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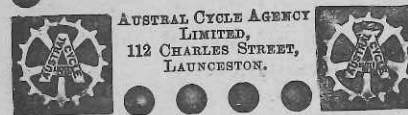
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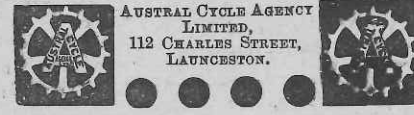


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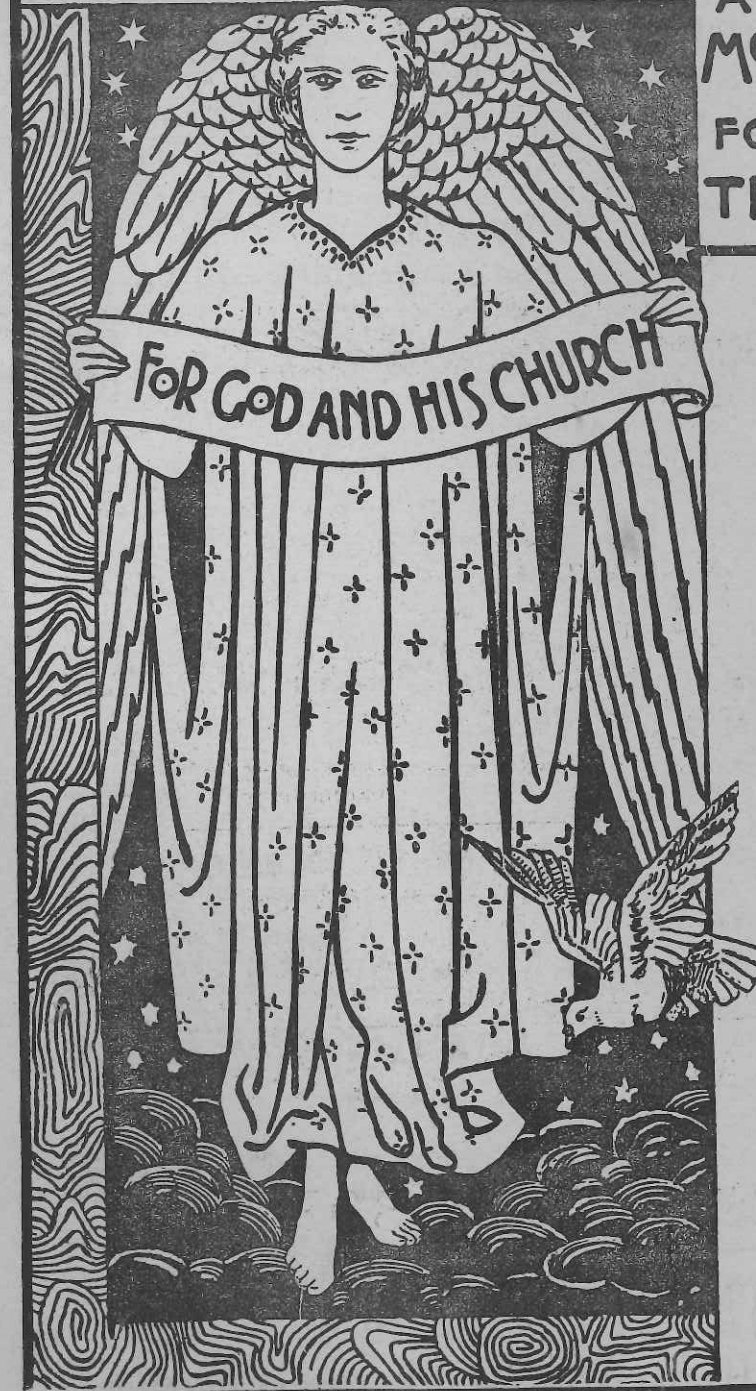
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THE CHURCH MESSENGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR
THE PEOPLE . . .



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VOL. V. No. 4.

NOVEMBER 23, 1898.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

THE SERMON.

FAR too little leniency is displayed
 by the average congregation
 towards the average preacher. Mighty
 generals, powerful orators, great
 statesmen, poets, and painters of high
 degree, and all who stand head and
 shoulders above their fellows in their
 respective professions and callings,
 either inherit their excellence or it is
 born in them; it is never thrust upon
 them. No amount of the intensest ap-
 plication will enable mediocrity to rise
 higher if the natural gift to accomplish
 it is not there to assist. Necessarily
 the favoured ones of fortune, in regard
 to brain power, with the will, deter-
 mination, and strength to make the
 highest use of it, form but a very small
 percentage of any community. It
 therefore behoves us not to expect
 great things from those who are evi-
 dently doing their best, although they
 may not be exactly shining lights in
 their respective spheres of influence.
 Perhaps amongst all the many items
 which go to make up our daily lives,
 there is not one which meets with more
 general criticism than the Sunday's
 sermon. Long hours of devout thought
 may have been spent in its preparation,
 the subject having been pondered over
 probably for weeks, possibly for
 months, and yet it will stand a chance
 of being summarily dismissed from the
 memory of its hearer, and of being
 commented on as weak, prosy, and un-
 interesting. Now this is most unchari-
 table, and is occurring all over the
 land every week in the year. If, how-
 ever, those who so glibly criticise the
 discourse they have been listening to
 were compelled to change places with

the preacher, it is to be feared that
 they would make a sorry exhibition of
 themselves. Unless it is in a man to
 improve upon the actions or sayings
 of his fellow man, what authority can
 he quote to justify his adverse criti-
 cism of the latter? Again, too much
 is made of the sermon in Divine ser-
 vice nowadays. With the Noncon-
 formist bodies it is the one great centre
 of attraction, the all-absorbing point
 in the Sunday's religious duties, and at
 this day there are too many in our own
 Church of England who are inclined
 this way. There might be some pal-
 liation to this exclusive idea if all the
 sermons listened to struck home to all
 the hearts of the people and remained
 there. But do they as a rule? Do the
 critics who sit in judgment on them
 remember their tenor for even a short
 week? It is questionable. Of course,
 there are special occasions, when spe-
 cial subjects are introduced, which are
 fixed on the memory. But it is the
 general run of sermons which are here
 treated with. And the question arises,
 whether it would not be both politic and
 justifiable to omit them at times on
 cold, raw, damp days or evenings, or
 during excessive heat. It would be an
 exceptional preacher indeed who could
 command a congregation's undivided
 attention under these conditions. After
 all said and done, what are the main
 objects which demand our attendance
 at public worship? Are they not to
 pray and praise, to offer up thanksgiv-
 ings, to confess our shortcomings, "to
 sue for pardon, seek for grace?" If
 the service should conclude with some
 telling sermon which proves a real
 guide and comfort to us, so much
 the better, and let us be duly

thankful for it, and if it should
 prove to be a dissertation on
 some abstruse point of theological doc-
 trine, let us accept it in good heart all
 the same. Above all things, do not
 let us commence to pick it to pieces
 unless we are prepared with a more
 comprehensive and enlightened view of
 the same subject. So let us be very
 lenient with our preacher if we should
 happen to leave the church dissatisfied
 with the sermon. Let us remember
 that he has done his best for us, and
 that it is not his fault if he has failed
 to strike the particular chord which
 would have pleased us, and let a feel-
 ing of true thankfulness possess us
 for the great privilege we have just
 availed ourselves of in gathering to-
 gether in His name. Let us also fully
 recognise the fact that all are not mas-
 ter minds who have authority in the
 church, in the other professions, and in
 the marts.

Strangely enough, it is not the great
 preacher who builds up the church.
 That for the most part is the work of
 the parish priest—of him, who, week in
 and week out, in his schools, and in his
 confirmation classes, develops those
 young lives entrusted to him; and in his
 house to house visitation, in his care
 for the sick and dying, in his efforts
 to raise the fallen, reclaim the prodi-
 gal, and guide aright the erring; in his
 power to direct enthusiasm, organise
 his people into bands of workers,
 shows by his own life and acts how to
 live the life of Christ. If the preacher
 and parish priest are found in the one
 person, well and good, but it is seldom
 so, and of the two, give us the earnest
 parish priest rather than the mere Sun-
 day orator.

ADVENT.

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Romans xiii., 11.

THE four Sundays immediately preceding Christmas are called the "Advent Sundays." The word "Advent" means "Coming"—i.e., the "Coming" of Our Lord. There are too such Advents spoken of in Holy Scripture. The first, His coming in humility to save man; the second—yet before us—His coming in glory to judge the world. The church at this season, therefore, urges us to remember this most solemn second Advent. We cannot say when it will take place, and so we must hold ourselves in a constant state of preparedness.

The text is taken from the Epistle on Advent Sunday, which falls on November 27. Just read it very carefully through.

What a familiar sound these words have. We have heard them so often, many Advent Sundays perhaps; so often heard or read sermons about them, till at last we seem to know them almost too well, and they sound as if they had nothing new to say to us.

No, nothing new certainly. And yet, as we look at them, they do seem to have fresh meaning and fresh power in them each time we come to them. Indeed we find, if we think, that the very nature of things must give them fresh meaning and power continually. The very nature of things. None but the quite young, perhaps, can help thinking sometimes how time flies, or at least having some solemn feelings when anything makes them notice the passing away of such a serious portion of time as a year. And this is just what the text does, "now is your salvation;" now is death, and judgment, and the manifestation of the kingdom of heaven "nearer."

Nearer: yes, immensely nearer "than when we first believed," i.e. were made Christians by our baptism; and more especially nearer than when we heard the words last Advent; nearer by a whole year, a serious slice out of the short span of our earthly life.

Nearer: yes, once more you can stop and look back, and see what a large piece more of the road of life you have got over; and look on, and see, not indeed exactly how much more of the road you have still to traverse, but, at least, how rapidly it is getting shorter and shorter. You can measure how quietly but how surely life is, so to say, crumbling away beneath you, and how quickly it is dawning towards the breaking of the everlasting day.

And so, then, if you would be serious and thoughtful at all, brethren, let the text suggest for you two thoughts to

dwell upon now in Communion, and to take away with you this morning.

1. Think seriously, think painfully, of the time past, especially of the year just vanished. The year is dead and gone, and laid in its grave; but not to decay, at is were, nor to be forgotten. It is kept alive in God's never-failing book of remembrance, and it must be kept alive in your memories too. How many sins of omission and commission has it against you? How many faults, failings, short-comings, negligences? How great pressing need does it lay upon you to plead your Saviour's blessedly atoning sacrifice, and by union with Him seek a share in His sufficing merits?

2. Think seriously, think with solemn awe, of the time before you. You know not how long or short it may be; you can tell nothing of what the coming hours, or days, or years will be like to you. But this you know about it; that each portion of time meted out to you, will be allotted you for a purpose, for the purpose of working out that "salvation" which each flying moment is bringing surely "nearer." High time, then, is it to awake out of sleep; no time for soul-slumber now. Another year's neglect of prayer, another year's neglect of communion, and obedience, now to be begun or renewed—what will it bring you to? Either to Paradise itself before another year is sped, or at least one happy stage further on the road thither.

TALKS WITH A NATURALIST.

XI.

"WHY, Woodpecker, wherever have you been? I have not seen you for a long time. We have not had a talk for ages. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been very busy, doing all kinds of things, things too numerous to mention, as the saying goes."

"Have you managed to get into the bush this Spring?"

"Yes, I spent part of a very pleasant afternoon in a wooded gully about six miles off, and was fortunate in finding a nest of the grey-tailed thickhead (*Pachycephala Glaucura*), and thus had better fortune than the naturalist Gould, for, in describing the habits of this interesting bird, he says:—'I was unsuccessful in my search for its nest, and the eggs are still desiderata to my collection.' If you want to see the grey-tail you must go very quietly into the bush, away from houses and ploughed fields, along the side of a creek where there are low shrubs, and you must listen for its peculiar note, making no noise yourself. Presently, if any of these birds are about, you

will hear them calling 'Weet, weet, weet, tw-eee;' and then, with care, you may get a look at them. The male is a much handsomer bird than the female, but he is very shy, and rarely shows himself. But I have been much exercised lately about something else, and that is the painful conviction that I cannot succeed in growing anemones, and these flowers are great favourites of mine; but I think it would be possible to have them if I could induce a pair of these grey-tails to live in my garden; or the 'Shrike-thrush,' alias 'Whistling Dick,' alias 'Duke Willie,' alias 'Bob Whitehead,' alias *Colluricincla Selbii*, would no doubt answer the same purpose. It is very annoying, is it not, to be unable to grow a flower that one likes? I go to Mr. Newey, and say, 'Can you kindly let me have some roots, or tubers, of anemones?' and he, being a polite seedsman, says, 'With pleasure, sir;' so I get the roots and pay for them, and, bringing them home, plant them carefully in suitable soil, and the first year they flower beautifully, and I rejoice my heart in gazing on their bright and varied colours. I think of Solomon, and Anacreon, and Bion, and many other worthies long dead and gone, and muse over memories of the unforgettable spring-time of life. But, when the next season comes round, I notice with regret that my anemones are not so fine, and are fewer in number; and lo, when the third Spring has arrived, there is neither leaf nor flower. My favourites have disappeared, and I am despondent!"

"But what good would either of the birds you spoke of do you?"

"Well, I suppose you know that red clover will succeed best in any district where a good many old maids happen to be living?"

"No, I never heard of such a thing, and would not believe it if I had."

"Then I suppose you do not understand the meaning of that grand old story of 'The House that Jack Built'—'This is the dog that worried the cat—that killed the rat—that ate the malt—that—'"

"Oh, I say, Woodpecker, you generally manage to talk sense, or something approaching to it, but really—"

"I am going to talk sense now if you will not interrupt me. Don't you remember that it was just because the 'cock crew in the morn,' at the right moment, that the parson was waked in time to marry the 'maiden all forlorn' to the man who wanted her? And don't you see that the whole thing is a concatenation of cause and effect right through?"

"Oh, I never thought of it in that light."

"But you should have. The 'House that Jack Built' is one of the finest things in the language, and is prob-

ably as old as the Norman Conquest. But if you cannot see anything in that, let us go back to the old maids and the clover. Now, this clover, owing to a peculiar arrangement of the parts of its flower, which I need not go into now, can only be fertilised by the humble bee; and this bee, unlike other bees, always makes its nest in the ground in the clover fields; but unfortunately field mice are very partial to the young grubs, and eat them whenever they stumble across a nest. But, again, cats are very fond of mice, and old maids, as we all know, have a peculiar liking for cats. Do not you see the connection between the links of this little chain of reasoning? The old ladies preserve the cats; the cats keep down the mice; so the grubs have time to grow and develop their wings and become humble bees, and the clover is fertilised."

"But is this true?"

"Perfectly; you will see it all fully explained in that epoch-making book, the 'Origin of Species.' Perhaps you may not know that our cousins, the New Zealanders, who grow large quantities of clover, have introduced humble bees from England for the express purpose of securing its fertilisation, otherwise they would be compelled to import fresh seed whenever they wanted it, as we have to do."

"Oh, I think I see; but what has your thick head to do with anemones?"

"My thick head! I like that."

"Ha, ha! Excuse my laughing, but I did not mean that. I was thinking about the bird and the other fellow with so many aliases. What could they do to help you to grow the flowers you like?"

"All right, I will explain. First of all, I forgot to explain that when no anemones came up the third year I thought it might be as well to have a look at the roots—i.e., if there were any. So I got a fork and carefully dug the ground over, and found the roots, or tubers, had nearly all disappeared, and the fragments that remained were full of wire-worms. Now, these wire-worms are the larvae of a family of beetles called the *Elate-ridee*, or *Jumpers*, because if you place one of them on its back in your open hand it will arch its body upwards, and then, suddenly relaxing its muscles, spring upwards. This is a dodge the beetle resorts to in order to get on his legs again. The leaping motion is accompanied by a snapping noise, so that these insects are sometimes called 'Snaps' or 'Clicks.' It is astonishing the height to which an *Elate-ridee* can leap. Some of them jump to a distance of ten times their own length, so that men, and even monkeys, are poor jumpers in comparison. I may mention that the celebrated Firefly, or

Cucuja, of the western tropics, is a member of this family, and we have several species here in Tasmania."

"Then do you think the birds would eat the larvae of these insects?"

"No, not the larvae, but the beetles themselves. The larvae are buried in the ground, where the shrike-thrushes could not get at them."

"Oh, I see. This is very interesting, and I hope you will get the birds to come and live near you. But you said just now that looking at anemone flowers reminded you of Solomon. Pardon me, but I do not see the connection."

"No, perhaps it might not strike you, but you will remember that Solomon's glory was once contrasted with the 'lilies of the field.'"

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, many scholars think this a mistaken translation, and would suggest that 'consider the lilies' should be 'consider the red anemones,' for the red anemone is a very common flower in Palestine during spring-time, and the lily is rare, and by no means so conspicuous."

"Oh, I see. And what about the other men?—I forget their names."

"Anacreon and Bion. The former was decidedly a heathen, but a harmless and amusing one, though I am sorry to say he was a little too fond of the famous Samian wine. He was a Greek, and wrote love songs and other 'jeux d'esprit' some 530 years B.C. Bion was also a poet, and wrote very eloquent pastorals some 200 years later. When I was a youngster I had the fragments of these and other Greek authors in a little book, and used to amuse myself by translating them. I even had the audacity to render their odes, etc., into English verse. Precious rubbish it was, no doubt, but the attempt made me more familiar with the language."

"And what did they write about that made you think of them?"

"Anacreon wrote a pretty little ode on the spring-time, and Bion relates the death of Adonis and what came of it."

"Pray who was Adonis?"

"He was a very beautiful youth, and extremely fond of hunting. The goddess Venus, who was very fond of Adonis, warned him to be careful, but he took little notice of her warnings. One day he wounded a wild boar, and, incautiously going too near, he was mortally wounded in the thigh. Venus shed copious tears over his dead body, and, as the poet has it—

'From his blood sprung up the rose, and from her tears the anemone.'

"Proserpine is said to have restored Adonis to life on condition that he lived six months with her and the remainder of the year with Venus. And he is further identified with Osiris, the god of ancient Egypt. But we

know now that both Adonis and Osiris, together with the Roman deity Hercules, with his great strength and long hair, were only solar myths, which were once common to all primitive peoples."

"Alas, ye gods and goddesses of the ancient world! The cold search-light of modern science cannot reveal any of you, but only gives us personifications, abstractions, and generalisations. Yet, so persistent are the impressions of early days that when Spring brings us once more the rose and the anemone, our dry text-books are forgotten, as our thoughts drift back to Adonis lying wounded upon the mountain, and the beautiful Venus weeping over him."

S. ANDREW'S DAY,

November 30.

S. ANDREW'S DAY heads the list of the Saints, because he was the first of the Apostles called by our Lord. The Saviour of the world had been baptised. Then the spirit drove Him into the wilderness, where He was tempted 40 days, and then returned to the place where S. John the Baptist was baptising. When S. John saw Him passing by he cried out, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Strange to say, no one took any notice of these very wonderful words. Just as now people hear from the pulpit very solemn words and heed them not. So the next day, when Jesus was passing by again, the Baptist repeated the same words, "Behold the Lamb of God!" This time these precious words did not fall on deaf ears. But two of His disciples followed Jesus, and stayed with Him all that day, and He talked to them, and showed them from Moses and the Prophets that He was their Messiah, or the Christ, and their hearts burned within them, as He opened up the Scriptures. One of these two was S. Andrew, and he was so full of joy that he ran to his brother S. Peter, and told him the glad tidings, "I have found the Messiah," and he brought him to Jesus.

So we may call S. Andrew the first Home Missionary. He no sooner found Jesus than he told others about Him, and wanted them to have the same blessing. There was a young man once who also found Jesus, and he was so happy that he went straight home and told his father, and said, "Father, I want you to pray," and his father said, "I don't know the way, my boy." "Well, father," said the son, "tell God, and He'll teach you." You see he was like S. Andrew, as soon as he found Christ he became a home missionary, and told others about Him. Now, my dear reader, have you found Christ? Do you know what pardon is, and what

peace is? The Creed says, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Do you really believe it? Have you felt it? If you have, don't keep it to yourself. Tell it to others. You remember how the man behaved whom Jesus cured of his leprosy. He could not keep it to himself. Not even Jesus Himself could keep him quiet. Wherever he went he said, "Look at me. I was a dirty, unclean leper, and now I am clean, and Jesus did it. Blessed be His holy name." He was full of the news. So was S. Andrew. So must you be if you have found Him. Tell it to others. Be a missionary to those you love. S. Andrew spoke to his brother first. If we would each of us do what S. Andrew did we should soon have our churches full, we should not leave our clergyman to do all the work of bringing people to Jesus, but we should try and bring them.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou hast scanned His features well,
And know Him for the Christ by proof;
Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he too see the Saviour plain.

After S. Andrew had seen his dear Lord ascend to Heaven, he became a foreign missionary, and told the heathen people who lived in Greece and in Turkey about Him, and the heathen people were angry with him, and we are told they scourged him seven times on his bare back, and at last, as he would not leave off talking to them about Jesus, they tied him to a cross, where he hung for two days, and then died, for he was an old man, and weak. The cross was this shape, X, and is called S. Andrew's cross. It is the cross of Scotland, and you can see it on every Union Jack and Royal Ensign, and the next time you see it think of S. Andrew, who was the first home missionary, and who laid down his life for the Lord Jesus about the year 70 A.D.

HINTS TO CHURCH DECORATORS.

WE have received from an esteemed correspondent an article on "Church Decoration," too long to print "in extenso," but containing valuable "hints" of so much interest that, with his permission, we will present them in a condensed form.

1. Regard decorating as a work done for God, and, if possible, begin and end it with that suitable devotion. Let loud talking, laughing, and all conduct unbefitting God's House be banished. If possible, let all be done before dark.
2. Never drive any nails or tacks into plaster or woodwork, but use instead

string or fine wire. He very truly says—"It has often been painful to see in many churches the shameful way in which the furniture of the church is damaged by the thoughtlessness of those who decorate. How often do we see large holes in the plaster and furniture, and edges broken off the different articles of furniture that have been practised upon by the amateur decorator."

3. Concentrate your efforts on the sanctuary and chancel. Nothing at any time—not even at harvest festivals—should be placed on the altar, which is reserved solely for celebrating the Holy Communion. Fill your vases with the choicest flowers, and place them on the re-table. Take care no long sprays stray and straggle over the communion table. Flowers should be appropriate to the season. White for Christmas and Easter, and red for Whit Sunday.

4. Leave the altar rails untouched, as any decoration on them will be damaged. Only sparsely decorate the prayer desk, lectern, and pulpit. Some load the latter with so much green and flowers that the preacher looks like a "Jack in the green." The font must be so decorated as not to prevent its being used for baptism, if needed. For country churches, a most effective method is a light wooden temporary chancel screen, covered with greenery and flowers.

5. At harvest festivals do not turn the church into a semi-horticultural show, or a greengrocer's shop. Haystacks, etc., in the middle of the chancel are out of place, especially if they block up the sight and the way to God's altar. "All that is wanted at a harvest festival is to symbolise the bread and wine by wheat and grapes, and the rest need not differ from the Easter decorations."

These are the sensible suggestions of "an old decorator," which decorators will do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, and, above all, put into practice.

A 19th CENTURY PILGRIMAGE.

III.

PREVIOUSLY we spoke of some of the smallest parish churches of England, hoary with age and full of stirring memories. After many years' sojourn in a new land like Australia, where all is weatherboard and corrugated iron, or at best brick and stucco, nothing can be more refreshing than to wander round one of England's stately cathedrals. To the practised eye they are histories in stone, and if one is fortunate enough to secure the help of the right sort of guide the pleasure is doubled. Some guides are de-

testable. They have a string of description off by heart that is gabbled through as fast as possible. Others have made a thorough study of the buildings they show, and it is a labour of love to point out what is beautiful and interesting.

It would far exceed the limits of the "Messenger" and the patience of our readers if we were to attempt to describe in detail all the cathedrals that our pilgrims had the privilege of visiting; but as many of the said readers have never been inside of an ancient Cathedral Church, we propose a general description, which will apply to a very large number of such structures in England.

Imagine you are walking through the streets of some such ancient city as Exeter, Worcester, Hereford, or Gloucester. You come upon a large open space, in the centre of which stands an enormous majestic pile. The walls are of stone supported by massive buttresses, pierced with numberless windows, in many places richly carved and broken into beautiful bits of detail by niches, figures of saints or apostles, pinnacles, etc. It is many chains in length, and the ground plan is in the shape of a cross, the beam of which is generally called the nave, the head, the choir or chancel, and the arms the transepts. In the centre rises a lofty and massive square tower of great height and beautiful proportions. The whole, though it may have been carefully repaired, bears signs of great age. The storms and smoke of centuries having worn and blackened the ancient stone work.

You enter a porch, and passing through a massive oak door find yourself in the nave, and if you have any soul at all it is hushed and awed with reverence bred of the sacred surroundings. The floor is of stone flags, many of which bear inscriptions containing the names of those who lie buried beneath. On either side stands a row of massive stone pillars, supporting heavy round arches, dividing the nave from the side aisles. Above these are smaller pillars and tapering pointed arches running up into the graceful groining of the lofty roof. As the eye follows this roof from the extreme west end up to the east the vast length of it is most impressive. The windows are divided by graceful stone shafts, sometimes forming tracery like nothing else but delicate lace work. Many are filled with old or new stained glass. The old is easily known by the richer and softer colours, and by the quaintness of the figures pictured there. Across the entrance to the choir is a solid stone screen, or perhaps a lighter and more open one of carved woodwork or hammered iron.

The choir itself has seats or stalls of richly-carved oak blackened by age, and floor of marble or encaustic tiles.

At the east end, before a beautifully sculptured marble reredos, raised on successive steps, stands the High Altar, with its embroidered pontal and ornaments of cross and candlesticks. In the choir itself, between it and the wide passage which surrounds it, against the outer walls, and in the many side chapels which open out from it, are many monuments of kings and queens, knights and ladies, crusaders, abbots, bishops, monks, etc. Their effigies, lying on the top of the tombs, with hands clasped as if in prayer, are carved in marble, stone, or wood, and show them dressed in armour or in their sacred robes, or in the dresses of their day.

Behind the High Altar there is generally a large chapel, known as the "Lady Chapel," often containing the most beautiful architecture and windows in the whole building. Beneath the floor of the choir, and reached by a flight of stone steps, is the crypt. By the light of a candle you see you are in a perfect church with low stone arches overhead, held up by low, squat solid pillars of masonry.

If you are given to dreaming, and have plenty of time to spare, you go back to the nave, and, seating yourself in a chair, you allow the old stories and histories that the guide has told you to pass through your mind. And this is what you see in imagination.

Centuries and centuries ago, when England was in great part covered with forest, a company of holy men have withdrawn themselves from the world into the depths of the woods. The trees are felled, and the ground gradually cleared, and the timber-built monastery slowly rises. Or perhaps some missionary bishop has fixed his "stool" among the half heathen people of a Saxon town.

The first church is rough and rude. Logs of oak or ash or elm or beech, roughly squared with the axe, form the walls. The roof is of shingles or thatch, supported by rafters and beams like the walls. Narrow slits do duty for windows, admitting plenty of air but not much light. As the half-savage people become more civilised a stone church replaces this, but it is rude and dark still. Perhaps part of it still survives in the crypt you have just visited.

But now the Norman conqueror arrives on the scene. His work you can trace in the thick, sturdy pillars and heavy, round arches in the nave. You can tell his handiwork at a glance. It is solid, strong, severe, and heavy, but often very beautiful and grand. But in course of time the great tower he built became too heavy for its foundations, and fell with a hideous crash, demolishing the Lady Chapel and choir. These are reared again by the bishop or abbot of the 13th century, whose tomb you saw. That is why

they are so different from the nave. Instead of round, heavy short pillars, you see graceful, fluted columns of great height. Instead of circular, low browed arches you see delicate lancet points. Instead of square turrets, slender pinnacles. Instead of narrow, round-headed slits you see broad spaces of stained glass and elegant tracery. Everything seems designed to carry the eye upwards. Everything is full of the loftiest spirit of aspiration.

But now the old Norman timber roof is rotten, and the architect of the fourteenth century builds that clerestory on the top of the Norman arches of the nave, and throws across it that marvellously-constructed stone groining, ornamented with palm-like fan tracery. The same hand introduced that great expanse of east window, and carved some of those elaborate canopies over the tombs. Everywhere his work is distinguished by perpendicular lines and more florid character of ornament. Here and there, maybe, there are traces of later work, but church art has reached its highest point, and they show a very marked deterioration.

Up to this point you have traced the history of the building up of the stately temple, bit by bit, century by century, till it has reached the zenith of its glory and its pride; but here a terrible storm sweeps across the scene. Side by side with the gradual increase of ornament and decoration in the material House of God has been an increase of superstition and tyranny in the Spiritual House, the English Church. The Roman supremacy has been, in spite of continual resistance, overspreading our National Church. The independent spirit of the English race has risen and the reformation has begun. Along with spiritual enlightenment, for which we cannot be too thankful, comes a tide of ignorant fanaticism that we cannot too greatly deplore. It has left its mark in the mutilation of beautiful carving which till this day bears the marks of axe and hammer. Painted windows have been smashed to pieces, graceful sculpture ruthlessly hacked and disfigured. What the image-breakers of the time of Edward VI. began Cromwell's fierce troopers finished, and for nearly two centuries our stately English Cathedrals were little more than grand ruins turned into mere preaching houses by a liberal use of plaster and white-wash.

But the Catholic revival, which has breathed new life into the Church of England after the spiritual deadness of the last century, has laid its hand upon the fabric of her temples too. Though shorn of much of their glory, the dirt and rubbish of centuries of neglect have been cleared away, and much has

been and is being done by way of careful restoration to make them once more worthy shrines for the worship of God.

And now you are wakened from your reverie by the sweet-toned bells ringing for the daily evensong. You pass into the choir with the other worshippers, and with the tones of the organ and the voices of the white-robed choristers, seem to mingle with the voices of long past generations of worshippers, whose prayers and praises have been echoed by that same roof, and have rolled beneath those same arches in the ages that have gone.

The AGE of the EARTH.

THE following most interesting letter appeared in the July issue, and was addressed to the editor, of the "Ballarat Church Chronicle":—

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

Sir,—Few of the many public gatherings I attended in England more deeply interested me than the annual meeting of the Victoria Institute (of which I am one of the original fellows), held this very day last year in the Theatre of the Society of Arts, under the chairmanship of that consummate scientist, Sir Gabriel Stokes, president of the institute. It was crammed with people, many of them distinguished in various departments of learning. The address of the year was given by Lord Kelvin—perhaps the greatest of living physicists, to whom I was introduced (together with my brother of Dunedin), as representing Australasia; and "varra" unassuming he proved to be. He chose as his subject "The age of the earth as an abode of life."

After dwelling on the interest of the subject, refusing to have it shelved on the ground of "inconceivable" quantities being involved, and showing the extraordinary variation in the scientific estimates hitherto made of it, he quoted Professor Sollas, of Oxford, as opining that "the lapse of time since the beginning of the Cambrian System is probably less than 17,000,000 years—even on the assumption of uniformity, which seems contradicted by the most salient facts of geology." Lord Kelvin not only repudiates the eternity of the earth, either in the past or the future, but went on to give scientific reasons for believing in a far less remote antiquity for it as an abode fitted for life than is commonly assumed. Arguing from Kant's discovery, of the frictional resistance against tidal currents retarding the earth's rotation (confirmed by the relative acceleration of the moon's motion), involving a rotation at twice its present speed 7200 million years ago, he showed that had consolidation taken place then, its

shape, and the arrangement of sea and land, could not have been what they are: and that consolidation was probably far more recent than 1000 million years ago. He drew another argument from the earth's yearly loss of heat. The doctrine of uniformity assumed that its upper crust had been nearly as at present for billions of years; whereas the heat lost in 20,000 millions would have more than sufficed to melt a mass of surface rock equal in bulk to the globe. He concludes that the consolidation of the earth took place probably much nearer twenty than forty million years ago—perhaps twenty-four millions or less. Passing on to a most learned discussion of the way in which granite and basalt originated, he conceived that the continents were due to the chemical heterogeneity of the "Mother Liquor" which constituted the earth before solidification, and showed how this would operate. (It was hard to follow him closely here.)

The earth, he believed, was ready both for vegetable and animal life within a few hundred years after the work of consolidation of its surface; but if that consolidation took place more than twenty or twenty-five millions of years ago, the sun would not have been warm enough to support life upon it.

He closed as follows:—"Mathematics and dynamics fail us when we contemplate the earth fitted for life, but lifeless, and try to imagine the commencement of life upon it. This certainly did not take place by any action of chemistry, or electricity, or crystalline grouping of molecules under the influence of force, or by any possible kind of fortuitous concurrence of atoms. We must pause face to face with the mystery and miracle of the creation of living creatures."

(Here we may fitly insert a quotation from an address delivered by Lord Kelvin before the British Association:—"Reaction against frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found in the notes of learned commentators on Paley's Natural Theology, has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.")

The address I heard was listened to with profound attention; and, on the motion of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury), a vote of thanks for it passed with enthusiasm.

Some of your readers may feel interested in this reminiscence of a year ago.

Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL BALLARAT.

Bishopscourt, June 2, 1898.

NOTES.

THE Rev. W. Harry Edwardes left Launceston in time to take up his work at Queenstown by November 1. Elsewhere we print a letter received from him. It will speak for itself. On October 25 a large social was held in the Mechanics' Hall to say farewell to Mr. Edwardes. There was a very large attendance, and many were the regrets on all hands that one who had won so many friends, and who had done so good a work for the church, should be leaving us. During the evening some musical items and several speeches made the time pass quickly. About 10, refreshments were handed round, and the farewells taken.

The Rev. E. G. Barry takes up Mr. Edwardes's work under the Archdeacon. Mr. Barry was present at the social just mentioned, and received a hearty welcome, as all believe he will carry on the excellent work vacated by Mr. Edwardes. Mr. Barry was previously at Swansea, where his fine preaching powers long since marked him as more fitted for the city than the country. We trust to know Trinity folk will do all possible to strengthen Mr. Barry's hands in the difficult work before him.

The Board of Patronage in connection with the election of a successor to the retiring rector of Longford (the Rev. J. Edwards) met at Trinity Church under the presidency of the Ven. Archdeacon Hales on October 31. There were eight out of the ten members present, and there were five names submitted as candidates for the vacancy, four of whom are clergy in the diocese. The local representatives pleaded for more time to consider the claims of those nominated, and so the meeting was adjourned to December 6. Meanwhile Mr. Edwards has secured the Rev. C. Arthur as a locum tenens until the end of the year, when his resignation takes effect. Mr. Edwards meanwhile has gone to Victoria.

The Rev. Keith-Forbes, who has for some months been taking the Rev. R. Penty's duty at Stanley, left for Melbourne on Tuesday, November 14, having been benefited by the change, and expressing himself as highly pleased with all the kindness extended to him by the good folk at Stanley.

The following cures are still vacant:—Longford and Cullenswood. The curacy at S. John's, Launceston, is not yet filled.

The Rev. J. Dallas, from New South Wales, has been appointed as vicar of Richmond. Mr. Dallas arrived about three weeks ago, and has taken up his work under the Rev. S. H. Hughes, who will be thankful enough to have secured such skilled help.

The Bishop holds a quiet day at Devonport on the 17th for the clergy in the northern archdeaconry.

The Ballarat Church Congress opens its session on November 21. We printed a full programme of its proceedings in our last issue. We notice that His Lordship the Bishop, Archdeacon Whittington, and Canons Shoobridge and Beresford are to read papers or to address the Congress, which promises to be a huge success. Special rates are named both by sea and land for all who intend going. Offers, too, of hospitality are proffered to those whose names are sent in at once. The Rev. S. Bucknell, Hobart, is the local secretary, and is prepared to give all necessary information.

Subscribers in Hobart who have not paid for 1898 are requested to leave amount owing with Miss Linnell, Diocesan Book Depot, who will receive and forward to us.

In future, to avoid the confusion arising from many subscriptions falling due on different dates, all subscriptions will be from January to December, and those joining during the year will pay to December, so as to start fresh next year.

Mr. F. J. Reid, who has succeeded Mr. Edwardes in the treasurer'ship, wishes all rectors and collectors to send in a revised list of all local subscribers for 1899. All communications about finance or new subscribers to be addressed to him, Box 84, P.O., Launceston.

Two farmers in England, while riding along together, encountered a large number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these parsons coming from?" To this his friend replied, "They've been at a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, said, "What's a visitation?" And the answer he received was, "Why, it's where all the parsons go once a year and swap their sermons." His friend on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked, "Hang it, but our chap mun get the worst of it every time."

PARISH ECHOES.

Attention is again drawn to the large amount of space taken up by certain parish notes. Although willing to allow plenty of room to all clerical contributors, the line must be drawn somewhere, and we ask in all fairness, has it not been overstepped in this issue?

EVANDALE.

A VERY satisfactory piece of work has just been done here. The burial ground of S. Andrew's Church has for some time been gradually getting overgrown with gorse, young wattles, and other bushes, and has presented a very unsightly and somewhat discreditable appearance, but as there were no funds available in the hands of the wardens attention to this matter has been unavoidably postponed from time to time. Last week, however, several members of the congregation, being determined to deal with the question in a practical way, formed themselves into a working bee, and in a couple of days grubbed up all the gorse and other rubbish, and made the place look more like it should do. It is now proposed to effect further improvements by providing an additional gate on the eastern side of the ground, and by laying out gravelled paths where necessary. To meet the expense of these desirable alterations members of the congregation will probably be asked to contribute a small sum (perhaps half a crown) annually. The following is a list of the volunteer members of the "bee," one or two who were not able to come themselves providing a substitute:—Messrs Alfred Sutton, James Duffy, John Daymon, John Cox, Abraham Daymon, John Eastoe, Edward Cassidy, David Murray, Geo. McEnnulty, Samuel Tuck, Geo. Williams.

SORELL.

ON Sunday, the 6th November, an organ recital was held at Forcett, at which a very large audience was present. The choirs from Wattle Hill and Sorell were present, the former rendering the well-known service of song entitled "Eva;" the latter singing two anthems very creditably. Captain Taylor, with his daughters, also favoured us with his presence and help. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Alex. Hean for his assistance, and to Miss N. Reardon, who was responsible for the arrangements and programme. The offertory realised £2 16s, a substantial addition to the amount required for lining the church.

Mr. Ephraim Newitt has just passed away, after his long and painful illness. His early demise fills all hearts

with regret, for he was universally and deservedly esteemed. We were glad to have seen him in town yesterday evening, the 14th inst. At 7.30 he passed away, having been unconscious since the morning. Sorrow at his departure was not unmingled with relief that he has been released at last from suffering. But there is the weight of the fact that within little more than a year his young family have been deprived of both father and mother—

"Alas, if this were all, and nought beyond—oh, earth!"

Baptism.—Dulcie Lila Jones.

BOTHWELL.

MY Dear Friends,—A sudden summons to a dying person at Lake Crescent prevents me from writing my monthly letter.

Your affectionate pastor,
WILLIAM H. WEBSTER.

The Rectory, Nov. 7, 1898.

KINGSTON.

MR. AND MRS. CLAUD BERNARD have been residing here for over a year, and, desiring to help the church funds, arranged for a dramatic performance on Saturday evening, 29th October, and invited some of our leading Hobart amateur performers, including Misses Bernard, Richardson, Elliston, and Morrisby, and Messrs. Young, Laughton, Grant, St. Hill, Joliffe, and Hudspeth. The pieces played were "He's a Lunatic" and "A Cup of Tea," with a musical interlude. Very charming and graceful comediettas they proved, and fully deserved all the encomiums passed on pieces and performers by the "Mercury's" special reporter. The amount realised was not up to the expectations or desires of the promoters, owing to the absence of many of our local people. The weather certainly was not propitious. Our people evidently regard themselves as too good to run any risks of increasing the scarcity. The weather, however, did not prevent four brake loads coming from Hobart. Our grateful thanks are proffered to performers and promoters for their kindly offices, and trust that warmer weather and "a warmer welcome" will induce them to favour us with another visit.

S. Luke's Church, Longley, destroyed by the bush fire on the 31st December ult., has lately been re-built, and by request of the Bishop was solemnly dedicated by Archdeacon Whittington at evensong on the patronal festival. Although on the week day, and the weather threatening, it is pleasing to record a full congregation, chiefly our own local people, although there were many visitors. The church was quite full, every seat occupied. The hymns and canticles were sung very heartily

to well-known tunes. The Rev. S. Bucknell, Rural Dean, said the appointed office; Mr. Marsden, our reader, read the 1st lesson; the Rev. J. W. H. Geiss, a former rector, read the 2nd lesson. The Archdeacon, standing at the altar after the 3rd collect, said the special dedicatory collects, and also preached a helpful and encouraging sermon, taking as his text the example of S. Luke, the physician of the soul. The church is an exceedingly neat and well-built structure, and is very creditable to the builder, Mr. Tew, of the Sandfly. The interior is very effective, the altar of full dimensions, and well raised. A dark red dossal cloth in lieu of unnecessary windows, adding to the dignity of the altar and its ornaments. The roof is lofty and open. The interior woodwork is simply oiled and polished. The resulting contrast between the natural tints of the wood is very pleasing. The insurance money sufficed to re-build the church, and, thanks to the generous gift of many outside friends we have managed to re-build and re-furnish the church without calling upon the local people for any assistance. Regular Sunday services are now resumed, and a Sunday-school under the charge of Mrs. Marsden was commenced the Sunday after the opening, with the goodly number of 30, which promises well. The day's festivities closed with a parish tea at Sandfly State-school, and was a brilliant success from every point of view. Many thanks to all who worked so hard to make it so. After tea the Archdeacon very kindly added to the pleasures of the day, and gave us one of his well-known humorous recitals—"English Fun and Fancy." It goes without saying that he was well received, and warmly appreciated by the audience, which filled the school-room. This concluded a red-letter day in the annals of the parish.

SHEFFIELD.

THE building of the vicarage is progressing satisfactorily, considering the wet and unfavourable weather. The scheme of collecting £120 for paying for the land having failed, it has been proposed that the piece belonging to the church should be sold to raise the money, as it was too far out of the town to be of use as a site for the vicarage. A general meeting for the purpose of discussing this matter was called for November 5, but lapsed for want of a quorum. Postponed until Monday, the 7th, when the sale, after some discussion, was agreed to.

The working bee was held on Wednesday, 2nd November, when several turned up, and all worked hard to make the church ground and fence more presentable. The ladies provided afternoon tea, which was appreciated by the workers, and cheered them in

their honest toil. The weather was, as usual lately, unfortunate, as a persistent drizzle set in, decidedly dampening both clothes and ardour, and which caused them to stop sooner than they would otherwise have done. However, the result of their labours is evident, as both fence and grounds look much neater.

A children's service was held on Sunday afternoon, 30th October, when the vicar inaugurated the Children's Home Mission Union, and at the end of the service twenty members were enrolled. We are looking forward to a visit from the Bishop early in December. He has promised to be here for the 4th, and on the 5th is to lay the foundation stone of the vicarage. Sports and tea are to be held in a paddock adjoining, kindly lent by Mr. T. J. Clerke.

November 29, eve of S. Andrew, will be observed as a day of intercession for missions. Special service of intercession in the evening. On Sunday, December 4, there will be a special sermon and collection for missions.

OATLANDS.

OUR industrial exhibition and fair has come and gone, and was a very great success. There was a good deal of anxiety about it, as it was the first of the kind held here. The secretary was the rector's wife, Mrs. Henningham Root, and she was ably assisted by an energetic committee, who worked with a will from beginning to end to make the exhibition the success it was. There were many things against us. But the worst of all, the day of the exhibition was wet and stormy. But no one grumbled, we were working for God's House, and if He choose to send bad weather it was but to try our faith. And somehow the weather did not seem to affect either the attendance or the takings. The hall was crowded both days, there were few large buyers, but a great many small ones, so that at the close very few articles were left. The Warden, W. Jones, Esq., of Ballochmyle, opened the exhibition in a short and well-chosen speech, and referred to the taste displayed in arranging and decorating the stalls. Nearly all the State-schools in the municipality competed in the various sections, and amongst those who secured prizes were—Oatlands, Antill Ponds, Parattah, Whiteford, Hutton Park, Jericho, and Eastwood. The latter is worthy of special mention, as it is a new school, and has only been lately started. Too much praise cannot be given to the stall-holders, who, for two days, worked with uncomplaining cheerfulness, although terribly tired and weary. In addition to the prize-money a large number of valuable articles were given

as prizes. On Sunday night, the rector thanked all who had in any way assisted by subscriptions, gifts, or personal services. The gross takings, he said, were about £61. The expenses, including prize-money, were £14, leaving a balance of £47 for roofing and pointing the church. Thus in 2½ years they had renovated church and rectory, re-erected the fences, put up four new gates, placed new lamps in the church, helped build a hall at Parattah, and done many other things. He did not believe any other country parish could show a better record. It was a pleasure to be the pastor of a parish where the parishioners had such a mind to work, and it proved what he had so often said, that the church can do anything where it is united as we are.

PRIZE LIST.

Section A.—Pot Plants.—Best foliage plant—Mrs. Roche. Best pot of ferns—Miss Moxon. Best pot of musk—Leslie Glover. Best fuchsia—Mrs. W. Fish.

Section B.—Cut Flowers.—Three best roses—Mrs. A. T. Pillinger. Best bridal bouquet—Mrs. A. T. Pillinger. Best hand bouquet—Mrs. A. T. Pillinger. Best table bouquet—Miss R. Glover. Best wild flowers ditto—P. H. W. Parsons. Best basket of flowers—P. H. W. Parsons. Best arranged epergne—Mrs. C. Lloyd. Three best ladies' sprays—Mrs. T. Harding. Six best buttonholes—Mrs. T. Harding.

Section C.—Vegetables.—Three best lettuces—Mrs. Sutton. Twelve best radishes—Mrs. J. G. Bisley. Best basket of spinach—Charles Jones. Six best sticks of rhubarb—Miss Bacon.

Section D.—Grain and Wool.—Best sample of oats—Mr. Wm. Wilson. Best sample of wool (Merino)—Mr. John Glover.

Section E.—Confectionery.—Best Victoria cake—Mrs. Roche. Best collection of home-made biscuits—Mrs. H. H. Exton. Best plate plain scones—Nellie Cashion. Best plate sweet scones—Clarice Law. Best home-made loaf of bread—Miss Neylon. Best plate of tarts—Mrs. T. Harding. Best plum pudding—Miss Nelson. Best collection of jams—Miss Bailey. Best pot of honey—Clarice Law. Best plate of toffee—Miss Bailey. Best collection home-made lollies—Miss E. Nelson.

Section F.—Miscellaneous.—Best ornamental butter—Mrs. Cornish. Best plain butter—Mrs. H. Root. Heaviest dozen hen's eggs—Mrs. Barwick. Best damper—Mr. A. Barwick.

Section G.—Industrial.—Best child's pinafore—Miss E. M. Burbury. Best useful apron—Miss G. Parramore. Best drawn thread work—Miss S. Nelson. Best macramé work—Miss Figg. Best cosey—A. H. Bisdee. Best knitted booties—Miss F. Bailey. Best crochet booties—Clarice Law. Best fancy cushion—Miss J. Woods. Best knitted socks—Miss F. Bailey. Best dressed doll in character—Miss J. Woods. Best bracket—Miss J. Woods. Smallest pincushion—Miss J. Bisdee. Most original pincushion—Miss G. D. Bisdee. Best walking sticks—Mr. P. H. W. Parsons. Hand-painted screen or plaque—Miss Moxon. Best pencil or crayon drawing—Mr. J. G. Berry. Best collection of minerals—Miss M. A. Glover. Best collection of shells—Mr. G. Glover.

Home-made toasting fork—Alfred Rainsford.

Section H.—Children.—Best hemmed handkerchief by child under eight years—Effie Thirlwall, Hobart. Best hemstitched handkerchief—Valeria Woods, Oatlands. Plain pillowslip—May Wilson, Antill Ponds. Kettle holder—Elsie Hilderbrand, Jericho. Knitted vest—Madge McLarren, Oatlands. Crochet vest—Agnes Everett, Oatlands. Large handwriting (first verse "God Save the Queen")—Beatrice Penny-cuick, Jericho. Small hand, ditto—Agnes Sparkes, Whiteford. Best map of Tasmania—Joan Bisdee, Jericho; Gertrude Parramore, Antill Ponds. Best essay on Tasmanian animals—Aubrey Tanner, Parattah.

The services at Hutton Park have hitherto been held in the large dining-room kindly lent for the occasion by W. Bisdee, Esq., but it was thought the new school-room on the estate would be more convenient for the tenants, for whose welfare the Bisdee Brothers are always anxious. So at a good deal of extra trouble to themselves, the service was held for the first time on the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, and proved very successful. The tenantry turned up in good force, and the school-room was quite full, and about 12 stayed to the Holy Communion.

Marriages.—Charles Henry Wood, Pelham, to Alice May Savage, Lemon Hill, Jericho.

Baptism.—Roy Powell, Eastwood; Myra Grace Headlam, Woodbury, Antill Ponds; Clive Lyndon Archer, Huntworth, Jericho.

BRIGHTON.

THURSDAY, October 27, was the day chosen by the parishioners of Brighton, Bagdad, Tea Tree, and Broadmarsh for a welcome social to the Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Hughes. Anyone passing through Brighton that day could notice that something unusual was taking place, as people were going to and fro the Town Hall most of the day, while the choir boys were busy erecting a flag-pole and hoisting bunting as their share in the welcome. As night came on parishioners began to arrive from all parts, till at eight o'clock, when the rector and his wife, accompanied by the Rev. and Mrs. Dallas, entered the room, there must have been some three hundred people present. The whole of the room, including the platform, had been turned into a drawing-room. On the front wall some beautifully worked scrolls were displayed, the centre one declaring, "Brighton Welcomes You," while on either side were the words "Tea Tree," "Broadmarsh." As flowers were numerous, as well as beautiful, the committee were able to decorate profusely. We believe this part of the arrangements was put under the special charge of Mrs. Lamprill, and well she and her assistants did this work. The Arch-

deacon, who was the guest at the time of Mr. R. Wilmore, at "Shene," and who acted as chairman, in a very amusing speech welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Hughes on behalf of the parishioners. He said that it seemed to him that the people of Brighton had acted on the old proverb, "Taste and try before you buy," as Mr. Hughes had been with them six months before they tendered the welcome. However, he was glad to see from the meeting that night that the tasting had been so satisfactory. He was sorry that the Bishop was not in Hobart at that time, as he was sure that if it had been possible for him to do so his Lordship would have been present that night, as Mr. Hughes's action in coming to Brighton was so peculiarly one of obedience to the Bishop's wishes. He was glad to know that the change which had taken place had acted well. He heard that Mr. Wilmore was doing well at Devonport, while the advent of Mr. Hughes to the Brighton parish had enthused new life into church matters here. He then, in his usual pleasant manner, referred to Mrs. Hughes, and concluded by extending the welcome to the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, who had just been appointed to Richmond, expressing the hope that as there were now two resident clergymen in the whole parish, greater results might be achieved, and the church work greatly extended. At the conclusion of the Archdeacon's speech, Mrs. Webb, on behalf of the ladies of the parish, presented Mrs. Hughes with a most artistically arranged basket of flowers, consisting of pink roses and pink carnations, all beautifully wired. Accompanying the basket were two cards of the same colour, with these words printed on them—"With hearty greetings from your new friends, October 27, 1898." Mrs. Dallas was also presented by one of the choir boys with a beautiful bouquet. Mr. Hughes, in returning thanks for himself and his wife, referred briefly to his leaving Devonport so much against his own wish, and the wish of the people there, and said that what seemed a heavy cross to him then looked very different now. After thanking the people for such a splendid welcome, he went on to speak of the needs of the parish, referring especially to the want of a Sunday school-room for Brighton and a church at Bagdad. He hoped it would not be long before these works were undertaken, and trusted that whether his stay among them were long or short, they might work well together for the glory of God and the good of His church. Mr. Dallas also briefly returned thanks. Later on in the evening Mr. Dobson said a few words, expressing the pleasure he felt at being present to join in the welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and concluded by proposing a vote of thanks to the ladies' committee, making special mention of the hon. sec. (Miss Dyer.) During the evening songs and

instrumental selections were given by Mesdames H. Dobson and Blacklow, Misses Perkins and Page, and Rev. P. Hunter. Various games were provided and enjoyed, and the evening passed most rapidly and pleasantly away. An excellent supper had been spread in a large marquee, which had been kindly erected by Messrs. Hanslow and Green. It was well the committee had thought of this, as otherwise there would not have been room. The good things were partaken of shortly after ten, after which the proceedings terminated with the singing of "Good-night, ladies," "Auld Lang Syne," and "God save the Queen." Thus ended what even the oldest inhabitant of the district declares to have been the most successful of its kind ever held in Brighton, and although a great deal of the success achieved was owing to the enthusiastic way in which the matter was taken up by the people generally, still every one agrees that the success would have not been so marked had it not been for the excellent management of Mr. Wilmore, assisted by the no less able secretaryship of Miss Dyer.

S. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S, HOBART

THE usual monthly meeting of the Parish Council took place on Tuesday, November 8, there being present—The acting rector in the chair, the three wardens, Messrs. Tibbs, Grahame, and Levis, Johnstone (hon. treasurer), and Chambers (hon. secretary). The chairman reported having paid over £9 to the treasurer-warden as the net result of the parish tea; and £1 7s 9d was handed in by Mr. Grahame as the balance of profit from the meetings of the S. John's Association for the past season, £6 having been received by the treasurer in August from the same source. It was announced that the S. John's Young Men's Club had kindly promised to get up a concert for S. Andrew's Day, November 30, in aid of the church funds; while a dramatic entertainment is being rehearsed for the 22nd inst., under the superintendence of Mr. Kelly, to pay for church repairs. The children also will be asked to give a little cake fair and musical evening to reduce the current debt. This is as it should be. S. John's will never prosper until everyone connected with it does his, or her, best to keep it out of debt. If they do so with a heart, there is no doubt that they will succeed. With regard to the bell, a draft for £18 had been remitted to the founders to meet the cost of founding, freight, and insurance.

At 7 a.m. on Wednesday, November 9, Mr. Albert Walter Joscelyne, of Launceston, was married in S. John's to Miss Emily Ella Tibbs. No one who has lived long in the parish can

ever fail to feel very great interest in any important event in Mr. Tibbs's family, connected as they have been with the work of the church in almost every way for so many long years, and winning universal respect from the whole congregation. The wedding in the quiet of the morning, being relieved from the presence of idle spectators, was everything that could be desired; 25 in all, relations and intimate friends, being present; and we feel sure that all of them felt the beauty and solemnity of the service, and joined sincerely in prayer for a blessing on the bride and bridegroom. We are only sorry that they cannot stay with us.

With regard to the parish tea, we may say that it was an unqualified success in every way except one, namely, in the number of guests provided for. It is obvious that if children are excluded (as they mostly were on that occasion, to the very great comfort of the grown people), the attendance cannot be anything like what it used to be when they were admitted. No doubt many children bring their parents, and come in good numbers at half price; and the fact that no reduction was made for children on this occasion kept them out. But they always have their annual tea at the school treat, and it is only just that the grown members of the congregation should have theirs in peace and quiet once a year also. These meetings do much good, and all seem to have been pleased with the result. The actual number present was about 140; £5 19s being paid for admission, the balance of profit coming chiefly from donations in lieu of cakes. It seems certain that if cakes, etc., were home made in all cases there would be a considerable margin of profit on such undertakings. If, as we may hope, this meeting becomes an annual one, it would be better to have eight tables instead of ten, which would leave a great deal more space for movement.

The S. John's Young Men's Club held a general meeting on Monday evening, 7th inst., to revise the rules, and make arrangements for the coming summer. Experience had proved that some of the rules did not work well, and several of them were amended. The subscription was reduced to 6d a month, and it was resolved, instead of closing the club for the summer months, to keep it open on one evening in the week, the committee to meet monthly as a regular thing, and oftener, when anything special was to be done. The membership is now 25, and the club seems to be serving a useful purpose in the parish. Club drill is now being practised, and the gymnastic side of their enterprise will, it is much hoped, prove attractive. Nothing is better for the mind than healthy exercise for the body. The acting rector, who took the chair at the meeting, expressed

himself much gratified at the way the club was going on.

There will be a special service for men in S. John's, on Tuesday, 29th, the eve of S. Andrew's Day, in connection with the annual gathering of the various chapters of S. Andrew's Brotherhood. Choral evensong will take place at 7.30, and the Very Rev. The Dean of Hobart will be the preacher. We hope to see many young men in church on that night. The S. John's Chapter still holds its ground, and meets every alternate Thursday evening in the vestry for conference, and the study of the Bible.

On Monday, December 5, the quarterly meeting of missionary associations will be held in S. John's school-room, when Archdeacon Whittington will give a lecture on the "Aborigines of Australia," illustrated with lantern slides. All the members of our branch of S. Barnabas Association, both junior and senior, should be present, and bring with them as many as they can. The special work of those who feel the great responsibility of the church for the extension of the Kingdom of Our Lord at this time, is to bring others under such influence that they also may feel it. There is no question but that the work of Christ in the islands near us is being seriously delayed through the indifference of the members of our communion. We must all try to remove this reproach.

The last, and, perhaps, the best, meeting of the S. John's Association for this season took place on October 13, when Mr. John McIntyre again rendered his effective help to the company. Having left off so well this year, there will be a good prospect of success in the future.

Scripture Answers.—Marks for November.—Seniors: Minnie McAlister, 10 (answers clean and good); Minnie Russell, 9; Elizabeth Williams, 9; Edith Andrew (a full paper, but with some quotations not to the point) 8. Juniors: Willie Hallam, 9; Lena Creese (same fault as Edith Andrew), 8; Florrie Miller, 8.

Questions for December.—Senior: What will happen at the second coming of Jesus? Juniors: To what children did God give a name before they were born, and what was the meaning of each name?

Burial.—October 7, Louisa Emily Payne.

Baptisms.—October 5, Ernest Henry Langdale; 7th, Charles Edward Crosby; 26th, George Henry Menser; 30th, Arthur Carl Peter Appledorff.

Offeratories.—October 2nd, £6 19s 10d; 9th, £4 3s 2d; 16th, £2 7s 1½d; 23rd, £5 10s 0½d; 30th, £4 3s 1½d; total for October, £23 3s 3½d. To meet our liabilities, the offeratories for the rest of the year must be as liberal as possible.

S. JOHN'S, LAUNCESTON.

ON the 16th and 23rd ultimo the Sunday-school anniversary services were held in S. Aidan's and the Mission House respectively. The Rev. L. A. Wyatt, from Scottsdale, preached at S. Aidan's in the morning and afternoon, and at S. John's in the evening of the former date. His sermons were very fine specimens of extempore preaching, and all of us will be glad to see him again soon. All the services were largely attended and successful.

On October 26 the annual fair on behalf of the funds of the Mission House was held in the Albert Hall. The undertaking from first to last provoked much enthusiasm. The various stalls were beautifully "got up," and the splendid arrangements for the refreshments and afternoon tea gave great satisfaction. His Worship the Mayor of Launceston opened it at 3 p.m., and made a fine speech, in which he referred to the various good works carried on in connection with the Mission House. In the evening there was a bicycle parade and many other special items, which attracted a large number of visitors. After the payment of all expenses about £60 stood to the credit of the fund. This brings up our purchase fund to about £190—the result of less than eighteen months' effort. We hope some day to get enough to secure the buildings, for which the sum of £800 is asked. The rector desires to thank all who helped in this "venture." To give a list of names would take up too much room, yet the said names are not forgotten.

On November 1 (All Saints' Day) there was holy communion at 10 a.m., and full festal evensong at 7.30, at which the Rev. J. H. Corvan preached. The offertory was in aid of the choir fund, and was rather small—only £3 5s. The choir was in fine form, and Miss Ferguson sang a lovely solo. Altogether it was one of the nicest services we have had. The old trouble about the organ was reduced to a minimum, but was not quite absent. We understand some kind of negotiations with the architect are just now being made by the wardens, with a view to the extension of the old church. Nothing definite has yet been arrived at. We sincerely trust matters may "bloom" and "bear fruit" quickly, as the music is suffering greatly under the present arrangement.

On November 2 Mr. W. S. Johnstone and Miss Minnie Freen were married in S. John's. The church had been beautifully decorated in white. The profusion of roses was wonderful, and produced a most lovely effect. The wedding was pronounced by competent judges—ladies, of course—as amongst the prettiest ever held in S. John's. The Rev. F. B. Sharland, the uncle of the bride, performed the cere-

mony, after which a very large company assembled at Nylavert to celebrate the "union." May every blessing rest upon the handsome young couple, and may their path through life be as full of flowers and of blessings as were showered upon them on the memorable occasion.

On November 6 the Rev. Henningham Root, rector of Oatlands, took the sermons in S. John's. The offertories were in aid of the General Fund. Whether it was the very splendid sermons or not we cannot say, but the collections were the largest taken up for years past. At S. John's alone they reached £110. We hope to send down quite £120, all told. This is good news, and may God richly bless the large-hearted donors, whoever they were. Doubtless the eloquence of the preacher had something to do with it, and we shall not forget the "talisman."

On November 8 Emma Beatrice Layton, aged 19, passed to her rest. The after-effects of typhoid was the cause of death. It was only a few months ago that poor "Beattie" lost her mother, and now she too has gone to the better land. The deepest sympathy is felt for the bereaved father and brother and sister.

On November 9 came our annual Sunday-school picnic. Such a day!—full of disappointments, occasioned by heavy storms of rain. Hundreds of the little creatures were wet to the skin, and had to be hurried back home and changed. Though the ground was reached, all returned at once, and the "fete" was spent in the school-room. It was a most anxious day for the superintendent and his large band of teachers. Yet, what with a roomy building, large supplies of splendid food, and a big magic lantern entertainment by our old friend Harold Brownrigg, all ended well and happily. But preserve us for all future time from such a day for such an occasion! Our best thanks are hereby accorded to all who helped us with the feast.

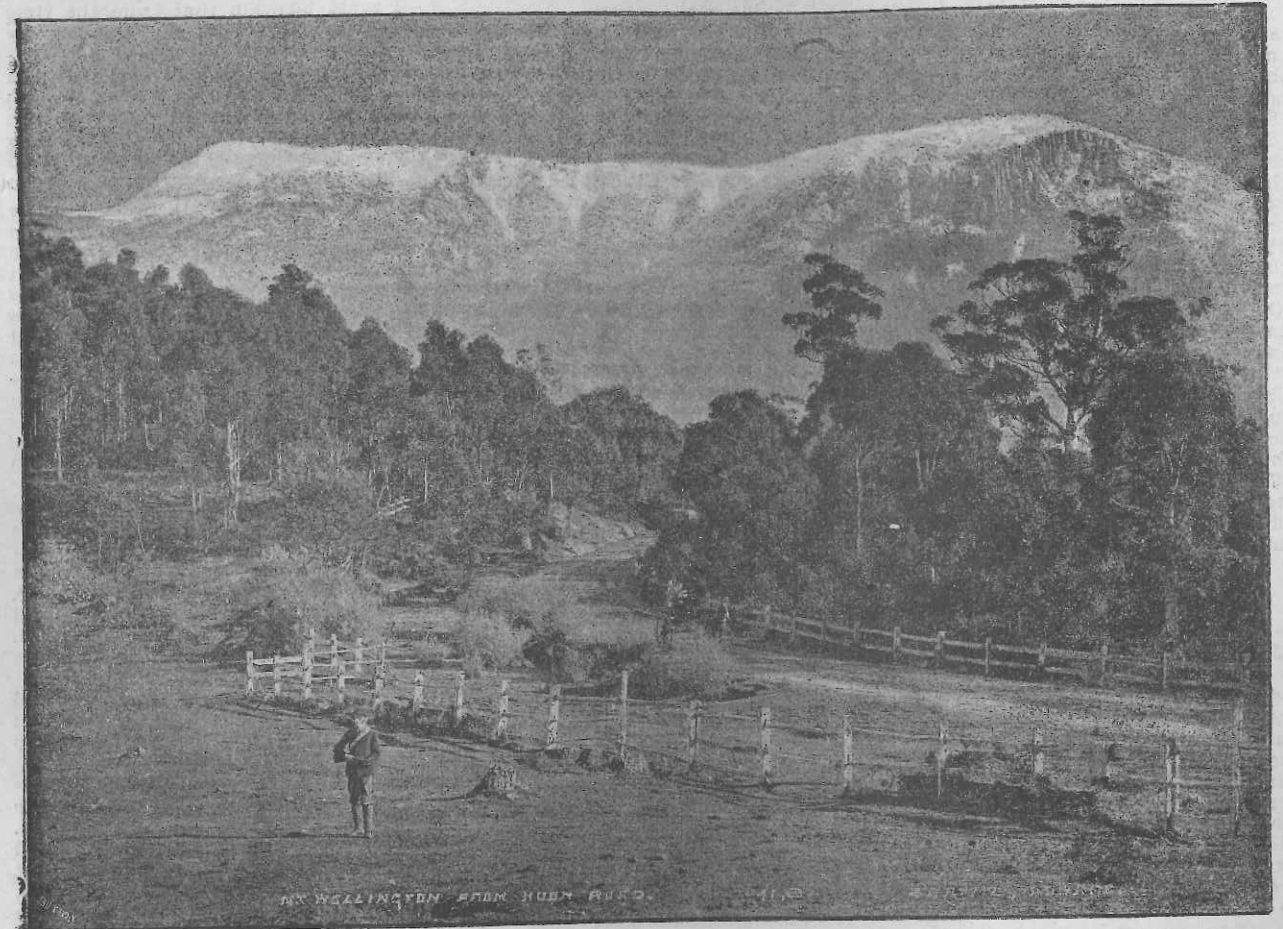
The following letter has been received by Sister Charlotte, of the S. John's Mission House, from Norfolk Island:—

Your parcel from the little children has arrived safely. I find Miss Farr has already acknowledged its arrival to you, so I will only say "Thank you very much for your exertions in our behalf." It is good for children to be taught to care for helping others while they are still young, and learn to know what it means in Philip. ii. 4, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," which means, no doubt, as they know, "That we are not to be selfish, just taking care of our own things only; but, also, if we see any harm happening to anything belong-

ing to another person, we are to do as we would like them to do to us, that is, put it out of danger's way. It means that we are to be always ready to help any one in distress. If we don't do that we are not true children of Christ, and Christ will tell us of it at the last day." Of course, dear Sister Charlotte, they are continually told of and taught these things, yet sometimes coming from some other person makes them think more about it. All Christ's teaching was not to be selfish, but always to be on the

fiuenza a few weeks ago, and my right leg being stiff from sciatica, which I had badly for many years, though now I have no pain in it. I can only walk a little about the house with two sticks, and have always to be drawn in a bath chair to chapel and hall, that I feel I must go while able to move at all. It is a great wrench leaving the work I love so much. I shall have been here 22 years and 10 months by the time I go at the end of this year. Mrs. Comins will be at the head of the sewing department with Miss Farr,

Sunday, November 13, was devoted at S. Oswald's to the annual services in connection with the Sunday-school, and they were among the most successful yet held. The church was profusely decorated, the reading desk and altar being festooned with white roses, whilst the whole building was bright with colour. In the afternoon nearly every child present brought a bunch of flowers, and when these were banked up on the steps the church was very attractive. In the absence of the Rev. J. E. M.



MOUNT WELLINGTON FROM HUON ROAD.

watch to help others in every way, not only for their bodies, but, above all, for their souls. The battle, as you say, is indeed long, and the fight against the world and the flesh and the devil is hard, and, but for Christ praying for us continually, our faith would fail. I am sorry to have to say that I am sending in my resignation to our Bishop, who at present is in England. I shall be 77 years of age on the 27th of this month, and I am so lame with sciatica in my left leg, and got weakened by an attack of in-

Miss Williams, and Miss Firmstone at present. And now, dear sister, I must say good-by; may God's best blessing be with you all in your work for Christ. I hope to be able to help in some way in New Zealand. I have a good many letters still to answer. Pray for me and for all our workers, that God may give us the single eye and the single heart in all our work for him. Believe me,

Your loving friend,
ELIZABETH COLENSO.

Roche, Mr. W. J. Genders kindly conducted the morning service, and his practical discourse was specially directed to the education of the young, and on each individual giving an account of his stewardship.

The afternoon and evening services were in the hands of the Rev. Canon Beresford, who was assisted by Mr. H. James. The children, who had been trained in singing by the new superintendent, Mr. A. Jenkins, and Mrs. Jenkins, rendered the appropriate

hymns very nicely. The Rev. Canon took for his subject the flowers which were on every side, and drew instructive lessons therefrom. His evening text was Proverbs xxii., 6—"Train up a child," etc., and in an earnest manner he urged upon parents to follow the advice of the wise king.

During the evening Canon Beresford referred to the loss sustained by the departure to Burnie of Mr. Robt. Cook, the late superintendent. For some years Mr. Cook has been both self-denying and indefatigable in his efforts, and, although residing a long distance away, he was seldom absent from his post. The reverend gentleman but re-echoed the sentiments of those present when he spoke of the debt due to Mr. Cook by both children and parents.

Each service was well attended, especially those in the afternoon, when the children received some handsome prizes, and the evening, when the building was filled by one of the largest congregations yet seen there. The contributions, which were in aid of the prize fund and annual treat, were gratifying, and amounted to £5 3s 7d.

On Wednesday, November 30, the annual fair will be held, and the ladies' committee, who are working energetically, will be glad to receive contributions in money or kind. The proceeds will be devoted towards reducing the liability incurred in connection with the new site purchased.

To make the Sunday school more attractive to children, and to add to its influence, it is intended to establish a library shortly.

QUEENSTOWN.

THIS month has been an eventful one in the annals of our church history. We welcomed the Rev. W. Harry Edwardes as the first clergyman whom we may call our own, Queenstown, Strahan, and Gormanston being now divided from Zeehan, and formed into a separate and new parish. While we are glad to have attained this promotion, and in a sense to have got independent of the rest of the West Coast, we shall always feel how much we are indebted to the pioneer, Rev. Mr. Copeland, and also to the Rev. Chas. Vaughan, who resided here for a few months while Mr. Copeland was still vicar.

Our new church was dedicated by the Bishop on Sunday, November 6, and is named after S. Martin. Several gifts have been presented, and, amongst others, we gladly acknowledge that of the altar, re-table, and cross, from Mr. Andrews, who built the church; lectern, from Mr. Hogg; prayer desk, from Mr. White and friends; organ stool, from Mr. Stops; matting, from Mr. Chas. Evans; kneelers, from Mr.

Coogan, Launceston; £5 towards the seats, from Mr. Conolly; brass candlesticks, from Rev. W. H. Edwardes; £3 for altar frontal, from Mrs. Forrest, daughter of Sir Philip Fysh; lamp for vestry, from Mr. Prismall. It is only due to Mr. Andrews, the contractor, to say that he has put in thoroughly good work, and given the congregation every cause for entrusting him with further work when in a position to complete the design. Thanks are due to Mr. Gourlay for acting as hon. clerk of works. An account of the dedication service appears elsewhere.

After this the next important event was the welcome social arranged to give Mr. Edwardes an opportunity of meeting his new parishioners. Many willing helpers aided in making this a great success, but all will acknowledge that the bulk of the work was undertaken by Mrs. Archibald Douglas, and the result was most gratifying to all. Tableau vivants were arranged by Mr. Elliston; songs were rendered by members of the choir and other friends. It was the largest gathering of its kind yet held in Queenstown, there being between 400 and 500 present.

Rev. F. G. Copeland referred to his past connection with the work of the church in this part, and expressed his joy that such progress had been made, and that the formation of a separate parish was now an accomplished fact. He then introduced Mr. Edwardes, who spoke briefly, but to the point, and the general impression was that a big future might be looked forward to in church matters if all put their shoulders to the burden and worked harmoniously for the one high end—the glory of God and the advancement of true religion.

The Rev. W. Harry Edwardes, recently appointed to Queenstown, sends the following for publication:—

Rev. F. G. Copeland met me at Zeehan and took me to his cozy hut, which, by the way, is quite a museum and art gallery, full of island and Eastern curios, pictures, and china. Tuesday being All Saints' Day, there was a celebration of Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m., and it was gratifying to have 13 communicants at this early week day service. In the evening we had evensong, and I gave an address bearing upon the festival. During the day we visited some mines, including the Crown, where Mr. Tilly (our valued and senior lay helper) is manager; and the Western, which is at present the most active and important mine at Zeehan. We were Mr. and Mrs. Bovis's guests for lunch. On Wednesday, at 8 a.m., I left for Strahan, and here performed my first duty in my own parish, conducting the funeral of the late Mr. Gattermann, an expert who was superintending the erection

of an aerial tramway for the Mount Lyell company. The manager (Mr. Sticht) and most of the officers of the company attended the funeral, and I thus had an opportunity of meeting many of my Queenstown congregation. The trip across the harbour and up the King river to Teepookana, and from thence to Queenstown by the Lyell railway was most enjoyable. The scenery is equal to the descriptions which are current in Launceston, and when the railway is through from Emu Bay any one who wants a holiday should take this trip.

I must mention that from the time of leaving Launceston on Saturday until Queenstown was reached on Wednesday evening the weather had been gloriously fine, and not a drop of rain. Since Wednesday night, however, we have had showers every day, though the sun often breaks through and gives one a chance of getting about.

On Thursday I went to our new church. It is a very nice wooden building. At present only the nave is built, with a lean-to addition which serves as a chancel, vestry, and Sunday school library. The inside appearance is not unpleasing, for, with nice red art serge curtains all round the chancel, and a beautifully made pine altar and re-table, with cross and brass candlesticks, the sanctuary at once arrests the attention, and must impress all who enter the church that it is indeed a house of God.

I must send you an account of the dedication service, and then close this epistle. The Bishop arrived on Saturday evening, after his walk from Waratah to Zeehan. Unfortunately, some of his luggage, including pastoral staff and forms of dedication service, were in the Hobart boat, which was several days overdue. Sunday morning the sun shone out brightly, and we took it as a happy omen. We had a celebration at 8 a.m. As the Bishop had a very sore throat, he desired me to be celebrant; thus it was my privilege to take the first service in the new church of S. Martin. At 11 a.m. the dedication service was conducted by the Bishop. His Lordship first said a few words from the chancel step, then the church officers came up in a body, filing off on either side. During the recitation of Ps. 122, the Bishop, myself, and Mr. Cruickshank (our hon. lay helper), and the church committee, went down to the west door. Here I formally requested the Bishop to dedicate the building, fittings, and ornaments to the service and worship of God. His Lordship consented, and the Ps. 24 was recited, and the procession returned to the chancel. A few moments for silent prayer were followed by hymn, "O Holy Spirit, Lord of Grace," sung kneeling. The Bishop then invoked a blessing upon the building, the altar,

the lectern, and upon those who should be baptised, confirmed, and married in S. Martin's. After the dedication service came shortened matins, and the Bishop gave a practical and earnest address, full of sound advice and homely thoughts suggested by the opening of the church and the peculiar surroundings of this rapidly-grown centre of life.

We were invited to dinner by Mrs. Sticht, their mansion on the summit of a hill overlooking the town made one almost imagine one was in Toorak. At 3 o'clock we had service for holy baptism, and the Bishop baptised Robert Carl Sticht and Emmeline Gard.

At 7 we had evensong, fully choral. The Bishop was the preacher again, and though it rained the church was full, and a most encouraging heartiness characterised the service. The choir, under the care of Mr. Prismels (once a member of S. Paul's, Launceston), and with Miss Witham presiding at the organ, went through the service without the slightest hitch, and I could almost fancy myself back in dear old Trinity. We have many good singers here drawn from choirs all over the world, and there is every prospect of the musical rendering of our beautiful liturgy being equal to that of any church in the diocese. I must draw to a close, though no doubt an account of this opening in these new fields will be read with interest, not only by my old friends, but by loyal church folk generally, who will rejoice to know that the church of their ancestors is following up her children, and that they are rallying round her and doing their best to build up the church of God. I cannot take over this charge and send you this account of our late doings without saying how much is due to the indefatigable labours and truly noble self-denial of the Rev. F. G. Copeland. He has sown, I reap. God has blessed his work, and our prayer is that His blessing will rest upon every step yet to be taken.

DELORAINE.

MUCH illness has visited of late our healthy district, and three of the family of Thomas Brewer have died. Friends are helping to relieve their great distress. Assistance is much required.

Our annual show will be on 23rd or 24th November. It promises to be most attractive. Besides the usual stalls, there will be refreshments in a kiosk, and a shooting gallery. Fifty pounds are needed.

The confirmation is postponed till the summer. Our friends at Holy Cross, Elizabeth Town, are again benefactors to the church. Mrs. Hepworth has beautifully worked a set of altar

linen, which was used on the 30th ult. for the first time, when there were 26 communicants. Mr. Hepworth has adorned the windows by rounding them off into the form of arches by the means of texts on scrolls of deft workmanship. Over the chancel window are the words, "Sing ye praises to the Lord;" the choir windows bear the text, "O give thanks unto the Lord" and "Fight the good fight of faith;" the two remaining windows being crowned by the texts, "Glory ye in His holy name" and "Do all to the glory of God."

The Red Hills tea took place on October 19, and was well attended, though the weather and sickness diminished the numbers of those present. The concert was well attended and much appreciated.

The Meander tea was held on November 3rd, and though, as usual, all worked hard for a success, the weather was so very inclement that few friends came from a distance, which was a disappointment for the band of gallant workers.

Mr. James Cubit, of Caveside, for years minister's warden at Chudleigh, was unexpectedly called to rest, after a short illness, on Sunday, 16th October. He had been in church on the previous Sunday at the baptism of his baby, and got a chill afterwards. His heart failed to bear the strain put upon it, and he succumbed. The many friends of his widow and family pray God to comfort and help them in their grief.

FORTH AND LEVEN.

WE have to chronicle a very helpful visit from the Bishop, who arrived at Ulverstone on Wednesday evening, October 26, and was conducted straight to the Town Hall to attend a "welcome social." The fact that it was Latrobe Show Day caused the attendance to be smaller than would have been the case otherwise, but just over 100 managed to attend. A very pleasant evening was spent, and the Bishop was heartily welcomed. Hearty thanks are due to the ladies who successfully managed the refreshment department. The next day the Bishop, accompanied by the rector, dined at Mrs. Lodder's house, and visited several families afterwards; receiving in one hospitable house a cup of afternoon tea, so enormous, that it held the whole contents of a large teapot. His Lordship, however, proved equal to the occasion. In the evening, the Bishop and a party of ladies and gentlemen from Ulverstone went in a brake to Abbotsham, where an excellent sacred concert was given by our Ulverstone friends. The church was full to the doors, and the Bishop was greatly pleased with the quietness of the audience, and was rejoiced to find such a suitable and well-built church.

On Friday, the 28th, the Bishop was driven to Penguin, and thence to Riana, where he inspected the new church building, expressing himself well satisfied with it. Having lunched at Mr. Hynd's, the return journey to Ulverstone was quickly made, the Rev. W. Earle driving. Then a start was made almost immediately for the Forth, which was reached at six o'clock, Mrs. Beecroft, with much kindness, having invited the whole party to tea. The confirmation service at the Forth Church was held at 7.30; and although the heavy rain prevented some from coming, yet the church was well filled, and the service very hearty. The rector had prepared 11 candidates at this centre, but only eight were confirmed, the other three coming to the Ulverstone confirmation on the Sunday evening. The Bishop's address was earnest and helpful, and much appreciated by all present. On Saturday, the 29th, the Bishop was driven to North Motton, and confirmed an invalid. On Sunday the first service was at 7.30 a.m., when 30 communicants received the sacrament at the Ulverstone Church, the service being very beautiful. At 11 o'clock a most hearty service was held at Abbotsham Church, over 100 persons being present, and listening with great attention to the very practical sermon of the Bishop. After dining at the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, the Bishop was driven to Penguin Church, where a bright and well-rendered service took place. After tea at Mr. Cadle's well-known home, the drive to Ulverstone was speedily made, in time for the evening service at 7.30. The Ulverstone Church was full to the doors at 7 o'clock, but the excellent arrangements of the churchwardens and other officials enabled some 380 persons to find a place in the building. The musical portion of the service reflected great credit upon the organist, Mrs. de Coetlogon, and the choir. The candidates numbered 29, making a total of 38 confirmed during this visitation, and a total of 58 for the year. The rector read prayers and presented the candidates, and the Rev. W. Earle read the lesson. All present greatly enjoyed the earnest addresses of the Bishop, who, at the conclusion of the service, said a few kindly words to each candidate. The next morning the Bishop left for Burnie, on his way to the West Coast, having visited many parts of this large parish, and stimulated us all by his presence and sermons. Owing to the great pressure of work on the West Coast, the rector has lent the services of the Rev. H. de C. Blackeney for one month, to fill the place of the Rev. J. Brydges, curate to Rev. F. E. Copeland. This, of course, somewhat upset our arrangements here, but the church is one, and we must not be selfish. Mr. Blackeney

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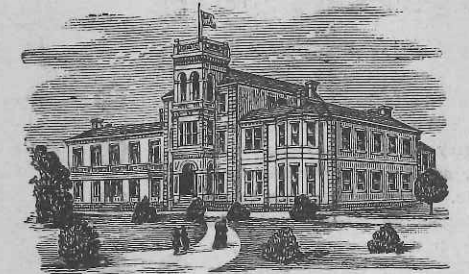
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