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EDUCATION & TEMPERANCE.

By Proxy.

'Soople.' ON Wednesday Mr. Runciman moved the second reading of his new Education Bill. He frankly admitted the illogical character of his proposals, defending them, however, on the ground that bad logic and good feeling are the foundations of all progress. The proposals had been arrived at by a process of elimination, and the result was not the ideal of any of the parties concerned. Mr. Runciman described the things eliminated as things that did not matter; the Government had set out with the determination of being 'soople' in things immaterial. The misfortune is that nobody really regards the things in question as immaterial.

Plain Speech. THE feeling of dismay and resentment found expression on the Liberal side. Mr. A. Hutton moved the rejection of the Bill in a brilliant speech. He pertinently asked how long the proposed settlement would be a settlement. The Bill was a cynical departure from the history of the Liberal party. The contracting out provisions reduced public control to a farce; the Government had made enormous concessions and obtained hardly anything in return. Mr. C. Edwards, another Liberal, seconded the rejection, and declared that the Bill meant the absolute abandonment of every Liberal principle, and the complete betrayal of everything that the Liberal party had stood for on this question. It was the most cynical, the most flagrant betrayal of political principle that had been witnessed in the annals even of modern politics. Mr. Yoxall, the representative of the teachers, objected to the whole of the Bill both on administrative grounds and on the ground of principle. It was not a Liberal Bill, and it was opposed to the principles which both Liberals and Nonconformists held dear.

Reluctant Acceptance. ON the other hand, such stalwarts as Sir George White and Mr. Massie, while not prepared to defend the Bill, were willing to accept it as containing emergency proposals. Sir R. W. Perks disliked the Bill. A balanced calculation of its qualities gave a result just a little way in its favour. It was their duty to make the best of a bad job. Such is the condition of impotence to which Nonconformity apparently has been reduced by the most powerful Liberal Government the country has ever seen. The more we examine the Bill the less we like it. Nonconformists may be giving thirty shillings, but they do not receive a sovereign. What is this asphyxiating atmosphere that has reduced so many of the leaders of Nonconformity to a condition of helpless despair? The huge committee which has been formed to assist the Government in the passing of the Bill contains men of all parties and of all churches—a motley collection indeed. Let us hope that the results at which they arrive will not be the negation of all principle. Does all this 'soopleness' imply that the Government and Nonconformists in the past have been fighting for something more than justice and right? We had not so understood the matter.

Mr. Balfour's Attitude. MR. BALFOUR'S speech was a characteristic deliverance. He emphasised the fact that on the face of it this Bill could not result in a settlement of the Education difficulty. Which of all the parties concerned would give any pledge that the settlement should be permanent? Was not each party in its heart contemplating by what future steps this so-called

settlement could be modified to suit its views. Very cleverly the Opposition leader played off one party against another. Mr. Asquith's reply was an able argument in favour of the proposed settlement by mutual consent. A stage has been reached when everybody must make a surrender. Unfortunately the surrender is nearly all on the side of the people who placed the Government in power. The Second Reading was carried by a majority of 166, and the cross-voting indicates that once more the Nonconformists are to be betrayed by the help of the Tories. In the minority is the name of Sir George Kekewich. Nothing could be more significant.

The General Committee. LAST Friday the General Committee had the Education Bill under consideration. It was evident nobody liked the Bill, and ultimately a resolution was adopted which, while admitting the enormous difficulties with which the settlement of the question is beset, emphatically declared that notwithstanding some excellent clauses the Bill is vitiated by glaring defect and injustice. The Committee strongly affirmed its profound hostility to the concession of any right of entry to Council Schools, and to the provisions for contracting out, as well as to making statutory and obligatory the giving of religious instruction at all. It also declared its belief that under Mr. Runciman's proposals tests for teachers would be insidiously, but effectively, introduced. Should the Government find no other way out of the difficulty the Committee recorded its deep conviction that provision should be made for right of entry to be given out of school hours only; that no member of the teaching staff should give sectarian religious instruction; that wherever there is but one room in any school no religious teaching other than Cowper-Temple teaching be permitted, especially within school hours; that all money given for Educational purposes from public funds shall be exclusively used for education; that all necessary safeguards against any possibility of religious tests be established; and that permission to give religious teaching in all State-aided schools shall be in the hands of the local authorities. A very excellent resolution, but it does not leave much of Mr. Runciman's Bill intact.

A Tied House. THE week has been historic not only for the cause of Temperance but for that of Constitutional Reform. On Tuesday the Lords met in secret conclave at Lansdowne House, and decided almost unanimously to throw out the Licensing Bill without giving it a Second Reading. Next day they proceeded to the farce of deliberating on the measure. Its rejection was moved on the plea of 'grave inconvenience,' and as violating equity in its dealing with the classes it affects. Notwithstanding the fact that the Bill was already 'dead as a door nail,' to quote the Lord Chancellor's words, the debate was a brilliant one—on the side of the Government that is. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lytton, the Bishop of Hereford, and Lord Loreburn delivered speeches of great force and eloquence in favour of the Bill. The whole attitude of the Archbishop was a new thing in the history of the Episcopal bench. He deplored that the Lords were placing themselves in a position which thinking men hereafter would regard as the wrong side. Lord Rosebery's speech was a brilliant performance, full of fine points, and revealing that blending of fact and argument, wit and humour, for which Lord Rosebery is perhaps unrivalled. Lord Loreburn's closing words must have pierced the pachydermatous cuticle even of the peers, and especially of Lord Lansdowne. 'In the division which is to take place we shall be overwhelmed, of course, but with all respect to the noble marquis, it will not be to his honour, I think, that he will succeed, for it is the triumph of the trade over the community, the victory of wrong over right.' The voting was 96 for, 272 against, the Second Reading; and so this tied house of the trade, with its 200 brewery owners, killed the greatest measure of Social Reform this generation has seen.

What Next? WILL the Government and the country take this lying down? We cannot believe it. We are profoundly convinced the House of Lords has signed the death warrant of its privileges. A measure backed by all that is wisest and best in the nation cannot be thus impudently done to death with impunity. The Government and the Liberal party, aye and all who care for freedom and righteousness, must at once prepare for the greatest constitutional struggle of modern times. If we hesitate then, our liberties are doomed. To impose high licenses in the next Budget is not enough; if the main principle of the Licensing Bill, and of twenty other great measures of social amelioration is to be secured, the veto of the House of Lords must be destroyed. This is the question of questions now, and nothing else must be allowed to push it into the background. Against the arbitrary and unconstitutional action of the House of Lords the General Committee recorded its emphatic and indignant protest last Friday.

How Bobby made Peace at Christmas.

By Ramsay Guthrie.

(Author of 'The Maddisons of Moorlea,' 'A Son of the Silence,' etc.)

EVERYONE in Black Dene knew that the Brownsons and the Deans were 'kind as cousins.' Their attachment was the amusement and the pleasure of old and young.

'By hinnies!' one would say, when their names were mentioned, 'but ye hetta be careful. It's dangerous speakin' atween them. They're tarrible kind, thick as thieves, an' nivver parted.'

They were neighbours and had lived 'forenext' each other since the day when they were married. Sally and Bella in their maiden years had been bosom companions. It was the stroke of fortune when they were wedded on thesame Spring day. 'Lucky lasses' they were said to be. Ben Brownson and Abe Dean were the pride of the Methodist people. From childhood they had grown in the church, and in their twenties they were tall and strong, intelligent and devout. It was the humour of the time that they were 'a couple of the bonniest couples' that Black Dene had ever seen.

Favoured with houses adjoining in London Street, their married life began.

More and more they came together.

In the chapel they shared one of the smaller pews. When the Anniversary came round Bella and Sally always joined in providing a tray. When subscriptions were required Ben and Abe gave the same amounts. On pay-Saturdays the four set off for the town together. While the women did the marketing the men kept each other in countenance, counselling patience and hope, as they waited in the streets. When Ben and Abe were at the meetings of the Lodge, or at the sessions for business at the chapel, their wives were in one of the kitchens, 'rattlin' the machine or darnin' for dear life.' When Sally ran short of flour she simply informed Bella, and when Bella was 'oot of marmalade' Sally came to the rescue.

On Sundays, almost invariably, tea was taken together in one house and supper in the other. Each house boasted a little harmonium, while Ben had the additional distinction of a concertina. On the latter instrument he was quite a proficient. On the harmonium he could only play with one finger of each hand. Abe was wont to say that he could have been 'a champion player if the music-box had had a handle.' His wife had all the art. Ben was overshadowed by her skill. With her right hand she could play with two fingers, while she 'faked' the bass with one finger of the left. But these were details. In either house on Sunday nights they were able to hear the air and the four supplied the harmony. A fine quartette they made. Sally was a pronounced soprano. Bella's contralto was low and sweet. Abe took up the tenor and Ben brought up the bass.

What nights they had! The home was heaven when the hymns were sung. The best day of the week had always a 'grand finish off,' and the songs were in their hearts in the days succeeding.

By-and-by Bobby was born, and the Deans were the fortunate parents.

Abe was extraordinarily uplifted when he knew that he was a father.

'Let's hev a haald o' that bairn!' he cried on the second day. 'I waant to feel me responsibility. . . . Ye're aall that narvous!' he remarked to his wife and Sally. 'I'll not let him faall. I'll hang on tiv his goonie like aall that. . . . By! ye're a fine little chep!' he apostrophised exultantly, 'an' lockier than ye knaa. Thoo'll hev a fine time here, me bonny, wi' thee mother an' me!'

Ben thought that Abe put on airs in those early days of his pride.

'Noo, keep theesel' humble an' prayerful,' was his humourous caution to Abe. 'There's mony a chep been a fether efore thoo, an' there'll mebbies be others later on.'

Bella made no secret of her pride. Motherhood was the bliss unspeakable.

Sally, of course, was there in tendance on the mother and ohild.

'Bella, hinney!' Sally was standing with folded arms gazing at her friend in bed. 'I envies tha, I dae! Not that I wad rob tha o' thee babby, but I wish I had his twin. Thoo's pleased wi' theesel', I see! Thee face is aall ashine! An' thoo looks that cosy lyin' there wi' thee bairnie cuddled aside tha!'

Bobby's coming made many a difference. Bella declared that she was 'leg-tied an' hand-ful.' Happy she was enfettered by love and weighted with the cares of motherhood. Abe, too, found his liberty curtailed. He had to 'put his hand tae an' rock the creddle noos an' thens'.

Thereafter, the Brownsons were oftener at the Deans' and the Deans the more seldom in the Brownsons.' All this was delightful to Ben and Sally. Bobby was theirs as well as his parents.

When Bobby could lisp he knew that his parentage was duplicated. 'Uncle Ben' was his darling friend, 'Auntie Sally' his 'pet favourite.'

By-and-by the little chap was in and out of the two houses. He was equally at home in either. Uncle Ben gave him the wildest licence, Auntie Sally positively spoilt him. He had a happy childhood in the love of his parents and the tenderness of Sally and Ben.

Black Dene was scandalised when the news got out, the Methodists, especially, were horrified. The majority could not give the rumour credence at first. Doubt was soon impossible. The rumour for once was the truth.

The women had differed, and they and their husbands were not on speaking terms. It was observed that the doors were shut, an ominous sign, indeed.

The Brownsons were observed on the Saturday making for the town alone. The Deans followed them an hour later.

On the Sunday Abe and Bella were at the chapel with Bobby between them. The rest of the pew was vacant.

The Methodists were confounded and ashamed.

Their class-leader had called to see them but left with burning cheeks and hopeless heart. He had sought to ascertain the cause of the quarrel in the hope that peace might be established. He was baulked at every turn.

Sally was outrageous. In her wrath her power of speech was amazingly quickened. Her vocabulary of invective was an astonishment. The secret was too awful to name.

'I'm done wi' her, done for iver!' Sally had declared, with passionate gestures and angry eyes. 'To think that she coul dae sich a thing to me, to *me*, her bosom friend that was! I'll nivver believe in a single sowl again, nivver! Me faith's gone, gone for ivermore!'

Bella, on the contrary, was sullen and reserved. She would keep her own counsel.

'She knaas best whaat ails her, an', if she is that huffy, she hes ownly hersel' to please,' and further communication Bella declined.

Ben and Abe were miserable. To keep the peace with their wives they were compelled to appear as enemies. Out of sight they drew together, though caution had to be exercised by reason of prying eyes and gossipy tongues. The situation was ludicrous. Coming from the pit, they would walk together to the top of the street, then Abe would lead the way, and enter the house before Ben was within sight from the window.

Everything was wrong.

Ben was moody at night-time, sitting by the fire. He would have given anything to have been with Abe.

'Thoo's nivver had a tune this while back,' Sally snapped at him one night when his uneasiness and depression were conspicuous. 'Whaat are ye sittin' there for twiddlin' yer thumbs? An' whaat's thee concertina done to tha? It's a teedy business sittin' here wi' a dummy!'

Poor Ben! His eyes filled with tears. Could this be Sally, the Sally of the pleasant heart and the winsome tongue?

'My lass!' he cried, 'but it's aaful to hear tha speak like that! Whaativer's come ower tha? Thee heart's getten poisoned!'

The concertina was in its box, and the box stood on the harmonium top. He had no heart for music.

Not a sound could be heard from the house adjoining save the shouts and the laughter of Bobby.

Sometimes Sally cried. Bobby had been forbidden to cross her threshold. This was the keenest thrust of all. She loved the boy and she knew that he was fond of her. As an infant she had fondled him, and, through all the years, he had been keen to be with her. Her 'enemy' had striken her in the tenderest place.

Abe, too, was ill at-ease. How could he go to the class-meeting without Ben? He had always been a warbler. Morning and night he was wont to sing. Scores of times, unknown to each other, Ben and he had manœuvred duetts, Abe on one side of the wall and Ben on the other. Now he was silent. He could not sing.

As for Bella, she had a quilting fit. She wrought off her petulance with her needle. Over the quilting-frames she leaned, till her back was like to break and her eyes were almost blinded.

Bobby could not adjust himself to this state of war. When the door chanced to be opened, he would leap outside with shouts for Auntie Sally. When he was sternly drawn within his bewilderment found expression in questions.

'Has Auntie Sally got the measles?'

'Has she been playing with matches on the sly?'

'Did she spill the castor-oil on her pinny?'

Bobby was baffled with this domestic siege.

Since the secret must be told, it must be whispered. Like most disagreements it was the veriest triviality.

For the Anniversary that year, the women-friends had patronised the milliner and the dress-maker. The latest styles were chosen and the treasures were there at hand. Unfortunately, the Sunday had a dismal dawn, and, ere the morning passed, the rain came down.

Over the railings they had discussed the misfortune. It would be nonsense to risk the things of beauty unless the weather wondrously cleared.

After dinner, Sally had a good look-out, and concluded that the case was hopeless. She accordingly prepared for the afternoon service in the gown and hat that were now her 'seconds.'

She could have screamed, so poignant was her pain, when Bella appeared at ten minutes to two in the splendour of her 'firsts.'

Surely it was the surprise that swept her off her feet! She lost her self-control and there and then charged Bella with duplicity.

The 'culprit' tried to explain but Sally was beyond the appeal of reason.

It would be idle to repeat the expletives of her wrath.

Bella would have fled indoors, but Abe was not to be disappointed of the service. It would have been better if she had had her way. She was in the service in bodily presence but not in mind and spirit. The glory of her apparel intensified her misery.

Before tea she sought again to appease her friend, but the fiat was her fate. Sally repeated and multiplied her reproaches.

There were mischievous people who were ready to furnish fuel and to fan the flame, but these, quite fortunately, were snubbed for their pains. The majority in Black Dene kept a shamed and pained silence.

The approach of Christmas intensified the trouble. For

years the Deans had dined with the Brownsons on the Day of Christmas, and the Brownsons had returned the compliment on the New Year's Day.

How could Sally forget?

How busy she used to be those days preceding Christmas! What preparations she made! What a spread she furnished!

She was almost beside herself with shame. Again and again she had pleaded with Ben to take her to his mother's for Christmas. Anywhere she would go rather than endure the day in Black Dene. Ben declined. She declared that he was stubborn. He was obdurate to the last degree. Ever since they were married they had eaten their Christmas dinner at home and they would not depart from the custom.

Truth to tell, Sally cried, but even her tears left Ben unmoved. There is reason to think that he rejoiced in her distress.

Abe, too, and Bella had thoughts of Christmas and already the kitchen was in process of preparation. The circlet of hoops, with the tissue paper and the lanterns and the flags, was hanging from the ceiling. The holly was here and there and the mistletoe was above the doorway to the big front room.

For the first time they would spend the Day of Christmas alone.

Abe was mortified, though he maintained a frigid silence. Bella simulated energy and enjoyment.

Bobby intervened.

The crisis was ended. The siege was raised. A truce was declared. Peace was re-established.

Bobby suffered, but in spite of that he had the most enchanting Christmas. He had toys enough to stock a shop. He was the hero of the season.

It was the day preceding Christmas Day. The great Store waggon was proceeding slowly up London Street. It was 'mountains high' with bags of flour and parcels of groceries. The driver was assisted by two strong youths. Every family in London Street had its packages to receive.

Sally's door was shut when Bella went out to get her goods.

In the commotion, Bobby escaped, and, hiding in the rear of the waggon, he was unperceived.

His mother's door closed, he climbed up the wheel of the waggon and established himself in the driver's seat.

Bella's withdrawal was the signal for Sally's emergence. She was in the doorway, waiting for her things.

It was the catastrophe of a moment. Something alarmed the two great horses. A sudden spring, and Bobby was flung to the ground.

His cries filled the air.

With a shriek, Sally sprang to seize him. The horses were tearing up the street, the parcels and the bags flying in all directions.

'My canny lad!' cried Sally; 'my bonny Bobby!'

She had him in her arms and his bleeding head was on her shoulder.

Bella had heard the cry and had rushed also to the rescue.

'Is he killed?' was the moan of her panic and pain.

'Nae, hinney,' was Sally's assurance. 'He might hev been, but, thank God, he isn'r. Hoo he's escaped 's a parfect maracle. The waggon must hev jumped reet ower him. It's his heed an' it's bleedin' badly,' and Sally was carrying him into his mother's house.

Both were busy with Bobby, sponging his head, comforting him, and arranging the plaster. The mother was almost helpless, but Sally was resourceful and alert.

They had just got Bobby into bed when Abe appeared, and the father's heart was full of fear, and yet aflame with joy. What a mercy the boy was saved!

Ben had marvelled that his door was open. He marvelled the more when he found the house deserted.

'Sally! Sally!' he called, but there was no answering voice.

Back to the door he stepped and came face to face with a group of women who had gathered to find news of Bobby.

He, too, crossed the hitherto prohibited threshold and the four stood together by Bobby's bed.

It was as if the disagreement had never been. They were back again to the happy and kindly days.

Sally took the initiative, stealing her arm round Bella's waist.

'Ye'll come for yer dinners the morra, winnet ye?'

Bella answered with a kiss.

That night Ben and Abe set off to the town and returned with gigantic parcels. Bobby would be able to play the soldier, the engine-driver, the sailor, the tram-conductor, the artist, and the builder. Each bought gifts for their wives, and, unknown to each other, gifts for one another and for each other's wives.

Bobby forgot his plastered head in the variety of his employments.

What a day they had, and what a night! Bella re-opened the harmonium, and Ben rendered flourishes on the concertina. The happy hymns were sung, and the past was forgotten in the goodwill of friendship, and the peace of Christmas.

The good news was known in Black Dene, and all were glad in the reconciliation so singularly effected.

Bobby for several days was seen with his bandaged head. The accident was regarded as a Providence. Only the unwonted could have solved the problem.

Bobby, though a martyr, was nevertheless a hero. He had made peace for four at Christmas.

Some Reminiscences of Hull Primitive Methodism in 1865.

In the year 1865, Charles Kendall was the superintendent of Hull Second station (Jarratt Street), and his son, the writer of these lines, was travelling the first year of his probation in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Though I was then but a stripling, just entering on my 21st year, I had long been given to the free use of the pen in making extracts from books, in jotting down notes of conversations, and sometimes in attempting rough and rapid character-sketches of persons who interested me. Some of these memoranda I have found exceedingly useful in more recent years, as they have supplied just those points of detail and traits which most easily escape the memory, but which, when preserved, tend to give actuality to the scenes and events of the past. I see now it was a commendable practice, and had I to begin life afresh, I would do the same again—only more so, adopting Captain Cuttle's motto, 'When found, make a note of.' Now, in rummaging amongst my books and papers the other day, I came across the full diary of a thirteen days' vacation which I spent in Hull in the year 1865. On inspecting it with some curiosity I found I had something more than a diary before me. It contained some evidently sincere attempts to describe the men and women I met during this preacher's fortnight—persons whom we now, forty-three years after, would like to know more about.

REV. C. KENDALL.

SOUTH EAST VIEW OF KINGSTON-UPON-HULL.

After this prelude, that could not very well be dispensed with let me say I left Newcastle for Hull on Monday January 15th. The diary tells me I 'sauntered about York a little.' The very names of the streets were so many reminders of the antiquity of the place. I was in Micklegate and Walmgate, and I know not how many other 'gates.' As I moved along it was plain to see I had got into the land again of monster pigs, gorgeously patterned waistcoats, chubby faces and rotund bodies. While pacing the platform I was accosted by a man named Capstaff, a preacher in the York circuit, formerly the same in Newcastle. He told me an anecdote which has two sides—one amusing and one vexing. It seems his employer joined the Pimitives eight months before, and while staying at Hornsea in the summer attended one of our camp-meetings there. He stood outside the ring while the prayer meeting was going on; it would have been better if he had gone right in. One brother—doubtless well-meaning, but ignorant and foolish—seeing a gentleman on the outskirts of the ring, took occasion to call the Lord's particular attention to him, asking Him to undertake in his case. 'O Lord!' he said, 'Thou see'st that man standing there with the gold chain and with them kid gloves on, bring him down, Lord! humble his pride!' Not a pleasant situation this—to be made the subject of such a delicately couched reference! Naturally, the visitor shrank from being made a target of and moved away. Mr. Newsome, the superintendent of the Hornsea circuit, who was present, was justly annoyed at the incident and brought the matter before the ensuing quarterly meeting, and a letter, explanatory and apologetic' was forwarded to the York gentleman.

MR. JOSEPH SMITH.

On arriving at Hull I attended the anniversary tea of Jarratt Street, and afterwards spoke at the public meeting along with Revs. Thomas Campey, and J. R. Parkinson. The proceeds of the day totalled £103. My father and I took supper with that staunch old friend of the Connexion—Mr. Joseph Smith, confectioner of Charles Street. The next day there was tea-drinking with Mr. Pearson and family, and on

(*Continued on next page.*)

Wednesday honoured guests were received at my father's house. There were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Robson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyons. Now Messrs. Hodge and Robson were no strangers to me; consequently the diary says little about them. It was otherwise with Mr. Lyons, as we shall see. I had been a member of Mr. Robson's class, with Messrs. J. F. Pentith and Worsnop as my fellow-members. Many a pleasant evening had I spent at his hospitable home. In that cosy room the preachers often foregathered, and there was abundance of lively talk, and at times no little laughter, for how could it be otherwise when a man so full of wit and fun as J. T. Robson was the host? Especially do I remember one night, when the topic of the hour was the withdrawal of Thomas Greenbury from the Connexion. The date may approximately be fixed by a letter of John Bywater, now before me, dated March 30th, 1864, which begins with the words: 'Is it true that Mr. Greenbury has left the ministry of the Connexion?' So in those March days of '64 Hull District Primitives could not meet together, or write to each other, without Mr. Greenbury's severance from the Connexion being referred to and discussed, as it was that night in Mr. Robson's room. Then the conversation played and coruscated round the subject, till at last the question was started: 'And what sign or legend shall we place over his door?' Competitive mottoes were invited, and the prize was unanimously awarded to Rev. Joseph Tongue who proposed the inscription—'The Standard Bearer Fallen,' that being the title, or sub-title of a book Mr. G. had written. Those who knew Mr. Greenbury as a popular Primitive Methodist preacher are a dwindling band. He was a handsome man, tall, well-proportioned, and with a pleasant countenance. He had, too, a fine voice, and often sang at public meetings, to the delight of his audience. I well remember his appearance on the platform of Victoria Street chapel, Grimsby, on an anniversary occasion, probably in 1862. Though he had already delivered his speech and sung, my father requested him to sing once more, adding mischievously, 'for however much the congregation may like your speaking, I am persuaded it likes your singing still more.'

MR. J. F. PENTITH.

So, as I have said, the old diary attempts no description of Mr. J. T. Robson; none being needed. It only records how he read for the amusement of the company a handbill issued by a number of revivalists unconnected with any religious denomination, who called themselves 'The Murtlow's Hallelujah Band.' The bill finished up with an invitation which was calculated, one thinks, to warn off, rather than attract, outsiders. 'Come and hear this extraordinary Band—Blackguards, Drunkards, Fighters, Harlots, Thieves and Outcasts. Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. A *Collection to defray expenses.*'

MR. HENRY HODGE, J.P.

The diarist has tried his young hand at a full-length portrait of J. Lyons, and from subsequent knowledge I take it to be a fair likeness. I am glad of it, for in the sixties Lyons was in his way a remarkable man. The description is given in short, staccato sentences, but we will let them stand just as they were written. 'Lyon's father was a soldier twenty-seven years. His mother was the daughter of the canteen keeper in Jersey Barracks. He received little or no education. He began life poor, but has worked his way up to comfort, if not to positive affluence. He is a little man, between thirty and forty, with the appearance of a pugilistic jockey, for he wears a pair of glossy top-boots and yellow scarf with gold pin. His hair, of which he has little, is brushed close to his head, allowing you to recognise its true shape. But, despite the terrier-like appearance of his head, which is the first thing you notice, you soon perceive that, neither in his countenance nor in his character, is there the slightest trace of ferocity. His flexible mouth oftimes gives a mild and sweet expression to his countenance; and he is perhaps the kindest-hearted man you could meet in a summer day's ramble. He has a heart full of pity for the destitute and the miserable in circumstances or in sin. Chiefly due, perhaps, to this sympathetic quality, he is a most zealous advocate of the Temperance cause. He told us how, one Sunday, looking out of his room (in North Street) he saw a poor child bare-footed amongst the snow. Its feet were so cold that, to gain temporary relief from the intolerable sting, the poor child stood on one leg, holding up the other foot. But the foot in the snow soon became half-frozen, and then that was held up and the other put down. And thus the poor thing went on. Lyons told of this with much feeling, in order to show what drink was doing. He statedly relieves the destitute, and although no scholar, he is very active in evangelistic work. He has been bringing good influences to bear on a free-thinker. He has succeeded in getting him to chapel, and is sanguine of getting him to class. Zealous for his Saviour, he has wormed himself into great favour with the Jewish rabbi (Mr. Cohen) who comes to his shop to see after bloodless meat. He speaks to him about Christ, and tells him how desirous he is to get him converted to the true faith, and has frequently assured him that if he can only see him converted, he will sit up all night to sing 'Hallelujah to the Lamb.' Lyons actually took the rabbi with him one day to see a dying man, and in his presence fervently prayed through Christ for the sufferer. The rabbi being afterwards questioned about the prayer said, 'It was a very good prayer as far as it went.' Lyons' inoffensive—nay extremely agreeable and harmless—talk about himself added to our evening's enjoyment. He is a fine specimen of an uneducated religious man. Christ as daily companion is better than a 'liberal education.' His religion is not one of form only or sentiment. His sympathies have expanded and strengthened themselves in charitable deeds. Without being acquainted with music as a science, Lyons is a good singer. He has a clear, silver-bell-like voice and sings with good taste and feeling. To-night he sang us lots of Temperance melodies and old prayer-meeting tunes. While singing he looks at you with sparkling eyes, beating time with his right hand, and putting his whole soul into it. On account of his singing Lyons is in great request for temperance meetings. Mr. Henry Hodge, who no doubt has a great deal of business care, seemed, and in fact said he was—cheered with the minstrelsy. Very likeable is Lyons!'

REV. G. LAMB.

The next day, Thursday, the 18th, was spent in comparative quiet. I see I bagged a small anecdote relating to 'Blind Nancy,' one of the 'characters' associated with Old West Street. Nancy was not more than four-and-a-half feet in stature, and always sat in a small pew at the foot of the pulpit-steps. Almost invariably she was about the first to speak at the love-feast, and never missed saying, 'If I had only been faithful to the grace given, I might have been a tall cedar in Lebanon, while I'm only a dwarf in the valley.' On this day, too, I put some finishing touches to a piece of blank verse I had hammered out. It was called 'A Night Piece,' and the *motif* had been suggested by the impressions produced on me during a walk from Lemington-on-Tyne to Newcastle on the night of January 10th. I sent the piece as 'the humble first-fruits of my muse' to Rev., afterwards Dr. W., Antliff, the editor. A reply came during my stay in Hull, saying, 'The lines are decidedly above mediocrity, and I shall have pleasure in giving them publicity.' My father used to say that the only time the poetic afflatus came upon him was once when he was sitting under an ancient gibbet at Lincoln. If so, the son has gone one better than the father, since I have felt and responded to the afflatus twice—only twice—during my life. Dr. Antliff was already personally known to me. Some two or three years before this he had visited Grimsby, and, because I, a mere youth, wished to have his portrait, he went to the trouble to sit for his likeness, in order to please me. It was a kind act.

The afternoon and evening of Friday, the 19th, were spent with Mr. J. T. Robson. There were present, besides my parents, the Rev. George Lamb, superintendent of Hull First circuit, Mr. Henry Hodge, Mrs. Hodge and her nurse, and Mr. John Sissons with his wife and younger daughter. I note with interest how the conversation turned and lingered on William Clowes and Thomas Holliday, and their marvellous power in prayer. Mr. Lamb observed that 'there was greater variety in Mr. Clowes' prayers than there was in the prayers of any man he had ever heard.' Mr. Sissons, at whose house Mr. Clowes had dined every Thursday for seventeen years, unless he was away from Hull, confirmed this statement. It was but natural the subject should interest me, for was I not called 'Holliday' after one of my father's earliest superintendents, and when a child had I not been privileged with seeing William Clowes? It was in Hull streets, and he moved slowly along between two young preachers, who each lent him a supporting arm. And yet had I but known? How unwitting we are of the future that awaits us! As I sat there drinking all in, I had no premonition that the baby-girl Clowes took in his arms and baptized, and whom he continued to pray for by name with the rest of the family, was destined to become my own true yoke-fellow for forty years. She will have it that Clowes' prayers have followed her, and rested for a benediction on her house, and I cannot, and will not, contradict her.

MR. JOHN SISSONS.

I shall not here tell the life-story of my father-in-law, whom I came to regard with feelings much deeper than those of respect. He was a devout Christian, a broad-minded, unostentatiously generous, and entirely just and honourable man. His friend, Dr. Joseph Wood, has included Mr. Sissons in his 'Men and Women I have Known,' which appeared in the 'Aldersgate Magazine' for 1896. In that full and appreciative sketch many characteristic anecdotes of Mr. Sissons are given, to which the reader is referred. One additional incident, however, we will give, illustrating, as it does, Mr. Sissons' devout belief in providence. For many years Messrs. Henry Hodge and John and William Sissons were accustomed to spend a summer's day in driving to North Cave where the brothers Sissons first saw the light. On one of these pleasant anniversary excursions, at the instance of Mr. John, a halt was called just near a grassy spot, and the party alighted for refreshment and pleasant talk. Presently, John addressed his brother: 'William, do you ever think of that sweet passage which says 'Thou shalt remember all the way in which the Lord thy God has led thee these forty years.' 'Yes, John; why do you ask?' was the reply. 'Well; those words come home with uncommon force and sweetness to me to-day. For it is just forty years since I, a poor country lad, came along this road, with all my poor belongings tied up in a handkerchief. I halted here and ate of my frugal fare. And now, like Jacob, 'I have become two bands.' Thanks be to His Holy Name!

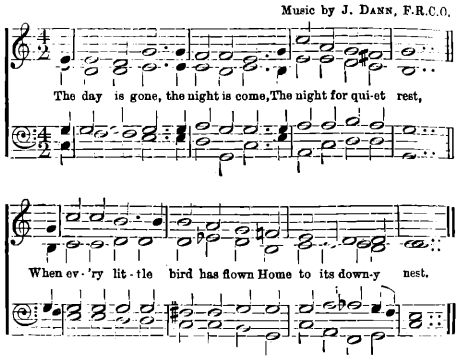
The rest of my brief holiday was soon over. I preached at Holderness Road on the Sunday evening, and had the joy of seeing one conversion. I paid a visit to my friend, Joseph Tongue, at Beverley. We talked of books and studies. Together we visited the famous Beverley Minster and the scarcely less famous church of St. Mary's, and the Westwood, which reminded me of Newcastle town-moor. There were sundry other tea-drinkings and visits paid and received, and then I went back to Newcastle, refreshed and invigorated for my work.—H. B. KENDALL.

A CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.

IVY.

(To I. W., Lincoln).

Music by J. DANN, F.R.C.O.



The robin was the last to go,
And from his leafy bow
He sang his evening praise to God;
But he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within its hive,
Shut is the daisy's eye;
The stars alone are shooting forth
From out the dark, dark sky.

No, not the stars alone, for God
Has heard what I have said;
He listens to his little child
Kneeling beside his bed.

He kindly bears me thank Him now
For all that He has given,
For home and friends and clothes and food,
But most of all for heaven.

Stroud.

On Thursday, November 19th, we had a visit from the Rev. Joseph Pearce, of Cradley Heath, who preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon, and in the evening delighted the audience with his popular lecture on 'Eccentric Talkers.' There was a good attendance at each service.

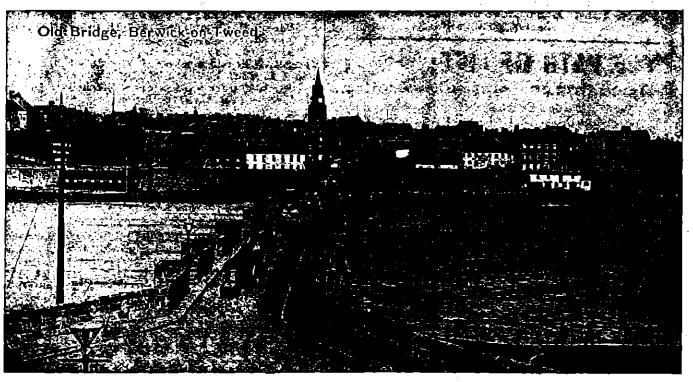
BY TWEED'S FAIR RIVER.

Stirring Scenes on the Boarderland.

By W. M. Patterson.

LET me gossip while you crack the walnuts—that is to say assuming you do not trouble to read this screed until after dinner on Christmas Day, which is a large assumption, seeing that the issue of the *Leader* for which this is designed, though styled the Christmas Number, will appear weeks before the great festival has arrived, and seeing, also, that you will have something much more congenial to do on the evening of the Natal Day than to bother about what I may have to say.

Nevertheless, walnuts or no walnuts, let me gossip, and allow me to tell you that your cheap sneer of 'old and garrulous' will not deter me, for I am neither old nor garrulous. There, now.



OLD BRIDGE, BERWICK.

What I was going to tell you about was a fair in the ancient town of Berwick-on-Tweed. Do you care to hear about it? You do! Very well, then. You know the old place, of course? You don't? My certes! You don't know the historic, glorious Border borough, around whose ruined castle, massive walls, bastions, and towers lie an empire's dust, within whose records lie tales of heroism and heliotism (every helot a Spartan, of course, except when he belonged to the Englishry), tales of treachery and intrigue, of epoch-making events, such as kings in conference and the like, tales of legends and of love, and so on, and so on! Then get your 1909 diary at once, and book your next summer's holiday there.

Our Fair—you see, I am saying 'our' fair, for I had the honour of being twice born within the walls of that pivot-centre of British territory, and by virtue of the first birth had the choice of a nation; at any rate, I took the liberty of making my own choice. Our fair, I was saying, was held on the last Friday in May every year, and continued until the following day; indeed, the 'muggers' (dealers in earthenware who travelled from fair to fair), spread out their goods on the spacious High Street on the early days of the next week, when the frugal housewives of the town turned out to secure the bargains. The fair was officially opened by the Mayor and Corporation at mid-day on the Friday. The serjeants-at-mace and other attendants—amongst them being a devoted Primitive Methodist, James Trainer, clad in his top hat, blue coat, and bright buttons—accompanied the procession, the bells the while pealing merrily in the Town Hall tower.

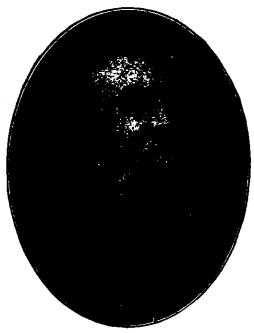
It was on such an occasion in the early sixties, when the hucksters' stalls and muggers' wares were ranged on either side of the thoroughfare; when Robert Salmon, 'frae Kirca'dy, the lang toon in the kingdom o' Fife,' was 'feedin' the ravens with his gingerbreed,' (throwing handfuls of gingerbread cakes among the people to gather a crowd around his van); when the centre of the street was alive with people from the country villages as well as the townspeople; when Castlegate was crammed with cattle, lean stirks and fat three year-olds—it was then that the fun of the fair was a teetotal meeting.

REV. W. FULTON.

A well organised temperance fête it was. It began with an open-air meeting, and the speakers commenced their orations on the Town Hall steps—a classic spot. You see the Old Bridge in the picture, and the Town Hall spire. The steps in front of the Town Hall are of great width, and the street from thence to the Scotch Gates is very capacious. It was on these steps on January 11th, 1829, that Wm. Clough, the first Primitive Methodist missionary in Berwick, preached to a congregation of thousands. He had only been in the town nine days, and he was amazed at the size of his congregation. Only once before had he spoken to such a multitude, and that was at a Newcastle camp meeting. His first sermon in Berwick was preached on the previous Sunday on Wallace Green, where the soldiers from the Barracks near by parade, and the tradition is that Nellie Don, a woman of marked individuality who kept a mangle, brought him a chair, and invited him to tea after the service. Nellie became one of the first members, and for years afterwards held prayer meetings in her house 'up the black Bull Yard,' the worshippers kneeling by the side of the mangle. There is a gentleman living to-day at Whitley Bay, who attended some of those meetings in his youth. Nellie subsequently went to Sunderland, and when she paid occasional visits to the old town, she used to speak with an important air of 'Mr. Fenwick, my superintendent,' which had the desired effect of producing feelings of awe within those of us who were young and impressionable.

My first meeting with Nellie was at a camp meeting at Eyemouth. John Atkinson was the conductor, and if Maurice A. Drummond was there, it was in 1861. Nellie Don, you must understand, was a wee woman, but I reckon she was the cause of the biggest stir at any love feast which ever took place in the picturesque Scottish fishing village. Everybody seemed to be shouting, or praying, or crying, and, remarkable as it may seem to those who knew him, Mr. Atkinson's shouts rose high above the din, while he held on to the back of a pew with both hands. The might of that little woman's faith and prayers was remarkable. Form any years she was a leading spirit in the hard work of establishing Primitive Methodism in Berwick and its vicinity.

A story is told that Nellie was once a passenger on board one of the paddle steamers which used to run from the Tyne and Wear to Berwick in the days before the railway systems ruined the latter place. The vessel had got well on her voyage when a north-east gale sprang up, and it was necessary to stand out from the land. The gale increased in fury, the fires were drawn out, and the craft eventually foundered helplessly in the trough of the sea. As day and night succeeded day and night, despair seized hold of all on board. No; not all. Nellie Don, in the teeth of all appearances, and in spite of the hopelessness even of the captain and crew, believed that God would take them safely to Berwick. Calmly she told the affrighted people that, as He did with the Apostle Paul, the Lord had stood by her in the night time, and assured her that in three days they would make port. And at the appointed time the battered steamer sailed into the Tweed, to the surprise and joy of the anxious friends, many of whom had given it and all on board up for lost.



REV. HUGH GILMORE.

About that first Primitive Methodist meeting on the Town Hall steps, an extraordinary thing happened—the ringing of the bells, customary at that particular hour, were stopped, 'in order,' Mr. Clough remarks in his journal, 'that the people might hear to profit.' Mr. Kendall has been struck with this mark of respect, not to speak of the absence of any semblance of persecution. But think of the quality of the audience: 'A mixed multitude of gentry, clergy, and commons.' Of the audience on the Sunday following, Mr. Clough says—and I have witnessed many similar scenes—it was 'serious, respectable, and attentive.' The windows were crowded with people on all sides. After preaching the people seemed nailed to the ground. They stood as if they wanted something more.'

William Lister, whose name will be for ever associated with the consolidation as well as the extension of Primitive Methodism on the Borderland, followed Clough, and he was accustomed to have immense audiences before him as he declared the truth as it is in Jesus from the Town Hall steps. Signs and wonders accompanied his ministry, and through his instrumentality the present chapel was built, the opening taking place in February, 1830. George Hard, John North, John Matfin, Adam Dodds, Thomas Greenfield, William Fulton, Henry Yooll, and all the other fathers who had the distinction of ministering in that forum sanctified those ascending stones; while of the generation following Barnabas Wild, John Atkinson, John Snaith, M. A. Drummond, Hugh Gilmore, William Johnson, William Bowe, John Gill, John Magee, R. G. Graham, Henry Yooll, junr., and many still serving, occupied the historic platform, until their example was copied by quickened Christians belonging to various communities in the town, not the least conspicuous figure amongst whom was the late revered Principal Cairns—and Primitive Methodism had no more sincere friend outside its own pale. It was no mean thing to be one of a company to stand on the hallowed ground alongside of the honoured George Armstrong, on a lovely summer Sunday in 1907, when the Centenary camp meeting was held in Berwick.

But I have travelled far from the temperance meeting. (It was the Town Hall steps—bless them—that set me off.) When I tell you that George Charlton was one of the speakers you will know how high our young expectations had risen. There had been a revival of religion at the chapel the mightiest I have ever seen anywhere. Two years before that, when John Snaith was on probation in 1859, there was an upheaval at Eyemouth. The village was transformed. It was a resurrection. Hundreds of men and women discovered themselves in every sense, and the fishermen of Eyemouth and Coldingham became a model of industry and progressiveness. But for that awful Friday in October, 1881, when the village was almost swept of its breadwinners, and when the crown of the wife and mother and the lilt of the maid were turned into wailing and lamentation, our church there would have had another tale to tell during the intervening years. That is not to say it is not doing well now, for it is. It has gripped the generation which has sprung up, and the bonnie new church there is its pride and joy.

REV. H. YOOLL.

Berwick was low when the copious showers of blessing fell upon Eyemouth and district. In the village of Ord, two miles distant, it is true, conversions had taken place in Mr. Home's schoolroom, at meetings conducted by Presbyterian young men. Just before the dawning of 1861, however, the breath of God was felt in College Place chapel. James Warnes was superintendent at the time, and William Sudlow had been employed as an evangelist. John Magee was then an eloquent publisher of the evangel. A few striking conversions took place, one of whom was that of a notorious character: a horse jobber, a hard drinker, a pugilist, and the rest. This made a sensation, and people flocked to see the new converts; went again, and themselves remained to pray. Some of the Ord converts came, and George Lewins, who went into the ministry, and is still in active work, and Robert Laidler, who died a year or two ago, joined the society and became zealous and efficient workers in the vineyard. The town was moved as it had never been moved before, as it never has been moved since. Hundreds of young people were converted during the eighteen months the work rolled on. All the Protestant churches received the benefit of it; a moiety of the saved joined the Primitives. Along with George Lewins, David Robb and George Wood also became travelling preachers, but they are Congregational pastors to-day. Nearly half a century has sped, but there are still a few in the old society and the town, who were brought from darkness to light in 1861. There are also still-living some scattered over the country, and among the English-speaking people across the seas, who have led fruitful lives, that got their first impulse heavenwards then; and there are many more who have reached the further shore.

MR. JOHN BROWN.

In the early sixties there were remarkable men in the circuit—the original circuit, twenty-three miles in length, from Belford, in Northumberland, to Eyemouth, in Berwickshire, and seventeen in width, from the sea to Wooler, at the foot of the Cheviots. John Brown, of Ancroft, the tenant farmer, a spiritual and intellectual Hercules, who twenty years afterwards looked as if he would be sent to the House of Commons, and would have been had he lived. Andrew Craig, of Milfield, the admiration and model, along with John Brown, of the young 'locals;' David Carr, of Felkington; Michael Clarke (not the Australian missionary), of Belford; the quiet, retiring James Chisholm, of Allendean, a greater man than was ever known to his generation. Then there were the typical Primitives like Jamie Young, of Ford Moss, who, with Robert Wilson, a 'whip-the-cat' tailor, who used to ensure a camp meeting being a lively time. Robbie Lisle, of Lowick, bright with a brightness that age could not dim, infecting George Johson, the Berwick enthusiast, and many another of his hearers with his fervour.

Though it be galloping on to half a century ago, I see Robert Lisle now at a Spittal camp-meeting—the thirty-fifth Spittal camp-meeting he said he had attended—a little, spare man, his hand gripping and tugging the lapel of his coat as he sang to a minor tune then much in use, 'Pass a few swiftly fleeting years,' and his head drooping the further at every tug, or sharply rising up as the notes made the ascent. Robbie's face glowed that day, for a great mass of people stood before him on the sea shore, the majority young and full of gladness. His discourses were innocent of any claim to scientific arrangement. Logical sequence there was none, but they made us youngsters happy. Snatches of experience, then verses of old hymns and strings of quotations from psalm, prophecy, gospel, or epistle, interspersed with exhortation or warning, and anon assurance of the pardoning mercy of God to the vilest sinner who repented and turned to the Lord to seek salvation.

REV. ADAM DODDS.

And there was John Pringle—only a ploughman, a true rustic in appearance, but to many of us he was as the prophet Amos or as John the Baptist. Tall, gaunt, rugged, severe. A man who believed God, and who had a message. The vision of the enormity of sin had stamped itself upon his soul, and the truth of salvation only by living in Jesus and being holy was as clear to him as the day. Had he been educated and disciplined he would have been a leader of men, for he had within him all the elements of men of the stamp of Wellington and General Booth. Uncouth was he? Rude of speech and clumsy in stride—a peasant man? Yes, he was all that; but he was a man of God—a man of power—and his neighbours knew it. One service he conducted I can never forget. It was in a narrow schoolroom, with coloured walls, a few deal forms, a bare table, a print hung up behind the preacher containing in bold characters the solemn words:—'Every one of us must give an account of himself to God.'

A number of eager, believing souls were gathered. The peasant man was enrapt. A great awe fell upon the assembly, every feeling over-mastered by the Real Presence. That mean schoolroom was, indeed, the gate of Heaven. John Pringle left the Primitives for another community. Then came eclipse.

Yes, yes; have patience. I am just at the fair and the teetotal meeting now. You see it was the Town Hall steps and the revivals which set me off. I told you that George Charlton was one of the speakers. He was the lion of the day, I need not say. How we laughed at his stories; but I am not going to say anything about the speeches. On the right of the speaker, at the foot of the steps, there was at that time a noted public house, and the publican had prepared boiled beef and salmon on a scale befitting the occasion, to say nothing of the extra supply of liquor. Charlton was in his glory, and as the afternoon was getting on to perilously near the time when the country people would have to go home the publican's day threatened to be ruined, for he would have to be an audacious soul who dared to enter the tavern that afternoon. Boniface—as was the fashion to style the innkeepers of that period—was furious. The cooked food was likely to be thrown on his hands and his liquor would be unsold. He rushed off to the Mayor to get the meeting stopped. His worship told him politely that so long as the crowd was orderly he could not interfere. The publican fumed, but the bluster had no effect on the decision of the Chief Magistrate. Meanwhile the mass of people in front of the steps grew in density. As a last resort Boniface engaged a German band, and he brought the musicians to the front of the house to drown the speakers. The immense gathering was thrilled with excitement when the instruments blared. Instantly a well-known hymn was struck up. Months of street processioning had fitted the youngsters to give out volume of sound, and they sang their lustiest. The band played, the huge choir sang Larger grew the throng; more intense became the excitement; onlookers caught the contagion and sided with the singers. Voices and instruments kept in competition. The voices drowned the instruments; eventually the band ceased. A cheer announced the discomfiture of the Germans and the publican. Such a cheer; it was good to hear it. It is good to remember the combat.

Great Yarmouth.

The annual meeting of the Temple P.S.A. and Adult Bible Class, which was held on Thursday evening, was a great success. Nearly 200 friends sat down to tea, kindly provided by Mrs. George Flaxman. At the evening meeting the annual report was read by the secretary. The President (Mr. E. W. Kerrison), and the Rev. A. Wood who distributed the prizes, spoke in eulogistic terms of the work carried on by this society. The miscellaneous part of the programme was supplied by the P.S.A. string band and choir. The society has recently bought a small two manual organ, and the effort to clear off the deficit of £14 10s., had that evening been accomplished. The tea realised £4 10s. and a further £10 had been collected by the secretaries (Mr F. B. Bell and Mr. A. F. Powell).

Christian Endeavour.

Topic for Week beginning Dec. 6th.

Songs of the Heart. (12) 'The Sleepless Watcher.'
Psalm cxxi. (Consecration.)

S.S. Hymnal.—273, 274, 272, 283, 284.
C.E. Hymnal.—488, 474, 458, 212, 203.

I.—The setting of the Psalm. It is one of a group including those from 120 to 134. They are known as the Songs of the Ascent. They were for use on those occasions when the pilgrims journed to Jerusalem. This one of our topic would therefore be used when they came in sight of the holy mount of Jerusalem. That holy mount appealed to their sacred memories and feelings in very much the same way as Mow Cop appeals to Primitive Methodists. The very sight of the place was suggestive to this Psalmist. From thence was his help, and yet he corrects himself immediately, and says 'My help cometh from the Lord.' The help came not from Zion but from Jehovah in Zion. Even so, the place where we worship is nothing, except *for Him whom* we worship.

II.—The topic specifies the help *as that of being kept by the Lord.* All through the Psalm the Lord is represented as a keeper. Even in verse 7 where the verb is rendered shall preserve (thy going out, etc.) it should be 'shall keep,' and is so rendered in R.V. How very expressive is v. 4 which gives the title to our topic, 'He that keepeth Israel shall *neither slumber nor sleep!*' It is a really wonderful conception of God; as a watcher over His people. His watchfulness is so constant and faithful that not only does He not sleep but *He never even slumbers* in only partial consciousness. This represents not only constant wakefulness, but never failing power. God is never tired, nor weary. That was well represented to the pilgrims when they set out from Babylon on their long march as given in Isaiah xl. 'Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God . . . fainteth not . . . neither is weary?' All human watchers and caretakers are desired to maintain sleepless watch, and yet human frailty makes this very difficult and almost impossible. The nurse may be so wearied that she may slumber, as may the soldier on watch. All our human guardians are liable to fail. There is an Eastern story of a poor woman who went to her sovereign to ask for compensation for loss of property by robbery, which had taken place while she was asleep. Why did *you* sleep? demanded the monarch. She replied promptly 'I fell asleep, because I believed you were awake.' With this sharp answer the King was so pleased that the loss was made up at once. Jehovah is our *only* 'sleepless watcher.'

III.—The watcher's care for the nation. 'He that keepeth Israel.' That nation was the Lord's choice from amongst all nations, and through all the centuries of her wonderful history a sleepless watch was kept. That little nation without the strength of numbers, wealth, or armaments, remained the wonder of the world. The Lord did watch over her and fought her battles. It was only when the nation failed to look to the holy one of Israel, that harm and loss came to her. Unfortunately nations learn slowly to put more trust in Jehovah than in armies and navies.

IV.—The watchers care for the individual. The Lord is *thy* keeper. In this Psalm of eight verses, the pronoun *thy* or *thee* is used with this personal application ten times. This keeping power of the Almighty is applied to the veriest details of the life of the individual. His very *steps* are guarded. 'Not suffer *thy foot* to be moved.' He is kept day and night, in his 'going out,' and 'coming in.' He is kept from perils of sun stroke and moon stroke, for both were believed in and feared. Lunacy was often believed to be the result of being moon struck. What intimate Divine companionship is suggested! 'The Lord is thy *shade* on thy right hand.' Body and soul are alike guarded and for all time. If we believe this message of God's Word, then let us, as Endeavourers, make this last re-consecration service for 1908 a time for a more complete committal of our lives to God's keeping. In the Lord's keeping only, we are safe.

Readings and responses:—Gen. xxviii. 15-18; Josh. v. 13-15; 2 Kings vi. 15-17; Psalms xci., cxxxix. 7-12; Dan. iii. 23-26; Matt. vi. 26-32; Mark xi. 1-6.

Junior Topic, Psalm cxxi., 'God Keeping us.'
CHARLES HUMBLE.

A Sensible Christmas Present.

NOTHING could possibly give greater pleasure to a member of one's family than to receive a bicycle as a Christmas present. The Harris Cycle Company, Hill Cross Works, Coventry, are making a special feature at this particular time of the year in supplying 'Primitive Methodist' readers with a bicycle, either a Gent's, a Lady's, or a Juvenile's, at a very low price, so as to encourage a number of bicycles being given as presents at this festival season. The Harris Cycle Company is one of the best cycle firms in the whole of the cycle trade, for not only prompt personal attention to each enquiry, or order, but they are makers of one of the best of bicycles. They claim that their machine has twelve years full life and substantiality in it, in fact they send a written signed certificate of guarantee for twelve years with every Harris cycle, sending it carriage paid on approval for any prospective customer to see. It will no doubt surprise many of our readers who find out from the Harris Company what their special price is (if the cycle is to be given as a Christmas present) and this should be mentioned when making an enquiry.

It should be noted that with this special offer the bicycle is sent fully complete even to lamp and bell. Of all the cycle catalogues nothing has been more interesting or more expensively got up than the Harris catalogue, and their cycle is made in just as thorough a manner, the Harris people believing in the old adage—'If a thing is worth doing it's worth doing well.'

PEAKLAND METHODISM.

The Planting and Progress of the Church.

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts and Pictures.

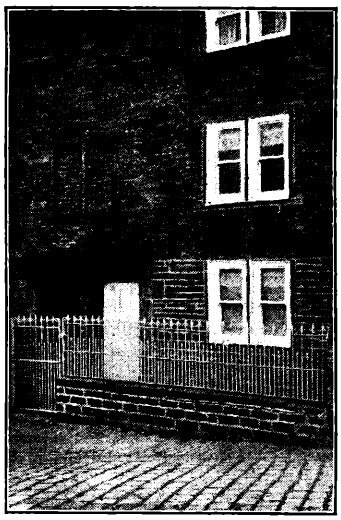
By George G. Martindale.

As the crow flies, it may be a quarter of a hundred miles from Mow Cop to Bradwell, in 'the Peak.' But Primitive Methodism was 14 years in working its way from one point to the other. One or two things at least need to be borne in mind in regard to the fact indicated. First, those were not the days of motor cars nor aeroplanes, but of shoe-ology. Second, the route taken was the gloriously circuitous one by the Trent and Humber, via Hull, to the West Riding of Yorkshire and Sheffield. And many a trophy was won to the standard during the march. Valiant and invaluable leaders in subsequent campaigns were enlisted in that reconnaissance.

JEREMIAH GILBERT.

To Bradwell belongs the distinction of the 'trysting place' where Primitive Methodism gained foothold among the mountain villages of Derbyshire. The period of the pioneering is compressed into a few lines, but is pregnant with significance and suggestiveness. Bradwell, one of the oldest circuits in the Manchester District, was one of the fruits of the Sheffield Mission, begun by Jeremiah Gilbert. 'Six of us including Gilbert, writes the late James Ingham, 'went from Sheffield, October 7th, 1821, to Bradwell, to hold the first camp meeting there, and I believe we had not a member in the town. Well might we say, 'What are these among so many?' Many expected it would be a wet day, but God can answer prayer. It was a fine day, and the wicked were heard to say, 'See, they can change the weather.' As the result of that Michaelmas camp meeting there were quite a score of converts ready to be enrolled as members.' Services were continued in the house of Mr. George Morten, and a chapel was opened in 1822 by Hugh Bourne. Bradwell became the head of a circuit in 1823, and had as its first minister the Rev. Jeremiah Gilbert.

From data very kindly supplied by Rev. H. B. Kendall, B.A., it is pretty clear that Jeremiah Gilbert came from Caunton, the home of the Antliff's. A letter to his mother, dated 1821, bears the address—'Elizabeth Gilbert, Caunton, near Newark, Notts.' Further, he must have been one of the converts of William Clowes, or his close associates, when they visited Newark and the neighbourhood in 1818, as he speaks of



MR. COOPER'S HOUSE, THORNSETT.

having been imprisoned in Bolsover Round House as early as June, 1819. He therefore appears as a connecting link between the great pioneer evangelist of our church and the two eminent and revered leaders—Drs. Wm. and Samuel Antliff—of our own time. The former of the two was one of my examiners when I sat as a candidate for the ministry, and was the Principal at the college during my term as a student. Dr. S. Antliff was closely connected with my admission into the full ministry of our church, and, subsequently, we were often associated in the old Nottingham District, which he so dearly loved.

Moreover, what pictures reprint themselves on the lenses of my memory by reference to the name Ingham. How vividly I recall the days of my boyhood; worship in my father's house away in the East Riding of Yorks; and Rev. David Ingham—son of James Ingham, mentioned above—as one of the ministers of Pocklington circuit, coming fortnightly for the week-evening services. A record full of charm for the younger generation could doubtless be unearthed from the annals of that circuit and neighbourhood. The reminiscence shews the power of association.

REV. C. HALLAM.

MRS. C. HALLAM.

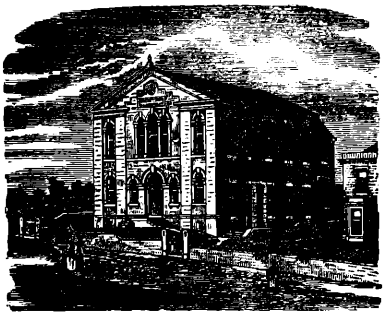
In those early days evangelistic fervour propagated itself with marvellous rapidity. We are, therefore, in no degree surprised to find that the contagion had extended from Bradwell—only Oct. 7th, 1821, be it remembered—to Thornsett, in the *same* year, or *early in 1822*, passing on to Rowarth, Aspenshaw, New Mills, Marple, and beyond. Here is our centre of present interest. The precise personnel of pioneer is indeterminate, but it is certain James Ingham was an immediate second, if not first, striker. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cooper opened their house for preaching services and class meetings. It is a pleasure to give a picture of that meeting place to our readers. A connection with that primary pillar of the infant cause is, I believe, yet maintained in Rev. Jas. Cooper, of

ANDERTON HOUSE, ROWARTH.
Birthplace of Mrs. C. Hallam.

West Ham. Subsequently, the cause seems to have become extinct and re-established a church being built in 1867, and remodelled and enlarged in 1903. We have now a flourishing church and Sunday school at Thornsett.

Mr. Robert France, for a considerable number of years one of our ministers, and in 1832 stationed at New Mills, shortly afterwards relinquished the ministry and commenced business at Thornsett. He there married a Miss Green, and together they had most honourable and useful association with the church.

Rowarth is worthy of specific mention as the place where the first society class was established in this locality, and as the native place of Rev. John Hallam's mother. Rev. Christopher Hallam was the second minister in New Mills circuit in 1835-6,



CHURCH AND SCHOOL ROOMS, NEW MILLS.

and won the hand of Miss M. Hadfield, of Anderton House Rowarth. She gained great acceptance as a preacheress, and as far down as 1869 conducted chapel anniversary services at New Mills. The illustrations will be valued by many of our readers.

Through the closing of factories and the removal of families in search of employment, our church at Rowarth has for many years ceased to exist.

Referring particularly to New Mills, basal work in the open-air cannot have been later than 1822, and tenanted occupation must have been provided for services, as New Mills was created the head of a circuit in 1826, and united to Manchester District, with Revs. Thomas Blaides and John Bryant as its ministers. In 1827 the chapel and schoolroom, with minister's house in basement, was built. For nearly half a century that rude structure gave hospitality to a band of noble-hearted and devoted workers, who rejoiced in overflowing successes, compelling them to seek more commodious quarters. Hence, in 1876, under the enterprise and prudence of Rev. Wm. Goodman, the present handsome church and schoolrooms were opened.

MR. JAMES INGHAM.

No complete account of Primitive Methodism in New Mills is possible without reference to James Ingham, who for a generation at least seems almost to have been its doyen. He was a native of Lepton, near Huddersfield, and for several years in his early manhood, like Robert France, was in the itinerancy. The labours, however, 'were more than his physical frame could endure,' and he was obliged to retire from the ministry. He began business at High Burton, near Huddersfield, and in 1838 came to reside at New Mills, where for 27 years, by his integrity, intelligence, and devotion, he rendered service, the value of which cannot easily be mathematised.

Mention should also be made of Mrs. Ingham, their son (Mark Ingham), Messrs. Levi Wyatt, Henry Turner, James Turner, Samuel and Thomas Cooper, Thomas Ellison, Joseph Lomax, James Taylor, William Thatcher, and John Saville (able and popular as a camp meeting preacher), as also Mrs. Ann and Mrs. Alice Cooper, and Mary Taylor, all of whom as lieutenants and privateers rendered inestimable service to the church and circuit by their fidelity and self-sacrificing toil. In a later generation the names of Andrew Shaw, Abraham Mellor, Emmanuel Wharmby, James Pollard, Joel Lomas, John Bradbury, Joseph Mace, William Simpson, Richard Wood, Josiah M. Walton, and William Whitehead find mention.

MR. JAMES BRADBURY.

Situate as New Mills is on the border-line of Derbyshire, Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, the cultivation of both vocal and instrumental music found illustration in choir and orchestra efficiently generalled for possibly seventy-five years by Thomas Wood, James Stafford, Thomas Ellison, Timothy Beard, James Bennett, and James Bradbury, whose loving service deserves at least the acknowledgment we give to-day.

The string band is now replaced by a beautiful organ, and 'instead of the fathers are the children,' efficiently and gladly pursuing the work initiated by their ancestors. 'One soweth, and another reapeth: other men laboured,' and we, their heirs and successors, having entered into their labours, are endeavouring to prove ourselves worthy of the heritage entrusted to us.

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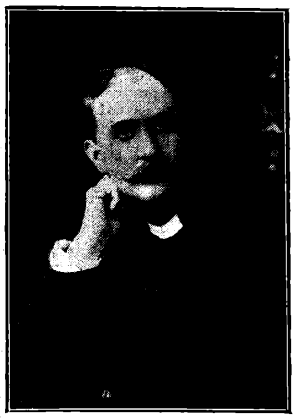
A BIT OF CORNISH METHODISM.

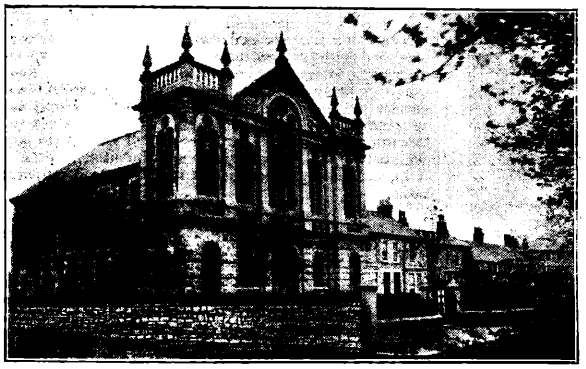
By Rev. Henry T. B. Goodwin.



REV. H. T. B. GOODWIN.

THE Western most part of England, with its wealth of sunshine, has come to be known as the 'Cornish Riviera.' Its mild winters and its soft warm summers make its climate delightful. The people are largely of Celtic origin. Emotional and excitable, they can be kind hearted, generous and courteous. Some of the best men we have been privileged to meet are Cornish; good as gold, true as steel; men who would be enormous assets to any church or community.

It is not surprising that these emotional people are fond of music; they revel in it. They are good singers; and this is the land of organs. In our choirs may often be found very talented men and women, youths and maidens; and musical degrees are quite common. Their love of hymns and hymn tunes is notorious. On board ship or in foreign lands, you may easily know a Cornishman, Whatever others may be doing he will be singing the hymns of the Homeland. So great is his love for hymns that even if he be drunk (and we have seen drunken Cornishmen), he can sing nothing else. We shall not soon forget meeting a group of drunken men soon after coming to Redruth. They were singing 'All hail the power of Jesu's name,' and fine singers they were—the beautiful blending of all the parts was amazing.



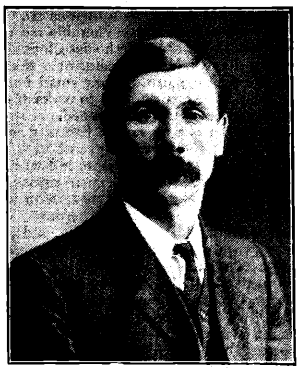
REDRUTH CHURCH.

There is a deep religious vein in these people of the West. The Scotsman is said to be a good sermon taster. So undoubtedly is also the Cornishman; nay, he is more. He is an admirer and lover of a good sermon. A master in the pulpit becomes almost an idol amongst these people. How they fire your imagination. They compel you to preach. No ten minutes' sermons here. A man who cannot preach in Cornwall ought to try his hand at something else. In the bowels of the earth on the Monday morning the sermons of the previous day are discussed alike by the godly and carnally minded. Sometimes the discussion will continue for the whole week, and many and stringent are the criticisms passed on them.

REV. W. EASEY.

But Cornwall is pre-eminently the land of Methodism. In 1745 John Wesley first visited this county, and from end to end he tramped, preaching the message of the Crosset every available spot, and establishing little Methodist societies, until the whole of the peninsula was dotted with Methodist chapels. Here, too, in the early part of the nineteenth century the Bible Christians — then known as Bryanites—sprang into being; and to this same part of England came William Clowes in 1825. There is also a goodly number of what, until the Union, were known as United Methodist Free Churches. Here and there you come across an Anglican Church, sometimes you may see a Baptist, Congregational, or Roman Catholic Church, but go where you will, you find a Methodist chapel; you cannot escape them, they are everywhere. Indeed, nothing strikes visitors more than their extraordinary number.

We have already noticed that William Clowes visited Cornwall in 1825. It is unnecessary to go over again the history of those days, since it has been so well done by Mr. Kendall in Vol. II. of his 'History of the Primitive Methodist Church.' Suffice it to say that while Clowes was labouring on the London Mission, he received an invitation to come down to Cornwall from a Mr. Turner at Redruth, who, with his wife, had been working as an unattached evangelist in and around the town. They had succeeded in gathering in a few converts, and there was a strong desire that they should be handed over to the care of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. So on October 5th, of the aforementioned year, Clowes arrived in Redruth, and since then Primitive Methodism has been a power to be reckoned with in this Methodist county.



MR. R. PAPPIN, SENIOR CIRCUIT STEWARD.

The Redruth circuit consists of ten churches, with two ministers, thirty local preachers, and twenty-five class leaders, with their assistants. Geographically it is not a wide circuit, the farthest distance being only three miles. The Redruth Church is without doubt the finest Primitive Methodist Church in the West of England. It has a seating capacity of over 800, and possesses a beautiful three manual organ blown by electricity. Mr. F. E. Luke, A.R.C.O., the accomplished organist, who is a member of the Church, and to whom it is a joy to meet in class, is an ideal man for the position, and his choir treats us with some very fine music.

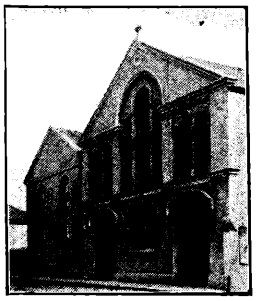
The erection of this church in 1884, enabled us to utilise the old chapel for Sunday school purposes. The locality in which it is situate is known as 'Plain-an-gwarry.' The late rector of the parish church called it 'plague and worry.' We have often wondered whether our presence there had anything to do with this change of nomenclature. In any case some grand times have been witnessed here, glorious revivals which men speak of to this day with a thrill of joy. As we write it is gratifying to record that a revival has broken out again. It has not yet assumed any great dimensions, but there are indications that 'the best is yet to be.' We have had the droppings, may God send us the showers. Redruth is waiting for them, longing, yearning.

Perhaps the most familiar names connected with this church are those of Capt. John Hosking and Capt. Chas. Fredk. Bishop. What magnificent men they were. Each in his own order, extraordinary. What a debt the men of the present owe to them. They are gone, but they are not forgotten. Not only were they captains of industry, but leaders of the first rank in the church. Kindly and deserving reference is made to them in Mr. Kendall's great work. But there were other men too. Edward Smith, John Nicholls, John Trethowan, William T. Hosking, the Jones, the Michells of Treleigh, the Teagues, Jas. Puckey, and a host of others, not to mention the men of the present, worthy sons of their noble sires.

What a character was Jno. Trethowan! Not cultured in the way men speak of culture. But he had a ripe soul as was seen in his intercourse with his fellow men. John was a miner. Now it is the habit of miners on pay day to file up to the office window where the cashier has a list of the names of the men who have 'anything to come' i.e. (in the way of wages) and sometimes a man would be told his name wasn't down. John would say to the men on pay day, 'Hasta got anything to come?' 'A trifle,' was the usual reply. 'Hasta got anything to come at th' great day?' he continued; 'if thee hasn't, they'll tell ee, when theest come up to the window your name oddn (isn't) here; thee hasn't got nothin' to come.'

MR. W. HOSKING.

Camborne is a town three miles away, with a population of 15,000. Here the second minister, the Rev. W. Easey, lives. Camborne church will seat nearly 500. Very remarkable scenes have been witnessed here at various times, and splendid men have been reared. The Trythalls were staunch brave men, and few more loyal members are to be found that the present bearers of that honoured name. Matthew Quintrell was a man of quaint but exceptional ability. And who that knows anything of Camborne is not familiar with such names as Bryant, Waters, Chynoweth, Bennetts, Curnow, Nankivel and Retallack. And what a power was Capt. Robbins! It is a joy to us that his grandson, Mr. W. J. Robins, a local preacher, class leader, assistant society steward, and secretary of the Camborne Trust, is proving himself to be one of the most indefatigable workers we have to-day. From Camborne also the circuit has chosen Mr. W. Palmer, a man of uncommon grit, to be its junior circuit steward.



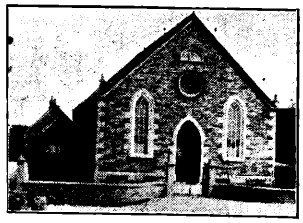
CAMBORNE CHURCH.

Some years ago a remarkable revival broke out here. Services were held nightly for over eight weeks, and over two hundred professed conversion. A number of them became useful local preachers. This revival spread to nearly all the country places. Another gracious revival which began here kept the church doors open night and day for over sixteen weeks.

MR. W. PALMER, JUNIOR CIRCUIT STEWARD.

At Broad Lane may be found a type of the religious life rarely met with. We have been in meetings there when the Spirit of the Highest rested upon us in abundant measure, and very strange were the manifestations of religious emotion that were witnessed. One saintly man, during a prayer meeting after a week night service, to the utter amazement of the preacher who had never seen that kind of thing before, began to laugh, and he laughed and laughed again. It was contagious. Another laughed, and another. The preacher opened his eyes and, the Lord forgive him, he laughed too. When he spoke to them of it afterwards they called it 'Holy Laughter.' William Clowes met with that sort of thing when he was here more than eighty years ago, and he expostulated with them. But his expostulations have been in vain, so far at least as Broad Lane is concerned. And after all, why, if emotion leads one to tears should it not lead another to laughter, for are they not closely related. Laughter and tears, shouting and singing may be but different manifestations of the same emotion.

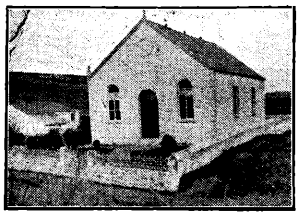
There is one name which will linger long in the memory of the men at Broad Lane, and that name is John Daddow. He was a religious giant. His great personality was truly magnetic. He possessed in a marked degree that religious fervour so characteristic of the Cornishman. Underground, many fathoms below the surface, Capt. Daddow has had many a prayer meeting with his men. Mr. W. Hosking, the Redruth society steward, who is at the head of the Mineral Department of the Tehidy Estate, was one day inspecting the mine of which John Daddow was agent. They came to a stope (an excavation) where all hands had stopped work and were singing. John called out, 'What's up, down there? got a revival hasta?' 'Ise, Capn' they said. 'Oh, all right nu' (then) was all the Captain replied. One of the miners who had just been converted was shouting 'Glory,' and Daddow called down to him, 'Glory, now go on with your work.' One day a crane toppled over and crushed a man to death. Bystanders said, 'Send for the doctor.' 'It isn't the doctor, it's Jesus Christ that's wanted here,' said John. Brother Daddow has gone to his reward, but men like John Harris and his brother William, Richard Jeffery, Frank Sherman, and many others are nobly carrying on the work of this church.



BROAD LANE CHURCH.

These Cornish people are very demonstrative, and at times their demonstration is boisterous. The Steward at Redruth Highway tells us that at a revival there not long ago there

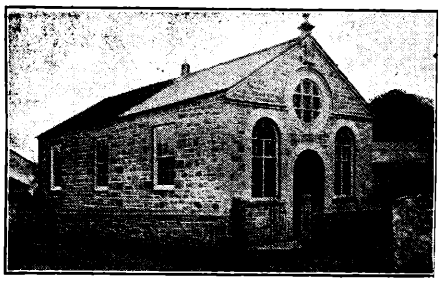
extraordinary manifestations of religious emotion meant that £50 had to be spent on repairs when the revival was over, and we have been warned in connection with the present outbreak at Redruth, that the folk will frighten us yet. But there are those amongst us who will not be frightened if it means that in the joy of being turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, these emotional people begin to shout. Let them shout. We at any rate will not hinder them.



NORTH COUNTRY CHURCH.

During the enlargement of the old chapel at North Country one of these revivals began. The old place had become too small, the end wall was knocked out and the chapel lengthened. But the religious enthusiasm of these people reached such a pitch that all day long, and far into the night for weeks together, meetings were held. Even the masons left their work to sob out their penitence and begin a new life. A winding sheet was suspended where the old wall had been until the new part was covered in, for the place was wanted. These Cornish revivals are as unaccountable as the wind. They are not as a rule the result of organised efforts; there is a spontaneity about them which brooks no interference.

The present church at Lanner has taken the place of the old Blacksmith's shop in which our people first met to worship, and we have here a good society of earnest workers. Two of our churches, Carnkie and Treskillard, are situated



LANNER CHURCH.

close by the famous hill known as 'Carn Brea.' No place so much reminds us of Mow Cop. More than one camp meeting have we been privileged to take part in on this glorious old hill.

We have two other societies, Tuckingmill and Condurrow. One cannot speak of Condurrow without thinking of John Rickard—one of the quaintest of men—a local preacher of a rare type. One Sunday evening, at Redruth, he was longing for an old time service, when there was spirit in the singing and in the prayers. 'In those days,' he said, 'it was easy to pray—now there's no help—I tell 'ee what,' said the old man, 'A good Amen from a honest heart is like oil to a screechy wheel.' John's great hindrance prior to his conversion was his 'bacca box,' and when the moment of decision came, he went out on the highway and closing his eyes, he turned round and round, threw his 'bacca' and pipe over the hedge, and turned round again before opening his eyes, lest knowing

TRESKILLARD CHURCH.

where they were he should go after them. His advice was 'Close your eyes on the past—throw it overboard, and take hold of Christ.'

God bless this old circuit. She has seen grand days and grand men, and in the good Providence of God she shall see them again.

'Sunday Morning at Norwood.' By Rev. S. A. Tipple. H. R. Allenson. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a reprint, with the addition of two new discourses. It will be welcomed by all 'Sermon tasters.' The subjects are chosen with discrimination, and the treatment is practical and suggestive. The author is a preacher with a firm, sure touch. 'And the figure of Jesus in the midst of the ages, is it not just this, a perpetual exhortation to men to be a little better than they are—to be less worldly, less grovelling, less selfish, to rise from their low level to higher ways, to a nobler and purer spirit?' The prayers are comprehensive in their scope and bear evidence of careful preparation. The book is worthy of a wide circulation.—W. M. K.

A WORTHY QUINTETTE.

FIVE brothers. They are all Primitive Methodists. They all reside in the same town. They are all fish merchants. They are are all officials of our Church—four of them in the same society. They have all excellent gifts, and they all use them in the service of the Church and the Kingdom of God. They are all married, and their wives and families are practically interested in religious work.

They *had* five sisters. One of these went to heaven several years ago. Four still survive, and they are actively engaged in the service of God. They, like their brothers, have not been content to remain on the level of their early circumstances. One of them is the Mayoress of Burton-on-Trent 1907-9; another is wedded to a highly esteemed North Yorkshire journalist; and the other two reside in their native town, wedded to men who have a long and honourable record of service in connection with the United Methodist Church, and in addition thereto they have taken a considerable share in the government and the political life of their small but not unimportant city. This record is enough to make Market Rasen, their birthplace, respected if not renowned.

Four of the brothers came one by one to Grimsby as the time arrived for striking out their own course of life. Our Ebenezer church became their religious home, and with one exception they have all remained there. Their surname is Watkinson, but it is so sparingly used by those who know them best that I had forgotten to mention it before. They are familiarly known as G. S., T. R., C. K., W. S., and Dick. The wives of the last two are sisters, and their comfortable homes are side by side. They are all lovers of music in varying degrees, and enthusiastically devoted to religious work among young people, and to say they are ardent politicians is to put the case mildly. Of their political creed it is needless to speak. Where merit is all but uniform, seniority must be the law of precedence. They vary in size, weight, and feature, but in character and service they are all excellent.

MR. G. S. WATKINSON.

Unlike the rest, Mr. G. S. Watkinson, did not migrate direct to Grimsby in his youth, but only arrived there twenty years ago, having taken a more circuitous route. But those 20 years have been crowded with spiritual and philanthropic toil and enterprise. The Infant Class, the most important in a Sunday School, has been a great success under his superintendency. In interesting and instructing little ones he is an adept. The class has grown from 12 to 150 in regular attendance. He took an active part in forming an Adult Bible Class. He has long been identified with the Band of Hope, and it has been a phenomenal success. With the view of preventing the boys and youths of the school from drifting away, he commenced the first Company of the Boys' Brigade in Grimsby, and this has not only been a success in itself, but eight or ten other Companies have been formed in the town and neighbourhood. In the early days of the Christian Endeavour Movement he was an enthusiastic Endeavourer.

But philanthropic work called so loudly that he could not ignore its demand. The 'neglected child life of the town' appealed to him, and not in vain. Free meals, entertainments, articles of clothing were provided for as many as means would allow. Summer outings to Spurn Point, and into the country were organized, and many thousands of the poorest children thereby got a little sunshine into their life. Last Christmas but one 1500 parcels were sent out to the most neglected waifs in the district. The work has grown year by year, new features being continually introduced. The balance sheet of the 'Cinderella Club' for 1906-7 shows an income of over £218, and £195 of this amount was spent as above indicated, and much assistance in goods and service had been rendered which a balance sheet cannot show. The Grimsby Police have rendered distinguished service in this good work.

Two years ago another branch of beautiful service was inaugurated. Mr. Watkinson and his co-workers felt the necessity of securing for the sick children of the poor a brief holiday at the sea-side. A site and a building were secured, and the 'Birds' Nest,' as it is called, was opened. It is situated at the mouth of the Humber. During the first season 173 children had the benefit of a stay of a week (many of them more) in the 'Nest.' The first year's balance sheet reveals cash contributions amounting to over £147, and much generous help in other forms. To what this work may grow who can tell?

In the light of these facts it is not surprising that the official life of our Church does not see much of this eager worker for the needy. Circuit and connexional courts and functions are very secondary in his thoughts. Yet he has found time to serve, and serve well, on the Cleethorpes Urban District Council, of which he is a very active member. With the exception of that work he lives, Sunday and week-day, for the children. Some who think they have no time for either religious work or philanthropic service will wonder when our friend earns his own living, and whether he ever goes to bed. Such persons do not know what life is. 'No man ever received more gladness and joy in any walk of life than I receive in sacrificing the best of twenty years in working for Christ among the helpless and hopeless on life's sea.' Such is the testimony of this enthusiast, and such is his present reward. But what wealth of recompense has he in store!

It is thirty-three years since he migrated to Grimsby. He at once became a teacher in the Ebenezer school, and very shortly after he was put on the Local Preachers' plan. He is a handy man, and equally at home and at ease at the school desk, in the pulpit, and on the public platform. In which branch of work he is most apt and efficient it is difficult to say. He has a long record in them all. He was a superintendent of the Ebenezer school twelve years, and of the Hainton Street school seventeen years, and for a still longer period he has been one of the most acceptable lay preachers in North Lincolnshire. Now that he is free from school responsibilities he is doing more preaching than ever, and in the current quarter he is taking duty on twelve Sundays out of the thirteen. His services are in demand far beyond the limits of the Grimsby circuits. In platform meetings he is very effective.

MR. T. R. WATKINSON, J.P.

Religious, temperance, and political meetings are sure to believe if he is one of the speakers. But he has done much work of a less showy but equally important kind. He was the District Sunday school secretary for many years, and for five years he was District C.E secretary. Probably he has lost count of the number of District Assemblies of which he has been a member, and he has been a delegate to several Conferences. In civic affairs he has taken an active part. He was a member of the Grimsby School Board for seven years, and he served on the Borough Council six years. Possibly he might have served longer in the latter capacity if he had not served so well. The policy of 'thorough' is no guarantee of a long lease of public life. In 1906 he was made a Justice of the Peace, and as a Magistrate he finds many opportunities of useful service. He possesses considerable musical ability, and a large share of mechanical skill. He owns a motor-car, but he is his own engineer and chauffeur. This car has become identified with the Centenary movement through two motor campaigns in the Eastern counties on its behalf. Another campaign is promised, this time in Yorkshire, when the convenient season arrives. His health is not so robust as his appearance would suggest, yet with care he manages to get through a great deal of hard and useful work. He is preeminently a young people's man in the pulpit and on the platform, and he has steered many young travellers into virtue's paths.

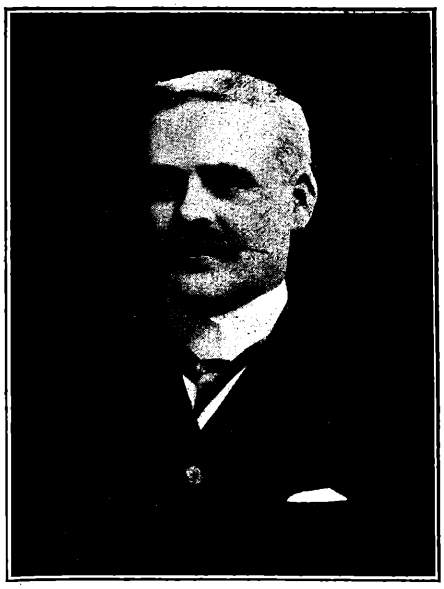
In inches he is the least of the quintette. In mental and moral parts he is equal to any of his brothers. Here is his record of service. He went to Grimsby in early manhood thirty-three years ago, joined the Ebenezer church and school, and for thirteen years he was school secretary and a teacher. He has been school superintendent twenty years, chapel steward and treasurer twenty years, a member of the choir thirty-three years, and choir-master twenty-five years, class leader thirty years, and has served a term as circuit steward. The one official capacity he has missed is that of local preacher, and he has only missed that in the nominal sense, for he has preached both at home and away, and preached as though to the manner born. But his school-work has the first place in his love. Scarcely anything can keep him from it. Holidays are not permitted to do it. The inconvenience and cost of long Saturday night journeys are unavailing. He *will* be there. He is a full-timer at church work. His Sundays are full-grown in hours of labour and intensity of zeal. His week evenings are almost wholly given up to the material and spiritual interests of the church. He takes his recreations in religious activities, and this form enjoyment agrees with his health of body and soul.

MR. C. K. WATKINSON.

Municipal work and honour have been pressed upon him again and again, but without success. He has always felt that important as that is, spiritual service is of greater worth, and he has declined to 'come down' from the greater work to the less. 'Tis true he served on the old Cleethorpes School Board, and he is now one of the managers of the Council Schools in the same area, but that is work for the children, and only their claims have been strong enough to draw him into public life.

As choirmaster he serves the church with distinction. He always keeps together a good choir of young voices, and our musical service at Ebenezer is an inspiration to preacher and people. As a public speaker he is fluent, cogent, playful, and

effective. Few men have given the Licensing Bill more influential support than he. A little interruption calls forth his best powers, and his opponents have reason to regret their impertinence. In market place or public hall he is a valuable



MR. W. S. WATKINSON.

asset to any meeting or good cause. Our District Assemblies and Conferences know him well, for he has been a member of five of the former and three of the latter. He was selected to give the charge to the churches at the last Synod of his District. He fills many positions, and it is hard to say which he fills the best.

Although his hair is very grey he is yet on the right side of fifty. He is a tall, strong, well-proportioned man. He found his way to Grimsby while in the middle of his teens, and acquired a knowledge of the fish-trade with his uncle, Mr. T. M. Gray. Seven years later he commenced business for himself, and like his brothers, has done well.

The story of his church-connections and Christian work is much like those already told. Ebenezer became his spiritual home, and after he had served as school teacher and secretary, he became superintendent, which office he has held for the last fourteen years in jointure with Mr. C. K. Watkinson. He has held the post of society steward since 1894, and has a so served a term as circuit steward. He has, moreover, been the principal pew steward for a long time. From 1901 to 1907 he was a very active and useful member of the Borough Council but like many another good man, he received proof of the fickleness of the mind of the electorate in the loss of his seat.

He has known more domestic sorrow than his brothers. After years of weakness and suffering, the wife of his youth 'passed into the skies,' and left him and his family sorely bereft. In due time he was married again to Mrs. J. Morley, who had known him and his family well for many years, and the union is rich in domestic comfort and happiness.

In general affairs he is well informed, in political matters particularly so. He has not cultivated the gift of popular speech as much as some of his brothers, but he can speak effectively and well on religious, social, and political questions. Official life, outside his own church and circuit, has not seen much of him, but that is his own fault, or preference. He is serving his generation and the church with stability, devotion, and success. All that pertains to her highest good is dear to him, and to promote it he gives his best.

MR. R. A. WATKINSON.

This is the Benjamin of the family, although his name is Richard. He is tall, and of much slighter build than the second and fourth members of the quintette. Nor is his health so robust as that of some of the family. He has not yet taken to public speaking. He has a choir connection in the town of his birth and the town of his adoption extending over thirty-five years. Secretarial work is quite in his line, as the trustees of Ebenezer church have known for twenty years. In organizing concerts, bazaars, etc., he is at home. He is a teacher in the Sunday school, and a very useful member of the choir. He is possessed of a good tenor voice, which he ungrudgingly uses in the service of his Master.

Whether his natural capacities marked him out for a fish-merchant is very questionable. The artistic temperament is in him, and the architectural faculty is strong. His home abounds with evidences of both. He can paint a picture, design a building, or a decoration, and produce either in a very

(Continued on page 822.)

OUR OLD HYMNS AND TUNES.

Memories of some Great Singers.

'There's lots of music in them—the hymns of long ago—
And when some grey-haired brother sings the ones
I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days gone by.'

It was no 'merry England' in which early Primitive Methodism began its work. There had been a time when the land was full of song—when men sang out of pure cheerfulness and lightness of heart. But in the first third of the nineteenth century, as Thomas Mozley tells us, the sounds that filled the air were mainly discordant ones—contentious cries or complainings. His testimony, dark as it is, is confirmed to the letter by the quite recent publication of memoirs dealing with that distressful time. Here, for instance, in 'The Reminiscences of Albert Pell,' some time M.P. for South Leicestershire, we find Mozley's contention fully sustained. Mr. Pell, who was born in 1820, fell sick while a youth at Harrow School, and spent a year with a tutor in the Midlands in the midst of the stockingers or framework knitters. In no contemptuous spirit he describes them as a 'most miserable, under-sized, under-paid, under-fed class, subject to the cruellest forms of truck.' They were often spoken of as 'shapes,' i.e., light corn, and 'breeches and bones,' and so on. The passing along through the Leicestershire villages of any one dressed in decent broadcloth 'brought out a buzzing swarm of stockingers from their frames behind their long cottage windows to curse and vituperate while they pursued the retreating 'aristocrat' with sticks, mud, and stones beyond the confines of the hive.' More than once young Pell had to run for it, and in this and other ways he did not fail to become aware of their distress, poverty, and helplessness. 'On looking back,' he says, 'how disturbed those times appear compared with the present! The introduction to, and forerunner of, Reform was violence and outrage. Rebecca and her crew were destroying toll gates in Wales. Captain Swing and his gang were burning hay-ricks round London, and I went out in evenings to a low hill in the Fens to see the corn-stacks here and there lighted up, while with a wind the flames rushed along the high stubble as on the prairie, unchecked by any hedges, broke in flares against other stacks in the open, to their utter destruction.'

But what has all this to do with the old hymns and tunes? Much, every way. We think of the drab, hard lives of the men who heard these hymns for the first time. It was a new experience. They listened. For a moment the discordant, passionate cries with which the air was filled were hushed. The hymns were not all denunciatory or even triumphant. Some of them had the wooing note, and some an undertone suggestive of the pathos of life which would make a strong appeal and bring a waft of hope. For the thought would come: 'Here are plain, poor men like myself, who, though life is hard, can smooth it with hope and cheer it with song. I wish I had their secret, and then, perhaps, I could sing as they do.' Impalpable and difficult to put into words, yet mighty is the influence of sacred song. We know it is so from the numberless testimonies we have to its arrestive and inspiring power. Some of us know it also from experience. I have a vivid recollection of a particular Sunday now more than 40 years ago. It is present with me as I write, and so I shall speak of it in the present tense. It is the day of Newcastle-on-Tyne's annual camp meeting. In the afternoon we shall assemble on the town's spacious moor; but this bright morning we are spending in real mission work in some of Newcastle's oldest, poorest streets abutting on the river. The familiar hymns are sung heartily and melodiously. Wretched men and women hang out of the tall houses and cluster round the dilapidated doorways of tenements which have seen better days. It is easy to tell that sacred song is doing its work in softening the nature and stirring memory.

Then a halt is made, and George Charlton steps forward and gives one of his inimitable talks, which goes straight to the hearts and consciences of the men and women within the hearing of his voice. You can see by their faces the word is being carried home; they are having 'compunctious visitings,' both of nature and of grace. How George Charlton loved the old hymns! best of all, perhaps, he loved 'Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,' and 'How beauteous are their feet.' With what zeal he would sing the words: 'He reigns and triumphs here!'

ALD. G. CHARLTON.

Our fathers were averse from the pen, and, indeed, had little time to record their experiences, even had they been inclined to do so. But for this; there would have been abundant material to show how the old hymns arrested the attention and were never forgotten. Now and again an outsider who could write, like William Howitt or George Borrow, brings us in touch with the past, and we see the old hymns doing their work. In Barrow's 'Lavengro' there is a remarkable passage quite in point. The 'scholar' comes across a crowd of people gathered round an unhorsed waggon on which were half a dozen men in sober attire, with short hair which seemed to have been smoothed down with the hand. It was a Norfolk camp meeting, and we have good reasons for believing it was a Primitive Methodist camp meeting. Soon after the scholar's arrival a speaker finished his address, and there was a cry for a hymn 'to the glory of God.' What now concerns us here is his description of the singing of that hymn, and how it impressed him then and haunted him afterwards. 'It was a strange-sounding hymn, as well it might be, for everybody joined in it. There were voices of all kinds—of men, of women, and children—of those who could sing and those who could not; a thousand voices all joined, and all joined heartily. No voice of the multitude was silent save mine. The crowd consisted entirely of the lower classes, labourers and mechanics, and their wives and children—dusty people, unwashed people, people of no account whatever, and yet they did not look a mob. And when that hymn was over—and here let me say that, strange as it sounded, I have recalled that hymn to mind, and it has seemed to tingle in my ears on occasions when all that pomp and art could do to enhance religious solemnity was being done [as in] the Sistine chapel, what time the papal band was in full play, and the choicest choristers of Italy poured forth their melodious tones in the presence of Babruscha and his cardinals.'

The long-lasting spell the old hymns cast on men is yet again illustrated by an incident hitherto, we believe, unrecorded. Jane Ansdale, who laboured so successfully in Weardale, was afterwards married to Mr. Suddards, one of Hull circuit's missionaries. The health of both being greatly impaired by their labours and privations, they went to the United States, and Mr. Suddards became an episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia. Soon after going to America, the Rev. J. Odell (to whom we are indebted for the incident) called on Dr. Suddards with a letter of introduction from Mr. J. T. Robson, of Hull. 'I was,' said Mr. Odell, 'received graciously, and even gratefully. After pleasant chat and luncheon, the doctor proposed to take me to his church—old St. George's—which was quite near. As the three of us stood in front of the communion table, and altar, Dr. Suddards said that on that spot he and his wife stood, morning by morning, for private worship. Together they sang the old hymns of their mission days, and then as the old fire burned and their souls were glowing with the love of God, they prayed for their old friends, and were often transported in spirit to the scenes of their former labours and triumphs.

The bibliography of the first hymn book is an intricate subject, which we shall not attempt to unravel here. Suffice it to say that from 1825 to 1853 (when John Flesher's hymn book was published) the 'small' and 'large' hymn books were issued bound together. Thus for nearly thirty years the Primitives' hymn book, like their Bible, was in two parts—one old and one new. The small hymn book, with its 154 hymns, included some of Lorenzo Dow's, rich in their associations, which even now have a distinctive quality, like the scents and fruit flavours of the wind-swept heath. There are many hymns of Wesley, and some of Watts, Cowper, and Doddridge. The only original hymns which can be identified with certainty are one or two by Hugh Bourne, and some 18 by W. Sanders.

WILLIAM SANDERS.

True, there is one hymn in the 'large' by William Howcroft, of no great account. In the official notice of his death, which took place in 1852, we are told: 'He was not so much distinguished as a preacher as he was for his poetic effusions, which, had his mind been cultivated in early life, would doubtless have been still more acceptable.' So the broad fact remains that W. Sanders is our only hymnist worth mentioning as represented in the small and large hymn books.

A friendly critic has regretted that posterity has not found in any of these compositions 'the ethereal quality of an immortal hymn.' It may be true that not one of them has now a place in the congregational hymnals of other churches. But in these days of Pragmatism, when we are so largely influenced by the consideration of how a thing works, it is satisfactory to know that some of Saunders' hymns can stand this higher test of worth; and this over and above their considerable poetic merit, which has secured for them a place in our present hymnal. Take, for example, 'Where shall my soul begin to sing?' We read how John Coulthard, of Springfield, in Weardale, when dying in 1885 sang with a heavenly ecstasy verses four and five of this hymn: 'My feeble song I cannot raise,' etc. Then, 'My soul is now united' is a hymn with a history. Jonathan Clewer, writing in the 'Magazine,' tells how in 1823, under the singing of this hymn at a love-feast at Wheldrake, in Pocklington circuit, twelve backsliders were restored and eight persons received the evidence of pardon. Then there is 'Hark! the Gospel news is sounding'—the Primitive Methodist 'Grand March,' as it has been called. On this hymn W. Sanders' reputation securely rests. We have told elsewhere how once a young man, full of spiritual anxiety, was leaning on a wall when in the distance he heard the joyous refrain, 'None need perish.' Deliverance came, and that young man is now a minister of our Church. Whether there is or is not an 'ethereal quality' in such hymns as these, there is certainly the quality of effectiveness; and it is the possession of this quality which justifies us in prizing and preserving them.

As we dip into the small hymn book almost every hymn has its story or its suggestiveness. 'Christ he sits on Zion's hill,' which from 1820 took first place in the book, reminds us, as does also 'Hark! listen to the trumpeters,' that Christ militant and the Church militant were favourite conceptions with our fathers. It might be well to give that conception fuller play in the Christian life of our day. 'Arise, O Zion, rise and shine' was the hymn Thomas Oliver and Jonathan Clewer raised in the Grassmarket when they opened their commission in Edinburgh. It seems strange that the weird hymn:

Oh! ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud,'

should have had such an influence over people as undoubtedly it had. In our delving amongst the old magazines we have met with several instances in which the subjects of biographies ascribed their conversion to the impression produced by the singing of this. As for 'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,' it was a deadly arm of precision as handled by John Benson, as the well-known stories show.

Primitive Methodism has had many famous choirmasters, amongst whom John Kidd and Richard Raine must be accorded high place.

JOHN KIDD.

John Kidd was for many years the choirmaster of Silver Street and then of Nelson Street chapels, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He composed a tune for every hymn in the small hymn book, and some of these still live, and are likely to live. He was the composer of 'Happy Day'—the original score of which we have seen, of 'Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,' and of 'The voice of Free grace,' with the singing of which Robert Key was wont to begin his powerful mission services. John Kidd for a time transferred his services to the New Connexion, but afterwards returned to his true home. His daughter, the late Mrs. T. G. Snowdon, has told us that during the time of her father's expatriation he had in his choir at Hetton a pitman who had been accustomed to play on his fiddle in the public-houses. After his conversion he played in the choir with the same fiddle. Some very good people thought the fiddle ought to be set aside, or burnt orbroken, as sinful. 'Bless the Lord,' said the pitman, 'it's nee langer a sinful fiddle; it's been converted as weel as mysel. It's noo a hallelujah fiddle.' Mrs. Snowdon always averred that Mr.—now 'General'—Booth took his one from this, and christened his belongings 'Hallelujahs."

RICHARD RAINE.

When we knew Richard Raine intimately in the 'sixties 'he was choir master of Saville Street, North Shields. Though his voice was not what it had been, he could still pitch a tune with unerring precision. With his finger to the lobe of his ear, and his eyes closed, he sang as one to whom song was both worship and a delight. A false note smote him as with a sharp pain. We would pleasantly admonish him to be good, or there would be a fearful looking-for of discords for him in the next world. His knowledge of the old hymns was unrivalled, and what he must have been in his prime is realistically set forth in a sketch of an old-time Tyneside camp meeting by the late Rev. G. W. McCree, better known to many as the 'Bishop of St. Giles.' Mr. McCree had been a Primitive Methodist in Newcastle, and we believe for a short time was a travelling preacher in the body. Though he became a Baptist, he illustrates the truth that once a Primitive it is not easy to shake off the old associations. In every line of the sketch it is the Primitive Methodist, and not the Baptist, who writes with such appreciation of the old camp meeting. It is with Richard Raine alone we have to do. As the procession enters the field to the west of Newcastle, Richard strikes up 'The Gospel ship is sailing.' William Towler, the leader for the day, gives out 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow!' Up stands Richard, and in a fine, clear, inspiring voice commences the tune, and in a moment more hill and river and sky resound to the mighty song of the people. The second hymn is, 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.' Richard is now like a prophet-singer. His eyes are closed in rapture, his face twitches all over with religious feeling, his voice rings out like a silver trumpet, and the people join in the strain until they come to the words, 'agonizing in the garden,' and then strong men and feeble women cease to sing that they may weep; the succeeding words, 'Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,' are sung softly, and then is heard an exultant burst of song, Richard Raine pouring out his soul in singing 'To the incarnate God ascended.' As they make their way to the praying circle, 'Press forward' is sung. At the close, Richard Raine, melodions as ever, marches the people from the field, singing:

'Ob, then we'll shine, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home.'

H. B. KENDALL.

A WORTHY QUINTETTE.

(Continued from page 821.)

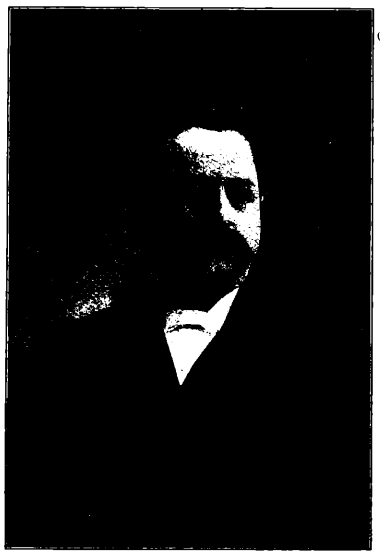
creditable way. He has found a living in fish, and recreation by following out his natural bent in other directions.

There are many ways of serving the Kingdom of God. 'There are diversities of gifts,' and these brothers afford a striking example of how all gifts and endowments can be ennobled by their consecration to Christ-like work. The associations and ministries of the Church have done much for the members of this family, and they, in return, have wrought well for the Church.

A reminiscence of days long since gone may close this story. Thirty years ago, and more, the writer conducted a Bible class in connection with the Grimsby Ebenezer church. Three of these brothers, and the young ladies whom they subsequently married, were members of it. She who became the minister's wife was in it. The present Mrs. W. S. Watkinson and her first husband were in it. Several more young men and women who have since then mated, and during the intervening years have been sources of strength to the cause of God, were in that Friday night Bible class. Whether it is a case of cause and effect, or only a 'fortuitous' circumstance we do not say. The memory of it is very precious and inspiring.

Primitive Vivacity in the Peaceful Valley.

By Rev. William Barker, Manchester.



REV. W. BARKER.

IN the North-Eastern division of the County Palatine of Lancashire there is a distinct type of personal character, and one outstanding feature of this idiosyncracy is the unique animation which is frequently manifested in the thought, speech, and actions of the people. At times the wit is as sharp and sparkling as the keenest wit of either the Irish or the French; and yet, paradoxical as it may seem to be, the natives of East Lancashire are easily moved to sympathy and sadness, and in a time of reaction (again like the Irish or the French), they are apt to be intensely despondent and melancholy. 'Their sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught.' When things, however, go well, or when they are thoroughly roused by some antagonism or difficulty, their mental powers work with remarkable swiftness, and speech will rush out—bright, brilliant, and if needs be, brusque and biting. The every-day duties of this people are as a rule common-place and monotonous, and yet in the very doing of the work there is a liveliness exhibited which is marvellously different to the slow and sluggish methods of the people who live say in Suffolk or the South Coast. This vivacious trait in the character of the North-East Lancashire people has been splendidly portrayed by writers like Harrison Ainsworth in 'Lancashire Witches,' by Marshall Mather in 'Lancashire Idylls,' and by John Ackworth in 'Clog-Shop Chronicles.'

The Peaceful Valley.

In a Church with democratic institutions and opportunities like Primitive Methodism, men and women of marked individuality could not fail to come to the front and to give some manifestations of this outstanding characteristic of vivacity. For nearly ten years I had the great joy and privilege of serving as the minister of our three churches in Darwen. This busy cotton and paper-making town lies in a long valley stretching from the high moorlands to the north of Bolton right away to the still longer and far more picturesque valley of the Ribble, which touches the bounds of the West Riding of Yorkshire and approaches near to Westmoreland. For ages the deep depression in which Darwen lies has been known as '*The Peaceful Valley*.' Hills over 1,300 feet above sea level hem it in on both the east and the west. This valley was for a long period the home of an isolated and self-contained people. In the latter half of the last century one of the most eminent politicians of the day stood up in the House of Commons and pathetically declared that 'he could not find Darwen on the map.' In spite of a legislator's ignorance this town of 40,000 people has, however, helped to make history. The Over Darwen test case has found a permanent position in relation to the Licensing Laws of this country.

Our church was commenced in Darwen in 1822 by a band of open-air mission workers from the neighbouring town of Bolton. At the beginning great opposition was encountered, but converts multiplied, and in due time people were gathered into communion with us who not only became valiant for all things good, but who also manifested the native quality of unusual sprightliness in both speech and work. It is of course very difficult to give examples of brisk thinking. Nevertheless a keen observer may soon note that there are seasons when people apparently discard ordinary mental processes and reach shrewd conclusions with phenomenal quickness. At times the odd expression of an idea indicates that some things are viewed from a very unusual standpoint, and when the thought is expressed without a moment's hesitancy, it may move to laughter or to tears.

You Man is none of Ours.

Susannah Muncaster, who for long years served our church devotedly, and then left nearly a thousand pounds in her will to the Darwen circuit, was when I knew her an old lady racy of the soil. In the years when everything that was supposed to have the least connection with the New Theology was regarded by the rank and file of our people with great suspicion, a remarkably able preacher occupied the pulpit of our Sandhills church in Darwen. He set forth truth in a completely new way. Ancient phrases were never uttered. Old Susannah, who was greatly moved as a rule by an old-fashioned sermon, listened to the progressive preacher, but she was glum and irresponsive. Nothing touched her heart that day, and her customary ejaculation of 'Praise the Lord' never once passed her lips. As soon as the service finished the old lady turned to a leading official and with almost bitter emphasis said: 'Thank God, *you man is none of ours!*' On another occasion when the Rev. James Flanagan conducted a mission in Darwen I took him to the house of Mrs. Muncaster. When I introduced the two the old lady gripped the hand of the great evangelist and said: 'You come from London, don't you, Mr. Flanagan?' When the answer was given in the affirmative, the next question was: 'Do you ever see the Editor of our 'Large Magazine?' When Mr. Flanagan admitted that he sometimes met the Rev. H. B. Kendall in the metropolis, Susannah flashed out these words: 'Well, then, when you get back to London just go and ask the editor *if Providence be dead?*' We were nonplussed, and it was only after much questioning that I got at the old lady's meaning. For years she had taken the 'Large Magazine.' Her chief delight was to read the pages headed: 'The Providence Department,' and she had revelled in studying remarkable deliverences, dreams, and answers to prayer. The section, however, had been allowed to drop out of the Magazine, and hence Susannah desired to learn if the editor thought that Providence was dead.

'Hiding your Dirty Work.'

Here are a few more examples of vivacious speech. At a tea meeting one day, when the urns were placed on the table and all was ready for the meal to begin, a local mill-manager hurried to a table and as soon as he sat down he hammered the table with a spoon, and, when silence ruled, exclaimed: 'Aye, Mr. Preacher, *are you going to do the table trick?*' He was simply asking in his own curious way for the minister to ask a blessing. The same man, a typical Darwener, and one of the last of an old-fashioned race, once shocked me inexpressibly. He was a descendant of one of our pioneers in Darwen Primitive Methodism. He paid for a pew, sent his children to our Sunday school, occasionally attended our services, and gloried in telling of the early workers in our church. During my long term of service in the Peaceful Valley I officiated at over 400 funerals in the local cemetery. Early one morning I received a telegram asking me to be at the cemetery at 10 o'clock. The corpse of a man had been brought by the midnight mail from London. Very few people attended the funeral, and the only man I knew was my friend the mill-manager. As soon as I had read the committal service and pronounced the Benediction, I turned to the one man I knew and somewhat thoughtlessly said: 'Was this man a Prim, Mr.—?' Quick as fire the answer came: '*Aye, and a devil at that!*' It turned out that the man just interred had at one time belonged to our church, but he had slipped away, gone down to the depths, and had died far away from the Peaceful Valley. On another occasion I was passing through the main entrance gates of the same cemetery in company with a Darwen doctor. As we went in a local Catholic priest was passing out. The doctor, desiring, I judge, to be affable, said: 'Well, father, you've been to the grave once again.' Like lightning the priest flashed back the reply: 'Yes, once again, *hiding your dirty work*.' The doctor passed on speechless.

Lancashire Man Catching.

Singing and Sunday schools loom large in the church work of East Lancashire. About fifteen years ago a re-union of old scholars was arranged by our officials at the Redearth Road Church. In connection with this re-union it was decided to ask a company of very old scholars to render a song service of old-fashioned hymns and tunes on the Sunday afternoon following the gathering. I was deputed to invite men and women to take this service who had been in the school and choir 50 years before. Waiting on a dear old lady, long past three-score years and ten, I told her of the arrangements made by the officials. In her younger days this woman had been the leader in our choir. Without a moment's waiting I received this reply: 'Oh, I can't come back to the choir now. If I try to sing to-day *I sing like a fellow*.' The one-time clear treble was dropping down to the bass.

MRS. MUNCASTER.

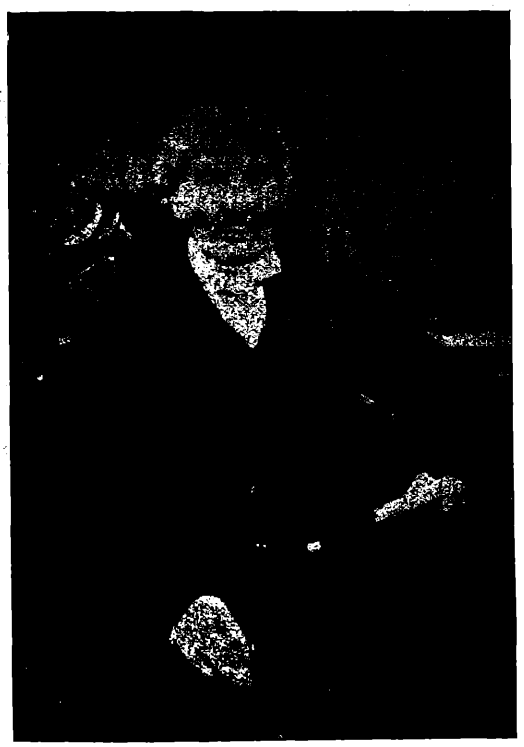
And yet young and old in East Lancashire have a deep love for their old church and Sunday school. If they can render either a service they do it with alacrity. One Sunday afternoon I gave an address to the large class of young and married women taught by Alderman Cooker in Sandhills Sunday school. I happened to relate an incident in the life of Richard Baxter, the great Nonconformist divine, who once described himself as 'a man catcher.' At night I was going to preach at the same place. Near to the chapel I met one of the brightest young women in Mr. Cooker's class hurrying in the opposite direction. Wondering at this, I enquired why she was not attending Divine service. With a roguish flash in her black eyes the answer came: '*Oh! I'm going man catching.*' Lancashire girls often engage in this sport literally, but this young

woman, impressed by the address given to the class, had decided to try and catch someone for Jesus Christ. With set purpose she sought out some old lapsed scholars, who worked by her side in the weaving shed, and brought them to the evening service.

'He can preach Thee to Death.'

As clannish as North countrymen, the people of the Peaceful Valley will go through fire and water for one who wins their esteem and love. If a minister cannot settle with this peculiar people he will act wisely if he decides to leave at the end of his first year. On the other hand, if there be a bond of affinity, and if the minister will do his share of work well, and especially if he will give his best to the young people of the church and Sunday school, officials, members, and adherents will be more than kind, and they will stand up for their own minister against any odds.

The Rev. D. T. Maylott, then in the prime of his preaching and *praying* powers, once superintended the Darwen circuit. As a preacher he had no compeer in the town. One day a newly-fledged curate, visiting from door to door, called at the house of one of our members and was ushered into the front room. I knew the lady of this house very well. She was a stalwart in every sense of the word. She could crucify any petty thing with her tongue. Looking round the room, the curate saw on the wall a framed portrait of Mr. Maylott in clerical attire. Misled for the moment by his own judgment, he simperingly enquired: 'And who may this clergyman be?' The ominous answer was: 'That man's not a clergyman; he's our minister.' Immediately the foolish fledgling began to rave against Nonconformity, and declared that Mr. Maylott had no right to wear the white tie, and no sanction to preach the Gospel, as he was not in holy orders and had not been properly ordained. Marching to the door and opening it wide, the massive lady of the house turned on the little parson, and with withering scorn said: 'Here, get out, or I'll ordain thee. Our minister is a man, and *he can preach thee to death any day!*' The curate went, and he never called again.



ROBERT CROSS.

On the eve of a Parliamentary election our people arranged to have a great Temperence Demonstration in Darwen market place at the close of the ordinary Sunday night's service. Half a dozen speakers mounted a lorry, and a huge crowd assembled. Lewd fellows of the baser sort gathered to break up the meeting. A party of brewers' draymen, the worse for drink, were especially obnoxious. Two speakers were howled down, and I was the only one that got a five minutes' hearing that night. The draymen began to move the lorry, and the meeting broke up in upper confusion. Leaping off the lorry, I landed right in the midst of the brewers' representatives and began to denounce their conduct. Not a man said a disrespectful word or raised a finger against me. I was amazed, therefore, when a big burly fellow, who at times attended our services, scattered the crowd right and left, and forcing his way into the very centre of the brewers' ring, put himself in front of me, and turning to the draymen said: 'I'll be hanged if I let any of you touch our parson.' I am sure that no one desired to harm me, but it was good to know that if any one had desired to do so I had a very big and courageous champion to defend me.

The Standstill Chapel.

The people of the Peaceful Valley manifest a similar sprightliness in their religious work. Among the first Primitive Methodist workers in Darwen, Robert Cross did more to establish and consolidate our church than any other man. He was one of the first to respond to the call of the missionaries from Bolton when they preached at the bottom of Bury-fold Lane in 1822. Robert Cross was then in his twenty-fifth year. He was a shoemaker by trade, and seizing every opportunity for reading and study, he soon became a very acceptable and successful local preacher. It may be, however, that he did his best work by visiting from house to house and talking to people personally about their salvation. In 1859 he was called to be the Town Missionary for Darwen. He led thousands of men to sign the pledge and to live the Christian life. He never failed and never faltered in his work, and when he was called to higher service in 1867 he had the signal honour of a public funeral. When the famous John Verity was minister at Darwen in 1831, he commenced to build the first chapel in Redearth Road with a balance in hand of *four pence halfpenny!* New converts quarried the stone, and did much of the building. When funds gave out, and no material could be purchased, the work stopped, and this happened so often that the scoffers of the town called the building 'The Stand-still Chapel.' The work, however, did not stand still for any great length of time. Verity visited and prayed with a wealthy titled lady—Lady de Manville—who at that time lived in the locality, and from her he obtained a large subscription.

It fell, however, to the lot of Robert Cross to collect the larger part of the money required for the new chapel. On his list he had the name of a very wealthy but very niggardly farmer, who lived near to a great sheet of water which is known as Jack Kay's Lodge. The overflow from this lake ran into very large drains. Calling at the farm, Robert Cross met the farmer, and after much pleading got the promise of a sovereign for the new chapel building fund. The farmer, however, declared he could not pay just then, and Robert must call again for the money. Robert did call again, and again, and again, but the farmer always managed to keep out of his way. Losing patience the collector determined that he would have that donation by hook or crook. Very early one morning Robert made his way to the farm and hid behind a gate. He waited patiently until the farmer appeared. Robert stepped out of his hiding place. As soon as the farmer saw him he turned and began to walk in the opposite direction. The lively shoemaker at once followed. The farmer began to run. So did his pursuer. In sheer desperation the farmer rushed for shelter up a wide, arched drain, and Robert followed close at his heels. Soon tired of wading through the water and groping in the semi-darkness the farmer piteously inquired why he was pestered and persecuted in that fashion. Robert Cross reminded him of his promise, and of his reluctance to pay, and then he grimly said: 'You don't come out of this sough (a walled drain) Mister, until you have paid your toll.' The farmer was compelled to yield, and as soon as Robert Cross obtained the sovereign he bid the man 'Good-day,' and told him he could come out of the sough at his own leisure.

A Cheque for £50.

As years sped on it became possible to obtain money for school and chapel purposes in a less difficult and better way. At one School Anniversary, during my ministry, the collections at Redearth Road chapel exceeded £180. Sometimes unexpected sums were given. A dear old woman, named Catherine Duxbury, who for long years had worked as a charwoman, once asked me to call, and out of her hard-earned savings she gave me a donation of £50 towards the reduction of the debt on the chapel. The most curious and unexpected sum I ever received, however, was at a School Anniversary at Spring Vale, where we have a prosperous school and chapel near the very sough into which Robert Cross chased the stingy farmer.

For many years my predecessor at Darwen, the Rev. T. H. Hunt, has preached Spring Vale school sermons. One year, after the bills had been posted announcing Mr. Hunt as the anniversary preacher, news came that it was impossible for him to keep the appointment. At the eleventh hour I had to step into the breach and preach the sermons. The chapel was packed to excess at the evening service and many were unable to gain admission. During the sermon I pointed out that a really good influence would never die, and illustrated this assertion by pointing out that the influence of a good mother would linger, even with a wayward son, long after she had passed away. Unknown to me, there was a gentleman in the congregation whose mother had been for many years a Methodist class-leader. This man had spent many years in India as the manager of a Cotton Mill. Financially he had done well, but absence from home had not strengthened his religious life. Returning to Darwen, he soon took a high position, and he never forgot his good mother who had passed away. When my sermon was ended I asked the congregation to see to it that the collection did not suffer by reason of the absence of the announced anniversary preacher. As the collectors went round with the boxes a hymn paper was handed up to me in the pulpit, and on the clear space between the printing there was written in pencil, 'I will give you £50 in memory of one of the best mothers that ever lived.' A signature followed, which at that time was unknown to me. I at once beckoned to Alderman J. Cocker, my circuit steward, and shewing him the pencilled note I asked if he knew the man. Immediately he informed me that the signature was written by a mill owner and the leader of one great political party in the borough, and that he was sure to honour his promise. A day or two afterwards this gentleman called at my house, and after a cup of tea he wrote out a cheque for £50. From that day he was ever my good friend, although in political matters we were as far as the poles asunder.

I could give many instances which show that in the Peaceful Valley the people are not only quick in responding to appeals for help, but they are equally alert in listening to Gospel truth, and that, in hundreds of cases, they are doers of the Word, and not hearers only. My space, however, is exhausted, and I merely say in closing that if, with difficulties and limitations innumerable, our fathers and forerunners in the faith had *life*, we, with all our privileges and opportunities, should have 'life more abundantly.'

UNCLE JOHN'S PENSION.

A West Country Incident.

UNCLE JOHN is well known to our local preachers. He sits in the front pew of our little chapel at Kentborough and smiles benevolently at the Lord's servant who occupies the pulpit. John always has a good time no matter who the preacher may be, for John is very deaf, so he breaks for himself the Bread of Life. Uncle John always 'takes' the preachers to tea, and he and his 'dear Missus,' are not to blame if their visitor goes away either hungry or grumpy.

When the Old Age Pensions Act got safely through the Red Sea, we all thought instinctively of Uncle John. We knew he had been unable to do any work for a year, and we also knew that his slender resources must be melting away. John was 75, and his 'dear gal' was 72. The good news travelled like wildfire to the patriarch and his wife that there would be no 'work'us' for them. John soon applied for his papers and chuckled all day long at the thought of the snug little pension he would soon draw. We teased him. We said, 'Uncle John, you won't get proud when your pension comes along—and you won't mind talking to us poor chaps now and again, will you?' Uncle John chuckled with glee, and hobbled off to tell his 'dear gal' the joke. Uncle John's pension was in everybody's mind, and when on Sunday his 'Praise the Lord!' was extraordinarily fervent, we nudged our neighbours and said, 'Uncle John's Pension!'

Saturday is a holiday with me. In the afternoon I like to take my Sunday's sermon for an airing. So I mount my trusty bike and spin through the Wessex lanes, which for quiet beauty cannot be matched in England. Last Saturday the rain 'stopped me in my career,' and as I was within a mile of Kentborough I splashed along the wet road and claimed refuge in Uncle John's cottage. John's Missus was sitting just inside the doorway, spelling through a pamphlet. Her kind, weather-beaten face was marked with scores of wrinkles, which always made me think of a chess-board. 'Well, Misses!' (surnames have no use in Kentborough) 'how are you to-day?'

'Well, only middlin'! But a sight better nor I were yesterday, thank'ee all the same.'

This answer staggered me. I had known John's Missus for several years, and every time I had met her she had had a saucy answer ready for me. John often said 'she wers a main lively 'un once on a time,' and three score and ten hard years had not taken the spirit of naughtiness out of her. I could see trouble in her face—the look of puzzled grief that we sometimes notice in a little child and in an old woman.

Uncle John sat in his armchair. His pipe had not been lit that day. He, too, was passing through deep waters, but instinctively he thought of me and my comfort.

'Come ye up to the vire, lad; and Missus, just 'ee get a bit o' tea ready.' I protested that I really couldn't stop, but John's missus deliberately put out three cups, and that settled it. Uncle John said grace, 'Lord, mak' us truly thankful *to* what we are a-going to receive.'

Uncle John brightened up under the cheering influence of the tea, but John's missus was still unhappy, and I could see wanted to say something, so I quietly said, 'Well, I suppose I had better trot along.' That did it. The scarlet flooded her old cheeks, and she said, and John could *see* what she was saying, 'Look 'ee here, we did think o' goin' in for one o' these old-age pinsions, an' we've got the papers and all on't. But it's like this, we never knowed afore yesterday as how we 'at to put down on they papers every bit of money as we be entitled to. Now we've got a little bit o' money in the bank, about hunderd and vivty pounds, and if we puts that down on t' paper, we shan't get no pinsion, I s'pose. 'Twas my darter's money—her as went home to Glory years ago—an 'tis money as has bin honestly come by, and it do seem hard that we shall be kep' out o' the pinsion through that bit o' money. It ain't enough to kip we very long.'

And then I eagerly explained to the sad old pair that their pension was as safe as houses.

John's missus slowly took in the glad news, and by a great effort believed it. She said, 'I'll tell 'ee I've hed a bad time since last night. I couldn't sleep nohow, and s'morning I says to John, 'I must get up, else I shall die.' At first go off I thought we needn't say nothunt about it. Nobody don't know we've got it in the bank, but John said, 'We mustn't tell a lie about it—if we can't get t' pension honest we must go wi'out it.'

And the good old man caught the drift of what we were saying and he broke out, 'No, that wouldn't do at all, we mustn't tell no lie about it—that wouldn't do nohow!'

I turned to go. John's Missus said, 'I be just about pleased as you looked in 's' afternoon. It hev taken a rare burden of my mind. It were a-makin' me real ill.'

I said, 'Don't you think the Lord sent me here this afternoon?' Uncle John said, 'I be sure on't. Praise the Lord!

'The Story of the Pharaohs.' By the Rev. James Balkie, F.R.A.S. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is really an attempt to provide a history of Ancient Egypt which shall take into account the more recent discoveries and investigations without embodying a mass of detailed discussion such as would make it beyond the means—in more senses than one—of the ordinary reader. And in this attempt the author certainly has achieved a success. While the book cannot be placed in rivalry with the work of Flinders Petrie, and others, a rivalry which is expressly disclaimed by the author, it supplies a most fascinating account of a people whose history is of great importance to the student of the Bible. Lately Assyriology has been prominent, and some Egyptologists think that their own particular study has been unduly neglected in comparison. This work will remind us that we cannot afford to ignore Egypt, whose influence on Israel, though certainly not so important as that of the great rival Empire, was considerable. There is a very good chapter on that most obscure subject, the Religion of Egypt. The value of the book is much enhanced by the numerous and excellent illustrations, many of them from photographs. There is also a useful index and two good maps. The author may be congratulated on having provided an excellent introduction to the study of Ancient Egypt.—W. L. WARDLE.

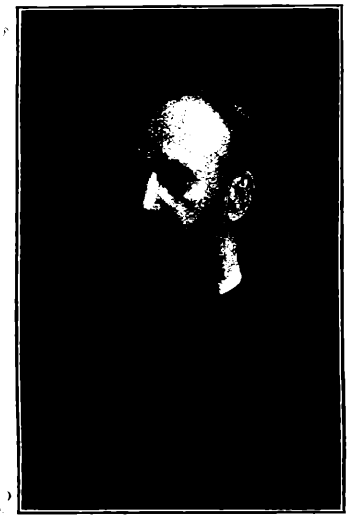
A Great Primitive Methodist Preacher.

Jottings on the life of Dr. Joseph Wood.

By Rev. John Bradbury.

First Meeting. In the days when first the fire of God burnt in my soul, and I longed to preach Christ's Evangel, an old disciple, who had been the friend of William Hickingbotham, 'the diamond in the rough,' took several youths into his confidence. He would talk about the heroic past, the glorious men and movements of the present, and of that future ministry awaiting all lives given up to God. One day he spoke of some of the great preachers of our Church. I recall these words, 'There is Joseph Wood. He is our silver-tongued preacher. You should hear him.' Not many weeks passed before I sought an opportunity. Joseph Wood was announced to preach at Long Eaton. A special journey was taken from Derby to that place, and in the morning's service, the Voice of God was heard in at least one soul. As the preacher entered the pulpit, and faced the worshippers, there was felt 'an indefinable something' that gripped and held the soul. With a voice, full and melodious, came the text, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, and canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' That morning, when the world was robed with the garment of snow, as Joseph Wood spoke of the mystic ministries of the active, abiding Spirit of Christ, and a hush was on the congregation, the self-same Spirit set apart two of his hearers for the work of the ministry.

Dr. Samuel Antliff's Estimate. Joseph Wood was one of England's pulpit kings. I remember an estimate of him as a preacher given to me by Dr. Samuel Antliff, who himself was a great man and a great preacher, 'Our Church has produced no greater preacher than Joseph Wood.' His fine physique, his dignified demeanour, his profound sense of God, his reverence for truth, his exalted vision of the ministerial office, his Johnsonian language, his literary grace, his unquestionable genuineness, and spiritual authority compelled

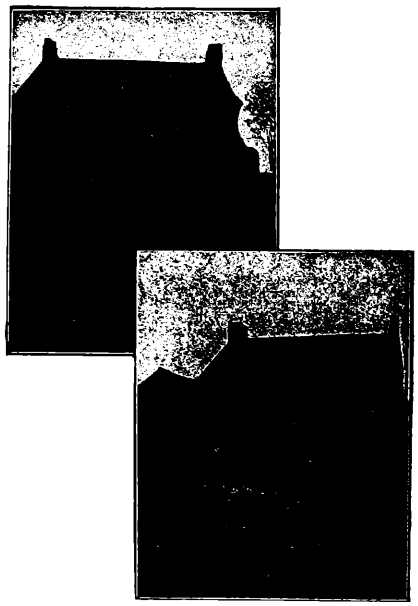


REV. J. WOOD, D.D., AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 54.

you to listen, and yield him the verdict. Few men have prepared their messages with greater care. It is questionable whether he had special power for extemporaneous speech. He left no outlines of sermons, no brief notes for public teaching. All his discourses bear marks of long and laborious preparation. After fully writing out his messages, and often re-writing them, he would append after-thoughts and references to the separate sermons, so that when the old message was repeated, it might be born again. In the spheres where he toiled the people still speak of certain sermons. 'Master motives to Praise,' 'Rich towards God,' 'Ephraim treading corn,' 'The death of Stephen,' and many another message, are singled out with the saying, 'That was the greatest sermon I ever heard.'

In the city of Hull are still living some who were present when Joseph Wood commenced his ministry there in 1851. They speak of the deep impression he first made upon them. His high ideals, intense devotion, deep seriousness, and passionate quest for truth and souls, marked him as a man to be heard. His popularity grew, and crowds would flock to hear him preach. Abounding evidence exists that Joseph Wood worked from a vision; on the plain he strove to work out what he had seen on the Mount. Though possessed of great natural ability, and enjoying a degree of culture few in our ranks possessed, he threw himself into his life's task with abandon and daring. He toiled hard from dawn, till the stars appeared, that he might bring men to God.

A Child of the Village. Joseph Wood came from the village. Two months before he left us he wrote with tremulous pen: 'I was born in a lonely farmhouse, called, with several others, 'Morredge,' in the parish of Ipstones in North Staffordshire. My mother came of a very respectable family, indeed an historical family. She was one of the daughters of James Plant, of the Golden Farm, Bradnop, near Leek, who died at the age of ninety-two, and was buried in the old churchyard at Mount Pleasant. This graveyard is full of the dust of the Plant family of many generations. The Vicar of Leek, who is of the same family, has traced the pedigree of my mother's line back for several hundred years. My father hailed from a family of repute in North Derbyshire. . . .



WHIM FARM, WHERE DR. WOOD LIVED FOR TEN YEARS.

My earliest recollection of meetings is that of my father carrying me across fields and dykes to a meeting in a farmhouse, called New Barn, where there had been Primitive Methodist preaching services for many years. This farm was occupied by a family of the name of Clower.' For ten years Joseph Wood lived at Whim Farm in Monyash, a village nine miles from Winster, a place of great historic interest to all Methodists. Here John Nelson was pulled down by the clergyman while preaching at the village cross; here the mother of Dr. Bunting entered the Kingdom, and gave the name of 'Jabez' to her baby-boy, who became the law-maker of Methodism, to commemorate the text by which she was saved, 'Jabez was more honoured than his brethren.' It was in this 'small village of grey stone, with its old church set in lime trees, lying in a sleepy hollow,' that Christ met Joseph Wood in his teens. There He saved him, appointed and endowed him to be the saviour of others. When glowing prospects opened before him for a successful commercial career, and friends entreated him not to enter the ministry, for a time he wavered. But Adolphus Beckerlegge made short work of this temptation. He faced the young preacher with this alternative: 'If he did not enter the ministry the Lord would kill him and send him to hell.' Who can wonder, after such a warning, that at once he offered himself for the work!

A Church Builder. Joseph Wood was a master of assemblies, and he, too, was a Church builder. In his circuits he was an expert in the art of organisation. There sprang up numerous agencies for extending the influence of his churches, and for providing opportunities for each member to spend himself for God. He created atmosphere in worship. His programme was Evangelism, Reform, and a Revival of Reverence. Few men have more successfully realised their programme. He filled all the District offices. He played a prominent part in the conception and organisation of our Sunday School Union. He was its first secretary, and by his skilful, consecrated, and courageous work, he put this agency on a living basis. He became Secretary, then President, of the Conference, and rendered conspicuous service in both positions. As Principal of our Manchester College he threw himself into his duties with whole-heartedness, especially on the administrative side. In a state of enfeebled health he bravely faced crowding difficulties, and succeeded in initiating certain reforms, and laying the foundations for more. He was probably the first authority in our Church on Hymnology, and to his life's end he made it one of his special studies. No Connexional Committee was complete without him. His unrivalled knowledge of our polity enabled him to speak with authority and not as the Scribes. He probably inspired and carried into the law of our Church more legislation than any man of the past generation.

DR. WOOD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

Typical Incidents. During his great ministry in Grimsby the people erected a statue to the memory of Alderman Henry Smethurst, who had been one of the leaders in our Flottergate church. Among the thousands that assembled, for the unveiling, were some who spoke ill of the departed. A big brawny son of the sea went for the purpose of breaking the harmony of the meeting by denouncing 'the fuss that was being made about a man I did not like. Wait till the parson's up!' he muttered. Joseph Wood was the chief speaker that day. Reading the thoughts of some present, he began his speech with these words: 'Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you!' The words quietened the fisherman at once, who said, 'I've naught to say arter that; that bloke's taken the wind out o' my sails!'

One of the many 'scenes' he occasioned in Conference was connected with a heated debate that took place when the combatants were Wood v. Fowler. Feeling ran high, and the President intervened, 'We have had enough of this. Will Mr. Wood give out a verse!' He announced hymn 390 in the old hymn book, and said in a deeply solemn voice, 'We will commence at the third verse.'

'For me the fowler spreads his net,
My soul he watches to destroy;
Ten thousand snares my path beset,
But thou wilt guide me till I die.'

The singing was left almost entirely to Joseph Wood, for the Conference was convulsed with laughter.

At another Conference, when some business of a delicate character connected with his District had to be discussed, an official known for indiscretion and talkativeness was elected delegate. Many felt uneasy at the appointment, fearing that the position would be aggravated by him. Joseph Wood decided on a plan to quieten his co-delegate. He thought of a certain laborious post in the Conference, and proposed his name. The proposal was carried. Mr. Talkative was kept quiet with hard labour, the difficulty was successfully surmounted.

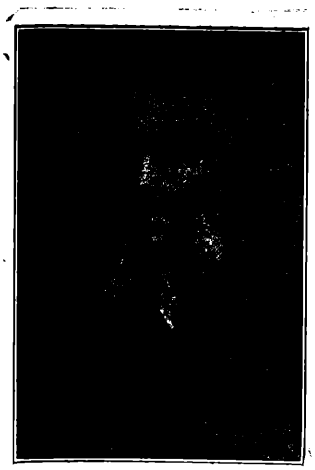
Though Joseph Wood bore a serious countenance, he had the playfulness of a little child in him. He sent to one of our ministers a receipt without a stamp, who returned it that the stamp might be affixed, and added, in a jocular spirit, 'The stamp duties go to the support of the amiable old lady residing at Windsor, whom I am anxious to assist.' Joseph Wood replied 'As you my friend are so anxious to assist in the support of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, you shall have the felicity of paying twopence towards that object.' He posted the letter unstamped!

His Inner Chamber. To those permitted to enter his inner life he was known as a great Christian. To those without he sometimes appeared but a fighter, but within his soul was God's own peace. He was charged with narrowness, especially in his famous crusade against the growing craze for pleasure in the churches, but his narrowness was the outcome of strength, a strength acquired by self-restraint and a holy jealousy for God. Some suggested he had love of office and power for their own sake, but his master-passion was to work God's purpose through power that came in his way, to fulfil in the open what he had been commanded in secret. Joseph Wood was at his greatest, not as he moved the crowds by his eloquence, or sat in the chief seats of our Courts, but in his home, where he and his noble wife, who is now with him in the Father's House, strove hard for their gifted family, and rejoiced in nameless ministries of love, that they might present them at last to God. In his diary he writes best where he records answers to prayer, the ingathering of souls, and the triumph of Christ over darkness. 'Lord, Thou hast won victory in these conversions,' he writes. 'I more fully consecrate myself to Thee that greater triumphs may come.' A man is revealed by his prayers. In his last days Joseph Wood reveals himself in these words, which he wrote:—'O Lord, we want to-day to grasp the truth, to take it into our very soul. We desire to be more deeply convinced that we are under Thy providential guidance and never failing care. We are impatient with ourselves because we do not trust Thee, our Bountiful Father, at whose table we have been fed all through our earthly pilgrimage. When we look back along the way Thou hast brought our feet—crooked the way has been, and hard, and difficult—a way often without sunshine and flowers, yet it is the right way, because Thy way. When our path was through the land of Beulah, and by still waters, it was still Thy way. In the hour of humiliation and pain we have had Thy presence. When it has been our strongest hour, it has been Thy clothing us with strength as with a garment. Thou hast cared for us with more than motherly care and tenderness, patience and pity. Burdened with a sense of our indebtedness to Thee we can only cry out: What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits towards us! We can but take the cup of salvation, and call upon Thy name!'

In the Valley. How singularly appropriate was the scenery of his passing! For more than a quarter of a century he had been one of the personalities of Conference. In 1899 the Conference was in session in Grimsby, a town in which he had done some of his best work. It was then this great soul ascended to God. For months, ere he passed, around him could be seen 'the aureole of death.' His day had been full of the light of joy and triumph. But now it was evening there gathered many shadows. With honour he had trodden the warrior's way. Now God called him to the lonely path of suffering. How pathetic to hear the man, who had stood on Carmel, echoing the words of the soul with whom he had long lived: 'It is enough, now, O Lord, take away my life, for I amn ot better than my fathers.' As a vast multitude from the North, East, West, and South, gathered around his bier, the God of Elijah gave the answer to his temporary despair, the answer by which Joseph Wood, the glorified, would to-day have his loved Church live: Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord.'

Milsonia: Glimpses of a Great Evangelist.

(By One who knew Him.)



REV. PARKINSON MILSON.

THAN the late Parkinson Milson no more unique personality has ever been in the ranks of our ministry. Short of stature, slight of build, sprightly of movement, highly nervous in temperament, fond of books, a keen and intelligent observer of Nature; possessed of a pleasant voice, a lively imagination, a passion for hard work, and a still greater passion for the salvation of men; an agreeable and entertaining companion, and a man greatly given to prayer; original in thought and in utterance, and withal a man of extreme moods, now under the juniper tree and now in a chariot of celestial fire—such a man was Parkinson Milson. A little more than thirty years ago he delivered the Ordination charge at the Hull District Assembly. He commenced by shaking the hand of the candidate and saying, 'Now, my brother, I am pleased to tell you that the devil hates you! Praise the Lord.' Then from that strange starting point he went on with remarkable eloquence and power for an hour and three-quarters, bringing forth things new and old from the storehouse of his crowded mind and rich experience. Even then he had not done. He might have gone on for hours more if the gas had not gone out. On the preceding afternoon he had held a large audience spell-bound at the camp meeting until past five o'clock. But the manner of man he was may be judged by the following excerpts taken almost at random from his journals.

A Faithful Son.

Writing to his father in 1847 he said, 'Will you, my dear father, be damned for the sake of a little ale? I believe intoxicating drink is your great hindrance. Oh, flee from the wrath to come, which, as a gathering cloud, impends over your soul. Never enter another alehouse. The blood of souls is there.' Faithful words of son to father!

An Offer to a Church Clergyman.

In October, 1864, he decided to re-mission Wressle, a village a few miles from Selby. The clergyman was very irate and created no small stir about the matter. Mr. Milson wrote a long letter of remonstrance, from which we quote the last paragraph—

'Why should we not agree to do all the harm we can to Satan's kingdom? Time is hastening away. Death is coming. Souls are perishing . . . O, brother, do not hinder us in our attempts to rescue a few at Wressle. Rather pray for God to use us. I am sure I should be happy to see you in any pulpit of mine in this circuit, and if you would preach for me any week-night at Selby I should be happy to accommodate you with a chapel superior to Wressle church, and as I have a gig I would cheerfully fetch you, and I have no doubt you would have more hearers than you ever saw in your church. Whether or not you accept this invitation, *I must and shall* visit Wressle to preach to the dear people who wish to hear me.'

Reply to Brewers' Circular.

In common with his brethren Mr. Milson received from Messrs. Tennant Bros. an advertisement of their ales, etc., to which he replied as follows:—'I received your circular . . . I am happy to inform you that I, my wife, and family are total abstainers from the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages. . . . Those who are engaged in the traffic incur a tremendous responsibility relative to the wants and miseries of many of their neighbours in time, and also their unending woes in eternity. I shall do all I can, by God's help, as long as I live, to injure and exterminate the strong drink traffic. I respectfully recommend to your notice Habakkuk vii. 15. May God show you the evil of the traffic, and save you, through Jesus Christ.'

Five Wells.

Writing to Mrs. Milson, he said, 'I am well, live well, look well, am dressed well, and hope to serve God well.'

Insurance a Speculation.

Writing home after a railway journey:—'The insurance ticket *will be of no use*, as I have got here safely. So I paid the money *for nothing*. What a speculation! I am insured for heaven!'

A Minister's Wife.

Not many of our ministers could keep a servant in the middle of the last century. There was not one in Mr. Milson's house. This is how he describes his wife:—'God bless thee, my everlasting shirt-making, stocking-repairing, boot-blacking, servant-superseding Jane! I shall give thee something *when I get some money*.

Medicine for Body and Soul.

Under date November 12th, 1881, he writes: 'Very depressed and low the former part of the day. Took *several pilules of nux-vom*, and *prayed considerably in secret*. In the evening felt well and cheerful, so much for pilules and prayer. Sept. 7th, 1884.—Preached at Bempton in the morning, and walked after dinner, in a terrific storm of wind and rain, to Flambro. Drenched to the skin, but *took some camphor pilules and trusted in God*.

Revival Effects and Reports.

Scarborough Circuit enjoyed a great spiritual revival in 1887-8, anent which some striking entries are made. A young fisherman, praying during the revival, said, 'Lord, they're talking to my mate; come and talk to him Thysen. It's all very well them talking to him, but it'll be a great deal better for Thou to do it Thysen.'

Another of the converts reporting a very good meeting to his fellow fishermen said, 'We've had a rare meeting; we did give her some sheet——we gave her all she could carry.'

A mother said, 'Ah can tell thee its a mighty change e my hoose, there's nowt wrang at ah does noo; an' ah nivver did reight afore. Ah was freetoned on em coming into t' hoose. . . Ah know this, ah nivver hed sich happy days. . . . Hoose is like heaven upo'th earth; and, best of all is, they're all teetotalers.

Wedded Bliss and a Gift.

His appreciation of the humorous side of things was very strong. The man of thunder could laugh as heartily as a child. The following had evidently amused him greatly: 'Presented to Fanny, who departed from a life of single blessedness, to another where they marry and are given in marriage, and are *not* as the angels in heaven.' From her brother, who intends at some early date to go and do likewise. Good luck.'

Thomas Petch, of Selby.

He was a quaint and rugged old man, whom, in his last affliction, Mr. Milson often visited, and he has preserved a few of his sayings, 'I de'ant care what they say about Christ. Christ for me. Tak Christ frae me, and there's now't to comfort me.' 'He'll tak me to heaven. He wants me to see His mercy in saving me, and to appreciate it every way.' 'I've had a wonderful view of his face.' 'Was it a vision?' asked the minister. 'I de'ant know. . . . It was what I wanted.'

Many and rich are the stories told of Mr. Petch by those who knew him. He would be to Mr. Milson a very interesting subject of study.

A Semi-Jubilee.

When he had completed twenty-five years of his ministry he was desired to lecture on his life. He did so. And in that lecture are many interesting facts and figures.

'I have travelled over 63,000 miles. I rode a mule five years about 10,000 miles; and a pony five, which I rode about 10,000 miles, and it drew me about 5,000 miles. We fell 21 times, but I never fell off the saddle except the first time we fell. I have preached on an average 262 sermons, delivered 29 speeches, and 10 open-air addresses a year. I have seen 1,858 souls converted. This gives 74 souls per year. For my twenty-five years labour I have received for salary, board and rent, rates and travelling expenses the sum of £1,700 8s. 6d., or an average of £74 per year. I have spent over my work, say, for ponies for riding ten years £100; given away to the sick and poor, say £100, and loss on books £100. So if any one thinks of our ministry as a sphere for obtaining wealth, his ideas may be corrected by the above.' This was true no longer ago than 1872. Matters have improved since then, but the ministry is no Klondyke yet.

An Original Advertiser.

The following is an announcement he issued in Hull in the early seventies:—

WAR WITH HELL!

RECRUITS WANTED.

Lincoln Street Primitive Methodist Chapel.

Wanted for immediate enlistment in the Primitive Methodist Division of IMMANUEL'S GRAND ARMY a number of the worst sinners in Hull. Height, weight, age, degrees of guilt and wretchedness no consideration; as King Jesus bought all human rebels by His precious blood, He is not wishful that any should perish; and He is able to save to the uttermost. Instant pardon will be granted to all who repent and believe in His Name, and a full complement of regimentals and arms from the King's armoury of grace and truth will be supplied free of charge to every new recruit, and the Captain of his salvation will enable him to prove the sacred power, stronger 'than death and hell,' and at the end of a glorious strife give to him 'A Crown of Glory that fadeth not away.'

Come and hear commissioned officers talk of the service; its terms, trial, and triumphs!

'Jesus sits on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still.'

In announcing a lovefeast in Sheffield in 1883 he said:—'The warriors will speak of their love for their General, and tell how they have been bettered by deserting the devil and entering His service; and Jesus will warm their hearts for future action.'

Another Tilt at the Drink.

'Each Thursday night, at 7.30, officers will direct fire of the guns against

The Barrel and Bottle Traffic

which killed last year in this Christian country nearly 100,000 persons.'

His Method Defended.

Writing to his son-in-law, who had some misgiving as to the propriety of such sensational proclamations, he said:—'Remember Bramwell's saying, 'He who wages war with hell must expect hell's rage.' I shall try to *kill* somebody, by God's help, on Sunday. . . . I send you a bill of our 'War' services. It shocked some. *The first woman converted* had come to the chapel through reading the Bill.'

The conventional and the stereotyped in method were nothing to him if they were not successful.

Playful to the Last.

When about to superannuate he was presented with an arm chair by friends in the Hull Second circuit. The closing words of his acknowledgment of the gift were:—

'Your gift recognises the fact that I am compelled to *sit down*, and no doubt you *desire me to do so at once*, and I will speedily comply with your wish. I may, however, remark that I finish my public ministry where I began it, in dear old Hull, and hope to go from Hull to heaven.'

An Affectionate Reproof.

During his late years he was often a prey to severe nervous depression. All sorts of fancies took possession of him. When he heard of different persons dying of as many different ailments, he would say, 'Aye, Jane, that's what I shall die of.' Knowing that he could not very well die of them all, Mrs. Milson said, 'I'll tell you what it is, Park, you cancannot die of them all, so you'd better make up your mind which of them it is to be.'

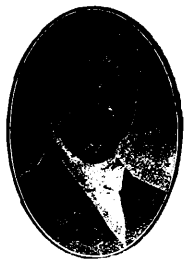
The Home-Going.

He was wont to say, 'I hope I shall die in harness. I want to go when my work is done. *I don't care about dying;* it is you folk—meaning his family—that I think about.'

He enjoyed a close friendship for several years with the Venerable W. Clowes, and his last public utterance was delivered in Clowes' Chapel. The subject of it was, 'The Rev. W. Clowes and His Power in Prayer.' Among other things in his brief address he said, 'I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE BLAZING.' From that service he had to be assisted home, and after a few days of increasing weakness he stepped into the chariot of fire, and was conveyed to the Fatherland. Said he, 'They talk about getting ready for a dying hour, I have been getting ready fifty years.' He was ready—aye, ready.

DROLL STORIES OF HENRY HIGGINSON.

By Christopher Hopewell.



HENRY HIGGINSON.

A GENERATION has arisen that knoweth not Henry Higginson, but there are contemporaries of the Roving Ranter (as he styled himself and did not object to be called by others) who still revere his memory and who love to talk of his sayings and doings. Not writ in water was his name, but rather in loving hearts whose affection is imperishable. It says no little for the power of Higginson that so many memorials of his prowess are to be met with in the scenes of his earnest labours. Said a typical Staffordshire man who knew him intimately, only a day or two ago, 'He couldn't half praich, I con tell yo, when he laid himself out for it'—and without a doubt it were a grave injustice to him to imagine that he came by his immortality by being simply eccentric. He had a strong dash of originality, and his eccentricity was one only of its manifestations. Not often does the great God give us men of this type—but when he does, it is because they are needed, and the gift is a justification of the Divine Wisdom. A Billy Bray, a Peter M'Kenzie, a Henry Higginson, are sometimes indispensable to break up a prosy règime and to attract some who would not otherwise be attracted into the kingdom of God. A portrait of Higginson given by a writer in the 'Aldersgate' will enable the reader to better understand and appreciate the stories we give and which we can claim not to be apocryphal. 'Higginson, before he was converted, was a great social, buoyant and merry soul, and when divine grace captured him these qualities came with him into his religious life and work. And so in him peculiarities of speech, singularities of manner and eccentricities of methods were as natural and spontaneous as the flowing spring. We remember him well, when in our boyhood in Staffordshire. He was a figure never to be forgotton, having been once seen. Tall in stature, broad and muscular in build, the face firm set and weather-beaten, the gait awkward and almost lugubrious, the head square and massive, with bushy hair and slouch hat, the dress well nigh grotesque, with its immense Inverness cape flanked with floating wings. Full of fun and cheerfulness . . . his presence brought a joy-giving and cheer-producing influence. And these things gave the man his distinguishing traits and produced in his ministry much of its charm and potency.'

Bible Thumping.

Preaching at Cradley Heath, Higginson found a notice gummed on the outside of the Bible which read, 'Use me, but don't abuse me.' It was a rebuke to Bible thumping then so rife. He read the adjuration aloud and said, 'I'll preach on that next time I come.' He came, and at the close of the service several expostulated with him for not having kept his word. 'Why, yon ought to know better,' said he, 'hav'n't I been preaching on 'Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I should not sin against Thee?'' 'Yes,' said they. 'Then that's using and not abusing the Bible.'

Asking a blessing.

Asked to say grace at dinner on one occasion, he looked to see what was on the table, and then said in his gravest manner,

'I bless the Lord with all my heart
For this roast beef and apple tart.'

Fitting on the Cap.

There was a directness of pertinacity about his preaching that was unmistakable. He was fond of saying, 'If the cap fits you wear it, and if it doesn't, pull the strings a bit tighter and then it will.'

Tarring the Devil.

Meeting the new Wesleyan minister one day he said, 'You are the new Wesleyan Super I believe?' 'Yes,' returned the gentleman addressed. 'And your name is Tarr, I think?' 'That is so'—rejoined the brother. 'And I'm Henry Higginson, the Roving Ranter. You *tar* the Devil, and I'll set fire to him.' Needless to say the new Super. not knowing his man, was shocked.

Open-air Treatment.

In his 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character,' Dean Ramsay tells of an elder entertaining a tall minister, and on showing him to his bedroom, which was very small, remarked 'This is the prophet's chamber.' 'Indeed,' said the minister 'then it must have been meant for one of the *minor* prophets.

Into such a room Higginson was once put to spend the night. It proved sadly inconvenient for a man who boasted that he robbed the devil of six feet four and a half inches. Try as he would to arrange himself nature protested against being 'cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined;' he must stretch out his long legs. At length he managed it. There was a sky-light in the low roof just over his bed, through which he thrust his long legs, and thus went in for open-air treatment. A labourer going past the cottage next morning, surprised to see a pair of naked feet on a cottage roof, and suspecting tragedy, raised an alarm. He was relieved to find it was only comedy. It has been alleged that this story was legendary, but the late Dr. Ferguson asked Higginson as to its truth, and he laughingly answered, 'I suppose it is.'

Playing with a Congregation.

Few preachers would dare now-a-days to play with a congregation as this strange man sometimes did, but the eccentric man is generally allowed a large license, and even what seems like fooling is sometimes condoned when the sequel turns out satisfactory. Preaching one Sunday evening at Cradley Heath, Higginson announced that on the following Wednesday night he would preach on the devil's text. Packed was the place when service time began, but the preacher was invisible. With growing impatience the people waited, feeling they had been hoaxed, when thirty minutes late, in walked Higginson, three or four of his lengthy strides being sufficient to convey him to the preaching desk, a desk still in use in Grainger's Lane Church Institute. No word of explanation or apology was forthcoming. The so-called preliminaries were soon disposed of, and sermon-time arrived. Stretching himself to his fullest height, Higginson said, 'Friends, I can't preach to-night, I'll give you the text, and if you'll come to Old Hill to-morrow night you shall have the sermon. The text is, 'Ye are of your father the devil, for his works ye do.' Then, much to the disappointment of his audience, he closed the service. So disgusted were some that they vowed they would never hear him again, but their disgust was short-lived. Next evening they walked in troops a mile and a half to Old Hill to hear what he would say, and they forgave him his erratic conduct of the night before as he eloquently dealt out his weird and creepy doctrine, painting the father of lies in his most repulsive aspects, and portraying his children, until sin to his hearers appeared hateful indeed, while not a few were compelled to shake themselves free from sin's tyranny. 'Turn the devil out,' cried the preacher, as he flourished his long arms as though shaping for an eviction scene, 'turn him out and spoil his goods,' he shouted dramatically again and again. And many did.

Job's Boils.

It was also a Old Hill where Higginson preached his famous sermon on Job's affliction, which my mother assured me was wonderful indeed—tender, wise, helpful, and fraught with rich blessing. But surely never had great sermon so queer an introduction, which was as follows:—'Job had a boil on his head and couldn't get his cap on. Job had a boil on his neck and couldn't get his collar on. Job had a boil on his back and could not get his shirt on. Job had boils on his legs and couldn't get his stockings on.' To say that so nonsensical an exordium made each hearer alert is obvious—and this accomplished, the merry-hearted man became markedly serious and lapsed not into a single stroke of levity. Strange instruments sometimes render excellent service.

Mr. Much-Afraid.

Mighty man though he was, he was nervous in the extreme and would never venture along a lonely road by himself in the dark. There are many still living who have borne him company when he has been afraid of the terrors of the night. 'They say I'm nervous,' he said to good old Joseph Edmonds of Cradley Heath, 'but I am not. I only like company.' The following story shall speak for itself, however. At the close of the service one night, also at Cradley Heath, he said to a brother, 'Come on, Clarke, and go some of the way.' Clarke did. The road was one of the loneliest and was of ill-repute, and when they reached its less frequented parts, they heard an ominous voice of a most unearthly sort, which caused Clarke's hair to stand on end, but what happened to his companion he could only surmise. Neither spoke—they were too paralysed to speak—but they hurried on until the preacher landed at his door. 'Shall you go back the same way, Clarke?' quoth Higginson in a terror-stricken voice. 'I don't think so,' returned Clarke. 'Then good-night,' said Mr. Much-Afraid, leaving his shaking friend to find his way home by a much longer route as best he could.

The Ugliest Man I ever sid.

Higginson was at his best on great occasions. At a District camp meeting, for example, he would pull out all his stops, and sway the crowds with a more than magic power. It fared ill with the preachers at other stands when he was on his feet, for there was a certain exodus of the children of Israel to where the modern Aaron was orating. Not always was the exodus relished. One preacher, a man with a squeaky voice, mad with jealousy on thus losing his congregation, was ill-advised enough to try to 'take it out of' Higginson at the close of the camp meeting.

'Do you know, Mr. Higginson,' he ventured, 'what I heard a woman say about you when you stood up to preach this afternoon?'

'Indeed, Benny, I don't, but I know women sometimes say funny things. What did she say?' said Higginson.

'Well, Mr. Higginson, I heard her say, 'Come and hear Mr. Higginson, he's the ugliest man as ever I've sid in my life,'' said Benny.

'Well, then,' said the Roving Ranter, with perfect imperturbability, 'all that I have to say is, *she hadn't had a good look at thee, then.*'

The Devil's Router.

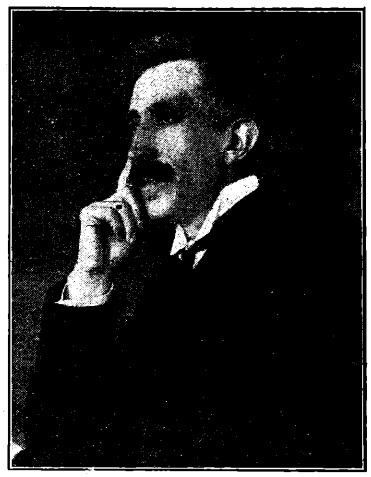
Preaching at Long Lane, in the Black Heath circuit, he took for his subject the Apostle Paul, and said he should treat it thus—Firstly, Paul the Devil's router; secondly, Paul a soul saver; thirdly, Paul a Church builder. He rather delighted in regarding himself as a Devil's router, as witness the epitaph he composed for his tomb-stone when he saw Death stealthily advancing—

'Here lies Higginson, the devil's router,
Lived a ranter, and died a shouter.'

Higginson was born August 19th, 1805, and died March 15th, 1871, just at rendering 34 years of unique service to Christ and the Church, a striking illustration of consecrated originality and eccentricity.

THE REDUCTION OF PODGER.

By J. Dodd Jackson.



REV. J. DODD JACKSON.

LAST summer but one we founded a 'Progressive Institute' at our place, and as the winter drew near some of the young fellows went in for starting a society to stimulate self-culture. The first difficulty was concerning the name of the association. Grigsby wanted to call it a Mutual Improvement Class, but it was objected that this was following the example of 'Ebenezer.' Arthur Podger moved that it should be called 'The Literary and Philosophic Club,' and Podger prevailed. The title sounds well and lends itself to an imposing abbreviation; we grow taller as we talk of our 'Lit. and Phil.'

One Tuesday night the name of Podger was the attraction on the programme:—Podger on 'The Church and the People.' Podger is a young man with opinions, and speaks with an assumption of infallibility. You should know Podger—Podger with his hair brushed up—Podger with his eye-glasses on, Podger with four inches of standing collar and three inches of protruding cuff, Podger the superior person, Podger the critic, the reformer, the theologian, the scientist—the *great* Podger. A proud woman is his mother, as well she may be—saving her son's portraits taken at different ages. You will see them in the *Strand Magazine* someday. 'Podger, aged one;' Podger at ten;' 'Podger at fourteen,' 'Podger at twenty-one,' 'Podger at the present day!'

It is characteristic of Mr. Podger that he takes an independent attitude on every question he studies. He does not often see with other people—but how could you expect ordinary mortals to see with Podger? He left the Liberals because he did not like their lack of patriotism, and consequently the Conservatives because he had views on the Land Laws. He is not a Socialist, because his father has property, nor a Radical because somebody once said he had a nose like the Duke of Wellington. He has given over attending Church because he gets no intellectual satisfaction from the preaching. Pillsbury at 'Ebenezer' is 'too sentimental,' Tomkins at 'Salem' is all fireworks,' Juggins—until Podger gave his verdict we all swore by Juggins—is only good enough for common people. Podger is not to be humbugged!

But to come back to that Tuesday evening's essay and discussion. Of course the company was good and Podger had his war-paint on. The chairman was Brown who introduced the essayist as 'our rising young townsman.' It was great to see Podger rise. Amelia Wiggins is supposed to have 'a tenderness,' and when its object stepped to the front she almost choked herself with a peppermint in her emotion.

Of course it goes without saying that in the matter before us, as in every other, Podger took a strong position. He commenced by stating with perfect candour that up to the present he 'had been unable to see his way to become a Christian.' 'Why? Because of what he had learnt from a careful and exhaustive study of the facts of the present, as well as the history of the past, namely, that the Church was not on the side of the people. The Church, in fact, had neglected the people. She was too other-worldly, and thought more about heaven than earth. It was all 'save your soul' with her—while the Land Laws were unrepealed—while hungry poverty sat side by side with bloated wealth. Why didn't the Church solve the economic and social problems? Why didn't she get better pay and shorter hours for the toilers?' 'Let her come over to the side of the people,' said Podger, in a burst of eloquence; 'let her come over to the side of the people, and I—I and thousands of the cultured and talented youth of this England will come over to her.' And the essayist sat down with triumph in his eye, while Amelia worshipped afar off.

So far, Podger. Now what could have induced old Johnson to put in an attendance at the 'Lit. and Phil.?' Generally, and, surely, this might have been quoted by our 'rising young townsman,' the chapel folks ignored the 'Lit. and Phil.' Dumkins, the deacon went so far as to say, 'It was all Tommy-rot and hunkum—a pasell o' chaps as likes to hear themselves talk'—but Dumkins is a fossil. Why Johnson came no one has ever been able to guess. He entered unobserved, and he walked home alone. Podger has never spoken to him since.

'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' said the chairman, 'now the discussion will commence. Not as there's much to discuss. It's all plain to my thinking, but still we'll give yer all a chance. Ten minutes to the first comer, five for the rest.' Johnson rose, Amelia giggled, Podger adjusted his eye-glasses. 'Come up here, my friend,' said the chairman.

'No, no, Mr. Brown, thank ye, kindly,' said the old man. 'I'll just stop where I is. I might be frightened if I came among the talent up there, and besides, what I've got to say ain't worth it, p'r'aps.'

'Hear, hear!' said Amelia, spitefully.

'Yah, yah!' said Podger, in the exact tone and pronunciation of the Honourable Simon Slimmer, our County Member.

'I was only thinking o' one or two things,' said Johnson, 'and wondering a bit besides. I know a bit about the Church, Mr. Chairman, having been a member at Ebenezer for fifty years. Perhaps the essayist has seen more churches than I have, 'cause I understand he's been round 'em all. But howsomever he ain't stopped at none, and he ain't a Christian, which is a pity, especially for him. Well, I *am* a Christian—bless the Lord! and I belong to the Church—and will do till I die.'

'Now, first, Mr. Chairman, I wants to ax a question: *What's the Church for?*' And I'll save our young friend the trouble of answering. The Church is to preach the Word, and show forth the Lord's death until He come. If Mr. Podger ain't got a Bible I'll show him where it's written in mine. The Church has her business, but it ain't everybody's business. She has *one thing* to do—and if there's any fault, it is when she doesn't do that one thing. 'To save souls,' why that's her work—that, an' *not* everything else along o' that. Why! here's Mr. Podger here, ain't he a tailor? Ain't it his business to sit cross-legged making clothes for folks? Do I want him to doctor me, and sweep my chimney, and clean my drains, and water my cabbages? No, I says, 'Podger make me a weskit,' and when he's done it. I say, ''Eres yer money, Podger,' an' I don't blow him up 'cause he ain't given me a box o' pills, or a new house, or a university eddication. Seems to me yer a blowin' the Church up 'cause she ain't a doing wot she were never made to do.'

Here Podger interposed—'Didn't I hear Mr. Johnson once say in a love-feast that religion should help you in everything?'

'*You did*, honey,' said Johnson, '*you did*. Religion *should* help you in everything. *Religion*, but not the Church. The Church is to help you *to* religion, and to help you *in* religion. Then what?—Then religion helps yer an' stirs yer up, and makes yer think, and makes yer try to be better and make other people better. What has nearly abolished slavery—the Church? I don't say that. And what has exalted women from drudges and toys—the Church? I don't say that. And what has changed old England i' my time until one hardly knows her—covered her wi' 'ospitals and orphanages, and doubled wages—the Church? I don't say that either. But I say as men did it *themselves*, because religion woke 'em up, and showed 'em *why*, and showed 'em *how*—and the Church told 'em about religion and helped 'em to get it and keep it. And if men would only have more o' the religion as the Church gives these things as Mr. Podger has been a-talking about would soon pass away. You must not expect the Church to do for folks what they should do for themselves. The Church ain't a-going to build yer homes, and settle yer land laws, and draw up a table of wages, and wash yer, and feed yer, and keep yer amused. No! but she'll teach yer a religion as'll help yer to do all this for yerselves.'

Mr. Johnston's ten minutes were up, and the chairman was rising, but the old man went on. 'Hold hard, Mr. Chairman, I'll tell our young friend an anecdote. I built my house thirty years since, an' five years since I kep a billygoat. One morning I heard something pompoming away at the house end and there was that there billygoat a-butting away at the wall for all creation. 'Stop it,' says I, 'or yer'll smash yer 'ed in,' but he went on buttin.' Mr. Chairman, he's dead, but the 'onse is standing. What Arthur Podger needs is to stop butting and get religion—the real stuff—an' he won't go round rating the Church for not minding everybody's business but her own.'

'St. Paul's Epistles to Colossæ and Laodicea.' With Introduction and Notes. By John Rutherford, B.D. Pp x. . T. and T. Clark. Price 6s. net.

SOME readers may be puzzled by this title, since they will not be familiar with any letter by Paul to the Laodiceans. It is, however, a not uncommon opinion that the letter to Laodicea to which Paul refers in the closing verse of the Epistle to the Colossians is really to be identified with our Epistle to the Ephesians. I favoured this view in my Commentary on Colossians in the *Expositor's Greek Testament* in conjunction with the widely-held theory that it was a circular letter. One of the chief objects of Mr. Rutherford's book is to re-affirm this identification. The most useful feature of the book is its presentation of the parallels between the two Epistles both in Greek and English. In one column the text of the Epistle to the Colossians is printed and in the opposite column the parallels from the Epistle to the Ephesians. There are also a new translation and some Notes. The warmth of welcome that one would have wished to accord to it is somewhat chilled by the author's inadequate preparation for his work. P. Ewald's Commentary is quoted at second hand, while the author betrays no knowledge of the existence of Haupt, which is our most important Commentary on the Epistle. Even Hort is quoted at second hand from the Temple Bible. The detailed interpretation is vitiated by the failure to grapple adequately with the angelology which underlies the Epistle, and in the light of which many of its most difficult passages are to be interpreted. A study of Everling would have set the problem which the Epistle presents much more clearly before the author's mind. Any one who wishes to write on this most difficult Epistle would do well to remember that insularity constitutes a most serious drawback. It is quite right to study the contributions of Lightfoot, Abbott, and Lukyn Williams, and the author might with advantage have extended his English reading, but to miss Klopper, Von Soden, P. Ewald, and, above all, Haupt, is to invite disaster, which I regret all the more in view of the useful features which the book possesses.—ARTHUR S. PEAKE.

FEN PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

A Motor Round a Modern Circuit.

By Wardman.

Our train is running through that great flat expanse which borders the Wash. It is the famous Fen country, once, in days long past, the 'place of broad streams' and reed-covered marsh, of mere and island, quagmire and creek. Here it was among such barriers and fastnesses that, long after Hastings, Hereward and the last of the English made final stand against the Norman. Now all is changed except that the broad expanse of the fen still shivers in the winter fogs or smiles up at the summer suns. A marvellous system of waterways and drainage has altered all else and made possible the present victories of plough and spade. The courses of rivers have been diverted, stream joined to stream, and great drains, some as wide as rivers, intersect the flat. The little old windmills still lift their arms to the sky and co-operate with more modern pumping engines to lift the water from the network of drains into the larger waterways which crawl sluggishly to the Wash. ('Lift,' for in some cases the river-bed is above the level of the surrounding country.)

Here still survives the famous fen fowler, who lies prone in his canoe-shaped craft, propelling it with paddles a foot long, his eye glancing down the barrel of an enormous weapon—a sort of 'minor canon'—in his teeth a string fastened to the trigger, until he silently pushes through the reeds and sights his prey, and a fearsome, scattering discharge makes holocaust among the wild-fowl. But he grows rarer, his hunting ground curtailed, his victims less numerous. His brother, the eel-fisher, we meet but seldom now, and his half-brother, who peels the pliant ozier, has restricted haunts. But the drained fen has hundreds of acres all primrose-coloured with the aromatic mustard crop, hundreds more provide some of the finest corn and root land, and ever-increasing thousands of acres are beautiful with flowers and fruit for the delectation of smoky midland and northern manufacturing towns. Here the fruit and flower districts are cultivated every inch, right up to the gardener's back-door. Here is the beauty of fertility; here the wide vistas, unbroken by bank or hill to the distant horizon, give the humid climate opportunity to present spectacles of sunset glory unequalled in England. Here is bred a race of men, slow, hardy, independent—'And here,' I explain to my companion, 'you may find as fine a sample of a flourishing Primitive Methodist circuit as any man could wish to see.' He replies, 'That is just what I want, and have travelled far to see.'

My friend is a townsman, pale and tall. His circuits have ever been of the city type; what some of us, who know the long, long miles in the lonely winter's dark, call 'cab it, train it, or train it' circuits. 'I have been to some of these circuits,' he says, 'preaching and lecturing, but only to headquarters; now I want to see the circuit itself, and I want you to tell me all about it.' 'That's a large order for one day,' I say. 'But if we take a trap we can do it, can't we?' 'Yes, if you kill the horse.' Then my friend rises to the occasion; 'Let's hire a motor!' I gasp, 'That's for plutocrats.' But he chuckled, 'Last week I had three weddings, all in villa-dom. Let me spend the fees from City merchants' purses to see the sphere of my country brother's labours. And before the train reaches the confines of this circuit tell me something of its general features.' I promised to do my best.

'This station,' I begun, '*is* a circuit. It is in three counties, and has twenty-four places on its plan, and it is alive from end to end. It has two preachers, a resident evangelist, two superannuated ministers and about a hundred 'locals' at work on it. It's men are of a steadfast sort: a 'super' stayed with them eight years, his successor nine, *his* successor ten, and the present one is engaged for his fourth year. Every church has the Sunday school, more than half have Endeavour societies, and above a dozen have Bands of Hope. The circuit magazine has nearly a thousand purchasers and helps the isolated village and the town church to realise their unity. Every winter its choirs learn hitherto unused tunes from our book, and then come together to sing them and to listen to solos and applaud speeches in a circuit choral gathering. It keeps its own orphan in our connexional Home. Its trusts have more than once combined to assist the case of a needy chapel or to help to build a new one. It has for years done what every circuit ought to do, had two missionary meetings at every place, a Juvenile meeting for Africa and the usual one for the general fund. Here's the station, get your ticket ready.' 'Well,' says my friend, 'I want to see this circuit.'

We walk up the street to engage the motor. 'Ready, gentlemen, in a quarter of an hour.' 'Be ready for us outside the Primitive Methodist chapel,' we direct, and we stroll up to survey the central sanctuary of the station we are to explore. 'A big body like this wants a strong heart to send out blood to such distant extremities,' says the townsman. 'Yes; it has about two dozen local preachers in membership,' I reply. 'And I suppose it has its traditions, its ancient worthies, and saints and eccentrics,' he queries. I tell him that it had and has, and grow reminiscent of the old steward who made the collections, and who, when the non-giver only responded with a nod, stood and nodded back again, and still stood waiting, expectant, with presented plate, until the embarrassed one realised the necessity of the case. I tell him of one handsome old saint who for long practised the Methodist art of 'responding,' and how, one Sunday night, he and his wife had onions with their tea. 'Now, John, remember those onions and your breath, and *don't* go clerking through all the service.' John promised to do his best, but the occasion made him irrepressible. The preacher had a good time, and so had John, and at last he broke forth, 'Onions or no onions, *Hallelujah!*' As we look round the handsome chapel we hear the horn of our motor and hasten to begin our tour, and are soon gliding away from the streets and over the level road. 'Where does the minister live?' asks my companion. I have the pleasure of telling him that two years ago the circuit bought him a new house in a pleasant situation, and has nearly paid for it, thanks to individual generosity, united efforts, and the stimulus of the Centenary fund.

Only a mile and a half are covered, and a pretty chapel is passed. 'That's number two, and they have built a fine new schoolroom within the last four years,' I remark. We cannot circumnavigate the entire area, even with a motor, and deliver my pilgrim at the station by train-time, so I wave my hand in a large and generous fashion towards the west. 'Over there are four more of our villages, one with a new schoolroom, opened last year; another with a similar structure, built some seven or eight years ago.' But we pass them and turn northward to the frontiers. Houses are becoming scarce and I explain the unusual type of locality that we are approaching. The name of it is the name of a locality, not even of a village. There isn't a public-house, and there isn't a teetotaller, as far as we know. There was a miniature chapel, its rostrum not suitable for stout preachers—a Lilliputian society which, a few years ago, liquidated a debt of a few pounds. There was; but now a new day shines and a new chapel is being built, its site presented to the trustees and every prospect of the eventual debt being a small one. We turn away and run among wide drains and marsh-like fields, passing near to two other chapels, where brave folk hold the fort for Christ and for our Church in the lonely fen. 'Did you read in the 'Aldersgate' some months ago in 'Miraculous Chapels' the farmer's story of how he was led by God to leave his situation and to settle where God wanted him to build a chapel?' I ask. My friend remembers something about it. 'Well, that's the place, and there's his house,' I say, as we pass a neat chapel and, soon after, the moated farm in the meadow. 'I must read that tale again,' says the explorer, and we leave the monument of faith behind and soon reach the region of high-roads again. 'That's a set of handsome premises,' exclaims my passenger and I say, complacently, 'Yes, it's another of ours.' We must hurry on, skirting the great banks of a huge drain which looks like a river and which tempts the angler, in his hundreds, all the way from Sheffield. Now we debouch upon a road built on the bank of one of the four rivers which run to the Wash, and soon approach a large, long village, where a magnificent bridge spans the stream.

'THE OLD CAPTAIN.'

But our interests are in other directions than engineering feats. As we pass the churchyard on our way to a glance at a fine village chapel and school, I say, 'There lie two of the staunchest staunchest ever been my stalwarts it has know.' 'Kincent,' good fate to comcharge, and I ly be reminisstories of the mands my dame who, launch into dauntless old with her family, now, alas! all gone, did so much to build and maintain the handsome structure we are approaching; stories, too, of the gallant old captain who left the village poorer when he went to heaven. They are tales too long and too many for this page, but one I may retail to the reader which told now, years ago, the captain refused to set sail on a Sunday from a Baltic port. The skippers of the rest of the little fleet of timber-merchants' craft warned him of the consequences. Delay meant so many extra charges, which the owners must meet. But the captain remembered another Master and remained at anchor while they sailed without him. Ere the Sabbath closed the wind changed and blew boisterously against his intended course. Days passed ere that wind permitted him to escape; each day adding to bills of wages, food, and wharfage dues; each day making more certain the probable dismissal when he should reach home; each day a day of prayer, while the sea-dog wondered why his Father didn't order the wind aright. But when, at last, he sailed away and reached port, it was to receive a gushing welcome. War was imminent, prices rising every hour, the wind changed only to enable him to leave the Baltic in command of the last ship which was allowed to pass ere these waters were closed to the vessels of belligerent nations. His delay had gained the owners thrice as much profit as it had caused them expense. 'My Father knew when to change that wind,' the old man used to chuckle in days of anecdotage fifty years after.

We leave the old saint's grave behind us and speed over the bridge into another county. 'Over yonder,' I point, 'lies another of our chapels. Ten years ago so weak that I have more than once found my humble sixpence was more than half the total collection. Then came a Primitive Methodist fruit farmer. Acres of marsh began to rejoice and blossom as the daffodil and the strawberry. New blood was transfused into the veins of the church. Now it flourishes.' 'Here's another fine sample of revival in this chapel we are just coming to,' I remarked. 'I have known it in other days when it was dilapidated; when, though it cost but £170 to build, £130 debt had been borne for years; when seven men were members, and though they were each married, no woman was a member of the church. In those days a collection of fourpence was not uncommon. Aye, in days prior to that, an old local preacher told me how he preached to the slumbering few one hot afternoon and how, at the close, he roused his audience by gravely remarking that he could not ask them to contribute to the Lord's cause, they had had but little to do with it that day, but he thought that they ought to *pay something for lodging*. Now all is changed, the place renovated, the debt diminished, the church increased and active, the Endeavour established. On we go, my companion beginning to be hungry for something besides information. He looks at me very earnestly. 'Old man, there's a divinity doth speak within. Isn't there a table spread in the wilderness somewhere about here?' I opine that that imperative divinity speaks of 'victuals,' in local phraseology, and reassure him. 'There's a senior circuit steward near. We shall reach him directly and welcome is assured.' One more chapel we pass en route. 'That's another new one,' I remark, 'built about ten years ago. It's the cheapest chapel I know. It was built by a local preacher who worked for love rather than profit.' Now we draw up to the steward's door to be greeted with the kindness which never yet failed. We had been cultivating an appetite for thirty miles. My companion said grace in orthodox manner but told me he had to resist a strong impulse to say—

'And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree.'

Over the table he catechised our host, and discovered that there was no trap-hire fund on the station. 'When our men are converted, their horses are dedicated,' he was informed. He heard of local preachers who took their seven or eight, and in one case ten, Sundays a quarter without flinching, and carried their comrades to their work as well. He also heard that there was no financial circuit problem, collections at every place on every Sunday have made straight the steward's book.

John also has been fed, and has groomed his steel horse, judging by various coughings and puffings; so we thank host and hostess, and take the road again. 'Shew him where our chapel and new schoolroom are,' the steward says to me. 'What! another new school built?' says the explorer, and I assure him that three new chapels, and two of them with new schoolrooms, still await his inspection, for he has ten more societies yet to visit. 'Yonder it is.' Near to it is the ancient and picturesque parish church, marked by its square, detached belfrey. That is the second tower we have seen to-day standing quite apart from the church. This reminds the city 'super' of another question, 'Do we have much opposition here?' he asks. In a few places there is overlapping; in very few cases have we had to complain of persecution, and in many instances we stand alone, without rival church or chapel. 'Here's a rather unusual type that we come to next, a Primitive Methodist-cum-Baptist chapel.' 'Whatever does that mean?' he demands. I explain how the village Baptist church had almost become extinct, how a Primitive miller was asked to come to the rescue; how, as a result, a Primitive church worships in a Baptist chapel with services provided by each church on alternate Sundays, and a joint missionary meeting which divides the proceeds between the two organisations. On we hurry, soon to reach a splendid specimen of a new village chapel—the old one, dwarfed by its side, used as a schoolroom. On to another, school and chapel alike new, a couple of miles away. On, to a large chapel, two miles further, recently rebuilt after being almost wrecked by a terrible storm a few months ago.

'How do they pay for all these?' asked my friend; 'are they a wealty community?' I explain that there are a few well-to-do men; that the average villager, thanks to the fruit industry, is better off than his brother elsewhere, but that the chief reason lies in the fact that a large circuit has learned how to 'pull all together,' that consequently a good start has been made in every case and that, though all these new buildings are less than a dozen years old, the average financial position is good. So on we go, passing another roadside Bethel and reaching a large village where we have one of three Methodist chapels. 'Here,' I explain, 'we each plan a week-night service every three weeks, so we don't collide and the people have a week-night service every week.' On again, passing the home of an exceptionally strong village church which is at this moment seeking ground for new and larger premises, and so back to the circuit town to the house of the junior steward. At his table we enquire about a neighbouring church in a suburb, which, in past years, could hardly cope with its debt. 'Since all the trusts on the circuit subscribed and since they started weekly collections and were permitted a share of them for their debt, they have coped with their difficulty and voluntarily reduced the proportion of the offertory kept for church purposes,' says the steward. Now we start on our last trip, for my friend must catch the mail at a railway centre ten miles away. There, too, we have a new chapel and schools, and a new church too, for we did not exist there eleven years ago. In this case also all the circuit trusts and societies combined to help. We have just time to look at the handsome premises and then dismiss the motor, catch the train, and away for the city.

Is this fact or fiction? It is fact, and only part of the facts. If any Primitive Methodist does not know what circuit this is let him be humbly aware of his limitations and seek further connexional knowledge and inspiration.

'The Foundations of Liberty.' By E. B. Fell. Methuen and Co. 5s. net.

The need for a reasoned account of the meaning and principles of liberty is, in these days of newly-awakened social forces, not a slight one. And we looked with some eagerness to Mr. Fell's exposition for a justification of freedom as a social end, or, at least, as a political means. And we find that he has taken the right point of view, in that he regards freedom as a right which is rooted in the fact of the worth of personality as such. It is thus distinct from mere individualism, in the sense of selfishness, and again from a socialism which makes all persons merely means to the maintenance of a state system. It may best be termed Personalism. The chief factors of development of the person are found in the family and the nation. These are to be defended, therefore, against the attacks of socialism and cosmopolitanism. It is a little singular, however, that the Liberal party is not credited with much usefulness for the cause of liberty, but is generally referred to as Radical; while most of its recent chief acts are given as illustrations of attacks upon the sacred cause. Liberty is apparently safe only in the hands of the Conservatives. In the exposition the author leans upon Wordsworth a great deal, from whom he makes copious extracts. The book would have been better if there had been even more extracts, for the author's writing is extremely dull, and a good antidote to insomnia.—A. Lee.

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INCORPORATING 'THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST.'

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908.

Love Which Passeth Knowledge.

By Rosamond Kendall.

IT was ten o'clock on a Monday morning in summer time. The Rev. Crawford Addis, vicar of the country parish of West Dinham, had already scanned his newspaper, attended to his correspondence, and now seated at his desk was proceeding to outline a sermon he wished to preach to his flock on the following Sunday morning. He always made a point of beginning his sermons on the Monday morning; sermon making was his life.

His surroundings, more than his appearance, proclaimed him a student. His study, a large room, was lined with books from floor to ceiling, except the space reserved for the door and windows and French casement, the latter leading into a beautiful secluded garden. The window and French casement space the vicar did not begrudge, but he sometimes thought the door might be made into a sliding book-case in some way. He was a man still in the prime of life, vigorous and strong, a man who might have been a man of action if he had not elected to spend his energies in speculative thought. He had no domestic ties to interfere with his scholarly routine. He was a widower of long standing, and his only son had just commenced his course at Oxford.

In the cloistral seclusion of this book-lined study the Rev. Crawford Addis spent his days in intellectual speculation on the deep problems of human destiny and human development. He yearned to know all mysteries and all knowledge so that he could guide his village flock aright. There he sat hour after hour and year after year striving to dig down to the very fundamentals of the problems of formula and doctrine and creed. The study of one authority and system of philosophy led to another in an ever increasing ratio. He minded not the Herculean task he had set himself, if only from this tangled labyrinth of human thought and experience he could discover one path, however narrow and winding, which men of old had trodden right into the presence of the Godhead. He knew he would discover it if only he searched the wisdom of the ages diligently enough. He found a little of the right path in the philosophy of one sage, and a little in the philosophy of another. The learned philosophical and theological periodicals of the day held the Rev. Crawford Addis in high esteem as a very valued contributor indeed. Occasionally he contributed articles which showed such deep erudition that not even the editor himself understood them. The editor inserted them without a moment's compunction; he knew of no man brave enough to challenge any statement bearing the signature of Crawford Addis, Ph.D. His public would read and sigh that their mental grasp was so feeble.

These literary contributions were only incidental, the overflow as it were of his sermons. The midnight oil was burnt for the benefit of the little flock under his immediate pastorate. He was conscientious to a degree. He had their welfare terribly at heart. They had little time and power to devote to such questions themselves. It was his duty to see they were guided aright. His parishioners loved him. They knew he was a good man and a friend to them all; he had proved that in other ways than by his sermons. So they attended church regularly. Many of them followed agricultural pursuits during the week, and worked early and late. Sunday was a day of rest, and what better place to rest in than the cool, quiet old church. The old stone pillars were good to lean against, and they moreover served as a screen from roving eyes. The vicar's even, educated voice served as a pleasing and effective soporific. Yes, Sunday was a day of rest. There were others, the better-off classes, who had all the sleep they wanted during the week, and scorned to go to sleep in church. The sermon time was an excellent pausing place in their busy lives to think. Not to think of the sermon, that was too great an effort, but to review the events of the past week and make plans for the week to come.

Now on this Monday morning the vicar set himself to work out for their benefit a sermon on a neglected argument for the reality of God as correctly but not very clearly analysed by Kant. He was convinced he could improve on that philosopher's arguments. It was all as clear as daylight to him. He had not thought of a text; no doubt he would be able to find something that would fit when the sermon was finished.

His sermon making was interrupted by the entrance of Sister Alice, his district visitor. He put down his pen willingly to listen to her, for it was she who kept him in touch with his scattered parishioners; he seldom came into personal contact with them himself. She went in and out amongst them and helped where she could, whether it was to nurse a baby, dress a wound, or pray with the distressed. Every week she reported to the vicar, and never appealing to him in vain for financial aid. His own wants were modest and his purse was ever open for the needs of others.

'There is one case I should like to help if possible,' Sister Alice said, 'but money is no good. It is John Griffins, an old man of seventy-five who lives at the other side of the village. He has become too old to do the regular farm-labouring he has done all his life. His distress is great and after such a self-respecting and hard-working life as he has lived, he would feel it a disgrace to go into the Workhouse. He is absolutely alone in the world. If I could only find him some light gardening work to eke out his parish relief.'

'John Griffins! I don't seem to know him.'

'Perhaps not, sir. He doesn't attend the church. He has been a Primitive Methodist all his life. He goes to the little chapel in Durlston Lane. He's a good old man, if ever there was one.'

'The little chapel in Durlston Lane! I can't say I've noticed it.'

Sister Alice smiled indulgently. She knew there were many things in that wide parish the good vicar had not noticed.

'While they have such members there as old Griffins,' she said, 'it will be a centre of light and righteousness in the village. I'd like you to know him.'

The vicar looked at his book-shelves with knitted brows. He was not weighing the claims of the little chapel in Durlston Lane to existence, he was wondering what he could do for a man who was really too old to work and too proud to accept charity. His brow cleared.

'Why, Sister Alice, it seems providential. I've had no gardener for a week. Perhaps he could manage to potter about here with the help of a strong young man now and again for the heavy digging. You can tell him to come and try.'

The next morning, when the vicar looked from his study window, he saw an old man bending lovingly over the flower-beds. He was bowed and gnarled with age like an oak tree that has borne the relentless force of countless storms. The vicar stepped through the casement window into the garden. The dew was not yet off the grass the old man was kneeling upon.

'Good morning, Griffins. I fear that damp grass is not good for your rheumatism. You should kneel on something.'

The old man turned his face towards, the speaker, and a feeling of wondering surprise crossed the vicar's mind. The storms of life that had shaken and racked and bowed the frail body must surely have left untouched the spirit within. It was the face of a saint triumphant. It was weather-beaten certainly, but discontent and anxiety and pain had left no mark there. The vicar read only joy and peace and content in the blue eye that looked serenely up at him, and wondered.

'Good morning sir,' old Griffins said heartily. 'I don't think I shall feel my rheumatics to-day sir. I feel so full of thankfulness at the goodness of the Lord that I've no room left for any other feeling. I did feel a bit down on Saturday night. I thought the Lord intended me to go into the Union, but praise him, I said at last, 'Lord, if its Thy will I'll go happy if I must go.' You see, sir, what I felt most was that I shouldn't be able to attend the chapel. I've been there every Sunday since it was built and I'd got a notion I should like to go to the end. But after I'd prayed about it, it was all right. I said with the Psalmist, 'Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me.' I was on my knees when Sister Alice came and told me the Lord had put it into your heart to give me work here.'

'I'm glad you like the work and are able to do it,' the vicar said. Don't work too hard. Keep things tidy and the beds well filled with flowers.'

Then he went back to his study. The coming of a new gardener was but a little incident in the day's routine. The important thing was his work. Strange to say, that morning his thoughts wandered; a most unusual thing with him.

'The reality of God!' he mused. 'I wonder what it means to a man like that. It would be interesting to find out. He does not appear to want any proof. It needed an effort to banish the radiant vision of the old man's face and concentrate on his metaphysical speculations.

That summer the weather was so ideal that Mr. Addis spent an unusual amount of time in the garden. He was in the habit of doing much of his thinking when pacing up and down his smooth lawn. His other gardeners had disturbed him no more than the shrubs and flowers, but with old Griffins it was different. His outstanding characteristic was, not that he was a gardener, but that he was a Christian. Faith and joy emanated from him and created an atmosphere that could no more be ignored than the subtle perfume of some exquisite flower. The vicar would pause near him for a moment to remark on the geraniums and stand half-an-hour drinking in a new conception of the Redemption. The beauty of the roses would lead, in the same natural way, to a discussion on immortality, and a chance remark on his fruit-trees ended in an enlargement of the vicar's ideas on prayer. He gradually came to realise that, though the name of John Griffins would never get into a biographical dictionary, that here, in his garden, he had one of the greatest experts on matters spiritual that he would ever meet.

'It seems to me,' the vicar said to himself sadly as he turned away after one of these talks, 'that the difference between Griffins and me is that I have thought and thought of God all my life and spent my days and nights in searching for the thoughts of others, while Griffins has entered straight into His presence and lived and talked with Him for seventy years.'

The joy of the old man's achieved religious beliefs and his daily and hourly communion with the living Christ made the vicar feel his sermons of theory and syllogisms and abstract speculation were a mere jangle of words that had no relation to reality.

It was the Oxford vacation and young Crawford Addis had brought home his friend Charles Courtney to spend some weeks with him.

'What do those two find to talk about, day after day—cabbages?' Charles asked as he glanced across the lawn to where the vicar, seated on an overturned basket, his hands thrust into the pocket of his old lounge coat, was talking earnestly to Griffins, who was bedding out new flowers.

'Cabbages! You should hear them, I think they're preparing each other for bishoprics or saintships, I don't know which.'

As the summer waned, the strength of old Griffins waned too. He was able to work fewer and fewer days, and by the winter set in, the vicarage garden knew him no more.

It was the eve of Christmas, Mr. Addis had spent a busy day attending with Sister Alice to the temporal welfare of the poor portion of his parish. He had come more into touch with the people lately. In the dusk of the afternoon, as he approached his gate, he was stopped by the circuit minister, who lived in the neighbouring town. They knew each other slightly, and exchanged greetings.

'I've just been over to see my old friend Griffins. He is going home fast. I think he'll hardly see Christmas over. We shall all miss him greatly in the circuit, but he's looking forward with joy to his translation.'

'And I shall miss him, too,' the vicar said simply.

Christmas morning dawned fair and bright. The vicar hurried over his breakfast, and when his son and his friend came down they found him in the hall struggling into his great-coat.

'Well, really father! The affairs of this parish seem to take as much time to administer as the affairs of the nation. It's Christmas Day.'

'Yes, I know. A happy Christmas to you, my dear boys. I'll see you later, at church.'

'Really,' said Crawford junior, meditatively, 'I wonder what has come over the dear old dad lately. He makes me feel sluggish.'

The vicar stepped out briskly through the long straggling village street, and then into the country road, hard as iron with the keen frost. He stopped at a tiny thatched cottage, knocked, and then lifted the latch and walked in. The furnishing of that cottage was of the humblest description, but there was a bright fire burning in the small grate. Old Griffins was seated in a chair. He found it easier to breathe so. Two younger men were seated near him—men whom he had shown the way to the Kingdom. It seemed to the vicar that he had shrunk to half his size, but his face was as joyfully serene as ever.

'I came to see if I could do anything for you, Griffins.'

'Nothing, nothing, sir.' My earthly wants are ended. To-day I shall see the King of Glory. I'm just waiting for the summons. Praise Him! But I would like a few words of prayer.

They knelt round the old man's chair, and as they poured out their hearts in prayer the peace which passeth all understanding stole into that humble room. It seemed to the vicar that above it he could hear the triumphant chorus of the angels welcoming a soul to glory. Heaven came down to earth.

As Mr. Addis silently grasped the hand of Griffins in farewell the old man whispered with a rapt look on his face,

'Around me and beneath me are the Everlasting arms.'

The church was always crowded on Christmas morning. The people loved the Christmas carols and the beautiful decorations, but why did the vicar's voice thrill them as he gave out his text, 'Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.' Why that ring of joyful surety and triumph in the cultured voice? It had never been there before. Was it the Christmas spirit that had imbued the vicar, or had he had some special revelation? No one went to sleep that morning; even the humblest understood and felt that for them all a new era had begun. The beautiful prayer of thanksgiving for the example of the saints of the earth they could not find in the prayer book, though many searched.

Some months after Christmas the vicar received a letter from his son,

Dear Father (it ran):—

I have often discussed with you my future, but, as you know, I had no special leaning towards any profession. Last Christmas morning, when I heard you preach, I felt that if a man could only believe with his whole heart and soul the message you gave then, there could be no grander calling on earth than a minister of God. Since then the thought has been with me night and day. Charles and I have talked and prayed about it. We have both come to believe, and have now decided to offer ourselves when our course at Oxford is finished for service in the Chinese Mission field. We should both like your blessing on this step, dear father. Your devoted son, Crawford

'Praise God for old Griffins!' the vicar said, reverently, as as he folded the letter.

Christmas Carol.

O HAPPY season of the year,
Thrice joyful time, the King is here!
Angelic choirs His birth proclaim,
The Royal Bearer of our shame.

Christ has come, O now adore Him!
Christ is King, O fall before Him!
He is worthy, for his reign
Is the world's eternal gain.

On frosty air, o'er virgin snow,
The heav'nly strains still float below,
And to the world the tidings tell
That God has come on earth to dwell.

Let hills and vales His praises sing,
For Bethlehem gives to us our King;
And mountains, tow'ring high o'er sea,
In perfect harmony agree.

Soon darkness in our life shall cease—
The Light of Ages shines in peace!
And man, illumined by His rays,
Will render Him enduring praise!

Llancaiach. R. H. NICHOLLS.

GUILD OF KIND HEARTS.

A Merry Christmas for the Children.

Puss in Boots. Sold Again!

Dollies' Bath-night.

Every Saturday night
My dollies have their tub,
Their faces pink and white
Look brighter for a rub.
I have a bath of tin,
'Tis wide, and deep, and round;
But I put no water in
For fear they might get drowned.

There's one made all of wax
And two that shut their eyes,
A china one (with cracks),
And a sawdust one that cries;
An india-rubber man,
A rag doll rather old,
And I dry them all I can
For fear they might catch cold.

Each frock is folded by;
A night-gown white and clean,
Around each neck a tie,
Most charming to be seen:
And by their bedside near
I leave a doll's-house light,
Lest any dolly dear
Feels frightened in the night.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Once again Christmas is coming, and I hope you will all have a jolly time. Our Xmas. number is published ever so long before Xmas. Day, but you can help to take care of the paper till then. It won't eat anything, and it would rather be kept for another day than help to light the kitchen fire. This Xmas number doesn't like being burnt; it wants to see the plum-pudding and be at the Xmas party. I have kept my last year's Xmas number, and it is a lively and good to-day as it was twelve months ago.

I am sure you are all glad that so many new members have joined the Guild this year. There are now more than 2,000 of us, and others are joining every week. If we could all be together for one big Xmas party, wouldn't we have some fun!

Last year it was our *First* Big Brother who wrote to you, and perhaps he is thinking about us now. You have not forgotten about 'The Red Dwarf,' have you? If you want to buy the book, which has in it 52 of Mr. Richardson's Guild Talks, send Postal Order or stamps for 1s. 6d. to me. The book makes one of the grandest Xmas presents a boy or girl can have. The little folk might ask Santa Claus to bring it, and let father and mother hear you ask; then, if Santa is not too busy, he can call round here, and I can let him have a stock.

I hope you will talk about the Guild to your friends and ask them to join. Anybody may join who promises to be kind to everybody and to dumb animals. Persons over sixteen years old are enrolled as senior members. To secure a badge, send penny stamp and stamped addressed envelope.

I trust all my little brothers and sisters will have a happy Xmas,—plenty to eat, and good warm clothes to wear, and many friends. Look out for a chance to help somebody else to have a happy Xmas. Pray for the poor boys and girls who have not a good home as you have. Think of me on Xmas Day, and I will think of you; yes, and I'll pray for you every one. Best wishes from

Your Big Brother, ARTHUR JUBB.
10 Trinity Place, Bingley.

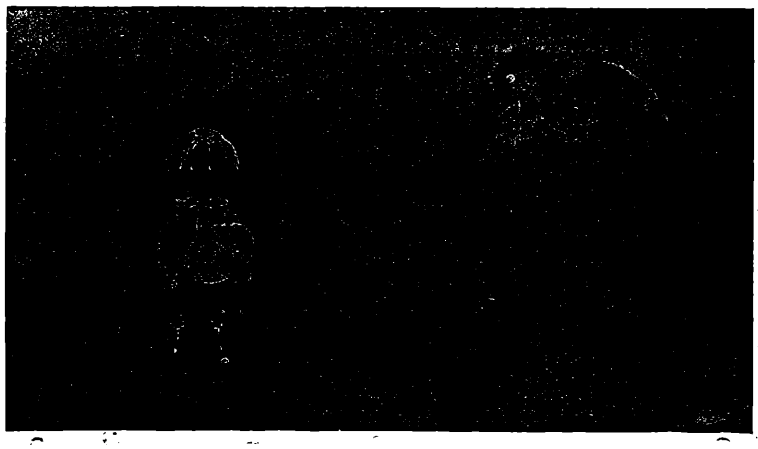
Games for Christmas.

A good game for boys and girls is WEEPING FLORA. A little girl sits on the floor with one shoe off. She pretends to be crying. All the girls stand behind her in a half circle. The boys come, one at a time, and ask the girls, 'What is she crying for?' The girls reply in chorus, 'She is crying because ——' Then the boy has to guess why she is crying. He has only one guess, and that will probably be wrong. Funny guesses will be made. Each boy comes in turn, repeats the question, and makes a guess, but perhaps none of them will give the right answer, which is, 'Because the other shoe hurts her.' A little prize can be given for the one who guesses first the correct answer.

For a young people's party try '*The Blind Beggar.*' All the children but one sit in a ring. The odd one, called the Blind Beggar, is blindfolded and placed in the centre. The children then all change places, so that the beggar does not know where any boy or girl is sitting. The blind beggar then asks, 'Kind sirs and ladies, have you a home for me?' All in the circle reply, 'Yes, poor man, I have a home for thee.' The blind man will try to recognise somebody's voice, and may go nearer in order to listen again. He then repeats his question, and is answered in chorus again. Everybody has to speak as loudly as the rest, so that he may find out who is speaking. When he thinks he has succeeded, he touches one boy or girl, and says 'Walter,' or 'Nellie, have you a home for me?' If he has not guessed properly everybody says, 'No! no!' As soon as he picks out one person, he takes the chair of the boy or girl recognised, who is made blind beggar in his place. There are lots of fine fun in this game.

Posers!

What goose is the most difficult to cook for a Christmas dinner? A tailor's goose.



Must I feed the Birds?

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat; the other eats too long.

A blind beggar had a brother; the brother died; the dead man had no brother; what relation was the blind beggar to the one that died? A sister.

Which is the hardest key to turn? A donkey.

What bridge is it that no man ever crossed? The bridge of his own nose.

How do you account for a donkey preferring a thistle to a jam tart? Because he is an ass.

Our Story.

Archie Wilson lived in a mean street, but there wasn't a bit of meanness in him. He liked play, was often in mischief, yet he was a true Christian. That very summer, while the minister spoke to the boys and girls about the love of Jesus, he had given his heart to the Saviour, and meant to be His for ever. He was a merry, romping boy, and his face was neither long nor sour.

On a dull December evening he stood talking with a companion against a house. They were talking about hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and Archie said, 'I shan't hang mine up, but I've a good mind to be a Santa Claus myself.'

'Get away!' said his companion, 'how can you be a Santa Claus?'

'Well, I don't just know; but Johnny Brown's father has been ill a long while, and my father says they'll have a poor Christmas; so I'd like to help 'em. That's what the preacher says we ought to do—help one another.'

'That would be fine fun,' said his companion. 'And I'll help you. I haven't much money, but I'll give 'em half my Christmas boxes.'

So they made it up to give half their Christmas money to the Browns, and not tell anybody about it. Christmas day came. As soon as it was dark they went to Johnny Brown's house. One of them carried in his hand a blue sugar paper, and in it was two shillings and threepence—the half of their Christmas gifts. They knocked at the door, and as soon as it was opened they threw in the paper bag, and ran away.

'Didn't we do it well? and they'll wonder where the money's come from!' And the boys were very glad that night. Up in heaven an angel told what they had done, and God called them his own dear children. The Browns often wondered where the money came from, but never found out. But they too thanked God and were glad.

Xmas Prizes.

First: FOR THOSE UNDER EIGHT.

Draw a cat and send it to me. It can be any sort of a cat wild or tame, black or white, old or young, your cat or somebody else's. Half-a-crown's worth of books for the best. The prize will be divided if two cats are equally good.

Second: FOR THOSE BETWEEN EIGHT AND TWELVE.

Make a pencil sketch of Hugh Bourne *or* William Clowes Do it on a postcard and send it to me.

A Fine Half-crown Book for the Best.

Third: FOR THOSE BETWEEN TWELVE AND SIXTEEN.

A grand 3s. 6d. Book will be given for the best pen-and-ink sketch or painting of 'Father Christmas.' Do it on a postcard.

All drawings and sketches to be forwarded to me by December 15th, and must be your own work.

Prayer for Xmas Morning.

We thank Thee, Lord Jesus, for this Xmas day. Long ago Thou wast born a little child, and art now our Saviour and our King. Fill our hearts with Thy good spirit, and may we love Thee with all our strength. May we be brave, and good and obedient. Help us to do good to others, and show them kindness for Thy sake. Bless our parents and all our friends and forgive us all our sins. Amen.

What the Boys Say.

Teacher:—'Freddy, you must not laugh out like that in the schoolroom.'

Freddy:—'I did not mean to do it. I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted!

Teacher:—'Jimmie, correct this sentence—Our teacher am in sight.'

Jimmie:—'Our teacher am a sight.'

Teacher:—'Johnny, what makes the grass grow?'

Johnnie:—'The grass has blades, and with these it cuts its way through the ground.'

The Rector:—'And how would you like to be a clergyman when you grow up, Tommy?'

The Boy:—'Not for me! I'm sick of wearing things that button at the back.'

Stout Man:—'I say, little boy, can you tell me the quickest way I can get to the station?'

Little boy, after looking at him intently: 'Well, I should think your best plan is to lie down and roll over 'bout twice!'

Hurrah for Winter!

'THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.'

By C. E. Doe.

'It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,'
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.'

So sang the scattered choir, and yet more scattered congregation, that cold December morning as they shivered dismally in their respective pews in the little Methodist chapel of Red Croft Hill. For a chill was in the air—a chill not altogether the result of the frost and snow outside, but that yet more bitter chill that is born of strife and contention within. Little wonder, then, that the minister's face was worn and sad, and his voice and manner lacking in the fervour and enthusiasm that had characterised the earlier days of his ministry. Little wonder, either, that the words of this, the closing hymn of the morning's service, sung as they were for the most part by apathetic lips, fell upon listless ears, or that the heart of at least one woman in the little congregation, ached with a great compassion for the pity of it all. For the eight and thirty years of Mildred Hinton's life had all been passed within this quiet little village, where life's blossoms had once grown in such rich profusion round her feet, and the little chapel was hallowed to her by a thousand sacred memories. So that now, as she glanced from the weary, care-worn face of the minister to the empty seats upon every hand, her heart grew sore with longing for the coming of the angel of Christmas-tide.

'And man at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring,'

sang on the choir; one voice alone ringing out clear and jubilant amidst the general monotony.

Mildred Hinton glanced up at the singer, and in spite of her heart-ache, she smiled. For the pretty, flower-like face was all aglow with a radiance alike impervious to the frost and snow outside, and the deadlier chill within. Yes, though it wanted but three days to Christmas, it was easy enough to see that to the heart of Maisie Sinclair, the eldest and fairest of all the minister's motherless little flock, the time of the singing of the birds had already come. Involuntarily the watcher glanced across at the big, square pew opposite—the pew that had remained so conspicuously empty ever since the day—three long months ago now—when James Carston, its then occupant, had been closeted for two whole hours in the minister's study, and had left it—his bitterest foe. But the pew had its occupant this morning, for was it not Christmas time, and had not young Douglas Carston, James Carston's nephew and adopted heir, come back from the big engineering college in the North, to spend the festive season with his uncle in the only home that he had ever known?

Yes, though Maisie's blue eyes remained demurely fixed upon her hymn-book, apparently quite unconscious of the sundry furtive glances that were being bestowed upon her from the Carston pew, it was quite easy for the older woman to divine from whence their added light had been borrowed.

'God bless the two poor children!' she said to herself softly, and with a sudden tender mist in her own eyes, 'God bless them both, and make His Sun to shine upon their pathway.'

'Miss Mildred, what's all this row about between Uncle and Mr. Sinclair? They were good enough friends when I left in the summer, and now all the village seems to be taking sides between them!'

It was Douglas Carston who asked the question, as he stood next morning in Miss Mildred's little sitting-room, erect and handsome in the wintry sunshine.

Mildred Hinton sighed, a little wearily. Perhaps she, of all people in the village, best understood the real root of the trouble between these two men, and curiously enough, her heart ached for them both.

'It all began over a mere trifle,' she said slowly. 'There was a dispute between your uncle and one of the poorer members of the chapel, over some little matter of Church government. Anyhow it had to be brought before an official meeting, and Mr. Sinclair felt that your uncle was in the wrong, and he said so. And then your uncle was annoyed, and so—well neither of them would give in. You know your uncle cannot bear to be thwarted, and it had become a question of *principle* upon Mr. Sinclair's part. And then, as you say, the rest of the members began to take sides between them, and so the breach grew worse and worse, until it has come to this.'

She broke off sadly, for the lad's handsome young face had darkened ominously.

'Well, anyhow, it's not going to come between Maisie and me,' he said. 'We've cared for each other ever since—well, anyhow I've cared for *her*, ever since I first saw her. And yesterday I told her so, and she—no, Miss Mildred, I'm not going to give Maisie up for all the chapel rows in creation.' He turned to the door as he spoke, but she followed him out to the little porch.

'Laddie!' she said wistfully, 'try and be patient with your uncle, come what will. For I sometimes think that there is no more miserable man in the whole village now than he, and remember he has no one but you.' And then without waiting for an answer, she softly closed the door behind him.

It was later in the day that Maisie came—came just as the shadows were falling and only the flickering firelight shone in the darkening room. Came, to lay her pretty golden head in the lap of the woman who most nearly stood to her in the place of the mother she had lost; and to whisper in broken little sentences, the old, old story of love's young dream. And then, a little to Mildred's consternation, the girl suddenly broke off into a perfect passion of tears.

'Oh, Miss Mildred,' she sobbed, 'if only it were not for this trouble between papa and Mr. Carston! Douglas says it ought to make no difference—only—only—it is just killing papa—the upset, and the worry, and the seeing the congregations getting smaller and smaller each week. Haven't you noticed how white his hair is growing, and how tired and ill he looks? And I—I would hate to do anything that looked like deserting him for the Carstons now, only you see—well it all seems such a tangle somehow, and I don't know what is really right to do! And Douglas is going to tell his uncle to-night, and then if all go well, he is coming to papa. And oh, Miss Mildred, surely papa will understand, surely he won't blame Douglas for his uncle's fault. But then there is Mr. Carston—he is so hard, and vindictive and cruel, that—'

But the older woman stopped her with a little gesture. 'He had the kindest heart in all the village *once*,' she said. 'And Maisie, who knows but what this—this new love that has come into your two young lives—may be part of God's great plan for bringing the song of the Christmas angels to Red Croft Hill?'

It was four hours later—long after Maisie had gone on her way cheered and comforted—that Douglas Carston burst suddenly into that same little haven of refuge, the haven to which he had been wont to come with every childish trouble from the days of his earliest remembrance. The lad's face was strained and white, and his dark eyes passionate and resentful.

'Miss Mildred!' he began impetuously, 'I've come to say goodbye; I'm going away!'

'Going away!' she repeated blankly, 'and to-morrow Christmas Eve! Oh, laddie, laddie, surely you have not quarrelled with your uncle, and at Christmas time?'

The proud young face darkened resentfully.

'He has quarelled with *me*, if that is what you mean,' he said. 'If you had heard some of the things that he said to-night. But there, I'm not a child any longer, and I can't and won't stand it. So I'm going away. Not back to College though—he can keep his precious money to himself. I am going to London—to get work of some sort, and then, when I have made a position for myself, I am coming back for Maisie.'

But she laid a trembling hand upon his arm. 'Douglas, Douglas,' she said, imploringly, 'you must not talk like this. You and your Uncle have both been over hasty, perhaps. But by the morning—' 'By the morning I shall be in London,' he interposed defiantly. 'No, no, Miss Mildred, you mean kindly, I know, but no power on earth would tempt me to spend another hour beneath that man's roof. If you had heard the things that he said about Maisie, you would not blame me for acting like this, you could not!'

'But there is no train up to-night,' she pleaded wistfully.

'The mail train passes through at twelve-fifteen, and takes up passengers by request,' he said.

'Twelve-fifteen,' she echoed; 'and it is barely nine, now, and snowing hard. No; now listen to me,' as he was about to interpose once more. 'If go you must and will, you will at least yield to me in this. I know just how you are feeling to-night, laddie—just how you want to be alone. But I cannot have you tramping about in the snow for three long hours, indeed I cannot. What you must do is to lie down on that sofa by the fire for a couple of hours and rest, even if you cannot sleep. No one shall disturb you, or indeed come near you, for that time, I promise. And then you must have some good hot coffee and something warm to eat, to start you on your journey. Now that's a bargain, isn't it?' She tried to speak lightly, but somehow a mist rose to the lad's eyes.

'Miss Mildred, you're an angel!' he said huskily.

But she shook her head.

'No,' she said; 'I am only just a woman, but a woman who feels that she would give all that she possesses to be able to stand to you in your dead mother's place, just for this one night.' And then she slipped away and left him, groping her way in the darkness to her own room.

And there, standing by the window, unheeding and unmindful of the bitter cold, she gazed out into the quiet night. There was not much to be seen. Only the dim blurred outlines of the falling snowflakes, and the twinkling lights of the little village on the hillside, dotted here and there in the prevailing gloom. And right up on the summit of the hill, higher and more solitary than any of the rest, the one bright glow that marked the lonely house, nay even the very room in which James Carston was wont to sit alone. For eighteen long years she had watched for it night after night—the light that somehow seemed to have absorbed all the brightness and radiance from out her own young life. And now to-night, standing there in the cold and darkness, the softening veil that those years had hung between the past and present, seemed to have suddenly been torn asunder. For once again she was a girl of twenty—and life to her meant only love. And once again she lived in a single minute through the whole tragedy that had changed her from girl to woman; and had strewn that love in ashes at her feet.

And yet it had been such a pitiful little tragedy after all. Just a young girl's love of admiration on the one hand, the trifling of an undisciplined nature with the passing admiration of a stranger, a girlish love of teasing, a childish tampering with the edged tools of a strong man's love and passion. And on the other, a stern accusation, and an angry remonstrance. Then a proud retort, bitter recriminations upon both sides, and finally a stormy parting.

Had her lover been of a less resolute and determined nature than was James Carston, all might even then have been well. For, in spite of the little display of girlish caprice, the warm, young heart had been all his own, and in his inmost soul he had known it. Yet the angry mandate once uttered had remained unrevoked for eighteen long years.

'When you come to me of your own free will, and ask my forgiveness, it shall be yours; but, until then, we meet as strangers,' he had said. And the girlish resentment had flamed up into a woman's outraged pride, as she had answered.

'*Then*, James Carston, we part for ever, for I will *never* come to you like that. *Never!*'

All this had happened eighteen years ago—eighteen years that very night.

And, now? Though all the passion, all the resentment had died from out her heart long years before, leaving only a softened memory and a tender regret, those words still found an echo in her heart.

And yet, even while her white lips framed them again and again, her thoughts flew back to the lad downstairs. The lad with his set, strained face, his passionate eyes, full of reckless defiance and hopeless despair; the lad who was bent on going to the great city—alone and practically penniless—going to form one of the great stream of its unemployed—one more bit of human flotsam maybe, drifting down towards its seething whirlpool of sin and despair.

She thought of Maisie, too, of how the pretty flower-like beauty would wither and fade, and the soft blue eyes grow dim with tears, as the light would gradually die out from the innocent trusting heart. And then quite suddenly her own heart went out in the passionate cry: 'I would die upon his threshold sooner, but at all costs I must save those two young lives.'

. . . . . .

James Carston sat in his favourite room, alone with the ghosts of his own dead past. And they were haunting him to-night with unflagging persistency, these ghosts; for was not this the anniversary of the day upon which, with his own hands, he had slain a woman's heart, and had put human love for ever from him? And what else was there left to him now? His rambling old house with its broad acres of land, freed by his own hand from every financial encumbrance, was it not now, of all dwellings, the most silent and desolate? The little Methodist chapel on the hill, that had once been hallowed to him by so many tender memories—the place knew him no longer now—he had deliberately put himself beyond its pale. Even the lad had turned from him at last—the lad he had cared for and educated, aye, and even in his own proud silent way, had loved.

Yes, he was all alone now, alone with those terrible ghosts which haunted him so relentlessly—the ghosts of his 'might have beens.' And she—the woman whose tender heart he had murdered eighteen years ago this very day—did she, too, remember, he wondered, or had she long since forgotten, or ceased to care?

There was a slight tap at the door, so slight as to be quite inaudible to him; and then quite suddenly he raised his haggard eyes to see her standing there. Standing there with the snowflakes still glistening upon her garments—a white robed spectre from out the storm.

'James!' she faltered—'*James!*'

She had meant to address him as 'Mr. Carston'—had prepared a set little speech with which to explain her presence there. But at the sight of his haggard face, and the dumb misery in his eyes, every word she had meant to say died unuttered on her lips. And he—startled, bewildered as he was by her unexpected presence—he, too, for one brief moment, forgot all else beside.

'Mildred!' he faltered—'*You—and after eighteen years?*'

But at these words her woman's pride flamed up into her face, dyeing it crimson.

'*Eighteen years?* Then he really thought that she had come back for *that*—she, a woman of eight-and-thirty, with her youth and beauty gone for ever!' The bare shame of such a thought lent her fresh courage and dignity, and she spoke.

'Mr. Carston,' she said, 'I have come to you about your nephew. No—he has not sent me to you, he does not even know that I have come. But, Mr. Carston, he is but a lad, and your dead brother's only son. Surely, surely, you are not going to part with him in anger, and for such a cause!' But his face had hardened at her words.

'*Such a cause!*' he echoed bitterly. 'You may well say that. The lad has deliberately chosen to defy me, *me*, his guardian and benefactor, and beneath my own roof. And all for what? Why a girl's baby face and a pair of blue eyes. But nephew or no nephew I'll have him know that my will is law, at least in my own household. And if he crosses my will in this—'

But she interrupted him with a sudden passionate cry. 'Your *will*!' she echoed bitterly. 'Is it always to be that—*always*?'

'James Carston, I ask you in God's name to-night, is it not enough that this *will* of which you boast so proudly is emptying our little chapel on Sundays, is crippling God's work on every hand, is whitening the minister's hair, yes and is killing him, killing him more slowly, but as surely as though you had plunged a dagger into his heart? Will nothing appease it now save the sacrifice of these two innocent, loving hearts? Is it not enough that our own two lives have been spoiled, our own love turned into dust and ashes? Yes, James Carston, I am not ashamed to say those words to-night, for in your inmost soul you know them to be true. But if from out those bitter ashes there might spring some little seed of remorse or pity, if for the sake of that dead and buried past of ours, these other two young hearts and lives might remain unspoiled, why then I would thank God upon my knees to-night for all the sorrow and pain that I once endured.'

He had risen from his chair when first she had commenced to speak, and his face had grown deadly white. And now as he advanced towards her, he staggered a little, like a man who has received a blow. And then quite suddenly he stopped and took her clasped hands in his own.

'Mildred!' he whispered; 'Mildred! Need our own two lives be always spoiled?'

. . . . . .

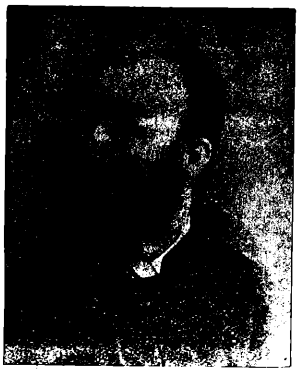
The little chapel on Red Croft Hill was bright with happy faces, and hearts brimful of peace and joy, that Christmas morning. For never had the minister's voice rung out with a gladder thrill than in the utterance of the old familiar text: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' Never had the faces of his motherless little ones looked more radiant than in this, their childish anticipation of a whole day's innocent revelry in the big house on the hilltop. And never, even in the days of long ago, had Mildred Hinton's face shone with a richer, sweeter, Christmas joy than as she stood by James Carston's side in the little chapel, glancing from time to time at the radiant faces of the more youthful pair of lovers, and joining with them in the jubilant words of the Christmas hymn:—

'When peace shall over all the earth
It's ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.'

ABOUT OURSELVES IN EAST ANGLIA.

The Story of Hardingham Chapel.

By Rev. A. T. Wardle.



REV. A. T. WARDLE.

'WHY do you talk to yourself so much?' was asked of an East Anglian village postman.

'For two reasons,' he replied. 'First, because I like to talk to a sensible man. Second, because I like to listen to a sensible man.' Just now, Primitive Methodists in East Anglia are talking to themselves about themselves. There is reason for it. We do not forget, neither do we disparage what others have done, or are doing; but we are justified in these centenary years in speaking about our own history and work. We hope to be forgiven for doing so in the columns of the *Leader*.

In no respect is the contrast between the past and the present of our church in East Anglia so observable as in our places of worship and other buildings in which we carry on our educational and evangelistic work. The pioneer missionaries were of necessity, compelled to preach by the waysides, on the greens, or wherever they could gather the people together to hear the Word of Life. And when the newly formed societies began to loan or hire, buy or build preaching rooms, some of them were located in corners where a stranger could not easily find them, and when found, some of them could not easily be described.

When I first came to East Anglia, over forty years ago, we preached in small cottage-rooms, sometimes furnished with large families, in sheds, and barns, and such-like places. Some of these rooms were up ladders, down lanes, and over brooks. Quaint and curious though those meeting places were, many

Scenes of Glory

were witnessed within their walls. In those days our people were poor. Many of them knew the pain of hunger, and the still sharper pain of hearing their children cry in vain for bread. But despite their poverty and privation they were 'happy in the Lord.' The Sunday morning class meeting and the week-night preaching service were seasons of great gladness. The lowly sanctuary was to them 'the house of God and the gate of Heaven. Often have I seen the rustic features of those suffering Christians illumined as with light from heaven, their faces transfigured as really as was the face of Moses, while their eyes filled with tears that shone like glittering stars. They know no suffering now. They hunger no more. God has wiped all tears from their faces. Peace to their memory. Unlettered and extremely poor, yet were they sturdy and rejoicing saints, of whom any church

HARDINGHAM CHAPEL.

might be justly proud. Their works follow after them. But what a change from

The Stuffy Little Rooms

of former times to the bright and commodious chapels of to-day. Here and there our people still worship in small, antiquated, and insanitary buildings, not because they like it, but because in many places it is impossible to secure land on which to build a House of Prayer such as they need, and such as they desire. Sometimes it is the clergyman, sometimes it is the lordly landowner, and sometimes it is the law that blocks the way. A compulsory sites bill passed into law would make it possible to increase the number of our village Bethels to the great advantage of the villagers, and of the nation, too.

Thirty-nine years since Wymondham was divided from Norwich circuit and made into a separate station, with four small connexional chapels and six rented ones. Now there are fifteen places in all, at each of which there is a substantial connexional property. Several of these chapels have been built in recent years and are ornaments to the town and villages—an abiding witness to the high ideals, the self-denial, and generous gifts of a poor but willing-hearted people. Several of those building enterprises had in them.

An Element of Romance.

The latest of them is no exception in this respect. Hardingham is a pretty agricultural village, with about five hundred inhabitants, and lies five miles distant from the circuit town. There never had been a Nonconformist chapel in the parish, and many said there never would be one. 'A chapel in Hardingham? Not likely. Impossible.' That was the settled belief of everybody that spoke to me about it. Fifty years ago an attempt was made to establish Primitive Methodism in the parish, but nothing came of it. Nearly all the land is the property of the squire, an aged gentleman, a generous landlord, kindly disposed in many ways, but bent on keeping his dominions free from the plague of a Nonconformist chapel. But wealthy squires do not always have their way against aggressive Christians seeking to save the lost. Many in high places dislike our religious enthusiasm, but are helpless before it. The history of our church in East Anglia, as elsewhere, has shown that patient, wisely directed zeal is often more powerful than wealth and station. So it was in this case when a solitary minister succeeded against the opposition of both squire and parson. We began in

MR. W. J. SMITH, TRUSTEE.

A very Primitive Fashion.

Wishful to extend the kingdom of God by planting Primitive Methodist churches where they are needed, and Hardingham being within easy reach of Wymondham we resolved, God helping us, that Primitive Methodism should have a place therein. In the winter of 1903 we began to hold prayer meetings in a small furnished room just within the bounds of Hardingham, but belonging to the Kimberley estate. Occasionally I preached on a week-night to over forty persons crowded into a room about thirteen feet square, and on the green in the summer to a much larger audience. At these services some were converted, and on the first Sunday in 1905 I began an afternoon service, and formed a society, which soon numbered seventeen members, sixteen of them being husbands and their wives. In one respect this has been

WYMONDHAM CHAPEL.

A Model Church.

Apart from changes in the membership caused by removals, there is not a blank space in the Class-book columns. Every member has paid a penny a week class-money, and paid it every week. A penny a week! a small sum. Yes, but not for them, their full wages being just into the teens of shillings a week. If all our poorer members who can would give the proverbial penny a week regularly, and if those who receive more gave in proportion to their means, many financial problems would find solution, stewards and ministers would be relieved of many a care. In the summer of 1904, while at the opening of a new chapel at Weybourne-on-Sea, I accidentally overheard a conversation relating to Hardingham. One man said to another, 'All the land belongs to Squire E., I think, except a few fields belonging to the Kimberley Estate.' I said nothing, but thought much. I knew Lord Kimberley, and had known his honoured father, too. As soon as possible I made inquiries on the spot, and found that the Earl's land lay a long distance from the parish church, and in the right place for a Primitive Methodist chapel. A friend of mine approached his lordship with a view to the purchase of a site. Unable to sell, the Earl readily agreed to let us have all the land we needed, on a long lease, at 'a peppercorn rent,' and after further negotiations, the site was selected. But, alas for

MR. J. BARTRAM.

Human Hopes.

No sooner was it noised abroad that a site had been selected for a chapel than disappointment came. The dear old Squire was so distressed at the prospect of a chapel in Hardingham that Lord Kimberly wished to delay its erection during the Squire's lifetime. Then came years of waiting. The faith of some faltered. Others lost heart and hope. It is right to say, however, that there were plausible reasons for the long delay. Meanwhile we gave attention to other villages and succeeded in building two additional chapels in places where they were none. Nine months ago, after long waiting and much persistence, many interviews and a pile of correspondence, largely because of certain happenings I need not here explain, the Hardingham site was

Legally Conveyed

to the trustees on the model deed, the Earl defraying all the charges connected therewith, fencing the plot, and giving me, free of cost, an order for all the bricks required to complete the buildings. Plans were prepared and were approved by the usual courts, tenders were invited and within a fortnight from their acceptance the foundation stones were laid. May 20th was a charming day. From far and near the people came. Long before the time announced the ground was crowded. Mr. France was the special speaker and was in capital form. There was great interest in the proceedings and much excitement too. Fourteen stones were laid. The evening meeting was splendid. It was a great day in Hardingham, a day to be remembered. In the morning there was not a shilling in the building fund, in the evening there were nearly £200. I ventured to ask the squire for a contribution towards the new chapel, and received an acknowledgment of my 'courteous letter,' but he refused 'to grant its request.' The chapel, now completed, is

MR. H. G. STONE, TRUSTEE.

A Lovely Place.

attractive without and beautiful within. Standing near the crossways and facing the turnpike many passers-by will see it and give credit to all that shared in the workmanship. Having removed from the circuit in July, my successor, Rev. A. W. Edwards, honoured me by kindly asking me to preach the opening sermon on October 7th. It was a summer-like day—'one of Mr. Wardle's days,' the people said. All the meetings were of a high order. Everybody did well. There was delightful enthusiasm, and the receipts for the day were over £40. In the capable hands of my successor the financial success of this romantic enterprise is assured.

REV. A. W. EDWARDS.

How much East Anglia owes to our village chapels words will never tell. They have often changed the architectural character of the locality as well as the habits of the people. They have been as nursing homes for the moral and religious training of the young, a place of rest and refuge for tired, storm-tossed saints, holy places where God has been found of men.

'Those temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honours of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.'

Alas, the busy, happy years at Wymondham are now as if a dream, but a dream that lingers, a dream of many kindly souls and generous deeds. The friends were kind through all the years; and at their close it seemed as if young and old vied with each other as to who should do the most. Goodness like theirs will be remembered on earth—its reward is in heaven.

HINTS ON EYESIGHT.

Strong Sight.

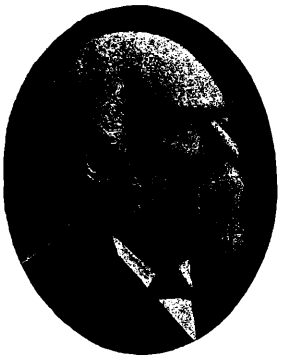
THE old idea that short sight must mean strong sight because the sufferer can see objects better by holding them close to the eyes is an exploded fallacy. Short sight is a defect of vision, which most frequently begins during earlier school-days and increases in proportion to the amount of close work which has to be undergone. This is why school work should be alternated with a fair amount of outdoor exercise. Spectacles are advantageous in most cases of short sight, and if fitted by an expert optician, very great advantage is usually secured. Short sight is frequently complicated by other defects.

Accurate lenses, combined with the perfect system of sight-testing so efficiently carried out by Mr. Aitchison, the optician, of 12 Cheapside, London, E.C., ensure great benefit to all persons who suffer from defects of vision, and the opportunity should not be neglected. Mr. Atchison makes no charge for advice, and the purchase of glasses, for which most moderate prices are charged, is optional.

The Planting of the Church in King's Lynn.

EARLY STRUGGLES AND VICTORIES.

By Rev. George Bell.

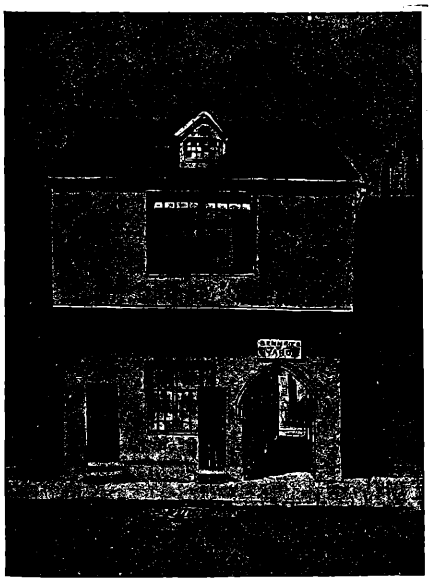


REV. GEORGE BELL.

It is now eighty-seven years since the Nottingham circuit sent two of its Home Missionaries to open a Mission at King's Lynn, namely, John Oscroft and William Wildbur. Oscroft had then been converted about three years. It was on this wise:—'On Jan. 18 h, 1818, he heard our first missionary at Hucknall Torkard. The word took hold of him, and though his companions got him away to a public house, as men carry off a wounded comrade, that he may not fall into the enemies hands, he was so conscience stricken that drink was no anodyne. He escaped from his would-be rescuers, and found pardon and relief on his way home. He was a good man, an excellent preacher, and loyal to the connexion. He finished his pilgrimage in Lynn.

Of Wildbur, not much is known, except that having quarelled with the Nottingham officials, he left the connexion, taking with him some seventy members from the newly-formed church. How this could be done, and yet leave a loyal and working church, is explained by the following records:—'We opened a mission in Lynn, where the word of the Lord spread rapidly, and hundreds were converted to God.' 'The Primitives are carrying all before them in Lynn.' Their first services were in the open-air, near the south gates, but they soon went to the north end, where in a sail maker's loft, up Bennett's Yard, in 'Black Goose Street, they found a temporary resting place for the ark of God. The word of the Lord had free course in the town and neighbourhood, so that ten months after the opening of the mission the first 'plan' was issued, on which were fifty-seven places in and near Lynn. These places were supplied by the missionaries and the men and women from the ranks of the hundreds who were converted, who, under the impulse of their newly-found experiences, went forth

Telling to all around
What a dear Saviour they had found.



BENNETT'S YARD,

Where the first preaching services were held in King's Lynn.

Yes; it was these untrained men and women who laid truly and well the foundation of our Church in scores of Norfolk villages, and in which they erected chapels, which stand as permanent memorials of their faith in God, their self-sacrificing efforts for the good of their fellows, and the marvellous resources of sanctified voluntaryism. Many of these chapels were erected when the 'living wage' was from nine to eleven shillings a week. How did they manage? A question of this kind was put to one of these Norfolk women, who answered, 'Oh, I can't tell you. All I know is, we had to *eke it out*.' Lynn was made a circuit in 1824. The Wildbur split was hardly closed when another and more serious division took place, producing disaster in town and country. 'Shattered,' 'disorganised,' 'deplorable,' are some of the words used to describe its condition.

It was into this state of things, in 1825, that Rev. W. G. Belham came as the superintendent of the circuit in his native town. But as the result of a policy of patience and tact on the part of Mr. Belham, united prayer by the loyal remnant, and withal the divine blessing, at the end of twelve months Mr. Belham wrote in his nautical style, 'Instead of a shattered wreck floating on troubled waters, the church became a gallant vessel, well rigged, well stored, well manned, riding majestically on a tranquil sea.' After these early storms there came years of peace and prosperity. One of the first results of the changed circumstances was the erection of a new chapel, in one of the main thoroughfares of the town. Mr. Belham possessed great fertility of invention, and here was a fine opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity. He excited the interest of the children in town and country in the project, and set them to collect farthings, and it is said that the villages were drained of farthings. The chapel was not one of architectural beauty, its style was as near the 'Barnic' as any other. Many of the seats were backless forms, it was lighted with candles in tin candlesticks fixed to the walls; but despite the plainness of the building and the primitive character of its internal arrangements, it was indeed the 'House of God' and the gate of Heaven.' For thirty-five years the church lived, prayed, and prospered under the powerful ministry of some of the early ministers of the old Norwich District, and when God writes up the people it will be said of this Zion that 'this and that man has born in her.' Among the men of mark in those days was Rev. John Smith, and he stood out, not so much for his ability to preach, as for his power to pray and his success in the conversion of sinners. He would often groan as if some great burden was on him, and would say, 'I cannot live if souls are not saved.' In 1831-2 he was the superintendent of the circuit, bringing into the work his holy passion for soul saving and his power with God in prayer. Results of a glorious character were soon seen; and while it is easy to write their results in figures, it is impossible to measure their influences as they worked out in the lives of hundreds of saved men and women.

During these years the circuit was visited with what Mr. Smith called a 'high-tide' of converting influence. The whole neighbourhood throbbed with religious life and power, and such were the number of conversions that at the end of the first year an increase of 234 was reported. And still the 'high-tide' rose higher, and swept on and on; so that at the end of his second year a further increase of 400 was reported, bringing the total membership to 1,170, and that in eleven years after the opening of the mission. Again in 1839 40 the increase was 374.

In 1848-9 the gentle and saintly James Garner was the superintendent. He was a native of Lynn. Here are one or two notes from his journal, written a few days before he was seized with his last illness: 'Praise God for all the blessings of another year. The Lord has preserved my health and given me a little fruit for my labour, but oh, how comparatively useless I have been! 'O Lord, revive Thy work! During the year I have travelled, chiefly on foot, 3,484 miles, made since the the March quarter 1790 family visits, and preached about 400 times.' The increase for the two years was 84. These increases were not the result of highly organised and costly missions, but of the ordinary round of circuit work, mostly at Sunday evening prayer meetings, lovefeasts, and class meetings. 'Is he successful in the conversion of sinners?' was a question asked in relation to every minister each March quarterly meeting, and if a brother had no conversions to report, some leading official would be likely to say, 'I am afraid the brother has missed his calling.'

Under the influence of the revival of 1831-2 it is not surprising that 'the brethren were united heart and hand to extend the circuit.' In March, 1832, Rev. James Pole was sent 'to enter upon new ground as a missionary.' The centre of his mission was Docking, some twenty miles from Lynn. Mr. Pole's journal will give the best description of a Home Missionary's trials and triumphs seventy-six years ago. Here are extracts from it:—

Wednesday, June 11th: I commenced my labours at Docking. The people ran to see and hear, and I preached to a large congregation. The Word was with power.

Thursday 12th: I proceeded to Burnham Market; preached in the open air. When I commenced singing the people were surprised to see me act thus. God defended me, and the mockers were silenced. I then walked six miles to obtain a lodging. I feared I should have to lodge under a hedge, which would not be the first time. However, the Lord opened my way.

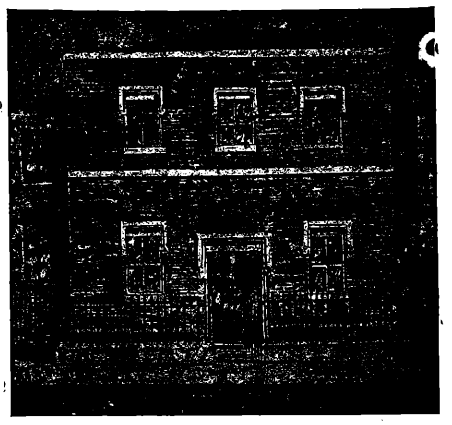
Tuesday, 17: I preached at Ringstead, and God worked powerfully. Many stout-hearted sinners trembled. After service, I inquired for somewhere to lodge. A man present said, 'You can go and lodge with my dog, if you will.'

Monday, April 23rd: I went to Snettisham; while on the way I was powerfully tempted not to go, but I went, and preached on the steps of the cross to a large congregation. Every person appeared moved. Since that time a society of sixty persons has been formed.

Monday, June 18th: Attended the Lynn Quarterly Meeting. I have been a missionary about ten weeks, preached one hundred times, and joined 120 members in society. I have generally preached four times on Sundays, and six evenings in the week.

As the outcome of this mission from Lynn, Docking was made a strong circuit in 1844, with 608 members, and Henry Alderslade and James Walker as it ministers.

In connection with this mission many notable circumstances transpired. In April Mr. Durrant, a Wesleyan, invited Mr. Pole to dinner. The family was very poor—the man suffering from an accident. Six children, Mr. and Mrs. Durrant and Mr. Pole sat down to dine off about half a pound of mutton, a loaf of bread, and some potatoes. Mrs. Durrant carved the joint, putting half on Mr. Pole's plate, none on her own or her husband's, but a *small* piece on each of the children's. Mr. Pole gave a look at the children, his eyes filled with tears, as he cut his piece into seven and put a piece on each of the children's plates, saying, 'We will share and share alike.' This made a deep impression on the boy Billy, who said afterward 'How I loved him for it.' At the same village, Thornham, a camp meeting was being held on the green, when the landlady



THE FIRST PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL IN LYNN.

of the 'Chequers' came with a large bottle of beer to sell during the morning service, but she failed in her purpose. Some one asked her for half a pint; but while she was making ready to serve, somebody threw a stone which knocked the bottom off the bottle, the contents being spilt over the silk dress worn by the landlady of the Thornham 'Chequers.' A camp meeting was held at Ingoldisthorpe in May, 1832. John Smith conducted it, Mr. Pole and others assisting. It was a day of power. Before the meeting broke up in the afternoon twenty men and women were converted. The word was a hammer, breaking stoney hearts.

In 1834 the circuit sent the Rev. W. Kirby to mission Peterborough. Information about the mission is scant, but two things are known, one is that he was to have 'a very low salary.' One wonders what was a 'very low salary' in 1834, when the highest allowed to a married preacher was fourteen shillings a week. Another thing known is, that Mr. Kirby walked from Lynn to Peterborough, a distance of thirty-six miles, and then opened his commission for God and the church by preaching in the open-air the same evening. As we picture Mr. Kirby tramping the roads we are reminded of a description of an old Methodist preacher in which these words occur:—

'While some must have a hackney or a gig,
To ride at ease or look a little big,
He goes on foot and travels on his way
Without the danger or expense to pay.'

But despite low salary, long walks, and the bitter privations of those days, Mr. Kirby laid the foundation upon which two prosperous circuits have been reared. In 1840 Peterborough had one minister and 140 members; in 1908, two circuits, three ministers and 1,002 members. The little one has become a thousand

From 1834 to 1858 the church at Lynn went from 'strength to strength.' The old chapel had been enlarged to seat 500, yet the cry came again, 'Give us room that we may dwell.' On the 4th of January, 1858, a meeting of 'members, seat holders and friends' was held, when three resolutions were unanimously passed:—1. That a new chapel was necessary; 2. That the land on which the old workhouse stood is a suitable site; 3. That an attempt be made to raise money to purchase it. On this site stood St. James's Chapel, founded and duly consecrated by one Bishop Turbus in 1146. The building was afterwards used as a hospital, then as a workhouse, and while thus used, one Sunday morning it came down with a crash. After remaining a heap of ruins for some time, as the result of sanctified diplomacy, carried on by the Rev. R. Howchin and the vendor, the site was conveyed to the trustees. When it was know for what purpose it was purchased, the news fell on the people of the town like a 'bolt from the blue.' A 'Ranters' Chapel' in the most prominent position in the town was more than could be well endured.

REV. R. HOWCHIN.

Offers of a very tempting character were made to induce the trustees not to proceed with the project, even to the payment of all the outlay and providing another site; and during its erection a person said he would like to place a cannon in the Tower Field and fire a ball into the building. But neither bribe nor threat could move the trustees from their purpose or plan. They went straight along the path of duty and holy well-doing until the topstone of the present chapel was brought on with shouts of holy joy. It has been a centre of Christian work and influence for nearly half a century, the opening services being held on March 31st, 1859, the preacher being the Rev. Robert Key, who was then in the height of his pulpit power and popularity. Mr. Key preached three sermons that week-day, his morning text being 2 Chron. vi. 41-42; afternoon, Acts xx. 24; and in the evening, Romans iii. 25-26. He was in good form, especially in the evening, as he discoursed to a thousand people on that favourite theme of his, as suggested in the text, Christ the propitiation for

men's sins. Many present responded with shouts of 'Glory,' 'Hallelujah.'

It is impossible to tabulate the far and deep-reaching effects produced in the town and neighbourhood by the work done in this centre of Christian service for well nigh fifty years. All along the course of those years there has been gathered each Sunday evening a congregation ranging from six hundred to one thousand persons, from two to three hundred of whom are young men and women. Few churches have such opportunities and such responsibilities.

Two Conferences and nine District Meetings have been held in Lynn. The latter have been marvellous gatherings. What processions, some a thousand strong. What volume of song as the old refrain, 'Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,' rang out from hundreds of hearts and voices. What love-feasts, what conversions, and what singing rent the air as on their homeward way walked, or rode in farmers' waggons, or other vehicles, hundreds who had been to the District Camp meeting, and what conversations for weeks, in field and barn, in village smithy and general shop, about the sermons preached, the meeting and greeting of old friends and ministers they had not seen since they travelled on our circuit years ago. Aye, never to be forgotten times were those annual gatherings of the clans in East Anglia. They make our village Primitives feel that they belong to a great church, and that in the social and political affairs of the nation they have to be reckoned with. Lynn circuit, with its nearly thirty villages, has sent hundreds of its members to our town and city churches. What effect the 'Small Holdings Act' will produce on the village life of rural England is not yet known, but it will, no doubt, check the flow of young men and maidens to the large towns by making it worth a young man's while to stay in the village and work his own Small Holding. It will thus be a gain to village Methodism.

A NOTABLE NORTHUMBRIAN.

JIMMIE YOUNG AND HIS DONKEY.

By M. T. Pickering.

JAMES YOUNG.

On a beautiful afternoon in June, 1908, a Centenary meeting was being held at a picturesque seaside village on the North-East Coast, away in Northumberland. We were singing our opening hymn when a trap, containing several Christon Bank friends came along. These were some of the friends who had come to join in the worship, hear the messages, and by promising their contributions give practical evidence of their sympathy with the Centenary movement and their love for their Church. Who are these friends? These are the widow and some of the family of James Young, better known in the North country as 'Jimmie Young,' of Christon Bank. Their presence that day set us thinking, and called up much we had heard and read concerning the distinguished dead and his useful past. We would write this down at the beginning. He had seven sons and two daughters, all of whom were associated with our church, five of these sons being local preachers. That father and mother must not only have had their names on the church's roll they must have made their home a church, and ethically and spiritually revealed to their children the highest and best. Of that mother and father we have heard their big, robust, stalwart sons speak in gracious, grateful terms.

We will leave that open-air meeting and go back some twenty years. It is the Sabbath day, and yonder on the Northumbrian highway a donkey and cart with its driver are passing along. It is a somewhat strange scene, for the occupant of that donkey-cart is wakening the quiet rural life by fervent cries of 'Praise the Lord!' 'Hallelujah!' That is James Young, well known throughout all North Northumberland. The Rev. H. B. Kendall, in his valuable and racy history of the Primitive Methodist Church, speaks of certain notable men in Berwick area, and amongst these is one, 'James Young, with a considerable dash of eccentricity.' Many who never saw him have heard concerning this marvellous man and his equally marvellous doings. Even the novelist has laid hands on him, and made him one of the striking characters of a fascinating story. Not only, however, does he come down to us as odd, eccentric, abounding in quaint sayings and quaint doings, but above all he comes down to us as a noble, true man, who did much for his Church and the rescue of his brother-man. We will write down some records of this man, lest time, that buries so many things, buries these as well.

James Young was twenty-six years of age when he heard James Barrass, of Netherton, later of North Seaton, preach. The mention of James Barrass makes one pause. If the value and genuineness of conversion depend at all upon the moral and spiritual worth of the human messenger, then James Young was highly favoured, for he found Christ under the ministry of a good man. James Barrass was one of a notable band of Northern laymen. He was the compeer of Tommy Wanless, Robert Wheatley, and other local celebrities. He always impressed us in our boyhood days in facial appearance as a double of Archbishop Temple. A strong, masculine face it was, differing to us from the late Archbishop Temple in that it wore a more tender, softened expression. James Barrass was an earnest, thoughtful preacher, successful especially as an evangelist. We see him now in passionate tones pleading for recruits for the new life. James Young had two difficulties in becoming a preacher, the first being an impediment of speech. This he fully overcame, and became at times quite eloquent; albeit it was of a rugged type, yet eloquent and effective he was. A second and more serious difficulty presented itself, namely, the immense area of Berwick circuit in those days. It covered then what is now Berwick, Lowick, and North Sunderland circuits. He was a miner, and travelling that continent after a week's hard toil was impossible. To a life long friend he narrated the incident how he came to possess his well known steed—his donkey. 'I thowt I mun hae a powny (pony), or a donkey. Praise the Lord! I telt the Lord I loved to preach the saving Gospel, but the journeys were ower much, so wad he gie me either a powny or a donkey, for the wark could'nt be done without.' In keeping with this, Jimmie prayed, and believed, and looked out for either a 'powny' or a donkey coming from the Lord. Entirely unknown to our good friend, a Christian gentleman in the neighbourhood owned a donkey he no longer needed, and thinking it might in some way be useful to James Young, sent it on to him. Its arrival led to the outburst, 'Praise the Lord! My prayer's answered. And it's a donkey.'

Jimmie Young and his donkey were known in every town and hamlet in the North. That was the donkey and cart we saw on the highway, and none of the country gentry in their handsome equipages were better known, and certainly none of them more esteemed than our worthy brother and his belongings. With that donkey he traversed and re-traversed North Northumberland, loved and respected by all, and often spoken of as 'The Bishop of the Diocese' What stories are told about Jimmie and his companion. Even the local poets must needs break the silence, and a popular poem was, 'Jimmie and his cuddy.' One who knew him well records that on one occasion he started with his donkey and cart to purchase a pig. On his journey he met one who was financially in a tight place, so in place of buying the pig he handed to his needy brother all his money. On the highway that day a voice might be heard ever and anon, shouting, 'Praise the Lord!' James Young was praising God for the opportunity of helping one in need and trouble. Some would think it a poor return on the part of Providence that on his return journey his cart should break down. Not so our friend, for his creed was very simple, but satisfactory in all such crises. He knew he had done right, and he believed right doing would end rightly. A friend, a thorough believer in his genuineness, repaired his cart, sent him what covered his generosity to his needy neighbour, and supplied him with funds to relieve the poor he might meet. One brother-minister, who still remains with us, will have good cause to remember 'Jimmie's Cuddy.'

Journeying to a far distant appointment he made a passing call at our friend's home, there to be offered the loan of the donkey for the day. The offer was gladly accepted, and the owner watched them depart on their journey. I cannot write down how it was, maybe the donkey objected to its new mount; at all events the rider was deposited on the road. The owner, surveying the scene from a distance, was heard to exclaim, 'Praise the Lord!' if the cuddy hes'nt pitched him off. A minister who knew him in those days was recently narating to me the story of his first triumphal entry into the little market town of Belford. This was his first appointment at Belford, some eleven or twelve miles from home. He was unaware of the society steward's residence at Belford, so he would improve the time by missioning. Astride of his donkey he entered Belford singing, 'Hark the Gospel News is sounding!' The doors soon opened so that the inmates might see this unusual sight. A laddie looked out of one of these houses, and called out, 'Mother, here's a man riding a donkey and singing 'The Gospel News is sounding.' Will this be the preacher?' It was the home of the society steward, and after a brief open-air mission in this quaint way, he was housed with kind friends.

In preaching he was Scriptural, quoting very aptly from the Book he knew so well. The most marked feature of his preaching was his originality. He was original in all things, and especially so in his setting of Divine things. One of his favourite texts was, 'For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.' On a text like this you could not anticipate what strange things he might say, but strange and striking, unexpected as some expressions might be, he never forgot to show how the beds and coverings that some seek to make of pleasure, wealth and kindred things were insufficient and most unsatisfactory. We could have wished that many of his pithy, humorous, but shrewd sayings had been carefully preserved.

If we write down the humorous and strange, be it said, this was not his highest. Most assuredly he was odd, eccentric. One who travelled that station tells me, many times he has seen him in hours of high spiritual exaltation take off his boots in the prayer-meeting, and commence a pilgrimage round part of the little church. But he was something more than odd, James Young was good. He lived with his Lord, spent long hours in communion, and his happy, cheery face was a means of grace. His strange ways were natural to him, and beneath all he was a sincere, devout Christian. We prefer to think of him in that way. His humour was a gift of God to him and to the church; but the man, underneath, was afire with love to God, and a passion to reclaim lost humanity. Few men have touched North Northumberland as James Young has done, and while the strangeness of his ways and sayings have played a part, yet much more potent was the sincerity, the genuineness of the man. God and Heaven and things spiritual were very real to him, and when others doubted, or became despondent, he was blithe and cheery because he knew God was ever with the good.

Be it remembered he was no mere dreamer. He took a prominent part in erecting three of our churches. At Ford Moss he is said to have led the greater part of the material, while the erection of Lowick church owes much to him. Christon Bank church is very indebted to James Young, his devoted wife and family, for in addition to generous gifts in erecting the church, the organ and communion furniture were presented by them.

One who knew James Young intimately writes these words, 'Behind all his eccentricity of manner and speech there was a serious, earnest, devoted man, who gave freely of his strength and time to serve the church he loved. He found the luxury of life in the service of God, and the ecstasy of delight in a good prayer meeting or revival meeting.' James Young sleeps with his fathers, but he will live for all time in the enriched lives of Northumbria's sons and daughters.

Guild Text Books.

'Between the Testaments,' by C. M. Grant, D.D.: 'The Apostles' Teaching—the Pauline Theology,' by W. P. Paterson, D.D.; 'Lessons on the Gospel of St. Mark' by A. I. Robertson, D.D.: 'Lessons on the Gospel of St. Luke,' by James Bonalie, B.D.: 'Exposition of The Pilgrim's Progress, by Robert Stevenson, B.D. A. & C. Black. Price 6d. each net.

The Guild Text Books are known to thousands of our readers, particularly to lay preachers and Sunday school teachers, and wherever known are prized as among the cheapest and most helpful books for the purpose designed. The issue of these five marks the extension of the series and brings within the reach of all another set of most useful books. 'Between the Testaments' will illuminate any mind on the stirring period between Malachi and Matthew; the three following ones are packed full with lessons drawn from Mark, Luke, and the teaching of Paul while the last is a delightful exposition of Bunyan's world-wide classic. We cannot too warmly commend the whole series of which these five are a part.

'Irresolute Catherine.' By Mrs. Violet Jacob. John Murray 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of a series of short novels by great writers. The scene of the story is in Wild Wales, and the central figures are Baptists, two of whom are lovers of Catherine. How she fared at their hands, and how at last one took possession of her, is a fine story. The story is not long, but it is exceptionally good.

'Have Miracles Happened?' By Rev. H. T. Dixon. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. net.

THE author's purpose is 'to controvert the naturalistic tendency of present-day criticism of the Bible.' He regards the miracles recorded in the Old Testament as the outposts of the citadel of Christianity, and fears that if these outposts are surrendered the citadel itself will be in danger. In a series of chapters 'The Ascension of Elijah;' 'The Astronomical Phenomenon in the Time of Joshua;' 'Jonah's Miraculous Preservation;' etc. etc., are ably discussed. While we cannot accept all the author's conclusions, the book is well worth a careful reading.—J. H.

'The Oxford Reformers.' By the late George F. Bridges. Revised and Re-written. Elliot Stock. 5s. net.

'BACK to the Reformation' is the clarion cry of this excellent work. It is designed to show by the history and teaching of the Oxford Martyrs that the Church of England principles had not their source in Roman Catholic, but in Reformation teachers. Such a book, widely read, must tend to check the modern Romeward tendency of a large section of the Anglican Church and prove of great service in defending evangelical faith against the merely human and unscriptural system of sacramentarianism and mediation. The book is worthy of national circulation.

'Studies in Elocution.' By Alfred S. Lowry. George Philip and Son. 2s. net.

WE cordially commend this book to those who contemplate speaking or reciting in public. The studies themselves are prefaced with an introductory essay on 'The Art of Elocution,' and a scheme of vocal exercises for public speakers. We could wish that all public speakers would take the trouble involved in acquainting themselves with the few simple rules here stated; much labour would be saved and greater profit come to the audience. The selections cover a wide range, grave and gay, poetry and prose and a sufficient stock is here provided for any gathering that has for its purpose a moral and wholesome hour. Newer than Bell's, it is also more varied and useful. It will be interesting to our readers to know that the author and compiler of this book is the officially appointed teacher of Elocution at Hartley College.

WORK AMONG ROUGH DIAMONDS.

A CHAPTER IN MODERN MISSIONS.

By Rev. Samuel Horton.

MR. P. DARBYSHIRE, THE MISSION LEADER.

PRIMITIVE METHODISM can still win moral and spiritual victims. The days of miracles are not past. The testimony of the healed man can still be appealed to in proof of the saving grace of the Gospel. A little brochure has just been issued in connection with the Carterknowle Mission, in the Sheffield Ninth station, which is like a breath of the North wind after the sultry heat of summer. It is an appeal for help, but an appeal for help based on something accomplished. It is a story to rejoice over with exceeding great joy.

Carterknowle is on the outskirts of Sheffield on the Derbyshire side. On one side of the Abbeydale Road there is Villadom, and on the other a low lying District which is

Fast becoming a Suburban Slum.

Here there has been dumped down a colony of workers, driven out of the heart of the city, and some of the worst features of the slums are, alas! being reproduced. Overcrowding, untidyness, drunkenness, gambling, are all here, and some of the property is already bearing the marks of delapidation and wilful neglect, although most of it has been only built for a few years. It is very discouraging to those who believe that change of environment is all that is necessary for the redemption of the submerged tenth The Housing Problem is but one phase of a much greater one, which goes much deeper and has its roots in character. In many a Social Service meeting the doctrine of *laisser faire*, as expressed in the phrase 'put a pig in a parlour and he will turn it into a pigstye' has had to be combated. True enough, but it is also true that if you train a child in a pigstye he will learn to be a pig. The question is how to turn a human pig into a decent self-respecting, cleanly animal.

You must Change his Environment,

but if you do nothing more, it is very evident that carrying his old habits, tendancies, and uncleanly ways with him, he is more likely to affect his environment than his environment is to affect him. You must, somehow, *change him*. Here within a few minutes walk of the country, beautiful scenery, and with plenty of fresh air and light, there is a population that exhibits a downward rather than an upward tendency, and promises soon to sink into surroundings as morally unhealthy as those which obtain in the very heart of the city. For example, the question of overcrowding is not settled when you have put a family of four or five into a decent house, say, with two or three bedrooms. Forthwith lodgers are often taken in until every available inch of space is used to the detriment of both health and morality. Here a visitor, for example, found six persons living in one room to eat, drink, and sleep. We want a law not only to prevent our suburbs from being at the mercy of the speculative builder who runs up houses on every available piece of land, but also to prevent such overcrowding as this in the houses themselves.

In 1899 the friends at Abbeydale commenced a mission in this district in the Board School. But Board Schools are not built for mission purposes, and my experience is that only in very exceptional cases do the people take kindly to them. After two years' earnest but not very successful labour, the mission moved to a stable in Coniston Road, which was converted into a mission hall, with the hayloft as a class room. Churches are born in strange places, like the great founder of the faith to whom the world could give no better birthplace than the rude Eastern caravansary, and no more costly cradle than the manger. The people came to the stable who would not come to the schoolroom. On the first Saturday evening of 1902 the first service was held, and a good beginning was made, for at the close sight persons signed the temperance pledge. On the Sabbath the place was full, and one soul made the momentous decision which spells destiny. And it is in the art of bringing men to decision that this mission excels. 'We never see converts now,' was the mournful plaint made by a leading official of a strong church last week. 'We have lost the knowledge of how to get men converted.' But at Carterknowls it is quite the exceptiom on a Sabbath evening *not* to see one or more converts. Indeed it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that the record of this church

Is one of Continuous Revival.

There has been a steady increase until now the mission reports 160 members with a reserve which brings the number up to nearly 200.

In 1905 the mission moved to Edgedale Road, where, incited thereto by the princely generosity of the late Mr. Henry Adams, a new schoolroom and suite of vestries had been built costing £3,050.

A magnificent site in front remains for the chapel so soon as our friends can sweep away the £1,000 which remains on the present buildings. They have set themselves to raise £700 during the Centenary years, and the little booklet to which I have referred is an appeal for help to all lovers of aggressive mission work. But its interest lies in the wonderful story it tells of lives redeemed. Among the converts are no less than fourteen drunkards and gamblers, and since the brochure has been written two or three more have been added to the number. It is a sight to see these men—once notorious for their wickedness—standing in front of the preacher's desk, and to hear them sing over and over again,

'My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, came forth, and followed Thee.'

To listen to their experience is a revelation of the saving power of the grace of God. One was a notorious drunkrad for forty years. Everybody knew him and knows him now. This thing was not done in a corner. A few Sabbath evenings gone I heard him tell how four years ago God saved him and took away the desire for drink. I was greatly impressed with this man's prayers. Another was a drunkard and a wife-beater. His home was miserable, and his life a burden. He came to the mission, and during the singing of a hymn God saved him. His life testifies that the change was very real. A third—whose happy face tells of inward peace—had never gone home sober on a Saturday for eight years. When drunk he would smash the furniture, and once attempted to commit suicide. His poor wife had often to hide from him, and was compelled to sleep in empty houses or closets. I do not wonder that womanhood—abused, illtreated, starved womanhood—should eagerly look forward to the time when it will have a vote and can close the public-houses. I have been made

A Convert to Woman Suffrage

by woman's sufferings. One night this man went home and eagerly looked down the columns of the evening paper to see if a horse he had backed had won. It had lost, and in a rage he swore and drove his hand through the paper. An open-air meeting was going on outside and he went to the door. He received an invitation to go to the mission. He went to return home a new man. The drunkard had been made sober. The gambler was rescued. He is as zealous for God as before time he was for the devil. He has already become a very useful scout in the Lord's army. In his neighbourhood there was a man who according to his own testimony during the year 1907, was drunk 50 weeks out of 52. He was suffering from 'delirium tremens' when the man who had himself just been saved visited him. A week after, while yet half crazy he was taken by this friend to a prayer meeting and he was a most pitiful sight. This was on Friday, on Saturday he was drunk again. But the glorious Sabbath which was to be his spiritual birthday arrived. And He who came to seek the lost, found this lost man. He is another trophy to the power that saves to the uttermost. Home, wife, children all testify that he is a true follower of Jesus. And so the wonderful story runs on in this Booklet of a dozen pages. It is the most powerful argument for the truth of the Christian religion I have read for many a day; powerful not because of its arguments or literary style, but because of its FACTS.

MRS P. DARBYSHIRE.

The Mission has an indefatigable leader in Mr. P. Darbyshire whose class numbers 100 members, while his good wife looks after the women and has a class of 60 and a large mothers' meeting. Mr. Sansby has charge of the Sunday school; Mr. Northeast the Society, Mr. John Northeast the Band of Hope, and Mr. Willey the Christian Endeavour. But indeed, all are workers at Carterknowle, enthusiastic, sometimes noisily fervent, but always deadly in earnest. The very staid, and sober, perchance, think sometimes, that these men are too emotional, or express their emotions in too vigorous a fashion for loud 'Amens' and 'Hallelujahs' often ring through the sanctuary but it is a type of Methodism that is not too common to day.

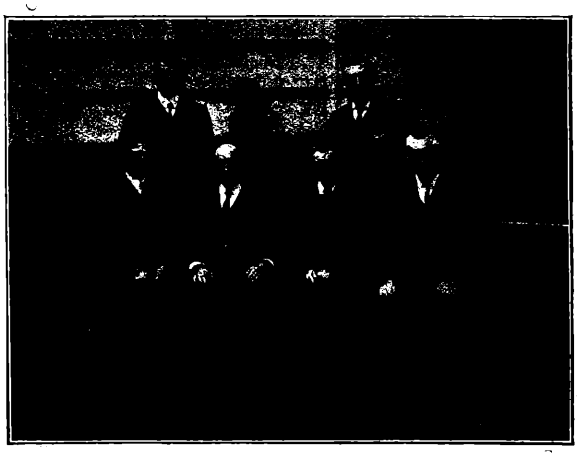
Better Wildfire than no Fire at all.

For myself I dare not critisize too severely a church that has a soul-saving record such as this. In thirty-five Sundays of last year out of fifty-two, converts were seen at the penitent form.

Meantime the Social conditions of the neighbourhood are not overlooked. One story out of 'Sister Jennie's' diary is sufficiently eloquent, even when told in the baldest way. Our consecrated Sister was visiting and called at a house where the inhabitants are like many of their neighbours feeling the pinch of hard times. A little boy came in from school, 'Put off your shoes,' said his mother and then turning to her visitor she added, 'Excuse me, Sister, but I must pledge these for we have no food in the house.'

When the history of every Church is written by the pen that exaggerates nothing and extenuates nothing I wonder how many churches will have a better record than this Sheffield mission? If it has its weaknesses—its faults in methods and discipline—it *saves men*. Some churches are so perfect in their machinery that they have no time for anything else but to admire their own organization.

CARTER KNOWLE MISSION SCHOOLS.



A GROUP OF RECLAIMED DRUNKARDS AND GAMBLERS.

'Messages of Hope.' By George Matheson, D.D. James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.

THE memory of the great heroic soul whose thoughts are enshrined here induces one to touch the book reverently. The very title of the book was the key-note of Dr. Matheson's life. Here in a delightful volume the publishers have given to us those tender, sweet, almost lyrical, thoughts and prayers, some of which delighted the readers of the 'Christian World' until the musical voice was hushed in death. The messages come to us now in a permanent form, and will be cherished for their own sake and for the sake of the departed prophet. We can hardly think of anything more adapted to soothe the soul, to stimulate it in its struggle upwards than the sketches given us here.

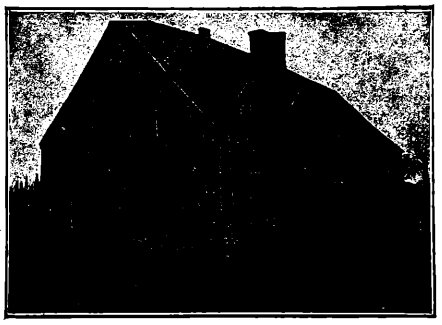
A LINK WITH THE PAST.

The Story of a Communion Cup.

By Rev. W. Perry.

MRS GREEN.

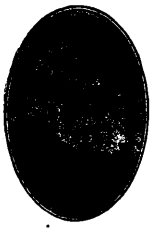
MRS. GREEN, of the Wood, Maesbrook, Llanymynech, who is now in her eighty-fifth year, is a member of a family whose history is inseparably linked with that of our church at Maesbrook, in the Llanymynech circuit. Her mother, the late Mrs. Ward, afterwards Mrs. Parry, was one of the first converts, and for many years helped to sustain and shape the religious life of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Green has been a member of our church at Maesbrook for seventy-four years, so that the lives of these two godly women synchronize with the history of our church.



THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE, MAESBROOK.

In those early days the meetings were held in an old farm house, which forms part of the Wood estate. The room was ample in its linear dimensions, but the ceiling was low and did not allow for much or violent exercise in an upward direction. The Rev. Henry Higginson was a singular man, much wondered at, and not the less so in his bodily appearance and dimensions. The old pulpit was entered by a step, but that one step was just enough to make it impossible for him to enter without endangering his head or ceiling, or both.

Mr. Higginson was compelled to answer the question which used to appear on the yearly report, Is he a long preacher? by a decided Yes. He was so tall, that he not only found pulpits too small and rooms too low, but often beds too small for him. He and the late Rev. J. B. Knapp, who was not a small man, were staying together in this neighbourhood, and it was necessary that they should occupy the same bed. Mr. Higginson apprehended that one small bed would scarcely contain all of two such men, and discreetly hurried his prayers and preparations so as to get into bed first, and be sure of his



MR. E. PARRY.

MRS. PARRY.

part. He did so by lying *across* the bed from corner to corner, and then with a chuckle assured his companion, 'This is the way I generally lie,' which was no doubt perfectly true, and not done just for that occasion or merely to have his joke. It was in this neighbourhood that he was said to have asked that singular poetic blessing. Rabbits had been plentiful and he had had more than his share.

Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Thank the Lord I've had enough.

A Unique Sacramental Cup.

Mrs. Green's grandfather was a local celebrity. His fame as a marksman was more than local, and he was a patron of all the sports. He competed in some and carried off the prize. The Llanfyllin races attracted wide interest and drew great crowds. In 1800, he won the cup with one of his horses and the cup was suitably inscribed, part of it being—'*Success to the Llanfyllin Races. 1800.*' This, of course, was before the advent of Primitive Methodism.

The Wood became the centre and scene of other things and the grandchildren of this sporting S. Ward had other interests and pursuits. This cup, with other relics, came into the possession of these converted descendants. Mrs. Green's mother was the antithesis of such, and as she was converted she resolved the cup should be converted too. She took that cup in hand and with much diligent rubbing, she nearly succeeded in effacing the offending inscription so that it could be used as a sacramental cup—and it has served as such ever since.

There can still be read the word Success, and the year 1800, and very faintly —Races. This cup is a symbol—its past associations and present use symbolise the history of the family and place. 'Such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God.'

A Veteran Missionary Collector.

Mrs. Green has been interested in our missions ever since we have had missions. She has been a supporter or collector ever since 1845. In Dec., 1845, in the 26th Missionary Notice, an appeal was made by the venerable R. Ward, of New Zealand, on behalf of native children. In that appeal he says that he knew of no school, or of any effort being made on their behalf either to educate or clothe them. He was concerned that they should not only be taught, but decently clothed, and he made an appeal for various articles, a list of which he gives, to be sent out. His list is interesting:—Prints, calico, sewing cottons, needles, pins, pasteboard for bonnets!! pens, paper and rubber. This singular appeal was not without a response from the Wood and in the 29th Notice appears the following:

	£	s	d
S. Ward	2	2	0
E. Parry	1	0	0
Maesbrook School	0	8	0
Miss A Ward			
To purchase pins, etc.	0	10	1
Mrs. Parry			
To purchase pasteboard for bonnets	0	2	6
Mr. E. Parry (Junr.) to purchase India rubber	0	1	6

That 2s. 6d. for pasteboard for bonnets for native girls is a tit-bit.

Mrs. Green, who was then Miss Ward, and whose donation was 10s., has been up to now a missionary collector, her box last

MR. T. WARD GREEN, J.P.

year yielding £4. There are few collectors in our church who have such a long record. All honour to these few whose efforts have not slackened, and whose interest has not waned for more than half a century in a cause so dear to the heart of our Saviour. Mrs. Green has handed her box to her grandchild, Catherine, five years of age, with a hope and prayer that this box may be held as long and used as well as in the past half century.

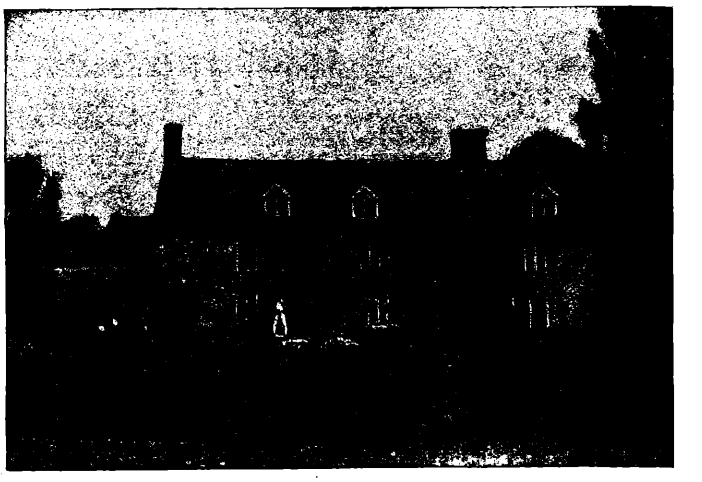
Old Friends.

One of the first to mission this neighbourhood was J. Wedgwood, who came from the Cheshire side, and tradition says, rode on an old white pony. This would be in 1822 or 1823 as the writer has a plan on which Maesbrook figures as having regular services for 1824. Thomas Bateman was also an early visitor, and correspondence with the Wood was kept up until 1893, the year of his death. An extract from one of his letters will be of interest—:

Chorley, Nantwich,
Jan. 26th, 1893.

Dear old Friend and Bro. Ward,

I have given over attempting to write much, but thought I must try to do so to you. . . . . I suppose you are aware that I attended the last Conference at Nott. My bodily powers are failing fast. . . . . I shall soon be laid down in my last bed on earth. . . . . Twenty years hence who will hear of me!! . . . . It has often afforded me pleasure in thinking of the happy hours I have spent with you at the Wood. . . . . Your nephew, I sincerely hope,



THE WOOD HOUSE, MAESBROOK.

will remain a true and valuable standard bearer, when the colours have fallen from your hands and mine.

That prayer concerning the nephew has been graciously answered. Mr. T. Ward Green, J.P., is doing much more than merely filling a vacant place—he has carried the colours into fresh quarters, and widened the area of our influence and operations.

Mrs. Green's grandmother purchased a small holding in Knockin parish in order to get a family pew in the parish church with no idea that that family pew would not be wanted in a few years. As soon as the late S. Ward came of age, he gave land on which to build a chapel in 1844. Another branch of the family, which had not been touched by these religious influences, viewed this with mockery and raillery, and they freely prophesied that the chapel would soon be turned into a dog kennel, and his bit of patrimony would not last long now. This prophecy has been falsified. Their portion of the property has long ago been sold, and the money squandered, while the unpretentious little chapel of 1844 has been fitted up as a school, and a new and better chapel erected near, making a block of buildings striking to the eye, and giving evidence of a faith and love which have ripened with the years. We have now three chapels in the parish, with about 100 members out of a population of one thousand.

MR. S. WARD.

'The Letters of Queen Victoria.' Edited by Mr. A. C. Benson, M.A. and Viscount Esher. John Murray. Three volumes. 2s. each.

It is very rare that we have this class of book brought within the range of the ordinary reader so early as these volumes. This new edition of the late Queen's letters, has been issued by special command of the King at the price of six shillings for the three books. Considering that the Letters have so recently been given to the public, that they were issued at £3 3s. in three volumes, that the present popular edition contains over fifteen hundred pages in three volumes, that they contain all that the most expensive edition contained, and are more convenient in size the complete letters will rank among the very cheapest of productions. The sale will, without doubt, be enormous. The Letters contain matter that is destined to become historic, and will reveal our late beloved Queen's as one of the busiest and most observant minds.

'A Shorter Manual of Theology.' By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.

In this cheap and well-printed volume Dr. Beet has given us a successful condensation of his 'Manual of Theology,' marked by his usual lucidity of style and logical arrangement of materials. The work may rightly claim to be scientific in method, and to have considerable apologetic value. It is from the side of Natural Religion and history he comes to the New Testament Scriptures which, at first, are taken simply as creditable historical documents. Another feature of the book is the author's thorough treatment of the Experience of Salvation. This almost differentiates the book, and makes it a manual of religion as well as of theology. No one can carefully read such a chapter as that on 'The Way of Holiness,' and those chapters which immediately follow, without being the better for it. The Manual deserves to be widely known.—H. B. K.

WEARDALE PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

By J. J. Spoor.

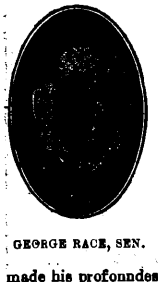
REV. THOMAS BATTY.

THE phenomenal success that attended the labours of the pioneers of Primitive Methodism amongst the scattered hamlets of Weardale was no less a tribute to their intelligence than to their intense zeal. For it is not every type of preacher whose message commends itself to the type of mind and temperament peculiar to the dale. More than one minister, looking upon the dour, serious countenances of a Weardale congregation and finding his effort seemingly fail to secure any response, has been disposed to regard their attitude as pure stolidity, little dreaming that beneath that gloomy exterior were souls capable of the greatest spiritual intensity.

The writer, whose privilege it was to conduct anniversary services at one of these hamlets for several years in succession, well remembers an experience that illustrates our meaning. On the Saturday prior to the anniversary, one of the chief officials, an exceptionally fine character, was killed in the mine under most tragic circumstances. In consequence, the Saturday evening public meeting was abandoned. Large congregations, however, filled the chapel on the Sunday. Preaching was a most difficult task, for beneath the shadow of the blow, the people, especially the male section, seemed almost defiant. At the commencement of the evening prayer meeting there was a painful pause. No one seemed inclined to pray. Ultimately one brother, in tones of solemn reverence, broke the silence. After a reference to the loss uppermost in every mind, and to their being flung back on the bed-rock of fortitude and experience, he struck a note of triumph in the possession of a Saviour who was mightier than death. The truth gripped the meeting, and from the gloomy regions of death we were translated to the exultant light of the Resurrection Morn, from the atmosphere of a cold, passionless service to that of a heated revival. The fire had been smouldering unperceived all day, it only needed the power of prayer to fan it into a flame.

Possibly no one has more accurately hit off this peculiar characteristic of the Northern dalesmen than did the Rev. J. Wenn, who described them as being 'anthracite in temperament,' slow to take fire, but, when once the flame is kindled, capable of sustained religious fervour. Even the Rev. Thomas Batty, the acknowledged Apostle of Primitive Methodism in Weardale, at first failed to discover this anthracite quality, and after strenuous labour with no apparent result, was almost despairing. He could secure large companies but saw no visible sign of converting power and so he made up his mind to leave the dale and to go in search of a more responsive people. But a toll gate keeper, evidently an observant brother, came to his rescue. He told Batty that he knew much better than he the dalesmen's temperament and that he had discovered in many conversations that the work of conviction had begun; if he would continue to preach every night for another week results would be seen. He acted upon the advice, the toll-gate keeper's prophecy came true, and hundreds were converted. Indeed so remarkable was the progress made that in 1832 Westgate and Alston reported more members than did the Hull Home Branch itself.

One of the greatest revivals of a later period took place in 1867, and is spoken of as 'the Clark revival,' the ministers at that time being the Rev. Peter Clark, the Rev. Edward Rust, and the Rev. J. (now Dr.) Watson as probationer. The tide of revival swept the whole of the dale. Preaching at Wearhead continued every night for fourteen weeks, and the following Quarter Day reported an increase of three hundred, with a reserve of the same number. It was in this revival that many ministers, who are to-day doing splendid work in our ministry, were converted. Indeed, we question whether there is a parallel case in the history of the connexion, for from that church about twenty men have entered the ranks of our ministry. Amongst others, we might mention the names of Dr. Watson, Revs. J. Elliott, T. Elliott, John and Emmerson Phillipson, F. Watson, T. J. Watson, Charles and Fred Humble, and others.



GEORGE RACE, SEN.

Weardale has been fortunate in possessing certain laymen gifted with an intelligence and sanctified common sense above the average. The late George Race, who was placed on the plan as an exhorter by the Hull quarterly meeting in 1831, was a man of exceptional character. Philosopher, metaphysician, and mystic, he was one of the most interesting personalities it has been our privilege to meet. Though he stood head and shoulders above his fellows in sheer mental force he knew it not; there was an utter absence of display or pretence. He was one of the people, and no one could preach to a dale audience as could he. He had a facility in speech which made his profoundest passages intelligible to the least educated of his hearers. Often have we heard him spoken of as 'King of the Dale,' and he deserved the title, for he was undoubtedly pre-eminent, especially in the realm of thought and sterling moral worth. Many a man we judge can trace his love of books and mental culture to the inspiration of George Race, to his wise counsel and example. His son, also called George, at the age of seventy-five, is, we are thankful to say, still with us. He has to no mean extent inherited the mental gifts and moral qualities of his revered father, and has rendered splendid service in our Northern pulpits.

REV. W. DENT.

Mr. Joseph Rutherford, now resident at Witton-le-Wear, is another layman who, throughout a long life, has given ungrudging labour in the interests of Primitive Methodism. It has been our privilege for many years to sit with delight and profit under the ministry of Mr. Rutherford. The mystical element is strikingly manifest in his treatment of spiritual truth, whilst his enthusiasm in the cause of real religion seems to grow with the years. Never a robust man physically, he yet remains in full and active circuit work though well past the allotted span.

Joseph Jopling, of Frosterley, a simple and devout evangelist, himself the fruit of a revival, did much to foster and develop the revival spirit in the early days, and evidences of his labour still exist, not only in the dale, but in the wider sphere where he was led. Featherstone Phillipson, a loyal, prudent, and intelligent leader, the father of two of our ministers, did much to consolidate the good work of his time. Fanny Peart, one of the saints of Weardale, must not be forgotten. Her devotion in the realm of hospitality and tender ministry still remains, and will continue a fragrant memory in the annals of Weardale Methodism.

REV. C. C. MCKECHNIE.

Of course, it is impossible within the limits of a brief article to even name that multitude of worthy men and women the records of whose achievements still remain an inspiration to those of a later day. We could not, however, close without recalling a few who not only exercised a tremendous formative influence in the dale itself, but whose labours won recognition from one end of the Connexion to the other. Such men, for example, as Henry Phillips, Thomas Greenfield, C. C. McKechnie, John Atkinson, James Bastow, William Jemison, William Dent, Hugh Gilmore, Ralph Fenwick. These men were preachers of whom any church might justly be proud. As we recall the magic effect of their utterances we would fain know the secret of their power. Was it not in that marvellous balance of head and heart which they always preserved, that harmony of nature which utilised every faculty intellectual and emotional, but which took undue advantage of none.

Oh, that the memories awakened during these Centenary celebrations may revive and restore in a larger measure the faculty which was pre-eminent in these men, the power to preach.

'IN THE WEST COUNTRIE.'

By Rev. J. C. Mantripp.

THE first visible sign of Primitive Methodism was disappointing. A small, well-built chapel, pleasantly situated in a picturesque valley at the foot of Brown Clee Hill, forsaken, derelict. The palpitating vitality of the babbling brook was a living rebuke to the desolation of this wayside sanctuary. On the front gable a stone bore the inscription,

Primitive Methodist
Providence Chapel
1876.

but the grass-grown path, and the gigantic weeds, reaching above the window-ledges, testified either that providence had been unkind, or that man had used the gifts of providence unwisely. Enquiry brought the information that to attend a Primitive Methodist service a journey of five miles, much of it over rugged ways, would be necessary, but that a Wesleyan chapel could be reached when the weather was propitious in little more than two-and-a-half miles by a way through thorns and thistles, bents and brooks. And although loyalty is a virtue, yet circumstances made a shorter journey a necessity.

A close acquaintance with this neighbourhood, so far out of the beaten track, made it clear that Methodism is not a spent force. The Primitives and Wesleyans are practically the sole representatives of Free Church life, and the fact of the continued occupation of this remote region testifies to loyalty and vitality. The churches are not so robust nor so aggressive as the needs of the people demand; their future, however, is not all behind them, as some prophets of gloom would have us believe.

Methodism has many difficulties with which to contend in this neighbourhood. For some of these, however, the remedy is already prepared if the people would but rise up and assert themselves. Especially is this the case in respect to political disabilities. The fetters of feudalism are acutely felt in this part of Shropshire. What is strange is, that they should be clung to with such tenacity. They are regarded as natural, almost necessary. There is something of fatalism in it. Methodism is still regarded as undesirable in farm tenants on some estates. The rights of game are more than the rights of the farmer to his crops. To complain or ask for compensation is tantamount to asking for notice to quit. Farmers who protect their crops from hunters are debarred from competing for some prizes at the local shows. On an estate in one immediate neighbourhood a gamekeeper, who was also a Primitive Methodist local preacher, was told that he must give up preaching or lose his position on the estate. It is easy to say that such persecution should be set at defiance, but when a man is responsible for a wife and family it is easier to submit until the opportunity for freedom without risk arises. Martyrdom is not easy on a small stage. This neighbourhood once produced a William Lackland, whose 'Piers the Ploughman,' voiced a great revolt against oppression and tyranny. The standard of revolt may be raised again, but there are no signs of it yet.

A serious hindrance to aggressive Methodism arises from the geographical difficulties of this neighbourhood. To view the country from the Clee Hills on a clear summer day is an inspiration. The land seems a Paradise—even the contiguous Black Country is radiant with beauty. In the winter months, however, the picturesque is at a discount. Journeys of six, eight, ten, or more miles to some cottages, or small chapel on the hill-side, often with no road to give a sense of safety, take all the poetry out of the landscape. Ministers coming from the conveniences of modern life into a condition of things so primitive as this lose heart, and move on quickly. And the people are in a chronic state of disappointment. There are glorious effects to be seen among these hills. A journey is commenced in a fog. The climb mile after mile is weird and wearisome, when suddenly the fog is all beneath, and the hill tops are bathed in sunshine, while the singing birds make melody in a world fairer than any dream has pictured it. But it is no joke to be overtaken with fog in the night time, when only a track hardly visible in daylight marks the way home. It is related of a minister, whose name is honoured throughout our Church, that he was coming over the hills with two companions when such a difficulty occurred. 'Keep close to me,' he said, 'I know every inch of the way,' and straightway led them into a pigstye. Another minister tells of how for three hours one night he endeavoured in vain to reach the light he saw in the valley, until a fortunate accident brought him home another way. Yet for those who can master nervousness, and face a few real dangers, there is great reward. When people flock to the plain, bare chapel on the bleak, windswept hill-side, each carrying his or her lantern (so helpful to the native, so baffling to a stranger), they are a congregation to delight the heart of a preacher. Too much cannot be said of the loyalty of the local preachers. They know the country, but with long journeys and small congregations it is creditable that so few appointments are neglected.

The Methodist people in this neighbourhood are generally very Conservative. This constitutes the greatest difficulty in inaugurating an aggressive policy. In hilly countries there is often associated with tenacity of old customs and methods a breadth of thought and freshness of outlook that more than compensates. It is not so here. Perhaps the hills are not sufficiently high to induce enquiry. There is a sense of wonder, but no sense of intimacy with the infinite. And so the old ways are kept, without any care for the new endeavours that new opportunities make necessary.

One sign of stagnation is the lamentable lack of the sense of humour. Not but there is material for laughter. Only the mirth of others leaves the native stolidity unmoved. 'I suppose you are Mr. R—,' said a visitor to the presiding genius in a chapel in the valley, naming the society steward. 'Oh, no Sir, I am not him—the fact is, Mr. R— enjoys very bad health, and is not able to come very often.' And the hardly suppressed smile was viewed with a look of pain and pity combined. It is related that at a confirmation service held in a little church on the hill side there was an old lady seventy years of age amongst the candidates. The bishop paused before placing his hand upon her head and said, 'My good woman, have you lived to this age without being confirmed?' 'Why no, Sir, she answered, 'I've been confirmed three times before, but I've heard it's a good thing for rheumatism, so I thought I'd try it again.' An old local preacher, only recently dead, judged all preachers unworthy of their calling who stood to pray in the rostrum (he was a pronounced Anti-Ritualist), and in order to make conformity to his sign of orthodoxy easy he provided a velvet covered cushion to entice the stiff knees to bend.

This lack of humour greatly hinders progress. It is sad to observe the lack of young people at public worship. And especially so when Methodism is practically the only representation of Free Church life.

There are signs of an awakening. But the sympathy with humanity—its passions and frivolities, as well as its high aspirations—will have to run the gauntlet of hostile criticism from seasoned professors within the churches before it gains its object and claims the young people as subjects for the Church's interest and service. The remedy for hesitancy and is attendant decadence here, as elsewhere, is not far to seek. The opportunities of Methodism are great—Methodism is oblivious of its opportunities. Let the sleeping giant awake and put lethargy away. This must be, or the forsaken wayside chapel will be more than a regrettable incident—it will become the sign of a problem—a parable of deserved degradation. Methodism must catch afresh the insistence of the Gospel message as good tidings to the people and must go to the people with a message for life now as well as life to come. It will find the people ready to respond. There is nothing that hinders a great forward movement of Methodism among these secluded hills and valleys if Methodism will have it so. And if the heather should be fired and the possibilities of these people be touched with power, from these places of silence and retirement would sound forth as the voice of a trumpet a call to splendid victory. The old spirit of 'Piers the Ploughman' would reveal itself for all its seeming failure 'a triumph's evidence for the fulness of the days' only in larger, full-orbed manner; social passion touched into perfection by the salvation of Christ.

'Step-Sister Stella,' 3s. 6d.; 'Hilary Quest,' 5s. By Evelyn Everett-Green. The Pilgrim Press, 16 Pilgrim St., London, E.C.

THE writings of this popular authoress need no commendation. Her books have been read by tens of thousands. The stories are healthy, full of entrancing interest. Those who begin to read will go the end, and—will be eager to read the story a second time.

POT ELLEN.

A STORY OF OLDHAM PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

By Rev. George Armitage.

'POT ELLEN.'

When the Primitive Methodists came singing through the village of Bardsley, on May 19th, 1822, on their way from Manchester and Ashton to Oldham, they little knew the deep and lasting benefits which would result from their zealous labours. The grassy spot on which they held the camp meeting that day became historic, and they set the pattern to those marvellous camp meetings which were afterwards held on Oldham Edge by their children in the gospel for upwards of forty years. From time immemorial, Whitsuntide has been a week of religious festivity, especially in Lancashire, and Whit-Sunday came to be recognised by the Oldham Primitives as the great camp meeting day, and as many as twenty thousand people would assemble on such occasions. The busy cotton town of Oldham, from whose tall mill chimneys there belch forth the smoke of a hundred mills and workshops, is itself built on the hillside, but in the early eighteenth century the summit of the hill, known as the 'Edge,' was approached by country lanes and covered with grassy slopes. From thence there were views of the homes and workshops of the people, and the distant plains of Cheshire and the encircling hills of Yorkshire. This height, became the Mow Cop of those godly and zealous spinners and weavers of the drink-soaked, dog-fighting, pigeon-flying, and godless Oldham.

Primitive Methodism came to birth amid poverty and persecution, but after worshipping in the open air, then in the old stable, the little church found a home, successively, in Duke Street Grosvenor Street, and Boardman Street. This was long before the spacious chapel in Henshaw Street was contemplated. In those days also the church now worshipping at Lees Road, was glad of the humble shelter afforded by the old room in the Vineyard, and the garrett above the Ironmonger's shop. These were the days when the hearts of the people were all aglow with religious fervour, when they were known throughout the town by their plainness of dress, their moving songs, their mighty prayers, their godly living, and their consuming zeal to snatch men from sin, as 'brands from the burning.' The fiery cross of this apostolic Evangelism was carried by such men as F. N. Jersey, John Garner, James Garner, Jobling, King, Judson, Autliff, and many others, whose only record of their sufferings and success is with God.

Hugh Bourne himself, often visited these people. There are still living those who tell of the significance of the coming of the venerable man of God. He was welcomed and loved, and his godly counsels were followed. Amongst the girls it was the signal to take all the flowers from their hats and to replace them with modest ribbon, and for the ringlets and curls to be forcibly imprisoned and tucked away, probably with many pouts, out of sight. The stern old man had a heart of love for the children, though, perhaps, he so little understood them, and frighted their young hearts by telling them as his hands moved elfishly about his eyes, 'You must be good, and say your prayers and get the 'naughty' taken out of your hearts, or you will go to the bad place where it burnt blue as blue, and then you will be crying for your mother.'

It was the custom of the various town societies to meet together on Whit Sunday morning in the Market Place. The previous week would be spent in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people, and the Sunday school scholars had been aroused into a deeper interest because of the purchase and preparation of new clothes, for the boys would march forth in their new garments with a self-conscious air, and the girls would be radiant in new white frocks. Some four hundred people would spend the morning in missioning through the grimy and irregular streets. In the afternoon there came groups of Primitives from the surrounding places, many bringing their food for the day tied up in handkerchiefs, to swell the ranks of the 'Ranters' camp meeting.' Like a mighty host they sang and prayed and preached their way through the narrow streets up to the heights where the great feast of soul was to be. Nor did they always pass through the crowds, which thronged out of the dwellings and even the public houses to watch the strange proceedings, without interruption. They were saluted with clods and stones and rotten eggs, derisive shouts, and mocking songs, 'I a ranter sure shall bel' But they could neither be stopped nor silenced. Like a general haranguing his troops before battle, 'Big Brierley,' Thomas Kershaw, James Ainsworth, or other 'Boanerges,' with stentorian voice would announce the battle hymn,

'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,'

or—

'Hark the gospel news is sounding,'

and the victory would be won.

The camp meeting itself was a pitched battle against the devil and his works. From the 'stands' repentance was preached and pardon freely offered; in other parts of the field there were praying companies, possessed with the prevailing power of Jacob and Moses and Elijah. Amongst them were the penitents, 'wounded by the arrows of conviction' and crying for mercy, and ever and again there would be a shout of triumph as some sinner struggled into liberty. At night crowds of happy people, with shining faces, streamed along Boardman Street to enjoy the lovefeast, and to tell 'how their obains fell off and their hearts went free!' No wonder several would be on their feet at once, amid a running comment of 'Ay Lad, Glory be to God. That's it. Hallelujah.' No wonder that when men and women in their sins cried aloud for mercy, the more excitable saints clasped their hands and jumped together around the room for very gladness of heart. For as far back as 1829 these Oldham people leaped for joy, and at times the children, after listening at the door to the noise, would run home saying, 'the ranters are feighten', the ranters are feighten!'

It was on one such week-night street mission in 1849, that Pot Ellen was arrested in her ungodly life. She was a hawker of pots, and a broad-set, powerful, and masculine type of woman, possessing a strong, unmusical voice. She was often to be seen in the streets of Oldham, her arms akimbo, and swinging along with a large basket of pots on her head. As she met the procession, singing its way through the old Bottom, between the Town Hall and Mumps, she decided to follow it, and that very night she found deliverance from the tyranny and burden of her sins. She was very ignorant, for she had been brought up as a Roman Catholic and in a very rough family, but when the Romanists endeavoured to draw her back, she told them boldly, 'I was faithful in your religion, God has converted my soul, and I'll have nothing more to do with you.' But trials heavy and prolonged, came to her from her husband's drunken habits. He was coarse and brutal, and once in a drunken frenzy, Ben threw his boots behind the fire. Ellen snatched them out of the flames, but again he threw them in, and once more she rescued them. After the third time she said, 'Na, Ben, if tha puts them there again, they'll tarry,' and he had sense enough left to hear her words.

One night Ben came home drunk and renewed his ill-treatment, and Ellen came to the end of her patience, and struck him such a smart blow with the poker that it knocked reflection into him. When he had somewhat recovered his amazement at this new treatment, he whined, 'You a Ranter and hitting me with a poker! I'll see about that! I'll go in the morning to the parson and tell him what you've done at me.' He foolishly kept his threat. 'What do you want this morning, Mr. Simcock?' said the superintendent. 'I've come to complain,' said Ben, 'of one of your flock. Should they fight when they are Christians?' and the cur showed the preacher his black eye. 'Well,' said the irate preacher, 'if I had been there I would have helped her and horsewhipped you myself.' 'You ranters are all alike,' said Ben, as he left the house in disgust. As a result of his drunken habits Ellen was unable to pay her rent and was soon turned out of her little home. Broken-hearted, she took her little girl by the hand and went down to the Sheep Washer's brook, near to the present Park, then a quiet and unfrequented place, and wept aloud in her grief. Then her sorrow found expression in one of the songs of Zion as she sang in a strong and loud voice—

'No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.'

A kind-hearted neighbour gave her a kitchen chair, so Ellen took a house and commenced housekeeping again. Ellen suffered long, and entered the Kingdom through much tribulation, owing to her husband's drunkenness and brutality, but when praying in public she generally said, 'Thou knowest, Lord, all about it, without me telling Thee.'

She was a tower of strength in the street missions, which regularly sallied forth to gather in the godless crowds to the revival meetings. She gave hundreds of addresses in the streets, and as she raised her strong voice and talked to the people in their own broad Lancashire dialect, the weavers, spinners, and mechanics stood spell-bound. There was never any interference with her, for they knew her manner of life and what she had once been.

In time Ellen was able to develop a good house to house business in pots among those who belonged to the better class, and so great was the respect for her character and piety that often when sickness or death invaded these homes, she was sent for, in preference to the clergyman or the minister, to pray with the sufferers. On one of her journeys between Oldham and Middleton, as she came near the old Toll Bar, she felt so full of the Holy Spirit that, lifting her basket off her head, and putting it safely on the ground, she shouted with the full strength of her voice and lungs, 'Glory be to God.' A man some little distance ahead of her was so startled that he set off running at his top speed.

How earnestly she would plead with the sinner seeking pardon. On one occasion a woman came to the meeting in Boardman Street in a state of intoxication and carrying a child. As Ellen spoke to her in the prayer meeting tears rolled down the woman's face. 'Now, woman,' said Ellen, 'you'll have to give up the way you're going,' and as the woman sobbed Ellen struggled for her in prayer, and at last victory and peace came. But what had become of the baby? John Bamford had it in his arms, and was in the vestry dancing round on one leg and singing like a nightingale.

When Henshaw Street chapel was being built, Ellen had a collecting book, and as she went hawking her pots she presented her book. She did so at one large house where a large manufacturer lived, but the lady made all kinds of excuses. Ellen, at last, took the book from her, and said, 'I shall be at the judgment, as well as you, and I shall tell the Lord that you would not give me a penny towards building a new house of prayer.' This was sufficient. The lady began to tremble and gave Ellen two pounds.

At her conversion Ellen could not read, but she taught herself to do so, and in her later days she was employed by the Henshaw Street Church as a Bible woman, and she was greatly blessed of God in her work. Many were influenced for God and good living by her visits and prayers. 'Ellen saved me,' said a man at the time of her death. 'No,' said the person addressed, 'it was the Lord Jesus Christ who saved you.' 'Sure,' he replied, 'but it was Ellen. I had a child dead, and what she then said led me to Christ.'

In her declining years she commenced to smoke tobacco As she sat quietly with her friend in her own home the long clay pipe would be brought out and she would puff and talk. Her friends often teased her for this failing, telling her she was setting a bad example to the young people! She would reply, 'Well, you know the promise, Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added to you.' Then with a merry twinkle she pointed to her pipe and continued, 'This is one of the many things that's added.'

Ellen lived among her Oldham friends until she became old and dull of hearing, but her love to Christ, and her anxiety for the salvation of the people never waned. She regularly took her place on the Sunday in the front pew of the chapel, with her hearing-trumpet pressed close to her ear, and when anything in the sermon specially pleased her she would respond aloud, 'Ay mon!' Mrs. Simcock died April 21st, 1902, in her 78th year, and thus closed a wonderful chapter in the history of Oldham Primitive Methodism.

The Wider Life.' By J. R. Miller, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

Readers of devotional literature will not require any introduction to this the most recent production of Dr. Miller's fertile mind. His style is well-known, the themes he pursues are all and always on the high levels of thought and expression. The chapters indicate what may be expected in the book and are devoted to The Wider Life, Visions and Dreams, God in our Common Life, The Print of the Nails, Is God always kind? The School of Life, The Law of Sacrifice, and a number of others. Dr. Miller is always amid his best thoughts when he is talking of sacrifice and service, and these chapters are all g lden.

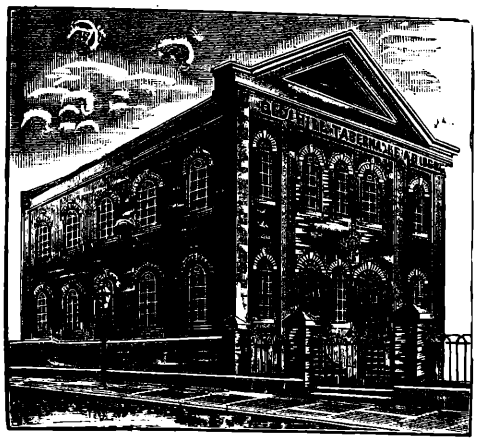
HENSHAW STREET CHURCH, OLDHAM.

'Things Unseen.' By Henry Drummond. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.

Henry Drummond still lives on—long may he live. In this choice booklet, produced after the daintiest style, we have given to us four addresses on themes so congenial to Drummond's genius. The subjects of the addresses are Going to the Father, Recognising the Unseen, To Me to Live is Christ, and What is your Life? The great characteristics of this noble soul, clearness of thought, broadness of conception, and simplicity and lucidity of utterance, making old themes quite new are strongly in evidence here.

Old Hill Tabernacle in the Days of my Youth.

By Rev. Joseph Pearce.



OLD HILL TABERNACLE.

THE society at Old Hill is at least 80 years of age, and has from the first been vigorous and aggressive. Its first home was a humble warehouse, but that warehouse was a God-filled shrine; its next was a good-sized chapel, the rendezvous of some of the saintliest souls and the scene of hundreds of conversions; its present is the Tabernacle, a by-no means unpretentious structure that was built in 1869, during the heroic and prosperous ministry of the Rev. W. Wright. It stands at the head of the Old Hill circuit which was made in 1867 from places detached from Dudley, Brierley Hill and Birmingham, and both it and the circuit (now four circuits) are able to give an excellent account of themselves. 'The memory of things precious keepeth warm the heart,' writes Dora Greenwell, and to me it is always a grateful occupation to go back again to the days of one's youth and renew the acquaintance and fellowship of those choice spirits who had to do with the shaping and complexioning of one's life. Fortunate beyond many must I have been in the church of my childhood and youthhood. Were I allowed to begin again and to choose the souls with whom I could consort during its opening years—I would elect to be born just where I was, and to accompany the same pilgrim band on their heavenward march, quite certain that I could not do better. A journalist writing of our Centenary camp meeting said, 'They all wore the indelible smile to-day—the happiest, heartiest, frankest, most hospitable, best humoured people I ever met.' The same can be said of the people of the Tabernacle in the days of my youth. They were happy beyond the telling—their happiness was the resultant of their holiness. There was a glow and a glory about their religion that could not fail to appeal to a youth. Their's was a piety that could sing and shout, and even dance on occasion—a lugubrious Christianity they had no acquaintance with, the everlasting joy was on their heads and God's own summer was in their hearts. Like the Cornish miner these people were 'born in the fire and could not live in the smoke.'

Of all the sanctuaries in which it has been my privilege to worship, none can ever be to me exactly what the Tabernacle is; it is bound to my heart by a thousand sacred ties, and to this day I never enter it, or even pass it, without thinking of some thrilling experience, or recalling some sister or brother who played the part of Priscilla or Aquila to me, or remembering some Divine manifestation that has registered itself in a never-to-be-forgotten memorial. The first twenty years of my life were spent under its roof, and every portion of the premises suggests something which compels me to utter a Doxology. What an ingrate I would be did I not acknowledge the unspeakable obligation I am under to the people with whom I spent these glorious years. The first minister of my recollection is the Rev. William Wright. Well do I remember him coming to Old Hill as the first superintendent of the new circuit. Surely the appointment was providential. There could not have been a better. He was then just in his prime, vigorous and vivacious, breezy souled and merry-hearted, an evangelist of a high order, one who lived withal under God's shadow. He was just the man for this people, who responded with loving zest to his leadership. Grand times were these for the whole circuit—no meagre harvest was garnered; while Old Hill flourished so, the Tabernacle must needs be built. Of his preaching in those days, I can say nothing, I was too young to be a sermon taster then—but that ministry is remembered by hundreds to this day with especial gratitude.

What I do remember is two things—firstly, the street processions of those times often led by him, and that voice of his, which I always thought of, when I heard the hymn announced, 'O for a trumpet voice, on all the world to call.' I thought his was such a voice, and particularly once when it beguiled me into the street opposite my home where the procession made a halt, and when, as I looked up into Mr. Wright's face, he saw me, placed his hand on my head and said, 'God bless thee, lad,' a word that stayed with me. Little did the speaker think that eighteen years later I should be his colleague, and that that word helped to make me such; secondly, I cannot forget Mr. Wright's interest in the building of the Tabernacle. I saw him almost day by day on the works, for after he had spoken to me I looked out for him as I went to and came from school, and surely enough whenever I passed the building he seemed to be there. Years after I was not surprised to hear it said that as the masons made music with their trowels they were awe-stricken as they heard the minister ejaculating, 'God bless the building,' and that every brick was laid to the accompaniment of prayer. Happy are the circuits that have been served by men of grace and glow such as my old superintendent—a man whom many delight to honour.

My earliest recollections date back even further than the erection of the Tabernacle. My mother was converted in the old chapel when I was a child in her arms, and when she gave herself to God she dedicated me also; and always subsequently, until I was able to take care of myself, I accompanied her to the means of grace, and especially to the class meeting. What seasons those were! When only of tender age I remember how profoundly I was impressed by what I saw, and the impression deepened with the passage of the years! What happy faces, what glowing hearts, what songful lips, what ecstatic experiences these people had! The class meeting in these times has fallen on evil days and evil tongues; is it because we have a less virile and vivid religious experience than our forbears? Given meetings such as one was familiar with in those far-away days, and in seasons less remote, and the disparagement, much less the disestablishment, of the class meeting would be impossible.

What a splendid soul was old Richard Smith, my mother's class leader—he was a brother of Caleb's type, he wholly followed the Lord his God; he was like a ship in full sail, a vessel that went straight on. He was young when he was old, a man who drove a blessed business with Heaven and gave to his members the fruit of a rich and rare experience. Small wonder that the meetings were held right on the verge of Heaven, and that plain people wore Heaven's sheen upon them many a day subsequently. Richard Smith wrote himself unmistakably in many hearts—one such man in every church would be a benediction indeed. His successor in the office of class leader was Thomas Palmer, a much younger man but of eminent piety and well-known for his evangelistic zeal, a preacher of no mean power, and the poet, too, of the Old Hill Society. He, with his father, Richard Palmer, mining inspector and engineer respectively, were prominent officials at the Tabernacle. Friends of Richard Poole and William Booth (now the General), they (Thomas in particular) were greatly influenced by these evangelists, and carried the holy fire into all their religious activities. Thomas simply blazed with holy fervour. He would say to his comrades, 'Now friends, let us go from the ordinary to the extraordinary to-day'—and such were days of exploits. Not content with work at the chapels he interested himself in ragged school work, instituted an early morning prayer meeting at Corogreaves Iron Works, did pioneer work as a temperance reformer, and in other ways, too many to mention, sought to give effect to God's purpose. It was good to see the man of God in charge of a class meeting—to hear his pleading with God and his counsels to his members, and those bursts of sanctified melody which so surely spoke of the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. All too soon did Thomas Palmer finish his earthly pilgrimage—the fire burned too rapidly to last long, but brief though his life it was blessed—and among the builders of the Old Hill Society, no subsidiary place must be assigned to him and his father, so long the circuit steward.

Not often is a good word said for our caretakers—it is oftener the other way. Doubtless the Psalmist had *not* our modern chapel-keepers in mind when he said, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness.' However I have a good word to say for our old chapel-keeper, William Turner, the father of the late Revs. William and Thomas Turner, who rendered no in considerable service to our denomination. Never had a church a more faithful servant—true he sometimes reminded people in no very soft voice that they owed a quarter's seat rent, reproved them for putting their feet on the communion cushion, reprimanded local preachers for being late, and so on, but these were only evidences of his devotion to the cause. For my part I loved William Turner and had with him many a gracious and helpful time. Oft went I to the Sunday morning prayer meeting ere I joined the Sunday morning class—went before it was time to commence, so that I could listen at the keyhole of the door to a deep, bass voice, now engaged in prayer and now reading a hymn. It was the caretaker at his devotions. Eavesdropper though I was, it was good to be there, to listen to a soul, unconscious of being heard, uttering itself thus to the great Father in tender pleading, and many a hymn opened out its beauty and significance to me as I heard it thus read. Sometimes I would go in, and he would speak to me words of gracious encouragement, or ask me to make his solo (for at times he would sing) into a duet, and what a duet it was! He on the low notes with his deep bass voice, and I on the top notes with my childish treble. Nevertheless, hallowed and blessed were these times. Later on, he showed me many a kindness and always have I been glad to have known so sturdy a saint and to count him among my early friends.

The Band Meetings of those days were occasions of great power and blessedness. There was a delightful spontaneity about them, such as I have not met elsewhere save at the Welsh Revival of a few years since. The hymns of Richard Jukes had a great vogue, and were sung with a gusto that told on every one present, and older hymns were rendered with a charming power. What a good deal one would give to hear those old saints sing again, 'Come, and taste along with me, glory, glory, glory;' or 'Come saints and sinners, hear me tell the wonders of Immanuel,' or 'Let us never mind the scoffs,' etc. And what experiences one listened to! And how touching, if there were the least slackness, for the brethen to stand and sing—

'Come, sisters, can't you rise and tell
The wonders of Immanuel?'

or for the sisters to stand singing the same refrain, then all to join in—

'We'll sound his praise throughout our days,
And after death sing glory.'

All this may be considered primitive—but there are primitive methods of ministry which did more to make men conquerors and to compel them to serve their generation, than some supposed up-to-date ones.

The grandest years of my association with Old Hill were from my fourteenth to twentieth birthday, when Dr. Ferguson was our minister. I do not exaggerate when I say that many of those were days of heaven upon earth. Only once had I seen Joseph Ferguson ere he came to us as our superintendent, and then he lectured on 'Temperance, is it right? If so, who ought to espouse it?' At once I was captivated, and soon after his arrival he won me completely. Dr. Ferguson was at his best in those golden years—and not a few were quickened both mentally and religiously. Soon a new face was put upon things.

Never can I forget how the week-night service went up by leaps and bounds, and no wonder, for what preaching we listened to! Four stools served as a desk—but it was pulpit enough; from behind them we were treated to a type of eloquence, sometimes for fifty and sixty minutes of a most wonderful sort. Nor were the sermons wanting in the best elements—nay, no quarter was given to sin, men were compelled to see the plague of their own hearts, while Christ was made so real that His unrivalled beauty we could not miss. It was and is the opinion of many that these were the best sermons he ever preached. At times those services were so powerful that not easily could the people be persuaded to go home. And Ferguson's class meeting that met on a Sunday at 7 a.m.—who could do justice to that? During those six golden years this meeting was more powerful and prosperous than words can say. Here our leader showed us his heart as he did not elsewhere—and the revelation was fraught with abundant blessing. Oh! how near heaven came to us, it seems almost sacrilege to allude to some of those thrice-blessed hours, sometimes there were shouts of exultation and sometimes—

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

How have I seen Alfred Haynes, William John, Thomas Smith, Ezekiel Mullett—to mention only a few of the now glorified, so filled with God that the glory has 'cast a beam,' as Milton says, 'on their outward shape,' has literally transfigured their faces. Ah! it was good to be at these divine replenishments, to see the heaven opened and to have visions of God.

One week night stands out from all others during those blissful years, it is the night when Dr. Ferguson told us that he had been led into the realisation of the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, and began to press upon us a full salvation as attainable at once by simple faith. I think there were few of us present who were not convicted of our need of holiness that night, so powerful and so obviously sincere and real was the preacher's testimony. I can feel the power of that service even as I write. Oh! how mightily we were moved! Soon there were scores who sought and found full salvation, and then the great revival broke out, and in a few months hundreds had with their hearts believed unto righteousness and with their mouths made confession unto salvation.

REV. J. FERGUSON, D.D.

Space forbids me attempting a description of that revival; it was the greatest work of grace it has ever been my privilege to be associated with. Old Hill was deluged with Divinity, the public houses were practically emptied, the magistrates and police had little to do, humble homes were irradiated with a strange glory, lives accustomed to evil were marvellously transformed, pail shops, in which music hall ditties of the vulgarist had been sung, became religious orchestras, the streets resounded with holy melodies, and not our Church only but each Church in the neighbourhood was eagerly sought by anxious enquirers. It were difficult to make an appraisement of the results of this good work; lapses there were, of course, but many to this day have held on their way to the strengthening of the churches, and some whose devotion until then had only been indifferent and intermittent became out and out for God. It is more than twenty-six years since that wave of salvation rolled over the Black Country and since Dr. Ferguson left the Old Hill circuit, but his name is held in loving reverence by a large number of people, and not least by those who

like myself were prepared by him at great personal sacrifice, for the work of the ministry.

Many names must necessarily be omitted from these brief annals—names of the departed and the living who have contributed not a little to the upbuilding of the Old Hill church, and to whom I am personally under great obligation—but these reminiscences were incomplete without mention of her to whom I owe more than to all besides—my mother. Of her Dr. Ferguson wrote: 'She was a Christian in earnest, the fire of her love to God often flamed out in happy song and unselfish service. It was an inspiration to hear her pray and to see her face, from which gleamed light from a higher source.' It was she who, by her simple, beautiful life, showed me the way to the heights, and made Christ real to me, and to the last I must thank a kind heaven for such a mother. And she was one only of a noble band of saintly sisters, who were not one whit behind their brethren in the fostering and developing of the Old Hill Church.

Where we were First Called 'Ranters.'

SOME EARLY REGULATIONS.

By Rev. J. Dann.

It is said that the name of Belper has been found spelt in nearly forty different ways. In legal documents it is called 'Beanrepaire' (Beautiful retreat), now corrupted to Belper. That this is a suitable name none who know Belper can doubt. Stand on the 'Chevin' or 'The Park' on a calm summer's evening and Belper looks beautiful indeed; trees and fields seem everywhere. It is a town of 11,000 inhabitants, yet everywhere you can breathe the sweet air of the country and the hills. Man has recently added the touches of Art to those

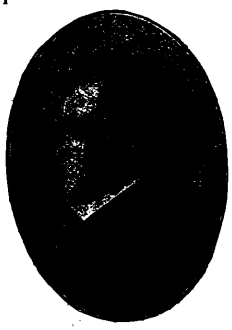
VIEW OF THE WEIR, BELPER.

of Nature, enhancing greatly in one part its beauty. From the bridge that spans the Derwent you get the view of the Weir as shown in our illustration. On the right of the picture are the beautiful river gardens, where a few years ago was a broad stretch of marsh. Here, instead of the mud and the rushes, are pleasant walks amidst flowers and grass lawns, rocks, fountain, streams, shrubs, and trees. It is here that man with his magic wand has touched Nature to a finer beauty. On the evening of a Bank Holiday a thousand lamps twinkle along the edge of the Weir, and a moving kaleidoscope of human life is visible in the gardens just beyond.

At the time our fathers came to Belper, nail-making was probably the chief industry. The nailers were ignorant,

Rough, Rude, fond of 'Horse-Play,'

and devilry. They earned low wages, of which in many cases they had to spend the bulk at the shop of their employer. Far on into the last century, if an employer thought a sufficient portion of a man's weekly earnings had not been left at his shop, the nailer found very little, if any, iron for him to make into nails for next week's work. In this way he was induced to leave his wages still in the hands of his master, and not allowed to make the best and most of them in the interests of his family. Such was Belper when in 1814 a Mr. Ride from there visited Weston-Underwood, attended a lovefeast led by John Benton, invited him to mission Belper, and promised his house for a prayer meeting after the open air service. The offer was accepted. Before the eventful day arrived Benton came alone to Belper quietly to look round. Near the market place he heard three youths engaged in loud and 'foolish jesting.' He stopped, intently gazed at them, and with great seriousness said,



REV. T. JACKSON (1)

'Stop, poor sinners, stop and think before you further go;
Can you *sport* upon the brink of everlasting woe?

Benton's arrow struck home, and when in 1821 Belper became an independent circuit, T. Jackson (1) was made superintendent, and W. Allcock was 'called out' as second preacher. These were two of the three noisy youths above referred to.

Not many days after Benton's visit, when his first shot was so effective, the attack in full force was made on the benighted town. Mercaston, Weston-Underwood, and Turnditch (all still in the circuit), furnished the regiment, with Benton in command, who had as much faith in his captain as had Jeremiah Gilbert, who sang as the police drove him from Bolsover to Chesterfield:

'What a Captain I have got;
Is not mine a happy lot?'

On came this little band, full of prayer, faith, and expectancy. Down Bridge Hill and over the Derwent, singing probably all the way along Bridge Street and up King Street to the Market Place; or may be they took the course up Long Row and on what is now Green Lane, and if so, with what startling effect their voices would reverberate along this historic 'row.' Benton took his stand in the Market Place and began a service in front of a butcher's shop. The evil genius of Belper at once got on the move. A ladder was reared at the back of the shop, the contents of a pail were intended to be poured on the unsuspecting preacher, but it fell too soon, and on the wrong (?) side, so that 'the wicked was snared in the work of his own hands.'

It was in this, for Primitive Methodists, historic 'Long Row' that we received our 'street' name, for

'The Primitive Methodists were called Ranters first in Belper.'

There are few places where the stentorian voices of our early people could be more effective and arrestive than in Long Row. One can well imagine how easy it would be to get their name as they spoke and sang there, amidst the shouts of Amen and Hallelujah, which were the general accompaniments; or as some of them, returning from their enthusiastic meetings, went down the 'Row' singing and shouting as they praised God. There can be little doubt that it was here, and owing to the above facts, that the name was first given us. There lived near the bottom of the Row a man named Richard Turner, who stood at his door one night as the mission band, after a long and warm meeting, passed down the Row, singing as it went. 'What religion are they?' a young woman asked Richard Turner. 'I think they must be the Ranters,' was the answer. Nothing striking occurs in Belper to-day, but it is talked and gossiped about in the mills the day following. So next day the factory girl gave out at the mill, 'Those people are called Ranters; Richard Turner says so.' In such a foolish way the name was given, and 'caught on.' When the late wife of the writer was a girl in a boarding-school at Shrewsbury, she was the only Primitive Methodist in the school, and was often called a Ranter by the other pupils. One day, the head mistress so far forgot herself as to call her a Ranter. Stung by the epithet, the girl turned sharply on her mistress with, 'It is only the low and the vulgar who call us Ranters.' That effectually saved her from future persecution.

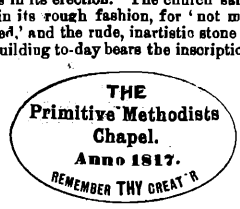
The early preaching services were held in the house of Thomas Jackson's (1) father, and in the summer months in the garden at its front. The house becoming too small, a large room was rented, which in its turn also speedily became too small, hence there was felt a pressing need to build. Mr. Strutt, the owner of the cotton mills, having observed the

Improvement produced by the Ranters

in the character of some of his workpeople, opened their way by agreeing to sell at 1s. per yard as much land as they required, and also to provide wood and stone for the building at a reasonable price. To save expense, the members themselves drew the wood on trucks from the timber yard to the building site. As they did so the people enlivened the proceedings by turning out and 'beating them with bladders tied to the ends of sticks.' But in spite of all the banter and ridicule, the work went on, and the chapel went up; Hugh Bourne himself

FIRST CHAPEL, BELPER.

carrying water for the masons, and otherwise assisting with his own hands in its erection. The church sang, and prayed, and shouted in its rough fashion, for 'not many noble and rich were called,' and the rude, inartistic stone high up in the front of the building to-day bears the inscription:



Belper became a circuit in 1821. On July 8th of that year the first missionary meetings of the connexion were held at Turnditch and Belper, when the following resolution was passed:—'That it is necessary that our missionaries carry the Gospel into the dark and benighted villages in the Peak of Derbyshire.' Who can say what is the fruit of that missionary seed? On December 12th, 1825 amongst the standing rules drawn up for regulating the business of the 'Quarter Day' were:—

3. That the travelling preachers be examined in a full meeting.

6. That the following punishments be inflicted on all such as carry out of the 'Quarter Day' unnecessary tales, viz:—Every T. Preacher so offending shall for each offence forfeit 2s. 6d.; every L.P sink two figures; every Preacher on trial become an Exhorter; every Exhorter his first letters, and those with letters go right off the plan.

BELPER CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, 1903.

7. Every delegate found guilty of the same shall be thought not worthy of a place in the 'Quarter Day.' It is evident we have parted with some good things our fathers made for us.

Derby circuit failed, and was turned over to Belper by decision of Conference, June 9th, 1828. In December of that

LONG ROW, BELPER.

year there were 59 places in the circuit, including Derby, which had 76 members, and sent £3 18s 0½d. to the 'Quarter Day.' There appear to have been at the time four Travelling Preachers, and, if space permitted, some very interesting items concerning their lodgings and salaries could be given.

Some Belper Characters.

William Warren was an early local preacher, under whose preaching John Harrison was converted. The latter, after three years in the ministry, died July, 1819. Warren was a rough but striking and useful preacher, as the following shows.

When preaching on 'The Gospel Feast,' showing how indifferent people were to the riches of grace, but eager for material good, he said, 'If th' Chevin were hasty pudding, and the Darrent (Derwent) were milk, what langhing ther'd be.'

MR. W. HICKINGBOTHAM.

William Hickingbotham's initials were put on the plan Dec. 2nd, 1833, and in March 1834, his full name. William had been a 'dare devil' fellow, who so hated and despised Primitive Methodists that he said he 'would rather go to hell than join those shouting Ranters.' He became a marvellously useful man, and to-day his name is as ointment poured forth. One day his master sent for him and in angry swearing tones said, 'I don't like these 'Methodies,' and I won't have my flocks neglected by men who run about preaching,' etc. 'Sir,' replied William, 'while I am in your service I will do the thing that is lawful and right; but I will not be hindered from working for my heavenly Master.' This earthly master learned a profound respect for William.

REV. T. JACKSON (3).

Jackson is an honoured name in connection with Belper Primitive Methodism. Wm. Jackson, now nearly 80 years old, one of the finest products of our Church, has been a member 64 years. Rev. T. Jackson (1) was, as we have seen, the circuit's first superintendent, while our greatest home missionary, our beloved brother, the Rev. T. Jackson (3), of Whitechapel, was a Belper boy. Born there in 1850, he went once to the National schools, got into mischief first morning, was thrashed for it, and played truant afterwards; so that morning

Began and ended his day school

experience. At the Unitarian Sunday school he learned to read and write and 'figure.' When a boy of eight or nine years, he worked in the nail shop from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. At the age of fifteen, in order to be saved from police court and inevitably prison, he was hurriedly and secretly conveyed to Sheffield by a kind Primitive Methodist. At Sheffield he lodged with a Primitive Methodist, through whose influence he got converted and started on the path which has led him to Whitechapel Mission.

Another historic movement began in Belper on a cold May morning in 1903, when T. Chas. Smith, of Ashleyhay, the writer by his side, appeared before the magistrates to answer for his refusal to pay the Sectarian education rate. He was the first Passive Resister in the country, and within four days of his trial, received scores of letters and telegrams of congratulation from men and institutions all over the land. The writer was summoned a few weeks ago for the same crime before the same magistrates in the same court; but the magistrates' treatment of passive resisters has wonderfully changed since then.

Tom Jones: A Black Country Saint & Humourist

By Joseph C. Heath.

TOM JONES.

It has been said that to know some people is a liberal education. I have always been thankful for the privilege of knowing Tom Jones, as he is familiarly called by a large circle of his friends, to whom his life has been a positive benediction. He is now in the 76th year of his natural life—worn with the pressure of so long a pilgrimage, and in the 51st year of his religious life, whose blessedness it would be difficult to exaggerate; and for more than 40 years as a local preacher on the Black Heath and Old Hill circuits he has powerfully preached the evangel in a style peculiarly his own, while many are the seals of his ministry. Of all the assets of our Black Heath church, Tom Jones has been one of the most valuable. His was one of the most striking conversions of which we have ever heard. Those who have heard him tell the story, either in the sanctuary or on the hearthstone, have had a choice chapter to set down in the book of their remembrance. It is only two or three days since we heard him rehearrate it. The

Dear old face was lighted

up with a glow of goodness, the voice rang with the old-time power and accent that moved me in earlier days, tears of gladness chased each other down his face, and as he quoted the following lines as though he had an audience of a thousand instead of one, words we have heard him quote many a time and never without a thrill—

'Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's cleansing blood
Applied to purge my soul from guilt
And give me peace with God.'

I felt I was right on the verge of heaven, and I wished that those who, to men's hurt and to our Lord's dishonour, minimise the evil of wickedness and disparage the love that bought our pardon on the tree, could have been present to sight this one sample of salvation, whose half-a-century of Christian living is so blessed and convincing an apologetic for the old-time religion. There is nothing in the conversion of such men as Richard Weaver, Billy Bray, and William Clowes more remarkable than in that of Tom Jones. The full story ought sometime to be given to the public, as to how this soul, with a magnificent verve, flung hell from it, and appropriated the treasures and the might of heaven. What a struggle this involved we can only guess—but the devil, once dispossessed, was finally conquered.

'Thee bissent converted,' said the old enemy to him as he strode home late on the night of his surrender after hours of agonising wrestling.

'But I know I bin,' the conqueror shouted.

'Tom, where'st thee bin, so late at night,' queried Mrs. Jones, on his reaching his home.

'I've bin seeking the Lord Jesus Christ, and I've found Him,' he replied with emphasis. Praying subsequently upstairs, Satan teased him by saying, 'Thee cossent pray,' but Tom gave him the lie by having a long spell of prayer, during which, as he said, 'a heavenly influence came down upon me,' that made doubt as to the thoroughness of his renewal ever afterwards impossible. So was Tom Jones launched upon a religious career of a sort for which multitudes have had reason to thank God. He prayed in the fields with a voice like a trumpet for the salvation of his neighbours, and petitions, God-directed, were borne on the wings of the wind to unlikely homes and hearts to their conviction and conversion. He prayed in the coal-pits where he laboured, to the consternation of wicked men, who felt how awful goodness is. He prayed in chapels with a power undreamt of by many of his fellows, while all rejoiced that this new force, like a Saul of Tarsus, had been added unto them. He prayed in his own bedroom day by day so soon as the day's toil was done—and one man who had heard him pray in the pit, and who was full of terror, was found crawling on hands and knees to Mr. Jones' back door, to hear the holy man's supplications.

'Don't yo tell him I'm here,'

said the frightened sinner. He accosted all and sundry, and questioned them closely about their moral standing, and only the angels can tell how many repented. All tirelessly and pauselessly he threw himself into a great salvation campaign, and there were hosts who feared and blessed this man of God. Nor to the neglect of his own soul did he attend to the souls of others—nay, the secret flame was duly fed. Tom Jones was one who walked with God and saw 'white presences on the hills.' What a blessed life has been his. Going home one night, 'shouting glory at the top of his voice,' he met a member of a neighbouring church. 'The glory is coming down on me in bucketfuls, I'm obliged to shout,' he said. 'If thee dussent shout, thee'st bost,' replied the brother addressed.

Quaint has been our friend, but never vulgar; eccentric, but never a buffoon; humorous to a degree, but the humour has always been sanctified. I must have been the merest lad when I first made Tom Jones' acquaintance, and it must have been at the beginning of his preaching ministry; but I received a never-to-be-forgotten impression. Eccentric he was, and no mistake; for, as he warmed to his subject, he first divested himself of his coat, then began to unbutton his waistcoat, and then flung off his neckerchief as so much impedimenta, and said, 'Now I can get on, friends;' but it was not these things that laid hold of me—it was that voice—and what a voice! and the message, spiritual, serious, searching, it carried. Lad though I was, I felt here is a man who lives with God—and if the voice had not told me this, the face, smitten with the beauty born of communion, would have given me assurance of it, while a closer acquaintance with Mr. Jones in subsequent years has confirmed this early impression. Closeted with him not a few times, as it has been my privilege to be, as he has turned over the pages of his life-diary, what heaven doors he has opened to me, what visions splendid one was favoured with, and what a solemn awe sometimes rested on one's soul! Never have I for a moment doubted that this man possessed the secret of the Lord

When in my early teens I began to preach, I was thrown into closer neighbourhood with Tom, and gratitude compels me to say he was one of my best encouragers. I got to look for him each time I was appointed at Black Heath. My spirits rose and my nervousness vanished whenever I saw him present. His kindly smile and fervent ejaculations were an unwonted inspiration. One could always tell how the service was going by the way Tom comported himself. If the sermon was getting hold,

He would begin to tap the floor

with his feet, then the sound would increase, then as his feet struck the floor he would also clap his hands and then still further ringing Glorys or Hallelujahs would leap from his lips. Once I remember he paced the floor nearly all the while I was preaching, and every other sentence was punctuated by a blessed shout. At the close of one Sunday night service, when we had had a glorious time, we had just commenced the prayer-meeting, when Tom Jones walked up to the communion rail against which I was standing, picked me up bodily and carried me up and down the chapel for several minutes, shouting Glory all the time; then putting me down in front of the communion, he said, 'Friends, I expect I shall go to Heaven before this lad and I shall keep a sharp lookout for his comin', an' if I find he hasn't a harp of his own, I shall go right up to David and ask him to lend him his.' (I had been preaching on David's harp.)

Needless to say there was laughter—but it were wrong to say there was the slightest thought of irreverence. I was once preaching at a Methodist New Connexion camp meeting when Tom was present, and having occasion to refer to Christ as the Bread of Life

He gave quite a leap and shouted

as he only could, 'Yes, my lad, He's a great big loaf, and the patriarchs and prophets, and apostles and Covenanters and Reformers and martyrs and Evangelists have cut slice after slice off it, and they haven't got to the bottom crust yet—glory!' I will own to being somewhat disconcerted by so long an interjection, but I survived by saying, 'True, and he that eateth of this bread shall never hunger.'

It was a treat to be in a lovefeast with Tom, especially if the flame spread as it generally did. I remember conducting one such. What a high time we had. What songs! What shouts! What experiences! How close was Heaven to us! When Tom arose he commenced quietly, took hold of the pew door, opened and closed it again and again, then as his voice gathered volume, the pew door was banged as though meant for a musical accompaniment. But what an experience he gave—it was a wonderful excursion, and we go' to the delectable mountains and helped ourselves to the spices and blooms of Beulah land; we laughed and we cried, we were awed and thrilled in turn. At last the climax was reached. 'Bless the Lord, friends, I don't know what's good enough to say about religion, but I heard Michael Bailey say the other day, 'Religion's like bread and butter, spread on both sides and plastered all over with sugar.'' These events occured twenty-eight or thirty years ago, but Tom's soul-fires still burn vigorously, and although Nature won't suffer him to do now as he did then, there are seasons when the soul utters itself in no unmistakable tones.

It is only a few years since, I was engaged to preach at Black Heath and I wanted a friend from the South to see a Black Country school anniversary. How I hoped my old friend Tom would be there. Just as we were singing the first hymn, in he came, and sat just across from my Southern friend and within sight of him. The text was, 'After this, I looked and behold a door was opened in Heaven.' It was just

The Theme to Appeal to Tom,

and I saw him drinking in the message, while his foot began to move. All at once there came such a shout, 'Bless the Lord, I'm looking, Joseph'—Yes, Tom was looking, and he compelled others to look too. My Southern friend literally jumped, and confessed subsequently he had never heard the like before. But that service was rendered all the richer by reason of the presence of this man who had looked Heavenward before that morning. Space limitations compel us ere we have far from exhausted our resources to lay down our pen, but as we do so we may be allowed to thank God that ever Tom Jones was allowed to enter our life, and to wish for him as he waits for the coming of his Lord, an eventide of sweetest bliss

HUGH BOURNE: MYSTIC & DREAMER.

By Rev. Albert A. Birchenough.

HUGH BOURNE.

UNTIL the publication of the valuable Connexional History by the Rev. H. B. Kendall, B.A., the intense religious nature of Hugh Bourne had not been sufficiently recognised. Previous writers have been so overwhelmingly interested in describing his ecclesiastical statesmanship, administrative qualities, organising powers, and his diversified labours, that they have completely overlooked his heavenly-mindedness and heart purity, which were the secret springs of his wonderful spiritual success.

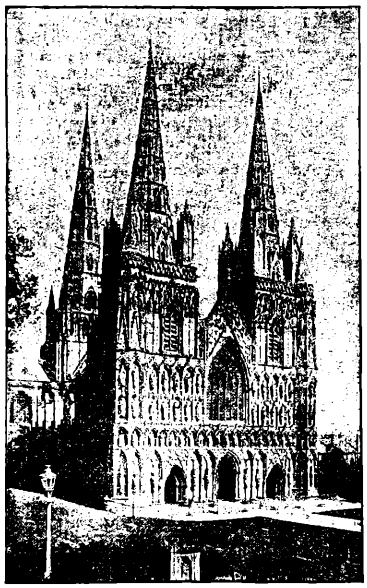
From the dawn of childhood until the hour of death Bourne was a religious mystic and dreamer. In his earliest days he was an anxious enquirer, and his mind was deeply susceptible to Divine impressions. When he was only four or five years old he had an intelligent conception of God. 'My thoughts were that God was an everlasting and eternal being; that He created all things, seen and unseen; that He was able to destroy all things, or to alter the form of everything; that He was present everywhere; that He knew the thoughts of everyone; that Heaven was the place of happiness, and that hell was a place of torment.' At that early age Bourne had been taught to read, and the Bible, Watts' hymns, and religious books were his constant companions. Child though he was he realised 'that my soul was filled with love to Him, and I thought I was greatly beloved by Him also. I desired nothing so much as to know His will.' He fancied that He should be permitted to see Jehovah enthroned on the clouds when it thundered, and he accordingly went out of doors during a rainstorm. Before he was seven this highly imaginative child, by his constant reading of the Scriptures, 'understood in some measure the nature and spirituality of the Law of God.'

BEMERSLEY FARM, THE HOME OF THE BOURNES.

Notwithstanding these early impressions, Hugh Bourne was not converted until the Spring of 1799. For twenty years he journeyed through the bleak wilderness of doubt and morality before he reached the Canaan of holiness. On a May Sabbath morning, in his father's farmhouse at Bemersley, whilst prayerfully reading the seraphic Fletcher's Letters on the Spiritual Manifestation of the Son of God to the human soul,' Malachi's genial 'Sun of Righteousness' flooded his heart with light, warmth, and peace. He says:—'He manifested Himself to me, and I was born again in an instant. I was filled with joy, and love, and glory. The Bible looked new, creation looked new and I felt a love to all mankind.' After his remarkable conversion, he felt that it was his duty to unite in fellowship with the Christian Church. 'Being quite in a dilemma I made prayer and supplication to Almighty God to lead me right in this important matter. I determined to consult no man, nor to take any man's advice, but wait until the Lord should make known His Holy Will. I waited some weeks for an answer, till the Lord in his mercy manifested His Will that I should be a Methodist.' Shortly afterwards Bourne wrote an account of his spiritual awakening and religious experience, which led to the conversion of his kinsman, Daniel Shubotham, of Harriseahead, who, previously had been notorious for his wickedness.

In all the sacred and secular engagements of life Bourne determined to be led by the providence of God. He says, 'The Lord sent me' to Bradley Green, where he explained to an anxious seeker 'what sanctification was, and how to obtain and hold it—few can clearly explain it.' While working at Stonetrough Colliery, 'the Spirit said, 'I am with thee, and no man shall set upon thee to hurt.'' From this Divine Revelation Bourne saw 'that he must speak without ceasing.' Returning from a week-night service at Hanley, the words, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' so came into my mind that I turned my head to see who spoke, but there was no one near.' While worshipping in Lichfield Cathedral, Bourne heard a voice, saying, 'Get thee out of this place.' I prayed to God that if the impression to go out was from Him, it might increase; if not, that it might go away. It increased until I was quite miserable. I took my hat as soon as they had done the *Te Deum*, and went out, and the burden was removed.' Crossing Knutton Heath, Bourne 'had an odd feeling while going by the race-course—surely if any ground be accursed, this is.' Whilst journeying to Warrington, 'the Lord came to me as He once did aforetime, and I gave soul and body into His hands. I entered into freedom with the Lord!' On his return, 'Between Holmes Chapel and Congleton, it suddenly came to my mind that I should soon be put out of the old Methodist Society, but, having never heard a hint of the kind, I put the thought from me, hoping that it might not arise from a Divine impression; but it returned, until I found it difficult to walk the road. After a struggle I gave up, and was instantly filled with joy unspeakable.' Four days later Bourne was excluded by the Burselm Circuit Quarterly Meeting from the Methodist Church.

Shortly after his severance from the Wesleyans Bourne felt within himself that he had a Divine call to a wider sphere of usefulness. 'I had an admonition from heaven to bring my manual labours to a close, to give myself wholly to the work of the ministry, and trust to the Lord for food and raiment. This was a most severe trial. I used every means I could for weeks to avoid it, till at last I was made sensible, if I persisted my natural life would be taken; and when I yielded I received a peculiar blessing from God, a blessing I cannot forget.'



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

When he had serious thoughts of emigrating to America and joining the Methodist ministry as his brother William had done, while on his way from Market Drayton 'he firmly believed that he had a Divine intimation' that he was not to leave England. On another occasion, 'We prayed, and the prophetic spirit came upon me, and the Lord showed me that He would prosper me.' By dreams and Divine impressions Hugh Bourne was led to visit persons and places and also to widen his field of spiritual operation.

HARRISEAHEAD. (The second building from the left is the chapel built by Bourne.)

Bourne, frequently uses the language of the Mystics in describing his own experience of 'The deep things of God.' He realised that these 'Spiritual things are so very difficult to put into human language.' 'Immediately came the spirit of burning, and I was made a habitation of God.' 'I was at times as if my heart would draw out of the body to God.' 'Sealed by the Holy Spirit.' 'An extraordinary solidness and weightiness of spirit came upon me.' 'I plainly viewed Christ all the week. I thought the body would melt away, as at times I could scarcely stand for the weight of glory.' 'At night I was pondering faith over, and I dreamed that the simple act of faith was the greatest work of righteousness that could be performed by man.' 'I had a severe headache. I suppose this was caused by the powers of darkness.'

As Hugh Bourne crossed the Valley of the Shadow, 'the majesty of heaven rested upon him, and his face shone like the face of Moses' as he came back from the Mount of God. The last words of the dying Mystic as heaven opened to his view were, 'Old companions! My mother!'

WE are informed that Her Majesty the Queen has graciously accepted a copy of 'The Road to Happiness,' a dainty little anthology of prose and verse, arranged by Mr. E. W. Walters. (Robert Culley, 1s. 6d. net.)

SOME UNPOLISHED GEMS.

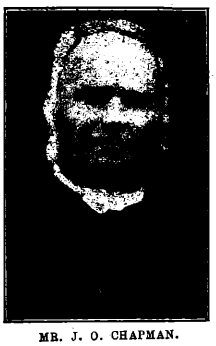
LINCOLNSHIRE WIT AND WISDOM.

WHAT Primitive Methodism owes to sturdy villagers has never been told. Novelists have sneered at our village 'Bethels,' but they have had a great deal to do with the making of our Church, and of England. That they were in many instances unpolished is true enough. They were born too early and in circumstances too lowly to acquire much refinement. Schools were almost unknown to them. They were too honest to cover with thin veneer the rough material of which they were built. They were not

'Laths painted to look like iron.'

Rather were they huge rocks, too large and rugged to be reduced to the smallest semblance of smoothness. At best they could never be more than rough-hewn. But what they lacked in beauty they possessed in strength. And there is always room for both in the temple and Kingdom of God. Two of them are now to be introduced to the reader. They lived within a few miles of each other; they spent, or are spending the whole of their life in, or near to, their place of birth. For many years they served in the same circuit, and enjoyed a close acquaintance with each other.

Jesse the Fisherman



MR. J. O. CHAPMAN.

His first baptismal name was John, but it got superannuated early, and he was known through a wide area as 'Jesse' Chapman. In church, home, and public life that was his name. He was one of many strong men produced by Primitive Methodism during its wonderful progress in Cleethorpes. He was a local preacher whom the people loved to hear, a class leader who fed and shepherded his flock, and an official whose generous heart gave him great influence and authority. He was the chairman of the now defunct Local Board of his native place, and some racy stories could be told of him in that capacity. Our Conferences and District Assemblies knew him well.

His vocabulary contained many words not to be found in discarded or present-day dictionaries. He wanted Cleethorpes to have a *stipendious* magistrate! He was a member of the Conference of 1877, at which a case affecting his own circuit came up for consideration. He spoke longer than the members of Conference thought necessary, and they appealed to the President to stop him, but said Rev. T. Smith, 'I cannot stop a tornado.' In recounting his Conference experience on his return home,

The Tornado had become a Torpedo.

Preaching on a wintry day he said, 'When the snow-*flags* are flying we know it are winter.' He had a very good sermon on the Living Water. But the divisions were stated in a way that was all his own: 'This watter are Divine in its origin; this watter are beautiful in its effects—it'll wesh; this watter are abundant in its supply—its none o' your bits o' becks full of sticklebacks.' Preaching at a camp meeting when some incident in the life of St. Peter was his subject of discourse, he had occasion to refer to Peter's use of the sword on the high priest's servant's ear, and he added, 'I should ha' cut his heead off.' Travelling homeward one night with considerable cash upon him two men attempted to rob him. One of them seized the horse's bridle, while the other attempted to enter the cart from behind. He had a big fish knife in the cart, and it was quickly in his hand. He gave the intruder notice to get down, which was unheeded, and while the man refused to leave hold of the tailboard, the knife fell, leaving two or three of his fingers somewhat shortened, and Jesse said, 'Ya'll get down now,' and drove on.

Yet this man was as tender-hearted as a woman. He could not bear to think of others being without the necessaries of life while he had 'enough and to spare.' More than one of our ministers has acted as the almoner of his generous gifts. After preaching at a certain village one Sunday afternoon, all the congregation, except a poor widow, filed out without asking the preacher to tea. The poor woman invited him to go with her. She placed before him her best. But he could not induce her to join him at the frugal meal. To his horror he discovered she had not enough for two. When he had concluded the evening service, he said, 'Ya may all stop, I want ya.' He told them of their thoughtless conduct in the afternoon, of the widow's poverty and need, and wound up by saying, 'Now, go and get her some supper.' The self-denying hostess got some supper. He had ever after that offers enough of hospitality at the place, but to the widow's house he always went and

Many a Basketful of Good Things

arrived there in the days that followed. One Saturday night, prior to a country appointment, he had a dream in which he saw a man at a certain point of the Sabbath journey to whom he was to give a sovereign. He would not leave home without the sovereign. Reaching the place shown in his dream, the man was there—a man of whom he did not know—but he recognised him, and discovered that his wife and family were starving, and that he had come out into the lanes to get away from the hunger-tragedy at home. The sovereign was given, and the preacher went on his way.

Such a man was 'Jesse' Chapman. A loyal Primitive Methodist, a great heart among the poor and needy, and a pillar of strength to every good cause. He went to heaven at the age of sixty five, but his name and memory will long be fresh and fragrant among those who knew him.

Jesse, the Shepherd.

He still survives and is nearly seventy-seven years of age. He was the sixth child in a family of sixteen, and he is the father of nine children. He was reared on rye-bread and hard work. At the age of six he was working for threepence per day. He went on 'strike,' for an extra penny, which he did not secure. His long life has been spent within six or seven miles of his birthplace. He has been sixty years a Primitive Methodist, fifty-two years a local preacher, and a class-leader more than forty years. He is able to indulge in the grateful boast that he *never missed an appointment.* He does a considerable share of preaching yet, and in recent years he has become quite famous as a lecturer. In the three Grimsby circuits, and far beyond, he is in great demand. Considering that he got no education as a boy, his stores of knowledge are amazing. He has observed the habits of birds, animals and insects so intelligently that he could give naturalists useful and, perhaps, surprising information. He possesses a retentive memory,

MR. JESSE WARDLE.

A Large Stock of Common Sense,

and a good, solid character. His home has been for many years a 'pilgrims' rest' for preachers, both ministerial and lay, and many of them still cherish happy memories of hours spent under his lowly roof. In speech he is homely, plain, incisive, laconic; and the vernacular of North Lincolnshire is a very suitable vehicle for his funds of information. Though always comparatively poor, he has not begrudged the cost of a few useful books, and he has managed to support the 'cause' generously. The Higher Criticism does not distress him. He has his own way of explaining difficulties and of interpreting the Word. The story of Jonah and the great fish become simple to him because, says he, 'In my opinion the fish was specially prepared for that *operation.*' His faith in the supernatural is simple and strong, and his rich experiences of Divine grace give weight and authority to his testimony. His definition of 'the sin that doth so easily beset us, is, 'A man's *weakest plaace* is his besetting sin.'

The shepherd was a member of the Conference of 1902, held in Hull. He came in a garb as striking

As did Ramsay Guthrie's 'Tommy Pringle.'

How well we remember seeing him outside the City Hall on the night of the Mayor's reception. Although it was the middle of June he had got inside a good top-coat, a very full grown gamp was under one arm, and a bundle under the other. He could be no other than Jesse Wardle even at a Conference. No delegate felt a more honest and grateful pride in belonging to such a religious body. To more than one District Meeting has he been sent by his circuit, and no preacher or speaker, however cultured and eloquent, made a greater impression than Jessie. He was emphatically the man of the hour. When a man begins as he began his sermon at one of these District Meeting camp meetings, wonder and expectancy are awakened. Said he, 'Noo, my friends, I ask your prayers for about ten minutes, yes, ten minutes, for i' ten minutes I shall bather

Be Wun' up or Spun out.'

Wun' up he was. His text was about the King's highway, and all who heard him learned much of the way of the travellers and their destination that afternoon. What a time he had! Home thrusts there were in plenty. Quaint illustrations abounded. One of these will never be forgotten. The preachers has not yet begun to wear a collar or cuffs. A female neighbour had been admonishing him on the out-of-dateness of his attire, and especially for a District meeting! She had wound up her harangue by saying, 'If thou was my man thou would *hav* to wear a collar and cuffs.' 'But I am not thy man,' said he, 'and I shan't be when thy husband dees.' This was given in illustration of the fact that 'the way' was for a peculiar people.

Total abstinence is a life-long virtue with this keeper of the sheep, and as a Temperance advocate he has few superiors. At the District Meeting before named he had to speak on his favourite subject. The unconscious humour, the consummate mimicry, the strong common-sense, and the convincing arguments of his speech were simply irresistible. In what he calls 'lamming time,' he has spent, for weeks together, every night with his flock. The owner of the sheep one day suggested that 'a gallon of gin would help to keep the cold out.' A good, warm top coat would be a lot better,' replied Jesse, and the top coat came. He told us how, when going home late one Saturday night he picked a drunken neighbour up from the middle of the road, and 'pagged' him home, and said to the drunkard's wife, 'Now, Mrs. F——, do you want owt i' my line?' Seeing a man staggering with a load of drink, one day, he said, 'Why, thou's drunk, Joe; some Elliman's embrocation would do thy legs a lot more good than the stuff thou puts in 'em. The embrocation is largely used by farmers to cure sprains, swellings, bruises, etc., among cattle.

Story after Story he told us

until we were all in a state of mental intoxication. Aching sides and tearful eyes were very plentiful. The speaker was the least moved of us all.

Beyond being hampered by rheumatism our old friend is still in vigorous health, and he continues to do good work for the Church and the Master he has served so long.

SCHOLARS' EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Salisbury and Southampton District.

Upper Middle Division—First, Grace Way, Fortunes Well, Portland, 92 marks; *Second*, Ruth A. Evans, Fortunes Well, Portland, 91 marks; *Third*, Edgar Henry Jones, Basingstoke, 90 marks. *Lower Middle Division—First*, Rebe Way, Fortunes Well, Portland, 95 marks; *Second*, Florence E. Paice, Winchester, 93 marks; *Third*, Bertha George, South Front, Southampton Second, 92 marks. *Junior Division—First*, Ivy May Ford, East Stratton, Micheldever, 95 marks; *Second*, Freda Harrison, Woodfalls, 92 marks; *Third*, Katie Rogers, Bedhampton, Portsmouth First, 91 marks.

Bradford and Halifax District.

Upper Middle Division—First, No award; *Second*, Elsie Schofield, Saltaire Road, Shipley, 87 marks; *Third*, Annie Armes, Bethel, Barnoldswick, 85 marks. *Lower Middle Division—First*, Bramwell Mitchell, Norland, Sowerby Bridge, 97 marks; *Second*, Albert Shirtcliffe, Haworth, Keighley Second, 93 marks; *Third*, Wilfred W. Brown, West Lane, Keighley Second, 92 marks. *Junior Division—First*, Ennis P. Lumb, Ebenezer, Halifax First, 91 marks; *Second*, Clifford Wilkinson, Brierfield, Burnley Second, 87 marks; George A. Gee, West Lane, Keighley Second, 87 marks; *Third*, Louis Shackleton, Ebenezer, Halifax First, 85 marks.

London Second District.

Upper Middle Division—First, John E. Pettwick, London Road, Brighton, 96 marks; *Second*, Millicent B. Graves, Land Street, Croydon, 95 marks; *Third*, Jessie Reeley, Eglinton Road, Plumstead and Woolwich, 97 marks. *Lower Middle Division—First*, Gertrude J. Wrangle, Robert Street, Plumstead and Woolwich, 96 marks; *Second*, Lucy Dabbs, Tooting, Balham, 87 marks; *Third*, Josephine Norton, Wimbledon, Balham, 80 marks. *Junior Division—First*, Doris C. Smith, Belvedere, Erith and Belvedere, 91 marks; *Second*, Gertrude Lorton, Belvedere, 83 marks; *Third*, William Ferry, Gillingham, 82 marks.

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated in our Birtley church, Chester-le-Street circuit, on Thursday, Nov. 26th, the ceremony being conducted by Rev. W. Duffield, of South Shields. The bridegroom was Mr. R. W. Hardy, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hardy, of New Washington; and the bride was Miss Elizabeth Jopling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jopling, who are loyal and devoted supporters of our church in Birtley. Mr. Hardy is an efficient local preacher in the Jarrow circuit, who won the first prize given by the *P. M. Leader* for the best outline of a sermon. The high esteem and affection with which both bride and bridegroom are regarded was demonstrated by the large number of friends who assembled, and by the presents, which were numerous and costly. The honeymoon is being spent at Preston.

The House of Bread.

('Bethlehem' in Hebrew means 'House of Bread.')

Long, long years ago,
In Judæa's House of Bread
The Lord of Life was born
In a humble cattle shed.
The rich folk filled the inn,
And no place could be found,
In the stainless mother's need,
But a straw couch on the ground.

Yet angels in the sky
Sang a carol never heard,
While brightness paled the moon,
For to flesh had come the Word.
All glory be to God,
And on the earth be peace,
Among men be goodwill
That song shall never cease.

The Babe became a Man
And was oft without a bed,
But He was the Bread of Life,
And the famished crowd He fed.
He touched the palsied arms,
Back to toil the beggar went;
At His word the devils fled,
From the grave the dead He sent.

O Christ of Bethlehem,
In the Syrian long ago,
Be thou England's Christ to-day,
May her people all Thee know!
Thy reconciling word
Unto rich and poor be said,
Then our land shall be indeed
Thy unfailing House of Bread.

—H. Jeffs.

Primitive Methodist Mission, Livingstone Hall, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

Christmas Appeal.

Sir,—Will you allow me to appeal to your readers in aid of our work here. Spiritually, we have had a glorious year. We have held out a helping hand to and started in life 112 girls. Our sisters have visited thousands of homes, comforting the sick, feeding the hungry and ministering to the dying. We have given treats to hundreds of the poorest children. The evangel of hope, love, and faith, has been preached in the open air, in the slums, from the mission platform, and by the electric lantern. For all this work we require money. Our mission is a hive of Christian agencies and new extensions of the work are being forced upon us. Reader, we represent you in this work. Will you send us by return a donation, or a parcel of goods, new or second-hand? This is my last Christmas appeal to you as Superintendent of this mission. I thank you for your past interest in the work and look with confidence to our friends in all parts of the country for a hearty and generous response. With hearty wishes for a joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours, etc., Samuel Palmer,
Superintendent.

Birmingham Third.

A very successful sacred concert was given in the Selly Oak church on Nov. 18th. Choruses and anthems were given in fine style by the choir; solos were given by Madame Nellie Knowles, Miss C. Wheatley, and Messrs. F. Davies and Ernest Quinton, L.R.A.M., all of whom were well received. Madam C. Barwell charmed the people by her recitations. Miss Bertha Howerls, A.L.C.M., was accompanist, Mr. T. Proverbs conducted; Mr. T. Hackett, chairman. The proceeds were for the local relief fund.

Services and Preachers.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6th.

HARRINGAY. Mattison Road, Rev. F. S. Bullough at 11, and Rev. Thomas Mitchell at 6.30.

HARROGATE, Dragon Parade, Rev. W. Younger at 11 and 6.30.

CALEDONIAN ROAD, N. (corner of Market Road), Rev. J. Ritson at 11 and 6.30. Bible Class at 3.

MATLOCK, Matlock Bank, Rev. J. Burton at 10,30 and 6.30.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Central Church, Rev. A. Lowe at 10.30, andRev. T. Sykes at 6.30.

SHEFFIELD, Central Mission, Cambridge Street, Rev. T. Whitehead at 10.45 and 6.30.

SOUTHPORT, Church Street, Rev. J. T. Barkby at 10.30 and 6.30.

SOUTHEND, Pleasant Road, Marine Parade, at 11 and 6.30.

SURREY CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E., Rev. William Lee, B.A., at 11 and 7.

ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA, Rev. G. Bicheno at 10.45 (Church Hall), and 6.30 (Public Hall). Evening subject, 'The Religious Romance of the 19th Century: The Rise of Primitive Methodism.' Soloist: Miss Dyson (Blackpool). Great lantern Service, 'Jesus of Nazareth,' 8 to 9. Lytham Congregational Choir give musical Service Afternoon 2.45.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Camden Road, Rev. W. Potter at 11 and 6.30.

Connexional Evangelists' Engagements.

MR. J. B. BAYLIFFE, Bradley Green, December 6th to 15th.

REV. W. R. BIRD, Hull, November 29th to December 6th.

REV. JOSEPH ODELL, Chester-le-Street, December 6th to 15th.

MISS PERRETT, Althorne, December 6th to 17th.

Prayer is desired for the Evangelists and Missions.

Evangelists' Engagements.

MR. ANTHONY DODDS, Manea, December 6th to 17th.

MRS. EVISON West Butterwick, November 29th to December 10th.

MRS. ALBERT HARRISON, Darlington (Florence St.), November 29th to December 8th.

MR. ALBERT SHAKESBY, Thirsk, December 5th to 8th.

MR. & MRS. BARRACLOUGH

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

Organizing Secretary's Engagements.

Saturday, and Sunday, December 5th and 6th, Stanley; **Monday, December 7th,** Annfield Plain; **Tuesday, December 8th,** Burnopfield; **Wednesday, December 9th,** Petre Street, Sheffield; **Friday, December 11th,** Leeds District Committee.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

NOTICES of Births, Marriages, Deaths, Intimations, &c., are inserted at the following *prepaid* rates—30 words and under 2/-; each additional 10 words or less 6d. Notices, together with remittances, to be delivered at the LEADER OFFICE, 73 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C., by Tuesday morning.

REPORTS of Marriages, Memoirs, &c., intended for insertion in the ordinary columns must be accompanied by a prepaid *notice* of the event at the rates above specified.

MARRIAGE.

Hardy—Jopling—at the Primitive Methodist Church, Birtley, November 26th, Robert Wardle Hardy, of Speculation Place, New Washington, to Elizabeth Jopling, Morris Street, Birtley, by Rev. W. Duffield, South Shields.

DEATHS.

Hughes.—November 16th, Daisy, dearly loved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hughes, Market Square, Rugeley. Aged 19 years. Interred in Rugeley Cemetery November 20th, 1908.

Marshall—Henry, the Beloved Husband of Emma Marshall, who passed to the 'Homeland,' November 8th.

'He is not dead,' but only lieth asleep,
In the sweet refuge of his Master's breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil and weeping,
'He is not dead,' but only taking rest.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rutter.—In ever fond and loving memory of my dear uncle (John Rutter of Cambridge), who entered the Homeland, December 7th, 1906, Age 75.

'The Memory of the Just is Blessed.'

Ministerial Changes and Engagements.

The Rev. H. Bennett removes to Diss in July next.

The Rev. G. Ayre, of Leeds, will remove to Ashington in 1910.

Sales of Work at Huddersfield.

Successful sales of work have been held at Crimble and Lepton, two of our country places. The object has been to raise funds for the new building projects. In both places we need new chapels, and hope to soon be able to meet the needs by the spirit of enterprize that is seen throughout the circuit at Crimble at the opening ceremony. Mrs. Tom Hind took the chair and Miss Pindar in a neat speech declared the sales open. The total takings were £40. At Lepton, on the first day Mrs. W. Pegg, of Bradford, performed the opening ceremony and Mr. J. Ladley (Leeds) on the second day, both giving handsomely to the funds. The total receipts were about £83. With previous efforts we have a total of over £200 in hand towards the building of a new chapel.

Sunday School Lesson

SOLOMON DEDICATES THE TEMPLE.

1 Kings viii. 1-30.

Sunday, December 13th, 1908.

GOLDEN TEXT.—'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord.' Psalm cxxii. 1. (R.V.)

HYMNS.—539, 535, 42, 325.

LINKS OF HISTORY.—Solomon lost no time in commencing the work upon which his father's heart and his own was set, *the building of the temple*, thereby making Jerusalem the *religious capital* of the nation, *the joy of the whole earth*. Solomon's wisdom in developing commerce with the world enabled him the more easily to enter into negotiations with *Hiram*, King of Tyre, to secure cedars, cypresses, and hewn stones, and a skilled workman for the artistic work. The unskilled men, for the immense labour of transportation by water to Joppa, thence overland to Jerusalem, were drawn mainly from the subject races of foreign birth living among the Israelites. The work was completed in *seven and-a-half years*. The ceremonial of dedication was *threefold*. The *first* was setting the ark in its place, the *second* was the prayer of dedication, uttered by the kneeling king; then rising, there followed *the blessing of the congregation*. It is said that *160,000 workmen* were in different ways employed on this enormous undertaking.

I.—*Vv. 1-12* suggest an instructive and welcome *contrast* to the lesson of *Oct 4th*, and the final placing of the ark after resting for nearly *forty years* 'in the tabernacle that David pitched for it' on Mount Zion. (*2 Sam. vi. 17*) That irreverent handling of holy things and its summary punishment gives place here to *God's appointed way*, and to the utmost reverence. What follows is permanently true. Instead of *disaster* the whole proceedings afford the keenest *delight* and prepare for the further revelation disclosed in the opening verses of the succeeding chapter. When we are obedient to God, when He and His things are given their right resting place, when central in our life, *His altar is built and consecrated*, no disaster is possible to us; what appears to be disadvantage is turned into joy.

II.—The teacher will describe the occasion of national joy. How glad we are when anything upon which we have set our hearts is accomplished! And what years of eager anticipation found their crown and joy in the opening of this new and wonderful house for God! There is no satisfaction on earth equal to the joy that thrills us when we are conscious of giving pleasure to the King of heaven. The dedication of that temple, long since destroyed, is an object-lesson of a dedication far more valuable and acceptable, for our bodies are the *living temples* of the Holy Spirit. The lesson verses are a picture parable of precious and permanent truth. Let us, therefore, use the symbol of *vv. 1-13* to set forth what God far more desires, the

Life-Offering

of each member of the class. Point out that, beautiful as the temple was, it could only be what our Sunday schools and churches are, a means to an end, a perishable covering for doing eternal work. God's building we are. Solomon's temple went up *silently*. 'It rose like an exhalation.' Soon *life-fabric* is built up by God's laws, all ordained by love. Until there had come into that temple what is so vividly described in *v. 11* it was, for the end for which it stood, *worthless*. God's presence in it alone gave it value and use. So, until that same glory cloud descends upon and abides within and without our life, the end for which we are here is *unaccomplished*. What a mockery, a church without God! But an equal mockery, and even more mischievous, is life unfilled by God's Spirit! Following the symbol of these verses we mark (a) *Reverent Preparation*, (b) *Reverent Handling*, (c) *Reverent Ends*. All is done *for God* and for His *infilling*.

Should we not so regard the training or culture of *our bodies*, the use of *hands, feet, eyes, ears, tongues!* The body should be the external dwelling place of the Most High God, the *Holy of Holies* being our *affection*. This is the offering He covets, and when it is made our joy will be full.

III.—This will enable us to understand the verses which follow *(vv. 14-30)*. The dedication of man's work is followed by an out-pouring of the soul in what is the most remarkable prayer in the Old Testament. Truly the wisdom for which Solomon longed is here illustrated; not to pray is the greatest folly.

Life Devotion

to the *Highest Person*, the *Highest Uses*, the *Best Results*, will always follow the permanent *home-coming of God* into the heart. When we know that God dwells in us, and we dwell in Him, prayer will become a *life*, rather than a separate *practice*, our life will be itself a prayer. This habit of devotion will give us the power of

a. *Interpretation (vv. 15-19)*; b. *Accomplishment (vv. 20-21)*; c. *Mastery of the future (vv. 22-26)*. Let the teacher, illustrating from the lesson, show how true this is still of the true friend of God. Is it not seen in the examples of *Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Daniel, Paul*, and beyond all, in the life of *Jesus?* How truly Solomon reads the *past*, accomplishes what the past *hinted at* and *prepared* for, and how *confident* as to the *future!* Equally so will it be with us if our bodies are God's living temples. Solomon's prayer goes like an arrow to the mark, because God has been enthroned. An anonymous writer compares prayer to letters carried by the mail. 'All the pretence' prayers go among the eternal strays. Like many letters which never reach their destination, many prayers have to be marked 'missent,' and consigned to oblivion. Some prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed right, not addressed to God, but to the audience. Other prayers never 'go through,' because the address is illegible. Other prayers get lost because they are 'unavailable' matter; prayers whose answer might gratify us, but would fall like showers of daggers on our neighbours, and so are denied passage through the divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like, are not allowed in the mails. No rightly-stamped, sincerely-directed, and well-meaning prayer is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is 'on file.'

Our dedication should be immediate and complete, and the devotion of lip and life will follow.—Henry J. Pickett.

LOCAL CHURCH NEWS.

Hull Fourth.

On Nov. 15th we were favoured, at Hessle Road, with a visit from Rev. S. Windram, of Bilston, whose sermons were of a very helpful character. Mr. T. Evans presided over the afternoon meeting, when a musical programme was rendered by Prince's Avenue Wesleyan Choir, whilst on the Monday evening a drawing room entertainment was held, Mr. A. E. Sipling presiding, with Mr. W. Short, jun., as vice-chairman. Amongst many items of an interesting programme the violin solos of Master De Boer (gold medallist) were greatly appreciated. The financial results were satisfactory.

Sunderland Third.

The choir of the Bright Street chapel held their annual musical festival, on Sunday, November 8th, when services were conducted by the Brothers E. and W. Epps, the evening services being a musical one at which the choir, under Mr. J. H. Gibbon, rendered anthems. Misses Edmondston, Holmes, and Purvis, and Mr. W. Holmes were the soloists. On Wednesday, November 11th, the annual choir concert was given. The chairman was Mr. Edmondston and the following artistes took part:—Violinist, Miss Marie Jackson; Mandolinist, Mr. Coulson; Vocalists, Miss Marsh and Mr. Alden; Organist and pianist, Mr. C. Letcher. The choir again rendered anthems in style. During the interval a presentation was made to Mr. Reed who has been a teacher in our Williamson Terrace and Bright Street Sunday school for forty years, of a silver medal (given by one of the London papers). Mr. Reed suitably replied.

Thornton Heath.

In connection with this school, on November 16th, the first parents' social was held in the Lecture Hall and a very pleasant evening was experienced. Several of the teachers rendered solos and recitations, and refreshments were provided. The superintendent (Mr. C. Boxall) briefly spoke to the parents upon the importance of the Sunday school work. The Rev. F. H. Clark presided over the gathering, and Mr. A. J. Read (the leader of the P.S.A.) spoke briefly.

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