forgetting and forgiving all in the remembrance of the happy times we had spent together.

PARISH ECHOES.

S. JOHN THE BAPTIST, HOBART.

ASCENSION DAY saw all too few at the early celebration of Holy Communion, but there was a good attendance and full choir at evensong. The service was a most hearty one.

On the 14th the choir met in the vestry after evensong to make a presentation to Mr. Alfred Tibbs on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Canon Finnis commended Mr. Tibbs for his regularity and punctuality, and expressed his very deep appreciation of the service he so generously and with such efficiency laid upon God's altar. Mr. Bradshaw Major spoke in highly commendatory terms of Mr. Tibbs' work in the choir, and Mr. Albert Reid, as churchwarden, also joined in with a word of commendation and the good wishes and congratulations of the choir. Mr. Tibbs on receiving the presents—a picture, "The First Easter Morning," copper kettle, breadknife and platter—thanked the choir for their good wishes and gifts, and said that for himself he always regarded his service to God in the choir as a pleasant duty, and expressed his conviction that it was in proportion as his fellow members were able to see practices and services in this light, that our rendering of the Divine offices would become more and more worthy of their solemn object. Mr. Tibbs, with his bride, arrived a few days ago, and we are glad to say have settled in the parish.

The Parish Council, as S. John's Association, initiated their winter series of entertainments by a social, which was largely attended by the parishioners and members of the congregation. There was a good gathering of the young men. On the 18th a concert was held. The evening was cold and very wet; notwithstanding these drawbacks there was a fair attendance and a good enrolment of members made. A contingent of helpers from All Saints, and one or two of communions not our own, assisted, and received special mention and welcome. Mr. Major's interpretation of Mendelssohn's sonatas was much enjoyed, and this was shown by the silence of the audience with an occasional much marked exception. June 1st brought with it the treat of the session, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." One can better appreciate the genius of the great dramatist when his works are interpreted without the accessories of scenic displays, lime light, and costly dresses. With even more in this direction than the author himself was used to, Mr. Reid and his company placed the play upon our schoolroom stage. Mr. McIntyre's Malvolio was a study in itself, while Mrs. Pitman and Miss Harrex took their respective parts of Viola and Maria with sympathy and meaning, and certainly made the characters they represented live. Miss Mason, as the love-lorn Olivia, put all the author's intended sadness into her part, and expressed herself clearly and distinctly. Mr. Burgess, as Sir Toby, the riotous but refined toper, made himself to be abhorred and condemned by all. Messrs. Alex. Reid, F. Pitman, Kelly, and Hamilton read well, but Mr. Alex. Reid made a living Sir Andrew. Mr. Bowden, as clown, entered into the spirit of his part, sang tunefully, but lacked the necessary *abandon*. The room was crowded, the readers were frequently applauded, and all felt that a great treat had been provided. On the 15th a concert consisting of national songs and airs will be given.

At the monthly meeting of the Diocesan Council it was decided that the collectors should be asked to solicit donations to the "Church Jubilee Fund," that additional collectors should be invited, and that boxes for special offerings should be placed in the church. All communications on this subject should be addressed to V. Chambers, Esq., hon. sec. of S. John's Parish Council, Upper Liverpool Street.

The prayers of S. John's people are asked on behalf of the Sorell Mission, which will be begun on Sunday, June 13th, by Canon Finnis.

Our parish is sorely in want of district visitors. The offertories and collections for the month were as follows:—Week ending 2nd, £4 16s. 6½d.; 9th, £3 12s. 2½d.; 16th, £5 3s. 5½d.; 23rd, £4 15s. 7d.; 30th, £4 6s. 4d.

S. ANDREW'S, ETC., REPAIRS FUND.—The Parsonage repairs fund has been paid off and closed. The account, including 18s. 2d. for interest, amounted to £96 7s 7d. The receipts were collected by penny cards, £8 10s. 10d.; sale of flowers at book depot, £31 14s. 10d.; proceeds of juvenile entertainment by Mr. F. A. Pitman, £2 0s. 6d.; of produce and cake fair, £44 13s. 8d.; part proceeds of flower show, £6 5s. 3d.; sale of work by Mrs. Graham, £1; of flowers by Mrs. Hood, 2s 6d. Special donation, £2. Our debts on April 30 stood at £168 1s. 6d. They were made up of these among other items:—Overdraft to the Commercial Bank, £81 12s. 4d.; clergyman's stipend, £53 6s. 8d.; tuning organ, £5 5s.

On Thursday evening last S. Andrew's Brotherhood Club was started in the school. A committee of management drew up a set of rules, and patrons and officers were chosen. Members wishing to join should apply to Mr. Zellig Lindley, hon. secretary.

BAPTISMS.—May 5th, Frank Henry King; 19th, Donald Andrew Mathers.

BURIALS.—May 5th, Thomas Bellinger, aged 89 years; 21st, William Woodruff, aged 40 years.

HUONVILLE.

THE annual fruit and flower show in connection with S. James' Church was held on the 6th ult., but the most unfavourable weather prevailed, the rain scarcely ceasing all day. A fair number of exhibits were staged, but there would

have been many more had the weather been fine. Mrs. Linnell had a beautiful collection of cut flowers, carrying off first prize, Mrs. Kellaway being a close second. A fair number of people braved the weather in the evening, and a brisk trade was done in sweets, buttonholes, etc. Everything selling for a good price made up a little for the lack of entrance fees. The show was open the next evening, when there was a sale of surplus refreshments, a fish pond, and auction, which raised the proceeds to about £12. The Harvest Thanksgiving was held on the following Sunday. The chancel, pulpit, and font were prettily decorated, but the rain fell without ceasing all day, so very few ventured out. We have to thank kind friends in England for some more generous gifts—a beautiful silver communion service, presented by the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament; also a pair of handsome candlesticks, and a number of other fittings from a friend of our Rector. I am sure all our friends will sympathise with our Rector in his illness, and wish him a speedy recovery to health and strength.

RICHMOND.

AT a meeting of S. Luke's Girls' Guild of Perseverance on May 19th five of the remaining original members gave their first donation in the form of 12 yards of print, which will be made up by the girls for our next year's parcel for Norfolk Island. As Miss Lillian Williams wrote to thank us for the parcel last year, she is now regarded as our special missionary there, so we gave her a pretty print blouse, nicely made by two of our girls, and we are longing to hear from her again.

The Jubilee is claiming our attention. One lady has started a fund wherewith to purchase useful gifts for our aged poor, and another has called a public meeting to suggest means of giving our villagers something to make them realise and remember the "Record Reign." It will most probably take the form of an afternoon's amusement with refreshments. Our local brass band will be invited to discourse music upon the occasion, and in the evening bonfires will blaze forth from prominent places around the village. On Saturday evening, 5th inst., the oldest resident of Richmond was called home at the advanced age of 90, having spent nearly 60 years in the place. She lived to see her children's children to the third generation. She was loved by many and respected by all. In her life she was quiet and gentle, her end was peace, and her death will leave a great blank in her large family circle.

The collectors for the Diocesan Jubilee Fund are steadily pursuing their task, but it is feared with no great success, as everybody appears in need of their money at this exciting time. The papers containing forms of prayers and hymns for Jubilee Sunday, June 20th, will be procurable from the Rector, Richmond, and at Campania from Mrs. Mace and Mr. Arthur Nichols, at one penny each. When expenses are paid any residue will be added to that Sunday's collections. These papers will be worth keeping in memory of the event.

Special services will be held in S. Luke's and S. George's on Jubilee Sunday, and at S. James's, Colebrook, on the following Sunday, and the collections will all go to the Diocesan Jubilee Fund. S. Luke's Sunday School will be addressed, and a collection taken up. Sunday services at S. George's for July 4, 11, 18.

BOTHWELL.

MAY, 10, 1897.

MY Dear Friends,—You will have noticed a handsome desk on the pulpit and another on the altar, both were the gift of—and made by—Mr. Thos. Westbrook in remembrance of his recent visit to Bothwell. We are much indebted to him for his kindness.

Our "Nursing Home" was very quietly opened to-day by the entry of the first patient. Yesterday the cottage was empty, but some kind helpers appeared to assist us and soon made a change. Mrs. Sims and Miss Alice Sims, Mrs. Hoskinson, Miss Sealey, Miss S. Thomson, Mr. T. Miller, and the Messrs. Webster all rendered valuable assistance.

Funds have come in well, and many have sent things useful for the "Home." I take this opportunity of expressing Mrs. Webster's gratitude to all who have responded to her request for help. I have paid a half-year's rent in advance to Mr. C. Nichols; and but little has been expended in furnishing.

I hope that before this reaches readers of the *Messenger*, a dear friend and former colleague of mine, the Rev. C. R. Pollock, will have occupied the pulpit. Mr. Pollock has just come from England, and will probably assist Canon Beresford at S. John's, Launceston.

Mrs. Sibley is again with us after three months in Hobart hospital. We are all glad to see her and to wish her personally a speedy convalescence.

Any assistance to Mrs. Webster in the way of providing for the wants of patients in the "Home" will be gratefully accepted.—Your affectionate pastor,

WILLIAM H. WEBSTER.

Baptism—Louisa C. Horne.

S. JOHN'S, LAUNCESTON.

SINCE our last issue we have had a busy time. The month has been quite full of important meetings of varied kinds.

Being a loyal people, June 23rd the Sunday immediately preceding the actual anniversary of Her Majesty's Birthday, was observed by a special volunteer church parade. The Artillery, Rifles, Grammar School, High School, and City Cadet Corps turned out to the number of 350. They "fell in" at the barracks, and headed by the City Band marched to S. John's, where the service was conducted by the Rev. C. Wilkinson, whilst Canon Beresford preached. The band assisted by accompanying the hymns. The choir was a strong one, and under the able preceptorship of Mr. H. L. Smith the music was exceptionally good. The parade was under the command of Major Collins, in whose staff we noticed Majors W. Martin and W. Harrap. The officers and their corps are a fine body of men, and looked remarkably well. Thousands lined the streets to witness the parade, and let us hope that hundreds of young men may have been impressed by the sight and will appear later on in the ranks themselves.

On the 26th Archdeacon Whittington lectured in Holy Trinity school-room. This lecture, which dealt with the mission of S. Augustine to England in 596, and its effects on the British people, was to have been held in S. John's school-room, but to enable Archdeacon Hales to preside the above arrangement was made. The lecture was replete with fine things and ably delivered, but we were disgusted with the attendance. A mere handful only found leisure to be present. It was reported that many hundreds of church folk attended at the same hour to listen to some smart "debating" on the matter of the Maternity Hospital in the Albert Hall. When will our people be more loyal to their own work? Those who were absent, however, lost much possible good. Would that such lectures were more frequent than at present.

On June 9 a "Cake and Candy Fair" was held at Granville, the residence of Miss Stuart. The day was abominably bad—cold, wet, foggy, muddy, and everything else that could isolate people's sympathies, yet a good £15 came in for the choir fund. We desire to thank our friend, the owner of Granville, for her most liberal help on this occasion; and also to accord our thanks to all who assisted in any way to make the little effort a success. The ladies' committee deserve especial praise for their "pluck" in facing the "elements" and the adverse circumstances generally. But it is only the "heroic" that prevails and does hard things easily! Long live the said committee and our generous hostess!!

On the 11th, being the festival of S. Barnabas, notice was given of a celebration of Holy Communion, at 10 a.m., and of a big service at 7.30 in the evening bearing on missions. Unfortunately there were other popular attractions in the city, and only about a hundred attended to hear the Rev. Leigh Tarleton's apt and stirring address on "Missions." It was full of able and quaint passages on the life of a mis-

sionary, and of the pressing claims of missions upon all true Christians. The offertory, amounting only to £1 16s. 9d., was in aid of the New Guinea Bishopric. We trust Mr. Tarleton may find time to send us some notes on the matters dealt with for our next issue. He expressed a hope that all would join one or other of the branches of the S. Barnabas' Associations, and also subscribe to the publications—"The Melanesian Mission Log" and the "Mission Notes," either of which costs only one shilling a year. We invariably find those who read these tiny monthlies take great interest in missions. A word to any of the clergy would be sufficient to secure one or both of these serials.

On June 11, after the service, the Churchwardens, at the wish of the Rector, met to discuss the conditions of the "Financial Scheme" formulated by the Synod for each parish. It was arranged to hold a general meeting of parishioners on Tuesday, 29th, to discuss the matter. All should attend, as the outcome of the scheme if warmly taken up will be most important.

The Jubilee services in S. John's on Sunday next (June 20) will be attended by his Worship the Mayor, accompanied by his aldermen and the various "heads of offices," both civil and military, in Launceston. We trust to know that all who have a distinctive official dress may deem it a duty to wear it on this occasion. The dress marks out the high official position as distinct from the person wearing it. The offertories on this occasion, by request of the Bishop, will be devoted to the Jubilee Fund.

It is with much deep sorrow that we record the deaths of two venerable Christians. Mrs. King, of Leura, Launceston, passed quietly away on the night of the 12th. Though close upon 75 she had until quite recently been wonderfully active. Mrs. King was one of those quiet unobtrusive Christians who believe more in doing than saying, and though her kind acts were seldom permitted to become known to the public, yet her death has provoked many confessions of help from those assisted. No higher commendation is needed than this. Mrs. King was interred in the Church Cemetery on Monday, the 14th, a large number attending the funeral, which was taken by Canon Beresford.

The second death is that of Mr. Smith, of St Leonards, the revered father of the gentleman who acts as organist at S. John's. Full of years and honour God has gathered him to his rest in paradise. A man full of kindly feeling and generosity to the poor, the soul of honour; possessed of much intellectual power, and a deeply devout Christian, his place will not be readily filled in the little community in which he has lived, and never can that blank be supplied except as a loved memory in the hearts of those near and dear to him.

MISSION HOUSE.—A social gathering was held last month to welcome Canon and Mrs. Beresford. The building was crowded in every part, over 130 being present. A good entertainment was provided, which was much appreciated, and refreshments were served in the interval. Thanks are especially due to Miss Richardson for acting as accompanist, and to the other ladies and gentlemen who so kindly assisted. Owing to the limited accommodation, numbers were unable to gain admission, which is another proof of our need of more accommodation.

The soup kitchen has been re-started, and is already a centre on which much special interest is focussed. Gastric matters are always fairly popular in these parts!

We are glad to notice Sister Charlotte is again about, though much weakened by her recent attack of influenza.

The following subscriptions are thankfully acknowledged since last date (March, 7th): Mrs. Bushman, 17s. 6d.; Anonymous, 30s.; Miss Horne, £1; Mrs. Doubleday, 6s. 6d.; Mrs. Barnes, 6s. 6d.; Mrs. F. K. Fairthorne, £1 1s.; Mrs. Cranstoun, £1 1s.; Mrs. Sanden, 7s.; Mrs. Aubin, £1; Miss Joscelyne Thomas, 16s.; A Friend, £1. Subscriptions will be gladly received by the treasurer (Mr. W. Martin).

BAPTISMS.—Robert Vernon Owen, Winifred Isabel Barton, Frances Vera May Howard, Frederick Charles Smith, Alice Elizabeth Smith, Mabel Florence Mawmill, Horace Edward Collis, Archie Walter Owen, Lulu Sicklemore, Ernest Leslie Southerwood, Adeline Ettie Maud Briant, Winifred Mary Jordan, William Roy Fordham.

MARRIAGE.—Eli Clark to Maria Adamson.

DEATHS.—John Barrenger, 85; Hannah King, 75; Elizabeth Waldron, 82.

A full list of contributors to the choir fund will appear in next issue.

DEVONPORT.

WE had the pleasure of a visit from the Administrator on Friday, May 14th. His ostensible business was to urge the claims of the Church Jubilee Fund. A social was held in the Formby Hall to welcome him, when he kindly gave his lecture on "Dickens," to the great enjoyment of the many who were present. He also advocated very forcibly the claims of the Jubilee Fund, and we trust his words will not be forgotten at East and West Devonport on Jubilee Sunday. On the motion of Dr. Smith a vote of thanks was given to the lecturer, and the passing round of refreshments concluded one of the pleasantest socials that has been held in Devonport. The Administrator left the next day for Longford.

Saturday, May 15th, will not soon be forgotten in Devonport. The day throughout was most stormy, but towards midnight the wind blew as many of us had never heard it blow before. When morning light came it was seen that great damage had been done. The old Church at East Devonport, which was used as a Sunday schoolroom, was completely demolished. At a meeting held on the following Friday it was unanimously decided to build a new schoolroom. A working bee was subsequently held to clear up the ruins of the old building. Some of the materials have been sold and some will be utilised in the erection of a new edifice.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. F. A. Padfield, which took place on Wednesday, May 26th. A good churchman and an earnest and regular communicant, his face will be sadly missed amongst us. Although the funeral was held on one of the busiest days of the week, it was very largely attended.



"THE Mendicant Friar" is on the tramp in these parts, and is firing double-barrelled shots by attempting to raise funds to open the new church, S. Saviour's, at Meander, free of debt, in addition to the special object of his visit. About £40 are wanted for this and also to repair the old church at Chudleigh, where £20 are required. Will any readers help these urgent works? The Rector will thankfully receive any sums. A jubilee service will be held in S. Mark's on the 20th June, and in all the churches at the various centres here. There is to be an organ recital in S. Mark's on the 17th. Mr. Allison, the organist, and the choir are working energetically to make it a success. The residents

of Deloraine have decided to place a clock in the tower of S. Mark's as a jubilee memorial. A Working Men's Club has been started by the Rector, which promises to be a great success. A working party has been initiated to make clothes for the poor in Deloraine, the members meeting once a week at the Rectory. A Sunday school has been opened at Chudleigh, with Mr. A. Fraser as superintendent; and another has been started at Mole Creek. S. Saviour's is to be built for £105; furniture will be extra. A great debt is due Mr. Bowman for enabling the timber to be purchased so cheaply. Great interest is being displayed in the work; stumps have been grubbed and shingles split by the men themselves. The Administrator's visit was a great help to the parish. At Chudleigh he addressed a large gathering. Mrs. G. Picket has been appointed collector for that district.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of the "Church Messenger"

SIR,—Will you allow me to bring the following facts before your readers, in the hope that some of them may be able to give us a helping hand in the time of our need. During the night between Saturday, May 15th, and Sunday, May 16th, our Sunday schoolroom at East Devonport was destroyed by the heavy gale that raged that night. There is no other suitable building in East Devonport to hold the school in, and the parishioners have decided to do their utmost to build a new room. However, the congregation at East Devonport is not a rich one, and there are few who are really able to give. In olden days the room was used as a State school, and perhaps there are some old scholars, both of the day and Sunday school who would be willing to give a trifle as a thank-offering for benefits received in the old schoolroom. A few years ago the Wesleyan Chapel at Ulverstone was blown down, and towards building a new one the local Wesleyans received aid from their fellow-worshippers in all parts. Is it too much to expect the same spirit in Church people? I might mention that Dr. Craig, of Waratah, has sent a kind note, enclosing one guinea towards building a new schoolroom. He writes:—"I was building a school in the Diocesan Jubilee Fund are steadily pursuing their task, but it is feared with no great success, as everybody appears in need of their money at this exciting time. The papers containing forms of prayers and hymns for Jubilee Sunday, June 20th, will be procurable from the Rector, Richmond, and at Campania from Mrs. Mace and Mr. Arthur Nichols, at one penny each. When expenses are paid any residue will be added to that Sunday's collections. These papers will be worth keeping in memory of the event.

Special services will be held in S. Luke's and S. George's on Jubilee Sunday, and at S. James's, Colebrook, on the following Sunday, and the collections will all go to the Diocesan Jubilee Fund. S. Luke's Sunday School will be addressed, and a collection taken up. Sunday services at S. George's for July 4, 11, 18.

BOTHWELL.

Look after our horses, I rode 700 miles. Sometimes the Bishop went long tours with me. In those days, as a rule, there were married owners or married managers in all the stations. The greatest kindness, help, courtesy, and religious sympathy were invariably shown to me. The master, or manager, or one of the children would ride out with me to shepherd's huts for baptism of whole groups of little ones. In the busiest shearing season all would be gathered into the shed or kitchen for evening service; and I never passed away without reading and prayer wherever I went. I am quite sure none mocked and laughed at the minister. Horses were frequently lent me, to relieve my own, for six weeks together. At bush hotels I was not charged. Steamers gave me free passage. Messrs. Rounswell often coached me without

charge. I could give you a score of names, of all churches—Messrs. Elder, Hughes, Angus, McCulloch, Cudmore, Price, Maurice, Templer, Warren, and the rest kept me in books, tracts, and services to give in the bush, or sent me cheques towards building many small forest churches. I travelled 3000 miles a year, and my long lasting friendships, and mainly for spiritual mutual help, are those of Australian bush. All 1877 I had an immense district, that of Cassilis and Merriwa, in New South Wales, a hundred miles across. I can assure you that here, too, "Barbarism" is wrong. I would start off to the Bylong Valley, to Wollar, Talbragar, Coolah, or far or near, and return home a month afterwards; and without any exception God was with us everywhere—Christ in the hut, Christ in the kind owners' homes. I have stayed in the wildest of bush hotels, and in those mission years of mine there was as little to complain of as in any of our civilised towns. If "Barbarism," in his unfortunate experiences, has found the Australian bush so sadly and terribly changed—but most respectfully I do not believe it—I am exceedingly sorry for him. The shearers of the present day are the hardworking, country farmers and industrious young men of our settled districts, who make a long tour of various stations and bring home large amounts to pay all their way for the rest of the year. I write this letter because it seems to me such an awful thing the very possibility of the statements of "Barbarism" finding astonished, sad readers in the unblest wilderness, or that any of us should in any way entertain such an opinion of our Christian brethren in the fair Australian bush.—I am, etc.

Waratah, Tasmania,
June 2nd, 1897.

DR. CRAIG.

[We willingly insert Dr. Craig's letter, which is in refreshing contrast to the paper he criticises. We have put ourselves into communication with the writer of the latter, who confesses that he made an error in including South Australia in his general denunciation, as he was fully aware of the better state of things existing in that colony, but most unfortunately omitted to mention the fact. We know him to be one who would not wilfully state that which was not true, and we are sorry that Dr. Craig should have taken upon himself to say that he did not believe him. Neither of them would have travelled over all the vast areas under the squatters' rule in the several colonies, and that there must be good and bad districts everyone will admit. "Sundowner" asserts that what he wrote was the simple truth, his facts being gathered from a twelvemonth's residence on and wanderings over the plains of Riverina, both in Victoria and New South Wales, and through the back blocks of the latter colony bordering on Queensland. He was often in company with the clergy he mentions in his paper, who were earnest, hard-working men, but sorely handicapped through small stipends and lack of sympathy in their far-reaching cures. In the face of this we must hold to the belief that there was a sufficient warranty for the statements which the doctor so vigorously controverts. EDITORS.]

A Mediæval Prayer Book.—An honoured correspondent writes to say he has come into possession of a Prayer Book dated 1633, which differs from those published in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth. He declares it is ignored by all writers on the Prayer Book, and offers to send us notes from time to time, showing where and how it differs from the one in use, if we care for such. We feel sure our many readers would be glad to know more of this rare book, and so we accept the offer, provided the notes are brief.

As the sword of the best-tempered steel is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The following subscriptions are to hand:—Rev. W. H. Webster, 1s.; Rev. S. E. Hugill, 14s.; Miss N. Chapple, 1s.; Mr. Peter Murdoch, 1s.; Dr. Craig, 1s.; Mrs. Evans, 1s.; Miss Johnston, 1s.; Rev. J. H. Corvan, 5s. 6d.; Miss F. C. Greene, 1s.; Miss C. H. Kerkam, 1s.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will all correspondents please note for the future, that, in writing Christian and surnames, the several letters comprising them should be made so plain as to be beyond all doubt. Complaints often reach us through a neglect of this precaution, but the fault is not ours or the compositors' either. The latter ever display great intelligence in deciphering the meaning of some jerky shapeless scrawl, from the context, but they have to draw the line at proper names.

For the future all correspondents please note that, to ensure insertion, all communications must be forwarded to the Editors' office, No. 2 George street, not later than the 8th of each month.

Subscribers in districts not easy of access to the collectors, and others who are indebted to the proprietors for small amounts, would very much oblige if they would kindly forward the sum owing by them at their earliest convenience to the "Examiner" office. All receipts are acknowledged in the "Messenger." The outstanding accounts are very numerous, and it is very disheartening to all connected with the paper that this should be the case.

NOTICE to AGENTS and SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the small amount charged for the "Messenger" (only 1s. per annum), and the scattered area over which subscribers reside, it is imperative that all copies of the magazine be paid for strictly in advance.

Such sums as are not paid personally to the office will be acknowledged only in these columns from time to time.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING

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Church Messenger.

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Large and Special Advertisements as agreed.



CHURCH GUIDE.—SUNDAY SERVICES

ABBREVIATIONS.—“S” means Sunday, “1st S” means 1st Sunday in month, and so on.

CHURCHES.	HOLY COMMUNION.	MATINS.	EVENSONG.	Sunday School.
Scottsdale—St. Barnabas...	11 a.m. on 1st S.	11 on 1st and 3rd S	7 ...	
St. Paul's, Springfield ...	11 a.m. on 2nd and 3rd S.	11 on 2, 3, 4, & 5 S	3 on 1st S	
St. Andrew's, Lebrina ...	According to notice		7 ...	
St. Silas, Wyena ...			3 on 4th S	
Bangor ...			7.15 on 4th Monday	
Launceston—St. John's ...	8 a.m. on 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th S	11	7 ...	10 and 3
	11 a.m. on 1st and 3rd S,			
	10 a.m. on 2nd and 5th S,			
	and 7 p.m. on 2nd S			
St. Aidan's ...	11.15 a.m. on 2nd and 4th S	11.15	7 ...	10 and 3
Mission House, Wellington St.			7 ...	9.30 and 3
St. Oswald's (Trevallyn) ...	According to notice		7 ...	3
Franklin Village ...	According to notice		7 ...	2.30
Breadalbane ...			3 on 1st, 3rd, 5th S	
St. Leonards ...	11 a.m. on 1st S, 8.15 a.m. on 4th	11	7 ...	10 and 2
White Hills ...	11 a.m. on 5th S		3 on 2nd and 4th S	
Patersonia ...			2 on 3rd S	
Lisle ...		10 on 3rd S		
North Dorset—				
George Town ...	11 a.m. alternate Sundays	11	7 ...	
Lefroy ...	11 a.m. alternate Sundays	11 alt. Sundays	7 ...	
Low Head ...			3 alternate Sundays	
Lower Piper ...			2.30 alt. Sundays	
Mersey—				
Latrobe ...	11 a.m. on 1st S, 8 p.m. on 3rd S	11	7 ...	
New Ground ...	3 p.m. on 3rd S		3 on 1st, 3rd, & 5th S	
Railton ...	3 p.m. on 4th S		3 on 2nd and 4th S	
Kimberley ...			7.30 on 1st Tuesday	
Dulverton ...			7.30 on 1st Monday	
Brighton—				
St. Mark's, Pontville ...	11 a.m. on 1st and 7.30 on 3rd S	11 on 1st and 3rd S	7 ...	
St. Augustine's, Broad Marsh	11 a.m. on 2nd and 4th S	11 on 1st and 3rd S		
St. Thomas', Tea Tree ...	10.30 a.m. on 5th S		3.30 on 4th S	
Forth and Leven—				
Forth ...	11 a.m. on 2nd S	11	7 ...	
Leith ...			3 on 1st, 3rd, and 5th S	
Kindred ...			3 on 2nd and 4th S	
Ulverstone ...	7.30 a.m. on 3rd S and 11 on 1st S	11	7 ...	
Abbotsham ...	8 a.m. on 1st S		3 on 1st and 3rd S	
Sprent ...	11 a.m. on 3rd S	11	7 on 2nd and 4th S	
Upper Castra ...			3 on 2nd and 4th S	
North Motton ...	According to notice	11 on 1st and 3 S	3 on 2 & 4, 7 on 1 & 3 S	
Barren Hill ...			3 on 1st S	
Penguin ...	11 a.m. on 4th S	11 on 4th S	7 ...	
West Pine ...			3 on 2nd, 3rd, 4th S	
Zeehan—St. Luke's ...	8 a.m. on 3rd & 4th, noon on 1st S	11	7 ...	2.30 p.m.
Chapel of Ease ...			7 ...	3 p.m.
Do. (Sacred Music)			8 ...	
Strahan—Holy Trinity ...	8 a.m. and noon on 2nd S	11	7 ...	2.30 p.m.
Mount Lyell ...		5th S	5th S	
Hagley—St. Mary's ...	Noon on 1st S	11	7 ...	9.30 a.m.
Rosevale ...			3 on 2nd and 4th S	
Selborne ...			3 on 3rd S	
Red House ...				3 p.m.
Miss Viney's, Westwood ...				2.30 p.m.

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CHURCHES.	HOLY COMMUNION.	MATINS.	EVENSONG.	Sunday School.
Deloraine—St. Mark's ...	11 a.m. on 1st and 3rd S, 8 a.m. on 2 and 4 S	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. ...	10 and 2.30
St. Luke's, Red Hills ...			3 on 1st and 3rd S.	
Holy Cross, Elizabeth Town..	11.15 a.m. on 5th S.	10.45 a.m. on 5th S	2.45 on 1 and 3 S	
The Good Shepherd, Chudleigh			3 on 2nd and 4th S	2 p.m.
Mission, West Meander...			2.30 on 2 and 4 S	2 p.m.
Devonport—				
East Devonport ...	8 a.m. on 2nd, 11 a.m. on 4th S	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. ...	
West Devonport ...	8 a.m. on 1st S, 11 a.m. on 3rd S	11 a.m. ...	7.30 p.m. ...	
Northdown ...	11 a.m. on 2nd S	11 a.m. on 2nd S	3 on 1, 3, 4, and 5 S	
Don ...	9.45 a.m. on 3rd S	11 a.m. on 2 and 4 S	6.30 on 1st and 5th S	
Richmond—	According to notice	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. ...	
Campania ...	" " "		3 p.m. ...	
Jerusalem ...	" " "	11 a.m. on 1 and 3 S		
Lower Jerusalem ...	" " "		According to notice	
Wh. Kangaroo Road ...			" " "	
Native Corners ...			" " "	
Malcom's Huts ...			" " "	
Sheffield—St. Barnabas ...	11 a.m. on 1st and 3rd S, 8 a.m. on 2nd, 4th, and 5th S.	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. (7.30 Dec., Jan., Feb.)	10 and 2
Nook Chapel ...	11 a.m. on 2nd S	11 a.m. ...		
Paradise (Mr. Treloar's) ...	3 p.m. on 4th S		3 on 2nd and 4th S	
Latrobe Road (Mr. Bott's) ...			3 on 1st and 3rd S	
Forth Bridge (Mr. Luttrell's)			3 on 3rd S.	
Carrick—St. Andrew's ...	11 a.m. on 1st S	11 a.m. on 1 and 3 S	7 p.m. ...	9.45 and 3
Nativity, Bishopsbourne ...			3 p.m. ...	2 p.m.
Christ Church, Illawarra ...	11 a.m. on 4th S	11 a.m. on 2 and 4 S	3 on 1, 3, and 5 S.	10 on 2 and 4 S
				2 on 1, 3, & 5 S
Hadspen (Entally Chapel) ...	11 a.m. on 3rd S (alternately)	11 a.m. on 3rd S	7 p.m. on 1st S...	10 a.m.
Mountain Vale ...		10 a.m. on 5th S		
Blackwood Creek ...			7 p.m. 4th Friday	
Bracknell ...			2.30 p.m. on 5th S	
New Town—St. John's ...	8 a.m. on 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th S. 9 a.m. on 3rd S, also at 11.45 a.m. on 1st S. and Festivals..	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. ...	10 and 3
Kangaroo Valley ...	2nd S. in quarter at 1 a.m.		3.15 p.m. ...	2.30 p.m.
Risdon ...	5th S. at 11 a.m.		3 p.m. ...	
Bothwell ...	11 a.m. on 1st and 3rd S. 7.45 on 2nd S., 8 a.m. on 4th S.	11 a.m. ...	7 p.m. ...	9.45 and 2.30
Strathbarton ...	1st S. afternoon, March, June, September, and December...		3 p.m. on 1st S...	Alt. S at 3
Shannon ...	2nd S. afternoon same months		3 p.m. on 2nd S..	
Montacute ...	3rd S. ditto ditto		3 p.m. on 3rd S..	
Clarence—				
Bellerive ...	1st S after Matins, 8 a.m. Festivals	11.15 a.m. ...	7.15 p.m. ...	10 and 3
Rokeby ...	4th S after Matins, & on Festivals	11 a.m. 4th S	7 p.m. 1, 2, & 3 S	11
Sandford ...	5th S after Matins	11 a.m. 5th S.	3 p.m. on 2 & 4 S	
South Arm ...	2nd S in alternate months...	10.30 a.m. on 2nd S	7 p.m. on 5th S	
Beltana ...	3rd S in quarter, after Matins	11 on 1st & 3rd S		2.30

Other special Services according to local notices.

NOTE.—1. Any parish taking the Messenger can have standing notices inserted in these columns. 2. All subsequent alterations must be charged small fee. 3. It is absolutely necessary that the notices be as simple as possible.

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NOTICE.

To Rectors, Superintendents, Secretaries, etc., of Sunday Schools.

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 This is the most wonderful value ever seen. It is the result of our superior buying facilities that we are able to give such good value
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