

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in Me,
This I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shap'd."

How will He fare? The inn is full, overfull. Men and churches and nations are cumbered with old prejudices and new misunderstandings. The ground is strewn with weeds, and God's lovely flowers are choked. The potencies of the dark present are enmeshed in the spiritual forces of evil are entrenched in heavenly places. The warmind is excluding the Christ of present passion. "Why attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key?"

IV.

There is one thing, and only one, that will make this old world new and put this wrong world right, and that is, make room for Christ. The holy dreams of Woodrow Wilson and John Henry Jones of a warless world can

only be realized in Christ. The exceedingly bitter cry in heathen nations, "This I was worth to God," alone be answered by the God who speaks in Christ. The catastrophe of the alienation of the people from the church can only be effectively dealt with as the Christ and the Church become more alike. The Church is what it is because of the fearful lock-out of Christ. If only we had strength deliberately to reject Christ in life to-day, that the "Star" might be gaining His rightful place. But He is excluded by that most deadly type of irrational, a great inert overfulness. Conditions do not exist in Christ to be born as Heaven decrees. What a great Christmas this would be if we consented for the carrying of them must breast the blow of circumstance. We must grapple with our evil star. The Church, like the inn at Bethlehem, is now having greatness thrust upon her. That greatness is hers in the day she resolves at any cost to make room for Christ.

Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife."

Make it Nine Hundred!

"A late night with Dr. C. A. Berry was a thing to be remembered. His talk was racy, and he was a rare resource. He used to tell with a gusto a story of a deacon coming one morning into his study very late and waving a 'Waterhampton Star' in his hand. Dr. Berry, having you seen what the 'Star' says this morning?" he asked. "No, what does it say?" asked Dr. Berry. The deacon read the opening of the paper, which began in this strain. "Dr. Charles Berry, who is paid \$2000 a year by Queen-street church for preaching what he does not practice, etc. What shall we do about it?" asked the aggrieved deacon. Dr. Berry passed as if thinking seriously, and then replied: "Well, I suppose you'll have to make it \$2001!"

THE G.O.M. of Nonconformity.

"Lord Balfour once threw an ungracious line at Dr. Clifford. 'I don't like his style,' he said, spitefully. One thought of Dr. Clifford's life story of his childhood in a straightened if godly home, of his beginning his life as a boy of nine in a working twelve hours a day as a piece in a lace factory, and then of his B.A., M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. degrees earned at London University, when all his studies had to be done in the scanty leisure of a busy London pastor. One thought of Dr. Clifford's clock in the morning, to meet the boys from his church who gathered for a six o'clock Latin lesson; one thought of this man who has slaved for early morning till late at night for sixty years to promote every sort of human betterment; one thought of his home—for he never would take more than \$200 a year, and when he was given an allowance, the congregation insisted that the amount of income it brought him should reduce his retiring allowance from his church. One thought of his scholarship, his splendour of character, his genuine piety, his overflowing sympathy, his tenderness and his ample modesty. What his style!" indeed!

Converted!

"Mr. Herbert Snell was travelling alone in a railway carriage when a drunken man got in. Mr. Snell spoke to him, and he replied in reply asked him if he was a minister. 'Yes, a Congregational minister,' Mr. Snell answered. 'Do you know a Congregational minister named Snell?' Bernard Snell asked the drunken man. 'I ought to do; I'm his brother,' replied Mr. Herbert Snell. 'You're Bernard Snell's brother,' said the inebriate rising unsteadily and offering his hand. 'Then I'm glad to meet you, I want to shake hands with Bernard Snell's brother. I think the world of Bernard Snell. Why, do you know,' he added in a confidential, back-slap way, 'Bernard Snell converted me!'"

An American Story.

"A man was promised a day's shooting, and boasted beforehand of what a good time he would have. A friend met him as he returned from a day out and asked: 'Have you had a good day?' 'Now!' 'Didn't you shoot anything?' 'I shot my leg,' 'Shot your leg?' 'Yes, was mad.' 'Well, you may let be wasn't so darned pleased!'"

A Satirist in the Pulpit.

That is the heading of chapter XXV, and the satirist in question is the venerable Dr. T. J. Thoms. Mr. Porritt says: "he is now eighty-four, but his mind is as fresh and vivid as ever, and his wit never fails." We can two or three of these stories which are in the best Watkinsonian style. "On one of his preaching engagements he was entertained by an orthodox parson who showed his guest with pride over his grounds. 'I've cut a new carriage drive,' he said, 'and planted trees to make an avenue. I've cut them, they'll never be any benefit to me—they grow so slowly. But I've planted them for my posterity and my children will be benefited.' 'Wouldn't birches have been better,' he said dryly."

"A Wesleyan baronet was talking in a group of Methodists about his old school. 'I've never seen a more pious lot of it.' 'Why, do you know,' he said, indignantly, 'I was punished there once for telling the truth.' 'Well, it cured you,' Dr. Watkinson said, 'in his driest tone.'"

"I heard the other day," he said once in a sermon, "that a man had fallen down at Ealing. Of course, it fell down. It was a new house. It had been built on a bad site. There was nothing to hold it together."

There is not a dull page in all the two hundred and fifty of which the book consists. Our advice is, get two copies of the book—one for yourself, and the other for a friend.

The Late Rev. F. E. Heape.

On Thursday, November 22d, Rev. F. E. Heape passed peacefully into the immediate presence of his Lord. Born in 1864, he entered the ministry in 1873, and after travelling for thirty years he retired to Bridlington fourteen years ago. In his prime Mr. Heape was a man of powerful personality and intense earnestness were used of God in many stirring revivals. His passion for singleness, his peculiar gift of service. In the West Riding of Yorkshire and elsewhere he was a familiar figure. Seated at a harmonium, he led the vast crowds at camp meetings and evangelistic services in Gospel song. Men often said of him as "the Sankey of Methodism."

Our friend has been mercifully spared from affliction, gradually the sun shined in a clear sky. His evening was full of peace. Only a few days he was on his deathbed. A few moments before he passed away he faintly whispered, "Jesus, I trust in thee." The vision of the Saviour whose love had been the theme of all his ministry of song. On Monday morning, November 27th, his body was laid to rest in Bridlington Cemetery. After prayer at the home by Rev. J. G. H. Heape, the service was held at St. John's Church, where the service was conducted by Rev. F. H. Heape, assisted by Rev. T. S. Heape, Dr. Davies (Wesleyan) and W. Conrad Palmer. The service was a noble tribute to the devoted services of our dear departed friend, and Rev. T. Cooke sang the following hymn, "Crossing the Bar" very beautifully, and Mr. Nell Simon sang "The Lord is my Strength" in true perspective as he played "O Rest in the Lord." The congregation was most sympathetic. The service was held in the high regard in which Mr. Heape was held.

Sunday-school Teachers.

The National Sunday School Union, always to the fore in their preparation of materials for teachers, have just issued their excellent volumes for 1923. Chief among them is "Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1923" (annual volume), which will be a most useful book to see him through his work for the coming year. The volume is divided into three parts: the National Lessons and Primary Lessons. Both are admirably worked out. "The International Lesson For 1923, Part I" (1s. 6d.), is packed with suggestions for constructing the Lesson. "Notes on the Morning Lesson" (1s. 6d.) will be found very useful where the morning lesson is used either in the class-room or from the superintendent's desk. "Notes on the Evening Lesson" (1s. 6d.), too, in every way are. "The Graded School Primary" (6d.), "The Graded School Junior Quarterly" (8d.), "The Graded School Junior Quarterly" (8d.), "The Graded School Senior Quarterly" (8d.). From the same publishers come: "The Primary Play-Book" by Florence Holton (1s. 6d.), and "The Junior Play-Book" (1s. 6d.), by the same author. "Sunday-school Pictures" (1s. 6d.), are a series of pictures of this nature so that their teachers are able to bring forth "things new" make one of the very best investments.

The December number of *The Sunday at Home* has an appropriate Christmas drawing and pictures. "Love Came Down at Christmas" is the theme of Albert D. Belden; and "Parol Time" by the same author. The subject of a charming *caricature* by F. W. Borchers, the famous essayist. The two contributions which add to the interest of the number are the fiction of the number are Christmas stories.

"The Best I Remember."

SELECTED FROM ARTHUR PORRITT'S NEW BOOK.

One of the most entertaining books published for many a day is "The Best I Remember," by Arthur Porritt. The author is a well-known journalist, and during his thirty-three years' residence in London his professional work has brought him into close contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Incidents have been jotted down in "capacious notebooks," and the outcome is the present volume. It abounds with good stories, and throws delights on some of the most important religious, social, and political events of the last three decades. The following extracts will give a taste of its quality and, we hope, whet the appetite for more.

Worthless Theology.

"The fear of God seems to have passed from men's minds to haunt them no more. Possibly the modern mild conception of God is not wholly a gain. A young ministerial acquaintance of mine who, in his preaching, over-emphasised the benevolence of God and underestimated His holiness, was admonished by an old Northumbrian miner in his church for omitting the element of fear from his gospel. 'Mr. Roberts,' he said, 'you devote time from an old man with a long religious experience, that a theology without a hell is not worth a damn.'"

Heaven on His Side.

"Mr. Gladstone's conviction that Heaven was always on his side was sincere enough, but it did not always secure acceptance from his followers. Sir William Harcourt once said to him, 'You are not object to Mr. G. always having an ace of trumps tucked up his sleeve, but he did object to his saying the Almighty had put it there.'"

A Little Too Previous.

One night Sir Ellis Ashmole-Bartlett (M.P. for the division of Sheffield) intended to make a speech in the House of Commons, but the opportunity was denied him. (Unfortunately, he had sent his speech before-hand to a Sheffield paper, and the whole article was published in the next morning's issue with the heading, "loud applause" and "laughter," dotted freely all over the column. When, next afternoon, Sir Ellis rose to deliver his speech every Irish member produced a copy of the paper from his pocket, and following the speech closely "heav'd," applauded, and laughed loudly and ironically wherever those interpellations appeared in the premature report. The House enjoyed the joke immensely."

A Tribute to "Jim" Thomas.

"Mr. Thomas began earning his living by selling newspapers at Newport."

when he was about nine years of age, but, getting a job on the railway, worked for the next five years in the grade. His fine quality of mind was observed when on one occasion he went as a deputation from the railway-wardens' committee of the G.W.R. After the interview he was offered a well-paid post in the Swindon Office. It would have vastly improved his lot, but Mr. Thomas declined it, but both his income, and his respect, but 'Jim' Thomas's prompt reply was: 'No thank you, sir, I don't want to leave my dear Mr. Thomas, a Baptist Sunday School teacher, and fortunately he still retains his grit.'"

Making a Choice.

"Before the Copyright Commission Mr. Herbert Spencer said that ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen, given the choice of a daily dose of castor oil or the task of reading a page of one of his (Mr. Spencer's) books, would reply: 'Plas me over the castor oil!'"

The Longevity of Old Age.

"Upon his friends Dr. Guinness Rogers poured a word of love, and as he grew older and friend after friend passed beyond the veil, a deeper sense of loneliness weighed heavily upon him. One day when I congratulated him upon his physical and mental vigour at the age of eighty, he sighed deeply, and in his sorrow voice quoted the Psalm: 'The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength we be four score years, yet shall their strength labour and sorrow.' The old man's lips quivered and his voice shook as he recalled the familiar words, and then he turned to me with a terribly trying experience to live past one's own generation, and to be left behind by all one's friends.'"

A Shrewd Parliamentary

"He addressed a meeting of the electors, and sought, through his speech, to discover the prevailing religious tendency of the constituency. 'My great grandfather,' he said, 'was an Episcopalian (strong silence), but my great grandmother belonged to the Presbyterians (strong silence, continued silence). My grandfather was a Baptist (more silence), but my grandmother was a Congregationalist (loud and long silence). My great uncle who was a Wesleyan Methodist (loud applause) and—I have always been my great aunt's (loud and prolonged cheering). He got in.'"

Wonderful Light on the Bible.

"An old lady who attended Dr. Parker's ministry once went into his vestry to thank him for the inspiration he gave her. 'You do throw such wonderful light on the Bible,' she said. 'Do you know that until this morning I had always thought that

"The Best I Remember," by Arthur Porritt (Cambridge and Co. Ltd. 6s. 6d.).

Medicos and a Minister.

SOME EXPERIENCES.

By A SUPERNUMERARY.

The above terms represent the noblist calling in the world. At the beginning of the Christian era they co-existed in the same persons. Dr. Livingstone said, "God had only one Son, and He was both missionary and doctor." The early disciples of Jesus exercised this dual ministry of spiritual and bodily healing. Many devoted minds are now earnestly inquiring whether that union of function is not still possible, and an increasing number believe that it is both possible and actual. It is, however, with the medical profession that this scribe is concerned.

Of country medics, "Jan Maclear" has given us a fine example in Dr. Macleure, the bosom friend of Drumsheugh, of whom the former said: "What a suspicious fellow he's been! 'E've been the maist accomplished leaver; 'at's ever been in Drumsheugh; 'at's the best man o' our law." Dr. David Grayson has written nothing finer than his chapter on "The Country Doctor." Dr. John North and Dr. Macleure are a country doctor and a country patient. I was a country doctor, I'm told, who welcomed me into the world, but of him little is remembered. He was of the town and city medics that a few lively and pleasant recollections persist. A visiting minister of this class does not wish to avoid contact with the medical profession. Indeed the success of one is often dependent upon the ministry of the other. The doctor is sometimes called in when the minister is most needed, and the minister is requisitioned when the doctor is needed. A lazy liver or disordered nerves. But ministers and their families are not immune from disease. I have seen children (of which we have read several) contract mumps and measles, toothache and tinnitis, and more serious ailments as do other children, and ministers and their brave wives do not go scot free. Moving at frequent intervals from place to place they do not have what is known as "the family doctor," but must perform of circumstances call in whom they can. That fact accounts for the number of medics to be named hereinafter. Among them are English, Scotch and Irish; some of them young, some in mid life, and one very venerable. Seniority in this instance takes first place.

A church with \$2,550 debt upon it, at 4 per cent. interest, a small congregation, and a still smaller church membership add no rich people among them, grow fields on one side of the premises, a cemetery on another, and a commodious church of our own within five minutes' walk. Such was the financial charge between thirty and forty years ago. All one's time and strength were devoted to raising money. It did not occur to us to make a "Council of Appeal!" The loyalty and generosity of those people were beyond praise. When the sale of the property was suggested a one of the trustees said, "Not while I've a shirt on my back!" and the others said ditto. By toying, scheming and giving the people the lie, they hoped to take the place of glory, and the congregation and church increased in numbers and in effective services.

Over-work took its toll in the nervous collapse of the minister. Physician after physician prescribed, but in vain. Kindly souls began to devise plans for assisting a wife who might soon be a widow, and some bairns who were likely to become fatherless. A good doctor, who knew by experience what nervous breakdown was, sent for me through a friend of his and mine. The principle item in his prescription was "Go away." "But whither?" said I. He replied "Just where you like, but go where there are no parsons or yet any other coming elude them, and do not take any serious books." So I left Jeremy Taylor and his relations at home. Mark

Twain and some other frivolous fellows went with me and we laughed and joked together by the sea. Insomnia took its flight, and in less than a month my work became possible, and very soon a joy. My good benefactor treated me as a friend, and not as a patient.

A Wesleyan minister's son, and the steward of a large circuit, was kindness itself. He was well acquainted with the limited resources and strict economies of a minister in his own Church, and he knew that in our Church the limitations were still greater. He superintended the arrival of three of our little ones, and did it all for the sake of the Great Physician.

Only one Primitive Methodist doctor figures in this chronicle. He was the son of a Chartist, and himself a very advanced Radical, and lived in a very progressive town. He acted for many years as trust treasurer for the principal club in the circuit, and the church was heavily burdened with debt, and he and his co-trustees gave many hundreds of pounds without letting the church members know of it, until after their debts or their discharge. For professional service rendered to the ministers of the circuit, he was not at all regarded that service as his contribution to the farewell testimonial. When recovering from a mild attack of pleurisy I asked him permission to fulfil a preaching and lecturing engagement. Said he, "Go, of course you may go, but I shall not be able to attend." A first-class attack of pneumonia! "A few years prior to the above the incident both proved and vindicated. Eleven of us were prevented from attending the District Synod. I begged my Irish doctor to let me go. 'By all means go,' he said, 'but remember, you'll come back in a box.' As I did not covet either 'first-class' pneumonia or a box, I took to my own bedside, and have thus far escaped them both.

Another good medic gave me my only experience of surgery, which kept me in bed almost a month. Every day he came, and often when he had a busy day, and he would sit by the fire and delivered a lengthy lecture on the enormities of the National Health Insurance Bill, then before Parliament. The Bill and its sponsors were denounced in very unmeasured terms. The medical profession was in danger of utter ruin. The sin had come! Many medics were wont to dash about on bicycles in peace-insurance days, and they were now to be seen on a motor-cycle or a motor-car. It is a blessed variety of ruin! My surgeon did his best for his patient. He took no fee for his services, and not high one for his surgical skill and care.

For eight years we lived within a house of a very kind and a very good medic. He could not have done more or better for us had we been among the richest in the land. He brought us safely through a terrible attack of meningitis, and that is but one illustration of his manifold kindness. He was a busy man, but never in a hurry. He loved a chat, and greatly enjoyed hearing or telling a good story. Many nights he came to see me, and was very grateful. His partner and successor follows in his steps. His care of us now that we are old and grey-headed is tender and constant. Perhaps gratitude is mutual, for I travelled two hundred miles to marry him to a good wife. The Methodist of the third generation.

Just one more, and this time a Scotch. Brusque of manner, of dress as careless as Dr. Macleure, who is said to have worn a hat of eight different shapes, in general deportment as unconventional as a man could be, yet as a country doctor, he took rank among the cleverest. He was kind to the poor, and severe toward the careless and

negligent. If he suspected that a patient was not receiving proper attention he would make a professional call before starting on a cold and wintry morning. Just before leaving one circuit for another it was necessary to give him a call. His greeting was, "What at this time do you want?" That his account was wanted he said, "There isn't one. If I thought he'd been in the habit of getting drunk and

throwing thy wife I would have made thee say. But I know they pay you Methodist parsons little enough, and thou'rt always on a cold and wintry morning."

So upon our fellow-workers in the great task of easing the burdens and increasing the joy and effectiveness of our lives, let us have the richest and constant blessing of the Divine Healer, without Whose help both medic and minister must fail.

Christmas and Childhood.

By Rev. ARTHUR JUBB.

Christmas is Childhood's Festival. By age-long custom the season is one in which the children are expected to be supremely happy. A miserable child is altogether out of keeping with the spirit of the time. Yet the child's happiness depends very largely upon the good will and co-operation of adults. Upon that the fate of Christmas hangs. Does any body doubt whether the Christmas spirit of joy is in keeping with the spirit of our day, that our most precious joys need to be dissolved. Dr. H. E. Fodick has declared that when our Lord Jesus Christ came to earth He was the happiest man on the planet. He radiated joy. He compared Himself to a bridegroom, living through the days of the feast, and the other disciples sharing in the festive gladness. Glad they were, and they could be nothing else so long as He was with them. Whenever the day came for Him to be torn away from them sadness would come, but in His presence no sadness could remain. Seeing He is now ever with His people, should they not ever rejoice?

That, however, is not the thought which many have of the Christmas religion. A man whose name is well known here was walking one day with a friend along a delightful vale in West Yorkshire. A dozen sky-blue clouds were floating the space with their wondrous music. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the man said, "I hate this, I hate this!" Surprised, his friend asked him, "Whatever makes you say that?" To which the man gave this answer: "They sound like the strains of a hymn to me, and I am so much of a comprehended a state of mind like that. Often on that same road, my whole body and soul have been thrilled by that glorious singing. Yet, not so many Christmases ago, a man of similar mind to the one who hated the skylarks was heard to say, 'I hate Christmas. People are too happy.' Such a man lives out of life's gloom than be seen of life's gladness. Unhappy himself, his spirit did not react to the happiness of others. Surely, if a man were kind in the gloom, he ought not to begrudge another the joy of the sunshine.

Christmas season for some people is tinged with sadness, because it is the anniversary of a great bereavement. Every year sorrow of the bygone time comes back to be remembered. Yet it is not good, and most certainly it is not Christian, to dwell much upon past sorrows. We should try to live in the present. We do not wisely if we rob ourselves of one hour's pure joy, and gloomily if we rob another of any legitimate joy, and our sadness quickly casts a shadow upon sensitive young hearts. "For the sake of the young those who are older should be full of the spirit of joy. Look back to your own childhood, and try to use the happy Christmas memories. What were the things that gave you most joy? In anticipation, in the hours of the day, and now in retrospect? My own case may have been peculiar, though surely it can be made more than any another. As my needs have been poor youngster to know how a poor boy rejoices in possessing money. So far back as I can remember I was a well fed and clothed. Never a better mannered child than my mother. She would get as much pleasure from any other woman in the big county of York. Her sons and daughters will for ever honor her memory. But until we began to ex-

perience little money came to us. Ah, but what a change at Christmas! The first expense received, and to see it added to, until it became ninepence and a shilling! And no millionaire was happier with his wealth than I was when I possessed half-a-crown, all my own. Within four hundred yards of our home, in the street, I bought my Christmas morning, exactly at eight o'clock, all the small boys of the neighborhood, and I had not a penny, and received a new penny. Perhaps it never cost the man more than five shillings, but it was a great deal to me. I was a boy would knowingly damage that Quaker's property, and we never passed his shop until I had given him five again without a kind thought of him. And he is one of the few men whom I knew in my boyhood whom I shall want to see and greet in the Father's House. With a small sum he purchased much wealth of kindly thought and feeling.

Many adults regard the festive season with Christmas as one of their chief joys. The dinner is the event of the day. But with very few it is of no importance. Of course, the boy will do his duty at the table. Trust him for that. He is not likely to disappoint his mother. But the dinner is not what are what may be termed the accessories—fruit, nuts, sweets, crackers, and the like. In the games, everybody being young that day, made rare fun. The day was past and gone long before we washed. And in my home we invariably closed the day with singing. When near midnight, the party of the young members furnished with a hymn-book, and sang well-known hymns. Four or five favorites were sung. "The Day is over, while shepherds watched their flocks," "Christians, awake!" "Behold, what wondrous love and grace," "Would Jesus have the sinner die!" and "When I survey the wondrous cross." Looking back over the years, I do not recall a Christmas that was not for me a time of unmingled gladness, and what is more the point, was a time of peace and still better, I am therefore very deeply in debt for this.

This throwback of memory points the way of duty. Some child's happiness depends upon me and you. There are times when life is added to the world. It is unwelcome. They prefer "a quiet, steady going on," and don't want to be shaken out of the ordinary ways. They do not want the gladness of the Day, as do the children. But for the sake of childhood, we must plan to make joy. Some have children of their own; they can make glad some other person's child. But there is no time to pass a day without a still better, if a cot can be added) and all the joys of heaven will ring in her soul. A coin to a poor boy, or a hawk, or a Maccabean, will still do him good with delight, and become your friend forever. A golden rule for all is, "Be kind to the children." The Day is this Christmas's day for gladness. May this Christmas be for them and for us all a time of unmingled happiness.

Stockton.—The monthly meeting was held at Paradise-row. There was an excellent gathering of ladies and gentlemen. The soloist was Madame Trotter, Mrs. Davies acting as accompanist. Rev. A. J. Thompson presided. The service was appropriate address. Afternoon tea was served by the ladies of the church.

"Bessie Binney and Another."

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE.

(Author of "Bessie Binney," "The Old Folks at Home," "With Signals Clear," "The Madonnas of Moorles," etc.)

I.—The Odd 'Un.

Whenever Bessie went into her front room after Ernest Masterman's departure the place both felt and seemed empty. The empty feeling was the sense of his absence; the empty look was the awful vacancy where the bookcase had stood. The *Globe-Wrenckie* had made her parlour look more than "natly." It had been distinguished.

Why should she not have one of her own? She fairly got the "do'sers" when the notion first occurred to her, but the more she thought about it the keener her desire became. She would be helping on the Women's Movement if she made the plunge. Why should *she* have all these "laker" things? Could not a woman have a *Globe-Wrenckie*?

She remembered the "divvy" and wondered how it was mounting up. It was near the quarter-end, and she fervently prayed that she had been "spendin' plenty to save a lot."

Now she was in the kitchen with the long Co-op. sheets before her. On the sheets were the gunned checks indicating her purchases.

She had many columns to add, but there was a secret enjoyment in the process. She scrutinized each sheet and how lavishly she had been spending week by week. It was a good thing she had had to buy fresh linen and to lay in a new set of pots and pans.

It was clear that the "divvy" would be substantial.

Not a word would she breathe to her father. She would give him the "giff" of his life.

There was an emporium in Bishopstons which boldly advertised that they supplied anything "from a mousetrapp to a motor-car."

"That's the place for me!" she smiled to herself. "They'll be surprised when I planks me money down an' orders a high-class book-arrangement."

She was nonplussed when she interviewed the manager of the furniture department. It had taken some time to make "the man" understand what she wanted. She wondered how such an ignorant could be in charge of the furniture section.

"D'y mean to say that y' hevent some on the premises?" she cried in astonishment. "Yer advertisement says that y' supply any motor-carryng from a moosestapty iv a mortal-thing on."

"We supply them, madam, but we don't stock them," was his polite explanation.

"Then let's see them outcomin'!" she impatiently demanded.

She was beginning to despair. "You mean catalogues," he suavely corrected.

"It's not the name that bothers me. It's the thing I want to see!"—and she eyed him severely.

He laid the latest catalogue of the London firm on the counter.

In a moment she had "spotted" the treasure.

"That's it! The very identical! I'll look 'em up in my front room! None o' yer 'second-hand as good as new' sort, y' understand! A brand-new, just manufactured one, an' w' the latest improvements an' novelties. . . . What's the price?"

"The scheduled price is twenty guineas."

"Niver mind the price in schedules! What's the price in shillings—plain gold an' silver? An' there'll be discount, I reckon, for cash down!"

She was quite satisfied. There was a substantial reduction from the scheduled price.

"Good-day, madam! Many thanks! The furniture will be delivered to your

door, all nicely packed and carriage paid."

It was a piece of the greatest fortune that Billy was "on the wander" when the carrier brought the case. She had the stick and shavings she had carefully pulled up, so that not a hint could be heave of the tremendous transaction.

It took some self-control to keep her secret. He had been in the kitchen full ten minutes and still he was in the dark.

"Wad the mind bring me that glass jar off the shelf in the front room?" she asked quite casually.

Her lips were pursed. She was standing with her hands clasped and her heart was beating tumultuously. She was waiting for his cry of ecstasy.

She thought she heard a gasp or a sob, but no other sound came from the room.

She waited and waited. The seconds seemed hours.

Still not a sound was heard. Then a sudden rattle seized her. Perhaps she had paralysed her father.

Perhaps the shock had been more than he could bear. Perhaps he was lying on the floor unconscious.

With a bound she was in the room. There sat Billy on the chair before the bookcase, smiling sweetly and rubbing his hands.

"You were dead, y' were that dumb!" she almost roared.

"Hinney," he said, "I'm lost in love, love an' raptures!"

But now that Bessie had the elegant bookcase she needed books, and books of different size, of course, they were all to be serious books.

All this she had well thought out. Bishopstons was famous for its book-shops. The second-hand ones were not to be despised, and even the stalls in the market were full of treasures.

This she had learnt from Ernest Masterman.

And it came to pass that Bessie was often there making purchases. She found lots that he had had, and she felt quite his equal when she had a copy of her own. It is a pleasure to testify that she showed an excellent discretion.

Billy was getting excited. He had "lots o' dips into the learned volumes." As for Bessie, she felt she was qualifying for a college cap.

One Saturday she was in Bishopstons, market-place and scrutinising the most likely of the stalls. She knew she had no time to lose, because that night the new Mr. Ernest Masterman's successor, was giving a dramatic recital.

Truth to tell, she was very suspicious of the show. Ernest Masterman's minister could be an actor and at the same time say his prayers was a problem she needed some solving. She was going to see, and must be back in time to get a good seat.

"Oh, they'll be there!" she almost shrieked. Her eyes were fixed on that worldly "I'll bring them! I hope an' pray that he'll not be startin' a Parsonage!"

There were eight volumes of a Commentary which she remembered Mr. Masterman had often referred to. Certainly the bulkiness of them, they were a real bargain. But supposing she bought them—and indeed they would look stylish—how could she carry them home? They'll be a bit of a drag," she surmised.

She was unconscious that she was being watched. Her man stood close behind her, regarding her with more than usual interest.

It was a handsome-looking fellow he was, with a round and happy face, an eye with an alluring twinkle, jet black hair and a dreamy smile.

He was smartly carved and sported a raincoat and an umbrella.

"So you're book-buying, Bessie?" John Armstrong queried, touching her on the shoulder and stepping to her side.

In an instant she faced him, eyeing him sternly.

"Miss Binney, if ye please!" she reproved.

"You don't remember me, I see!" the man went on, smiling.

"Begin," ye pardon! I've a memory for faces that's bad to beat. Ye're the odd 'un from Remington, him that pushed his way in when the Principal of the College had the day of his life at Brooklyn. Some folks is not backward in comin' for'ard!"

It will be remembered that when the Reverend Principal James Harrison visited Brooklyn he had ten with Bessie and her father. The three ministers were there, the circuit stewards and their wives, and an odd 'un' from Remington. The "odd 'un" was John Armstrong.

He had not forgotten Bessie. He had thought her charming then. He found her positively engaging in this scolding mood.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Binney," he humbly observed. "Bessie seemed so friendly, and, of course, I have not forgotten the day when I was privileged to be your guest. I told my sisters that you were a woman in a thousand, a lady in a million."

She caught the twinkle in his eye and smiled.

"I'm coming out to-night to Brooklyn," he went on, "to hear Mr. Forbes give his dramatic recital. It will be very interesting and instructive."

"I hope so!" Bessie thoo wad like to come for the tea? I was just for startin' when thoo interfered w' my book-buyin'—last-ways. I was thinkin' o' buyin', but I couldn't see how I could get the job lot home."

"What were ye thinkin' of buyin'?" he inquired, now fully interested.

"Oh, them commentaries! The light o' them!" she explained.

"Are you coming on the plan?" he asked, and again she caught the twinkle in his eye.

"Ye want wisdom!" the pew as well as the pulpit! "was her quick rejoinder.

"Then I think you had better buy that set, and if you will permit me, I'll carry them home for you."

"You are a gentleman!" she now sweetly responded, "an' to show I'm friendly thoo can call me Bessie for the day!"

They had a fine chat as they walked to Brooklyn. He gave her his family history, and she had more than one glimpse into his mind.

Billy had the tea ready, and the wayfarers laughingly confessed that they too were "ready."

Billy quite as to the "odd 'un," and he was pleased to see that Bessie was kind.

The dramatic recital was a great success. Robert Forbes was a "star."

His interpretations of Shakespeare opened the eyes of many.

John Armstrong came back for supper, and it was nearly eleven o'clock before he set off for the long tramp home.

The journey was nothing to him. He had glorious things to think about. He

had had Bessie all to himself for a couple of hours, and he had sat by her side at the recital. He was amused to find that he was known as the "odd 'un." "I'll be even with her yet!" was his unspoken thought.

Bessie and Billy had said their prayers, and still the old man lingered.

He seems a nice chap, said John Armstrong, as he lingered, reviving their previous conversation.

"He is, poor lad, considerin' he's a 'heaven an' endow'd w' three sinners! There's Rebecca an' her prophete an' Rachel. Says I, 'Thoo'll be up!' the Aail Testament, I should think!"

"'Ay,' he says. 'I've been livin' all these years under the Aail Dispensation. It wad be nice to come into a New Covenant.'

"'For shame!' I says, 'to think o' leavin' the pasterificus an' the prophete an' Rebecca an' Ruth an' Rachel!"

"'Ay,' he says. 'But the law makes nothin' perfect, but the bringin' in o' a better hope dis!' Says he, 'That's a bit o' Scripture, the Gospel aill alive, the larger hope.'

"What did he say to her? I felt aill uneasy. His eye was dancin' an' he cooped haad o' me arm. I says, 'Remember Rebecca an' Ruth an' Rachel!'"

"I think I could guess in twice what he meant. Billy smiled knowingly."

"Ay! thoo had aiverted hise. Poor females cannot be expected to understand riddles!"

She still had one or two things to do before retiring for the night.

Billy was halfway up the stairs when he burst into singing. "I've left the world and sin behind!"

Bessie protested to be indignant.

"Come back, thoo bad, said man!" she called. "Thoo's just left me, an' I is neither the world nor sin!"

"Ah, hinney, thoo's that sharp to talk o'fence! It was just a bit ditty that came into me mind!"

"If thoo wants to disturb the neighbors, sing something else. 'Climbin' up the golden stairs' or 'Climbin' up Zion's Hill'!"

Bessie was alone, and all kinds of things passed through her mind. She was thinking of Ernest Masterman and his wife at Seaton, where they had settled, and thought of Robert Forbes and his wife, who were now in the new manse at Brooklyn. Then she thought of the "odd 'un," John Armstrong. Wasn't she clever in getting him to carry that parcel of books? Many of the things he had confided to her she recalled. She knew well enough what he had in his mind when he spoke of leaving from under the Old Economy to the New. She found herself linking her name with his—

John Armstrong. Bessie Armstrong.

She could see the initials she would have if her name was really Bessie Armstrong.

B. A.

"By gum! I should be a degree 'I mesel' that should be!" she mused excitedly.

Then she was ashamed of the thought, and, though alone, she blushed.

If the "odd 'un" was thinking of her it is certain that she was thinking of him. (To be continued.)

Made from fresh fruit
—not pulp—in the
actual fruit
season.

HARTLEY'S JAM
FOR
BLACK CURRANT COUGHS
AND COLDS USE
HARTLEY'S BLACK CURRANT JAM.
Pure, Delicious, Rich, Appetising.

Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

By MARY PINDAR.

The mother of our Lord has, among Protestants, suffered neglect and depreciation largely because Roman Catholics have unduly exalted and virtually deified her. From exaggeration we revolt in counter-exaggeration to our detriment. Yet the countless thousands who have breathed her name in prayer, for pity in their shame, for consolation in their sorrow, for inspiration in their service, are nearer the inner sanctuary of truth than we who protest too much. It is doubtful if nobler than Mary has ever graced the Temple of Motherhood. If ever woman were worthy of our adoration and worshipful love that woman is Mary the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. She has exalted womanhood beyond measure and sanctified motherhood for all time. Her faith was sublime. Though so many events from Bethlehem to the Cross seemed to make the message of the angels and the laudations of the Wise Men as mocking laughter in her ears, yet, like a seabird nestling in the shadow of some mighty rock against the tempest, she rested strong and confident in the love and wisdom of God. She endured to the end.

It is, however, her sublime motherhood that shines forth with most inspiring rays as we celebrate again our Saviour's birth. We need only to lift the veil a little way and with admiring emotions we see with what thoughtful and conscientious joy she awaited and prepared for the advent of her babe. Realising the priceless worth of the life she was to give to the world, and conscious of how much more than mere flesh and blood is a mother's heritage to her child, she lived those pre-natal days in constant readiness to God, in piety and prayer, in worship and in praise.

We women can never fully know how much the heart-soft of the men and women we give to the world is impregnated with our every thought and action and experience long before we have looked into the innocent eyes of our own flesh; how far in those pre-natal days of expectancy we prepare children to a life of bliss or woe, to glory or shame! In Mary God chose a woman worthy to bear so great a Son. Though He was rocked where the beasts have their home, His spirit had already been nursed in the honour and purity and piety of a saintly mother's soul.

We read that "He grew in wisdom and in favour with God and man." It is not difficult as we read His exquisite nature parables of later years to see how, through childhood's days, His mother diligently nurtured Him in the love and truth of God, how she taught Him to love the name of God and to see the works of God in the face of the city, on the hills, in the many corners, in the blue sky and in the setting sun.

All exquisite touches on the robe of God."

But the days of infancy, while they are the formative days of life and hold in them motherhood's supreme opportunities, are not the days of motherhood's supreme testing. Early childhood, with its merry laughter, its childless innocence, its unmitigated affection and its fascinating development, carries with it delights which make incidental cares seem light. It is in after years that motherhood meets its trial. When the growing boy has seen a vision of freedom and manhood, and the growing girl is being over-manned with womanhood and motherhood, then heart-strings are strained and torn and oft-times left bleeding; then motherhood is called upon to do its perfect work.

"Thy mothers suffer most.

And when we think alone and walk alone

Ah, then, the tearing of the roots of life!"

I sometimes think that Mary's first part must have been felt on the occasion of the visit to the Temple. "Know ye not," He says to her who has enfolding Him in her love, "that I must be about My Father's business?" It was the first expressed struggle for freedom of thought and action, the first challenge to parental constraint; love's reins were being cast off. What dread apprehensions must have stirred within her bosom! And how more so as she marked in following days the growing independence of mind, the strange thoughtfulness. Perhaps Holman Hunt is right—he saw even He began His public ministry that His way led to the Cross rather than the throne.

Only a mother can realise what it must have meant to her when at last He left the humble home behind and stepped out into the great unfriendly world alone. There comes a time when

motherhood's task is virtually ended. What seeds have then been sown in the hearts of our children will never die, and what has not then been sown will never germinate. Youth lifts the anchor of life and steers its lonely adventurous course across life's uncertain seas. The bird of the soul flees the nest and wings its flight into the trackless void. Our Master "must needs" go forth. A greater love than mother ever knew had won and won His soul. A greater home had opened its portals of welcome to Him. The love of mother, of father, brother, and sister had no grown less, it had become enfolding in a greater love of God that embraces all the great family of God. This is all so comprehensible to us today. But to Mary what agony of heart and soul it must have meant! Yet with the dignity of majestic motherhood she stood the test. She may have counselled Him, and sometimes doubted and feared. But she never left Him. With patient endurance, silent sorrow and joy, trustful perplexity, with a constant, quenchless love she followed Him—even to the Cross.

Did life recompense her for her faith, her sorrow and her love? On that

glorious day of Pentecost it was hers to witness thousands of souls confess the name of her great and wonderful Son. And truly she merited what God had vowed to her. For she had served nobly and endured triumphantly. No wonder that Christianity has brought redemption to womanhood, and that she stands the sublime pattern of all motherhood!

What a mission in life is that of woman! What potentialities lie hidden in her heart! Rightly do we seek to wield a wider influence in the destinies of our race, for purity, righteousness and nobler freedom. But let us never fail to give to life what it is our privilege and prerogative to give. Let us give through and to our own flesh and blood a blameless purity, a matchless grace and beauty, constancy and selfless love, a sorrowing silence and a patient endurance. Therein we shall realise our highest destiny for which our Maker has fashioned us, and we shall merit the approval of the generations yet unborn. And in the fulfilment of that divine mission none among women is more worthy to be our guiding star than Mary the mother of our Lord.

A Christmas in California.

By EDWARD McLELLAN.

What a magic carpet memory is! I sit in an office high up in the Holborn Hall, and London is wrapped in a blanket of fog so dense that, although it is mid-day, yet, overhead, it is as black as midnight, and in a thought I am back on the Pacific Coast. A glorious sun shines out of a sapphire sky, turning the clear sea into a shimmering floor of lapis-lazuli, flecked with diamonds. I look out from my verandah over a world washed by the recent rains, the orchards a vivid green, the yellowing oranges hanging like fairy lamps of rough, burnished gold within the flaming fringes of the flowers of the geranium, hibiscus and poinsettia almost hurting the eyes by their riot of contrast. The clear is the atmosphere that I can see the waves breaking on the rocky bastions of the Coronado Islands, fifteen miles out at sea, and the Otay and Culebra ranges encircling the mesa, with San Miguel as a central sentinel, is like a huge, protecting arm, guarding a child from the chill blast of the frozen East.

Far to the south, seventy miles away, in old Mexico, rearing his lordly head above the lesser giants, is Table

Mountain, clear cut out of ebony against blue velvet, whispering invitation to romance and the Middle Ages. It is a picture that confuses the senses and drives the heart to a faster beating. It is too gorgeous to be believable, and too thrillingly, thrillingly vivid to exist except in a futurist artist's imagination. As I try to pierce the gloom of this fog-bemused city I can almost cheat myself into thinking that what I have written has been spun out of my own fancy, but I have only to close my eyes, and I see it all again. It is Christmas Eve in Southern California, the spirit of Christmas is abroad.

We are to spend the day picnicking, and our friends are already appearing in their motor. They are American of German blood, and with them tradition runs strongly, and hospitality is a cardinal virtue. We crowd into the machine, a merry, laughing company, disposing legs as best we can among the hampers, and race along the brown road, beaten flat by the tropical rain, and baked into cement by the sun—through the orchards, past ranch-houses smothered in flowers, down an avenue

REMEMBER THE WEEK OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS DECEMBER 10th to 17th, 1922.

It is hoped that Sermons devoted to Missions will be preached on the Sundays, and that all the ordinary meetings of the week will be devoted to prayer for Missions, and, if possible, Special Prayer Meetings held.

PRAYER TOPICS FOR THE WEEK:

SUNDAY—Praise God for the wonderful Success of the past year.

MONDAY—The World's need of Christ.

TUESDAY—Africa's Challenge to the Church.

WEDNESDAY—The enemies of the Cross in Africa.

THURSDAY—The claims of Home Missions.

FRIDAY—Medical and Educational Missions.

SATURDAY—God's Blessing on all Missionary work.

SUNDAY—"Thy Kingdom Come."

EAST LONDON MISSION.

The Tragedy of East London.

Multitudes of Unemployed and of Cripples and Poor Children are looking to
THE EAST LONDON MISSION for Christmas cheer. Shall they look in vain?

A MILLION PEOPLE
ARE LIVING WITHIN
THE AREA OF THIS
MISSION.

MANY OF THEM ARE
ON THE VERGE OF
STARVATION AND
DESPAIR.



OUR WORKERS ARE
LABOURING FROM DAY
TO DAY AMID SCENES
OF GREAT DISTRESS
AND SQUALOR.

MANY CHILDREN ARE
BLIGHTED & CRIPPLED
FROM THEIR BIRTH.

STILL NO WORK!!!

For the extent of poverty, squalor, mean streets and drab surroundings, East London is unequalled.

HELP URGENTLY NEEDED.

COLLECTING CARDS FOR THOSE WHO WILL USE THEM GLADLY SUPPLIED.

Donations gratefully received and acknowledged by the Superintendent:-

Rev. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 6, ST. JOHN'S ROAD, EAST HAM, LONDON, E.6.

SURREY CHAPEL.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

and we hope to make it a

HOLY & HAPPY TIME

for many of the needy in Blackfriars.

There are **Old People** to comfort and brighten.

There are **Hundreds of Poor Boys and Girls** to gladden and befriended.

The **Infirm** will be remembered.

The **Friendless** will find Friends.

WILL YOU HELP

in these beneficent objects?

Please send a gift to the **Rev. J. G. BOWMAN**,
11, The Chase, Clapham, S.W. 4.

SISTER EMILY, 193, Blackfriars Road,
S.E. 1, will be grateful for the gift of garments
to distribute.

"Advance"

(The New Missionary Magazine)

PRICE **2^D** MONTHLY

ARTICLES on Missionary subjects
by the greatest Missionary Writers
of our own and other Churches.

FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

EVERYBODY SHOULD READ IT

Order immediately of Minister or
Magazine Secretary.

of pungent eucalyptus trees, here and there a great pine rustling as the trade wind ruffles its spring furls, and that most graceful of all trees, the pepper, yielding its fragrance like a bouquet—until we reach the bay, a mile wide and fourteen miles long. Here the friends waiting for us—a University professor driven West to avoid consumption of the throat, and a wife whose shattered nerves are being repaired in the sun-drenched laboratories of San Diego—and we clamber aboard the "Syph," Western-bound for the magic straits of golden sand, where the Pacific combers come thundering in and the flying surf changes into a million rainbows.

Would you know this full glory of a sense of exquisite well-being? You must first be tired out by a long spell of work, and then, on a day when all the widows have conspired to charm the heavens, the earth and the sea, lie in the bows of the "Syph" and drift lazily across the shimmering waters of the land-locked bay. There is no hurry. You have forgotten time. You need not even talk or listen, although both judge and professor are worth listening to, and you cannot miss the eager chatter of Jim's niece, who is describing to her hand uncle the sea scene as he lies there in ineffable content, watching the white sails bellied in the wind, teasing your eyes on the receding landscape, as they escape its contours against the sky, amused by the gulls poised overhead following with effortless grace the craft that suggests a dainty menu, listening to the tinkle of the water as the tinkling of glass, lured into dreamy somnolence by the gentle heave of your couch. Christmas? It is a paradise of colour and light and fragrance and warmth: it is a sensation of absolute peace, for the day is sweet with memories, and life is wrapped about with memories and friendships that are more potent than a healing balm.

A sudden joy and a greeting to the keel on the beach, and that glowing hour is a memory. All hands unload ship, the fire is lit and the kettle put on to boil, and we sit on the beach, a strip of land that says a bound to the mightier waters. From Point Loma to Point Bonita, a perfect expanse of circle twenty miles long, the bay is fringed by sands as firm and golden as any in the world, and nothing can transcend the exhilaration of a head-long plunge into the hurtling masses of water the combers fling at you. It is succeeded by action: action that whips the muscles into pistons, the nerve into an orchestra playing rough fugal, and the skin into a garment of flaming heat. You sing because you cannot help it, you laugh because the world would mock you if you refused to, and you shout—well, you shout because a noise is the appropriate way of expressing the surging emotion raging within.

You will eat your Christmas dinner in a heated room, and you will wait in by four walls, and you will carefully exclude all draughts; you will pile coal on the fire and light the lamps and draw the curtains, and you will say "It is something like Christmas!" Not a bit of it! You should eat it out on a Pacific beach, with the salt lough of the sea on your lips, and the sweet breath of the trade wind tousling your hair. You should eat white rice, and have a hand, holding a drumstick in one hand and a sweet potato in the other. You should eat it in an open boat, with a muslin with Pacific combers and a run of a mile on a sand-beach that defies compulsion. Then you would scorn cut flowers and white flowers, you would hold in contempt such trifles as plates and cutlery, and you would taste juices and flavours of the land and bird and fruit as you had never dreamt of.

And afterwards? Well, afterwards we gathered together on the beach, and, seated where we could gaze out across the "sail unblemished, engaging scene we talked. We were all excited and we talked of home. For most of them it was "Back East"—Nebraska, Idaho or New England. But I was still further East, that dear, dear land . . . and we talked Christmas—

habits and customs and revels—and as we talked the great sea vanished, the hot sun withdrew, the fragrant wind died down, and we were back in wind and rain and snow and storm, as in the crowded rooms, where was holly and mistletoe and the strains of "Good Night, Ladies." And when the talk died down and we were very quiet.

This is not at all the sort of thing I

FIRESIDE TALES.

A Christmas Deliverance.

By Mrs. LLOYD PAGE.

The doctor was clearly puzzled. "This case," said he to the Sister, "has had a distinct set-back. I had expected a good cure by Christmas, but now . . . and he shook his head gravely, made a few notes, and proceeded up the ward. So far as the patient herself was concerned, his remarks might as well have been ears; for Marie Scott no longer desired to live, nothing remained to live for; she still yearned to go home. From under the pillow her wasted fingers drew forth an official-looking envelope and took from it a card, which she handed to the doctor. "Madam," she read for the hundredth time, "I am instructed by the Education Committee to inform you that in consequence of your prolonged illness it is considered necessary to terminate your appointment. I am sorry that the current year. The enclosed cheque covers two months' salary. Kindly acknowledge. John Andrews, Secretary."

That was all; but it was her death-sentence. She replaced the letter, conscious of a pair of eyes scrutinizing her from the door and the curtain yearning to merit her present position? So far back as memory went she had sought for the card, and she had done so in plain Christianity, "had maintained (in the face of opposition even from shrewd, prudent Church officials) that the Secretary should be a woman, and she carried out in practice. With the simplicity of a child (only people said she was childish) she could be safely thought for the things of itself. She had fed the orphan and clothed the poor, and she had not minded that it had made her soul shine winemore through her eyes, so that saddened women instinctively gave her their confidences, and little children clung happily around her. But—and what an overwhelming BUT it was—it had left her a penniless invalid.

The Sister had sought to buoy her up with the promise of going home for Christmas, and she had been told that whose home was a dusty deserted flat. Her former colleagues, any one of them, would have cheerfully undertaken to tend her and bear her company during the vacation, but that was an exacting sacrifice that Marie would have found intolerable to her. She would "draw her air wind" and not embroil others in her agony. Regrettably she foresaw that the coming year would see her assets: item one, a cheque for £50; item two, the furniture of a cosy flat, including a piano; item three, a three-piece suit, a wreath of a body and a mind that was in torment.

She turned. There on her locker by the bedside lay a little message. The Flower Ladies had been paying their visit to the ward, and found her anxious to attend to the flowers. Often it had been God's own message to her. Was He remembering her this festive day and sending her tokens of His unflinching Fatherhood? Yes, surely, for what could be more appropriate?—*"My dear Sister, I have not heard from the Lord! How my soul is pained! He has not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Father, neither is weary of His own love, and He has placed it in the envelope that contained her dimness; the trouble and its anti-*

ment to write when I began. I think the Lord must be holding me. I wanted to write of the way the Sunday-school celebrated Christmas, and I landed you on a page of text. But that is the way of the sun-steeped slopes: they won't you into forgetfulness; it is as if the sun were a great afternoon, the less you watch you dream over come. It is best to wake up . . . and come home."

dote should dwell together that good night, neutralise each, that faith might overcome fear.

It was a week nearer Christmas, and the doctor was looking kindly and quizzically into Marie's eyes. "Of all uncertain, wavering, up-and-down sort of creatures," he commented, "you are a woman! One week you threaten to be in the churchyard for Christmas, and the next you say you will be here. You appear a proper hospital fund. Make your arrangements for the home-going, and I am sorry that I cannot be of more service in a more deserving case!" Thus the bluff old doctor, and Marie smiled back in calm assurance. True, the circumstances remained the same, but a quiet steel resolve and contentment had destroyed her fears. Her eyes followed the doctor gratefully as he pursued the way down bed to bed. At the red screen by the door of exit he returned. "England," he said kindly, "is no climate for you. You would be yourself up in the southern hemisphere and thrive like—like—"
(scriptural quotation that was not his strong point in the English language.) "I concluded triumphantly."

The afternoon wore away, followed by the day, and the distribution of tea. "It was shame," said nurse stout voice as she filled Marie's tick cracked cup from the enamel bowl of the tea tray, "to dismiss a visitor. She might have given him permission to wait until doctor had gone."

"Marie," said the Sister, "Yes, has Sister not told you? A man with the finest face and head you have ever seen. I can tell you I'll acquire about it before I go off!" But the card could not be found, and all the satisfaction to be obtained from the one-letter Sister was, "I told him visitors were permitted on Sundays." What could you identify him by specially? "I asked Marie of the dignified Nurse. "His fine brown eyes," came the swift reply, "with a little cloud in the iris of the right as if a little greenish blue had been inserted."

Marie lay back and lolled with laughter—as far, that is, as was permissible in the case of a hospital ward. "Why, Nurse, you have said it, for sure! There was never but one like that, a handsome pupil-master who was under my charge in the West appointment I met after college—Tom Woodley. Through the night watches Marie's mind recalled the earlier stages of her professional career. Tom had early enlisted her sympathies. The discovery that his drawings were spent in selling papers in order to supplement his meagre earnings had prompted her to make a friendly call at his home. There, in the most depraved way were written everywhere. The gentle woman whom he called mother had a beautiful daughter, a beautiful daughter of a wealthy man whose wishes she had flouted in regard to her marriage. Too late she discovered her husband's worthlessness; too proud to admit it and seek fraternal recognition. Hence, grudgingly assisted by her brother, a Harley-street physician, she had been driven to penury and suffered with her starving family.

Marie's mind was not of a type to be retentive of her own beneficence, but she chuckled with glee at the remembrance of the success with which she had been in the past of Father Christmas toward the poor mist. She had left Stanbury years ago but on a

visit there, just subsequent to the war, she had met Tom in the market place by accident. How eagerly he had gripped her hand! She had been so full of gratitude for her kindness of years gone by—she had done so little, and he spoke as if she had done much. The fact that she had dropped teaching, he said, shortly after her departure from the town. Mother had been an American Army nurse. Marie, "Stanbury News" had offered him more money, and he had gone into journalism. The children! Oh, all grown up. Marie had said of herself, he—well, yes, he left himself at liberty to do the same now—a charming girl, sister of an Australian Army chum. And so they had parted—and on Sunday next they would meet again. But how foolish of her! How should it be the boy whom she had mothered while he yet a girl herself!

The next morning, however, the wind was around, and the weather was by the appearance of a bouquet that suggested that a West End florist had been in the market. Marie, with an accompanying massive road, "it was a tremendous disappointment to be refused a visit to the florist. You will remember when we met at Stanbury five years ago I was just off to Australia to marry. My wedded life had been ideal, and I was so sure of it, I was so sure of leaving me with our wee girlie. I am continually torn with anxiety for the child, but I am sure of it. I can say or do what induces you to give up your teaching career and come and support me in my business. I am at the head of a great newspaper business in Melbourne, and you would have an absolute free hand regarding the home. I am sure of it. I am sure, but I am coming on Sunday to do my utmost to gain your consent. Yours, ever, Marie."

Sister was on her morning round. "We shall be saying 'Good-bye' to you on Monday, and I am sure of it. I am patient's class." "Doctor, say you should try a Southern climate. Do you think you will?" "Yes," replied Marie, "I am arranging to go to Australia."

Ward, Lock & Co.

Young People's Books.

Moore, Ward, Lock and Co. have rendered a great service to young people by the publication of some of their new books for Christmas and the New Year. "The Wonder Books of Woodcock (5s. net), edited by Harry Goulding, is quite up to its title, which is saying very much. It contains great treasures for youths and maidens. There are hundreds of pictures, all of them showing some "wonderful" aspect or production of life. The "wonder" are thoroughly up to date, as are the pictures. The Wonder Book (5s. net), edited by Harry Goulding, is a book of the year. It contains hundreds of pictures. Stories, drawings, riddles, fun, and all the things that young people like. The "Wonder" books for their older brothers and sisters. Here again pictures, stories, and all the things that young people like. Charles Kingsley (6s. net), needs no introduction. It is everywhere a favourite. Tom, Little, and the others, with their marvelous adventures, will always appeal to young people. This new book, edited by Peggy's First Term, by May Wren, is a book of the year. It contains hundreds of pictures, stories, and all the things that young people like. Turner (4s. net), provide entertaining and wholesome reading, especially for girls. Some of the best that I have seen in these where these books are introduced.

The National School Union has issued "The Boys' Life Brigade: Its Aims and Organization" (1s. 6d. net) and "The Girls' Life Brigade: Its Aims and Organization" (1s. 6d. net). We cannot too warmly commend these manuals to Sunday-school workers. They are not only the praiseworthy service these useful organizations are rendering, they afford guidance and suggest to those who are new to this class of work. Where there is been any part of Father Christmas books should be obtained and action taken forthwith.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISITS.

Whether my preaching in the Liverpool Cathedral will be the outstanding event of the year I cannot say. It is, however, satisfactory that a President of our Church has been invited and able to accept the invitation. The initiative was taken by the Christian Student Movement of the Liverpool University, who are part of a great host some 250,000 strong in over 2,000 colleges all over the world. They are united in loyalty to Christ. That is their bond, and the getting of His will done on earth is their paramount object. Gradually these men and women will pass into the high places of the Church and the nations, and it is an immensely inspiring thought that things will be in such hands. It was quite a new thing for me to address a congregation much more Anglican than Free Church, and to be surrounded by episcopal clergy and choir, and to know that University professors and the Vice-Chancellor sat with the rest. All who are anxious for the evaluation of Christ will pray for the day when interchange of pulpits among all Christians will be quite the ordinary thing, and no Methodist preacher will be in the least surprised at such an invitation as that which came to me.

An early train on the morning following the Cathedral service bore me to Stockton-on-Tees. Rev. Thomas Elliott had efficiently taken my place there on the Sunday. "A goodly company met me in 'Paradise' for the afternoon service, and I found it desirable to set forth what I regard as the truth in relation to the popular notion of the second coming. I am not fascinated by the evidences which some are finding in the Scriptures and the signs of the times. I was taught to believe in the actuality and reality of Christ's presence here and now. All I expect is His fuller coming into the consciousness and life and conditions of the world. I believe that this is actually proceeding, and that one

day He will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Following a good service came a faith tea and an evening lecture. Paradise Church has a fine history, and happily it is living up to it. Rev. George Foxwell is superintending a progressive circuit.

At Yarm I had the privilege of spending a few hours with the hero of the Million Shilling Scheme, and the benefactor of Stockton Primitive Methodism. It was good to find Mr. J. R. Clapham, J.P., who is well in his seventies, as active and alert as ever. My visit to Crook was crowded with happy memories. I went there time and again in the long ago. After these years it was pleasurable to arrive in sunshine for the centenary celebrations of our Church. An admirably compiled souvenir tells the progress of a hundred years. Connexional stalwarts like Wasson, Fenwick, Clomission, Atkinson, McKeehan, Xool and others have told here. No wonder that buildings and people are sturdy. Rev. E. B. Storr, the present superintendent, has worthily entered into a great heritage. Debts are clearing, almost gone, and there is every sign of aggressive evangelism. The Vice-President of Conference attended the celebrations. After sermon and tea he introduced a profitable conversation on "The Church and Young People." He is out for making the Church a worthy response to the many interests of the young. Later in the evening I had the pleasure of lecturing on "The Story and Glory of a Hundred Years." Mr. T. L. Gerrard presiding. It was inspiring to find a crowd of eager young people sharing with the elders in the centenary of the Church.

Blended services were held at Grange Lane, Cradley Heath, last Sunday, when the anniversary preacher was Rev. J. Pearce, whose welcome back was of the heartiest. Mr. Pearce was happy in his themes and treatment of them, preaching with earnestness and power on "The Sin of Slowness," and "The Winsome Ministry of Life."

Blended services were held at Grange Lane, Cradley Heath, last Sunday, when the anniversary preacher was Rev. J. Pearce, whose welcome back was of the heartiest. Mr. Pearce was happy in his themes and treatment of them, preaching with earnestness and power on "The Sin of Slowness," and "The Winsome Ministry of Life."

NEWS OF REVIVAL. Manchester—Student Evangelists.

New Islington Church, Manchester, has been the centre of good mission work during the past few weeks. The students of Hartley College, supported by Rev. Jabez and Mrs. Bell and the church, opened a vigorous campaign to win Ancoats for Christ. Only those who know this church and circuit with its able population have any conception of the difficulty of the task, but for two weeks, first at New Islington, and then at Bradford-road, the students who are to be the missionaries of the future toiled with fervent zeal and enthusiasm. When released from their studies they devoted themselves to visiting the homes of the people, and every evening prior to the indoor meetings held an open-air service, singing and exhorting the people to seek the Lord Jesus. The spiritual life of the church has been deepened, and a number of young people have given their lives to Christ. Words are too weak to express the appreciation the circuit feels at the efforts of the students. If the spirit that has dominated them during these weeks is maintained the future is indeed one of triumphant success.

Gracious Influences at Bollington.

"The most beautiful service I have ever attended," said one of the oldest officials at the close of a Communion service on a recent Sunday evening at Bollington, when amongst the communicants were nearly forty young people who took the Lord's Supper for the first time. Thrilling had been the experience as old and young gathered under the shadow of the Cross. Week after week the young people had come together in large numbers—in the first instance for the material welfare of the church (they raised nearly £50), but afterwards in response to the minister's invitation for praise and prayer; he also ultimately urged a definite decision for Christ and attendance at the Lord's Supper. Seasons of gracious refresh-

ing were realised, and a new devotion born of an intense spiritual enthusiasm was witnessed. The Saturday and Sunday following the Sacramental service an old scholars' reunion propagated the spirit of revival. Old scholars from Lancashire and other parts of Cheshire gave beautiful testimonies of God's grace and mercy through the years, and told of fragrant memories that remain of days of the long ago when Christ in that church first spoke to their hearts.

Many Conversations at Seaham.

Stewart-street Church has experienced a gracious revival. The mission, Miss Henwick, laboured with great power and success, being supported by the church officers and choir. The church was full at every service, and over 100 decisions for Christ were recorded. On the Sunday following the mission, our minister, Rev. B. Haddon, preached to large congregations. At the close of the evening service the Sacrament was administered to 200 people, and above seventy new converts were received into church fellowship.

Laymen's Missionary League.

Stn.—As the Triennial Conference of the Sunday School Union will be held on October 13th to 15th next year, the Laymen's League Annual Conference at Buxton will be held from October 5th to 8th, and not as originally arranged. I should be interested to hear of any study circles or other missionary educational work going on in various parts of the Connexion—Yours, etc.,

J. H. MORRIS.

The Rev. John W. Chappell has been elected to the Presidency of the Free Church Council of Balfam and Tooting for the third time during his residence in London.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LONDON SLUMS.

CAN ANYTHING BE DONE? YES! IF YOU WILL HELP US.

DISTRESS RAMPANT IN DISTRICT SURROUNDING ST. GEORGE'S HALL, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

HELP URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE

Cripples' and Waifs' Xmas Treat and New Year's Festival!

TO OVER 3,000 SLUM CHILDREN.



"I was hungry and ye fed Me";
"I was sick and ye visited Me";
"I was naked and ye clothed Me";
"When Lord ...";
"Inasmuch ..."

8,500 Families Visited and 9,000 Families assisted in some form or another during the year.

Please help us for the sake of the Cripples and Waifs of South-East London; do it for Christ's sake, and you will have our gratitude, and what is better still, Heaven's smile and benediction.

COLLECTING CARDS OR BOXES GLADLY SUPPLIED.

CAN WE GO!

Donations, Gifts of Clothing, Groceries, etc., gladly received by
Rev. W. SWALES, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

Social Movements.

Principles and Their Application.

By ERNEST B. STORR.

There are certain great moral principles underlying the social problem in regard to which there is universal agreement amongst Christians. That material values are subordinate to spiritual values; that personality is more precious than property; that service inspired by love ought to be the aim of life; that justice is the first consideration in all human relations. These are undisputed truths. They are not embedded in our social institutions; they are contradicted in a thousand ways in actual life. But as ideals we cannot quarrel with them, and we recognise that the pulpit ought to proclaim them with no uncertain sound and the Church to bear witness to their truth.

The difficulty arises when we pass from the abstract to the concrete. It is about the application of our principles that we differ. No disciple of Jesus can possibly object to the doctrine of human brotherhood. But when, the exhortation to give charity and point to the doctrine, we insist on the sacred right of the people of Egypt and India to self-government, and demand better conditions for wage-earners, and protest against merely punitive treatment of the criminal, some good people think we are dealing that a sacred trust is being abused.

Some preachers are great believers in the method of reason, and in the various provinces of thought in which there is not yet general agreement they move cautiously; they keep to the beaten tracks. They avoid doctrinal illustrations and direct applications, and content themselves with more or less valid suggestion. Undoubtedly this is a reasonable thing to be for the method. People who do their own thinking probably find it more helpful than when they have a positive method; but, unfortunately, these people are in a minority. A congregation may listen regularly to preaching based on a logical treatment of the Scriptures and never appreciate what the modern view-point is until it is clearly stated. It is impossible for a man to hear 100 sermons in which the evolutionary process is assumed and yet be startled when he hears the doctrine of evolution plainly enunciated. Permeation is not enough. General social principles must be concretely applied if they are to mean anything to the average mind.

It is impossible to lay down any definite rule for the regulation of the pulpit in reference to social questions. Every great human interest that has a moral aspect is a legitimate subject for the preacher. No negative regulation will meet the case. Even the cry, "no party politics in the pulpit," which is on the whole wise, is subject to exceptions. An Education Bill, a licensing measure, may be of such a character as to warrant the open and declared support or opposition of the pulpit. Generally, however, that which has become the battle-ground of contending political parties is best banished from pulpit discussion.

All great issues must be decided by positive principles. Let it be granted, that, in respect of the precise application of great social truths, there never can be universal agreement. The preacher must be guided by his personal sense, and loyalty to the Kingdom of God, and we must learn to exercise a wise tolerance. The teaching of Christ as interpreted by an awakened social conscience, must be made clear and vital. Let no man mix plain moral issues from cowardice. On the other hand, let no man substitute personal preferences and party zeal for the common aim for the Kingdom of God. A preacher may sometimes startle a congregation, but he will never get far away from the eternal verities who keeps the Cross central in his message.

Two Christmas Days a Minute.

SUNLIGHT SAMMY'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

By Rev. R. W. CALLIN.

It was Christmas Eve. Sunlight Sammy was being tucked in. "Now look you here, Sammy boy," said grandma, "if you don't go and fall asleep sleepy Father Christmas won't come. He has so many houses to visit that he can't stay long at any particular one, and he hates having to wait for silly lads to go to sleep. It won't be any use shamming when he's about, because he will know you're asleep or not. And if you don't sleep, Sammy boy, just let me tell you this—why, he'll just go somewhere else, and you'll be missed altogether!" Sammy shivered at the very thought. An icy thrill crept up the bedclothes from his toes to the roots of his hair. "Ugh!" said he, "I'm getting off at once, and then old White Whiskers—I mean Father Christmas—can come as soon as he likes." "That's the thing to do, Samuel," said grandma; "but just let me tell you one thing more. Don't behave to-morrow morning as you did this morning, went calling so much, or I shall leave you to sleep all day!"

Really he was tired! I wake up still next week if I left you!"

Now Sammy could sleep. Whatever else he could do, he could sleep. He liked sleeping. He got fast by sleeping. He didn't see why, on an ordinary morning, a lad shouldn't be allowed to sleep as long as ever he could. But Christmas morning! Oh, that was different! He wanted to be awake early to-morrow morning to be exploring amongst Father Christmas' presents. He didn't mind going to sleep the night before just to give Father Christmas a sort of fair chance. But all day along he had been tormented by an awful thought—suppose his grandpa and grandma were to be wakened by himself! He was afraid not. He never had been able to. To be first awake next morning would be a tremendous morning. But all these other mornings when he simply would not get up were now going to have their revenge upon him. This was the night of it, and the thing he dreamed frightened him terribly. He thought he slept right through Christmas Eve, missed his presents, missed his dinner, missed the crackers, missed the fun, and thought he would have to wait another whole year before Christmas could come again.

There was a young rascal who dreamed: He slept right through Christmas it seemed: He missed that big dinner, Got thinner and thinner— He had such a fright that he screamed!

But he never woke up. That was the trouble for everybody. He went on sleeping—and he went on dreaming. And in this particular dream there came to him one of those things which boys behind pictures and heavy screens. They generally come when we have been eating green apples. This one happened to be Jockey Jimmy, said to Sammy, "Look here, Sammy, want a bit of fun and adventure? You come with me, without saying a word to your grandma, and I'll take you to Santa Claus' country, and you can have your choice of all the presents to give!" So he imp just tied a hair from a frog's whisker around Sammy's little toe, and few like the wind. Sam thought that by the speed they were flying he would arrive in a few minutes, but the minutes passed and still he was without his little toe! He shouted, he yelled, he wanted to go back. The jockey merely grinned and said, "Well, Sammy, I thought you would enjoy all this. I have just given you a trip

around the world; now we are passing the moon; soon we shall be having a rest and a bit of lunch on the back of the morning star. Then we'll call on Santa Claus." "But whenever shall I get back?" moaned Sammy. "Never," said the jockey, "about getting back," croaked the imp: "You wanted adventure—here it is, plenty of it. Besides, I never promised to bring you back. I asked you to come to Santa Claus' country, and there we shall go—when I am ready."

They went along, until poor Sammy knew that he must have missed every thing of Christmas on earth, and didn't know whether he should ever see his home again. If he hadn't been so downhearted he would have started to sing—

"Way down along the Swane River... There's where my heart is home! There with the old folks at home!"

Then the frog's whisker broke, and with one despairing yell poor Sammy fell, and fell, and fell. His last glimpse of the imp was as he became smaller and smaller, like a gnat, flying away in a sweep-shed advertisement. Then Sammy hit something such a thump! He knocked all the breath out of him for at least fifteen seconds and three-quarters. It nearly woke him up. He started to crawl on. On every hand he saw machinery. What were all those wheels and handles? There was a clock face which seemed to govern everything. He went on crawling and began to turn the handle just beneath it. What a fuss there happened at once! That clock face had all the Christmas Days there ever were or could be on it, and as Sammy began to turn the handle, and the fingers of the clock began to turn round, the Christmas Days began to come every minute instead of only once a year. This year's Christmas Day was here before you, and before you had time to take breath next year's was on the way, and the year after that, and the year after that, and so on, and so on, and so on. What a time the world has had! Christmas, the good folks down on earth like snowflakes in a snowstorm. Father Christmas had never had such a time in his long life. He was trotting off to earth and back faster than an express train. He began to stop to all his workmen to work harder and harder, to make enough toys to keep going. They made millions of Teddy bears alone in six minutes.

Sammy got so frightened at this that he began to turn the handle the other way. He puffed and stewed. And the whiskers began to break. They became shorter and shorter. Father Christmas and his workpeople found all their toys flying back upon them like a storm. The last thing he saw, full of burning, pain, and still the toys of all the Christmases that are to come came mingling up like a factory was soon snowed under by them. The chimney was lost to sight. And nothing could be seen but a pile of toys as big as a mountain. Sammy, I think, will turn this handle. He got it back to next year, then to this year, then to last year, then

to the year before—and still he kept turning, never noticing the date. But oh what an awful thing happened! He began to feel himself getting younger. His clothes began to be too big for him. Horrors! He saw himself in standard one again, then in infant school. Then he was in petticoats, and soon he was a baby again, and his grandpa was rocking him in the cradle just as he used to do, to years and years before, before he ever had grown such a big lad!

He had sense enough to let go the handle then. I think the old clock was mad that he had been having such a game, and the time had passed by itself—once—twice—forward—back—wards—and it caught Sammy such a thrack on the elbow... that... he woke up. It was Christmas morning, really and truly. There was grandma. Said she, "What made you fight the bedpost like that, Sammy?" But Sammy was so glad to see grandma on a real Christmas morning that he never said a word!

Scholars' Scripture Examination.

Conexational Prize Winners.

Senior Division: 1st prize (gold medal), Mabel, Johnnie, and Annie; 2nd prize, Crumlin School, Crosskeys; 3rd, Doris M. Briggs, Mainland School, Bishopton; 4th, Muriel Jones, Tiverton School, Tarporey; 5th, Bertha M. Evans, Silverdale; 6th, Daisy Edmonds, Glasbrook School, Leigh, Manchester; 7th, Eva Wheatley, Arlsey-street School, Colchester; 8th, Sarah Barnett, Gosville School; 9th, Anne McDougall, Alexandra-park School, Glasgow; 10th, Wilfred J. Little, Kingston Lang School, Chipping.

Mr. C. Hasted, organist, son of Mr. C. H. Groves, and an active worker in the Forest Gate Church, has secured the B.A. degree with honours of London University.

LIVINGSTONE HALL,

South Clerk Street,
EDINBURGH.

Dear Friend,—

May I again appeal for
our Social Fund.

A large group of poor
women, and a big crowd
of children must have
at least one Treat this
Xmas and New Year.
Will you enable me to
give it to them?

Then need something
for the sick poor
throughout the year.
This is the only appeal
I make for this work,
and every penny is
made to go as far as it
will. Toys and clothes
also very acceptable.

Yours Heartily,

F. W. ATKIN.

BRADFORD CENTRAL HALL MISSION, Manchester Road.

7th ANNUAL SANTA CLAUS EFFORT

on Friday, December 22nd, for
2,000 POOR AND FATHERLESS KIDDIES.



"HELLO! HERE WE ARE AGAIN."
"Let 'em all come!" "Are we downhearted?" NO!!

FREE TEA,
Xmas Parcel,
Toys, Sweets,
Fruit, Clothing,
etc., etc.



LORD MAYOR (Comm. T. BLYTHE, J.P.).
receives white rabbit down chimney.

—ALSO—

500 OLD FOLKS to be entertained to Tea

on Wednesday, December 27.

Gifts of Coals—Clothing—Parcels to sick and needy cases through unemployment.

A HAPPY XMAS FOR BOTH OLD AND YOUNG.

Please send at once
your gift to—

Rev. SAM ROWLEY, Central Hall, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

Our Turkish Problem—"How to get Turkeys for Christmas Dinners."

Local Preachers' Aid Fund CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

We have lost between 40 and 50 of our aged brethren this year. It is an abnormally heavy death roll, but a greater number of new cases has been added, and we now have 220 on the Permanent List. All are over 75 years of age, a good proportion over 80, and several approaching 90 years of age. Two are totally blind. Apart from the Old Age Pension, many have no income except the grant from the Fund of 35/-, or a little more, per quarter.

There are also over 90 Single Grant Cases where the recipients are under 75 years of age. The General Committee are appealing for help for a Christmas Gift of 25/- to each of these Aged Local Preachers.

Last year, one of them exclaimed, as the Minister handed him the 20/- Gift, "I knew the Lord would never let me want."

Gifts for the Fund will be gratefully acknowledged by the Treasurer—

Mr. T. PROUD,

"Parkfield," Grove Park, Lee, London, S.E. 12.

DO NOT FORGET OUR ORPHANS

Will Primitive Methodists all over the land
assist in making again

"A Happy Christmas"

**For the Fatherless Bairns in our Orphan Homes
at Alresford and Harrogate?**

They are expecting **SANTA CLAUS**, do not disappoint them. Please help us to give the Xmas Joys of Home to these little ones.

We Need:

Picture and Story Books for Boys and Girls 6 to 16 years.
Toys and Games for winter evenings.
Fruit, Sweets, Cakes, Provisions.
Lantern Slides, Gramophone Records (disc).
Cheques, Treasury Notes, Postal Orders.

Parcels (carriage paid) should be addressed:—

FOR ALRESFORD HOME:

Mr. E. ALSFORD, Children's Home, Alresford, Hants.

FOR HARROGATE HOME:

ALD. J. SHEPHERD, J.P., P.M. Orphanage, Pannal Ash Road, Harrogate.

Cheques, Notes, etc., gratefully received by:

REV. W. CURRY, 21, Playdell Avenue, Hammersmith, W.6.

SIR. T. ROBINSON, K.B.E., Southlands, Cleethorpe.

Book Room Announcements.

PRESENTS FOR XMAS

HYMNALS

(with Supplement), words only, in a great variety of Beautiful bindings, at reduced prices from 4/6 to 32/-

Ask your Minister to show you a list and then order one for a present.

TUNE BOOKS

From 9/4 to 27/-

SUPPLEMENT ONLY

From 2/4 to 16/6.

Fancy Goods, Handbags, Albums, Purses, Umbrellas.

Men's Attache Cases, Bags, Dressing and Brush Cases. Pocket Books, Note Cases, etc.

Story and Picture Books for the Young People.

SOME SPLENDID GIFT BOOKS

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR THOMAS GUTTERY, D.D.

By John G. Bowran, 5/- net, offered at 3/-. Postage extra.

THE HEBREW PROPHET AND THE MODERN REACHER.

By Henry J. Pickett, 5/- net, offered at 3/-. To be repaid.

THE NATURE OF SCRIPTURE.

By Dr. A. S. Peake, 6/- net, offered at 3/-. Postage extra.

LIFE OF JAMES FLANAGAN.

By R. W. Russell, 5/- net. Post Free.

RAMSAY GUTHRIE'S LATEST NOVEL:

"Bessie Binney"

Price 5/- net. Post Free.

THE FAMOUS WENTWORTH SERIES,

"Roses and Thistles," "Wheat and Chaff,"

"Gold and Dross," "Mud and Marble,"

"Mustard and Cress."

By Rev. S. Horton. Price 5/- net each. Post Free.

The Set of Five Volumes, Post Free, 26/6.

"THE YOUNG FOLK'S BIBLE."

Told in the Language of Childhood, and full of illustrations, makes a splendid present for a child.

Published at 7/6, now offered at 2/6. Post Free.

The Primitive Methodist Publishing House (W. R. Wilkinson), Holborn Hall, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

The Primitive Methodist Leader.

Incorporating the Primitive Methodist and the Primitive Methodist World.

Thursday, December 7, 1922.

Notes and News.

The "Other Side."

We purposely refrained last week from making any allusion to the literature against the Union which has been so freely circulated by that section of the Wesleyan Church known as the "Other Side." Hitherto the whole consideration of Union has been conducted within the precincts of our own Church with a sense of comradeship that has been free from any lack of charity. This journal has borne witness that Primitive Methodists are not unanimous on the subject, that some do not agree with certain features of the Scheme, that some others are not favourable to Union on any terms. We have sought to compose our own divergent views and to conduct our own case in every conceivable honourable way. There has never been a time of procedure taken or an adverse reflection permitted against the Wesleyan Church or any of its representatives, whether ministerial or lay. There have been keen and biting criticisms against many Wesleyan leaders, but they have always been contributed both in the United Committee and in the Wesleyan papers by Wesleyans concerning Wesleyans. The fact will always stand out with distinction in the history of all the discussions that the strongest antagonists of the "Other Side" have all along been found among their own comrades in the Wesleyan Church. We had hoped, therefore, that whatever propaganda against Union was adopted by the "Other Side" it would have been limited to the conversion of that great host of outstanding Wesleyan leaders who have been foremost in advocating the Union of the three Churches. We have, however, expected too much, we have thought too charitably.

Methods of Propaganda.

In the face of our own Quarterly Meetings, when a balanced and impartial consideration of the question was so greatly to be desired the "Other Side" of the Wesleyan Church freely distributed in our Church a paper called the "Wesleyan Methodist," together with a circular letter—the second of its kind—from Sir Henry Lunn. We want to say to those responsible for this procedure that their communications at such a juncture were not welcome, that they were an intrusion. There has been lacking that fine adjustment of propriety that invariably characterises men of good will and refined taste. The "Wesleyan Methodist," the journal specially published for the occasion by the "Other Side," and gratuitously circulated, will undoubtedly "make history," as its prominent headline intimates. Its blunder will be demonstrated in coming years, and it will ultimately find itself quoted in other documents as an illustration of their unworthy character, that are often made by men, not of the Christian faith, who seek to gain their ends by any means or another. If the authors desired, as we suppose they must have done—we can conceive of no other reason—to stir up discord in our own Church, they probably took the best course to produce such an effect. And yet these brethren of the "Other Side" who thus sought to emit poison gas into our Churches are the avowed exponents of what they loudly call Christian Catholicity.

Do they Represent the Mother Church?

In their ill-determined propaganda the "Other Side" mean to prevent Primitive Methodists from desiring Union with them. They could accomplish their purpose with much less exertion. Fortunately we are convinced they do not represent the Wesleyan

Methodist Church, but we do nevertheless protest against their conduct in seeking to induce our Quarterly Meetings while they are endeavouring to ascertain by impartial consideration whether Union is desirous or practical. Methodist Union may fail. To this eventually we have never shut our eyes. We devoutly hope it may not do so. Our Church has kept its record unsoiled. And it would be better that we should fail with motives that will stand the scrutiny of history than succeed in preventing an ideal maturing by methods which Methodists of the future will inevitably condemn. The spirit of the "Wesleyan Methodist" which it is said "will make history" is that of Dr. Benjamin Gregory's "Side Lights," against which modern Wesleyan Methodists as vehemently protest to-day as to ancient Primitive Methodists. Our Church, in spite of this attempt, will continue to follow the light she has pursued through the past four years.

Sir Henry Lunn's Letter.

We are deeply to be compelled to notice Sir Henry Lunn's letter. The tone and purpose are such a descent for one around whose name there has gathered throughout the years so much esteem, and who has during many years ago when he aroused a great controversy in his own Church when many of us rallied to his side. We remember, in this subsequent fall attempt to facilitate Church Reunion by Conferences he organised at Grindelwald. He was at that time a peace-loving and peace-promoting will always be recorded with pleasure and looked back upon with profit. Sir Henry's contribution to the devotional literature has made his name fragrant to many in our Church. All the more, therefore, do we deplore the fact that he has sought to make his name a supplement to the "Wesleyan Methodist." If Sir Henry had written this letter to the Wesleyan Church we should have regarded it as a domestic affair. But when he obtrudes himself upon a Church to which he does not belong, the obtrusion being in the form it was, passes beyond being objectionable to being offensive. Sir Henry does not belong organically to the "Other Side"—he is helping them, that is all. The burden of his letter is to try Tyranny and Vice-Presidency. On the appearance of his letter last week our President of Conferences at once uttered his protest in the name of the denomination. "Lay Tyranny" in the Church began with Constantine; it passed on to Henry VIII.—we quote the order from Sir Henry's letter, and now the document continues: "It is suggested that we should place a layman without any restrictions as to doctrine or adherence to discipline in a higher position in the Church than the Minister of the Gospel in the District." Then we have pictured to us a series of apocalypses whose which will possibly ensue.

Triumphant Delusions!

Sir Henry works himself up to a high pitch. "Let us consider," says he, "what would happen if Sir Henry Lunn, Vice-President, a man of the scholarship and eminence of Professor Peake, taking a standpoint further to the Left than he does. A man of such distinction... will be able to deny the accepted teaching of our fathers with as much ease as Samson was able to carry away the Gates of Gaza. Then we have a list of fundamental truths that such a Vice-President might deny, and Sir Henry's letter is a list of them." It is quite conceivable that the Pres-

dent for the time being may be a man of no public note and . . . the voice of a distinguished Vice-President will ring out far more loudly than that of any ministerial professor of our theological colleges. Therefore the Vice-President will have an influence out of all proportion to that of the President in affecting the theological history of Methodism." "What safeguard does the proposed Constitution afford against a heretical Vice-President?" "Our dearly loved and distinguished professor is an alarming man! It is great to be desired that Sir Henry may shortly find something to soothe and ease the disturbing situations that exist in his fervid and lively imagination. We must all learn to take these highly excited and illusory statements calmly. No

doubt they are largely temperamental, but undoubtedly sincere. We are grateful that Methodist Union has not been considered in such an overcharged atmosphere. And, so far as our own Church is concerned, in spite of this second year—or of this third which may come—we shall continue to walk unafraid amid all these literary ghoulia and phantoms in order to bring forth timid souls. It may distress Sir Henry to learn that within the Wesleyan Church Dr. Peake is as honoured and as respected as he is in our own people. We have read Sir Henry's greatly prized book, "Retraites for the Soul," with much profit and always keep it close at hand for devotional use. After this second letter we must turn to it again for quiet and inward refreshment.

Whispers from the Pew.

THE SONG OF THE SILVER-HAIRED APOSTLE.

By SYDNEY WALTON.

For the most part when Christmas comes we turn to St. Matthew and St. Luke, and in their pages read afresh the holy story, sharing with them the vigil of the shepherds on the slopes of the Magi. Not so often at this season of the year do we turn to the Fourth Gospel, though it seems to be that in the first chapter thereof is the truest and most beautiful of all the expositions of the immet meaning of Christmaseide. Just as from out the narrow, clustering streets of a medieval city a glorious Gothic cathedral lifts its stately head like a queen at worship, so do the words of St. John stand in nobleness above the low roofs of Bethlehem, especially these words: "And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten (from the Father), full of grace and truth." For, if we truly consider, is not the miracle of Christmas herein, that the speech of God is given to the plains of life?

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

"Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave

And those wild eyes that watch the wave

In roarings round the coral reef."

I sometimes wonder whether the real sanctities and secretivities of Christmas sufficiently possess us. In this hot and sultry London I have sometimes rejoiced to pass from a crowded lecture room to breathe the ampler air of a night which the stars have diademed.

The winds upon one's cheek, and the spacious stroll of the heavens above, whereon is written an everlasting quietude, have given a sense of gladness and of majesty. Even so is the escape from the conventional of Christmas into the holy, encompassing mystery. Humanity has blessed the ritual of the season—the welcome of the fire across the snows; the coming of scattered souls to the old heartstones, as Jew to Jerusalem; the Church and her lovely sisters, Chivalry and Courtesy, laughing and dancing in the highways and byways of December. Glorious it is, but remember that these things are the fruit and not the vine itself. For the vine, the true vine, is Christ. All lips have caught the poetry of Christmas, which gives gladness even to the tongue of flint and a gracious stirring to the adamant heart. Children hymn it and the eyes of age light their dim lamps come more when the word is spoken. And St. John calls us back to the original mystery and miracle of Bethlehem the Pagan was born, the Word became flesh, the Splendour shone into the stable.

I love the Christmas song of the silver-haired apostle, and it is to me a means

of grace to paraphrase it at this time of the year. The Word was at the creation of the world, says St. John. Some divine syllable of it was imprinted upon man and sky, hill and dale, field and flower. Nature is a priestess who chants of the Word from break of day to the setting of the sun, when the stars take up the song. And there is a light within your bosom and mine, the light of life, which is a ray of the glory of the Logos.

"High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

Truths that wake,

Which neither blindness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is created with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

So throughout the ages from the twilight of the world did the Word stir in the souls of men and sleep not. But, says the apostle, these fragments and dim foreshadowings and prophecies and promises looked to Bethlehem for their interpretation and fulfilling. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Then was the glory of God written upon some and synagoge and street.

Therefore, no man who truly worships at Christmaseide and opens his heart to comprehend the mystery can ever return to his task without a glow and exaltation.

The stature of his soul is increased, for God hath spoken to him, not at an odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

I picture those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Suddenly a heavenly host appears before them, the stars not at all odden time through the prophets by divers portents and in divers manners, but hath spoken unto us in the gift of a Son.

Here's an Inspiration! LOVELY IRISH LINEN AT BARGAIN PRICES

Look! Here is the very Christmas Gift you have been searching for. Hutton's Real Irish Linen is the Ideal Gift, and Hutton's Special Christmas Prices enable you to buy it direct from Ireland at Bargain Prices.

Ladies' Fine Moll Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with beautiful fine embroidery in delicate art shades in one corner, also in white embroidery, only . . . Per dozen **8/6**

Boys' Linen Handkerchiefs, good strong all linen useful handkerchiefs. Size, 15 inches. Per dozen **8/9**

Men's Fine White Hemstitched Mercerised Moll Handkerchiefs, superior quality, with printed borders, Navy with White Spot. Size, 18 inches . . . Per dozen **10/6**

Ladies' Baby Gossamer Handkerchiefs, pretty printed borders, slightly imperfect. . . Per dozen **2/11**

Children's Picture Handkerchiefs . . . Per dozen **1/11**

A Special cheap lot of slightly imperfect Hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' size, 10 in. **5/-** per doz.

Men's " 12 1/2 " 7/- "

Ladies' Fine Hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered with any initial. No. 145, size about 11 inches. . . Per dozen **11/9**

Send for Xmas Bargain List

Hutton's

62, Main Street, LARNE, Ireland.

AMAZING VALUE.

Special lot of Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs:

Ladies' size, 9 in. **3/6** per doz.

" 12 " **6/6** "

Men's " 17 1/2 " **11/9** "

" 18 " **12/6** "

" 19 " **13/6** "

" 20 " **14/6** "

" 21 " **15/6** "

" 22 " **16/6** "

" 23 " **17/6** "

" 24 " **18/6** "

" 25 " **19/6** "

" 26 " **20/6** "

" 27 " **21/6** "

" 28 " **22/6** "

" 29 " **23/6** "

" 30 " **24/6** "

" 31 " **25/6** "

" 32 " **26/6** "

" 33 " **27/6** "

" 34 " **28/6** "

" 35 " **29/6** "

" 36 " **30/6** "

" 37 " **31/6** "

" 38 " **32/6** "

" 39 " **33/6** "

" 40 " **34/6** "

" 41 " **35/6** "

" 42 " **36/6** "

" 43 " **37/6** "

" 44 " **38/6** "

" 45 " **39/6** "

" 46 " **40/6** "

" 47 " **41/6** "

" 48 " **42/6** "

" 49 " **43/6** "

" 50 " **44/6** "

" 51 " **45/6** "

" 52 " **46/6** "

" 53 " **47/6** "

" 54 " **48/6** "

" 55 " **49/6** "

" 56 " **50/6** "

" 57 " **51/6** "

" 58 " **52/6** "

" 59 " **53/6** "

" 60 " **54/6** "

" 61 " **55/6** "

" 62 " **56/6** "

" 63 " **57/6** "

" 64 " **58/6** "

" 65 " **59/6** "

" 66 " **60/6** "

" 67 " **61/6** "

" 68 " **62/6** "

" 69 " **63/6** "

" 70 " **64/6** "

" 71 " **65/6** "

" 72 " **66/6** "

" 73 " **67/6** "

" 74 " **68/6** "

" 75 " **69/6** "

" 76 " **70/6** "

" 77 " **71/6** "

" 78 " **72/6** "

" 79 " **73/6** "

" 80 " **74/6** "

" 81 " **75/6** "

" 82 " **76/6** "

" 83 " **77/6** "

" 84 " **78/6** "

" 85 " **79/6** "

" 86 " **80/6** "

" 87 " **81/6** "

" 88 " **82/6** "

" 89 " **83/6** "

" 90 " **84/6** "

" 91 " **85/6** "

" 92 " **86/6** "

" 93 " **87/6** "

" 94 " **88/6** "

" 95 " **89/6** "

" 96 " **90/6** "

" 97 " **91/6** "

" 98 " **92/6** "

" 99 " **93/6** "

" 100 " **94/6** "

" 101 " **95/6** "

" 102 " **96/6** "

" 103 " **97/6** "

" 104 " **98/6** "

" 105 " **99/6** "

" 106 " **100/6** "

" 107 " **101/6** "

" 108 " **102/6** "

" 109 " **103/6** "

" 110 " **104/6** "

" 111 " **105/6** "

" 112 " **106/6** "

" 113 " **107/6** "

" 114 " **108/6** "

" 115 " **109/6** "

" 116 " **110/6** "

" 117 " **111/6** "

" 118 " **112/6** "

" 119 " **113/6** "

" 120 " **114/6** "

" 121 " **115/6** "

" 122 " **116/6** "

" 123 " **117/6** "

" 124 " **118/6** "

" 125 " **119/6** "

" 126 " **120/6** "

" 127 " **121/6** "

" 128 " **122/6** "

" 129 " **123/6** "

" 130 " **124/6** "

" 131 " **125/6** "

" 132 " **126/6** "

" 133 " **127/6** "

" 134 " **128/6** "

" 135 " **129/6** "

" 136 " **130/6** "

" 137 " **131/6** "

" 138 " **132/6** "

" 139 " **133/6** "

" 140 " **134/6** "

" 141 " **135/6** "

" 142 " **136/6** "

" 143 " **137/6** "

people and glorified it for ever. I can fancy that I hear St. John speaking to his disciples in this way. "You have seen the sunrise touch the lake of Galilee, or perhaps a wayside pool, and throw its golden liver over them to appoint them to be ministers to its majesty. Even so did the Christ make the Sea of Galilee His messenger, and the Pool of Bethesda. Think of the word 'neighbour' and the narrow bounds set to it even by priest and Levite until He came. And now, behold, how glorious the word is! Wounds make a man your neighbour, and his need is to proclaim your kinship, though he be a Samaritan or even a proud Hebrew. That is the Christmas message."

ministry. Little children, I say unto you: Love one another."

So has the Word exalted every word we add to it, and every word we add unto glory. But most of all the word Love exalted so that it shineth like the sun in the firmament of high, so that this Christmas we may learn the language of the Word!

"Some day or other I must surely come Where true hearts wait for me; Then let me learn the language of that home. While here on earth I be: Let my poor life warrant of words that this Christmas we may learn the language of the Word!"

Churches and People.

A book which will include many of the "Whispers" which Mr. Sydney Walton has contributed to the *Leader* is to be published during December. It will also include some literary essays. The price is 6s. (postage 6d. extra). The proceeds go to the funds of the Welton-crescent Church, Harrow. The book is not yet ready, but it is in the hands of the printer and is likely to be considerable. Our readers are asked to send their orders to the publisher, Mr. G. G. Gifford, Memorial Hall, Farrington-street, London, E.C. 4, or to the Rev. Ernest Smith, 6, Kymbrey-road, Harrow.

In many parts of the dominion the death of Mr. J. Burnip, of Midhurst, will be deeply regretted. He was well known and highly esteemed in his parish, and served the churches most efficiently as local preacher. Many years ago he accepted a position as political agent and resided at Eye, in Suffolk, where he became extensively known throughout East Anglia as one of the most capable and acceptable lay preachers. Preaching was to him a delight and passion. He threw himself with much conviction and zeal into Christian Endeavour work, and was in great demand for circuit and rallies. On his removal to Midhurst, where he lived in partial retirement, he continued loyal to Petersfield Circuit. He possessed exceptional gifts, but wherever he lived, and with Mr. Duran and his comrades of early days dominated his thoughts. He was a choice soul, and many will mourn the loss of a true and deeply affected friend.

The visit of the President of the Conference to Newcastle this week-end is being largely anticipated, and careful preparations are being made for a successful series of conferences and meetings at the Central Church. On Friday evening there is to be a great temperance rally. The President and Rev. Tom Robson will speak, and Aid. J. R. Hogg, of North Shields, will preside at the district conference on Saturday afternoon, the President will speak at the Revival of Religion. In the evening at 6 o'clock there will be a great public meeting, when the president will speak on "The Revival of Religion." Mr. J. Longstaff, J.P. (ex-vic-president) will speak on "The Church and its Ministry in the Times." Mr. R. R. Barker will preside. At the close, the Lord's Supper will be observed. The district conference assembly on Saturday at 1 o'clock instead of on Friday at 2.30. Members are desired to note the change of date.

Owing to an accidental circumstance, it is regretted that the missionary delegation engaged for Grimsby Fair in January next will kindly communicate with Rev. J. A. Kersey, 15, Prince-vale, Grimsby, at once.

Balmoral House, Buxton, our new holiday centre, promises a great time for those who wish to spend Christmas in the New Year away from home. The matron and staff are preparing a programme of games, social events, and Christmas decorations etc., which will make for young and old one of the happiest seasons possible. Already 45 have booked to be the best holiday fellowship is assured. Visitors are requested to bring their music and songs. Intending guests should send a stamped addressed envelope to Miss Pirks.

The Vicar of Leeds has asked the conference chair to render special items of music on the occasion of the visit of the Archbishop of York and Rev. Dr. J. W.

to Leeds. The chair has consented. This is a deserving honour paid to the musical talent of our churches in Leeds from our Anglican friends. Out of the harmonies of Christian song we are being led into unity of Christian service.

Rev. J. T. Barkby paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday last, very large congregation was present, including five ex-mayors, many magistrates and councillors, all of the Free Church ministers of the town, and Salvation Army officers. The Vicar (Canon MacVilly) read the lesson and Rev. J. T. Barkby preached a powerful missionary sermon, making his Christmas message in ix. 6. The collection realised £5 for Mission Fund.

The Christmas Gift.

Wise men, old Brought gifts of frankincense, And myrrh, and gold.

O heart of mine, What is it thou canst bring The Babe Divine?

Hast thou no gold, Nor frankincense, nor myrrh? Has love grown cold?

Nay, Lord, but I Am poor; my heart's best gift Is but a sigh!

Just this I pray, That Thou wouldst make my heart Thy home to-day.

I yearn for Thee, To take—this Christmas time— No mine, but ME.

All that I am, All that I hope to be, I bring, dear Lamb.

UNA LLOYD PAGE.
Christmas, 1922.

In addition to the speakers already announced, Mr. Philip Barker will be addressing the great public meeting at the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, Dec. 19, when the Rev. G. G. Gifford will be the chair, organised by the Metropolitan Free Church Federation, in support of Dr. Jowett's campaign.

Bolton Second quarterly meeting approved, making the Christmas time, with two dissentients.

We hear pleasing reports of the work at Harleston-road Church, Northampton. Eighteen months ago the church found itself in a critical position financially and spiritually. The tide has turned. Splendid Sunday congregations now assemble. Last week evening the service of work at Harleston-road Church, Northampton. Meeting and the Women's Guild are busily engaged in the Christmas work. The church at Harleston-road has just experienced a grand revival, and the outlook is much brighter than it has been for many years. The appointment of Rev. Stanley Marsh has proved a very happy one. Mr. Marsh has been in the church for some time, and has promised to stay for at least five years has given much satisfaction.

The Patrician Council has held a rally at Keyingham for the purpose of dealing with the matter of the Rev. J. W. Wesleyan Circuit (Steward) and Mr. J. W.

Heard, our Patrician Steward, jointly presided over the meeting, and gave a good tone to the proceedings. The speakers were Rev. T. M. Phillips (of Wesleyan) and Rev. T. Bullock, who represented the Union Circuit. Much interest was awakened. There was a good attendance. Revs. B. Wilson and A. W. Hall also took part. The discussion between the Methodist churches in the neighbourhood was most cordial.

The centenary of our church at Manes was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, November 26th and 27th. On Sunday morning the minister, Rev. E. Sellers, occupied the pulpit, and in the evening aged local preachers by the name of Kirton shared the service. On Monday there was a public tea, followed by the singing of old hymns and tunes. Afterwards a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Dent, of London (an old scholar). Letters from old scholars were read. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. C. Shreeve and Mr. Granger. Proceeds for Extension of Fremantle Fund.

Much sympathy will be felt with Mr. G. Barnes, steward of the Cannock parish, who has been severely injured, once which has befallen him. While taking a large sum of money, the weekly taking of the Co-operative Bakers' Department, to the local office, he was set upon by two men, who brutally assaulted him. Mr. Barnes, however, clinging to his money, which he retained in his pocket, was singularly unharmed. The Revs. W. J. Minton and H. S. Millward were passing within 200 yards of the place, and hearing cries they ran to the spot, at which the desperadoes took to their heels. Though closely pursued they got away, leaving the spite of several injuries to the head. Mr. Barnes is going on satisfactorily.

The ex-Mayor and Mayoress of Newbury, Councillor and Mrs. G. Griffin, were recently the recipients of many congratulations on the occasion of the completion of their third successive term as mayor and mayoress of the borough. During their three years of office they have won the esteem of the town for their devotion to the interests of all sections of the community, particularly those of the children and the poor. The ex-mayor and mayoress are nowhere more esteemed than in their own church, where they have as long and devotedly served all departments of the church's activities. At the congratulatory meeting Mr. T. W. Turner, the oldest official of the church, and himself an ex-mayor, presided over a crowded audience, and presented Mr. Griffin with a mahogany drawing-room clock. Mrs. Turner also made a presentation to Mrs. Griffin of a necklet pendant and brooch. The ex-mayor has been made a Justice of the Peace for the borough.

The Rev. W. Turner, of Hull, has visited his old church at Darlington for the first time in many years, and has heard large congregations assembled and were thrilled by three notable utterances. His visit was the subject of a lecture, when large congregations assembled and were thrilled by three notable utterances. His visit was the subject of a lecture, when large congregations assembled and were thrilled by three notable utterances.

Mr. Sydney Walton, M.A., B.Litt., will be the speaker at the Laymen's Missionary Movement at their headquarters, 19, Farnham-street, E.C. 4, on Wednesday next, December 13th, when Mr. G. G. Gifford, M.P., will preside. Mr. Walton, who is the President of our Laymen's Missionary Movement, will deliver a cordial invite Primitive Methodist laymen to join them in the Christmas time. The proceedings will commence at 1 o'clock and will conclude within the hour. The tickets are 5s. Application should be made in advance.

The Rev. H. Lightfoot, who came to reside at Hales, the Baptist Branch last year, is rendering good service to our Church. The work of Mr. Lightfoot is generally difficult, but the presence of a pastor makes a vast difference. Mr. Lightfoot is a man of warm heart, and there are few in esteem by those who are associated with him. His presence has been a boon at the quarterly meeting to the better outlook under the new conditions. Both the Baptist and the Baptist Union are prospering. Mr. Lightfoot has been greatly inconvenienced with the health of his wife, but we hope, however, that in this respect conditions will speedily improve, and that he will continue

a honoured, useful and fruitful minister in his years of superannuation.

Mr. Sp. Dowell, who has recently taken up his abode in Birmingham, is one of the men that Primitive Methodism has given to the world. He is a man of great energy and rendered distinguished service for the last ten years as the secretary for Sir G. B. Hume, and as the secretary of the National Council of the National Commercial Temperance League. His services have been attracting a good deal of attention in commercial circles, and is destined to grow into a powerful organisation. It is a source of great gratification that a son of our Church should be so successful in the sphere of his energy, fraught with such public good. He is a most acceptable local preacher and knows the temperance question as few men in England do.

On Friday last, December 1st, united gathering of Wesleyan and Primitive churches, local preachers, society and circuit stewards was held at Elm Park Hall, Reading, and the utmost good will prevailed. The meeting was called to unite in the singing of hymns and tunes. The introduction of the subject from the denominational point of view by the Revs. S. General and J. General, and the speakers took part, and upon the vote being taken the meeting was absolutely unanimous in its support of the scheme for union. Afterwards about 60 pious of refreshments generously provided by Mr. T. M. Turner, and the United Methodistists in Reading, and all the Wesleyan ministers are in favour of union.

The scheme for union was considered at Swindon Second. Objection was taken to the pastoral service, and several other amendments were agreed upon.

The Endowment Book for 1923 has just been published. It is, we believe, the best in style we have yet seen, and will doubtless be a great success. It is enlarged in size, has been extended to eighty pages, and contains articles also of interest to the general public. The talks on the senior and junior topics will be helpful to leaders, and the articles on the subject of the movement (Dr. R. E. Clark), Rev. H. J. Turner, and Mr. G. G. Gifford, are interesting and informing. Although enlarged at considerable extra cost, the change is still 5s. The book is now in circulation of its kind, and the edition of 10,000 ought soon to be sold out. The book is copiously edited by Rev. E. J. Bagnall.

Swindon Free Church Council is organising a mission for the New Year, and all the Free Church ministers are supporting. The first week will be conducted by the local ministers, and the second week they will assist Rev. T. Phillips, of Bloomsbury.

Mr. G. Hutchinson, junior, circuit clerk of the Birmingham Union, has been elected with an individual Communion service. The gift is very much appreciated.

Swindon First quarterly meeting discussed the scheme of Union. Objection was taken to the scheme of Union of one principle. Larger representation is desired for young people's departments in quarterly meetings.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Card of Youngstown will be sure to know that he has had to go to a nursing home in Cardiff, where he has undergone a serious operation. He is recovering as well as can be expected.

As Beverly Circuit has decided to speak relief at the next Conference, Rev. P. Myers will be leaving next July.

On Saturday night the members of the quarterly meeting of one of the London circuits (Kilburn) met to discuss the question of the scheme of Union of one principle. Larger representation is desired for young people's departments in quarterly meetings. The many friends of Mr. W. H. Card of Youngstown will be sure to know that he has had to go to a nursing home in Cardiff, where he has undergone a serious operation. He is recovering as well as can be expected.

"The Whirlwind"—and Others.

By WILLIAM J. WALKER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Unmasked.

Pattie arrived, breathless, at The Grange, and gave the packet into the hands of the housekeeper, who carried it up to the study exactly two minutes after "Mortimer" and the two surgeons had withdrawn for their private conference.

Meanwhile the frightened girl was already on her way back to the village, wholly innocent of the fact that she had delivered into her father's hands the proofs of her lover's infamy. She had been on her way for help, having been frightened by the gruff voices and fierce demeanour of the revolutionaries, when she was stopped by Joe; and now, more alarmed than before, she avoided the main road, and led by a circuitous path over the fields. She arrived in view of the open-air meeting while Tom Marsh was still at the height of his oratory. Baffled for the moment by the hushed and closely-packed throng, she turned away, but in so doing she caught a glimpse of the minister on the left of the speaker. Hope revived within her, only to be destroyed the next instant, for how could she possibly convey to him her message?

She stood irresolute. Then suddenly she stepped well back, drew forth her slender white handkerchief, and fluted it in the breeze. Again, and again she waved it, till at last, to her irrepressible relief, she won her reward.

Three minutes later she was speeding back to The Grange with the comforting assurance that a bag of salaried papers could follow her almost immediately. Arrived home, she ran upstairs to her father's study, all disbelieved and breathless as she was. She had just entered when the door opened behind her, and the members of the private conference filed into the room, the minister relaying at their head. She saw her father hastily pass aside a number of papers over which the members of the group glanced searchingly at the intruder. His manner betrayed strong excitement, while a deep tinge of colour burned in either eyebrow. His eye seemed strangely bright, and the lines about his mouth had deepened. She had small leisure to guess at the meaning of these unusual signs, however, for the last man had scarcely entered when her father turned to his secretary.

"Well?" he said, laconically.

"Mortimer" glanced at Pattie, and for a moment his confident bearing deserted him.

"Perhaps it would be better if—if—" He ceased shortly, unable apparently to find the exact phrase.

"I think I understand," said Mr. Beardmore. "To put it plainly, you would prefer my daughter to be absent."

The other, catching Pattie's inquiring glance, reddened in awkward embarrassment. He held all the cards in his hands—or thought he did—and yet he felt curious to guess at the meaning of these unusual signs, however, for the last man had scarcely entered when her father turned to his secretary.

"Well?" he said, laconically.

"Mortimer" glanced at Pattie, and for a moment his confident bearing deserted him.

"Perhaps it would be better if—if—" He ceased shortly, unable apparently to find the exact phrase.

"I think I understand," said Mr. Beardmore. "To put it plainly, you would prefer my daughter to be absent."

The other, catching Pattie's inquiring glance, reddened in awkward embarrassment. He held all the cards in his hands—or thought he did—and yet he felt curious to guess at the meaning of these unusual signs, however, for the last man had scarcely entered when her father turned to his secretary.

"Sir?" The secretary, now thoroughly aware that something was amiss, had rushed to the door. His face at this moment was a perfect model of shocked surprise.

Mr. Beardmore rose, with haggard face and squared chin. It was plain to see that he was suffering.

"Listen to me, please," said "There came into my hands a few minutes ago these documents. They are from a source you will immediately recognise—"

Mr. Beardmore, who, with haggard face and squared chin, it was plain to see that he was suffering.

He cast a withering glance at the fellow, who turned and smiled at the revolutionaries, as if to convey the intelligence that this charge was all part of the capitalist's duplicity.

"You smile," said the speaker. "No doubt you have won these misguided men by some empty promises, and are now attempting to use in your power, you think you are scatheless. We shall see. Men, I want you to listen to this next item of news. You are honourable fellows, you believe in fair play, especially where women are concerned. Well, I have here a number of letters, all of them concerning the girl Magpie. You remember her? You remember that she was married to a man who was doubtfully entitled to be treated with chivalrous respect by every person who placed a woman in the hands of a gentleman?"

He glanced at the strained faces, and a pang shot through his heart as his eyes rested upon Pattie, the poor girl who had died, pale and rigid. But the truth had to be told, cost what it may. He had fought his way through the minister's lies, and he had vowed to save his girl, no matter if it cost him his life.

"It seems that a wonderful thing has happened to her," he resumed. "She lost her mental balance in a collision, and now by similar means she has recovered it. Some of Warren's friends are nursing her back to health at this very moment, and, little by little, they have extracted information which has enabled the following history to be pieced together. This tells the real name is not Mortimer, but Maskew. He is Magpie's adopted brother. Under a dreadful promise of marriage he got her trapped into the house where he first secured what money she possessed. He invested the money and proceeded to make love to my daughter."

A fainting cry from Pattie brought him swiftly to the door, and, aided by several of the men, he gave her into the hands of the housekeeper.

Then, haggard, but grimly determined, he faced his audience once more in the study.

He was actually on the point of resuming the terrible indictment when "Mortimer" leaped into the room, and, with a sudden dash, the papers, scooped them into his arms, and hung them into the fire, where he stamped them down with his foot.

"Turner!" he hoarsely cried. "This is your only chance! Are you going to listen to the capitalist? If you do, you'll lose everything. You've got him in your power. I can save you yet, if you'll give me the chance. Come on, men!"

The men wavered. Then, guided by Turner and the maddened secretary, they lost their heads and made an ugly rush towards the door where stood Mr. Beardmore, pale but unflinching.

What might have happened in the next few minutes is impossible to say; but, happily, another cry sounded along the corridor, and the tramp of

hurrying feet. The "Crusaders" had come. The fight was as good as over.

Ten minutes afterwards there was silence once more in the little room. Huddled together in a corner stood the revolutionaries, and the exception of the implacable Turner, looking exceedingly foolish and crestfallen. Dick Rumford and his friend, the Rev. Thomas Purley, kept guard. The huffed secretary stood a little forward, near the table, in charge of a couple of stout men whose strength had been mightily renewed in the open air revival.

"Well," said Mr. Beardmore. "You have heard the charges. I want you to decide. You are as deeply concerned about Magpie's honour, I take it, as I am myself. Also, the firm actually fails, you will be among the chief sufferers, therefore you are bound in your own interests to act wisely, and to choose reliable leaders. Do you still wish to accept this perjured secretary as your guide, or are you prepared to take counsel with me and thereby help, even at the eleventh hour, to find a way out of our threatening difficulties?"

A deep silence fell.

"So far as I am concerned," Mr. Beardmore resumed, "there is no longer any room in Sylvanby for this man who has been so long in the village. To the core, he has grossly abused the confidence of every single person who trusted to his word."

"I am not so sure," said the speaker. "In an hour of weakness, I agreed to a bargain by which he guaranteed to secure a fairly large sum of money with which to prevent a crash in return for, well—I need hardly specify what—the subject is too painful to be thought of."

"If I am not determined that, whatever the risk, I shall go elsewhere for assistance. The money received for Magpie's sake shall be paid to her and Maskew, alias Mortimer, shall be dismissed at once."

The grave voice ceased amid an oppressive silence. The accused man, pale to the lips, made a swift survey of the men's faces, but what he saw gave him no encouragement. Turner alone gave him a sign of truculence. Turning on his heel, he seemed inclined to make a last defiant speech, but, thinking better of it, he rapidly passed out of the room, never to return. Turner, less restrained than the other, delivered a violent tirade, in which the epithet "scoundrel" occurred somewhat plentifully, and also departed.

Mr. Beardmore rose from his chair, and a general sense of relief was felt.

"I am too over-wrought to say much just now," he began, in a weary voice. "Before many days are over I shall call the workpeople together for a conference on the question of our future. A terrible cloud has gone from our sky, and I feel more heartily grateful. But other clouds remain—menacing clouds which may at any moment wreck our enterprise."

"I am possibly more nervous than you are," he promised, "but I shall leave nothing undone in the effort to pull through. I promise you this and I am sure that the men of the workers will have cause to regret it. Meanwhile I must ask you to be patient, and to give me your confidence."

He then endeavoured to confess that the present position of affairs is largely due to the eating up of my reserves in what has proved a most worthless speculation. However, you may count on me to act with caution in the future. Well now, that is all I can trust myself to say to you at present. You go home, gentlemen. And thank you for your timely help."

One by one the men filed out of the room, leaving the wearied speaker alone with his thoughts. He buried his head in his hands, over the table; and so remained for some time, until the chime of the clock roused him once more to action. He stiffly rose and walked out of the room and along the corridor till he came to a certain closed door. Here he gently knocked and waited anxiously for an answer.

Again and again he knocked, but without result. Then he turned the handle, and quietly entered. Before him, on the bed, lay Pattie, fully dressed and deathly pale. She did not stir. He bent over her, and stroked the

cold, limp hands, and the damp forehead.

"You poor girl," he brokenly murmured. "My poor girl!" Then—"God, how blind I've been! How criminally blind!"

For into the night he remained, soothing her frozen despair, till at length he was rewarded by seeing the tears trickle down her cheeks, and she brought his and clasped them convulsively.

"You must take me away," she moaned. "You must take me away, that I may stay near you."

With gentle words he comforted her. "Yes, dearie. You shall go. I have more friends waiting for you than the mountains. You shall go there, and learn to forget."

And at last she fell into a quiet sleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Summer Came.

The outer zone of Sylvanby was joyous with the song of birds. Within the village, here and there, a trim grange flaunted its fragrant banners. For the summer had come, and the firm was saved.

How heroically the workers toiled, how splendidly Mr. Beardmore handled the great crisis in the village, and how when the victory was won a great audience gathered in the Assembly Room and cheered to the echo the announcement of the new scheme by which the business was to be converted into a co-partnership concern. That was an event to be remembered in the annals of Sylvanby.

But there was another and even greater scene in the village. Within a song without which the people could never have achieved so happy a triumph. It was the scene of the revival. By the presence of God, Tom Marsh, had arrived in the village at the very crisis of its fortunes, when disaster seemed inevitable.

The accused man, pale to the lips, made a swift survey of the men's faces, but what he saw gave him no encouragement. Turner alone gave him a sign of truculence. Turning on his heel, he seemed inclined to make a last defiant speech, but, thinking better of it, he rapidly passed out of the room, never to return.

Turner, less restrained than the other, delivered a violent tirade, in which the epithet "scoundrel" occurred somewhat plentifully, and also departed.

Mr. Beardmore rose from his chair, and a general sense of relief was felt.

"I am too over-wrought to say much just now," he began, in a weary voice. "Before many days are over I shall call the workpeople together for a conference on the question of our future. A terrible cloud has gone from our sky, and I feel more heartily grateful. But other clouds remain—menacing clouds which may at any moment wreck our enterprise."

"I am possibly more nervous than you are," he promised, "but I shall leave nothing undone in the effort to pull through. I promise you this and I am sure that the men of the workers will have cause to regret it. Meanwhile I must ask you to be patient, and to give me your confidence."

He then endeavoured to confess that the present position of affairs is largely due to the eating up of my reserves in what has proved a most worthless speculation. However, you may count on me to act with caution in the future. Well now, that is all I can trust myself to say to you at present. You go home, gentlemen. And thank you for your timely help."

One by one the men filed out of the room, leaving the wearied speaker alone with his thoughts. He buried his head in his hands, over the table; and so remained for some time, until the chime of the clock roused him once more to action. He stiffly rose and walked out of the room and along the corridor till he came to a certain closed door. Here he gently knocked and waited anxiously for an answer.

Again and again he knocked, but without result. Then he turned the handle, and quietly entered. Before him, on the bed, lay Pattie, fully dressed and deathly pale. She did not stir. He bent over her, and stroked the

cold, limp hands, and the damp forehead.

"You poor girl," he brokenly murmured. "My poor girl!" Then—"God, how blind I've been! How criminally blind!"

For into the night he remained, soothing her frozen despair, till at length he was rewarded by seeing the tears trickle down her cheeks, and she brought his and clasped them convulsively.

"You must take me away," she moaned. "You must take me away, that I may stay near you."

With gentle words he comforted her. "Yes, dearie. You shall go. I have more friends waiting for you than the mountains. You shall go there, and learn to forget."

And at last she fell into a quiet sleep.

One day, towards the end of summer, he came once more to the wishing well in search of temporary relief for his weary body and brain. A girl—Pattie Beardmore! She was sitting there brooding, her cheeks still very pale, her figure limp as an invalid.

He came to a sudden halt, and his pulse beat violently. She did not see him. Evidently she had not observed his approach.

"Good afternoon," he managed to say, raising his hat. "I—I didn't know you had returned."

A faint blush tinged her cheeks as she turned her head towards him.

"No," she answered. "I came back rather suddenly, late last night. I felt so tired of travelling after home leave."

There followed an awkward pause. "I hope you are much better for the change," he ventured at last, unobtrusively.

"Oh, yes, thank you," she replied, blushing a deeper crimson. "It has been a real tonic. I—I think I have learned a few valuable things." She had drooped her head, and appeared to be gazing into the silent pool.

"In fact, that is why I have come here. I wanted to do two things—"

"And the first of those things—" he prompted.

"To bid farewell to a hateful past," she answered.

"Yes, I mean that I was a silly, infatuated girl. I ought to have known better."

"Silence fell once more. "And may I ask your second reason?"

She made no immediate reply, but seemed to turn a shade paler, while her fingers nervously twined with her tiny silk handkerchief. Suddenly, however, she spoke, in a low, tremulous voice.

"I wanted to think about poor little Maggie's prophecy, and—and the awful mistake I made."

"You mean that you have since discovered the dark gentleman to be Mr. Weatherly?" he suggested, thickly.

She stooped to pick up a small round pebble before answering.

"No," she said. "Mr. Weatherly is an old, white-haired gentleman. He was wonderfully kind," she added, allowing the pebble to slip from her fingers into the water.

Purley felt a sudden throb at his heart.

"Then you haven't found the dark gentleman yet?" he asked, moistening his lips.

"I—I hope I have," she replied, so faintly that he wondered if he had heard rightly.

"Who is he?"

Slowly she raised her eyes to his; they were shyly veiled.

"Can't you guess?" she whispered. For a second or two he stood trembling, bewildered; and then he guessed.

THE END.

On Thursday a sale of work at John Street, Workop, was opened by Mr. G. A. Longbottom, J.P., C.C.; chairman, Mr. H. E. Featherston, supported by Rev. R. Hoppenstall, Messrs. G. Storer, J. H. Harland, J.P., J. Markham, C. Paulson, T. Fullard and others. The Institute Choir gave a fine concert in the evening.

Mr. J. Y. Tenby presiding; conductor, Mr. Mitchell; pianist, Miss Haydon. A.L.C.M. The ladies of the church, Mesdames Hoppenstall, Storer, Charlesworth, Allison, Fullard, Gant, Darwin, Harvey, Ford and many others had prepared well-laden stalls and refreshments. The effort proved very successful, realising £112.

A grand Norwegian fair was held at Doune (Hull Eighth) on Wednesday and Thursday, November 22nd and 23rd. The opening was performed by Mrs. E. Robson, of Sutton. The Lord Mayor of Hull (Councillor C. Raine) resided, supported by the Lady Mayoress, Miss Robson, Mrs. Beckett Atkinson, Miss Atkinson and Rev. T. Cook. In the evening a capital concert was given, arranged by Miss Havercroft, Mr. B. W. Chapman presiding. The second day's opening was by a group of children, under the conductorship of Miss Tricker and Miss Simthorpe; chairman, Mr. J. R. Fowler. The proceeds amounted to £166.

Surrey Chapel Children's Mission.

On November 25th and 26th the Children's Mission held their annual public meeting, with our old and valued friend, Mr. John Mills, in the chair. Addressing the children, his helpful character were given by Sister Jennie (Mrs. Mills), Rev. J. Dobson, J. G. Bowman and G. J. Lane. The secretary's report was interestingly presented by Miss J. Bishop, and the treasurer, Mr. F. Hancock, gave an encouraging statement of the year's finances. During the evening we were treated to a fine rendering of the "Black Man's Song" by the children of Miss J. Bishop and Miss J. Tucker. The collection for the Missionary Fund, On Sunday last congregations gathered to hear Rev. G. J. Lane, F.G.S., of Stockton. It was very encouraging to find many young people in the congregation, who were greatly influenced by Mr. Lane during his short ministry at Surrey. In the afternoon a cantata, entitled "The Gospel in Staphen," was rendered by the Mission choir. Mr. T. Paige conducted; organist, Mr. J. J. Jones. The choir consisted of the following: Misses V. Davis and Martha Peake. An esteemed friend, Mr. T. Kemp, presided. The week-end was an inspiration, and a great success spiritually and financially.

Methodist Union.

At the request of the Ramsor and Chesham Circuits, Rev. A. Wilkes attended both their Quarterly Meetings on Saturday last. At the former Rev. A. Pearson welcomed the visitor, who outlined the movements of Methodism since the death of its founder. After explaining the Scheme and answering a number of questions, a resolution approving of the work of the Union Committee was unanimously adopted. After tea Mr. Wilkes was motored by one of the officials to Chesham, where Rev. W. H. Whiting explained the origin and nature of the proposals for Union, after which Mr. Wilkes explained the Scheme point by point, answering questions and meeting objections to those parts which the meeting was inclined to view with some amount of misgiving, if not disfavor. In the end only two amendments were sent on to the Union Committee—one to leave the door to the Presidency of Conference open to cultured and worldly laymen like Dr. Peake, and the other to give larger representation in the Quarterly Meetings to our Sunday-schools in view of the fact that just as the Trustees bear heavy financial responsibilities so the Sunday-schools carry far-reaching responsibilities in that the training of the future members and officials of the churches is in their hands.

At both meetings an intelligent interest was displayed in the subject as well as in the Scheme, and it evidenced the fact that in these scattered and thinly-populated areas there is a firm belief that if approached with good will and understanding, good can result from the attempt to bring together the three Churches into one great Methodist Church.

Methodist Union at Selby.

Due to the initiative of Rev. J. A. Sheen, a Methodist Union demonstration was held at Selby. Rev. S. Horton, together with Rev. E. Aldous French, gave to this subject their guidance. In the afternoon Mr. Horton preached to a splendid audience. A tea-table conference followed, presided over by Rev. J. A. Sheen. It was well attended, and created considerable interest. Rev. E. Aldous French was the speaker. After his telling speech several took part in the discussion. The evening meeting was well attended, many friends from the country being present. The chairman was Mr. John Hesheke, I.T.S.C. Mr. Horton's address lifted the subject above the ordinary level, forcefully indicating the supreme need of a united Church. Mr. Horton dealt with objections to Union, explanation of federation and similar ideas which have been propagated to dispel the

atmosphere of unity of spirit. It was a great speech. Rev. J. A. Sheen declared his reasons for being a Unionist. The meeting was inspiring from beginning to end, filled with a cordiality of spirit, which was manifested in the composition of the platform, the chairman being supported by laymen of both Wesleyan and our own Churches.

Methodist Union in Walthamstow.

In view of the discussion on the Scheme at the several Quarterly Meetings, the ministers issued an invitation to the members of the various Quarterly Meetings to join in fellowship at the Wesleyan Church on November 28th. A weekly number responded, and a very helpful service was held. Mr. W. Mallinson, J.P., presided. Devotional addresses were given by Rev. A. E. L. Davis (United Methodist), T. B. Calkwell (P.M.) and A. P. Parkinson (Wesleyan). No controversial matters were raised, as it was felt the best ends could be reached along the lines of fellowship in prayer and devotion. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed at the close. The above named, and also Revs. G. Payne, E. Woolhouse, A. Farley (U.M.) and A. L. Jarvis (Wes.) shared in the ordinance.

A Rural Effort.

In spite of the hardships and depression caused by the reduction of the minimum wage of the agricultural labourer in Norfolk many of our rural

circuits are courageously facing their difficulties. Among these the Fakenham Circuit is proud of its history. A beautiful and commodious church in the town fully commemorates the life and work of the pioneer missionary. Built in 1808 at a cost of £2,600, the debt has been steadily reduced, and the hope of its extinction is being entertained in connection with the circuit centenary celebrations next year. The September Quarterly Meeting, being faced with a deficiency of £26, resolved to organise a sale of work, which took place last week. The response was most loyal; donations were freely given, and where there was no money, skill and enterprise yielded laudable results. The proceedings were presided over by Mr. George Edwards, J.P., O.B.E., a son of the member of the late Parliament. Rev. A. B. Gowers announced that £56 had been raised, an achievement which greatly cheered and encouraged the workers.

A grand "Rainbow" bazaar was held at Brook-street, Peterborough, First Circuit, on November 22nd and 23rd. Opened on Wednesday by Mrs. C. W. Bryant, the chairman being Councillor H. J. Farrow, supported by the Free Council, Messrs. W. L. Dillingham president and Councillor Geo. Nichols, J.P., opened. The object was to reduce the trust debt. The result, £350, was very encouraging, and a worthy reward for the splendid effort put forward by all.



with a spoonful of BIRD'S Egg Substitute.

I use it for my baking instead of eggs, because it is always fresh, reliable, ready and cheaper. And because no eggs, baking powder or self-raising flour is required, and time and money is saved.

I make these buns quickly and easily, and with no other care than that of stirring into the flour, etc., the right quantity of this rich golden powder.



raises "right up" and flavors deliciously. It imparts that rich, appetising "Do-give-me-one-of-those-lovely-buns" appearance which every housewife is proud to achieve.

Buy a tin today and begin to save money. Your Grocer sells Bird's Egg Substitute, and every tin contains recipes.

Engagements for 1923-24
Rev. Percy Ford, to Grays and Ro

Engagements for 1923-24
 Rev. Percy Ford, to Grays and Ro
 Rev. G. W. Ennos and A. G. Smi
 gent), to Braintree.
 Rev. B. Cowie, to Leeds Eighth,
 725.
 Revs. A. B. Wightman and E. H. J
 windon Second.

Engagements for 1924-25.

Rev. Gilbert Daeh, to Knowlwood.
Rev. Percy Tomlinson, to Hull F. C.
Rev. J. A. Sheen, to Selby, and un-
der Rev. J. Harryman Taylor, M.A.,
second, a fourth year.
Rev. G. Moore, to Buckley, a seventh
year.
Rev. E. C. Hudson, to Leeds Beacon
School, from Scarborough, a
seventh year.
Rev. A. Longstaff, to Barnoldswick

Distress in Cornwall Previously acknowledged, £26 1s. 6d. by Mr. and Mrs. E. Ingham (Liskeard), £1 10s. 6d. by E. Hewlett (Northampton), 10s. 6d. by M. M. Hilton and Mrs. Burberry (Oxford), £1 1s. 6d. by C. E. Haslam (Ansdell, L.); total, £29 11s. 2d. Christmas is now upon us. Will our friends be making their puddings kindly mention the *Extra* and send along for some poor

essed miner's family, who otherwise
et get one, and when Santa Claus

und will you ask for an extra
to send along, that someone else n
ve a share in your happiness. I
uations and subscriptions to b
mediately to Rev. W. A. Bryan
cretary, M.F.R.C., Beacon-hill
rne.

SAVE THE CHILD

FUND.

Previously acknowledged the s
£,613 18s. 10d.; E. S., Staithe
Inasmuch," York, 10s.; "Din
Subscriptions should be made
le and forwarded to the Editor,
re *Methodist Leader*, 17, Farn
reet, London, E.C. 4; parcels di
rd Weardale, 42, Langham
ondon, W. 1.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORIAM.
Mrs. E. S. Hunt.
Mrs. Ellen Sophia (Nellie) Hunt, nee Redditch, entered the Homelands at 10 o'clock, Monday, November 26th. She was a devoted member of our Redditch S. S. Church and was greatly loved by all who knew her. She found her greatest joy in her children and especially when by so doing she was able to help her husband to attain his many claims made upon him.

edditch school and church as a t
cal preacher and church official

edditich school and church as a t
cal preacher and church official
rior remains were reverently
st on Tuesday, November 28th.
umber of friends assembled both
church and at the graveside to pay
a good woman. Rev. L. G. Be
ducted, and Rev. Geo. Walmsle
high tribute to the character and
our deceased sister.

Mrs. J. Roberts.

Great sympathy is felt on the Abnereit with Mr. Joseph Roberts.

Great sympathy is felt on the death of Mrs. Joseph Roberts with Mr. Joseph Roberts in the great loss which the community sustained through the death of the late Mrs. Joseph Roberts on November 25th, at the age of 71 years. She was a lifelong member of the Cwmbach Church, and was a valuable help by her quiet devotion to the ministry of the church. Her husband was a member of the same church, and was a valuable help by her quiet devotion to the ministry of the church. Her husband was a member of the same church, and was a valuable help by her quiet devotion to the ministry of the church.

as local preacher and church w
interment at Aberdare Cemetery

Mr. Joseph Cooper.
Regent-street Church, Swindon, has been one of its most devoted workers for many years. He died on November 25th, of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Cooper was born at

ed, in the Faringdon Circuit, his
ing Mr. Charles Cooper, who was

d, in the Faringdon Circuit, his
ing Mr. Charles Cooper, who was
outstanding figures of, and wield
immense influence in, that station.
Cooper came to Swindon thirty-nine
years. He immediately joined the I
West Church and engaged in work
in connection with the school and C.E. F
trustee for over thirty years. The
large congregation at the funeral
of the church, conducted by Revs.
Wrightman and E. H. Jones. Rev.

Underwood (Congregationalist) paid a fitting tribute to his loyal, devoted

Ministerial Association.

The Manchester Methodist Ministers' Association met on Friday in the Albert Hall. Dr. Peake presided, in the absence of George Jackson, the President, owing to illness. The paper was read by Rev. Prof. E. W. Hirst, M.A., B.Sc., of the U.M. College. His subject was, "A Life of Work," in which he claimed that of the great teachers, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the third was the one with a gospel in it. It was Christ's way of realising the others. As he described a homely world, in language beautiful and clear, we all felt the beauty of the Christian conception of the world needs only to be seen to be longed and worked for. The discussion was opened by an exceedingly able contribution by Prof. A. Lee, M.A., and proved to be most interesting and profitable. Rev. J. W. Clifford, M.A., who retires from the secretaryship after four years' office, was the recipient of an enthusiastic vote of thanks and appreciation.

Rev. H. Loggabo, M.C., has been elected a member of the Council of the Padree Fellowship, an honour which he has earned by exceptional service in the war and since.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Joseph Jackson.

The Tulse Church and Circuit have sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Joseph Jackson on the 11th November. Though far advanced in years, he was active till the very last, and his help was needed for nearly eighty-four years of age, he held at the time of his decease no less than five offices in church and school, among these that of circuit steward. He was a member of our church over seventy years, and was a link with the old Primitive Methodism, remembering Hugh Bourne's visits to Tulse in the days when our church was struggling for its first place in the life of the community. He occupied a large place in the affections of those who knew him, and was singularly vigorous and young in thought and outlook. The funeral was attended by vast numbers of friends, and sections of the community, the church being much too small to accommodate those who sought admittance. The service was conducted by Rev. G. Festonby, and others who took part were Revs. J. Pearson, A. Wilkes, J. A. Lingham, A. Taylor, Messrs W. H. Hawthorne and H. Alcock.

Mrs. Perry.

Church-street, Luton, has suffered a great loss in the passing of Mrs. Perry, the beloved wife of Mr. H. H. Perry, organist at Church-street for over thirty years. Mrs. Perry was intensely interested in the work of God. She was a member of Luton Second Circuit for forty-three years, thirty-four being spent at Church-street. In a quiet, unassuming way she did her work. Her interest in foreign missions was deep and practical. Only six weeks ago, from her sick bed, she gave a missionary case so as to swell the missionary funds. On November 1st her spirit passed home to God. She was laid to rest in Luton General Cemetery. Rev. A. Bowles and A. Fawcett officiating.

Mr. W. Pattison.

Mr. William Pattison, of Willington, entered into eternal rest on Nov. 30. He has been a loyal servant of the Church almost all his life. For ten years he was choirmaster at Oakenham, and for the same period at Dradlow. His devotion found expression in countless ways, and at Willington, and he was loved by all who knew him. His daughter, a devoted worshiper in the Church before her death, and his son, Rev. Mark Pattison, is in our ministry, while his other son, an officer at Sunbury House. The funeral was conducted by Rev. F. R. Brumfield and Mr. John Green. An excellent number of friends assembled to pay their tribute of esteem.

"Something to make everyone happy" might well be the Christmas motto of the famous firm of Rowntree. Tins of toffee or parcels of milk chocolate for the Christmas tree. Beautiful gift boxes of chocolates, with novel and interesting "centres," dessert chocolates to embellish the Christmas dinner or to add to the pleasure of Christmas parties. Rowntree's gums and pastilles for the damp and chilly weather.

International Lesson. Endeavour Topic.

"They Brought Unto Him Gifts."

Story of the Gifts to the South Sea Islanders.

Psalm lxxii. December 17.

By HENRY G. MERRIAM, M.A., B.D.

Gifts are specially cheering when they come from unlikely quarters. The gifts brought to John Williams by at least a twofold significance. First, they were an evidence of friendship on the part of the natives. Secondly, they were to disarm suspicion and hostility. Invariably the sign that the missionaries had appeared in the offering of gifts. These were mainly gifts of food, for till the missionaries came the people had practically no industry. So large fests of welcome were frequent. When Williams landed at Raiatea the people made a fest of five large hogs for the party. On another occasion Williams received twenty-five pigs, twenty-five yams and coconuts, and a roll of native cloth.

But the people's gifts were also an expression of their gratitude for the blessings brought to John Williams. In these homes, occupations, education and peace—these benefits flowing in the track of the missionaries. As the people's gifts were they were moved to make abundant thank-offerings. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? The South Sea Islanders had little to give, but they gave it unstintingly, and earnest giving (whatever its material value) is always pleasing to God.

As to the few instances of these generous offerings. At Raiatea, where the work of Williams was greatly prospered, the people brought him gifts. In this they were especially led by Tumatoa, their king. He and his wife were the foremost workers for Christ, for, said they, "we would not give to God upon which we bestowed no labour." (b) In the other islands, the desire to lead the Gospel to the other islands. Hence at Raiatea a native mission society was formed. (c) The gifts of the Raiateans that, when they were sold in England they realised a sum of £1,000. (d) The same spirit appears in the action of the Raiateans who, when they were in Sydney in a boat which he had purchased out of his own resources. The people themselves decided to give the vessel by the profits of their produce. (e) The people of Raiatea handed to Williams the gift of \$100 (received by the gift of the pig) to cause the Word of God to grow on other islands. (f) On the island of Raiatea the natives were led by a woman convert who had done a fine work amongst them, brought to the missionary numerous gifts, including a baked pig and coconuts. (g) During Williams' tour of the Samoan Islands he was desired to stay for a time at Apia. When he returned he learned of his intention they were overjoyed, and forthwith they gave him a home in Apia.

What is the significance of such generosity? Apart from the deep encouragement it must have been to the missionary, it was an evidence that he was not labouring in vain. Amid much to dishearten, here was a heart that found changes were at work in the lives of these heathen and cannibal people. It was an evidence that the Christian claim to make new men in Christ is fully and finally vindicated. The kings of the islands were bringing to the feet of the present of all—the kingdoms of their own hearts. Let that be our gift, too.

Like many of the December magazines, *Great Thoughts* has many articles suggested by the Christmas festival. That on "Christmas Numbers" by Mr. J. H. M. takes the memory back to the days when Dickens' Christmas numbers were eagerly expected, and we all were eagerly searched for by collectors of "Dickensiana." Papers on "Christmas Carol," "When Winter Comes" and "Royal Christmas" are some other seasonable articles.

Dunstable.—A very successful basket sale was held at the Mayo Hotel and Mayors, supported by several aldermen and councillors, were present. Musical items by Leitch appeared. A few numbers, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The proceeds reached the splendid total of £255, which will be devoted to the renovation fund.

Companionship.

Prov. xvii 17-20; 27-28. Dec. 10.

By Rev. L. H. WOOD.

Desire for friendship is a natural instinct. Nothing is more real in human experience from childhood to old age than the longing for companionship. Hardly anything is of more importance in the fashioning of character. The selection of companions is a vital matter to young men and women; the choice bores either well or ill for the rest of their lives. The years are largely made or marred by our friendships. To an Endeavour, the indispensable condition of a close companionship must be personal goodness. There cannot be true intimacy between high Christian aspiration and a careless indifference to religion and morality. The basis of all fine comradeship is spiritual. Secondly, friendship must be stimulating. Thought and feeling give unstintingly of their best in the society of loon companions, but they gain as liberally. This comradery of life and emotions is the glory of friendship; it corrects, refines and ennobles the character. It is the profitable order of companionship, and no other kind is worthy of recognition for its intimate personal sympathy. True friendship stands for mutual loyalty to great ideals and similar interests in the service of society who are unapproachable in blessing, to be held in reverence, cultivated with care, and conserved to the Great Friend who endures them. Such a union of hearts and minds may be ours if we choose wisely and well. The old friendship of David and Jonathan is a magnificent example of this kind of companionship. Nothing could break it.

The one true friendship that we do well to secure beyond any doubt is that of the Christian companion. Companionship which never fails in inspiration and consolation. This friendship will aid in our spiritual growth. Such a union of hearts and minds may be ours if we choose wisely and well. The old friendship of David and Jonathan is a magnificent example of this kind of companionship. Nothing could break it.

SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value from a national health point of view of propaganda such as Morris, Limited, are spreading. Bread plays a very important part in our daily diet. A loaf of bread is the subject of many a sermon. And advertising has helped very materially in bringing to the public the advantages which come from eating better bread. Regular announcements in all the papers, and in the case of growing children, of weekly and monthly publications have kept steadily before the public the fact that the maximum of health and nutriment is in an appetizing, easily digested form. The educational value of the advertisement is not to be despised. It can be no doubt about it. And the beneficent effect upon the national health—especially in the case of growing children—is indisputable.

The great demonstration organised by the Metropolitan Free Church Federation through Dr. J. H. Wood's manifesto at the churches and peace to be held in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, December 19th, 1902, was held at the Lord Grey of Fallodon. One of the speakers was Dr. Jowett will be Lord Robert Cecil. A few numbers and reserved seat tickets will be issued at 2s. 6d., and unreserved at 1s. 6d. which may be obtained from the office in Memorial Hall.

Quarterly Meetings.

Barnoldswick.—Rev. A. Longstaff in the chair. Application for permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Middleham.—Rev. A. H. Chapman presiding. The circuit was found to be a healthy one. A. H. Chapman accepted an unanimous invitation for next year. Methodist Union was freely discussed, and suggestions are to be forwarded on to the proper quarters. Committee appointed to make arrangements for the district year to be held in Midsummer Norton.

Middleham.—Meeting held at Ashridge. Special resolution passed re Ashridge. Union, expressing appreciation of the labours of the Union Committee, and expressing joint meetings of the Wesleyans and our own members, and expressing the desire that union be effected as early as possible.

Pontefract.—Held at Pontefract. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

Quebec.—Held at Quebec. Rev. A. H. Chapman in the chair. Permanent membership (Mr. J. S. Riddiough) signed and forwarded. Increase of 17 members as the result of the missionary missionary revenue equal to last year. Financial statement of the year 1901-1902 unanimously invited until 1905. Methodist Union scheme generally approved.

POLICY AND PRICES.

OUR POLICY is to give CLOTHING OF QUALITY at prices which ensure REAL VALUE.

30 years of growing business prove that
OUR POLICY IS RIGHT.

Many men who now want a good overcoat are waiting in the hopes of lower prices next year, but

OUR SPLENDID RANGE OF OVERCOATINGS will not sell in the Summer and

IT IS SOUND POLICY for us to lose on them **NOW** and make the money **WORK** all summer instead of lying idle, and so

We will sell you an OVERCOAT NOW WELL BELOW NEXT YEAR'S PRICES.

For example:—Our offer of—

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Double Breasted,

Hard wearing, Ready to Wear,

Greys & Colours,

Belt at Back, To Measure,

Velvet Collars, 2/6.

32/6

40/-

Represents a saving of 7/8 to 10/- on next year's Prices.

A LETTER of enquiry will prove a saving and an investment.

WRITE TO-DAY.

HOLMES & CO., LTD.,

7, Charlotte Street, Manchester.

W. POULTON

The Primitive Methodist Piano and Organ Provider, begs to announce that the following Personally Selected

PIANOS

have just arrived from London, and in every respect are magnificent Instruments.

"BOUDOIR" Upright Iron Grand. Dark Rosewood Case, brilliant tone ... 37 Guineas

"W. POULTON" Upright Grand. Tape Check Action. A fine Piano ... 42 Guineas

LONDON PIANO Co. Upright Grand with complete all over frame. A Piano of proved merit ... 46 Guineas

"WELLS" Overstrung in Dark Rosewood Case, Under Dampor Action. A Model of wonderful value ... 50 Guineas

"WITTON & WITTON" Overstrung, in Dark Mahogany Case, Under Dampor Tape Check Action, fine tone. The best value in high-class Overstrungs in England ... 55 Guineas

WITTON & WITTON'S famous IB Overstrung, Under Dampor Action, beautiful tone and touch. A most luxurious Piano. Extended ends are fitted to this model ... 72 Guineas

CRAMER Overstrung, Model "5." One of the finest Pianos in the world. Quite unequalled in its sympathetic tonal qualities. An instrument for a Connoisseur ... 80 Guineas

DANEMANN Rosewood Overstrung. A grand specimen of British construction. Fitted with every refinement and built to withstand the hardest wear ... 63 Guineas

HOPKINSON Model "10" Overstrung. A magnificent Instrument in every sense of the word. Tone and touch leaves nothing to be desired. Many famous Musicians testify to the excellence of these famous Instruments. ... 80 Guineas

The above represents only a small portion of my large and varied stock, and in several cases there are four or five Models as detailed, ready for immediate delivery.

Each Instrument carries my usual 10 years' Guarantee and 12 months' Free Tuning, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed, as all my old customers testify.

Buy that new Piano you are thinking of before Xmas arrives and make the home complete.

Prices are now within the reach of all, and, if you do not wish to pay Cash, Deferred Payments will be arranged with pleasure.

Carriage is paid in full to your door, and the Instrument comes to you either securely packed in case or delivered free in my own Motor Van.

DON'T DELAY. Write now for full particulars, and my NEW 28 PAGE ART CATALOGUE.

SHOWROOMS:

308, HIGH ST., WEST BROMWICH.

Established nearly half a century.