

We held our Harvest Festival Service on Tuesday evening, September 26th. A very good company gathered together to offer their thanks to Almighty God for His blessings to us in the late harvest. No doubt many of those that live at some distance from the village were prevented from coming by the weather. We seem to be rather unfortunate folk at Wintringham, for this is the fourth year running in which our harvest festival has been held in wet weather. A very earnest sermon was preached by the Rev. Gerard M. Hutton from the 27th verse of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. I hope we shall all lay it to heart and profit by it. The church looked very beautiful; Mr Elworthy did well for us, and we thank him for the labour which he bestowed on the decorations. The collection amounted to £3 1s 3d, and was given to the York County Hospital and the Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

C A L E N D A R .

OCTOBER 18TH—ST. LUKE'S DAY.

10-0—Celebration of the Holy Communion (choral).

2-30—Re-opening of the Church. Sermon by the
Archbishop of York.

7-30—Service. Sermon by

OCTOBER 22ND—SUNDAY.

8-0—Holy Communion.

10-30—Morning Prayer.

6-30—Service. Sermon by

OCTOBER 24TH—TUESDAY.

7-30—Service. Sermon by

OCTOBER 29TH.

Celebration of Holy Communion at 10-30.

Your alms will be given to the Society for Promoting Christian
Knowledge.

OCTOBER 31ST—EVE OF ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Service and Sermon in Church at 7.

The Archbishop has now been able to fix a day for the re-opening of the Parish Church. It has been necessary to arrange an afternoon service for the Archbishop's visit. I am sure we may look for an half-holiday being granted where possible. We did hope to have had the opening during the summer. There is this advantage in the change that it is a rather less busy time of the year, and, therefore, less difficult to arrange for a holiday. We shall welcome all who come, and shall be able to find room for them. But we shall be disappointed if we do not see a large number of Wintringham folk—men as well as women. And, indeed, we know all are anxious to be present at the service. We are all proud of the old church and grateful to Mr Cholmley for all the care and thought and money he has bestowed to make the church beautiful. Let us now thank God for His mercies and pray to Him to give us grace to use the church to His honour and glory; and to find Him near us there, and gain therein blessings from Him.

The notice is a very short one. I hope all those who have friends who wish to be at the opening service will write and tell them the day and hour. To meet the convenience of busy people, Miss Darley and Miss Crosby have supplied themselves with *postcards* and will fill up and address any they are asked to do. We hope that no one will hesitate to make use of their kindness.

We are going to have a choral celebration of the Holy Communion on the morning of the day the church is opened. I am afraid the hour of service is not a very convenient one. We can but do our best. It would have been un-Christian of us to have let the day pass without offering the great Christian act of worship.

We have had such short notice that we are unable to announce the names of the special preachers at the other services. They will be announced in church.

Our catechising, which was due on October 22nd, will now be postponed.

RILLINGTON. BURIALS.

- September 15th—Annie Dennison, aged 42 years.
- „ 15th—Anna Maria Errington, aged 10 weeks.
- „ 20th—Elizabeth Jackson, aged 10 years.
- „ 21st—Mary Wilson, aged 86 years.

CHURCH SERVICES.

- SUNDAY.**—Holy Communion..... 8-0 a.m.
 - Morning Prayer and Sermon.. 10-30 „
 - Catechising 2-30 p.m.
 - Evening Prayer and Sermon.. 6-30 „
 - Sunday School 9-30 a.m. and 1-30 „
 - DAILY.** — Morning Prayer 8-0 a.m.
 - Evening Prayer 6-0 p.m.
 - HOLY DAYS.**—Morning Prayer 7-30 a.m.
 - Holy Communion..... 8-0 „
 - Evening Prayer 6-0 p.m.
 - BAPTISMS.**—On Sunday Afternoon or other time by appointment.
- Churching before any Service

THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

We held our Service of Thanksgiving for the Harvest on Wednesday, September 13th, at 8 p.m., and had a more than usually hearty service, as was fitting after such an exceptionally bountiful season. The later hour seems to have been successful in helping our own parishioners to attend the service, the church being full, though there were fewer from neighbouring villages present. The church was decorated more elaborately than usual, both because we had more helpers, and because so many friends sent us flowers and corn; baskets full of flowers came pouring in, chiefly from the gardens in Rillington itself. The choir deserved and gained the highest praise for their hearty and earnest singing, leading the songs of praise so that together with the congregation, one felt a truly acceptable service of worship was offered to God in thanksgiving for His many great blessings. Mr Savile preached a sermon that we are never likely to forget, full of helpful thoughts clothed in beautiful language in such a way as to hold the attention, and to fix the truths in our minds, while no one could fail to grasp the lessons that were set before us. We are, I am sure, most grateful to him for all he said, and we shall, I trust, try to lay to heart what he wished this harvest to teach us. The text was S. John iv., 37. The collection amounted to £1 10s 4d, which was divided between the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

OCTOBER, 1893.

"THE CHURCH MONTHLY" Office, 39 & 31, New Bridge Street, Laugate Circus, London, E.C.

JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "A Good Position," "Nellie's Firstfruits," "Miss Priss," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE LOVE OF GOD."



WHILE Ruth and Stella, engaged in affectionate and confidential chat, were climbing the hill towards the Old Hall, Timmy Brodie, washed and shining as regards head and hands, and with as much superfluous soot as possible shaken from his clothes, was seated in dignified state in the Vicar's study. In spite of the comfortable chair in which the Vicar had placed him, it could scarcely be said that Timmy felt at his ease. The unwonted surroundings took from him much of the effrontery with which Nature, and his mode of

life, had liberally endowed him. A little tray stood on the corner of the writing table, bearing a teapot and two cups, and at the moment Mr. Denman was adding to Timmy's confusion by pouring out a cup of tea for him. "Sugar, Brodie?" he demanded, holding the sugar-tongs in his hand; "or perhaps you prefer to help yourself?" "No, sir, thank you, sir; I'd rayther not; whatever you please to give me, sir;" and Timmy backed away from the proffered sugar bowl in alarm.

"Then I'll treat you as I do myself, two pieces to the cup, and I hope you will like it."

The refreshing cup having been emptied and replenished, Timmy waxed bolder. "I'd like to know your opinion on things in general, sir," said Timmy anxiously. "You see, this is how 'tis: if folks is to run in double harness, 'tis all the same as 'osses. They must pull together; and if I don't 'zactly know how you're going to pull, and which way you're going to pull, why, I'm a bit in the dark, don't you see?"

"I'm afraid if you want to know my opinion of things in general, Brodie, we shall have to sit here for a longer time than either you or I have to spare; but I quite agree with you in your simile about the horses. 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' asked the old prophet; and the question is as pertinent now as it was all those years ago. You came forward last night and offered me your assistance, and now I am glad to find that you wish to know the opinions of the man whom you have offered to help. But there is one thing that I must say about this running double. When horses are in harness, they are, as a rule, being driven; they have to trust to the guidance of the coachman. Now, who is to be our coachman, Brodie? There must be the guiding will, and hand, and we must obey it. Who is to be the coachman?"

Brodie pondered. "Well, sir, I can't 'zactly answer that question; 'tis a bit of a poser. P'raps we shall each drive ourselves; we've each got our own ideas, I take it, to guide us by."

"That won't do, Brodie; our own ideas may not run on the same lines,

Jesu, Lover of my Soul.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A.
(Vicar of Horning.)

1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bo - som Fly, While the gath'ring wa - ters roll,
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone -
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - 'ry sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound

While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the Fountain art— Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide— O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

The Badge of a Christian.



inside it. When the owner has advanced a little his bag gets better filled, for it contains a Gospel, or a portion of the Prayer-Book. The carriage of parcels from the coast, six or seven hundred

IN Uganda it is easy to tell whether any man you meet is a Christian or seeking to become one, for if so he wears a skin bag hanging in front of him over one shoulder. It contains his books. They are much too precious to leave at home, where the white ants and other insects might destroy them, or the rain get in and damage them, or thieves steal them. The only safe place for them is the person of their owner, and as the Baganda have no pockets, a rain-proof bag is the only resource. At first it is very thin, for there is only a reading-sheet

miles, on men's heads, is expensive, so that books are dear. Only a few rich chiefs, who can read Swahili as well as their own language, have more than two or three books. A chief does not carry his own books, but has a man to carry them about for him, so that his library is always at hand!

"Used to not feeling well."

Said a lady missionary of the Universities' Mission at Mbwani, "You here have got to be used to not feeling well. None of us do." What a volume that simple saying tells us of the languor produced by the great heat, of the constant attacks of fever, not to speak of other complaints, which are cheerfully borne by those who carry the Gospel to these dark places of the earth!

"His food was locusts and—"

We often talk of the Bible being translated into foreign languages, but how seldom have we any conception of the difficulties it involves! In Meta, one of the Melanesian languages, it was found impossible to translate St. John the Baptist's "locusts and wild honey," for those islands have no honey since they have no bees. The translators searched for the nearest equivalent they could use, and so the passage reads that St. John the Baptist's food was "locusts and the oil of blow-flies."

BAPTISM.

September 3rd—Frances Isabelle, daughter of Charles and Jane Banks Frost.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

This year, thanks to the magnificent weather, we were able to keep our harvest festival much earlier than usual. Tuesday, September 19th, was the day we fixed, and though the weather was most threatening, the rain kept off, and there was a very good congregation. The church was beautifully decorated, white the altar, with its many lights and vases of flowers, was surely an outward token of the joy which we all felt as we thought of the splendid weather and the bountiful harvest with which God has blessed us. The service was very bright and hearty. The first lesson was read by the Rev H. S. Carpenter, and the second by the Rev T. Williams. Our preacher this year was the Rev T. F. B. Scriven, vicar of Iutons. He preached from Psalm c, verses 2 and 3, and in a very helpful sermon, impressed upon us the great duties of recognising God's hand in the affairs of everyday-life, and of giving him thanks for all the blessings bestowed on us, His creatures. The collection, which amounted to £2 10s 4d, was divided between the York County Hospital, and the Agricultural Benevolent Institution. Our best thanks are again due to Mr Wray for the care he took in decorating the church so beautifully. The large sunflowers that stood near the altar were indeed a picture. Numbers of Bassett folk say that they never saw the church look prettier than it did on this harvest festival.

KNAPTON.

The Sunday afternoon congregations have continued to be large during the past weeks, but it is curious to note how often we are indebted to strangers for filling up our empty pews. On a certain Sunday that could be named, nearly half the congregation (and that a fairly good one) came from other villages than our own. Does it not seem a little strange that other hard-working people like ourselves should care to walk two or three miles to our service, while we complain that our church is too far away for us "to get?" Sometimes wet weather affords an excellent excuse, but there has been no rain now (when these words were written) on a Sunday for more than two months.

SCAMPSTON

DEATH.

September 13th—Annie, the beloved wife of George Styan Dennison, The Grange.

It is with great regret we have to record the above. Mrs. Dennison was a kind and gentle lady, beloved by all who knew her. We deeply sympathise with Mr. Dennison in his affliction.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Our Harvest Festival took place on Thursday, 21st. The Church was very beautifully and artistically decorated by Messrs. Phillips and Lines, of the Hall Gardens. The Rev Gerard Hutton preached an excellent sermon from Ezekiel xxxvi. 35: "This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden." Mr Blanchard, of Malton, ably presided at the organ. The collection on behalf of Foreign Missions and the York County Hospital amounted to £2 11s.

LINES IN MEMORIAM OF RICHMOND H. CUNDILL.

Sleep on sweet child, and take thy rest--

A long unbroken sleep:

No midnight waking to molest,

Bright angels vigil keep.

At early morn thou woke to greet

The glorious rising sun,

When suddenly the night of death

With thee, dear child, had come.

A day of suffering just begun

When lo! a vision bright,

More glorious than the nooday sun

Broke on thy raptured sight.

We sadly mourn thy early death,

But know our loss to thee is gain;

We joy to think thy sufferings o'er,

For ever freed from care and pain.

Thy life of weariness and pain,

Of tossings to and fro,

Is ended, and thou ne'er again

This suffering life shalt know.

We weep, yet in a higher clime

Our lovely boy we'll meet;

No parting kiss in that fair land

When once thy face we greet.

Farewell! sweet child, thy parents love

Strove hard to keep thee here:

But thou art gone, and now they'll strive

To meet thee, where no parting tear

Shall ever dim the cloudless sky

Of that bright world above;

Where tears are wiped from every eye

And all is joy and love. J. C.

OCT 1893

WEST HESLERTON.

BURIAL.

On Tuesday, September 5th—William Pearson, aged 67 years.

Few, if any, of our oldest inhabitants can remember such a harvest as this has been. Many of our farmers had almost finished "leading" their crops by the time at which in former years they have been just beginning, and a fortnight was sufficient in such weather as we have had to complete the work which often extends over five weeks or more. Last year a photograph was taken in this parish on November 1st of men and horses hard at work carrying home the crop of a certain large field. The same field this year showed nothing but bare stubble on September 5th, or thereabouts. Before these words are read early in October, almost all the Harvest Thanksgiving Services will have been held, and very hearty services we trust they will have been, for our neighbourhood has been richly blest, and we ought not soon to forget the summer and the harvest of 1893. There is a dark side to most pictures, and the lovely weather that has been so favourable to the harvest has encouraged an obnoxious form of English cholera in our villages that counts its victims almost by the score. At the time of writing, however, there has been no case of disease ending fatally, and we trust the unwelcome visitor will soon be gone. It is the older ones that have suffered most, whereas we hear from a parish in Durham that the disease has been at work among the children, many of whom have died during the past few weeks.

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