

THE EJECTMENT OF 1662 (Pages 645, 646).
A COMPLETE STORY—THE AFTERMATH (Page 640).
THE FUNERAL OF ALDERMAN THOMAS SNAPE, J.P. (Page 639).

THE United Methodist

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH.

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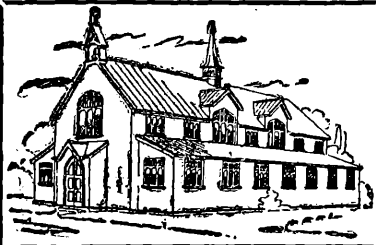
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Notes by the Way.

THIS is the week of the ministerial changes for the year. The date in August for sportsmen is "the glorious twelfth": the date for United Methodists this year is the 22nd. Is it to be glorious?—why not? There are many co-operating conditions in modern times which render them "the heir of all the ages" to ministers of religion. Why may not all these changes inaugurate ministries "more glorious." Let us see. First, it depends somewhat upon the people receiving the minister? The people? Surely not! It surely all depends on the minister? Nay, verily—upon the people. This way: it takes two parties to make a glorious ministry, not only an able, faithful and God-fearing preacher—a man may be all that and still according to the very measure of those qualities be a failure. It depends upon how those things are met. Are they met with coldness? disdain? contempt? and by people naming the name of Christ? Then in proportion to the exaltation of his life and the level of his ideals will be the deep and speechless degradation of his effect. But are they met with ready welcome, steady co-operation, and far-sighted patience, even when they seem wild and impractical? That ministry will be even more glorious. But that is the question. How will they be met? The people to whom they go, with what mood, spiritual temperament will they be found? Many a minister has his heart crushed and chilled in the very first days of a ministry which he had approached with all the freshness and renewed fire of days spent by the seaside or on the moorland, and has never looked up again during that pastoral term. His sustenance has been wasted, and he has not been wholly to blame.

Is it unfair to say, that the minister has most at stake in his life? If his ideals are wrong it is he in the end who has the largest price to pay. Of all the management of his charge he is the only one often who ever claims—and he must be able to claim it or he would not be there—that his life, ideals and schemes are based upon a definite call of God. If that is so, ought he not to be allowed a chance of working that call out? In the daily guidances given him in Church affairs, in the high intuitions as to "What Israel ought to do," in the ministry of the Gospel, in the salvation of souls? Give the man his chance. Encourage him in all that is best for his own piety. Pray for him very hard when he seems to be going wrong—even a little astray. Remember the saintly Samuel Martin's prayer for the youthful R. W. Dale—"Bury him in the grave rather than he shall fall!"

"Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter,
Nay, but I ask it, nay, but I desire,
Lay on my lips thine emblems of the altar,
Seal with the sting and furnish with the fire.

BUT the Ministers! What a chance they have to-day. Was there ever a time when the oppor-

tunity of Christian ministers of religion was equal to what it is to-day? In these ways.

The Ministers. (1) In the decline of conventions. English society is less hide-bound with conventionality now than ever before. Compare a generation ago, in a single aspect—open-air work. It was in many places thought a high indignity then; who thinks so now! Of course, there are still ministers and churches who do none, and they may have good reason for their inaction. I make bold to say—justifiable reasons. There has never yet been as much discrimination put into the a priori considerations of open-air organization as there should be. But no one will turn a hair to-day if a man starts preaching in the street, and after the loafer has had his laugh, and the backslider his jeer, and the nominalist his flout, everybody will rejoice if he succeeds. Contrast that with the days of the Skeleton Army. There are men in London to-day who "bear in their body the marks of the Lord Jesus," having been vitally attacked by weapons meant to kill in that bad time. Suffragettes and Suffragists, party politicians in elections, Socialists, and many others, have helped to this change. And it proceeds farther than open-air work. It applies to the whole of educational and advocative initiative. You have a free world before you, my brethren. Enter the goodly land. (2) Take Literature. What a perfect contrast there is between to-day and all previous times for the theological student. Imagine nothing but Horne on the Psalms. Fancy the young students being confined to Field's Theology. Conceive of the "Homilist"—useful as it was—as the only thing going which was within the means of the average Methodist minister for sermonic purposes. Contrast it all with the present. Space is not available to adequately account our resources. But supposing a man has Hastings' Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, the monthly copy of the "Expositor," and Dr. Clarke's "Outlines of Theology," is not he well off in comparison? And the mass of it, and the efficiency of it, and the comparative cheapness of it. It is simply marvellous. Spurgeon's fine lecture to the student with slender apparatus is out of date now. The student need not be so. For one shilling he can get the great classics, and for a little sacrifice the most modern equipment. And where he is young and poor and struggling, that rich man in the circuit ought to see that he gets good literature and that it is used when got.

* * * * *

(3) The modern mind. Ah! that entity is in an awkward fix just now. "Though I care as little for Plato's metaphysics as I care for the rhapsodical gammon of Professor Bergson, or Miss Corelli" (Fred. Harrison). You see it does not know how to turn. But it will have to turn. It will be compelled to take a side soon, and it will be forced to continue or renounce its ancient ideal "Truth for its own sake." When the turn comes modern religion can scarcely fail to gain something, and it may even gain mightily by the turn of the tide. My hands are full just now with Eucken's "Truth of Religion." It is a mighty indictment of nineteenth century doctrines of evolution as applied to the spiritual life of man. It is an unanswerable plea for a renewed and reformed Christianity—Christianity, too, as the only chance in modern life of saving the soul of man from shrivelling, perishing, and for inoculating him with a new and ever-enriching spiritual life. Is there no promise in that? Is there so much promise in anything else? Of course, antagonists may resort to "rhapsodical gammon," for Professor Eucken, it will not assist them very far. The minister who is a good man—unimpeachable in his personal life, no mere scallawag: who is not afraid to "launch out into the deep," to initiate: who is in touch with the spirit of the moment, can scarcely fail of success.

"It is your wish that I believe.

Ah, what else would you have me do?

When I behold you then I cleave

To God, for I believe in you."

* * * * *

From the purely Connexional point of view the ministers—in this case all of them, start the new year with fresh advantages. Men may be stagnated by a disabling constitution who ought to be assisted. It is determined once for all that they are not servants under contract. Into the details and defences of that act it is not needful to go. But it is needful to ask what are they then! They possess a founder's share—sharing the mastery. They are original authorities, being equal every way. Properly understood, it is a great exaltation. No one may dictate to them their business—no they are "in honour bound" alone. There is no loss, but great gain. Then also, the Children's Charter is upon the Conference Journal. Emanating from the London District, but accepted now for the denomination,

children have a constitutional right to junior church-membership, and a man whose heart would go out to children, and whose sympathies that way have hitherto been repelled because some churches refused them rights of membership, will find himself now free and his opportunity arrived. If throughout the Connexion we had the same ratio of junior members that is reported by one London Church we should have to our 140,000 members 90,000 juniors. What might not that mean annually in the automatic raising of the juniors to senior membership? The chance is tremendous! Brethren, arrest it. Good people, support them! God speed you all! No lotus-eating, please!

A land where all things always seem the same . . . In which it seemed always afternoon . . . And all at once they sang, "Our island home Is far beyond the wave; we will not longer roam."

We want success, but it must be within fixed limits. As a safeguard—a little volume of Robertson passages,* wholly delightful in form and perfect in apposite selection, says: "Ministerial success is not shown by the numbers who listen. Not mere impression, but altered character, marks success. Not by startling nor by electrifying congregations, but by turning men from darkness into light, from the power of Satan unto God, is the work done." The whole of this pocket volume, giving as it does the rich cream of the thinking of that great pulpit-hero of Brighton, would be a valuable commentary upon the foregoing plea and might well be circulated freely for that purpose. When is Robertson ever out of date? There is something timeless in him.

* * * * *

THIS great festival is upon us. Unless we choose to keep it in sack-cloth and ashes, which its cruelty deserves. But August 24th, 1912, will be the 250th anniversary of "Black Bartholomew's Day," when 2,000 godly ministers of Ejection—1662: the Church of England were ejected—ejected, mind, not that they resigned—for refusing to obey the King's behest in demanding that (a) they use the Book of Common Prayer; (b) they give unfeigned assent and consent to its whole content; (c) that all orders save those conferred by the hands of bishops should be disallowed. Two thousand men refused and were ejected. That is, soldiers and all the forces and officers of law were utilized to turn godly and cultivated men by force out of their homes, and their delicate and well-bred wives and their little children. It will never be done again. It broke the back of the Church of England. Barring that we might have had a truly national Church of England in this land, with Baxter and Howe and Owen in it, and in succeeding days their successors. Now, the Church of England must retrace 250 years, to establish the ideal of Christian unity it is always playing with and never seriously working at. Green says: "The change wrought by St. Bartholomew's Day was a distinctly religious change, and it was a change which in its suddenness and completeness stood utterly alone. The rectors and vicars who were driven out were the most learned and the most active of their order. The bulk of the great livings throughout the country were in their hands. They stood at the head of the London clergy, as the London clergy stood in general repute as the head of their class throughout England. They occupied the higher posts at the two universities. No English divine, save Jeremy Taylor, rivalled Howe as a preacher. No parson was so renowned a controversialist or so indefatigable a parish priest as Baxter. And behind these men stood a fifth of the whole body of the clergy, men whose zeal and labour had diffused through the country a greater appearance of piety and religion than it had ever displayed before." How could it do otherwise than break the back of the Anglican Church!

* * * * *

BUT we do not know much about the Great Ejection to-day. Indeed, there is a deplorable ignorance everywhere just now—and apathy, too—concerning Nonconformity. Think you that Anglicans are ignorant or apathetic. Read the "Church Times" for August 16th, p. 191, the review of the Life of Pym, and note its treatment of Puritanism as history. Read the following, a cutting from a South London Parish magazine:

518. If a Churchwoman feels obliged to accompany her aged and infirm parent to a Nonconformist communion service, should she regard the consecrated elements as the Body and Blood of Christ, or not? Sometimes the whole Anglican service is used, the only change being an alteration in the absolution, to make it a prayer. Yet the minister and congregation regard the elements as mere bread and wine taken in memory of

*The Heart of Things. (Robertson Passages.) By R. Mudie Smith. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Christ's death and as a sign of brotherhood between Christians.

We are quite clear on this point. Nonconformists, so called, have neither "intention" nor "jurisdiction," and do not consecrate, and do not mean to consecrate. It is a very great pity that a Churchwoman "has" to go to any service of this kind. But if it is really the case that an aged parent goes *nowhere* without her daughter, then the position of the Churchwoman daughter would be simply that of accompanying an invalid, and respectfully waiting through another person's devotions: she must not play with sacraments and be false to those of her Church.

Deplorable! It is enough to make angels weep! But it indicates as in letters of fire that the grave duty is laid upon Dissent in the country to keep the springs of historical truth pure and to maintain the fair catholicity which Christ intended in claiming Himself the mastery and every disciple to be a brother to every other.

* * * * *

BUT still we do not know much of the Great Ejection to-day. Then learn about it. Preach about it on Sunday, August 25th. Not in any spirit of bitterness, but sadly. Not to stir up strife against the Church of England: its present generation have no more responsibility for St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, than has the present writer. But to show Dissenters what their free and open worship, open Bible, free prayer, and untrammelled preaching have cost, and that to-day these things are still only free in Free Churches. For in the Anglican Church these things are still prescribed by Parliament, and any change can only be made through that medium. Happily the National Council of the Free Churches has taken time by the forelock and has published several volumes, handy, cheap, accurate in scholarship; labouring no sectarianism, and well produced, with this occasion in view. The principal brochure for the purpose is "The Ejection of 1662 and the Free Churches" (1s. net). Its contributors are Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Drysdale, and four others, including our own indefatigable Rev. Geo. Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S. Many will be inclined to purchase it for the sake of an unexpected introduction on "Fidelity to Conscience," by the late Dr. Alex. Maclaren. But it will be found to be replete with everything a preacher needs for the occasion. And if additions are required or reinforcement, there is the little biography of Baxter published under the same auspices and at the same modest price by our own contributor afore-mentioned (Rev. Geo. Eayrs), which takes the reader through the same fields and pastures from the point of view of the ideals and interests of the saintly "Reformed Pastor" of Kidderminster. It bears every goodly mark of our friend's careful and loyal work and ought to have wide circulation. I never go to his books without finding all I need without much searching and every date and fact in place. But let us keep the feast, "not with the old leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

* * * * *

As we go to press the reports concerning General Booth are no more encouraging than they have been. And we are forward to express our deepest sympathy with the greatest evangelist and organizer of our time and with his family also in this time of anxiety and foreboding. His blindness, which now seems permanent, and continued weakness, after almost superhuman displays of recuperative energy, are things that in him we cannot habituate ourselves to even in thought. We have one great consolation. If in near days the sickness should end as only it can end in due process of time, it can be said of the noble old warrior that he has laid up more "treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal," than most, and to him it can only be relief to die the death of the righteous and to let his last end be like theirs. But may he live as long as he can get any pleasure out of existence, or as his loved ones can continue to minister tenderly to his needs, he will certainly die

Full of deeds
Full of years
Full of toils and glory.

G. C.

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United Methodist Table Talk.

PERSONAL.

Mr. H. Mann, a member of our Herbert Road Church, Plumstead, has just taken his B.Sc. degree at the Royal University of Science.

Rev. T. J. Dickinson, who has been indisposed for some time, has been granted a period of complete rest by the Fore Street Church and Circuit, Redruth. On the 10th inst. he sailed for Quebec on a visit to his son, and will probably return by mid-September, we trust in completely restored health.

Miss Dorothy Matthews, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Matthews, has passed the Matriculation Examination of the Manchester University.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Rev. John Stanley, F.R.Hist.S., has published through Mr. A. H. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C., an attractive volume with the above title, in commemoration of the Ejection of 1662. The volume contains an introduction by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., and forewords by a number of leading ministers and others. Price 1s. net.

The Publishing House, at 12 Farringdon Avenue, E.C., will be closed on Saturday next owing to the annual Outing of the staff.

EJECTION OF 1662.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Hon. Secretary of the National Free Church Council, and Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, M.A., have made a motor tour through Wales in commemoration of the great Ejection of 1662. The tour occupied four days, and meetings were held at Hay, Glasbury, Talgarth, Brecon, Talybont-on-Usk, Llanfrynach, Brechfa, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd Wells, Penybont, Yanhouse, Presteign, Gore, Knucklas, Knighton, and finished with a great demonstration at Llandrindod Wells. The arrangements were made in conjunction with the Central Wales Federation, and the Free Church Councils in the various areas co-operated in this unique tour.

TREASURER OF THE SUPERANNUATION AND BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

Rev. David Heath, a trustee of the Superannuation and Beneficent Society, and formerly the Treasurer of the M.N.C. Society, has been asked to act as Treasurer pro tem., in place of the late Alderman T. Snape, and Mr. Heath has promised to serve in this way until such time as a lay treasurer can be appointed according to rule.

MINUTES OF CONFERENCE.

The Minutes of Conference will be ready in a few days, price 1s. 6d., postage fourpence extra for single copies.

Will ministers please order the copies they require in time for the September book parcels, as no copies will be sent unless ordered?

MR. W. J. MEHEW.

Many friends will be pleased to know that Mr. W. J. Meheew, whose services as an evangelist have been much in demand in our churches, has returned to the homeland restored to health and is now open to accept engagements. His address is: Lynn Dene, 2 Blenheim Street, Princes Avenue, Hull.

Funeral of Alderman Thomas Snape, J.P.

Amid manifestations of deepest sympathy the remains of Alderman Thomas Snape, a member of the Lancashire County Council and ex-M.P. for Heywood Division, who died at his Liverpool residence on Friday, 9th inst., in his seventy-seventh year, were cremated at Anfield, following upon a service at the United Methodist Church, Grove Street, which Alderman Snape had attended regularly for many years.

A large and representative company of mourners attended the service, which was conducted by the Rev. W. Wilby, superintendent minister of the church. Mr. Frank Lloyd, Mus.Bac., great nephew of the deceased gentleman, presided at the organ. The hymn, "Give me the wings of faith to rise," was sung, and the lesson from 1 Cor. xv. chapter was read by the Rev. Joseph Foster as representing the President of Conference (Rev. John Luke). The Rev. Andrew Crombie (brother-in-law) delivered a touching address, which was fully reported in our last issue. The Rev. William Redfern (President-Designate) offered prayer. The hymn "There

is a land of pure delight" was then sung, and at the close of the service Chopin's "Funeral March" was played.

At the Crematorium the Rev. W. Wilby conducted the service, the hymn, "Rock of Ages" was sung, and the Rev. David Brook, D.C.L., offered prayer.

The Chief Mourners.

The chief mourners were Dr. H. Lloyd Snape (son), Mrs. Lloyd Snape (daughter-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Watson (son-in-law and daughter), Dr. A. B. and Mrs. McMaster (son-in-law and daughter), Miss Varley (niece), Alderman Joseph and Mrs. Snape (brother and sister-in-law), Mr. William H. Snape (brother), Mr. Robert H. Lendrum, Dr. John Lendrum, and Mr. John Rigby-Jones (nephews), Mrs. Rigby-Jones (niece), Mr. Hubert Snape, Mr. Walter Snape, Dr. Harold Snape, Mr. Henry Snape, and Mr. John C. Lloyd (nephews), Messrs. Frank Lloyd, Mus.Bac., and H. Rigby-Jones (great nephews), Mr. James H. Goodyear, Mr. Richard Powell, Sir Edward and Lady Russell, Mr. R. A. B. Powell, Mr. Thomas Clarkson, Sir James Duckworth, J.P., Dr. Proctor, Alderman W. Scott Barrett, D.L. (chairman Lancashire County Council), Alderman William Healy, J.P. (chairman Heywood Liberal Association), Messrs. Ebenezer Thompson, Thomas Bell, J.P., Thomas Watson, J.P., Mark Howarth, and W. Lawton (Liverpool Peace Society), W. Bingham and W. E. Wright (representing Sceptre Life Association), J. K. Clarkson, J. Storey, T. E. Oldfield, J. Phillip Jones, and Ebenezer Smith, the Revs. A. Crombie (brother-in-law), W. Wilby, George Parker, Joseph Foster, David Brook, D.C.L., and William Redfern.

Representative Mourners.

Among the general mourners were Sir John H. Hefferman, K.C.B., Sir Alfred Dale (vice-chancellor, representing Unionist Council and Senate), Dr. Glynn Whittle and Mr. T. L. Dodds (Liverpool Philomathic Society of which Alderman Snape was an ex-president), Messrs. J. W. S. Callie (Financial Reform Association), M. Hawksworth (Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association, of which Alderman Snape was an ex-president and trustee), J. B. Shrouder and J. K. Slater (Liverpool Peace Society), Thomas Pritchard (International Arbitration League), George Rose (National Peace Council), J. E. Le Huray (United Methodist Conference), W. Halsall (Liverpool Clerks' Association), Arthur Black (Sunday School Union and Free Church Council), H. Wade Deacon, J. W. Lloyd, G. M. Bennington, William Evans, C.C., T. Fleming, C.C., T. A. Leigh, C. S. Upward (Widnes), James Cooper, W. G. Barnfather (city missionary), J. Harrison (station-master, Edge Hill), T. Brakell, John Keppie, J. H. Goodyear, jun., W. Kirk, A. Hamilton, T. W. Corlett, W. M. Kirkus, E. C. Gerrard (representing Mr. John Lea), A. H. Ison, J. T. Smith, J. Black, J. Philip Jones (Hollywell), H. McCormick, W. Nash, J. E. Balmer (Manchester), W. Howard, Robert Jones, S. Such, W. S. Massey, W. Newall, D. Rowland, J. W. Boundy, John Robertson, A. H. Dudley, G. H. Beeston, Ezra Roberts, S. Townley, W. J. Burgess, W. A. Cookson, J. Hudson, J. Harker, J. Harker, jun., Charles Porter, Robert Turner, J.P. (Rochdale), J. S. Whalley, C. A. Brockbank (Morecambe), Kerr Waddell, R. M. Adams, (chairman, Liverpool Methodist Council), and H. Ridehalgh, Captain Slocum, Dr. Charles E. Lee, and the Revs. Archdeacon Madden, T. R. Dann (secretary, Liverpool Federation of Free Church Councils), Robert Lewis, F. Spencer, G. E. Welch, E. Cato, R. T. Rowley, T. Sheldon Willetts, J. Sephton, A. Bamforth, W. M. Rawlinson, Principal T. Sherwood (Manchester), E. Craine, W. Edmondson, J. Percival, Alfred A. Lee (Liverpool Congregational Church Council), Herbert Dunnico, and Walter Bathgate.

Alderman William Oulton sent his carriage.

Peace Society's Loss.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Peace Society the following resolution was adopted:—"The members of the committee of the Liverpool Peace Society have received with deep emotion and profound sorrow the mournful tidings of the death of Alderman Thomas Snape, the president of the society. They deeply deplore the irreparable loss of a revered leader, and desire to place on record their high appreciation of the great services rendered to the cause of peace and humanity by Mr. Snape during the untiring labours of a long life. For nearly fifty years he worked zealously as a member of the Executive Committee, holding the office of president for the last twenty-five years, and the committee feel that it is impossible to over-estimate the value of the services he rendered. They wish further to proffer their respectful sympathy to Dr. Lloyd Snape and the other members of the family in the painful bereavement they have been called upon to sustain."

The County Magistrates paid tributes to the late Alderman Snape.

Tributes by the Religious Press.

Highly appreciative tributes have been paid to the late Alderman Snape by the "Christian World," "British Weekly," "Methodist Recorder," "Methodist Times" and other widely-circulated journals in London and in the Provinces.

Preaching at Stanhill, Accrington, on Sunday night, Mr. E. Woolley, J.P., paid a warm tribute to the late Alderman Snape, and referred at length to his many services in Church and State. He laid emphasis on Mr. Snape's work as one of the compilers of our excellent Hymnal. There was a large and most appreciative congregation.

What Our Readers Think.

Save the Sabbath!

MR. FRANK BYARD writes:

Some eighteen months ago you were good enough to insert a short article from my pen on the question of Sunday Amusements. Since that time the matter has become a more serious one. We have arrived at the stage when demands are being made which, if conceded, will entirely alter the character of the Sabbath day as one of rest, worship and quietude.

The question has been forced into an acute phase by reason of the large number of picture palaces which now give performances Sunday by Sunday in London and other large towns—so much so, that the proprietors of theatres and music-halls are naturally becoming jealous and alarmed, and are asking why they also should not be allowed to follow suit. And to be quite logical, it seems difficult to assign any reason why they should *not*. Fortunately there is a ray of hope where, perhaps, it was least to be expected. The Executive Committee of the Variety Artists' Federation have recently passed a resolution that "strenuous efforts should be made to abolish entirely the opening of all places of public entertainment on Sundays, thus preserving Sunday as a day of rest and recreation for the artists." Some of the managers of theatres, on the other hand, express themselves in favour of the proposed opening—whilst those who do not support it, think that all houses of amusement ought, in all fairness, to be placed upon a footing of equality. The cinematograph theatres, which now open on Sundays, do so ostensibly in the sacred cause of charity. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," but in this case I strongly suspect it covers a *pious fraud* and nothing else. Then we are told, and expected to believe, that there is no compulsion on the part of the staff to work on Sunday. Fancy the position of a man applying for a job as an operator or musician at a hall where Sunday shows are held, and stating that he has a conscientious objection to working on Sunday. What chance has he got?

One cannot view the recent action of the War Office in sanctioning Sunday Rifle practice for Territorials with anything but grave misgiving (this under a Liberal Government, too!)

There is also the increasing use of the day by the upper classes solely as a day of pleasure—surely in their case a week of six days is long enough to get all the pleasure and recreation that is needed?

Are the Churches of all kinds to stand helpless in the face of all this? Is it not time that some determined stand should be made by Christian people of all denominations on behalf of the Sabbath? Do we want a Continental Sunday? Do we want a seven-day working week? Because there can be no doubt whatever that if we remain passive now, these things will be foisted on us whether we want them or not. Now is the time to make an effort if we are not to lose all. The variety artists are having a meeting in September to demand the closing of all amusement places on Sundays. Let us support them by every means in our power. I am afraid that before long the County Council will be having applications for 7-day licenses for theatres. In order that they may be encouraged to refuse such applications let us try and create a public opinion sufficiently strong to back them up. If something of this kind is not done the pressure on the other side will increase until the Council has to give way.

Then I wonder, too, if it would be possible for the President of the Conference, so deservedly honoured for his service to great Puritan principles, to take some steps to approach the heads of the other Free Churches and see if it is not possible to inaugurate some joint action, so that those in authority may be made to feel that we will not tolerate or sanction any proposals for further commercializing the Day of Rest.

If we will only speak out now, and speak with no uncertain voice, I feel that it is possible that a blow may be struck for righteousness and for the sanctities of life that we may long have cause to be thankful for.

Home Rule.

ANGLO-IRISH writes:

I was under the impression that party political questions were not allowed to be discussed in the pages of the UNITED METHODIST. Of late, however, our Editor seems to have departed from the wise rule, for his references to Irish Home Rule in the current issue of the UNITED METHODIST as well as on a former occasion, can scarcely be intended to further the views of young Unionist readers. Messrs. Hocking and Begbie must have a very inadequate idea of the problem involved, if they think the issue will be in any way affected by the details published in their books, specimens of which you give. Had they taken the trouble to look into the Unionist papers from time to time, they must have seen that the facts which they now give are no original discoveries, but have been remarked upon over and over again. During the years that Home Rule has been out of court, this growing friendliness between the two sections of the Irish people has been very marked. But that has been regarded as an argument on the other side—against Home Rule. With the re-introduction of Home Rule relations, I am afraid, have become strained; as witness the unprovoked and wholly unjustifiable attack by the Hibernians on the Sunday School procession, leading to retaliation on the part of the Island men in Belfast. The details which these two gentlemen give us, out of their note-books, settle nothing; in particular, one way or the other; the real issue lies elsewhere, and remains untouched.

The Aftermath.

BY LILLIAS TROTMAN.

"AND who cares?" asked James Armstrong, A.R.A. His title was of the newest; in fact he had but that moment heard of his election to one of the vacant places. "Who cares? You'll find out to-morrow," said the friend who had dropped in with the news, "Congratulations will pour in—likewise commissions. You're well liked, old fellow, no one will begrudge it you."

"I wasn't thinking of that sort," said Armstrong. "I'd give something handsome to see my brother Jack's face if he could hear the news—he's somewhere in the neighbourhood of the North Pole—and he's all I've got of kin."

Presently when he was alone in his glory, Armstrong with his pipe between his teeth and hands thrust deep in his pockets stared into the fire and cogitated. A man in early middle life—tall—broad-shouldered and bearded—he looked what he was; an artist and a worker: one whose art was to him a mission: a message to be faithfully delivered to his day.

Somehow the news of his newly-acquired honours seemed to depress him, although he prized the distinction and realized to the full all it meant of added opportunity and larger wealth.

"It's little I dreamed of this years ago," he thought—"if my old dad were here to-night it would be better worth while—he'd be paid for all the disappointment I was to him. Poor old boy—it was a bitter pill that neither Jack nor I would step into his shoes Yes, there's one other—little Millie would be glad. Where is she I wonder? Married years ago most likely. Strange how we seemed to drop apart, when we had got through the R.A. Schools. That girl was a real friend; true as steel. Poor little soul. I must have been a heavy drain on her hopefulness sometimes. I needed a deal of cheering up in those days. If it hadn't been for her belief in me I believe I'd have gone into the factory as the dad wanted."

A clock struck. Armstrong took his hat, switched off the light and opened the door of his studio. A driving, drenching rain beat in his face. He closed the door and went back to the fire; the chain of thought refused to be broken. Presently he reached out for a little canvas that stood face to the wall, and bringing it close he studied it in the fire-light.

A girl's face, half finished. He remembered with shame that he had not thought it worth finishing. Millie had been willing enough to sit to him, but he had soon lost interest: she had not beauty sufficient to make it worth while, he had thought.

Looking at the sketch now the man saw what the lad had missed—a soul looking through the steadfast eyes; character in the well-cut mouth and firmly modelled chin. "I was a blind fool" thought Armstrong, "but after all what could a penniless art student do?"

For the four or five years that they had studied at South Kensington and the Academy Schools they had met daily in the happy camaraderie of art students, then the bond had snapped. He went to Paris to study at Julien's and she—he hardly knew. He had seen her name in a few catalogues, they had met, twice he thought, by accident in the Galleries, and then, silence.

A ring at the studio bell. As Armstrong went towards the door he switched on the light, and the big bare studio with few properties, no knick-knacks—the dead ashes of the fire—stood revealed. As he opened the door another flood of light dazzled his eyes: the rain was over and the full moon rode in majesty in the heavens. A woman stood in the porch outlined in moonlight. For a moment Armstrong thought it was the model returned. Then—"Millie!"

Had he spoken? Had he taken her hand and led her in? He did not know; but presently they sat side by side, and the years that had separated them were as a curtain that had been rolled away.

Brave and bright she looked: the oval of her face finer, her figure fuller, her eyes steadfast, loving—the eyes no longer of a girl, but of a woman, who lived her life bravely for herself, helpfully for others. She seemed full of a radiant vitality, a healthful gracious creature, whose loving spirit illuminated its casket. Nestling in the fur at her throat was a little bunch of violets: their perfume came to Armstrong as they talked, and seemed a part of her.

Perhaps he told the most of what had happened in the intervening years. Her listening face was an inspiration, her sympathy a cordial for which his heart was greedy.

He found that she knew already all his great events—when a great personage had bought his "Autumn Sunlight" when the Chantry Commissioners had rejoiced his heart by purchasing "The Curfew"; and his latest and grandest triumph, his election as A.R.A.—every milestone on his road to fame was recorded in her faithful heart. And then it was his turn to question.

"Have you been working in the old name Millie?" Then with a sudden chill at heart—"Are you married? I've looked for your name in the catalogues and have not seen it there for years."

"No," said she; "I have not married, but I gave up my work long ago."

"The pity of it," said Armstrong. "You had far more talent than I in the old days. Do you remember your nick-name, 'The Little Genius'? I often envied you your accurate eye and strong imaginative power. How was it?" His voice took a tender tone, "Surely the girl who again and again kept me from despair did not lose courage herself?"

"I had been ill," said Millie, "and when after months of weakness my strength came back—so slowly—my power was gone! When I saw that success after success came to you I sometimes thought that God had heard my prayers. Often when you were so despairing

I used to pray with all my undisciplined heart that whatever success life had in store for me, might be, if it were possible, transferred to you—the fancy that it was so was my great comfort And I felt proud and thankful to have been your friend," said she simply, "for you are one of the few who try to teach and elevate, and who feel their powers a gift from God."

Tears stood in Armstrong's eyes; he spoke eagerly "Oh, my dear! you will share whatever success I have won—for it belongs to you. Often Millie, when I have been tempted to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage, the memory of our old ideals has kept me true. You will be again my brave companion and my darling wife?"

He stretched out eager hands to her; but his impetuous words seem to startle her. She rose and fastened her cloak. Her eyes had something sad and wistful in their depths. She put her hand in his—the warm touch thrilled him. "I must go," she said, "it must be very late. Good-bye."

"Not good-bye, my darling. Have you nothing to say in answer?"

"Yes," said she, "what you have said to me would make me happier if I were in heaven—but I cannot stay. Open the door!"

Armstrong obeyed her. Taking his hat and turning the key in the lock he followed her out.

The moon was low—as he went down the path of the old garden in which the studio stood, she seemed to flit before him so quickly that involuntarily he quickened his steps, and opening the gate stood in the quiet street—alone.

Bewildered—with the feeling of a man who dreams and knows it, but cannot help himself, he retraced his steps. Could he have passed her in the dim garden path? He thought he saw the waving outline of her cloak; it was but a branch swinging in the night wind.

* * * * *

The next morning—a sunny morning with a touch of frost in the crisp air, Armstrong entered the studio at an earlier hour than usual, and glanced eagerly round as if the place that had been hallowed by Millie's visit might in some way aid him to trace the visitor. On the floor lay a little bunch of withered violets. He picked them up tenderly and laid them by the small picture on the table. His model a cheeky laughing girl entered a moment later.

"To think of you cherishing my violets Mr. Armstrong," she said with a saucy tilt of her chin.

"Yours!" said Armstrong with unflattering emphasis. "Yes, mine, my autumn violets," said she with a laugh, "I must have dropped them yesterday."

Feeling dazed and bewildered he settled to his morning's work. An expectant feeling possessed him, every moment he raised his eyes to the door—and when in the afternoon he heard the bir-r-r of the electric bell, and the rustle of skirts, he went forward with outstretched hand and illuminated face to welcome—Mrs. de Lancy and daughter, his American neighbours come to pay a deferred visit. "You are expecting us?" said Mrs. de Lancy, "No, you were expecting some one else," as the illumination died out with startling rapidity.

He got through the day as best he might—his mind possessed with one thought: how soon should he see Millie again? He realized now what completeness her love and companionship would give to his life; with her by his side he could do better work than ever before.

The next day, and the next, Armstrong watched and waited in vain. He looked up old comrades of those bygone days, but could get no word of Millie (he found afterwards that a clue lay close at hand unnoticed and unsuspected). Then when hope was almost dead he remembered one word of hers that night, and took courage, and tried to wait with patience. A month or two at most and they would meet again. The thought put fire into his heart and told on his work. When the Academy opened in May his big work, "The Aftermath," was one of the pictures of the year.

One thing puzzled his friends, Armstrong, heretofore the most diffident of men where his own work was concerned, took to haunting the gallery where it was hung. Scarcely a day passed without a visit to the Academy: he hung about as if half ashamed. Would he be able to tear himself away in July, his intimates wondered?

At last his patience was rewarded. He entered the Galleries one morning late in May and turned, as usual, to the Third Room. A slender figure stood before his picture, so intently studying it that his footstep was unheard.

"Millie," he said. At the sound she turned and started: her face paled and then crimsoned, her eyes were full of a great surprise. She hardly seemed to understand his eagerness and delight at their meeting. For a moment Armstrong felt chilled: it was as if a thin mist hung between them. If at first he had thought to take up the thread where it had been dropped he soon gave up the idea; there was a gentle aloofness about her which he had not expected. He called her "Millie," but she did not use his name. "I'll have to begin at the beginning," said Armstrong to himself, "and the sooner the better."

"Let's go somewhere where we can talk, Millie. You used to like the Park in the old days."

"Why," said she smiling and colouring very girlishly, "I came here to see the pictures, and have seen only one as yet." She stopped abruptly, and her colour deepened.

"The pictures can wait," said Armstrong, "we'll attend to them another time." (But he made a mental note that she had commenced her inspection in the middle of the Third Room). She made no further objection, and presently they were walking down Piccadilly together.

In the strong light of the sunny morning she looked more fragile than he had thought: there was less confidence in her carriage, something almost girlish which appealed very strongly to him—she had gained a gentle serenity that had been lacking in the old days. Little Millie had become a very sweet woman he thought.

The Park was in all the beauty of blossom time, masses of sweet scented lilac, and may that ran through the gamut from palest pink to deeper crimson: rhododendrons like giant candelabra aflame with gorgeous colour, beds of tulips holding up their chalices in the hot sunlight: and in Walk and Row gay crowds whose brilliant dresses and laughing voices filled eye and ear and banished solitude. They saw it all unheeding—but the brightness and the bloom seemed to reflect the happy tumult of their hearts—as if their lives were blossoming.

Under the trees by the Serpentine they found a quiet spot, and this time Armstrong took care that Millie should do the talking, the charm of a sweet voice had always been hers, and its tones had gained a lovelier quality—he had noticed it that night months ago—how was it in the old days he had not felt its subtle power?

She told him willingly enough the story of the years, some of it he knew already—a story of loss and struggle—she, too, was left alone, with no success such as his to gild her loneliness. She should not be lonely long, Armstrong vowed as he listened; but he lacked courage to put his fate to the touch. What if she should rise and leave him as she had done before? He must go gently this time. All the same, before the year was out she should be his to care for and make happy.

"And she shall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare,"

sang the bird in his heart.

"Why did you disappear so utterly, Millie?" he ventured, when her story was told. "It seemed a thousand times more lonely after that glimpse of you. I have looked for you early and late This is a day to be marked with a white stone; at last I have found you."

She seemed about to speak, but flushed instead. He stumbled on, "I felt that your sympathy and help were necessities of life to me, and yet you held aloof. Why was it?"

"I did not know," she said so softly that he had to listen for the words, "I did not guess you needed me."

"You did not know, Millie?"

The question in his voice was answered for a moment by the surprise in her eyes, and then the lashes hid them. He felt again bewildered and baffled. To let her go without her promise was not to be thought of—and yet he feared to lose her by the asking

Then he stooped and plucked a daisy and drew its slender stalk between her fingers.

"Tell me my fortune, Millie."

"If you will tell me how," she said.

"She loves me—she loves me not," said Armstrong.

Millie caught her breath and then laughed softly. "I thought it was 'He loves me,' she said, and crimsoned from neck to brow.

"And you thought right, heart's-dearest," said Armstrong, and took the daisy and the fingers that held it into his warm clasp, and this time she did not say him nay.

He kept his vow. On the last night of the year Armstrong brought his wife to the studio that they two might see the New Year in, in happy fellowship. It was the first time they had entered it since their marriage: they had but just returned from their wedding trip to Italy.

"When were you here last, Millie?" asked he as they sat in the firelight. She thought a moment. "Fifteen years ago." "Fifteen years? Fifteen months you mean."

"No," said she, "I mean what I say, it is fifteen years since you brought me to see your studio. You had just taken it, I have never seen it since until to-night."

James Armstrong sat in amaze. Once or twice during their short engagement he had tried to talk of that Angel visit, but she had not responded and he had thought the subject distasteful to her, but now that they were on the very spot he could keep silence no longer.

He looked at her as the firelight played on the soft masses of her hair and lit up her winsome face, blushing and dimpling under his earnest gaze. The dainty figure in the pretty gown, the jewelled hands clasping her knee made a picture he was never tired of gazing on—but he must get to the bottom of the subject once for all.

"Come here," he commanded, and she dutifully obeyed.

"Now," said he, when the prisoner was ready for cross-examination, "can you look me in the face and stick to that statement?"

"Why surely," said she, with a faint amazement in her voice. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, a very strange circumstance," said he, and told her the story.

She was very still, but one little hand spoke eager sympathy by warm pressure and quick squeezes and once a tear splashed down upon the hand that held it prisoner.

When the tale was done she rallied her forces. "Do you really mean to say," she asked "that you believe I came here and said that to you?"

"Well, it seemed to me that you did."

"Oh, Jim, what must you have thought of me?"

"Well, my darling, it seemed to show me that you were, as I had never realized before, the very wife for me. Don't tell me that you never said those words or had those thoughts, or I shall be the poorer all my life."

"I did have those thoughts—often—but I never spoke them, except in a dream to you That must be the explanation, we were both dreaming."

"It was no dream," said Armstrong. "If you did not come yourself you sent your Guardian Angel, that is the only alternative that I will accept, and if it is true that 'marriages are made in heaven' it is a perfectly feasible

one. Hark! There are the bells. A Happy New Year to you, my darling."

With the sound of the pealing bells, the New Year and the new life seemed to stretch before them like some land of Beulah—and their happy hearts gave thanks.

Simon Peter.

BY REV. T. A. JEFFERIES.

IX.—PREACHING JESUS.

ACTS II. 14, 32—42.

(C.E. Topic for Sept. 1.)

BOLDLY stands the preacher, his whole attitude and manner betokening the intensity of his conviction and the fervour of his zeal. He is greatly daring, too, for is he not preaching Jesus under the shadow of the walls of the very chamber in which meets the council which crucified him, and denouncing their crime to the assembled multitudes? Who is this bold advocate who takes his life in his hands to proclaim Christ as Saviour? Can it be the man who seven weeks ago dared not confess that name to a slave girl and denied Him with an oath? Is it he whom we last saw humbly protesting his love? Yes, it is the same Peter, but greatly changed. Then he fled, now he leads the attack. Then he feared to acknowledge, now he proclaims his faith. Then he trembled at the thought of chains, now he dares the authorities to their face. What has transformed him? What has made the timid brave? What has turned defeat into triumph? It is the power of the Holy Ghost.

"Tarry ye in Jerusalem till ye be endued with power," said the Master. Peter had tarried and his preaching at Pentecost is the result. Would not our preaching of Jesus be more effective if we tarried more? We have introduced a wrong emphasis into our thoughts about the gift of the Spirit. We look at the climax instead of the process which made it inevitable, and pray occasionally for the power which only comes to those who tarry. We forget that power is not simply force. Power is applied force. It is an instrument plus the force needed to drive it. The power of a locomotive depends not only on the fire in the furnace but also on the mechanical quality of the engine. And the Holy Ghost has not only to supply us with driving force; He has first to make us efficient instruments. That is why Christ says "Tarry ye." The Gospel must be preached in the power of the Spirit or it will accomplish nothing, but even before that is the necessity for a gospel to preach. And we do not get our gospel in a moment. It is given us by the gradual illumination of the Spirit as we wait upon Him, weighing and working out the facts in the light He gives. This is the preparation of the instrument, and it was this which preceded and made possible the Day of Pentecost. In those days of tarrying, the Spirit had been convincing them of truth, making it real to them, revealing to them its bearings, and so filling their minds with the great message of redemption that it needed only the fire of Pentecost to send the word echoing round the world.

Let us see to it that we grasp and apply this double meaning of power. The old Methodists gloried in "fire," the Quakers sought the inner light and were great in the depth and tenacity of their convictions. The one is the spiritual counterpart of force, the other is the machine. But power demands both. The finest truths seem dead when they fall from cold lips, and the most burning fervour can only arouse a passing enthusiasm unless it bear a mighty message in its flaming heart. The most effective preachers have ever been those in whom these two were united. And the power of the Spirit includes both, as they will ever find who seek Him aright. Peter had taken the right way. It was a new experience for the disciples, and there was no knowledge of the end to mislead him. He simply tarried in obedience to his Lord, praying, pondering, and waiting for the promise of the Father. While he tarried the Spirit was leading him into the truth, and when he was ready the great awakening came. The dam gave way and the pent up waters of gospel grace swept down from the hills of God into the deserts of human life. Do not make the mistake of thinking you can have the power of the Spirit in an unprepared heart and empty mind. Let the Spirit teach you. He must create His instrument before He can use it.

That the power lies in the message as well as in the force with which it is delivered becomes clearer when we catch the burden of Peter's preaching. It is a Spirit-taught message. From first to last he dwells upon the resurrection as vindicating the Messiahship of Jesus and the reality of the spiritual world. The message had come home to himself and lifted him into a new outlook. What cared this man for ruler or crowd? He had discovered the reality of the things not seen. This first pentecostal sermon rings with the note of victory, a note which runs from the first chapter of the Acts to the end of Revelation. The resurrection was the lamp which the Holy Ghost had turned upon life, and in its light the value of everything was changed. On a booklet that has reached me this week is printed the following from D. S. Cairns, "The whole literature (of the New Testament) is inspired by the conviction, not simply that something has been discovered, but that something has happened." Yes the Resurrection had happened, and through the open doorway of that stupendous event the apostles gazed upon a new heaven and a new earth. They preached a gospel that had a realized eternity for its background, to which they had been led by the great Teacher, and they preached it in the power of the Holy Spirit. Can we wonder at their victories or fail to see where we are weak?

The Middle-Aged of our Churches and Congregations.

It was said by a great orator of the 18th century in praise of a well-known philanthropist, that "he attended to the neglected." One of the best eulogiums that can be paid to a good hostess is to say that she cares for those who are apt to be neglected—the shy, the sensitive, and those who are unknown to the rest of the company. It is the duty of the Christian Church also to study and to cater spiritually for the neglected.

In all periods, there are some who are boomed on by the age, and others who are in consequence neglected: for an age is very much like an individual in its incapacity for attending to many things at once.

There have been epochs when the children were not understood and were, in consequence, neglected. Such an era was the 18th century. It is true that Robert Raikes lived in that century. It is true also that John Wesley founded a school at Kingswood. But it is equally true that Wesley was far from being a psychologist in relation to children. Many years had to pass away before the children came to their own.

There have also been periods when the poor were very much neglected. There was no absence of sporadic and thoughtless charity: but there was what I may call intellectual neglect. People accepted poverty as one of the permanent factors of society.

It cannot be said that either the poor or the children are utterly neglected in our generation: a great deal of thought is expended, and many books are written on both.

May it not be truly said that millionaires are a spiritually neglected class of people? They are often denounced. It is taken for granted that a man may raise of pile of £20,000 or £50,000, or £100,000 without injustice, but that a millionaire must necessarily be a greater sinner than all the rest in Jerusalem: though precisely the same financial processes are involved in the one case as in the others. But let us suppose that they are the greatest of sinners; and if so, it follows that we ought to concentrate on them our labours and prayers, since history shows that the greater the sinner, the greater are the possibilities of ultimate sainthood and usefulness. It would be well if we had a few writers and preachers who were, what I may call, millionaire-fanciers. Then perhaps the day may dawn when we shall have a great missionary millionaire, for whose advent I often pray.

But I wish to call special attention, at the present time, to the neglect of middle-aged people.

Methodism once gathered them in classes. Classes, however, for various reasons, have gone out of fashion: for there are fashions in the Church as well as in the world. I doubt whether it is possible to resuscitate them in their old form: but surely it is possible to have a meeting, sometimes for prayer, sometimes for testimony, sometimes for information about the wonderful things are taking place on the foreign field.

Middle-aged people need means of grace during the week quite as much as the young, if not more. Middle-aged people are very apt to cultivate a shallow optimism and to suppose that all is well with them because many years ago they were converted and became members of the Church. They have many duties to do, many relationships to fulfil, they feel that they have scarcely strength to put much soul into them all, and they are liable to become the victims of mechanism and formalism. The great danger of the Medievalists (I mean Medievalists in relation to human life; and not in relation to the ages of history) is that of Pharisaism. This Pharisaism, in our time, is often tempered with frivolity. These people are moral, decorous, liberal, friendly to good causes, universally tolerant: but there is very little left of the fire which once burnt brightly on the altar of their hearts. They are neither cold nor hot. They have attained what the cook at Rowland Hill's school, when a boy, called a "nice medium," viz., luke warmth.

We make a great mistake if we suppose that they have no influence on the young. The Church is not built in water-tight compartments. There needs to be a great renaissance of true religion among our middle-aged people.

I refer not merely to the Church, but also to the congregation. There are those who for long years have been outside the Church who would become insiders, if

an earnest appeal were made to them. I speak not without experience.

Henry Ward Beecher had a meeting during the week of a very elastic kind. Sometimes it was a prayer-meeting. Sometimes it was a praise-meeting. Sometimes it was an obituary service. Sometimes it was for testimony. It was so varied and so attractive that it was attended by hundreds.

We have not all of us the genius of Beecher, but the history of the P.S.A. movement shews us that genius or talent is not the essential requisite of a bright, brotherly, and helpful meeting. Still it is important that there should be a good leader who exercises a true pastoral function towards the members of his class, who thus fulfils the duty which John Wesley expected from class-leaders. It is not only true of the multitudes of Whitechapel and Ancoats, but it is true also of many rich and many middle-aged people in our time that they are wandering in the wilderness of the world as "sheep without a Shepherd." Some of them are well-educated and have intellectual tastes, and are very apt to confound mental illumination with spiritual insight and power. Let us take compassion on them (for they need it just as much as the masses) and gather them within the folds of the church, so that their conventional respectability and frivolous gaiety may be transformed and transfigured into Christian childlikeness and joy. R. A.

A Day in the Country.

THAT schools and lessons are over for a time is evident by the numbers of children at play in the London parks and commons, and in the narrow streets at the back of the main arteries of traffic. By a happy arrangement the longest holiday is granted whilst daylight lasts 14 hours or so per day: the boys and girls being thus enabled to give full scope to their playful ingenuity and enthusiasms and so fatigue themselves into sleep before the sun has set and night been ushered in. It is pleasant to think of the organizations at work to ensure that the holidays shall be well spent. The Children's Country Holidays' Fund, for example sending 50,000 children into the country every year for a fortnight. But only a small proportion of the Elementary School scholars are benefited by this institution.

It has been reserved to the Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, in conjunction with the Ragged School Union to solve the problem as far as the very poorest children are concerned. For many years this fund has entertained 500 to 600 children connected with the Waterloo Road Chapel, Lambeth, S.E., to a day's visit to the country. So appreciated is this excursion that the tickets of membership issued to the children during the winter sessions are carefully kept till the day of the outing is at hand.

This year's excursion took place last Thursday week, 8th August, when the youthful guests were taken by special train to Hampton Court. And what a party!! Six hundred prospective men and women, handicapped from the days of childhood, and who, but for the Ragged School and similar institutions, in addition to the sympathetic interest evinced in their welfare by such leaders as the Rev. S. Gordon, and Messrs. D. M. Lamb and W. J. Fox, would miss many an opportunity of developing strong character tempered by the influence of the Great Exemplar. Alas, the clothes! Tell-tales of home conditions, they divulged many a pathetic story. Some of the girls wearing a part of the family wardrobe, this secret being revealed by the ill-fitting and much-worn garments, and one lad in particular being sadly conspicuous by his "baggy" trousers of yellow carpet! Not a few of the little feet were untroubled by socks, whilst holes at knees and elbows bore eloquent testimony to parental neglect.

These disadvantages did not appear to kill childish buoyancy and boisterousness. For once in Bushey Park the children soon ran from one end to the other, or forced their way through the bracken; at other times they would watch the tiny fish darting to and fro in the ponds, or would be resisting with difficulty temptation to chase the deer in the Park. But amidst all the fun, brother and sister were not forgotten, a small piece of the tasty bun served at tea was smuggled in more than one little pocket to be taken home, and if by chance a spare penny had been earned or given, it was invariably invested in "Sweet Rock," that some neighbour's child might share, if indirectly, in the day's pleasure. The rain that fell during the day failed to damp the children's ardour, for if they enjoy playing in the wet in their own street, why not in Bushey Park?

Excellent arrangements were made by Mr. Dyer (of the Ragged School Union). To him, and to all concerned, was the evident gratitude of the damp and tired, but unmistakably happy party returning to Waterloo Station just as the sun was setting that evening.

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The Spiritual Ideals of Young Methodism.

BY REV. NENDICK ABRAHAM, F.R.G.S., Cape Town.

THE object of this paper is to set before young Methodists thoughts which may help them to attain a larger measure of blessing for themselves and others, and to unite them in a world-wide unity of purpose and aim. Such unity may be achieved; for although each country or State may have its own special and peculiar circumstances and conditions, and although methods found successful in one land may not of necessity suit the requirements of another, yet, our ideals may be one; young Methodism in every part of the world may work out one common purpose. Then let us with clear vision, and full purpose of heart, consider some of the ideals possible to all, the very effort to attain which will bind us still closer in our blessed comradeship.

Devotion to Jesus Christ.

(1) A passionate devotion to Jesus Christ.

There is no room in Christian experience for lukewarm lovers of our Lord. Our discipleship must be marked by enthusiasm. Our devotion to Him must be all absorbing. As young soldiers in a country's army will follow some great commander through fire and the hail of death, so must we follow the son of Mary, who is the Son of man, the Son of God, God the Son, blessed for evermore. Let us aim at this passionate devotion to our Lord in our own experience, and never rest until the fire that has been kindled in our own hearts sweeps through the Methodist Church, burning up all half-heartedness and formality, creating such a glow of white heat that men outside the Church may see and believe, and be baptized with fire.

Cultivation of Spirituality.

(2) The cultivation of an intense spirituality in our own lives, and in the life of the Church.

We are speaking to the healthy, robust young manhood and womanhood of our Church, and have no sympathy with any so-called spirituality which is inconsistent with the strength and vigour of young life at its best. Intense spirituality is the perfect health and development of our spiritual nature. Intense physical health is one of the greatest of blessings. Life and strength overflowing, full of laughter and joy, full of quenchless enthusiasm and glorious daring. Such is perfect physical health. Lift all this into spiritual experience, and you will know something of the nature of intense spirituality. To know God; to do His will perfectly; to be what He meant us to be when He first thought of us; to enter into and cultivate a perfect friendship with God through Jesus Christ; to enjoy the full privileges of sons of God; to know prayer as fellowship with the Infinite; to send out the love of our souls in all its mysterious depth and fullness to God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit; to joyously use all the means of grace prescribed for the healthy development of the spiritual side of our nature—this is intense spirituality. It is a practical realization of God; of our inheritance in Him, and His inheritance in us.

But we must also seek to bring about a like intense spirituality in the Methodist Church. The Church has her temptations, and to some of them she has yielded. During recent years the Church has been conscious of a great deal of indifference to the claims of religion on the part of the multitudes outside the fold. To win these indifferent souls, some have resorted to doubtful and unspiritual methods. Ideals have been lowered. Young Methodism must set itself to keep the life of our Church on a high level.

What we want is a Church standing apart from party politics and from doubtful expediences; from the worldly desires of the multitudes that cry under their breath, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." Our Church must stand as a witness to things unseen, and must offer a home to the souls of men whose hearts are yearning for God.

One very definite aim of a really spiritual Church will be the preservation of the sacredness of the Lord's day. Almost everywhere determined efforts are being made to secularize it. If young Methodists throughout the five continents would pledge themselves to wise and strong resistance against this dishonour to our Lord, great results would follow. Let us be known by this badge of loyalty to our Lord—the keeping of the Holy Day for worship, Christian service, rest, and only for such social and physical enjoyments as harmonize with the spirit of worship and reverent joy.

Missionary Activity and Brotherly Love.

(3) The hastening of the time when the name of God shall be hallowed throughout the world.

If this ideal could be gripped; if young Methodism would plight its strength to the hastening of that day, then how great and glorious would be the blessing that would come to the Church and the world! Our missionary meetings would become the rallying-places of souls filled with zeal for God and love for men. Our Missionary Societies would throb with new life; and the glory of God would fill the Church.

Let young Methodists give this ideal longing not only a place in their daily litany, but hold it as a supreme purpose to be lived for, worked for, sacrificed for, and achieved.

(4) The exercise of an abounding love one towards another and towards all men.

Happy the day when we all learn to see in every human being one for whom Christ died, one for whom the love

of God was manifested; when race distinctions and social differences shall no longer contradict the spirit of goodwill which should make us just, kind, compassionate, brotherly to all. Let us put down in our own souls, and in the life of the Church, all littleness, meanness, and selfishness; all the vainglory of wealth and mere social distinction; and seek to realize a real and universal brotherhood in Christ Jesus.

Churchmanship and Worship.

(5) The cultivation of a high sense of duty as regards church-membership, as distinct from attending the services of the Church and leading a good life.

We have duties to perform towards the Church of which we are members, and duties are sacred obligations. Let all young Methodists face these duties, and accept their responsibilities with joy. This will mean a full share of personal identification with the work, the aims, and methods of the Church. We are partners in a great concern—not sleeping partners, but living souls in earnest and vital association with the life of God's people. This ideal has a very direct application to the spiritual work of the Church. If the Church calls a prayer-meeting, or a fellowship meeting, or if a Holy

Communion service has been appointed, let us realize our responsibility, and seek to give these means of grace their true importance and place in our Church life. Let every one of us undertake some definite work for the Church, and pledge ourselves to the success of some one department of her activities, and so make our membership a reality.

One more ideal:

(6) We must make public worship in our Churches as spiritual and beautiful as possible.

In a great Church like ours there will be naturally many diversities of thought and prejudices. Some love a more or less liturgical service, some prefer a worship rigidly severe in its simplicity. So let it be. We have no wish to see a fixed and unalterable uniformity in the method of worship; but whatever may be the character of the order and form of public worship, in any particular congregation of which we are members, let us see, so far as it is in our power, that it shall be as perfect and as beautiful as possible. The daisy is not such a showy flower as the rose, but it is perfect in its own kind. If we have a "plain service," that is no reason why it should not be perfect in its simplicity. As we are able, let us aim at the perfect rendering of our hymns; perfect reverence during the public approach to God in prayer, and an intelligent following of the reading of the Word.

Whatever our order and form of service, let us seek to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

In this, as in the fulfilment of all other noble ideals, whatsoever we do for God, let us put into the doing of it our very best.

The Adventure into Itinerary.

"So you come to us." The Brockhills delegate has the Final reading of the Stations in his hand as we are introduced. We shake hands upon it and separate. It is so simple. Just that brief Lakeland holiday, and then Brockhills and the beginning of itineracy; and yet that eve of transition contributes some of the most graphic pictures in memory's permanent gallery.

Through the brain of the drowning man oft sweeps the past in panoramic view. So in this hour when a young man steps to the threshold of a new and consecrated life, imagination, the Master-artist splashes on the canvas with his brightest pigments. The chambers of imagery are permanently enriched. Vivid and unforgettable are the details of that last and first of days. The early arousal amid the serenity of the eternal hills. The little window at which one kneels before the far-stretched vision and the splendour. The final conflict between the reclusive self and the public soul. The stocking-footed descent and stealthy departure. A sojourning bishop sleeps aloft and must be undisturbed. A gentle farewell and the door is softly closed. I fare forth from the house of quiet. Just once again I turn to read the legend over its stone portals, "Parva Domus, Magna Quies." The steamer is gay with holiday folk.

The band is insistent with its lilt of melody and monotone. The oyster-shell passes and repasses with ready regularity. There is a plaintive note in the collector's voice. The fast receding Langdales glitter in the morning sun. There is a dream of isle and lakeside luxuriance of colour and verdure. The path of gold lengthens out on the placid waters. Then the spell is broken—rushing; pushing; jolting; bolting; stopping; starting; fretting; fuming (Southey alone could do it justice). We are fairly launched amid the hustle and bustle of the 9.45 to H., en route to Brockhills. Stations pass. Some hold up the train, others pass it on unimpeded. As in a dream men and women come in and out. At one station I am world-conscious again. The porters are calling a familiar name. "Blackton! Blackton!"—home; home of adolescence! Ah! the buccaneer exploits of those youthful days! Fresh is the memory of one dark night mêlée in these adjoining fields. Our valorous "Phil" had sped to sea the following morn, wanted by twenty angry mothers and one stolid policeman. "Little hooligans," say you. It was tribal war. Sometimes the unwary suffered—they had no right to be unwary. For the rest, bruises were links of fast friendship and an occasion for boasting.

Home! Yonder, visible as I pass, is the seminary where through seven circling years I plied the aspiring mind of youths scarce younger than myself with symbols, facts and figures—historical, arithmetical, geographical, indigestible.

Home! Yes, but the little cottage is hidden from view to which came the college call, and in which was made the parental renunciation. How full of prescience that mother's farewell. "I gave you up the day you left for college," she quietly remarked afterwards.

Home! for ever and yet never again! Always motherhood, love, welcome, and yet a mere lodgement for a night and a day. Henceforth with greeting there is good-bye.

But shall this severance continue? The carriage door opens. Shall I step out? The door is slammed. The train moves on to the rhythmic monotony of the refrain "For ever; never." Left behind is that past whose days through fond memory's medium seem so golden.

Thirty miles is wiped out as with a sponge, and at last

we are at H. Ugh! there is a pall of black smoke above, and the core of dirt-dust surely about us. Streaming into the station (for it is noon) are men and women, ill-developed, oily-capped or shawl-covered according to sex, dilapidated, worried, inoxygenated. Two cabbies are fighting guerilla-wise. I turn away. Shade of Helvellyn! The hills. Not verdure-clad it is true. Still it is something. There is at least fresh air to be secured without a balloon ascent or an aerial flight.

"So you come to us." Ah, yes! Where is that dear steward? I look around for a brightening eye or gesture of recognition. I make enquiries. "Brockhills? Brockhills? Never heard of it!" At last there is a little light. "Brockhills station"—but the facts do not fit my information. My Brockhills does not possess a station. I turn aside humming whimsically. "Do not trust him, gentle stranger." I am a peaceable man, and do not like these quarrelling cabmen, but getting desperate I venture to interpolate. Brockhills not known. Here comes another. He will enquire his way if he may be so honoured. So faint yet pursuing, doubtful but dogged, we set out upon our quest for the elusive Brockhills.

As we proceed first impressions are superseded by pleasanter ones. The black, sordid, and dilapidated gives place to pleasant-looking dwellings, people, and surroundings. Homely, cosy sensations are imparted by glimpses of interiors. And what peculiar names these shop-keepers have! Sutcliffe, Hareton, Heathcliffe, Holroyd, Radcliffe, Zimmon, etc. Yet, peculiar as they are, there is a lurking familiarity about some of them. Where have I seen them before? I have no genius for verification, chapter and verse, act and stanza; so I give it up.

We are mounting up. The air is clearer and cooler. Houses are fewer now, dotted here and there along the roadside. Steadily onward and upwards we go. Now and then a solitary farmhouse. Before us lie great stretches of moorland. This son of Jehu is complacent. Surely he is bound for the end of the world and the crack of doom!

"The Stars are setting and the Caravan

Starts for the Dawn of Nothing, O make haste!"

Most blessed Omar: how without thee should we find the fitting foil?

At last at the very edge of the moors the cab draws up, and, as I step out, a snug little farmhouse is revealed, nestling closely into the hillside. So this is Brockhills! I am arrived, I have to quote the delegate, "Come to us." I gaze northward upon the glorious moor. It is July, but I hear the whistling wind. An enlightening flash and I exclaim, "Wuthering Heights!" I turn to an old man, leaning against a stone wall close by, and ask a question. He is a very old man—of the Order of Methuselah and Rip Van Winkle. If his time were money he would be a millionaire—not that that prospect would greatly excite him. "To be sure," says he, "that's where the Brontës live. Many's the time when, A's a lad, A crossed they moors to Haworth. It's just six miles fra here to theer." So, that was where the familiarity with the peculiar names sprang from. Down in the farm cottage there is a very bright welcome from a motherly soul, and ere the traveller can again breathe with leisure he has been initiated into the art and practice of probationary duties and his first Sabbath is well behind him. The Rubicon is crossed. Lakeland is far away, but again he dwells in a quiet house; and the fascinating moors lie at his feet.

J. B. B.

Sunshine on the Hills.

BY REV. S. POLLARD.

(Concluded.)

SATURDAY evening we reached Hmao-a-nie zo, and found one of our preachers very ill with dysentery. Poor fellow he was having a bad time. The preacher's manse here, built by the people, is a mud hut, with about a shilling's worth of furniture in it. The sick preacher was lying on the mud floor with a form against his back. He didn't grumble. For some months he had been doing good work, preparing a lot of people for admission to membership, and now the missionary had come to baptize the folk he was too ill to be at the harvesting.

That evening one of my men found a nest of gigantic bees. They looked almost as if they had been eating "the food of the gods." I imagined they were hornets, but was assured they were honey bees, and did not sting unless squeezed between the fingers. I believed what the man said, and went and watched him dig out the nest to get at the honey. It was a novel experience. Those big bees were so fierce-looking and buzzed all about, and I wanted to run away, but faith in the Miao's word kept me from being a coward. They did not sting while I was there. I thought it was a bit mean to dig out the nest of the bees, but felt rather more comfortable when they assured me the nest was formerly a rats' hole which the bees had captured, making it too warm for the rats to stay in. Though we dug quite two feet into the bank and smoked the bees with a great smoke we failed to reach the nest, and had to give it up.

Sunday morning came, and we had a good prayer-meeting in the chapel where the night before a big snake crawled right up to where the preacher stands. Our men failed to get it. A big snake moving down the aisle towards the pulpit would create a sensation at home.

The chapel here is a very poor one. Two open holes for windows, and a big open hole for a door. The end wall is propped up with some large tree trunks. It is a wonder the place has stood the great rains of this season. Even the costly foreign-built railway has broken all to pieces before the Yunnan rains this summer.

At noon the chapel was crowded. People were there from fifteen villages. While Sunday School was being held I finally examined the catechumens. After school the baptismal service was held. A few final questions were put and publicly answered, and then seventy-four folk, old and young, were baptized on profession of faith in Jesus. The oldest was eighty. The youngest was eight. It was a delightful service. The Lord was in our midst rejoicing in the faith of His people. Some of them smiled with great joy and confidence as they answered the questions. This is the sunshine the missionary seeks, and, thank God, he often finds it. Sunshine on the hills drives all the mists away!

The two preachers in this District have done well. Thank God for them. One is the father of Miss Peace Happiness, known by name to a lot of our people.

As in many other places, I had to warn the girls and young women never to marry a heathen. This has to be enforced over and over again. The girls who were baptized all promised they would not, and I think they will keep their promise. My exhortation had an issue I was not prepared for. In the evening a young woman came up to tell me she was married to an unbeliever, and therefore she would no longer go and live with him. What are you to do in a case like this?

Monday morning we had a big climb in hot sunshine up a great hill. At the pass we sat and rested. While resting a French priest came up the other way. I spoke to him, but he seemed very nervous and passed on with a few words. This is one of the strange things Chinese puzzle over. Two missionaries, each with a separate message, and yet the people do not understand the messages are really different. Those who know, know that the messages are two and not one.

After a long climb in broiling sun we came to Hmao-pi-chu where we have a little chapel. Just as the evening's service came to an end it began to rain. What torrents came down! The little stream in the gully, twenty yards from our door, raged and roared and rattled the boulders as if boiling over with the pent-up wrath of a century. The room where we were resting leaked. Rain came in everywhere except in part of the corner where my bed was. A small river of water flowed through the room, and it was rare fun as one after another had to shift to avoid the waters coming in from all parts. This night there was another coffin in my bedroom. Coffin No. 2.

The day after, in brilliant sunshine, we started off again over very rough roads, but through magnificent scenery. We passed through the district where the tigers dwell, and in the dense jungle scores of tigers could hide without fear of being caught. We were glad they did not get on our track. Night found us in a big village of fifty families, twenty of them are Christian. We had a very happy time with the people. A few months ago a dastardly outrage was committed on one of our Miao children. The crime was so terrible that I reported it to the district official. He did not even acknowledge my letter. The miscreant, however, did not escape long. Fearing lest the official should deal with him he hid himself, and in a short time all were startled to hear he was dead. The little child who had suffered from his cruelty was twelve years of age and small at that.

It was interesting at night to sleep with a coffin once more. Coffin No. 3. It really was getting lively. Yet I am sure not a bead of perspiration came out on me as the result of the coffins, and had they doubled the numbers I should have still slept soundly.

The twenty-ninth day of our journey out from Stone Gateway found us back home again, and it was a treat to get a piece of bread and butter once more.

Things had gone on peacefully in my absence. The Lord is with us, and many things are like the sunshine on the hills—bright, straight from the presence of God.

It is not all sunshine, however. There is a very black side to missionary work, and I was brought face to face with it before I had been home long. A letter from the Home Secretary brought news of declining income and a stoppage of all supplies for extension work out here. Do the people at home really think that Christ is a failure, and that the world's Saviour is some other and not Jesus? What is the meaning of it all? Whence all this unbelief? Decrease in membership! Declining missionary income! I hope there will be no glossing over of these terrible facts. I hate pessimism, for it is a child of the devil. But when small-pox is about don't call it a heat rash. Call it small-pox and fight it with all the powers at our disposal.

There is only one Saviour of the world!

The Wonderful British and Foreign Bible Society.

THE 108th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the year ending March, 1912, has just been published (1s. to non-subscribers) and is an entrancing volume. Does anyone doubt whether the Bible retains its power or not, let him read here.

Eight new versions have been added to the Society's list of Scriptures during the past year and revisions are proceeding, or unfinished translations are being completed, in many tongues. During the past year the New Testament has been completed in three more languages. The Society has just published a critical edition of the Latin Vulgate version of the New Testament, edited by Dr. H. Julian White. The great edition of the Hebrew Bible, which is being prepared by Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, makes steady progress. Three parts, the Pentateuch, the Earlier Prophets, and the Later Prophets—have been published, and the editor is now completing the Psalter. The Society has published diglot editions of a Gospel or Gospels, giving the English side by side with a version in some one of twenty-nine other languages. In embossed type for the blind, the Society has published or circulated the Scriptures in thirty-three different languages. The Society's list of versions now includes the names of four hundred and forty distinct forms of speech. This means the complete Bible in 107 different languages; the New Testament in 105 more languages; and, at least, one book of Scripture in 228 other languages. To print these 440 versions, the Society employs no fewer than 60 different alphabets. Eighty-six new versions have been added to the list since the present century began. An enlarged and revised edition of "The Gospel in Many Tongues," showing a specimen verse in 432 languages, has been issued under the care of the Rev. John Sharp.

A Year of Records.

The past year has outrun every precedent in the history of the Society. It has had a record circulation, a record income and a record expenditure. The Society's total issues for the past year have amounted altogether to 7,394,523 copies of the Scriptures, made up as follows: Bibles, 968,377; New Testaments, 1,584,262; Portions, 4,841,884—the net increase for the year being 419,000 volumes. It is interesting to know that this increase is chiefly due to sales of the Society's improved edition of the Penny English Testament. Since its foundation in 1804, the Bible Society has issued over 236,500,000 copies of the Scriptures. Of these, more than 86,000,000 have been in English. The receipts of the Society for its

General Fund have risen to £268,010—a welcome advance of £15,002 on the previous year. The total receipts from sales during the year have amounted to £104,266 against £93,053 in the previous year. But though there has been an increase in receipts the cash accounts unhappily shows a deficiency of £16,632 on the year's working.

This Report abounds in the most captivating stories concerning the Bible and its distribution among different peoples. Here are three such stories:

The Power of the Book.

"Away in an almost inaccessible valley among the hills of Upper Burma a village head-man first became interested in Christianity through reading a Gospel purchased from a wandering colporteur. Four years ago he was baptized, and remained the sole, but loyal witness for Christ in that remote valley. The nearest Christian service was three hundred miles away, but to this isolated disciple his New Testament has stood for four years in the place of minister and Church and sacrament."

"Last November a Chinese teacher at Shanghai, whose father had held a commission in General Gordon's 'ever-victorious' army, told the following experience. 'When Gordon bade my father good-bye, he presented him with a beautiful copy of the Chinese New Testament. My father never read it, but kept it among his treasures. When I was about fifteen I found the book and read it constantly, though not as a believer. Some years afterwards I met a colporteur and saw that he was selling similar books. He talked to me, and discovered that I knew already a great deal about the Gospel. From this we grew intimate, and eventually I became a Christian. The Testament which Gordon gave my father is still preserved in our family.'"

"On an island of the New Hebrides, a native evangelist named Louai helped the Rev. Frank Paton to translate St. Matthew's Gospel into Lenakel. This man confessed in broken phrases how his version of the Gospel and his Christian character re-acted upon each other: 'Before, my heart not right, and I no get the word of Jesus straight: now, my heart right a little bit, and I get the word of Jesus more straight; by and by I get it straight altogether.'"

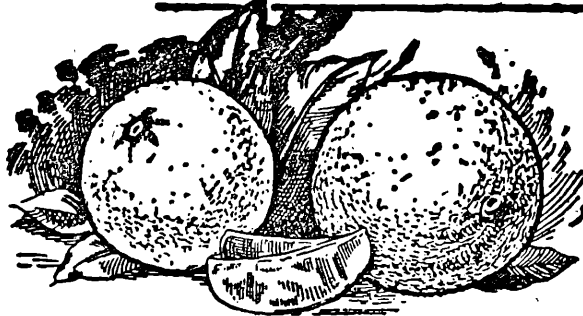
A Pathetic Appeal.

And here is a story that will come close home to our many readers who are interested in Christian work among the Miao:

"In the west of China last August our sub-agent, Mr. Amundsen, was travelling in the highlands of Yunnan, and reached a plateau of 8,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by magnificent mountains. Here he came upon a village of Miao aborigines, with a large Christian chapel, where he was heartily welcomed, and constrained by the villagers to stay overnight 'to teach them more of the Bible.' Our Society has already published two Gospels for the Miaos in their own language. Men and women listened eagerly to the visitor. Among them was a young man from a quite different tribe, the Nasu, of 'Red wild' tribe, as the Chinese call them. The young Nasu looked on and wondered. 'What do you worship?' asked Mr. Amundsen. 'Wood and stone,' was his reply; 'but can you not also make a book for us Red tribe people? Can't you make just one copy for me?' To this pathetic appeal Mr. Amundsen could only answer: 'But we do not know your language yet.' 'I will give you my language now,' was his reply, and forthwith there was 'given' a considerable vocabulary, which was carefully written down for future use."

A Society which is doing so wonderful a work deserves the hearty support of Christian people.

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Fulham—Walham Grove. 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.	A. Johnson	G. M. Rose
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Newington— Brunswick, Gt. Dover Street. 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.	J. Hawkins	H. Cooper
Brighton— Bristol Road. 11 a.m., 7 p.m.	R. S. Hall	J. C. Pye
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WANTS

MARRIAGES.

NEWTON—PARKER.—On July 31st,
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London, Rev. John Ambrose Newton, son
of Henry Newton, to Sarah Alice, daughter
of Benjamin and Sarah Parker.

PENROSE—BIDWELL.—On August
10th, at the Congregational Church,
Cloughfoot, by Rev. J. A. Smith, Rev.
Charles E. Penrose, only son of Mrs. Pen-
rose and the late Mr. William Penrose, of
Hebden Bridge, to Florence Sophia, only
daughter of Mr. Charles Bidwell, and the
late Mrs. Bidwell, of Cornholme.

BODEN—GEE.—At Pembury Grove
United Methodist Church, on August
10th, Rev. Joe Boden to Lilian, eldest
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gee,
L.C.C., Rev. F. Galpin officiating.

WEAVER—NINNIS.—On August
13th, at the United Methodist Church,
Egremont, Cumberland, by Rev. James
Ninnis (uncle of the bride), David John
Weaver, cashier, Swansea, to Ivy Gertrude,
only daughter of Rev. John and Mrs.
Ninnis, Egremont.

WHITAKER—SMITH.—At Bethesda,
Armley, on August 14th, by the Rev.
William Kenyon, Richard, only son of Mr.
and Mrs. Whitaker, to Mary, eldest daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith.

MOYLE—JOHNS.—On August 17th,
by Rev. E. C. Harris, at United
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Editor's Address: 188 Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.

The Rift of 1662.

BY REV. DAVID HEATH.

It is a fact we may rightly be proud of that our distinctive origin as Nonconformists is linked to the deeds of brave men. On that 24th of August two thousand of the Anglican clergy left their rectories and churches; multitudes of laymen also ceased to be members of that Church, for the sake of a conviction which they held to be vital to true religion. Supercilious and easy-going observers may have sneered at their scruple; and any such men in our day, if put to the test, would be feeble protesters and be nothing of martyrs. But it is Conscience makes true men, and Courage rules mankind.

Why They Withdrew.

These men withdrew from their positions in the Church because the Act of Uniformity of Charles II. required them publicly to declare their acceptance of the Prayer Book as it stood, or vacate their livings. They chose the latter alternative. It is worth while to try to understand why they did so. Intelligent and pious men do not make such sacrifice without having a reason which makes it morally impossible to act otherwise. These men and their reforming comrades were increasingly opposed to the State alliance which took away the Church's autonomy: this was a strong second motive; but their chief contention was in regard to the Sacrament, and upon this we will fix our attention.

We must go back if only for a moment, for 1662 was the product of an earlier time.

The movement in England which culminated in the year 1662 was simultaneous with the mighty religious upheaval in Europe known by the familiar phrase "The Reformation." No doubt Luther's great influence extended to England, but the Reformation here was not due altogether or mainly to that cause. Even before Luther and Henry VIII. a purely English reform movement had been begun by John Wyclif (1360—88), which, with varying fortune keep alive the ideal of true teaching and a pure Church, until, as Lollardism, it became merged with the new Puritanism, a term which came into vogue in Elizabeth's time (1564).

Under the strong rule of Henry VIII., when denial of either Transubstantiation or of the royal supremacy was punishable with death, the reforming spirit had slight chance of asserting itself; but when there was only a boy (Edward VI.) on the throne, the new spirit found its opportunity; and besides, Wyclif's and Tyndale's translations of the Scriptures were exerting an influence altogether in favour of the reformed faith.

The preparation of the Book of Common Prayer was one of the first results, and certainly the most notable result. It was a development of the anti-Roman sentiment, and, with its creeds and prayers that book has been held in reverence by all Christians as a statement of English Church doctrine and as a manual of devotion. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, had probably most to do with the production of the book, though it is said a model framed by Luther from ancient sources was largely followed.

The Communion Service that made Difficulty.

The Order of the Communion Service contained the following words to be spoken to the communicant—"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life," and "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee," etc. This form is probably more ancient than the word transubstantiation (12th century). The doctrine is older than the word which now commonly expresses it. To understand the protest of the two thousand we must therefore put our minds back and see how things were seen by them.

It was quickly perceived through the interpretation common at the time that these words perpetuated the doctrine of transubstantiation, i.e., the changing of the emblems into the very body of Christ. What we may call the Lollard criticism and influence were strong enough to secure a revision four years later (1552), in which the following words took the place of the former: "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thine heart by faith with thanksgiving." And so also in reference to the cup.

The influence of the reformers was further manifested in the omission of the terms "Mass" and "Altar," of the use of the sign of the cross except in the Baptismal Service, of commemorations of the Virgin Mary and of Saints, and of prayers for the dead. As may be supposed this gave the sacerdotalists as great offence as the previous edition had given the reformers. But it remained unaltered, though discarded, during the reign of Mary—that most papal and cruel of monarchs. The shortness of this horrible woman's reign was made up for by the intensity of its barbarity. For the moment the Reformation was at an end.

Mary's successor, Elizabeth, was also a woman of determined character, a diplomatist, but a Protestant. She took things into her own hands and reversed nearly all Mary had done. She set herself the noble task of reconciling the two bitterly opposed factions, and thought she could do it through the Prayer Book, by a compromise. But she failed. The new edition prepared early in her reign reflected her diplomatic mind on the main point at issue. She said, Let both the offending declarations be joined into one declaration, and let the Catholics interpret their part ("The body," etc.) in the sense of their belief in transubstantiation, and let the Reformers interpret their sentences ("Take and eat this," etc.) in the plainly expressed sense of memorial. This diplomatic move had the effect least desired—each party was alienated by what was meant to please the other, and they both refused to be compromised in that way. Convocation was ignored in all this. But the English Church finally accepted and used the book with its double statement, and does so still.

In this reign of Elizabeth (1571) the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church took their present form by modifications of the Forty-two Articles framed by Cranmer (1553). Articles XXVIII. and XXIX. fortified the evangelical doctrine by declaring Christ to be present in the Sacrament but "not in the grossness and sensibleness of the receiving thereof." Article XXIX. plainly condemned the doctrine of transubstantiation. This helped to make the evangelical party dominant until the Oxford movement (1832 and onward) revived Medievalism. The High Church party refuses to be bound by the Articles and also by the Prayer Book so far as it is modern. It is to the Prayer Book that the Church turns for the genuine expression of her faith, and the High Church party puts ancient constructions upon forms intended to correct the ancient. In all honesty, by 1862 there ought to have been another exodus, as in 1662, but there has been only a thin line of men, beginning with Newman, brave enough to take the logical step of withdrawing from a Church whose teaching they reject.

Richard Hooker and Oliver Cromwell.

Twenty-four years after the appearance of Elizabeth's edition of the Prayer Book, and when contentious feeling ran high, Richard Hooker wrote his book on "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" (1584). This work is still the greatest apologetic of the English Church, and appears to have been evoked by the spread of the Reformers' ideas. On the doctrinal point he evidently held with them that in the Communion there was no sacrifice, and therefore there was no priest. "Presbyter," he said more nearly set forth the function of the ministerial office than "Priest." But on the question of organization and administration, whilst the Reformers held by New Testament precedents, Hooker argued for complete liberty, asserting that the Church in any age was bound to no theory or precedent, and that even the New Testament was not the only rule. Whether therefore the New Testament favoured Episcopacy and Royal Supremacy or not, the Church was justified in adopting them if she were so minded, and thought them to be best for the purposes of the Church. Hooker thus tacitly acknowledges that the Reformers were on the side of the New Testament!

The most violent of all the reactions of those stirring times followed the beheading of Charles I. What happened in the succeeding twenty years had much to do with the historic event we now commemorate. The Puritans had come to power, and it has to be admitted that they fell into the temptation of the possession, in the needless suffering they inflicted on persons, and the needless damage they did to property. But they carried out their reform-

ing ideas. Both the Church and its Prayer Book ceased to occupy their old positions. Presbyterianism came to a front place and had a narrow escape from being "Established." And the Prayer Book was displaced by a *Directory* of public worship, based on Calvin's form of service and John Knox's *Book of Common Order*. Many pulpits were cleansed of "scandalous ministers," and Cromwell did much personally, in refilling them with "godly preachers." So that, by the time of the restoration of the monarchy in Charles II., and with him of the Elizabethan Prayer Book, the Marian Episcopacy and clergy, and the passing of the Act of Uniformity, a vast number of the clergy were Commonwealth men, and the stamp of men they were is sufficiently indicated by the fine testimony Mr. Frederic Harrison gives in his *Life of Cromwell*—"For the first and only time in modern Europe morality and religion became the sole qualifications insisted on by a Court. . . . Oliver is the one ruler into whose presence no vicious man could ever come; whose service no vicious man could enter" (p. 208).

The Noble Two Thousand.

We may judge by that eulogium the character of the two thousand men who gave up their livings for conscience' sake on that 24th of August. In the famous roll are men of learning as well as of piety, such as Baxter, Howe, Owen, Goodwin and Adams, and among the laymen John Milton. We wonder at the fanatical spirit which pursued a course of action known to involve the loss of so vital a spiritual element to the Church.

It seems natural to find the Puritan and Anti-sacerdotal mind opposed to the authority of either King or Parliament in affairs of the Church. The reformers had seen poor samples of royal heads of the Church, and had found Parliament effective mainly in inflicting penalties. By force of conviction as well as of circumstances many of these ejected men went forth by their labours to swell the numbers of Presbyterian or Independent Churches already existing here and there in the land, a few of which dated back to Queen Mary's time.

The question at issue was vital to these men. The Romanism they knew was oppressive and corrupt. They were as men who had come out of a vile bondage; and rightly perceived that the one doctrine which had fatally lent itself to the evil, was this doctrine of Transubstantiation with its corollary of priestly tyranny over human souls. This was the centre of the circle of questions touching Protestantism versus Romanism, and it is as vital a matter to us as it was to those brave men.

The Lost Opportunity of the Anglican Church.

In accepting Henry VIII.'s arbitrary headship, and in finally resisting the movement for a plain assertion of Protestant faith, the English Church threw away a great opportunity of redemption. In the mighty evangelical movement of the Wesleys and Whitefield, at first within the Church, she had another grand opportunity. On the high tide of that spiritual revival her own evangelical character might have been fixed for the coming generations, but she threw away that opportunity also, and would as little admit of Methodism as in the former day she admitted of Puritanism. Methodism was the Elijah of Puritanism come back again, under a different name, but with a very similar garb.

The Anglican Church has not yet made her position clear as to the State relationship, hence "the governmental paralysis" which Bishop (then Canon) Gore said afflicted his Church. The case against the State alliance is stronger now than ever, since the King's duties therein now devolve upon the Prime Minister for the time being, whose personality and tenure of office are as uncertain as party political life. And the Church of England has never made it clear as to the particular significance she attaches to the Communion. Hence the paradoxical confusion in the present teaching of her Evangelical "ministers" and her High Church "priests." She has the double reputation of being a Protestant Church, and yet so un-Protestant that the Church of Rome reckons the English Church the best training-ground for recruits to the Roman faith.

The recovery of the lost opportunity can now come to the Church by the Church's own choice. Disestablishment and the assumption of autonomy can come better that way than by any external power. But the nation will have a say as to whether it shall be a Protestant Church. There is poor likelihood of doctrinal rectification from within so long as High Churchism holds its sway. Indeed this element in the Church is a flaming justification of the exodus of 1662, and the rise and spread of the Free Evangelical Churches is proof that there is a Providence at work who raises up new forces when others fail to witness to His truth, or distort its vital spiritual meaning.

The Ejectment of 1662.

BY REV. A. M. CHIRGWIN.

"BY faith Abraham when he was called to go out into a place, obeyed, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." These words must have flashed through the minds of many servants of God on the 24th of August, 1662, and the knowledge that God had fulfilled his promises to Abraham must have strengthened the faith of many of these servants and moved them to go forth not knowing whither they went, but trusting that the God of Abraham would be their God. The following is a picture of the scene, which with a few slight differences, occurred in two thousand parishes in England that day.

In the churchyard of a country town a few labourers are gathered. One of them points over his shoulder with his thumb towards the ivy-clad tower of the church, for on the west porch a notice is affixed which is of considerable importance. They walk up towards this, and one of their number, with some difficulty, spells out the notice, which informs them that unless their vicar makes a certain declaration to his congregation not later than the Feast of St. Bartholomew (August 24th) he will be ejected from church and home. Inside the service is proceeding, and the Vicar is appealing to the charity of all Christian people. He has been commanded to give full assent and consent to all and everything contained in a new version of the book of Common Prayer, but that new version has been issued from the Press so late that it is impossible for him to know what its contents are, much less to give unfeigned assent thereto. But, in any case, he could not barter his liberty in matters of religion. He must rather obey God than man. He had witnessed to his Lord by preaching; henceforth he would witness to Him by not preaching. He had grown grey in that work, and it was hard to part from his congregation so. But it must be done, for he could not sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

That was the gist of hundreds of sermons that day. In a few minutes the vicar and his congregation are outside. Several of them are trying to urge him to give his assent; some urge his duty to his wife and children; some want him to preach privily in the barn of a neighbouring farmer. It is the last time this good man will see his folk, many of them his spiritual children; for the law will not allow him to live within five miles of any town or of his former parish. Accordingly this was his last farewell. There on the village-green they were gathered, and one can see the tearful good-byes, the shaking of hands, and then, with every eye dim and every voice still, the oft-repeated blessing, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

But what was the meaning of all this? It was the birth of modern English Nonconformity, and it was on this fashion.

In 1660 Charles returned to England and ascended the throne, having previously given at Breda an assurance, in specific terms, that he would grant full religious liberty to everyone. Never was there a more lying promise. For in less than twelve months the night of religious persecution commenced.

The Parliament, returned at the General Election of 1661, was overwhelmingly Royalist. The members were mostly young bloods with strong caste and aristocratic prejudices, sworn to crush out religious liberty or die in the attempt. Pepys, the Diarist, none too squeamish on matters of morals himself, detests the vileness of these men, and calls them the most profane and drunken set of fellows he has ever known. And the Member for Bedford, whose was the chief duty of framing the Act, once told John Bunyan that "the Prayer Book had been in use ever since the time of the Apostles!" It was men of this moral and intellectual calibre who passed the Act of Uniformity in 1662 which required full "assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." The failure of any parson, vicar, or minister to make this declaration to his congregation would be punished with instant dismissal from the living.

One thing the Act did not do: it did not make for Uniformity in matters religious. One thing the Act did do: it created modern Nonconformity. For two thousand ministers of the Church of England, that is, one in every five made the great refusal. Freedom of worship was dearer to them than life itself. Amongst those who made the great refusal were Richard Baxter, John Howe, John Owen, and both the grandfather and the great-grandfather of John Wesley. Those who were ejected were, says J. R. Green, "the most learned and the most active of their order," that is, those whom it most nearly concerned the Church to retain.

It was no ordinary denial that these men practised, for they were reduced to the direst of straits. Some lived on little more than bread and water. Many actually died of starvation. Others were transported and sold into slavery. "Many," says Baxter, "had but £8 or £10 a year on which to maintain a family, so that a piece of meat has not come to their tables in six weeks' time. One went to plough six days, and preached on

the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a living." When they appeared in the streets they were hooted, and in the theatre they were a subject of ribald jest. The consequences of loyalty to conscience meant the loss of home, friends, and livelihood. This was the birthday of Nonconformity, and now for the first time the name was used, and the earliest Nonconformists were the two thousand heroic men who in 1662 refused to conform, and, with their wives and families, went out not knowing whither they went.

Perhaps no other country could have made so noble a stand, and this at a time when there was little or no means of knowing what one's brother ministers were doing. Each one had to fight out the fight alone in his own study with his conscience and his God. The response makes one proud of one's kind, and Nonconformists, knowing the glorious spiritual heritage upon which they have entered, may carry their heads high when St. Bartholomew's Day is named, at the same time preserving a humble, reverent, and thankful heart before God on the 250th anniversary of the Great Ejectment.

St. Bartholomew's Day. Its Social and Ecclesiastical Associations.

BY REV. W. FRANCIS.

"In faith he works; but nevermore
May he behold his native shore;
Oh! never, never, will he lie
With his loved fig-tree waving by.
He shares his Master's shameful death,
In agony he yields his breath;
His soul upheld, his sins forgiven,
He flies from torturing pain to Heaven."

THE 24th of August is known in the calendar as St. Bartholomew's Day. But little is known of the apostle whose memory is celebrated on this day by the Latin, and on June 11th by the Greek, Church. Modern historians affirm that he was condemned to be crucified by order of Astyages, brother to Paleman, King of Armenia. Others again assert that he was flayed alive in India. The probability is that he suffered both punishments. Among the statues of Milan Cathedral there is one of St. Bartholomew, in which he is represented as being flayed alive, the muscles, veins, and other parts being marvellously wrought. A knife became, in consequence of this punishment, the emblem of St. Bartholomew, as may be seen on many of the clog calendars.

A Curious Custom

obtained at Dorrington, Lincolnshire, on Bartholomew's Day. The damsels of the village, dressed in their best and gayest attire, went in procession to a neighbouring chapel. Having strewn the floor of the sacred edifice with rushes they wended their way to an unenclosed piece of ground called the "Play Garths," which was bequeathed to the village by an eccentric but philanthropic resident for the young men and women to play on. Here they would indulge in a variety of rural sports, in which the older folks of the place took part, so that the greater portion of the day was passed in mingled merriment and revelry. During the last century the practice of "rush bearing" was generally kept up in some parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire on each anniversary of this feast. A cart laden with rushes was duly decorated with flowers, when the populace would accompany it in procession about the town or village as the case might be.

A Curious Ancient Festival

is celebrated every year on St. Bartholomew's Day in the little town of Monkgronigen in Wurtemberg. We read of it as far back as 1525. On the morning of the feast the shepherds and shepherdesses, with their crooks in hand, which are decorated with ribbons, march in procession to the parish church, where the pastor delivers a sermon from the text, "I am the Good Shepherd." After the service immense crowds of visitors from the neighbouring villages and the University town hard by, with occasional spectators from distant parts of Germany assemble to witness the old Swabian sports. The main attractions of the day are the two races on foot by the shepherds and shepherdesses. The judges enter the lists with great ceremony and take their seats, and, at a sign given by them the impatient shepherds start for the goal. The second race, however, in which the young shepherdesses are the competitors is the most pictorial and the most exciting part of the day's work. The girls are clothed in a sort of costume not unlike that of lady bathers at foreign watering-places, which gives free play to their movement. Every maiden who is betrothed is permitted to have her lover at her side who keeps pace with her as she runs, encouraging her as she nears the goal. The prize in each case is the figure of a lamb sometimes made of silver and sometimes of false material.

Distribution of Knives.

At one time the monks of Crowland Abbey gave small knives on St. Bartholomew's Day to all persons who came for them. As this practice entailed a needless expense on the convent it was abolished by Abbot John de Wisbech during the reign of Edward IV. The object of this peculiar gift was doubtless to commemorate the supposed flaying of the Apostle. In a coat of arms borne by this religious house three knives were quartered with three whips—a

whip being the favourite scourge or mode of self-torture used by St. Guthlac, one of the fraternity. In the ruins of the Abbey and in the adjacent river numbers of knives have been found.

The great London Saturnalia,

"Bartlemy Fair"

was formerly held on Bartholomew-tide at Smithfield, and having flourished for full six centuries and a half was suppressed in 1855. This fair was first founded for the purposes of trade, but in time it grew into a scene of wild disorder and turbulence. Its story is briefly told. Rahere, the jester to Henry I., became religious and retired from the Court to a cloister. He fancied one night he saw St. Bartholomew, in a vision, who directed him to found a church and hospital at Smithfield in his honour. Henry granted the land for this purpose as it happened to be waste and marshy; so that the saint was not much complimented after all. The marsh was duly drained and a monastery built on it in the year 1123. Rahere became prior of the community and many miracles are recorded as having been wrought at the shrine of the Apostle. To encourage a trade in staple commodities, the monks established a fair in the neighbourhood of their monastery which was held on each returning festival of their patron saint. By a resolution of the Common Council in 1708 the duration of the fair was limited to three days. All classes visited the place, even princes and ambassadors. The last Royal visit was in 1778 when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester rode through it. In 1769 so formidable were the irregularities that seventy-two officers were appointed by the Lord Mayor to prevent gambling and the performance of plays and puppet shows. In 1776 booths were not suffered to be erected, which circumstance occasioned alarming riots, when "Lady Holland's Mob" proclaimed the fair after their own fashion.

But there are certain historical memories which connect themselves with the 24th of August, and supply association which do not belong to St. Bartholomew, the Apostle.

"Red Bartholomew."

It was on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, that under the direction of the wicked, but superstitiously bigoted Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots or French Protestants was sounded from the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; and reports of musketry, the shouts of the populace and the cries of terror in every quarter of the brilliant city announced the commencement of the work of death. Five thousand gentlemen and ten thousand of lesser rank were ruthlessly butchered in one night. Among the victims many illustrious names occur, one of them being the well-known Admiral Coligny. But the work of destruction continued for some days afterwards. Altogether about 100,000 persons suffered death. Such, at least, is the calculation made by Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris, who was tutor to Louis XV. When the news of this terrible massacre reached Rome public rejoicings were at once made, while throughout Papal Europe this act was hailed by national festivities, salvoes of artillery, ringing of bells, and bonfires. Both Fleury and Mazaray relate that Gregory XIII. went in state to the Church of St. Louis to return God thanks for so happy a result, and had a solemn mass sung and the Te Deum chanted on the occasion. At the same time His Holiness despatched a Cardinal upon a special embassy to the King of France, Charles, thanking the eldest son of the Church for his exertions in the extirpation of heresy. In Spain the sanguinary deed was panegyricized in presence of Philip II. who had a play enacted in honour of it entitled, "The Triumph of the Church Militant." The "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," as it came afterwards to be called, filled England with dismay and indignation and our Elizabeth with all her Court received the French Ambassador in deepest mourning, and turned shudderingly from his greeting.

Ninety years after this "Red Bartholomew" in France came a shameful

"Black Bartholomew"

in England. On the 19th of May preceding the fatal Act of Uniformity was passed by the Parliament of the restored Charles II., which required that everyone who ministered in the Church should declare his "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in and prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer." This Act came into effect on the 24th of August. The day when this Act came into force has been called the birthday of modern Nonconformity, and not without reason, for on that day two thousand clergymen comprising men of eminence, learning, and piety, gave up their stipends and houses, and went out in many cases into helpless, hopeless poverty.

Two hundred years after this a

"White Bartholomew"

was kept. The little one had become a thousand. Nonconformity had grown to be a power in the land. From a tiny seed it had developed into a wide spreading tree, under whose grateful shade hundreds of thousands dwelt in delight, and on the 24th of August, 1862, the descendants of the ejected ministers observed the day in various ways in honour of their pious and noble ancestors, and in the joy and tearful smiles of the "White Bartholomew," the sadness of the "Black Bartholomew" was forgotten, save that Christian people tenderly remembered the victorious heroes of that eventful day, and rendered praise to God who had prospered them so signally and for persecution had given them triumph, and for bonds, liberty, and for deep affliction, songs of high thanksgiving.

For ever will the 24th of August be a day of days to Protestants: a day to be remembered in the annals of the Holy Universal Church.

W.M.A.

ANNUAL REPORTS.

Leeds District.

THIS year has been the most difficult since the formation of Women's Auxiliaries in 1897. Our great aim is ever the same. Instruction must lead to enthusiasm, and enthusiasm must lead to prayer and gift.

The "fee" money in many cases is a liberal gift, and £11 reaches the General Treasurer from this source, for among poor people who give to every organization in a church the sixpence paid is liberal, and often leads to self-denial work to raise other moneys.

Our President decided to visit each branch, and has been able to help the meetings; and some £14 in money has been the result of the meetings. Unfortunately her health has not permitted more being done in this direction, but again filling our highest office, Mrs. Gill will help every branch as far as possible.

Our quarterly meetings have been held in the afternoons, and at the subsequent evening meetings speeches have been given by Dr. Marshall, Mrs. Greensmith, Rev. F. B. Turner, and one of the lady delegates to the Edinburgh Conference.

Every one of our members has worked for the extinction of the great missionary debt, and although the amounts may not count as "woman's work for women," He who sees and knows, we believe understands, that we sunk the lesser aim in one great endeavour to free the Connexion from debt, and so make it possible for the Missionary Committee to continue to promote aggressive work.

Bristol District.

We are glad to be able to report progress. There are signs of quickened interest. Two new branches have been formed. The membership numbers 408; last year, 349; increase 59. Membership fees amount to £8 8s. 6d.; last year, £6 7s.; increase £2 1s. 6d. Amount of money raised and forwarded to the Missionary Treasurer, £190 18s. 5½d.; last year, £156 15s. 6d.; increase, £34 2s. 11½d. Two united efforts have been made during the year. In July a sale and garden party held at "Charnwood," by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. T. Butler, and in November a great missionary demonstration was held at Bethesda United Methodist Church, Redfield, where no branch then existed, but one has since been formed, and has now over 20 members. In March our President, Mrs. Butler, wrote a letter, calling attention to the many anxious and distressing appeals which had come to us from our missionaries abroad, and asking how the members of the W.M.A. were going to respond. Forty copies of this letter were sent out, in which, also, an invitation was given to a prayer-meeting, which had been arranged to be held in Redland Grove Schoolroom. The result was very encouraging, for the prayer-meeting was well attended, and very fervent and earnest were the prayers (1) that a finer missionary spirit be encouraged at home; (2) that a larger liberality on the part of the members of our churches at this crisis in United Methodism be quickened; (3) for the present needs of the women and children abroad, especially of China; (4) that everywhere a spirit of peace and concord may descend, and that the present agitation between all classes of men be dispelled.

For all we have to encourage us, all the signs that our labour is not in vain, "unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Portsmouth District.

I am pleased to report that in the Portsmouth District we have had a good year. In all the circuits where branches of our Auxiliary exist the interest has been well sustained. I am hoping that shortly we shall be represented in every circuit in our District. Our ideal is the establishment of a branch of the W.M.A. in connection with every church, be it ever so small. During the year three new branches have been formed—at Old Shoreham Road, Brighton; Vale Avenue, Guernsey; and St. Helens, Shanklin Circuit, I.W. We have an increase in the District of 63 new members, and an increase of £32 10s. 8d. in our receipts.

The largest increase is in Jersey (£10), and the highest amount raised in a circuit is in the Newport, Ryde and Cowes Circuit. The following are the circuit totals: Brighton, £57 10s. 5d.; Chichester, £15 12s. 1d.; Guernsey, £20 3s. 6d.; Jersey, Great Union Road and Royal Crescent, £50; Newport, Ryde and Cowes, £70 4s. 9d.; Portsmouth, £57 12s.; Salisbury, £20 18s. 3d.; Shanklin, £20 0s. 3d.; Southampton and Eastleigh, £16 5s.; Yarmouth, £4 17s. 3d.; total, £333 3s. 10d. The total membership in the District is 766.

Prayer-meetings and Missionary Study Circles have been held for the promotion of interest in the work; and in addition to the ordinary means for raising money, sales of work, etc., have been held. The Missionary Letter has been much appreciated, and in scattered districts, where members live far apart, it has been passed from one to another and read in the home.

Our annual meeting was very successful. Mrs. Evans and Rev. W. A. Grist gave excellent addresses; and at the close of the meeting it was resolved to hand over an additional £5 to the Missionary Society, making in all £338 3s. 10d. paid to the Missionary Funds for the year.

Halifax and Bradford District.

The quarterly meeting was held at Salem, Sticker Lane, Bradford. Mrs. Clark, the president, was in the chair. The reports from branches showed that meetings were being regularly held, that picnics and garden-parties were being arranged for the summer months, and that sick visiting was done by W.M.A. members. Every branch reported a favourable reply as to the adoption of the Juvenile Missionary Letter. Arrangements were made for the October sale of work, and an

invitation from Brunswick, Huddersfield, was unanimously accepted. Mrs. Clark, who had attended the Central Council meetings in May, gave a clear, concise, and most interesting report, dealing with every branch of the work in such a way as to bring the meetings very vividly before each member.

Tea was provided at five o'clock by the friends at Salem, and a good number were present.

After tea a meeting was held in the chapel, ably presided over by Mrs. C. F. Hill. Miss Turner, of North China, and Miss Topper, of Ceylon, were the speakers. Miss Turner spoke of the work in the Girls' School, describing one day's routine. She spoke of the disadvantages of the Chinese girls, and of the power of influence. She pleaded for the prayers of all, that they may be helped and encouraged in their arduous duties. Miss Topper, in a racy account of her work in Ceylon, spoke of the many difficulties they had to encounter, and also begged that whilst we remembered China, we should not forget the little island to the south-east of India. Mrs. Leonard Kershaw added much to the enjoyment of the meeting by contributing two songs.

Temperance Notes.

ONE cannot understand a Methodist like Sir John Randles, the new M.P. for North-West Manchester, refusing to support a measure on the lines of the last Licensing Bill, and also denying to communities the right of delivering themselves from the drink curse by popular veto. Some minds do get atwist sometimes on great moral issues, especially when they are blinded by party passion, as Sir John's seems to be. Surely the son of a Wesleyan minister, and a prominent lay leader in the Wesleyan Church, ought to know better than to bolster up a traffic that is a curse to our land and a menace to all Christian progress. When will his eyes be opened, that he may see the awful error he is committing?

In his diary in the summer of 1784, John Pemberton, a valued member of the Society of Friends, has an entry which foreshadows the revolt against the social customs that made the eighteenth century notorious for intemperance. He refers to a friend of his in Philadelphia, Anthony Benezet, who, in a letter to Mr. Pemberton, mentions one custom which, he says, was increasing on that side of the Atlantic, that of furnishing the table after dinner and supper with bottles of wine and glasses. "Where this is practised," the diary continues, "the life of truth, I am persuaded, will gradually decline. It lays snares in the way, and is a pomp that should be withstood. I believe it hath hurt many professors of truth in the land much. Many live high among us as well as others, whereas multitudes appeared almost famished, and it is greatly affecting to see the vast numbers of poor and the multitudes confined in jails." I fear there is still room for honest John Pemberton's protest.

In the course of the debate in the House of Commons on the Indian Budget, Mr. Charles Roberts, moved to add the following words:—

"This House, while recognizing with satisfaction the reforms already accomplished in Excise administration by the Government of India (1) expresses the hope that the connection of the Government of India with the manufacture and sale of opium for other than medical uses will be terminated at the earliest possible date, and (2) in view of the continuous growth in the drink revenue of India, is of opinion that further reforms are required in the existing system of licensing, particularly in the direction of giving to the inhabitants through the advisory committees a more effective voice both in determining the number and location of liquor shops and in safeguarding areas where liquor shops do not already exist from the introduction of the drink trade."

Mr. Roberts delivered a speech of great power and knowledge of the subject. The Under-Secretary for India was sympathetic, but he said it was impossible for the Government to accept the amendment. He laid it down that the Government were as anxious as anybody to get rid of the traffic, and that gradual reduction

was the ultimate policy of the Government. Though the amendment was, by leave, withdrawn, the discussion served a useful purpose.

The expenditure on armaments was referred to by Dr. Charles Leach in the recent Parliamentary debate on Supply. Speaking of the enormous sums of money which were wasted on war preparations, he pointed out that during the last ten years £365,000,000 had been expended on armaments. We Temperance people are continually and persistently drawing the attention of statesmen and others to another and greater wasteful national expenditure—the waste of money spent on alcoholic liquors. It is well sometimes to call attention to the relative expenditure on war preparations and drink. If the spending of money on armaments is a burden on the nation, how much greater is the burden borne by the nation owing to the wasteful expenditure on alcohol? The money spent on armaments may be useful as a defence of our nation against possible invaders, but the money spent on drink produces no good and useful result. In the last three years the nation has wasted over £475,000,000 on intoxicants. In other words, the drink bill for three years is £110,000,000 more than the expenditure on armaments for ten years. What a story is hourly told of the crime, misery, poverty, and national dishonour caused by this fabulous sum spent in liquor!

May I continue this reference to the financial side of the drink question as it affects our churches? We spend in the United Kingdom as much in two days in drink as we spend on the whole of our Missionary work in a year. We spend twenty times as much in tobacco as we spend in carrying out the command of our Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And yet at all our annual assemblies we pass "pious" resolutions on how to rid the country of alcohol. What are we *doing*? We are *saying* enough, too much, in fact. When will Christians be willing to sacrifice their glass and their pipe to send out the light and truth of the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth?

"Up with our flag again! A Parliamentary Temperance Lead," is the heading of an article in "The Watchword," and reproduced in "The Alliance News." I endorse every word of that article. It is timely, forceful, and eminently needed. It gives a history of the movement since 1906, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power, followed by Mr. Asquith, and I think the concluding paragraphs should be read in every church, school, and home throughout the land. I make no apology for quoting them here:

"With patient reliance we have waited to see the fulfilment of those pledges by a Premier of whom Mr. Leif Jones has said, what perhaps was never before said of a Prime Minister: 'Mr. Asquith is as good as his word—he is better than his word!' Many of us believe even that. But the fact that Irish Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and the Franchise measures have been given precedence would have tried us beyond endurance had not the Government included the Scottish Temperance Bill, which has been so nobly piloted through Committee by Mr. Mc. Kinnon Wood as Secretary for Scotland. And now the success of that relatively small yet important measure is practically assured, we have no longer any means of restraining our English and Welsh Temperance Forces, who can no longer be stalled off with the phrase 'Wait and see,' but who have been longing for leave to make their voices heard above all the rest in a cry for an *efficient Temperance measure* being put in the forefront of the King's Speech when opening the new Parliamentary Session next year. To ask for more is to ask the unattainable. To ask for less is unthinkable. From this hour every Temperance Branch in the kingdom is required to join in this demand. Even Mr. Asquith cannot give this unless it is newly demanded. His Government will not support him in taking it up unless they are 'snowed under' by thousands of demands from thousands of societies, and even Liberal members of Parliament will not urge the Government to bring this forward unless the members

READY SEPTEMBER 1st.

Minutes of the Annual Conference

OF THE

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of Parliament receive piles of letters and resolutions showing that it has once more become a live issue among their constituents. In other words we have to re-create the atmosphere which will promise *vitality* and *nurture* to such a measure. Should we fail in this our demand will fail to *command* and *compel* the compliance of the Government—which can only respond to the public sentiment which it devolves upon us to at once set about creating and continuing with ceaseless vigilance till this part of our great work is actually accomplished.

X. Y. Z.

Loans for Missionary Efforts.

The following lantern slides, costumes, curiosities and diagrams can be had on loan from Rev. R. Brewin, 106, Park Road, Loughborough, on the following conditions:—A uniform charge of only One Shilling is made for the use of one set of slides, for each evening used. The borrower pays carriage each way. The slides are sent out in boxes inside baskets. Postage does not exceed 1s. each way. (For slides broken borrower to pay 1s. each). Thus, 3s. covers the cost for one evening. The same charge, one shilling, beside carriage each way, is made for loan of a parcel of costumes, curiosities or diagrams.

Lantern Slides.

Fifty to sixty slides in a set, with descriptive lecture. 1.—A Visit to Sierra Leone (chiefly coloured). 2.—A Trip to Eastern Africa (ditto). 3.—Our East African Missions (ditto). 4.—Our North China Mission Field (plain slides). 5.—From the Great Wall to the Yellow River (North China) (plain slides). 6.—Our West China Mission (plain slides). 7.—Our Missions to the Miao (plain slides). 8.—Our South-East China Missions (Ningpo and Wenchow) (plain slides). 9.—All Round the Mission Field (East and West Africa, North, South-East, and West China) (plain slides, chiefly).

Costumes.

1.—South-West China, eight garments, chiefly Miao (with type-written dialogue). 2.—North China, four ladies' costumes, two gentlemen's costumes. 3.—South-East China, costumes expected shortly. 4.—Eastern Africa, Arab Sheikh's robes, Christian natives' (women's) dresses. 5.—Western Africa, costumes expected shortly. 6.—A few children's dresses, China or Japan, with Chinese lanterns.

Curiosities.

1.—China: Idols, paper door gods, paper household gods, ancestral tablets, incense sticks, etc. 2.—Eastern Africa: Clubs, slave-fetters, household vessels, slippers, bark-cloth, bracelets, etc. 3.—West Africa (curios expected shortly).

Diagrams.

These consist of maps, statistics, and coloured pictures, each 3ft. by 4ft., suitable for Sunday Afternoon Meetings, or for week-night Missionary Meetings where the lantern is not desired or obtainable. 1.—East Africa, 12 diagrams, chiefly coloured pictures. 2.—West Africa, ditto. 3.—China (General), ditto.

N.B.—Mr. Brewin will be glad to answer all enquiries as to open dates, only on condition that correspondents enclose a stamp for reply postage.

Weddings.

PENROSE—BIDWELL.

A VERY pretty wedding was solemnized on August 10th at the Congregational Church, Cloughfoot, Todmorden, the contracting parties being the Rev. Charles E. Penrose, of Cheltenham, only son of Mrs. Penrose, and the late Mr. William Penrose, of Hebden Bridge, and Miss Florence S. Bidwell, only daughter of Mr. Charles Bidwell, and the late Mrs. Bidwell, of Cornholme. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Smith. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a grey dress with hat to match. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies and lilies of the valley, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by Miss Law, Miss Winnie Bidwell (niece), and Master James Henderson (cousin of the bridegroom). Rev. J. Hodgson, of East Cowes, acted as best man. A reception was held at the home of the bride. The bride and bridegroom, who were the recipients of numerous presents, left later in the day for the Isle of Man, where the honeymoon is being spent; prior to taking up their residence at Cowling.

SMITH—WHITAKER.

ON August 14th, the marriage of Miss Mary Smith with Mr. R. Whitaker took place at the Bethesda United Methodist Church, Theaker Lane, Armley. The wedding, which was a very pretty one, proved most attractive, there being a large congregation to witness the ceremony. There was a fine floral display in the shape of an embowered communion which was most tastefully designed by Mr. A. Curtis, chapel-keeper. The bride, an active worker amongst the young, was given away by her father, Mr. Herbert Smith, who is the secretary of the church, a trustee of long standing, and a prominent member of the choir. The bride and bridesmaids, the Misses Eva and Annie Smith, Miss A. Lee and Miss K. Roberts, were beautifully gowned in silk éolienne, trimmed with point lace, and all carried lovely bouquets of sweet peas and carnations. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Sydney and Mr. Alfred Smith. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. Kenyon, and the organist, Mr. Downend ably rendered suitable selections of music, concluding the service with the "Wedding March" as the wedding party left the church.

WEAVER—NINNIS.

THERE was a large attendance of friends on Tuesday of last week at the Egremont United Methodist Church, Whitehaven Circuit, when an interesting wedding was solemnized, the contracting parties being Mr. David J. Weaver, cashier of the well-known firm of John S. Brown and Co., Swansea, and Miss Ivy Gertrude Ninnis, only daughter of the Pastor of the church, Rev. John Ninnis. The bride, who was attired in a cream cashmere embroidered dress, and cream picture hat, was given away by her father. Rev. James Ninnis, Nottingham (uncle of the bride), officiated, and the bride was attended by Misses Kimble (Neath), Julia Ninnis (Newcastle-on-Tyne); and Nellie Ninnis (Helston). Mrs. Ninnis, the bride's mother, was also present. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and ivy leaves, and Miss Mary Richardson, the church organist, rendered appropriate music. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver left later in the day for Ambleside and Keswick, previous to taking up their residence in Swansea.

BODEN—GEE.

THE nuptials were celebrated at the Pembury-grove United Methodist Church of the Rev. Joe Boden, pastor of the Ilford United Methodist Church, and Miss Lilian Gee, eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen Gee, Haggerston's representative on the London County Council. The church was tastefully decorated and there was a large congregation. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly attired in crêpe de Chine, trimmed with guipure mother-of-pearl beads and lace, and wore a veil and orange blossoms. She carried a choice bouquet composed of white heather, lilies and roses, and was attended by four bridesmaids, namely, Miss Dunwell and Miss May Davis (her cousin), the Misses Elsie Gee (her sister) and Marjorie Thorp. Rev. F. Galpin, of the West Ham United Methodist Church, performed the ceremony, and the duties of best man were discharged by Mr. Brook, of Gomersal, Yorkshire. The hymns were "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," and "Crowned with Thy benediction," and the Wedding March was played on the organ.

A reception was subsequently held at 194 Amhurst Road, when the guests numbered fifty, and the numerous handsome presents were on view. Among the many telegrams received was one from Mr. H. G. Chancellor, M.P., who also presented the bride and bridegroom with a silver and glass salad bowl. During the afternoon the newly-married couple left amid showers of confetti for Bude, Cornwall, for the honeymoon.

MOYLE—JOHNS.

ON August 17th a very quiet but impressive service took place at the U.M. Church, Church Street, Helston, when Rev. E. Marshall Moyle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moyle, of "Woodleigh," Helston, was united in matrimony to Miss Emily J. Johns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Johns, of the Bungalow, Mawgan-in-Meneage, Cornwall. The officiating minister was the Rev. E. T. Harris. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. W. J. Johns, M.I.B. Mr. T. Sidney Moyle, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man. After the wedding breakfast the Rev. and Mrs. E. Marshall Moyle left for Ilford, Essex. The bride has from infancy been connected with the Garras U.M. Church (Helston Circuit) and has taken a deep interest in the missionary effort, collecting many pounds annually. The Rev. and Mrs. Moyle will shortly take up their residence in Cheltenham, where Mr. Moyle has been appointed pastor of the Royal Well Church.

Many gifts were received, including a silver tea-service from the Barry Circuit, and many tokens of goodwill from friends in the Exeter Circuit, where Mr. Moyle formerly laboured.

Dockers' Gratitude.

To the Editor of THE UNITED METHODIST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—To all friends, anonymous and personally known, who so kindly made me the medium of their generosity towards the Dockers in distress please allow me to convey my sincerest thanks. Both by many letters of encouragement and kindly gifts in money and clothes, from various parts I have been greatly cheered and helped. Happily, I have thus been enabled to ease, in some measure, the crushing burden of many persons and brighten their outlook.

The following extract from a letter spontaneously written by the head of the family whose sad case was mentioned in "U.M." issue of 8th inst., will help to express his own gratitude and that of several others whom we have been permitted to help:—

"To Rev. G. T. Akester. Dear Sir,—I hope you will excuse me sending you this note, but I cannot let this opportunity pass without thanking you for the kindness you have shown me and my family, and the kind way you are assisting us to redeem our home together again. Really, sir, I cannot express my feelings towards you. I have all the things at home, and even my South African medal. . . . I have got back to work and paid two weeks' rent, and I do hope my work will continue, so that I can get more clothes for the children and my wife. . . ."

I did not know this docker before the "strike," and he may not be attached to any Christian Church. I am, however, inclined to believe that he, like many of his class, is not altogether destitute of the Christian spirit.

The medal was not redeemed by funds committed to my trust, but by a local lady to whom I mentioned the case.

Yours gratefully,

GEO. T. AKESTER.

74, Avondale Square,
Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

For Our Boys and Girls.

HIS FIRST STEP.

THE baby has taken a step to-day,
O think of it now if you can!
Our baby, our yesterday quadruped—
He soon will become a man.

'Twas a trembling, tottering step, I know,
Yet it marks the journey begun;
And father was nearly beside himself,
Beholding his little son.

While Grandma, wiping her spectacles,
Shed a tear of pride and of joy
As she said: "He's walking sooner, I'm sure,
Than his father did when a boy."

The butcher and baker were all forgot,
And left to their own sweet way;
For what are they all to that wonderful step
Our baby has taken to-day?

EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.

GILES.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

ROBBIE was visiting at Aunt Ella's, and he was almost home-sick because there wasn't anybody for him to play with. He was standing at the window, beside his aunt, when the grocer drove up.

"There's Giles," said Aunt Ella, dropping the towel she was hemming. "Come into the kitchen, Robbie, and see him. He likes little boys." She held out her hand.

"He looks cross," Robbie answered. "I don't believe I'd better come."

"Oh, he isn't ever cross!" replied his aunt. "Come!" But Robbie did not leave the window, and Aunt Ella hurried off to the kitchen to give her order to Giles. When she came back she told him he was a foolish little boy to be afraid, and then she kissed him and gave him a cookie.

"Maybe I'll go and see him when he brings the things this afternoon," said Robbie; for as he had driven away Robbie had caught sight of a wee smile on Giles's face which had entirely changed his plain features.

Robbie was looking at a picture-book when Giles came again; but he left it at Auntie's call, and went shyly to the kitchen.

"I'm awfully sorry that I forgot those oranges," Giles was saying, "and I'll go straight back to the store and get them. Hullo, young man!" he cried with so cheery a voice and so bright a smile that Robbie at once forgot that he was a stranger and that he had ever thought him cross. "I heard last week that you were coming. Pretty nice place up here, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid that Robbie's a little lonesome," said Aunt Ella. "There are no boys and girls for him to play with."

"That's too bad," replied Giles. "I shall have to take you up to my house some day to see my little brother. How would you like that?"

Robbie said that he would like it very much; and then Giles put on his cap. He had opened the door when he turned back.

"Don't you want to ride up to the store and back?" he asked. "It's good sleighing, and it isn't very cold, either."

Of course Robbie wanted a sleigh ride; and as soon as Aunt Ella could get him into coat, cap, and mittens he was off.

"Giles is the nicest boy I ever saw!" he cried eagerly, telling Aunt Ella about his ride. "Just think, when we started to come home he made me a snowball, and it slipped out of my hands. I was afraid that he'd be cross then; but he only laughed, and jumped right out to get it. I dropped it again down in the gutter, and he got it that time. Then what do you s'pose? It went right out of my hand before I could stop it, and it rolled clear away. So he made me another, and never was cross or scowly the least mite. My! I never saw such a pleasant boy. Don't he ever, ever get mad?"

"I never saw him any way, but just so smiling and happy," answered Aunt Ella. "He is always ready to do a kindness for anybody, and never seems to think it the slightest trouble."

"I'd like to be that way," said Robbie thoughtfully, "and I guess mamma'd like it, too. I am cross sometimes, and I get mad when the boys bother me," he confessed. "Maybe," he added, "they wouldn't bother so much if I was always as pleasant as Giles is. I'm going to try to be."—BOYS AND GIRLS.

WOLVERHAMPTON (Mount Zion).—The annual flower services were conducted in the morning by Alderman Price Lewis, J.P., and in the evening by Mr. James Preston. The chapel was well decorated with flowers, and special hymns were sung in keeping with the occasion, an anthem being rendered at the evening service by the choir.

BELPER.—By the courtesy of the Mr. and Miss Shenton a garden fête was held on grounds adjacent to Broadholme House on Saturday. There were fully 800 persons present. The effort was in aid of the Nether Heage Church Trust and Circuit Funds. The net proceeds amounted to £44 1s. 1d.

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International Lesson.

BY REV. CHARLES A. ASHELFORD, Berry Brow.

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1912.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.— Mark vi. 14—29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”—Rev. ii. 10.

THIS is the fifth and last lesson for the year on John the Baptist. He was the forerunner of the Messiah in life and in death. His violent death at the hands of Herod prepares the way for the violent death of Jesus on the Cross at the hands of wicked men.

All three Gospels mention that Herod Antipas had heard the report of Christ's mighty works. The story of this foul crime is introduced in explanation of Herod's view of Jesus. Read the parallel passages in Matt. xiv. 1—12; and Lk. iii. 19—20; ix. 7—9. The lesson says more about Herod than it does about John, and might be called “The Tragedy of Herod,” with the following as acts in the tragic drama: i. Herod's besetting sin; ii. Herod's God-given opportunity—John's heart-searching preaching; iii. Herod's crisis—the birthday oath; iv. Herod's conscience and doom—the silence of Christ, Lk. xxiii. 9. Those who love a series of pictures may present the lesson thus: i. A Cad on the Throne; ii. A Hero in the Dungeon; iii. A Revel in the Palace; iv. A Virago in the Home; v. A Skeleton in the Cupboard. Josephus is our only authority for the statement that the Baptist was beheaded in the Fortress-palace of Machaerus. Machaerus overlooks the Dead Sea—“it was another of those awful tragedies, for which nature has furnished here so sympathetic a theatre.” Moses and John, first and last of the prophets, closed their lives almost on the same spot, while hard by was the scene of Elijah's translation. The Cathedral Church of Amiens claims to be in present possession of the Baptist's head. The title of the lesson and the choice of G.T. indicate that the lesson is to be studied more particularly from the Baptist's point of view and might be called either “The Tragedy,” or “The Triumph” of the Baptist. The contrast between the life of the spirit and the life that is carnal is brought out in bold relief in the characters of John and of Herod. Herod is a type of the self-indulgent, uncontrolled life—the dupe of conflicting emotions and unbridled passions; the Baptist of a self-controlled, God-centred life—the possessor of controlled emotions and of guiding principles.

Persecuted for Righteousness' Sake (vv. 17—20).

There are four Herods in the N.T.—Herod the Great, Herod Antipas, Herod Agrippa I. and Herod Agrippa II. Herod Antipas was the son of Herod the Great and Malthacé, the Samaritan woman. He was tetrarch of Galilee and Perea by his father's will: “King” in his case was only a title of courtesy. He possessed a certain ability for government and kept his tetrarchy in fair order. Like all the Herods he was a great builder and built as his capital, Tiberias (so called after the reigning Emperor) on the Sea of Galilee. Otherwise he was weak, voluptuous, superstitious, unscrupulous and cruel. He married the daughter of Aretas, king of Nabataeans, but he divorced her to marry Herodias, who was his niece and the wife of his half-brother Herod Philip. She was a scheming, unscrupulous woman, and had a great ascendancy over Antipas. The striking parallel between Ahab, Jezebel, Elijah, and Antipas, Herodias, John is frequently commented on. The Baptist had been in prison for about a year because he dared to tell Herod the truth about his sin. Bring out the magnificent moral courage of the Baptist. Moral courage is the capacity for saying what we know we ought to say, and for doing what we know we ought to do. How easy to argue, “Who am I to be picking out the faults of my social superiors?” “What right have I to interfere in other people's business?” “Say what I will it will not affect Herod one particle,” etc. The sins of omission are often greater than those of commission; the sins of silence than those of speech. Mk. presents the Baptist as a kind of Court-prisoner Preacher. Obviously Herod was definitely influenced by the teaching of John. The R.V. “much perplexed,” v. 20, shows the maze in which double-minded persons find themselves—the conflict between desire and conscience. Herodias became his most implacable foe—not content with seeing John in prison she sought in all subtle ways to compass his death. Recall famous prisoners of the Bible and of Church history; also persons who dared to rebuke royalty, such as Nathan, Savonarola, Latimer, John Knox, etc. Learn (i) “Stone walls do not a prison make,” etc. Herod was the bound and John the free man. (ii) Not to be blinded by appearances—young people frequently are. (iii) Do not fail to embrace opportunities for doing good even though sphere of influence seems contracted. (iv) Good feelings or intentions are not enough; men are saved not because they are stirred by the preacher's appeals but because they resolve to turn from sin and to turn to God.

A Scene of Revelry by Night (vv. 21—26).

The realizing imagination can conceive the gorgeous banquet in the magnificent hall. This birthday supper somehow recalls Belshazzar's feast—Herod-like, Belshazzar lived his life without reference to God—“the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.” Origen oddly suggests that birthday celebrations are wrong; “we find in no Scripture that a birthday was kept by a righteous man”; cf. Pharaoh's (Gen. xl. 20) and Herod Antipas! The words, “when a convenient day was come” (i.e., for Herodias' wicked purpose) recalls Felix's “Go thy way . . . when I have a convenient season,” etc. At that feast were present all the leading men of the tetrarchy—civic, military and provincial. This drunken revel re-

minds us how suddenly and unexpectedly the crises of life overtake men. Herod sinned the sin of sins and filled his subsequent days with guilty terrors on his birthday, just when he was anticipating one of the jolliest and most auspicious experiences of life. The old proverb says, “When the wine is in the wit is out.” Herodias' hate and lust of vengeance are unslumbering. A thoroughly wicked woman seems to have no conscience, no compassion, no compunctions. This wily, watchful woman out of her own past experience in the art of ensnaring sensual Herod knew just how to set a sure snare for him. Salome, her seventeen-year-old daughter, took the place of a hired dancer in order to infatuate Herod and gain her mother's wish. She will stoop to no degradation for her child to compass her ends. The maudlin king promises the voluptuous dancer what was not his to give, “unto the half of my kingdom,” cf. Esther v. 3; vii. 2.” The short and sharp answer of the mother, “The head of the Baptist,” evinces the complete success of her snare and the inflexibility of her purpose. Compare Herod's “was exceedingly sorry” with his mistaken sense of honour and false consideration for the opinion of his guests. There are many to whom a breach of the Decalogue is less dreadful than a breach of etiquette. Never be afraid of the bad opinion of bad men. It is not sin to break a bad promise but a sign of repentance. The sequel shows that weakness ultimately spells wickedness. The head is brought to Herodias—it is her triumph and possession.

Faithful Unto Death (vv. 27—29).

How strange that the life of one of the greatest men should hang upon the request of a dancing girl or a brazen strumpet! Time, however, reverses all false verdicts. The victory of justice is assured for all who take the right side in life. The story books sometimes talk as if all good men were always recognized, successful and crowned, as if their careers could be headed “From Log Cabin to White House.” Such triumphs are revealed to the eye of faith—what the eye of sense often sees is “From the Throne to the Cross,” and such like. Few of us are called upon to suffer so dramatic-

ally and tragically as did John as the result of our faithfulness to our Lord. Oftentimes it demands greater courage and finer heroism to prove faithful amid “the trivial round, the common task.” Just as the poem, “Strife in Heaven” teaches that the greatest triumph of redeeming grace is not the double-dyed sinner who repents and believes at five minutes to twelve, but he who is sustained by grace through a long life from childhood to the grave, so the greatest hero or heroine may be he or she who is faithful in little when the pull is entirely in the opposite direction. All God asks of us is sustained faithfulness to the trust committed to us, fidelity results in the crown of life. It is often harder to live for God than to die for Him. A man is faithful unto death when he always and at all costs preserves the integrity of his better self. “The crown of life is a life achievement attained through struggle, sacrifice, and persevering loyalty to a high and ever enlarging ideal of life.”

A Guilty Conscience needs no Accuser (vv. 14—16).

Herod's grief is shown by his allowing John's disciples to give the corpse of their Master decent burial. What an exquisite touch is Matthew's, “They went and told Jesus.” When the heart is at the breaking-point who can bind it up like Him? “Speak Thou availing Christ and fill the pause!” Herod might have said that night when he was sobered by the ghastly crime, “I dare not break my oath,” “I was the slave of circumstances—the tool of a designing, unscrupulous woman,” etc. When he heard of the works of Jesus later he truly said, “It is John whom I beheaded”—ultimately the responsibility for the crime was Herod's, and he knew it. No one can force another person to sin—sin lies in the consent of the will. V. 16 was spoken under the stress of a tortured conscience. From the night John was foully murdered to the day of his death Herod was a man with a haunted conscience. Though a thorough worldling and possibly a Sadducee, he realized that conscience is more powerful than a negative creed. Nothing in the N.T. is more tragic and doom-sealing than the silence of Christ to Herod, Lk. xxiii. 9.

News of Our Churches.

All communications sent by the halfpenny post for this page should bear on the outside, distinctly written, the words “News for the Press,” and should be directed to “The Editor, ‘United Methodist,’ 188 Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.” A number of communications lately have been surcharged through omitting to conform to these Post Office regulations. News should arrive not later than the FIRST delivery on Tuesday morning.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Rev. J. S. Pinner has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the Oxford Circuit for 1913.

Rev. W. D. Gunstone has promised to succeed Rev. John R. Abel, as superintendent of Halifax North Circuit at Conference of 1913.

CHAGFORD.

MR. T. A. PAYNTER, who for many years was steward of our church in this town, died suddenly on the 10th inst. Mr. Paynter appeared to enjoy the best of health and had only just left his home, with his usual cheery word to his wife, when, entering a shop, he fell, and, without a word, passed away. The sad occurrence cast quite a gloom over the town. Mr. Paynter was for a few years a probationer in the ministry of the late Bible Christian Church. On leaving the ministry he returned to his native town and resumed his former work, as a teacher in the public elementary school. The deceased was 45 years of age. Much sympathy is felt for the widow.

CHESLYN HAY.

Stonelaying Ceremony at Chase Terrace. A LARGE number of members and friends assembled to witness the stone-laying ceremony in connection with the enlargement of the church at Chase Terrace, in the Cheslyn Hay Circuit. For some time past the accommodation has been insufficient to meet the needs of the Sunday School, and efforts have been made by the trustees to enlarge the building. The generosity of Mr. T. A. Hawkins (Cheslyn Hay), Mrs. Henry Hawkins (Cheslyn Hay), and Mr. James Hopley (Chase Terrace), with other friends has at length enabled the trustees to commence the work. At the outset, Mr. Ernest Bowden explained that several schemes had been considered by the trustees, but owing to the scarcity of funds, they had not been able to proceed with the work of extension. Thanks to the generosity of the Rev. A. Colbeck and friends, they had cleared off a debt of £95, and now they were proceeding with the work of extension. Owing to the generosity of Mr. T. A. Hawkins, who had purchased a piece of land, they were able to increase considerably their accommodation for Sunday School children, and they were hoping that when the work was accomplished their friends would in the future, as in the past, come forward and help them. When completed they would have room for a much larger number of worshippers. Rev. A. Colbeck called upon Mrs. Harry Hawkins to lay the first of the two larger foundation stones, and said he had great pleasure in referring to the work done by Mrs. Hawkins on behalf of the church in all parts of the circuit. In doing this she was following in the footsteps of her revered and sainted father. Mrs. Hawkins then performed the ceremony of laying the first stone, and in the course of a brief address, said it gave her great pleasure to lay

the stone at that church in which her sainted father took such a deep interest. At a time when all Christian denominations were lamenting the decrease in their congregations, it was refreshing to come to a place where the congregation was increasing. Small stones encircling the large one were laid by the following:—Beatrice Gwendoline Craddock, Mrs. Churchill, Elizabeth Bowden, Mrs. Bowden, Mr. Simmons, A. Bowden, Ernest Bowden, and G. H. Bowden, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Evans, Mr. W. Neville and Mrs. Neville. Mr. James Hopley (the oldest surviving trustee), was then asked to lay the second stone. In laying the stone, Mr. Hopley said he hoped the work of that Church would be successful in bringing many who were outside inside the church, and leading them in the right path. Smaller stones were laid by the following: Rev. A. Colbeck, Rev. R. E. Craddock, Mrs. James, Mrs. Simmons, Minnie Neville, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Craddock, Maggie Jackson, Mrs. Fox, Howard Foster, Mrs. Caroline Evans, Mrs. E. Ralph, Ernest Neville, and A. Bowden, jun. Rev. R. E. Craddock (of Birmingham), delivered an impressive address. Upwards of 150 then partook of tea provided at the Council Schools, which had been kindly lent for the occasion. A public meeting was held during the evening, and Mr. E. Evans proposed, and Mr. W. Neville seconded, a resolution of thanks to Mr. T. A. Hawkins for the generous gifts of the ground on which the church was being extended. The special speaker was Rev. R. E. Craddock (Birmingham).

CHORLEY.

ON Sunday, August 18th, a memorial service was held in the Withnell Church, in connection with the death of Miss Maria Baron. Rev. W. S. Micklethwaite, who conducted the service, spoke in high terms of the loving and Christ-like disposition which she possessed, and urged all present to remember her noble testimony conveyed in her last words “Be quick! I am ready.” Miss Baron was the daughter of the much-respected steward of our Withnell Church and sister of the Rev. J. H. Baron. She was a day, as well as a Sunday School, teacher, and, although only eighteen years of age, had shown much promise of a very successful career.

GATESHEAD.

WE regret to record the death at the early age of 29 years of Mr. James B. Lowson, the dearly-beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lowson, respected members of our Whitehall Road Church, Gateshead. His death, with tragic suddenness, came quite unexpectedly after a few days' illness. During the day he had been conversing freely with several friends and fully anticipated an early resumption of his ordinary duties, but at 8.30 o'clock in the evening he passed peacefully away. In the church he took a very active and devoted interest in all that pertained to its welfare and his attendance was most regular and punctual at morning and evening service. In commercial life he was most assiduous in his attention to duty and his outlook for the future was full of promise. By his genial urbanity of manners he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. The interment took place at Gateshead East Cemetery, at which there was a large concourse of friends, and many were the expressions of sympathy and regret by those who were gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to one who was so dearly loved and appreciated in life. Prior to the interment a short service was held in the house, conducted by the Rev. A. Smith.

JERSEY.

ON Sunday, August 4th, Mr. John Cory, "Neighbour John," passed to his eternal rest at the ripe age of 90 years. For seventy years he had been connected with our churches in Jersey. Born in Tresparret, Cornwall, he came to Jersey when quite a young man. He was the prime mover in the erecting of that magnificent church building known as the Royal Crescent with seating accommodation for over a 1,000 worshippers, and for forty years was its trust treasurer; which advancing age only compelled him to relinquish. The position of trustee steward he continued to hold up to the time of his death. He was an enthusiast in all our church life and work, and to the last day of his life maintained a keen interest in its welfare. His generosity has become proverbial, no righteous cause could appeal to him in vain. To our connexional and church funds he was a generous contributor, and many, faced with difficulty and trouble, found in him a true friend in the hour of their need. His home was ever open to ministers visiting the Island of Jersey, and his generous hospitality will be remembered by a wide circle of ministers and friends. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss. He was laid to rest at Almoral Cemetery, St. Helier. The Revs. W. Alex. Grist, and J. Penry Davey taking part in the service. A memorial service was conducted last Sunday evening in the Royal Crescent Church by the Rev. J. P. Davey. The church is itself a monument to "Neighbour John's" enthusiasm and devotion.

LISKEARD.

Opening Services at Pensilva. THE opening of the new schoolroom at Pensilva, the memorial stones of which were laid last Easter, took place on Wednesday, August 7th. A brief service was held in the chapel prior to the opening, conducted by Rev. A. D. Gifford, Revs. H. Pollard (an old scholar), of Portsmouth, and E. A. Coome taking part. Mrs. Charles May (an old scholar, now residing in Spain) after thanking the trustees and friends for the honour conferred upon her and wishing success to the school, unlocked the door. A large number of friends then entered and were delighted with the appearance of the new schoolroom. The new room covers about twice the ground space of the old school and provides three class-rooms, which by means of moveable partitions may be utilized as an excellent platform for public meetings. The cost of expected to be about £350, towards which about £300 will be realized on the completion of the work: truly an excellent effort on which the friends are to be heartily congratulated. After a well-attended luncheon a service was held in the chapel when an inspiring sermon was preached by Mr. G. P. Dymond, M.A. A public tea followed, and then a splendid meeting in the evening at which Mr. G. P. Dymond, M.A., and Rev. H. Pollard gave addresses. By a happy coincidence, it was noted, the fathers of the speakers at this meeting the late Rev. John Dymond and Mr. J. H. Pollard, chairman of the trustees, addressed the evening meeting on the occasion of the re-opening of the chapel some thirty years ago. The opening services of the school were continued on the following Sunday and Wednesday, when Rev. S. Poad (another old scholar), of Hebden Bridge, visited his native place and preached and lectured to the delight of many friends, new and old.

MACCLESFIELD.

THE Bollington Church, in the Macclesfield Circuit, suffered a serious loss by the death, on August 4th, of brother Edmund Pyatt. Brother Pyatt had been associated with the cause from the stonelaying of the present building, and for several years during which the meetings were held in an upper room in Princess Street. He was throughout a friend of the preachers, devoted to the services and given to hospitality, a work in which he was most heartily seconded by his loving wife, now, alas, herself much afflicted. He was active in the Sunday School, as teacher, and, for long, as superintendent, in which capacity he took the deepest interest in the spiritual welfare of the young. He held, at one time or another, most of the offices that are open to members, and was faithful in all; especially helpful was he as a visitor. He helped much to maintain the congregations and the attendance of scholars at school by his labours in this department. He suffered much in recent years, but throughout exhibited great faith and fortitude. When possible he was at service. When unable to attend his eyes were toward the hills whence his help came. He will be missed, but others will see in his removal a call to stand in his place.

NEWPORT, MON.

WE much regret to announce the death of Mrs. Westlake, of Newport, Mon., which occurred early on Tuesday morning of last week at her old home, the Post Office, Wainhouse Corner, St. Gennys, Cornwall. Mr. and Mrs. Westlake were home on holiday, some six weeks ago, when she was taken ill, and for some days was in a very critical condition. She, however, rallied, and great hopes were entertained that she would recover. But on Monday there was a turn for the worse, with complications, and on Tuesday, just at the break of day, she peacefully passed away. Mrs. Westlake was the fourth daughter of Mr. H. Sandercock, of Roundhouse Barton, St. Gennys, and had been connected with our Eden Church, Week St. Mary Circuit, except during the last ten months, all her life. For twelve years she was the Postmistress at Wainhouse Corner, and by her grace, tact and proficiency won the respect and regard of everyone. In the church she was the servant of all for Jesus-sake—and was esteemed and beloved of all. It was only last October that she was married to Rev. Leonard Westlake, and settled at Newport, laying herself out in the same spirit of sacrifice to serve the church there, and endearing herself to all. The funeral took place at Eden on Friday—there being an immense concourse of sympathizing friends. There was a brief ser-

vice in the home with the family, when Rev. H. C. Bishop read the 23rd Psalm, and prayer was offered by Rev. E. Hortop, a former pastor, now of Launceston. Later, the Psalm was read and prayer offered by Rev. W. E. C. Harris, of Paignton, a life-long friend, and the lesson by Rev. H. C. Bishop. Rev. E. Hortop gave an impressive address. He said they thanked God for their dear sister's bright, joyous girlhood, and for the strength and purpose of her womanhood; for the wealth of her intelligence and endowments—and because they were all so completely consecrated to the service of their Lord and Master. They praised God for the purity of her spirit, for the love of her heart and for the sympathy, tenderness, nobility and beauty of her soul—and for all the service she so unsparingly rendered to the Church and Kingdom. Mrs. Westlake was a product of that church, and it must ever be a source of thankfulness that they had been permitted to aid in the development and moulding of such a noble and beautiful character. Her work as a Sunday School teacher will never be forgotten. She had the supreme joy of seeing all the members of her class accept Jesus as their Saviour, and she will ever live in their memories, and in ours. He was sure that their hearts went out to the bereaved ones in tenderest sympathy—to their dear brother, out of whose life so much light and happiness had gone, to the father, who was too ill to be present, to the mother, and all the family. Might the God of all comfort be with them—and have them in His care "till the morning."

WHITEHAVEN.

Jubilee Services at Bigrigg. JUBILEE services were conducted on Sunday, August 11th, by the Rev. G. H. Hinchliffe, a former minister, whose visit was much appreciated. The choir, assisted by Moor Row friends, rendered a service of song in the afternoon. The attendances were large. On Monday a well-attended public tea was held in a field, followed by a crowded public meeting in the Council Schools. Mr. E. J. Ireland, the advertised chairman, was unable to attend, but he sent a donation and a written account of the history of the Bigrigg church. He also provided a substitute, and the chair was taken by his son, Mr. W. Ireland. Inspiring addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Fry and G. H. Hinchliffe. A large choir, representative of various societies in the circuit, led the singing with great heartiness. In connection with an expression of thanks, the Rev. John Ninnis said that the members were stable in their belief, and consistently maintained the class-meeting and the Sunday night prayer meeting. Temperance work and the conversion of the people were on the hearts of all. It had also done much towards the creation and strengthening of other churches in the circuit. Mr. J. W. Kitchen, and Mr. Jonathan Hail also spoke to the vote of thanks. The services were continued the following Sunday.

Anniversaries.

HOLMFIRTH (Mount Tabor).—The Sunday School anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. S. T. Nicholson. There were large congregations at each service. The collections amounted to £8 10s., an increase on last year.

ABERAVON.—The anniversary services have been held recently, the special preacher being Rev. F. J. Highley Coles, of Cardiff, who preached two excellent sermons to appreciative audiences on the Sunday, besides giving an address at a musical service in the afternoon. On the Monday a public tea was well patronized, and Mr. Coles afterwards delivered his most interesting and instructive lecture on "Peter Mackenzie," to the delight of a very good congregation. The chair was taken by Mr. Walton, B.Sc. (Wesleyan). The services were in every way successful, financially, the net proceeds amounting to about £16 10s.

BOLTON (Black Moss).—The school anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. S. C. Challenger, of Nottingham. In the afternoon an address was given by Rev. Oliver Gregory (Congregationalist). Special singing was rendered by the children and the choir, Mr. Charles Wood acting as choirmaster and Mr. W. Melling as organist. The collections realized about £25. On the preceding evening a convention of Sunday School workers was held in the schoolroom, when Mr. Challenger spoke of work among the young. The discussion was opened by Mr. J. Hallows. Solos were rendered by Mrs. R. Hardman and Miss Cissie Hardman, Mr. R. Hardman being the accompanist. Rev. J. K. Schofield presided.

Presentations.

CHESLYN HAY (Hednesford).—On Saturday last Rev. Frank Keyworth was presented with a gold-mounted walking-stick. Mr. Keyworth has only been in the Circuit one year, but testimony was given as to the excellent work he has accomplished, and all the members regret that he is leaving the circuit. Mr. Keyworth thanked all the members for their kindness to him and bespoke the same hearty co-operation for his successor.

ST. DOMINGO.—At the close of the Men's Meeting on Sunday afternoon last, following a brief address by the leader, Mr. W. Lewis, the departure of the Rev. E. Cato was referred to by Mr. T. P. Smith, one of the trustees of the church and a member of the Bible Class. He expressed his personal appreciation of the four years ministry of Mr. Cato and joined, along with others, in wishing him God-speed in his new sphere of labour. Mr. Lewis, the leader of the Class, then presented to Mr. Cato, on behalf of the members of the Class, a cheque for ten pounds, as a small token of the love and the esteem in which he was held by the members.

RIPON.—Rev. E. Genner preached his farewell sermon at Ripon on Sunday, August 11th, to a large congregation. On the previous Friday evening a presentation was made to him and Mrs. Genner of a purse containing over £30. They have also been the recipients of

valuable private gifts, including a cheque for £10, and a beautiful five-guinea vacuum-cleaner. Very many assurances of appreciation of their service have been received, and they, themselves, leave, after five years, with deep regret.

STOCKPORT (Levenshulme).—Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Hockin have received many tokens of appreciation on leaving this circuit. The Wellington Road Church and congregation, at a farewell meeting, presented Mr. Hockin with some valuable and well-chosen books. The young people of the C.E. Society had previously given him a quaint oak timepiece. The same church gave Mrs. Hockin a case of apostle spoons. On behalf of the members of the Levenshulme Sewing Meeting and W.M.A., Mrs. Melling presented Mrs. Hockin with a beautiful gold and pearl pendant in token of their loving esteem.

SWANSEA (Hafod).—Valedictory services were held on July 28th. Large congregations gathered to show their appreciation of the Rev. T. Langdon Rogers, who, after three years' most successful ministry, leaves for the Tiverton Circuit. He has been an arduous worker, and introduced the Brotherhood, which has proved to be a great success. On Sunday afternoon the members presented him with an illuminated address, containing his own photo, encircled with the members. Mr. E. Osborne presided, and music was provided by the Hafod Glee Singers. Mr. G. Lewis made the presentation, and wished Mr. Rogers success in his new sphere. Mr. Rogers, responding, especially thanked the secretaries and other officers for the way they had assisted in gathering sometimes as many as 300 men into their Brotherhood meetings. Others who expressed their appreciation of Mr. Rogers's work were the Rev. J. H. Harrison (Vicar of St. John's), Mr. Smart (Y.M.C.A.), and Mr. Talbot (of Mount Calvary Brotherhood). On Monday evening, at a crowded meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were presented with a purse of gold by Mr. E. Osborne (circuit steward), in the name of the church and circuit. A large number of friends, representatives of different organizations, spoke of their departing minister and his wife, in terms of highest praise. At a previous meeting the Women's Own presented Mr. Rogers's daughter "Megan" with a pretty gold brooch.

A Harvest Cantata.*

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

MR. BENSON'S cantata, which was first issued last year, is again being offered this year with some additional experience. It was rendered at Easter, at Albert Road Congregational Church, Farnworth, at an anniversary. That sounds out of season, but there was great eagerness to have it, and there was the great advantage of the work being conducted by the composer. It was a high success, too. The more virile soloists of the north put new phases of meaning into the solos and the choruses were superb. The work is founded upon the well-known tune Winchester New, which occurs in the Introductory Festal March and reappears in various forms throughout the work, ultimately forming the final chorus, being given to the voices in unison and having a grand accompaniment from full organ and band. The parts for Band and Organ can be obtained in MS. from the publishers. There are two special features of this composition which are noteworthy: the unusually moderate, almost pathetic nature of the majority of the solos—"The eyes of all wait upon Thee," and "The Lord is very pitiful" being examples. But also Mr. Duncan Goody has selected "He hath not dealt with us after our sins" for an interim soft and unaccompanied chorus before the grand finale. It is a sound of the unusual note of Redemption so often unfortunately absent from harvest services and is very welcome.

We hope that many of our Churches in selecting Harvest Cantatas will utilize this one, for its own sake mostly, but also for the sake of its distinguished author, who is a loyal and devoted member of the United Methodist Church.

G. C.

* A Song of Thanksgiving. By T. Allanson Benson. (E. Donajowski, 1s. net.).

THE MISSIONARY ECHO.

Contents for September.

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 The Watchtower. THE EDITOR.
 The I.R.M. A Review. Rev. GEO. PACKER, D.D.
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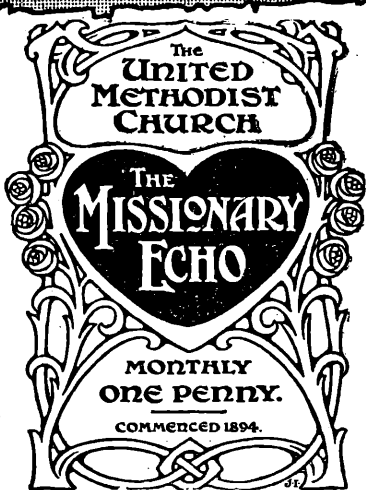
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