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Printed and published by HENRY BUTTON, at his office, 75 Patterson Street, Launceston, Tasmania, for the Proprietor,
 ALFRED RICHARD BERESFORD, of St. John Street, Launceston.—September 22, 1899.

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Vol. VI. No. 2.

PRICE ONE PENNY. SEPTEMBER 22, 1899

THE CHURCH MESSENGER

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
 FOR
THE PEOPLE . . .

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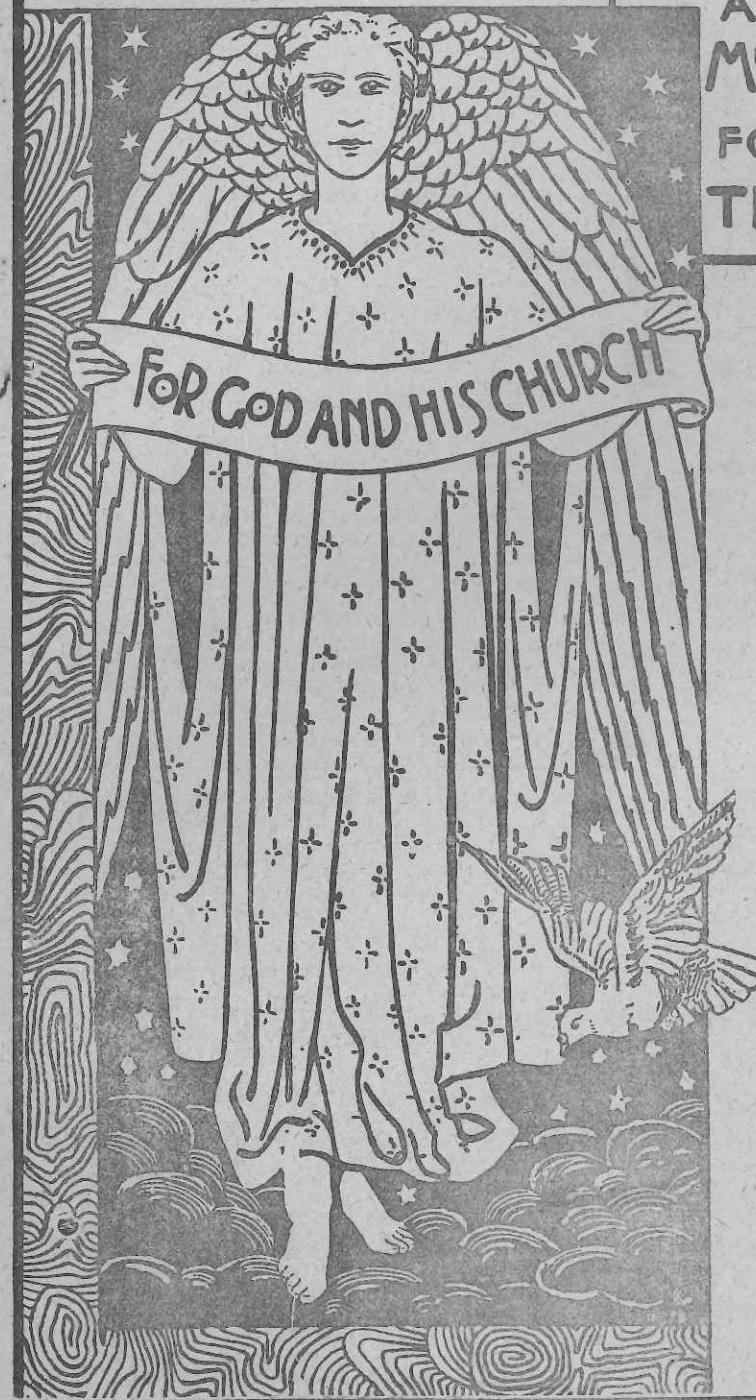
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PARISH ECHOES

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS



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181 BRUNSWICK ST., FITZROY, Sept. 23, 1898.

To W. WEBBER, ESQ., Proprietor of Vitadatio,
Launceston, Tasmania.

Dear Sir,—Believing that this testimonial will be the means of inspiring some poor sufferer with hope, and knowing it to be my duty to let others know of the benefit I have received from your medicine, I gladly do so. On the 30th day of November, 1894, I was suddenly seized with a violent hemorrhage from the lungs; I at once sought medical aid, and was obliged to remain perfectly quiet. Two days after I had another bad attack of hemorrhage, and this time a piece of my lung came away with the blood. Once more, a fortnight later, I had another attack, and the doctor held out no hope of my recovery. However, with skilful attention, I slowly recovered and went back to business. I often after that time expectorated blood, but not in very large quantities; I would feel well for a month or two, and then I would have another bad turn. I went to the doctor, who said I must reduce my hours of study. A friend of mine asked me to consult another doctor, who, after examining me, said, "Mr. Wylie, I am very sorry for you; you are in consumption." He also ordered me away to Echuca. I went away to Echuca, and the doctor who examined me said that he agreed with the other medical men, and that I was suffering from consumption. I came home from Echuca, and a week after I was seized with another violent hemorrhage. My father, who knew Mr. Palmer in New Zealand, and knew that Vitadatio had cured him, wrote to me whilst in Echuca, telling me about your medicine. I was very sceptical, and only laughed at the idea of a patent medicine doing me any good. However, I consented to visit Mr. Palmer, and did so; directly he saw me he said "I can cure;" I laughed at him, and told him about my health, and how long I had suffered. He said, "Never mind, I can cure you," and he persuaded me to take a bottle of Vitadatio home with me. I had taken six bottles when I discontinued it. I received great benefit from the contents of the six bottles, but as soon as I discontinued taking it I drifted back into a bad state of health again. The hemorrhages came on and I was exceedingly weak and ill. Mr. Palmer once more urged me to try Vitadatio, and to give it a fair trial. I consented, and started to take it again. The result is all I could wish for; I can truly say I never felt better. I have increased in weight 14 pounds (one stone), and my friends are unanimous in praise of Vitadatio. A reverend friend of mine, speaking about me, said, "Thanks to God and Vitadatio, he is a perfect miracle." Another friend said to me just a day or two ago, "You never looked better in your life." I thank God that Mr. Palmer ever persuaded me to take the medicine, and I do most strongly urge upon others to try your marvellous remedy, Vitadatio. To show you how ill I have been, I may mention just here that I have received over £80 from my lodge, and on the 13th day of September (this year) my doctor declared me off the funds of my lodge, and said I was fit to do light work again. I need hardly say that you are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial.—Believe me to be, faithfully yours,

Arthur J. Wylie.

GEORGE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, FITZROY,
October 3, 1898.

I have known Mr. A. J. Wylie intimately for the past three years, and it affords me much pleasure in testifying to his high Christian character. I regard him as one upon whose word I could place the strictest reliance, and whose natural ardour of temperament has developed into a fixed and permanent habit. His restoration to health is little short of miraculous, knowing as I do how, for a long time, his life seemed to hang upon the slenderest of threads.

Edward Isaac,
Minister of the above Church.

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VOL. VI. No. 2.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1899.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

MORAL THEFT.

ALTHOUGH there is no direct scriptural injunction against the hideous vice of gambling, neither is there against prize-fighting, bull-baiting, or cock-fighting, and many another enormity repugnant to all right-thinking people. There was no necessity that these debasing pastimes should be expressly inhibited. Their depraved characteristics speak only too loudly for themselves. Through the centuries, from the Fall up to now, man has been divinely endowed with the knowledge to discriminate between good and evil. Outside of the ten commandments, there are volumes of unwritten laws which it is sinful to break. It has been wisely left to our intelligence and our conscience to know full well what should be done and what should be left undone with regard to them. Therefore it is the height of casuistical sophistry for men to declare, as they often do, that because there is no denunciation in the Bible against gambling there is no harm in it. But there is harm in it, untold harm. It is capable of dragging a man down to a depth of abysmal depravity almost inconceivable, when the mania has taken a firm root. It cannot well be styled a mania either, as it is not one of those intoxicating vices which lure men on to sudden wrong-doing, its commission being generally undertaken with deliberate forethought, and carried out in a cool,

calculating mood, as a rule. So it has not even the poor, shallow excuse of temporary madness to fall back upon, as in the case of inebriety or violent outbursts of temper. It is very difficult to draw a hard and fast line where an invocation to chance should stop. It may be harmless enough to play for penny points at whist, to entrust a shilling or two to an art union, raffle, or what not, when the small amount will not be missed in the slightest degree. Good people there are who see no harm in such, neither is there; but perhaps they are better left alone, if only for the sake of example. The real evil steps in when people of set purpose arrange themselves one against the other in the endeavour to secure from one another's pockets that which both sides know full well will certainly be missed. There is moral theft in this, beyond a doubt. Sad it is to say that this evil is only too rife in the colony, being in evidence in houses whose owners are men of good repute. Would that they could find it in their hearts to scotch this snake. No need is there to dilate upon the glaring immorality at our race meetings, where that noble animal the horse is made the medium of gathering together the very scum of humanity. Ishmaelites, all of them, in so far that each is against the other. The well-known characters who flock to every racecourse, and who live by lying, thieving, knavery, and general rascality are a gruesome object lesson in gambling. With but trifling

exceptions, all owners of racehorses are but human parasites, living or trying to live on their fellow-men in a nefarious way. Dabbling in mining scrip is only another form of gaming, a very narrow gulf dividing the two. A trifle more respectable, perhaps, than staking one's money on the fleetness of a horse—that is, if there is anything respectable about it. It has been pointed out in these pages before that a man who buys shares to-day in the hope of getting a higher price from his neighbour on the morrow is nothing more or less than a gambler. "Lost his money by mining," people say. They might as well say by moon-raking. There would be just as much truth in it. Would a man who lost or made money in buying bank shares be called a banker? This same query has appeared in the "Messenger" before. By the same line of argument, mining is not the buying or selling of scrip. Many hundreds of homes in Tasmania would be the happier to-day if that will-o'-the-wisp, the share market, had not led the owners into the mud. May profit come from the experience so dearly purchased! Gambling in its many dark shades and varied phases is an undoubted canker-worm, eating into the fair life of the whole of Australia. There is no vice approaching it which will so effectually steel the heart against all the softer influences, so completely estrange the affections, however close the tie, and so thoroughly demoralise its devotees, turning them into worse

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HENRY CANE, Manager, Hobart.

WALTER S. BELL & CO., Agents, Launceston.

than brutes. Its insidious advance must therefore be stoutly combated at all points, in every possible direction.

A TOWNSHIP SKETCH.

(By Mrs. Gummage.)

OUR PARSONS.

MAID, wife, and widow, I've lived in this parish 35 years, and I've kept the Arcadia Post Office and General Store for more than 20; so, if there's anyone who knows more about everything—big or little—that's happened here since Arcadia was a township, I'd like to see that person, that's all.

"You have such a good memory, too, Mrs. Gummage," says Mr. Joyce to me only yesterday. "Why don't you write down your reminiscences?" "But I don't know whether anyone would care to read them," says I, doubtfully. "Oh, never mind that. It will amuse you to write them anyhow, while Miss Susie is away, and you have no one to talk to these long evenings. Only don't write 'em all in jet black ink on mourning paper. Put in a red line or two here and there to brighten 'em up a bit," and he walked off with his post, laughing back at me over his poor twisted shoulder. He's always having his little joke about me looking at the dark side of things is Mr. Joyce; but I hold with my old school mistress, who was a Presbyterian of the real old sort, and she used to say this world was a vale of tears, and "how could anyone rejoice to see nearly all their neighbours going straight to destruction."

Well, now that I am comfortably seated in my little back parlour, with the shop door ajar, so that I can hear if a customer comes in, what shall I begin to write about first? Perhaps I had better say something about Arcadia as it is now before I go back to the past. This is not the Arcadia Mr.

Joyce told me about (in Greece, I think it was), where all the people were shepherds and shepherdesses, and led about lambs with wreaths of flowers round their necks. I reckon they must have been a different breed to Susie's pet that got into the garden last spring and ate off every rose and carnation I possessed, and was studying how to get a bite at the cactuses when I found him. No, this Arcadia is in Tasmania, and was named, I expect, by those early settlers who they say had only two books—the Bible and the Arabian Nights, and named places out of each in turn. I don't know whether Arcadia is in the "Arabian Nights," but Kishon, the name of our creek, is in the Bible, of course, and so is Mount Tabor, that shuts in the north side of the valley, while Mount Phoenix opposite shelters us from the cold south. My house and Mr. Joyce's stand side by side fronting the main road, and with our back gardens running down to the creek. On either side of us the cottages straggle along the valley between road and creek for nearly a mile. From my back door I can look across the creek to the church just opposite on the high green bank beside the bridge. The parsonage next to it is almost hidden by the dogwoods and boobyallas that fringe the creek, and further on is the old mill. But we will stop at the parsonage just now, if you please, for I have decided to begin my recollections with "Our Parsons."

You see the parson always seems the most interesting person in a small township. There are plenty of others richer of course, and there is the member for the district, and the warden. They are much-talked of at election times, but the parson is talked of all the year round, "and abused, too," says Mr. Joyce. Well, perhaps so, but then we've never yet had a parson that was really quite satisfactory, and I've known five, not counting Mr. Romney, who was only a stopgap.

"Why, I don't believe an angel from heaven would satisfy you," Mr. Joyce retorted. So I told him about our rector in England, that I can remember as a child. He was the right sort. It was pats on the head and sweetmeats we got when he came to the schools, and coals and blankets every winter were sent from the rectory to all the cottagers, and new red cloaks at Christmas for the school-children, and no asking the people for money, not even a collection in church, while the parsons here are just begging all the time.

"But," says Mr. Joyce, "your parson in England had a rich living. I've heard you say he got £1000 a year, besides his private income. How can you expect our poor clergy here to imitate him?" "I suppose there is something in that; but—Well, I'll just tell you about 'Our Parsons,' and then you can judge if they were satisfactory."

"First comes Parson Black, 'the old parson' we always called him. He was a stooping, white-haired old man when I came to Arcadia, but he lived nigh 20 years after that. Every year he seemed to stoop a little more, and walk more feebly, and his voice grew more quavering and indistinct, he had lost his front teeth long before, and artificial ones weren't so common then. We thought them a kind of vanity; very well for those who had money to throw away, and wanted to look younger than they were. But 'the old parson' needed all his spare cash to provide for his poor son, who was 'not all there,' and his youngest daughter, who married so poorly, and came back to him a widow with four children, so it never entered his head to buy new teeth when he lost his own.

"We used to grumble as we walked home from church, and say it was high time 'the old parson' was pensioned off; that no one could hear a word of the sermon, and the way the children fidgetted and the men went to sleep was just disgraceful. But where was the pension to come from? It seems there is no fund for pensioning clergymen, or there was not then at any rate. The churchwardens talked of asking for subscriptions; but we had had a bad harvest just then and people were not very willing to give, so that fell through, and things went on just the same till 'the old parson' had a stroke. He was laid up in bed for six weeks after that, and when he was able to come out of doors again, his face looked so grey and drawn, and he leaned so heavily on the arm of his big good-natured half-witted son—poor 'Cranky Charlie'—that we were all shocked at the sight. The churchwardens at once decided to get a curate to help him; and this time subscriptions came in readily, for we all liked 'the old parson,' and were feeling a bit ashamed that he should be kept at work when he was long past it. However, a curate was not easy to get all at once, and when summer came and the old parson's health improved a bit with the warm weather, the wardens, who were all men of the 'slow-go-easy' sort, gave up troubling themselves much about the matter. And so winter was once more upon us, and still the old parson had to go through his two services a Sunday at Arcadia and one at 'The Dell,' six miles away, without any help. Mr. Dalton, of Dalton Park, used to take the Dell service the year before, but this winter, unfortunately, he was laid up with gout, and not another lay reader was to be had in the parish. It seems to me the gentry must be taught reading very badly at school, or else they must be very shy, or is it just laziness that is the matter, I wonder? I don't like to think that, and yet there must have been over twenty educated men in our parish, and though they were all sorry for the

old parson, not one would help him by becoming a lay reader. It really is very queer; but maybe reading the service is one of those things that is a deal harder than it looks.

It used to worry me dreadfully on raw cold afternoons, just as I was settling down comfortably with a book by the parlour fire, to see the old parson go past crouched down in one corner of the gig under a heap of coats and shawls, while cranky Charlie beside him sat cracking his whip and chirruping to old Beauty, looking so tall, and strong, and handsome—but for that queer vacant look on his face—beside the poor worn-out old man. Many a time I said to my husband that it was a shame to trust the old gentleman alone with that idiot. But Gummage would say, "Nonsense; Charlie Black can manage a horse better than most sane men, for all his crankiness, and besides, the gig only holds two, so Mrs. Malony" (that was Parson's daughter), "couldn't go even if she would leave her children."

At last came a bitter, bleak day in July. The clouds looked as if it would snow before long, and a piercing wind was blowing up the valley. I hoped the old parson would stay at home for once, but at the usual time the gig came creaking by, and I thought he looked more pinched and blue than ever. After that it seemed to get colder and colder, and I could not keep still a moment, but fidgetted about from door to window till Gummage got quite cross with me.

At last half-past four struck, and I knew the gig should come in sight very soon.

A quarter of an hour passed, and still the road stretched out bare and wind swept. Then I roused Gummage from his afternoon's nap, and sent him grumbling to put the horse in our chaise cart. Ten minutes later we were out on the road driving as fast as we could towards the Dell. One, two, three, four milestones were past, and we had met no one. Then my heart stood still when I spied the gig beside the road with old Beauty tied to the fence. It was close to the big rock that stands all by itself near the edge of Bell's Lagoon. How bare and desolate it looked, the rushes all swaying and rustling in the bleak wind, and some black cockatoos flying over uttering their harsh, dismal cry. Somehow I seemed to take in the whole scene in an instant, and then my eyes were glued to one spot. There, under the lee of the rock, was a big fire of sticks and bark, and near it what looked like a bundle of rugs with Charlie stooping over it. He looked up as our cart stopped, and my husband and I both hurried towards him. "Father went to sleep," he said, in a piteous, puzzled tone, "and it was so cold, and no one came to church (the Dell

Church stood all alone in the bush, with no houses near it), and I couldn't wake him, so I was coming home as fast as we could when Beauty fell lame, and I thought father would freeze. Oh, what is it, can't you wake him; is he ill, Mr. Gummage?" And he stared anxiously at my husband, who had pushed him aside to examine the figure under the rugs. He nodded to me when my stiff lips formed the mute question, dead! and said sharply to Charlie, "Here, take the seat out of the chaise cart quick, and help me make a bed of rugs and cushions on the floor, and I'll drive your father home. He is ill, and your sister must be watching anxiously for him." Poor Charlie, only too glad to get orders from someone wiser than himself, obeyed promptly, and my husband had soon driven out of sight, while I followed, walking beside the gig, for Beauty had to be led home, and trying to comfort Charlie and evade his constant anxious questions. The road was alive with people as we neared the township, and it was hard to evade their curiosity and keep them from terrifying the poor simpleton; but Mr. Joyce had managed to hobble out more than a mile to meet us, and was a wonderful help in keeping people off, and, seeing how done up I was, he sent me inside when we reached my house, and saw Charlie home himself. Already he had broken the news to Mrs. Malony, which my husband could not find courage for, and the next few days he was no end of a help to her, I believe, for spite of his humped back and his shyness, Mr. Joyce always shines when there is trouble, and anyone needing help.

A month later the parsonage was empty, only a little cross in the churchyard marked, "Faithful unto death," remaining to remind us of the old parson, and all tongues were buzzing with gossip and reports of who was to take his place.

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are stuffed up, you can get them all
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PETER BROOK,

THE FOUNDRY,
WELLINGTON ROAD.

TALKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

(By "Woodpecker.")
XVIII.

"I WANT you tell me what this is, Woodpecker." "All right, undo it. What is it like?"

"Oh, it is only a bird-skin. A fellow I know shot it, about a month ago, and he said he had never seen it before; so I told him if he would give it to me I would get you to name it."

"Very well, get it undone, you have it rolled up like a mummy. But you may as well bear in mind I may not be able to name every bird of the air at sight."

"This is it, Woodpecker."

"Yes, so I perceive, by more senses than one, for your specimen is 'high,' Tommy. Indeed it reminds me of Artemus Ward's lemons."

"Lemons! Why, what about them?"

"Oh, he only said he gave up 'peddling lemons' because they were so apt to 'spile on his hands.' And this is what I think your bird-skin will do. You might give it a dose of 'corrosive sublimate,' but I doubt whether it will hang together long. If you don't mind, Tommy, I will just light my pipe before making a closer inspection. Now then. Ah! yes; black bill, rather long and slender; tip-arched and horny; axillary feathers smoky grey; throat, face, and under parts white, spotted with brown; legs long and slender, no hallux. This, my friend, is the Asiatic golden plover (*Charadrius orientalis*), a gentleman whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure of making in Tasmania before, but am pleased to see again."

"But stop; you are using words I don't understand, 'axillary' and 'hallux,' what do they mean?"

"'Axillary' is derived from axilla, which means the arm-pit, and so explains itself. The word 'hallux' is applied to several organs which differ much in form and appearance. For example, it represents the great toe in man and the anthropoid apes. In the insectivora it is furnished with a curved claw, and amongst the bats and beasts of prey it mainly resembles the other toes. We, homines sapientes, have long since lost all power of opposition in our hallux. But the anthropoids still possess it; and it is of the highest use to them in climbing from branch to branch. All perching birds also have an opposable hallux, which enables them to hold fast in perching on the limb of a tree. But as it would be rather a hinderance to running birds, which live mainly on the ground, like the golden plover, it is wanting in them."

"There you go again. You talk of 'opposable' and 'opposition.' I thought these were astronomical terms."

"Right, Tommy, and so they are. Two planets are properly said to be in opposition when they are 180 degrees apart, that is when they have the whole diameter between them. But naturalists employ the word in another sense, and yet use it quite correctly. Here! Just grasp hold of my stick. Now look how your four fingers exert their muscular force on one side, and your thumb naturally falls upon the first and second, clamping them down, so to speak, on the other. Truly the human hand is a wonderful organ of prehension and apprehension! As the old saw says—

"By the hammer and the hand
All arts do stand."

"But mind, you have no such faculty in your hallux, Tommy. Try to up-end the stick with your great toe, and you will make a mess of it. Yet, I once saw a black-fellow take a burning stick out of a camp fire with his great toe and light his pipe with it; though, to speak quite correctly, it was a black woman."

"Surely, you are joking again, Woodpecker."

"Indeed, I am not; and some day I will tell you more about her, for she was a particular friend of mine. Indeed, I regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life that I had the good fortune to know her. But, to go back to our Charadrias. While living at dear old Ultima Thule I kept a look out for these birds every year. They always arrived there early in October, together with turnstone (*Streptilas in-*

terpres), and both left at the same time, about the end of March. The red-necked tringa (*Tringa puficollis*) came and left about a month later. There was a wide stretch of shingle in an unfrequented spot; it was surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the other by a belt of tea-tree. This afforded a fine shelter for watching the birds, and noting their habits. They spent most of the day on the shingle, and went to the beach morning and evening in search of their favourite molluscous food. Of course they did not breed in Tasmania."

"Where then?"

"They breed on the 'Tundra' of Northern Asia, from the Yenesei River to the Pacific Coast. After they have all hatched out their broods, and as soon as the cold weather begins to come on, they commence their annual migrations, passing along the coasts of China and Japan, and ultimately reaching the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, New Zealand, and some of the Polynesian islands during the winter months. Indeed the turnstone has been observed as far south as Terra del Fuego!"

"Dear me, whatever makes them wander so far?"

"Well, it is evident they could never stay in the Asiatic tundra all the year. There is abundance of food of all kinds during the short summer, and it affords them time enough to breed. Probably they were compelled from the first to wander southward, as the cold season approached, from the necessity of obtaining food. And, as their numbers increased, they would gradually go further and further afield, until they

finally reached these remote shores of the south. In time, these habits of migrating would become instinctive, and the instinct to wander would be inherited. You must also bear in mind that all these birds are powerful, and very rapid fliers. At the same time I feel bound to admit that the migration of birds is a difficult subject, and one that is by no means thoroughly understood. In some cases it may have originated when geographical conditions were very different from what they are at present. We know that an immense number and variety of birds come annually to England from northern Europe. And, as you will remember, the site of the German ocean was once dry land, it is probable the birds travelled along old coast lines, stopping to feed whenever they felt disposed to. Again, as we know, geological changes as a rule proceed with an imperceptible slowness, so the migrating birds may be still travelling over their old routes unconsciously. But I admit the difficulty and obscurity of this problem."

"But I think you told me some time ago that one of the Queensland bronze cuckoos migrated to New Zealand as well as to Tasmania."

"I did, and it is quite true."

"There have never been any coast lines between those countries?"

"Perhaps not, and this is rather awkward for my theory. But there are some other considerations which may perhaps dispose of this difficulty, at least to some extent. It is certain that Australia and New Zealand have been separated for a very long time, if in-

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deed they were ever united. But, with regard to the Australian continent itself, we know that, during cretaceous times its surface configuration was very different from what it is at present. The eastern part of it, that is the mountainous part, existed as a long narrow island, from Cape York to some 500 miles south of Tasmania; and the western part of the continent, mostly granitic, was also a large island, and the sea flowed between these. Now, Sir Joseph Hooker has shown in his splendid essay on the 'Australian flora,' that the really typical part of this flora was evolved in the western island, with which the New Zealand flora has no affinity whatever. But he also shows that the present flora of New Zealand is closely allied to the present flora of Queensland, which was once a part of the long mountainous island to the east. Again, it has been proved by recent deep-sea soundings that there is a profound depression of some 2600 fathoms between New Zealand and the temperate portions of Australia; but that New Zealand itself rests upon a shallow submerged bank, which extends in a north-west direction right up to Cape York and New Guinea; and on this bank also rest Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands. Now, if this moderately depressed area has ever been subject to volcanic disturbances—which is highly probable—then there may have been a former land connection between New Zealand and what is now Queensland, or, anyway, there may have been mountain summits, not very far apart, which would suffice for the transmission of the seeds of plants, and the migration of birds. All this is not only possible, but probable, and we have to explain the fact that the flora of New Zealand resembles that of Queensland, and does not resemble the flora of temperate Australia; and also the other fact that small birds pass every year over the wide sea that now separates Queensland from New Zealand. The object is ably discussed in that delightful book 'Island Life,' which I have told you of before. You had better get it, Tommy, most likely you will find it in the Mechanics' library. I think it is the most charming and interesting book I ever read, and that is saying a good deal."

"Yes, I will certainly try to get it."

"Mind, I am sure that birds, even very small ones, are able to cross wide stretches of open sea, for while at Ultima Thule I once got a magpie lark, which is a Victorian species, and was never found here before. It probably came via King and Hunter Islands, and was perhaps blown away from the land by a north-west gale. On another occasion I casually came upon a large batch of wood swallows, there must have been a hundred of them. They had evidently only just arrived, and were huddled together in a dead gum-

tree branch, sunning themselves, and resting after their long flight. But there are regular migrants from Victoria coming every year."

"And talking on this subject reminds me that I once thought I was on the eve of a great discovery."

"What was that?"

"Well, I thought I was going to find the nest and eggs of the Australian snipe."

"Are not its breeding places known?"

"No, at least at that time they were not."

"And, pray, what made you think you were going to find them?"

"Well, chance took me one day to a place called Evandale; I think it is some ten or twelve miles away from this great city."

"Yes, about that. A miserable hole, isn't it?"

"Well, no; I would hardly say that, for I remember being impressed by a peculiar structure near the entrance of the town, and on asking what it was, somebody told me it was intended for a water-tower, and it appeared to be some 80ft. or 90ft. above the river, which ran quite near to it."

"Oh! But you don't understand. I mean it is a one-horse kind of a place."

"No, I think you must be misinformed, for the conveyance that brought me from the train had two horses; and, if I remember right, I saw two more horses of a rather larger description ploughing in a field as we drove past."

"Oh, Woodpecker, you are a bit of a fool, although you are so clever."

"Hear, listen to him; calls me a fool and clever in the same breath, does he? Why, Tommy, you seem to be trying to balance things. You remind me of a shoemaker I once saw chastising his son. He hit him a ringing smack on the ear with his right hand, and just as the boy was falling he caught him another with the left, that put him on his legs again."

"Ha, ha! Was that in Tasmania?"

"No, indeed! It was in England. Tasmanian boys are not chastised, and they are just as likely to smack as to be smacked from my experience of them. But about the snipe. I was standing near this water-tower, and noticed an open scrubby piece of country across the river, which I thought would be more in my line than the town itself, so I went across the bridge to have a look at it. Here I found a complete change in the surface formation. On the eastern side of the river the soil appeared very fertile, probably decomposed basalt of tertiary age. But here there was nothing but sand and shingle, no doubt an accumulation formed by the river itself. The stones were all much water-worn, and of various Palaeozoic rocks, probably remnants from the old capping of the mountains, which appeared in the distance on both sides of the river."

"I had not gone more than half a mile over this country before up jumped a snipe, almost from under my feet, and immediately afterwards another. Now, I thought, I am going to immortalize myself! And mind, it was September, just the month for such a bird to be breeding."

"Did you know anything about snipe before?"

"Oh, yes. I had often shot them in England, and also a few in the marshy ground between Bridgewater and New Norfolk, in Tasmania, and I had seen them about Lake Echo, in the month of January, and this place at Evandale seemed the very spot for them, so I got four sticks and marked the exact position so that I could find it again. Next day I went and hunted all over, actually searching every square foot of the surface on my hands and knees."

"You would look well!"

"No doubt; but I would not have cared for that had I been successful, but, unfortunately, I was not."

"And have the snipe's eggs never been found?"

"Yes. Some time last year it was, I think, I saw a notice in the 'Australasian,' on the authority of Mr. A. J. Campbell, a well-known naturalist in Melbourne, that a nest with four eggs had been found in the slopes of Fusi Yama, in Japan, and the eggs are now, I believe, in the Australian Museum in Sydney."

"And, by the way, as you must be on the lookout for information, I want to mention something else. A correspondent wrote to me the other day to say that he had found a nest on July 11 with a single nestling in it. He gives me careful descriptions of the nest, as well as of the parent bird, which he saw; and there is no doubt that it was a mountain thrush. Now, I have never known this species to breed so early before, so you had better make a note of it, as the fact is well authenticated. The black swan breeds in July, and until now I always considered it the first of all our birds to begin. And now, Tommy, I suppose there will be something else demanding a share of your attention; is it Caesar or Golf?"

"Golf."

"Then off you go."

Sept. 14.

A young and nervous curate, who in the absence of his vicar had to conduct service "on his own," gave out the following among his notices: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for a family now crossing the Atlantic, and other sick persons."

But when the vicar came back he outdid the curate by informing an interested congregation that "the offertory this day will be devoted to defraying some extraordinary expenses incurred by the churchwardens."

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH.

(By the Rev. Edwin Price, Vicar and Rural Dean of Auckland.)

"Look to the rock when ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit when ye are digged."—Isaiah i., 1.

WE broke off at the end of the first period of our Church history, and we saw the setting up of the Christian faith in this land through the labours of missionaries from the East. It was the period of the British or Celtic Church, the Church of the original inhabitants of our island.

We saw how at length a strong wedge of heathenism had forced itself from the eastern shores of England into and through the very heart of our country, driving before it the Christian Church, which took refuge in the western border of this country.

In other words, the British Church was driven by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors into Cornwall, Devonshire, Somerset, Wales, Cumberland, and the South of Scotland; while the north, centre, east, and south became practically a heathen land once more.

But another influence was now to touch our land, and it came not from the savage tribes of Northern Europe, but from Rome.

In about a thousand houses in this parish last Christmastide the parish almanac found a resting place, and doubtless every picture and incident in it has by this time been scanned and read.

In the very centre of the almanac an incident is sketched, which was the influence referred to.

It is the story of Gregory, afterwards Bishop of Rome, meeting with some fair-haired youths from our northern land exposed for sale in the slave market in Rome.

"To what nation do they belong?" he asked. "They are Angles," was the reply—that is, English. Their beautiful faces and appearance suggested that they were rather like angels; and then, with some other delightful pleasantries which show the love and devotion and Christian enthusiasm of the Christian priest, he determined that the nation to which these youths belonged should hear the good news of the Gospel. Gladly would he himself have gone, but his people in Rome would not part with him. Yet he kept the thought in his heart, and when he became pope he immediately made provision for the carrying out his plan of sending to the inhabitants of this island the Gospel which he preached to others and valued for himself.

He chose Augustine, a Benedictine monk, for the dangerous and difficult

enterprise, and associated with him forty companions. As they went on their journey the enterprise did not become more easy. They heard of the fierceness of the Anglo-Saxons, and were minded to return home. But Pope Gregory would not hear of it. He sent them forward with fresh encouragement.

And so in the year 597 A.D., Augustine, with his companions, landed on the coast of Kent, and sent to King Ethelbert, the king of Kent, asking for an interview, in which to tell of their plans and purposes. He, still a heathen, but a large-minded and generous one, for some time was doubtful how to act. But he was not unprepared to listen. He had married, twenty-five years before, Bertha, the daughter of the Christian king of Paris, and she, with her chaplain and attendants, had all that time been permitted by the king to have their own religion and services.

For years, therefore, before Augustine landed there had been Christian services held in the old British church of S. Martin's, Canterbury, which is still standing; a church which shows by its Roman tiles that it was built during the time of the occupation of Britain by the Roman armies.

We are sometimes told that our Church owes her very existence to Rome, and that Rome is the mother of all Churches. Here, however, we find, when the first contact with Rome took place, the British Church had been preaching the Gospel for about five hundred years, and in the city of Canterbury itself for twenty-five years previously Church services had been held.

Truly we have need, in forming our convictions, to read history, and "to take heed how we hear."

Ethelbert, the king, was baptized by Augustine in the year 597 A.D., on Whit-Sunday.

Augustine was only a priest up to this time. But he went over to Gaul, and was consecrated a bishop at Arles by the Bishops of Arles and Lyons.

Even the episcopal succession in the Anglo-Saxon Church was not Roman but Gallican.

When Augustine returned as first Archbishop of Canterbury he set about to carry on the work for which he was sent. He repaired the old British churches which had been partly destroyed by the heathen Anglo-Saxon, and made them fit again for Christian services.

It is said that in the river Swale, which is close to the Isle of Sheppey, ten thousand people were baptised by the clergy of Augustine.

He next set to work to consider his relations to the Church on the Continent, as well as to the British Church, with which he soon came in contact. To further this he sent two of his companions, Laurentius and Peter, to

his master, Pope Gregory, to ask several questions on matters about which he was in doubt, and two particular ones—the first, "Why should there be different liturgies and customs in England and Gaul to those used in Rome?" the second, "What attitude he should observe towards the Bishops of Gaul and Britain?"

The answer to the first question shows how great and thoughtful and large-minded a man Pope Gregory was—"The difference of liturgies," he said, "was not a matter of importance, and whatever there was of service or custom that was good let it be retained, so long as it suited the minds of his converts."

The answer to the second was not so admirable, and was probably dictated by an ignorance of the real state of the British Church. "We assign you no authority over the bishops of Gaul, but we commit all the bishops of Britain to you."

Probably Pope Gregory thought that the British Church was an ignorant, shapeless body, and wanted instruction and cohesion. There was nothing to show this. Doubtless, the British Church, which had been separated from the Continental churches for many years, lacked the culture and art that already marked them; and, doubtless, there would have been great gain if these elements had been imported into the British Church. But here the Bishop of Rome transgressed a fundamental law of the Christian Church, even as he does now.

The council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, laid it down as a law "that no bishop shall occupy another province which was not subject to him from the beginning."

S. Augustine was in his right place as Archbishop of Canterbury, and rightly consecrated bishops to London and Rochester, because these places were not occupied, but he had no right whatever over the dioceses of the British bishops in the West, and the Pope had no right to grant him jurisdiction over them.

This constitutional question of the independence of separate churches and separate dioceses was tried and settled by the British bishops themselves, and settled in the following way:—Augustine sent to Wales and requested the bishops of the British Church to meet him. They met him at a place known as Augustine's "Ac," or Augustine's Oak on the Severn. "Ac" means "Oak." (The name survives probably in the name of our town. I have seen old documents in which Auckland is called Aclet, Oakland, Auckland.) Nominally, Augustine went to ask the British bishops to join with him in preaching the Gospel to the heathen Anglo-Saxons, which occupied the north, east, centre, and south of England. Whether this was his only motive is open to doubt from his after conduct. There

were various differences of custom and ceremony in use in the British Church from those practised by the Roman Church. S. Augustine brought these matters forward, and wanted them settled—of course, in his own way.

The first was the proper time for keeping Easter, the second the proper mode of tonsure or shaving of the heads of the monks, the third the proper mode of baptising.

You remark how they were not questions of faith, but of custom and ceremony.

Concerning the first, it was shown how that the British Church held to the old custom of keeping Easter Day on the Sunday of the full moon, if the Paschal full moon occurred on a Sunday—the Roman custom had changed—and they kept it on the succeeding Sunday.

It was certainly inconvenient having two modes of celebrating Easter in the same court or family.

The question of the tonsure was a trifle of trifles. It concerned monks only. The British Church required of its monks to shave the head from ear to ear in the shape of a crescent, the Roman to shave a small circle of hair from the crown of the head.

In baptising, the Roman Church was accustomed to dip three times, the British only once.

After the statement of the differences the meeting was adjourned to give the British bishops time to consider their decision and their reply to Augustine.

But before the second meeting they consulted an old wise man, whom they trusted, and his verdict was that if Augustine showed himself a meek and humble follower of Christ he was to be followed. The sign of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," which he gave them, was that if Augustine rose up to meet them as they approached they were to look upon him as a true follower of Christ.

Unfortunately, at the second interview, Augustine remained seated and did not welcome them.

The British bishops refused to yield to Augustine. "They owed fraternal love to all Christians," they said, "but no allegiance to him whom Augustine called Pope."

Augustine left them rudely and with threatening. Thus the opportunity of union was lost, and it took another century before the British Church gave up their peculiar customs, and before there was union of all the dioceses under Archbishop Theodore. Augustine returned to his See in great displeasure.

He next consecrated Mellitus as first bishop of London, and Justus to Rochester. His work spread no further than this, and indeed was subsequently drawn in again so as to represent the kingdom of Kent, for the bishops of

Rochester and London, consecrated by him, fled from their Sees.

Augustine's work was thus confined to Kent, and there has been no break of continuity from his day to this in the Christian life of that part of England.

S. Augustine, as he was afterwards called, and deservedly called, died in the year 604 A.D., having consecrated his friend, Laurentius, his successor.

S. Augustine was not the Apostle of England, he was the Apostle of Kent only, that title must be given to another, of whom we must now speak.

(To be Continued.)

NEW GUINEA MISSION.

LETTER FROM MR. H. DAKERS TO THE REV. P. NEEDHAM HUNTER.

Taupota, British New Guinea,

July 9, 1899.

MY turn to write to you has come round again. There are not many of us in the Mission but what live in dread of the first of the month, in consequence of having to write their officials. One thing we each feel assured of—that they will find a resting place in the waste paper basket. The last time I wrote you, if I remember rightly, I was assisting to erect our new house at Mokawa. Since coming to New Guinea I have been making new starts. In March I thought I had found my resting place at Wamgela, in Collingwood Bay, but after staying a little over nine weeks the bishop requested me to leave and come and take charge of Taupota. I entered upon my new work last week, and it is like comparing into a new country, the natives are so quiet, and the children so very good. I am sure it will be unnecessary for me to say the good work that has been done here by the late Mr. Clark. Abler pens than mine will have given an account of his life and work at Taupota, and the wonderful success his work has been. The Christians and the boarders are models for all our other stations. Our life at Wamgela was a wild but happy one; about once a week we would see whole villages running to some particular point with their spears and dressed with gorgeous feathers and war paint. They delight in war. The mountainous and coast men are always, and I could almost say have always been, at war with each other. Our little wild-eyed boarders delighted in running away from us, and some times the whole village would go away with them. It was a happy moment in the boy's life when he came to our door about 5 a.m. and smilingly say, "So I am now run away; shall we go after them." What amused us was the moment we caught a boy he began suggesting plans to catch the others. When I left we had

about 15 boarders, all nice, sharp little fellows, but detested school; at the same time, once they were in school and at work they were happy. God blessed our work very much at Wamgela. We found it hard to do anything for the old people. Their old chief was our great friend. Some time before we left he was very sick, and one night about 10 o'clock I saw him getting on to his canoe. He said he was going up the river to die. I persuaded him to go to the station and take our medicine; before that night he would never touch our medicine. I had little hopes of curing him; he was suffering from acute dysentery. We kept him for about two weeks, and sent him home quite well. A short while afterwards the whole of the villagers round the station were sick; many died, but God so blessed our simple remedies that all who took our medicines got well. The natives sent for us to go to them from all directions; of course, we always made a point of going. I left with much regret and amidst many tears. Of course, the "tap" is easily turned on. The idea was very nice, as only 12 months ago they did their best to get rid of us. Here, as I have already said, everything is so different. The men, women, and children are so quiet and reverent in church that for quietness I can almost imagine we are in an English church with a white congregation. It is very refreshing the manner they all kneel and shut their eyes. Great things are expected from Taupota. There is some apology for my appointment to this important station, as we are so very short of men. It is strange how awfully shy the girls and boys are; one of our Christians here, Elijah, is engaged to a girl who is preparing for baptism at Dogura. When I left Dogura for Taupota many letters and presents were sent by the Dogura children to these children. I noticed there was no letter or present for Elijah; I asked our teachers the reason. "Oh," he said, "when they are engaged to be married they never invite or give presents." The girl is calling at Taupota next week with Miss Murray, and Peter said while she is here she will not look at Elijah, and she will only speak to him if they happen to get a chance to be alone. We are looking forward (children and teachers) to a trip to Dogura on August 10, Anniversary Day.

To-night I was asking the children how many were going. They said that they all wanted to go. I said something about Elijah, and looked round for him. All the children began to laugh, and said he had gone immediately the subject was broached. The children had some pleasant jesting over it. I must now close, and perhaps in my next "official" give you an account of our work at Taupota. I earnestly solicit your prayers. They are much needed for this work.

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NOTES.

It has been decided to hold the third Diocesan Conference in Launceston early in February next. Several meetings in connection with it have already been held, at which the members of the general, subjects, and reception committees were respectively elected. These comprehend all our prominent lay folk of both sexes in and about Launceston. Most of the clergy in the Northern Archdeaconry are also included. A special committee, composed of gentlemen in Hobart, has likewise been named to assist the movement from the south. The Ven. Archdeacon Whittington, who is at present absent in Victoria, has been specially charged to secure speakers and readers of papers for the date named.

Some strong objection was shown to the selection of February instead of November. The argument used against the latter date was the ineptitude of able men in other dioceses to leave their work just before Advent, and thus possibly prevent a holiday when the hot weather prevailed later on. This was met by the objection that February found our own people either from home or disinclined, after a considerable absence in January, to devote much time to the conference. However, the hope of securing men of the very first rank to assist in February influenced the meeting to select that month. It is early to offer any suggestions as to the duty of all churchmen to interest themselves in the movement, and yet it might be borne quietly in mind as a matter of much importance to the Church.

Many are asking what is the aim of such a conference? It is to discuss subjects of the deepest interest to the Church, whether they be religious, social, or commercial. It may be described as "deliberative," as opposed to "executive." No resolutions are passed. Papers are read, and speeches made, on certain prearranged subjects, and a full discussion is invited from those present. In this way burning questions are "threshed out," and much good done in consequence. Of course, the conference has its "devotional" and "educational" aspects, as well as its "polemical" side. We hope to publish a list of subjects at an early date. Meanwhile, any of the clergy in Launceston will be glad to receive suggestions as to proposed subjects, which they will hand on to the proper authorities. The names of able speakers, etc., might also be sent. We are glad to say the Rev. J. C. Brammall, Hagley, has accepted the position of clerical, and Mr. W. J. Genders, of Launceston, that of lay secretary, to the organisation. Any queries may be sent to either of these gentlemen.

His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese returned from a very lengthened trip, lasting nearly a month, to the islands in Bass Strait. Every centre was visited, and all the families, including the half-castes, ministered unto. The weather on the whole was favourable. This work must indeed be a great tax upon the time, as it is upon the energies and strength, of the Bishop. He looked worn-out and ill when he got ashore, though he is a splendid sailor. Someone—there are always such people at our elbows—enquired cheerfully, "Well, how did you enjoy yourself this time?" as if the trip had been a holiday excursion. The weariness and nervous overstrain of such mission work only those know who have done it. It takes some "heroism," well supported by British "pluck," to undertake work of this kind. The wonder grows more and more in our minds why rich people do not endow such a cause, and thus keep a regular "missionary priest" to undertake this work, instead of permitting our chief pastor to do what may be termed "hack" work? Will not some of our thousands of readers remember this when making their wills? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto ME."

The Ven. Archdeacon Whittington has been visiting methodically the whole of the parishes in the diocese to stimulate an interest in the General Fund. We have in previous issues noticed his movements. He has just paid Launceston a visit. On Sunday, September 3, he preached in aid of this fund at St. Paul's at 11 a.m. and the Holy Trinity at 7 p.m. In the afternoon, at 3 p.m., he conducted a special service for men only in St. John's. About 150 attended. The service was short and informal, and there was no offertory. The sermon was a singularly able defence of the two cardinal doctrines of our Christian faith, viz., "The Incarnation" and the "Resurrection" of our blessed Lord. The treatment from first to last was rather on scientific than on purely theological lines, though the stories of both, like a golden thread, was woven throughout. The address lasted just upon 40 minutes, and the attention from beginning to end was intense and unabated. It seems a pity more efforts of this kind were not made in our larger centres of population. It is quite evident men are willing and ready to attend such services where the speaker is gifted and "up-to-date."

On the following evening the Archdeacon gave one of his splendid lectures, entitled, "English Wit and Humour," in the Mechanics' Hall, Launceston. He kept those present in roars of laughter for the greater part of two hours. Songs by Mrs. Fray

Miss and Mr. Oliver, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Frank McDonald helped to make the evening full of interest and enjoyment. The attendance was, however, poor and unworthy the occasion. The Archdeacon left next morning for Melbourne, where he is due to deliver lectures and to preach before members of the University and elsewhere.

One thing is sadly needed both in Launceston and Hobart, and that is more unity amongst the various parish churches to secure from time to time larger meetings of this kind in some common centre. In Launceston—we say it with shame and grief—there is an utter absence of unity in such matters. We do not care to see people "gadding" about, Sunday after Sunday, to hear this or that preacher, but on these exceptional occasions there is real need for "a gathering of the clans." The conference, noticed elsewhere, will offer an opportunity for all in the northern capital to evidence this spirit more fully.

Every Englishman will endorse the following remarks of the "Mitre":—The condemnation of Dreyfus rises to the rank of a national apostasy. The shamelessness which does not fear to perpetrate the grossest injustice in the face of the whole world is almost unprecedented in the world's history. Injustice is unhappily rife in every nation. Sweated England, enslaved Germany, cruel Russia alike cry aloud, "How long, O Lord, how long!" But it has remained for France to openly defy the laws of God and man, and say deliberately through its officers of sacred justice, "We will walk after our own devices, we will everyone do the imagination of his evil heart." And yet it is no sudden fall. No man and no nation fall all at once into deadly sin. For over a century France, as a nation, has forgotten God. To stay in Paris six months is to realise this. Even the godless of other nations are stifled by its godlessness. Sins of the flesh are naked and unashamed as in no other city. This appalling apostasy is only the climax. Doubtless there is a remnant for God as in Israel of old, but even the Church has egged on the persecutors of Dreyfus. The whole story has a terrible warning for us in Australia just as we are entering on the broader national life.

If diamonds were always under our feet we should soon cease picking them up; and if the prizes of life were to be had for the asking the time would soon come when they would be no longer asked for.

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HOBART.

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his opinion recently as to the proper age for children to receive the laying-on of hands. His Grace considers "somewhere about the age of thirteen" to be the most suitable time of life. He, however, added that he was ready to accept a child even down to ten years of age, but he thought that the parish priest in such a case should be ready to make a special report, and give a good reason for his action. If a child of ten were capable of making a promise in God's sight he should not be refused. His Grace said that he himself had been confirmed at the age of twelve, and he had ever been grateful to God that he was confirmed so young, and he was certain that many others were very much the better for having received the gift of the laying-on of hands at an early age. If these remarks apply to England, much more do they affect our children in this sunny clime.—"Sydney Churchman."

Voluntary offerings of the church in England, 1898. A magnificent record:—

1. Home Missions	£588,919	18	6
2. Foreign Missions	929,867	13	3
3. Educational Work	99,519	0	10
4. The clergy (educational and charitable assistance)	164,065	11	10
5. Philanthropic work	424,603	17	3
6. For the parochial clergy ..	780,336	0	1
7. For elementary education	1,136,296	18	1
8. For general parochial purposes	3,382,745	17	11
SUMMARY.			
1. For general purposes	2,206,976	1	8
2. For parochial purposes ..	5,299,378	16	1
Grand total	£7,506,354	17	9

A church paper enquires—Why do so many clergy, when giving out the number of psalm or hymn, say, "The one hundredth and sixtieth hymn," or "The one hundred and forty-third psalm," instead of "The hundredth and sixtieth hymn?" A hundred is a hundred, and the "one" prefixed is redundant and unmeaning.

Ecclesiastical Federation has been kept very much in the front of late. The Bishop of Adelaide and our own Bishop, in addressing their respective Synods, have strongly advocated the immediate formation of two new provinces to supplement the already existing province of New South Wales. One province would naturally consist of Queensland, with Brisbane for the metropolis. The other might for a time be formed from Victoria, South and West Australia, and Tasmania, with Melbourne as the Archiepiscopal seat. This would provide a remedy if the Sydney Diocese persist in their narrow conception of the Primacy question. The Primate could be elected from the three Archbishops—a modification of the plan which is, I believe, in use in New Zealand.

The following anecdote is taken from the "Hebrew Standard":—An American rabbi, renowned more for his wonderful powers of vociferation than either his learning or his piety, was invited to a small town to deliver an address during the penitential days. One Sabbath, while the rabbi was delivering one of his finest Huxley-Darwin sermons and shouting at the top of his voice, a poor widow among the congregation began to wring her hands and cry bitterly. The rabbi noticed this effect with pleasure, and after the service went to the poor woman and asked what part of the sermon had affected her mind so deeply. "Alas! good rabbi," said the widow, "mine is a heavy affliction. When my poor husband died he bequeathed to me, to help me to find a livelihood, a fine young donkey; but not long after my husband died the ass also died. I have endeavoured to overcome my sorrow; but oh, sir, when I heard your voice this morning it reminded me so of the voice of the poor ass!"

"We regret to state that ere long Mr. Clement Dowling will leave Cobden, he having been offered and accepted a readership at St. Leonards, near Launceston, Tasmania. It is Mr. Dowling's intention to remain in Cobden for a few weeks until his successor is appointed. We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Dowling has pleased everybody in his charge during his more than two years' residence in the Forest. The reason that we suppose this is because Mr. Dowling is human—and no human being could satisfy all the human atoms of a community, be it never so small. We can say, however, that our departing friend has won the respect and esteem of the big majority of those with whom he came in contact, whether in church or social circles. He was not known as a fighting man, for he was a lover of peace. His life has been a blameless one. Following the example of his Master, he went about doing good. His friendly advice and counsel—words of praise, congratulation, or encouragement—were as readily and as willingly extended to the humble as to the wearers of broadcloth. He was ever a cheerful optimist—no cloud being too dark to prevent his seeing a silver lining looming in the distance. When sorrow or trouble abounded he had a word of comfort or consolation for the grieved ones. All too soon Mr. Dowling will go from amongst us, and he will be missed; his absence will be felt for a long time. We hope his future home across the Straits may be a happy one, and that he will not entirely forget the more pleasant of his Heytesbury associations and experiences."—Cobden Times, June, 1899.

We are opposed to strikes. We got opposed to them when we were school-boys.

Mr. R. Bagot, one of Cardinal Manning's reported converts, writes in the "Morning Post" an answer to the question, "Will England become Catholic?" which he answers by a decided "Never!" He dispels the idea of any real increase in the number of Roman Catholics in England, and gives very powerful reasons why this is not to be expected. The development of Roman Catholicism in England is a purely superficial movement, which in no way acts on the thoughts or religious feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race. He says it is very natural that foreigners should think the religious question in England to be simply a struggle between Roman Catholicism on one side and Anglicanism on the other. The Anglican Church already boasts of being Catholic, and not merely Protestant, and the High Church party calls Roman Catholicism (in England) "The Roman Schism."

A Presbyterian minister in America a few years ago was inveighing against the extreme views of the English branch of the ancient Catholic Church in the United States. He happened to be in the house of one of his elders, and was speaking bitterly against the growth of belief in the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, signs to him of apostasy from the true faith as preached and held by themselves. The elder expressed sympathy with his minister, and added—"I suppose what you are really afraid of is doctrine like this," and he read the following extract:—"Worthy receivers outwardly partaking of the visible elements in this Sacrament do then also inwardly by faith, really and indeed, yet not carnally and corporally, but spiritually receive and feed upon Christ crucified, and all benefits of his death: the body and blood of Christ being then not corporally or carnally in, with, or under the bread and wine, yet as really but spiritually, present to the faith of believers in that ordinance, as the elements themselves are to their outward senses." "Yes," said the minister, "that is it: there is the evil doctrine as plain as possible." The elder quietly replied, "I suppose you know that I have only quoted to you our own Westminster confession." A Presbyterian minister the other day openly denounced in Hobart all belief in the Real Presence in the Holy Sacrament. How does he reconcile his words with his own confessions of faith? We are given to understand that the gentleman in question was a Wesleyan minister a short time ago in Hobart itself. It looks as if he had not made himself sufficiently familiar with his present formalities. The story as given above is in a book written by a Presbyterian minister, who had at length joined the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

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"You listen to a minister suspiciously," says Dr. Parker, "because he is paid for preaching. Very good. I only insist on your being consistent throughout, then what will happen? When you are drowning you will ask the lifeboat men whether they are paid for their services, and on being told that they live by their occupation you will nobly perish in the deep. When your house is in flames you will demand, notwithstanding the stifling smoke and cracking timbers, whether the fire-escape men are paid for their work, and on learning that they receive weekly wages you will embrace the flames with a martyr's rapture. Or course you will do so. But let me tell you that men who try to save life never can be paid! A man may pay for his coat, but he can never pay for the services which, by the blessing of God, redeem and sanctify his nature."

Dr. Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, writing on the religious situation in England, remarks that—"In a thousand subtle ways the established church has struck her root through the length and breadth of English life, that no form of service is so perfectly satisfactory in its comprehensiveness and spirituality, in its reverence and beauty, as the offices of the English Church, and I consider that much of the leakage from the free churches comes because they are tired of extempore prayer, and offended by their somewhat rude and miscellaneous forms of worship, compared with the stately order and the grave sweet melody of the Prayer Book." Dr. Watson is a Presbyterian.

An account is given of a famous Lenten sermon by an eloquent monk. He told his hearers who intended to keep a good Lent to hold up their hands. All the hands went up; then he said he prayed that the Archangel Michael with his sword would now strike off all hands of those who were not sincere, and all the hands went down!

He who would be devout must beware of indulging a habit of wandering in prayer. It is a crime that will grow upon us, and will deprive us of the blessings we pray for. . . . Make it a law to yourself to meditate before you pray, as also to make certain pauses, to see whether your heart goes along with your lips. — Bishop Wilson.

Why Worshippers Should Give to the Collection.—The Free and Open Church Association has issued a circular on the above point:—"If you want amusement you must pay for it, 2s, 4s, or even 6s a seat. "If you want medical services, you must pay for them, 5s, 10s, or even a guinea a visit. If you want legal services, you must pay for them, 6s 8d, 13s 4d, or even many guineas each consultation. Then, when you want religious services, why, in the name of justice and common sense, should some folks expect to get them for nothing, or next to nothing?"

The triennial London School Board fete was held in the Crystal Palace last July. Lord Rear, the chairman of the board, gave away the prizes for proficiency in Bible knowledge. He said that the examination on this subject commenced in 1877, when over 80,000 scholars entered. At the recent ones, 292,095 entered for the preliminary, and 9076 for the final examination.

A blue book just issued gives the total British trade for 1898 at £764,000,000. Of this the imports were £470,000,000, and exports £294,000,000. Comparing 1898 with 1894 there has been a steady increase every year, amounting in the aggregate to £82,000,000.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE KING'S ROAD.

(A Story for the Young, by Joan.)

HERE once lived a great king who had many kingdoms, all of which, excepting one, were very large kingdoms; that one was small, exceedingly so, yet that one the king loved very dearly, despite the fact that his people in that kingdom were very wicked, very disloyal to him, disobeying many of his laws, and making light of his word, yet, though they grieved him so often, their king was very patient, very merciful with them, for, as he remarked before, he loved them very dearly. So, one day the king sent a message to his people, saying that soon, very soon, he intended coming in all his majesty to visit them. He had chosen a special road by which to enter the kingdom. Would his people prepare that road for him?

When the people heard this message, they all, with one accord, went to view the chosen road, but, to their dismay, they found it was nothing better than a wilderness, this wild, uncultivated country, full of scrub, brambles, thistles, and stones. Many of the people turned away again, saying, "Why has our king chosen waste land? It is impossible to make a road of this wilderness."

Some who would have proved faithful started to tear the brambles up, but they had not put their heart into their work, so they grew disheartened, and gave it up. Some who loved their king started on the road; they worked hard, yea, even cheerfully, though the thorns tore their flesh, the stones bruised and lacerated their hands, yet they worked. Some walked in pleasant places, saying, "There is no king." They ill-treated the faithful few who tried to clear the king's road by throwing roots, stones, etc., on it. Others, who also walked in pleasant places, because they were kind to the workers and even encouraged them, thought themselves good and faithful to the king.

By and by the king sent messengers to see how the road was getting on. They returned to the king sad at heart, saying, "We saw the road, yet a wilderness, we saw thy people, many of them stand looking at the road, many had a willing heart but a weak hand, many cared not at all and laughed at my message; a few, a very few, worked on the road." When the king heard this he sorrowed greatly. Then in his great love and mercy he sent a second message to his unworthy people, saying, "To all my people who prepare the road I will give a great reward; the others I must punish." When the people heard this message they grew frightened, and all started on the road, but many of them soon gave it up, saying, "There is plenty of time to clear the road; the king cometh not for a long while yet." Those who truly desired to serve their king worked hard and called continually to the great multitude of disloyal people to help them, saying, "It is for our good king, who loves us." And some of the disloyal ones were touched, and joined the small band of workers; of the others, some mocked them, some sorrowed, and many wept, complaining of the pain it would give them to tear up the scrub.

So the time grew, yet the road improved slowly, for many of the workers grew weary and died, and none took

their places. Then one day a cry went throughout the land; the cry was—"Behold, the king cometh!"

The workers looked up, and when they beheld their king they were filled with intense love and joy, so they forgot their weariness and their bleeding hands, for their great king smiled upon and called them to join in his train, as faithful and blessed ones.

When the idlers heard the king was coming they rushed to clear the road, but it was too late, the stones and scrub were immovable. And now the king had reached the uncleared part of the road, and his hands and feet were torn and bleeding, and, holding up his bleeding hands, he said, "Depart from me ye wicked ones. Ye have hated me without a cause."

GIVEN IN LOVE.

A little girl about seven years old died in Philadelphia a year or two ago. When the doctor told her that she could not live she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and gave him her little savings bank.

"Open it," she said.

There were four dollars and a few cents.

"Take them," said the child, and "build a church for poor people; poor people, mind, who sit in back seats of our church. They must not pay anything; I want all the seats to be free."

The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done with God's help."

When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering, children came, women also, and the poor with their mites. A week or two ago the completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the widow's mite and the poor little child's offering should not fail of their errand.

PARISH ECHOES.

LEBRINA.

ON Sunday evening, the 20th of August, our vicar (the Rev. I. E. M. Roche) introduced Mr. Clement Dowling, who has taken up work amongst us. We wish him every

success, and feel sure he will have it. It must have been most gratifying to both to see the little church of St. Andrew's so full, and the best thanks we can give to Mr. Roche for so generously giving up self to help us will be to try to keep it up, and help Mr. Dowling one and all. The parish will be always glad to see Mr. Roche whenever he can come, and give him a hearty welcome.

Thanks to the kindness of many good friends in and outside of the parish, we are having erected a hall in connection with our church. It will supply a long-felt want. When it is opened I hope there will be a full account given of it.

There has been much sickness amongst us for the last three months, but we hope as the warm weather sets in that it will benefit the sufferers.

RINGAROOMA.

HERE is a decided dearth of church news this month, and consequently there is very little of importance to chronicle. We have had our usual services during the month. The Holy Communion at morning service last Sunday was celebrated by the Vicar. The services were not so well attended as one would wish, owing no doubt to the inclemency of the weather, which just now is very capricious. The confirmation class, which was to have been held on Friday evening, had to be postponed till Monday on account of the rain.

We are glad to see our Sunday-school superintendent back at his post again after his recent illness. There was a preliminary meeting of the Sunday-school teachers on Sunday to consider arrangements to be made for the Sunday-school anniversary and picnic, which takes place early in November, and which is looked forward to here as the event of the year.

We had a meeting of Churchwardens and Parish Council to finally arrange for jumble fair on the 20th September, when, if the weather be propitious, we hope for a great day. Our grateful thanks are due to Launceston friends—Hon. R. S. Scott, Robert Gardner, Esq., Messrs. Burbury, M'Kay, and others—who have so kindly responded to appeals for assistance, and whose contributions will assist to swell the proceeds and

make the fair the financial success we trust it may prove.

It is with much regret that I hear of the intended departure of Mrs. Hocking and her daughters from the district. They will be greatly missed, as they have always been willing helpers in all church work. We all heartily wish them God-speed wherever they go.

Sept. 12, 1899.

FORTH AND LEVEN.

TWO matters of importance to us took place this week in our parish, the first being the departure of the Rev. H. de C. Blakeney for England; and the second, the holding of our sale of gifts. Mr. Blakeney has been working amongst us for some fifteen months, and has made many friends. He has been active and energetic, and there is no doubt but that the experience of Church work in a large colonial parish which he has gained, will be of much value to him. When it became known that he was returning to England, it was decided to make a presentation of a purse of sovereigns to him as a token of appreciation and goodwill. The Leith and Forth contributions were presented at a farewell concert given at the Forth Town Hall on Friday, September 8. The presentation was made by the Rector, who spoke very kindly of Mr. Blakeney's work and services, and wished him God speed in his own name and that of all the parishioners. Mr. Blakeney suitably responded, saying he should never forget the kindness he had received on the North-West Coast of Tasmania. The total amount presented to Mr. Blakeney will be about £16, but at the time of writing these notes all had not come in. It is a matter of anxiety to the Rector to supply all the services as usual, now that one of the clerical staff has gone; and we feel sure our readers will help as much as possible, and our people will make allowance under the circumstances. The Rev. C. H. Young will take all the work he can pro tem, the Rector having arranged with him to do so. Mr. Young will receive the grant hitherto received by Mr. Blakeney. Meanwhile the Rector is doing his utmost to obtain the services of a Curate to take Mr. Blakeney's place. The sale of gifts comes off on Friday and Saturday in this week, and Dr. McCall has kindly promised to

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BRANCH OFFICE: ELIZABETH AND COLLINS STREETS, HOBART—CHARLES BOOTH, RESIDENT SECRETARY.

open it. Very great preparations have been made, and the stalls and side-shows will be very attractive. Each evening a dramatic performance is to be given, and much interest is taken in the whole undertaking. The weather will make all the difference to us, so that we hope Mr. Wragge will be kindly disposed.

We were glad to see the Rev. J. S. Roper in his old parish again, and his sermons on Sunday, September 10, were much enjoyed. Unfortunately the day was wet, so that church attendance suffered as usual. The confirmation classes are being well attended, and the Bishop is expected at the end of October.

Archdeacon Whittington is due in this parish on Tuesday, September 26, and hopes to give his famous lecture on "American Humourists" in the Ulverstone Town Hall on Wednesday, September 27, at 8 o'clock. Those who attend will have a real treat. Admission will be given by silver coin. On Friday, September 29, the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, the Holy Eucharist, will be celebrated at 7.30 a.m., and Choral Evensong will be at 7.45 p.m., with the Archdeacon as preacher. North Motton has fixed Wednesday, November 15, for the annual sports, dinner, tea, concert, and coffee supper. All that is undertaken by North Motton is always carried through with such energy and zeal that we look forward to a most successful and enjoyable day. West Pine are beginning to consider a date for their annual festivities.

Upper Castra has put up an excellent shelter shed for the children, and is now considering other improvements. This year has seen the addition of a new tank, an excellent organ, and a shelter shed at Upper Castra, whereat we rejoice. The Rector is also taking a confirmation class at Mr. Pedley's house at Upper Castra, which is being well attended. There is indeed so much work to be done at Sprent and Castra, and earnestly do we pray for a zealous worker to undertake it.

The choir at S. Andrew's Church, Sprent, is improving under the capable organist, Miss Moore; but we greatly need a superintendent of the Sunday-school in the place of Mr. Rodman, who did a good work for us. The attendance at the services at this church will we hope increase, now that organist and choir are working hard.

The Ulverstone Sunday-school festival services have been fixed for Sunday, December 10, and the children are beginning to learn their hymns.

DEVONPORT.

THE meetings of the Rural Deaneries of the North-West Coast and Mersey are at the request of the Bishop postponed to Thursday, the 28th September, to enable the clergy to attend a retreat on the 21st September, and the next day an ordination at Longford.

West Devonport.—Since last meeting of the members of S. John's Choir a few of their friends have purchased a pipe organ of five stops, which is now being erected in the Mission-room, and will be used for the first time on Thursday, the 28th September, at Evensong, when the Rev. J. T. Wilson, R.D., of Burnie, will preach.

East Devonport.—The social on the 18th August was a great success; about £5 was taken, we believe. On Sunday, the 3rd September, Mr. Drew, on behalf of some of the S. Paul's Sunday-school children, made a presentation to Miss Young for her interest and work at the Sunday-school treats. Miss Young suitably replied, thanking the children. We are expecting a visit from the Archdeacon of Hobart on Sunday, the 1st October. He will preach at S. Paul's, East Devonport, at 11 a.m.; Northdown at 3 p.m., and West Devonport at 7 p.m. on behalf of the General Church Fund; and the following Monday he will deliver his celebrated lecture, "American Fun and Fancy," in Buck's Hall, West Devonport, at 8 p.m.

East Devonport.—At S. Paul's Church a few weeks ago the Rector received a young man into the English Catholic Church from the Roman Catholic Church, and the following Sunday he made his first communion.

QUEENSTOWN.

THE chief event to chronicle is the recent visit of the Ven. Archdeacon of Hobart. He arrived on August 17 at Strahan, where he was met by the Rector and Mrs. Edwardes. The following day he came to Queenstown, and was the guest of Mr. Driffield. On Sunday Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 and 11. The Archdeacon was celebrant at 8, and he had a typical illustration of the laziness of church folk in Queenstown. No doubt,

some had valid reason for non-attendance, but many could have been present by the exercise of a little self-denial. Until religion, and especially the loving request of the Reigning Redeemer influences professing believers to some self-sacrifice, the unbeliever has much to scoff at.

At evensong the Archdeacon delivered a powerful sermon upon the "Still small voice." On Monday evening the Archdeacon gave a lecturette on "The Art and Humour of Public Speaking." It was unfortunate that Cairns's Hall was not available, but thanks are due to Mr. Davies for willingly arranging for the use of the school. Friends contributed musical items, and Mr. Witham lent his piano. On Tuesday another lecturette upon "American Wit and Humour" was delivered at Gormanston. Here also music and songs were given by local friends.

On Wednesday there was evensong at S. Martin's, and the Archdeacon gave a useful and interesting address upon "Ritualism and the Church." On Thursday (S. Bartholomew's Day) there was Holy Communion at 8 at S. Martin's, and Evensong at Holy Trinity, Strahan. On Friday the people of Strahan gave the Archdeacon a splendid reception. Pontifex Hall was crowded, and many willing helpers decorated the Hall and provided an ample supply of choice viands for the social. The lecturette on this occasion was "English Fun and Fancy," and the Venerable Lecturer delighted the audience by his humorous talent and gifted powers. The singing was exceptionally good, and Herr Home presided at the piano. His well-known ability needs no comment.

The Archdeacon expressed his astonishment at the wonderful developments at Strahan, Queenstown, and Gormanston since his last visit a year ago, and the urgent need of having a second clergyman in the parish enlisted his earnest and strong sympathy.

To the Parish Council of S. Martin's we welcome Mrs. Vincent Cockerill and Misses Cartledge and Spurling. If all the members of the Church in Queenstown would give sixpence at least a week through the lady collectors, Queenstown alone could support a clergyman, and have him always in the town. Mr. Prissall and members of the choir have made themselves responsible for a new organ. It will be

a truly good instrument, as the catalogue price is £65. A series of social evenings is arranged through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Sims, who lend their hall. The proceeds of these evenings go to the Organ Fund.

On September the 8th, the Rector started his campaign to reduce the debt on S. Martin's. The first day his efforts were rewarded to the extent of £26. It is hoped that a cheque for the whole debt will be handed to the Bishop when he visits the parish at the end of the month. The debt is about £140, and it is hoped that

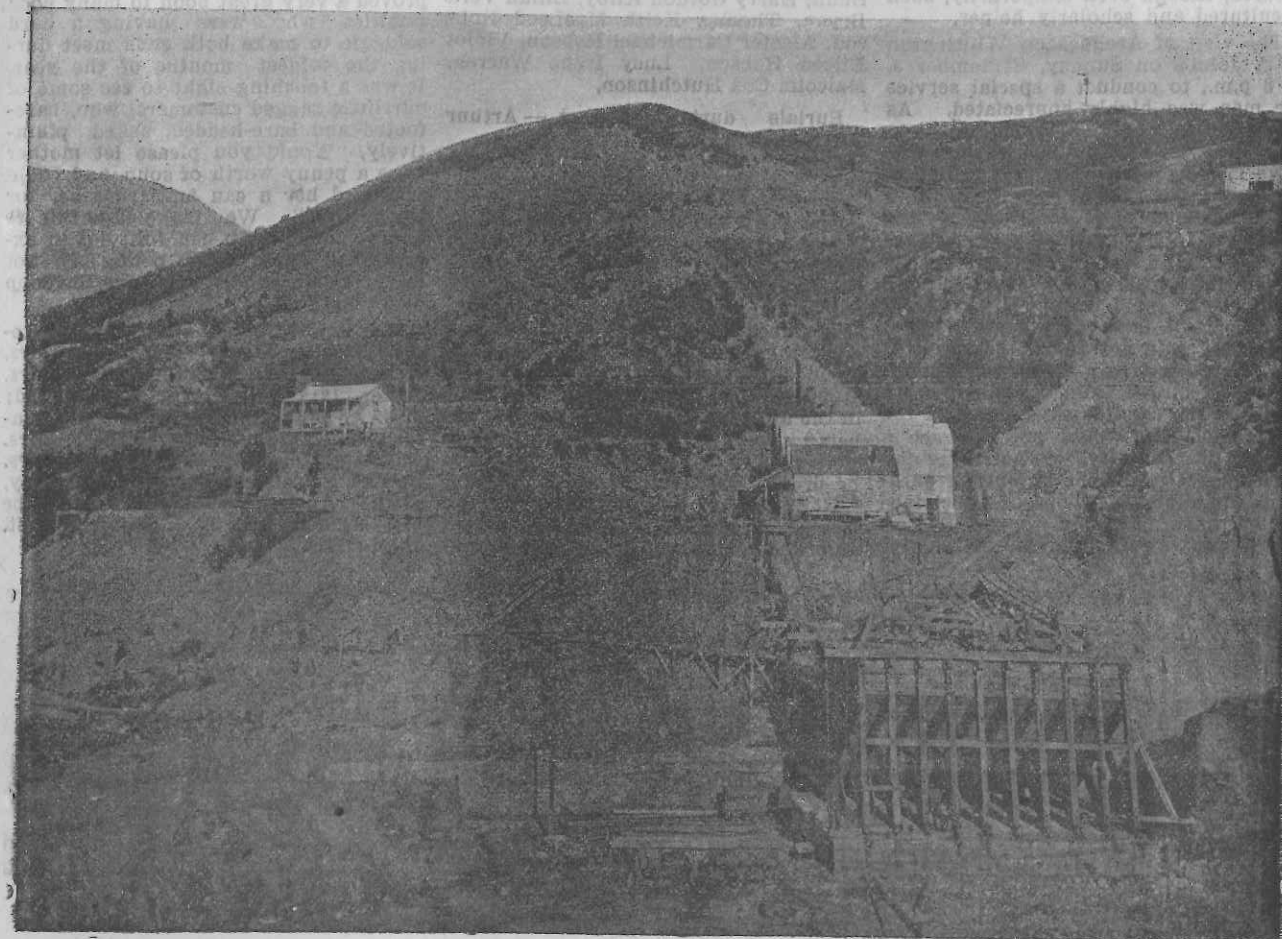
Osborn, a faithful and diligent worker, has been on the sick list, but we trust will soon be amongst us again.

Our sympathy go out to the widow and family of the late Mr. Ives, who was killed at North Lyell by a fall of rock. The funeral was very numerously attended by members of the A.M.A. and Masonic brethren.

At Strahan we regret that through pressure of other engagements Mr. Bruce has felt it necessary to resign his position as Warden. Mr. Westbrook, who has been in charge of the Sunday-school moves to Queenstown,

Gowty, Winnie Marion Sparks, Fredk. Bennett Sales, Kate Mary Perry, Florence Hannah Louisa Greys, Horace Harcourt, Lawrence Street, Lelia Alice Beauchamp, Mona Best, Leslie Hamilton Cleland, James Arthur Wills, Alma Eileen Elizabeth Martin, Alfred Cyril Maxfield, John Robert and William Henry Irvine.

Marriages.—Patrick Kelly to Eveline Sewell, James Burke Roche to Margaret Ada Cairns, Charles Egan to Evelyn Matilda Marthick, George Thomas Wright to Augusta Sylviana D'Alton, Charles Henry Bryant to



OPEN FACE, MOUNT LYLELL MINE.

another £50 will be raised in order that the portion of the Church may be lined. By a printer's error no doubt many have been puzzled about our bell. The crack has not been "saved," but "sawn."

In spite of much discouragement, through non-attendance at practices, Mr. Lindley has much improved the singing at Holy Trinity Church, and on Sunday, September 10, the first Choral Evensong was sung. Mr.

so we want someone to take his place.

Our funerals we are thankful to say are few. Baptisms and marriages show great vitality. Since last announcements we have to record the following:—

Baptisms.—Richard William and Francis Patrick Harrington, Douglas James Withers, Wm. Hy. John Birch, Kvini Venus Ashcroft, Rosina Amy Prior, Leonard Roy Martin, Mary Ann

Margaret Kerrison, William John France to Harriett Eliza Todd, James Bentley to Laura Louisa Elfreda Ware, William John Dowling to Florence Jeffrey, Nathaniel Rowe to Eleanor Davies, Rolf Gindrich to Mary Radcliffe.

N.B.—Would all who received the "Messenger" in Queenstown, Strahan, and Gormanston kindly give the subscription for 1899 (1s) to Rev. W. Harry Edwardes at the earliest opportunity.

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S. JOHN'S, LAUNCESTON.

PARISHIONERS will be thankful to know that the Rev. E. T. Howell, M.A., late Canon of S. Peter's, Adelaide, has accepted the offer of the Rector to assist at S. John's until a permanent curate can be found. The reverend gentleman has for some time past been in Tasmania. For a considerable time he discharged the duties at the Cathedral, and later on took charge of S. John Baptist's Church, Hobart. During the past year Canon Howell has been acting as "locum tenens" at Deloraine, awaiting the arrival of the Rev. G. Lingley, who is due in Tasmania in a week or so. We are thankful to have secured, though even temporarily, such a cultured and scholarly helper.

The visit of Archdeacon Whittington to S. John's on Sunday, September 3, at 3 p.m., to conduct a special service for men was highly appreciated. As some notice of this service is given elsewhere, we need not repeat what will have already been said. It is hoped, however, that these special efforts to reach men may be increased. The gathering referred to was very successful.

The Confirmation, for which classes have been held during the past six months, will take place some time in October. Due notice will be given of it. Large numbers have been attending the lectures and excellent work done by the candidates. Some of the papers sent in would not disgrace a student in "Divinity." One striking and pleasing feature is the number of questions on difficult or obscure doctrines which have been put to the Rector. This shows real interest, and offers

splendid opportunities for instruction. The chief obstacle we have to combat is ignorance, and that is too often the fault of the clergy, who hurry over their Confirmation work, which is in our opinion the golden opportunity in the religious life. By all means let it be long and most carefully thorough, and then we shall get strong, loyal churchmen and churchwomen.

Baptisms during August.—Bessie Isabel Jory, Maud Jane Evans, Jessie Ebe Goodluck, Aubrey Charles Armistage, Stanley Frank Charles Cartledge, Gladys Irene Dowd, William Charles Edmond, Margaret Cicely Kolsque, Eileen Mabel Turner, Roy Charlton Bunn, Harry Gordon Kilby, Lillian Vera Bryan, Thomas Keith MacLeod Robson, Alister Carmichael Robson, Violet Eileen Robson, Lucy Irene Warren, Malcolm Cox Hutchinson.

Burials during August.—Arthur Hayes, Grace Harrop.

MISSION HOUSE.

Our third annual fair in aid of the Building Fund was held at the Albert Hall on the 13th inst., and was a great success. His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Panton opened the fair at 3 o'clock. The Mayor made a speech explaining the work done, and commended the work to all wishing to help a good cause. Good business was done in the afternoon and evening, about 600 being present. The gross takings were £66 8s, a good part of which will be profit. The stalls were as follows:—Refreshments and flowers, Mrs. Alex. Evans. Produce, Mesdames Kayser and Gooch. Cakes, Mesdames Binney

and Massey. Childs' clothing, Mrs. M. E. Robinson. S. John's Sunday-school, Mrs. W. J. Genders and Miss E. Hutton. Mission House, Sister Charlotte. Sweets, Mrs. Dempster. Fancy, Mrs. Wetton. Bran pie, Mrs. Craske. The secretary tenders his best thanks to the large band of helpers who worked so well to make the fair a success, to the band of the Second Battalion T.I., and to all who in any way assisted.

We closed our annual "session" of the soup kitchen at the end of August, and would ask the acceptance of our grateful thanks to those who so kindly contributed towards its support.

As usual, this branch of our work proved a very great boon to many poor families who were having a hard struggle to make both ends meet during the coldest months of the year. It was a touching sight to see some of our little ragged customers, who, barefooted and bare-headed, asked plaintively, "Would you please let mother have a penny worth of soup, and could you lend her a can and trust her for the penny?" We make it a rule to charge 1d for each can full, but in exceptional cases if the penny is not forthcoming we let them have the soup on "trust."

The following donations are gratefully acknowledged:—Friend 30s; Mrs. C. B. Grubb, 30s; Miss Phillips, 5s; Mrs. Baker, 1s; Mr. A. Applegate, 4s 6d; Mrs. A. Champion, linen and silk materials; Mrs. Dowling, clothes; Mrs. Edgell, tub, carpet, and sundries; Mrs. Barnes, carpets and curtains; Mrs. Day, hats. Anyone wishing to subscribe can send to Mr. F. J. Read, 167 St. John-street.

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BRIGHTON-CUM-KEMPTON.

DURING the past month various
working bees have been held in
the various portions of the parish. The
first was held at Broadmarsh, and was
followed by one at Bagdad, where the
cemetery was laid out and something
like order made. The last was held
at Brighton, and one and all proved
very successful. Tenders for the Bag-
dad Church closed on Wednesday, Sep-
tember 13th, but the result has not
been made known yet. Tenders, too,
for the parish room closed the same
week.

For some years past S. Mark's
Church, Brighton, has shown signs of
some serious mischief being at work.
At last the advice of Mr. North was
taken, and he reported that the damage
was done by the spreading of the roof.
He recommended certain work to be
done, and his recommendations have
now been carried out.

It was resolved at the last parish
council that to cover the expense of re-
pairing the church, changing a cottage
into a parish room, and adding a room
to the rectory, a tea meeting should be
held in September, and a flower-show
and jumble fair be held in November.
The tea-meeting was held on Thursday,
September 14, and proved an unquali-
fied success. The ladies vied with one
another in making their tables beau-
tiful, and they certainly succeeded in
making the scene a very pretty one
indeed. Between two and three hun-
dred sat down to tea. After tea was
over the room was cleared, and a most
interesting entertainment was held.
The first part consisted of several items
of concert. While the overture was
played the Rev. J. Arthur Priestley, of

Oatlands, threw several views of sta-
tuary from a powerful lantern on a
sheet, and also illustrated the follow-
ing items:—Songs, "Ora pro nobis"
and "The death of Nelson"; and the
recitations, "Curfew" and "Little Jim."
He then gave a short account of a
holiday visit to Tasmania, which he il-
lustrated by over a hundred beautiful
views. Altogether the entertainment
was thoroughly enjoyed, and our
warmest thanks are due to Mr. Priest-
ley. A comprehensive vote of thanks
was carried by acclamation, and the
entertainment closed with the singing
of the National Anthem.

Our first effort having proved so suc-
cessful, we are hopeful for the success
of our jumble fair in November. We
trust our friends will bear it in mind,
and any contributions will be most
thankfully received.

The Rev. A. Greenwood, who is to
take charge of the Richmond parish,
was to leave Melbourne by the Mono-
wai on Tuesday, September 19.

S. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S, HOBART

IMPROVEMENT in the attendance
at the services and celebration of
Holy Communion of the Guild of Perse-
verance is beginning to be noticeable,
but a much stronger move should be
made to bring us any way nearer what
we were some years ago. The chapter
of S. Andrew's brotherhood is doing
good work, but it is not sufficiently ag-
gressive. Sloth must be attacked. It is
as deadly a sin as drunkenness and for-
nication. Religious sloth is the curse
of our parish, as of most others. Men
and women in earnest must at-
tack it vigorously. Our parish is too

much divided into "water-tight com-
partments." There are people who
are supposed to be acquainted with the
condition of the parish who have never
attended a guild service or guild cele-
bration for years past. These know
nothing whatever of the young men's
club or the S. Andrew's chapter. Here
is an invitation to all S. John's parish-
ioners to visit occasionally the meet-
ings of their useful and growing or-
ganisations.

There are larger confirmation classes
than we have had for many years past,
and we ask for prayer, sympathy, and
encouragement from the elder mem-
bers. In the old country it has been
noticed that when the church has been
unfairly treated by hot-headed contro-
versialists, she always gains in the
number of adherents, communicants,
and penitents. This seems to be the
case at the present moment. God
grant that it may continue. We have
had to dip rather freely into the parish
poor fund this month. The Benevolent
Society is, we believe, well in funds,
but its methods of administration
seem to an outsider to be wooden and
slow—perhaps we are impatient. They
say these methods are matters of busi-
ness—we doubt it. At any rate, while
their machinery is getting into work
the families concerned are starving,
and we must do what we can. When
the Benevolent Society does begin it is
always generous. The retiring, shame-
faced man who has fallen upon evil
times suffers terribly, while the brazen-
faced beggar can often force her claims
to the front. These things should not
be so. It is an old problem that can
never be satisfactorily solved, but every
charity organisation in the world has
to be continually putting itself to ex-
amination and criticism, that it may
not become formal, cold, and dead,
having lost the warm, living soul of
charitable love (caritas).

The S. John's Association has done
good work this month. Mr. Albert Reid
and his helpers have been indefatigable
in their efforts to fill up satisfactory
programmes, but the attendance has
not been altogether satisfactory. A
most enjoyable dramatic reading was
given as the first entertainment this
month, while the second was an orches-
tral concert, under the leadership of Mr.
A. Pitman. The latter was a great
success. The audience was small
though most appreciative, and if atten-
tion and interest can make up for lack
of numbers, the performers had all
they could desire. Our thanks are
due to the willing aid given to Mr.
Pitman, and though some of them
"walk not with us," from a denomina-
tional point of view, yet none the less
does the silver thread of sympathy and
common feeling unite us in social fel-
lowship and good works. S. John's
teachers were well represented at the
Sunday-school Association meeting in
Trinity schoolroom on the 28th. We

have already arranged to make provision for special coaching for the diocesan examination in October, and we trust that we may see our way to the adoption of an annual reunion of old Sunday-school scholars. This last we take as the most valuable of Rev. J. B. Woolnough's suggestions for the retaining of the elder scholars, and the absorption into the Church's congregation for grown up ones.

We chronicle the baptism of a little chap, the son of a S. John's Sunday-school boy, by the name of Federal. We trust that the enthusiasm for federation showed by these worthy parents may have a living example in their son—strong, honest, pure, and God-fearing, and that the same qualities may characterise the Australian Commonwealth, born, on the same day as the child, of the votes of the people.

Baptisms.—August 9, Arthur Vere Cowles; August 17, Leonard John Lunsden, Arthur Christopher James Jolly, Ernest Alfred Federal Stewart, Doris Elsie Isabel Stewart, Grace Maxwell Ramsay; August 25, Mary Angeline—David Lancelot Ritchie, Doris Lilian Ella Ritchie, Willie Jack Haynes.

Marriages.—August 14, Frederick Fennell to Emmeline Cordelia Harper.

Burials.—August 2, Alexandra F. Jones, aged 33 years; August 5, James Cuthbertson, aged 70 years; August 12, Victor Woullemann, aged 38 years; August 15, James Fletcher Green, aged 44 years; August 16, Archibald—infant; August 21, James Young, aged 44 years.

Note.—Eunice Clare "Tibbs" of last month's issue should have read Eunice Clare Sly.

Communicants and Offertories.—August 3, 5 communicants, 2s 6d; August 6, 29 communicants, £4 3s 8d; August 10, 3 communicants, 1s; August 13, 19 communicants, £4 13s 6½d; August 17, 4 communicants, 5s 9½d; August 20, 7 communicants, £3 10s 2½d; August 27, 7 communicants, 7s 1½d; August 27, 27 communicants, £4 3s 8d; August 31, 5 communicants.

SORELL

A SUCCESSFUL social was held in Fawcett on 18th August on behalf of a bereaved and distressed family. Mrs. George Newitt and Mrs. Wells, both of Wattle Hill, undertook the actual work—no light task—of preparing for the evening. We congratulated them that their efforts resulted in over £6 being made for the object mentioned. To Mrs. Kearney, also, our thanks are due for lending the room in which the social was held.

Since last writing an old and respected member of our community, in the person of Mr. John Allanby, has passed away peacefully. His health had been declining for the past two

years. During the last three months, however, very marked symptoms of increasing weakness manifested themselves. Mr. Allanby had for many years occupied public offices among us, being a Justice of the Peace, Coroner, and, until recently, a member of the Sorrell Municipal Council. He possessed qualities which should mark all those who desire to influence their fellows for good, being sober and honest, gracious and courageous, public-spirited and pious. His example is one that may well be followed by our young men desirous of occupying positions of honour and usefulness—all the more that many public men are not graced with the good qualities of our deceased friend. Mr. Allanby was buried in the cemetery at Bream Creek, his funeral being the largest seen in the district for many years.

Acknowledgments to Poor Fund.—V.B.; F.C.; M.C.; 1s. each. J.T., 3s. Total, 6s.

Baptisms.—Albert Edward Jeffrey, Constance Sophia Crocker.

DELORAINÉ

MRS. R. G. HORNE, who has worked zealously for the Church all her life, has added to her benefactions to S. Mark's by collecting nearly sufficient money to place a new pulpit there, the present structure being eminently unsatisfactory. An excellent design has been selected, and the work, to be executed in blackwood, will be entrusted to a competent workman.

At Chudleigh the same deplorable state of affairs continues. It has its full share of the services given to the outlying churches, and makes no return or acknowledgment whatever. Is there no one there who will even collect the offertory? On the last two occasions, with full congregations, no arrangement was made for the purpose, and no one volunteered to act. There is also no one there who will collect for the stipend fund. Chudleigh is the one blot on the parish.

The acting Rector appeals for the last time to those who have not paid this year's subscriptions to the "Messenger" (which he has paid for them in Launceston) to do so before he leaves the parish. The Rev. A. G. Lingley may arrive in Deloraine about October 5th., and will take over the charge as soon as convenient after his arrival. There should, therefore, be no delay. Will those at Meander, Caveside, Mole Creek, and especially at Needles, take notice of this? The day school has more pupils coming as soon as passes are issued again, which will be almost immediately. In last months notes the words "State-school and Convent underbid" should read "State and Convent underbid"? Miss Harris having kindly undertaken the duties of organist for August, Miss Fitzgerald

has consented, at the request of the Rector, to act until the arrival of Mr. Lingley. The Dedication Day of S. Cross, Elizabeth Town, was kept for the fifth time in its history on Holy Cross Day, September 14th., when there was full choral evensong in the Church, which had been very prettily decorated. The Rector, in his sermon, gave a history of the discovery of the Cross by the Empress Helena in A.D. 326, and the building of the first Church bearing its name, the dedication of which took place September 13th., A.D. 335, a piece of the Cross in the silver shrine being exhibited on the next day, Sunday. Hence September 14th. had ever been kept as the day of the Cross both in the East and in the West. Part of the Cross was sent to Rome, and a Church built for it there. There are 106 churches in England bearing the same name, besides others in the colonies. There was a fairly large congregation, and the choir did their part very well indeed, so that the service was a bright and hearty one. It was to be repeated on the following Sunday afternoon.

Baptisms:—August 18th., Ellen Maud Boxhall, Emmanuel Keith and Amy Elizabeth Payne, Ivy May Jordan, Joseph Charles William Clarke; 27th., Sarah Ann Harvey. All these in S. Saviour's, Meander. 23rd., in S. Mark's, David Lindsay Woodberry. Burial:—September 4th. (in the Public Cemetery), Florence Amelia Connors, 24 years. Offertories:—August 20th., S. Mark's £1 1s 9d, Elizabeth Town 13s; 27th., S. Mark's 19s 6d, Meander 8s 4d; September 3rd., S. Mark's £1 11s 8d, Elizabeth Town (day service) 15s 9d, Red Hills 6s; 10th, S. Mark's 16s 7d, Chudleigh nil, Dedication Festival Service, Elizabeth Town, September 14th., 7s 3d.

MACQUARIE PLAINS.

FOR some unknown reason no fees had been charged for some years past for opening the ground, erecting headstones, etc., in S. Mary's churchyard, consequently the churchwardens, in accordance with the Burial Grounds' Act, have fixed a fee of 5s. for opening the ground for a grave. The other fees will be fixed in due time. At present there are no funds in hand to pay for the new fencing of the church-yard, but 17s. have been given towards it, and all who have an interest in the matter are asked to offer somewhat towards defraying the remaining £3 13s. The new fence was an absolute necessity. Our annual bazaar in aid of Parish funds is fixed for December 6th., let us make up our minds early what we are going to do to help. It is largely owing to the bazaars that the debt on the parsonage has been reduced from £400 to £75 in three years. Two more bazaars as well furnished as that of last year would wipe out the remaining debt.

STANLEY.

(From a Lay Correspondent.)

HAVING noticed the absence of any notes from this locality lately I have thought it high time that there should be some. In matters ecclesiastical the chief event has been the holding of a series of meetings with a view to the building of a new church, and the removal of the present edifice to one of the outlying parts of the parish. The meagre attendance at these meetings has shown the lack of interest taken in the matter. To find some £800 or £900—although a small part of it is already promised—is an obstacle not to be overcome, especially at a time like this, when produce is almost unsaleable. Furthermore, we cannot make up the stipend of our rector, nor fill our present church. We are always painfully in arrears, a fact that must be especially disagreeable to the gentleman in question. As to filling the church, I think I may safely say that though I am a pretty regular attendant I have never yet seen it so full that more could not be got in. True, the few seats that are free are often uncomfortably packed, while the reserved seats are not nearly half filled. I have noticed four occasions—in the mornings—when the attendance has been 18, 20, 22, 25, and myself the only man, nearly all the rest being children, and on some occasions, although we have churchwardens and sidesmen, there was nobody present to take up the collection. And the reason is not far to seek. We can't afford a new church—and we don't want it—(an alteration is about to be made in the present church that will afford seating accommodation for 30 more people) but we do want to be honest, to pay our parson and to fill the church. The first thing we must do is to free the seats—at present they only bring in about £17 or £18 a year—and then get a Curate to take the Rector's place when officiating in the outlying churches. There is no fear but that the people will soon find the needful when they find the church is not exclusively for the well-to-do.

Pallida mors has been much in evidence lately, there having been a funeral a week for some time.

S. Paul's library is progressing satisfactorily under the guidance of the indefatigable Mrs. Penty.

Last week we had a destructive fire here, which burned down one of our

oldest houses, which was a good ridance, but it destroyed all the worldly possessions of a poor widow and her two daughters.

The weather lately has been most genial and springlike, quite an exception for Stanley at this time of year.

CARRICK.

THE parish has been very quiet during the last month or so, the only events to record being a concert at Illawarra, which went off very successfully, and one that was to have been at Carrick and did not go off at all. At the latter place there was a fair audience hopefully awaiting the attendance of the performers, but during the afternoon it rained heavily, and it was so threatening in the evening that only one of them, Miss Whitfield, had the courage to face the probability of a drenching. Fortunately for her, it did not rain any more. The concert at Illawarra was very well attended—indeed, the room was crammed—and although it made no pretensions to being a first-class affair and was hurriedly arranged, people appeared to enjoy it very well. The best part of the programme was undoubtedly the conjuring tricks by Mr. Morton. The proceeds are to go towards purchasing new seats for the church, in place of the present extremely awkward ones, which must have been designed to prevent any kneeling, sitting, or standing in comfort.

Some attention has lately been paid to the Bishopsbourne Cemetery, with a view to improving its appearance. The ground in front of the church has been ploughed and harrowed and the paths regavelled. The gorse along the front fences to be grubbed out, and other improvements are being planned. At Liffey the services continue without a break. Better weather has brought better attendance. The question of the selection of a piece of ground for building a church must soon be settled.

The following have kindly subscribed to the assessment for the Superannuation Fund:—

Carrick.—Messrs. Royle, B. Monds, G. Dineen, J. Royle, J. Millar, G. Arthur, A. Frost, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Boxall, Miss Guest, and a visitor.

Illawarra.—H. R. Dumaresq, Mr. Nevin, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Boys, Miss Walker, and Mrs. Eastoe.

Bishopsbourne.—Messrs. M'Bain, Jones, Wadley, Ling, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Birchall, Miss George.

If any names have been omitted, will the person concerned kindly inform the Rector.

It will be remembered that last year some of the foremost musicians in Launceston kindly gave us a concert, and added to their kindness by promising to come again. The Carrick Ball being so small, it has been arranged with Longford to have a joint concert in Forester's Hall some time in November, when the ladies and gentlemen above referred to will redeem their generous promise. I venture to repeat for them the hearty support of our people in both parishes.

QUAMBY AND HAGLEY.

THE choir of S. Mary's are preparing for a high-class concert on the 22nd. They will have the kind and able assistance of Messrs. O. Balfe and J. M'Clymont, with other friends from Launceston and Carrick.

Baptism.—Fred William Charles Nichols. Burials.—George Fatterson (aged 90) and Frank Drake (aged 40). The reason why the burials are frequently in excess of the baptisms is that our God's acre is such a lonely spot that persons living in various places and of divers denominations like the remains of their friends to lie there. The late Ven. Archdeacon Hogan was highly esteemed and deeply respected by persons of all creeds and no creed.

WESTBURY.

MONTHLY week-evening service has been started at Cluan in Mr. George Cummings's dining-room, which was kindly lent for the occasion. The first service was held on Thursday, August 17th., at 6.30 o'clock, when a fair number assembled. We hope more will avail themselves of the opportunity offered them. The next service will be held on Friday, 15th inst. We have also formed a young men's club. The meetings are held in the school-room weekly on Thursday evenings from 7.30 to 10 o'clock. Games and amusements of all kinds, songs, recitations, etc., are indulged in. Already we have close upon 40 members. The subscription is one penny per week for working members, for hon. members 5s. per annum.

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THE "SHARPLES" CREAM SEPARATORS, THOMAS' "STAR" PHOSPHATE AND KAINIT, Cherry's Churns, Workers and Printers, Engines, Boilers, Milk Testers, "FREEZINE" (nothing to equal it for preserving milk and cream), Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Butter and Cheese Colours "PRESERVITAS" (the saviour of our butter trade), and all Dairying and Farm Requisites.

PRODUCE RECEIVED ON CONSIGNMENT.

HIGHEST PRICES.

PROMPT RETURNS.

DEHLE, BENNISON & CO., 132 Collins Street, Hobart

Ladies' sewing meetings are being held in the school-room on Thursday's from 2 to 5 o'clock to work for the spring show. We are anxious to make the show a great success, in order to complete the amount required for roofing and repairing the church.

We have to thank the Rev. L. T. Tarleton, R.D., for his letter in the "Messenger" of July, pleading for contributions towards the object. We are also very grateful to Colonel Cruickshank for so liberally responding to that appeal with a cheque for £1 ls. We shall gladly welcome any further contributions.

As the season advances the monthly "Silver readings" become more and more popular. Our resources were packed to the utmost to find seats for the large audience that assembled at the last entertainment. The general opinion seems to be that it was the best yet held.

PERTH.

THE Sunday-school was reopened by the Rector on the 10th. Besides six teachers, there should be soon 25 children, and more later. Miss Youl was there to help in a work she has been 40 years engaged in. We hope Messrs. Von Stieglitz and Button will improve in health with the weather.

LONGFORD.

MRS. Jarley's Waxworks was an unqualified success. We must praise the ladies who arranged it in a hurry. The children, too, behaved well, and quite enjoyed it. It is evident that much better work can be done with such good material. It was great fun for all carting about 50 persons to Perth, where Mrs. Gibson had granted her hall free, and a pleasant evening was spent (the first of many similar ones there, we hope). Altogether, this artistic company raised over £12 in three performances, paying off in 10 days the balance of Rectory repairs debt. A great effort is now being made by a large band of willing workers to pay £25 off the Rectory building debt. There will be a refreshment stall on the show ground on October 11 and 12. Ladies will find excellent tea dispensed, besides sweets, poultry, butter, eggs, etc., to take home; light lunch for men, too. This is all besides direct giving, which

ought to produce £25 too. The churchwardens estimate that the large overdraft in stipend account (£77) will disappear, and we shall begin the year with a clear sheet. All ought to be glad of this. Forty persons now subscribe to the "Messenger."

CLIPPINGS.

SCRAPS.

The eggs of a bluebottle fly, if placed in the sun, will hatch in two or three hours. Linnaeus declares that the larvae of three bluebottle flies will devour the carcase of a horse as quickly as would a lion, so rapidly do these insects increase and so voracious do they become.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two or three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls, four or five feet in length and in many cases six feet.

Russia and Austria, observes the "Sketch," are the only two Powers whose produce suffices to feed their own population. France could exist 333 days easily on her supplies, and Germany 311, Italy's home produce would last her 289 days, and Spain's 280. England's would last her 187 only.

The finest gardens in the world are the Royal Gardens at Kew, England. They cover an area of about 270 acres, and are visited by about 1,500,000 persons a year. The gardens contain the finest collection of exotic plants in the world, a palm house, a winter garden, a museum, an observatory, and a school for gardeners.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity, and that of the thumb the least. It has been computed that the average growth of the finger-nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year.

A water-tube gaol is one of the latest achievements of Yankee ingenuity. It is no longer necessary to make the prison bars so heavy and hard that cutting through them becomes difficult, but instead they are made simply of pipes forming part of a high-pressure water system. Should

any of these pipes be severed the water escapes, and quickly gives warning of the break.

A CHURCH NOTICE.

The following significant notice recently appeared outside an English Church:—"The service on Sunday morning is at 10.30. The supposition that it is 10 minutes later is a mistake. Young men are not excluded from the week-night service. The seats in the front portion of the church have been carefully examined; they are quite sound, and may be trusted not to give way. It is quite legitimate to join in the singing. The object of the choir is to encourage, not to discourage, the congregation."

THE BIBLE.

The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warfarer songs of welcome and strains of music; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand-in-hand with civilisation, science, law; in short, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting and often leading the way. Its very presence, as a believed book, has rendered the nations emphatically a chosen race, and this, too, in exact proportion as it is more or less generally known and studied.—"Coleridge."

OUR JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE.

When the earth completes its annual circuit round the sun it does not come back to the point from which it started. The earth's motion in space is not really circular, but spiral, for it and all the other members of the solar system are being carried along with the sun on a journey through space—where? All that can be said is that we are all journeying, in the meantime, towards a particular part of the heavens, some say that part occupied by the constellation Hercules. Professor Newcomb thinks the brightest star in the constellation Lyra is not far from the point towards which the sun is moving. The rate of motion is perhaps eight miles per second, and the entire journey to Lyra may occupy, the professor says, from half a million to a million years.

RECEPTION OF CONVERTS FROM THE CHURCH OF ROME.

Churchmen are far behind Dissenters in the matter of sending news of what they are doing to the local papers—a fact which Archbishop Benson used to say was much to be regretted. However, items of news for which we look in vain in the local papers we may sometimes find in the parish magazines. For instance, in the "Parish Magazine" of St. Paul's, Kempston Hill (of which the Rev. J. Lemon is vicar), we find the following:—

"Reception.—Last week an event of singular interest was witnessed at St. Paul's Church. It was the baptism (!) and reception into communion with the English Church of one who had previously been a member of the Roman Catholic communion. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. G. T. A. Ward, assistant priest, under whose tuition the candidate had been prepared for some time previously."

A somewhat similar note we find in Canon Trench's "Parish Gazette," which is full of information about the large parish of Kendal, with its mission district of All Hallows, of which the Rev. W. Railton is curate-in-charge:—

"A very interesting ceremony took place at All Hallows' Church on Sunday evening, when a lady convert from the Church of Rome was formally and publicly received into the Anglican Communion by the Rev. W. Railton. The service used was that published by the S.P.C.K., and the reception took place immediately after the sermon. This, we believe, is the first instance of a formal reception of this kind in Kendal."

Again, on Wednesday week the Rev. A. E. Brown, Vicar of Longnor, acting under the directions of the Bishop of Lichfield, publicly received into the Church of England the Rev. W. A. Cooke, who for nearly five years past has been a member of the Church of Rome. The form of service used was that drawn up by the Upper House of Convocation, A.D. 1714, and amended in 1890. The Rev. W. A. Cooke is now about to resume his ministerial work in the Church of England, and for the present will assist the vicar of Longnor, having received the permission of the Bishop so to do.

It is quite possible that a more extended study of the parish magazines might bring to light further instances of the same kind. And it can scarcely be doubted that in many cases those received would specially request that there should be no publicity. Receptions take place far more frequently than is commonly supposed—a fact of some interest in these "crisis" days when we are asked to believe that the Church of England is sending so many people to the Church of Rome.—"Church Family Newspaper," June, 1899.

IRISH BULLS.

Good Irish bulls and blunders are always welcome, and we hope our readers will find the following new to them:—An Irish member in the House of Commons who was pouring out the vials of his wrath against the landlords, described them as so rapacious that he believed if one of them was landed on an uninhabited island it would not be five minutes before he had his hands in the pockets of the naked savages. This recalls a Parliamentary election in Belfast, when one of the candidates, appealing to the working men for their support, said—"I was not always rich. I was born without a shilling in my pocket." When the Home Rule Bill passed the House of Commons great enthusiasm was manifested throughout the south of Ireland. When the news arrived in Cork late at night crowds gathered together, tar barrels and bonfires were set ablaze. Popular speakers addressed the crowds from various impromptu platforms. One of them, in the course of his harangue, said—"This night is the brightest day in Irish history." At a small station between Cork and Skibbereen a countrywoman, with a couple of baskets filled with butter, eggs, and some fowls, stepped into a first-class carriage and took her seat. The train proceeded, and when near Skibbereen the ticket collector appeared at the door. "Tickets, please." Having collected all but the old woman's, he stood waiting till she succeeded in extricating from her pocket a third-class ticket. The official looked at the ticket and then at the woman. "Hello, ma'am," said he, "you're first class." "I am, thank you, sir," said the woman, "and I hope you're the same yourself."

ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING.

Anecdotes respecting mistakes arising from illegible handwriting have reached me in consequence of the note about Bishop Blomfield's error. The fact that in the first edition of "Sinai Palestine" Dean Stanley is made to say, "You get a good view of Jones," whereas he wrote, "view of Jerusalem," was alluded to by the writer of the interesting article on "Pulpit Curiosities" published in the pages last week. Not quite so familiar is the experience of the poet who wrote:—

"Lo! the poor martyr in a sheet of fire,"
but was horrified to read—
"Lo! the poor martyr with his shirt on fire."

The late Lord Lyttleton wrote an execrable hand. No one could read all of it with certainty, and at times no one could read a word of it, excepting the signature. Some quarter of a century ago I was connected with a public institution in East Worcester-

shire, the members of which desired to have their annual outing at his lordship's beautiful seat, Hagley Park, where Thomson wrote part of his "Seasons." Accordingly a letter was despatched to Lord Lyttleton, asking for the necessary permission. The reply came, but beyond the "Dear sir" and the signature not a word of it could be read. For a moment the committee were nonplussed, but on consideration they sent a delegate to the park-keeper, to whom he said, "We are coming here for our outing. Here is his lordship's letter." The park-keeper looked very solemnly at the missive, but said nothing. So no one ever knew whether the visit had his lordship's approval, but the outing was a great success.—Extract.

THE POWER OF FATE.

We know that the moral interest of our Lord's life and death and resurrection lies in the absoluteness of the victory which, in His own person, He won over all the banded forces of evil arrayed against Him. We watch that life. We watch its descent into the deepest straits of weakness; we watch the death upon the cross; we watch the great reversal of the resurrection. Truly, as St. Paul said, He stripped off all the principalities and powers of darkness which clung like a burning Nessus robe upon this humanity of ours. He stripped off all that robe of darkness and put it right away from him. He showed our human nature free; He lifted it triumphant and glorious to the right hand of God. And that victory which He won in Himself is to be perpetuated age after age and individual after individual in all who will truly call themselves by His name. And the instrument by which that victory is to be renewed in each one of us is the instrument of Faith. Faith does not mean the passive acceptance of any body of doctrine. It is not a mere matter of the intellect at all. It is the strong and effortful laying hold of God and His forces, the laying hold of that humanity of Jesus in which that Godhead is manifested; is the laying hold of Him, invisible, but present by His Spirit. And, using that as a leverage, it is the lifting of our humanity up out of that same tyranny in which He suffered Himself to be clothed. It is the same deliverance of this actual manhood of ours, down in slavery as our Lord saw it, up into the liberty and the glory of the children of God.—Canon Gore.

OUR GRANDFATHERS' SPORTS.

From "The Times" of 100 years ago a correspondent has unearthed the following programme of sports at which George III. and other members of the Royal family and nobility were pre-

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ARE THE BEST. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

sent. Sports committees in search of novelties may find something good therein. "To be played for at cricket, a round of beef; each man of the winning set to have a ribband. A cheese to be rolled down the hill; prize to whoever stops it. A silver cup to be run for by ponies, the best of three heats. A pound of tobacco to be grinned for. A barrel of beer to be rolled down the hill; prize to whoever stops it. A Michaelmasday goose to be dived for. A good hat to be cudgelled for. Half a guinea for the best ass in three heats. A handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle, and suspended by a string. A leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of 100 yards in sacks. A good hat to be wrestled for. Half a guinea to the rider of the ass who wins the best of three heats coming in last. A pig; prize to whoever catches him by the tail."

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from a letter received from a friend at Klondyke:—"I am going to give you an account of the finding of the body of a great extinct animal, called the mammoth, in a Klondyke glacier. It was lying forty feet below the surface. Two men, while working their claim on Lower Dominion Creek, came upon the huge monster. He had apparently been caught in a glacial slide, and looked quite lifelike, as it was frozen, and had never thawed out. It weighed between twenty-five and thirty tons, with a length of forty-four feet sixteen inches. The right tusk was broken off, but the left one was perfect, and measured fourteen feet three inches in length, and had a circumference of thirty-eight inches. It was covered with a hairy wool about fifteen inches long. The most remarkable feature was that the flesh of the animal was as fresh and sweet as if it had only been killed yesterday. The hind-quarters of the mammoth weighed 8642lb., and it was supposed to be buried in the frozen ground, which is frozen to the depth of 111ft. from the surface, 25,000 years ago. It is the favourite quotation in the streets of Dawson, 'Where on earth but in the Yukon metropolis is it possible to sit down to breakfast and order a tender loin steak of mammoth cut from such a huge monster, the size and weight of a Yukon steamer, and killed perhaps 25,000 years ago?'"

No pelting rain can make us stay
When we have tickets for the play;
But let one drop the sidewalk smirch,
And it's too wet to go to church.

WHAT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER SHOULD BE.

Able, willing to endure,

Speaking only what is pure,
Understanding His dear Word,
Nothing hiding from your Lord.
Daily seeking His dear face,
Always growing on in grace,
Yielding everything to Him.

Serving Jesus—souls to win.
Courteous, gentle, loving, kind,
Holy in your life and mind.
Often when perplexed you've sighed,
Observe His patience, He was tried.
Living close to Him each day,

Teach His lambs His Word and way;
Each one bring to Him in prayer,
And He will the burden bear.
Called to teach—'tis no light thing,
He is listening, He, your King,
Earnestly expect a blessing,
Rich in faith, His Name confessing

E. L. BAGOT.

TALKING IN CHURCH.

The worst of all kinds of sound in church is that of human voices not engaged in the service; worst in decency, worst in moral transgression. Even religious conversation is wrong; secular conversation is profanity. Comments on the service itself, if favourable and friendly, are impertinent; if critical, are disgraceful; if comical, or calculated to provoke laughter, are infamous. For all mutual communications that appear to be necessary, a sufficient forethought would, in more instances, obviate the necessity. If those who whisper would think twice first they would commonly see that no serious harm would come of keeping still till after the service. The insult lies against His courts, against the authorities of the church, against the congregation. A whisper reaches further than the whisperer imagines. And wherever it reaches it may rightly stir indignation. It is a form of all manners, the more deplorable because it is scarcely capable of rebuke and suppression by any other means than a general sense of good behaviour and a right education.—Bishop Huntington.

An American clergyman gives this advice—"Pray for your church and fellow parishioners, and especially for your clergyman, not that he may order the parish according to your taste, but that he may have a sound judgment in all things. Honour God by your presence at public worship, especially at the Holy Communion, which teaches you each time it is celebrated that God loves you. When you speak of our Church, our Parish," remember that little word 'our' tells you that you are to give freely in the offertory towards the support of 'our Church.'"

In the "Methodist Times" long-winded preachers are lashed with scathing rhetoric. They are accused of "wicked self-indulgence," and told that they are "guilty of the same moral offence as the drunkard." It is an ingenious analogy, though it cannot be pressed too far; for even those of us to whom long sermons are most abhorrent would hesitate to say of the "moderate preacher" such hard things as some teetotallers say of the "moderate drinker." On the other hand, the comparison holds good in this—that, just as there are "three-bottle men" who can carry their liquor with dignity, so there are "three-quarters of an hour men" who can preach for that length of time without wearying their hearers. The difficulty is for any preacher to discover what should be the duration of his discourse in order to produce the maximum effect upon his congregation. Perhaps he might find a way out of it by taking a postcard plebiscite of his parishioners, or he might try the experiment of advertising the length of his homily beforehand and instructing the sexton to see how many people sat it out when he preached twenty minutes, forty minutes, and an hour and a half respectively.

Parsons play many parts, but not often as lion-tamers. The Rev. H. V. Tyrrel, of South Kensington, "in order to test the strength of his nerves," entered the lion's den at Earl Court (accompanied with the tamer of the show), and stayed there for six minutes. The wild beast first snarled and then roared, "but the cleric remained perfectly calm," and left the cage thoroughly satisfied with the state of his nervous system.

The Queen's 80th birthday was observed in a very special manner at most of the Cathedrals and Royal Chapels. At the Cathedral the Archbishop of Canterbury preached at the thanksgiving service; and the Bishop of London at the Chapel Royal, St. James Palace. Large congregations were also present at the services at Westminster Abbey, St. Saviour's Cathedral, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

An interesting incident at the entrance to the House of Lords recently was Mr. Balfour playing with much grace and aptitude the part of footman to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The First Lord of the Treasury, who had accompanied the Primate of All England to Old Palace Yard, called his Grace's carriage. He opened the door, let down the steps, handed in the Archbishop, let up the steps (it is true with the tip of his toe), and bowed his Grace off. This incident, watched with much interest by a crowd of people, found its charm in the fact that chivalry is not dead in England, and that now, as before the Reformation, statesmen bow to the princes of the Church.

BUSINESS COLUMN.

The following amounts received since last issue:—6d each—Miss Calvert, Messrs. C. H. Webb, A. R. Sample; 1s each—Messdames W. Kerr, Brandwin, R. Brown, Brassendab, W. Geard, H. Wriglen, J. Jones, Mortyn, Littlehales, F. W. Reynolds, M. A. Reynolds, Edwin Reynolds, Nickols, Jeffrey, Walker, J. Smith, Burrowes, J. Hills, Frank Targett, Ellen Bird, James Bird, H. P. Harrison, Ibbott (Apsley), Edward Porter, R. Allen, Ibbott (Ibbott Vale), Wm. Hanett, Knight, Misses Morris, Mason, Chivers, Bayley, Messrs. Thos. Johns, Dodderidge, Moore, Dunkley, Gore, G. Mortyn, C. Bayley, H. G. Thompson, T. Westbrook, Bantrick, Jillett, C. S. Agnew, J. Bowman, Rev. S. H. Hughes, Dr. Allnutt; 1s 6d each—Mr. R. Hogarth, Mrs. Betts; 2s each—Mrs. Gaugel, Mr. G. Hanslow, Mrs. Wm. Ferrar, Mrs. H. Flexman; sundry—Messrs. Jos. Hinds, 1s 4d; Rev. C. G. Wilkinson, 6s; Ven Archdeacon Whitington, 39s; Miss E. M. Hudspeth, 1s 9d; Mrs. Reid, 2s 6d; Rev. R. J. de Coetlogon, 68s.

The treasurer is Mr. F. J. Reid, 167 St. John-street, Launceston. All cash must be sent direct to him; stamps only if under 1s. He hopes all who have not paid will send the cash at once, as the year is getting on. Anyone not getting their copy or correct number please write at once to him.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. H. V. A., Deloraine.—We are sorry we cannot print your letter.

MALDEN ISLAND GUANO

THE FARMERS FRIEND.

SECOND TO NONE.

—See Analysis.—

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ALPHA HUMMING BIRD,

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Mrs. R. Kerrison, Winkleigh, writes under date January 2, 1899:—"The Separator (Humming Bird) is working splendidly, and gives us every satisfaction. I have shown it at work to a number of my neighbours, and they think it a wonderful little machine."

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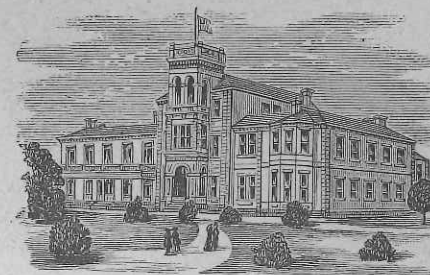
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