

1897.

Celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, at Millom, June 22nd 1897.
Order of Procession Route; Starting from Market Square, over railway bridge, up Horn Hill, through by Castle Hotel, up Holborn Hill and down to Cross House, back again, by Drill Hall, over railway bridge, down Lancashire Road, Lapstone Rd Wellington St, Queen St, Lonsdale Road, King St, Newton St, Lapstone Road, St George's Terrace, Market Sq.

1897 Blackpool Trip, 1897

August 9th Tickets for the Double Journey, from Millom, Green, Toxteth, Coniston, Torver, Woodland, Broughton, Kirby, & Ascam 3/6; Dalton 3/3. Committee; W. Rowe, S. Higman, H. James (Is) H. Shackley, S. Moyle, J. Cook, J. Williams, J. Gribble, W. Martin, & C. Southern. of whom tickets may be had for Millom Station. At the Station of other places, Train leaving Millom at 5-30. A.M. Train leaving Coniston 5-10. A.M. Leaving Blackpool at 10 P.M. (Prompt)

A dear little girl had been taught to pray specially for her father. He had been suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her evening devotion, her voice faltered; and as her eyes met her mother's she sobbed; "O mother! I cannot leave him all out, let me say, thank God that I had a dear father once, so I can keep him in my prayers." Let us remember to thank God for mercies past, as well as to ask for blessings for the future.
Annie E. T. Sluman, Yreghem.

1897 (End of Competition)

July 31st 37 Charade. My first is heard in hearty laugh, (Ha)
Repeated again and again,
Giving life to all fun and chaff,
For me you can scarcely restrain.
My second's a part of horses gear, (Bit)
Or a part of what you may please,
And if you can learn by my whole 'tis clear
You can do most thing with ease. (J. H. Porter)

Answer (Ha-bit)

38. Enigma. A town in Ireland of some fame,
Viewed back and forward I'm the same,
And proud I am of my river's name. (F. Adams M.H.)

Answer; (Navan)

39. Single Acrostic. O monument of grandeur! O monument of woe!
(Colosseum)
In thee the blood of captives in ancient days did flow.
O deadly were the struggles! O bloody were the fights!
Yet nations were delighted at such inhuman sights.

2 - Far from the haunts of men I dwell, An exile from my home
(Outlaw)
Through wood and copse, o'er hill and fell, In solitude I roam.

3 - Upon the quiet homesteads in rage they onward come.
(Raid)
And they who see them coming by fear are stricken dumb;
For plunder and for rapine they search the country round,
And then the quiet homesteads are levelled with the ground.

4 - Flickering o'er the earth go we, Spectre forms conveying;
(Shadows)
Now we advance, now we flee, In the moonlight playing.

5 - O many are the battles that through thee have been won!
(Archer)
'Twas through thee England's greatness in past days was begun:
'Twas thou that won those battles when many fled from fear
Then let us do thee honour, for unto thee 'tis due.

6 - My birthplace is the distant North, My mother is the cold;
(Iceberg)
And when from home I sally forth, Men are by me appalled

7 - O instrument of torture! Most dreadful was the pain, By thee on wretched
(Jack)
mortals inflicted (oft in vain) (Y. E. Carson)

Navy Atkinson highest scorer 37. & Daisy Williams 33.

Bible Christian Connexion,
The Annual Meeting of The Ministers and
representatives of the Bradford District will
be held in the Central Hall, Barton Street,
Blackburn From June 29th to July 1st.
Public Services, June 27th S. S. Sermons
29th by Rev S. Eva. Tuesday 29th at 7-30. a
Sunday School and Temperance Meeting
to be addressed by Rev W. A. Alford, Topic;
"Successful Sunday Schools," Rev S. Eva,
"How to succeed as a Sunday School
Teacher" Rev W. Berry, "The present
position of the Temperance Movement"
Chairman Rev A. J. Conibear. Collection.
30th Wednesday, Morning at 7, Sermon
by the Rev W. J. Down. Evening at 7-30
the Sermon to W. M. will be preached
by the Chairman: Rev J. C. Bassett.
Sacrament of the Lord's Supper
at the Close.

July 1st Morning at 7, Sermon by a ^(W. J. Southern.) Candidate. at 3
P. M., Public Fellowship Meeting to be followed at
5 o'clock by a Public Tea, Tickets 6 each. at 7-30
Peoples Meeting to be addressed by Rev ^(W. J. Down) F. J. Jarry,
on "Church Building," Rev J. J. Hart, "Church Difficulties"
Rev W. E. Gilbert, on "The Church's Present need." Collection
The Chairman of the District will Preside.
Pastors are requested to meet the Chairman at 4 P. M.
Business Session to commence on Wednesday at
9 A. M. (W. E. Rothwell, Printer, Salford Bridge, Blackburn.)

Edward
Barrow
St. George
Welford
Miss
Mr. J.
Rev. J.
Andrew
William
J. Conibear
Rev.
Rev.
Rev.
Mrs.
New
Sam
J. N. S.
Min
Hen
Geor
Daw
Jan
Rev.
Tom
Sam
Har
Har
Miss
Rev.
Mr.
The
Rep
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R

Incidents 1897.

Edward Jackson, (the Hill) died on Sunday August 1st 1897. (40 yrs)

Barrow Band Contest August 2nd (Barth played with H. Hill, Milligan left)

St George's Bazaar August 9th & 10th opened by Lady Honsdale, (Lady Manchester, Joselyne bad)

Welfred Martin died on Wednesday Aug 4th Aged 9 years.

Miss Isabel Hill (Daughter of Mr L. Hill) Married to Mr W. J. Denny of Ulverston. (Aug 4th Old Church)

Mr J. J. Richards (Son of Mr J. Richards) Married to Miss E. M. Sampson, Wesleyan Chapel. (Aug 5th by Rev J. E. Cocks)

Rev J. E. Cocks, Farewell Sermon in Millom on Sunday Aug 8th 1897. Photo

Andrew Atkinson, died Aug 1st aged 65 yrs. (on account of fever)

Buried at old Church same day Aug 4th

William Singleton died July 31st aged 6 yrs. (taken to grave without going in Church)

J. Constable, (D. Newby & Crawley) Left for South Africa Aug 13th 1897. (no berth)

Received a letter from Brother Andrew Aug 3rd 1897. *

Rev J. E. Mundy's appointment to Millom & Eder Conference 1897. (Frenoge President)

Rev J. J. Ward's appointment to Millom Wesleyans, Leeds Conference 9th 97. (W. L. Watkinson President)

Mrs Rachel Hall died Aug 5th aged 38. (Daughter fainted had to be taken home in trap)

News came to Millom of Joe Moore's death in Africa Aug 7th (killed)

Sam Goldsworthy & Miss Champion Married Aug 9th 1897.

J. N. Stoneman & Miss Lora Jane Moyle. of Devonshire. Married Aug 9th (coming in)

Ministers House Front Painted, & repairs inside on Rev J. E. Mundy

Henry Dixon & Miss Eva Kitchen, Married, Aug 11th (clock from companion)

George Bowness's Wife died Aug 5th Aged 39 years. (Died on twin birth)

Dan Jenkinson's Daughter (Margaret Jane) died Aug 10th aged 21 years.

James Craig of Steel Green, died at the Royal Infirmary Aug 12th 97.

Rev W. J. Southern left Millom for his first place (Herarvon) Aug 11th 97.

Tom Stephens was shot at Hodbarrow on Friday Aug 13th (not serious)

Sam Webb & Walworth went to Africa 2nd time, Aug 13th 1897. (died Gorman)

Harry Hodge came home from Africa, Sunday Aug 15th 97.

Harry James & Miss Spry, Married on Wednesday Aug 18th 97.

Miss E. J. Dobson & Mr Waiting Married on Thursday Aug 19th 97.

Rev J. Nicholas, Married 2nd time on Thursday Aug 5th 1897. (in Montana)

Mrs Bessie Bennetts, left Millom to go to her husband Aug 17th

Thos Arthur was to Ulverston with W. James Aug 21st 1897.

Report that Melinda Matthews & J. Matthews (Mr) Wife from Africa Aug 23rd

Sent a Letter to Bro Andrew Aug 27th 1897. * (Answered)

Received a Watch from Lewis & Co Manchester Aug 27th 97.

To Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria

1st Beloved Queen! thrice twenty years have flown
Since that eventful morn in June, when thou
Learnt thy succession to the throne,
And now the silvered tresses wreath thy brow.

2nd Dear wast thou to our grandsires in those days -
The olden days that seem so far away -
Dear to our sires who sang Victoria's praise,
And dear to our children of to-day.

3rd Ah, well, we know what thoughts are in thy breast,
What mingled memories of joy, and pain,
As standing by this fresh milestone to rest
Thou dost review thy gracious record reign.

4th Gone are those grey-haired counsellors of thine,
Who were the first to pledge their lealty
To thee and all thy future Royal line -
But in the courts of Heaven they wait for thee.

5th Gone too thy Consort Albert, named the "Good",
That dear devoted one who called thee wife;
And left thee to long years of widowhood
O! thine has been indeed a chequered life.

6th But thou hast ever well and nobly borne,
The onerous duties of thine high estate,
And eagerly on this great thanksgiving morn
With solemn joy thy heart must be elate.

7th For God hath blessed thee, ay! in very truth,
O'er other earthly monarchs far above;
Given thee wisdom, crowned thee from thy youth
With honour, glory, peace, and perfect love.

8th Prolonged thy days, so that thine eyes might see,
The son of thy son's son - a direct line
Of heir's, assured by heaven to thee
Surely the Lord hath blest both thee and thine.

9th Empress of India! Queen of our dear land!
Deary in thy youth, but dearer to us now,
Since time hath woven with its tireless hand
A silver coronal for thy dear brow.

10th Accept the homage of thy many sons,
Whose faithful hearts are shrines of loyalty,
And daughters too, who train their little ones
To think with loving reverence of thee.

11th O, Queen beloved! girt round with golden chains,
The golden chains our loyal hearts have wove,
Thy power is built on that which never wanes
That glorious power - a freeborn nation's love.

12th With thine the nation's prayers ascend today
To the great Lord of Lords - the King of Kings -
Praying that He may guard thee day by day
And keep thee 'neath the shadow of His wings.

13th And when at last He calls thee to reign
This kingdom thou hast loved and called thy own,
God grant a fairer kingdom may be thine
A seat with Him upon the great White Throne.

Goa Island. Annie Isabell Curwen. June 27th 1897.

July 24th First Pay in Bargain July 7th (1 off) 3 10 7 (full time)

Y. Youren had to return S. Clubmoney, his accident not received in the mine, letter sent
from half yearly meeting on Monday Sept 6th 1897. (Y. Grenfell committeeman.)

Millom Jubilee Fund.

Balancing up the Accounts.

Receipts		£	s	d
Received by Capt Coade	-	57	9	3
" " Mr J. L. Roberts,	-	31	16	6
" " Messrs Hill & Fawcett,	-	20	8	1
" " Rev W. S. Sydes & Mr J. Mills,	-	19	10	11
" " Rev J. C. Bassett & Mr A. J. Taylor,	-	8	4	2
" " Messrs J. Richards & P. Gregson,	-	7	4	8
" " Rev W. Stratton, Messrs J. C. Fox & W. Richardson,	-	5	10	11
" " Rev J. G. Cocks & Mr H. S. Waite,	-	5	4	11
" " Messrs R. A. Mitchell & J. Williams,	-	2	12	11
" " Rev J. T. Pritchard, & Mr H. White,	-	2	1	3
Collected by Mr W. T. Lawrence,	-	13	0	0
To Balance (deficit)	-		8	11

The small deficiency met by members of Committee

143 12 6

Expenditure

		£	s	d
Messrs J. Mills & Son, (fireworks & carriage of same)	-	21	18	10
" " " (Tea and Sugar)	-	3	9	10
Mr J. Singleton, (Tea and Sugar)	-	2	10	0
Mr H. G. Norman, (Tobacco)	-	1	0	0
Mrs J. Sheward, (Tobacco for old people)	-	1	4	6
Mr Wm Dowbiggin, (Rent of Field)	-	10	0	0
Millom Coop Society, (Tea for old people & Children)	-	16	0	0
Mr C. Walmsley, (Tea)	-	11	13	6
Mr J. Greenwood, (Tea)	-	9	14	0
Mrs S. Bond, (Tea)	-	7	8	0
Miss A. J. Danson, (Tea)	-	12	6	0
Mr J. J. C. Fox, (Tea)	-	12	8	6
Miss E. Jones, (Tea)	-	8	11	0
Mrs - Deacon, (Tea)	-	12	6	0
Mr W. Atkinson, (Prizes & Stationery)	-	1	1	6
Mr P. Gregson, (Prizes)	-	=	19	6
Capt W. Gill, (Salvation Army Band)	-	3	12	0
Messrs J. Grafton & Co (Printing, Postage, & Messengers)	-	5	11	10

	£	s	d
Mr J. Sprague, (Printing)	1	10	0
" W. Richardson, (Wood for staging)	0	8	0
" P. G. Dickinson, (Advertising)	0	4	0
" W. Lewthwaite, (Banner Bearers)	0	10	0
" J. Hochaday, (Banner Bearers)	0	15	0
" W. Jackson, (Haverigg Brass Band)	10	8	0
" W. Cook, (Printing)	0	3	9
" W. Armstrong, (Holborn Hill Band)	11	12	0
" J. Burn, (St James's Brass Band)	6	0	0
Mrs J. Youren & Son, (Billposting)	0	5	0
Cheques, - - -	0	2	3
	173	12	6

Mr John James Brockbank, head coachman to Mr Woodburn of Thurstonville, Sparkbridge. Fell from a load of hay and broke his neck, which occurred on the 15th June, 1897. Died on Sunday Aug 29th 1897.

A few weeks ago the Rev. F. J. Dymond, returned Missionary from Yun-nan, China, gave an address at our Chapel here, on his work in China. In speaking of the Chinese, he said their chief characteristic was their selfishness. To illustrate this he related the following anecdote:—"I once saw a baby in China which had the convulsions. Instead of tenderly nursing and attending to it, as we should do in England, its mother took it and wrapt it round with an old piece of sackcloth which she tied with a piece of string, and then placed it upon the doorstep to die. Why did she do it? Because she thought that the baby's spirit would haunt her, and that the devil, which she thought the baby possessed, would enter into her if she kept it in the home. It was her cruel selfishness. Then, as if it was not cruel enough to place the child upon the doorstep to die, before the little baby's life had become extinct, whilst still breathing, it was taken up and thrown over the city walls, as food for the dogs which strayed about." To such stories as these there is no need for any comment, or the need to point out the moral. William H. Steer, Stanbury Court, Crediton.

Curious Epitaphs.

Stephen Remnant) Here's a remnant of life, & a remnant of death,
Taken off both at once in a remnant of breath;
To mortality this gives a happy release,
For what was the remnant proves now the whole piece.

Arabella Young) "Underneath this sod lies Arabella Young,
Who on the 5th of May began to hold her tongue."

A tall man
Called Day,
"As long as long can be,
So long, so long was he;
How long, how long, dost say?
As long as the longest day."

Georgie Denham) "Here lies the body of Georgie Denham,
If ye saw him now ye wud na ken him."

George Hoill,
"Against his will Here lies George Hoill,
Who from a cliff Fell down quite stiff"

John Adams) "Here lies John Adams who received a thump
Right on the forehead, from the parish pump,
Which gave him the quietus in the end,
For many doctors did his case attend."

Joseph Jones) "Here lies the bones Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate while he was able;
But once o'erfed, He dropt down dead
And fell beneath the table."

Edward Pardon) "Here lies poor Ned Pardon from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll ever come back."

A Parson in South Wales, "Hurrah! my boys, at the parson's fall,
For if he'd lived he'd have buried us all."

A Bachelor) "At threescore winters end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
I wish my father never had."

In Memory of A Widower's Wife) "This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife."

Horatius Bonar, "My name my place, & my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done."
"Needs there the praise of the love-written record
The name and the epitaph graven on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done."

1897 Special Effort Towards ~~Trust~~ ^{Circuit} Fund. 1897

Aug 8th Two Sermons by Rev Y. I. Y. Chapman, Morning 10-45,
& Evening at 6. Afternoon at 2:30 a S of Song,
entitled ("Her Benny") Reading by Miss Russell.

Collections

£ s d

Morning	Towards
Afternoon	Circuit Fund
Evening	For the Day
	£ 2 7 2

George Sharpe of Lindal Moor Mine met with a fatal accident on
Friday 27th while unloading some casks of grease oil, his foot slipped and
a Barrel came on to his chest crushing it badly, died on the
following day (Saturday) 28th (Joseph Sharpe went to funeral.)
(20 years of age)

A Christian merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life.

"To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youths of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts." John Vine Sluman, St. Wenn Board School, Bodmin.

Two hungry workmen on the tramp lately came to a village where lived a Roman Catholic priest, who was well known for to keep a good table. "Mate," said one, "we shall get nothing there if he finds out that we are Protestants. I shall tell him I'm a Roman Catholic." "Do as you please," replied the other, "I shall tell him the truth." They knocked at the door and asked for relief. His reverence asked them among other questions what confession they belonged to, and they replied as previously agreed. Then he went back into the house, and shortly returned with a couple of plates, on one of which was roast duck, and on the other a little boiled rice. "Friend," he said, addressing the pretended Roman Catholic, "as it is fast day I have nothing better to give you." Turning to the other, "Being a heretic, you care nothing for fast days, and may eat meat." "Honesty is the best policy."

Ellen J. Burnard, Slades, St. Austell.

An inspector asked a child in a village school, in the county of Durham, the feminine of (knight). The answer was almost as startling as it well could be - "nightmare," seriously replied the youngster, and it is reported that even one of Her Majesty's inspectors could not keep his face straight!

Alice Malpas, Bayfield, Chipstow.

1897

White Ribbon Army Trip to Blackpool Aug^{9th}
 Train left Millom Station at 5-30 A.M. arrived at
 Fylke Road Station Blackpool at 8-50. 6 of us kept
 company, H. James, W. Shackley, E. Shackley, B. James, M.A. James
 & J. James. Strong wind, H. James's straw hat blew off, had cord put
 to it & got breakfast & each at Taylor's on the Promenade,
 Dinner & same place, & Tea. Rode 18 person in compartment
 from Fossefield to Carnforth, went in saloon (came back in
 Saloon) arrived at Millom Station about 1/4 to 2 o'clock^{A.M.}
 (Grace Hawke had thumb crushed with carriage door)
 (Ride on Great Wheel) (Tower not working)

Rev J. E. Mundy & Family came to
 Millom on Friday Aug^{20th} 1897.
 Four daughters and one son. (From Truro)

The following is a true story about a little orphan boy named Rob.
 After his mother died he went to live with his aunt and uncle who lived
 on a farm, but they always ill-treated him. They made him mind
 the sheep on the hills. He always used to take the Pilgrim's Progress to
 read, as if it was his favourite book. Rob had a little cousin named
 Alick. One day he was very much surprised to see Alick running up
 the hill towards him, and when he asked him what he wanted,
 he said, might he look at the book Rob was reading. Alick got to
 like the book so much that he used to go and mind the sheep
 too. One day one of the sheep strayed away, and Alick and Rob
 both set out to look for it. A great snowstorm came on, and
 both Rob's aunt and uncle searched for them all night. In
 the morning they came upon a heap of snow, and saw Rob lying
 dead, but Alick was alive, as Rob had taken off his jacket and
 covered it over him. Does not this teach us all a lesson to be
 kind and loving to those around us?

Minnie Read, (13) Sec. S.E.

1897 Chapel Anniversary. Augth 22nd 1897
 Rev J.E. Mundy's first Sermons at Whillom 22nd 1897
 Arrangements made (and altered) for new Minister
 coming in for C.S. Arranged for 28th & 29th of August.
 Altered to 21st & 22nd Rev J.E. Mundy want to come a week
 sooner than we expected.

Aug 21st Public Tea at 4-30; at 9^d & 6^d each, Provided for 60 persons

about 58 partook, Ticket money from S. Higman
 payable 52 @ 9 & 6 @ 6. (2-2-0) Provisions Sold

Public Meeting at 7 Addressed by Revs
 J. Mathison & J.E. Mundy (First Meeting)
 & Mr W. Martin. John Matthews read report

Chairman Mr W. James. Collection. Saturday

22nd Two Sermons by Rev J.E. Mundy, Morning

Morn Lect. Acts 16-17. (Musical Miller) Afternoon (J. Treise)

Eve. Duet 33-1. (Good Prayer Meeting) Evening (Ket weather)

Tea Committ; J. Matthews, S. H. Mitchell, W. Shackley, W. Martin, J. James

Waiters, Mrs Southern & Mrs Hawke (Mrs Jas Williams & Mrs Harriner.)

Cutters, Mrs W. James, Mrs S. H. Mitchell, & Mrs J. James.

2	2	0
	4	
2	6	0
£	s	d
	13	
1	3	10½
1	1	9
1	10	10½
£	4	9 6

A young girl said to us one evening, as we came from a prayer meeting,
 "It is not difficult to tell where the prayers come from, is it?" "Come
 from?" we asked, "what do you mean?" "Why" she responded, I mean
 whether they come from the head or the heart. I feel the difference.
 Some pray in a cold formal way. as if it was duty they had to perform
 and rejoiced when it was ended; some pray as if they only had the
 people in mind and were talking to them; others seem to think
 it necessary to tell God who He is, and who they are before they ask
 for anything. Just a few pray as if they believed Christ present
 and really interested in all they say, and ask as if they expected He
 would hear and answer their petitions. Who has not felt this?

Little H.S. Shuman, Yregonissey.

"What is the name of your cat?" asked one lad of another,
 "We used to call him William until he had fits,
 But now we call him Filly-William!"

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday School teacher one day to the little flock that gathered around to learn the words of eternal life. Several of the children answered, one saying one thing, and another, another, until a little timid child spoke out, "It is Jesus whispering in our hearts." Does Jesus whisper in your heart? When you do right, does He approve? When you do wrong, does He rebuke? Does He make your heart sad when you have sinned, and happy when you have done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this, and remember always to heed the Saviour's whisper, and study His word, and pray to know His will, and then you will be safely guided to His heavenly home at last.

Lillie H. S. Cluman, St. Wern.

A little girl named Sarah, went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed? He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied, "Is it your mother or your Aunt Sally that has put you up to that, my little girl?" "No, father," said the little creature! "The preacher said all good people pray; and those that don't pray are not going to heaven. Father, do you pray?" This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said: "Well, you and your mother and your Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine." "Father," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are you going?" This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears and began to pray for mercy. Reader, which way are you going? Annie E. V. Cluman, St. Wern.

The Quest for the Glory-Land.

Where is the Glory-land?

I sat one day by the beautiful sea,
'Twas peaceful and calm as could possibly be,
The gentle waves chanted their endless refrain,
And the balmy breeze wafted the soft, soothing strain
From the azure sublime fell the sunbeams so bright
A-gilding each ripple with morn's golden light.
Far out on blue deep, with snowy sails spread,
Five outward-bound vessels all gracefully sped,
Whilst nearer the homeland one gallant ship drew,
And I heard from afar the hurrah's of the crew.

I gazed on the scene, 'twas all glorious and fair,
Said I to myself, Is the Glory-land there?

Just there, where the heavens are kissing the sea?

The yonder horizon? It surely must be!

But then I remembered - oh! terrible thought -

What sorrow these waters to mortals had brought;

How, suddenly lashing to fury and foam,

So many poor sailors had never reached home.

These waves do not always so playfully splash,

But beat the wild rocks with a terrible crash;

The breeze now so gentle will not always last,

For wild winds will rave, and the hurricane's blast

Will join with the billows destruction to spread,

'Till the voice of the Mighty cries, 'Give up thy dead!'

Ah, no! this can never the Glory-land be;

From sorrows and losses that country is free:

No tears do there flow, nor dark trials molest

The blest who dwell in that haven of rest.

Where is the Glory-land?

On the trusty old bridge in the midnight I stood;

Fantastically circling the pillars so rude,

The ivy thence floated upon the calm breast.

of the river so peaceful - a picture of rest!
From her throne in the heavens, the Queen of the Night,
Looked down on the scene with a smile of delight.
The stream seemed a river of silver to be,
Whose curvings so graceful were pleasing to see;
The moonbeams were sporting among the green trees,
Whose foliage fluttered upon the soft breeze,
The mill-wheel was chanting its murmuring theme,
And all seemed to me just a beautiful dream.
The picture was perfect, its setting was rare!
Yet I felt that the glory-land could not be there.
Where is the glory-land?

I entered the stately cathedral so grand,
A triumph of art, and the pride of the land;
The columns of marble were sparkling and white,
Each crowned with a capital, golden and bright.
Through the richly-stained windows, the fast-setting sun
Shone in, as for ages before it had done;
The sunbeams, all tinted with crimson and gold,
Illumined the shrines of brave heroes of old.
Around me the mighty were sleeping in death,
Bold knights who once gloried the sword to unsheath.
Then pealed the old organ, a volume of sound
Like the music of angels was wafted around:
The choir chanted sweetly an anthem of praise,
"O rest in the Lord and commit Him thy ways;
The harmony rang through the arches so high,
Like the song of some cherubic host in the sky.
Then hushed were the voices; the organ was still,
And the shadows of even the grandeur did veil;
So the music and sunlight died slowly together,
As the fleecy clouds fade in the fair summer weather.
Again did I seek the world's bustle and care,
Convinced that the glory-land could not be there,

For the songs of the glory-land roll on for ever
And its daylight shall fade, nor withdraw itself, never!

Where is the glory-land?

I sought in the palace the pleasure desired -
A palace of beauty, by all men admired;
Art yielded its best its fair wall to adorn,
There trophies from far distant lands had been borne:
Whatever would add to its splendour and grace,
Could riches secure it, was found in that place.
There were scenes from the brushes of masters adored,
None greater could Venice or Florence afford;
There were elegant tapestries, golden and brown,
With pictures from poets of highest renown.
The choicest of blossoms its gardens could boast:
There were tropical beauties, a numberless host.
And fairy-like fountains their waters shot high,
Till they fell like a shower of gems from the sky.
The palm-trees waved gracefully in the soft breeze,
From blossom to blossom did flit busy bees.
The song of the birds, and the chant of the stream,
Completed what seemed like a sweet fairy dream.
Yet, thought I, these beauties must soon fade away,
But the joys of the glory-land know no decay.

Where is the glory-land?

'Twas midnight in winter, so dreary and bleak,
Against the dark rocks did the wild billows break.
I had gone to my rest, but the voice of the deep
Kept my thoughts on the sailors and robbed me of sleep.
As lulled the fierce storm, came a knock at my door,
And the voice of a child I had oft heard before;
"Oh! come, sir," said she, "for dear mother is dying!
She would see you once more ere she passes away,
And I fear she will die before dawning of day."
Through street and dark alleys we wended our way,

And soon stood where the sick in the cold garret lay;
It was perfectly clean, though so dismal and bare:
I shall ever remember just what I felt there,
As she who was passing to God and His glory,
Related to me her life's sorrowful story!
In words that were laboured and broken, she told
Of her troubles with sickness, and hunger, and cold;
How that long years ago her beloved had died,
And left her for three tender bairns to provide.
Two of which had already forsaken the strife,
And passed to the joy of a sorrowless life.
Yet hers was not wholly a story of grief;
For she told me, as well, of the joy and relief
Which Jesus had brought her, whose promises true
Provide for the widow, and fatherless too.
And as I attended her tale of distress,
Thought I, "Even here have the needy redress.
For those who are wealthy God's dealings see not,
As the man who in life finds a sorrowful lot."
Soul-glimpses of God! Divine interposition!
The opulent rarely are blessed with such visions!
And God in His love to the poor hath revealed,
Scenes of triumph and glory to other eyes sealed.
The story was ended: the soul took its flight:
Song flowed from her lips as she entered the light;
And as she reclined in the deep calm of God,
Our hearts seemed borne out o'er the measureless flood,
And the passing of angels our spirits perceived,
As the soul of another in peace they received.
I looked on the face of the sanctified dead,
Saw death as an angel of love, and not dread!
Where least I expected, my object I found,
That chamber, though wretched, was still hallowed ground.
The joy in the pleasures of life vainly sought,

I found in the presence of death, and I thought:
"Thus ever in life, the diviner is given -
Through darkness and death we must grope up to heaven?"
My lesson to you must now evident be,
And whoso fulfils it, thrice happy is he!
The glory-land lies in the path of the just:
True happiness theirs who in God put their trust.
The poorest may gather and eat angel-food,
If their pilgrimage here be the struggle for good.
What wealth and position can never obtain,
The lowliest has the advantage to gain.
Peace, happiness, joys that for ever endure,
The most common-placed may desire, and secure;
And heaven is found in a dutiful life -
The glory-land theirs who prove true in the strife.
Young People's Magazine, June 1897. By Lewis H. Court.

In some country places a certain kind of wild plum grows,
which is not made ripe by the sun but by the frost. These plums
are not gathered till after the frosty mornings. They make a
nice kind of jam, and are splendid for making tarts.
As a rule the sun ripens fruit, but this is an exception.
What a lesson we can learn in this! God ripens his children
not only by the sunny seasons of prosperity, but also by the
trying seasons of adversity. Not till many have had a sad
bereavement, or severe sickness, are they made fit for heaven.
Edward A. Pult, 30 Swinton St, S. Plott, Cardiff.

Riddle

What does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves.
Answer - Nothing.

Harold Reese

Incidents, 1897.

John Milligan left Millom for South Africa, Aug 20th
Mrs Brotherton (gr) confined (Daughter), Aug 25th (Blackburn)
Ben Tilt & Wife, and Mrs Susan James went to Cornwall, Aug 27th
J. Rodda & Mrs Barratt, Married on Saturday Aug 21st 1897.
^{Regained Monday Sept 20th}
W. J. Mitchell, J. Cunow & (J. Rodda's Hospital) went to Buxton Aug 30th
Rev J. E. Mundy's first Sermon at Haverigg Sunday Evening Aug 29th
Fred Gorman & Nate came home from Africa Aug 28th Had Andrews photo
Ellen Ward shifting down in Albert St. again Aug 31st
Pools Myriorama at Millom for one week from Aug 30th to Sept 4th
Workington Band Contest Sept 4th, fare 2/6
Football season commenced on Saturday Sept 4th Barton v Millom
Mr. Helder, M.P. for Whitehaven, accident near Egremont, thrown from trap.
Rev J. J. Ward, Wesleyan Minister arrived at Millom on Wednesday Sept 1st 97
B.C. Choir Supper Millom, on the Marriage of Miss Dobson on Monday Sept 6th 97.
^{over 7 months ago (April 19) Shant/have them now.}
J. James, measured for pair of (Best Boots) on Wednesday Sept 8th (J. Mitchell)
W. James's Birthday Sept 8th 1897. 6.3 years of age. (Born 1834.)
Charles Thomas's trip to Doncaster, Wednesday Sept 8th
Maria Howden & Jane Cartwright sent to Carlisle for 2 weeks hard. Sept 4th ^(from Mrs. Byggs) for stealing a fowl
J. Bond & 2 Olds, J. Myles off to South Africa 2nd time, Sept 10th 1897.
^{Miss Undergarment}
Alma had her teeth drawn by Storey on Wednesday Sept 15th
Sent a letter to Hart & Co London for Price List of Duet's Sept 15th
^{(Competition on Authors names) 6 weeks}
Received a paper & Answers from W. J. Mitchell, Buxton, Monday Sept 13th
" a letter on Wednesday Sept 15th Rev J. E. Mundy's first to Silcroft
Brafton's first issue of a 'Monthly Advertiser' Sept 15th 1897.
The Carlisle Wesleyan District Synod, held at Millom, Tuesday Sept 14th
Richard Bash, Junr & Miss Hannah Scales Married, Sept 22nd ^{Rev J. J. Ward}
Collapse of a Corn Mill at Halton near Lancaster Sept 22nd ^{Edmund's dead narrow}
J. Huggins severely scalded at Millom Iron Works Sept 13th ^{inside} blowing in a pipe
Mrs Henry Daiting presented with Marble Clock from Co-op employees Sept 22nd
the first fortnightly Temperance Meeting held in St George's Hall Sept 27th Rev J. Cole.
J. Hill left same time. (Sowdon took his spot weighing.)
J. Henry & Morgan discharged from Co-op, Sept 25th (would not go on farm).
" Started coal Business Sept 27th on their own account.
Co-op Tea & Concert 1/- on Monday Oct 4th
Mrs B. James went Mr Storey to have mouth measured for false teeth Sept 31