

SEPT 1892

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Tigh-na-Bruaich,
Kyles of Bute.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is difficult when away from home to find matter for our Magazine. Partly because I have not Local News ready, and partly it may be because when so far from home local news seems so very local. And so I decide to write you a letter about my holidays.

This is a beautiful bay on the mainland of Western Scotland overlooking the coast of Bute. The water at this point is about two miles across. The scenery is most lovely, and the charm of the place to visitors is that boating is so safe that children can go off alone in boats without danger. Then the great Clyde steamers constantly call at the pier close by, and in them you can have the most lovely rides round the Islands and into the Lochs which abound in this part of Scotland.

I spent Sunday on the Island of Cumbrae, which lies between the mainland and the East Coast of Bute. In Cumbrae is the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Argyle and the Isles. It is the centre of a handsome block of new buildings with the Provost's house on one side and the college on the other, situate on high ground overlooking the little town of Millport. As you know, the people of Scotland are mostly Presbyterian, and this is the established religion of the country. Very few people ask themselves whether a certain form of religion is established or not before they assent to it; and so though the branch of the Church Catholic in Scotland is disestablished, we feel that it is to that Church we belong. The population in this part of Scotland is thin and scattered, and our fellow Church people are few in numbers, and so the Cathedral is very small. Indeed a congregation of 130 filled the building. The Church however is a very handsome one. The services were like ours at Thorpe Bassett. Indeed I was not a little surprised to find that they arranged for the psalms as we do. In the morning they were read and in the evening they were sung, the priest singing the alternate verse by himself. The service of Holy Communion was conducted almost the same as we do, except that the priest wore vestments. The Bishop was not there that Sunday, and I should say that with such a scattered diocese he could not often be there. Provost Ball was there alone and took all the services and gave two excellent sermons.

From Cumbrae I crossed to the mainland, and from there crossed again to the Island of Arran—such a magnificent island, with long valleys and great hills.

There is a large hall near the hotel at Tighnabruaich, and on Monday night there was a concert. It was a good concert of local talent, but I have enjoyed some of the Rillington concerts more. A ball followed, but I was too tired to stay up for it. I heard of one man going off at four o'clock in the morning in his boat. It seems so strange to me that the water is the highroad. I have seen many houses where the inmates could not get away from home unless they took a boat or a steamer.

I have seen a copy of the local Parish Magazine (Presbyterian), and a very good one it seems—I think better than ours. It seems that some of the readers understand Gaelic, that is the native Scotch language, better than English, and so some of the prayers are written in Gaelic. I give the first two lines of a poem.

O mhathar chaomb. Jerusalem
A' d' ionnsuidh cuin' thig mi?

I hope this short letter will interest your readers. I wish I had the power of words to draw them a picture of this beautiful country. I wish, better still, that I had the money and could hire the "Lord of the Isles" (it would hold them all) and take all your readers for a day's cruise.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE A. GRENSIDE.

SCAMPSTON.

BAPTISMS.

August 24th.—Algernon Bernard, son of Robert Dickie and Annis Bradford, Surgeon and Physician, of Rillington.

A cricket match took place on the 20th, between Scampston and Weaverthorpe juvenile cricketers. Weaverthorpe was a long way ahead at first, and had only 26 to win in the second innings. However owing to the pluck of Carr and Groves, Scampston, contrary to all expectation, came off victorious. The morning was very wet, and the vicar had not provided provisions, &c., thinking Weaverthorpe would not come. But suddenly they turned up, and Mr Harrison, the curate, who never "sticks fast," went with the Vicar on a foraging expedition. The shop was first visited, then a few good natured cottagers, who at once brought out the contents of the pantry, pies, &c. Mrs Cowton set on two large kettles, and an excellent tea was provided, with plenty to spare, owing some say to the loss of appetite of the Weaverthorpe boys, who did not relish their beating. The return match will be played on Saturday the 27th, when a tough struggle is expected.

On Tuesday, owing to the kindness of Mrs St Quintin, the choir and school children had an outing to Scarborough. The day was very fine, and was spent in entertainments, boating, &c. An excellent dinner and tea were provided, and all returned delighted with the outing, with the exception of two stray sheep who missed the train, and kept the Vicar and Mr John Jackson an hour longer at Scarborough and had to return via Malton.

The Rev T. Williams took second prize for a glass super of honey at Malton Gala, and was commended for sections. He has taken twenty hives to the moors, and the weather has been very favourable. Few know of the pleasure of starting at 5-0 a.m. with a rully load of bees with the glorious uncertainty of their getting out and stinging the horses and men. The tug up to the moors, the lovely heather, the fitting up of the bees, the air, the scenery, the gathering of blue berries, and above all the cheery hospitality of the people of the Moor Cock farm, are most enchanting.



CHANCE OR DESIGN: AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. BOYD CARPENTER.

TELL you you're mistaken; as it was in the beginning, so now and for ever after. There is nothing outside what you see, everything works by itself, at least by a law, if you choose to describe it so, by a power, if you prefer to think of it in that way, which goes on from day to day the same.

"Well, I can't help feeling my doubts about it. What is it all for? I can't be satisfied until I see the end; there must be a purpose. What is it?"

The speakers were two straight flat pieces of lead about an inch wide, and a sixteenth of an inch in depth, very bright and shining, and bearing some slightly raised irregularities along one edge. These were letters forming words. Each piece of lead represented a line of type cast on the molten metal by the movements of a machine called the Linotype machine. But this they did not know, and, like many others, they found it difficult—nay, almost impossible, to believe what they could not see. Let us listen while they talk.

"A purpose? Yes, of course, the purpose is just what you see, no more. You go through your day's work, the machine begins to move, the wheels turn, the bars clang as they rise or fall, the great leather band whirrs as it twists endlessly round the wheels, the door opens, and first you appear, then I, followed by others exactly like us. We go through the same round day by day, always being placed side by side, and having the same black mass passed over us, and then the great white sheet, after which we are taken up and returned to the genial warmth of the box out of which we started, there to repose through the long hours until, with the return of warmth and light, all is set in motion again, and once more we repeat the events of the previous day. That's the purpose, and the end of all things too."

"Don't think me obstinate that I venture to doubt it. I cannot be satisfied to think that we are such mere puppets, the sport of this power which gives us life."

"I don't see why you need speak of a 'power that gives us life,' as though it were personal; it is nothing more than the order of things. Look how regular it is: always the same; we know exactly what will happen day after day, and if anything were changed, it would be a miracle, and all clever people know that miracles do not happen."

"I grant that, yet I don't think I need a miracle to happen to prove that I am right in believing that the power which enables us to move and act is something rather greater than 'the order of things.' I have a conviction, unreasonable though you may think it, that our life means more than appears, and if I could only know this it would be a greater proof of power to me, a greater miracle than any irregularity of movement on the part of the machine. Purpose is surely greater than power, because it implies Intelligence and Will. That the laws under which we work should be changed, that the wheels should go backward, and the bars move upward instead of downward would be a miracle, because it is contrary to the laws of our being as we know them. This exhibition of power, I agree with you, would be a wonder, a miracle; but even if it be possible, even if you could show me the purpose of it, it would not be so wonderful to my mind as our daily life, if, as I believe, it has a constant meaning and a purpose."

"This is too absurd! Mind, Intelligence, Will! you will be claiming moral qualities next for your mysterious power. No, believe me, there is nothing beyond what you are already acquainted with. The power is resident in the material around you, and it works accord-

WEST HESLERTON

BAPTISMS.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

August 15th.—Ruby, daughter of Robert William and Elise Jane Miles
August 16th.—Robert William, son of Frederick William and Harriet

Thompson.

MARRIAGE.

August 3rd.—Robinson Hall, of East Heselton, and Ruth Cuthet, of West Heselton.

On Wednesday, July 27th, the parishioners of West Heselton presented the Rev. A. J. Hutton, curate of the parish, with a handsome clock on the occasion of his leaving Heselton for his new curacy near Durham. Mr W. Hodgson, who was in the chair, spoke warmly of the affection felt for Mr Hutton by those among whom he had worked; and the Rev. H. M. Short made the presentation, dwelling cordially on the character that had marked that work. The curate thanked them heartily for this welcome sign of their goodwill, and the proceedings were brought to a close.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF COTTAGE GARDENERS.

The second show of this society was held on the 22nd ult., when the committee were again most fortunate in their selection of judges, the work being undertaken by Messrs. Gough and Longster. Much to their regret, Mr Gough was unavoidably detained at home, though the committee have every reason to be thankful to that gentleman for sending such an able substitute in the person of Mr Plaxton, of Ruston. We must not forget to mention those but for whose generosity we should never have had the pleasure of asking the above gentlemen to adjudicate, *i.e.* the donors; one and all we thank them heartily. The judges carried out their work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, leaving nothing to be desired save the ability to amply repay such kindness, care and generosity. They were greatly pleased with the gardens on the whole, and said that those who were not successful in obtaining prizes had suffered an honourable defeat, the number of well-cultivated gardens being comparatively large. It is very pleasant to have to record that the judges saw ample evidence of our society's good work; and this is essentially what its promoters desired. I append a list of subscribers. As all accounts are not yet settled, a balance-sheet may, with the Editor's consent, appear in a later issue.

	£	s.	d.
Lady Hawtreay Cox	1	1	0
Mr P. Abbey	0	2	6
Hon. Eustace Dawnay	0	5	0
Mr F W Pison	1	0	0
Mr Gough	0	10	0
Rev. J. H. Hutton	0	5	0
Rev. A. J. Hutton	0	5	0
Mr T P. Longster	0	2	6
Mr J. Outhet	0	2	6
Mr G. Pierson	0	5	0
Mr Plaxton	0	2	6
Rev. H. M. Short	1	1	0
Mr G. B. Short	0	5	0



"In All Time of
Our Tribulation."

"Thy Way, not mine, O Lord!"

Words by HORATIUS BONAR.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.
(Vicar of Hestington, York.)

i. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be;..... Lead

me by Thine own Hand, Choose out the path for me.

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| <p>2. Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy Rest.</p> <p>3. I dare not choose my lot—
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.</p> <p>4. The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.</p> | <p>5. Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.</p> <p>6. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.</p> <p>7. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.</p> |
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KNAPTON.
BAPTISM.

July 31st.—Mary, daughter of William and Jemima Snowball.

The new curate of West Heslerton and Knapton began his duties in Knapton Church on July 31st. He was ordained on December 20th, 1885, by Bishop Wilkinson, of Truro, and was for four years curate of Helston, some twenty miles from the Land's End. For the last two years and a half he has been curate of Kirkstall, near Leeds.

WINTRINGHAM.

Early in last month there was a large gathering of the associates and members of the Girls' Friendly Society at Newton. Mrs Cholmley, who is the local secretary, invited them and spared no pains to make the gathering a success. The guests numbered about 150, and came from the parishes of Norton, Birdsall, Burythorpe, Helperthorpe, Weaverthorpe, and Heslerton. We began with dinner at about half-past twelve. The tables were most gracefully set out on the front lawn, when down came a heavy shower and soused everything. Fancy, cold water on the hot beef and rabbit pies. However nothing was spoiled, and as soon as the forms were dried we sat down and enjoyed the meal. After dinner we all went to the covered tennis court and listened to an address from Miss Skirrow. Very well the lady spoke and weighty were her words. She urged the members of the Girls' Friendly Society to have more enthusiasm. This is specially needed in such a branch of the society as ours is. The members are younger than in other branches, and they do not so readily understand and appreciate the work of the society. The society is formed to help women and girls in their endeavour to lead good and useful lives, and so to be the blessing in the world that God intended them to be. They should feel proud to be members of a society with such a noble intention, and the thought that they belonged to such a society should be a help to them in leading good lives. Mrs Cholmley then gave an excellent address on the duty and helpfulness of using this society as an aid to them as Christians, and to this end to enter into it and live in it with prayer. I have not my notes by me and so cannot do justice to these two addresses. When women speak to their own sex from an earnest wish to do good, as they did that afternoon, it is a treat to listen to them, and the value of their words is very great. The speeches were short, and then began the amusements. Of these there was no lack. Skittles, tennis, swing boats, dancing, and donkies. This last was the favourite amusement. Tea was at about 5-30 p.m., and then carts were ordered. But before leaving all went to the church and had a short service. The church was quite full, and the girls sang their hymns heartily. Mr Grenside gave a short address on two ways of doing their duty as members of this society. First, let them be more careful in using the prayer of the society. Then let them be very careful not to slander one another from a thoughtless habit of gossiping.

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