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SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

# THE CHURCH MESSENGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR . . . .  
THE PEOPLE. . .

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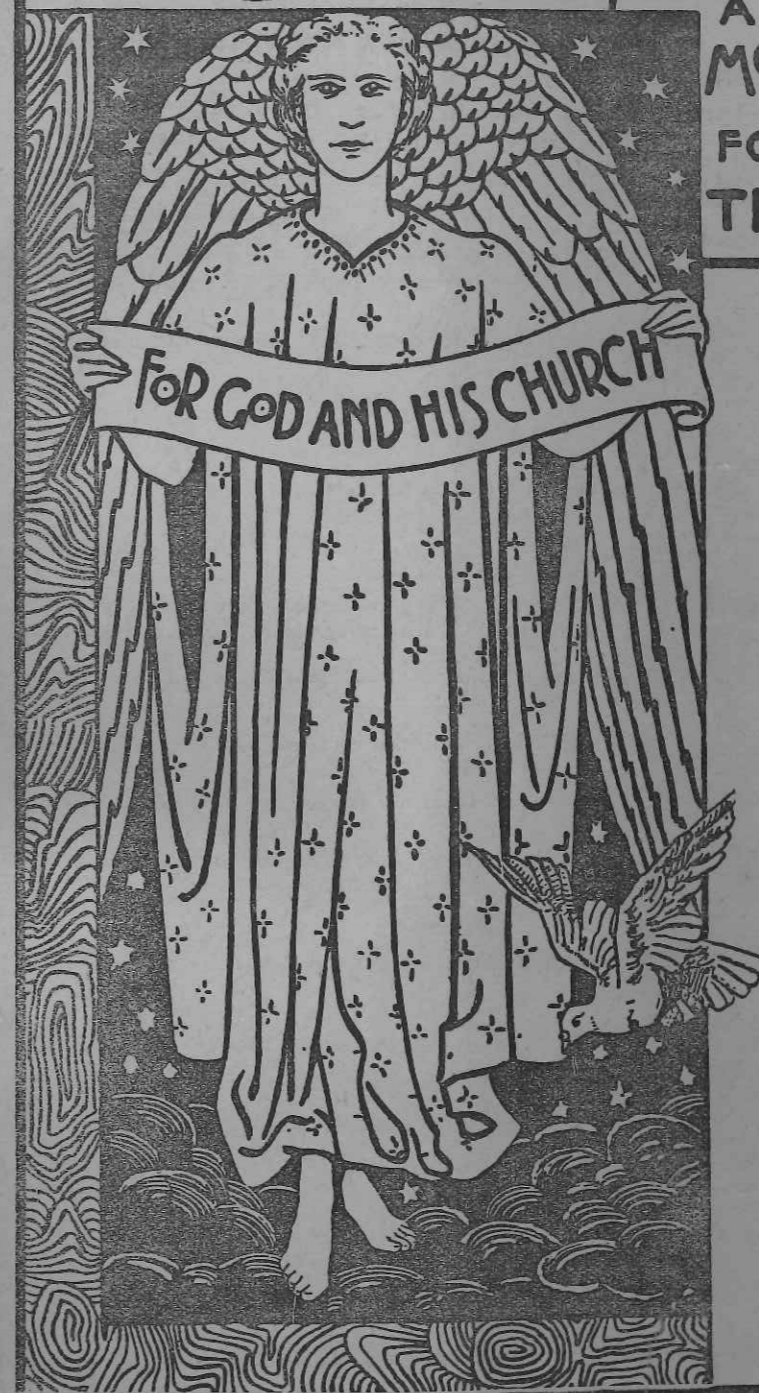
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# Church Messenger.

Forward, ever Forward.

VOL. III. No. 3.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

## WILL-MAKING.

WEALTH and death are the two words suggested by the title of this short article. They rhyme harshly both in sound and fact. One is a very sacred trust, the other an awful certainty. And yet in the presence of both how wonderfully slow men are to make their wills. There is a vision of the grave apparent at once when even the bare idea of a will is hinted to them; and so, too often, it is put off until no time for clearness of thought remains, or never done at all. Yet how plain a duty! It is very evident a man cannot carry his possessions into the other world, be they great or small, and he should see they fall into the rightful hands. Much pain and unnecessary expense would be saved were this simple claim upon their energies discharged in due course. Certainly it does not precipitate a man's end. Indeed, the old adage declares—"Those whose wills are made the longest live." If true, "will-making" ought to be more popular than at present.

There is one striking omission we notice in the wills of most colonial men. That is the complete forgetfulness of the claims of God's work when bequeathing their belongings. In the old country it is a rule, almost universally observed, to leave something to assist the noble efforts of the Church when the testator has gone to his rest. The splendid endowments of the Church in England have thus been formed. In the colonies it is as universally forgotten or wilfully overlooked. How many hundreds or, we might say, thousands of quite wealthy or well-to-do people have died in Tasmania without once remembering the claims of Christ's work upon their sympathies. We boldly declare it to be the duty of all persons, who have property, to bequeath something to their Church. The omission to do so augurs badly for their spiritual state. In a sense it is the last

possible act of service to God. How a man with money, knowing full well the languishing state of Christ's cause for want of help, can quietly lay him down in death, without remembering this sacred obligation, it is impossible to explain. He forgets the very Being whom soon he must meet face to face.

But to be practical! This duty ought to be plainly declared by the clergy. It is the neglect in this, as in so many other unpopular things, to clearly state the truth, that has led to its almost utter annihilation. Recently a churchman, worth £100,000, died in a neighbouring colony. He had during his life been a regular attendant at Divine service, a communicant, and so on; and yet he never left a farthing to work which he was conscious needed it urgently and deservedly. It was a contrast to read in an English paper just about the same time an acknowledgment of the receipt of £5 left for some needy fund by a poor deceased seamstress. If, as the Holy Spirit warns us, "Our works do follow us," which place should we rather occupy—that of the selfish man of wealth, or that of the unknown woman? It is a solemn fact that both have yet to face the Judgment Day. Then, if not before, will our previous words be realized, that "wealth is a grave and sacred trust."

Whilst upon the subject we might suggest that a "Local Endowment Fund," the interest of which should be nursed until the capital shall have reached, say, £2000, ought to be started in every parish, and that people be urged to help it along when making their wills. Had this been faithfully done a couple of generations ago, parishes whose clerical stipends are in a stranded and hopeless condition would long since have had a decent income. So long as men, having the means to do so, neglect this sacred duty, we may rest assured the work of the clergy amongst such has been the veriest failure, and the Christianity of the men themselves the direst mockery.

## THE "MESSENGER."

SIXTY thousand copies of our magazine have been distributed far and near all over the colony since it first saw the light two and a half years ago. From time to time the editors have been cheered and encouraged in their work by receiving unsought-for testimonials as to the extreme usefulness of the little publication, and high encomiums on the subject matter of the contents. Clergymen in scattered districts would seem to have derived the greatest benefit, as they have constituted it a mouthpiece to their wide-spreading flocks, making their aims, wants, and aspirations known to them through this channel. Would that all connected with the *Messenger* were as satisfied with it as are our country subscribers and many others. But it is not so, unfortunately. Our printer reckons that he has lost fifty pounds a year on the contract from the commencement. He had looked to advertisements to square accounts, but they have not been forthcoming in sufficient numbers, and a shilling for twelve monthly copies will not nearly meet his expenses. Can we, can any of our subscribers, blame him for requiring a guarantee that he shall not be out of pocket in the future? Certainly not. From a financial point of view, it will thus be seen that subscribers have been receiving more than value for their money—at least, those who have regularly paid their way—and it is in this connection where there is so much to dishearten the directorate. It is this—three hundred and twenty-five subscribers, taking a more or less number of copies, have failed to pay their just dues to date, representing a sum of over fifty pounds. It is hard, very hard, that a work which is undertaken for the good of the Church alone, and a work with much labour attached to it, should meet with such indifferent treatment.

Now, if the publication of the *Messenger* is to be continued after the present issue, it will have to be conducted on different lines to the past, financially. If any friends or well-wishers consider that the editors have been doing a good work, and if they would wish them to continue it, it can only be done by a small subsidy being raised to keep it going, otherwise the present subscription of one shilling a year would have to be doubled. As a large proportion of the subscribers are poor country folk, this proposal cannot be entertained as a whole. But other friends who can afford it could materially assist by agreeing to pay the enhanced price. Nothing can be done, however, without some kindly subsidies from a few.

Should a new departure be allowed us under these terms, the Reverend Canon Beresford would become the sole proprietor, and communications of every description would have to be sent to the editors' office, 2 George street, Launceston, as at the commencement. The whole of the issue would be distributed from thence, and regularity of despatch and prompt attendance to all correspondence would be ensured. It thus remains for our friends to say if our little messenger of peace and goodwill is still to run its

monthly course of usefulness, or whether the present number is to prove its passing requiem.

Before anything definite can be decided, it will be necessary for us to receive from subscribers and others an intimation of the extent to which they are inclined to lend a helping hand. So they will much oblige by communicating by post-card at their earliest convenience, stating the monthly number of copies required, the amount they are willing to pay for them, and the dates on which they propose to regularly remit. Seventeen hundred copies constitute the present monthly issue. If half that number can be sold at an annual charge of 2s., publication can be continued, provided that a little extra financial help is forthcoming besides.

## THE CHURCH ARMY.

FIFTEEN years ago the founder of the above noble organisation, the Rev. W. Carlile, borrowed a hundred pounds to start his work in London. He is a man of strong religious convictions and equally strong determination, and these two deeply-rooted traits in his character have borne him ever forward and onward in his undertaking until now it is one of the grandest philanthropic successes of the century. On the modest capital with which it started there has been a yearly increase until last year, when £86,000 passed through the books of the Army. None of the chief officials take any salaries for their services. Solicitors, surveyors, physicians, secretaries, examiners, etc., all work for the good of the cause. In fact, some men actually spend large sums of money for the privilege of co-operating. Last year it cost one man £15,000 to work for the Church Army. At the headquarters the *Church Army Gazette* is printed, which is illustrated, contains eight pages, admits no advertisements, is edited by a lady and sold for a halfpenny, and brings in a profit of nearly £1,500 a year. The work of the Army is divided into two divisions—evangelistic and social; one is for reaching the utterly irreligious, and the other is for the hopelessly sunken. Men released from prison are sought after and offered work in the labour homes until they can find regular employment. Others not of the criminal classes are also provided with board and residence until a place is found for them elsewhere, or they find one for themselves. These latter are allowed one hundred and twenty days in the homes, during which time they are at liberty to go where they like, and do what they like in seeking for work. Very few have to stay the full time. The average stay is thirteen weeks. The Church Army works on entirely different lines to the Salvationists. The latter sets out to reform large masses of people, the former deals with individuals. For instance, not more than twenty-five men are allowed together in one labour home, and there are no shelters where a man can come for the night and go the next morning. It is a branch of this organisation which Canon Beresford is thinking of starting at S. John's.

## PARADOXICAL PETS.

By H. A. R.

IF we walk through the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum and view the mummies there extended, our thoughts are carried back some three thousand years.

The great cities of the past rise before us, and we muse on the nations that have arisen, advanced to a very high civilization, and passed away since these bodies were laid by sorrowing friends in their coffins.

But Tasmanians need not go to Egypt for relics of history. They have in the animals of their native country objects which carry the mind so far further back into the past than the Egyptian mummy, that the latter is, by the side of them, but a being of yesterday.

The remains of ancestral marsupials have been found in Europe and America in the exceedingly remote Mesozoic or Secondary Geological period. Some of their more specialised descendants entered Australia and Tasmania during that period; then the sea cut off their retreat, and in these countries they have flourished ever since. Standing at the base of the mammalian series, they would long since have disappeared from the face of the earth but for the fact of their isolation. Exempt from the competition of higher forms, they have continued to develop on their own peculiar lines, till we find such varied kinds as the leaping kangaroo, the burrowing wombats, the arboreal phalangers, the insectivorous bandicoots, the carnivorous native-cats, and the "tiger-wolf" of Tasmania; animals, as Wallace says, "as unlike each other as our English sheep, rabbits, squirrels, and dogs, but all retaining the characteristic features of the marsupial type."

The lowest of all these forms are the Echidna or Ant-eater, and the Platypus, or duck-billed water mole.

I copy from my note-book some jottings on this latter animal. My experience may perhaps be of use to some reader of these pages. I constructed a habitation for these interesting pets as follows. I removed earth from my garden to the depth of three feet from a surface 23 feet 6 inches in length and seven feet in breadth, and laid a brick floor, to which I added walls three feet in height, and filled in with earth. This made the burrow. At one end I added a galvanized iron tank six feet square and three feet deep. This was filled with rain water by a pipe from the roof of my house, and could be emptied at pleasure by lifting a plug. Round the whole I placed walls of galvanized iron wire.

On 22nd July, 1888, a male platypus was brought me by some boys, one of whom had put his hand in a burrow (which he took to be a rabbit warren), and feeling something furry had laid hold of it and pulled out the platypus by the tail. It did not use its spurs as defensive weapons, nor did it scratch him with its claws or hurt him in any way. When placed in my tank he dived again and again, and enjoyed the water for about an hour. Then he climbed on to the earth and wandered round the enclosure seeking some means of escape. After a time I left him to get him food, but I had not left many minutes before I

heard calls from the children, and running back found he had climbed the wire enclosure and was running down the garden at a rapid pace in the direction of a stream some 300yds. distant. I caught him with some difficulty (as in his wet condition he proved a slippery creature to hold) and replaced him in the tank. He then, having found a means of escape, was quick to try it again, and was out of the water and up the wire in a twinkling. With a plate I pushed him back, but he was up again in an instant and tried the other side. Then ensued a comical sight, myself and a friend standing one on each side of the enclosure, and pushing the paradoxical animal down as often as he attempted to scale the wire. He kept us both busy, for his pertinacity was great. I then put him in a bag, while I covered the enclosure with more wire over the top. Next morning he was gone, and we found he had escaped by a small opening between the wire and the brick-work which had been left unnoticed. So ended my first attempt to study the platypus.

A fortnight later, in the first week of August, a female specimen was brought me. Having fastened up securely the aperture by which the male had escaped, I placed her in my platypus house at the end removed from the tank, and she made straight for the water. The earth was bare, and she could see the water. She did well for two days, but on the morning of the third day I found her floating dead on the top of the water. During the night she had amused herself by climbing up the wire on to the roof and falling from that into the water. I imagine she had fallen on one occasion on to the brick-work instead of into the water, and being stunned had been drowned. I made a careful dissection, and from the highly congested state of all the organs I concluded that this supposition had been correct. I then had the wire round the place removed, and galvanized iron sheeting erected in its stead, 3ft. high and inclining inwards, so as to make it more difficult of ascent.

On October 13th, 1888, I was brought two specimens (a male and a female) caught in a net in the creek. The male had made no attempt to use his spurs in defence. I took him by the tail and handled his spurs but he made no attempt to hurt me. I put them both in the enclosure at the further end at 10 a.m. The weeds were 1½ft. high and very thick. The male made in a direct line through the weeds to the water at the further end—the female followed his path. They swam and dived in the water most part of the day. At 9 p.m. I saw one on the earth beside the tank, and the other raised itself from the water and pushed it with its bill in play, as if to invite it to a game. Then the first one dived into the water, and they commenced to gambol like kittens, holding on to one another and turning over and over in the water, showing sometimes their dark backs, sometimes their lighter coloured abdomens. At 8 a.m. next morning neither were to be seen, but there was a mark of a burrow into which they had evidently disappeared. At 3 p.m. I moved the earth gently away with a light spade for a distance of two feet. I then saw them both another foot in the earth, curled up together. As they had burrowed

they had thrown back the earth and filled in the burrow behind them, but the last foot of the burrow was clear of earth, and the termination of it was scooped out into a larger hole in which they both lay. As soon as the male saw me he made a rush to the water, but the female was less timid and remained in the earth. I touched her with the spade once or twice, and she then ran quickly out and dived in after the male.

During the day I had procured a number of tadpoles and rotiferæ from a pond in my ground, and turned them alive into the tank, together with some water weeds and grasses. The platypi would come to the surface and rest their mandibles on the weeds while breathing.

October 15.—At 7 a.m. this morning the old burrow was completely filled in, and unless one had known its situation, it would have been difficult to tell that there had been a burrow there. The earth was filled in to a level with the general surface.

Near by, and well concealed under the weeds, was a small hole, evidently the new burrow. Neither animal was to be seen. I visited the enclosure with others several times during the day, but they did not come out until after sunset. At sunset they were not out, but at 8 p.m. I saw them both in the water, holding on to each other, and rolling over and over in the same way as I had previously noticed. I kept still and was unobserved. Presently the male left the water and entered the burrow, and commenced to enlarge the entrance. He used all four feet in removing the earth, but did almost all the work by the fore feet, only occasionally bringing the hind ones into use. As his body was half hidden in the burrow, I could not see if he used his mandible in any way. In a few minutes the female followed him, and helped him to scratch, after which both began to play in the weeds, rolling over and over as they had done in the water. I then raised my hand, and the male made quickly for the tank, the female, as usual, being less timid and following, after looking at me for quite half a minute.

October 16.—I found the second burrow filled in this morning in the same careful manner that the first had been. The male was asleep in the entrance of a third burrow, and the female was out of sight further in the burrow. The male was partly covered by the thick weeds. After an hour or so he was disturbed by noises in the garden and entered the tank, the female soon following. I then explored the third burrow with my hand, and found it to be 1½ ft. in length, and terminating in the usual enlarged nest. Both animals were a good deal tamer to-day, and the male more so than the female. He allowed me to stroke his head with my hand, and seemed to enjoy the process. They both appeared to find plenty of food in the water, and seemed as well in health as when they came. I took some photographs of them while in the water, and while leaving it to climb on to the ground. They burrowed about during the day at the new burrow and at fresh places. They used chiefly their front feet in burrowing, as before, and occasionally the hind ones, and I observed the male also using his mandible to toss aside the light earth he had scratched up with his feet,

as one might use a trowel. Some of their antics in the water are comical, as when one takes the tail of the other in his mandible and is towed through the water, the hinder one often turning on his back during the process, and evidently enjoying the game. Often if one of them climbed up on the brick-work round the tank and tried to climb the galvanised iron sheeting the other would raise itself out of the water to seize its companion (with its mandible) by one of its hind feet, and so pull it down into the tank backwards, when they would hold one another and turn somersaults together for several minutes. Often if one left the water the other would follow it among the weeds, and push it with its mandible as if to invite it back to the water, when both would return and dive in and play together as before.

October 17.—This morning both were lying asleep in the sun, at the entrance of the burrow last mentioned. No fresh one had been made. The female became very lively about mid-day and swam about as usual, but the male hardly moved, and when he walked slowly to the water he only swam a short time before he became much exhausted, and his head dropped. He would have drowned had he not been lifted to the ground, where he lay, evidently very ill. The female poked him, as usual, with her mandible, but he made no response. I took him into the house and placed him in a box by the fire, and gave him bread and milk, but he did not take any so far as I saw. I expected him to die during the night. 9.30 p.m.—On returning to him after two hours absence, I found him lying on his back dead. He had crawled out of the box. I did not know what was the cause of death, unless the food had been insufficient, although each day I had placed a large number of tadpoles and rotiferæ in the tank and a hard boiled egg, finely cut up.

I dissected him, and from the empty state of the alimentary canal I concluded that he died of malnutrition. There was a little finely pulverised earth in the stomach and intestines. Of course the children wanted his epitaph, so here it is:—

Here lies poor Tom, a Platypus,  
Who was so fond of all of us;  
We watched him gambol in the water,  
And how he did the tadpoles slaughter!  
But they did not keep him in condition,  
And so he died of inanition.

October 18.—The female continues well. I now give her a good quantity of worms. She made no fresh burrow to-day, but lay under the weeds.

October 19.—She is diving and swimming as usual and appears well.

October 20.—This morning she was lying dead on the ground. Dissection showed her to be emaciated, with the whole alimentary canal empty, except for a little grit.

These little animals are evidently very dainty feeders; they obtain food in the streams which they miss in confinement, although I changed the water from time to time and fed them as described. I think running water is essential to their health, and I must arrange for this before I attempt to keep them again.

Perhaps some readers of the *Messenger* may have experiences to give us on these paradoxical pets in a future number. I could find no one in my locality who knew anything about their habits. A good many people had never seen one, and some afternoons my pets had quite a well-attended "At Home," the observed of all observers.

## NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.

By E. M. H.

IN regarding this subject we stand on a different footing to those of a couple of generations back. Then they might debate as to whether it was right or advisable to read novels, but now the question is practically settled, for nearly everyone does read them of one kind or another. The novel being, therefore, a force to be reckoned with, we can but try to make good use of it by directing or assisting its course in one direction or another.

The taste for fiction, in its broadest sense, seems to be an innate one; it existed in the childhood of the world, as it does in the childhood of the individual; and maturity, and even old age, preserve the taste. But some of the modern developments of the novel are very far removed from the simple ballads and romantic legends of earlier times. Some themes which would once have been treated in the form of drama are now taken in hand by the novelist. Even scientific men propound theories in novels. We have theological and socialistic ones, and, in fact, the varieties are endless. The audience to be reached by novels is much larger than that gained by any other form of literature. Aristotle, in his "Poetics," speaks of the great function of tragedy as being "to cleanse the soul by pity and terror." Some of the great novelists may fairly claim the same function for their works, and even many of humbler rank do good work in enlarging our sympathies. Charles Reade, in his "Cloister and the Hearth," when describing how cruelly his heroine, when in trouble, was treated by some young girls who had never known trouble themselves, goes on to say that "the great sources of sympathy are experience and imagination." The experience of most of us is necessarily limited, but the writer with imagination can make real to us characters and circumstances very unlike our own, and show to us the beauty or pathos which lies under common things. The great mission of the artists, whether painters, poets, or novelists, is to act as interpreters to us of duller imagination. By that gift of insight, which may well be called inspiration, they dive beneath the surface of things, and embody their impressions in a work of art which compels our attention, which shows us things to which we had been blind, which makes us aware of "hopes and fears we heeded not." In "Romola" George Elliot shows us the dangers which lie in the beginnings of evil. Tito Malemma appears first as one of those happy sunny natures, loving and lovable, with whom

the very idea of sin seems incongruous. But he is weak; he shrinks from anything unpleasant; there is none of the principle of doing what is right simply because it is right; and so, when temptation comes, he yields to it, and one deception leads to another, and resistance would be harder than at first, till he commits sin after sin and brings endless shame and suffering to those who love him.

If the effect of a work of art is to quicken our sympathies, to make us long to be better or wiser; if the author shows us unexpected possibilities of heroism or patient courage, showing us thereby our possibilities, for "what man has done that man can do," then we may feel sure that that author is good for us. If, on the contrary, we feel depressed and discouraged, thinking the worse of human nature, and feeling that effort is of no use, and there is nothing worth trying for; then be sure such books do us harm.

The great evil of the self-styled realistic school is their very limited view, and some mental or moral deficiency makes them, apparently, see the worst side.

The men of greatest imagination have ever been idealists. No one ever sees the whole of anything. As Goethe says, "How then shall we judge rightly of anything, appearing as it does only in part? For good and evil for the most part take place in secret, and all that appears above is an indifferent show."

Hall Caine, the novelist, has an essay in which he pleads the cause of idealism in art as against the so-called realism.

Professor Dowden, in his "Mind and Art of Shakspeare," speaks thus of Cordelia: "And for us the earth is made more beautiful by her life and by her death. That which satisfies our heart, that which brings us strength and consolation, is not that by happy concurrence of circumstances Cordelia should succeed in her enterprise, but merely that Cordelia existed. Lesser happiness can be dispensed with if we are granted the joy of the presence of beautiful heroic souls. Cordelia has strengthened the bonds of humanity; she has enriched the tradition of human goodness. It is better for each of us to breathe because she has been a woman." We have something of the same feeling about heroes and heroines of many of our novels. One that I read lately may be new to some readers, and I would strongly recommend it. It is called "The One who Looked On," by F. F. Montresor. It has the dainty indefinable charm which suggests music, and the apparent simplicity which is the highest art. It is not so much a novel, in the strict sense, as a little piece out of life, sharing with much of life the quality of incompleteness, and yet conveying the sense of something better than success.

There are other novels which, without being in any way great, are yet sweet and wholesome, and serve to recreate after fatigue or worry, and fulfil the same mission as flowers or song of birds. I think these are quite entitled to be considered good in influence. They supply amusement and relaxation in perhaps its cheapest and easiest form, and, amusement being a necessity, we must be glad when it is harmless, if we can say no more for it.

## A GLOBE TROTTER'S JOTTINGS.

By F.R.G.S.

No. III.

**F**AR East, on the Mediterranean shore,  
Where the MELES and HERMUS their waters pour;  
Where the sunbeams play on the crested wave,  
And PAGUS frowns dark over POLYCARP'S grave;  
Where the minarets rise from the stately mosque,  
Casting their shadows on church and kiosque;  
Where, unsullied by mists, glow the azure skies,  
The quaint old city of SMYRNA lies.

Though fair be the view by the morning's ray  
When Nature first wakes 'neath the kisses of day;  
And bright though the scene in the cloudless noon,  
Or peaceful and calm in the pale full-moon;  
Yet sweeter to me is the evening hour,  
When the sun bursts forth in unrivalled power,  
And weaves a rich carpet of gold on the sea,  
Or crowns the stern summit of TAC-TALEE.

Nestling in foliage, clustering and green,  
COOK-LOO-DJAH, a dear little hamlet, is seen,  
Which the sentinel cypresses fondly enfold  
And screen from the heat or the winter's cold.  
Then lower again, on the level or flat,  
Stands the populous village of BOURNABAT,  
Encircled by hills, and embosomed in trees  
Which bend 'neath the breath of the passing breeze.

But of SMYRNA itself let my doggerel lay  
Contrive, if it can, to find something to say;  
And, mayhap, 't will resemble the 'possum of old,  
Who found he 'd a rather long "tale to unfold!"

Then for Smyrna here goes!

Now, as everyone knows,  
The city was founded—or so runs the myth  
(Consult, if you please, Dr. W. Smith)—  
By that globe-trotting king, ALEXANDER THE GREAT,  
In the year — but you 'd not give a fig for a date!  
A much older town, on a neighbouring site,  
Had served until then; but, one mem'able night,  
As his Majesty slept in his tent, it would seem,  
A nice-looking goddess appeared, in his dream,  
And ordered, as though some Aladdin could lift it,  
That he, Alexander, must get up and shift it!

This may not be true; but, since legend and mystery  
Are so interwoven with all ancient history,  
I'll pass with a leap over two thousand years  
To the present-day Smyrna, and how it appears  
To eyes such as those which to you I assign, or  
To other new travellers in ASIA MINOR.

It is one of those strange cosmopolitan places  
Where life is displayed in its manifold phases:  
If you walk in the street  
For ten minutes, you 'll meet,  
Well dressed and well shod, or in rags and bare feet,

Representative men of all nations and creeds,  
Some counting their earnings, some telling their beads,  
And some very leisurely smoking their weeds.  
There are others again who bustle along  
With a businesslike air through the jabbering throng,  
Intent on some project to turn into money  
Their cotton or figs, opium, madder, or honey.

A Turk passes by with a haughty tread,  
A turban and fez on his close-shaven head,  
And his jacket is brodered with silk and gold thread.  
So bulky and loose are his brown pantaloons  
That you 'd think he was wearing a pair of balloons;  
While his shoes, which are made of a bright yellow  
leather,

Were never designed for the mud or wet weather.

But he 's soon lost to view,

For between him and you

Steps an old, patriarchal, grey-bearded Jew,—

No; stay: there are two,

And the beard of the younger is reddish in hue.

Their long flowing aprons, caught in at the waist,

Are far from denoting the best of good taste;

But another loose robe, roughly trimmed with brown  
fur,

Is worn over these, from which you 'd infer  
That, in spite of the ninety degrees of thermometer,  
An absence of breeze, and a steady barometer,  
They dreaded the prospect, however remote,  
Of catching a cold, or a chill, or sore throat.

But take care! stand aside! for so narrow the pass is  
That it barely leaves room for the troop of small asses  
Which jostle about to escape from the goad  
Of the drover behind, and so fill up the road.  
They are laden with panniers, well filled to the brim  
With charcoal, protruding from over the rim.

Ah, now they are gone! so you step from the shelter  
To which you had hurried away helter-skelter,  
But scarce is there time for a grumble to mutter  
Ere you trip on a dog sound asleep in the gutter!  
Yet, regardless alike of the cur's broken bones,  
And your somersault head-over-heels on the stones,  
You could scarcely refrain from a hearty good laugh

At seeing how dogs take such chances as these,  
For, instead of his snarling or gripping your calf,  
He leisurely turns to the army of fleas  
That swarm on his back; then, deferring pursuit,  
Falls asleep like a sage philosophical brute!

Once more you 're at large 'midst the crowds on the  
street,

'Midst the dust and the peddlers, the beggars and heat;

And the halt and the blind,

And deformed of all kind,

Come craving a copper for something to eat.

Was ever a spot so besieged by the poor,  
From the Arab or Greek to the olive-skinned Moor?  
They take up their stand, or their seat, or their perch,  
At the door of each chapel, cathedral, and church,  
Reminding the worshippers entering there  
That giving of alms should accompany prayer!

Now the jingle of bells drawing gradually nearer  
(And seeming more cracked as their tones sound the  
clearer)

Gives warning that camels are coming along—  
Some seven or eight, each sturdy and strong,  
And bearing a load—well, I might overrate it,  
Not knowing how great, so won't venture to state it.  
At all events, two very large heavy bales  
Or trusses of cotton, or long iron rails,  
How curious it looks, as slowly they pass,  
To see the procession led off by an ass!

But such is the case,

For they say that his pace

Is better by far than a mule's or a horse's,  
And he 's less of a pull on his owner's resources.

But, alas! I 'm afraid that in placing before you  
Such minor details, I am likely to bore you;  
So I will not define nor enumerate here  
All the sights which might strike you as foreign and  
queer,

Nor will I allude to each separate nation  
Which adds to the ranks of this mixed population.  
Enough that the Nubian, as black as your hat;  
The spectacled German, tall, florid, and fat;  
The Bedouin Arab, majestic and proud;  
The Cook's-tourist Cockney, amusing the crowd;  
Armenians, without any king or protection;  
And Frenchmen adorned as "the pink of perfection;"  
Norwegians and Prussians,  
Poles, Yankees, and Russians;  
Italians, Moravians,  
And fair Scandinavians;  
Montenegrians, Roumanians,  
And Mesopotamians;—

Each and all may be seen by a walk through the town,  
Besides many more whom I 've not jotted down;  
So that he who delights in a change of society  
May choose what he likes from this endless variety.

But here I would say,

Lest I lead you astray,

And fearing erroneous ideas to convey,  
That the Greeks over all have an ample majority,  
The Turkish themselves being in a minority.

And once on the subject of Greeks I 'd explain  
That they don't come from Greece, but they 're those  
that remain

In the land once their own, now a conquered possession  
And ruled, as we know, with a rod of oppression.

"Then in Reason's name why,"

We might naturally cry,

"Do they stay in their bondage, to live and to die,  
When Greece has cast off both the fetter and chain  
And breathes the pure air of her freedom again?"

"Ah yes!" they would say,

"We are waiting our day,

And before very long mean to have our own way."

So we see them engaging in fishing for mullet  
(Though less for their own than their conquerors'  
gullet),

And as hireling labourers tilling the soil,  
Yet little they reap for their sweat and their toil!

Some follow a craft and some pull at an oar,  
And some bring you cabbages round to your door;  
But many, 't is known,  
Would n't let it be shown

In what way they live on *what is n't their own!*

It is sad to look back and contrast with the past  
Their loss of prestige, of distinction, and caste,  
And to read in their fall of a country's doom,  
As an epitaph graved on a country's tomb!

Their name *was* great, their kingdom wide,  
And vict'ry marked their proud career;  
But *now* their glory, fame, and pride  
Low bend beneath the conqueror's spear.

No more the honoured name of Greek  
Strikes awe upon the nations round;  
If truth or valour thou wouldst seek,  
Then seek them not where *they* abound!

Long, long ago they ceased to tread  
The paths which once their fathers trod;  
And now, with spirit crushed and dead,  
They bear the brand of "Ichabod."

Unlike their brethren bold and brave  
Who fought in freedom's holy cause,  
They shirked the fight, they shunned the grave,  
And still succumbed to Moslem laws.

Shall naught again awake the strain  
Which poets lavished on their land?  
Shall ruined palace, sacred fane,  
Lie buried *ever* 'neath the sand?

Shall ne'er Ionia's children more  
Possess the homes wherein they dwell,—  
In future years to claim the shore  
Where heroes once in conquest fell?

Perchance the day may yet appear  
When they, the offspring of the free,  
Shall sound the bugle loud and clear  
Which bids them strike for LIBERTY.

Till then their sons no blessing bring,  
Their banners rotting lie unfurled;  
Nor claim they country, law, nor king,  
But live unhonoured in the world!

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the  
free choice of good and evil we have made through  
life.—*Geikie*.

Christ, and Christ only, has revealed that he who  
has erred may be restored, and made pure and clean  
and whole again.—*F. W. Robertson*.

It is one thing to have our sins worn away from the  
memory, and quite another thing to have them washed  
away at the gospel fountain.—*H. Fuller*.

Any coward or fortunate fool may brag or vaunt,  
but he only is capable of disdain whose conviction  
that he is stron. er than his enemy rests on grounds of  
reason.—*Pericles, B. C. 450*.

## NOTES.

**E**ARLY this month a report was circulated to the effect that the Rev. Frank Parnall, late curate of S. John's, Launceston, had recently died in South Africa of typhoid, leaving a young wife to whom he had been married only eight months. The many friends of Mr. Parnall will be thankful to know there is no truth in the rumour, neither has he been married. In a letter, dated 12th August, to an old acquaintance he says—"You can tell my old friends I am as fit and well as possible. As proof of this, yesterday I was tramping and visiting from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. in a hot wind, travelling at least 15 miles, including a hill of 800 ft. covered with thick bush and boulders. Had I been of the gentler sex I could not have worn evening dress for a week, my arms got so scratched." Mr. Parnall's address is Fort Beaufort, Cape Colony.

\* \* \*

We are glad to be able to announce that the authorities in Launceston are arranging for a second Church Conference. The committees have been formed, though the details are not yet arranged. The Archdeacon of Launceston has charge of the movement.

\* \* \*

The Bishop has definitely decided to remain in England until December. During the interval he will be doing his best to collect money for our many Diocesan needs.

\* \* \*

Mr. R. B. Farley, a gentleman holding high certificates in the English scholastic world, has joined the Rev. Leigh Tarleton in the capacity of a lay-assistant. Deloraine is a huge parish, and utterly beyond the powers of any one man. By the above arrangement we trust to hear the strain upon the strength of the good "Rector" has been somewhat lessened.

\* \* \*

The Rev. R. Penty has returned to his parish at Circular Head. His many friends will be thankful to know he is much benefited by his rest.

\* \* \*

It is hoped the course of lectures on four of the English Saints, which were recently delivered in the Cathedral, Hobart, may be given in S. John's, Launceston, shortly.

\* \* \*

Miss Knight, a lady holding splendid credentials as a trained nurse in several English hospitals, has joined the staff at the Mission House as a volunteer for six months. We trust to hear the arrangement has become a permanency.

\* \* \*

In letters recently to hand we learn that the Revs. G. A. Breguet and J. G. Morling are at present in Scotland taking occasional work. Mr. Breguet seems to write in high spirits, but Mr. Morling is in indifferent health. Neither speaks of returning to Tasmania.

From other quarters we glean that the Rev. J. S. Roper has been staying for a short time with the Rev. H. Davis, late of Ulverstone. Both are very well. The former hopes to return to the Diocese about February next, though he seems enamoured of English life and work.

\* \* \*

So, after all, the calm common sense of our legislators has prevailed in securing, so far as Tasmania is concerned, the acknowledgment of the Deity in the preamble of the Federal Bill. For this we are truly thankful! Yet, this thankfulness was sadly marred by the attitude assumed by the Rev. J. B. W. Woollnough. Such a position from such a member is to us inconceivable. We can only express our deepest sorrow that he was tempted to speak as he did speak, and would remind our readers that in doing so he expressed neither the teaching of the Church to which he belongs, nor of any other one of its clergy. The memory of his speech will remain long and bitterly with us, and we pray its evil tendency may be over-ruled for good.

\* \* \*

A Lancashire bellringer has established a remarkable record, Thomas Hussey by name, born in 1812, and he commenced ringing at the age of fifteen. He assisted in the funeral chimes at the burial of George IV., he rang for the coronation and funeral of William IV., the accession, coronation, and jubilee of Queen Victoria, and this year he rang for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

\* \* \*

A Sydney church paper laments over the misfortune of three successive wet Sundays. The sermons did not fit, the music was flat, the collections were bad, and every damp and depressing element was in evidence. And now comes a reflection which applies in equal strength to Tasmania generally as well as to Sydney. For our exchange remarks that if church people would only give systematically the financial trouble and anxiety would cease. But they do not. Even the almost superfluous threepenny bit, which on a fine day would find its way to the offertory is saved by the rain for any promiscuous purpose. There is no fixed portion of our income regarded as belonging to God and His Church, and our standard of duty is regulated by the barometer.

\* \* \*

On Sunday, August the 15th, the Bishop of Melbourne preaching in All Saints', Bendigo, said at the close of his sermon that it was the first opportunity he had had of addressing the congregation since their new incumbent had been appointed to the charge of the parish. He was thankful and pleased to hear that they had already begun to love and respect Mr. Kelly. He asked them to gather round their incumbent and support him in his efforts to carry on the work of that important parish. He—the Bishop—was sure that the longer they knew Mr. Kelly, the more they would like him, and the more they would appreciate his efforts to extend the Kingdom of God.

## JOHN CHINAMAN AS A FELLOW PASSENGER.

By TOJIN.

**N**EARLY all that has been written in the colonial press as to the undesirability of the Chinaman's presence throughout the Australias is true. But one of the most serious objections, to my mind, has been lost sight of, or perhaps it is that the several writers have gained their facts from what they have read, and what they may have seen in the so-called Chinese Camps. Very superficial and misleading notions are apt to be entertained from such second hand knowledge and slight acquaintance. The objection, or serious danger rather, to which I refer, is the Chinaman's brutal aggressiveness, when feeling confident of possessing the upper hand through sheer force of numbers in a community, or in any other situation. A wolf on the prairie is no match for a single buffalo, and they both know it; but given a dozen or two of the former it will go hard with the latter, and they all know it. So it is with the Chinaman and an alien race. Endowed with the wolf's cunning, and a very fair share of its ferociousness, he will patiently await the time when he can calculate to a certainty the sure command he has over his quarry, and then suddenly and without the slightest warning pounce upon it. To thoroughly appreciate his proclivities for aggression one must have travelled in the interior of China, and along the littoral, especially the latter, where every Chinaman is sweepingly asserted to be a born pirate. And here it must be remembered that no European is allowed to travel outside the limits of the treaty ports without a passport; upon obtaining which from his consul he will be told that he runs a risk of molestation. I, myself, have been hooted and stoned, and have had to run for my life before a yelling rabble, hardly having time to gain the shelter of my house boat and push off into the stream, for the sole reason that I was a barbarian, and as such, not fit to live. "Kill the red haired foreign devil," the mob shouted, at my heels. I did not stop to argue the question, but let my legs carry me faster than ever they did in my life before, or have since.

When dwelling in other Eastern communities, away from his own land, and when one of a large following, the Chinaman's domineering and supercilious behaviour to other Orientals is most marked. Over and over again in the Malay Archipelago and elsewhere, the Chinese have risen on the native population, and driven everything before them. These outrages are matters of history. Remove the British regiments garrisoned in Hongkong and the men-of-war from the harbour, the throats of the Europeans would not be safe for a single hour. As it is, it takes a large Sikh, European and native police force to keep the disturbing elements in check. The most stringent laws, enacted with unflinching severity, are necessary to preserve order.

Only a year or two ago an armed gang looted a jeweller's shop in the night, in the heart of the settle-

Kennion Hall, the new quarters for the Boys' Brigade, was opened in Adelaide last month by Lady Victoria Buxton. It is a solid and handsome building with many classrooms, also one for refreshments, where the boys can get a cup of coffee and bread and butter for a penny.

\* \* \*

In the fifteenth century the sessions of Parliament usually commenced with a sermon, but it was not until the latter half of the sixteenth century that the House of Commons had a chaplain to read prayers before the beginning of each day's work. It does not seem possible to fix the beginning of this custom from any official records. It is only in modern times, however, that the chaplain has been in receipt of a fixed salary.

\* \* \*

A new organisation, called the "Society of Church Beggars," has just started in London. It was initiated by some wealthy lady workers to assist the finances of the Church without having to resort to such miserable attempts to raise money as by fancy fairs, bazaars, and what not.

## A MEDIAEVAL PRAYER BOOK.

(CONTINUED.)

**Q**UICUNQUE vult follows the Third Collect for Evening Prayer, and the *Letany*, which includes the prayer for the King's Majesty, for *Queen* Mary, Prince Charles, and the rest of the royal progenie, for the clergy and people, and prayers and thanksgivings upon several occasions; the prayer for all sorts and conditions and the general thanksgiving being omitted. "O Lord, let Thy mercy," etc., is headed "The Versicle." The Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent is, "Lord, we beseech Thee, give ear to our petitions, and by Thy gracious visitation, lighten the darkness of our hearts by our Lord Jesus Christ;" and for S. Stephen's day, "Grant us, O Lord, to learn to love our enemies by the example of Thy Martyr Saint *Steven*," which prayed for his persecutors to Thee which livest and reignest," etc. (*sic*). Twenty-fourth after Trinity, "assoile" instead of "absolve." Conversion of S. Paul, "God, which hast taught all the world, through the preaching of Thy blessed Apostle Saint Paul, grant, we beseech Thee, that we which have his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may follow and fulfil Thy holy doctrine which he taught, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." In every case "which" is used instead of "who." Only chapter and verse and first words of the Epistles and Gospels are printed. There is no Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for Sixth Sunday after Epiphany, and no Collect for Easter Even. Collect for Tuesday in Easter week the same as for the Sunday after. I was in error in saying that the anthems for Easter Day are not given. The first is omitted, but the second and third are given.

There is little influence where there is not great sympathy.

ment, had a hand to hand fight with the Sikhs, and escaped with their booty.

As I was leaving Hongkong for Port Darwin, some years since, the *Bowen* came in from Sydney. We were told what a very narrow escape she had of never being heard of again. She had a quantity of specie on board. Calling at Batavia, a number of Chinese passengers booked for home. While at this port, the Captain had received some kind of warning; but being very busy at the time, he either treated it as a joke or it passed out of his mind. His ship's complement would only have about ten Europeans, all told; the rest, Malays and Chinamen. Two days off the Java Coast, some Chinese passengers from Australia quietly came to him and said that the previous night, while lying awake, they had heard whispered conversation going on between the men who had joined the ship at Batavia. Listening intently, they discovered that a plot had been hatched to seize the steamer and murder every soul on board. The Captain acted immediately, and very soon had the would-be pirates on deck with their luggage, which was found to contain material enough to start a small arsenal. Within an hour or two of the seizure, a large junk hove in sight, standing off and on, evidently on the look out for some signal. Had there been no inkling of the danger, in the middle of the night the watch would have been cut down one by one, then the crew and passengers, the booty secured, and the steamer scuttled, and the poor *Bowen* would have been posted as lost. It was a close shave. These instances of treachery are quoted to show what a dangerous animal the Chinaman is at times—meek and cringing when in the minority, cruel and traitorous when in power. I have come across some splendid fellows among them, honest, and open-hearted, and moderately virtuous; but then they are not of the sort who do and who would migrate to these shores. Had no prohibitive measures been taken, they would have steadily crept in to the different Colonies by tens of thousands and then there would have been trouble.

Whether or not John is a congenial fellow traveller, may be gathered from what I have to say of him in that capacity. Having made one or two long ocean voyages with him, in many hundreds of his presence on each trip, and having been in his company river-wise and coastwise in like numbers, one could not well fail to become thoroughly acquainted with his peculiarities under these circumstances. It is truly remarked, that nowhere does a man's real character show itself, however much he may try to hide it, as on shipboard, and the Chinaman being human, which seems open to doubt at times, is no exception to the rule.

My first real acquaintance with him was in the States. All over the Union I found him thinly represented, but in California he was swarming. So much has been written about his doings in that State, that nothing need be added here, except perhaps, that I watched his wonderful patience as he worked away with his cradle on the played-out goldfields of the Pacific Slope.

Taking my passage one November for Yokohama, in *The Great Republic*, a huge wooden floating castle, even to the coal bunkers, with a gigantic walking beam on the hurricane deck, I found there were eight hundred Chinamen on board, on their way home to spend their new year in the Flowery Land. They had been toiling on for years through good and evil times, and were now homeward bound with their savings in gold and silver, strapped round their loins in long leather purses, but only to return for some more of the barbarian's dollars when they had invested their capital in home securities, or otherwise disposed of it. Within ten minutes of casting off from the wharf, a great shout of laughter went up from the hundreds assembled to watch the steamer's departure. We all rushed to the side to see what was the cause of the merriment. Slowly descending the gangway, in single file, there were nine Celestials, with faces and hands begrimed with coal dust, and looking very sheepish. They had stowed themselves away, perhaps a day or two previous, in the coal bunkers, in the hopes of getting a cheap passage back to China, but the Yankee mates were one too many for them. One has to rise very early in the morning to get to windward of these latter gentlemen.

In those days, and I believe that the stringent precautions are in nowise relaxed at the present, every possible safeguard was taken against a rising by the Chinamen against the crew and other passengers. As with fire, so in the case of an emeute amongst the Chinese, every watch was assigned a given position to cope with the emergency. Iron grated doors, locked and guarded by a quarter-master all through the night, effectually barred their ingress to forbidden parts of the vessel. A special service of steam and water hosing was always ready to hand, to bring to bear on an advancing mob, and even to drive them out of their own quarters if necessary. The slightest disturbance amongst them by night or day was promptly quelled, and the officer of watch patrolled amongst them at regular intervals throughout the twenty-four hours. Gambling was strictly forbidden, as being such a strong incentive to disorder, but it was carried on nevertheless, at all hours. Once or twice I have known them to use their knives, one on the other, in their desperate excitement. Of course they were watchfully on their guard for the officers' visits, and generally managed to hide their gaming materials, but they were not always successful. Long practice had made the mates very cunning, and they generally managed to make two or three hauls of confiscated stakes during a voyage. One evening, about nine o'clock, the usual complement of European passengers being in the smoking saloon, the chief officer appeared in great glee, with his cap full of dollars and copper cash, which he had captured by a very clever ruse. In one of his periodical visits of inspection during the day time, he had taken the bearings of the place where there was an earnest group of evident gamblers. He was not able to work his way up to them in time to effect a seizure, so made his plans for the night. He had noted that they were congregated under a ventilating wind sail which led

to the deck above. When the time came for him to mature his scheme, he fastened a rope to a yard, and gathering the end of the coil in his hands he swung over the ventilator and stealthily slid down right into the middle of the bank, which he forthwith looted. The Chinamen scattered in all directions shouting that the devil was after them.

It was only by compulsion that they could be induced to come out for fresh air, so every few days the whole batch was ordered on deck for an hour or two, while some attempt was made to sweeten the atmosphere of their quarters, an impossible task. Above they were huddled together, not knowing what to do with themselves, looking very wretched, very dirty, and very pale, for so far as the thick coating of grime would allow of their palor showing itself. From start to finish of their voyage, which was over a month, they never made the slightest attempt to clean any part of their body, or to once change any of their clothes. It is said that a Chinaman only gets two washes in his life—one when he comes into the world, and the other when he leaves it. On all these steamers there is a room set apart for opium smoking, and it is a painful study to look in there occasionally. Many of the homeward bound had evidently delayed their journeying a little too long, staying on and on in the endeavour to add yet a little more to their pile, until it was too late for them to hope to enjoy their gains. Many of them were walking skeletons. Seven died between San Francisco and Yokohama, in the passage of thirty-one days. According to a pact entered into between the steamship company and the Chinese Guilds, all who die at sea are embalmed, and their bodies taken on to China or America as the case may be. Our Celestial friends have a most frightful horror of being consigned to Davey Jones' locker. For operating on each defunct Chinaman, the ship's surgeon is allotted a fee of twenty-five dollars by the Guilds. He allows the ship's butcher to do the rough part of the business, who receives five dollars for the part he plays, while the doctor manipulates the finishing scientific touches, and pockets the balance. The mummies are then placed in the lifeboats swung to the davits on the upper deck, until arrival in port. As with emigrants, or immigrants, of other nationalities, the food supply is a continual source of growling, often leading to serious disturbance. Chinese purveyors contract with the steamship company to supply their countrymen at so much per caput a voyage.

The experience here treated of, was in cool weather, and in a monster ship, with the Chinamen far removed from the European passengers, so that the malodorous part of the situation was only very faintly pronounced. Not so with regard to a voyage I made several years later, from Hongkong to Port Darwin, in a small steamer, loaded to the gunwale, and with four hundred and fifty Chinamen on board. The only Europeans were the captain, three mates, three engineers, two ladies in the saloon, and myself, one of the former was the wife of a well-to-do New Zealand Chinaman, and her sister, and two Englishmen in the steerage. The crew was composed of two Malay quarter-masters, and about thirty Chinamen, including firemen,

stewards, and cooks. The first night out we were caught in a typhoon, and a pretty rough time we had of it. In the height of the storm some of the sails got adrift, and two four hundred gallon tanks of fresh water, lashed to the bulwarks, broke loose, cavorting gaily round the decks. The watch had slunk below, and it took the mates all they knew to hound them out of their bunks on to the deck, and then they had to kick them aloft and go with them to help make the sails fast. Securing the tanks was a very dangerous and difficult piece of work, but they were fixed again in their places after a deal of coaxing. My belongings were cruising round my cabin, and in the morning I found I had not a dry stitch to my name, and many articles irretrievably ruined. After leaving Manilla, and sailing along through the beautiful Philippines, the lovely islands of the Sooloo Archipelago, and the Celebes, under a fierce tropical sun, with the sea as smooth as a mirror, and not a breath of wind to ruffle its surface, the great heat brought most prominently to notice what was only a faint suspicion in the cool weather of the Northern Pacific. It was a small steamer as I have said, so that the exigencies of space only allowed of a few yards to separate those of the quarter deck from those of the steerage. To anyone new to China, the situation would have been insufferable, if his smelling machinery was in good working order, and he was sensitive in that direction. But all the Europeans on board were long since case hardened to the experience in a certain measure. None of us, however, had been subjected to such a doubly intensified essence of the perception. From the line of demarcation you could fling the ash of your cheroot in amongst the yellow skins: they completely covered the whole of the fore-deck under the awning, with the exception of a narrow passage for the crew to pass up and down. Bare to the waist, their bodies glistening with perspiration, they squatted on their thin reed mats from early morn until late into the night, smoking and playing dominoes and other games, when they were not eating one of their three daily meals. These last were periods of exquisite unpleasantness. One of the most toothsome relishes to a Chinaman is a sun-baked egg; if a trifle musty so much the better. The solar process of cooking seems to have the effect of developing and concentrating certain gases, which probably escape when the egg is boiled. Upon being cut in half, they will be found to be mottled in black, blue, and chrome, and giving off the imprisoned odours. In any Chinese city you know a long way off that you are going to pass a stall where these delicacies are being sold. Packed in lime, a great quantity can be carried in a small bulk. So three times a day, we all knew to a certainty one of the dishes being partaken of. But there were others equally as high and penetrating, of several different orders, the vegetable, animal, and piscatorial. The first was represented by Shantung cabbage, leeks, long turnips, cucumbers, and pie-melon, all pickled in brine, and in a state of semi-decomposition. The animal portion of the menu consisted of chunks of something or other, corned. It might have been China wonk, which is a dog, much like a fox, very

similar to the Esquimaux which swarms in all the villages. I have shot them upon request from the owners, for the avowed purpose of a stew. Or it might have been part of some family ox, or buffalo, or poor old Dobbin, all perhaps worn down with hard fare and old age. For our Chinaman is very economical, nothing is lost to him. After his four-footed servants have served him faithfully through life, their term of service does not terminate with their natural decease, for a final call is made upon them to furnish food for their masters in divers appetising dishes. The part which the piscatorial element of the feast played was very diffusive and distinct, and perhaps a trifle more pronounced than the other constituents. It would be an almost impossible task to attempt description of this wonderful odoriferous combination. Let it be imagined then, and its effect on the senses of the Europeans. The effects of a heavy meal taken with draughts of hot tea, in a torrid atmosphere, may also be left to the imagination. And it must be remembered that, by the steamer rushing through the water, in a calm, the breezy fragrance was necessarily wafted aft. The sleeping and day saloons were all on deck, there was no getting away from it. Chinamen everywhere, in every nook and cranny, on your pillows, and on your clothes, and almost in your food, nothing was free from its permeating influence. Let a Chinaman sleep in a room for a night, and two days afterwards you will know it.

In the next number I propose to tell of two awful catastrophes which occurred at an interval of four years. To one of them I was an eye witness. It was the burning of the *Japan* and *America*, two sister ships to *The Great Republic*, on which I sailed. They were both crowded with Chinamen, and many hundreds lost their lives.

## NOTES FROM OUR MISSIONS.

WHAT will those who object to give to missions, or sceptics say to the following?—

At Nazareth, in South India, on Easter Day, at the first celebration of Holy Communion, at 1.30 a.m., there were 355 communicants; at the second, at 3.30, 107; and a sermon at the third, at 8.30, for villagers and outstations, 32. These were at S. John's Church only. At Cawnpore it is encouraging to hear that on Easter Day the Hindustani congregation was over 480. At Ramainando, Madagascar, Mr. McMahan writes:—Here we are always crowded on Sunday morning. About half the people who came to the schoolroom on Easter Day failed to find a seat. We had 105 communicants, six being penitents who had been stopped from Holy Communion for some time. The services are very hearty, and we managed an anthem without accompaniment!

We suggest that the secretary of each branch of the A.M.U. in a parish should write to the Bishop, Norfolk Island, to have an island in the Melanesian mission to attack in prayer, and then that regular reports be sent of the work of that island and its special needs. While the inhabitants of some isles are nearly all Christian, others are nearly all heathen.

### SUGGESTED SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

- That 1897 may be specially blessed in the advance made in Melanesia.
- That the Bishop designate of New Guinea may soon go forth to his new labours, and that the whole work, especially Collingwood Bay extension, may prosper.
- For a blessing on the brave venture of Mr. Hale and his fellow-labourers.
- For those who are in affliction by famine or plague in India, that there may be a blessing for them in body and soul.
- For missionaries in India, that they may be strengthened and guided in their labour among the afflicted.
- Special thanks for the encouragement given to women's work in foreign missions, and to the deepening of children's love for the cause.

Canon Churton's death leaves a vacant place in many departments of Church life, but especially in missionary work. This was his constant study. With a large number of missionaries he had personal friendship. With many more he was in frequent correspondence (his post-cards are well known), while in regard to others he knew of their work almost as well as if he had been an actual colleague. He made a special study, too, of synodal organisation, and was consulted as an expert by the authorities in all parts of the world who were engaged in framing or amending codes of Canons. Quiet and unobtrusive, William Ralph Churton so passed through his life that a large circle, extending through many lands, will mourn their loss in his departure.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

BOOKS, value 10s., will be given at the end of the year to the best answerer of six questions every month on Acts i. to xii., and Prayer Book, Baptismal, and Confirmation services. Anyone can compete, under a *nom de plume* or otherwise, on declaring the work has been done without help from others. Answers to be sent to "Caritas," Carrick, within 30 days.

For any questions asked see "Answers to Correspondents."

### QUESTIONS.

1. State what evidence we have in Acts i. 12, of the three orders in the Christian Ministry.
2. What is recorded of Philip, Gamaliel, Judas the Galilean, Agabus, Theudas, Blastus, Remphan, Æneas, John, Mark?
3. What prophecy did Moses make concerning Christ which S. Peter quotes? Who else in New Testament tells us it was fulfilled in our Lord's lifetime?
4. What traces of Baptism by Affusion are found in Acts?
5. What difference is there in the duty of godparents in Infant and Adult Baptism?
6. "Our fathers had the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness." Explain from Old Testament. Where is it in Christianity?

## PARISH ECHOES.

### BOTHWELL.

THE RECTORY, SEPTEMBER 7.

MY Dear Friends,—As I mentally survey the events of the past month, one stands out prominently, viz., the recent rainfall. The outlook for the future became so serious that a few of our residents asked me to offer up public prayer for rain. As there could be no doubt that everyone wanted it badly hereabouts, I consented, and on August 29th the prayer for rain was used in church. Last Sunday, September 5th, we all joined in the thanksgiving for such moderate showers as sufficed our need.

I am glad to see that the people of Bothwell are beginning to realise that a "nursing home," where sufferers may receive the care and attention which they cannot have in their own homes, is a thing worthy of the support of all charitable people. During the three months after receiving the first patient the kind family at Ratho and Mrs. Sims were the only friends who ministered to the wants of the inmates of the "home" by sending things to tempt their appetites or build up their strength; now these supplies of food, etc., are coming in more liberally.

Some day perhaps a few of our good nurses in Bothwell—and there are several—will recognise that they can work under Mrs. Webster without loss of dignity, and learn from her greater experience how to minister most effectively to the needs of the sick; they will then come forward and relieve her by turns of some of the work which it is not fair she should bear alone. There can be but one "head" in a hospital, and I do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Webster is the best for the purpose, but in work of this kind, done out of pure kindness of heart to help those who cannot help themselves, many can help where one directs. I must correct the impression that everyone who comes to the "home" will be forced to bear the expense of a doctor's visit; it may not often be necessary. I thought I made it plain before that a doctor, costing at present £5 per visit, would only be sent for in case of necessity, but Mrs. Webster will be the best judge of such necessity, and if a doctor is called in to a patient it will, I trust, be for something more than to sign a certificate of the cause of death. Any work which aims at relieving the sufferings of our fellow creatures is worthy of the support of all. We are all glad that Mrs. C. Evans is convalescent. She has had that tender solicitude at the hands of her friends, which we seek to give to all.—Your affectionate pastor,  
WILLIAM H. WEBSTER.

BAPTISMS.—James Sylvester Askey, Allen William White, Felix Emerson Headlam.

MARRIAGE.—James Henry Woolley—Emily Rosa Smith.

### DELORAINE.

THE corner stone of Meander Church is to be laid by Canon Beresford on 22nd inst. at 3 p.m.

Jumble Fair Chudleigh on the 29th inst. will be a success. The Red Hills tea is fixed for the 20th October (Wednesday).

Great praise is due to Mr. Roden for the care he takes of the Chudleigh Cemetery. Besides the bee he got up, which cleared the ground, he has now painted the gate given by Mr. Wm. How. The following joined the bee: W. Baldock, J. Robertson, H. Lee, R. and H. How, J. Cubit, P. Miles, J. Keating, F. Burke, G. Picket, L. Warren, A. Hodgetts, R. Eastley, J. Douglas, Harvey's man, E. Richardson, Dadson, D. Little, and Roden's boy. We hope these kind friends will keep it in order, and also support the effort to repair the church, now in a bad state. By the Jumble Fair on 29th September it is hoped to raise enough for this and other things. There is £6 in hand. Let the men not be behind the ladies in this event. There will be great fun, and we trust plenty of produce provided as well as cakes, sweets, needlework. The children get special prizes for writing, mapping, etc.

### QUAMBY AND HAGLEY.

THE choir of S. Mary's Church gave a social last month. There was a good attendance. The entertainment consisted of part music, all of high class, two songs by Rev. Mr. Bridgwood (Wesleyan), a kindly address from Rev. A. Hardie, readings, recitations, and original essays. The Rev. F. B. Sharland and R. W. H. Christie sent apologies for non-attendance. A pleasant and profitable evening was spent. Mrs. Roe, with her accustomed generosity, gave the Montacute Hall and the use of her kitchen gratuitously.

### S. JOHN THE BAPTIST, HOBART.

A TRANSCRIPT of the month's diary may be interesting to S. John's parishioners.

1st. Guild celebration of the Holy Communion. There were only 32 communicants. Took boys' class in Sunday School. Rev. J. S. Babington assisted at both morning and evening services. Interview with a nurse from the General Hospital about a candidate for the convalescent home; later on with the candidate herself. Sermons—Morning on Araunah the Jebusite, evening on the Collect for the day. Taught Bible class in the afternoon.

2nd. Interviews with two parishioners, visited one sick case and the Young Men's Club in the evening. Said Evensong.

3rd. Celebrated the Holy Communion at the House of Mercy, said Matins, preached, and taught Confirmation Class. Interesting visit from a parishioner from Deloraine. Visited the children of an inmate of the House of Mercy, boarded out in Melville street. Interviewed the Mayor of Hobart on the working of the C. D. Act. Interview with a parishioner. Said Evensong. Presided at Sunday School Teachers' meeting, and that of the District Visitors', also at Parish Council.

4th. Taught class in State School, said Matins, Litany, and baptized an infant. Visited Dr. MacGowan at the General Hospital on question of whether candidates for admission to the Convalescent Home should be people of good character. Visited the Diocesan Secretary on meeting of sub-committee. Visited seven parishioners, Mothers' Meeting, said Evensong, held Confirmation Class, attended choir boys' practice, and had two interviews with parishioners.

5th. Celebrated Holy Communion. Worked off correspondence. Visited two members of congregation at Sandy Bay. Said Evensong. Attended meeting of S. Andrew's Brotherhood; all the eight members were present.

6th. Taught class in State School, said Matins and Litany. Visited House of Mercy and C. D. Hospital; also five parishioners. Said Evensong.

7th. Interviews with six parishioners. Said Evensong and prepared sermons. Interviews and visits, exclusive of those to House of Mercy, for the week, thirty-five.

8th. Celebrated the Holy Communion. Good class in Sunday School, 11 being present. Bible class in the afternoon. Said Matins and preached at midday, Mr. Babington assisting. Evensong at House of Mercy at 5 p.m., and at S. John's at 7, Mr. Babington again assisting. After Evensong admitted two new members to S. Andrew's Brotherhood. Sermons from the texts "Instead of thy father thou shalt have children," etc., and "Every idle word," etc.

9th. Went into the country.

10th. Meeting of the Clergy at All Saints'. Attended church history lecture by Canon Howell on S. Cuthbert. Entertainment by S. John's Association consisting of a dramatic reading, Sheridan Knowles' "The Hunchback."

11th. Taught class in State School, said Matins and Litany, and baptized an infant. Attended book committee of Diocesan Council. Visited Boys' Club. Called out at night to baptize a sick baby.

12th. Celebrated Holy Communion, said Matins and baptized an infant at House of Mercy. Interview with the mother of an inmate; also with the mother of the baby baptised last night, heard her story and began arrangements for care of child. Visited two parishioners; interview with



another, an applicant for relief, to whom I gave an order for a night's bed and a meal. Said Evensong.

13th. Taught class in State School, said Matins and Litany. Confirmation Class at House of Mercy. The committee of the House of Mercy agreed to take charge of the baby of yesterday. Visited two parishioners. Said Evensong.

14th. Telephoned to House of Mercy. Saw solicitor about baby received into House of Mercy, interview with the mother-Long interview with man in vestry, a lapsed communicant. Visited four parishioners. Prepared sermons, said Evensong. Visits and interviews for the week, fifteen.

15th. Celebrated the Holy Communion. Convert from the Church of Rome made first communion. Class in Sunday School. Preached at Matins from text "He did wisely." Children's service and baptism in the afternoon. At Evensong preached from the text "A steward."

16th. Went to Deloraine, where I preached two sermons in commemoration of the mission of 1888: held a mothers' meeting and a men's meeting, and visited generally with the rector, the Rev. Leigh Tarleton.

22nd. Celebrated the Holy Communion. Classes at Sunday School. Service at House of Mercy at 5 p.m. Evensong at S. John's at 7. Sermons on the church as a House of Prayer, and on the tears of Christ. Mr. Babington assisted at two services, and said opening office at Lansdowne Crescent Sunday School, and buried an old man at Cornelian Bay Cemetery.

23rd. Interviews with three persons, one of whom was an interesting churchman from Cape Colony, whom I sent on to the Administrator. Said Evensong.

24th. Celebrated the Holy Communion, said Matins, and preached at the House of Mercy. Interviews with five parishioners. Visited three parishioners. Saw Mr. Pearce about some boarded out children. Said Evensong. Attended church history lecture on S. Anselm by Canon Shoobridge. Paid relief tickets to boarding-house keeper.

25th. Taught class in State School, said Matins, Litany, and baptised an infant. Visited four parishioners and Boys' Club. Interviews with three parishioners. Wrote letters, and said Evensong.

26th. Celebrated the Holy Communion. Visited six parishioners. Interview with one person. Attended sub-committee of Diocesan Council.

27th. Said Matins and Litany. Visited House of Mercy and Lock. Buried Miss Giblin at New Town. Said Evensong. Visited Diocesan office.

28th. Visited a parishioner, prepared sermons, and read theology. Said Evensong. Visits, etc., for the week, 32.

29th. Celebrated the Holy Communion, opened Sunday School and taught class, Matins and second celebration. Evensong, Mr. Babington assisting at the two services. Evensong at House of Mercy at 5 p.m. Sermons from the texts "By the grace of God I am what I am," and "God be merciful unto me a sinner."

30th. Said Matins. Read theology. Interview with two persons. Said Evensong. Visited Boys' Club. Wrote notices for chapter meeting.

31st. Services at House of Mercy as usual. Interview with Dr. Crouch. Spoke to the Rev. Mother of Mount Canice Convent about a Roman Catholic penitent who wished to enter the House of Mercy. Spoke to Mr. Pearce about a boarded-out child. Held Confirmation Class. Visited two parishioners. Attended Cathedral Chapter meeting. Said Evensong. Attended meetings of Sunday School Teachers and District Visitors. Went to the concert at the schoolroom, where the Rev. W. P. Hunter and a contingent from S. George's parish gave a musical treat. Miss Perkins' singing was very highly appreciated.

The offertories and collections for August were as follows:—Week ending 1st, £3 4s. 1d.; 8th, £4 8s. 3½d.; 15th, £5 4s. 2½d. (including 10s. for Jubilee Church Fund); 22nd, £4 10s. 5½d.; 29th, £3 7s. 5d.

BAPTISMS.—August 4th, Kenneth Richard Kirby; August 11th, Audley Andrew Mervyn Stuart; August 11th (private

baptism), Roy Francis Elliott; August 12th, Alice Scoles; August 15th, Florence May Bowring; August 17th, Kate Sybel Chambers; August 25th, Myrtle Olive Freeman; August 29th, Marjorie Rhoda Paine.

BURIALS.—August 22nd, Joseph Cantrill; August 27th, Florence Emily Giblin, aged 26 years.

### RICHMOND.

THERE is little to record for the parish this month. The recent rainfall, though slight with us, has cheered the hearts of all. The crops are looking freshened, orchards bright with blossom, tanks are full, and the water carts are not so often seen in our streets. Colds and influenza have been very general, but there is little sickness of a serious nature. Mrs. F. Wright passed away quietly a few weeks ago after a lingering illness. She was buried beside her son in S. Luke's Churchyard.

The Girls' Guild of Perseverance has received another long letter from Miss Lillian Williams informing them of the safe arrival of their parcel at S. Barnabas, Norfolk Island, and who gave a graphic account of how the natives appreciate our gifts, especially the books and picture. These treasures are kept in the missionaries' rooms, and the boys and girls, a few at a time, are permitted to go and inspect them as a special treat. Anyone who has any illustrated papers or pictures to spare they will be most gratefully received at the Rectory, or by members of our Guild, to send in our next parcel. Miss Williams also sent a group of five brides and bridegrooms, all in full dress, the former dressed in white blouses and skirts, and their black woolly hair ornamented with white natural flowers, and the latter in blue serge trousers, white shirts, and white neck ties, all looking as serious as the occasion demanded, viz., being photographed. These marriages are arranged by their parents, and are occasionally not very happy ones—but the missionary must not interfere. After marriage they usually return to their native homes, and frequently spend their lives in teaching the gospel to their own people, and our earnest prayers are asked for both teacher and taught.

On Tuesday, 31st ult., at the Gleaners' monthly meeting a most interesting letter, addressed "My dear fellow gleaners," by Miss Minnie Searle, was read, in which she gave a graphic description of her life and mode of transit in China. She also showed the great need of our help for these poor benighted people, who, when once they hear of the love of Jesus, desire to know more. The usual box of presents for missionaries and native Christians in China will leave here about the end of September or early in October.

Sunday services, S. George's, Campania, for October 3rd, 10th, 24th, 31st.

### S. JOHN'S, NEW TOWN.

PARISH COUNCIL.—This recently elected body of Church workers has gone energetically to work under the guidance of its secretary, Mr. Wm. Andrewartha. A circular has been sent to all parishioners recommending them to use the envelope system for their contributions to the Sunday collections. It is believed that, as time goes on, many who at present take no part of the financial responsibilities of the parish will by the new machinery be brought to share the burden with their fellow parishioners. It is to reach those who do not now help, or who only do so irregularly, that the envelope plan has been introduced.

Sunday School.—The departure of Mr. A. B. Cruickshank to practise his profession at Queenstown robs S. John's of both a Sunday School superintendent and lay reader. Very many in the parish will wish all good things to our erstwhile fellow-helper in his new surroundings, where he is sure to find abundant scope for his readiness to aid in church work. Mr. Wm. Andrewartha has consented to act as superintendent of the Sunday School, and Mr. T. Dunbar as lay reader, so the vacancies are both happily filled, and the Archdeacon is much gratified at the readiness with which these two parishioners

agree to sacrifice their time and ease in order to further the working of the parish. At a meeting on August 27 the whole management of the Sunday School was reorganised. Mrs. Cass now takes a class for grown-up girls at her own house on Sunday afternoons, instead of her first class in the school. Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lorna Jones, and the Misses F. and G. Jillett have, to our great joy, joined our staff of teachers; and Mr. Stewart now acts as secretary and librarian. The superintendent is forming a Sunday School choir, and in other directions an effort will be made to brighten and strengthen our training of the young. Monthly reports will be made to the parents of the progress and conduct of the children, and the teachers, in delivering these, hope to do some visiting of both pupils and parents.

Winter Entertainments.—Canon Shoobridge's lantern lecture on S. Paul's, London, in the schoolroom on August 12 proved instructive and entertaining, but there ought to have been a larger audience. In the afternoon of Saturday, August 21, some of our people provided afternoon tea on the Show Ground, when the trial of hunters was taking place, and the venture yielded £4 18s. towards the £10 still owing on our organ. Our thanks were specially due on this occasion to the Hunt Club for welcoming the suggestion, and to Mrs. Richardson, who superintended the body of willing contributors and the vendors of the contributions. For September 9 we were indebted to the members of S. John's (Hobart) Society for a dramatic reading of Sheridan Knowles' "Love Chase." It is always a pleasure to welcome our friends from other parishes, and to heartily acknowledge their good nature in placing their talents at our disposal. On Friday, September 24, the ladies are to meet in the schoolroom to make their final arrangements for the Produce Sale, which it has been decided to hold in the schoolroom in the afternoon and evening of Thursday, September 30, so as to take advantage of the Michaelmas holidays. We appeal to our people to make this Sale a great success by sending contributions to the parsonage, or to any of the ladies, and by coming themselves and bringing their friends and their neighbours on the 30th.

Confirmation.—The names of candidates are now being received. On Sunday evenings, after the usual service, the Archdeacon is giving a series of short addresses, to which candidates and all interested in the faith and practice of the Church, whether they have been confirmed or not, are invited.

### S. JOHN'S, LAUNCESTON.

WE are extremely sorry that the issue of the Rector's circular has been still further delayed, owing to circumstances over which we had little or no control; but we trust, now it has gone forth, that the friends and well-wishers of S. John's will give it such an earnest, careful consideration as will result in a prompt and generous response.

There are several vacancies for ladies (or gentlemen) who would like to take up the work of a district visitor. Who will volunteer for this interesting and useful labour of love? If our space would permit of the mention of all the grateful remarks we have heard fall from the lips of the sick and indigent poor in the parish anent some of our present visitors, we are sanguine enough to believe that we should be inundated with applications for the vacant districts.

The rehearsals in view of the approaching anniversaries are in full swing at our three Sunday Schools. There is no dearth of volunteers to assist in drilling the scholars, we are happy to say. It will be generally admitted that the hymns selected are, on the whole, most appropriate, both as regards words and music. They are bright and crisp, and already our scholars have a very fair grasp of them.

MISSION HOUSE.—We are glad to welcome Miss Knight as a coadjutor of Sister Charlotte for six months, and trust at the close of that period the work will have such a fascination for her that she will feel compelled to remain with us as a permanent member of the staff.

The soup kitchen has done splendid work this winter; the details below speak for themselves.

A singing class has been commenced in connection with our Girls' Club, and promises to be very popular. The other branches of instruction, drawing, needlework, etc., are progressing as usual.

We have contemplated for several months the formation of a branch of the Church Lads' Brigade, and have only hesitated to take action because we were anxious to commence on a thoroughly sound basis, and begin as we intend to proceed.

The inexorable law of space forbids more this month, and, moreover, we have a wholesome dread of editorial scissors!

Statement of receipts and expenditure of the soup kitchen in connection with S. John's Church Mission House. Winter 1897:—Dr.—To cash in hand from last year, 6s. 8d.; donations, Mrs. Shelton 10s., R. Green, Esq., £1, Mrs. Fairthorne, 2s; soup distributed, 383 cans, less 74 free, 309 at 1d., £1 5s. 9d.; total, £3 4s. 5d. Cr.—By cash for wood, 19s. 6d.; by cash, vegetables and meat, £1 4s. 7d.; by cash, labour, 14s. 11d.; balance in hand, 5s. 5d.; total, £3 4s. 5d. We are also indebted to the following for donations in kind:—Mr S. E. Wilmot, barley, split peas, and sugar; Mrs. H. Lakin, vegetables; Mrs. Gaylor, split peas; Mrs. Fairthorne, onions and oatmeal; Mr. D. Ritchie, oatmeal; Mr. Hart, kindling; Mr. Genders, kindling; Mr. Alex. Evans, candles; Messrs. P. O. Fysh and Co. and Dunning and Brown, pieces; Mr. Whitaker, printing. Also to various other ladies for gifts of material, clothes, and books; and to his Worship the Mayor for presenting us with 50 service books, and 24 children's hymn books. All of these kindnesses we beg gratefully to acknowledge. The following donations have been received since 3rd August:—Mr. Whitaker, 10s.; Mrs. Carter, £1; Mr. J. R. Green, 10s.; Miss Horne, 10s.; D. M. W., 2s.; Miss Phillips, 5s.; Mrs. E. A. Nathan, 5s.

BAPTISMS.—Amy Victoria Hodges, Tasman Charles Anderson, Dorothy Ina Madge Chandler, Percy John Kilby, Vera Kate Ayers, Hector Hilton West, Robert Henry Victor Stephens, Charles Templeton, Violet Vera Renault, Neil Edward Bain, Ernest Alfred Donnelly, Ellen Dorothy McDonald Stewart, Albert Henry Wave, Rebecca Joan Munnings, Mildred May Rule, Winifred Eirene Viney, Reginald Frederick Woolven, Alfred William Andrew, Elsie Sarah Head, Cyril Henry Bennett, Alice May Hunter, Ila Isabel Oldham, Marion May Walpole, Myra Cox Atkinson, Edward Bull, Stanley Victor Taylor, William Taylor, Albert Victor Derbyshire, Frank Percy Estoe, Edna Jubilee Howard Brown, Ethel May Hoggett, Tasman Thomas Isaac Coote.

MARRIAGE.—September 14th, at S. John's Church, Mr. R. Cooke to Miss Ann Eliza Ross.

BURIAL.—September 12th, James Williams.

S. AIDAN'S.—The influenza and kindred complaints have been responsible for the absence of many familiar faces during the winter months, and, although the weather is still trying, it is gratifying to watch the steady increase that has set in of late, both in our Sunday and week-day congregations. At our Wednesday evening services we have shortened Evensong, and in lieu of a sermon a reading from the late Rev. Dr. Hardman's "Matins and Evensong," a work replete with choice illustrations, anecdotes, and allegories well calculated to make that noble heritage—our English Prayer Book—alike plainer to the old, and more interesting to the young. We are much indebted to S. John's Y.P.C.U. for the valued assistance of many of its members at our Sunday evening services, which have had a brightness and a "go" infused into them, which at times has been lacking.

S. OSWALD'S, TREVALLYN.—In last month's Notes it was stated that new developments were contemplated, and they are sufficiently advanced now to be able to say a little more about them. S. Oswald's is not famed for its architectural beauty, and the steepness of the hill on which it is situate makes any attempt to improve it impossible. The position also is unsuitable, for it is a heavy climb up the hill, and a proposal is therefore on foot to remove it to a more suitable site. The position chosen is the ideal one on Trevallyn, being on the angle of Trevallyn and South Esk roads. This is adjoining where the fountain stands on a comparatively

level piece of ground. The ground has been secured, and a deposit paid, and the next thing will be to remove the building, which, it is to be hoped, will set out on its travels before the year closes. It is also contemplated to erect a chancel and vestry, and thus give it a more ecclesiastical appearance, but the first thing to be done is to get the present edifice on to the ground. The new purchase and alterations will necessitate the committee appealing to the congregation and sympathetic friends for help, and several handsome donations have already been received. The Rector in charge has thrown himself heart and soul into the work, and when the church is more centrally situated there is every prospect of the improvement in attendance which has taken place of late being yet more marked.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carrick, Clarence, and Evandale contributions arrived late, after all space was taken up.

Clergymen and others requiring extra copies of the *Messenger* will please give notice of the same a full week before date of publishing.

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