





## Woman's Views

Widely as the doors of opportunity are opening to woman, yet the place she would occupy there is a restraining hand upon us. A popular novelist has recently lashed us severely; not satisfied with asserting that home is our sphere (a statement with which we heartily concur), he argues that in any serious purpose we are outside it, then woe is our portion. No pronouncement is made against those who neglect their homes for such amusements as whist, chess, bridge, etc. Recently, in a mood of partial recantation, the author of "This Freedom" has declared he had no wish to cause a stir upon feminine activities in general, but desired to condemn the woman whose efforts are directed to selfish aims, to show that life is sacrifice, and that true freedom consists in living for others.

None of us will break a lance with him in such an argument as that; it is our credal basis, the essence of our faith, and we welcome every exponent of it. Probably, however, this working world does not take novelists very seriously. As a matter of fact, to people of fixed principle and settled purpose, a little what he said, say or write; to the ear that hears the whisper of God, to the soul that possesses the shining Light, and follows fearlessly the inward vision, public criticism counts for little; man's praise does not unduly elate, nor blame debase. Such people pursue the endeavor of their way quietly, persistently, untroubled, satisfied with the simple performance of duty. Others, however, are hesitating upon the threshold of opportunity; some of them are hindered by inexperience, by womanly reticence, or an immature mind that is easily discouraged. Women of great potential usefulness, of clean spirits and regal gifts, sometimes become victimized by the ill-considered language, and are led aside from the great crusade to which God calls them.

It is on behalf of such as these that one regrets the darts so often hurled at women who seek to help on the world's work. According to a newspaper, a great preacher has recently been occupying himself with this amiable pursuit, clenching his argument by the sweeping assertion that "if a woman is to do justice to her husband, her home and her children, she will have to decline public work." Is it not enough that worldlings should mock, that evil minds should question our motive, that novelists should pour on us the vials of our condemnation? And must the leaders to whom we look for inspiration, the men whose ministry we have supported by sacrificial toil, must these too add to our quota? Surely a woman is permitted even from domestic toil; we must not offer that to God lest we incur the contumacy of man?

Did Catherine Booth neglect her husband and family, or Susanna Wesley? And in these days of better organized homes and labor-saving devices, is it not required of us to follow their example? Any woman who, with such mental and spiritual endowments as lend inspiration to others, is surely intelligent enough to consider wisely the ways of her own household. It is obvious that a worthy superstructure of public service can be erected on a foundation of family discord; such an offering would be a tribute to the Master we serve. But we shall not love our own less because we have a place in our hearts for the unnumbered children of God; we will home be less sweet because we labour for those whose language has no such word as "home."

"Though few may help or hear or heed us, Let us work on with heart and hand and hand, For that we know the angels need us. And we must help our time to take its stand."

HERMAN.

## "Leader" Table Talk.

Thanks to Rev. J. T. Barkby. It seems but yesterday that Rev. J. T. Barkby entered upon his work as Missionary Secretary, but it is really almost five years ago. And certainly these have been among the most eventful years in the history of the Society. Barkby was a man of proved capacity, and great expectations regarding his secretariat were cherished, but it is the simple truth that he has more than fulfilled them all. The revolution that has enthusiastically passed by the Committee a fortnight ago, was prepared by Rev. A. Baldwin, whose knowledge of Mr. Barkby's devotion is more intimate than that of any other man. Its terms were felicitous, and without exaggeration. Among other things it said: "during the five years he has had but one pursuit, and has concentrated all his gifts, time and energy—all his powers of brain and hand—upon his work." I have had the privilege of friendship with a good many Connexional officers, but I have never known of others whose work has been more of a consuming passion. As he vacates the office he is assured of the heartiest good will of all with whom he has been associated; and I venture to think that the memory of these five years will be among his most treasured possessions.

### Medical Missionaries.

There is no feature of our work in Africa about which I have felt such a keen sorrow as the fact of our failure to increase the number of medical missionaries. When Dr. Gerrard offered himself it was thought that others would follow in his example. But after a good many years he remains solitary. I have read with delight that this defect in our organization has been remedied. Mr. A. K. Brown, a student at Hartley College, has offered himself for the work, and the Missionary League, who are led aside from the great crusade to which God calls them.

### Spiritual Advance Campaign.

The Districts are, I believe, preparing for a grand advance. In the Synod which I attended, a young minister of great ability outlined a plan formulated by a special Committee which struck me as being admirable in every way. The plan was to have a series of worshipful developing in the aspect of our programme was never so bright as at present.

I, I feel sure, he glad to send a copy of his programme to other secretaries who may ask for it.

### The New Spiritual Awakening.

One of the most remarkable evidences of the new spiritual awakening took place, I hear, at the London 1st District Synod at Clacton-on-Sea, particularly at the Morning prayer meeting. The church was full of people, and it was suggested that several had come to be saved. I do not quite know what the speakers, Rev. W. T. Hooper and T. B. Cuswell, intended to say, but I am pretty sure their prepared speeches were least considered. They took the form of powerful evangelistic appeals, and these were followed by a great prayer meeting lasting till nearly 10.30. A number of people made the great decision, and the minister of the church announced that another meeting would be held on the following evening. One who was present says the meeting was quite unique in his experience, and I think it likely that he has attended the greatest Synod in various parts of the country. There was intense spiritual fervour, but no excitement in which that term is ordinarily used. As a result it is hoped that quite a number of young people from eighteen to twenty-two years of age will be attached to our Clacton Church. Hallelujah!

### The Padre's Fellowship.

In the days of the war I often heard chaplains of the United Army Board speak in glowing terms of happy fellowships with some of the Anglican and other Churches. I am glad to know that those who rubbed shoulders with each other in the trenches have not lost their still maintaining intimate association. "The Padre's Fellowship" has its quarterly magazine, designated "The Padre's Fellowship," which in April number has come into my hands. Its contents are mainly an account of a conference of the Padre's Fellowship, when fifty-three chaplains and ex-chaplains "mustered for these delightful three days." Mr. Cecil Walton, the staff chaplain, gave an address on "Christianity in Relation to Industrial Life." Miss Ruth Rouse, Secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, spoke on "Christianity in Relation to International Life." There were papers on "The New Psychology and the Christian Faith," and by A. E. Garvie, D.D., gave a delightful address on "Christianity in Relation to Individual Life." The speech most fully reported was that of Dr. A. E. Peake on "The Problem of Reunion," and it goes without saying that it was illuminating and inspiring. There are no more ardent advocates of what Dr. Peake desires than the chaplains who, on the battlefield, learned to view religious life like contempt the things which divide us.

### A Plea for High-Toned Politics.

There was a passage in the speech of a leading statesman, delivered on Friday last, which struck me as being particularly opportune, and I therefore venture to quote it. It is worthy of the endorsement of all Christian men, whatever political label they may bear. "The great thing that we want in these days is to purify and straighten our politics, and to put the bedrock of sincerity, to banish compromises and equivocations, improvised accommodations and opportunist experiments; in which a principle of principle on the side of the partnership is balanced by a corresponding surrender on the other side. We must not be so easily compelled in ignorance or against their will to fight under false colours. Far better to be for the time beaten back in a cause of principle than to sacrifice our faith than to enjoy the spoils of a transient success under an ambiguous flag." The speaker was Mr. Asquith, but I would have been quoted the more vigorous pronouncement had it come from the lips of Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Lloyd George.

VIGILANT.

## Social Movements.

### The Church and Its Duty to the League of Nations.

By ERNEST B. STORR.

That was the subject on which I was asked to speak at the Synod. It struck me as a subject of such importance that it should be necessary to discuss such a subject. Surely the Church recognises it as a sacred obligation to support an institution intended to remove the burden and the fear of war, and to make for better international relations. And when I asked myself why the Church did not rise immediately, unanimously and enthusiastically to this great ideal, I could only explain it by her loss of the imperial note.

The Christian Church is international and universal in the sweep of its purpose, its fellowship of believers in Christ, with the expressed aim of establishing and making universal the Kingdom of God. Very early in its history the Church cast the narrow restraints of the faith that had been its cradle, and became imperialistic in its outlook. When a vision of the Kingdom and John's Apocalypse without realising that the Church of the Apostles in its weakness and poverty and oppression had been a vision of the Kingdom. In this omnipotent faith it conquered the Roman Empire, and afterwards the barbaric hordes that overran the Empire. But it began to mistake the nature of its imperialism. It stepped down into the arena of political strife, it used the worldly weapons of the sword, and used it for itself and not for its ideal.

Then came the Protestant Reformation, which broke the power of the Church into a number of sects, all more or less severely national. And although the Reformation marked a great step towards the removal of the submergence of the imperial idea. Some Churches, like the Anglican, became more international, but the Reformation marked the disappearance of an international organisation destroyed the universal note. The Protestant Church, which was the only one to survive, lost its faith. It has become splendidly and heroically missionary. But it is not so in its teaching of Jesus come into the world. The social structure of Christendom is heathen. When young Jews and Indians who have felt the beauty and loftiness of the teaching of Jesus come into touch with our Western life they are often puzzled at what they find, and their fiery enthusiasm burns into a cloud of disillusion. Christian imperialism means not only winning converts to our faith, but bringing all human beings into the Christian fold, at all its vast reach and complexity, under the sway of Jesus. Until we have won back the Christianity of Christendom, we cannot discover our true relations to that internationalism of which the League of Nations is the political expression.

Patriotism is a noble sentiment. The function of the Church is not to belittle patriotism, but to glorify it by bringing it in a frame of internationalism, to make men feel that nationality is as sacred a thing in a foreigner as in one's own country. We must not have a Christianity with no racial lines of division. If the Church had consistently held to its universalism it would have been torn to pieces by the wars of the world. It would probably have killed the war mind in men and the war atmosphere in politics. But it has not done this. It has exercised a powerful influence in the direction of peace. It has too tamely accepted the nationalistic note and habit of mind. So it is that the Church of the Great War the Church in every country was swept into the current of national feeling. It has lost its international attitude. The Church needs to be baptised into the spirit of the Letter to the Ephesians—the Cross in the centre of the world. It must break down all barriers, and draw the whole race into its train—and then it will lose its nationalism, and will be pursuing its aim and rejoicing in its promise.



## Spiritual Advance Campaign.

### OUTLOOK IN THE DISTRICTS.

#### Nottingham.

Gradually but surely we are approaching the work of Spiritual Advance with greater confidence and expectancy because of a growing consciousness of Divine Power within ourselves, that is the source and basis of spiritual aggression. Inward quickening must of necessity precede outward, or perhaps it is the beginning of advance—and the recognition of this cardinal truth is imperative as a condition of effectiveness and abiding success. It is therefore not without significance that when a diagnosis of the situation has been given during recent years it has almost invariably been accompanied by the prescription of "A Mission to the Churches." There is now, however, evidence forthcoming of an aroused quickened life. Our people are again turning to the secret springs of life and power, and finding their chief joy and satisfaction in the fellowship and service of our exalted Lord. There is a deep yearning and longing for a more exact and enthusiastic life, a yearning for the things of the Spirit and the nutriment of the living word which secures growth.

With this inward quickening and springing out of it there is a great longing to see a revival of the Spirit of God in our midst. There is an expectancy and lively anticipation of advance that the best preparation requires is coming. Indeed in various parts of the district a spiritual advance has been reported, and the signs are unmistakable. Young people awakened to Christ in Leicester, Derby, Burton, Hincley, and Melton Mowbray. While in the mining areas of Cornwall and Sutton, there is a steady progress is being maintained, and on the latter station many decisions for Christ among young people have been won during the last year. Remote country circuits also have the joy of winning disciples and regaining ground lost in previous days. In half the circuits within the district report increases this year, while only five out of forty-one have had to suffer a decrease.

What, however, is of greater importance than the evidence furnished by statistics is the new spirit awakened in the churches and in the attitude towards organised mission services. In some quarters because of certain doubtful practices employed in the past there has been an almost contemptuous impatience against organised missions, but that is passing away where it has been recognised that culture and consecration are not incompatible with an earnest evangelism conducted along lines that would commend it to the instructed and educated mind. The times are therefore propitious, and given faith, spiritual daring and sacrificial readiness to serve, there is nothing to prevent an advance that would thrill and inspire the Church by an abounding and amazing success.

There is a keen desire to get down to realities, to break from all that is man-made and artificial, men are seeking to be freed from fixed grooves and settled methods, and from mere time-serving to a more close and comprehensive truth with the real needs of today and to apply the Gospel for the saving of the people. Devout workers are realising that to men and women Christ exacts from them a life of dominant interest in the Kingdom of God upon earth, and more and more they are submitting to the condition, seeking with all their hearts, satisfied that a scattered loyalty is unavailing and negative in the results.

A new note is evident in prayer. It is more earnest, direct and purposeful, and this is bearing its positive result in aggressive activity, which has been carried on for some time with varying success. Circuits have given considerable thought and attention to the need of spiritual revival, and have arranged for their ministers to be set free from ordinary services to give special care

to churches where spiritual advance was possible and already manifest, and if all results are not immediately commensurate with the efforts put forth, the conviction is strong that those efforts have contributed in no small degree to the ultimate ingathering of many souls to the Church and the Kingdom of God. One significant indication of the change which is stimulating spiritual advance is the increased use of the method of dealing with our young people as prescribed in the legislation of the Northampton Conference. True shepherding of the lambs makes for a larger flock, and we are waking to the need as never before of retaining those who are already within the fold.

As a district we are seeking to give effect to the proposals for a summer open-air mission to the villages. A special Advance Campaign Committee was elected to deal with the whole question, and a report of their proposals has been presented to the District Committee. These were to visit the weakest country circuits, giving a week to each by two or three ministers and laymen to visit the homes of the people, distribute tracts and invite to the meetings. In order to give effect to these proposals, the District Committee has asked to be asked to liberate their junior minister for part of the campaign. A special secretary is appointed to communicate with the circuits and preachers, and hope runs high that large and inspiring results may reward the effort.

Nothing has been more revealing of the new sense of responsibility and opportunity than the readiness of the circuits to take up this Spiritual Advance Campaign in a manner worthy of the occasion and the call. The conviction is strong that the summer and winter is worthy of our best, and that whatever is attempted shall be thoroughly planned, well organised, so that our efforts should merit the greatest and grandest success. We are praying for and expecting a glorious revival. A. STREET.

#### South Wales.

The eyes of the land have oftentimes been turned towards Wales. From its villages nestling in the winding valleys have arisen politician and prophet who have fired the imagination of the world. They have led the land through the valley of danger to the mountain top, with its larger vision and its buoyant air. The secret of this leadership has been born in the religious passion which is characteristic of the Celt.

South Wales, we believe, preparing herself to lead the land again into the realisation that the deepening of spiritual life is the only highroad upon which the soul can travel to the world of life. On all hands there are signs of a coming revival. The Welsh revival stirred the Principality to its core, and its powerful influence went far and wide. That revival took full advantage of the emotional intuition, which is a marked trait of the people of Wales. Although this emotion rightly handled is a valuable asset, the line of the coming revival will deal more with ethical and spiritual revival. Gospel revivals are ethical at the centre, but sometimes the emotion is so pronounced that when it recedes and men and women come down from the exalted mount into the valley, the revival has been more superficial than real.

Sensational evangelism has been tried, and has been found wanting.

What are the primal factors that are leading to a deeper realisation of the truth in South Wales?

PERSONAL CONSECRATION.—The need of personal consecration is weighing upon the hearts of the members of the Churches, and reports to hand speak of the larger attendance at week-night services. But perhaps the most encouraging sign is the greater desire to commune at the Sacramental service. The members are realising the value of this communion, and the reception of

members at this service is adding to the solemnity and spiritual outlook of the people.

PERSONAL EVANGELISM.—In this age of mass movements the value of the individual has been minimised. Modern methods have failed because the "crowd" has been the "unit" of the community, and the "individual" is a victim. Primitive Methodists in South Wales are moving along the path of "personal evangelism," and the movement is growing, and the personal contact and the personal appeal are making rapid strides to emphasise the true mission of the Church. A case in point.—A class of young men were called back after the session of the Sunday-school, and each one was asked definitely the question about his soul's salvation, and every one surrendered to the Lord and were ultimately received into Church fellowship. These young men were waiting just outside the Kingdom longing for the personal appeal. We believe there is going to be a wonderful ingathering of young people. The ministers and leaders are conducting classes for them, and there is a very cheering response. They are saving the homes of the non-churchgoers and talking and praying with the people is producing magnificent results. The people in the pulpit may be on his throne, but the pastor in personal contact in the home will ever be in the heart.

THE GROWING MISSIONARY PASSION.—The Women's Missionary Auxiliary is doing lasting work in the circuits that have formed branches by building the homes in a closer bond of sisterhood. The missionary spirit is gripping the imagination, and the larger outlook is producing intensive evangelism. The women go from their monthly meetings with more determined zeal, having a clarified vision, and the reports are very convincing that the spiritual outlook is far-reaching. There is especially one circuit that claims that the wave of spiritual desire that is being manifested in the circuit is largely due to the agency of the Federation.

These are some of the factors that are the signs of the times. The Church in South Wales is mobilising her forces for an active and progressive campaign, and the "Principality for Christ" is the

watchword of the hour. It may be difficult to carry out all the suggestions contained in the programme of the Spiritual Advance Campaign on account of mountainous geographical barriers and slow travelling in the valleys, but South Wales ministers and people are discussing the best methods to be employed for the attainment of a greater advance, and we are confident that the hills and valleys will again resound with the joyful songs of salvation.

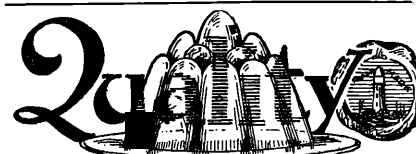
TOUR H. BROWN.

## Manchester University Union.

The annual Sunday services of the Manchester F.M. Union of the University were held on Sunday, May 6th, in the Great Western-street Church, at 10.30 a.m. Miss Dorothy Bell, B.A., conducted the service. In a sermon of great charm she gave a call for the manifestation in Christianity to-day of that "simplicity which is in Christ Jesus." Miss Midge Hornsby rendered "My Task." At 5.30 p.m. Rev. H. G. Marsh, M.A., B.D., was the preacher and Dr. A. L. Meschin the host. Dr. A. S. Penke, as president, explained the purpose and work of the Union, and expressed the thanks of the committee to the Great Western-street friends for the invitation to hold its services in their church.

The present year has added to the number of members, and shows a growing circle of Primitive Methodists who are attending the University. At the last general meeting Dr. Penke was unanimously re-elected as president, which office he has held since the commencement of the Union, some ten years ago. Miss Dorothy Bell, B.A., and Mr. H. H. Evans were appointed secretaries for the year 1923-24.

The West Midland Synod bore eloquent witness to the passion for Spiritual Advance which is spreading in our Church, and not a few conversions were witnessed. At Birmingham-street, where Rev. J. Pearce ministered, wonderful scenes of consecration and conversion were experienced, a Birmingham councillor declaring he had seen nothing like it for many years.



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# "Bessie Binney and Another."

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE.

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

## CHAPTER XXII.

### "The Nest."

John Armstrong had always believed in Providence, but he was certain after that day that there was a special Providence in his life. He had been greatly worried about a house. The location of the house was the first important point to decide. He found it hard to determine which would be the best place for their future abode. The whole problem was settled, as he ever afterwards affirmed, "at a glance."

He had been in to Bishopstow, finally settling up his accounts at the Mirror Hall, and was making his way to Brooklyn and to Bessie.

Just at the top of the hill, leading to the high road from the town, he passed the bungalow he had so often admired. It had been built a few years before by a local builder who was retiring from business. It was well known and understood that as a piece of workmanship "The Nest," as the bungalow was called, was as near perfection as any building could be. Inviting it looked from the roadway, surrounded by the well-trimmed gardens.

As John's surprise when, at the entrance gate, he saw a workman fixing up a board announcing the bungalow for sale!

A hundred thoughts seemed to flash through his mind in a moment.

"Why not buy this house? It is beautiful in itself and beautiful for its situation. It is quite convenient for the train. It would be a fine place for John and her to live in, and for travelling the country and a glorious place to which to return."

A few words with the workman and John was in possession of the house. The owner had died and the property was to be sold. From the man, also, John secured the name and address of the agent.

"Would it be possible for me to see through the house now?" John asked. "You wish to?"

John never remembered seeing a house so neatly planned, with such handsome woodwork and with such a far-reaching view.

Instead of proceeding then to Brooklyn he made his way back to the town and within a few minutes found his way to the agent's office.

The estate agent recognised him instantly.

"You are Mr. Armstrong, the singer? I heard you at the Hospital Concert. I enjoyed your singing, sir." "Oh, I've come down to see the house," John said. "You've lost no time. Has the man actually got the notice up already?" "Yes! It is to be sold, and I expect I shall have plenty of applicants." "There is a reserve price on it and it is quite reasonable. I should have liked it myself. I've spent a lot of money recently on my own place, and it would be foolish for me to make a change."

"I'm frankly told him what was in his mind."

"Why, you couldn't have anything better or more convenient. The house is yours when you come out professionally. You will often be away, and nothing could be handier than 'The Nest.' When you come in late at night you could soon reach home, and, besides, as you say, it is a beautiful place for your rest to enjoy. Oh, certainly! I'll give you the first chance. Suppose I give you three days! Could you make up your mind by then?"

There was an excited John who greeted Bessie.

"Come on!" he cried. "Let us get tea quickly! I want you to see this new house. You never saw it is a lovely spot in all your life. It is a 'Nest' indeed!"

But the joy was touched with pain, especially for Billy. So long as the wedding was in the future, the distant future, he could put aside the thought of leaving Number Ten, but now that they were really going to view a new abode he thought of what it meant for him was a pang.

Bessie was quick to read his thoughts and to feel his apprehensions.

Her eyes met Billy's, and at once he sensed the situation.

"Now, father," he began, in his most cheerful tone, "I don't propose to take you so very far away. At least, it doesn't mean leaving the chapel. It will be quite possible for me to stand the services. For that matter I'll get you a pony and carriage. As a matter of fact there is a stable at the back of the house."

"Nay, me lad," the old man smiled bravely through his tears. "I had heard that you were a pious man."

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, and rough and thorny is the road, if I was I'll be in a pony-chaise. I'll betta be Shakin' a pony to the end of the chapter. It's aill rest, ye know! I just tho't I might feel it badly leaving this dear old place afore."

Bessie was comforting him now, and he seemed quite resigned before she set out with John.

John knew now the great date. It was a very blushing Bessie who had given him the information.

"Thoo didst see me tho' tho' that parient," she exclaimed in tones of weakness. "I was readin' in a 'kitty' book the other day about trial by ordeal. That was dead enough, but gettin' married seems as bad to bide."

John's swift glance could see the mist in her eyes.

"The bungalow, 'The Nest,' was now in sight.

"There is my house and portion fair; My treasure and my heart are there.

And my abiding home, John cried in ecstasy, pointing to "The Nest."

Bessie laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Thoo surely dissent mean that thoo an me should start keepin' 'hoose in a mansion like you! We'll never want to die if we've a nest like this. I tho't we should have started in a flat. . . . I've heard that the bigger the house ye live in the more expensive it is. Thoo's takin' a lot for granted, as it seems to me. Thoo's assumin' that thoo's at the top of the hill already."

"The collum is 'The Nest,' and she was spellbound with everything, with its internal beauty and its glorious prospect.

"It's a bit of a change from Number Ten, and that isn't a place to be despised. It's one of the big houses in the town."

"Weel, it's not Remmin' ton Castle. It's even better than that. You could get lost in the castle, but this, it's a good nest, a good nest, a good nest."

"Dear, dear! It makes me sing: 'Birds in their little nests agree. I hope an' trust we will!'"

"Then you think 'The Nest' will be all right?" John asked gleefully.

"Me lad! I'll da over weel, I tell thoo. If thoo buys this, the hoose, the garden, the garden, the stable, an' this, thoo'll never be able to sin again!"

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

Thoo'll be a property owner, a landed proprietor, a market gardener, a landscape admirer, as well as a public singer. . . . By! thoo'll knock spots off the Reverend Mr. Mackintosh!

It was just like to see his face when he sees this. "My beloved friends, he'll

say, 'you've got your portion in this life. You'll not want a key for one of the mansions in the sky!'" "An' it's really true, thoo tho't he's the money to pay for all this? It isn't to be a buildin' society job?"

John was able to give her an absolute assurance on that point.

"I'm fairly lost," she responded, "in wonder, how can I praise. I always knew thoo had somethin' up thoo above, but I never imagined that thoo had as much 'it' as the bank!"

The very next day John saw the agent, and became the owner of "The Nest."

Of course, the three sisters had to come to see the new home. They met Bessie at "The Nest," and in the adroit way gave her a few hints.

"Take my advice," thoo said Bessie, "and get everything you want at the beginning, before the beginning," she laughed. "You can get more than that, you can't be able to get three years hence."

"That sounds cheerful!" Bessie sniffed. "Thoo dissent seem to think thoo's better off afore than after."

"No," Ruth chimed in. "In a case like this 'Now is the accepted time!' One would think," Rachel went on, "that contentions in matrimonial house-furnishing. Yet we're all novices. Bessie is the only one in luck's way. Still, imagination is something it is even to be invited to step inside 'The Nest.'"

It would be foolish to deny that Bessie was that gratified at all this. The fact that she was in a whirl of delight. Her heart felt like to burst in gladness and gratitude.

She could not rest until her father had seen their prospective home. Now she had the key. "The Nest" was hers and John's.

Billy was bewildered when he had seen it all. Bessie had led him from room to room. The good old woman had never seen anything so wonderful "in the way of a house." The place was a palace to him. He could not see what they wanted with painters and decorators. It all looked perfection as it was.

The gardens seemed an estate to him. All that anybody in Brooklyn had was a cabbage patch and a few flowers of the collary. Here, at "The Nest," was a floral paradise.

"An' this'll be my room, father!" Bessie said, with tears of happiness filling her eyes. "Thoo can be the furniture, an' fine it'll look in side, thoo see, an' all the sun there is to get tho' yet!"

The old man did a characteristic thing.

"Lo's knoll down ha' say a bit prayer, hinner!" he gratefully suggested, hiding out his hands to her.

Side by side, these two alone, knelt to pray.

"O, my Father!" the old saint exclaimed, Jacob said that his days had been long, an' he'd even though he was weel on into his second hundred. My days has been many an' good an' the good things that I've seen tell all. O, my Father! I thank Thee for Thy goodness to my dear Bessie. Lord, it seems over good to be true, but, if it does come to pass, I'll be an' her an' the comes to live here, help us to lift up to Thee the voice of praise an' to pray without ceasing."

Billy was overwhelmed with the glory of it all.

"Bessie hinner!" he exclaimed, sitting down. "I feel like Moses on the Pisgah's height. He had a view of the Promised Land. I hope the Lord'll allow me to come in an' take possession of it."

Thoo'll be a property owner, a landed proprietor, a market gardener, a landscape admirer, as well as a public singer. . . . By! thoo'll knock spots off the Reverend Mr. Mackintosh!

It was just like to see his face when he sees this. "My beloved friends, he'll

It reminded Bessie of all that she and the other women had done in relation to the house. It was a different. This was hers, hers and John's.

What a time they had when they went to purchase the furniture! But the climax was when they went to buy the piano. Here, of course, John's wisdom was superior. They went through the showrooms, and the 'nice, sweet, kind gentleman' showed them 'all sorts of tuncful

Bessie was bewildered with the names, especially the foreign names.

"Thoo buys one of them foreigners tho'! It'll never be able to sing 'Come Sweet Home,'" she suddenly suggested.

In all this her numerous friends were immensely interested. The women at the Sisterhood were on the qui vive.

"The linn's her faallion to thoo in pleasant places an' thoo has a goodly heritage," Dorothy Lawson declared.

"I hope tho'! It'll not get that attached to 'The Nest' that thoo'll never come out."

"An' Bessie, I was just sayin' to John that we'll betta have a garden-party as a kind of 'noose-warmin'."

Dorothy thought the notion excellent.

Brooklyn was getting excited. It seemed to the neighbours that John Armstrong was "never off the spot." Everybody was anticipating The Day!

(To be continued.)

## What Our Readers Say.

### Delegates and Visitors to Conference

Sir,—I am much obliged by the Conference Hospitality Committee to draw the attention of all concerned to the most difficult situation which is being created by the delegates and visitors who are favoured beyond those which have been already so generously provided. The Hospitality Committee are therefore very fully and most of them it cannot undertake to make any provision for "paying guests" desiring to share with delegates and visitors. It is arranged, under any circumstances, for the securing of hospitality in excess of that which has been clearly stated to hosts and hostesses at the Conference requirements. To offer payment for such favours only tends to complicate the position. The Committee further urge that no approach on these lines be made direct to the hosts themselves. In due course a list of hotels, where suitable accommodation may be obtained, will appear in the Conference Handbook. Meanwhile the undersigned will gladly forward any detailed information, and, if possible, stamped addressed envelope.—Yours, etc.,

THOS. A. FAIRBAIRN,  
Hospitality Committee Secretary,  
144, Anfield-road, Liverpool.

### Local Preachers' Classes.

A Word to Superintendents and Members.

Sir,—The special summer course of studies which we conduct has just begun. It is restricted to local preachers who are on the "roll" on the course of preparation for "full plan," and the eight subjects dealt with are those which the Conference has recommended, according to Connexional rule. We are ready to enrol students, and to secure the necessary literature. Mr. W. F. Arneson, Leeds, West Hartlepool, desires at the same time to conduct all the candidates for "full plan" and the twenty-six home districts. It would greatly help him in the service he wishes to render, and would save a large amount of time, postage and trouble if every superintendent minister who has any such candidates in his circuit would, immediately after reading those lines, send Mr. W. F. Arneson, giving him as many names as he can, and assistance to the training movement in its efforts to serve our circuit will be greatly appreciated by Mr. W. F. Arneson, etc.,

A. LAURENCE, Secretary of the Central Training Committee.

Leeds, Cheshire

## Sisters of the People.

**Sir.**—Through your courtesy, I speak to your large constituency concerning the important subject of the Training of Sisters of the People! (1) The need of trained sisters is very urgent. Scores of down-town churches can only be saved through the employment of this kind of agency. One of the lamentable things about many others of our churches is their lack of contact with the people of the immediate neighbourhood. The kind of ministry of a carefully trained Sister is one of the surest ways of remedying the matter.

(2) Many of the daughters of our Church are feeling the call to special service and are eager for training. The urgent evidence of this is to be found in the large number of inquiries and applications constantly coming into my hands. These are from every part of the country and are growing in number.

(3) Something is being done. I am quite conscious of the great difficulties in the way of a Connexional Training Centre and recognition. There is much to be considered. Here at St. George's Hall much is being done and a real need met. For over twenty years Sisters have been trained on this ground, and very many are serving on the Home, Colonial and African stations. There is now in residence and in training.

(4) This is voluntary work, and yet is meeting a Connexional need. When could the churches now being so splendidly served have got Sisters from if the Home in South-East London had not existed? These churches would be the first to acknowledge that no other form of service could quite compensate if this were lacking.

(5) All the time glorious work is being done around the Training Centre. Last year nearly 10,000 families were visited and helped in some way. That means that about 40,000 people were reached by this special ministry alone. Into most of these homes no other form of Christian agency has access. All who love humanity, and specially feel for those

who have been unfortunate, must appreciate this kind of work.

(6) Think of these daughters of our Church living in the midst of modern slumdom in the world's greatest city! Voluntary residence in such an area can only be explained in Paul's words, "The love of Christ constraineth." The sacrifice is continuous, the calls are exacting, the service is beyond value.

(7) I appeal to all who live in the sunshine, in healthier conditions, to send a token of love and esteem in time for the service announced in this issue.

We must have £500 if we are to be saved from grave anxiety in the near future. The burdens of this Mission are so great that there ought not to be any financial worry. Please lift the load and bid us God-speed in such glorious work! Every gift, however small, will be acceptable and will receive prompt recognition. A retiring collection on Sunday, the 14th, or at the Women's Own, week-night or C.E. meeting, would be specially welcome. In Christ's dear Name we serve. Do not fail us.—Yours, etc.

St. George's Hall,  
Old Kent-road, S.E. 1. W. SWALES.

## Reopening Services.

In the village of Riston (Hornsea Circuit) two winters ago Miss Carr conducted reopening services. God blessed the meetings, and the dropping Canees looked up. The winter has seen the chapel crowded every Sunday night. John Wesley said, "When a man is converted he wants a new coat." Riston Primitive wanted a new chapel; it was so dilapidated. And now they have one as good as new, for a new floor has been put in and the chapel completely resailed, the walls painted, and a new porch and doors added. Mr. William Bethell, J.P., generously gave the land for the new entrance. Whilst the work was being faithfully attended to by Mr. T. Robinson, of Branderburton, a sale of work was held in the day school, opened by Mrs. King, of Riston Grange.

Success crowned the sacrificial effort of the villagers, £80 being raised. On Thursday the doors were reopened by Mrs. H. Hallgarth. Dr. E. Dalton afterwards preached a powerful sermon. The Doctor also lectured in the evening to a good audience, under the presidency of Mr. T. Robinson. The visit of Dr. Dalton to our village cause was greatly appreciated. The friends were glad to learn that little or no debt would be left on the premises.

## Dartford Circuit.

Galley Hill Church has been working with enthusiasm for some months on a scheme for renovation of church and school, and has brought this to a most satisfactory conclusion. The reopening services were inaugurated by a public tea, patronised by a large number. After tea a crowded audience was entertained to a sacred concert, rendered by Mr. H. D. Sexton's party from Gravesend. The concert deserved the high appreciation given to it. The Sunday services were conducted by Rev. J. Lewis Williams. Under the leadership of Mr. T. Spower, a children's flower service, "The Echoes of Nature," was splendidly rendered. Mr. W. Waterman presided. The culminating service was on Sunday evening last, when an augmented choir rendered the cantata, "The City of God," after the usual service. The renovation gives great pleasure, and the whole scheme has proved a great success, and the entire cost, well on to £100, raised.

## A Sunday in Hull.

A stranger entering Portobello Church, Holderness-road, Hull, on a recent Sunday morning could not fail to be struck with the atmosphere of brightness and expectation. The church had been recently cleaned, and added its quota to the pervading impression, it is true, but the men-

talities of the congregation and the crowd of children in the front pews was contagious, and instinctively one felt that something of a waited-for was to come. As the organist and choir took their places the minister ascended the pulpit steps—rather tall, slight figure, thin, intellectual face, with eyes that told of an eager, intense nature.

During the opening hymns and prayer one realised that two personalities were wielding a powerful influence—the organist, a talented blind musician, leading the inspiring worship of praise, and the minister on whose word all waited. The issue was taken from that dramatic scene of the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor, and the stranger wondered why.

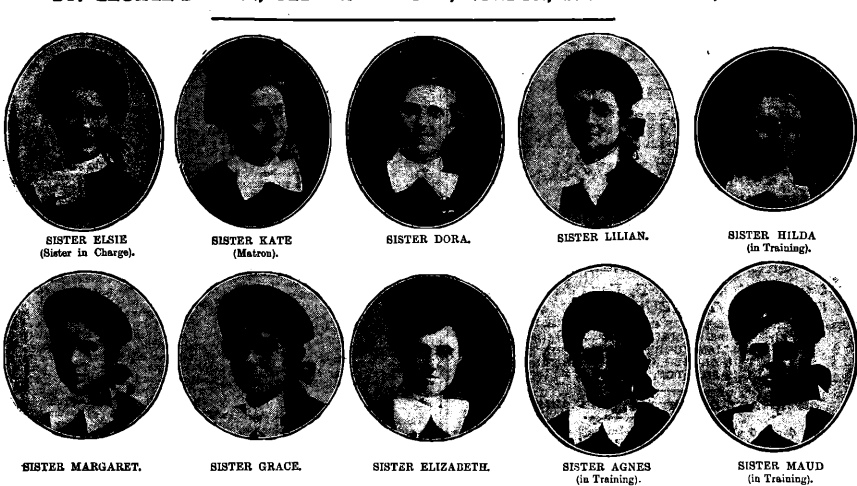
And now the minister leaves the pulpit and comes down to the children and becomes one of them. He just talks with them about their recent holiday, hearing what they did and how they did it; he and they are evidently on intimate terms. Next he opens an easel, places upon it a copy of a well-known picture, on which he bases a conversation, and together they make out its meaning and lesson. Thus done he returns to the pulpit and the children go home, sit with their parents, or remain where they are for the service, as they please.

After a hymn comes the sermon, and now the stranger becomes aware of the "why" of the lesson. "Spiritualism" was the subject. A clever and wise appreciation of the truths contained in it, of the part that nature and human nature played in its manifestations, a timely warning against some of its deceptions.

The night service was equally impressive. The sermon on "Immortality"—the third of a series—gave evidence of wide research and up-to-date study of the subject; it was educative, inspiring and comforting. The intense attitude of the young people in the gallery was eloquent evidence of the power of the man in the pulpit. A time of refreshing and of the presence of God was that which will live in the memory of THE STRANGERS.

# 22<sup>ND</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE SISTERS' SETTLEMENT & TRAINING HOME

## ST. GEORGE'S HALL, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E. MAY 12, 13 & 14.



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SISTER KATE  
(Matron).

SISTER DORA.

SISTER LILIAN.

SISTER HILDA  
(in Training).

SISTER MARGARET.

SISTER GRACE.

SISTER ELIZABETH.

SISTER AGNES  
(in Training).

SISTER MAUD  
(in Training).

The programme of Services is as follows:—SATURDAY, MAY 12. Grand Concert at 7.30 p.m. by the famous City Temple Quartette with Organ Solo by Allan Brown. Evg. F.R.C.O. SUNDAY, MAY 13. Divine Worship at 11 and 7. Preacher, the President of Conference (Rev. H. J. Taylor). Fellowship Meeting at 8.15. MONDAY, MAY 14, 12.0 (noon). Sermon by Rev. R. W. Hughes. Public Luncheon 1.15. Post. Sir Banister Fletcher, presiding. 3.0 Meeting presided over by Mrs. Edwin Robson, of Hull. Addressed by Sister Elsie and colleagues. 5.0 Public Tea. 7.30 Great Demonstration of Choral and Solo Singing. Address by Mr. A. G. Anderson: the President of Conference (Rev. H. J. Taylor). Rev. R. J. Taylor. Selections by the Choir. Special Soloist—MISS BEATRICE ASHTON, L.R.A.M.

It is imperative that £500 be raised by this Anniversary in order to meet immediate needs of the Sisters' Settlement.

Contributions, large or small, should be addressed to the Superintendent:—

**Rev. W. SWALES, St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, London, S.E. 1.**

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## 34th ANNIVERSARY And FESTIVAL,

**On WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1923.**

**12.0 & 1.0—LUNCHEON in Tent. 2.15—March Past of the Children.**

**2.30—GREAT PUBLIC MEETING in Tent.**

*Chairman:—W. E. MORSE, Esq., J.P., Swindon.*

*Vice-Chairman:—W. M. BURTON, Esq., Norwich.*

*Speakers:—THE PRESIDENT OF CONFERENCE (Rev. H. J. TAYLOR),  
SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, K.B.E., J.P. (Treasurer),  
Rev. WILLIAM CURRY (General Secretary),  
Rev. T. B. ARCHER (Congregationalist), and  
Rev. G. H. PRESTON, M.A. (Rector) will take part.*

### MUSIC AND DISPLAYS BY THE CHILDREN.

**TEA at 4 and 5 o'clock. TICKETS:—Luncheon and Tea, 2/6; Tea only, 1/-. May be had of the Secretary, or at the Home.**

**NOTE:—Provision is being made for 1,200.**

**TRAVELLING:—**Motor Char-a-buses leave Forest Hill, Central Church, at 1.15 a.m. Heading Home, near the Abbey, 8.45 a.m. For South, apply Rev. W. CURRY. Return fare, including Luncheon and Tea, 12/6. Fare only, 11/6. **READING:—**Apply Mr. T. WATTS, 44, High Moor Road, Caversham. **SOUTHAMPTON:—**Apply Mr. C. W. BOWDITCH, Blenheim Grove, Southampton.

**Donations gratefully received by:—**  
Treasurer—SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, K.B.E., Grimsby.  
Secretary—Rev. W. CURRY, 21, Pleydell Avenue, Rammermith, W. 4.

## The Primitive Methodist Leader.

Incorporating the Primitive Methodist and the Primitive Methodist World

Thursday, May 10, 1923.

## Notes and News.

### Death of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, L.L.D.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll passed away on Friday last, and by his death religious journalism has suffered an incalculable loss. He was born in a remote Aberdeenshire village on October 10th, 1851. His father was a Presbyterian minister whose income never reached £200 a year, but so keen was he on literature that he accumulated a library of 17,000 volumes. The son was an omnivorous reader, and his memory is said to have been almost preternatural. As a youth he became a weekly contributor to the "Aberdeen Journal." By dint of writing and private teaching, combined with prodigious industry, he was earning about £100 a year while yet in his teens, and from that time onward he never cost his father a penny. At the age of eighteen he entered the Free Church Divinity Hall, and at twenty-one was called to the pastorate of a church at Dufftown, in Banffshire. While there he contributed to various journals, and won considerable fame as a man of letters. In 1877 he accepted a call from Kilsno, a pulpit made famous by the ministry of Dr. Horatio Bonar, the hymn-writer. But after a few years his health gave way and he was compelled to resign his charge. Prior to that he had accepted the editorship of the "Expositor," and thus commenced an intimate association with the great publishing house of Hodder and Stoughton, which only died severed.

### "The British Weekly" and other Publications.

Probably the most prolific venture of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's life was the founding of "The British Weekly." The paper from the first bore the stamp of originality. It soon obtained an immense circulation, and no weekly journal has exercised a greater influence upon the religion and politics of our time. Nicoll discovered great writers like J. M. Barrie and Ian MacLaren, but through all the years the chief contributor to the paper was the editor himself. His devotional articles were eagerly read by ministers of all denominations. Quotations from them were a common occurrence in hundreds of pulpits, while the "Correspondence of Claudius Clear" and notes by "A Man of Kent" gave the paper a peculiar literary distinction. As editor of other publications—notably "The Bookman" and the "Woman at Home"—and the writer of books and reviews his output was simply marvellous. It is said that he dictated from 10,000 to 20,000 words per week! Nicoll was a virile Free Churchman and an ardent evangelist. He had strong affinities with Methodism, and on occasions he rendered distinguished service to our own Church. In his passing the Church universal has been sorely bereaved. He made a unique place for himself, and as far as we can see he leaves no successor to fill it.

### The May Meetings.

The May Meetings have for the last fortnight been in full swing, and according to reports they are "remarkable all round for their size, enthusiasm and helpfulness." They appear to have recovered their pre-war vitality, and the large halls in London have focussed the new spiritual vigour which has marked the Church life of the country in those last days. Our own turn will come this next week-end, and there is every reason to expect such treasures of grace as have not been experienced in recent years. There will be great religious festivals at our various mission centres, but the outstanding anti-

versary is that of our missionary society. At Holborn Hall on Saturday and at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Tuesday the clerical will gather at all the oneness point to times of unprecedented power and blessing. We had never such a story to tell of the triumphs of grace in Africa, for the increase of members and catechumens puts into the shade all the records of the past. At home the missionary appeal is evoking an ever-increasing response, and never before has there been such an intelligent apprehension of the claims of the heathen world upon the Church at home.

### Our Programme.

The Saturday meeting from 5.30 to 7.30 is to be held at Holborn Hall, and we would strongly advise all who desire a seat to be there in good time. Those who witnessed the display given last year by our Forest Hill friends will anticipate with eager interest this year's performance by our young people from Ealing. F. W. Dodds, who has watched the phenomenal progress of the work in Nigeria, has a fascinating story to tell, and will, we predict, tell it in a striking way. The chairman is Mr. Joseph Wright, of Algham, a Cheshire village in the Tarporley Circuit. That area is worthy of a place of honour. For the year ending March, 1922, its 216 members contributed £106 to the missionary fund, and Mr. Wright is a leader in all its enterprises. Tuesday will be an day of the feast. It begins with a prayer meeting at 10 o'clock. At 10.30 Mr. Robert Quinney, who comes from the church which contributes the largest amount in the denomination, will preside. With him will be our president, Rev. C. Stedford, who has long been the secretary of the U.M. Missionary Society, and Rev. F. Ayre, who for a dozen years has led the Alwal North Circuit in its achievement of great spiritual triumphs. The meeting in the afternoon, under the auspices of Mrs. J. T. Barkly, will, we feel confident, be one of the most inspiring gatherings ever held under the auspices of the Women's Federation. A new feature will mark the evening meeting. In the past the speakers have been "mere men"; but this year the platform will be strengthened by the presence and speech of Miss Leggett. Every phase of the work will be represented, and those who are not present to hear of the wonderful works of God will miss one of the great privileges of a life-time.

### The Betting Tax Committee.

The Select Committee appointed by the Government to consider the advisability of imposing a tax on betting is composed of eleven Unionist, four Labour members, two Independent Liberals and two National Liberals. We shall await with keen interest the recommendations, and sincerely hope it will discover difficulties of an insuperable character. Should a tax be thought practicable and profitable, we greatly fear that a majority of the Committee will advise its adoption. It is really surprising how narrow the moral aspects of the case some of our leading journalists and statesmen are. For example, the "Spectator" said in its last issue: "It is very much to be hoped that the Committee will keep in mind the main issue—namely, whether it is that about £20,000,000 could be raised by this tax, and if so, whether the gain will exceed the expense involved in collection. For this appears to us to be the whole point. The moral question does not really arise." We venture to say that that question does arise in a very serious form, and to us it is the "main issue." We are glad to note



that this is the general view taken by the Churches. Our Wesleyan friends were the first to sound the call of battle, but other denominations are echoing the note of uncompromising opposition. The Nonconformist conscience is awake,

and so also is that of the major part of the Anglican Church. Any attempt to legalise betting and to improve the status of the bookmaker will provoke moral indignation and inspire a determined fight.

## A Journey Into Italy.

### JOTTINGS FROM A DIARY.

By SYDNEY WALTON.

[Mr. Walton has recently returned from a tour in Italy. He kept a diary, and is willing that a few pages should be published.—Ed. P.M. Leader.]

We are in the Room of the Two Clocks. I give the name to the buffet in the railway station at Modane, the frontier town between France and Italy; a Berwick between Paris and Rome. Here, however, is no Tweed, gently and broadly flowing, but hurrying mountain-streams, black with the melting snows. The snow clad pinnacles touch the sky on every side. Modane is a sediment of huddled houses at the bottom of a vast cup of granite. It has the excited importance of a boundary-gate through which the traffic of two countries squeezes its way with clangor and shouting. The customs officials ply their inconvenient scrutiny here, and, if all be well, leave a chalked hieroglyphic on your baggage. We slip into the buffet to get a meal. Side by side are the two clocks, one set by Paris time and the other chimes the hour to the tune of Rome. Two impulses, you see, beat in the hearts of the Modanese, and both cities have striven to grip the hands of the world's clock, to control the pulses of men. Rome's ghostly, glorious fingers, like the pointer upon the dial, still seem to mark the intellectual hour for us. In England the controversy is ever present: Can a man claim culture who doesn't know the theories that sleep beneath the ruins? As for Paris, she wants every clock in Europe, whether in cottage or Foreign Office, to tell the time by her. But time is the conqueror of cities, and will have her way, like the tides of the sea.

I've never seen a railway refreshment room with such a glory of chandeliers as these which shine upon the pilgrim's simple meal in the buffet at Modane. Surely there's something dual about them. If the meal itself were in keeping with the lordly candelabra I might be tarrying here. As it is I avoid the meal and suck an orange instead. The orange (I think it was) came from the press of fruit plucked straight from the tree. The ripe bloom, delicate as a thought, is lost by a single dusty mile of transit. No grape grove delights the eye at Modane, but I never shall forget that orange, meat and drink to me in the buffet there. Perhaps I was tired and thirsty. At any rate, the rich juice was golden wine straight from the sun. Modane isn't a far journey from the orange groves. England and Thoreau's right. God's gifts lose sweetness in the travelling. Poetry suffers by translation. I must spare another word for the buffet's candour. Perhaps it's a symbol of conquest over the mountains of Modane. They've been made to give forth light from their dark sinews. Their headlong streams have been turned into electric power. I was interested to see at Modane, and for many miles beyond, the overhead electric wires that in London carry you to the Crystal Palace.

Through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, darkness comforting to-day to English eyes unused as yet to light intenser than a noon in June. The remoteness is redoubled by the reflecting whiteness of the upland snows.

Can these be the almond trees crisscrossing the feet of the mountains round

Bussolano? Lovely they are as a maiden's dream. Whole forests of trees richly blushing to greet the sun's return, the great sun whose feet the high mountains yonder pierce with a hundred spikes, and make them bleed when the day is done.

We are crossing the Dora. S. Antonio—I catch the name of the little sleepy township, with its white road, its russet, autumn-brown roofs, and the tower and spire of the church. The frail towers of the dainty beech-woods are lit already to announce the summer. The Queen of the Year is on her way. The orchards are rosette with the glow of approaching majesty. Oh Italy, beautiful is the path thou makest for her between these mountain fastnesses! And we, the lowliest of thy visitors, thou makest welcome too. Thy glories are like the gifts of the generous June! They may be had of "the poorest corner."

Passing Avigliana at this moment (5 p.m. by Roman time). A perfectly glorious village. Ruined castle on a height behind. Beyond, a range of mountains in garments of next-day whiteness like a cluster of Easter lilies. I suppose Turin will be our next stop. I'm pining amid this beauty for a simple cup of tea. Our railroad path a Milky Way of primroses, with violets mingled. The mountains re-echo into the distance as mistle as a dream. Excess of light hides them, too, covering them with a garment of ether. We enter the plains of Northern Italy. The grey adman-like slopes steep and sheer, the place to fields of young wheat, to green pastures which stretch in level loveliness to hills that might be banks of piled-up twilight. The long white roads—how the eye travels along them from this carriage window, while the heart wonders to what quiet havens they lead at eventide.

We got our cup of tea in the Palace Grand Hotel, right opposite Torino station. Never was sweeter liquor brewed. The charm and cleanliness of the hotel attracted us. And the pleasant courtesy of the hall porter, with his musical "Certainly, sir." That "Certainly" so far as the cup of tea was concerned, sounded to me like the "grand Amen" in the English song.

A glance at the colonnades and broad thoroughfares of Turin. It's only a glance. The beggar at the door, the flower-girls with their gay posies, the men taking both the air and the gossip on the pavement seats, the drivers and their chariots, the sense of grateful lassitude everywhere, the gracious comfort of the dark (even now a frail piece of gold, which is the moon, is overhead); these nights will, I suppose, weave themselves into a memory of Torino.

6.30 p.m. We board our train for Genoa. Like a blue-bell grows the dark. The sky refuses to be robbed of its colour. It stains the evening. Not so bright a blue in the daytime, but tenderer and more wistful, like the eyes of one at prayer. My first evening in Italy, and I am strangely sensitive to it all. The most tentative of thought seem to have a heightened power to take the beauty, to absorb it and store it away like sunlight buried to burn again in frosty hours. Gently comes the dark. Lamps are lit. The faith opens turn homewards along the road. The peasant walks beside them, and thinks



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