

**Thoughts of Peace in Time of War. By Rev. J. G. Bowran.**  
**How to Maintain Our Great Tradition. By William Windsor.**  
**The Menace of Catchwords. By Rev. W. Younger.**

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**Thoughts of Peace in Time of War.**

BY REV. J. G. BOWRAN.

Mr. Dan Crawford wrote and spoke about "Thinking Black." We are "thinking war." How can it be otherwise? *Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?* We should be thinking not simply of the war as we view it at present, but of all that the struggle means. We need ideals for the future. Most of all, we need the authority to actualise and enforce them. Russell Lowell says:—

"He who would win the name of truly great  
Must understand his own age and the next."

This present age is full of conflicting thoughts and passions. Everything in our life is different. Life will never be the same again for any of us. There are admirable features, we gladly own. There is a great moral passion in the soul of the nation, an heroic uprising of conscience, a mighty response to righteousness. It is not merely the defence and rescue of Belgium, the decision to honour every sacred "scrap of paper." We believe that we are standing for freedom, for democratic rule and right, for the peace of Europe and the well-being of the world. Before the war Charles Sarolea, in "The Anglo-German Problem," declared that "The present conflict between England and Germany is the old conflict between Liberalism and despotism, between industrialism and militarism, between progress and reaction, between the masses and the classes." All parties in our land have responded to this appeal. Our Conference voiced it. Much of the finest youth of our Church has been dedicated to this cause. There is no hatred of Germany and its people. It is the Prussian cult that is the foe, the militarists who say that "war is moral," that "it has an austere grandeur, an intrinsic nobility." All the righteous wars are not in the past. Cromwell is honoured as "the uncrowned king of England" because he broke the power of tyrants. The defeat of Napoleon was a boon to Europe. The destruction of Kaiserism is demanded by the conscience of the free, and we rejoice in the unanimity and the moral decisiveness which have been evoked.

But there are ominous and disquieting features in the present situation. All the wonders and powers of our civilisation are being turned to purposes of destruction. We have gloried in the triumphs of science and the miracles of invention of the last century. Now we see all these devoted to the work of slaughter. Never in the history of the world have there been such engines of death. The submarine and the air-craft and all the horrors of gas have been added to the terrors. It was thought that the war and its thoughts and fears would have turned the nation to God, that there would have been a new love of prayer, and a desire for the means of grace. The signs are in the contrary direction. There is no diminution of pleasure and the Sabbath is desecrated as of yore. The power of the drink trade has been wofully revealed. The Government seems helpless. There are admitted evils even in shorter hours, and the increase of drunkenness among women is appalling. It is to be feared that many of our Nonconformist recruits have yielded to the drink temptations. In many canteens little was done for the abstainers. All our Churches are being tested. And so, while we rejoice in the national response to the challenge of

militarism, we confess that there are saddening and alarming features.

But what of the future? The Prime Minister deprecates all talk of peace. That may be quite correct from the standpoint of the politician, but it is our business to be thinking of this. Carlyle declared that "The future is the realised ideal of the people." H. G. Wells believes that this war will end war. He says, "We have to spread this idea, repeat this idea, and impose upon this war the idea that this war must end war." Dr. Washington Gladden, in his "Recollections," writes words that burn. He had lived through the Civil War in America. "War is hell, and it sets up continual pandemonium in any commonwealth. . . . No nation can engage in a protracted war without suffering a serious loss of national probity and honour. The worst losses are outside of the army and after the war." We believe that there will be a universal abhorrence of war. We know something of what our soldiers think of war now that they have seen it and felt it. By-and-by, we shall know more. The manifesto signed by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Meyer, Dr. Selbie, Thomas Burt, and others, is especially timely. It declares that *It is the will of God that war shall cease.* "War is out of date. Our industry cannot stand it, our commerce cannot stand it, our laws cannot stand it, our morals cannot stand it. Least of all can it be tolerated by the Christian conscience of mankind."

After the war we plead for the establishment of an International Court of Peace. We forget that scores of difficulties have been settled by arbitration and conciliation. What will be needed is an International Concert, by which all the Powers will bind themselves that war must never be. All matters in dispute must be referred to this supreme court, and the League must have powers to enforce their judgments by economic pressure and a combined police. This will lead to a decided disarmament and a relief to all the nations of the world. The boon will be incalculable. And other things will follow. There will be no more secret diplomacies and fine balancing of the Powers. We need to cut at the root of all rivalries. There must be no more private trading in armaments, either in Germany or Britain. "No more gain in arms" must be one of the watchwords of the future. All national rights and susceptibilities must be regarded. In this "Pluralistic Universe" there is room and need for all the nations, but each nation must be an entity. All this will dispel the war-press and the hateful system of spies. The neutralisation of the seas must follow. We have precedents for this in the Canadian frontiers and in the American lakes. There, there are no cannon or guns, no warships or soldiers. These are the things to wish for, and pray for, and plead for. "Our business is to kill ideas," H. G. Wells affirms. "The ultimate purpose of this war is propaganda, the destruction of certain beliefs, and the creation of others," and these are the ideas we need to urge.

In Britain, too, after the war, there will be immense problems. It is difficult to prophesy, but it is clear that political life will be very different; there will be less of caste in our social relationships, and our industrial affairs will present novel and difficult aspects. We can never revert to all the pre-war

ways. Serious people will be thinking of all these things. And so far as our Churches are concerned the most important matters will challenge us. We shall need to make a new effort to win the people to God. The recovery of the Lord's Day will be one of the most pressing problems. It is significant and timely that a new and broader Temperance Organisation is being formed. If the drink evil is to be conquered it can only be by the united and sustained efforts and propaganda of all religious and social reformers. Most of all there will be need for a deeper, personal religious life. A finer quality of godly character will be of the first necessity. All God's people will have to set the higher example in every walk of life. Good men and women will be more than ever needed in the days that follow the war. In all this our hope is in God. It was in a war time like ours, when Sennacherib invested Jerusalem and challenged Hezekiah, that the poet sang his faith:—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will we not fear!" The duties of the present press; the hopes of the future are our salvation. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." John Bright heartened himself with this faith. So may we.

## HOLIDAY SKETCHES.

### The Call of the Country

"Far from the madding crowd" is generally regarded as a good holiday maxim, but in this tragic year, with its lessened railway facilities, rural England has called to many with clamant voice. When a brother minister in one of the quiet places of the land we love so well said "Come!" our course was determined. Between the Sundays was our opportunity. Swift went the wheels of the "Royal Enfield" from military traffic and "soldiers everywhere" to the quiet haunts of North Hants. On, on, by the Bath road, through Hungerford, with its ever-recurring Hocktide romances, by historic Shefford and Newbury, across beautiful common lands, where we sniffed the fragrance of the gorse and heather, and felt a little out of the world. In the late afternoon we sighted glorious belts of pinewood, so suggestive of the Talbot Woods at Winton. In the dark we might have thought ourselves at Bournemouth. No wonder the happy villagers of Silchester call it "Bournemouth without the sea." Yes, we had put on the brake as we coasted down a red gravelled road and found ourselves at Silchester. Here, on August 9th, we picked the first handful of ripe blackberries this year, and in a quiet stroll with the minister of the circuit took in the geography of the place.

For Primitives, Silchester is a rural circuit area, with eleven places on the Plan, the chapel at the head of the station being one of the most ancient things in this old-world neighbourhood. All outsiders would rejoice in a forward movement here. There is good accommodation for the young people, who seem not yet to have left this district. A restful night at the Manse, where so much "divinity" has laboured and rested in all the years of this circuit's history. The first sign of intelligent animation in the morning was the whistling of a happy farmer boy on his way across the common. The tune he whistled was "Silchester." How strange! Near by a Roman Silchester, otherwise "Callera Atrabatum," where recently most interesting excavations have been pursued, laying the old city bare to the antiquarian. What a delight to explore it for ourselves, entering by the old city gateway on the West. The wall is in good preservation, surrounding a hundred acres of corn land in rich condition. The main roads of centuries ago can easily be traced, for the wheat on the ancient tracks is not quite so high as the rest, and of a slightly different colour. We heard that whenever the soil is disturbed by spade or plough, precious bits of pottery, coins and fragments of pavement are turned up. From the refuse near a newly-made grave in the churchyard some pottery of interest was discovered, to be placed on our study mantelpiece for consideration in winter months ahead. The amphitheatre just outside the city wall was a delightful study, though it is not so spacious as the one at Dorchester, Dorset.

Next day we visited Reading Museum, where three rooms are placed at the disposal of Silchester explorers. The story there unfolded of the employments, habits of life, pleasures and hopes of the people who lived at Silchester hundreds of years ago is too long to tell here. How illuminating to the printed page of history it all was! We were privileged to join our London-street, Reading, School teachers and children in their festival outing on the Thames to Goring and Stratley, nine miles on the water, and ample refreshment at the end. More than 300 of us went, in the steamers "Britannia" and "Caversham." Mr. Waite led the children in their anniversary hymns, and a select part of the chapel choir gave us a glee or two to add to the joy of the journey. The days soon passed for us, and the homeward cycle ride was undertaken. Again through delightful common lands, again the heather and the pinewoods. We had to dodge the rainstorms this time, but all came in the day's delight.

Milestone after milestone we passed, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, until home was reached, and now a happy memory of the past, and an ardent anticipation of something more of the same sort another day. CROCIER.

## A GREAT TRADITION.

### II.—How to Maintain It.

By William Windsor.

The contention of the previous article that, except as an occasional demonstration reminiscent of the evangelical history of the Connexion, the English camp-meeting, as an effective method of evangelism, has seen its day, will probably not be seriously called in question. Let us again repeat, it does not therefore follow that the tradition it once helped to maintain must be allowed to fall into neglect. There is an affectation of modernity which talks much of fashions and makes inordinate play with the overworked word "old-fashioned." Content with a superficial estimate of things, it not infrequently confounds methods with principles, and assumes that, because a method is worn out, practically all that it represented has passed into desuetude with the discredited method. A true modernity which commends itself to thoughtful minds never in its abandonment of outworn methods loses its grip of abiding principles. It may lay aside forms because they no longer serve their old-time purpose, but it eagerly seeks for others which in the new day will effectually promote the unchanging purposes of the Kingdom of God. Primitive Methodism, of all churches, cannot be justified in neglecting open-air evangelism, because camp-meetings are no longer effective. The core of the great tradition—a passionate concern to reach those who need the Gospel most by every available means—remains as real and imperative as ever.

It must be owned we are not adequately reaching the masses. They do not come to us. Must we not, at all costs, carry the Gospel to them? We hear occasionally of High Church vicars and curates engaged in open-air preaching. Last year an evangelical bishop of the Anglican Church preached the Gospel to listening thousands on the sands of a large popular northern watering-place. This year he was joined by another evangelical bishop in a like mission. For them this must be comparatively new and strange work. For the spiritual descendants of the early Primitive Methodist preachers, be they itinerant or lay, it is, or ought to be, a simple inheritance, something which belongs to a great succession. Not on the sands of large watering-places, but at convenient spots in our crowded towns and cities, near to the doors and windows of our artisan population, in those parts of large villages where non-churchgoers are chiefly to be found—to such places Primitive Methodists should carry the gospel of grace. Of late years at least one section of the English Labour party has set us a significant example and taught us a valuable lesson. For the purposes of social and political propaganda it has boldly, so to speak, annexed the street pavements. Wherever it has been possible to carry its message, there its agents have borne it, the nearer to the homes and haunts of the common people the better. And what aptitude in dealing with interruptions, what force of appeal, what resource and skill this policy of theirs has developed in not a few of their speakers! It may well have excited the admiration of practised public speakers to note these characteristics of the ablest of their platform representatives. Is there not here a fruitful suggestion for us in our open-air mission work? Into the streets we must go; at the very best corners we must take our stand, as near to the people as we can get—this must be our aim. A telling speaker in such positions does not merely address the small group of persons who gather within easy distance of his standing-ground. He actually carries the good tidings to hundreds of listeners at house doors and within open windows. This is not mere theory; it is established fact.

But how are we to do this work, having regard to all our pressing duties? Oh, it can be done, and well done, if we recognise the sacred urgency of it. It will require system, reliable organisers, the choice of definite localities within comparatively easy reach of our chapels, and a well-arranged plan of services and speakers. For many months in the year, particularly in late spring, summer and autumn, at least one week-evening service could be arranged weekly, and a shorter one on Sundays. If the Senior Christian Endeavour night were chosen one week, a society class night the following week, and so on, varying the night each week so that it might fall in turn on the night of each fellowship meeting, it could be an understanding that the members of the respective fellowship meetings should, when the open-air service occurs on their meeting night, transfer their attendance to it. The help of these several groups of members on their special nights would be invaluable, and their fellow-

ship meeting would only assume this form possibly once a month. A nucleus of distinctly interested people is indispensable to an effective open-air service. Besides, singers are required, solo singers in particular, and persons who can read the Scriptures and engage in public prayer. Of course, in point of detailed method this is but suggestion. All details must be settled locally. But it will be said our young people cannot be induced to participate in such work; they shrink instinctively from it. They will shrink from it unless a fitting example is set for them by their minister and his leading officials. And, failing such example, no wonder if they do. Let it be seen and felt that foremost in the work are the most prominent of our laymen, the men of social standing, notably those who occupy positions of public honour and trust, and our young people will very soon come to feel that it deserves, and indeed demands, their support. The importance of such an unequivocal lead can hardly be exaggerated.

Unless for the carrying out of the programme thus roughly sketched the Church gives of its best the venture will not be successful. The custom of relegating open-air preaching to the least effective and accomplished of our public speakers is hopelessly and mischievously wrong. Open-air evangelism has been gravely prejudiced of recent years by the indifferent quality of much of the speaking devoted to it. Our very best preachers should be used—our best, whether they be itinerant preachers or laymen. Your intelligent artisan resents, and rightly resents the sort of address that is too often thought to be good enough for street evangelism. He will listen if we are careful to give him something worthy of his attention, and his listening may well be fraught with gracious consequences for him. Our thoughtful and studious young men should graduate as local preachers in this school, but if so they must be taught to regard it as a great privilege to be permitted to essay public religious speaking in this way. It must be obvious to them that they are being allowed to take their place beside the ablest men in the church.

On this point of high efficiency the most solemn stress ought to be laid. Need it excite wonder that vast crowds gathered to hear John Wesley, the Oxford divine, cultivated, eloquent, persuasive, fervent? Is it strange that multitudes were wont to hang on the lips of George Whitefield, the incomparable field-preacher, dramatic, vivid, impassioned, almost irresistible? And who will think it marvellous that on the shores of the lake of Galilee, and in the neighbourhood of Bethsaida men and women congregated in thousands to hear Jesus speak? Do we need a more eloquent reminder of the real demands of this work, or of its glorious possibilities? But, perhaps, it will be urged that few among us have the voice and physical energy for open-air speaking. In this, as in many other matters, much depends on practice and experience. When we do more open-air speaking we shall be surprised to find with what comparative ease it can be done. But again, it may be said that the ordinary work of the Church and school will suffer if this programme is attempted. It is a groundless fear. Instead of suffering, the ordinary work of our Churches will begin to thrive as soon as we give ourselves ardently to this essentially Christ-like mission. Our greatest need for all our Christian undertakings, whether we are old or young, is holy passion, and the way to kindle it is by the cultivation of the missionary temper.

We need have no fear that our church will lack men and women in the future of the necessary conviction, fervour and intensity to carry on the work of a truly evangelistic church, if we are found capable of this enterprise in the Master's name. And what gracious fruits in changed and dedicated lives await our efforts! We have, as our fathers had, the gospel of Redemption to carry to the denizens of our crowded districts, that gospel which is alone effective to deliver from sin, to make good citizens of the Commonwealth, and, above all, to confer the rights and blessings of the citizenship that is in heaven. Discovering afresh how to preach effectively in this outside sphere, the congregations in our churches will soon begin to recognise in our preaching indoors a new note of spontaneity and power. Life, passion, a supreme anxiety to save men—these are the demands outside and inside alike. Let these demands by God's abounding grace be met, and our beloved church in these modern days shall renew the triumphs and the glories of her youth.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### The Progress of the War.

While there have not been wanting during the week signs of considerable activity, and some new points have been gained either by ourselves or our Allies, it is evident that the position on the western front is largely one of stalemate, with large bodies of troops grimly and relentlessly watching one another. With scientifically entrenched warfare that, perhaps, is inevitable. In the Dardanelles there has been severe fighting, though headway is extremely difficult to make, and Sir Ian Hamilton has plainly warned us against supposing "that the true objective has been gained, or that further serious and costly efforts will not be required before a decisive victory is won." A too-easy optimism may be only a little less foolish than a dejected pessimism. Things have moved, however, with significant rapidity on the Russian front, and the Grand Duke has been compelled to withdraw from various points. Since the severe set-back of the German forces in the Gulf of Riga, other tactics have been adopted, and since the Russian retreat from Brest the Zlota Lipa barrier has been forced. The Russian forces, however, remain intact, and how far the Grand Duke is luring his pursuers to their doom the next few weeks will prove.

### The Fall of Brest Litovsk.

The news of the fall of Brest Litovsk, one of the most massive of the Russian fortresses, though not unexpected, is most disquieting. It will be easy, however, to exaggerate its importance. With the evacuation of Kovno, this had probably been anticipated by the Russian Commander himself. Still, this relentless pressure from a foe whose resources seem well-nigh boundless must be disappointing to the Russian people. So far, however, there are no signs of dejection, and the note which the leaders in the Duma strike is one of unshaken confidence. Though the joint forces of the enemy have made, and are still making, enormous efforts to either envelop the Grand Duke or to bring him to set battle, his strategy is too much for them, and the statesmen in Petrograd know they have good ground for their confidence. The enemy's forces are being slowly decimated, while the armies of the Grand Duke remain almost entire. The foe is getting farther and farther from his base, and is being drawn to an area not favourable to his success. Meanwhile the dogged Russians gain time, and every day brings them tremendous supplies of munitions for the new hosts they can put into the field.

### Russia's Loyalty to Her Allies.

There have been set in circulation most cleverly, though maliciously, designed rumours to the effect that Russia is wavering in her loyalty to her Allies, and that she is subtly feeling her way to an independent peace. It is not difficult to detect the crafty plan in such propaganda, but it is not at all likely to deceive the Allies of the brave Russians. The words of M. Sazanoff should reassure any faltering hearts, however. He says: "I will state categorically that never at any time has there been the slightest difference of opinion between the high commands of the allied armies. Absolute confidence prevails in the highest circles as to the actions taken by our Allies, and implicit faith is felt by all as to the ultimate issue of the campaign which is pending in the West. I wish for ever to disabuse the public mind of any intention whatever of the Russian Government to make an independent peace with Germany so long as a hostile soldier remains in Russia." Recent reverses will only stiffen the resolve of the dogged Russians to stand by her friends, well knowing, as she does, that she can depend on them, especially for the munitions that are now being poured in.

### French Prime Minister's Great Speech.

One of the most memorable scenes in the history of the French Chamber was witnessed on Thursday of last week, when M. Viviani, the Prime Minister, replied to the criticism of the Army administration, practically the whole of the members of the Chamber rising to their feet and acclaiming the Premier. The vote that followed was historic. The Government secured what was equivalent to a vote of confidence by 539 votes to 1. The burden of the speech was the resolute and unshakable spirit of the French people, and the entire and eloquent pronouncement is not less full of meaning to her Allies than to the people of the Republic itself. The apostles of disunion find no countenance in the great outburst of the French Prime Minister, who showed that the great sacrifices which the French people have been called upon to make had not diminished by one whit her set resolve to stand steadfastly by her Allies until the victory which they are alike confidently looking for has crowned their joint effort. The Premier's great statement is to be placarded throughout the country.

### Mr. Balfour and Zeppelin "Frightfulness."

The words which Mr. Balfour addressed to a correspondent on Saturday last should assist in giving steadiness to nerves which have been in any way shaken by the devastation of the Zeppelin raiders, and to those who have been disturbed by the sparsity of news on these raids which the Press Bureau has permitted to pass. To say this is not to minimise the extent of the destruction they have wrought or in the slightest degree to fail to appreciate the value of the precious lives which have been sacrificed. These are results which we all profoundly deplore, and with those whose nerves have been torn we intensely sympathise. But it may all be seen in a false perspective, and Mr. Balfour has done well to lift into prominence one or two facts. His words will show that, relatively, this year's destruction has been slight, and that the Zeppelin attack has been a military failure. It is also clear that the Government in its official statements

has kept back no material fact. Mr. Balfour's maxim should be remembered by us all: "Let us learn what we can from the enemy; let us teach them what we must"; and when we naturally thirst for fuller information we can well afford to keep it in mind.

### Freedom of the Press.

It does not need that we should in the slightest degree sympathise with much that is written on the pages of the "Labour Leader" to lead us to rejoice in the decision of the Salford Stipendiary on Thursday of last week in the action brought by the local police for the suppression of certain copies of that journal. Free speech has been bought for the British public at so great a cost that, even in these days of severe censorship, they may well look with jealousy at attempts at its curtailment. Like many other precious things, it is open to abuse, and occasions arise when it is undeniably abused. But, even so, it is far better than an officially engineered or a muzzled press. In exceptional times like the present unusual courses are tolerated, but we confess that we have no love for the judicial habit, as in the case of the "Labour Leader," of hearing cases in private. Extravagant and ill-balanced views not uncommonly defeat themselves, but, whether or no, the British people will not take easily to the militarising of our life. There is far more likelihood of folly than of danger in a free press.

### The Welsh Coal Trouble.

At the moment of writing the trouble in the South Wales coal-fields remains unsettled, though there are pretty confident hopes that it will not be of long duration. To the ordinary onlooker it seems more than strange—perhaps harsher terms could be used—that when both parties have agreed to accept the findings of Mr. Runciman, the moment he publishes his decision one of them should immediately flatly refuse, and thousands of them "down tools" at once. It may well be that if the general public possessed technical knowledge, which they can hardly be expected to possess, the popular view would be different; but as it is the Welsh miners are running the not to be despised risk of alienating public sympathy and of incurring the censure of common sense, neither of which they can afford to do. The fear grows that the agitator has caught their ear as against the wiser counsels of trusted leaders. In the long run, this is bound to fail, as it deserves to fail. The history of past years proves that they have real grievances, but it also proves that the grievances can be better remedied by sane men than by demagogues and dreamers.

### The Retirement of Dr. Clifford.

The withdrawal of the reverend minister of Westbourne Park Chapel from the active work of the pastorate, though not happily from the activities of public life, makes, as well as marks, an event in the religious life of the land which is both noteworthy and exceptional. To have held one pastorate only, and that for the phenomenal period of fifty-seven years, is a most arresting and significant fact; but when to that is added the boundless energy which the fiery and eloquent Westbourne Park pastor has, during the whole of that period, thrown into the making of a new England, his withdrawal makes the moment unique. Happily, as the versatile doctor is never tired of reminding us, he remains as young as any of us, and his natural force is only slightly abated, and in those struggles for fuller freedom and larger life which will await us when the war is over, we shall be able, if God will, to still depend upon his safe but vigorous leadership and his stimulating and infectious example. Dr. Clifford has been a great gift of God to the nation, whose immense value we shall appraise better as the years go.

### Sunday School Decline.

Unfortunately, the decline in the membership of our Sunday-schools has been so protracted and persistent that the paralysing familiarity with the humbling fact which is possessing us is one of our greatest perils in the present day situation. Still, it is well for us to be compelled to face the case, and the Special Commissioner of the *Sunday School Chronicle* has done good service in the compilation of the figures. The latest figures, including all denominations for Great Britain, are 704,215 teachers and 7,136,177 scholars, being a decrease for the year of 1,777 teachers and 75,794 scholars, or a loss of nearly one per cent. Many of the reasons quoted for this depressing condition of things sounds more like excuses than actual reasons. Until there is a better type of Church life, a more passionate and self-sacrificing desire to be of some actual service in the kingdom of God, a clearer realisation of the gravity of discipleship, together with a fuller sense of the responsibility of parenthood, it is idle to talk of poor buildings, better trained teachers and ministerial neglect, the week-end habit and the rest of it.

## THE MENACE OF CATCHWORDS.

By Rev. W. Younger.

The observer of public life will have been impressed by the influence of words and phrases upon the modern mind. Indeed, one of the powerful popular methods of leadership is the capacity to invent phrases which hit off a situation. Mr. Lloyd George owes not a little of his hold upon the masses to his supreme gift of photographic phrasing. He mirrors men and moods and movements with extraordinary lucidity. And while this gift may be a powerful lever of progress, it requires ceaseless watching when used for interested ends. And the war has provided the diplomatic and journalistic enemies of the people with a phrasing opportunity which they have not been slow to seize.

The old word Conscription is now only used occasionally, and the recent advocate who passionately desires to see this land governed on the lines of Continental militarism is using phrases which aim at the same thing. He desires "national military training" and "universal military service." And there are not a few statesmen, and even ministers of religion, who have been bitten by these glib phrases. And leaders of thought come to this view of the situation from widely different motives and reasons; but this versatile unity is in itself a grave menace. There are those who would like to see universal military training because, so it is argued, it would make for a finer and stronger physique. Others desire a certain military training for every youth, so that, while avoiding all aggressive militarism, we would be ready in a very brief period to meet the most formidable European opposition. Another class urge universal military training as the necessary corrective to the dangerous licence of the modern youth. It would tide him over the period of risk when he is not in the position by virtue of experience to control himself. With these reasons the out-and-out Conscriptorist would agree. But he has a sincere and deeper reason. He is by temperament and training an unrelenting enemy of democracy. He sees the rising tide of democratic aspiration and control. Ancestral traditions are being set rudely aside. The best way to meet this menace to historic interests is the adoption of the military system of government. The Conscriptorist sees in the enthronement of the officer chosen from the moneyed and landed classes the only effective alternative to the triumph of the people in government. And the creation of this military idealism would help to crush any danger from trades union agitation. The industrial leader would be summarily dealt with. Besides, the financial liability would be easily met. Colonel Lee bluntly tells the truth. The aim would be to secure "a cheap army." The combination of privilege and poverty in the army would make this Empire peaceful, prosperous and progressive.

The colossal impudence and obvious disloyalty of the persistent journalistic advocates of this programme baffle description. It is time the Government learned that it is a lack of courage and honesty which brings the "Labour Leader" to trial and allows the "Times" to poison Continental judgment by minimising in every possible way the efforts which we are making on behalf of the Allies. It is all very well to argue that this is a time for unity. All our energy must be thrown into the common stock of industry and munitions in order to win in this unprecedented struggle. The answer to this demand is that the only party to disregard it are those who labour day and night to fasten upon us the very system which has turned Europe into a hell upon earth. They began early in the war to urge the immediate mobilisation of every man of military age. They have not scrupled to represent French and Russian opinion as disappointed with our indifference to the slaughter of their peoples, and our feeble attempts to organise the nation in spite of the increasing gravity of the conflict. They have denounced every leader who was not prepared to dance to their tune. And so one leader after another has been brought under the ban of Lord Northcliffe. Lord Haldane was a friend of Germany. Asquith was neglecting his duty. Lord Kitchener was obviously incapable of organising the nation for victory.

But the passing of every month is an increasing vindication of the wisdom and strength of our voluntary system. Men have volunteered by the million. There have always been more volunteers than equipment. The cry of "shirkers" has been effectively silenced. As soon as the Government organised the nation for the supply of munitions skilled workers volunteered by the hundred thousand. And the number has all along exceeded the machinery necessary for war manufactures. And as soon as the Government convinced the workers that war profits would be devoted to the prosecution of the war their serious agitations for economic justice disappeared. And all attempts to fasten Conscriptorism on this country will deservedly fail. We are fighting to destroy it in Europe. The course of the war itself is dead against it. If a military system, based upon science and skill and marvellous organisation could triumph in war, then Germany should have won hands down in this war. Her failure will be a death-blow to Conscriptorism. Democracy is against it. If the Government were to suggest it the unity of the nation would disappear. Great journalism is against it. One danger calls for attention. Many able men are being influenced by the phrase "National Service." When it is examined it means nothing. Everybody is serving, and, as far as the preparation for the final victory is concerned, everything possible is being done. Let the users of this high-sounding phrase, "National Service," be careful. It heads straight for Conscriptorism. It is much more than the first stage of the journey to it.

Rev. Ezra Ramm has completely recovered from his recent throat trouble, and is exercising a very effective ministry at Bognor.

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WRITE TO THE EDITOR OF THE

**SUNDAY CIRCLE,**  
The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## THE SECOND DIARY OF A SKY PILOT.

May 16th.—Quarterly renewal of tickets. Brother Gibbins is one of the men who believes that the Connection has been going from bad to worse ever since the district barriers were thrown down. It used to be that circuits could only invite ministers within their own district boundaries, but that was parochialism run mad, and when the barriers went down incompetency found it more difficult to find a circuit. Gibbins is at heart a Tory of the Tories in ecclesiastical policy, and a Radical in politics. All the best things, according to him, are in the past. We are not making the same to-day either as ministers or officials as we did when he was young. Our congregations have lost their fervour, our students are a poor sample, our preaching is decadent, and our people are worldly-minded. So he repeats his jeremiads incessantly. His eyes are in the back of his head. To-night he gave us a speech which was a woeful lament over modern tendencies from beginning to end. A "blood chiller," Brother Jaques called it. The chairman, when he had finished, said "The next hymn is,

'My God, the spring of all my joys.'

If what our brother says is true we ought rather to sing:

"Oh! Lord, and can we ever live,  
At this poor, dying rate?"

But we will stick to the programme, for I believe that these are the best days the world has ever seen."

May 18th-28th.—My boys, Eddie and Gordon, are at home for the Whitsuntide holidays. They are masculine, not only in gender but in spirit. I sometimes wish there were a little less exuberance of juvenile vitality. Boys will be boys, of course, but is there any necessity why in one morning they should drive a football through the kitchen window (extra large panes of plate glass), break the spring of the sofa, and spoil the best carving fork by using it to prize a cork out of a ginger-beer bottle? It is wonderful how much commotion two lads can make in a house otherwise a model of quietness and order. My right-hand neighbour—a Mr. Martin—is a retired civil servant, and is the very embodiment of order and preciseness. He is a bachelor, and is fond of dogs, of which he keeps three. His housekeeper is a grim-faced woman, who seems as if she had never been younger than fifty, and had made up her mind that the world is a sour orange. Between her and Gordon there exists a state of armed neutrality. Sometimes it passes into the more active stages of doing and suffering. She has boxed his ears twice, and he, in retaliation, on the first convenient occasion, cut her clothes line, and let the newly-washed linen down to the ground. On the second occasion he "paid her off"—to use his own phrase—in a more elaborate manner. There is a high wall between the next garden and ours, but he has several times, by means of a cord and a pothook, appropriated baskets and other things she had left in the garden, and for a long time she did not understand how they had disappeared, as the gate was kept locked, and the wall was too high to be climbed. By the aid of a pair of steps he had been able just to look over and lasso with his hook everything within reach of the line. This went on for some weeks, until his mother found a lot of this "treasure" in the loft over the wash-house which he had converted into a "pirate's cave." It was a humiliating moment for him when he had to return them to the owner, who gave him her estimate of his character in strong, pungent phrases. Of course, I could not condone such conduct, and punished him by sending him to bed an hour earlier than his wont, for a whole fortnight. I also preached to him that the "lex talionis" is not the law of Christian conduct, but all boys believe in the soundness of the Mosaic precept, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and paying off old scores is one of the joys of their life.

May 20th.—Sat down to a study this morning of Jacob Behmen, the mystic, and was just getting deeply interested when a letter was handed in at the door:—

"Dear Sir,—Your two hoodlums have been pelting my Pomeranian dog, Scot, with stones. If this occurs again I shall prosecute them with all the rigour of the law, so please give them warning. I have met many lads in the course of my life, but two more incorrigible young rascals than your sons it has never been my misfortune to come across. It is well-nigh impossible to be a Christian and live next door to them. What it must be to dwell in the same house with them I can only faintly imagine. The little one is the worse. He makes the bullets for the bigger one to shoot. If it had not been for my respect for the cloth I should have taken action before.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your unfortunate neighbour,  
"ADAM MARTIN."

When the boys came in I called them into the study. Their explanation was that they were kicking a rubber ball along the road, when Scot, the dog, bounded out of a side street, ran after it, caught it in his mouth and bolted with it. They pursued him, but the dog, feeling that he had a good thing in the way of sport, easily out-distanced them. When he got to a safe distance he deliberately sat down and tore the ball into shreds with his teeth. The boys then took up stones and stoned him. I wrote a letter of explanation and regret to Mr. Martin, to which he sent the following reply:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to yours to hand, your boys are much cleverer than George Washington. He could not tell a lie; they can.

"Yours very truly,

"ADAM MARTIN."

Mother says the letter is so rude that it should be treated with "silent contempt." I agree. Silent contempt is such an easy way of relieving your feelings, by imagining you are hurting the other man's.

## "THE JOY OF MOVING!"

### A Supplement.

#### By One Who Has Moved.

Yes, verily; there is a "joy of moving." Things are so arranged in this wondrous world of ours that no faithfully performed duty passes unrewarded. To act helpfully and generously for others also blesses the actor. And perhaps no joy is quite so sweet as that which comes unsought through beneficent endeavour. A man may well write of it. And yet—in ministerial moving there is another side. Even our friend knows it. "It is good to feel that, whatever sort of a house you go to, your successor at any rate will have no cause to complain." Happy, happy successor! But what of the other man—and woman?

The time before the last we moved—it is a landmark in our history—we had some fun. Aye, real fun. The steward met us, and kindly took us to tea. Then he took us home. He unlocked the door with a smile, put the bags on the step, and left us. My own heart fell an inch. Belinda glowered. The air swept down the hall as from a stable. Expectancy rose. Then in we went. "Phew! Phew! Phew! Open that window—and that door. Let us have some air in." Belinda bustled. Sitting-room and dining-room and bedroom she explored. Then—she—no, she didn't—she—"I'm going to find a shop." And, behold! the stranger returned laden with brushes and soap and "Monkey Brand." She looked as though she had won a battle and meant war. Goodness! It needed it too, I found. Belinda's instinct was true. It struck twelve first time. For a fortnight after that it was scrubbing with a vengeance. From top to bottom and side to side. Venetian blinds, paint, boards, stairs, banisters, etc.; they put off the old—and put on the new—which! Some of the boards had to be scrubbed four times to get them back to civilisation. The bedroom floor was in such a state, I thought—much to Belinda's amusement—it had been stained. Hot water, soap, and "elbow-grease" demonstrated my error. We bought so much soap and "Monkey Brand" we grew ashamed and had to change the shop. But we triumphed. We won many congratulations. We enjoyed "the changed conditions." And we have the joy of knowing our successor at any rate will have no cause to complain.

Then—inexorable fate!—we had to "move on" again. We went with high hopes and some ambition. Were we not going back to the country. Oh, the joy of it! Sweet air, flowers, fruits, friends, quietude, and service! Could any be happier, prouder, or more blessed? We counted the stations as we passed them. We arrived safely in due time. The steward met us and took us to tea—that is quite proper. Then Belinda began popping her questions to the steward's wife. "What is my house like, Mrs. —?"

"Oh, it's a nice house. You'll be all right there."

"Yes," says Belinda, "but is it clean?"

Cruel woman! The question cut like a sword. The steward's wife was covered with confusion. Feebly and shyly she replied, "I—I—I'm a—fraid—I—cannot—say—it is."

Belinda's chin dropped, her mouth elongated, her cheeks flushed, her nose looked exquisite. I knew her soul was aflame, and let the two have it out.

"We'll go and look," said Mrs. —.

They went. What happened I cannot say; only when they returned Belinda exclaimed, "I'm going to accept Mrs. —'s offer to stay here till that house is cleaned!" Then together they sought a charwoman, and purchased the "munitions of war." Next day war began. Belinda got her "Morse Code" on. Dashes were numerous. Dots were positively dangerous. Upheaval was the order of the day. I felt like "digging in"—really—but got commandeered, and had to "dig in" in another way—and who can withstand a woman in earnest, especially when she has assumed supreme command.

"Upstairs first! These beds—strip! Did anybody ever see! I never had it in my home yet. I never will." Great guns! You should have seen her—and it. "Where's your chisel?" It is one of Belinda's perversities to persist in calling a screwdriver a chisel. She got it, and fifteen minutes later she brought her booty. A dust-pan full of it.

"See this?" There was anger and triumph in her tone. "This! It was under the linoleum upstairs. And every room is like it! The tablecloth is like a floor-rag, the table is black. And look at the furniture! It's a crying shame. I had one good clean, and now I come to another. They've not done a thing, just picked up their goods and left it. It's too bad."

She was right, too, dear soul. In my heart I knew it. But I dare not add fuel to fire, so, half seriously and half banteringly, replied: "Some folk have a different standard of cleanliness. And it may be part of our mission to put homes straight for other people."

"What?" Belinda is a Socialist, who believes each one should share in the work as well as the advantages of life. "That's all very well. But it is not fair. They ought to leave the houses clean. I've done my share where we left, and now—"

Of course, they do—they ought to leave the houses clean—but some of them don't. They seem dirt-blind. And, unfortunately, we've had two lots running.

It is now six weeks since we arrived. We are not straight yet. But we've fairly had a do. And things are settling by degrees. The floors, and paint, and some of the furniture have been scoured. Monkey Brand and Lifebuoy have had a rare old innings, with the usual result. Beds and pillow ticks have had necessary attention. Blankets have gone through the wash tub. The

\* The allusion is to the Rev. C. Crabtree's article, "The Joy of Moving," which appeared in the LEADER of August 10th.

vacuum has cleaned the carpets. Grease and dirt have been routed. We have recovered from shame, and are beginning to breathe freely, and even to feel at home. I shall soon be pondering and concluding, and Belinda will be singing and sweeping and serving. Peace will come with victory, and all good things. For even the kingdom of "home" is won by "great tribulation."

Already I am telling Belinda whatever sort of home we find when we move again we shall have the joy of knowing our successors, at any rate, will have no cause to complain. And if we have double work and double expense—it is only an item, and, after all, it does not come every year. To which sage philosophy Belinda remarks: "That is all very well, but if I were a member of the Quarterly Meeting, I would see Rule 266 was a fact, and not a farce."

Oh! Belinda!! I wonder if you stand alone.

## ARMY WORK AT RIPON.

Every visitor with previous acquaintance and knowledge of the ancient city of Ripon is at once impressed on entering it to-day by the striking contrast it presents to the Ripon of a year ago. In pre-war days the charm and quietude of the city, and the beauty of its surroundings made a wonderful appeal to the pleasure-seeker and nature-lover. But now no longer is the atmosphere and conditions of repose with us, but instead the busy tides of a never ceasing activity. Then, unrivalled landscape met the eye from the very fringe of the city, and broad and fertile lands brought forth of their kind for humanity's good. Now thousands of huts and all the equipment of a modern military camp greet the eye of the beholder, stretching for miles outside the city. And the men are here, too. The King's uniform is more common than the dress of the civilian, and upon the ear resounds daily the tramp of thousands of feet. From north and south and east and west the men have come to train for sterner ordeals and valorous service in other fields.

And what of our Church in these days of glorious opportunity? Is she bringing cheer and comfort and inspiration to the sons of Britain in this dire hour? Is she enabling the young men of Primitive Methodism to be strong in temptation's hour? Is she leading those in her midst to the recognition of the higher loyalties and the constraints of the highest service? And many to whom blessing has come would gratefully reply: Ay, without doubt! From the beginning vision and enterprise and consecration have been brought to the task of ministering to the soldiers by minister, officials and members. The Institute is a real home of rest, where the needs of the body, mind and spirit are catered-for. Letters to hand from men who have been moved on, often express the wish that they had the Ripon Institute in the new encampment. And what a joy it has been to see so many at the "means of grace" during the week. The Class Meeting, Endeavour and Prayer Meetings have brought new life and fuller to many a young man in past weeks. And how gladly the soldiers are welcomed into the homes of the people, and how blessed the fellowship for hostesses and guests! And, best of all, triumphs of grace—wonderful and arresting—have been witnessed in the Sunday evening prayer-meetings. To a number the touch divine has been applied, and a new covenant entered into with the Divine Lord. A pleasing incident occurred on Sunday evening, August 8. All the soldiers present at the service—about 150 in number, were invited to partake of supper in the schoolroom by the Langley Park and Jubilee Churches, of Durham Circuit. Money had been sent to Mr. J. H. Wheeler, the Circuit Steward, from these societies to provide cheer and comfort for the soldiers. Thanks for the kindly thought and generous gifts of these distant societies were expressed by a private, a sergeant, and Captain Emmitt, who, since the middle of June, has been ministering to the 34th Division. R. W. N.

## Ministers' Salaries.

SIR.—The position for the majority of our ministers must be one of difficulty to make ends meet. A minister's wife needs be a genius of the first order to accomplish this. We are apt to think because they keep up a respectable appearance and maintain their position in various ways that they are well off, and have more than their needs, whilst the actual position more often is, that food and comfort are sacrificed to the keeping up the position, including the attendance at the various efforts in connection with the circuit and locality. Seeing that in very many of our chapels the members are in a better position owing to increased employment, it is the least we can do in these days of highly increased cost of food and clothing to help those who serve us so well, and to whom we go in our trouble, and who help without complaint or threat of strike, though they have a strong union. An increase, if small, would be of great service, and need not be a burden to a circuit, as, for instance, a circuit of four places could grant an increase of £10 yearly by each place paying one shilling per week extra. I hope the September Quarterly meetings will take the matter in hand.—Yours, etc.

LATMAN.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

## SOME REMINISCENCES.

## Ecumenical Conferences and Methodist Union.

By the late Rev. T. Mitchell, D.D.

There have been four Ecumenical Conferences of the Methodist Church: In 1881 at City-road Chapel, London; in 1891 at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington; in 1901 again at City-road, London; and in 1911 at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto. They were all occasions of great interest and enthusiasm, were attended by representatives of the Methodist Church from every part of the globe, and were striking and memorable demonstrations of the remarkable growth and present magnitude of the Methodist Church as one of the greatest religious forces of the age. What practical effect they have had on the union of the various branches of the Methodist Church we have ample means of judging. The first fruit was the union of the Methodist Churches of Canada, and was followed by a large accession of numbers and power, which amply justified the course taken. Then came the union of the Churches in Australia, followed later by the union of the Churches in New Zealand. In the old country the movement is slower. The free fresh life of the Colonies seems capable of prompter action than is possible here; and yet a very definite step forward has been taken in the union of the three denominations—the New Connexion, the Bible Christians, and the Free Methodists—in the United Methodist Church of to-day. It would be difficult to forecast when and how the next definite steps towards a United Methodist Church of England will be taken; but when that time arrives, it seems likely that similar results will be seen, as in the cases named—a large accession of strength and efficiency.

It was my privilege to be a member of three of these great conferences—Washington, London and Toronto, and they have all left extremely pleasant memories. The method of procedure for the sessions was generally the same. There was a paper read, twenty-five minutes' length, two invited addresses, fifteen minutes each, and then general discussion, each speaker limited to five minutes. At the Washington Conference it was admitted that Rev. H. P. Hughes was the most alert speaker of the gathering. He got in the first five minutes' speech, and right well he used his opportunity. We had had a paper by a distinguished Wesleyan minister on "Methodism in the Eastern Section," but in summarising the situation here he entirely omitted the "Great Forward Movement," of which Mr. Hughes was so distinguished a leader. Mr. Hughes at once struck the ear of the crowded audience with the sentence, "Mr. Chairman—I find it is as necessary in America as it is in England that I should follow Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ to put him right," and then followed a vehement defence of the "Forward Movement" in England as one of the most characteristic and promising features of the Methodism of the homeland to-day. It was the common judgment of all the members present, from whatever land they came, that Mr. Hughes could make twice as many points in the same space of time as any man there. Perhaps Dr. Buckley, the editor of "The Christian Advocate," the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, was his most formidable competitor in direct, forcible, trenchant speech. Following a speaker who had dealt rather grandiloquently with his theme, Dr. Buckley observed: "Our brother has sailed along like a swan, but everybody knows that a swan only draws three inches of water."

At each of these great conferences the question of the union of Methodist Churches in Great Britain and the union of Methodist Churches in the United States of America came under consideration; and in each of the three I attended it fell to my lot to offer a small contribution to the discussion. At Washington, in 1891, I had to speak on the question of "Christian Unity." The paper was read by Rev. T. G. Selby, and I had to follow with the second invited address. I ventured to define Christian unity as the unity of all who trust Christ for personal salvation and spiritual guidance, and who yield to Christ cheerful obedience and loyal service—the unity of all Churches, whatever their form of government or forms of worship or creeds, which recognise Christ as the central fact and force of spiritual life. Uniformity may be mechanical; unity is vital. Uniformity has been the dream of enthusiasts; unity the lofty aim of the purest and noblest of men. It is the unity of a nation with all its diversities of rank, wealth, preference and pursuits; the unity of an army with all its varieties of weapons, drill, methods of attack or defence; the unity of a family with all its differences of taste, aptitude, temperament; the unity of a body with all its members contributing to the efficiency of each other; the unity of an anthem with its infinite variety of swells and cadences, solo, duet, chorus, but each contributing to the harmony and impressiveness of the whole. I then ventured to ask the bearing of these great considerations on the present and future of the Churches represented at that Conference of Universal Methodism. And I propounded two questions: First, is the organic union of British Methodism desirable; and, if so, why? Secondly, is the organic union of British Methodism practicable; and, if so, how? I confidently answered that "a united Methodism for Great Britain and all its missions is a magnificent conception, and its realisation would be a splendid triumph of wisdom and charity," and, "further, it ought not to be beyond the ability of sanctified ecclesiastical statesmanship to devise equitable proposals for so noble an issue." The discussion awakened a considerable amount of interest, and several informal conferences were held; but as no representative at that Conference had authority to speak for his Church at home, little practical result on any wide scale followed.

Between the Conference at Washington (1891) and the next in London (1901) overtures were made between the Bible Christian Connexion and our own Church. The

two communities had much in common; their general ecclesiastical polity ran much on the same lines; both were evangelistic in character and democratic in government; where the Bible Christians were strong, in the South and West of England, our Church is weak; and where our Church is strong, in the Midlands, East Anglia and the North, they have few churches; and it seemed as though each Church might greatly gain by union in retaining its own members, where migration leads to such shifting of the population. Negotiations seemed to be progressing favourably, but when it came to the final appeal to the circuits a determined stand was made against any surrender of the principle of two laymen to one minister in the constitution of the higher courts of the Church. A compromise of one minister to one layman seemed to be well within reach, but a vehement appeal to laymen to stand by their rights, without any corresponding emphasis being laid on the discharge of their duties or the unique opportunity presented to unite two of the divergent forces of the Methodist Church being adequately understood, the proposal was defeated.

At the next Conference (1901) the subject came up again. Rev. H. B. Kendall was in the chair, and as no other member of our Church took part in the proceedings, I ventured to say a few words to the following effect: There is little that is vital that divides the various branches of the Methodist Church. We are one in doctrine, church institutions, aims and methods. The recent failure to bring about a union between the Bible Christian Communion and ourselves seemed to me to be caused by a certain disparity between the position of the two Churches; and the idea was that we were asked to surrender a principle considered important by our people for a comparative small result. If we go in for union, "let us," they say, "go in for the union of all the branches of the Methodist Church in the land, the formation of a great Methodist Church of England. If the Mother Church—the Wesleyan Methodist Church—could make some friendly overtures to the smaller and sister Methodist Churches, concessions which seem impracticable for a small union, might be readily made if the results promised to be commensurate with the concession suggested. I still think that this fairly represented the situation as it then was. At this Conference informal consultations were commenced between the representatives of the three Methodist Churches—the New Connexion, the United Methodist Church, and the Bible Christians. These eventuated in the union of these Churches as the United Methodist Church. This is an immense step forward, but how soon it will be followed by the next and final step it is not easy to predict. In an interesting conversation I had at the 1901 Conference with a distinguished Wesleyan minister, he thought that the senior members of their Conference would be the most difficult to win over to sympathy with union, and that as years go by sentiment in favour of union would steadily grow.

At the Ecumenical Conference at Toronto in 1911 I was appointed to give an address on "The Primitive Methodist Church During the Last Decade." Naturally I laid emphasis on the centenary movement, which we were celebrating at that time, and briefly sketched the development of the past hundred years, with a summary of our present position as to members, Sunday-school scholars, church property, and the great institutions of our Church life; the great development of our chapel institutions, as evidenced in the Chapel Aid Association, the Insurance Company, the Chapel Loan and Church Extension Fund; the splendid provision recently made for ministerial training in the magnificent college at Manchester; the large expansion of our foreign missionary work; and concluded with an urgent plea for "an intenser spirituality in every department of our Church life—the ministry, the officials, the Sunday-school teachers and all members and workers; and for a larger and freer consecration of wealth to God, and all humanitarian purposes." My only reference to Methodist union occurred in the sentences dealing with the question of ministerial training, where I intentionally opened a door for discussion. "I do not know," I said, "what the future may disclose of a federation of Methodism, but probably a better beginning could not be made than by a common college system; and when that beginning is possible it may be that the Hartley College at Manchester will play an important part." The proposal seemed to commend itself warmly to a considerable number of the members of the Conference, and was referred to a permanent committee for fuller consideration. Several joint meetings of the representatives of the branches of the Methodist Church in Great Britain have been held, and various suggestions for making a beginning considered; but it was soon manifest that there is not a sufficiently strong sentiment in favour of union to surmount the difficulties, perhaps more imaginary than real, that confront us. Like all great movements, the progress must be slow. There is a time to unite as well as to divide; and the trend of the times is undoubtedly in the direction of the concentration of the forces of the Church rather than the division of them. The union of other great Methodist Churches all over the world is indicative of the movements of thought and feeling. Quiet forces are at work, and sometimes marked progress has been going on unobserved, the evidence of which may come as a sudden surprise. But meanwhile let each Church do its own work, use its own resources, lay hold of its own opportunities, make its own calling and election sure; and, in God's own time, when larger combinations of Church life and service invite our co-operation, we shall bring to this wider opportunity some worthy contribution of spiritual life, health, energy and success.

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## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HUT.

## Is Your School Helping?

By Rev. W. Spedding.

Already a number of schools have responded to the appeal on behalf of at least one Sunday-school "hut" for the benefit of our brave soldier lads. Some schools have actually sent in the money contributed by the young people, others have written promising liberal assistance, while all are arranging, we trust, for an immediate effort to help this good work which is so urgent. By the courtesy of the editor, we shall publish in the *Leader* a list of subscribing schools up to date. Shall we have the pleasure of including your school in the list?

The appeal is a challenge to all the Sunday-schools of our Church, and one to which every school will deem it an honour to give a generous response. There can be no doubt about the successful issue of the appeal, but a prompt and ready answer will do much to relieve the heavy strain necessarily resting upon our excellent Army Board, and to hearten them in their difficult and anxious task. There are more than 4,000 Sunday-schools, with more than 400,000 scholars, and it is a simple sum in arithmetic as to what an average of one penny per scholar would produce. Such a sum, it is evident, would pay for the erection of five or six huts, and they are all needed.

The opportunities and obligations of our Church in this supremely Christian work are very great, but they are not beyond our resources. They can be splendidly met if every section of the Church will loyally take its part and do its share. That we may all have an opportunity of doing our "bit" should be counted an honour. Many have already most commendably done what they could, even to much sacrifice. It is a sacred and holy task in which there should be no "slackers," but in which all should find their place, whether rich or poor, young or old. It is true that the resources of the poor and the young in this direction are very limited, but they must not be deprived of their opportunity, to which they are rightfully entitled. The multitude of their small gifts may make up a big and helpful total. In well-known phrase it is "Every little that makes the 'muckle,'" and they must not be despised. The mite of the young and the poor is not less valuable and sacred because it is a mite. In the proper organisation of these limited forces there is inherent great power and great possibility for mighty and effective service. Christian wisdom and charity never despise them, but, on the contrary, utilise them for all that they are worth. They are delightfully responsive, and both classes give according to their respective ability freely and generously. Give them a chance and they will not fail you! The poorest parents will see that their young people bring their pennies to help on this good work if the opportunity is afforded them. Nearly every home is either directly or indirectly interested in this laudable attempt to make the pathway, socially, morally and religiously, easier for the gallant sons who are risking their all in the defence of the Fatherland.

It is a sublime and kindly work appreciated in every home in the land, and the poorest of which would not refuse their little to make it more effective. The beneficent influence exercised by this class of work upon the minds and hearts of the young soldiers themselves it is impossible to describe. These young men are being helped in the hour of their need and in the greatest crisis of their life. They are being delivered in the hour of perilous temptation, saved from every form of vicious self-indulgence, and their hearts made strong in the consciousness of right and God. To this they bear personal and eloquent testimony. Many sure and unmistakable signs are continually and gratefully given of the good work which is being wrought in them and for them. The memories of this kindness and helpfulness remain with them, to hearten and cheer, when confronted by the dangers of the battlefield. A soldier writing from the front says: "We shall never forget the way the friends at home tried to make us comfortable and to feel at home while we were stationed there, and we all send our best wishes and respects." Another, writing to the minister says: "I feel justified in saying that since I met the friends and yourself at home I have stood on much firmer ground. How easy it is to go wrong and then how hard to go right again. I am sure that I shall have great cause to remember you and the friends. We are set in the midst of dangers and need help that comes from above."

All our chaplains give striking testimonies of the obvious good done among the young men in camp and trench. It is a work which must not cease while there is the slightest need for it. Every school must see to it that these heroic and imperilled young men, many of them former teachers and scholars, are not neglected in religious supervision and care, but that their spiritual necessities, at whatever cost, are sympathetically and adequately met. *Whatever fails the school must not fail*, but take its place in a work which comes peculiarly within its range and influence. Failure to rise to the occasion of the present need would be discredit to so great an organisation, and set at naught much of its splendid work accomplished in the past. The resources of our schools generally are great, and the smallest and poorest school can render this bit of real service to the Church and nation. All that is needed is a sympathetic lead by the officers and teachers of the school, and the young people will gladly follow. We are confident that such a lead will be given by the bulk of our schools, and that the response will be worthy and honourable. *Be sure that your school is in the list of helpers, and that as early as possible!*

# The Mystery of Bedstone Manor.

By EDWARD McLELLAN,

Author of "Raw Gold," "The Ruin," "Old Glory," "At the Sign of the Lamp,"  
"The Test," "Herod of Blaisenham," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER II.

### Introductions.

On a day early in August, twenty years later, the Rev. Hubert Darnley approached the village of Bedstone Farnden for the first time.

It was a perfect afternoon. The corn gleamed like molten gold as it swayed in the breeze, the orchards were rich in their promise of bounty, and something of the warm prosperity of the genial earth and the kindly cheerfulness of the summer sky was reflected in the faces of the people he passed.

The preacher wondered as he neared the village at the unusual condition of the roads. He had expected a quiet ride, meeting few travellers, instead of which he found the roads and lanes leading to the village dotted with people, all in gala attire, and all hastening to one place. Farmers with their wives and daughters in traps, labourers on bicycles and on foot, all happy faced and expectant, and joking with each other as they passed, could mean but one thing—a wedding or a feast. Hubert Darnley was sure they were not so assembling to give him welcome to this little outpost of his new charge. Something out of the ordinary must have happened, or was about to happen, to stir such ripples in the quiet tides of life in this part of the circuit on which he had come to travel.

Much as he wondered, and rightly as he interpreted the glances of recognition that were cast upon him as he passed, Darnley asked no questions. John Garden, his steward, at whose farm he was expected for tea, would know all that was to be told, and Darnley was not a man to let his tongue wag promiscuously.

The farmer met the preacher at the little wicket gate that opened on to the road. He was the preacher's senior by fifteen years, but though his hair was grey about the temples he was a goodly man to look at. Tall and sturdy of build, and at the very top of his prime, his square, clean-shaven, and naturally good-humoured face was stamped with character in every line. Darnley, whose intuitions were quick and final, liked him at once. He thought he detected a hint of sadness in the eyes, as if life had passed him by when dispensing her more royal gifts, but that disappeared in the smile of his greeting. That smile convinced Darnley that he stood in the presence of a man worth knowing.

And the farmer was not less impressed by the quality of the man who had come to superintend the circuit of which the little chapel in Bedstone Farnden was a part. He knew that Darnley was thirty-two, and a bachelor. He knew also that the care of an aged father and mother rather than any aversion to the married state had kept him celibate and deepened his natural gravity. This by no means had wholly subdued a buoyancy and love of fun which when occasion afforded bubbled up with the freshness of a mountain spring. The farmer felt an instant liking for the preacher as he looked at the lean and rather long face, saw the flicker of the deep blue eyes, and noted the softening of the firm curve of the lips when he smiled—for Darnley smiled generously, as if his heart were in it, and the gleaming of strong teeth gave the whole face a healthy and wholesome look.

The two men shook hands and passed through the wicket gate on to a broad lawn that fronted the house, where Darnley rested his bicycle against the trunk of a mighty copper beech.

"I fear you will be disappointed of your service to-night," the farmer said, rubbing the side of his nose thoughtfully, and darting a quizzical look at the minister's face. "Will it be a very great grief?"

"That depends," said the minister, dropping into the farmer's humour, and assuming a very serious mien. "What is it—a circus or a wedding?"

"Neither," said the farmer, allowing his face to relax and smiling broadly. "It is a coming-of-age—and yet it is not that either," he corrected, "for Miss Sherwell does not come of age till December."

"And who and what is Miss Sherwell that the machinery of Grassfield Circuit should be stopped to keep her birthday that is not her birthday?" asked the minister with a fine judicial calm.

"Sit down and rest five minutes and I will tell you. You will leave your bicycle here? The boy will attend to that. I did not send you word not to come because I thought you would enjoy the afternoon here, and you will have a good opportunity of meeting everybody in an informal sort of way. You will find us worth knowing," he added, with a return of his old whimsical manner, "and neither last nor least in importance is Miss Sherwell herself. Perhaps because," he ruminated, after another shrewd glance at the minister's twinkling eyes—"perhaps because she is a free lance, of no Church, and all creeds. I rather wanted you to meet her. I think it will please her that you should be there."

"It sounds interesting," Darnley said. "But what is the puzzle? Introduce me to the genus. Is it suffragette, blue stocking or sport?"

"She is all three, but none of them in particular," said the farmer with a laugh.

"And, as you confess you rather wanted me to meet her, what is expected of me? Am I to placate, conciliate, or appeal? In short, what is it that we want her to do?"

The farmer's laugh was infectious as he replied,

"When we need help of any kind she is always ready to give it, but it is not for that reason that I want you to

meet her to-day. As a matter of fact nothing ever happens in the village but she is in it. Church or chapel, wedding or funeral, be it high or low, big or little, accident or illness, good fortune or bad, it is all alike to her. No event is complete without her; no meeting is ever begun without her. This village and this people are her world, and she is its queen. Anybody who has to do with us has to do with her, and as you will have to meet her sooner or later, it could not be at a better time than to-day, when we all unite to do her honour."

"Does she rule you, then, with so high a hand?" Darnley said, trying to adjust this formidable being into his mental landscape.

"No, she never tries to rule, and rules all the more completely because of it. She argues, but she never dictates. She disagrees, but she is never rancorous. Sometimes she flagellates, but she never bears malice. She is really a very remarkable young woman, and, judging from what I have heard of you, you ought to get on well together. Besides, she understood you were coming, and specially desired to meet you. Suppose we walk along and I will tell you the rest as we go."

The two men began their stroll down the long, straggling village street, at the Grassfield end of which the Hall Farm stood, but the farmer found it impossible to continue his tale. They had no sooner reached the road than they were pounced upon by a sprightly old man dressed in rusty black, his grizzled head crowned with a soft felt hat of clerical design which had done duty through many winters.

"Hello, John!" he cried, "isn't this a day for the party? It is an' all. And this is our new preacher I reckon? I am glad to see yo', Mister Darnley. I am an' all. You'll find us a tidy sort of folk at Farnden, yer will that! We can stand good preaching at Farnden, eh, John? We can that! We're reg'lar good 'uns for sermons."

"This is Brother Linnett," said the farmer, when the flow ceased. "His name stands number three on the plan. He is over seventy-six, and good for six Sundays a quarter yet. Isn't that so, Brother Linnett?"

"I am that, praise God! This is my diamond jubilee year as a preacher. I started when I were sixteen. I were a boy preacher in them days. They dunno' call me that now, dun they, Farmer John? They dunno' that," he chuckled. "I can remember—"

What he could remember was left unsaid, for a motor cycle whizzed past within a yard of his elbow, and as he jumped aside with a "Drat them things, they'll be the death of me yet, they will an' all," his place by the farmer's side was taken by another.

This proved to be a short, stout woman, who emerged from a cottage they were passing. Her face had the roundness of perpetual good nature, but the corners of her mouth turned down, and her eyes rolled restlessly, as if an insatiable curiosity insisted on them seeing everything that came within their range.

"Are you going too, Mr. Garden?" she snapped, as she took Brother Linnett's place. Indeed that worthy, on seeing who it was that had assumed command, sheered off with a shake of his head. "It's a fine day, but no good 'ull come of having a twenty-one stir five months afore the time. I never heard of such a thing! But gentry 'ull do as they liken, time or no time."

"Let me introduce our new minister, Mrs. Snapper," the farmer said, giving Darnley a comical look. "This is Mr. Darnley. Mrs. Snapper is an old member here. She is great at cutting up for tea parties."

"Is he the new parson?" Mrs. Snapper said with a frank stare of surprise. "I thought he were that lawyer chap that 'as taken Mr. Sadler's place. Well, I hope you'll visit us a bit more than t'other man did. When I were kept i'th' house six weeks with rheumatics he only come to see me once, and he wudna ha' come if I hadna sent for him. And I give him a piece of my mind when he did come, too. He'll never forget it! And I hope you'll talk to us so's poor folk like me can understand you. We dunno' want any new fangled words in Farnden. Well, I'll see you later. I promised to call for Mrs. Summitt."

The two men walked on in silence for a full minute before the farmer observed drily:

"I told you you would find us worth knowing." "Excellent," said the preacher, with a wry twist of his mouth. "Excellent! Are there many more like them?"

"For individuality, yes, but Mrs. Snapper is *sui generis*. Linnett is really a very decent old man, and you'll like him. And though Mrs. Snapper is full of sound and fury—and she is a fury at times—she signifies nothing. We know her! A little attention and she works like a galley-slave. But that is the difficulty of our system. The attention that can be given is so little even when the best is done. When it isn't—why, then—"

The farmer left the sentence unfinished, but the preacher understood.

The chapel stood in the heart of the village, and they paused to examine it. It was a plain, square building, devoid of the least adornment, but it was clean and well kept, and the note of a great pride was not wanting in the farmer's voice as he said:

"It isn't much to look at. By the side of the parish church, which, by the way, is a very fine old building, it is a very poor sanctuary, but it has a history that more

than justifies its being. You know how it is with a village like this. We can't keep our young men. I don't blame them. There's nothing to stop for. Low wages, long hours, and no outlook are strong arguments for their going. But it has been a good thing for the Empire that we have them as youths. Scarce a week passes but I get letters from young fellows in the States and the Colonies telling of the work they are doing, and acknowledging the debt they owe to this little place. Yes," he concluded, his fine face aglow, "we make soldiers here, and when they go out on to the field they don't disgrace their training. It's worth the doing."

"You are very right," the minister concurred warmly. "I shall never forget hearing a great Free Church leader saying that eight of his ten deacons were converted and trained in village chapels. It is worth the doing."

"Good afternoon, Farmer John," a pleasant, cultured voice exclaimed behind them. "Stroking your pet lamb as usual."

"Good afternoon, vicar," the farmer replied, turning swiftly, and extending his hand, which was cordially grasped. "Allow me to introduce my minister, Mr. Darnley. Mr. Darnley, this is our vicar, Mr. Curtis."

"I am very glad to meet you," the vicar said, with a winning smile. He was a young man of about Darnley's age, an athlete, typical of his kind, and pre-eminently likeable at the first glance. "My friend Garden thinks no place is like his own Bethel, and I'll swear you'll back him up in his schismatic beliefs."

"That I will," said Darnley with an answering smile; "and that without prejudice to the work you are doing in your own church, of which Mr. Garden has been speaking in high praise."

"That's like him," the vicar said with a broad grin. "John Garden is a diplomat. By all the rules of the game we ought to be at each other's throats. But how can you hate a man who can throw you in a wrestle, beat you in an argument, and utterly transcend you in the still more difficult matter of living? The only resource left to me is to catch him with guile. I disarm him with my friendship. I draw his teeth with an assumption of gentle innocence, and I cut his claws by a confession of inexperience. By such means I keep him from doing more mischief than his natural perversity will insist on being done."

"You said he was the diplomat," Darnley suggested, greatly enjoying the vicar's banter.

"Oh, diplomacy runs in my blood, too," the vicar responded. "But if you are going to the Manor, and you are not afraid of being compromised, suppose we walk on together. We can prove that the lion and the lamb can travel in safety, and the lamb is very docile this afternoon, for he has to make a speech."

As they proceeded the introductions were continuous, and they passed up the oak-shaded drive in company with a happy, light-hearted crowd that gave no sign of sharing Mrs. Snapper's belief that no good could come of celebrating before the time.

Bedstone Manor, mellowed by age and covered with ivy, made no claim to great architectural beauty. It was roomy and spacious, and grandly situated in the heart of sloping lawns, and with a noble prospect of meadow and woodland for which the county of Heathshire is famous.

To the right of the house, sheltered by great banks of rhododendrons, was a rose bower, and on the left, and still more sheltered by beech hedges, a natural hollow had been converted into the formal parterres and beds of an Italian garden. As the season was a late one, the flowers were at their best, and the lawns and walks were thronged with people, still a little subdued, as if waiting for the formal word of welcome before throwing off restraint, but none the less enthusiastic in their praises of what they saw.

The vicar hurried on to pay his respects to the Squire and the lady of the house, and the farmer, choosing a narrow path that led down to the river, piloted the preacher to a summer-house. This was built in a little wood, where the stream, impeded in its course by a buttress of rock, made a sharp turning, and, as if petulant at the inconvenience, plashed and gurgled noisily.

They found the summer-house empty, and, grateful for the shade and quiet, the two men seated themselves and sighed contentedly. Across the river the country undulated, rising by natural terraces to distant heights crowned by woods. It was a picture of such ineffable beauty as would have stirred the most sluggish to praise if not to thanksgiving. The vivid green of the newly mown fields was heightened by the reddish-brown of the corn billowing in the breeze, and larks were singing everywhere.

"What a day, and what a world!" Darnley said softly.

"Yes," the farmer replied, "and I am very thankful. The main reason why the Squire has selected this month for this celebration is that everything should be at its best. The night on which Miss Sherwell was born was the wildest I have ever known. Great trees were snapped like twigs and the coasts were strewn with wrecks. But you would be old enough to remember it."

"Yes, I do," Darnley said quickly. "My father had bought a small organ, and it was to have been delivered that night. I remember the storm because of the disappointment that the instrument could not be sent."

"Well, it was when that storm was at its height that Miss Sherwell was born and her mother died."

"Her mother died," Darnley repeated slowly.

"Yes. It was a sad night for the Squire. The alarm caused by the storm was extreme, for, as you can see, the house was exposed to the full fury of the gale. The village doctor and nurse were both old, and the task of getting them to the house was an achievement that only a man like the Squire, half maddened by grief, could have accomplished. They did their best, but while they were able to save the child the mother passed out. Indeed, it was at first thought that the child was dead, too. That she is alive at all she owes to her mother's friend, Miss Carpenter, who, miraculously, the doctor declared till he died, brought her round."

"This will be a great day for her," Darnley said.

The farmer remained silent. He stared so thoughtfully

at the river, and was so absorbed in his reflections, that Darnley, thinking he did not hear, continued:

"Has Miss Carpenter been foster-mother to the girl?" "No," Garden replied, still keeping his eyes on the tumbling waters. "The shock was almost too much for her, too. The two women were devotedly attached, and the circumstances attending Mrs. Sherwell's death broke Miss Carpenter down."

"What was it? Brain fever?" "No, but I think that was feared. You see, although Miss Carpenter spent most of her time with Mrs. Sherwell, she had her own home, for she is a woman of some means. As soon as she had handed the child over to the nurse she left the Manor. She must have fought her way through the storm to her own house. It was not far, quite near to the gates in fact, but the maid said she was wet through to the skin and as white as a ghost. She went to bed, and, refusing all assistance other than her maid could give, she applied her own remedies and recovered. When she reappeared in the village her hair was turning grey, and she was a shadow. From that day to this," the farmer concluded soberly, "although she is her former self in other ways, she has never crossed the threshold of the Manor, nor even been through its gates. One of the liveliest speculations of the past month has been whether she will be here to-day."

"But there is no enmity—" Darnley began. "Not at all," the farmer replied quickly. "Not a day passes but Miss Sherwell calls at the 'Elms,' Miss Carpenter's home, and the two women are the closest of friends. With the Squire it is somehow different," he went on after a slight pause, his face clouded as if wrestling with an old problem he could not solve. "When they meet he treats Miss Carpenter with the most ceremonious courtesy, but that, so far as I know, is the extent of their intercourse. The villagers say—"

His voice died away, and Darnley saw the farmer's face flush as with a start of surprise he sprang to his feet, his eyes fixed on two women who had just rounded the corner of the narrow path leading to the arbour in which they sat.

"She has come after all," he said, making a big effort to compose himself; "and they are coming here. I am very glad of that," he added, his old, quiet self again. "You will get a quiet introduction. These ladies are Miss Sherwell and Miss Carpenter herself."

An instant later the two women were at the door, and the presentation was soon over. They stood in the little clearing among the silver birches, and the minister felt an unusual tension as if the elder of the two women had brought a new element in the atmosphere that tightened the pressure about the heart. It lasted but a few seconds, for, unobserved by them, a gipsy woman had stolen up behind them, and it was her voice that shattered the strain as she said:

"Let me tell your fortunes, ladies. The sun and the river and the silver birch are full of grace to-day. Twenty years is a long time, but love knows nothing of the years, and manors have no meaning when hearts are true."

(To be continued.)

It will be seen by our advertisement columns that in connection with the Harrogate Orphan Homes Anniversary on September 11th, another stage will be reached in the development of the valuable estate at Harrogate, and in the interests of our fatherless children. The magnificent generosity of Sir W. P. Hartley and of Mr. T. Robinson, J.P., of Hurlst, is now being manifested by Mr. T. Robinson, J.P., of Cleethorpes, in the gift of an assembly hall to serve the purpose of recreation and of united gatherings of the children. The anniversary this year will thus be of exceptional interest, and a large and representative gathering is expected. It is a matter of great congratulation that Alderman W. Grant, J.P., has been secured as chairman and Rev. W. J. Ward and Mrs. Croft Baker will prove attractive speakers. The children are always interesting with their programme of singing and recitations, and will render a special half hour from 2.30 to 3 o'clock. At three the door of the new hall will be opened by Mrs. T. Robinson. The Sunderland and Newcastle district have generously provided the tea. Our friends in the North of England are showing increasing interest in the excellent work on behalf of the orphaned poor amongst us, and the homes grow in popularity. The anniversary provides an opportunity for all friends in the Connexion to send donations, and funds are urgently needed in view of the larger number of children under our care and the increased cost of provisions. Gifts, large or small, will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, Rev. E. J. T. Bagnall, 43, Duckett-road, Harringay, London, N., or may be addressed to the homes.

## ARE YOU DEAF?

£500 REWARD.

I want every man or woman who is afflicted with Deafness or Head Noises to write to me. I don't want you to send any money. Simply send me your name and address. I want to tell you the joyful news that I have discovered a positive cure for Deafness and Head Noises. I can prove it to you. Not by what I say about my discovery, but by letters from thousands of one-time deaf people who have cured themselves in their own homes by means of my wonderful discovery. I want to send you some of these letters from grateful sufferers, who have had their hearing completely restored. Every letter has the full name and address of the writer, and I will forfeit £500 (five hundred pounds) if every letter is not absolutely genuine. I want you to satisfy yourself that my discovery is a real cure for Deafness, and not merely a makeshift appliance, such as artificial Eardrums and the like. It will cost you nothing to test the efficacy of my wonderful discovery, as I will gladly send it on 10 days' free trial to any reader who mentions this paper and encloses Id. stamp to cover postage. Address your letter to Mr. Elmer Shirley, 219, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

## Woman's World.

Many of us have felt the great strain of the last days. Holidays have failed to absorb us so that we could forget the horrors abroad. Work, and that in abundance, has been the only alleviation of our anxiety. Carlyle has never had so many willing disciples to his gospel of work as in these bitter times. Our hands are better fully employed, for nothing has so healthy an influence upon our spirits as sheer physical toil. By this means we may purchase sleep and appetite when the nerves are tense, and, the nerve cells being nourished, our "spirits" will rise and be equal to the demand. One of the very greatest blessings wrung from hard times in the Garden of Eden is just work. To be an idler now is not only wrong, but is cruel in its effects upon the unlucky drone. Let us thank God that we are placed among the world's workers, and do each duty with a sense of gratitude, never complaining when the load is heavy or the feet are tired, but try to "do our bit" with carefulness and cheerfulness, knowing that not only is the work done valuable in itself, but that it is even more valuable in its moral effect on the doer. Besides, some of us can see a big patch of blue in the sky, and we mean to fix our eyes upon that, as Mrs. Willard advised us to do in dark hours. Soon we shall see it larger and yet larger, until with joy unspeakable, we draw a deep breath of relief, and know that "The War" is over. But that is not yet, and we women mean to keep up our courage as long as it is needed; "relying on the Lord Jesus Christ for help" we shall live from day to day in trust and prayer. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What great messages are sent from the front every day! It is hard to remember that these young heroes a few months ago were playing tennis and having a good time generally, without a thought of possible hardships; yet they are the same men. They doffed sporting suits and donned the khaki as briskly as if indeed it was "all in the day's work," and now that they have gone there is no repining nor regrets. The brave letter quoted in a contemporary written by an Australian officer to his mother just before he was killed in action was truly touching: "If I am taken off do as the Roman matrons of old—keep your tears for privacy, steel your heart, and try and get a dozen recruits to fill my place." We must be worthy of such men, and we mean to be.

One of "our" boys came to Sunday-school to pay his last visit home before leaving for the Dardanelles. I spoke to him out of a full heart, and mentioned his "bravery" in going to fight for us. He smiled, looked rather bored, and simply said: "We do not think of that, it has just got to be done." No boasting or self-praise, but simple doing of his duty. A very enthusiastic friend of mine says she cannot pass a wounded soldier without making an opportunity to say "Thank you," and some funny situations have been made in consequence. But it is well these true men should know that we honour and bless them for their sacrifices.

We are glad that fruit is so cheap and good this year again. Even the most economical may have a dish of fruit on their tea-table every day without a sting of conscience, while fruit tarts are wholesome and valuable from a dietetic standpoint. A prominent vegetarian told me that in their teaching they set great store by the pies of every variety, savoury and sweet. While taking less meat, it is often the case that an insufficient quantity of fat is allowed, and this can be remedied by using suet and butter or good margarine in pastry and cakes. In country districts cream, the most delectable of food, is still to be bought at a reasonable price, and is of great food value, especially for children and invalids.

We shall be well advised to store a quantity of bottled fruit for winter use. Plums of all kinds are delicious bottled, and the common egg-plum makes an excellent dish. I have bottled damsons in the following way with good results:—Place the fruit, carefully chosen and wiped clean, in glass bottles, pour over boiling water, run over the top some melted mutton fat or beef suet; when cold cork tightly and keep in dry place. This will keep for two or three months. I should like to recommend a preserve which is both cheap and delicious:—

### Rhubarb Ginger.

A quantity of old rhubarb, wiped clean and the outer skin removed. Cut into 2½-inch lengths, sprinkle with sugar and leave while you make a syrup. Allow ½ lb. sugar to 1 lb. rhubarb, and a small quantity of tincture of ginger to taste, with small quantity of water. Boil sugar, water and ginger for five to ten minutes. Now put rhubarb pieces into the syrup, boil gently for thirty minutes, being careful not to break the rhubarb nor burn the mixture. Place the cooked rhubarb in glass jars, pour over the hot syrup; when cold, pour over mutton fat or melted suet; tie down in the usual way, excluding the air.

### Fruit Puddings.

The old-fashioned Malvern pudding is still in favour. Take slices of bread from ½ to 1 inch thick; remove crust, line a plain mould with the bread, fill with cooked fruit (plums or damsons are best); while hot cover with more bread, put a plate over, a weight on top, set to cool; when cold turn out in glass dish, and serve with cream or custard. This may be varied by placing in a dish slices of bread to cover the bottom, then a layer of cooked fruit, then more bread, another layer of fruit, until the dish is filled; allow to cool, then turn out in glass dish with whipped cream on top or plain, and served with custard.

E. J. D.

Mr. A. E. Hall, son of Mr. C. E. Hall, J.P., Swindon Second, has received a commission as naval instructor, with the rank of Lieutenant, R.N.

## NEWS FROM THE DISTRICTS.

### West Midland.

The Sunday-school Committee met on Saturday at Vicar-street, Dudley. Mr. Poulton presided, and Rev. J. H. Hirst introduced the business. The question of Conventions was considered, and it was decided to go forward with the All-Day Convention despite war conditions, and West Bromwich Second were asked to take the Convention on Monday, November 22nd. The Half-Day Convention was fixed for Old Hill, Monday, February 21st. The General Secretary was appointed to Bloxwich for Saturday, November 20th, and to Sparkhill, Birmingham, for February 19th and 20th. An Examination Sub-Committee, with Rev. J. Forstner as secretary, was appointed, and the Sunday-school Secretary instructed to arrange for town transfer secretaries and a District panel of lecturers. A sub-committee had considered the question of the District decreases in schools and Endeavours, and further inquiry is to be made by an enlarged committee, all the schools to be asked for an interim report of teachers and scholars in October. Rev. H. Aldridge dealt with the C.E. business. A special appeal is to be made to circuits without organised junior work, and this subject is to be a topic for the All-Day Convention. Sectional meetings are to be arranged for the advocacy of C.E. and temperance. Rev. J. Brace Evans, Temperance Committee Secretary, spoke of the need to support the efforts of the Military Authorities and the Licensing Benches to curtail the sale of intoxicants in the industrial areas; and the Committee passed a resolution in support of the action taken in several districts, and urging local circuits and churches to oppose the attempts being made to repeal such action. It was decided to discuss "State Purchase" at the April meeting. There was a marked improvement in the attendance, and the business was followed with keen interest.

### Salisbury and Southampton.

The committee met at Weymouth on August 25th, under the chairmanship of Rev. Josiah Turley. Sorrow was expressed at the absence of Rev. J. E. Sunderland, who, having overtaken his strength by splendid work among the soldiers, in addition to circuit duties, is compelled, under doctor's orders, to attempt no resumption of work until September. A letter of sympathy was directed to be sent to him. Rev. A. W. Welford was appointed to attend temporarily to the duties of the Building Committee secretariat. The letter from Conference on ministerial salaries was received, and, after conversation, instructions were given for its contents to be submitted to the Circuit Quarterly Meetings. In the Missionary Committee the question arose of the establishment of a mission in a new munition area. Ultimately the matter was left for fuller information, and the initiative of the Poole Circuit authorities. The letters on missionary finance and the Kafue Institute were received and fuller discussion reserved for the October Committee. In relation to the Eastney Chapel difficulty instructions were given to forward all documents to the General Committee, with a recommendation of urgency. The balance-sheet of the new schoolroom at Bevois Town, Southampton First Station, was received as very satisfactory. The application for the erection of the new church and school at Salisbury, submitted with plans, after prolonged discussion, was relegated to a special sub-committee for final consideration and sanction. Resolutions on matters mentioned in the General Sunday School Committee's circular were passed for transmission to the schools. A congratulatory resolution was directed to be forwarded to the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., with reference to those provisions of the Munitions Act, conceived by him in the interests of sobriety and courageously administered. Circular letters to the schools pressing the claims of temperance, and embodying the suggestions of the General Temperance Secretary, were also authorised. A resolution in favour of the State purchase of the liquor traffic is to be introduced at the next committee. Thanks to the Weymouth friends for providing the luncheon were suitably expressed on behalf of the committees by Mr. Corbin Harris and Rev. E. G. French.

### Liverpool.

Rev. German Hunt presided at the Young People's Committees held at Southport, August 28th. The secretary, Rev. Jas. Burton, spoke words of welcome to the new members, suitable reply being given by Mr. Enoch Goldthorpe, of Liverpool. The increase campaign, S.S. Army Hut Fund, Parents' Sunday, together with the annual examinations were warmly commended to the circuits. Sympathy was expressed with Rev. W. Spedding in his breakdown in health, and the new legislation in regard to a district examinations secretary was adopted. Rev. C. C. Goodall being appointed to the position. Revs. A. J. Wigley and J. W. Waddell were each welcomed as secretaries of the C.E. and temperance departments respectively. Each had his business well in hand, and a good winter's work in anticipated.

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THE corn so ripe and golden  
PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
SOWING our seed in the morning fair  
OUR hearts and voices let us raise

### Series "B."

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
FATHER, thron'd in Heav'n above,  
FAITHFUL in Thy love  
FULL of providential love,  
GOD the Father! Whose creation  
GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
THE God of Harvest praise,  
O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
SHOUT aloud, ye hill and valleys,  
SING to the Lord of Harvest,

### Series "C."

ETERNAL Source of every joy!  
FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
GOD, Creator and Preserver;  
LORD of the golden harvest,  
LORD of the living harvest,  
O LORD, Whose bounteous Hand again  
TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
WE plough the fields and scatter,  
SUMMER ended, harvest o'er,  
PRAISE, O praise our God and King,

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### Series "D."

PRAISE our God, Whose open Hand,  
O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,  
O SING to the Lord,  
LORD of the Harvest, Thee we hail;  
SEE the corn again in ear;  
SUMMER suns are growing  
TO God most awful and most high,  
TO Thee, Who art the Harvest's Lord,  
WE lift our eyes, our hands, to Thee,  
WE plough the fertile meadows,

### Series "E."

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
GOD hath given us harvest—  
O SING to the Lord, whose bountiful hand  
ALL things praise Thee, Lord most High,  
FOR the beauty of the earth,  
O MY soul, with all thy powers,  
EARTH below is teeming,  
SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of  
kindness,  
NOW the year is crowned with blessing,  
WE plough the fields, and scatter

### Series "F."

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise  
AGAIN the joy of harvest,  
BLESS the Lord for ever,  
O WHERE are the reapers that garner in  
O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven  
LET us with a glad-some mind  
SEE saw the wheat-fields waiting  
SOW in the morn thy seed  
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915.

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## AN OPEN LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

By Arthur T. Guttery.

MY LORD NORTHCLIFFE,—I venture to address you amid all the clamour with which you distract the public mind. It will strike you as impertinent that a mere commoner should approach you without permission, for you are puffed up with new aristocratic honours. It is not likely that my judgment or my appeal will touch you, for you are drunk with vulgar distinctions, which you wear with awkward self-consciousness. While you force upon us your impertinent questions, rebukes and alarms, a simple citizen has the right to tell you some plain and wholesome truths. As a proprietor of newspapers you claim the right to create public opinion. You multiply noise and call it the voice of the people, but you miss the deeper notes of the national conscience, that refuses to crouch before your impertinence or do homage to your money. It will seem like treason to challenge your authority, for you have come to regard personal prestige as one with national safety, and you would print your new title "Northcliffe" upon Britain's Coat of Arms. You are the product of American hustle and East End impudence. Our sober fathers never dreamed of your existence, still less could they imagine that your vulgarities should claim to guide the public will and shape the national destiny. Your conceit is colossal; it has been flattered with swift success; but it is so superficial and immoral that the soul of Britain, quickened by peril, discovers its falsity and resents its arrogance.

You have done much to win a sordid success, and you have done it by push and rush. You have not been fettered by scruples or burdened by pity. In journalism you are a typical Prussian—hard, narrow and coarse. You have captured many papers, but missed that subtle spirit which makes a journal our counsellor and guide. You are an autocrat, with the manners of an office boy, and when you became the owner of the "Times" you degraded a national institution to the level of hired servility and vicious dullness. Your memory of servitude has made you ruthless. Editors and reporters are, in your judgment, hirelings to be purchased; readers are customers, and the pennies gained in circulation are more precious than the principles which govern conduct. You would fain be the Kaiser of Fleet-street. The domination of the press has been your dream. The lust of noise has seized you; modesty you cannot understand and silence you abhor. You claim to dictate when you should serve, and you would destroy those who will not tamely accept your will. You are eager to confuse truth with passion; smash our sacred traditions and put our ideals to auction, if only the name of Northcliffe may fill the land. Your genius is real, though it is of a low type; it is a thousand pities that it has abandoned the high mission of patriotic prophecy for the sordid aims of scurrility, scandal and pessimism. You have posed as a national saviour, but you have become a public peril. It is no pleasure to speak thus of a fellow-citizen, but thoughtful men are compelled to see in you the will-o'-the-wisp that would lead us into the bog of disaster and shame.

You are happy to-day, for Europe is at war. You boast of prophecies that have come true, and we do not forget that it was your preaching of hate and your prediction of strife that helped to create the horrors of war. You sneer at our simplicity and scorn our military unreadiness; you would have had us meet guile by guile, distrust all overtures of friendship, and plot in secret for all the insanities of war. You are blind to the fact that our simplicity and unreadiness are our moral vindication before the world. It is because we have refused your dictation in the past that the conscience of humanity knows we did not plot this horror and contrive this infamy. You are so obsessed with the vulgarities of materialism that this moral vindication means little to you, but your blindness does not shake the historic truth that in the affairs of men moralities are finally supreme. You are angry that we have not been piling up ammunition and shaping shells; it is well for us to-day that we have been loyal to the dream of a united civilisation, and have gained the goodwill of free peoples. You would have had us outdo Germany in its brutal cynicism; we have preferred to listen to the voice of Galilee. We suffer for it to-day, but to-morrow our victory will be sure and clean, because it is deserved.

Though you are a new aristocrat, you are a demagogue. You mistake noise for conviction, repetition for inspiration, and clamour for judgment. You secure a chorus of papers you have purchased; you shuffle quotations, and

call them authorities, and then claim to speak for a public opinion that is nothing more than a multiplication of your own prejudices. You think the people can be stampeded and befuddled with sweet peas, standard bread, revolting duchesses or apocryphal massacres in the Far East. You judge the nation by the servile crew that do your bidding at so much per line. You would be a dictator, a modern Caesar wearing the cap and bell of the clown. You would make life a circus, in which your antics shall bewilder the crowd. You would make and destroy governments, lift statesmen into high authority, and then, in mad caprice, make their work impossible. You are ruthless in your methods and pitiless in your vendetta, till to be attacked by you is a sacrifice good men welcome, and your approval makes conscience uneasy. One of your papers, the other day, claimed me as a convert, and at once I sought a quiet place to see what evil I had done. My Lord Northcliffe, you have overreached yourself, your insincerities have grown indecent, and thousands of your readers refuse to pay their homage to the noise of a megaphone. Its clamour is disowned by conscience.

You know all the tricks of sensational journalism, but you do not know England. Your blood is British, but your heart is alien. Your policy would make us Prussians. You would put fetters on our limbs, blinkers on our eyes and the lash upon our backs; such a shame is impossible as long as we have red blood in our veins. You put on solemn airs as you magnify our reverses, depreciate our victories, ignore the priceless deeds of our Navy, and belittle the financial and economic services we do our Allies. You dote on malicious gossip for neutrals, slander our sons, who serve England in ways you do not choose, and you call up bogus widows and orphans to plead for compulsory militarism. You would split our nation, create a little revolution, endanger the results of all our sacrifice, and wreck the Government, to force upon us a military system of which we have no experience, for which we have no liking, and which is the darkest curse of modern Europe. Your friends are alarmed at your folly. "The Daily Telegraph," "The Yorkshire Post," Lord Hugh Cecil, and Mr. Garvin warn you. Your friends in the Cabinet ignore your plea. The Minister of War has not time to spare for your fooling, and the "British Weekly" disdains your patronage. It is not to be expected that you will heed these warnings, for you are Lord Northcliffe, but may I advise you that your un-English propaganda may affect your circulation. At such a suggestion you will pause, for the auditor of sales is the High Priest of your religion.

Your flippancy has become a public danger. We refuse to take either our politics or our morals at your hand. We are at war for sacred ideals that are beyond your ken. We trust the Government which you helped to create and now would weaken. It knows the needs of the hour, it realises our responsibilities and our resources. We will obey its word, however great may be the sacrifice, but we will not accept your dictation or be dismayed by your alarms. Britain must suffer much before victory comes, but the end is sure, and when the story of our prowess is read by our children, they will wonder that we have been, my lord, so patient with your attacks upon our leaders, and your slander upon our race.—Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR T. GUTTERY.

Liverpool, September 1, 1915.

## THE BOOK OF THE STREETS.

The Latest Editions.

By Rev. G. Fawcett.

Sir Walter Besant wrote, "There is a Book of the Streets, and he who can read it all right may become a prophet, a poet, or a leader of the people." This statement is verified in history and experience. The greatest men have been those who interpreted life in human terms. They knew their book. It is thus our greatest preachers qualify themselves. When Dr. Parker was asked by a clever cynic why so many people went to the City Temple simply to hear him talk he replied: "You would understand if you read my library. . . . They call it *Human Nature* for the want of a better name. I read it, and that is why I am listened to." Henry Ward Beecher, addressing students, told how on Saturdays he went down to the New York landing stage and watched the people as they embarked and disembarked. He declared that he made his sermon there by studying men. There are times when the only study possible to us is that of the streets—in touch with the vital affairs of men. Such a time is with us now. The only book many can read just now is "The Book of the Streets." It is thrilling in its interest. New chapters are being written; new editions are being published. In many respects the old is passing away. Life will be different from now. There will be many new starts. Much that for long has been open to us will be closed for ever. A new humanity is issuing, and nowhere will there be greater need for true interpretation than by the Christian Church. Nearly everything is changing. These are days capable of great transitions. Things are not only abnormal, they are unnatural. Humanity would be better wiped from the face of the earth than to be always engaged as it now is. We could not live long as we are living now, and we will not. There will issue life in new and better relationships. The Christian Church must escape the taint of indifference concerning the masses, and adopt a strong yet sympathetic attitude towards this great subject. We must grip our subject in all its ramifications.

Our interest will determine our interpretation. The nature of our look will decide the quality of our findings. We do not all see alike, but if we are interested we shall all perceive something vital. We may even require to boom our book. In this way thousands become in-

terested. Just now humanity is absorbingly interesting, because of what it foretells. Here is a new story commencing in individuals as in nations. Oh, that we may read, mark and inwardly digest. Here is the story at first hand. After all, the best study of man is men. You get the live setting of the subject. The living epistle is before us, if we can but see. We require to cultivate the power of perception. Seeing is conscious perception. We do not see all we look at. Sometimes we have passed a familiar friend in the street without recognition, almost touching him and with our eyes towards him. We were looking straight at him, yet did not see him. We were absorbed in some inward thought, and our eyes met but not our hearts. This is a day of arrest! We are being aroused from things that for long have obsessed us, and are being called to divert our interests to this living subject. There is a vital difference between merely looking at a book and carefully studying it. The difference is not only in attitude but in results. Here we are called to a study. We need to be saved from the superficial interest, and to take the deep, intelligent, sympathetic concern. Too many of us "see nothing in the throng but its brilliance, or its squalor, for it needs a discipline of eye and heart to go below the surface." We have keen instincts of perception that are often content with the shallow gaze. Renan says that Jesus had the power of seeing *underground*. He took the deep look. He saw. And "when Jesus saw the multitude He was moved with compassion." He understood, because He stood under.

The day is calling for a wider interest in this Book of the Streets. Too often we are immensely delighted with our own little part, but are ignorant of all beside. It is so easy to think of the world in the light of our little bit of it. A man of means lounges in luxury in his easy chair with his feet up. Around him all is delightful. In his ecstasy he exclaims, "Great, bright, beautiful, wonderful world." And so is his little bit of it. But just over the walls there are tragedies indescribable taking place, and a shameless traffic in souls, concerning which he prefers to dwell in blissful ignorance. "For none might enter into the King's gate clothed with sackcloth." That condition of life is passing. Barriers are being broken down. Life is assuming wider relationships. Parties are proving in the vital issues to be far from paramount. Denominationalism is dwindling. We are being compelled to study the whole book. If there have to remain distinctions it will only be because there are connections. We are being aroused from our Elysian tranquillity to read the full story of human life in its latest setting. It is no use rocking ourselves in tranquillity and thinking all is as it was before the war. It is not so. We have never lived in days like these. Whilst there are delightful spots to which we can retire and somewhat forget the tragic times, we must remember

"The world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes."

In many of our cities and towns there are hosts of men in khaki. We pass them and say, "There's another." That is all it often means to us. Just another! But somewhere, he's the one. Great and tender affection is going out towards him from some hearts. Why not from ours? We scar the tremendous casualty lists, and to most of us they are but a string of names. But every name is meaning a heart wound somewhere. How easily we get accustomed to the exceptional. We are almost acclimatised to massive tragedies. It is not well that this should be so. If we could but read the real story, how much otherwise it would be. And it is ours to read it. It was our Master's Passion.

"His heart is touched with all our woes,  
And feebleth for our grief."

For no one has this latest setting of humanity greater interest than for the Christian Church. It is our volume. In it should be centred all our interest. Many of us are afraid lest we starve our minds even in these days, by being detached from our library. In our cloister we love to revel in the rich treasures of our shelves. We forget that we need enrichment of heart as well as instruction of mind. What the study will do for us in one direction the Street will do in the other. The *distinct call to-day is for the pastor*. Let us be compassionate. Let who will be clever. The Church to-day has a great opportunity—one of the greatest in its history. Great sorrows are opening human hearts to us which for long have been closed. We are in the grip of great possibilities. A. C. Benson says "One must keep one's hand linked with the warm arm of life." This is how great novelists have been made—and great Christians too. Loud and clear the call to the Christian Church is, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." If the Church is responsive she will be enthroned.

Of the Primitive Methodists doing yeoman service in France, mention should be made of Frederick W. Best, a first-class nursing orderly of the R.A.M.C. Mr. Best belonged for several years to our church at South-road, Yeovil. Our friend has seen much, having served throughout the South African war, on the field, in city hospital and on shipboard. At the beginning of the present war Mr. Best was attached to a field hospital, and was in the retreat and rush from the battle of Mons. For several months he has been on duty at No. 7 Stationary Hospital (The Princess Hotel, Boulogne), and many are the men who have received his sympathetic attention. Our friend is, and has been for years, "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." All who know him are sure that he may be trusted to speak a word in season, and by Divine help convey spiritual comfort to men distressed in soul. When the war broke out Mr. Best was residing, with his wife and little daughter, at Hazelbury Bryan, on the Sturminster-Newton Circuit, upon which circuit he had been engaged for two winters as hired local preacher. Mr. Best has just returned to France after a short leave of five days.

### The President at Bishop Auckland.

The visit of Rev. J. Day Thompson was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of welcome. On Sunday morning, August 22nd, the long main street of the town presented an arresting sight, as a remarkable procession passed along towards the Central Church, where the President was to preach. Preceded by a muster of police and by the Salvation Army band, the chairman and members of the Urban District Council led the main body of the march. They were followed by the local Volunteer Training Corps, under the veteran Colonel Armstrong; behind these marched the Boy Scouts. The Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Friends' Adult School, and members of C.E. Societies came after in strong force. The members of the procession filled a large part of the body of the beautiful church. When the President rose to open the service, he faced a crowded congregation containing a striking preponderance of men. The singing went with great heartiness. The choir opened the service with an introit, and later rendered an anthem in fine style. Miss May Taylor was the special soloist. The President soon gripped his hearers as he proceeded to ask how meekness and the mastery of the world, joined in a familiar utterance of Jesus, could really belong together. His rapid sketch of the circumstances and disposition of the "meek" in Israel, his analysis of the root-idea of the quality, his insistence that meekness did not mean mildness minus manhood, that it was capable of resentment, though not of retaliation, were followed with intense interest, which grew even keener as, after briefly tracing the eschatological setting of the saying, even in the mind of Jesus, he showed that in the course of moral and spiritual evolution the true meekness would dominate the earth, and possess supreme survival value. The evening service was again crowded. The preacher had an eagerly attentive congregation, as with powerful illustrations he developed the contrast between sense-sight and insight, and made clear the relief such considerations brought in the midst of the perplexities created by the inevitable application of historical criticism to the Gospels. The spiritual Christ, realised afresh by every age, was the saving Christ. In the afternoon an organ recital was given by Mr. R. W. Lumsdale, of Shildon. Mr. H. Butcher genially presided.

On the Saturday preceding the same wonderful catholicity of welcome was manifested. The Bishop of Durham kindly granted the use of his park for the demonstration. He had promised to conduct a service in his own chapel, and to lead the Presidential party round the state-rooms of his castle. The recent sudden loss of his wife made the fulfilment of that intention impossible, but a large party, guided by the major-domo, viewed the fine old historic pile, beginning with the chapel, then passing through the drawing-room and dining-room, where several striking paintings claimed attention, among them portraits of Lightfoot, Westcott and Handley Moule. Tea was served to upwards of 200 people under the spreading trees of the park, where an evening platform meeting followed. The chair was taken by Councillor J. Ramsden. A deputation from the Free Church Council attended, Mr. E. H. Bigland, who belongs to the sturdy Quakers, reading a beautifully worded address of welcome, which the President declared he should place amongst his treasures. Mr. Thompson then gave an interesting address, enforcing upon the Endeavourers present what he recommended as an Endeavour motto, "Having is Owing." Rev. W. Barton, in a characteristic speech, claimed that a maxim of the much-abused Nietzsche, "Live dangerously," was, rightly understood, an unconscious re-expression of the fundamental challenge of Jesus to men. The day was a striking success, the circuit being widely represented, while a distinctive character attached to the proceedings, in that they were held in an Anglican domain, under the chairmanship of a Presbyterian, with the attendance of a Quaker, the music being provided by the Salvation Army Band, while the very boiler used at the tea was lent from the Roman Catholics, and the water-cart that filled it was placed at the disposal by the authorities of the Urban District Council.

The interest aroused by the visit, increased by the fact that the President came upon his son's circuit, was a fine tribute to the President's fame, and to the place the Central Church holds in the life of the town. The arrangements were in the hands of the Endeavourers, who worked magnificently. Mr. W. H. Hamblett planned, organised and toiled in wondrous fashion. He set out to achieve big things, and the issue amply justified his faith and devotedness. The proceeds were handed over towards the debt-reduction scheme.

On Monday the President was at Hunwick, preaching to a good company in the afternoon and lecturing at night. The ladies provided a generous tea in their usual style. Mr. J. J. Spoor was heartily welcomed to the chair, and made an effective speech in introducing the lecture, which for an hour and a half rivetted attention as the masterly utterance developed. It presented, in a fresh and thought-stirring way, the complexities of the relations of the Christian conscience to the war. Several questions were answered at the close.

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### DEATH OF REV. J. NEWTON GRAHAM.

#### An Appreciation.

By Rev. F. Humble.

I have but one qualification for the task that is assigned me to-day. It was my inestimable privilege to serve in this town for three years by the side of him whose loss we mourn. During that time I came to respect our departed friend and to love him, so that indeed our souls were knit together in holy brotherhood. He was in the best sense "a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." The son of Rev. R. Graydon Graham, a minister of the first rank in our Church, he was converted in early years, and at the age of sixteen was preaching the Gospel. After a remarkably successful career at Middlesbrough High School he entered the ministry at the age of eighteen. On the lamented death of his father in Sunderland he was called to succeed him. His ministry there was marked by such conspicuous success that he stayed for five years. Coming to West Hartlepool as second minister in 1907, it was fine testimony alike to the insight of the people and the esteem in which he was held that in 1911 he was invited to become superintendent minister, in which capacity he served four years more—a stay of eight years on one circuit, thus creating a record for Primitive Methodist ministers in the Hartlepoons. How he laboured early and late in this town until absolutely forbidden by his physician is known to us all. Stricken down by an incurable disease which was marked by intense suffering, he bore it all without murmur or complaint. God's grace was sufficient for him. During his time of waiting he was greatly cheered by the messages of friends from far and near, including an autograph letter and a copy of his latest book from the large-souled Bishop of Durham. At last relief came. God's finger touched him and he slept. Richly endowed naturally, it was in the sacred service of the Christian ministry that he found his true sphere. He was essentially from first to last a minister of the Gospel. It was in the service of Christ and by the love of Christ that he became what he was. His religion was his all, and in his religion he grew and served. When he consecrated himself to the service of his Lord there began a career of whole-hearted devotion that may have been equalled but very rarely surpassed.

During my first few weeks with him I was expecting the secret of his hobby to leak out. I discovered soon that he had none. From first to last he gave the whole of his time, energy and great gifts to God and the Church of his choice. He was indeed separated unto the Gospel of God. For over eighteen years he exercised in our Church a gracious and loving ministry. How he loved his calling! How he delighted in its services! He had but one passion, and he lived for it—to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. How carefully he prepared for his pulpit! The only fault his friends could find in that peerless life was that he was too often in his study hard at work when he should have been resting in bed. But he would bring no unbeaten oil into the sanctuary of God. He would not offer his people that which cost him nothing. What a pastor he was! Week in, week out, day after day, he was to be found in the homes of our people, sharing their joys, succouring them in their hours of need, ever carrying on his big heart the experiences of all. His presence in the home was a benediction, his prayers a revelation of holy fellowship, and his speech full of sympathetic grace.

He was what he was because he lived ever as seeing Him who is invisible. Before most people have risen from their beds, in the early hours of the morning our friend had kept his tryst with his Lord, and had bathed his soul in the dews of heavenly grace. The day thus begun was passed in the same Divine atmosphere. I have joined him in his midday prayer when it seemed as if you could almost touch God, for He felt so near. How often was this his prayer: "Make Thy presence, Lord, an increasing power in my life; let it become the supreme fact and factor of my daily existence." How that prayer was abundantly answered we know best who knew him best. To those thus privileged it was obvious where his brave heart was strengthened and his soul found inspiration. None could know him well without feeling the glad reverence of his life, or without being conscious of its central peace. He was a man after God's own heart, because his soul drank constantly of the hidden springs. Too early, it seems to us, is he gone from our midst. But who shall measure a life by years?

To his loving and devoted wife, who has been his constant helper in every good work, to the two widowed mothers whose lot it has been to stand by and see their children suffer, to the brothers and sisters who loved him so well—all one in sorrow—we extend our sincerest sympathy and invoke for them the Divine consolation.

On Monday, August 30th, the earthly body of Rev. J. Newton Graham was laid to rest in the West Hartlepool Cemetery. The respect and esteem of the townspeople, ministerial and lay, was evidenced by the crowded chapel and lengthy procession. Our ministry was represented by Revs. G. Armstrong, P. Carden, G. F. Fawcett, T. J. Gladwin, I. Graham, J. Henderson, C. Humble, M. Pattison, Pratt, Roxby, Soulsby, Todd and Usher. Among the numerous laymen who journeyed to pay their tribute to the saintly life of our brother were Alderman M. Harrison, Messrs. Firth, Longstaff, Weatherhead, Amos, J. R. Clapham, J.P., O.C., Jobling and Hamblett. Mr. Allinson, of Newcastle, attended, together with Rev. T. Sykes, as representatives of the Newcastle District Committee. In the Whitby-street Chapel Revs. W. Younger and J. C. Bowran led the assembly in prayer. A tender and appreciative address was delivered by Rev. F. Humble, who for three years was the colleague of Mr. Graham. The President of the Conference, Rev. J. Day Thompson, attended as the representative of the General Committee and read the New Testament Scripture. Rev. W. W. Gayton (Congregational minister), the secretary of the

West Hartlepool Ministers' Fraternal, read the Old Testament portion. Revs. J. W. Pattinson and G. W. Taylor also took part. At the graveside the committal sentences were read by Mr. Graham's last colleague, and Rev. T. Sykes thanked God for a saintly life, and commended our departed brother's loved ones to the God of all comfort and grace.

### A Sunday at Blackpool.

Being in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, I wended my way to our Church in Chapel-street, Blackpool, on a recent Sunday, and my ears were rejoiced by the songs of Zion that were being sung prior to the commencement of the regular morning service. A chair was placed for me in the aisle, close to the door, but one of the benefits of being an old man is that it affords an opportunity for self-sacrifice on the part of the young, and I was speedily enclosed in a pew, and the young lady who gave up her seat had the consciousness that there was one good action more entered to her account where a cup of cold water is recorded. Principal Pickett, speaking on Ps. cxix, vers 85, "A bottle in the smoke," not only enlightened but charmed us all by the thoughts he put before us. The intense stillness and attention given to the speaker was another instance as to his power of rivetting the attention of a congregation. The message reached the hearts of many listeners present. But the young people were not passed by, and in his address to them he introduced the fable of the storm with its devastation. His illustrations included the blind doctor, who, as the result of his blindness, developed reading for the blind, and Kitt's deafness which resulted in the production of a Bible of rare excellence—the result of his thorough knowledge as a linguist. The writer would have liked to be present at the evening service, but he had not forgotten the remark once addressed to him by the ex-President, that old as I was, I had not cut my wisdom teeth, and when the four-score years are past I deemed it advisable to make room for someone better able to stand the crush and atmospheric surroundings. But I did the next best thing and secured a deputy, who promised to bring me a faithful record. The chapel was packed, the pulpit steps being used. It was rather aggravating to be told about the blessing I had missed in not hearing the sermon from the text, "And He opened their eyes." I got into the prayer meeting after the service. W. SHERWOOD.

Rev. A. Lawton, of the Leytonstone Circuit, celebrates his "coming of age" ministry on Sunday, September 12th, when the church is to be honoured by an official visit of the Leyton Urban District Council, and on Thursday, September 23rd, when a thanksgiving service will be held. The whole of his ministry has been spent within the Union area of West Ham, on the Canning Town, Forest Gate and Leytonstone Circuits, where he has made numerous friends outside our church, as a member of the Board of Guardians. It is hoped by the celebrations to raise 1,000 shillings for reduction of debt on the Gainsborough Bridge Church.

## Primitive Methodist Orphan Homes,

Pannal Ash Road,

HARROGATE.

## ANNIVERSARY GARDEN PARTY

AND

OPENING OF NEW

## Assembly Hall

(the generous gift of MR. T. ROBINSON, J.P.,  
Cleethorpes,

ON

Saturday, Sept. 11th, 1915.

### PROGRAMME.

2.30—Singing, Recitations, &c., by Children.

3.0—Opening of Hall by Mrs. T. Robinson.  
Chairman—Ald. W. GRANT, Esq., J.P.  
(Cleethorpes).

Speakers: Rev. W. J. WARD, Mrs. CROFT  
BAKER.

4.30—Tea (given by Sunderland and  
Newcastle District), Tickets 1/-

5.15—Sports and Amusements.

Donations for the Homes will be gratefully  
received by Rev. E. J. T. BAGNALL (Gen. Sec.),  
43, Duckett Road, Harringay, London, N.

## What Our Readers Say.

### Gifts to our Missionaries.

SIR,—Will you please allow me to say that Mr. J. Calow, of Lingdale, has again placed the Missionary Society under obligation by putting valuable gifts of medicines in the hands of Revs. C. Finlay, A. H. Richardson, R. Cawthorne, and Miss Richardson. Mr. Calow has for years past spent large sums of money and given the whole of his time to this form of service. The value of the gifts which I now acknowledge is £74 5s. 3d. With heartiest thanks,—Yours, etc., JOHN MAYLES.  
Stroud Green, N.

### Choirs and Missions.

SIR,—The following choirs have sent in their promise to help with the building of the Kafue Institute during the past week:—Jubilee Choir, Tunstall; Chorley-road, Manchester; Rothwell, Leeds Tenth; London-road, Brighton; Queen's-road, Norwich; Langley Moor, Brandon, Durham; Jubilee, Burnley First; and Helms-shore, Crawshawbooth and Hareholme, Helmsshore Circuit. Silsen Choir held their effort last week, and as a result have been able to send Mr. Mayles a cheque for the splendid sum of £25. I need hardly say how indebted we are to them for their magnificent contribution.—Yours truly, SAMUEL HORTON.  
Holborn Hall.

### Letchworth Mission.

SIR,—One of our leading laymen, who has generously sent us two donations, writes: "You are tackling a big task, and deserve encouragement." Both statements are profoundly true. None know it better than we do who are on the spot. With a big faith the Conference made the big venture of establishing a mission in this new and growing city, and decided to erect a church and Sunday-schools right away. The progress gained during the first year was amply justifying the big faith. But faith had not the vision to see the oncoming war, with its worldwide struggle and consequences, and its shattering of well-conceived schemes. And the war has hit our Connexion scheme hard, and the past year has been a terrific one for us who have it in hand. We have not made appeals to the Connexion because of the war, but we have been toiling hard and grimly holding things together, and we thank God for the success achieved. It has not been great, perhaps, in the way of progress, but it is making further progress in the near future very possible. We still have faith and a great hope. The first anniversary of the new church is to be held on September 5th, 6th and 8th. We have a fine programme, and have been fortunate in securing Revs. E. Lucas and J. Mayles to help us, while our great friend Dr. W. E. Orchard is to preach on the Wednesday. We are expecting big things. I am appealing for 100 guineas for the anniversary. If we get that sum and more it would be a boon and a great encouragement. It is a great opportunity for all loyal Primitive Methodists to assist in a magnificent triumph for our beloved Connexion and the work of God. I pray that many will seize it and use it to the utmost. Our anxiety is great. The buildings have cost £4,950, and we have £1,350. Help us to raise a substantial sum towards reducing the big balance. It will be a great investment for Christ and our Church. Sir W. P. Hartley gives 20 per cent. on all we raise this year. Kindly send your gift to the Superintendent, Rev. D. T. Mann, Cleveland, Baldock Road, Letchworth.—Yours, etc., DAVID T. MANN.

### Contributions for Army Work.

SIR,—I have received the following further sums:—Mr. J. Handley, 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," Lanehead, per Rev. T. C. Shewell, 10s.; Mr. J. Cort, 10s.; High Wycombe Quarterly Meeting, 16s. 4d.; Harehills-avenue Society, Leeds Ninth, £5.

Retiring Collections.—Tunstall, £6 5s. 3d. (including Jubilee, £1 13s.; Pittshill, £4 1s.; Goldenhill, 11s. 3d.); Biddulph, £4 15s. 2d.; Leicester Second, £3 2s. 6d.; Rockington, £1 2s. 9d.; Howden, £2 14s. 2d.; Allendale, £5 3s. 4d.; Seaham Harbour, 15s.; Farrington, £4 15s. 11d.; Swindon First, £5 10s. 8d.; Gloucester, £1; Bristol Second (additional), 15s.; Liverpool Fourth, £2; Chester Second, £2 9s. 10d.; Ramsey, 10s. 6d.; Southport Third, £2 7s. 6d.; Foxhill Bank and Accrington, £1 6s. 5d.; Chesterfield First, £2 9s.; Kiveton Park, £4 5s. 3d.; Grimsby First, £2 6s.; Scotter, £6 18s. 4d.; Guisborough, £5 18s. 5d.; Hartlepool, £2 10s.; Bishop Auckland (Hunwick), 9s.; Waterhouses, £3 9s. 2d.; Staithes (additional), 17s. 7d.; Maryport, £4 0s. 3d.; Penrith, 5s. 6d.; Bradford Third, £1 7s. 1d.; Bradford Seventh, £1 13s. 3d.; Nelson (Lancs), £2; Abertillery, £3 1s. 6d.; Poole, £1 18s.; Mero, £2 3s. 2d.; York Second, £1 15s.; Walthamstow, £1 10s. 8d.; Halstead and Great Bardfield, £1 4s. 2d.; South Wales Mission, £2 18s. With heartiest thanks,—Yours, etc., JOHN MAYLES.

93, Mount View-road, Stroud Green, N.

### The Church and the New Militarism.

SIR,—In spite of his numerous disavowals, one feels warranted in putting the question, Is Rev. T. Graham also among the prophets? There is not much in his article of August 26th that is definite, but its tendency seems to be altogether unfortunate and to call for protest. "Many of our young men are becoming enamoured of military service and will never return to civil life"—so Mr. Graham. We will direct his attention to the facts of English history. "In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry the discarded

warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers." To ask our returned soldiers to go back to lives of ill-reputed drudgery would be a disgrace to the nation, and it may be our part to stand beside them in their demand for something better for themselves and their class. There will be some whose interests will be served by offering the rôle of idleness in khaki during a time of peace; we wrong them in assuming that their heroism will consent to a fate so inglorious. Mr. Graham may be right, and it may be inevitable that the "British Army will be larger" and that we shall be "a Continental Military Power." If so, the thing will come, and when it comes we will do our duty, but it is not what we are fighting for. Let those who desire it anticipate it and acquiesce in it; our attitude should be "Not if we can help it."—Yours, etc., J. E. ALLENBY.  
Helmsley.

SIR,—I beg a little space for a few lines on the above subject by Rev. J. Graham, which I have read with mingled feelings. When we were first overtaken with the present debacle in the national and social order, we were told that it was up to us to make every sacrifice to crush Prussianism, and so make an end of war; in other words, "This war was to for ever end war." And to attain that glorious end ministers have left their stations, local preachers their preaching for fighting (slaying men instead of saving them). Truly there was nothing else to do in the situation. But can we measure the sacrifice, not only of human life, but of Holy principle? Hundreds of the men now facing the German legions hate militarism but love men. That, Sir, is the true seal of patriotism. Yet with this goal before them (to end war) they have been prepared to make the sacrifice. Now Mr. Graham tells us that after the war the British Army will be larger, that we have become a Continental Military Power, and that the Churches will have a hand in shaping the new conditions of military service. What a vision! I hope it will prove a delusion. There is to be a bond between militarism and Primitive Methodism, that in the future we may find it usual for ministers and local preachers or Christian workers to put on the sword and musket one day in order to take a definite part in the next national slaughter, and the next day on missions of mercy and salvation. To think that in the near future some President of Conference will be found consecrating the new colours of some Territorial unit! Can my readers by some stretch of imagination fancy some lay official, clad in military attire, marching up and down ranks of Territorials drawn up for inspection? No doubt all this and more is included in our friend's vision.

Sir, what has any Christian Church to do with militarism? Truly we are called to fight, but the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual; our business is to pull down the strongholds of evil, and certainly not to have any part in building them up. It is not necessary for me to tell Mr. Graham that militarism breeds hatred and distrust among nations, and therefore is utterly opposed to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. I feel it utterly useless to make all this sacrifice to destroy Prussianism, which is militarism at its worst, and then on its ruins build up a mighty military machine in England that can only become as great a menace to the social and commercial life of our own dear land and of Europe. There is every indication that something of the kind will be attempted, and that every youth will be expected or compelled to put on the militant spirit. But will the Free Churches (and particularly the Primitive Methodist Church, which has always been mainly made up of the working class and consequently would be most affected) consent and meekly take the line of least resistance? If it does it will be unworthy of its heritage. We have in our keeping the sacredness of human life and of freedom. I plead as a humble layman with your many readers to think before they are led into this delusion of armed peace or kneel at the shrine of militarism. Whether it be Voluntary, Territorial, or Conscript—all is alike. New conditions must bend to eternal principles.—Yours, etc., PACIFIST.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Thomas Bowen.

The Woodlands-street Church, on the Bradford Second Circuit, has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. T. Bowen, one of its most loyal and devoted of workers. As Sunday-school superintendent and class leader he rendered yeoman service to our church. Converted forty-three years ago in the Rebecca-street Meeting-room, he threw himself wholeheartedly into Christian service. His conversion meant the consecration of his whole being to his Master's service. Three years after his conversion the small society moved into the present chapel at Woodlands-street, and here he gave week by week service and sacrifice unstinted and ungrudging. No task found him wanting. His concern for the Kingdom of God was deep and abiding. Religion was not a mere appendage—it was life itself. In the Sunday-school his influence was a benediction to the children; in the class meeting his enthusiasm stirred the hearts of those whom he led into the deep realities of personal communion with God; in the sick room his cheery word and smiling face were ever welcome, and the simple prayer brought quietude and comfort to many a sufferer. Wherever he went he left behind the fragrance of goodness, and to meet him was to feel the power of a life lived in constant fellowship with God. His memory will be held in reverence for many years to come by those whom he so mightily influenced for good. The funeral took place on Wednesday, August 25th, and the church was crowded with friends from far and near who came to pay their tribute to one whom they had known and loved for his transparent goodness. He leaves behind a widow and son and daughter to mourn his loss. May the God of all comfort sustain their hearts in this hour of sorrow and loss.

### Demonstration in Sheffield.

The Local Preachers' Training Committee held a successful demonstration at the Bethel Chapel, Aftercliffe, on Saturday, August 28th. Although the chapel is situated in a great industrial centre, where munition works are in full swing night and day, there was a good gathering in the afternoon to hear Prof. A. L. Humphries, M.A., who preached a sermon of remarkable eloquence and power on Peter i. 8. The love to Christ by these early Christians was shown to be the central and vital principle in all true Christian experience. "Love" was a new term in religion. It was never applied to the gods of the heathen, which were feared but never loved. Religion did not consist in correctness of creed, beauty of worship, or excellence of conduct, but love. It was not merely admiration of His beautiful life, which had been a lavish outpouring of Himself in helpful ministries for others. Admiration would prepare the way for the passionate affection and devotion which filled their life with such glowing radiance. The question, Do we thus love Christ? was pressed home. Had we so read the records as to be captivated by our knowledge of Him? Possibly we should love Christ more if we knew our New Testament better. One of our obvious rough faults was the lack of the glow and fervour of this passion which was essential to a rich, deep, and joyous Christian experience, and effective testimony for Christ.

Tea followed, and a valuable conversation took place at the tables, opened by Rev. J. Clennell, and continued by Revs. O. Higgins, S. Barker, and Messrs. D. Mauterfield, J. Fletcher (Bath), C. Johnson, and W. Neal. Replying, Professor Humphries referred, with regret, to the gradually reducing number of local preachers. A large proportion of their pulpits had to be supplied by local preachers, and yet some circuits rarely made any, and he urged that suitable young men should be induced to take up the work, and be assisted in securing equipment for it. A public meeting was held at night, when Mr. J. W. Hollis presided, and in a fine address expressed appreciation of the local preachers and their work, and, as an occupant of the pew, gave some wise suggestions to the pulpit. Mr. J. Hogg followed with a timely and effective address on the acquisition and exercise of pulpit power. The closing address by Prof. Humphries will not soon be forgotten, in which he defined the distinction and relationship between the theologian and the preacher, their respective spheres of work, and pleaded for the recovery of the notes of passion and conviction which to some extent had been lost. Mr. W. Neal (secretary) reported on the year's operations and the local results of the examination of the students as follows:—From Ann's-road Circuit, Sheffield, Mr. J. W. Bell, two subjects, with 91 and 65 marks, 1st and 2nd class certificates and prize; in the first subject he had taken the first position in the Connexion. Mr. S. H. Fashley, 79 marks, 1st class certificate and prize; Mr. Walter Skelton, 63 marks, 1st class certificate and prize; Mr. G. Bell, 65 marks, 2nd class certificate and prize; Mr. C. Manswell, two subjects, 66 and 46 marks, 3rd class certificate and prize by local committee; Mr. Albert Smith, John-street, 71 marks, 2nd class certificate and prize; Mr. P. Tillotson, Swinton (Mexbro'), 65 marks, 2nd class certificate and prize; Mr. J. H. Downs, Chesterfield, four subjects, marks 74, 51, 50, and 40, 2nd and 3rd class certificates and prize by the local committee; Mr. G. H. Howell (Staveley), 84 marks, 1st class certificate and prize; Mr. W. Hall, in the absence of Mr. J. Sivil, distributed the prizes. During the meeting Miss Jenkinson very finely rendered a solo.

### Soldiers' Hut Fund.—Sunday School Subscriptions.

Birtley, Chester-le-Street, 10s.; Parade Church, Glasgow First, 10s.; Gotham, Nottingham First, 10s.; Talbot-road, South Shields, 10s. 6d.; Milfield, Lowick, 5s. 1d.; Bethel, Burnley First, 13s. 6d.; Guiseley, Otley, 10s. 6d.; Summit, Knowlwood, 10s.; Wroncysylte, Rhosymedre, 5s.; Dover-street, Folkestone, 7s.; Lord Nelson-street, South Shields, 7s.; Alvingham, Louth, 5s.; St. Annes-on-Sea, 12s. 6d.; Bart-street, Newbury, £1 5s. 6d.; Frome, 10s. 6d.; St. Ives, Hunts, 14s.; Trimley, Ipswich, 2s. 8d.; Heslington, York Second, 3s. 6d.; Weston, Portland, 3s. 3d.; Barnoldswick, £1 5s.; Clungrunford, Leintwardine, 2s. 6d.; South Wigston, Leicester Second, 6s. 1d.; Scott Hay, Silverdale, 10s. 6d.; Byers Green, Willington, 2s. 6d.; Fordham, Soham, 4s. 6d.; Little Elm, Coleford, 4s.; Chandlersford, Southampton Second, 2s. 6d.; Bletchington, Oxford, 3s.; Kettering, 15s. 8d.; Rushton, Kettering, 1s. 5d.; Pychley, Kettering, 1s.; Trowley Bottom, Luton Second, 3s. 6d.; Lymington-terrace, Waterhouses, 2s. 1d.; Digmoor, Skelmersdale, £1; Shildon, £1 10s.; Broomhill, Amble, 3s. 3d.; Glenmaye, Peel, I.O.M., 10s.; Penrhwyceiber, Mountain Ash, 2s.; Settle, Skipton, 5s.; King-street, Cheltenham, 6s.; Littleport, Ely, 3s. 3d.; Stroud, 5s. 9d.; Wootton Bassett, 5s. 3d.; Singlehill, Radstock, £1; Ellenborough, Maryport, 8s.; Prince's-avenue, Liverpool, £1 12s.; Eynesbury, St. Neots, 4s.; Southwick, Sunderland, 7s.; Beulah, Goole, 10s. 6d.

All subscriptions should be sent to Rev. W. Spedding, 18, Kensington-terrace, Hyde Park, Leeds.

### LETCWORTH MISSION.

### 1st Church Anniversary.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 5th.—Preacher, Rev. ERNEST LUCAS.

MONDAY, SEPT. 6th.—PUBLIC TEA at 5 o'clock.  
MEETING at 8. Speakers, Revs. E. LUCAS, J. MAYLES and D. T. MANN.  
Chairman, Mr. S. HOWARD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8th, at 7.30.—  
Sermon by Rev. W. E. ORCHARD, D.D.

YOUR Gift is urgently needed. Kindly send a Donation to Rev. D. T. MANN. Sir W. P. HARTLEY gives 20% on all we raise THIS YEAR

## Services and Preachers.

**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th.**

### London and Suburbs.

**BERMONDSEY, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.** 11, Rev. H. J. Taylor; 3.30, P.S.A. Fellowship, Speaker, Rev. Henry Cowling; 7, Rev. H. J. Taylor.

**CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.** (corner of Market Road). 11, Rev. W. Roberts; 6.30, Rev. J. C. Croxford.

**CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., King Street.** 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. Calvert.

**CANNING TOWN, E.** (Mary Street, Barking Road). 11 and 6.30, Rev. M. P. Davison.

**HAMMERSMITH, Dalling Road.** 11 and 7, Rev. J. Holland.

**HARRINGAY, Mattison Road.** 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. J. T. Bagnall.

**SURREY CHAPEL, Central Mission, Blackfriars Road, S.E.** 11 and 7, Rev. J. Telefree Parr; 3.30, Brotherhood.

**WEST NORWOOD, S.E., Knight's Hill.** 11, Mr. R. Smith; 6.30, Rev. L. H. Wood. Visitors welcomed.

### Provincial.

**BLACKPOOL, Chapel Street** (facing the Central Pier). 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. John Bradbury. Thursday, 7.30 to 8.30, Devotional Hour. Visitors heartily invited.

**BLACKPOOL, Central Road** (Lune Grove). 10.45, Mr. W. Pomfret; 6.30, Rev. J. Billington.

**BRIGHTON, London Road.** 11 and 6.45, Rev. W. A. Hammond. Visitors welcomed.

**CULLERCOATS.** 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. Clark.

**HARROGATE, Dragon Parade Church.** 11 and 6.30, Rev. Johnson.

**ILKLEY, Leeds Road.** 11 and 6.30, Mr. B. Warburst.

**LEEDS NINTH, Meadow Road.** 10.30, Mr. R. Ladlay; 6.30, Mr. R. Seddie.

**LIVERPOOL FIRST, Prince's Avenue Church.** 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur T. Guttery.

**MORECAMBE, Parliament Street.** 10.30 and 6.30, Councillor H. Speel.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Central Church.** 10.30, Rev. T. Sykes; 6.30, Rev. W. Beal.

**SCARBOROUGH, St. Sepulchre Street** (off Eastborough). 10.30 and 6.30, Filey Fishermen.

**SOUTHPORT, Church Street.** 10.30, Rev. F. H. Shimmin; 6.30, Rev. J. T. Barkby.

**SOUTHSEA, Central Hall, near King's Theatre.** 11 and 6.30, Rev. Lewis Hapcock. Visitors always welcomed.

**ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA.** 10.45, 2.45, and 6.30, Southport (Marshside) Fishermen's Prize Choir.

### The President's Engagements.

Felling, September 5th and 6th; Washington, 8th; Pelaw, 9th; Newbottle, 11th.

### Connexional Evangelists' Engagements.

**MISS PERRETT, Ystrad Mynach, Glam.**

**MR. J. B. BAYLIFF, Sunderland Road, Gateshead,** September 5th to 14th.

### Evangelists' Engagements.

**MISS BOTT** (Sister Ethel). Sister Ethel is open to book for Recitals, Sunday and Week-end Services. Open dates for Missions next Season: October 9th to November 4th, 1915; after February 19th, 1916.—Apply, 31, Chapel Street, Barwell, Hinckley.

**MR. JAS. CAREY, Springwell, September 4th-15th.**

**MR. TOM HOLLAND, Ossett, September 4th to 13th.**

**SISTER LILY, late South Yorkshire Mission.** Open dates for Week-ends and Mission Services.—Address, Southwell Road, Rainworth, Mansfield.

**SISTER ELLEN.** Applications for Week-ends and Missions to be sent to 251, Lees Road, Oldham.

**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**—For Evangelistic and Week-end Services apply **MR. TOM WILSON, the Yorkshire Evangelist** (Gipsy Tom), 101, Beckett Street, Leeds.

**MRS. J. B. HORTON AND MISS KATE DREW, 40, St. Mark's Road, North Kensington, W.** Yorkshire, October 3rd to 11th; Lincolnshire, October 17th to November 11th.

**LONDON PRIMITIVE METHODIST COUNCIL.**—Primitive Methodists removing to London will be directed to the nearest P.M. Church if some official of the church will notify Rev. F. Pickett, Newlands, 6, Kymberley-road, Harrow, Middlesex. The full London address must be given, which will be at once forwarded to the nearest minister of our Church.

**BIRMINGHAM PRIMITIVE METHODIST COUNCIL.**—Primitive Methodists removing to Birmingham will be directed to the nearest Primitive Methodist church if notification is sent to the Secretary, Mr. W. E. Woollen, 16, Churchill-road, Bordesley Green, Birmingham. Full Birmingham address should be stated to enable correct direction to be given.

### Births, Marriages, Deaths.

**NOTICES** must reach the Office, 75, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., by Tuesday morning. Terms prepaid: Under 30 words, 2s.; each additional 10 words or less, 6d. Memorials, reports of marriages, etc., must be accompanied by a prepaid notice.

#### MARRIAGES.

**GERRARD—HARDING.**—On August 26th, quietly, at the Wesleyan Church, Eccles, by the Rev. J. Canell Harrison, L. Allen Gerrard, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gerrard, of Southport, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Harding, of Eccles.

**GIBSON—BURROWS.**—August 10th, at Rosemount Chapel, Newton, by Rev. F. P. Pearce, William H. Gibson, Hale, Cheshire, to Evelyn, eldest daughter of Mr. A. and Mrs. Burrows, Hyde.

### SILVER WEDDINGS.

**RAWSTORNE—WILKINSON.**—On September 2nd, 1890, at Zion Chapel, Kirkham, by the Rev. Thomas Ligar, of Preston, Mr. Robert Rawstorne to Miss Phoebe Alice Wilkinson, then of Freckleton, now of 116, Cambridge-road, Southport.

**ATKINSON—YOUNG.**—On September 4th, 1890, at the P.M. Church, Shotley Bridge, by Rev. John Atkinson, father of the bridegroom, J. H. Atkinson, of Hull, to Margaret Young, of Shotley Bridge. Present address:—10, Dilton-villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### DEATHS.

**BATSON.**—On August 22nd (suddenly), Jack, much loved husband of M. J. Batson, and eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Batson, Crossfield, Cleator Moor.

**SMITH.**—At Birtley, Wednesday, July 28th, John Smith, aged 60 years, beloved husband of Mary Smith. Deeply mourned. He feared God and loved his fellow men.

**GRAHAM.**—At 100, Elwick-road, West Hartlepool, on August 26th, Rev. J. Newton Graham, aged thirty-seven years. Mrs. J. Newton Graham, Mrs. R. G. Graham and family tender their sincere thanks to the many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, which have been too numerous for personal acknowledgment.

### IN MEMORIAM.

**CHAPMAN.**—In everlasting memory of our dear grandpa, James Chapman, of Barton Hill, Bristol, who entered into the sweet rest of the Homeland, August 26th, 1905. "Free from care and sorrow."

**LANGHAM.**—In loving memory of Walter E. Langham, who passed away September 5th, 1914, at Littleworth, Faringdon, Berks. Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell." Inserted by his sorrowing mother, brothers and sisters.

**WHEELER.**—In loving remembrance of Rev. William Wheeler, who entered the Homeland, August 29th, 1907. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

### THANKS RETURNED.

Miss Marriott thanks the numerous friends who have sent her expressions of sympathy in the loss she has sustained in the death of her aunt—the late Mrs. G. Seaman.

### Ministerial Changes and Engagements.

(Changes indicate that ministers named are leaving and are not engaged.)

#### Changes in 1916.

Rev. J. P. Mossop from Alfreton, after four years.

Rev. A. Hill from Bury St. Edmunds.

Rev. H. R. Didcock from East Dereham, after four years.

Rev. G. H. Butt from New Wandsworth and Fulham.

Rev. J. Humphries from Hasbury and Halesowen, after four years.

#### Engagements for 1916-17.

Rev. R. W. Burnett from Sturminster Newton to Ciren-  
cester.

Rev. J. E. Sunderland from Weymouth to Yeovil.

Rev. R. Gillerder from Hursborne Tarrant to Sturminster.

Rev. J. W. Fish from Oxford to Weymouth.

Rev. J. H. Packham to Ramsgate.

Rev. H. Haynes to Marple, a fourth year.

Revs. E. W. Challenger, Ward Hartley and F. G. Saville to Burnley First.

Revs. Amos Ryder and W. F. Todd to Thornley.

Rev. Thos. Collins from Salisbury to Leighton Buzzard.

### PERSONAL.

Rev. W. Curry writes: "Allow me to thank you for the splendid number of the *Leader*, of August 19th. Whether from the standpoint of quantity, quality, or variety, you have set before us a most wholesome and appetising repast. From Mr. Keightley's 'Fear and Security' to Huntsman's 'Old Sing' it is crammed with good things. In Mr. Younger's 'Wisdom and the War,' Mr. Guttery's 'Weary Willie,' and Mr. Gilbert's 'Army Notes,' we are kept in touch with the tragedy of our times. But the Sky Pilot lifts us up, and we smile and forget for a time. The late Dr. Mitchell's 'Reminiscences' make us young again. In Mr. Farndale's 'Jude,' Mr. Champion's 'Commonplace,' Mr. Clegg's 'Silent Methodist,' and Mr. Ward's 'Cleotherpes' we have substantial food. And in Ramsay Guthrie's 'Sermon without Notes,' Mr. Patterson's 'Vision,' Colin Greenwood's 'Falstaff,' and Mr. Crabtree's 'Bypaths' we have a luscious dessert. More strength to your elbow, sir."

The Vice-President of Conference wishes to intimate that he is booked up for every week-end between now and next Conference, so that he will not be able to comply with further requests for Sunday service during the Connexional year. Will those whom it may concern kindly note, and thus avoid impossible applications?

There is some probability that the Quarterly Missionary Committee, usually held in October, may be suspended this year.

Arrangements are being made, with the sanction of the War Office, for Rev. A. T. Guttery to visit the troops in France in a fortnight's time. Meetings of cheer and greeting will be held among our brave sons. It is expected that he will be at the front for about a week.

The development of the work at the Oron Training Institute continues, and the need for extension is urgent. The very success of the work becomes an embarrassment to the Missionary Society in the present condition of the Missionary Fund. The building extensions which are essential will be undertaken as early as possible, and the most urgent will be commenced this year. Other additions will follow, and the whole will be completed in the course of two years.

A Leeds Primitive Methodist writes:—"Primitive Methodism is not well housed in the west end of Morecambe. Our Parliament-street Church is far too small to accommodate the numbers of visitors during the season. Various efforts are put forth to enable our people to extend their borders. The last effort of the summer season was the visit of Rev. A. T. Guttery. For this event, as

on two previous occasions, the largest church in the West End was loaned by the Wesleys. In the afternoon the President-designate preached to a large congregation. His message was a clarion call to all the churches to preserve a spirit of optimism during the war, and the cultivation of the long view for the happy day when peace should be restored. In the evening nearly a thousand people assembled to hear Mr. Guttery lecture on "Britain and her Allies." Linking the ideals of their great thinkers, he showed how, under Divine guidance, we must believe that the cause for which such sacrifice has been, and is being made, must triumph. His fine delivery was closely followed, and at the end of an hour and a quarter enthusiastically cheered.

Mr. James Skinner, of Holloway, N., the esteemed Treasurer of the Aged Local Preachers' Aid Fund, has just been appointed Justice of the Peace for the County of London. This distinction and well-merited honour will give great satisfaction to hosts of Primitive Methodists all over the land who have watched with pride and pleasure the development of Mr. Skinner's position and influence in our Church. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner are the products of village Primitive Methodism, having been born and reared at Over, Cambridgeshire, and until their removal to London, thirty-three years ago, they had both been associated from childhood with our church in that village, which is now part of the St. Ives Circuit, Hunts. Ever since coming to London they have had an unbroken connection with Surrey Chapel, and in addition to Mr. Skinner filling the office of circuit steward and trust secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner have the honour of having in active membership with the same church their daughter and three sons, all of whom are united with their parents in devotion and service to Surrey Chapel.

Mr. A. E. Calvert, a zealous worker and local preacher at Widnes, has been made a county magistrate for Lancashire. This a well-merited and happy appointment. Mr. Calvert is a fine character and of excellent judgment. In Widnes we have now three magistrates—the Mayor (Councillor D. Lewis), Alderman S. Owens and Mr. A. E. Calvert.

New application forms for the Hartley College scholarships are now ready, and may be obtained from the General Book Steward, Holborn Hall, Clerkenwell-road, E.C., price 2d. each, post free 3d. All candidates for "George Lamb," "W. P. Hartley," or "Thomas Whitehead" scholarships must make their application on these forms, and it is desirable they should be made from the September Quarterly Meetings, though the Conference Minutes prescribe December.

The Brynmawr Circuit has increased Rev. Geo. Stanley's salary by £10 per year by way of war bonus. The Southampton Second Circuit (South Front) has also increased its minister's salary (Rev. W. Sawyer) as a war bonus.

Mr. Frank Langham, youngest son of Rev. J. P. Langham, has recently gone to the front. He is in the Royal Engineers' section of the forces.

Mr. Edgar Dale Ball, son of Rev. Edgar Ball, Portsmouth, has successfully passed the inter-science examination of the London University.

Much sympathy has been felt for Mr. Andrew Fletcher, the circuit steward of Marple Circuit. In January he lost a daughter, Alice, aged nineteen, and recently his son, Edmund, aged eighteen. Both were bright, promising lives, and they were taken suddenly after a very brief illness of a few days.

In the recent Oxford Local Examination Miss Lilian Davison, daughter of Mr. E. R. Davison, Rydal Mount, Blaydon, a local preacher with us, has passed, with second-class honours, in the senior division. Her sister, Miss Olive Davison, has also passed in the junior division.

Miss Molly Wilshaw, daughter of Dr. Wilshaw, Worthing, and granddaughter of Rev. L. Wilshaw, Southport, has passed the Cambridge senior examination, with second-class honours. Miss Wilshaw, who is a pupil of "Queenswood," Clapham Park, was the only girl amongst those entered from the school to attain second-class honours.

The address of Rev. J. L. Pritchard is "Wearside," Easemore-road, Redditch, Worcs., and not as in Conference Minutes.

Miss Marjorie Dabney, younger daughter of Mr. H. Dabney, of Shepton Mallet, and of the late Mrs. Dabney, has been successful in the senior local examination of the University of Cambridge, which was held in July last. Her parents were for many years workers on our Stroud and Gloucester Circuits.

Miss Elsie Dawson, assistant leader of the Endeavour Society at Halliwell-lane Church, Manchester, and a teacher in the Sunday-school, has just won, in open competition, the silver cup given by the Master Bakers' Association in connection with the Manchester Technical School of Confectionery.

Miss Ethel Sampson, a teacher in the Broad-street Sunday-school, Pendleton, Manchester, and an earnest Endeavourer, has successfully passed the recent matriculation examination at Victoria University, Manchester.

Mr. J. Castle Young (grandson of Rev. Castle Ross) has been successful in passing the inter-science examination of the London University. Mr. Young was a scholar of our Bethesda Church (Hull Third), and has been a teacher for some time. He has since enlisted in the R.A.M.C., and is at present in the Hillsborough Barracks, Sheffield. Mr. T. Hardy, jun., a former scholar, has also enlisted in the R.A.M.C.

Mr. Harold Raistrick, M.Sc., A.I.C. (Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge), son of Mr. M. W. Raistrick, treasurer of our Pudsey Trust Estate, has been appointed by the Medical Research Committee of the National Health Insurance Commissioners to investigate some of the infectious diseases incurred by soldiers during the present war.

## ARMY NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR.

By Rev. Joseph E. Gilbert, C.F.

Readers of this column must never tire of having to alter the addresses of our chaplains. Our men are constantly on the move with the troops, so with every move I have to report a change of chaplain's address. Rev. G. Standing can now be found at B. Echelon, R.A.M.C., 2nd Cavalry Division, B.E.F.; Rev. E. W. Smith at 11th Stationary Hospital, Rouen, B.E.F.; Rev. T. Sands, at Loom Farm, Loom-lane, Radlett, Herts; and Rev. E. S. Emmett, at Primitive Methodist Hut, Perham Downs, Tidworth.

In a recent communication Rev. G. Standing gives us a little peep into some of the fine experiences that he is having. "I held a service yesterday in a town that had been vigorously shelled by the enemy. I met some of our chaplains this week. All the men are in good health and doing splendid work. I had a wonderful service on Sunday night. I went up to the men of my division, who were digging trenches. On my way in the motor car, with the Church of England padre (chaplain), he suggested that we should have a joint service. I readily agreed. So, after getting my men paraded, I led them over to the other parade ground, where the Church of England men were waiting. We mustered about four hundred in a hollow square. I conducted the service and the Church of England padre preached. Next Sunday we are to join again, when I shall preach and my friend the Churchman preside. The men were delighted, and the Officer Commanding was delighted, and said, 'Do it again.' It was my first service in the firing line, though I've been into the firing line visiting men many times. The guns boomed out and the shells screamed above our heads, but we were never in danger, and went forth with the service unharmed. I have heard since that some of those very men have been wounded." Rev. Joseph Firth, our pioneer chaplain at the front, has sent me a few notes for this column, and makes a request, which I hope will not pass unheeded. Firth has had some tough and trying experiences since he first went out many months ago. Never did a chaplain deserve a change more than he, though he has stuck with his men through all their long weeks of nerve-racking and dangerous duty. He writes thus:—"After seven months of almost continuous service in the trenches our ambulance has fallen back to take charge of the Divisional Convalescent Rest Station. Now that the strain of fighting has been relieved, it is possible for me to take greater interest in the social life of the men. To this end the Church of England chaplain and myself are opening a soldiers' institute. This will be within a comparatively short distance of the actual fighting, and, we hope, will form a centre of social life for our fellows between their times of service in the trenches. We are happy in the fact that our Brigade officers recognise the worth of such work, and give us every facility to pursue it. They leave the administration in our hands, and place the resources of the Brigade at our command. This is my third attempt to do this kind of work. My first attempt was in May. For about a month that first institution was a wonderful draw. Religious services on the Sunday and concerts during the week were a phenomenal success. One day, however, a 12-inch shell made short work of our institute, and left little of it to be seen. Fortunately, the shell came when few men were present, or else the casualty list would have been long. It would have been dreadful if the shell had come when we were having a service or a concert. Our second attempt to get an institute going ended rather shabbily, for on the very night we were moved on elsewhere. We have great hopes of this third attempt. It is true that our little institute will not go far in meeting the needs of a whole division of soldiers, but it will do a good deal, and we are going after that 'good deal.' Now I want to make an appeal. If our friends in England have anything that would be of service to us in this institution's work, such as games, etc., I wish they would send along at once to me, through Mr. Gilbert, or direct to me, Rev. J. Firth, C.F., 84th Field Ambulance, 28th Division, B.E.F. Our work, in the main, goes forward with enthusiasm, with occasional successes to give encouragement, and sometimes failures to keep us humble."

News from afar must terminate this week with the encouraging account of the improved condition of our Dardanelles chaplain. Rev. T. W. Hancox, C.F., has so far recovered from his serious breakdown at Alexandria as to be able to cable that he hopes shortly to be discharged from hospital as fit again for duty in the field. A letter just received from our latest representative in France. Mr. Wearmouth writes to say: "Many thanks for the big parcel you have just sent me. The new football is a great boon. The many things sent will be of the greatest help to me in my work among the soldiers. We are right up in the firing line, shells come over our neighbourhood every day, but we are safe in Higher Lands." Our chaplains, who are at work in the great training camps at home, have one story to tell of hard work, and one consuming desire to be sent out to the front. Rev. T. Sands, who has recently moved from Luton to St. Albans, says he is conducting at least three church parade services every Sunday morning, covering an average distance of twenty-five miles each Sunday before dinner. That distance would about equal anything our early ministers had to tackle in those days which are so often referred to as the trying days for travelling preachers. Mr. Sands is of opinion that "our services are deeply impressive and solidly helpful to the men. Very many of them come to the voluntary evening services, sing solos, lead in prayer, preach the sermon. England never had in her Army so many sweet singers, talented musicians, and powerful preachers. During the week I get among the men as much as possible, and am able to do a lot of quiet service in a

private way. The minister and congregations have been most kind to the men and to myself in opening their churches and in providing what other hospitality they were able." Rev. Philip Fisher tells of having been in the Zeppelin area with his men, and while a farmer lost a sheep, they lost something of more value, that was their sleep. He is conducting church parades, visiting hospitals for short services, conducting prayers in recreation tents, visiting soldiers' clubs, going with men on route marches, visiting their bomb-throwing and bayonet fighting classes. He is finding out, what most of our chaplains discover, that a ministry of enormous value is possible by making personal friends of his men, and thereby being able to influence to higher things those whose hearts are open to the Christian way and act.

It falls to my lot here in Aldershot every week to visit two of the largest military hospitals in the world. It is most exacting work. You cannot visit these wards of suffering, meeting men from all over the country, listening to their stories, seeing them in the greatest pain, and wishing of being a comfort to them, without coming away a saddened, tired, and virtue spent, though a more sympathetic and prayerful man. It makes you hate war. Last week in one of these hospitals a man, who has been dreadfully wounded by a bursting shell, said, "Sir, I'm glad to see you, but I can't move, so you will excuse me being still. You know, sir, I'm bad, but I do want to get better. I'm not thinking about myself. If I had crossed the river when I was wounded it would have been all right with my soul; but I want to get better for my bonny wife and six children yonder at home. I cannot forget them. Every day and night I'm looking at them, and they're praying for me. I want to get better for their sakes, so you'll pray for me, won't you?" What can a man say to a case like that, but "Yes, I'll pray for you, and I'll ask my Church everywhere to pray for you." Another case of extraordinary interest met with that day was a young man, also badly wounded, a bright, happy man, though in great suffering, he said, "I've got a lot to be thankful for, sir." "Have you, well what?" "I've to be especially thankful for a good father, the best man you could meet. He's been a member of the chapel for nearly fifty years, superintendent of Sunday-school thirty-four years. A good man, sir. I shall never forget what he said to me when I left home to go out yonder. I thought of it when I was in the trenches, it has helped me more than I can say." "Oh, and what did your father say?" "Well, he said four things; first, be a man; then go straight; then look to God for guidance in all your difficulties; then in all your trouble pray till help comes. You know I didn't pray before I went out; but I prayed then, and my father's words come back and back."

Friends mentioned below will please accept our heartiest thanks for their kind remembrances:—£3 2s. 6d., Northgate-street P.M. Church, Bury St. Edmunds, per Rev. A. Hill; £2 17s. 6d., school and chapel collection, Harwood Chapel, Bolton First, per Rev. R. M. Rutter; £1, N. C. E. W., 15s., Sacriston Chapel, Durham, retiring collection, per H. Cornell; 2s., A Few Mites, Winterwell; Banjo, H. E. Ponting, Dorking; large box of thirty parcels of comforts, etc., members of John-street, Sheffield, young ladies' class, per Miss Beniston; papers and magazines, Mrs. Lloyd, Stafford.

## NOTES OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN—FROM THE DARDANELLES.

After enduring the monotony of garrison life in England for several months, the news that we were under orders for the Near East came as a delightful change to all ranks. Alas! for our love of change and variety—it is universal. Following the excitement of securing special equipment, marching through small crowds of admirers, entraining and embarking at a port, we finally woke up to the fact that we were in a comfortable transport bound on "active service." How those left in garrison envied us! It was going to be rare fun. Unfortunately, so many at home share that view. The Dardanelles! "Pooh, pooh; a hop, skip and a jump and you're in Constantinople." What a delusion! But harking back. There was plenty of excitement on board. German submarines were in the neighbourhood, and we were thankful for an escort of destroyers. Then we had four days of comparative peace. A brief call at Gibraltar, and the rumours of mysterious sea monsters again until we reached Malta. A brief run ashore, a visit to its magnificent cathedral, the quaint streets and houses, the vivid suggestion of the East—then on again to Alexandria. A walk ashore, more Easternisms, first contact with flies—then on again to our advanced base. No lengthened stay, but in a few hours we are within sound of the guns. Dawn creeps up as we land on soil that has been immortalised by the deeds and blood of our fallen and living heroes of the 29th Division. The despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton is familiar, surely, to every Englishman long ere this. No pen could adequately appreciate the wonderful feat accomplished on that famous April 25th. The longer one lives on the spot, the more one marvels at British pluck and endurance. High cliffs to be scaled, entrenchments to be taken, entanglements to be overcome—no army but ours could have done it. One's impulse on landing was to doff one's hat in honour to those who lay on the hillside, with just a wooden cross to mark their resting-places. Within five minutes of landing we knew what it meant to be under fire, for shrapnel shells began to burst overhead and we registered our first casualties. It is very difficult to describe one's feelings when under fire for the first time. It is possibly best described as a feeling of passive activity. You hear the screech of the shell, it bursts, showering leaden bullets for yards—you want to run somewhere for shelter, but are just held to the spot for a moment as nerves and muscles seem helpless to move you. After hundreds have burst overhead one gets disdainful and merely looks to see "where that one has gone." A long march in a sand-

storm, with a blazing sun overhead, skirting the cliffs which the landing party had so heroically scaled, we eventually reached the place for our bivouac. Fatigued parties proceeded to dig out in the cliffs and make our temporary homes by means of rocks, pieces of boxes and ground sheets, during which we broke a fast of eighteen hours.

The first meal ashore consisted of tea without milk, bully beef as salt as the Mediterranean itself, and hard tack biscuits. A man must be gripped by more than patriotism to really enjoy a "bully," and a genuinely desperate hunger does the trick. We made our first acquaintance with that very efficient and obnoxious branch of the enemy's flying corps—flies. They swarm over everything and come direct from dead mules, horses and men to attack our jam, and scurry over mugs of tea, or bathe in the gravy of meat. In the trenches it is absolutely impossible to eat in the daytime, for before you could pass a spoonful of jam from the tin to your mouth it would be black with flies. No wonder we have an epidemic of Gallipoli dysentery, which is fortunately more annoying than dangerous. Meanwhile shells were hurtling overhead thick and fast as the Turks attempted to find our artillery batteries. They are poor range-finders, so while their fire missed the batteries it found us, and we soon began to know something of the horrors of war in seeing the maimed and wounded carried to the dressing stations. It is simply marvellous that artillery fire does not do more damage. Shells will burst overhead or high explosives bury themselves in the ground in the midst of masses of men, and very few will be knocked out.

There was very little waiting in the bivouac, but soon we were on the march through one of the many gullies up to the reserve trenches. A battleship standing out from the landing was hurling broadsides of metal at the Turkish positions, while the earth shook and shuddered under the impact. The evening was spent behind a bluff, a matter of 120 yards from the fire trenches. The enemy nerve gives way at night, for the Turk sits at the bottom of his trench and with rifle pointing upwards blazes away hundreds of rounds of ammunition. One evening we lay down to sleep, flat on the ground, with a small parapet for shelter, while explosive bullets swept over for seven hours without a moment's break. It was certain death to the man who raised his head inches over the parapet. Whizz! Whizz! Ping! Ping! The long night through it was a veritable savage storm. It was not long before our battalion was ordered to the front trenches, and, threading our way through the maze of communicating trenches, we eventually reached our objective. Through our periscopes we could see the land between our line and the Turks littered with enemy dead, some having lain there for weeks. The periscope gazing has to be skilfully and rapidly managed, otherwise a bullet puts an end to the periscope and drives broken glass into the face of the gazer. The snipers are very smart men in the enemy lines and are deadly shots. Some have been discovered entrenched behind sandbags and barbed wire at vantage points, with ammunition and food sufficient for a month or two. Some ghastly snipers have been caught lying amongst their own dead, and waiting for a chance to pick off a venturesome helmeted head. One man who had lain for a long time in front of one of our heavy batteries had five belts of ammunition round his body in a steely coat from his armpits to his thighs.

The chaplain varies his work between the trenches and the casualty clearing stations. Some erudite individuals suggested to the writer before leaving home that there would be no danger for a chaplain. It would correct their perspective to change places for a few hours, to conduct funerals under fire, or preach at an open-air service on the "calm of the soul" while shells are bursting near at hand or rifle bullets whizz affectionately past your ears. We are not heroes. We are here to take our places with the men and officers, and that is impossible without risk. There are so many ways one can be of service, from censoring letters, picking up stragglers, bandaging wounds, or writing letters for maimed men, to preaching sermons. The men appreciate the informal services. Here and there are groups of men, and the padre hands hymn-books round and we have a little sing-song, and try to leave a few religious truths with them. Our first Sunday found us with twenty men kneeling at Communion.

Space will not permit one to dwell on the darker side, that must be reserved for the future. No strong language can adequately condemn war. Now it is a grim necessity, but as the sport and pastime of diplomats or insane monarchs it is more than hellish. To sit by the side of strong men laid low, men of intellect and character, to get back home again in conversation with men who have left wives, children and mothers, and whom one knows will never be united again, calls up all the resources of one's soul. We shall sing the Doxology when victory inevitably brings slaughter to an end.

And now after seventeen days under continuous fire we are back at our advanced base. We conducted two brigade services yesterday, as all the other chaplains have been invalided home. The general and staff attended, and the men were alert and attentive. It is evening, and as we lie on our backs in the delightfully cool air of an Eastern night, gazing up at the innumerable stars peeping down on this little island, away from screeching shells and death-dealing bullets, there come floating to us mingling sounds from groups of men gathered together to sing songs, ragtimes and hymns. To-night is exquisitely peaceful; to-morrow the big new move which is to be a decisive factor, takes place. We know nothing whatever about it, except that it is to take place to-morrow. After all we are only pawns.

T. W. HANCOX.

Mr. J. Thorne, sapper, has been invalided home from the Dardanelles, and has suffered the loss of his right eye. He is an old scholar of our Caledonian-road School, with which his parents and grandparents were associated. He still hopes, on his recovery, to serve his King and country.

## ELIJAH'S FLIGHT AND RETURN.

International Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 12, 1915:  
1 Kings xix. G.T., Ps. xlv. 10.

By Henry J. Pickett.

**LINKS OF HISTORY.**—Following the crushing defeat of idolatry, and the crowning victory for righteousness on Carmel, Elijah clearly expected the royal household to accept the moral of the victory, publicly *disavowing Baal worship*, and leading the now repentant nation to the older and safer paths of obedience to God. Trying as the day had been, earning as he had done a good rest, he goes that same evening to Jezreel, seventeen miles distant, and waits while Ahab gives to his masterful queen an account of the day's work. On hearing that, so far from accepting the result, the queen resolves on Elijah's own death. *Disappointed*, and stung by a sense of *failure*, Elijah starts off to Beersheba, the southern extremity of Judah ninety to one hundred miles distant, then on to the dreary southern desert, where the inevitable reaction set in. Jezebel is the Lady Macbeth of the Old Testament; history tells of similar fierce, unlovable women, such as Isabella of France, Margaret of Anjou, Catherine de Medicis, Mary Queen of Scots, and the queen of Charles I. of England.

I.—Just as it would be a mistake, as we have seen, to attribute fear of Ahab to Elijah, after his announcement of famine, so it would be wrong to attribute Elijah's flight from Jezreel to the threat of Jezebel. Such a judgment not only does injustice to the character of the prophet, it is a hasty and surface judgment of the history accompanying the victory of Carmel. It is more in keeping with all we know of the man, of the history, of experience, to put it all down to an *inevitable reaction*, accompanied by the feeling of bitter disappointment that the victory of Carmel would (apparently) mean so little for the nation, developing presently, as we shall see, into terrible depression. We have to remember what a Gethsemane the years of famine would be to so intense and so patriotic a soul, the terrible degradation of his people, and the pain it would cause him, the resolution to bring things to a test, the challenge to Ahab, then the high tension and excitement of the day on Carmel, the joy of so final a victory, the exhausting journey to Jezreel, only to find that it was to end in an actual victory for the woman who was mainly the cause of the idolatry, and Elijah would indeed have been more than human if some such record as this had not been true.

II.—"Elijah was a man of like passions with us," says James (Jas. v. 17). It is just this *human note* we want. In everything else he has seemed so far above us. With no record of his ancestry, no home, no companions (the story of his prophet friends comes later), masterful, volcanic, wonder-working, we should have felt Elijah too far from us to be of great service but for this so thorough human touch. He wins us in his weakness. We love him that he felt so weak and so much a failure. In our own heart-break, in our own sense of disappointment, we shall be glad that this great brother man knew our sorrow, and came through God's gracious ministry, as we must, to a larger and more generous interpretation of Divine government.

III.—For it is God's ministry in all this chapter we desire to follow, seeing that in this we grasp the essential and the permanent teaching of this very common chapter of human experience. We mark first

#### God's Treatment of His Own

(vers. 5-8). Some of Elijah's words are wild and foolish, as who of us in times of depression have not been equally, perhaps more, foolish? When he longs to die, when he speaks of being the only one left who cares for God's honour, he talks in a way he would have been the first to rebuke in others. While we have been quite ready to charge Elijah with running away before the threat of an angry woman, implying cowardice at least, we find no harsh or rebuking word in all the gracious ministry of God. Part of Elijah's trouble arose from physical causes, hence God's treatment includes: (1) The mercy of sleep (ver. 5). (2) The restorative of food (ver. 6). (3) Additional sleep (ver. 7). (4) Additional food (ver. 8). (5) A sanctuary of hallowed memory and vision (vers. 8-9). (6) A revelation of Divine power and tenderness (vers. 11-12). (7) A call to renewed service (vers. 15-16). Let the teacher go over these in detail. It is wonderful what a good night's sleep and a hearty morning meal will do in wiping out the haunting sense of inefficiency and failure. Many a resignation could be traced first of all to physical exhaustion, and the sense of disappointment and failure. Then a journey to some *Horre* where best memories are quickened, and we easily recall God's wonderful deliverances, the wise use of a holiday, especially if in it we seek and obtain new viewpoints of God's far-reaching purpose, and hear afresh the call to service; this is God's rest-cure for the depressed and disheartened.

IV.—In close keeping with this, and included also in God's treatment of Elijah, is

#### God's Assurance of Victory.

As we have seen, part of Elijah's depression was due to his *feeling of failure*, a sense almost of *hopelessness*—knowing that Jezebel really ruled Israel—that after all his labour Israel would be finally ruined as an apostate nation. We cannot but admire and covet Elijah's jealous concern for the best things. Would that the Church of to-day felt it as keenly! (1) The dethronement of evil is guaranteed (vers. 15-16). (2) The assurance of a greater loyalty than human records chronicled (ver. 18), indicating for us the truth so often lost sight of, that God's lovers are a great host; the unrecorded membership of the Kingdom, the forces working with the good, unseen and unheard, are all hastening the final triumph.

V.—Nor is this all. God's comfort to Elijah, and part of the cure for his depression, is in a more personal assurance.

#### God's True Succession

is pointed out to Elijah (vers. 19-21). The prophet had foolishly spoken twice of being the *only one left*. He has now to learn that there is one already *qualified* to take his place. A man of quite opposite gifts, much more the child of his time, and possessing in a far larger degree the human, the tender, the winning note, called, as God has so often done since, from the plough to the school of the prophets, and to the work of heralding the Kingdom. God is not dependent upon any man or number of men. We are not to concern ourselves about the ultimate triumph of Jesus. Our anxiety should be to supply our own full contribution right up to the time of the Master's "Well done."

## Guild of Kind Hearts.



#### THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

You have read and heard a lot about Abraham and his son Isaac, but I want to tell you about some of their relatives. Abraham had a brother named Nahor, and he had a son named Bethuel. So Bethuel would be Isaac's cousin. Bethuel was much older than Isaac, and he had a son and a daughter, whose names were Laban and Rebekah. In the far-away time, when these people lived on the earth, news was carried from one part to another by travellers. People occasionally sent letters to friends far away. And Abraham's relatives had heard of Isaac being born, and how Abraham had become very wealthy. Perhaps, too, they had heard the story of Isaac being offered as a sacrifice, and how God had prevented his father from killing him. When Rebekah was quite a little girl she had wondered what Isaac was like, and if she would ever see him. As she grew bigger she thought about him sometimes, and wondered what it felt like to be bound and put on an altar to be killed. But it did not seem likely that she would ever see him. He lived four or five hundred miles away, and between them there was a long journey of many days, across plains and mountains and deserts. But God was preparing a big surprise for her.

Her great-uncle Abraham was getting a very old man. He was anxious that Isaac should have a wife, yet not a woman from the people who lived around him. These people were idolaters and wicked. "No," Abraham said to himself, "Isaac must not have any of the women around here; he must have a wife from amongst my people." So he called his eldest servant, and said to him: "You must get ready to go on a long journey to the country I came from, to get a wife for my son Isaac." The servant was very much surprised. "Perhaps," he said, "the woman will not come with me all this way; what should I do then? Should I have to take Isaac?" "No," said Abraham, "my son shall not go, but God, who is my Friend, will send His angel before thee and prepare thy way."

The servant got ready ten camels, had them loaded up with tents, and food, and costly presents, and started off on his long journey, some other servants accompanying him. At evening they make the camels kneel down, and relieve them of their loads. The men set up their sleeping tents for the night, and tie up the camels, so that they cannot stray away. Next morning they load up again, and start out for another day's journey. This they do for many days, until in about a fortnight they arrive in the far-off land where Abraham's relatives live. Outside the little city is a well. Thither the young women come every evening, to fetch water for the houses. Abraham's trusty servant makes his camels kneel by the well, and he prays that, having come so far, God will guide him to the very girl who is to be Isaac's wife. "O Lord God of my master Abraham," he said, "behold, I stand here by the well of water: and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also, let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master." Before his prayer was finished, Rebekah was on her way to the well. She did not know Abraham's servant, but as soon as he asked her for a drink of water she gave him it, and offered to draw water for the camels. She had to make ever so many journeys between the drinking troughs and the well, but she hastened backwards and forwards, and the old servant looked at her, wondering if this was really to be Isaac's wife. It was plain to see that she was the possessor of a kind heart.

Abraham's old servant asked her whose daughter she was, and she told him she was the granddaughter of Nahor, Abraham's brother. He told her whose servant he was, and how God had guided him to the well. At this news she ran home to tell her father and mother and brother. How the brother came running to fetch the men into the house, and gave food to the camels, and straw for them to lie on, you must read for yourself. Inside the house food was prepared for the strangers, but before they would taste of it Abraham's servant told his errand, of his prayer at the well, and how Rebekah spoke the very words which were to be God's sign. And he said: "I bowed down my head and worshipped the Lord, and blessed the Lord God of my master Abraham, which had led me in the right way to take my master's brother's daughter unto his son." So plain was it to Rebekah and to her father and brother and mother that God had planned all this, that they felt they must do as they were desired. The very next day Rebekah left her home. A few days after, as the evening drew on, she—seated on a

camel—saw a man walking in the field. She asked who it was, and was told it was Isaac. Surely he was watching for the bride coming from afar. Thus she met her husband, about whom she had heard ever since she was a little girl, but whom she had never seen before. As soon as Isaac saw her he loved her, and rejoiced that God had so graciously guided his father's servant. Read the whole story in Genesis, chapter 24.

#### Wise and Otherwise.

S.S. Teacher: "Can any of your children tell me why Adam was made a man?" Child: "If you please, sir, if they'd made him a baby, there'd have been nob'dy to nurse him."

Another S.S. teacher asked a thoughtful boy: "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" "Dead," calmly replied the youth.

"Papa, are you growing still?" asked inquisitive Mary. "No, dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

Do you wish to join the Guild of Kind Hearts? Then send on name, age, and address, with a promise that you will be kind to dumb animals and to everybody. If over sixteen years of age you will be enrolled as a senior member. Beautiful badges are supplied for wearing on the coat or dress. To secure these, send one penny stamp for each badge required, and another stamp (or stamped addressed envelope) for return postage.

Mark letters "Guild," and send to Rev. ARTHUR JONN, 218, Chippinghouse-road, Sheffield.

## IMITATION AND ASPIRATION.

Endeavour Topic for Week beginning Sept. 5:

Phil. iii. 17-21.

Imitation is the first step in all learning. Other factors may enter in and mingle with it when the first stages have been passed, but it is the nature of the child whose consciousness is just dawning to imitate. The same holds good to a certain extent in the spiritual life. The newborn soul in its first ecstasy may seem to have suddenly put forth the buds of a whole set of new virtues, but a careful observer will soon note that both in speech and in conduct the convert is imitating, perhaps unconsciously, the strongest and best personality among his acquaintances. The first hints of the glory of Christ come to us through some fine earthly character. Blessed is he whose mother is that character! The full grasping and the clear seeing of the character of Jesus is a matter of years of study and experience, and it will not be completed in our brief mortal span. But when we have imitated the best man we know or can find, our imagination, sanctified and strengthened by the Holy Spirit, will help us to visualise our Master, that we may follow Him with all our powers.

The apostle warns the Philippian Church against a very subtle form of temptation. In those days curious heresies and strange doctrines abounded, some of which held that the body was a clog on the spirit, and that it was the spirit's salvation alone that mattered. This led to two exactly opposite conclusions. One was that the body should be worn down by fasting and scourged into submission—which meant asceticism. The other party held that when one had been sanctified by the Spirit the body had no longer any power to drag one down; sins of the flesh were not only condoned, but actually indulged in, since they could no longer injure the soul—which meant libertinism. Paul solemnly warned his readers against this latter sect in verses 18 and 19. We have little to fear to-day from such strange perversions of truth; but there is always a subtle sophistry assailing the lives of those who may be in the grip of some secret sin. Such are in an extremely dangerous position, and must pray most sincerely for that humbling which will bring the clearness of vision that is able to penetrate the disguises of Satan when he appears as an angel of light.

For their encouragement Paul reminds them that they have already the status of their heavenly citizenship. *Noblesse oblige*—rank imposes obligation—is a motto often quoted, and it should apply with full force to those who already recognise that they are of the Divine commonwealth, and are trying to be worthy of it. To show how far Paul was in thought from the libertines already mentioned, we need only note that he believes the body will share in our redemption—"that it may be conformed to the body of His glory." While we look at our best earthly examples, we will never cease to strive to be like our Heavenly Pattern.

Suggestive literature: E. B. Browning's "A Child's Thought of God"; Emerson's "Quotation and Originality," in "Letters and Social Aims"; Charles M. Sheldon's famous story, "In His Steps."

WILLIAM DAW.

Nine months ago the Sunderland and Newcastle District Committee appointed Mr. W. J. Rose, of Cullercoats, as the District secretary of the Laymen's Missionary League, and since then nearly all the circuits of the District have appointed circuit keymen. Those who have not already done so are being asked to make an appointment at the September Quarterly Meetings. In order to give the movement a public inauguration in the District, a great missionary demonstration is to be held on Saturday, October 30th, at the Central Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Rev. H. J. Taylor and Mr. J. Sivil are expected as special deputations; they will be supported by Rev. F. Pickering (returned missionary) and Rev. W. Duffield (District Missionary secretary). Three excellent chairmen have been secured for the three meetings in Messrs. R. R. Barks, T. Spencer and W. S. Swinburne. The circuits are being asked to appoint delegates, and it is hoped that the laymen and ministers of the District will make the Convention the success the programme deserves.

## MARRIAGES.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised in the Rosemount Church on Tuesday, August 10th, the contracting parties being Mr. W. H. Gibbon, only son of Councillor and Mrs. W. Gibbon, of Hale, Cheshire, and Miss Evelyn Burrows, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Burrows, of Hyde. Rev. F. P. Pearce conducted the ceremony. The choral service was very tastefully arranged by Mr. Walter Burrows (brother of the bride), who presided at the organ. Mrs. Will Burrows and Miss Doris Mason rendered in fine style the duet by Spohr, "Children pray this love to cherish." The bride, who was given away by her father, has for many years been a member of the Rosemount Church, and has taken a leading part in the choir. She is gifted with an exquisite voice, and has rendered splendid service in the circuit as a soloist. She wore a dress of cream silk crepe de chine, with a wreath of orange blossom and a veil made and embroidered by Mrs. Herbert Burrows, of New Zealand. She carried a shower bouquet of white carnations, lilies of the valley, and white heather. Miss Hilda Burrows and Miss Molly Gibbon acted as bridesmaids and carried shower bouquets of pink carnations. The bride and bridesmaids also wore gold brooches set with pearls, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Albert Turner, of Altrincham, acted as best man, and Mr. Will Burrows as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon received many handsome and useful presents.

A pretty wedding was celebrated on Tuesday, August 17th, in the Abbeydale Church, Sheffield, the contracting parties being Mr. Reginald C. Clay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Clay, Wilmslow, Manchester, and Miss Mabel, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Adams, of Albany-road, Sheffield, and granddaughter of the late Henry Adams, Esq. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Tranmer. Mr. George V. Dawson, organist, rendered suitable music. Lieutenant R. Swaine (Manchester) acted as best man, and Mr. Hornby (Manchester) groomsmen. The bride, who was given away by her cousin, Mr. Hart Adams (Cleethorpes), was charmingly attired in a dress of ivory white crepe de chine, with train, and a wreath of orange blossom with veil. Her bouquet was of white carnations and white heather. There were four bridesmaids in attendance, Miss Violet Adams (sister of the bride), Misses Muriel, Kathleen and Beatrix Clay (sisters of the bridegroom), who wore dresses of cream coline, and carried bouquets of sweet peas. The breakfast was served at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, "West View," Sharrow, after which the newly-married couple left for South Wales for the honeymoon. As a Sunday-school teacher and church worker the bride has rendered valuable service at the Abbeydale Church.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### Mr. H. B. Rudston.

On Friday, August 20th, we laid to rest in Hesse Cemetery the mortal remains of our dear friend Henry R. Rudston, of that village and society. He had reached the age of seventy-one years, and had been for over forty years one of the pillars of society both in religious and civic affairs. He was converted in the small village chapel in the days when conversions were regular and frequent, and his vigorous character quickly made him a well-known figure in a circle of strongly marked personalities. He was a keen lover of books, and nothing delighted him more than to entertain the ministers of his church and to indulge in friendly chat on literary and religious topics with them. Though not a preacher himself, he had a preacher's mind and could fasten on some pungent truth or pernicious error with quick insight, as his eloquent annotation marks would show to any reader of books and papers that had passed through his hands. Amongst many valued authors probably George Eliot, Emerson and Joseph Parker held the highest places in his regard. He was a keen and ardent Radical, a village Hampden in days when a man's living well-nigh depended on his attitude to parson and squire. But his sterling integrity and sound good sense ultimately won through all opposition, and in his later days our friend enjoyed the universal respect and esteem of his fellow-villagers. Mr. Rudston was an enthusiastic sportsman, and it was one of the joys of his life not only to play himself, but to follow with fatherly pride the progress of his sons in the game of cricket; one son, Horace, having earned for himself a place of distinction as a county cricketer. Since his illness of eighteen months ago he had failed visibly with the passing days, though he kept unimpaired his mental vigour till the last. Although for some months it was very difficult for him to get about, he succeeded by sheer strength of will in attending service once or twice within a few weeks of his death, and on August 16th he passed quietly and confidently to his well-earned rest. In the large circle of friends who feel his death as a personal loss will be found the many ministers who have travelled on Hull Fifth Station during the long period of his membership, and with several of these he enjoyed a close personal intimacy.

The funeral service was held in our Hesse Church, and was representative of the general respect in which our brother was held. Rev. E. H. Pittwood conducted the service, assisted by Revs. W. M. Kelley, S. G. Delafeld, S. J. Wallis, and F. R. Andrews. Rev. R. Harrison, who has been for many years a personal friend, gave a chaste and fitting address. He spoke of our brother's love of books and his faculty for tearing the heart out of a book as few men of his acquaintance could do. The love of flowers and of nature, and the positive sense of

communion with God as he paced through the avenue of trees near his home, was another striking feature of his friend's character. Not least of all, his splendid manhood and lifelong fidelity to our Church. We shall miss his shrewd wit and friendly counsel, most of all his indomitable faith, the unquenchable fire of his spirit. In a recent letter to his dear friend Robert Harrison, which the writer has been privileged to see, he writes:—"You will be very pleased to know I am very peaceful. I am glad I was ever born. How sweet is a peaceful old age!" To those who have been privileged to visit him, this quiet faith through months of great weakness and intense pain has been more eloquent than many books. Our prayerful sympathy goes out to his widow and family in their great and irreparable loss.—E. H. P.

### Mr. John Smith.

The Chester-le-Street Circuit, and Birtley Church in particular, have sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. John Smith. For nearly forty years he has been a stalwart in our Zion. As a local preacher he was ever welcome in our pulpits, his ministry being of the most inspiring and helpful kind. A strong character, with a generous soul, he was ever a champion of the right and a helper of the needy. His home life was beautiful, and his widow and family mourn the loss of a husband and father, the memory of whose life will ever be an inspiration to them. The interment took place on Sunday, August 1st, at Birtley. Rev. J. Jopling, a life-long friend, gave a very fine address. The service at the graveside was conducted by Rev. J. S. Nightingale. Mrs. Smith and her sons and daughters have been much cheered by the numerous letters of sympathy received. The eldest son, Mr. W. Smith, is the junior circuit steward, and in his father's last days it was a source of profound satisfaction that members of his family were engaged in the good work of the Kingdom.

Norwich Third Circuit made a big sacrifice in relinquishing Rev. Albert Lowe for Army service, but it is being richly rewarded in his fine work therewith and the unbounded loyalty and devotion of the people, who are fully resolved to maintain undiminished the interests of their churches in the absence of their beloved pastor. A recent visit found an excellent Sabbath morning congregation, a pleasing feature of which was the large attendance of the League of Young Worshipers, not massed together under watch and ward of their teachers, but distributed in family style among their parents and elders in all parts of the church. The pastoral and business work of the churches is being well done by officials like Mr. Scott and Alderman H. J. Waters, and Sister Jennie, and Mr. W. Parsons (son of Rev. E. Parsons) has taken up his duties as temporary supply, with the promise of a very happy and useful term of ministry. Visiting preachers are helping to maintain the high preaching standard of the pulpit of Scott Memorial Church.

## Church News.

### Abertillery.

On Wednesday, August 18th, an "At Home" was held at Somerset-street on the occasion of Mr. W. Cripps leaving for Hartley College. An excellent tea was provided in the afternoon, and in the evening an interesting meeting was held, presided over by Rev. W. Overton. A recitation was given by Mrs. Parfitt, a solo by Miss Davies, and Messrs. Llewellyn Edwards and C. Price sang a duet. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. M. Russell, W. Davies, J. Burge, J. Snellgrove and Rev. A. Watson. Presentations were made on behalf of the Christian Endeavour and the Sunday-school. Mr. Cripps' class of boys was present at the gathering, and one of them on behalf of the class made a little speech and asked him to accept from them a Bible as a token of their esteem. Mr. Cripps very suitably responded.

### Amble.

Rev. H. Yooll, Gateshead, paid us a visit on Sunday and Monday. The services on the Sunday were of a high order. On Monday evening Mr. Yooll lectured to a large audience on "A Message for the Times." The chair was ably occupied by Mr. G. Boaden, who was supported by Revs. T. N. Duncombe, M.A., Vicar of Amble, J. Trahair Wilkins (Congregational), and B. W. Redhead. Mrs. Redhead and Miss Archbold sang a duet. A well-attended supper followed.

### Aylesbury.

At the meeting of the Endeavour on Wednesday, Mr. E. E. Page, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, on behalf of the teachers, handed to Rev. J. H. Packham a Bible as a token of their affection and esteem for Pte. Rowland I. Packham, of the Mechanical Section of the Army Service Corps, and who was now doing duty in Malta in connection with the motor ambulance. Rev. J. H. Packham, in reply, said he was sure this token of remembrance from his fellow teachers would be greatly appreciated, and a source of encouragement amid the difficulties of the new surroundings in which his son found himself.

### Birmingham Third.

The Station Sunday-school Committee was held at Bournbrook on Saturday last.

The reports of the visitors to the various schools and C.E. Societies were received and considered, and visitors for the coming quarter were appointed. Tea having been served by the Bournbrook teachers, a conference was held. Rev. T. A. Kelley presided, and Mr. W. Poulton, of West Bromwich, gave an excellent paper on "The Service of Praise in the Sunday-school." The discussion which followed was led by Messrs. J. Perkins, J. G. Milnes, B. S. Andrews, and the minister. All present left the Conference feeling the importance and practicability of making the most of the devotional part of the school service. During the proceedings of the Conference Rev. T. A. Kelley, on behalf of the Central Council for the Training of Local Preachers, presented Messrs. J. Hartland and F. W. Norris with certificates of merit, they having passed the recent examination successfully. Mr. Norris also received 25s. worth of books, he having gained the third position in the Connexion.

### Bishop Auckland.

On Sunday, August 15th, an interesting ceremony was carried through in the Central Church Sunday-school. One of the superintendents, Mr. W. H. Hamflett, has been continuously in the office for twenty-one years. His influence and example have been during all his term forceful and stimulating. To mark the joy he has found in his service he generously offered to the school one hundred Sunday School Hymnals, of large type and beautiful appearance. The much-appreciated gift was handed over, on behalf of the donor, by Rev. T. A. Thompson, B.Sc. Mr. E. Keen, the co-superintendent, and Mr. J. Heslop, the secretary, received the books in happy and characteristic speeches, which Mr. Hamflett feelingly and suitably acknowledged.

### Bradford.

At the Sisterhood meeting, held at Eccleshill, a farewell tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, who are leaving to take up mission work in Keighley. A good number of friends assembled. After tea Miss Atkinson (secretary), on behalf of the society, presented a handbag to Mrs. Chappell as a token of appreciation of her services as vice-president of the Sisterhood, and Miss Shepherd (president) presented her with a fountain pen. Mrs. Leuty, the senior member of the society,

wished them godspeed in their new sphere of labour.

### Burnley Second.

Our school anniversary services were held at Brierfield last week-end. On Sunday morning songs and other items were rendered by a choir of ninety scholars in a very creditable manner. Mr. T. Harper being the conductor. Rev. J. Lockhart, of Manchester, preached very helpful sermons afternoon and evening to large congregations. The choir rendered beautiful music, Mr. S. Halliday conducting, and Mr. J. T. Bracewell presided at the organ. On Monday Mr. Lockhart lectured on "The Case for the Church." Councillor A. Greenwood presided over a good attendance. Many letters of good wishes were received from our young men from camp, trench, hospital and munition works, enclosing gifts towards the funds. The collections realised the sum of £94, being an increase of £10 on last year.

### Chester Second.

On Sunday the Endeavour anniversary services were held. The special preacher was Rev. H. S. Targett, former minister of the circuit for six years. The afternoon service was presided over by Mr. E. Williams. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Brown, scripture read by Mr. T. H. Snaith; speaker, Rev. H. S. Targett. One special feature of the meeting was the solos given by Mr. T. J. Parr (of Bolton) whose singing was very highly appreciated. During the evening service the choir gave special music; leader, Mr. J. W. Formston; organist, Mr. A. W. Harcastle. On Tuesday the Endeavour service was conducted by Mrs. H. S. Targett. Address by Rev. H. S. Targett. On Wednesday, a public tea and meeting were held. Chairman, Mr. A. Crimes; vice-chairman, Mr. G. Johnson. Rev. H. S. Targett delivered a most eloquent speech. Rev. H. P. Fell also took part. A duet was sung by Mr. J. W. Formston and Mr. G. Parsonage. All the services were very much enjoyed.

### Colchester.

The passing away of the late Mrs. Beaumont, wife of Mr. S. Beaumont, of Straight-road, has removed one of our oldest members, who for forty years had been a ready worker. On Sunday Mr. R. Chatten, one of our oldest local preachers, conducted a most impressive memorial service in the church, very many friends

attending to show their last token of respect for the family.

### Dartford.

The meeting of the P.S.A. on Sunday last was conducted entirely by men of the E.A.M.C. Private J. Beech (Pontefract Circuit) occupied the chair. Private Wade read the lesson. Private J. W. Bones sang two solos, and Private Drinkwater gave an earnest address. The orchestra (conductor, Mr. H. Biggs, A.L.C.M.) accompanied the singing of the hymns and rendered selections. Private Taylor and Private Lees took up the duties of sidesmen.

### Easingwold.

Inspiring camp meetings, crowned by "old-fashioned" love feasts, have recently been held at Easingwold and Huby, addressed at the former place by Rev. William H. Maxwell (circuit minister), Messrs. W. Hopwood, of York, and W. Metcalf, of Hutton Rudby; at Huby by the minister and Messrs. J. Milburn, I. Spirit and E. Kendall. On Sunday, August 22nd, Easingwold Church was favoured with a visit from Rev. Jabez Bell. Between Easingwold and Mr. Bell there is a reciprocal attraction. In the churchyard of this town lie the remains of her who dedicated to God her baby boy, "Jabez," for work in Africa, and it was while ministering here that our Missionary Committee once took away Mr. Bell for special work on the island of Fernando Po. It is not, therefore, surprising, that large congregations gathered to hear his heart-searching messages. In the afternoon the choir, under the guidance

90 YEARS' TEST IN

CONSUMPTION,

**CONGREVE'S ELIXIR.**

INVALUABLE FOR SUMMER COLDS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

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of Mr. J. S. Chapman, gave a musical service, and Mr. Bell a short address. The financial proceeds are to be devoted to one of our needy trust estates.

#### Leigh.

The Circuit Sunday-school Quarterly Conference was held at Glazebrook on Saturday, August 14th. The visitors' reports were received, and ordered to be sent to the respective schools. A letter was sent to each school urging them to enter and prepare for the Scripture examination, to make suitable arrangements for the proper observance of Young People's Days on October 17th and 18th, and to commence a Band of Hope and Junior Christian Endeavour where there was not one at present. In the evening a largely attended public meeting was presided over by Mr. John Bridge. Excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. W. News, Miss Prescott, and Mr. J. Henn. Rev. W. Cooper presented the "James Bridge Shield" to Glazebrook School for the best percentage of attendance for the year ending June 30th, 1915.

#### Nantwich and Burland.

On Sunday, August 22nd, the Welsh Row Church celebrated its anniversary services. The preacher for the day was Councillor H. Speed. The congregations were excellent, and the financial results were better than they have been for very many years. At the close of the night service a splendid case of conversion was registered. In the afternoon a floral service was held in the school lecture hall. Councillor H. Knowles presided, and Councillor Speed gave an address. The soloist was Mr. J. Saunders.

#### Nottingham Fourth.

On Thursday a social gathering was held at Mayfield Grove. A large number of friends gathered together to welcome Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Gunson. After supper, generously provided by Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, short addresses were delivered by several representatives. Rev. J. M. Gunson, in his reply, emphasised the debt of gratitude which the society owed to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson for the excellent provision they had made. During the evening songs were rendered by Miss Johnson and a recital given by Mr. F. Raybould. Alderman Ward presided. Proceeds, £4 2s. 6d., which were handed to the trust funds.

#### Nottingham Second.

Our friends at Old Lenton have had their interest quickened by a very happy event that has brought financial gain to the trust funds. Mr. and Mrs. Lander, at present of Mansfield, but natives of Lenton and lifelong Primitives, felt that they would like to celebrate the happy event of their silver wedding by giving to this church, that has so many happy

memories for them, a public tea. The only stipulation made was that there should not be less than 100 people. The ladies worked with a will, with the result that nearly 200 paid for admission. After the tea an entertainment and public meeting was held. James Bonser, Esq., presided. Happy reminiscences were indulged in by some of the older officials who knew Mrs. Lander's father and mother when they were alive and a tower of strength at Lenton. Rev. George Baldwin expressed the thanks of the church. This was seconded by Mr. Smith. Happily the event coincided with the chapel anniversary, and sermons were preached on the Sunday by Rev. George Baldwin, the newly-appointed minister. In the afternoon a musical service was given. The services have been a great success. The effort realised nearly £10.

#### Ramsor.

A capital gathering at Dodsleigh welcomed Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Whiting to the circuit on Thursday last. Tea was served in the schoolroom with all the lavishness of pro-wartime, and a good company heartily enjoyed the meal and the opportunity for greeting the new minister. The chapel was full for the evening meeting and all present had a good time. A Nottingham Baptist seeking rest in the neighbourhood, Mr. Brown, made a fine chairman, and showed close knowledge of church life and what helps and hinders a successful ministry in his speech. Addresses followed from Revs. J. Kinnish (Stoke) and S. Parlow (Tunstall). Mr. Whiting enters upon his work in this ancient circuit with much promise of success.

#### Shrewsbury.

The first Sunday-school anniversary was held in our new church at Quina Brook on August 15th, when we were favoured with having as preacher Councillor H. Speed, ex-Vice-President of Conference. His messages both morning and evening were heartening and inspiring to all. In the afternoon a children's service was held, presided over by Mr. J. Thomas, of Malpas, and an appropriate address was given by Mr. J. P. France, of Sturcheley. Special hymns were sung at the services by the children and choir, Mr. E. Sands presiding at the organ. The anniversary was most successful. The collection for the day amounted to £7 2s. 6d.

#### Stoke Newington.

A unique service was held at Crossway Church on Sunday evening, August 22nd, called a "khaki service," when six members of the 3/3rd London Field Ambulance, now stationed at Tadworth, paid us a visit. The service was ably conducted by Private F. Ginever, assisted by Lance-Corporal H. Bubbers and Private E.

Bilkinson. A delightful solo was rendered in fine style by Private Cyril Doust. The preacher was Private Howard Crouch, who gave a practical Gospel address, and many were wiping the eye as he explained to them the emblem of the R.A.M.C.—the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness and Christ upon the Cross and the power these had been in the lives of men. The organist was Private L. Wood (Wesleyan). All the other lads belong to our own Church.

#### Stoke and Longton.

On Wednesday last opportunity was taken to bid Mr. Percy Holmes, of Stoke, God-speed on his entrance into Hartley College. During the three years he has been on "full plan" he has served the circuit with efficiency, acceptance and success, and won a welcome not only in our own churches, but also in those belonging to other denominations. At a well-attended social in Lonsdale-street School addresses were given by Messrs. J. W. Frankland, H. Poole, J. Threadgold, J. Beckett, appreciative of Mr. Holmes' activities as local preacher, men's class and C.E. secretary, and Sunday-school teacher. A presentation of a beautifully bound copy of Dr. Young's Concordance and a purse of gold contributed by friends from most of the places on the circuit was then made to Mr. Holmes by Rev. J. Kinnish, Mr. Holmes suitably and effectively replying. A verse of "God be with you" concluded the proceedings.

## Women's Missionary Federation.

#### Brierley Hill.

The monthly meeting was held at Wollaston on Wednesday, August 25th, under the presidency of Mrs. J. J. Applebey. A very interesting and inspiring address was given by Rev. J. Dudley, in which he briefly reviewed the progress made in the different Primitive Methodist mission stations in Africa. Mrs. E. J. Roberts was the soloist, and her rendering of the missionary hymn, "Coming, coming from afar," was very much appreciated. The missionary letter was read by Mrs. H. Pratt. There was an excellent attendance, and about a dozen new members were enrolled.

#### Darwen.

On Thursday, August 26th, a very successful garden party took place in the beautiful grounds of "Inglewood," the residence of the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. J. Cocker). A sum-

ptuous tea, given by Mrs. Cocker, was served on the lawn and fully patronised by the 150 guests. Mrs. Thornley made a gracious president. Mrs. Brown served well as elocutionist. Rev. J. Hodges voiced the claims of Africa and expressed our thanks to our generous host and hostess. The weather was ideal. A very enjoyable afternoon and evening were spent, and £8 was raised for the Missionary Fund.

#### Gainsborough.

The monthly meeting, held at Trinity-street, was presided over by Mrs. Baldwin, and the monthly letter read by the vice-secretary, Speaker, Rev. A. Baldwin, F.R.G.S., with Miss Norman as soloist. The tea was kindly given by Mrs. Whitten. Through the kindness of Mr. John Bridge and family, of Hole Mill Farm, our August meeting was to have taken the form of a garden party, but owing to the wet afternoon we were entertained in the house. A goodly number sat down to tea, after which a most helpful meeting was held, presided over by Mrs. Ratcliffe. Both our circuit ministers were with us, each giving an inspiring address. Miss Margaret Bridge read the missionary letter and also recited. The Misses Allen gave a duet, and Miss Maggie Bridge a solo. At the close thanks were tendered to Mr. Bridge and family for their kindness in entertaining the society.

#### Oldham.

On Tuesday, August 17th, a very successful meeting was held at Middleton-road Church. Mrs. Davenport presided, and the missionary letter was read by Mrs. Milner. Soloist, Miss Kent; accompanist, Miss Yearsley. The address was given by Rev. F. L. Cull, who pleaded very effectively for increased support of the African work. Tea was provided by the ladies of the church. Thanks were voiced by Mrs. Attersall and Mrs. Davenport. The result of the missionary basket was given by Mrs. Brooks, which was very encouraging. Financial results very satisfactory.

#### Sturminster-Newton.

The annual circuit demonstration was held on Wednesday, 18th, at the Bridge Chapel. Our visitor, Rev. S. Horton, General Missionary Secretary, preached in the afternoon upon "Heroic Men," the glory of suffering for a great cause and a great Name (Acts xv. 26), and addressed a public meeting in the evening. Both meetings were enthusiastic in tone, and Weymouth, presided, and Rev. A. W. Well-attended by crowded audiences. At the evening meeting Mr. Henry Wheeler, of Ford and Rev. R. W. Burnett also took part. Between the meetings there was a largely-attended tea meeting in the school-room.

## APARTMENTS, HOTELS, HYDROS, &c.

Any Advertisements, for the current issue, of this description must reach the Office not later than first post Tuesday Morning.

**A QUIET PLACE.**—P.M. Home. Blenheim, Blackpool.—Sea and country combined. Mrs. HALLSTAD, Cliff Mount, 33, Heahole Avenue, two minutes from sea, cliffs, and car; piano.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. HEWITT, 40, Hull Road.—Home from home; highly recommended; close to Central Station and sea; with or without Board; piano; stamp.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. R. KNIGHT, Ivy Dene, 15, Clifton Street (opposite North Pier).—Comfortable and homely Apartments; sea view; near both railway stations; with or without Board; fires when cold and wet; terms moderate; P.M.; piano.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. MUSGRAVE, Oakroyd House, 79, Albert Road.—Home from home; close to sea and Central Station; with or without Board; P.M.; piano.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. T. WOOD, (from Huddersfield), Borough Road, Central Road.—Apartments; piano, &c.; reference, Rev. J. Spensley.

**BLACKPOOL.**—PENNINGTON, Fernroyd, 10, Holmfild Road, Gynn Estate, North Shore. Public and Private Apartments; minute from sea and cars; no intoxicants and no back rooms.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. DEDMAN, 42, Dickson Road; Home from Home for old and new friends, with or without Board. P.M.; piano.

**BLACKPOOL, N.**—Mrs. SELBY, 25, Exchange Street.—Comfortable Apartments; terms, 2s. two persons, bed, cooking and attendance; near Talbot Road Station and sea; P.M.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. HARKER, Kimberley House, 8, St. Chads Road, S.E.—Comfortable public and private Apartments; sea view; three doors from Promenade; highly recommended; terms reasonable.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. DRURY, Prospect House, 42, Hull Road.—Comfortable Apartments; close to sea and all amusements; central; piano.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. WAREING, 91, Egerton Road, North Shore; home for old and new friends; opposite P.M. Church, close to Promenade.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Sunnyside Boarding Establishment, 3, St. Chads Terrace, Promenade. Moderate terms, liberal table, comfortable beds; private room if desired; Telephone 539.—Proprietress, Mrs. E. BROWN.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. SHAW, 64, Central Drive.—superior Apartments, with or without board; close to central station and sea; terms moderate; P.M.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Mrs. HORROCKS, 30, Charley Road (member P.M. choir); two minutes sea and station; central; every home comfort; terms, 2s. per night two persons; full board, 4s. 6d. each per day; highly recommended.

**BLACKPOOL.**—Homely Apartments; nice part of town.—Mrs. GIBSON, 241, Central Drive. P.M.

**BLACKPOOL, 88, Lytham Road, Mrs. JONES.** Reliable Apartments, highly recommended; minute sea; sitting and bedroom, cooking, attendance; 2s. two persons, per day; bath, piano.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—"Westfield," Surrey Road.—Christian Boarding Establishment; beautifully situated, extensive grounds; overlooking public gardens; private rooms if desired, or suites; bungalow on beach; terms from 9s. Also Chinese House, Undercliffe Road, Bournemouth, overlooking pier; from 2s.

**CLUN, SHROPSHIRE.**—"The Ferns." Apartments. Spend your holiday in the delightful Clun Valley; beautiful scenery, healthy neighbourhood; the "Clun World Town of Clun (683 feet above sea level), situated on the Welsh border, is rich in historic interest.—Apply, Mrs. JONES.

**EASTBOURNE.**—P.M.'s visiting Eastbourne will find comfortable Apartments with active P.M.'s; close to sea and church.—Mrs. O'DELL, "Bedfordia," Seaford Road.

**GREAT YARMOUTH.**—Mrs. SAUNDERS, 11, Walsley Road.—Comfortable Apartments; bath and piano; minute from sea and cars; central. P.M.

**ILKLEY.**—Homely Apartments; south aspect, nice view; 3 minutes' from Station; piano; terms moderate.—Miss BRUCE, Wharfedale.

**KESWICK.**—Mrs. BILL, 16, Southey Street.—Comfortable Apartments; private and permanent; P.M.; near station and park.

**LONDON.**—Mrs. BLACKWELL, P.M., 59, Huntingdon Street, Caledonian Road, King's Cross; comfortable bed and good breakfast 2s.; very central; highly recommended.

**MORECAMBE, West End.**—Mrs. LADEL, The Maples, Cedar Street.—Public and private Apartments; bath and piano; highly recommended; P.M.

**MORECAMBE, W.E.**—Misses BELL, Elton House, 57, Alexandra Road.—Pleasant Apartments, public and private; board optional; terms moderate; near sea, pier, and bandstand.

**MORECAMBE.**—Mrs. LOB, Albion House, St. James Terrace, Euston Road.—Central for Lake district; near station and sea; public and private; sunny.

**MORECAMBE, W.E.**—Mrs. FRANK B. RAINE, "Pomfret," 8, Marton Terrace, Heysham Road.—Pleasant Apartments; public and private; 100 yards from promenade.

**MORECAMBE.**—Mrs. R. R. RICKERS, Farrier House, 12, West Street (near Promenade).—Bright and well-furnished Apartments; public and private; Board optional; P.M.; stamp.

**MORECAMBE.**—Home with P.M.—Mrs. HOLMES, Blenheim, 18, Promenade, near West End, pier.—Best position; bed and attendance, 2s. two persons; board optional; piano.

**NEW BRIGHTON.**—Seaside holiday Apartments, overlooking promenade and Victoria Gardens; close ferry.—Mrs. DOUGLAS, 31, Virginia Road, New Brighton.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—Comfortable Public and Private Apartments, near sea and gardens; ministerial and other references; terms moderate.—Mrs. E. JACKSON, 68, Trafalgar Square. A P.M. home.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—Apartments; full sea view; near gardens, lakes, and cars.—Mrs. ELL, 103, Queen's Parade.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—Comfortable Apartments; public and private; ideal house and position, facing sea; experienced cooking (10 years with R. Ry. Supt.).—Mrs. ROWLEY, York House, 115, Queen's Parade.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—Comfortable Apartments; central, convenient for North and South Bays, gardens and lakes; terms strictly moderate.—Mrs. BOTTRE, 2, Cambridge Street.

**ST. ANNES - ON - THE - SEA.**—Mrs. GREENHALGH and Miss RINDING (late of Southport).—Ivy Dene, 62, St. Andrew's Road, S. Comfortable Apartments.

**SOUTHPORT.**—Mrs. DYSON, Moray House, 10, Victoria Street, off Promenade. Comfortable Apartments; bath and piano; sea view; sunny and central; well-aid beds.

**SOUTHPORT.**—Apartments, near Promenade, Lord Street, stations, and P.M. Church. A home from home.—Mrs. STAPLES, 20, Seabank Road, Southport.

**SOUTHPORT.**—3, Victoria Street (off Promenade) is the (Wright house for comfort, &c.; public, private, and permanent apartments; sea view; bath; a speciality; most central; terms moderate.—Apply, Mrs. WRIGHT.

**SOUTHPORT (safety area).**—"Matlock House," 60, Bath Street.—Apartments or Board; near promenade, Lord Street, churches, station; Methodist home; highly recommended by ministers; piano; bath; invalids specially studied; terms moderate.—Mrs. HALL.

**SOUTHPORT.**—KENWORTHY'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT (Temperance).—For change or treatment; near pier, Lord Street, and leading churches; from 4s. weekly; lounge, drawing, billiard, &c., rooms.—Prospectus, MANAGERESS or DR. KENWORTHY.