



A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE ART OF RINGING AND CHURCH NEWS.

No. 1. Vol. 1.

JANUARY 5th, 1907.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

Bell and Brass Founders to His Majesty the King.

JOHN WARNER & SONS

2, Jewin Crescent, Cripplegate,
LONDON, E.C.



WEIGHT, 25 cwt. WEIGHT OF PEAL, 5 Tons, 4 cwt. 1 qr. 16 lbs.

Hung in the "Victoria Tower"

ST MARY'S CHURCH, CHATHAM.

H.R.H. Princess Christian attended at the Dedication Service by the Bishop of Rochester, Feb. 2nd, 1898; In Commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, 1897.

GILLETT & JOHNSTON

CROYDON (SURREY).

**BELL FOUNDERS & HANGERS
CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.**

CARILLON MAKERS.

Diameter
84 Inches

Weight
5 tons, 4 cwt.



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Makers of the Great Clocks and Bells at Law Courts, London; Birmingham Art Gallery; Toronto City Hall (Canada); Cardiff Town Hall Sydney (N.S.W.); Post Office, Pietermaritzburg (S. Africa) Town Hall Singapore Victoria Hall; Managhan and Ballaghadereen Cathedrals; St. George's Church, Montreal etc., etc.

Founders of the Peals of Bells at

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BELLS RE-CAST
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TO INSPECT
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REPORT UPON
CHURCH BELLS
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MAIDEN PEALS.

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Bell Ropes and all kinds of Bell Fittings
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The Charles Carr Patent Bearing
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WEBB & BENNETT, Church Bell Hangers and Tuners,

W. & B. are practical ringers, and having had considerable experience in Church Bell hanging and tuning with confidence solicit the patronage of Clergy, Churchwardens and Ringers generally.

W. & B.'s Wrought Iron X Frames for Church Bells are acknowledged to be one of the best kinds.

Towers inspected, Reports and estimates given. Ellacombe Chime Hammers fixed. Bell Ropes supplied.

W. & B. hung the bells upon which the Longest Peal yet ever rung single-handed, viz.: 17,024 changes, time eleven hours fifteen minutes. Weight of Tenor, 26 cwt. Rung at Kidlington May 22nd, 1899, by eight members of the Oxford Diocesan Guild.

MILL STREET, KIDLINGTON, OXFORD.

The Bellringer

And General Church News.

Vol. 1. No. 1.

JANUARY 5th, 1907.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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The Outlook.

Greeting.

To Ringers and others the wild-world over—GREETING! On this, the dawn of another year we make our *debut* with a smile accompanied by our sincerest wishes for a happy and prosperous future, both for you and for us.

Journalistic etiquette—or editorial subtlety as you will—has laid down an unwritten rule that a periodical at its birth shall enter the literary world with a half-hearted sort of apology for its intrusion. This is quite the customary role but we'll have none of it. While trusting never to be guilty of any breach of courtesy, we may say that we are plain men and will be equally plain and straight in our speech from the outset. We make no apology, for none is needed.

Why are we here? Because the exercise has too long been subject to the vagaries of a press, circumscribed in the narrow confines of private monopoly. No one long acquainted with the Art of Ringing would care to assert that the confraternity has been treated to the respect its intelligence and members deserve, or catered for with any degree of satisfaction. Truth may be unpleasant, but in this instance—and we hope that we shall never have occasion to refer to it again—we state plain facts. With Emerson we prefer not “to bark against the bad, but chant the praises of the good.”

What kind of journal should a Ringer's paper be? It should be punctual in its appearance—for it is obvious that a Saturday's issue is of no use to anyone several days overdue, and we regret to say that as far as the provinces are concerned this has been the rule rather than the exception!

It should be scrupulously honest in all its dealings, and no Association would be justly treated were its members' money taken for notices of meetings, and the notice not to reach their hands until some days after the said meeting had been held.

It should cater for all sorts and conditions of Ringers, to endeavour to make bad ones good ones, and good ones better.

Finally, it should provide interesting matter for the thousands of Ringers in city, town and village who are not Peal-Ringers. What, then, is our policy? It is this: We stand for progress and mean to make a vast improvement upon the existing *regime*. We will anticipate our critics. “Ah!” says a voice, “but you are making war upon existing journals.”

Our answer is “WE ARE NOT.” It is the duty of all (our contemporaries and of us) to work out their own salvation. So shall we if we can. This is a free country, and in a competitive age the fittest should survive. That there are exceptions to this axiom we know full well. One occurred some ten years ago when “Campanology” first saw the light. Many hesitated and failed to support it from a mistaken sense of sympathy for the old against the new. “Campanology” died, but while it lived it stimulated a healthy rivalry that made many forget the previous stagnation. What was the result? With its decease, decadence reigned once more until “the last state was worse than the first.”

“But,” says a critic, “others failed, so will you.” We answer, “Don't be too sure.” We believe the Ringing community will not allow itself to be deceived twice. The experience of the past ought to be enough for any intelligent man. We are here to fight their battles, and in return we ask for their support. If we fail from lack of it our loss—yes, we will put it plainly—however great, will be but infinitesimal to that sustained by the exercise at large, for never again could its members reasonably hope for anyone to come forward to champion their cause.

If through apathy our enterprise fails we shall vacate the arena if not as cheerful certainly as manfully and as erect as we now enter it. Some few there are who will look askance at us, and from the tenor of their messages, intend to pass by on the other side. We are glad they are but few, and at this moment cannot afford to waste either

time or space to reason with them. On the other hand large numbers have offered to help and to make our cause their own, and to these we would say "in the days when "The Bellringer" is firmly established and its success assured we shall not forget."

We are optimistic and believe "The Bellringer" has come to stay. Whatever our readers require, that shall we, whenever possible, supply. If work will win, then our labours will not be in vain.

We hope and trust that there is room for more than one Ringers' paper. It ought to be apparent to all men that monopoly often means TYRANNY, and in this connection we wish to state explicitly that we are not asking our readers to send their reports *exclusively* to us. The exercise has grown during the last decade to such proportions that the Ringers of England ought to see that their own interests demand a press, free and unfettered; free that the humblest Ringer shall obtain as fair a hearing as the highest; free that ability shall be the hall-mark of manhood, and not social statue only; and unfettered where BOTH sides of every question is permitted.

With these principles upon our banner we embark upon our undertaking. What the future will provide we do not know, but until our hopes and opinions are falsified we shall have faith in our brother ringers, that they will not only welcome our venture, but recognise this, their own opportunity.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of TRUTH.

So before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,

Launch our "Mayflower" and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the dead past's rusty key.

TO RINGERS AND OTHERS.

→☞ **JOHN W. STEDDY,** ☞←

HIGH STREET,
EDENBRIDGE, KENT.

*Member of the Kent, Surrey, Sussex, London County, Middlesex,
and College Youth Societies.*

J. W. S. is open to supply Ringers on the best terms, with all goods in Outfitting, Boots, &c. Practical Tailoring. A large stock of Gentlemen's Shirts, Vests, Hosiery, Collars, Ties, Boots, Shoes, etc. All goods value 10/- sent carriage paid.

TAILORING arrangements have been made for London friends to select patterns, fitted, &c., at the best City Warehouse for Trousers, Suits, Overcoats, etc.

**QUALITY AND PRICE CANNOT BE EQUALLED.
FIT AND STYLE PERFECT.**

Foundry—Established A.D 1570.

*Mears and
Stainbank,*

WHITECHAPEL BELL FOUNDRY.

**CHURCH
BELLS**

ERECTED COMPLETE

IN

IRON, STEEL OR OAK FRAMES.

Belfries and
Clock Towers
Inspected



Old Bells
Tuned or
Re-Cast.
Peals
Re-Fitted
and
Re-Hung.

School Bells. Bell Ropes.

**Musical Hand-Bells in Sets of any
Number.**

At the Annual Contest held at Belle Vue, Manchester, our Bells have taken the **FIRST-PRIZE** for the last nine years in succession, and on seven of those occasions the **SECOND PRIZE** also.

32 and 34

WHITECHAPEL ROAD,

LONDON, E.C.

John Taylor & Co.,

BELL FOUNDERS,
Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Recently Bells have
been sent to Omarn Post
Office, consisting of
5 Bells (4 quarters and
hour (*Hour 40 cwt.*).

Cape Town Hall, S. A.
(*Hour 33 cwt.*)

Hobart Town Hall,
Tasmania,

. . . And a Set of . . .

22 Carillon Bells to
Bournville to
the order of
GEO. CADBURY, Esq.



Exeter Tenor 72 cwt., 2 qrs., 2 lbs.

Founders of the - -
RING OF BELLS
FOR

ST. PAUL'S . . .
CATHEDRAL, . . .

the heaviest Peal
of 12 Ringing Bells
in the World.

"This is unquestionably the
grandest ringing peal in Eng-
land, and therefore in the
world." The late Lord Grim-
thorpe, K.C.—*Times*, Nov 20,
1878.

FOUNDERS OF "GREAT PAUL."

Founders of the Peals of Bells at the Cathedrals
of Worcester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh
(St Mary's) Dublin, (St Patrick's) Christ Church
New Zealand, and Singapore.

"Great John" and the ring of Ten at Beverley
Minster; and the ring of Ten at the Imperial
Institute.

The bells of Dundalk R.C. Cathedral, and "Great
Bede" of Downside Abbey.

Also for The Halls of Manchester, Preston,
Bradford, Halifax, Rochdale, Wakefield, Middles-
brough, Kendal and Londonderry; and the
Sydney and Adelaide Post Offices in Australia,
Also the chimes of bells at Ames College, U.S.A

LLEWELLINS & JAMES, BELL FOUNDERS.

CHURCH BELLS, Singly and in Rings.

Church Bells cast on scientific principles.

Bells cast to note and rehung.

Covering Estimates given for whole
Rings or parts of Rings.

Experienced Bellhangers

Sent to inspect Church Towers
and report upon Bells; also to take required
notes.

THEORETICAL LAWS now applied to SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE.

See "BELLS & BELLFOUNDING," by X.Y.Z., to be obtained of L. & J. Price 5s.

CASTLE GREEN, BRISTOL.

Wit and Humour.

The truthful motor man was relating his experiences to a group of crenies assembled in the bar parlour of the "Blue Anchor." "The most curious experience I ever had in the way of skidding," he remarked, "was when the old caravan backed into the window of a provision shop and landed among a pile of eggs. You should have seen those eggs!"—"Smashed to smithereens, of course" chimed in a listener.—"Every one skid-added!"

QUESTION.—Convivial Old Gent (as the party breaks up in the small hours): "I say, waiter! Ish thish las' ni' or termorrer mornin'?"

A STICKLER FOR FORM.—Mr. Noorich (at the telephone): "Is the carriage harnessed, James? Are you ready?" Voice: "Yes sir, I've got me hat on all ready to start." Mr. Noorich: "Then you have the goodness to take your hat off when you are speaking to your master."

NOT NECESSARILY.—"Perhaps," said the shopman, "you'd like to look at goods a little more expensive than these." "Not necessarily," replied the shopper, "but I would like to look at some of better quality."

"The ambition to make an effective exit," says the *Spectator*, "seems to be common to humanity." It does. Few men like to be thrown out when they are sober enough to walk out.

"Do you hear anything of what I say, Mrs Trezona?" shouted an energetic district visitor to a deaf old cottager, after talking an hour. "Thank'ee, ma'am, I do hear quite enough for the good of me sawl."

A beauty specialist recommends "the rest cure" for the face. For those who talk in their sleep the treatment is, of course, useless.

Notices of Church Meetings.

The Bedfordshire Association.

The next quarterly meeting will be held at Leighton Buzzard on Saturday, January 5th, at 3 p.m.

Rev. A. RUST, } *Hon. Secs.*
I. HILLS, }

Halifax and District Association.

The next quarterly meeting and light bell contest will take place at the Halifax Parish Church, on Saturday, January 12th, 1907. Draw for order of ringing at 2-45. Tea will be provided at 6d. each, for those who order from me by January 8th. J. COTTERELL, *Hon. Sec.*
302, *Hopwood Lane, Halifax.*

The Kent County Association—Lewisham District.

The quarterly meeting of this district will be held at St. Nicholas, Deptford, on Saturday, January 12th. Bells available from 2 p.m. Divine Service at 4-30. Address to be given by the Rev. Arthur Hart, Vicar, to which members are earnestly requested to attend. By the kindness of the Vicar tea will be provided for those members only who send me their names not later than Tuesday, January 8th. His Worship the Mayor of Greenwich (Councillor Charles Stone, J.P.), has kindly signified his intention of attending in state. Subscriptions become due, and should be paid at this meeting if possible.

T. GROOMBRIDGE, *Hon. Dis. Sec.*

The Lancashire Association—Liverpool Branch.

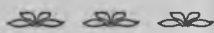
A meeting will be held at West Derby on Saturday, January 12th. Bells ready at 5-30. Reports now ready.

WALTER HUGHES, *Branch Sec.*

TOPICAL TOUCHES.

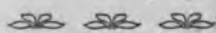
By "JINGLE."

BEAT the bugle, blow the drum, turn on the lime-light and ring up the curtain. So. Our show is about to open for business. Holding my three-and-ninepenny in my right hand, my left upon my immaculate shirt-front, I make my finest Chesterfieldian bow and advance to the foot-lights:—Gentlemen, oh! Ladies, I am sorry, I beg your pardon; Ladies & gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing to you that your own original guide, philosopher and friend, the genuine jocular Jingle has absolutely and positively ARRIVED! The real article, all others are frauds. The ONE and only. At an enormous expense, the board have secured his services which will include Keeper of the Cash, Clerk of the Scales, on which you will be weighed with your performances, Custodian of the Cigar Box, Office Laureate, and Doctor to the Discontented. Therefore if you have pains in the back, head or purse, if you suffer from spleen, spite or rabies, consult Jingle, D.D., and he will put your liver right. Take the mixture once a week, after meals, and all your ills will vanish almost before you speak, without the task of taking pills. Consultations free; full particulars in "The Bellringer," and all for ONE PENNY.



Thank goodness *that's* over. I dislike introductions, being as you know of a shy and retiring nature, still, it had to be done, and now it is done let us sit down and talk over old times.

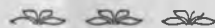
Old times! Let's see. It was ten or eleven years ago when I first made your acquaintance in the columns of a contemporary. Times have changed since then. I think it was my friend William of Stratford—Shakebacon I mean—who is reported to have said that "All the world's a stage," etc., and that one man in his time plays many parts. William knew something and I know something too. Fortune gave me a part to play in "Mild and Bitter," "Men and Manners," then "Ups and Downs," and it looked a short time ago as though I should play the principal part of "Christmas Day in the Workhouse"; but once more my star is in the ascendant. Our stock is rising, your humble's spirits are rising, and his salary will rise also—if I know anything, and I think I do—so let us be joyful. We have weathered the festive season. We have spifficated and bifureated the truculent turkey. We have assimilated the succulent sausage and nobody's dog is missing. We have digested terra-cotta mince-pies and the deadly clayball yclept plum pudding (?) and still we live to tell the tale; so we have much to be thankful for and the outlook is bright.



In the ringing world many changes have taken place. Giants have arisen in the land and many extraordinary performances have been accomplished. Some of them have been

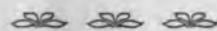
passed over as though they were of no consequence, without a word of compliment or approval. More's the pity. Men do not need flattery for great deeds, but to ignore them is an insult to merit. I hope to remedy this in "The Bellringer," and without fear or favour "to hold the mirror up to Nature."

Many of the deeds of the last decade are almost forgotten in the hurry of the present, but they will live in the future. Historians will tell how the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries were prolific in the production of heavybell Goliaths. We may read with amazement how Muggridge rang St. Saviour's, Southwark, tenor 53 cwt. for 51 hours single-handed in Treble Twelve, but it was nothing compared to the feat of H. R. Newton, when he "turned her in" to Superlative Surprise for four hours. It can only be realised how great was the performance if we think of a bell weighing 53cwt. doing "treble work or the long dodge (5 pull) with a bell about 8 or 9 cwt.!" It is undoubtedly the grandest eight-bell achievement on record. It is colossal.



Other men have made their mark in this direction. Of Mr. W. Pye it is almost unnecessary to speak, his name being a household word, but of Mr. A. E. Peglar, everyone must regret his failure to put Exeter tenor through a peal of Royal. "Grandison" of Exeter is 72 cwt., the mammoth and heaviest ringing bell "in training," and it was no discredit to A. Peglar for he had rung her for three hours, the longest time she had been "turned in." The Dean and Chapter have thought fit to closure attempts at Royal by one person, but I should like to see another man have a chance and what is more, I believe he would accomplish it. I mean Washbrook. Those who have seen him on a big bell, as I have seen him, who know his feats of 15 years ago, who have watched him ring two bells in Stedman on the tower and also turn two tenors in, as he is doing at present, will agree that he is, after all, a man to be reckoned with. *Vert Sap.*

Arthur Peglar is not unlike Mr. Washbrook in style. I once rang the 9th to his tenor in a peal of tittum Royal—horrible stuff by the way is tittum Royal—and by the way he shaped, it was plain he was destined for a "heavy-weight." That was ten years ago and he has fulfilled the expectations.



What a fickle world it is. No sooner is one subject well under weigh in the public mind, than on comes another and removes the first impression like a blotting pad. Tariff reform was just beginning to be understood, when the Chicago meat business hustled it out of mind. It is whispered that the meat packers will shortly be coming to Canning Town! If that is so meat will be cheap next season, for there are more stray cats in Canning Town than in any other place north of

London. We were in the American Room at the Queen's in Piccadilly some time ago, and two Yankees were discussing the trade prospects. "Wal," said one, "I reckon things are kinder looking up again."

"Any returns lately?"

"Wal, no, we sell what we can, and can what we can't."

"Indeed! Wal see here, we can lick that. We sell what we can, and what we can't sell we cancel, eh?" (Collapse of No. 1).

After the meat, the Soap Trust! and tinned dog is entirely forgotten. Now the Soap Trust might have been the only combine on earth according to the press, which was itself an amalgamation of newspapers, but Watson of a gun could expect to Matchless—alright, you don't want puns—only I was about to say that the Soap Trust committed suicide by short weight. Now if only it had given plenty for money like this paper is doing, it would have tickled the public in the right place and would have been very much alive and kicking to-day. True, overweight would not Lever profit for dividend, but it would shed Sunlight around and make us grin like Cheshire cats. However, let's Soap and Trust there's an end of it.

There'll be giants up the North bye and bye,
And the men that I have got within my eye
Bear names we see quite often,
I mean the brothers Goffon;
Who are in the wake and mean to take the Pye.
And the Romford men are still within the land,
And "Bristol" too may soon be rung in hand,
If you think that I am mad, well
When brother Bill left Chadwell
Did you notice that it didn't break the bank.

Ringer's Weddings are running ringer's suppers very close just now, but for choice give me the latter. My compliments and best wishes to His Grace the Duke of Clement Danes and also to the Duchess, *nee* Miss Norreys. Business pressure has up till now prevented the transmission. Some great poet—Spring Onions, I think—once said "Taffy was a Welsher," of something like that, so if he is correct we may look forward sometime to a "Welsh Colony in London." Our old friend Henry Daines, too, takes to matrimony as a duck takes to water. Well, good luck to him once more is the wish of

Yours truly,

THE BELLRINGER.

ESTABLISHED 1820

JOHN PRITCHARD,

**Church Bellrope, Clock and
Chiming Rope Manufacturer,**

LOUGHBOROUGH, Leicestershire.

J.P. has had many years' experience in making Church Bellropes, and only makes them of the best quality, guaranteed.

**In ordering please state length of Rope, and
Weight of Tenor**

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Church News.

Under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., the Central Hall at Swansea was packed with men to hear an address by Mr. Paul Roos, captain of the "Springboks" football team. Mr. Roos, who said in reference to his team that he had the honour to lead a set of gentlemen, delivered what the chairman, Dr. Rawlings, described as "a simple and most beautiful address; one which contained the whole kernel of the Gospel." A local paper refers to the meeting as "one of the most inspiring gatherings of men that has ever assembled at Swansea. Roos had a splendid opportunity, and right well did he seize it. A healthier and saner religious address has seldom been delivered. It created a profound impression."

The memorial to the late Archbishop Bond, Primate of Canada, will take the form of an endowed Chair of New Testament Literature in the Diocesan College. It is felt by the Committee that the greatest need of the Canadian Church is an additional supply of well-trained candidates for the ministry. A sum of £10,000 is required to provide the endowment.

The Rev. G. F. Holden.

What if it should prove that the surrounding phenomena are simply so many highly sensitive photographic plates, on which automatically and indelibly are registered our deeds, good and evil? Certainly there are certain forms of modern science which seem to suggest some such idea. We know now that nothing is lost.—At All Saints', Margaret Street.

The Bishop of Exeter.

Let us see to it that the end we have in view is for all—an end to keep England a Christian country, a country in which all the best currents of thought and action are embodied in the lives of men and women, who are perpetually influenced in their conduct not by mere self-interest, worldliness, or prudential considerations, but by the love and fear of God and by faith in the Redeemer.—

In Exeter Cathedral.

The Bishop of London has appointed a Commission to report upon the possibility of uniting St. Alphage, London Wall, with the neighbouring church of St. Mary Aldermanbury. It is proposed to demolish St. Alphage and devote the proceeds of the site, which should be very valuable, because the church stands upon the angle between Aldermanbury and London Wall, to the spiritual needs of some working-class suburb. There are also large endowments connected with this church, the Rector's stipend being over £900 a year, while there are other funds for maintenance of the fabric and Divine's service.

The Bishop of Southwark has this week been confined to the house by a slight attack of influenza. He is making good progress.

Our Composition Page

New Methods by A. CRAVEN, Now first Published.

LANCASHIRE SURPRISE MAJOR

1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8
2 1 4 3	5 7 6 8
1 2 3 4	7 5 8 6
2 1 4 3	7 8 5 6
2 4 1 3	8 7 6 5
4 2 3 1	7 8 5 6
2 4 1 3	7 5 8 6
4 2 3 1	5 7 6 8
2 4 3 5	1 7 8 6
4 2 5 3	7 1 6 8
4 5 2 3	1 7 8 6
5 4 3 2	7 1 6 8
4 5 2 3	7 6 1 8
4 2 5 3	6 7 8 1
2 4 3 5	7 6 1 8
2 3 4 5	6 7 8 1
3 2 5 4	7 6 8 1
3 5 2 4	6 7 1 8
5 3 4 2	7 6 8 1
5 4 3 2	6 7 1 8
4 5 2 3	6 1 7 8
5 4 3 2	1 6 8 7
5 3 4 2	6 1 7 8
3 5 2 4	1 6 8 7
5 3 2 1	4 6 7 8
3 5 1 2	6 4 8 7
5 3 2 1	6 8 4 7
3 5 1 2	8 6 7 4
3 1 5 2	6 8 4 7
1 3 2 5	6 4 8 7
3 1 5 2	4 6 7 8
1 3 2 5	4 7 6 8
1 3 5 2	7 4 8 6

All Peals of
Bob Major with Tenors
together
will do for it.
Double Method,
Clean Proof Scale,
4th place Bob.
Bob Major lead ends.

SOVEREIGN SURPRISE MAJOR.

1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8
2 1 3 5	4 7 6 8
1 2 5 3	7 4 8 6
2 1 3 5	7 8 4 6
2 3 1 5	8 7 6 4
3 2 5 1	7 8 4 6
2 3 1 5	7 4 8 6
3 2 5 1	4 7 6 8
2 3 5 4	1 6 7 8
3 2 4 5	6 1 8 7
3 2 5 4	1 6 7 8
2 3 4 5	6 1 8 7
2 4 3 6	5 8 1 7
4 2 3 6	8 5 7 1
2 4 6 3	5 8 1 7
4 2 6 3	8 5 7 1
4 6 2 8	3 7 5 1
6 4 2 8	7 3 1 5
4 6 8 2	3 7 5 1
6 4 8 2	7 3 1 5
6 8 4 7	2 1 3 5
8 6 7 4	1 2 5 3
8 6 4 7	2 1 3 5
6 8 7 4	1 2 5 3
8 6 7 1	4 5 2 3
6 8 1 7	5 4 3 2
8 6 7 1	5 3 4 2
6 8 1 7	3 5 2 4
6 1 8 7	5 3 4 2
1 6 7 8	5 4 3 2
6 1 8 7	4 5 2 3
1 6 8 4	7 2 5 3
1 6 4 8	2 7 3 5

The value of this method is in the fact that the course bells are only parted 40 changes in the whole course, which is nothing short of wonderful for a method with a dodging treble. Its shortcomings are that we must have adjoining places in 3.4. But its good points are double that of the bad ones.

4th place Bob.
False course "24356"

TREBLE BOB MAJOR.

By HENRY DAINS.

5024

2	3	4	5	6	M	B	W	H
6	2	5	3	4	x	2	2	
6	5	3	2	4		1	2	
3	5	2	6	4		2	1	
5	4	2	6	3	2	x	1	2
2	3	6	3	5	2	x	2	2
4	6	3	2	5		2	2	
2	4	6	5	3	x		2	
5	2	4	3	6	x		2	
2	3	5	6	4	x			
3	2	4	6	5		2		2
6	5	2	4	3	2	x		2
3	4	2	5	6	2	x		2
3	2	5	4	6		1	2	
3	5	4	2	6	1	x	2	2
2	3	4	5	6	1	x		2

Contains
6 extent in
5-6.

TREBLE BOB MAJOR.

By HENRY DAINS.

5056

2	3	4	5	6	M	B	W	H
3	2	6	5	4	x	1	2	
3	6	5	2	4		1	2	
3	5	2	6	4	1	x	2	2
6	2	5	3	4	1	x		2
2	6	4	3	5	x	1	2	
2	4	3	6	5	1	x	2	2
2	3	6	4	5	1	x	2	2
4	6	3	2	5	1	x		2
5	4	2	6	3	x	2	2	
2	4	6	5	3		2	1	
6	5	2	4	3		1	1	
5	3	2	4	6	1		2	2
5	2	4	3	6		1	2	
5	4	3	2	6	1	x	2	2
2	3	4	5	6	1	x		2

Contain
5-6, the
extent in
5-6.

BOB MAJOR.

By A. E. RIDGWAY (Leek).

5088

2	3	4	5	6	7	8	W	B	2nd	H.
2	5	3	6	7	4	8	—	—	S	S
3	2	5	6	7						
5	3	2	6	7						
5	2	3	6	7					S	
3	5	2	6	7						
2	6	3	5	7						
3	2	6	5	7						
3	6	2	5	7					S	
2	3	6	5	7						
6	5	2	3	7						
2	6	5	3	7						
2	5	6	3	7					S.	
6	2	5	3	7						
5	6	2	3	7						
5	2	6	3	7	4	8			S.	

Twice repeated.
Contains Queen's and Titmus with Tenors parted.

A New Ring at Pendleton.

PENDLETON Church has for many years been famous for an excellent company of ringers and for bells which were little better than disgraceful. The company, whose leader is Mr. HARRY CHAPMAN, has distinguished itself by ringing many noteworthy peals, which have been duly recorded in the tower, and for the services which its members have rendered to Lancashire change-ringing. The enthusiasm and perseverance of the whole company and the spirit of brotherhood which has always animated it have been widely recognised. The inadequacy of the Instruments upon which this very efficient band were content to perform has always been something of a surprise to those who knew the facts. It was no other than the vicar himself, if we mistake not, who described them as "very like so many saucepans."

But the Pendleton band lived in hope and though "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," they cherished their hope year after year, when the present vicar came in 1897 to the church, the bells were already in a very bad condition. However, things began to move immediately. Old debts disappeared, long-felt wants were supplied. The congregation grew larger and larger. Enormous sums of money were raised for the division of the overgrown parish, for setting the schools, of which we believe there are five, in order for the endowment of the Parish, for building a new Parish Hall, and in all this parson and people co-operated loyally and cheerfully. Still the bells had to wait their turn. "Your turn will come," was the Vicar's constant reply to the plea of the ringers; so they waited.

A sum of over £3,000 was raised in 1905 for the rebuilding of a school, a remarkable effort for a parish mainly inhabited by working people.

Just after the completion of this work, the bells were silenced. They refused duty because the frame was rickety, and cynics with an ear for music said it was just as well, for they had long lost whatever charm they may have possessed when they were first hung in 1832. The ringers became wanderers for a time. They were still loyal to their own Church, but they found time, nevertheless, to test their skill in one tower and another. At last in the summer of last year, the Vicar announced that he was ready. An appeal was made in Church and in the columns of the Parish Magazine, and the response was prompt and liberal. More than enough money to defray the cost of the new peal, which was dedicated by the Bishop of Manchester on December 14th, was subscribed before the bells appeared on the scene.

The Dedication Service was beautiful in its reverent dignity. A special Order of Service had been prepared for the occasion, which struck our representative as being admirably fitted for its purpose. We fancy it ought to serve as a model for dedication services elsewhere.

An anthem had been specially composed for the occasion by the Organist (Mr. W. F. Blacow), and it was tuneful and effective. Many of the neighbouring Clergy

had assembled, among whom we noticed Canon Hicks, and the Revs. H. S. Taggart, G. L. Higson, Dr. C. B. Phipps, H. Knowles, J. S. Moffatt, and T. Dale Jones. They, with about thirty of the Church officers, headed by six stave-bearing wardens and sidesmen, formed the procession which escorted the Bishop to the Tower. After the dedication the procession was reformed and the bells were raised in peal for a "touch." Thousands of people, for whom no room could be found in the Church, were waiting in the street for this first salute of the new bells. The Bishop's sermon, which followed, began with a well-merited praise of the enthusiasm which the parishioners had shown. It proceeded to enforce the spiritual significance of the message of Church bells. It was heard with profound attention. We do not remember to have attended a more impressive and beautiful dedicatory service.

The new ring is in E; the tenor bell weighs 18 cwt.

10lbs., and the whole peal 70cwt, 1 qr. 23 lbs., some 10 cwt. more than the ring which they leave displaced. They were cast and hung by Messrs. John Taylor & Co., of Loughborough. Every bell was the gift of some parochial organisation or of individual parishioners. The tenor bell is the gift of the Parish Church Sunday Scholars and Teachers and it bears the names of the Vicar and Churchwardens (Rev. W. G. Edwards Rees and Messrs R. Winstanley and W. Pickup. No. 7 was given by the Mission Church Sunday Scholars and teachers. No. 5 is the gift of the Choir; No. 4 is the gift of the the Mother's Meeting, and the treble bell is the gift of the ringers themselves. No. 6 was contributed by Messrs. A. W. and H. W. Roberts. Mrs. Ingleby gave No. 2 which bears the inscription: "I was glad when they said unto me: 'We will go into the house of the Lord.'" No. 3 was the anonymous gift of "For old Acquaintance." It is inscribed "Praise

the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his benefi'ts."

At the meeting of the Lancashire Associations which was held in the Parish on Saturday, December 15th, there was, of course, much testing of the new ring by many visiting bands. The unanimous opinion was that they are excellent in tune and in perfect harmony. The President (Rev. H. J. Elsee) was enthusiastic as to their beauty and ease of working, and very laudatory estimates were expressed by all the speakers at the meeting. Mr. Denison Taylor, speaking for the founders, said that they had cast no peal which, for its weight, is superior to the Pendleton peal, and few which may be said to equal it.

The judgement of the public is favourable. Pendleton people are once more proud of possessing the only ring of bells in Salford, and this time they have one of which they may well be proud. "It sounds home-like once more," as we heard one of them express it.



The Rev. W. G. Edwards Rees, M.A.

THE genial and universally respected Vicar of St. Thomas's Church has now occupied that important post for a period of nearly ten years.

Mr. EDWARDS REES has had the unusual distinction of two University careers of more than ordinary brilliancy. He was a scholar of Glasgow University, and after being Prizeman in English Literature, English Essay, Mental and Moral Science and other subjects, obtained his M.A. degree in 1886.

After some time spent as assistant Curate in a Yorkshire parish, Mr. Edwards Rees again turned to academical pursuits and entered Jesus College, Oxford, gaining at that University the distinctions of the Meyruite Exhibition of his College, "Distinguished Modern Languages Scholarship" 1889 and 1892, and B.A., 2nd class in Literis Humanioribus in 1892.

Resuming parochial work, Mr. Edwards Rees entered a Curacy at St. James's, Upper Bangor, but soon after removed to Rainhill, near Liverpool, the Vicariate of which parish he was presented on its falling vacant in 1895. Two years later he exchanged livings with the Rev. J. E. Gull, M.A., and by that exchange became Vicar of the important parish of St. Thomas's,

Pendleton, once belonging to the mother parish of Eccles but now part of the borough and rural deanery of Salford.

Here his facile pen and ready eloquence have been in great request, although his public work in writing and speaking are not allowed materially to interfere with the less brilliant but even more necessary everyday work of a huge and densely-populated town parish.



VICAR OF PENDLETON.

Mr. Edwards Rees is a clergyman respected and much sought after both within and without his parish. A popular and gifted preacher, he is in great demand when important sermons and collections are required. But he is likewise universally known and thoroughly popular in his own parish, and it is quite safe to say that were he called to a more important position in the Church, his departure would be equally lamented by rich and poor

alike in the Parish of St. Thomas's, Pendleton.

The inception and the organisation of the Bell Fund as of all other parish work has fallen firstly and chiefly upon the Vicar, and it would have been no easy task for any other man to have organized an effort of this kind so readily and thoroughly, and to have brought it to its completion in such a short space of time.

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PEALS

Maximus.

BIRMINGHAM. THE ST. MARTIN'S GUILD.

On Wednesday, December 26th, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Forty-three minutes.

At the Church of St. Martin.

A Peal of Treble Bob Maximus, 5,040 changes.

In the Kent Variation.

*Thomas H. Reeves... Treble	*Horace F. Street ... 7
*Herbert Knight ... 2	†Alf Paddon Smith ... 8
†Albert Walker ... 3	*Samuel Grove ... 9
†Charles Dickens ... 4	†John Neal ... 10
Thomas Reynolds ... 5	†James E. Groves ... 11
Thomas Russam ... 6	Arthur E. Pegler Tenor

Composed by GEORGE HAYWARD and Conducted by ALBERT WALKER.

*First Peal of Maximus. †First Peal of Treble Bob Maximus. Quickest Peal of Maximus on the bells.

This composition in 7 courses is now rung for the first time, with only 5 and 6 in 6th's place with all 56's and 65's.

Caters.

GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION, AND THE ST. MICHAEL'S JUNIORS, GLOUCESTER.

On Thursday, December 20th, 1906, was rung in Three hours, Twenty-one minutes.

At the Church of St. Michael.

A Peal of Double Norwich Court Bob Caters, 5,093 changes.

Tenor 20 cwt.

Thomas Newman ... Treble	Francis E. Hart ... 6
Jesse Gillett ... 2	George Condick... 7
John Austin ... 3	Sydney M. Loxton ... 8
Thomas Baldwin ... 4	Ernest E. Davis ... 9
Cecil T. H. Boxwell... 5	William J. Sevier Tenor

Composed by the Rev. E. BANKES JAMES. Conducted by JOHN AUSTIN.

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY ASSOCIATION OF THE LONDON DIOCESAN GUILD.

On Wednesday, December 26th, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Forty-one minutes.

At the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, E.C.

A Peal of Stedman Caters, 504I changes.

Tenor 36 cwt.

*George A. Smith ... Treble	Bertram Prewett ... 6
James George ... 2	George Charge ... 7
Isaac G. Shade ... 3	Ernest Pye ... 8
George R. Pye... 4	James Hunt ... 9
Maurice Smith ... 5	William Pye ... Tenor

Composed by JOHN CARTER and Conducted by WILLIAM PYE. *First Peal on Ten Bells.

PEALS—continued.

Major.

HELMSHORE, LANCASHIRE.

THE LANCASHIRE ASSOCIATION.

On Saturday, December 22nd, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Ten minutes.

At the Church of St. Thomas.

A Peal of Superlative Surprise Major, 5088 changes.

Henry Steff Treble	Robert Wallwork ... 5
*Joseph Woods 2	Joseph Banks 6
*John McWilton 3	Thomas Wallwork ... 7
Thomas P. Brandwood 4	James H. Banks ... Tenor

Composed by N. J. PITSTOW and Conducted by JAMES H. BANKS.

* First Peal in the Method.

YORKSHIRE, AND HALIFAX & DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS.

On Saturday, December 22nd, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Twelve minutes.

At the Parish Church.

A Peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, 5120 changes.

Tenor 12 cwt.

*Walter Smith Treble	Joseph Broadley ... 5
Ernest A. Murgatroyd 2	†George Whiteaker 6
James Cotterell 3	*Joseph Henry Brazey 7
Thomas B. Kendall... .. 4	John Wm. Cundall Tenor

Composed by H. DAINS, and Conducted by JAMES COTTERELL.

*First Peal. †First Peal of Major.

Rung in honour of JOHN JENKINSON (Little Jack), on attaining his 67th birthday.

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY ASSOCIATION AND THE LONDON DIOCESAN GUILD.

On Saturday, December 22nd, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Thirty-two minutes.

At the Church of St. Andrew, Holborn, London.

A Peal of London Surprise Major, 5056 changes.

Tenor 28 cwt.

Reuben Charge ... Treble	Bertram Prewett ... 5
John J. Lamb 2	William Keeble 6
Isaac G. Shade 3	Ernest Pye 7
William W. Miller ... 4	William Pye Tenor

Composed by GABRIEL LINDOFF and Conducted by WILLIAM PYE.

First Peal in the method on the bells.

QUEDGELEY. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. GLOUCESTER & BRISTOL DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION AND THE

ST. MICHAEL'S JUNIORS, GLOUCESTER.

On Saturday, December 22nd, 1906, was rung in Two hours and Forty-eight minutes.

At the Church of St. James.

A Peal of Bob Major, 5056 changes.

Tenor 9½ cwt.

Thomas Baldwyn ... Treble	Jesse Gillett 5
Sydney M. Loxton ... 2	Ernest E. Davis ... 6
Thomas Newman 3	William J. Sevier ... 7
George Condict 4	John Austin Tenor

Composed by H. J. TUCKER

and Conducted by THOMAS BALDWYN.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.

SHEFFIELD AND DISTRICT SOCIETY.

On Monday, December 24th, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Six minutes.

At the Parish Church. North Wingfield.

A Peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, 5088 changes.

Tenor 16 cwt.

John Flint Treble	William Lambert ... 5
James Thompson ... 2	Samuel Wesley 6
Harry Moss 3	Richard W. Collier ... 7
Jesse Moss 4	Benjamin A. Knights Tenor

Composed by ARTHUR CRAVEN

and Conducted by JOHN FLINT.

WORCESTERSHIRE & DISTRICTS ASSOCIATION

On Monday, December 24th, 1906, was rung in Two hours and Fifty-six minutes.

At St. Mary's Church, Selly Oak.

A Peal of Superlative Surprise Major, 5184 changes.

Tenor 12 cwt., 1 qr. 13 lb.

*George Pigott... .. Treble	William Short ... 5
*Horace F. Street ... 2	*Samuel Grove ... 6
*Frank Withers 3	*James Dowler ... 7
*John Withers 4	Arthur E. Peglea ... Tenor

Composed by N. J. PITSTOW and Conducted by ARTHUR E. PEGLER.

* First Peal in the Method.

PEALS—Continued.

STAINES, MIDDLESEX, THE MIDDLESEX
COUNTY ASSOCIATION, AND THE
LONDON DIOCESAN GUILD.

On Wednesday, December 26th, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Seven minutes.

At the Church of St. Peter.

A Peal of Bob Major, 5056 changes.

Tenor 15½ cwt.

William H. Fussell <i>Treble</i>	William E. Butler ...	5
William Godfrey ... 2	Frank Bennett ...	6
William C. Parker 3	John Phillips ...	7
*Eustace Harwood... 4	Alfred J. Redman ...	<i>Tenor</i>

Composed and Conducted by FRANK BENNETT.

† First Peal. * First Peal of Major.

WALTHAM ABBEY, ESSEX.

THE SOCIETY OF

ROYAL CUMBERLAND YOUTHS.

On Saturday, December 29th, 1906, was rung in Three hours and Twelve minutes.

At the Church of St. Lawrence.

A Peal of London Surprise Major, 5024 changes.

Tenor 19 cwt.

John Ansell <i>Treble</i>	Ernest S. Poll ...	5
George Paice 2	George A. Card ...	6
John H. Benstead... 3	James Parker ...	7
George Radley ... 4	Thomas Card ...	<i>Tenor</i>

Composed by N. J. PITSTOW and
Conducted by JAMES PARKER.

Miscellaneous.

THE NORTH NOTTS. ASSOCIATION.

WORKSOP. On Nov. 29, 576 Kent Treble Bob. C. Watkinson 1, G. Clarke 2, D. Ball 3, H. Haigh (conductor), 4, W. C. Marshall 5, G. Watkinson 6, G. Healey 7, T. Thorpe (tenor). Also on Christmas Eve, 1280 Kent Treble Bob, with J. Ashton on the 5th.

THE KENT COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

TENTERDEN. Mildred's Church on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Lilian Fay Milne, second daughter of the late Mr. William A. Milne, and of Mrs. Milne, of The Croft, Tenterden, with Mr. John Dun Boylan, of Cuttack, Bengal, at the Cathedral, Bombay, on December 7th, 1906. A 504 of Grandsire Triples, J. Milstead 1, G. Cramp 2, W. Unwin 3, A. Snelling 4, J. Mantitelow 5, C. Tribe 6, G. Neve 7, H. Baker 8.

APPLEDORE. The Romney Marsh and District Guild. On Saturday December 8th, after meeting short for a peal of Bob Major, several 120 of Stedman Doubles with 7, 6, 8, behind by the following:—G. Johnson 1, E. G. Johnson 2, A. Johnson 3, C. W. Player 4, C. Tribe 5, W. Law 6, F. Mitchell 7, W. Sharp 8.

ST. ALFEGE, GREENWICH. On Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 628 London Surprise Major, W. Foreman 1, E. N. Price 2, J. J. Lamb 3, J. G. Shade 4, H. Hoskins 5, W. Berry 6, F. S. Bayley 7, W. Shimmans, (Conductor Tenor).

ST. MARY'S MAGDALENE, WOOLWICH. Christmas Morning quarter Peal of Grandsire Triples, 1260 changes in 45 minutes. A Sandiford Treble, J. Beaven 2, R. G. Carter 3, G. Carter 4, W. Waterhorn 5, H. Beckford 6, W. Aldridge, (conductor), C. Dann, (tenor).

THE ESSEX ASSOCIATION.

WANSTEAD. On Dec. 11th, 720 Plain Bob. H. Bodger 1, E. A. Lebbon 2, W. Smith 3, F. Squires 4, W. Keeble, (conductor), 5, G. Cornell, (tenor). On Christmas Day, 720 Kent Treble Bob. A date touch of 1906 changes of Kent and Oxford Treble Bob. S. J. Bird and J. B. Marks, also took part.

STANSTED. On Wednesday, Dec. 5th, 1906, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 1260 Pennings Place Triples. G. Gray 1, G. Jordan 2, T. Jordan 3, W. Prior 4, J. Luckey 5, T. J. Watts 6, W. Watts, (conductor), 7, A. Jordan, (tenor). Also 448 Cambridge Surprise Majors, with H. Little on the 2nd.

RAYNE. On Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 720 Grandsire Doubles. A Shufflebotham (cond) 1, H. Richardson 2, H. Ridgwell 3, B. Ridgwell, 4, Fred Newman, Tenor. Also on Christmas Day, 1020 Grandsire Doubles.

CHELMSFORD. On Christmas Eve, At St. Mary's Church, 1260 Grandsire Triples. W. Praille, 1, J. Oswick, 2, W. Rowland, Jun. 3, W. Rowland, sen., 4, W. Newman, 5, A. Wright, 6, H. F. Cooper (cond), 7, W. Ridgwell, tenor. This is J. Oswick's first ¼ peal.

THE STOKE ARCHIDIACONAL ASSOCIATION.

NORTON IN THE MOORS. On Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 720 Kent Treble Bob. W. C. Taylor, 1, H. B. Harding (1st 720), 2, W. C. Lawrence 3, J. Taylor, 4, E. E. Johnson, 5 (cond), F. T. tenor. Also 720 Violet. J. E. Wheelton (conductor),

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

ALL SAINTS, ISLEWORTH. On Thursday, Dec. 20th, a 1260 Grand-sire Triples. J. Basden (conductor), 1, J. Kent 2, T. Beadle 3, C. Dell 4, A. Whittington 5, H. W. Liddbetter 6, F. G. Goddard 7, G. W. Coombes 8.

THE FYLDE DISTRICT BRANCH.

LYTHAM. At St. John's Church, on Nov. 28, 720 Horsham New Bob Minor. John Fell 1, John Tipping (conductor), 2, D. McLellan 3, Thomas Allanson 4, John Hardman 5, Edward Tipping 6. First in this method by all. Also Dec. 7, 720 Woodbine Treble Bob. With Charles Carr on the Treble.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

TIPTON. On Christmas morning, December 25, 1906, before morning Service at St. Martin's Church, a quarter peal of Grandsire Triples 1260 Changes in 18 minutes, by the following Band. H. Smith (treble), F. Brunter 2, L. Small 3, W. P. Small 4, W. Hinton 5, Horace Smith 6, A. Rowley 7, (conductor), L. Wherton Tenor.

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

CHESTERFIELD. At St Mary and All Saints Church on Christmas Day, a quarter peal of Grandsire Caters, 1259 Changes. G. Hollis (conductor), 1, A. Knights 2, G. Thompson 3, H. Kirk 4, G. Davies 5, S. Price 6, D. Farthing 7, W. J. Thyngh 8, B. A. Knights 9, R. W. Collier 10. Rang to commemorate the 60th birthday of Mr. D. Farthing.

THE LLANDAFF DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION.

NEWPORT, MON. At All Saints Church, on Christmas day for morning service was rung a quarter peal of Grandsire Triples, 1260 changes, by the following. F. Charles (treble), B. Millard 2, J. Bullen 3, S. Jones 4, J. Ford 5, A. Morgan 6, J. W. Jones (conductor), 7, S. Baiss (tenor).

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

RUGBY. On Monday, December 17, 1906, was rung St. Andrew's Church. 1260 Sledman Triple. A. L. Coleman 1, A. J. Hessian (conductor), 2, H. O. White 3, J. George 4, F. Scar 5, A. Dubber 6, J. B. Fenton 7, C. W. Wheeler 8. Also on Dec. 16, 560 Bob Major with W. Wheeler.

A COMPLETE STORY.

"THE LAST PEAL"—By *Elsie Norris*

THE moonlight shone down, white and ghostly, on the tiny church that was crumbling to ruins, on the unsteady walls and the heaps of stones that were green and slimy with bog fungus, for the bog had claimed it for its own, and now there remained standing but one wall and the bell-tower. To the north, a shallow stream flowed sluggishly, winding among reeds and rushes where water-birds cried, to lose itself in the black marsh that stretched miles away northward. To the east and west more bog-land, quaking and treacherous. To the south, its frail walls almost touching those of the little church, a cottage from whose window a feeble light glimmered.

They were a strange couple, the occupants of that cottage. An old man, bent and feeble, but with the light of his dark eyes still undimmed, and determination in the square jaw still strong, sat crouched over the fire, shivering occasionally as a cold wind rustled in the reeds outside and pierced through the cracks in the door.

"Can't you put something over the door, Mercy?" he said irritably, turning to the girl who sat knitting by the table, a girl of not more than eighteen, with fair hair and a still, pale face.

"Yes, grandfather," was the quiet answer, as she rose and moved slowly to the door, her eyes gazing straight before her unseeingly. She felt for the widest chink, and filled it with a twist of paper, then passed her slim fingers over the door in search of fresh draughts.

"Your hands are almost as useful to you as eyes, child," the old man said, watching her slow but certain movements.

"I need some compensation. And if they were not, what use should I be to you?"

"You are a good child, Mercy; a dear child," something like tenderness creeping over the stern old face, and the girl bent and kissed him as she returned to her seat. "It is a sin and a shame that a young thing like you should be prisoned alive in such a place as this—a place of ruins and desolation. And if ever I meet James McKann—curses on his soul—"

He broke off into low mutterings, his gnarled fingers closing and unclosing convulsively. The girl went on with her knitting, her sightless eye gazing before her fixedly.

"James McKann will have the reward of his sins," she said. "Why trouble yourself about him as you do?"

The old man struggled for words, but some emotion took the power from him, and when he spoke it was in breathless jerks. "He ruined your mother's life and mine, remember," he said. "He brought a false accusation against your father, the cur! Your father was imprisoned, soon after you were born and your mother

died. Then your father died from the misery and the injustice of it. And I brought you away from it all—and here we have lived ever since."

He paused, and the girl heard the broken words; "My son—my boy!"

No sound, save for the click of the needles and the dropping of cinders on the stone hearth.

"Never a sign have I seen of him from that day to this, though I spent all I had in seeking him. But I swore solemnly that if I met him—and I shall meet him some day before I die—he should have his reward. And have it he shall—he shall," his voice rising furiously.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," the girl quoted softly.

"But I will repay. Never will I forgive him, never will I forget my revenge—never. I will never forget my revenge till—till the bells of the Lake Church ring again."

The girl shivered as her grandfather spoke, his eyes gazing out of the uncovered window, through which he could see the ruins of the little old church, its low belfry standing out black in the moonlight—that belfry where the bells had been silent for so many years and were now rusted and useless.

"Cannot you try to forget, grandfather?" pleadingly.

"How can I ever forget? Have you no feelings, girl?"

"No feeling of revenge. I am happy—I live a life of my own, and if you were only happy, too, nothing would be wanting. Give up your memories, granddad, and be happy."

"Never, never," came the answer, and she said no more.

Click, click, went the knitting-needles, and then Mercy started, for her quick ears had caught the plash of footfalls along the wet road.

"Who can be coming here at this hour of the night?" she said listening. "Someone who has lost his way I suppose."

The old man listened with his head turned towards the door, and a strangely eager look on his face, a look of exultation. Once Mercy spoke to him but he did not answer—only listened, with that intent look on his face.

The footsteps, which seemed curiously unsteady, plashed up to the door, there was a loud knock, then a voice, thick and indistinct.

"I have lost my way in these confounded marshes. Been out fishing. Other fellows gone on. Can I come in?"

"Let him in, Mercy," the old man ordered. "And close the door fast behind him."

She obeyed, and a tall stout form staggered in, staring rudely at the pale face of the blind girl. Then his gaze wandered to the old man, and his expression altered, for Stephen Dale was standing upright, his eyes blazing with hatred and triumph, and a heavy loaded stick—the stick that he had kept by his side for twenty years—gripped in his hand.

"So you have come to me at last, James McKann," he said "Twenty weary years have I waited for you, and now you have come to me as I knew you would. Your master the devil, surely guided your feet here to-night, and I—I can settle my account."

The girl stood with white face and wildly-working brain. What did her grandfather mean? What was he going—

McKann took a stumbling step forward.

"You're mad," he started, but the other only laughed.

"Stay where you are. Don't you move a step, or this stick of mine will be in your brain, and nothing else will trouble you further. Sit down in that chair and don't move."

McKann obeyed. The drink that showed plainly in his flushed face and thick speech had dazed him, and he wondered if he were in a dream in this strange place, where he stood facing the man he had thought dead for years, and under the unblinking gaze of the strange grey eyes opposite. So without demur he sat down, while the old man continued:

"Two deaths and the ruin of four lives lie at your door," relentlessly. "And twenty years ago—you remember the time—I swore I would never rest till you were in your grave, too. I searched for you high and low, but you had vanished—wisely for you. I buried myself in this tiny place, too poor for aught else but a bare living, and the girl yonder—Muriel's daughter—has lived with me—a happy existence for a young girl. And every night and every morning for twenty years I have sworn that I would not die until I had watched your death."

He paused for breath, his whole form quivering with suppressed fury.

The younger man moved uneasily, with a look of fear in his bleared eyes.

"After all these years, can't you forget?" he mumbled.

"Forget! Never till Doomsday. I am as likely to forget as the bells of that church are likely to ring again—and look at it."

He gripped the other's shoulder fiercely, and forced him round in the direction of the tiny church whose ruined tower stood out against the watery moon and hurrying clouds.

"You see it!" slowly, gloatingly. "A crumbling ruin. And I am as likely to forgive you as the ruins of that church are likely to be as they were years ago, and its chimes to ring out as they did then. Bah! you have been drinking. You are but a wreck of the man I once knew. Truly, you have had part of your reward, and the rest is yet to come. Mercy, help me——"

He looked round for his grandchild, but she was not there.

"Where has the girl gone?" angrily. "Mercy! Mercy! where are you? I want you."

No answer. The man in the chair sat in a muddled heap, his eyes wandering stupidly from the face of the old man to the menacing stick he held.

"Say, Stephen you're only joking?" he said at last feebly.

"I look as though I were joking, don't I?" with a grim chuckle, as he proceeded to fasten the other to his chair with some course hemp which had always been by his chair-side ready. There was a slight struggle, but madness gave Stephen Dale strength, and he mastered the younger man

as he would a child.

"Now I think you will do," he said, still with that strange smile.

"What are you going to do, man," the other asked, more clearly than he had yet spoken, fear beginning to clear his brain.

"I will tell you presently," came the answer, as the old man moved about with quick, eager steps. For just that hour he was not Stephen Dale, aged seventy years, feeble and rheumatic; he was fate, grim, relentless fate. He laughed aloud with the joy of it—his revenge after all the weary years. Mercy he had quite forgotten; everything was forgotten save that figure in the chair and—the fire. Yes the fire. Carefully he heaped logs on the stone hearth till the flames darted up the chimney, then all round the little room he packed great handfuls of dried rushes. James McKann at last understood.

"Stephen Dale, you're not going to burn me!" he screamed hoarsely, tearing desperately at his bonds. But they held firm, and as he gave another wild struggle he jerked the chair over sideways and lay on the floor, bruised and more helpless than before.

"No escape, you see."

He packed another heap of rushes in the window, where the draught would fan it into a fierce flame.

"You are mad, Stephen Dale!" he gasped. "You don't know what you're doing. It's murder, I tell you. Let me go I say. You've had your joke, and now let me go."

His voice died away in a hoarse scream as his tormentor took a brand from the fire and stepped towards the window.

"Remember the days when we were friends, Stephen. Remember——"

He stopped suddenly, and listened. What was that sound? What was it? From close at hand came a sound like the creaking and groaning of rusty metal against wood. The—the sound of bells. Not a strong clear peal, but faint, harsh, discordant. Again it came, louder this time, a wild untuneful clang, mingled with creaks and groans, and the dull sound of one of the clappers on cracked metal—a travesty of a peal of bells. Then again and again, jerkily and irregularly, as though the hands that pulled the ropes were pulling in furious tugs. Clang, clang! It was a nightmare peal, as though all the goblins who ever haunted a belfry tower were chuckling and yelling hoarsely at the noise they made. Clang, clang, furiously, then—Crash!

Stephen Dale dropped the brand he held, and hid his face in his trembling hands.

The door opened, and Mercy came in, her hands outstretched, as though to feel what had happened.

"I was going to set fire to him and the house," her grandfather said feebly. "I was mad, I think. I had forgotten all about you, child. And then those bells came from outside. It was a token, Mercy, a token."

"Yes," with a quick breath. "It was a token that vengeance is not to be yours. Let him go away."

Stephen Dale sat with his face in his hands, an old, broken man.

"What can you see outside, grandfather, the girl asked, stroking his wrinkled face gently. "Tell me."

"Yes, there he goes, the man I swore to kill. I was mad—mad." "What else do you see,?" she asked.

Again he looked, as if he distrusted his sight. For where the tower of the church had stood there was nothing left but a heap of stones, already sinking in the bog.

"The bells of the Lake Church have done their work," Mercy whispered. "They have saved you from a great sin. And—they have rung for the last time."

By permission of "Sketchy Bits."

At this Season when all the Bells of Christendom are ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in, no poem is so suitable as the lovely lines of the late poet Laureate Lord Tennyson :—

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care the sin
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

Brothers.

I had a brother, and we rang
In yonder steeple side by side;
Until cold Death's remorseless hand
Was laid upon him and he died.
A wealth of love few brother's know
Bound us together, I and Joe.

His portrait hangs upon the wall,
In fancy we can hear his voice;
And though sad memories we recall,
We know he bids us now rejoice.
Ah! loving thoughts of long ago
Bring back to me my brother Joe.

Is it unmanly when the heart
Fills with its bitterness; and tears
Rise from the fountains of the soul
In brooding o'er the bye-gone years?
I would have died as God doth know,
Could I have saved my brother Joe.

On Christmas Eve when all is still,
Then memory lifts the veil divine;
I stand before his face again
His eyes are looking into mine;
As Holly bough and Mistletoe
I twine about the frame of Joe.

Hark! o'er the city the bells have hurled
The gladsome message of Christmas morn,
Telling a silent sleeping world
This is the day that Christ was born.
Away! sad thoughts, the dead are blest,
Live for the living, that is best.

W.W.

Music.

THIS week those who have leisure may enjoy much excellent music in churches, for the new year services, whether one regards it from a pagan aspect or as a solemnity of sufficient magnitude to cause the continental bourses to close, is one of the most picturesque relics of medieval times, and there are mortals who can as gladly regale themselves with music on such a day as others can celebrate it over a discussion of the product of the pot still.

St Paul's Cathedral, as one of the "Quires and Places they sing," has always rejoiced in a picked body of voices—indeed, Gounod declared the singing there the best in Europe—and Londoners need not go far afield to find many other favoured localities.

At Westminster Cathedral the music of Palestrina, "Principes Musicae," and his talented disciples may be heard Sunday by Sunday, and this is well, for it is of the rarest beauty, though, like the appreciation of a vintage claret, one's palate must be educated and attuned to its flavour. We suspect there is a very great gulf fixed between

the sublime grandeur of the old master's work and the excruciating nonsense sung too often in many churches, both in the Anglican and Roman Communions: One may still hear the greater part of the mass music of Haydn, Weber, and others in many places, and until recently in Catholic churches in their full splendour; but the Vatican, in a laudable but unfortunate notion of restoring the ancient modes, suggests a retrograde policy, and cold shoulders Mozart for Perosi!

While speaking of the fascinating subject of ecclesiastical music, we might add that the unique old settings of the *Salve Regina* and the *O Lumen*, dating from the fourteenth century, are still sung every night during compline—the entire community vacating the sanctuary in procession—by the Friar Preachers at Haverstock Hill.

It is good also to note the growing popularity of Dvorak's exquisite setting of the *Stabat Mater*; and *The Hymn of Praise* is still a favourite vehicle of expression at harvest festivals and analogous gatherings. For a short cantata, and one easily understood of the people, this fine piece is verily almost perfection.

Editor's Post Bag.

While a liberal opportunity is given to one and all to express their opinions, the Editor is in no way committed to the views expressed. The name and address of correspondents should be sent, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee.

We offer our sincere apologies to those readers whose letters have been returned. Everything has to have a commencement and in our anxiety we omitted to notify the G.P.O. of our address. Thus it was that some hundreds of letters were sent back to their writers, causing great disappointment. Such a thing will not happen again. Everything is now fixed up, and all communications, whether orders for copies, advertisements, or peals and other matters, will safely reach our hands if addressed to "THE BELLRINGER," THURLOE STREET, RUSHOLME, MANCHESTER.

It is a pleasure to be able to give a few extracts from letters received.

BIRMINGHAM—We all here, wish you every success and best of luck in your new venture.

STAFFORD—Enclosed is P.O. for 6/- subscription for twelve months to "THE BELLRINGER," which I hope will prove a successful venture.

DUBLIN—I shall be very glad to become a subscriber to "The Bellringer," and trust it will be a success.

BRAINTREE—I have received your circulars and we have ordered "The Bellringer" from our Newsagent.

SHERBORNE, DORSET—I do hope your paper will prosper.

CHELTENHAM—I have issued your circulars all over the district and hope to get you many orders.

EAST GREENWICH—I welcome your venture, and am doing all possible to ensure success. I might mention we shall require about one dozen copies weekly.

LUTON.—I hope you will have a great success, as it is badly needed.

LEYTONSTONE.—I am doing my best to get you all the support I can. I hope you will succeed.

CROYDEN.—Good luck to "The Bellringer" and long life.

LONDON (several).—I should like you to succeed, and would like your success to be permanent.

BRISTOL.—You have my best wishes in your undertaking, and I sincerely hope it will be a financial success.

LINCOLN.—Wishing the new venture every success.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—To a friend—I will give it every support and I wish its promoters every success.

BOLSOVER, DERBYSHIRE.—I have orders here for 13 copies of "The Bellringer." Wishing you every success with the newspaper.

WEST KENSINGTON, LONDON.—I trust that it will be well supported by ringers all over the country, and that you will be able to make it a success.

KENT (several).—Shall continue taking same afterwards, either by post or newsagent. Wishing you success in the venture.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Hope it may be a success. I have ordered through my newsagent.

HALIFAX.—It is with feelings of great satisfaction that I received your circular re new venture. Will do all I possibly can to secure you the patronage of our members.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Am pleased to hear you are contemplating bringing out "The Bellringer," which I trust will meet with every success.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Have placed order into newsagents' hands for a copy, and shall try and persuade those of our members.

SHEFFIELD.—I was pleased to receive your letter, and wish the journal every success.

RUGBY.—We all wish you every success in your new paper, which I venture to state you will have.

KING'S LYNN.—I wish you every success in your undertaking, and if I can assist you I shall be very pleased to do so in order to further the work of the dear old Church and her sons.

FULHAM, LONDON.—I was interested to hear that a new ringing paper was about to make its appearance. Already many have promised to become subscribers. Wishing you every success.

We regret that owing to such a demand for space we are unable to insert more (will other correspondents please note). At the same time we extend our best thanks to those for good wishes for the success of this journal.

We hope in our next Issue to publish extra four page supplement.

NEXT WEEK we shall Publish

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THE LEARNERS PAGE.

NOTICE.

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The Editor's decision to be final.



