

RILLINGTON.

NOTICES FOR THE MONTH.

- Daily—Mattins 8. Evensong 4-30 (Fridays 7).
- Choir Practice on Fridays at 7-30.
- Holy Communion every Sunday 8.
- October 18th—Festival of St. Luke the Evangelist. Holy Communion 8
- October 28th—Festival of S. S. Simon and Jude, Apostles and Martyrs. Holy Communion 8.
- October 30th—Vigil of All Saints

BURIALS.

- September 1st—Thomas Carr, Middlesbro', aged 2 years.
- September 13th—George Herbert Plews, Malton, aged 6 years.
- September 24th—Hannah Harrison, Malton, aged 73 years.

COMMUNICANTS' ROLL AND OFFERTORIES

12th Sunday after Trinity	—3	Communicants,	offertory	2s. 6d.
13th	—9	"	"	2s. 4d.
14th	—6	"	"	2s. 0d.
15th	—5	"	"	3s. 0d.

COLLECTIONS.

12th Sunday after Trinity	—Evensong,	3s. 7½d.
13th	—	5s. 10¼d.
14th	—	2s. 10¼d.
15th	—Mattins,	4s 8¼d.; Children's Service, 3s. 5d.; Evensong, 6s. 5d.

The Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held on Wednesday Evening, 23rd September.

The Church was very beautifully decorated. There is a danger of over-doing decorations, but the decorators avoided this, and there was neither too much or too little display. The altar was, as usual, made particularly beautiful.

We have to thank Mr W. Heseltine, Mr W. Collinson, and Mr J. Harrison for contributions of corn, and for flowers Mr J. Naylor, Mrs F. Owston, Mrs J. Owston, Mrs Sedman, Mrs W. Collinson, Mr R. Pickering Mrs Bush (Settrington), Mrs E Harrison, for fruit Mrs Nelson, Mrs Chambers, Mrs Coates, Mrs F. Mitchell, and Mr George Shaw (who often gives flowers for Sundays.

We have also to acknowledge the kindness of those who assisted to decorate the Church and made such excellent use of the flowers, &c. Mrs Harland, and Miss E. Theodore Lett, Mrs Naylor, Mrs Tinsley, Hetty Barker, Edith Charter, and several handy little girls.

The congregation was a very satisfactory one, and the service was very bright and hearty. The preacher was the Rev Robert Pemberton, senior curate of St. Martin's, Scarbro,' and we are exceedingly grateful to him for the sermon so beautiful in its simple and eloquent language. The text was St. John vi, verse 27, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, &c."

The Thankofferings for the New Organ Fund amounted to £111s. 1d.

The Thanksgiving Services were continued on the following Sunday in order to give everybody the opportunity to be present. We should like to have seen more communicants. The offerings were for Foreign Missions—the S.P.G. The amount altogether was 17s. 6½d.

We were glad to see some parents at the Children's Thanksgiving Service.

We wish specially to invite parents and grown-up people to come to the Children's Service on the last Sunday in each month at 1-45.

The Vicar has been asked by Mr. J Paulin to sanction the holding of a Weekly Dancing Instruction Class, and he has much pleasure in allowing Mr. Paulin the use of the old Reading Room on the Tuesday evenings from seven to nine o'clock.

At a meeting of women held on Friday afternoon it was decided to hold a Sewing Class on the Thursday afternoons in winter, beginning on Thursday, 30th September. The hours to be from 2-30 to 4-30.

SCAMPSTON.

BAPTISMS.

- September 10th, Fred Evans, Scampston.
 „ 10th, Lois Croot, Scampston.
 „ 20th, Edwin Percival Harrison, Scampston (privately).
 „ 20th, Jane Elizabeth Harrison, Scampston (privately).

The Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held on Thursday evening, 24th September. The Church was very tastefully decorated by Mr. Forster and the Scampston Hall Gardeners.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. J. Chapman, Vicar of Norton. It was a vigorous and interesting sermon on the Hundredth Psalm, and one that we shall not soon forget.

Mr. Chapman was particularly fortunate in pleading for the S.P.G. in being able to state the case of his own clerical brother, who was sailing in a few days' time to join a Brotherhood of Mission Clergy under the S.P.G. in the far-off diocese of Rockampton, Queensland.

The offerings amounted to £2 11s.

The offerings on Sunday amounted to £1 11s. 4½d, and 5s. 2d. in the evening. These will be devoted to the erection of a New Stone Cross on the roof of the Church to replace the one that was blown down.

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THE LION SERMON.*

BY THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON OF ESSEX.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—ISAIAH xli. 10.

WHEN, at the close of an eventful life, about the year 1650, Sir John Gayer left provisions in his will for a sermon to be annually preached, to be known by the somewhat unusual title of the "Lion Sermon," it was, I take it, not merely to keep alive the memory of one incident, but the outcome of his life's experiences in an age of stress and storm, such as has seldom been seen in this country since it became a nation.

At the risk of telling once more an oft-told tale, it seems to me right to give a short sketch of him who founded this sermon, whose dust lies buried underneath the floor of this church, and whose monument, lately removed, occupies the central space in its chancel floor. And this, not only by way of commentary on the quaint title, but because the man himself merits such mention year by year; because, little as he may have intended it, his own character and conduct, under varying circumstances of trial and danger, illustrate so remarkably what I take to be the distinctive lesson which the preacher has each year to insist upon.

Moreover, it is good for us now and then to recall the days that are past, to have brought before us examples from the pages of history of the sturdy, God-fearing, Christian men of old, who lived and died in the true fear of God, and in the faith of Christ, doing battle for the right, heedless of the consequences to themselves, fearing God, and knowing no other fear.

Such a man seems to me to have been Sir John Gayer, merchant, and Lord Mayor of London. He was a city merchant in days when something more was meant than a speculator in the rise and fall of prices, a buyer and seller in the markets of the world.

The old merchant venturers were men of daring and enterprise—men ready to encounter personal dangers in the pursuit of their calling—men who fitted out ships with costly cargoes of English manufacture, and, sailing in them themselves from port to port, sold or bartered their goods for foreign merchandise, often at great risks, whether of storm and tempest, or of fire and foe. On such a venture Sir John Gayer, hard on three centuries ago, set out for the East, to find himself, after many vicissitudes, in Arabia, where by some misadventure he became, on October 16th, separated from the caravan with which he journeyed, and, like his Master, was left alone in a desert place "with the wild beasts." "The lions roaring after their prey, seeking their meat from God," were prowling round him. All through that awful night he cast himself in earnest prayer upon the strong, watchful Providence of God; nor did he trust in vain. He Who saved David from the paw of the lion and bear, He Who by His angel shut the lions' mouths to save Daniel in the den, preserved him alive.

This, then, in brief is the story, and it is in thankful remembrance of this deliverance (for it is said that a lion even came near to him, looked at him as he knelt in prayer, and then slunk away) that this sermon, founded by him on his return to London, has from that time to the present been preached in the church of St. Catherine Cree for now nearly two hundred and fifty years, on each anniversary of his deliverance by the mighty hand of God in Whom he trusted.

To us matter-of-fact men and women of the later part of the nineteenth century the story savours of romance. We are tempted to dismiss it as a traveller's

* Preached in St. Catherine Cree Church on Oct. 16th 1896.

"Thy Will be Done."

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Music by the REV. J. LIGHTFOOT.
(Vicar of Scremerston.)

I. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy Will be done."

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| <p>2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy Will be done."</p> <p>3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy Will be done."</p> <p>4. If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy Will be done."</p> | <p>5. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy Will be done."</p> <p>6. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."</p> <p>7. Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy Will be done."</p> |
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MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

African Charms.

THE African is a slave to witchcraft. "There are charms," says Mr. Godfrey Dale, "to be worn on the neck, on the wrists, on the ankles, on the guns, on the swords of the warriors; charms to be placed inside the house, and outside the house, at the back of the village, at the entrance of the village, in the cattle-sheds, underneath the trees. There are charms to be worn by the warrior as he goes to war; charms to be worn by the traveller when he starts on his journey; charms to be worn by the child, by the woman, by the man; charms against witchcraft; charms against thieves; charms against snakes; charms against devils; and charms against lions and wild beasts."

How Anna Dana became a god.

ANNA DANA was a Hindu priest who lived in the Canarese country, in the Bombay Presidency. He left his native village, stripped off all his clothing, and, coming to another village named Manakawad, announced that he was a great saint. The people believed him, made much of him, and built him a Math, or monastery. Some German Missionaries from Dharwar happened to come across him, and gave him a Bible. He was so struck by what he read and heard that he wished to be baptized. But the good Germans found that he would not give up his sins, so they refused his request. Then Anna Dana used his know-

ledge of the Bible for his own wicked purposes. He gave out that he was Christ, the incarnation of the Son of God, and wrote a book, partly taken from the Bible, partly from some heathen sources, which he pretended was about himself. He even pretended to work miracles. The people believed him. At last he died, and was buried in his Math. There he is now worshipped as a god by the villagers. Such are the dark, deluded people to whom our Indian Missionaries go.

A Leaf from a Bush Clergyman's Diary.

THE Rev. T. E. Owens Mell, of Germantown, in the diocese of Goulbourn, New South Wales, gives the following as specimens of his ordinary work: "January 17. Having travelled on Saturday twenty-five miles to Bowna, I hold service there at 11 a.m., then proceed up the valley of the River Murray, a distance of eighteen miles, to Wagga, for service at 4 p.m. Resting for the night some three miles farther up the river, I proceed twenty miles to Talmalmo, for 4 p.m. service on Monday. Having spent the next day and night at a station four miles higher up the valley, and holding service as opportunity shall be given, the following day I journey homewards by a different route, visiting isolated parishioners on my way, and travelling in so doing fifty miles." These long distances are characteristic of the Bush parishes generally. Such is the toil of these overworked, poorly-paid clergy.

WINTRINGHAM.

CALENDAR.

- Wednesday, October 20th (in the octave of St. Luke).—Holy Communion, 8-0. Evensong and Sermon, 7-30.
- Sunday, October 24th.—Men's Bible Class, 5-30.
- Sunday, October 31st.—Service of Holy Communion, 10-30.
- Sunday, November 7th.—Women's Bible Class, 5-30.

St. Luke's Day is a festival we specially mark as being the anniversary of the opening of our Church. This year the festival falls on a Monday, which is an inconvenient day. We will therefore keep our festival on Wednesday, October 20th. We have asked the Rev. Bertram Hutton to preach at evensong. We look forward to a good congregation.

Our Harvest Thanksgiving was on Friday evening, October 8th, at 7-30. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the congregation was a very large one. The musical portion of the service was hearty and appropriate, and we thank the choir and player for their services. We also thank our decorators, Mr. Elworthy, Mr. Harry Foster, and Mr. Charles Sutton. The church looked beautiful, and had been treated with great taste. Our preacher was the Rev. H. Ward, vicar of Appleton-le-Street. The sermon was founded on the text, "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed... he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." From these words the preacher drew out the lesson of a constant spirit of thankfulness to God under all conditions of life. His words were forcible, and his lesson one that we all felt the need of.

On the Sunday evening after the Harvest Festival our friend, Mr. Plume, kindly came over and preached. The writer of these few notes was not present, but he feels sure from past experience that the preacher's words would be listened to with great interest and profit.

Our thankofferings were divided between the York County Hospital and the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, and amounted to £4 2s 9d. We have sent £2 11s 3d to the County Hospital, and £1 11s 6d to the other society.

THORPE BASSETT.

BAPTISM.

Sunday, October 10th.—Claude Darley, son of Samuel John and Agnes Mitchell.

CALENDAR.

- Sunday, October 17th.—There will be no Service at 10-30.
- Wednesday, November 3rd (in the Octave of All Saints).—Holy Communion, 7-30. Evensong and Sermon, 7-30.

All Saints' Day is, as we hear, on November 1st. This year the festival falls on a Monday, and as that is an inconvenient day we will hold our festival on Wednesday, November 3rd. We have asked the Rev. John Griffiths, vicar of Huttons Ambo, to preach at Evensong. We hope all will make an effort to attend.

Our Thorpe Bassett Harvest Festival was held on Wednesday, October 6th. The Church was beautifully decorated, for which our thanks are due to Mr William Wray. We were pleased to see a full Church and a congregation in which farmers and their servants were well represented. The preacher was the Rev. H. A. K. Hawkins, the vicar of Whitwell. He gave us a thoughtful sermon on the final harvest of souls. His words were listened to attentively and cannot fail to be useful to us. The preacher did us a good turn by playing the harmonium. We are without our usual player, who, to her regret and ours, is unable to get to Church, and so we were thankful to have the help of one who is a master at the work. His skill was seen by the fact that he gave the choir and congregation confidence to do their best, and so our simple musical service was well rendered.

Our Thankofferings were divided between the York County Hospital and the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, and amounted to £2 6s 3d. We have sent 14s 9d to the County Hospital and £1 11s 6d to the other society.

I must remind some of our readers that with this month our Clothing Club year ends. Several are behindhand in paying up and will be thankful for this reminder. Though our Club is not worse than others, yet we have several members who are irregular payers. The loss is theirs, as the great value of these clubs to the members, is that they enable them to lay by a little regularly.

WEST HESLERTON.

We should like to interest our friends at West Heslerton in a Society that we hear is being formed for the protection of squirrels. It is much to be hoped that the report is correct. There are, or used to be plenty of these beautiful little creatures in the fir woods on the Wolds. It is quite a mistake to call them "vermin." They live entirely on nuts and fir cones, and do no harm to anything. Some people consider that they injure the trees by eating the top shoots, and so spoiling the growth; but this is quite a mistake, and they never touch shoots unless it is a terribly hard winter, and impossible to get nuts and cones, and even then they only eat the lower shoots, and not the top ones. They are amongst the most timid and intelligent of God's little creatures, and add a beauty and interest to the woods and plantings, which should make everyone anxious to protect them, and watch their wonderful grace and activity instead of hunting and injuring them.

KNAPTON.

On July 6th there was a magnificent service held at Canterbury Cathedral, and among the countless number of clergy present any parishioner of Knapton might have recognised at least one, though however dear Knapton is to some of us we can hardly maintain that his presence there on such a grand occasion was due to the pre-eminence of that village over all others of the North, but rather owing to the kindness of a Kentish vicar. It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers if he gives us an account of the day and of how things are managed in the principal cathedral of England.

"As I was staying at the other side of Kent from the city of Canterbury I was called in the morning at 4-30. After a hasty breakfast we bicycled about four miles in a drizzling rain to a country station. The train that picked us up took about three hours before it managed to deposit us at Canterbury, though we never left the little county of Kent, and the line is one of the straightest in England. Our party consisted of the choir of my friend's church, the service being that of the collected choirs of Kent. The morning was taken up with a rehearsal of the service in the Cathedral, which I was not required to attend. A sumptuous luncheon was prepared by some most energetic villagers, who had brought the good things with them, and had come themselves to lay them out. We were given the use of the Cathedral Choir Schoolroom, and very amusing it was to see the surprise of the little boys who came for pencils or what not from their desks only to find them converted into tables spread with delicacies. In the afternoon the real business began—how can I hope to describe it all? As we entered the cloisters in all directions were to be seen groups of choir boys robing, the same in the chapter house. So long was the procession that though there were three hymns provided, yet two of them had to be sung twice. At last all were in their places. I was fortunate enough to have a place near the altar, and so commanded a view of the countless host of white-robed singers. The service went off beautifully, and was especially marked by the magnificence of the Hallelujah Chorus. After the Dean had given the blessing the recession took place, and again it was necessary to sing five hymns. It would be hopeless to give an idea of the scene as witnessed from the East end—the mass of white relieved by the diverse colour of the hoods, the vast volume of sound that arose and rolled down the length of that great building. The return journey seemed very long, and it wanted but an hour to midnight, when the bicycles were again brought into requisition, and we sped through the cool night air. As I descended the last hill, in a dark part of the road much overhung by trees, my lamp went out, and not knowing the road I had to leap off, and as the bicycle was still going fast a fall was inevitable, however, nothing worse than a cut knee was the result.

These last words are penned in the city of Nottingham, where the Church Congress is held this year. Perhaps there may be a few points of interest to relate concerning it in some future number.