

"For God and His Church."

# THE PARISH

EDITOR:  
Rev. W. P. IRVING.

# MAGAZINE

FOR

Arkengarthdale, S. Mary	...	...	...	Rev. W. A. Butterworth
Bolton-on-Swale, S. Mary	...	...	...	Rev. E. M. Thompson
Catterick, S. Ann	...	...	...	Rev. W. Kerr-Smith
Downholme, S. Michael	...	...	...	Rev. Edgar E. Hart
Easby, S. Agatha	...	...	...	Rev. H. T. Pattinson
Aske (Chaplaincy)	...	...	...	Rev. R. R. N. Baron
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Hudswell, S. Michael	...	...	...	Rev. W. P. Irving
Kirkby Ravensworth, SS. Peter and Felix	...	...	...	Rev. H. Straker
Marske, S. Edmund	...	...	...	Rev. G. T. Shettle
Melbecks, Holy Trinity	...	...	...	Rev. J. H. Walton
Muker, S. Mary	...	...	...	Rev. A. E. Holme
Richmond, S. Mary	...	...	...	Revs. Canon N. Egerton Leigh and L. Downes

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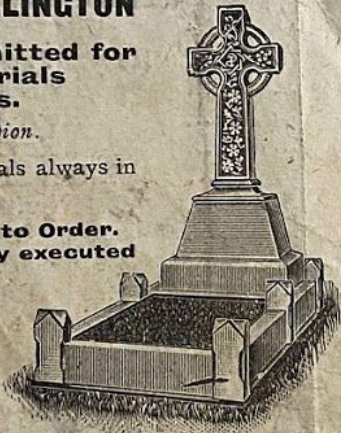
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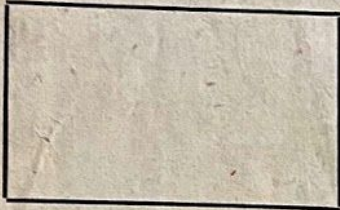
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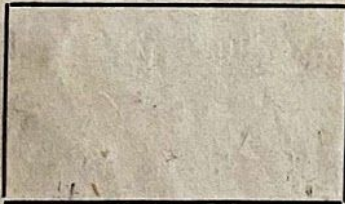
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# Richmond-West Deanery Magazine.



## EDITORIAL.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon will hold a Confirmation Service in the Richmond Parish Church on Monday, April 10th, at 12 noon, and at Catterick at 8 p.m.

The death of Sir Arthur Pearson by an accident in his bath has brought into prominent notice the singularly effective work for the blind, which has been carried on at St. Dunstan's under his direction. In a review of his work by Lord Chaplin which appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* of the 16th ult., the writer says:—

His loss will be well nigh irreparable, and he will be mourned by thousands of blind people, both here and in other lands across the seas, where his great work has borne fruit. For they owe to him and his teaching and example, in countless cases, not only the means of earning a livelihood for themselves, but a change from what otherwise would have been a life of helplessness and black despair to one of comparative cheerfulness and hope; with an object set before each of them to live for. A better, a higher, or more noble work than that which he inspired and carried out with such marvellous success, no man could desire.

The Institute of St. Dunstan's, he concludes, is for the care of soldiers and sailors who were blinded in the war, and there never were so many of them blinded in carrying out their duties in any war before. It is a matter, therefore, of the first importance that St. Dunstan's should be effectively continued and maintained, and that neither the teaching and example of Sir Arthur Pearson, nor his education of the blind for work in a variety of different ways, should be lost or thrown away.

But for these beneficent purposes a large expenditure is unavoidable, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the appeals which may be issued, and some have been already made, will meet with an adequate response. It would be a worthy recognition of the splendid efforts which—while suffering from the same unequalled disadvantage himself, complete and hopeless blindness—were made with such remarkable success by one of the best, the most courageous, and most noble men it was ever my privilege to know.

The Committee of the Victoria Hospital gratefully acknowledge the following gifts:—

Lady Zetland, eggs, illustrated papers, Christmas cards, evergreens, two chickens, vegetables,

apples, and oranges; Mrs. Pulleine, vegetables; Miss Farnedale, apples; Miss Shepherd, cake; Miss Royds, figs and dates, vegetables, *Punch*; Capt. Singleton, candied fruits and sweets; The Mayoress, Christmas cake; Mr. Worsley, Christmas cake, apples, presents for patients; Capt. Brewer, illustrated papers; Mr. F. W. Hall, apples, oranges, dates, and figs; Miss Ruth Roper, plum pudding; Miss Phyllis Roper, crackers, oranges; Miss Rachel Roper, butter, magazines; Mrs. Hudson, plum pudding, cake, and mince pies; Mr. Elliott (Gilling), leg of pork; Mrs. Gilling and Mrs. S. Wilson, fruit; A Friend, eggs; Mrs. Hebdon, eggs, holly; Mr. Howard, grapes; Mrs. Whitell, fruit, biscuits, vegetables; Mrs. Jaques, celery, vegetables, apples; Mrs. Blake, cakes, jam; Mrs. Tate, sprouts; Mrs. Thwaites, chicken; Mrs. H. Todd, tea, sugar, rice; "Tykes" Club, donation, £10.

## THE MOON.

Feb. 5.—First Quarter	...	...	Sets	2-1 a.m.
„ 12.—Full Moon...	...	...	Rises	6-14 p.m.
„ 13.—	...	...	Rises	7-36 p.m.
„ 14.—	...	...	Rises	8-57 p.m.
„ 15.—	...	...	Rises	10-15 p.m.
„ 18.—Last Quarter	...	...	Rises	0-42 a.m.
„ 26.—New Moon	...	...	Sets	5-32 p.m.

**The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed or implied in the contributions which follow. Each Local Editor is responsible solely for his own Contribution.**

**Alterations in Advertisements can only be made quarterly. They should be forwarded to the Editor not later than the 10th day of March, June, September and December.**

**The Editor begs to remind local contributors that all Copy must reach him each month, by the morning of the 22nd, in order to ensure insertion.**

**Notice of any change in the number of Magazines required for the respective parishes must be sent in by the 10th of the previous month.**



## ARKENGARThDALE.

**Altar Flowers.**—Mrs. Piercy kindly provided the beautiful Altar flowers for Christmas. The congregations on Christmas Day were a little above the average. This applies also to communicants. The depleted choir acquitted themselves very well in singing the Carols at Evensong.

**Sunday School.**—The annual Concert, Tea, and Supper, was given on Friday, December 30th, when the members of the Sunday School, who had been very well prepared by Misses Glanville and Taylor, provided an amusing and entertaining programme. The prizes numbered forty, and were distributed by Miss Butterworth. The balance towards the purchase of books was £3 10s. 9d. Our hearty thanks are given to Misses Glanville and Taylor for their able work in preparing the Concert, to Miss Hutchinson (Ealands) for the gift of sugar, to Mrs. Hird (Storthwaite) for giving the milk, to Miss E. Peacock for presiding at the piano, to the "Fairy Godmother" for again sending a sufficient supply of oranges, to those who kindly provided the music for dancing, and any other valued assistance rendered in promoting the happiness and well-being of the Sunday School.

**Special Offertories.**—Service Candidates Ordination Fund, £1 0s. 3d.; the S.P.G., 15/-; the Waifs and Strays Society, £1 15s. 1d.; Oxford Mission to Calcutta, 5/2. Letters of thanks were received from all these from the Secretaries, as was the case also for £3 14s. 6d., our Parochial Quota to the Diocesan Board of Finance. A Sunday is being set apart when your offerings will be asked for the Russian Famine Relief Fund.

**Social.**—A Social was rather hurriedly arranged on January 4th by Misses Glanville and Taylor, previous to Miss Butterworth again leaving home. A very pleasant evening was spent, and it is hoped to promote others before Lent comes. The proceeds will be given to some parochial fund, in bulk, at the close of the season.

**Mrs. Lowther.**—The parish has lost a friend in Mrs. Lowther, of Little Preston Hall, Swillington. As mother of the Patron of the Living, she took much interest in the parish. The Vicarage

family spent a very pleasant holiday in July with Mrs. Lowther, who was then quite well at the age of 77. She died somewhat suddenly, and was working for God and the Church to the end.—R.I.P.

## BOLTON-ON-SWALE.

**Christmas.**—We are much obliged to Mrs. Rutherford for again arranging for the decorations. Mr. Fawell did the work with his usual care and skill. The Vicar was glad to notice an increase in the number of communicants. The collections amounted to £5 13s. 2d., of which £4 10s. was sent to "Waifs and Strays."

**Christmas Party.**—In spite of the very stormy weather 62 children sat down to tea at 3-30 on Dec. 30th in the smaller schoolroom. The tables looked most dainty and inviting. Tea over, we all went into the larger room, and there had our games and competitions. Not only, however, were these enjoyed. The children themselves rose to the occasion, and entertained each other and everybody else with songs, recitations, and plays. We were glad to see some parents present. The Sunday School prizes were distributed as follows:—  
*Firsts:* Walter Lowes, Donald Farey, Ethel White, Irene Rispin, Jessie Foster, Bertha Rispin, Florence Pattison, Mary Scott, Reginald White, Frank Rispin. *Seconds:* Wm. Glenister, Thomas Beecroft, Herbert Atkinson, Cyril Atkinson, Robt. Sawyer, Maggie Lowes, Hilda Sawyer, Dorothy Lowes, Olive Sawyer, Doreen Pattison, Agnes Scott, Winnie Sawyer, James Rispin. *Special:* Alice, Florence, and Arthur Grainger. *Cards:* W. White, V. Cresswell, G. Barker, A. Rucroft, J. Johnson, D. Boyd, Jane Barker, Florence Barker, Dorothy Brown, Ivy Woodgate, Janet Chalmers, Ronald Atkinson, Connie Thompson, Ada White. *Best Albums* (attendance at church on Sunday mornings): Reginald White, every space filled; and Ethel White, only one stamp missing. *Head of School:* Ethel White. Our thanks are due to the teachers for their splendid work. Helped by Mrs. Pape and Mrs. Thompson, they prepared the food for the tea, and gave their children an excellent time. We acknowledge indebtedness to Mr. F. Bennison for his gift of sweets, and to Mr. Taylor who provided oranges and the motor in which to convey the provisions; to Mrs. Bruce who boiled the water for the tea; to Mr. Taylor and Mrs. F. Brown for supplying the milk; to Mr. W. Bennison who helped to prepare the school.



**Choir.**—Miss Starr takes great trouble in keeping a list of attendances, and Mrs. Thompson gave books to the two members (both boys) who tied for first place. Out of a possible 41 for practices and 114 for services, Thomas Beecroft and Walter Lowes had put in 35 + 109, 39 + 105, respectively. The cross-bearer (John Johnson), absent on one Sunday only, also received a book. Many thanks to those who washed surplices and cleaned brasses at Christmas.

**Churchyard Fund.**—Mr. D. Thompson, 16/-.

**Church Box.**—To the credit of accounts, 25/8.

**Celebration.**—Beginning with Sunday, Feb. 19th, the first service will be at 8 o'clock instead of 8-30.

**Lent.**—Ash Wednesday:—8-0, Holy Communion; 11-15, Morning Prayer and Address. On Thursday, March 9th, at 7 o'clock, Evensong; preacher: Rev. F. R. Downie, Vicar of Barton.

**Women's Institute.**—On December 28th a happy party was held. Members were allowed to invite friends. Mr. Buttery, of Whitby, came over and told some interesting stories. Mrs. T. Keenleyside and the Misses Jones gave "Mechanical Jane," a sketch which was most amusing, and Miss F. Nash sang some songs, as also did Mr. Mr. W. Bennison. Dancing filled up a very pleasant evening. Various members supplied the music at the piano.

**Sympathy.**—With startling suddenness Miss Grasham, of Scorton, passed to another life on 4th January. She was found at 2-30 p.m. to have expired while engaged on household duties. The funeral took place at Hornby.

**BURIALS.**

Dec. 27.—David Armstrong, aged 35 years.  
Jan. 7.—Edna M. Ridley, aged 22 months.

**CATTERICK.**

**Lent.**—Easter falls late this year. We shall announce in next month's magazine the Special

Services and Courses of Addresses, for which arrangements are being made. We may, however, say at once that the Preacher on Ash Wednesday (March 1st) will be the Rev. J. A. Sumner, the Organising Secretary for "Waifs and Strays." The collections on that day will, as usual, be for the Society; and boxes for Lenten savings will be given out as in previous years.

**Confirmation.**—The Bishop has announced his intention of holding a Confirmation in Catterick Parish Church on the afternoon of Monday, April 10th (the Monday in Holy Week), at 3 o'clock. Classes of preparation will be formed shortly; and the Vicar will be obliged if names of intending candidates are sent to him as soon as possible.

**Darlington Hospital.**—The Secretary of the Darlington General Hospital has sent a warm letter of thanks for the money (£13 10s.) collected on behalf of that Institution by the choir at their carol singing on Christmas Eve. "I feel," he writes, "that my Committee would desire me to write this letter . . . to thank the members of the Catterick Church Choir for their kindness in making this special effort . . . We are indeed very grateful to the choir; and we venture to hope that they may be in a position to repeat their kind action at a future date."

At every Burial Service we are reminded of the solemn truth that "in the midst of life we are in death;" but it is not often that this is brought home to us so impressively as it was last month when, on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 11th, the sad news came through from Bishop Auckland of the terrible accident by which John Henry Cooper was cut off in the very prime of his manhood. On Christmas Day morning he was kneeling with us at the altar; and now he has passed into the more immediate Presence to enjoy, as we hope and believe, an unending communion with the living Word Who was manifested at that Season in order that He might bestow upon men the more abundant Life. We are glad to know that he survived to see and to say a last farewell to his wife, to whom, as to all his family, we desire to express our most heart-felt sympathy. May he rest in peace; and may Light perpetual shine upon him!



**Syddall's Scholarships.**—At a meeting of the Syddall's Trustees held on Wednesday, January 11th, it was decided that there should be an examination next June, for at least two scholarships, tenable for three years at a Secondary School. Names of intending candidates should be sent to Miss Kerr Smith (the Secretary) who will be pleased to give all necessary information.

**S. P. G.**—The local Secretary of S. P. G. acknowledges receipt of the proceeds of the Missionary Boxes held by the following:—Mrs. Stoneman, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Wray, and the Misses O. Ronaldson, M. Hildreth, A. Blood, and M. Cartwright. The contents (not, however, noted in the above order) were 2/0½, 5/3½, 4/7, 19/7½, 1/9½, 6/11½, and 8/0½.

#### HYMNS FOR FEBRUARY.

	Morning.	Evening.
5th.—	319, 274, 214.	239, 240, 215, 477.
12th.—	34, 170, 228.	168, 167, 573, 225.
19th.—	314, 282, 172.	193, 280, 186, 290.
26th.—	211, 255, 520.	210, 267, 273, 528.
Mar. 1st.—		254, 367.

#### OFFERTORIES.

	£	s.	d.
Dec. 25.—Sick and Poor ..	18	15	1
„ 27.— Do. ....	1	0	0
Jan. 1.—General Purposes ...	0	1	8
„ Church Expenses ...	2	7	10
„ 8.—Church Expenses ...	1	14	8
„ 15.—General Purposes ...	0	2	3
„ Church Expenses ...	1	8	3
	£24	9	9

#### CHURCH REGISTER. BURIALS.

Jan. 16.—John Henry Cooper, aged 49 years.  
„ 17.—Albert Alderson, aged 46 years.

#### DOWNHOLME.

The attendance on Christmas Day was most encouraging, the number of communicants being 30, a figure unequalled since 1913. The Evening Services continue to be very well attended, and we are pleased to see all the young men attending so regularly.

The Sunday School children seem to much appreciate this year's course of lessons on "The Young Churchman," and are attending well.

The Vicar will be pleased to receive the names of intending candidates for the forthcoming Confirmation.

The Vicar and Mrs. Hart once again entertained the Choir to a Social on Jan. 5th. Whist, Dancing, and Games were indulged in before and after Supper, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Wilson and family in their heavy bereavement. Mr. J. Wilson was for many years a churchwarden and worker for the church.

The children of the parish had their annual Tea and Xmas Tree on Dec. 29th. There were very few absentees, although the weather was bad. Games were played after Tea, and during the evening the Vicar showed some interesting lantern slides. Each child received an orange, an apple, a cracker, and bag of sweets, in addition to a gift from the Tree.

A Whist Drive on Dec. 30th was only partially successful on account of the inclement weather. Receipts—Taken at door, £2 10s.; tickets sold in advance, £1 8s. 6d. Total, £3 18s. 6d. Expenses—Scoring cards, 1/6; prize, 2/-; fires, 1/-. Balance, £3 14s., for children's summer treat. Our thanks are due to all who gave provisions and helped in any way, also to the donors of prizes at the three Drives, viz.:—Nov. 9th, The Mayor of Richmond, Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. Wood, and Mr. W. Wilson; Nov. 25th, Miss Burns, Mr. H. Parnaby, Mr. Groundwater, and Mr. Bainbridge; Dec. 30th, Mr. F. Robinson, Mrs. Lambert, and Mrs. Brown.

The next Drive will (D.V.) be held on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 28th. We shall be glad to hear of any who will give prizes, and hope plenty of provisions will be sent. Proceeds for children's Summer Treat.

#### ASKE.

Holy Communion will be celebrated on Sundays, Feb. 5th and 19th, at Morning Prayer, and on Sundays, Feb. 12th and 26th, at 8-30. Tuesday,



Feb. 2nd, is the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Friday, Feb. 24th, the Feast of St. Matthias. March 1st is Ash Wednesday. Holy Communion, 8-90; Litany, 9; Communion at 7.

**GILLING.**

**MARRIAGE.**

Jan. 4.—William Henry Pawsey, and Amy Louisa Cornwall.

The Whist Drive and Dance on Boxing Day, held on behalf of the Choral Society, yielded a good profit of about £26, which it is proposed to devote towards the purchase of a piano for the use of the Society.

A meeting of the Church Parochial Council was held on January 12th. The churchwardens' accounts to the end of 1921 were presented, and other matters discussed.

**Foreign Missions.**—£2 8s. has been remitted to the S.P.G., being the proceeds of boxes and one subscription. 10/8 (the alms at Holy Communion on the Feast of Epiphany) was allotted to the Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

On Ash Wednesday there will be Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Evening Service at 7 p.m. Other arrangements for Lent will be announced later.

It is interesting to find that according to the recent census the population of this Parish is now 817. This compares with 714 on the previous census. So large an increase is rather surprising.

**GRINTON.**

**Confirmation.**—A Confirmation will be held in this neighbourhood by the Bishop of the Diocese in April. Candidates should send in their names without delay.

What a wonderfully healthy place this portion of the world is! During the past year only two

burials took place in the Parish. This would make the death-rate 2.9 per 1,000, while that of the United Kingdom is 14.3 per 1,000. The large number of septuagenarians and octogenarians still with us confirms the fact that the Dale is a pre-eminently healthy part of England.

**HIPSWELL-with-TUNSTALL.**

The small Sale and Social at Tunstall proved successful in spite of the deep snow. But for this many more from the surrounding villages would have been present. We are able to hand over £12 to the Endowment Fund. All who sent gifts, provisions, &c., and all who worked for its success, are thanked most heartily. Great credit is due to Miss Blades and Miss Mackenzie in training the children for their action songs, and to the choir girls for their sketches.

	£	s.	d.
Provision and Fancy Stalls ... ..	1	15	6
Bran Tub ... ..	0	12	5½
Jumble Stall ... ..	0	7	7½
Work Stall ... ..	4	6	0
Teas ... ..	1	10	11
The Dance ... ..	2	4	0
Electric Battery ... ..	0	8	0
Quoits ... ..	0	11	10
Sundries ... ..	0	8	8
	<u>£12</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

The services on Christmas Day were well attended, and there were over 60 communicants.

The Hipswell Choir revived the old custom of "carolling" in Christmas week, and the gifts received will give them an outing in the summer.

Influenza is fairly troublesome in the Parish and Camp, and in several cases has proved fatal. As soon as the symptoms appear, at once go to bed and stay there. It is disastrous to go about with a temperature.

The last journey from Richmond in the 'Bus is not always a pleasant one. The few soldiers who cannot control their drinking habits and their language should be reported without delay to Mr. Brand. Straight soldiers and civilians pay their fare, and have a right to a decent, comfortable ride.



## HUDSWELL.

### BURIAL.

Jan. 11.—William George Carter, aged 64 years.

**The Christmas Season.**—The services on Christmas Day were well attended. In the morning a shortened form of Matins was followed by a Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion, and in the evening a selection of Carols was given by a full choir.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. R. Pickersgill and Miss Grumitt for their help in the decoration of the church.

As announced in the December number a Tea and Social Evening for the children and parishioners was held in the Schoolroom on Wednesday, December 28th, and a very pleasant evening was spent, followed by a Dance, in which a large number took part. The promoters of the entertainment were greatly helped by the liberal contribution of provisions made by friends throughout the parish.

The decease of a much respected parishioner, William Carter, has removed from us one of the older inhabitants, who, although in recent years an invalid confined almost entirely to his home, never lost interest in anything pertaining to the parish. It was a pleasure to hear him speak of his experiences as a quarry worker in former days. One of his last journeys abroad was to the Vicarage Garden Fête in the summer. Our sympathies are with Mrs. Carter and the bereaved family.

We hope to publish in our next a complete list of the names of the weekly contributors to the Church Endowment Fund.

## KIRKBY RAVENSWORTH.

### BURIAL.

Jan. 5.—Leonard Plews, of East Browson, aged 68 years.

## CHURCH SERVICES.

Feb. 5.—10-30, Kirby Hill (H.C.); 2, Children; 6-30, Dalton.  
 „ 12.—10-30 and 6-30, Kirby Hill.  
 „ 19.—8-30 (H.C.), and 10-30, Kirby Hill; 6-30, Dalton (H.C.).  
 „ 26.—10-30 and 6-30, Kirby Hill.

**Christmas.**—Favoured with nice weather the Services both at the Parish Church and at Dalton were well attended. The Sunday School Prizes were distributed in the afternoon. Mr. Herbert Straker's Christmas Dinner and Gifts were, as usual, much appreciated by the old folk in the Hospital.

**Girls' Guild.**—Mrs. Evans has started a little Guild amongst the girls at Ravensworth. They meet on Wednesday evenings. The following have been adopted as a code of rules, viz.:—(1) To attend a place of worship whenever possible; (2) To say prayers—morning and night; (3) To be kind to each and every member of the Guild; (4) To be modest in speech and behaviour at all times; (5) To undertake some article of needlework each session (summer and winter); (6) To pay a subscription of at least 1d. weekly—half to go to Guild expenses, the other to some charity. Names of Guild members:—*Seniors*—Elsie Binks, Ellen Smith, Maud Meynell, Marjorie Barker, Minnie Stevenson, Jennie Cowell, Mary Dixon. *Juniors*—Jessie Chilton, Dora Hull, Hilda Wilson, Ivy Metcalfe, Greta Harker, Alice Stevenson, Agnes Dixon, Lucy Dixon, Linda Hull, Hilda Legg, Mary Legg, Alice Atkinson, Doris Binks, Madge Raine, Ethel Hird, Ethel Wilson. H.S.

## MARSKE.

The evening fixed for the Christmas treat for the children was, unfortunately, a very stormy one, and, consequently, a good many of the little ones were unable to be present. A beautiful Christmas tree, laden with appropriate gifts, had been provided by subscriptions from the parishioners, together with a sumptuous tea, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The gifts were distributed by Mrs. Tatton, the absentees having theirs sent to them.

The scholars in the Day and Sunday Schools have received their annual prizes for good attend-



ance. They were presented by Miss Felicity Shettle.

Our Christmastide Services were well attended, and there were generous offerings. The decorations were effectively carried out by Miss Shettle, Miss Holgreaves, and Messrs. Thompson and Sweeting.

Arrangements will shortly be made for a meeting of the Parochial Church Council.

A very interesting Lecture on British Birds was given in the Hall Room on the 17th ult. by the Rev. D. K. Cook, senior curate of Keighley. The Lecture was illustrated by some excellent lantern slides. It was unfortunate that the night was a very stormy one, but Mr. Tatton expressed the great appreciation of those who managed to come, and the hope that other lectures of a like kind might follow.

**BAPTISM (private).**

Margery Annie, daughter of John and Annie Wallis. Publicly received into the Church, Christmas Day, 1921.

**MELBECKS.**

**Church Missionary Society.**—*Offertories*—Dec. 25th, Parish Church, £2 4s. 9d.; Gunnerside, 6/3. *Subscriptions*—Misses Garth, £4 (including £1 for Medical Missions, and £1 for Zenana work). *Boxes*—Mrs. Simpson, £1 1s. 9d.; Mrs. Walton, 19/6; Mrs. Taylor, 18/1; Mrs. Jos. Thompson (Modesty), 4/6. Total £9 14s. 10d.

**MUKER.**

We are fast approaching the season of Lent, a season which has been kept by the whole Christian Church from the earliest ages. It is a season of preparation which the Prayer Book requires us to keep, and which is kept in memory of our Lord's Fast in the wilderness for 40 days. The Church says in the preface to the Prayer Book about Days of Fasting, and the reason she gives for requiring their observance, not only in Lent but at other times. Fasting is not merely a rule

of the Church, but our Lord puts Almsgiving, Prayer, and Fasting all on the same level. Fasting is only a means to an end. There is no virtue in it of itself. It fails of its purpose unless it makes us more self-controlled and self-denying in other things besides meat and drink.

On Ash Wednesday there will be Evensong and Communion Service and Address at 7 p.m. Hoping many will endeavour to attend.

**RICHMOND.**

**CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.**

2nd.—The Purification of the B.M.V., H.C., 8.  
5th.—V. after Epiphany, H.C. 8 and noon. 12th.—Septuagesima, H.C., 8; Catechising, 2-20.  
19th.—Sexagesima, H.C., 8 and noon. 24th, Friday.—S. Matthias, H.C., 8. 26th.—Quinquagesima, H.C., 8.

**Holy Trinity.**—Evensong, 4; H.C., Feb. 26th, 10-30.

**The Green.**—Evening Service, 6-30.

**Richmond House.**—Morning Service, Sunday, 9-30.

**BAPTISMS.**

Dec. 28.—John William Mansfield.  
Jan. 18.—John Carr Allinson.

**MARRIAGES.**

Dec. 21.—James Walter Palmer and Jane Elizabeth Richardson.  
" 26.—Harry Burgess and Freda Ireland.  
" 30.—Matthew Wilson Speirs and Annie Sophia Bagley.  
Jan. 4.—David Stewart and Helen Bell Matthews.  
" 5.—John Lawrence King and Matilda Tugela Bland.  
" 11.—Walter Metcalfe and Jessie Turtle.

**BURIALS.**

Dec. 25.—Eleanor Rochester Brittain, aged 67 years.  
Jan. 7.—Edward Cockerell, aged 64 years.



- Jan. 11.—Elizabeth Reynolds, aged 65 years.  
 „ 13.—Francis Henry Whaley, aged 50 years.  
 „ 16.—Emma Stedman, aged 46 years.

OFFERTORIES.			£	s.	d.
Dec. 21—	Church Expenses	...	0	3	9
„ 25—	Curate Fund	...	13	12	2
„ 28—	Church Expenses	...	0	6	3
Jan. 1—	„	...	7	19	9
„ 6—	„	...	0	7	0
„ 8—	„	...	5	9	11
„ 15—	„	...	4	3	4
			£32	2	2

**Christmas and the New Year.**—The season was curiously silent and quiet. Some people went away to friends, but few strangers were present. The Carols were sung in place of the sermon at 6-30 on Xmas and New Year's Day. They were quite beautiful, and the "Three Kings" rose to greatness: Edward Kinchin, with his sweet, child-like voice, was great, and so were our past-masters in Wilfred Lawson and Lunn. All the Boys received four shillings each, for which they were grateful to old friends. There was again an increase in the numbers at the Christmas Communion, but the 10-30 service on New Year's Day was not what it ought to be owing to seeing the old year out. In the decorations, wreaths were placed over the soldiers' memorials, and we were unwilling to despoil the pulpit of Mrs. Horn's beautiful work. Other festivities were held as usual at the Barracks, where the Band played at the Children's Christmas Tree, and later on there was a Dance. Richmond House had a good time with Teas and Gifts.

We heartily congratulate Miss Wade on gaining the L.R.A.M. at the first time of asking.

**Sunday School Prizegiving.**—Lord Wharton awards to Mary Hall, Ruth Simpson, Mary Wright, Elsie Kinchin, Harry Vaux, and Edward Kinchin. *Girls*—1st, D. Kipling, M. Dunn, M. Willis, E. Stephenson; 2nd, R. Simpson, G. Kipling, K. Tempest; 3rd, E. Brewell, L. Kipling, L. Dunn, E. Downall; 4th, I. Kipling, L. McKay, D. Downall, M. Wright; 5th, H. Stephenson, E. Smith, N. Husband, D. Dale; 6th, B. Shaw, M. Smith; Infants, L. Kipling, C. Wright, S. Ferrell. *Boys*—Final Prizes: W. F. Lawson, A. Stephenson, 1st, W. McKay, G. Dunn, F. Dunn, J.

Sargant, V. Shore; 2nd, W. Dunn, G. Young, H. Wright, F. Lawson, H. Wheatley, A. Mason; 3rd, R. Horner, T. Paxton, H. Stephenson, G. Foster, L. Wenham, H. Salvin; 4th, L. Kipling, S. Kipling, F. Paxton, R. Dunn, L. Lawson; 5th, A. Dunn, C. McKay, T. E. Wright; 6th, H. Kipling, C. Horner, W. Dunn, D. Shipman; Infants, F. Kipling, F. Horner, C. Wright.

**Parochial Church Council.**—A good deal of the time of the meeting was used to settle points in regard to the working of the Act. It was reported that the Working Party needed extra money for material for making up into garments. Any small subscriptions for this purpose will be gladly received by Mrs. Roper.

**Thanks.**—Mrs. Robinson has kindly presented us with a complete set of white Markers, which were ready for Christmas Day. We should be glad to receive two white Offertory Bags.

**Richmond War Memorial.**—New subscriptions have been received from the Mayoress, £5; and R. Fenwick & Co., £1 1s. The following old subscribers have sent additional donations: Canon Leigh, £10; Lt.-Col. Hennah, £5; Messrs. Wade and Sons, £5; Miss Wright, £1; Mr. W. Walton, £1 1s. We have already reported the offertory on the day of unveiling, £15 9s. 9d., and Mr. Hodgson (the late Mayor), £1.

**The Mechanics.**—When the Gentlemen's Club closed, the Library no longer received the stipend of the caretaker, and the Rector, as President, carried on the Library for the benefit of the town. In 1919 £63 11s. 1d. was spent, and £29 8s. received, a loss of £34 3s. 1d. In 1920 expenses were £66 15s. 10d. and receipts £36 15s. 10d., a loss of £30. In 1921, £57 13s. 10d. was spent, and £35 8s. 6d. received, a loss of £22 10s. 4d. In this year the Building was also painted and colour-washed at an expense of £27 11s. 6d. towards which the Bank contributed £15, so there is £12 11s. 6d. on the wrong side of the Improvement Account. We should like to have some more subscribers, as the rooms are not only a Library, but a Haven.

The Baptisms in 1921 were 61, and the Marriages 16.





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[41 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.]





## Her Royal Highness Princess Mary. A Personal Sketch by Mrs. TOOLEY.

**T**HE betrothal of an only daughter touches a responsive chord in the sentiment of the nation, and we are all sharing the present parental happiness of our beloved King and Queen and congratulating the Princess Mary on her approaching marriage with the man of her choice.

Their Majesties have permitted the nation to share their domestic joys and sorrows in an unusual degree, for the past terrible years have drawn the Sovereign and the people together in a common bond. We mourned with the bereaved parents over the death of Prince John, and to-day we rejoice over the coming marriage of their only daughter.

Princess Mary herself has long ago won all hearts. She is now twenty-four, having been born at York Cottage, Sandringham, April 25, 1897, the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, from which circumstance she was called "the Jubilee baby." We know her as the ideal type of English girlhood, a blonde, with bright brown hair, grey-blue eyes, and her mother's pretty pink and white complexion, going about in town or country, simply dressed without any extremes of fashion, and with a happy, natural manner, and interested in all she sees.

She has been educated at home under her mother's most capable supervision, and is an accomplished young lady, speaking several languages and playing and singing with great taste. She knows something too of the domestic arts, and is a good needlewoman and has taken lessons in cooking. Like the Queen she is very fond of visiting historic buildings, and has a great appreciation of artistic things. It is said that her friendship with her future husband began when with the Queen inspecting the pictures and art treasures which Viscount Lascelles has collected at Chesterfield House. As mistress of that fine old mansion, Princess Mary will be quite in her element.

The Princess touches the girl life of the country at all points. She shares most of their sports and pastimes. In her childhood she played cricket with her brothers, and learned to row and swim. Later, she became fond of tennis and played a little golf, but her favourite outdoor recreations are riding and driving and hunting. She is a first-rate horsewoman, and as her future husband is a keen sportsman this will form a bond of mutual interest. She has been in the habit of riding with the King in the Row and in Windsor Great Park, and when she has accompanied him to military reviews her seat in the saddle has been greatly admired. Her Royal Highness's love of horses and riding has been inherited from Queen Alexandra.

The two great movements which have claimed the enthusiasm of girls all over the land—those of Sick Nursing and Girl Guides—have found a very genuine enthusiast in Princess Mary. During the war she trained and worked as a nurse in the Alexandra Ward of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, undertaking the usual duties of a probationer. The royal "pro" set an example of punctuality, always arriving in her neat uniform, ready for her duties, on the stroke of 10 a.m.

Her interest did not cease with the war. Unlike

some great ladies who put off their uniforms with the closing of the military hospitals and never wished to see a bandage again, Princess Mary returned to her hospital after the war for further training. She was present at several operations, and was "commended" for her nerve. She also took her turn at administering artificial feeding, the method by which unconscious children are fed through the nose. The little patients at Great Ormond Street will ever remember the tender, loving care of their princess nurse.

Before attending at the hospital, the Princess had gone through a course of V.A.D. instruction under Sir James Cantile, in company with some young ladies who were her personal friends. She showed herself quick and clever, taking her certificate at the various stages, and came through the last examination with marked success.

It is with some diffidence that we touch on the religious life of the Princess. Such things are sacred. She is a loyal daughter of the Church and well grounded in its teaching. From her early years she has read her daily portion of the Scriptures and has joined with her brothers in the singing of hymns on Sunday evening, a custom early initiated by the King and Queen in their family. Like the Prince of Wales, she is musical and sings very well. The Princess was prepared for Confirmation by the late Canon Edgar Sheppard, and was confirmed by the Archbishop in the Private Chapel of Buckingham Palace.

One of the first public acts of the Princess was laying the foundation stone of a new hall in memory of the victims of the great munition explosion which wrecked St. Barnabas' Church, Silvertown, in 1917. She presented the Rev. W. C. Bown with a set of beautiful silk markers for use in the Bible and Prayer Book of the church.

On several occasions the Princess has sent her own handiwork to church bazaars. We recall her gift of wicker baskets to a sale at St. Peter's Church, Wisbech, when she was quite young, with the accompanying letter to the Rector's wife:—

"DEAR MRS. STAVELEY,—

"I have made these baskets for your bazaar. I hope you will like them.—Love from Mary."

The Princess takes a special interest in the church at Sandringham, as is natural, for that village is "home" where she is known and loved by every one. The Princess accompanies the girl guides of Sandringham to church parade, when in residence at York Cottage.

Of the organizations which have their devotees in every parish of the land, Princess Mary is particularly associated with the Needlework Guild, for which she has been from childhood a most industrious worker, and with the League of Mercy, founded by King Edward for the help of hospitals.

In the new chapter now opening in the life of the Princess we may venture to prophesy that she will not abandon the philanthropic interests of her girlhood, but will extend her influence in good works from her new position as a married princess.



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Author of "Tiger's Cub," "Colorado Jim,"  
"The Barton Mystery," etc.

#### IV. A Neighbour Calls.

THE hamlet of Upcott was in the midst of what it was pleased to call its "market day." Outside the village inn sundry agricultural implements, dog-carts and horses, were mixed up with hay, oilcake and what not. All the farmers from neighbouring hamlets had driven in as was their wont each Thursday, more with a view to discussing local events than engaging in trade.

The quaint little street nestling in a hollow, through which ran the inevitable red stream, spanned by an arched bridge, looked uncommonly attractive in the warm summer sunshine. Two sprawling dogs blinked lazily as they waited for their lords and masters to finish such discussions as were necessary to the well-being of the district.

Conrad, who had walked in with Helen, gazed with interest at the scene. It was so typical of the West Country—an atmosphere of peace and plenty and delicious content. While Helen paid a visit to one of her tenants he walked into the inn to purchase tobacco. Seated at benches was a representative collection of rural dwellers—farm hands, tradesmen, a fisherman from Branscombe and one or two others of uncertain occupation.

A score of eyes were turned on him as he entered, and to his "Good morning" responses came from all round. They surveyed him critically but without the slightest rudeness, and continued their conversation. The landlord glanced at the sticking-plaster on his brow and smiled broadly.

"You be the young gentleman who had the accident?" he queried.

"Yes."

"I hopes you'm feeling better, zur."

"Much better, thank you."

"And how be Miss Forsyth keepin'?"

"Quite well, I believe."

"I thought maybe these mazin' goings-on might be upsetting the young lady. Folks round here do speak of nought else."

Conrad considered it discreet to assume ignorance.

"There's a strange superstition about—" he commenced, when a burly farmer in the corner interrupted.

"Superstition ye call it! I be telling thee the place is haunted. Some do say it be owls or wind; well, I've lived nigh on sixty years among owls and wind,

and I never heered a noise like that. There's Fouracres out at High Barton—last night he coomed home pale as death. Mrs. Fouracres she has him to bed now. He seed something up there by the cairn, but he won't say what it was lest folks should think him crazy."

A dozen heads were turned towards him at this fresh piece of news. A tall thin man knocked out his pipe and shrugged his shoulders.

"It won't do no manner of good keeping quiet. Everybody knows the land atween the cairn and Upcott be haunted. Mark my words there won't be a man farming on they fields by the autumn. I be roight sorry for the Forsyths I be."

"But how does it affect the Forsyths?" queried Conrad.

A neatly-attired man standing near Conrad volunteered information.

"Mrs. Forsyth owns all that land. It is leased out to a dozen small farmers. These queer happenings—superstitions if you like—are scaring the farmers away. Already two farms are tenantless and other men will go if the thing happens often."

"But they can't break their leases."

"Nearly all the leases are on the point of running out. That is the unfortunate part of the business."

This information opened Conrad's eyes. No wonder Helen was troubled! He left the inn and found her in the street talking to a man in a jingle who had just arrived. He was of the usual farmer type—short, dark and thick-set, with corduroy breeches and gaiters.

"I seen 'em—at last I seen 'em!" he exclaimed.

"Seen whom?" asked Helen.

"Them as plays the music in the wheat, and makes flashes like lightning. They were up there by the knoll last night—dancing like mad. Tom Fouracres, he was that way too, and he seed 'em. I be sorry to leave the old place, Miss, but—"

Helen's mouth quivered. "You're not leaving, Mr. Cann?" she quavered.

"Yer, I sold my standing wheat this morning—almost gave it away I did. We'm to Buckfastleigh next week to take o'er a bit of my brother's holding. The missus won't stay no longer. Fouracres is going too."

"Fouracres going too—" Helen choked. She nodded a farewell to Cann, and joined the waiting Conrad.



"I couldn't help overhearing," he said. "It will mean a great loss to you and your mother?"

"Yes," she murmured. "This will mean four vacant farms. We shall be forced into selling the estate—if anyone will buy it, which I doubt. We didn't want to sell, for sentimental reasons. All my mother's people for generations back were born here."

"But what did he mean about dancing figures up by the knoll?"

She shook her head and sighed.

"I've never heard of that before. Perhaps he's right. If one inexplicable thing can happen why not another?"

He laughed with the object of cheering her.

"I can believe the strange noises because I heard them myself. But there are a hundred causes that might give rise to them. I have no doubt it will turn out to be something very simple. And the lightning-like flash is probably just a coincidence. But dancing figures—demons as he alleged—that is asking too great a stretch of one's credulity."

He saw that her face was set, as though she had accepted the story in its entirety. She too then possessed a little of the superstition of her locality! They were walking down a narrow path between the green corn when the rocky cairn came to view.

"Let us go over to the cairn and explore," he suggested.

Her face paled at the bare idea.

"No, no. I couldn't. No one has been there since these things first happened. There is not a man within ten miles who would risk it."

Her refusal was definite and it surprised Conrad to see how deeply-rooted her fear was. He promptly dropped the subject, but he registered a vow to visit the knoll that same evening.

On arriving home they found Mrs. Forsyth taking tea with a stranger. He was tall and slim and very dark of complexion. On the chair by the side of him lay a hunting crop, and a whinny from the neighbourhood of the stable was evidence that Jake had taken charge of his mount. He rose as Helen entered the veranda and bowed in somewhat exaggerated fashion.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Romanes," she said a trifle coldly. "Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Conrad."

Romanes bowed again and displayed a set of white teeth in a charming smile.

"Not a neighbour of ours, Mr. Conrad?"

"Unfortunately no. I was the victim of a slight accident and these ladies have acted as good Samaritans."

"Ah, yes—I think some one mentioned a motor accident. I hope you are quite recovered."

"Quite, thank you."

The pair joined the tea-party, and conversation wandered over various subjects. Suddenly Romanes re-opened the question of the wheat.

"I bought Farmer Cann's wheat this morning," he said. "I've no notion what I shall do with it. The foolish fellow almost begged me to take it. He has some story about the land being haunted and wants to get away. Curiously enough I heard a similar story in Upcott. Really you west country folk are amazingly superstitious. It's a warning to you, Mr. Conrad, not to take up residence in the west. People's heads are full of pixies and ghosts. They'll tell you that the three rocks beyond the gorge were once three maidens who dared to dance on a Sunday and were forthwith turned to stone."

Conrad smiled.

"I am afraid I am very 'matter of fact.' When I see a ghost or a pixie and can put my hand through it



They found Mrs. Forsyth taking tea with a stranger.

I shall probably believe it. City life brings one down to hard facts, and hard facts leave no room for such things."

"Shear nonsense!" agreed Romanes. "Don't you think so, Miss Forsyth?"

Helen smiled and looked at Conrad but Mrs. Forsyth's face was pallid and drawn. The sight of it aroused a great wave of sympathy in Conrad's breast. There was little doubt in his mind that her anxiety was not so much on her own account as on Helen's. Situated at some distance from any large town, the land never could command a large purchase price. A sale under the hammer at a time when the tenants were refusing to renew their leases might well prove disastrous.

Conrad found himself becoming intensely interested in the problem. It was Helen's future that was at stake—that in itself was sufficient to arouse an overwhelming desire to fathom this mystery. Added to



that was the natural zest of a healthy-minded man in pursuit of an alleged mystery.

"What do you think of Count Romanes?" asked Helen later.

"Is he really a count?"

"I believe so, but in Spain titles are as cheap as, or cheaper than, they are in Germany."

"He puzzles me a little," confessed Conrad. "Is he genuine or are his charming manners a pose? I'm sorry to be uncomplimentary towards your nearest neighbour, but—"

"I know," said Helen. "That is exactly how I feel when he is present. There is always a large 'but' in my mind. And yet there are no grounds for it. He is courteous in every way. A long time ago he made my mother an offer for our property. Of course we refused. Now I understand from my mother that he is willing to renew the offer, despite the bad reputation of the place. I think it must be the house he really wants, for he has more land than he can deal with. His place adjoins ours. You can see the house from the gorge—a big ugly ornate place that spoils the landscape."

"Is your mother seriously considering his offer?"

"I fear so. She is writing to Marks—our solicitor—to get his opinion."

"But you don't want this to take place?"

She shook her head emphatically.

"To leave 'The Pines' would almost break my heart. But what are we to do? I want to get my mother away, to see her freed from all this worry. If only we could put a stop to these dreadful occurrences."

"We can, Miss Forsyth. Don't take a hasty step that you may afterwards regret to the end of your days. Will you try to prevent this sale taking place—at any rate for the present? If you can only stave it off for a fortnight or so—"

"I'll try if you think it advisable," she replied.

"But what can possibly happen in a fortnight?"

"Much can happen in a night," he said. "Strange noises do not come without a natural cause, nor does anything dance that is not flesh and blood. Do you mind if I investigate a little?"

"No. But—"

"But what?"

"You will take care? If anything should happen to you, I should never forgive myself."

He caught her fingers, accidentally, but he clung on to them, for they were delightfully cool and soft, nor did she attempt to withdraw her hand, but bestowed on him a look that was eloquent enough. It expressed as no words could do her infinite trust and gratitude.

"You—you make me feel more at rest," she confessed. "I wish I had your fearlessness."

### V. Conrad Meets a Demon.

LATE that evening Conrad sat in his bedroom looking out over the beautiful landscape, red in the light of the setting sun. He had retired under the plea of a headache, but had ulterior motives.

No sooner had the sun disappeared than he took a thick stick and climbed down the ivy on to the grass beneath. Softly he made his way into the main road and thence through the hedge and into a field of wheat. He could just see the cairn on the knoll—a faint blob rising behind the sea of wheat—and made his way in that direction by the narrow field-path.

An owl hooted from a tree and queer night sounds

added to the uncanny sensation which, despite his scepticism, he was beginning to experience. He had traversed half the length of the field when the weird noise began. It seemed to start close beside him, and it rose to a wild shriek towards the end. The notes came from all sides, making the location of them an impossibility.

It was unearthly, horrifying. A dead silence followed, and then the piping came from a hundred yards to his left. He grasped the cudgel firmly, and rushed towards the sound, but no sooner did he arrive at the spot whence it had appeared to issue than it was continued elsewhere. Again he ran forward and again found nothing. The wheat before him was undisturbed and not even a bird rose to offer a possible but improbable solution.

His forehead became clammy with perspiration. All over the broad expanse the noises echoed, mingling with the low moan of the sea. He set his mouth firmly and made for the still visible knoll. A sharp turn brought him out of the wheat and on to the narrow footpath. The owl in the tree still hooted in dismal and eerie fashion and the whole atmosphere was one of intense brooding.

It annoyed him to realize that the business was getting on his nerves. His common sense told him that discarnate demons were things of the imagination, but he approached the hill with a strange coldness at his heart. Towards the top the hill sloped precipitously and the ground broke into holes and chasms.

A solitary tree grew from a mound on the summit, its gnarled branches spreading like vast serpents over a tumbledown cairn, from which boulders had detached themselves in the course of time, to fall down the steep slope and render approach almost impossible.

He was picking his way across the jagged obstructions when a blinding flash shot up not twenty yards from him. He staggered and then looked ahead. A figure stood on a ledge of rock, motionless. It was like a thing of a nightmare—of semi-human form, black and with enormous eyes. The yellow flame behind seemed to spring from the bare rock itself, and the pungent smell of sulphur assailed his nostrils.

For a few seconds Conrad stood, transfixed with horror, and then his soul revolted against the impinging fear. He hurled himself forward, cudgel raised. He meant to strike hard whatever it might be. He was within a few feet of the dreadful apparition and his right arm was flung back to strike when something happened—something that put out the leaping flame and plunged the whole moonlit scene into abysmal blackness. He tottered a step and then fell heavily.

### VI. The Crimson Sign.

It was four o'clock the next morning when Conrad opened his eyes. He was lying on the dew-sodden grass just inside the hedge off the main road. He blinked at the red orb which was rising over the hills to the east and, for a few minutes, vainly strove to discover what he was doing there. When memory came it flowed like a raging torrent. He put his hand to the back of his head and felt the unmistakable clamminess of blood. There was, too, a huge bump where some instrument had hit him.

Angry and filled with an insensate desire for retaliation, he made his way to the house and crept in by the bedroom window. After bathing the aching wound, and satisfying himself that it was well hidden by his



rather thick hair, he slept until Jake came up with the shaving water—and with startling news.

"They've been here," he said.

"Who have been here?"

"The demons—them that dance on the knoll. They've left their mark on the door and we're doomed."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Jake shook his head. "It's true enough, sir. You wait till you see the front door."

Half an hour later Conrad saw for himself. On the centre panel of the huge door was a crude sign in red paint.

Helen, obviously perturbed, gave Jake instructions to remove it before Mrs. Forsyth should see it, and begged him to keep quiet. But there was no keeping it quiet. Later in the day news came that a similar sign had appeared on the doors of all the farmhouses on the estate. The farmers, already scared out of their wits, took this as a final warning and notified their intention of moving to some healthier spot.

"What does it all mean?"

Helen asked.

"That we are going to discover," replied Conrad grimly. "Did you speak to your mother about Romanes' offer?"

"Yes, but I doubt if I can dissuade her from selling. Marks, our solicitor, is coming over to-morrow. Mother's decision will be governed by his advice."

"But Marks is bound to advise selling," argued Conrad. "He would much rather negotiate a deal of this kind than continue to draft leases. Can't I speak to your mother?"

"If you wish, but I fear you will find her influenced towards selling."

Conrad with considerable reluctance broached the subject that evening.

"Forgive me for mentioning a matter that is really no concern of mine, Mrs. Forsyth," he said, rather nervously. "But I was given to understand from your daughter that you were considering an offer for the freehold of your property."

Mrs. Forsyth pursed her lips and nodded silently.

"And yet you do so against your inclinations?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly. "Mr. Conrad, you have seen enough and heard enough to understand why I hesitate to reject such an offer as Mr. Romanes has made."

"You fear that these strange occurrences will continue and that the tenants will not stay?"

"I know they will not stay. Out of fifteen farms four are empty, or will be so in a few days. There are at least four other tenants who are considering the

advisability of finding land elsewhere. Suppose I refuse this offer and the farms become tenantless?"

"Suppose the mystery were solved and it was proved that there is nothing ghostly about the 'singing wheat.' Wouldn't you regret having given up your home and all the things dear to you?"

He had touched her on her weak place. Her eyes swam, but she shook her head sadly.

"It seems to be the only way—the only way to save Helen from penury."

Conrad sat in silence for a few moments.

"If these happenings are having the effect of driving away the tenants, why should Romanes be willing to buy the estate?" he asked.



A figure stood on a ledge of rock, motionless. It was like a thing of a nightmare, of semi-human form.—Page 22.

"Romanes believes that it is mere superstition on the part of the farmers, but you know it is not so. Besides, he is a very wealthy man. He does not want to farm the land, but to extend his park. I do not think there is another man who would offer half the sum that he is prepared to pay. Marks must advise me, and I shall act on his advice."

She had set her heart on that and Conrad saw it would be sheer rudeness to labour the subject.

"I hope you will forgive me for mentioning the matter at all?" he said. "It was perhaps an unwarranted intrusion on my part."

She smiled in her kindly, gracious fashion.

"I know that your motive was good, and that is enough," she replied.

(Continued on page 26.)



# The Marriage Service.

I.



The Wedding Day.

SOMETIMES people ask us what is the difference between a marriage in a Registry Office and marriage in Church? It is important that we should have our answer ready, and very important indeed that it should be the right one.

First, then: both are equally binding. For what makes a marriage?—the consent of the man and woman themselves. They accept each other as husband and wife in the presence of witnesses; and the deed is done. It is a compact of their own making. We may very well spend a moment in looking at the matter in this light only, without bringing the question of religion into it at all.

Marriage involves our "word of honour." Every Briton worth the name attaches a great deal to that. Because many generations of Britons have done thus they have made their country's name respected all over the world. "He that sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance": those words of the Psalmist have been true of the average Englishman, whose "word is his bond." Somebody wrote, not long ago: "We went to war with Germany because she broke her word. What mercy would a business man expect who had undertaken a contract and signed it before witnesses, and then treated the whole thing as if such a contract were not binding? . . . Yet" (the same writer continues) "English men and women will swear most solemnly before God and men to be faithful to each other through any troubles that may beset them. They sign their names before witnesses to their vows and troth, and then in six months or twenty years they break their word as lightly as if it were naught."

We know, alas! how true these words are. We can scarcely take up a newspaper without having the fact brought home to us. Recent legislation has sadly facilitated "pledge-breaking." If it be true, as our King said during the war, that "the foundations of national glory are laid in the homes of the people," then we must feel that a terrible thrust is being made at the foundations of national glory—we might add, of national existence.

We, however, look at the binding marriage-contract not only from the point of view of patriotic

Britons, but from that of patriotic Christians. We have a Heavenly King and Country, as well as an earthly one. The law of CHRIST upon the subject stands clear and plain. It has never been recalled or modified. CHRIST makes demands upon us, because HE knows well that HIS Grace is sufficient to enable us to meet them. HE knows, none better than HE, that marriage "can be made the most beautiful thing in the world, and not by any means by perfect characters only." The ordinary man and woman, with all sorts of imperfections, can learn this "fine art." And because it is a great undertaking, there is a special means of "grace and heavenly benediction" provided in the Church for those who care to come and claim it.

For several centuries, in the early ages of the Church, the only "Marriage Service" was a celebration of Holy Communion, with some special prayers inserted. The earliest Christians were Roman citizens; we know, of course, that Judea was a Roman Province under Roman law. There was a Roman civil ceremony to be performed. But though this made the marriage legal and binding (just as a Registry Office ceremony does to-day), it conveyed no Divine blessing (any more than does the latter). Even old heathen Rome had sought for this, according to her lights, and had been wont to complete her civil ceremony by offering worship and blood-sacrifices to her pagan gods—the bridal pair partaking of a sacrificial cake, made by the vestal virgins, which was forerunner of our Christian wedding-cake!

When paganism disappeared, and Christianity became the religion of the whole community instead of but a part, the civil ceremony as well as the religious one was included in the Church service. The civil ceremony consisted of three parts:

- (a) the espousals—that is to say, the promise of marriage with the parents' consent;
- (b) the giving of the ring by the man to the woman;
- (c) the conveying of the dowry by a written document in the presence of witnesses.

The actual marriage, following this, consisted also of three parts, viz.:—(a) the Holy Communion; (b) the Benediction; (c) the Coronation of the bridal pair.

This "coronation" and subsequent laying down of crowns still forms part of the marriage ceremony in the Eastern Church. The crowns, worn by both husband and wife, are of metal, such as were evidently used in Rome in early centuries. In our wedding service we have a relic of this bridal coronation in the wreath of flowers worn by the bride. Myrtle and rosemary have formed the wreath of many an English bride, from Saxon times; some of our Continental neighbours have the pretty custom of cherishing a pot of myrtle, in homes where there are young daughters, to make wreaths for these when the time comes.



# A Devon Wife:

By ARTHUR L. SALMON,  
Author of "West-Country Ballads," etc.

**W**HATIVER dü 'er kep on vor? 'Er niver be 'appy, 'er baint, Unless 'er can bullyrag zomebody; an' I be zo meek as a zaint!  
I've always a-bin a gude 'usband, a proper gude 'usband to she,  
But 'er be a rampaging, drabitted, fussocky body, 'er be.

I can't a-zay 'er be lazy, vor that baint axackly true; Yü niver did zee anybody rout about 'ouze as 'er dü; But Zolomon 'as zed, an' I reckon et's true as my life— Better an 'ouze unvitty than a clapper-clawing wife.

But yet 'er be my missis, the chillern's mawther too; 'Er's wan of the right zort, 'er is, at bottom, that be true;

An' what I 'ave zed, I'll zay et—I'll stand by what I 'ave zed—

But ef anyone else should zay et, I'll vetch'n a clout'n tha head.

Düee think I don't remember that Saterdag in Jüne?—

Us stüde in the daffadowndillies, us lüked up at the müne;  
Us hadn't a deal to zay, but I'll warrant us thought the moar,  
An' a purtier little maid there niver was zeen avore.

Us lüked up at the müne as ef us niver had zeed 'er,  
An' then I lüked in 'er eyes as though my lüke cud read 'er.  
Zed I, "Et's a bütiful night"; 'er answered an' zed "Zo et is";  
An' zomehow I seed no rayson why I shudden make vor a kiss.

Fegs! I wuz only 'a bwoy; an' I zed, "There is pisgies<sup>1</sup> here,"  
I knew 'er wuz feared o' pisgies, an' I drü a bit more near.  
I tellee I niver feared the pisgies in the laist,  
But I thort et a gude excüse to vetch my arm roun' 'er waist.

I didn't zee 'er then a rampaging, drabitted zoul—  
'Er wuz a purty maid, wi' eyes zo black as a coal;  
'Er wuz a purty maid, an' I wuz only a bwoy,  
An' I liked 'er all the moar that 'er was a trifle coy.

An' zomehow et come about, what wi' the pisgies an' müne,  
I axed 'er tü be my missis, et couldn't be too züne.

<sup>1</sup> Pixies—fairies.

I dunno what 'er answered—et wasn't No 'er zed—  
An' as 'er lived tü Kirton,<sup>2</sup> tü Kirton us wuz wed.

'Er beant the zame azackly as 'er appeared that day;  
It beant no gude to argyfy, 'er's bound tü get 'er way.  
I've always bin a gude 'usband, a rare gude 'usband to she,  
An' 'er's bin gude at the vittles, whatever 'er temper be.

A rare un at the vittles, an' everything be nayte;  
'Er knows to manage vitty tha tatties an' the mayte.  
A little thort tü temper—I'll stand tü what I've zed—  
But ef anyone else should zay et, I'll vetch'n a clout'n tha head.

I beant a bwoy no longer, tü be takken wi' a show;  
I wants a busy missis tü make the vittles go.  
Let 'er be vretful zometimes, and clapper-claw a gude un—

In a' the country-zide there beant 'er equal at ogs-pudden.

<sup>2</sup> Crediton.



"'Er wuz a purty maid, wi' eyes zo black as a coal."



A purty vace wur zummut, but when I marriet, züne  
I vound there's zomething else to dü than lüking at  
tha müne; [wuz done,—  
An' when the chillern come to us tha coortin' days  
There's zummut more to thenk of now than niny-  
hammer vün.

Whativer dü 'er kep on vor? But if et pleases she  
I can't azackly reckon that it does much hurt to me;  
An' if 'the Almighty tüke 'er, as wuz a purty  
maid,  
I warrant I'd want to vollow an' lie whur she be  
laid.

### THE SINGING WHEAT. (Continued from page 23.)

Marks turned up the following morning, and strongly urged Mrs. Forsyth to treat with Romanes. "The place is getting a bad reputation," he said purringly. "Of course you might be able to find new tenants, but I doubt it. The outgoing tenants are spreading the news far and wide, and you know the superstitious nature of the people in the west."

Mrs. Forsyth sighed and turned to Helen for support, but Helen, to her mother's amazement, shook her head.

"It's our home," she said tensely. "My father would never have given it up had he been alive. If we wait a little everything may come right. These horrible visitations may cease."

Marks coughed to show his disagreement. "As your family adviser, I should say that every day will see a depreciation in the value of the property. The land will fall fallow, all the farms will go into disrepair—and Count Romanes may withdraw his offer."

Romanes himself turned up later, his sardonic countenance wreathed in a very pleasant smile. Marks had telephoned him to say that his client was still considering the matter.

"I am leaving for Spain in a fortnight," he informed them. "The matter must be settled before I go—or not at all. I am not so keen on the property as I was. There seems to be something queer about it after all."

"It appears to be haunted all right," mused Conrad. "But something of a very material nature."

Romanes shot him a swift glance and then laughed. "I must come and see them one evening when they are operating," he added.

Helen had great difficulty in preventing her mother from accepting there and then. Romanes frowned when Helen got her way.

"I scarcely think you are acting in your mother's interests, Miss Forsyth," he said.

"That remains to be seen," returned Helen coldly. "Helen!" implored her mother. "I'm tired of all this. Let us get away from the place. It's driving me to distraction." She turned to Romanes, "I'll give you a definite answer within a fortnight."

"I'll call on Mr. Marks this day fortnight," said Romanes. He gave his magnificent mount a dig with his heel and went cantering down the drive.

(To be continued.)

## ◎ "The Ideal

A TALK WITH  
(sometime Goalkeeper for  
and Northfleet; and the  
Middlesex C.C.C.)

"YES, Mr. Wade," said the famous goalkeeper for more than one great League team in past days, as he is for Northfleet F.C. to-day, "I have had so many years' experience of the winter game that I have no objections to putting before you what is my view of 'The Ideal Footballer.'"

"Many fellows seem to fancy that all that is needed in Soccer is for a man to be able to play the game well week after week, in whatever position he may hold in the field. Well, of course, skill in playing football, and the ability to make the best use of one's opportunities in a match, are certainly very important assets. But they are far from being all that is necessary to make the ideal player.

"Football has to-day so many millions of players, supporters, or interested folk, that it is incumbent on every actual exponent of the great winter game to be more than a mere performer in the matches in which he takes part. His life, his example, his words—if he be a leading player—will be watched, copied, and retailed, by innumerable lads and men over and over again. His influence and power for good or evil are incalculable, and—it is most important for such a man



"Jack" Durston.

## Footballer" ◎

"JACK" DURSTON  
Queen's Park, Brentford  
famous fast bowler for  
By GEORGE A. WADE.

to remember!—he can never easily remove an impression that has once been made on a crowd, whether for good or evil.

"That thought should make us all pause before we say or do what may lead other men (aye, and even women, who follow the game so keenly nowadays!) astray. That is why I am quite willing to give

you my own view of what 'The Ideal Footballer' would be like, however much many of us who play may fall short of the high standard I shall set up!

"He should, of course, be a well-developed, healthy, sound man. Not too tall, even if a goalie; nor, on the other hand, too small. There have been giants in the game who were superlative players; there have been men almost dwarfs who were no less great. But the average, or a shade above, is the best, undoubtedly.

"Healthy? Well, that comes from clean, sound living, doesn't it? 'The Ideal Footballer' will be a man who refuses to be led astray by any glittering pleasures which would tend to reduce his physical powers and effectiveness at the game. Hence he will avoid late hours, indulgence in exhausting pleasures of the body and mind, drink, and even smoking in any excess whatever.



"I would go so far as to say that every footballer in the land, and every other would-be great sportsman, will prove all the finer, cleverer and more successful if he becomes a rigid teetotaler, although I have nothing to say against strict temperance in drinking, if a man *must* have alcoholic liquor at all. But I myself have never touched it in all my life, and I can fairly claim that, what with cricket for six days a week during the summer, and strenuous football matches once or twice a week during winter, my strength and stamina are pretty severely tried. Yet I am quite certain they would not be as good as they are were I to take any alcohol! And I most strongly advise all young fellows to leave it entirely alone! 'The Ideal Footballer' would unquestionably not be a drinker of anything which did not help to improve the body!

"Then as to that much-debated question of smoking, Mr. Wade! I smoke a little now and then, and if a young chap likes to have a pipe or a cigarette occasionally, I do not blame him. But excess must be strictly tabooed; for nothing so injures the player at vigorous games as those affections of heart, lungs and throat which always follow too much smoking, especially of cigarettes! Therefore 'The Ideal Footballer' would, in my own view, smoker though I am, be one who did not smoke at all, since there is always a never-ending temptation for a man to indulge too much in any habit which pleases and soothes him."

"That opinion is interesting and useful, Mr. Durston," I said.

"Now may I ask if you have any views in regard to what we may term the spiritual, or even mental, side of a player's life?"

"F. J."—the fast bowler for Middlesex and England, the active and successful goalkeeper—smiled genially. Then his fine brown eyes lit up as with sudden fire, and he became enthusiastic! I love that look, that quick glance of hidden fire, in the eyes and faces of such men. It thrills me! I have seen it in more than one of the splendid giants of cricket, football and rowing whom I have known.

"Why, of course, any real man *must* have a spiritual side, Mr. Wade, and will guard it as his hid treasure! So 'The Ideal Footballer' certainly would possess it! To desire such a title, or anything approaching it, a player must take deep interest in all around him that tends to the religious, social and mutual betterment of his neighbours and himself! How can he act as a good example and guide if he himself does not possess the needful graces?"

"'The Ideal Footballer' will belong to some active church, or his brotherhood will be but skin deep. It may be as a chorister, as a sidesman, as a teacher in the Sunday School, or in some other no less useful service of God; he will not only be, but *do*, something worth while.

"I have always been closely connected with the Church of England. For nine years I was a chorister at St. Mary's, Clophill, Bedfordshire, and to-day I seldom miss attending the Sunday services at home or at some church near where my cricket or football engagements take me.

"I should say without hesitation that 'The Ideal Footballer' would never be able to exert the influence he might have on men and boys unless he himself were a member of some church, working faithfully and eagerly for it when he could, and thus showing a bright example to the thousands who look up to him week by week on the football or cricket field."

"And what about that matter of 'doing nothing but play for a living,' Jack, as some critics express it?" I asked, as we sat down on the stand at Lord's to watch Middlesex make the score which beat Surrey and gave her the championship for 1921.

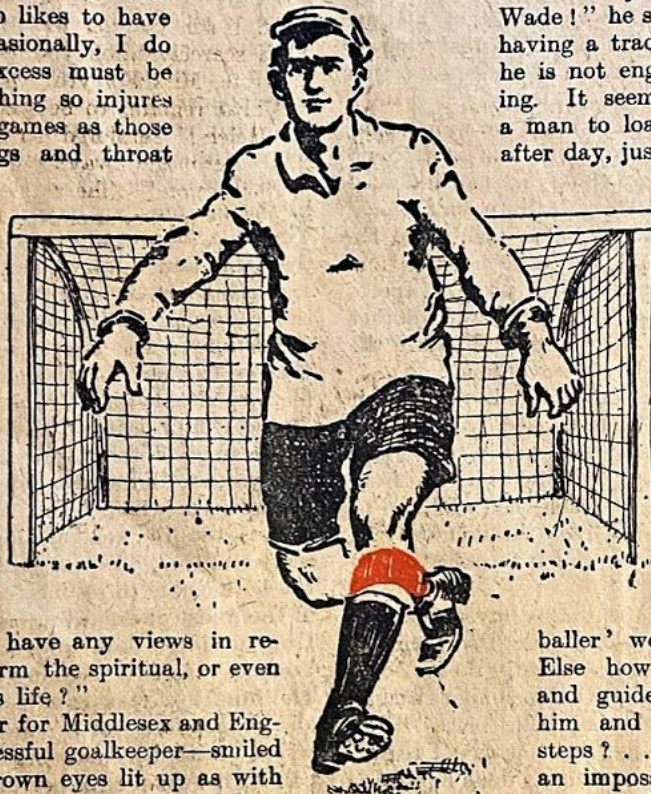
"Glad you mentioned that, Mr. Wade!" he said. "I am all for a player having a trade, and practising it, when he is not engaged in matches or training. It seems demoralizing, to me, for a man to loaf about doing nothing day after day, just because there is no match

on. Besides, look how much safer he is with a trade or business, if his powers for playing should break down, or if he is dropped by his club for any reason! He must feel immensely safer, and easier in mind, if thus provided for, when he knows that the years which will follow his active footballing career need not be regarded with doubt and dread!

"'The Ideal Footballer' would surely be such a man! Else how could he act as pattern and guide, again, to those watching him and trying to follow in his steps? . . . Oh yes, it is a big part, an impossible rôle some would say, that of 'The Ideal,' eh, Mr. Wade?"

"But"—here Jack's eye kindled once more, and I grasped his hand warmly as he said the final words—"are we to give up aspiring, trying to attain the highest, striving to become better and finer, just because we sometimes fail, because the way is rough, because the standard is so perfect? Not a bit of it! The world will always be the better, Mr. Wade, for men and boys, women and girls, seeking what is best and highest! And the more we players try to rise, the nearer we shall be to—even if still far short of—'The Ideal Footballer' whom we have here tried to picture!"

There is no more modest, unassuming, really "good fellow" playing games to-day than F. J. Durston. He does not often talk at all about himself or others: his words are therefore all the more well worth attention. And our boys and men who read this ought to learn some wisdom from what he says—and lives!





# QUESTIONS I AM OFTEN ASKED

WHY PRAY? II. By the Rev. W. A. SCHOFIELD.

**I**n the Middle Ages, one of the aims of many learned men was to find out a chemical process by which the baser metals, as copper, tin, lead, iron and the like, might be turned into gold. Much time and labour were spent in the vain search, and there was ever the risk of being burnt alive as a wizard. Had they discovered it, they would soon have been disappointed, for then, gold, being plentiful and easily produced, would have lost its value. But there is a Divine alchemy of which others in those same ages knew, by which the commonest things of life are turned into a gold that never loses its real value—PRAYER—and it is of this, in one of its aspects, that we are briefly going to write.

Life is very busy. There is so much we want to do, and so little time in which to do it, and at the end of most days there are many things we had intended to see to, but, as we say, "There really wasn't time." As a matter of fact, God gave us our tasks, and He also gave us the time, so that the work and the time actually fit one another, for He never asks or expects the impossible. The real difficulty lies in another direction: Do we put first things first, and so use the time at our disposal to the best advantage?

One of the great reasons for our failure in this respect is that we do not have recourse to God for help and guidance. How comparatively few adults nowadays dream of praying to God each morning on rising from their beds! How few parents teach their children to talk with their Heavenly Father as the first duty of the day! This is the trouble, and it is easily set to rights.

You may reply, "But I always say my prayers at night." That is a matter for sincere thankfulness. But have you ever, if we may reverently do so, compared your feelings with those of God in similar circumstances? You have a family of little ones. They have to be washed and dressed, their meals got ready, and a hundred and one little kindnesses done for them. The day is wet, the holidays are on, so they have to remain indoors the whole time. What would you, as a mother or a father, think, if those little children never gave you a thought the whole day through, never spoke a word to you, never expressed thanks, and only when bedtime arrived, and they were worn out and tired, they just said a somewhat sleepy "Good night, mother," "Good night, father"? You would feel a little hurt, to say the least; you would be disappointed and a little heart-sick, and think, "What queer, strange little things my children are." Must not the heart of God, Who loves us as a mother and father in one, ache when His children treat Him in that way?

"Yes," you may say, "I know that; but then, I have so little time. There is my work to go to early in the morning." Or, "My husband's breakfast has to be got ready punctually to the very minute, the children to be dressed and sent off to school." That

is so, and God would have none of these things slurred over or neglected. Yet, is there not a moment or two to spare for Him to Whom we owe all the good things of life? Is there not time for a "Good morning, Father," on our part and, like the children, just a curling of the arm around His neck, a kiss and a caress?

It is not long prayers that God asks of us. Short honest prayers are the things that really count. He does not wish for lip service—He knows that we have a lot to do, and in those circumstances long prayers are apt to be said hurriedly and thoughtlessly—but a reaching out of the heart of man to His heart. The intensity and reality of the prayer, not its length, are what really matter. When we turn out of bed, let us turn out on to our knees. Three minutes of earnest reaching out of the heart to God first thing in the morning are going to change the whole day. You know how stuffy it is in a house or a room when the doors and windows have been closed for a while, and people have slept there. Your morning prayer is the opening of the doors and windows of the soul, which allows the sweet, refreshing, purifying air of Heaven to blow in. It makes all the difference to the life and vitality of the soul. From that breathing in of the Holy Spirit we have a renewed strength with which to meet the day's tasks, its worries, anxieties, annoyances, and a wonderful sweetness and fragrance pervade our whole being.

It is, too, the consecration of the entire day to the service of God. During it, having thus begun, we are the better able to recollect ourselves, to think of God in the midst of our work, and to lift up our hearts to Him in simple love and adoration. All work, then, becomes sacred. Nothing is common or profane. The humblest task is a piece of work done for God, and is therefore worth doing well. When the mother is busy with her household duties, her washing, her baking, her cleaning or her mending, God is beside her. He has a very real interest in it. It is being done, not merely for the comfort and happiness of husband and children, but for His honour and glory. He smiles upon it. Before, it often seemed tedious, humdrum, and a nuisance. All that has gone. In it she finds a true pleasure and satisfaction, and does it her very best.

The same is true of the father. He may be working on the roads, wielding the pickaxe and the shovel, bending over his lathe or loom, penetrating like the miner into the bowels of the earth, writing at the office desk, it matters not what. God is then looking over his shoulder and watching. That work has been offered to Him in the morning prayer. It concerns Him very much, and He smiles again as He sees the efforts made to do it conscientiously and well. His Son used to work so with His hands in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. He helps the work on, assists where it is hard and difficult. No longer does it remain



mere drudgery, nor is it done solely for an earthly master: it is done for Him, the Master of all.

Such consecration is the alchemy of life. The commonest things become of eternal value. There is no small or great; all honest labour is honourable and dignified, and brings with it joy, happiness and contentment.

Do you say, "I used to do so, but have let my morning prayers slide. I have tried to start them again, but something always comes in the way and

causes me to break my good resolutions." That does not matter. Begin once more. Begin to-morrow morning. The great and the good things of life are always a little difficult. It is worth learning, this secret of the alchemy of life, and with a little more perseverance, success shall crown your efforts. We cannot altogether see its effects here and now, perhaps, but afterwards we shall find how our prayers have been like the golden rungs of a ladder linking Earth with Heaven.

## Our Good Night Corner for Children.

### I. ONE OF US.

"And the Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him."—LUKE ii. 40.

**T**HERE is a hymn that boys and girls often sing, and I sometimes wonder if they really mean it. It starts—

"I love to think, though I am young,  
My Saviour was a Child."

You know the hymn, don't you? How do you think of Jesus? As the great King of Heaven throned in splendour far away? Jesus is like that, of course, but I think He would like you to remember that *once He was a boy*, very much like the boys who are reading these words now. I wonder why He became a little boy and took the trouble to live all through a boy's trials and difficulties? It will help us to understand if we think for a while of another king—King George V of England. In all English history there has been no king so well loved and so popular as the present King George. Why?—I will tell you. It is because more than any English king who ever lived he is *one of the people*. He has travelled more than any other king, and has shown himself in every part of his dominions, and to nearly every race of people under his rule, so that they are all able to feel that they know him. Then too, he is always trying to place himself *in the shoes* of the people he reigns over, so that he may feel things as they feel them. When he goes to Lancashire he goes to the cotton-mills, and is enough of an engineer to understand what he sees. When he goes to the coal-mining districts he goes down the deep dark mine, and so he knows what it feels like to be shut away from the fresh air and the sunshine. And everywhere he goes he loves to enter the homes of the people. So the operator in the mill, the coal-miner, the humble peasant and the working man are all able to say when they see the king—"He is one of us—he understands." During the war King George went into the trenches under fire, and many a Tommy must have thought as he saw him, "He is one of us—though he is the king!"

But nobody can say this so truly as can the brave sailors, because King George is especially a sailor-king.

Years ago he, was the youngest cadet on the training-ship *Britannia*, of Dartmouth. And like all true boys he loved a bit of mischief. One day he put some marline spikes—great sharp iron spikes—in the first-lieutenant's bed. Of course, there was a row. The first-lieutenant no sooner jumped into bed than he jumped out again, and then went round the ship looking for the right person to "jump on." It looked as though a certain cadet would be accused of being guilty when up spoke Prince George and confessed rather than see his mate unjustly punished. And he had to lose a week's leave. No wonder the naval cadets when they see or think of King George say, "He is one of us, we love him." And as a cadet and then as sailor and officer, Prince George had to work very hard. He was spared nothing. He knew what it was to swab deck and stoke fires, and indeed he worked harder than others, for when that kind of work was done he had to learn languages. But when he went to see the Fleet in the North Sea during the war, I am sure the sailors thought, if they did not say, "He is one of us—he understands our life. None of it is hidden from him. How we love him."

Well now, boys and girls, the story of the New Testament is more wonderful than this story of the English King. It is the story of the King of kings—the Eternal Son of God—Who came from Heaven to be a little boy in Bethlehem and Nazareth. Why? So that you to-day when you think of Him may be able to know and to say, "He is one of us. He understands me. He knows my difficulties and my battles. He will help me. How I love Him."

Will you try to think that way of Jesus? He was a boy like you—in order that you may become by His grace a boy and man such as He was.

### Do You Know? By the Rev. Canon THOMPSON.

1. Show that doorkeepers were sometimes women.
2. In one place the old name of the house of worship is used of the Christian assembly.
3. St. Mark xvi. 18 (first clause). Do we know any example?
4. "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." What happy fulfilment followed very soon?
5. Twice men murmured that Jesus was the guest of a publican.
6. Two prayers of men unknown to each other combined

into one stream to bless the world.

7. Find four places in which it is said that Saul saw the Lord.
8. Which is the one example in Heb. xi. of extra Jewish faith?

9. What city produced a silversmith and a coppersmith opposed to the gospel?

10. How many passages in which the ministry of angels is named with the giving of the law?

\* \* \* Answers to the above questions should not be sent to the Editor, but should be kept to be compared with the Author's answers to be published in the March Number.



# Searchers of the Skies.

By

H. J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

**T**HE completion of a new 100-in. telescope on a mile-high mountain top in Southern California calls attention to the wonderful strides which have been made of late in the designing and erecting of mammoth devices for exploring the heavens. Indeed, there would appear to be a race going on between the great observatories as to who shall own the mightiest of star-gazers.

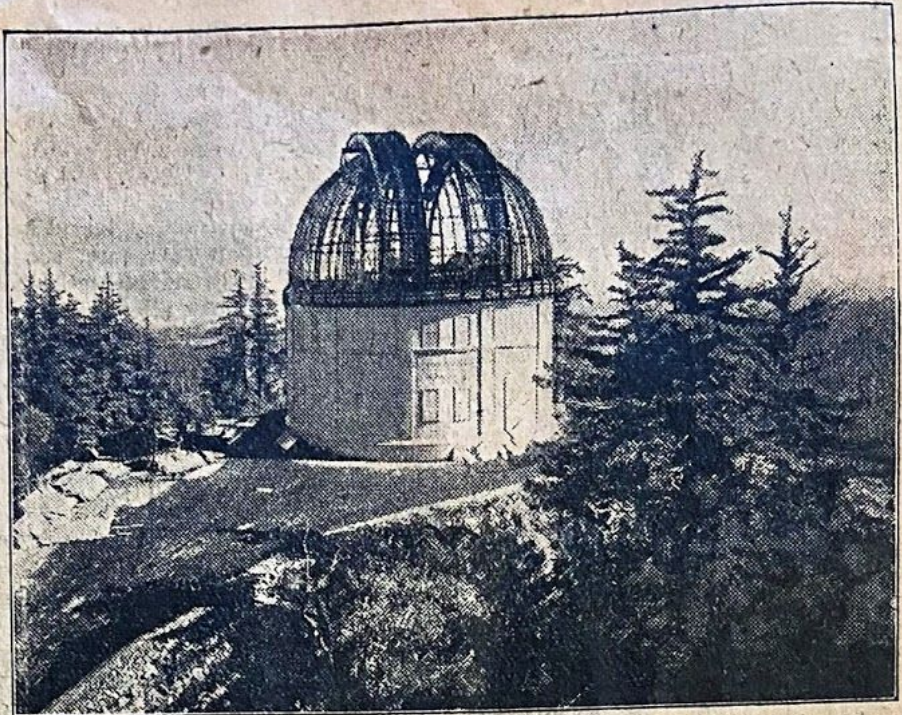
For some years the famous Yerkes telescope, on the outskirts of Chicago, held the proud distinction of possessing the largest of optical mirrors. It was paid for by the famous railway king, the late Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, after whom it was named. When he ordered the telescope he declared: "I don't care how big it is; but let it lick the 'Lick,'" referring, of course, to the 36-in. telescope of the Lick Observatory.

The Yerkes, which had a 40-in. mirror, has now gone the way of the Lick, having been eclipsed by three mightier telescopes possessing glasses of 60, 72 and 100-in. diameter respectively. The first of these was completed early in 1916, after five years of patient toil on the part of engineers, builders, mathematicians and opticians, on the summit of Mount Wilson, in Southern California. During its construction the Canadian astronomers, jealous of the big instruments owned by the American observatories, induced their Government to enter the race for the world's greatest star-gazer, with the result that an instrument with a 72-in. glass was planned. In this telescope Canada now possesses the largest sky-piercer in the British Empire, and the second largest in the world. The new instrument rests in a beautiful circular building on a hill-top on the outskirts of the city of Victoria, in British Columbia.

Long before the Canadian monster was ready to wrest new secrets from the heavens, the American astronomers, not to be outdone, started upon the erection of a still bigger instrument, one that should possess a mirror measuring 100 in. in diameter. This is now completed and, to the delight of the whole scientific world, has already proved its value. Wonderful photographs of the moon, planets, nebulae and other heavenly bodies have been secured, and thousands of new stars revealed.

This new mammoth among the star-gazers reposes in its steel house, perched 6,000 ft. above sea level, on Mount Wilson, in Southern California, almost within a stone's throw of the older 60-in. instrument. The observatory here was originally founded for solar work, but through gifts and the generosity of the Carnegie Institution it has blossomed forth into the largest of observatories, and bids fair to become the Mecca of the astronomical world.

All told, over five years were spent in constructing



The home of the Empire's most powerful telescope at Victoria, British Columbia.

the latest and mightiest of telescopes. Apart from the big advance in the size of the mirror, there was the task of finding a suitable site, and that decided, there came the difficult feat of transporting the steel girders, heavy framework, the massive pieces of machinery, and finally the finished mirror up the steep mountain-side. Although the distance from the observatory workshops in Pasadena to the mountain site is only nine miles, frequently a whole day was occupied in hauling a single heavy piece of machinery. It took fourteen hours to drag up the priceless mirror.

The gigantic telescope rests on a pier of hollow reinforced concrete, 35 feet in height. This pier, in turn, rests on other piers—forty in all—built in the form of a double ring. The object here is a twofold one. By standing the telescope 35 feet above the ground on a hollow structure it is sufficiently removed from the ground to be unaffected by earth radiations, while the forty piers upon which the hollow platform rests provide footings heavy enough to withstand the severe wind and snowstorms which are experienced at this bleak altitude. Another new departure is that no part of the dome or the wall of the observatory is allowed to touch the pier on which the telescope rests.

The telescope alone weighs ninety-six tons, or nearly double the weight of its Canadian rival. Two years were spent in assembling the various parts. It is the mirror, however, that claims our prior attention. Without this the colossal mass of steel tubing, despite its delicate setting and adjustment, would be worthless. As already stated, it has a diameter of 100 in. There is only one firm in the world—a French firm—that can cast glass disks of such a size, and they had eight failures before the 100-in. disk was cast. In the rough state it was 101 in. across, 13 in. thick, and weighed over five tons.

On its arrival at the workshops in Pasadena the task of grinding and polishing the glass began. From first to last it took over four years. By means of very fine emery powder, applied by wooden brushes wrapped in cheese-cloth, the flat disk was slowly hollowed out into a spherical basin, with a hole in the centre.



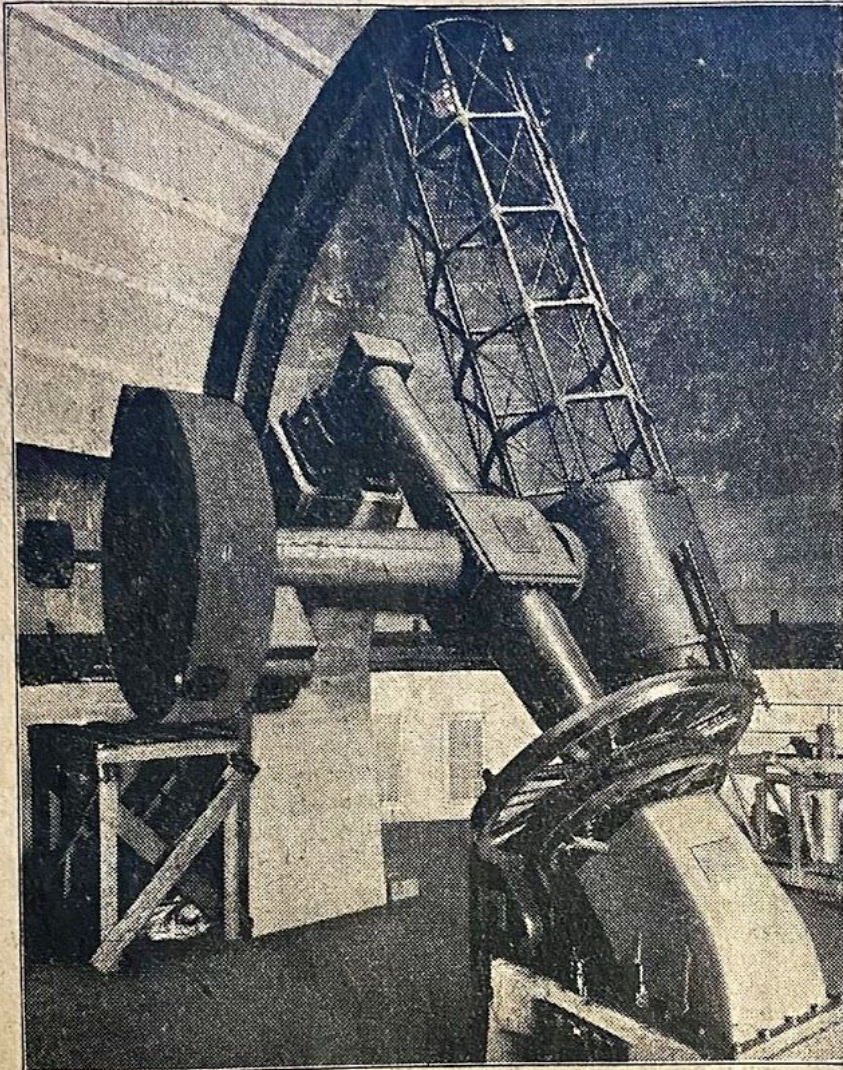
Altogether a ton of glass was removed in the grinding and polishing. There followed a coating of silver, deposited by chemical means, and the great mirror, weighing 9,000 lb., or 4½ tons, was ready for mounting in the bottom of the great tube.

Everything in connection with the telescope is controlled by electric power. Over forty electric motors have been installed for the work of moving the instrument and for opening and closing the dome, also for raising and lowering the platform from which observations are made. To enable the instrument to follow the stars, in their apparent motion from east to west, a giant driving clock is employed.

This monster of telescopes, like its Canadian rival, is of the reflector type; that is to say, it is the reflection of a heavenly body which the observer sees. You do

not look through the mirror directly at a star. The star's light rays are caught by the big mirror at the bottom end of the telescope tube, and reflected back up the tube upon a secondary mirror or prism, which sends the reflection back through the hole in the centre of the big mirror on to the eye-piece behind it, which

is really a high-power compound microscope. Thus the reflected image is seen through the eye-piece considerably magnified, and there held until examined or photographed by the observer.



The 72-inch Canadian telescope, the second largest instrument in the world.

Some idea of the telescope's great power may be gauged when it is stated that it is able to make a star appear 250,030 times as bright as the eye sees it. It virtually brings the moon, which is about 240,000 miles away, within 200 miles of the earth. Hitherto it was generally conceded that the craters one sees on the moon's surface were of volcanic origin. It is now thought they were formed by meteorites striking this satellite when she was young and impressionable. By means of the new giant, too, astronomers have been able to measure the diameter of the remote stars. The largest of them all is Betelgeuse,

which is said to have a diameter of 215 million miles, or more than twice the distance between the sun and the earth. The number of stars seen throughout the entire sphere of the heavens by the naked eye is about 5,004. The latest optical giant is expected to reveal at least 300 million.

## Smile! By DOROTHY DICKINSON.

SMILE! There is need of every smile  
 Your heart can give unto this world the while  
 You live and work in it! A smiling face  
 Is like a benediction and a grace  
 Bestowed by Heaven to carry strength and cheer,  
 To turn to hope mayhap, a starting tear.  
 One breeze may set a thousand leaves a-quiver;  
 One shower of raindrops swell a mighty river;

One rainbow cause a thousand beams to shine  
 In myriad colours and in different line  
 A thousand ways spread out. One song  
 May strike an echo in the depths, so long,  
 That men will lift their eyes and hearts again,  
 To catch one moment more, that gladd'ning strain:  
 One sunbeam turns to blue a sky of grey,  
 One smile may turn to gold one leaden day.



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